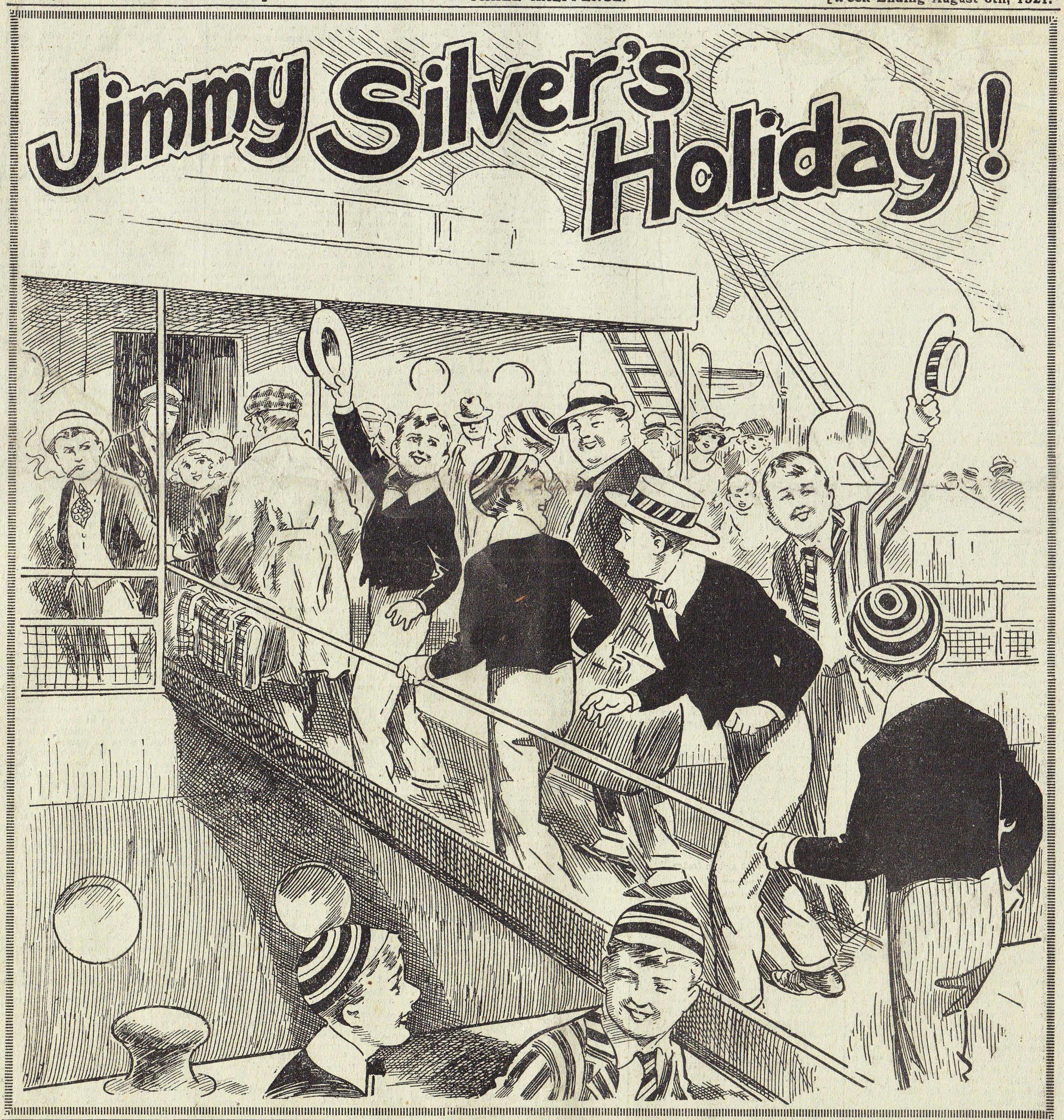
Special Stories for Holiday Reading IN THIS ISSUE!



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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending August 6th, 1921.



