

"THE BOY EMIGRANT!" A Great New Story of Australia! See Page 340.

The BOYS' FRIEND 1^{1d} 1²

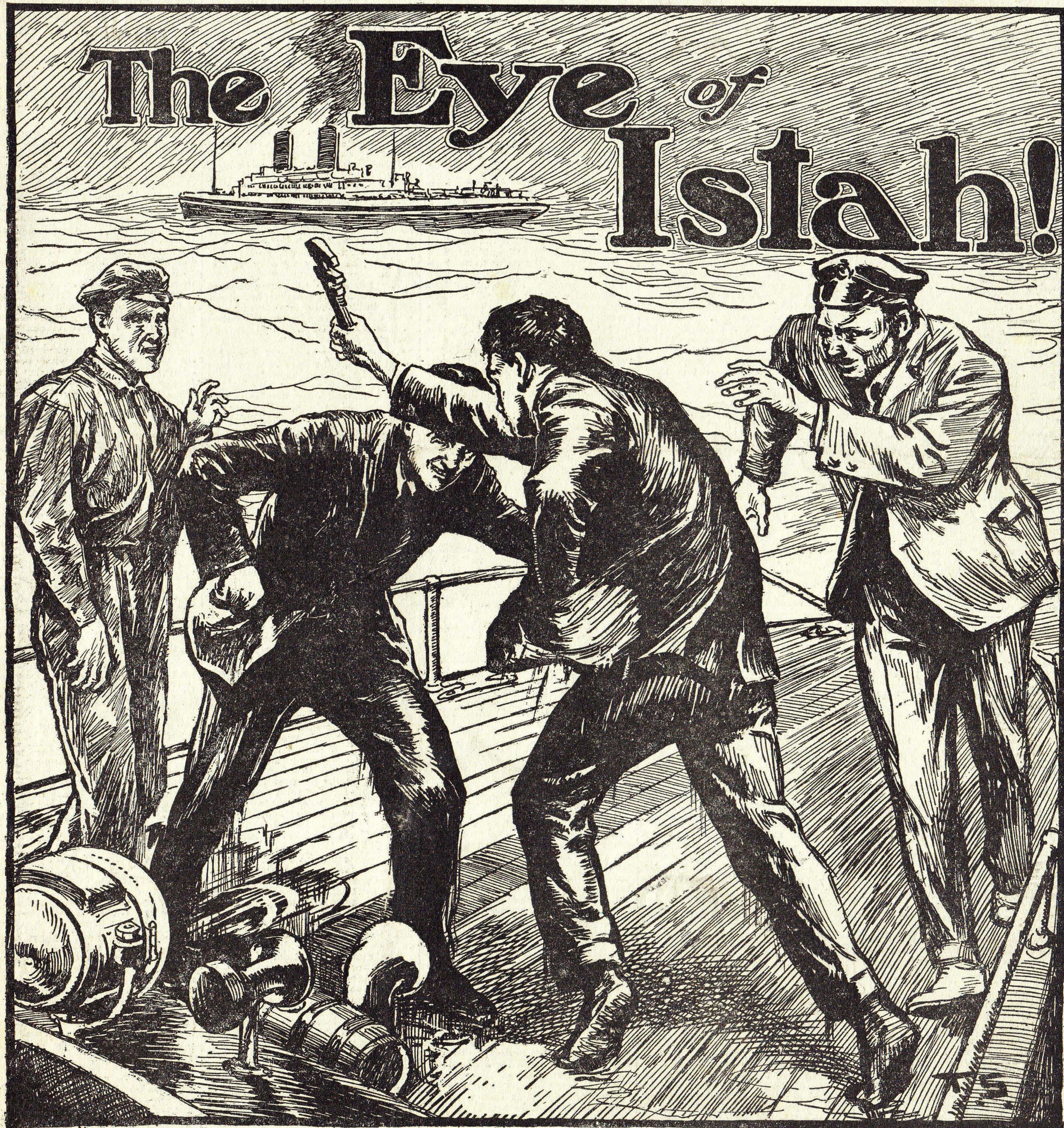
TWELVE PAGES!

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending January 28th, 1922.



The Eye of Istah!

"BULLDOG" HOLDFAST HITS OUT!

Holdfast grabbed at a heavy spanner and made for the leader of the three men. He had hoped to take them completely by surprise, but now that had failed it was a matter of who could hit the hardest. "Bulldog" meant to be that man!

A SPLendid COMPLETE ROOKWOOD SCHOOL STORY.

