# A GRAND PROGRAMME OF STORIES IN THIS ISSUE!

# TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR!

No. 1,059. Vol. XXII. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

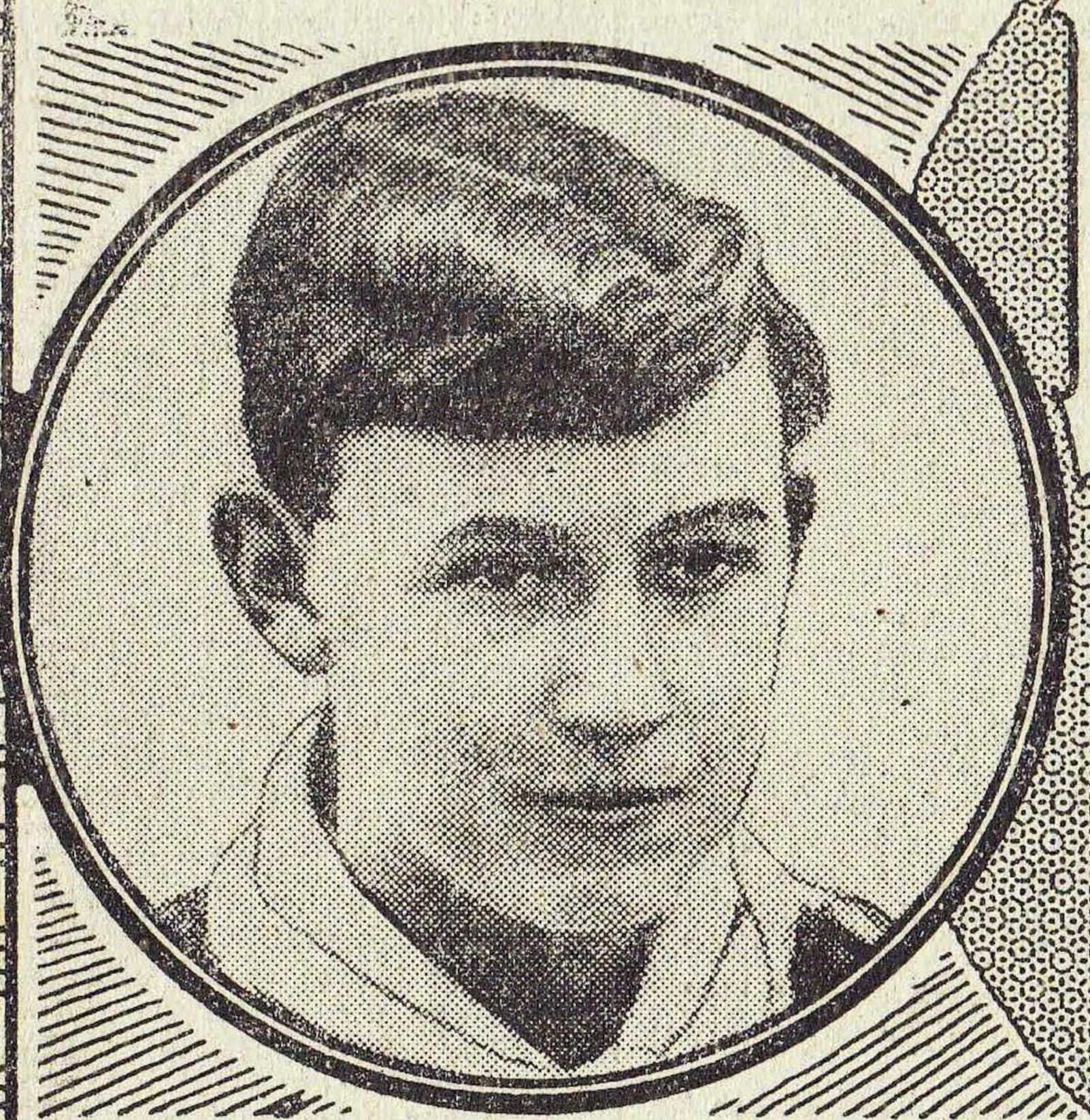
[Week Ending September 24th, 1921.

# THE TWO MOST ENVIED BOYS IN THE WORLD!

It is not too much to say that the two Scouts who were chosen to sail with the Shackleton Expedition are the two most-envied boys in the world to-day. Chosen personally by Sir Ernest Shackleton, no considerations of "influence" or favouritism were allowed to sway their selection. Their own records, their personal appearance, manly bearing, and character were the only factors which were taken into account.

From his wonderful experience of the great wastes and lonely spaces of the earth, Sir Ernest Shackleton must be an exceptionally good judge of character. To be chosen, then, from all others, by such a judge, is the greatest honour that could fall to a boy.

Originally requiring only one Scout to accompany him, the intrepid explorer admitted, after personally interviewing those from whom the final



### Patrol-Leader M. E. Mooney.

selection had to be made, that he was "compelled" to choose two. Now what was it that thus could "compel" him to alter his decision and take two Scouts instead of one? It could have been nothing else than the sheer "character" and personality of the two boys, Patrol Leader Mooney and Patrol-Leader Marr, which made Sir Ernest Shackleton feel that he could not leave either of them behind! Truly, these must be two wonderful boys!