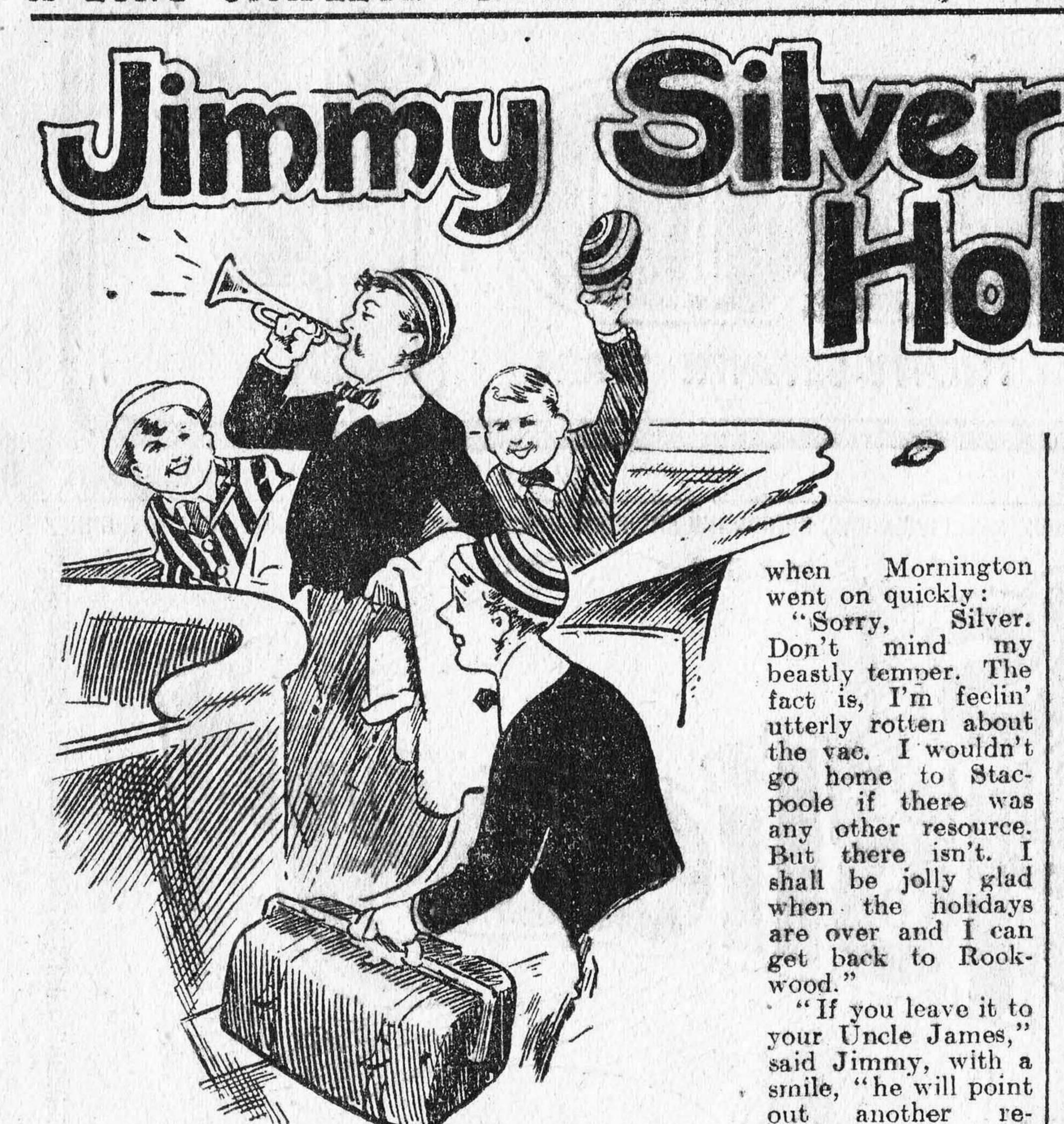
ALL ABOARD!

Jimmy Silver & Co. swarmed cheerily up the gangway on to the cross-Channel boat. Erroll gave a sudden start as his eyes caught a figure in the crowd ahead. It was Mornington!

A LONG COMPLETE JIMMY SILVER YARN by OWEN CONQUEST!

Published

Every Monday



The 1st Chapter. Down on His Luck!

"Cheerio, Morny!"

Jimmy Silver clapped Mornington on the shoulder as he greeted him.

Jimmy was feeling in particularly good spirits that afternoon.

It was the last day before Rookwood broke up for the midsummer vacation, and Jimmy was looking forward to the holidays with considerable keenness.

School wasn't bad-in fact, Jimmy Silver contrived to have a remarkably good time, as a rule, at Rookwood. But there was no doubt that

holidays were better. His chums-Lovell and Raby and Newcome-were going to be with him most of the vac, and though there might be a row or two, it was very

pleasant for the inseparable four to keep together. So Jimmy greeted Mornington of the Fourth in his cheeriest tones when he found that youth "mooching"

under the beeches in the quad, his hands driven deep in his pockets, and a moody frown on his brow. Mornington looked at him, his

gloomy face a strong contrast to Jimmy's bright visage.

"You're feelin' merry an' brightwhat?" asked Morny.

"Tophole!" said Jimmy.

"Because you're goin' home for the | Silver inquiring grins.. holidays?"

"Naturally. No place like home, you know," said Jimmy Silver, smiling. "And we've got one or two things on for the vacation, including a run across to the Continent. don't see anything to grouse about

myself." "Suppose," said Mornington sourly -"suppose you were goin' home to a guardian who'd rather not see you, and a set of dashed cousins who looked on you as an interloper in the house?"