The Rookwood Rebellion!

By Owen Conquest.



The 1st Chapter.

Jimmy Silver's Answer!

"Until further notice, the Fourth Form, Classical Division, are detained for all holidays!"

"R. MANDERS."

Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Rookwood Fourth—Classical Division—read that notice on the board, and read it again, and re-read it, and re-read it.

Homer, that ancient and esteemed poet, commences his great epic with a description of the wrath of Achilles and its direful results. Without aspiring to rival Homer, we must begin with a reference to the wrath of Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Rookwood Fourth. For the celebrated wrath of Achilles, terrific as it no doubt was, was but a passing breeze to the wrath of Jimmy Silver.

"Detained for all holidays—until further notice!" said Jimmy Silver, almost dazedly. "Then what about the footer?"

Apparently R. Manders had completely overlooked the question of football.

Jimmy gazed at the notice, in Mr. Manders' crabbed handwriting, as if he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"The cheeky ass!" said Jimmy.

That was not a respectful way of referring to Roger Manders, who, in the absence of Dr. Chisholm, was headmaster of Rookwood, pro tem.

"The thumping jackanapes!" continued Jimmy, warming up. "What about the footer? We're playing Bagshot this afternoon! Has the burbling jabbercock never heard of footer?"

"Of all the cheek!" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Sheer neck!" said Raby.

"The giddy limit!" remarked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

The Fourth Form had endured much from Mr. Manders during the brief period in which he had had control of Rookwood. But there was a limit—and this, certainly, was beyond the limit!

"Tear it down!" suggested Mornington.

"Good egg!" agreed Lovell.

"Wait a bit," said Jimmy Silver. "Of course, we're not standing it! But wait a bit! We'll go and speak to Mr. Dalton about this! He's our Form-master, and bound to stand up for us."

"Dicky will see us through," said Lovell, with a nod. "Let's go and put it to Dicky."

And Jimmy Silver & Co. looked for Mr. Richard Dalton, the master of the Fourth. It was Saturday morning, and Saturday was a half-holiday at Rookwood. That afternoon Bagshot were coming over to play Rookwood juniors—a fixture which did not agree in the least with the surprising notice posted on the board by R. Manders.

Mr. Dalton was found in the quadrangle, walking under the old beeches, with a thoughtful and rather troubled expression on his handsome face. He ceased his pacing as six or seven Fourth-Formers came up with excited faces.

"What is it, my boys?" he asked kindly.

"That old goat—" burst out Lovell.

"Shurrup!" murmured Jimmy.

Arthur Edward Lovell shut up reluctantly. Mr. Dalton did not appear to have heard his words. He fixed his eyes inquiringly on Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth.

"There's a notice on the board, sir—" began Jimmy.

"I have seen it," said Mr. Dalton.

"Well, sir, we've got a match on this very afternoon," said Jimmy. "Are we going to be detained by a Modern master—who really has nothing to do with our side?"

Mr. Dalton compressed his lips.

"I am afraid that I cannot intervene, Silver," he said.

"But as our Form-master, sir—" burst out Lovell.

"For the present, Lovell, I am not your Form-master," said Mr. Dalton quietly. "Until the Head returns, Mr. Manders is in control, and as I have found it impossible to work with Mr. Manders, I have resigned. The matter will be settled when Dr. Chisholm returns. Until which time I have no choice but to leave Rookwood."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, in dismay.

"I am sorry—very sorry indeed!" said Mr. Dalton. "But I am quite powerless in the matter. But I beg you to remember that the Head left Mr. Manders in charge, and that it is your duty to show Mr. Manders all the respect you can. Doubtless he has some reason for inflicting this punishment—"

"We locked him out of the Common-room last evening, sir, when he came after Mornington."

Mr. Dalton smiled slightly.

"Probably Mr. Manders was very much annoyed," he said. "I am afraid that there is nothing to be done—"

"He had no right to cane Mornington, sir. He's not a Classical master. You are our Form-master."

"For the present, no, Silver."

"But we've got to play our match this afternoon, sir. What do you advise us to do?" asked Jimmy.

"I can only advise you to remember that Mr. Manders was left in charge by the Head, and to submit with as much patience as you can," said Mr. Dalton.

The juniors looked at one another. That was really the only advice that it was possible for Richard Dalton to give them. But it was not advice that the Classical Fourth were likely to follow.

"Very well, sir," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Thank you for your advice, sir!"

And Jimmy Silver & Co. walked back to the School House.