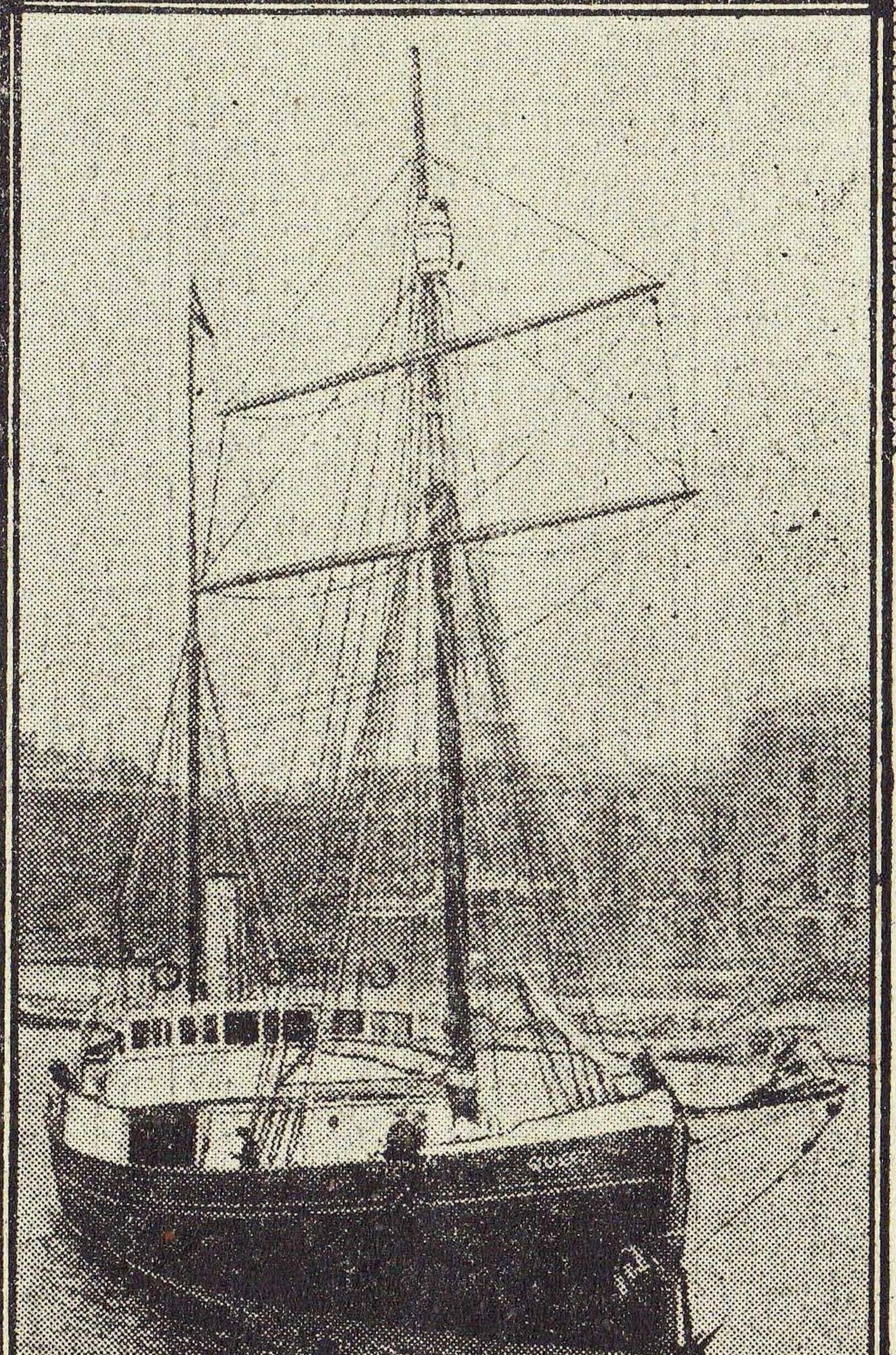
Patrol-Leader Mooney, like his fellow Scout, was born and bred in the stern North. He hails from Kirkwall, in the Isle of Orkney. He is seventeen years old and a silent, reserved boy, who has been accustomed all his life to a healthy outdoor life in his island home. There is an air of sturdy self-reliance about him which gives the impression that he will face any sort of danger or difficulty without flinching. It is recorded that his Journey South, to see Sir Ernest Shackleton before sailing, gave him his first glimpse of a passenger train. What wonders will have unfolded themselves before the eyes of this boy from the rugged North before he returns from his 30,000 miles voyage!

Patrol-Leader Mooney has brought honour to the island town of Kirkwall, which heartily endorses the words of its Provost: "I consider the choice of Mooney a compliment to the Orkney Scouts, to the county and to the burgh. I have no doubt the confidence placed in a Kirkwall Scout will be amply justified."

### THE "QUEST" AND HER CALLANT COMMANDER.

Above is a characteristic photograph of Sir Ernest Shackleton (nearest the camera), talking to Lieutenant Rickinson, who was in charge of the responsible work of refitting the Quest before she sailed. Sir Ernest, of course, is the leader and moving spirit of the great Antarctic Expedition. His voyage of discovery will extend to no less than thirty thousand miles, and will lead him to the little-known islands of the Atlantic and Pacific and the uncharted seas of the South Pole. Below is seen his famous ship, the Quest. Originally a whaling vessel of 125 tons burden, she is specially fitted out for the purposes of the Expedition. She is steam-driven and also fully-rigged for sailing, and carries a baby seaplane on deck. The deck-house has a flat roof from which the seaplane may "take off." Good luck to the Quest and her crew!

ADDICED DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PRO



# . A 30,000-MILES ADVENTURE! . .

A thirty thousand miles voyage of discovery! What an adventure! The very thought of it is enough to make every boy's heart beat more quickly. The prospect of sailing upon such a voyage as that of the Quest has never been offered to boys before, and naturally such an exceptional adventure can only be for boys with exceptional qualities.

Patrol-Leader J. W. S. Marr, of 62, Hamilton Place, Aberdeen, whose portrait appears below, is a sturdy Scot eighteen years of age, with blue eyes and a firm, straight mouth. A keen player of Rugby football, he has never neglected the more studious side of life, having studied hard at Aberdeen University.