Jimmy Silver's face became grave. "Would you feel so dashed chippy | that can pull with Morny. It beats about it then?" asked Morny bit-

"No, I shouldn't," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm sorry, old scout. If you feel like that it must be rather rotten to see other fellows only thinking of a gay time. But-" He

paused. "But-" grunted Mornington. "Your guardian, old Sir Rupert | and strode in.

Stacpoole, didn't strike me as a bad | Two or three fellows in the passage sort," said Jimmy. "I don't want to looked at him, but did not speak. butt in, of course; but don't you | Morny was evidently not in a humour think, Morny, that if you managed for friendly and cheery remarks. him a bit more carefully you'd keep | But some of the fellows looked at on his right side? I've heard you one another and smiled. Putty Grace speak to him in a-ahem!-rather | remarked to Conroy that "Morny had | cheeky way. I shouldn't expect my his rag out again"; and Conroy pater to let me talk to him like it, if | grinned. Morny "with his rag out" I wanted to."

"Which you don't-being a good the other fellows in the Classical youth and a model to others," sug- Fourth.

gested Mornington.

a bitter tongue sometimes. But the study-mate came in. Mornington did you'd never been rich." captain of the Fourth remembered that Valentine Mornington was in a rather unenviable position, and naturally feeling "down" about it. So he kept his good temper and

dozen fellows there, and every face he saw was cheerful. He caught sight of Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, chatting with Monsieur Monceau, the French master, both evidently in the best of spirits. Mr. Greely, the master of the Fifth, came along and joined them, and that portly gentleman, too, looked cheery and contented. Apparently everybody fact is, I'm feelin' at Rookwood was looking on the utterly rotten about | brighter side of life that afternoon. the vac. I wouldn't excepting Valentine Mornington of

the Classical Fourth. He turned away from the window other resource. with an impatient exclamation. But there isn't. I Erroll was quietly packing books, and shall be jolly glad he did not look up again. Morny when the holidays stared for some moments at his

are over and I can | chum's bent head.

Silver.

source.

"Come home with me for the vac,"

said Jimmy. "My father will let me

to have you, and Erroll, too, if he'll

Mornington's handsome, haughty

"So you think I was fishin' for an

"I haven't come down to that, yet."

said Mornington savagely. "I'm

hard up and at a loose end, but

haven't fallen to Tubby Muffin's level,

till they're wanted, Jimmy Silver!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

Jimmy stared after him.

frown on his brow.

that strong desire.

Lovell chuckled.

Valentine Mornington

"Morny, I-I never meant-"

round and stalked away, with a savage

In spite of the well-known good

temper and patience of Uncle James

of Rookwood, Jimmy was strongly

collar him, and bang his head against

the nearest beech. It was only with

a great effort that Jimmy controlled

fling your little temper?" asked

Arthur Edward Lovell, meeting his

chum on his way to the School House.

Jimmy. his brow clearing.

"Not exactly rowing.

his people at home."

And Raby and Newcome gave Jimmy

"Been rowing with Morny?" he

"Morny's like a bear with a sore

head these days," remarked Raby.

"He seems to hate the idea of the

"I think they'd have to be giddy

angels for Morny to pull with them."

said Jimmy. "It isn't everybody

me how Erroll does it. But never

The 2nd Chapter.

Not Wanted!

the door of Study No. 4 in the Fourth

Form passage in the School House

seemed to have his humorous side for

Kit Erroll was in Study No. 4, and

brow did not relax for a moment.

Erroll's handsome face fell a little.

Valentine Mornington pitched open

mind Morny; let's get in to tea."

"Hallo, old bean, what's been ruf-

tempted to stride after Mornington.

invitation?" he exclaimed hotly.

"What's that?"

face became crimson.

"Not at all. I--"

"Well?" he said, at last. "Well?" said Erroll, looking up then, with a rather forced smile. "Feelin' merry and bright?" asked

Mornington sarcastically. admitted "Well, yes, rather," Erroll. "I'm looking forward to the holidays, like everybody else."

"Congratulations!" "Well. I shall be glad to be with my father again." said Erroll. "Now that he's settled down in England. bring any chap I like, and I'd be glad can always spend my vacations at home. I wish you'd come with me,

> "Captain Erroll didn't seem specially to take to me when I made his acquaintance."

> "He likes you well enough," said Erroll, rather awkwardly. "Youyou don't always show your best side. Morny. I wanted you to like my father, and him to like you."

he doesn't! yet! Keep your dashed invitations "Naturally does?" said Mornington bitterly. "Why should anybody like me, come to that? If I were another person, and met Valentine Mornington, I'm pretty certain that I shouldn't like

> Erroll laughed. "Well. I like you, old chap," he said. "You could have as many friends as you cared to make. But your-"

"But my beastly temper and my bitter tongue, and my discontented nature--" suggested Mornington.