There was a fixed and grim expression on Jimmy Silver's face. His comrades could see that "Uncle James of Rookwood" had made up his mind.

Jimmy went first to his study, and he returned from the end study with a bottle of red ink and a camel-hair brush.

The Classical juniors gathered round him in a breathless crowd, as he approached the notice-board.

Whatever it was that Jimmy Silver had decided upon, his comrades were ready to back him up.

Jimmy dipped the brush in the ink, and commenced operations on Mr. Manders' notice. Slowly and carefully he painted in a large capital R.

"What the thump does that mean?" asked Lovell.

"Wait an' see!" grinned Mornington.

Jimmy did not speak; he went on painting. A capital A followed the R. Then came T, and the juniors guessed. There was a general chortle as Jimmy added the S.

Across Mr. Manders' notice, in large capital letters in red ink, sprawled the expressive word "RATS."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"Good!" "Rats!" chuckled Oswald. "Ripping! That will show the dear man what we think of him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away. Jimmy's answer was left to greet the surprised eyes of Mr. Roger Manders when he came along!

The 2nd Chapter. More Manders!

Mr. Manders walked into the School House, with his rapid, jerky step, and with a grim smile upon his hard face.

Classes were proceeding, and there was no one in the corridors or the hall. In the Fourth Form room the Classical Fourth were under the charge of Bulkeley of the Sixth. Mr. Dalton had just left—a trap had taken him away as far as Coombe. At Coombe he intended to remain until Dr. Chisholm returned to Rookwood, when the matter would be placed before the Head for decision.

Mr. Manders was glad to see him

go. He hoped that the fall of Richard Dalton would act as a lesson to the other masters—most of whom were extremely annoyed and exasperated by Roger Manders' fussy interference in their spheres.

As for the Classical Fourth, Mr. Manders felt that he had dealt very effectually with them.

They had resisted his authority; they had locked him out of the Common-room. Detention for all holidays was a heavy punishment, and Mr. Manders charitably hoped that it would bring them to their senses. As a matter of fact, he had not overlooked considerations of football. He reckoned upon the compulsory cancellation of football fixtures as an additional method for bringing the juniors to their senses.

He paused before the notice-board, possibly to admire his handiwork stuck thereon.

Then he jumped.

Jimmy Silver had been surprised and enraged by Mr. Manders' notice on the board. In his turn, Mr. Manders was surprised and enraged by Jimmy's addition to his notice. In capital letters, in red ink, Jimmy Silver's answer stared him in the face.

"Rats!"

Mr. Manders fairly gasped.

"Upon my word!" he ejaculated.

He turned his steps in the direction of the Fourth Form room. All was quiet and orderly there, as he looked in. Bulkeley of the Sixth was in charge; and, excited as the Classical Fourth were, they were very meek and mild with Bulkeley. The captain of Rookwood was popular, and nobody had any desire to give him

it is your wish!" said the prefect calmly. "But if—"

"You will remain where you are."

"Not unless I can act without interference, sir."

Mr. Manders breathed hard.

"I am here to punish some one of these juniors for an act of insolence and defiance," he said.

"Then I will leave the class in your hands, sir."

"Bulkeley!" shouted Mr. Manders, as the captain of Rookwood walked to the door.

Bulkeley did not answer, or turn his head. He walked out of the Form-room.

Mr. Manders snapped his teeth.

"Good old Bulkeley!" murmured Lovell.

Bulkeley's retirement left Mr. Manders rather in a difficulty. He could not take charge of the Form himself, as he was wanted on the Modern side, to take charge of the Modern Fourth. His peculiar methods were beginning to give him trouble.

He fixed gleaming eyes on the silent juniors.

"Some member of this Form has had the audacity to scribble an insolent word upon my notice in the hall!" he said.

Silence.

"I command the—the delinquents to stand forward!" said Mr. Manders, swishing Mr. Dalton's cane.

Nobody stood forward.

"You hear me?" thundered Mr. Manders.

Undoubtedly the juniors heard him. They looked at him without answering.

"I think you are probably the guilty party, Silver."

Jimmy did not speak.

"At all events, I hold you responsible as head boy of this Form," said Mr. Manders.

No answer.

"Unless you name the culprit immediately, Silver, I shall take it for granted that you are he, and shall punish you accordingly."

Dead silence.

"Stand out here, Silver."

for your insolence, and submit to an exemplary flogging. Otherwise, I shall send you to your home in charge of a prefect, and you will not be allowed to return to Rookwood. I trust that this example will have a salutary effect on the class. That is all."