He has turned his attention, among other subjects, to geology, and his knowledge of this science should prove exceptionally useful to him on his adventur-



### Patrol-Leader J. W. S. Marr.

ous voyage to the far South. Patrol-Leader Marr is the holder of the Royal Humane Society's Medal, which was awarded to him for a piece of gallant work at Banff two years ago, when he saved a young girl from drowning. A second girl and a boy were also in difficulties, and young Marr went to their rescue also, but unfortunately in this case his gallant efforts were in vain. It is difficult, if not impossible, to get the young Scout himself to talk of these episodes.

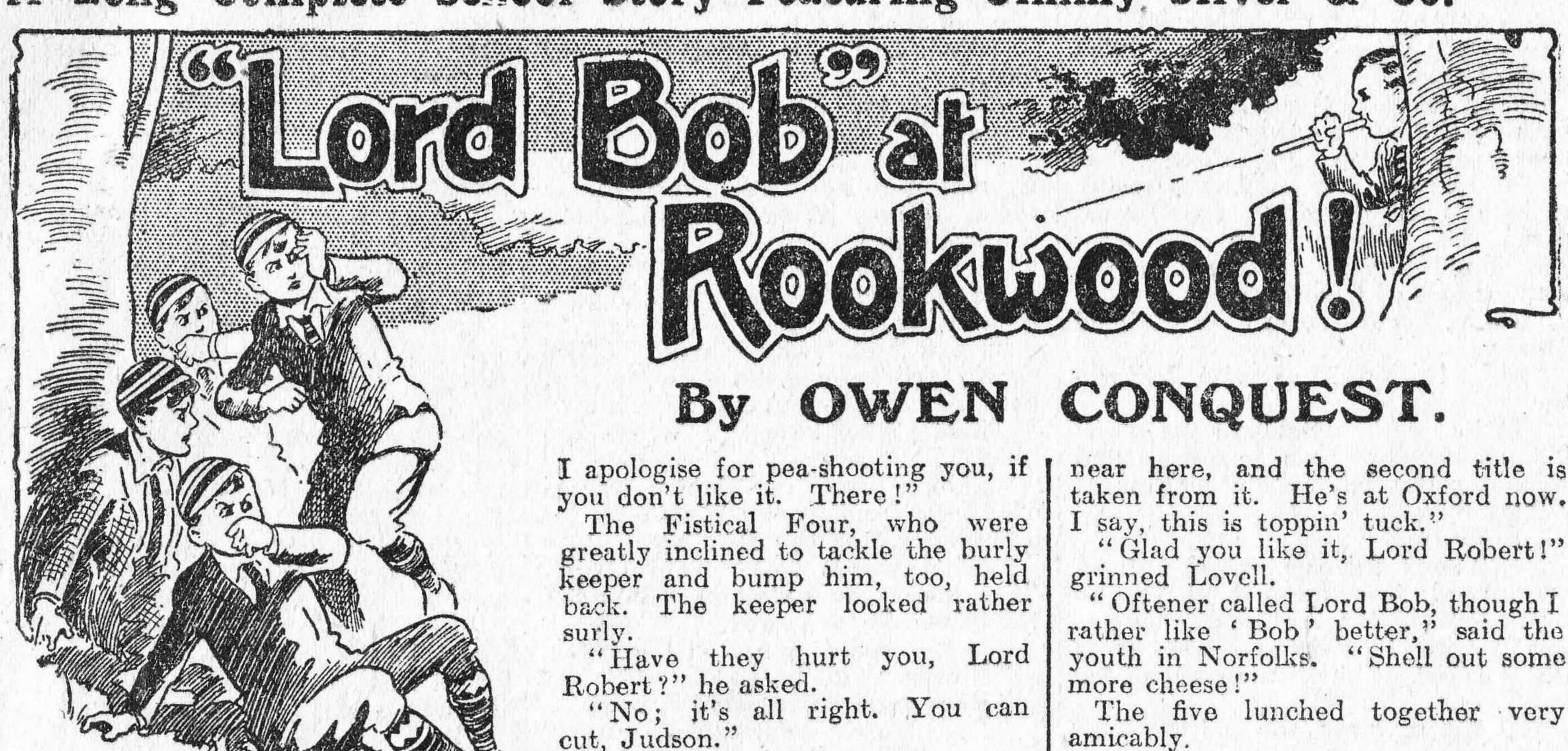
In addition to this medal, Patrol-Leader Marr has the Carnegie Hero gold watch, and also the Baden-Powell silver cross for Scouts, so that there is no doubt that he is made of the "right stuff" to undertake a voyage of discovery and perilous adventure.

Marr is one of seven sons, and his family are naturally proud of the honour that has fallen to him. So also is the Provost of his town, Aberdeen, who, on hearing of his choice, sent a message to a London newspaper stating that "Aberdeen feels greatly honoured, and Patrol-Leader Marr is worthy of the position." Below is a reproduction of Patrol-Leader Marr's signature.

2. w. s. mass

Great New Sea Story, "The Wreck of the Bombay Castle!" in This Issue!

## A Long Complete School Story Featuring Jimmy Silver & Co.



"Yes, my lord!"

looking face.

Jimmy Silver smiled.

You fellows camping out?"

you come to that."

unprotected.

apologise."

pea-shooter."

against a tree.

Jimmy laughed.

"Quite · welcome,"

such as it is."

and sit down!"

together.

reticent.

better?"

and his comrades.

Judson retired through the wood

willing to leave his boyish lordship

Lord Robert turned to the Fistical

"I'm awfully sorry, you fellows,"

Four, with a frank smile on his good-

he said in quite an engaging way. "I

spotted you lazing in the grass there,

and couldn't resist the temptation to

touch you up with my pea-shooter.

But it was rather cheeky of me, and I

"All serene," he answered. "No

"Sorry-more or less!" murmured

"Then it's all serene. You mustn't

mind Judson. He's keeping a fatherly

eye on me while the pater is away.