"I wasn't going to say that." "You may as well say it as think lit." said Mornington, shrugging his shoulders. "It's too true! Jimmy Silver's just asked me to go home with him for the vac. Taking pity on me, confound him! Of course, he "Oh, nothing in particular!" said meant well."

"I hope you were civil," said

Erroll, with a troubled look.

"I wasn't!" " Oh!"

"I'm not in a mood to be civil to anyone," said Mornington. "For two pins I'd quarrel even with you,

vac. I suppose he doesn't pull with "You won't do that," said Erroll quietly. "It takes two to make a quarrel." He made a step towards his chum. "Look here, Morny Why not come home with me tomorrow? The pater will be glad to see any friend of mine."

"And you'll be glad to take home a fellow who hasn't anywhere to rest his weary head?" jeered Mornington. "Thanks! I'm not an object of philanthropy!"

"You know it isn't that. I should ask you just the same if you were rich like you used to be."

"And I should very likely think you were suckin' up to me for my money," said Mornington. "Fellows used to. Not so very long ago Townsend and Topham would have begged me to come home in Towny's big car. Now they wouldn't have me at any price. Smythe of the Shell used to ask me regularly, and smiled sweetly every time I snubbed him. Now Smythe wouldn't touch me with a barge-pole. Money makes a lot of difference. doesn't it?"

"Not so much as you think, Morny. Jimmy flushed a little. Morny had he looked round with a smile as his It would have been better for you if

"Very likely," said Mornington. not return the smile, his frowning "But I have been rich, and being poor galls me every minute of the day." He paced across the study Morny slammed the door shut, and crossed to the window, and stood for restlessly. "It makes me suspicious. some minutes staring out into the Sometimes I don't even trust you, He was glad of it the next moment | sunny quadrangle. He could see a! Erroll. If I thought you pitied me! The Fistical Four had spent a Lovell was at a loss for words. He

Erroll made no answer to that. He went on packing his books methodi-

"I've a dashed good mind to ask leave to stop at school over the vac," went on Mornington. "Fancy lounging about a deserted school, with only the housekeeper an' the porter to talk to; droppin' in at the porter's lodge for the sake of hearin' one's own voice!" He shivered. "I suppose old Stacpoole's place would be with my Stacpoole cousins."

"Won't that be rather rough on your guardian?"

on," said Mornington. "Besides, he James" of Rookwood. But Jimmy's deserves it, bother him! I dare say pater very wisely would not I'm a rather tryin' chap to get on have allowed him to undertake anywith, but—but he doesn't want me | thing of the sort. home. That doesn't make a chap feel amiable. And I'm not goin' home for the vac."

"You'll come with me, old chap?"

"Then who-" "I'm not goin' with anybody," said Mornington. "I'm goin' off on my own."

"You can't!" exclaimed Erroll, almost aghast.

my merry guardian."

Erroll picked it up, and his brow set as he glanced over it. Morny's letter from Sir Rupert Stacpoole was short, but it could not be called sweet.

"Dear Valentine,-No doubt it will be your wish to pass the vacation with some one of your schoolfellows, one, at least, of whom, I am sure, will ask you. If you decide to do so I shall have no objection whatever to offer. I enclose a banknote for £10, to meet any incidental expenses that may occur.-Your affectionate RUPERT STACPOOLE." guardian,

guardian, "Very affectionate what?" grinned Mornington. "He's standin' me a tenner not to go home. That's what it amounts to."

"Probably he knows that I should be glad to have you, Morny," said. Erroll wistfully. "Won't you come?"

"Then what are you going to do?" "I've got the tenner and some other quids I've saved up out of my allowance," said Mornington. "That will see me through. I'm goin' to phone to old Stacpoole that I'm fixed up for the vac. That will satisfy him, an' keep him from botherin'. And I'm goin' to quit Rookwood with the crowd to-morrow, and then go off on my lonely own."

" But-" "Perhaps you may drop on me before Rookwood meets again." said Morny, in a softer tone. "Haven't you got some arrangement with Silver and his friends for a run across the channel later in the vac?"

"Yes; and they'd be glad if you'd

"You may see me, if you wander round the nearest and cheapest Continental resorts," said Mornington. "I'm going over to Calais."

"By yourself?" "Why not?"

"You'll want a passport, for one thing. I don't suppose they'll hand out one to a kid of your age."