And Mr. Manders whisked out of the Form-room.

A few minutes later Knowles of the Sixth arrived to take charge of the Fourth. Knowles was a Modern prefect; and the Classical Fourth were quite prepared to throw him out of the Form-room if he gave them trouble. But Knowles saw the signs of danger, and he was very circumspect. The morning passed off quietly, though there was thunder in the air!

The 3rd Chapter. Football!

Jimmy Silver & Co. came out of the Form-room when lessons were over, and there was a rather excited meeting in the passage. Jimmy was quite cool and calm, and seemed to be quite indifferent to Mr. Manders' dire sentence. He had expected trouble, and he was quite prepared for it.

"Poor old Jimmy!" said Tubby Muffin sympathetically. "Flogging for you, old chap! Shall I get you some exercise-books to stuff in your bags?"

"Fathead!" was Jimmy's reply. "You won't go?" asked Mornington.

"Of course not!"

There was a chuckle from Peele of the Fourth.

"Manders meant what he said," Peele remarked. "What'll your people say if you're sent home in charge of a prefect, Silver?"

"I shall not be sent home," said Jimmy coolly. "Manders has bitten off more than he can chew, and he will find it out sooner or later. I shall not go to his study, I shall not be flogged, and I shall not be sent home. It's the Classical Fourth



BETWEEN TWO FIRES! As the opposing forwards met in a terrific scrum, Mr. Manders was caught between them and the next instant was rolling on the field with several juniors standing on him.

trouble. They more than suspected "old Bulkeley," indeed, of sympathizing with their resistance to interference from the Modern side.

There was a catching of breath among the Classical juniors, as Mr. Manders' lean and angry face was seen at the door.

The Modern master strode in. Bulkeley glanced round, and compressed his lips. He had undertaken control of the Fourth at Mr. Manders' request. But he had no intention of being interfered with in his duties, any more than the Form-master before him.

"One moment, Bulkeley!" rapped out Mr. Manders. He picked up the cane from Mr. Dalton's desk.

Bulkeley looked at him rather grimly.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, quietly but firmly. "You have asked me to take charge of this class. I understood that the class was to be left to me."

"Kindly do not be impertinent, Bulkeley!" snapped Mr. Manders.

"I am quite ready to retire, sir, if

Jimmy did not move. He was breathing hard, but his mind was made up. He was not going to be caned by a Modern master.

There was a long pause.

Mr. Manders was rather at a loss. He observed that Jimmy's hand, under his desk, was grasping a heavy ruler. It dawned upon Mr. Manders that that ruler would be opposed to his cane, if he began the attack. Mr. Manders had not come there for a single-stick match. Arthur Edward Lovell's fingers had closed almost convulsively upon an inkpot. Mr. Manders made one stride towards the class, and then halted.

"Silver! You heard my command?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"You refuse to obey it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Manders, between his teeth. "You will be dealt with, Silver! I will enforce discipline in this unruly class, or I will know the reason why. You will come to my study this evening at six o'clock, Silver, and you will apologise

against Manders, and we're all standing together."

"Hear, hear!" roared Lovell.

"Oh, draw it mild, you know!" said Townsend. "I don't want to be expelled, Silver! You can leave me out!"

"And me!" said Peele.

"Not a chap is going to be left out," answered Jimmy Silver coolly.

"You pair of rotten funks!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell. "Do you want to kow-tow to a dashed Modern?"

"I'm not lookin' for the sack!" said Peele, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"No fear!" said Townsend.

Arthur Edward Lovell did not waste further words on them. He suddenly grasped Peele with one powerful hand, and Townsend with the other. Their heads came together with a resounding concussion.

Crack!

"Ow!" roared Towner.

"Yooop!" shrieked Peele.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued-overleaf.)

THE ROOKWOOD REBELLION!

(Continued from previous page.)

The Fistical Four walked on, leaving Towny and Cyril Peele rubbing their heads, and breathing vengeance.

There was no doubt that the greater part of the Classical Fourth were fervently backing up their captain, and the slackers did not count. Jimmy Silver, in fact, gave little thought to Mr. Manders and his threats. He was thinking of the afternoon's match.

The detention pronounced on the whole Form by Mr. Manders would have stopped the match, of course, if regarded. The Classical footballers had no intention whatever of regarding it. After dinner, Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern Fourth came over to interview Jimmy Silver on the subject. They were looking very concerned.