"Yes. Biking and camping," said

"You're camping on my pater's

land," remarked the other, as he

could ask me to lunch, if you liked."

mollified. "You seem a decent sort

down in the grass, and was soon tuck-

The 2nd Chapter.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were soon

addressed him as "Lord Robert" and

Lovell, who was rather given to

directness of speech, asked him bluntly

who he was, after a little talk. And

the youth in Norfolks was not at all

"Are you a lord?"

The youth in Norfolks grinned.

"Quite so!" he answered. "If you

want a full introduction, you have the

honour-more or less-of meetin'

Lord Robert Egerton, second son of

the Marquis of Maybrook. Feel any

"So your pater's a real live

"Then your elder brother's a lord,"

"Yes; Lord Mountwood," said

Egerton. "Mountwood's a village !

and was well up in these matters.

The Rookwood juniors chuckled.

marquis?" said Raby.

"That's so."

said Newcome.

"My name's Bob Egerton," he

ginger-beer with a healthy appetite.

Lord Beb at Home!

like," said Lovell rather gruffly.

Jimmy. "We were having lunch

when you startled us with your blessed

harm done. Sorry we bumped you, if

The 1st Chapter. Jimmy Silver & Co. Meet His Lordship!

Phip, phip!

"Ow!" " Wow!"

Jimmy Silver clapped his hand to his nose. A moment later Arthur Edward Lovell smacked his chin.

They uttered startled ejaculations almost at the same moment.

Something had smitten them suddenly. It felt like the sting of a wasp; but it wasn't that. But it was something.

The Fistical Four of Rookwood were lunching on bread and cheese by the wayside. It was the last day of their holiday cycling trip. On the morrow they were to return to their homes, preparatory to rejoining Rookwood School for the new term. They were enjoying their last camping lunch, lying at ease on a grassy bank that bordered a shady wood. And then suddenly Jimmy Silver and Lovell felt those sudden stings, and clapped their hands to their nose and chin respectively.

"Ow! I'm hit!" "Stuff! There's nothing that could- Yoooop!" yelled Newcome, jumping to his feet. "Oh! Ow! I've got it in the ear! Is it a wasp?"

"It's not a wasp!" roared Lovell, scrambling to his feet. "It's peashooting. Some silly owl is potting at us with a pea-shooter! Where is he? I'll scalp him!"

The Fistical Four were all on their feet now, in great wrath. They glared round in search of the unseen

assailant. "Here he is!" roared Lovell.

They came upon him quite suddenly -a lad of about their own age, in brown Norfolks, with a merry, smiling face, and a pea-shooter in his hand. He was rather a handsome fellow, with pleasant features. But though he looked pleasant enough, the Fistical Four were not feeling pleasant at that moment; and they rushed on him, and collared him.

"New, you funny ass--" "Bump him!" roared Raby.

"What-ho!"

"Here, let go!" shouted the youth in Norfolks, "Only a joke, you know, and--'

"All serene," said Jimmy Silver. "You've had your little joke, and now we're going to have ours! Bump

"Oh gad! Oh crikey!" The youth in Norfolks yelled loudly as he was bumped in Rookwood style. His pea-shocter went one way and his cap another as he struggled in the grasp of the four.

"Give him another!"

"Ow! Help!" There was a rustle in the wood, and a man in keeper's garb, with a gun under his arm, rushed on the | said. "And yours?"

"Stop that, you young rascals!" he shouted, evidently in great wrath. "How dare you touch his lordship! Stop that at once!"

And as the Fistical Four did not heed, the burly keeper shouldered them roughly off their gasping victim.

'Bump him too!" shouted Lovell angrily. "We'll give him beans, and his blessed lordship beans! I'll lordship him!"

"Yes, rather! Cheeky ass-" The youth in Norfolks scrambled

up, panting. "Hold on, you fellows," he exclaimed breathlessly. "It's all right,

you-", "Is it?" snapped Lovell. Newcome had titled connections,

"Stand back, Judson!" said the boy in Norfolks. "It's all right, my man, You fellows keep off.

near here, and the second title is taken from it. He's at Oxford now.

"Oftener called Lord Bob, though I rather like 'Bob' better," said the youth in Norfolks. "Shell out some

The five lunched together very

Lord Bob rose at last, and brushed the crumbs from his clothes.

again, though evidently not quite "Like to see the show, you fellows?" he asked.

> "The show?" repeated Jimmy. "The house, I mean-giddy old historic mansion!" said Lord Bob. "Public admitted to the picturegallery and reception-rooms Fridays-tip to the butler. To-day isn't Friday, luckily; if you'd care to see the sights I'll show you round, and stand some tea in my den. I'd be glad of your company."

The Fistical Four exchanged

"You're awfully good!" Jimmy Silver. "We'll be glad!" "Come on, then!"

The remains of the lunch were packed in wallets on the bikes.

"Leave your jiggers there, if you like, and we'll go through the wood," said Lord Bob. "They're safe enough. I'll tell Judson to keep an eye on them. This way!"

The Fistical Four accompanied their new friend into the shady wood. They followed a footpath under ancient beeches.

And he walked on with the Rookwood juniors, leaving the student to his book.

"Relation of yours?" asked Lovell. "Not exactly!" grinned Lord Bob. "He's Judson's nephew."

"Awfully clever young beggar!" said Lord Bob. "Beats me hollow at books. I made the pater let him whack out my tutor with me, and the tutor-man thinks much more of him than he does of me. Fairly gobbles up the classics. He's goin' to a big seem' through."

"That's jolly good of your pater!" said Jimmy Silver.