"You're not up to the times, dear

boy. Day trips can be done without passports now. Our dear old grandmotherly Foreign Office is bein' forced to loosen its grip, bit by bit. People won't stand bein' worried for ever because there was a war three years ago. Picture me among the giddy trippers, old scout, with my pockets full of oranges, and a Woodbine cigarette." Mornington chuckled. "I'll make it a Bank Holiday if I can." Erroll looked hard at his chum.

"What have you got in your head now, Morny? You don't want to run across the Channel just for one day." "Long enough for my purpose." said Mornington, shrugging his

shoulders. "And what is your purpose?"

"If I told you that, dear boy, it would make your hair stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, like giddy old Hamlet in the grinned Mornington. "Perhaps I'm goin' to get rich, and perhaps I'm goin' to be skinned of all my money!"

"All aboard!" sang out Arthur Edward Lovell.

The 3rd Chapter. Off to France!

It was a couple of weeks since Rookwood School had scattered to to put up with you fellows. But not the four corners of the kingdom for | too much of your charabanc stunts, the midsummer holidays.

I'd quarrel with you for good and | week with Lovell's people, and then had landed at Mr. Silver's country house; and from that habitation they were going on a still more entertaining excursion. On the drive before Priory House a big motor-car was standing, and into. the car was piling a merry party. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were there, and Kit Erroll, who had come over to join in the excursion. Mrs. Silver and cousin Phyllis were away in Scotland; but Mr. Silver was with the party-indeed, without better than that. I can get a little | that kindly gentleman the excursion amusement quarrelin' and raggin' could not have taken place. Jimmy certainly would have undertaken to pilot the party to La Belle France, and farther, with all "He shouldn't have taken the job | the serene confidence of "Uncle

Mr. Silver was a kindly gentleman; he had been a boy himself in his time, and had not forgotten the fact. So he was taking a great deal of trouble to make the holiday a success for his son and his son's friends. The trip across the Channel was a prominent item in an extensive programme. And the juniors were delighted with the prospect. True, they had had "runs" abroad before "Can't I?" exclaimed Mornington. | -they had heard strange tongues "Look here! Read that! It's from | talked in strange lands. But there was always something pleasantly ex-He pitched a letter on to the table. citing in a trip across the sea among foreign folk. And their kindly host took all the trouble on his own shoulders. He had the passports for the whole party, Jimmy & Co. being "minors" and in his official charge. Arthur Edward Lovell stood up in

the big car and blew on a tin trumpet, and shouted, "All aboard!" with lusty lungs. Raby yelled up at

"This isn't a Bank Holiday lorry,

Lovell, you ass!" "Next thing to it," answered Lovell, and he blew another squeaky blast on the trumpet. "Now, then, all aboard! Tumble up! Do you want to lose the boat at Dover, you

slackers?" "Chuck in that bag, Jimmy!" said Newcome.

"Here you are!"

Jimmy Silver chucked in the bag, and perhaps by accident it caught Arthur Edward Lovell behind the knees. Lovell suddenly folded up like a pen-knife, and sat on the floor of the car.

"Oh!" he howled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Hallo, no time for gymnastics now, Lovell!" said Jimmy Silver. "Sit on a seat, old fellow-"

"Why, you - you - you -" stuttered Lovell. "I'll punch your nose---'

"Dear me! Is anything the matter?" asked Mr. Silver, arriving

beside the car. Arthur Edward. Lovell undoubled

his fists in a great hurry.

"Nothing at all, sir. Plenty of room, Jimmy, old chap-blow in!" Jimmy grinned and got in. There

was plenty of room for five juniors and a portly gentleman in the car. Algy Silver, Jimmy's young cousin in the Third Form at Rookwood, jumped up beside the chauffeur. He preferred to ride in front, indeed, he had coolly told his cousin Jimmy that he didn't want to squash in with his dashed Bank Holiday crowd-a remark that would have cost Master Algy a "thick" ear but for the fact that Mr. Silver was hovering in the "Now we are all ready, I think,"

said Mr. Silver, taking a survey of his young companions and the baggage.

"Ready-ay, ready!" Newcome. "Let her rip, sir!"

Lovell blew a squeaky note on the trumpet, having already recovered the exuberance of his spirits. Algy Silver turned his head and looked into the car.

"Order there!" he said severely. The Rookwood fag found a great delight in cheeking Fourth Formers in the vac; in the term the Third had to be very careful how they cheeked the Fourth. "Not so much music, Lovell."

"Shut up, Algy!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Rats, old scout!" answered Algy Silver cheerfully. "If I'm coming with you fellows, you'll have to

"If you didn't come," said Lovell. with crushing sarcasm, "there would be lots of dry eyes in the party."

"Phyllis wanted me to go up to Scotland with her," said Algy. "Almost wish I'd gone-only a fellow can't stand his sister orderin' him about in the vac. I thought I'd try Lovell."

do. The car started and glided away at a good rate. Arthur Edward Lovell allowed the tin trumpet to rest at last, and dug an elbow into the ribs of Kit Erroll, whose hand- I wasn't sure. I'm glad to see you, | run a Casino for high profits, not for some face wore a thoughtful expression.

"Penny for 'em, old bean," he

Erroll smiled.

"I was thinking-" he said. "I withdraw the offer," said Lovell, with a chuckle. "I know what you were thinking of. I'm sorry he's not with us, if you want him.' "Morny?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, he could have come," said Newcome. "Haven't you seen him since we broke up, Erroll?"

"No." "Must be having a rare old time with his Stacpoole cousins at home, I think," grinned Lovell. "He looked in a fighting temper when he left, and they love each other about as much as Froggies and Huns."

Erroll did not reply. He knew that Mornington had not gone home to his guardian for the vacation, and that Sir Rupert Stacpoole believed that his ward was spending the holidays with some Rookwood schoolfellow. Erroll wondered whether it Fourth to go on his own reckless way. | wood. Yet he could not feel justified in the idea of betraying what Morny had | bein' taken for a tripper," he said. told him in confidence. It was an awkward position for Erroll-not the first awkward position he had been placed in by his perverse chum. He wondered where Morny was, and what he was doing-and whether he had landed himseli in trouble. It was only too probable that wherever Valentine Mornington was, trouble of some sort would crop up.

But for Morny's touchy pride, he might have been a member of the present merry party. Yet Erroll could hardly blame him for his determination not to accept favours he could not return. Morny was proud and touchy; but his spirit, after all, was right. He would not being looked upon as a "sponge." He had never been so proud in the days of his wealth as he was now in the days of his

poverty. But Erroll strove to dismiss the thought of his chum from his mind, and to summon a cheerful smile to his face; he did not want to be a wet

blanket to the party. It was a glorious summer's day, with a sky of cloudless blue and a soft breeze, and Jimmy Silver & Co. thoroughly enjoyed the rapid run through the green countryside. They passed many a holiday charabanc on the road, and exchanged chaff with the occupants thereof; and at last they ran into the ancient town of Dover.

There was lunch at the Lord Warden, and then the party headed for the Channel boat, already lying by the quay. They filled in their forms and handed them in, and walked cheerily down the long passage to the boat. There was a goodly crowd crossing, and a babel of cheery voices. As they filed on the gangway to the deck, Erroll gave a sudden start, and his eyes were fixed on a figure in the crowd ahead. It was only for a moment -the next, the figure had vanished in the throng.

When the party were aboard, the next step was a selection of a favourable spot on deck, and the arrangement of deck-chairs; but while the Co. were busy with those arrangements, Erroll slipped away from the rest. He left the first-class quarters and went forward, his eyes seeking among the holiday crowd for the figure that had caught his eye for a moment.

He found it at last. His hand on." dropped on the shoulder of a lad dressed in grey tweeds, with a cigarette in his mouth, who was leaning on the rail and staring shoreward. A loud and deafening blast announced that the boat was starting. The figure by the rail moved quickly | gambling." and turned, staring blankly at Erroll.

"You!" "Morny!"

The 4th Chapter.

On the Channel Boat! Valentine Mornington recovered skin the giddy Casino if I can." from his surprise the next moment. He put his hands in his pockets and stood leaning carelessly against the rail, blowing out smoke from his cigarette. There was a mocking pulling out now, with a dull throb | much better company for you than | "None of your Fourth Form swank, widening towards the shore. Erroll, probably, was the only fellow for gotten, Morny. I don't think they'll Morny?"

blew another defiant blast on the whom Mornington had ever felt a real let a kid of your age play in the trumpet, instead of squashing it on attachment; but it was pretty clear | Casino. There's a limit even for those Algy's hat, as he dearly wanted to | that he was not glad to see his chum | unscrupulous gamblers." at the present moment on the Channel

> "Morny," repeated Erroll, "I old fellow!"

"Anybody with you?" "Yes-Silver and the rest, and his father. Come along and join us, Morny."

Mornington smiled sarcastically. "You're goin' first-class, I sup- Morny."

pose?" Erroll nodded.

Published

Every Monday

"I'm not," said Morny. "I'm a cheap tripper, not at all the kind of to keep my end up at Rookwood next person to join your party; in fact, I shouldn't be allowed in your part of the ship with my ticket." He I claimed Erroll. laughed. "Thus are the mighty fallen! Run along and join your crowd, Erroll; they'll miss you!"