"The pater thinks a lot of him because he fished my elder brother out of the river once," said Lord Bob. "Knocked on the head my only chance of ever becomin' a merry marquis!" He chuckled. "But I've forgiven him, and I like him no end. Here we are! This, ladies and gentlemen," said Lord Bob, evidently in imitation of the butler's manner in showing visitors round on public days, "this is the famous park of Maybrook House, containing umpteen hundred acres. The very ancient oak which you see yonder is said to have hidden Charles the Second when escaping from the Roundhead soldiers. The beeches were planted by the sixth Lord Maybrook in the reign of George the First. I forget the rest!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. laughed. From the park their guide led them on, and they viewed extensive lawns, and a long terrace adorned with statues, and entered a towering mansion by a French window from the terrace.

Maybrook House, as they could see. was one of the "stately homes of England." In a special oaken hall they stopped to look at the ancient armour, worn in old days by historic Egertons.

"You'd rather cut the picturegallery, wouldn't you?" asked Lord Bob. "It's big, and no end of a

"No fear; let's see the lot!" said

"Come on, then!" The Rookwood juniors "did" the

manner and his friendship for the gamekeeper's nephew, showed that the marquis' son was anything but a

The Fistical Four enjoyed their tea in Lord Bob's den, and his youthful lordship evidently enjoyed their company. The chums of Rookwood were quite sorry when the time came

Lord Bob walked back with them to their camp in the lane, and said good-bye there. He waved his hand as the Fistical Four mounted their

bicycles, and rode away.
"Well, we've had a riping afternoon!" Jimmy Silver remarked, as the chums pedalled away under the setting sun. "I'm glad we met that chap. Seems no end of a good sort."

"First-rate!" said Lovell. "I wish we were going to see him again." "Not likely!" smiled Jimmy. "We haven't any marquises on our visiting-

list. But I'm glad we've met him." And Jimmy Silver rode on, little dreaming how soon-and under what peculiar circumstances-he was to meet Lord Robert Egerton again!

### The 3rd Chapter. Lord Bob Has a Brain-Wave!

"Feelin' down, Dick?"

It was Lord Bob who spoke-a few days later. He stood on a railwayplatform, near a pile of baggage, and with him was the thoughtful-looking youth who had been studying Virgil in the wood, on the afternoon of the Rookwooders' visit to Maybrook

Dick Morcom smiled rather faintly. "Yes," he confessed, "I oughtn't

"I think I've told you before," said Lord Bob, "that if you call me 'sir,' Dick, I shall punch your nose! We're pals, ain't we?" "Yes, sir-I mean Bob," said Dick

Morcom. "You want to go to Rookwood?"

asked Egerton. "Yes-oh, yes! But-but-"

"You're feelin' nervous?" "Yes."

"I understand," said Lord Bob sympathetically. "It's awfully kind of your father

In a deep and shady nook of the picture-gallery, and then the library, to see me through like this!" said



The Fistical Four rushed after the new boy. Jimmy Silver THE MYSTERIOUS NEW BOY! clutched at his arm. "Stop a minute, new kid!" he panted. "What's your name?" The junior swung round and faced the Junior captain. "My name is Morcom-Dick Morcom," he said shortly. "It's on the school books, if you don't believe me!" Jimmy Silver was amazed. He was positive that the new boy was the fellow he had met as Lord Bob Egerton in the vac. and yet why should he be at Rookwood under an assumed name?

Jimmy Silver introduced himself wood, a little way from the footpath, "But that keeper chap called you a boy lay, resting on one elbow, readyour lordship'!" persisted Lovell. ing a book that lay in the grass.

He did not hear the juniors pass, and did not look up, and Jimmy Silver & Co. saw only the back of his head. But Lord Bob hailed him in passing.
"Hallo, old kid!"

The reading-boy started, and looked

round. He had a rather pale, thoughtful face, which lighted up with a smile as he saw Egerton.

"Diggin' into merry old Virgil?" called out Lord Bob.

"Yes," said the boy, smiling again. "Chuck it up, and come along!" "If you don't mind, I'd rather--"

Lord Bob laughed. "Right-ho, old swot! Go it!"

where a bald and dusty-looking old the boy. "I'm grateful, Bob. Butgentleman was unearthed-evidently but, after all, I'm only a-a- My the marquis' librarian. Then the father was a gamekeeper, like my rooms of state, and the room where uncle. I'm not the sort of fellow Queen Elizabeth had slept, and the | that goes to a school like Rookwood. secret chamber where Charles the Of course, it may be all right. But-Second had lain hidden while the but I'm rather frightened at the idea Roundheads were searching for him. of going to a big public school—all And then Lord Bob led them to his by myself, too!" own special den, having ordered tea to be sent up there.

Lord Bob's "den" was about six times the size of the end study at Rookwood, with wide windows looking over the park, and walls adorned with guns and hunting-prints. The fortunate youth was evidently a fellow to be envied, and the Rookwooders liked him all the more for the total absence of anything like "swank" about him. His frank!

Lord Bob nodded.

Dick Morcom was plucky, as he had shown on the occasion when he had plunged into deep waters to save his master's eldest son. In danger he would have been cool and collected enough. But it was not danger that was to be faced now-it was the terror of the unknown.

The quiet, modest, studious boy shrank from what might be before (Continued overleaf.)

slights, from the contempt and scorn he might encounter at the hands of fellows more fortunately placed than himself.

If it came to fighting, the gamekeeper's son could hold his own easily enough. But what was his defence against fellows who might sneer and avoid him and despise him, because he was not a gentleman's son? He had no defence.

That was what was weighing on the mind of Dick Morcom, and Lord Bob, in spite of his happy-go-lucky | a go Dick!" carelessness, understood his feelings, and sympathised with them.

"You remember those fellows the other day, Dick?" said Lord Bob suddenly.

"Yes."

"They were public-school chaps. never thought of askin' about their school; but it would be somethin' like Rookwood, most likely. If you meet · fellows like that you'll be all right."

"But shall I?" said Dick wistfully. "Most likely."

"There-there are several other sorts, too. But-but it's wrong of me to talk like this," said Morcom, with an effort. "I'm going to face it somehow. Though I-I feel more inclined to run away."

Lord Bob knitted his brows. "I wish you could have seen Rookwood before goin' there," he said slowly. "I-I wish I was goin' there myself. I'd see you through all right, Dick. But the pater won't send me to school. He wants to keep me with that stuffy old tutor for another year. But dash it all, Dick, I don't like your goin' off like this! It's rotten!"

Dick Morcom tried to smile. "It'll be all right," he said. "Don't think about it, old chap. I'll pull through. I don't want you to be worrying about me while you're on your holiday in Cornwall."

"But that's just what I shall be doin'!" said Lord Bob. "I know there's goin' to be some difficulties ahead for you. I don't know how bad they may be. I wish I did. I wish I could go for a few days to Rookwood in your place, Dick, and see what it was like, and put you up to some tips."

Morcom laughed. "I wish you could," he said. "But

that's not possible."

Lord Bob knitted his brows yet more deeply. He was thinking hard. and there was a glimmer in his kind blue eyes.

"Look here, Dick!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I've got an idea."

"Yes?" Dick Morcom tried to speak cheerfully, but his despondency was too much for him. He could not. "Why shouldn't I go?" "Wha-a-at?"

"Think it out!" said Lord Bob, his

eves dancing. "It would be no end of a lark!"

what-what-" stammered the gamekeeper's son.

"Lend me your merry ears, Dicky, my pippin. You've never been seen at Rookwood yet. They don't know you from Adam or Job. Likewise my noble self has never been seen there. Suppose I bagged your baggage and your name and dropped in at Rookwood as Dick Morcom."

Morcom gasped. He stared blankly at Lord Robert Egerton, whose blue eyes were dancing with merriment. "Isn't it a corkin' stunt?" his lord-

ship demanded. "But-but-"

"I'm booked for a month in Cornwall, with my cheery old granduncle. the rector," said Lord Bob, "Suppose I write to him that I can't come, but would be jolly glad if he'd put up my friend Dick Morcom for a few weeks. He knows you, and he'd do it like a shot. That settles you. Then I hop along to Rookwood—"

"But-" gasped Dick. "I go through it instead of you," resumed Lord Bob. "I'm tougher than you. I can stand it. If there's merry snobs there who turn up their noses at a gamekeeper's son it won't hurt me. Ha, ha, ha!"

"But--" "Dick, my infant, you butt like a billy-goat!" said Lord Bob. "Why, I can see you're relieved already!"

"Yes: but--" "Cut out the buts," said Lord Bob. "I'm goin' to do it! I shall see exactly what Rookwood is like, and I'll put you up to it. You'll be all right down in Cornwall. You can mug up your merry classics down by the sad sea waves, and enjoy yourself in your own way. And I shall have a few weeks at a public school, which is just what I want-my way of enjoyin' myself, you know. Catch on?"

"But-but your father!" stam-

mered Morcom.

wards. Then he'll only chuckle. He can see a joke."

"But-" "No harm in it," said Lord Bob. "You simply lend me your name and bags. I shall be Dick Morcom for a few weeks. When it comes out I shall own up that it was my doin'. The Head won't be able to cane me because I sha'n't belong to the school -see? Besides, they forgive a lot to the sons of merry marquises," added Lord Bob shrewdly. "Marquises" sons don't grow on every bush. It's

### The 4th Chapter. Back to School!

"Here we are again!" bawled Arthur Edward Lovell.

There was a crowd at Latcham Junction that sunny September day.

Rookwood School was gathering again after the summer holidays, and the Fistical Four met on the platform at the junction with smiling faces and cheery greetings.

Tubby Muffin rushed up to Jimmy Silver at once.

"So jolly glad to see you, Jimmy!" cooed Tubby. "Can you lend me half-a-crown to tip a porter-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Same old fat Tubby, what!" roared Lovell, clapping Reginald Muffin on the back with a clap that made him stagger.

"Yaroooh!" gasped Tubby. "Hallo, here's Mornington! How do you do, Morny? And Erroll-same old sobersides, what? And the giddy Colonials!" Lovell bawled a greeting across the crowded platform to Conroy, Van Ryn, and Pons, the Colonial Co., and they shouted back merrily. "Hallo, here's Bulkeley! Glad to see you again, Bulkeley, old pippin!"

And Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, nodded and smiled, and did not box Lovell's ears for calling him an "old pippin." Much was excused on the first day of the

Tommy Dodd & Co., the Modern crowd, came shoving along and hustled the Fistical Four aside; at which, of course, a crowd of Classicals rallied, and charged Tommy Dodd & Co., and scattered them. Smythe of the Shell, parading the platform in a nobby dustcoat and a gleaming topper, was caught between the contending factions, and rolled over, and when he emerged from the scrum Smythe's nobby dust-coat was more dust than coat, and his shining topper looked like a concertina. And the things that Adolphus Smythe said were "frequent and painful and Bulkeley and Neville, and Knowles and Frampton, came along to restore order, using their walkingcanes as they used their ashplants at Rookwood in similar circumstances. Then as the train came in and stopped there was a rush for seats.

Jimmy Silver & Co. bagged a carriage, and held it against any Moderns who attempted to enter; but they let in Morny and Erroll, and Oswald and Flynn, and Putty Grace and Tubby Muffin, and Peele and Gower, and Townsend and Topham. And as the carriage was supposed to seat six, it was fairly full when the door was jammed shut. But the train was crowded from end to end, and there were plenty left on the platform. But though two or three porters were chanting in a sort of chorus 'Second train for Coombe in five minutes," everybody wanted to go by the first train, or thought he did. Whence there arose much scuffling and yelling and protesting, and some damage to top-hats. But the Rookwooders enjoyed it all; they felt entitled to "let themselves go" a little on that day of all days. They hadn't quite got over the holiday spirit yet.