"Never mind if they do," said Erroll. "Won't you come along? The difference on the ticket can be

"Money's tight, old bean-dashed tight," said Mornington, "and I'm not spongin' on you or anybody else." "Then I'll stay here a bit."

smoke. It was evident that he had was right for him to keep silent, and resumed some of his old reckless ways, allow the reckless dandy of the now that he was away from Rook-

"Just as you like, if you don't mind

moustache in my pocket, in case it's cloud--" wanted," said Mornington coolly. thought I caught sight of you, but | "They won't be too particular. They high principles. I'll tell you what, Erroll, cut that gang and come along with me. There's no end of fun--'

"I don't think I ought to cut the gang, as you call it, but I'd do it in for a little fun over the water, I'm if it would keep you out of mischief,

"It wouldn't do that. I'm out to turn Stacpoole's tenner into a hundred quids. Then I shall be able

"Of all the mad schemes!" ex-

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "Hallo!" Jimmy Silver's voice broke in. "I've been looking for you, Erroll! Why, it's Morny!"

"Himself!" said Mornington, eyeing the captain of the Fourth coolly. "How do you do, Silver? You're lookin' merry and bright!"

"And feeling the same," said Jimmy cheerily. "Trot along with us, Morny. We're going in for Mornington blew out a cloud of | lemonade and buns, and if you're not | seasick---"

care for lemonade and buns, thank your distance from me, unless you

Mornington turned and walked

"Find out!" "That's easily fixed. I've got a from Erroll lookin' like a thunder-

"Leave me alone!"

"Oh, don't be proud, on your seven-and-six ticket!" chuckled Algy. "You ought to be pleased at a first-class passenger comin' along here to talk to you. Cut the swank, old bun! Look here, if you're goin' game to cut in. I've got lots of oof, and if I can get away from that crowd, I mean to make the fur fly. You know the ropes, Morny, and you can help. What?"

Valentine Mornington looked curiously at the fag. Algy's eagerness to "play the goat" was only too evident in his face. Considering his own intentions, Mornington had little reason to feel disgust; but disgust he certainly did feel. He dropped his hand on Algy's shoulder.

"You silly little idiot!" he said, distinctly. "If I see you anywhere near the Casino, I'll make it a point to let your uncle know at once, and I fancy you'll be buzzed home quickly."

"You're goin' there yourself," said Algy Silver resentfully. "Do you think I don't know?"

"Go back to your uncle at once," "I'm not seasick, but I shouldn't said Mornington harshly, "and keep seashore was crowded with bright want the boot."

"You cheeky cad!" roared Algy away. Erroll made a movement to I wrathfully. The sportsman of the

large building on the front, and in-"That's not very hard," grinned | quired of Mr. Silver what it was. Algy. "I know your little ways, and | "The Casino!" answered that

gentleman. "Where they play petitschevaux?" asked Lovell, with some

interest. "Yes," answered Mr. Silver, rather drily.

"Might have a look in there, uncle?" said Algy Silver "You young ass!" said Jimmy.

Mr. Silver fixed his eyes rather

"It is not a place for you to enter, Algernon," he said. "You will certainly do nothing of the kind, my

"Well, just to look on!" said

"Looking on at folly and vice is not good for anyone, especially a lad of your age," said Mr. Silver.

"There are plenty of harmless amusements, Algy." And Algy held his peace, though he was thinking the more. After tea, Jimmy Silver & Co. went for a "trot" along the esplanade, Mr. Silver remaining in the hotel. He was not quite so active and tireless as his youthful companions. The

summer evening was setting in; a blaze of red sunset lay on the sea. and the hot day was cooling. The dresses and hats and parasols. Crowds passed and re-passed, in and out of the Casino; evidently a centre of attraction, as in most French seaside towns. The strains of a band came somewhere from the garden.

"Algy!" shouted Jimmy Silver suddenly. He made a rush after his cousin, and jerked him back from the steps of the building.

"Let go!" growled Algy.

"Come along, you young jackanapes!"

And Master Algy was marched along, willy-nilly, with "Uncle James' "strong grip on his arm. His face was sullen and rebellious.

"Erroll's gone in!" he growled.

"Well, he has-I saw him."

"Rot!" repeated Jimmy Silver; but when he glanced round, he saw that Erroll was no longer with the party.

Erroll was a dozen yards away, near the entrance of the Casino. He had caught sight of a figure in grey tweeds and a straw hat. There was a little black moustache on Mornington's upper lip now, and it made him look years older. He had a cigarette between his white teeth. He started, and uttered an angry ejaculation, as he was caught by the arm.

"Morny, old man!" said Erroll. "You again!" said Mornington. "Comin' in?".

"No." "Jolly place!" said Mornington "There's dancin' and cynically. music, an' a music-hall, and petits-

chevaux!" "Mr. Silver is taking us to the theatre this evening, Morny. Won't

you come with us?" "I've got to catch the boat home. kid-and besides, I don't care for the somewhat depressin' society of the estimable Mr. Silver," answered Mornington. "The fact is, I've got no time to waste. What are you

holdin' my arm for?" Erroll did not let go.