"I say, Jimmy," remarked Newcome, as he wedged into a third part of a seat, "I've seen a chap we

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"I've seen about two hundred we know!' he answered. "About a hundred have wanted to get into this carriage."

"I don't mean a Rookwood chap," said Newcome. "'Member the fellow we met in the vac-"

"We met fifty fellows in the vac!" "I mean the merry marquis' son." "Oh, that chap?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, with interest. 'What was his name—Egerton——"

"That's it! He's here," said New-

"Not in this giddy carriage," said Lovell, looking round.

"I saw him on the platform," said Newcome. "I'd have spoken, only the crowd separated us. Wonder "The pater won't know-till after- | what he's doing at Latcham?"

"Going to Rookwood perhaps!" said Raby.

"By Jove! I hope so," said Jimmy Silver. "I'd jolly well like him in the Classical Fourth. Hallo! Talk of angels!"

Jimmy Silver was standing with his back to the door; partly to keep out newcomers, partly because every seat in the carriage was overfull already. A hand tried the door, and Jimmy turned his head to deny admission, and found himself looking into the startled face of Lord Bob.

"Hallo, old top!" exclaimed his arm, and a bag-" Jimmy.

"Little me! Squeeze up, you fellows, somehow; we've got to find he go?" room for this merchant!" exclaimed

Jimmy Silver. "Right-ho!"

To Jimmy Silver's surprise, however, Lord Bob hurried along the

train, looking for another carriage. "This way!" shouted Jimmy from the window. "We'll make room for

But the marquis' son did not look

He did not succeed in obtaining a seat in another carriage, however. The train was already overcrowded, and the porters were shutting the doors, and pushing back the too-eager passengers.

When the train glided out of the station, Jimmy Silver saw the marquis' son standing amid the crowd left on the platform, and waved his

hand to him in farewell.

The train rushed onward to Coombe, the local station for Rookwood, with a merry chorus ringing out of every carriage. To judge by the way they "carried on," the Rookwooders were not sorry to be returning to the old school. But it was, as a matter of fact, the last hour of freedom; as soon as they arrived at the school, the rule of masters and prefects recommenced, and the exuberant juniors had to fall back into their places, and toe the line. So they made the most of what remained of the holiday; and it was a merry crowd that swarmed out of the train at Coombe.

first brake." suggested Arthur Edward Lovell, as they alighted.

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "That chap Egerton must be coming on to Coombe, as he wanted to get into this train. If we hang on a few minutes we shall see him again." Lovell nodded.

"Oh, all right! I'd like to see

"Same here!" assented Raby. So the Fistical Four drew aside from the crowd, and let the mob of Rookwooders stream past them out of the station. For once, the end study was not conspicuous in a struggle for the brakes. All four of the chums were quite eager to meet again the fellow who had entertained them at Maybrook House, and to whom they had taken a liking. As he was in Etons, and was catching the school train, it seemed possible that he was coming on to Rookwood, and in that case, Jimmy Silver & Co. were prepared to repay his hospitality in the holidays by taking him under their experienced wing, and seeing him through his debut at the school.

"Jolly if he's coming to Rookwood," said Lovell heartily. never mentioned it to us-"

"Well, we didn't mention Rookwood to him," said Jimmy Silver. "The subject didn't come up. Hallo! There's the train!"

The second train from Latcham Junction was signalled. Coombe platform was cleared now, excepting for the Fistical Four and the station officials. Half a dozen brakes had already driven off with crowds of Rookwooders. As the train came in, Jimmy Silver & Co. watched the line of carriage windows for the face of Lord Bob.

The train stopped, doors were flung open all along its length, and a fresh crowd of Rookwood fellows swarmed out. In that swarming crowd it was not easy to spot one especial fellow; but Jimmy Silver suddenly caught sight of Lord Bob, making for the exit with a bag in his hand, and a rug over his arm. "There he is!"

The four juniors made a rush, and there was a roar of protest from the fellows they rushed among.

"Where are you runnin' to?" yelled Tracy of the Shell, as he sat down suddenly on the platform. "Order!" roared Hansom of the Fifth.

"Collar those fags!" raved Carthew of the Sixth. But the Fistical Four did not heed.

elbowed on. But in spite of their the Shell; or-or they may have efforts, the fellow they sought had disappeared before they could get clear of the crowd.

"We'll find him outside!" gasped

Newcome. The Fistical Four ran out of the station. There were a good many fellows outside; but Lord Bob Egerton was not to be seen among them. Jimmy Silver called to Snooks of the Second.

"Seen a chap come out, Snooksnot a Rookwood chap-with a rug on

"I saw him," said Snooks. "The "Hallo! You!" ejaculated Eger- | cheeky cad banged me with his bag, because I chucked an orange at him!" "You young sweep! Where did

"Took a taxi," said Snooks. "Taxi over here from Rookham looking for a customer, and the cad bagged it!" "What rotten luck!" said Lovell. "I suppose you didn't hear him tell

the driver where to go?" "Yes, I did," answered the fag.

"Where, then?"

"Rookwood!" answered Snooks. "By Jove!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Then he's really coming to our school! That settles it!"

"Good egg!" said Lovell. And Jimmy Silver & Co started for Rookwood, very pleased at the idea of greeting Lord Bob as a schoolfellow at that ancient foundation.

### The 5th Chapter. The New Boy at Rookwood!

First day of term at Rookwood was naturally a busy day. There were countless old acquaintances to be greeted; certificates of health to be handed over, night-bags to be lost and found, and lost again; notes to be compared concerning the holidays; masters to be greeted with serious respect in the face, and a grin up the sleeve, as it were; in fact, the occupations of the first day of term were practically endless. So it was not surprising that Jimmy Silver & Co., keen as they were to meet their friend again, rather forgot his existence for a time, when they found themselves plunged into the stream of Rookwood life once more. There was so much "Let's rush the Moderns for the | to think about, and to do, and to say -especially to say-that the chums of the end study simply hadn't a moment to give to looking for Lord Bob. After all, his lordship would keep; it was obvious now that he was a Rookwooder, and he could be hunted up sooner or later.

It was not till after tea in Halleverybody had tea in Hall on the first day of term-that Jimmy Silver was suddenly reminded of Lord Bob's existence, by catching sight of his handsome face a good distance down the long table.

He was too far off for speech; the presence of Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, made it impossible to hail him in a loud shout. So Jimmy left him till after tea, and devoted himself to the meal.

The new junior was gone from Hall, however, before Jimmy looked for him, and the chums of the Fourth repaired to the end study, to put it to rights, as they called it. The study had been much renovated during the holidays, and as a matter of fact, it was more to rights now than it was likely to be at any given time during the ensuing term. But the juniors naturally had their own ideas about

I wonder what study he'll be put into!" Lovell remarked suddenly, after nailing up a new picture he had brought for the adornment of the study—a picture in a dazzling variety of colours, and very shiny, upon which Arthur Edward had expended the noble sum of eighteenpence.

"Who-oh, that chap Egerton!" said Jimmy Silver. "Well, I like him no end-but we don't want five in this study. Let's hope he'll be put with some decent chaps; in fact, let's go and look for him. I dare say he's sorted himself out by this

The Fistical Four left the end study, and inquired along the passage for new fellows. They hoped that Lord Bob would be in the Classical Fourth, though, much as they liked him, they did not want to be crowded in their own special study. "There's one new kid in our

crowd," Mornington told them. "Chap named Morcom, I hear." "Morcom!" repeated Jimmy

Silver. "That's not the man we want! Sure there's no others?" "I heard Mr. Dalton mention him. He ought to know."

"Rotten!" said Lovell, as they Classical Fourth at all."

and they rushed and shoved and a duffer," said Raby. "Might be in Friday.)

made him a Modern."

"Oh, what rot!" said Jimmy Silver dismally, at the suggestion. The Classical chums were quite horrified at the idea that Lord Bob might have been placed on the Modern side of Rookwood. "Still." said Jimmy nobly, "even if he's a Modern we'll be kind to him."

"Oh, yes, rather!" "Let's make sure, though," said the captain of the Fourth. mayn't be so bad as that."

And the Fistical Four went down the big staircase to pursue their inquiries. And then suddenly they caught sight of the fellow they were looking for over the banisters. He was standing in the lower hall, in talk with Mr. Dalton, the Fourth Form-master.

"There he is," murmured Lovell. "Hang on, and we'll rope him in as soon as Dalton's done with him."

The Fistical Four waited on the staircase, looking over the massive oaken banisters. Mr. Dalton's voice came to them as he addressed the new junior. Lord Bob stood respectfully at attention.

"Your study will be No. 5. Your study mates will be Townsend and Topham. Rawson, who also occupies the study, will not be returning for a week or two."

"Yes, sir." "Ah, here is Townsend! I say,

Townsend!" Towny of the Fourth came across the hall as his Form-master called to him. He gave the new jumor a glance that was rather supercilious. Towny was a supercilious sort of fellow. A little way he had. 900

"Townsend, this is Morcom, the new boy in the Classical Fourth. He will be in your study. Kindly show him to his quarters."

"Oh, certainly, sir!" said Townsend. "Go with Townsend, Morcom." "Yes, sir. Thank you!"

The new junior followed Townsend up the staircase, directly towards the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stood dumb-They had heard every word, and it

had taken their breath away. This fellow whom they knew as Lord Robert Egerton, otherwise Lord Bob, was addressed by the Fourth Formmaster as "Morcom," and answered to the name.

What did it mean? What could it mean?

The new junior caught sight of the four as he came up, and started violently. But he recovered himself in a second, and went on with Townsend, giving no sign of recognition after that first surprised start. Jimmy Silver made a stride after him, and caught him by the arm. Jimmy did not like mysteries, and he meant to know what was the meaning of this one, and to know at once.

"Hold on a minute, new kid!" said Jimmy Silver.

The junior turned back, Townsend pausing impatiently.

"What's up?" "What's your name?" counter questioned Jimmy Silver.

" Morcom." "Not Egerton?" stuttered Jimmy. The new junior raised his eyebrows. "I don't quite follow," he said. "My name's entered on the school

"But-but-" Jimmy Silver was fairly dumbfounded. "Aren't you the chap we—we met at Maybrook—"

books. You can read it there, if you.

"You might have seen me at Maybrook. My uncle is head gamekeeper at Maybrook House."

"My hat!" "What's that?" ejaculated the surprised Townsend. He gave the new junior one incredulous glance, and then turned and walked away. The knut of the Fourth certainly didn't intend to show a gamekeeper's nephew to his study.

"But-but-" stammered Jimmy Silver. Morcom-if he was Morcomnodded to him coolly, and went on up the stairs. And Jimmy Silver & Co., dumbfounded. stared at one another blankly. Words failed them

### THE END.

in their utter amazement.

(" Not Wanted at Rookwood!" is the title of the splendid long, complete school tale featuring Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's Boys' Friend. This story deals with some of the many adventures which befall Lord Bob in his role of Dick Morcom at Rookwood. Why not place a standing order with your newsagent for the Boys' Friend .-walked on. "Then he's not in the i "Safety First," you know! There is also a long, complete Rookwood They wanted to speak to Lord Bob, "Too old for the Third, unless he's story in "The Popular," out every