"I wish you'd listen to reason, Morny. Keep clear of that rotten show, and don't play the-the fool

"The blackguard, you were goin' to say!" chuckled Mornington. "Give it a name, old bean-I don't mind. But let me go-time's short. If you're not comin' in, don't meddle."

"You mean--" "I mean to do exactly as I like," said Mornington. "Now, let me go, Erroll, or there'll be trouble." His eyes glittered. "Let go my arm."

Erroll's eyes flashed. "You've no right to enter that

show, Morny, and you know it. It's rotten, blackguardly. I ought to keep you from going in, and by Jove, I

"Will you?"

Mornington's hand, clenched hard, came up, and a fierce blow was struck. With a sharp cry, Erroll staggered and fell on the flagstones. He sat up dazedly, his hand to his face.

Valentine Mornington had dis-

(Mornington's Folly!" is the title of the grand, long complete Rookwood School yarn appearing in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND. Order your copy NOW! By the way, do you glad to sit down to tea in a quiet, know there also appears a fine, long



"Morny, old man, don't go ERROLL TRIES TO DISSUADE HIS RECKLESS CHUM! in there!" pleaded Erroll. He noticed that his chum was wearing a false moustache to hide his identity. "Rats! I'm going!" snapped Morny. "Jolly place!" he added cynically. "There's dancin' and music-and gamblin'!"

"Stayin' over long?" asked Morn- clouded face.

Calais, and going along the coast to | touchy--- Come along, Erroll!" Boulogne and Wimereux, and so on," | Erroll accompanied Silver back to said Erroll. "I wish you'd come!" | the party. But it was with difficulty

ticket," sneered Mornington. "If 1 don't go back to-night there'll be. trouble, as I haven't a passport." "I dare say Mr. Silver could

arrange---' "I'm not goin' to ask him. The

fact is I don't want to join your crowd," said Mornington bluntly. "I'm not crossin' the giddy Channel just on a trip. I've got somethin' "Something you'd rather not let

me know?" "Yes." "I'm afraid I can guess what it is,"

ton banteringly. "Well, why not? Haven't you found out long ago that looked thoughtful, and detached him-I'm a bad hat—that there's a yellow | self from the party after a time, and

and Mornington laughed mockingly. "You would have it," he said. Rookwood fag impatiently. "Now clear off and join your merry crowd, who wouldn't be found dead he snapped. near a green table. They're ever so

"Don't be an ass, Morny!" | follow him, but stopped, with a | Third was far from pleased at this

"Poor old Morny!" said Jimmy | Mornington raised his hand—and "We're staying a day or two in Silver. "If he wasn't so dashed

"Couldn't be done. Mine's a day | that he banished the cloud from his brow. Mornington's insane scheme troubled him greatly. Probably and painting the town red. Mornington knew well enough that his scheme was hopeless as well as blackguardly, but he clung to the faint hope that he might be successful. In any case the reckless fellow would have the excitement for which his restless nature craved; and the knowledge that he was acting in a way that would shock and distress his | shine. friends was more likely to urge him on than to restrain him.

There was a good deal of interest in the party when they knew that said Erroll, his brow clouding. "You | Valentine Mornington was on board are thinking of your old folly- the boat. Mr. Silver asked why Jimmy's schoolfellow did not come up "You're a wizard!" said Morning- and join them-a question which was rather difficult to answer. Algy Silver streak in me somewhere, and I can't | wandered about the decks, looking keep straight if I try? I'm goin' to round him. He was looking for Mornington, and he found him at Erroll looked shocked, as he felt, last, and tapped him on the elbow. Mornington looked down at the

"What the dickens do you want?"

"Oh, come off!" said Algy coolly.

reception of his sportive suggestions.

dropped it again. He walked quickly away, and Algy Silver returned sullenly to the party. So far as Mornington was concerned, the sportive Algy was not likely to receive any aid in "playing the goat"

The 5th Chapter. Struck Down!

"Calais!" said Arthur Edward The white cliffs rose in line above

the sea, in a blaze of summer sun-

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked about them with interest as the boat drew into the shore. They moored at last, and there was a babel of voices in French, as an army of "facteurs' swarmed on board for the passengers' baggage. Erroll looked round for Mornington in the crowd gathering to disembark; but he did not see him -the throng was too thick. Probably Morny, too, was taking trouble to keep out of the way of the Rookwooders.

The party gave up their landingtickets, and went ashore, and went through the usual troublesome formalities of the passport office and the

customs-house. The next move was to the hotel, where Mr. Silver had booked quarters in advance. The juniors were