"No need to scratch the match, Silver," Tommy Dodd remarked. "We can't stop Bagshot coming over so late as this."

"No fear!" assented Jimmy. "Only Classicals are detained," continued Tommy Dodd. "But we can make up a Modern team to meet Bagshot."

"A jolly good team," said Tommy Cook.

"Aisy!" remarked Tommy Doyle. The three Tommies of the Modern Fourth had evidently thought matters out to their own satisfaction. Jimmy Silver smiled.

"Good idea—if we were looking for a licking," he said agreeably. "But we're not! The usual eleven will play."

"But you're detained," said Tommy Dodd, with a stare.

"Not by a Classical master," said Jimmy. "We don't take any notice of Modern masters on this side."

"Oh erumbs!"

"Four Moderns will be playing," said Jimmy. "You three, and Towle. There will be seven Classicals—little me, Lovell, Raby, Mornington, Erroll, Conroy, and Rawson. You can see the list on the board."

Tommy Dodd whistled. "There'll be trouble with Manders!" he said.

"We'll try and survive it."

"But—but you can't do it, you know—"

"My dear chap, the match will be played as arranged. See that your men are ready at two-thirty."

"Manders will come down like a giddy wolf on the fold," said Tommy Cook.

Jimmy Silver's jaw set firmly. "Let him!" he said. "Anybody interrupting the football match will be stopped—sharp!"

"Phew!"

"The fact is, we're taking no notice of Manders," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "He can keep his Mandering to his own side of Rookwood. Tell him from me to go and eat coke."

"I'm likely to!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

At two o'clock Monsieur Monceau, the French master, was in search of Jimmy Silver. He found him in the quad with his comrades.

"Mistair Manders give me detention class for zis afternoon, Silvair," said Monsieur Monceau. "Ze Classical Fourt' go into ze Form-room now."

Jimmy shook his head.

"We're going to give you a rest this afternoon, Mossoc!" he answered.

The French gentleman looked puzzled.

"But I take ze detention class," he said.

"There won't be any detention class," answered Lovell.

"But Mistair Manders say—"

"Manders is offside," explained Mornington.

Monsieur Monceau looked more puzzled than ever.

"Offside?" he repeated. "Vat is zat? I do not know him."

"Morny means that Manders is chirping out of his hat!" said Lovell.

"Manders he chirp?" exclaimed the astonished Mossoc. "Oh, zis English language! Is it not zat ze bird he chirp? Mistair Manders he is not one bird, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Oh, yes—a merry old bird," said Lovell. "A bird with a beak, Mossoc. But we're going to clip his feathers."

"Mais, je ne comprend pas."

"You'll compron some time," said Lovell. "Anyhow, we're not going into the Form-room, and you can tell Manders so, with our kind regards."

had turned up—not caring to take the risk of open defiance of Mr. Manders. But the rest of the Fourth headed for the football ground. Monsieur Monceau debated in his mind whether he ought to report the absentees to Mr. Manders; but he decided to let the temporary headmaster of Rookwood find out the state of affairs for himself.

On the football ground Jimmy Silver & Co. were ready for Bagshot, and the Classicals who were not in the team crowded round the field.

Pankley, Poole & Co. of Bagshot duly arrived, little dreaming of the peculiar conditions under which that match was to be played. Jimmy Silver won the toss and kicked off, and the game began; and the footballers, at least, forgot all about Manders.

But fellows in the onlooking crowd did not forget him, and a good many looked over their shoulders from time to time, wondering when the obnoxious Modern master would appear in the offing.

As they heard the shouts from the football field Townsend & Co., in the detention class, rather regretted their docility. But they were glad of it again when Mr. Manders walked in.

The Modern master looked in, to make sure that his command of detention was being obeyed. He raised his eyebrows at the sight of only six juniors in the class.

"Monsieur Monceau! Where are the other boys?" he ejaculated.

Mossoc shrugged his shoulders. "Zesse are all zat come in, sair!" he answered.

"Muffin!" thundered Mr. Manders. "Where are the others? Where is Silver, Lovell, Mornington, Erroll? Where are they all?"

"Ow! Playing football, sir!" gasped Tubby, in dire terror of drawing Mr. Manders' wrath upon himself.

"Playing football!" stuttered Mr. Manders. "Pip-pip-playing football! Against my express commands!"

"Tain't my fault, sir!" mumbled Tubby.

Mr. Manders' eyes glittered. He caught up a cane, and strode out of the Form-room. It was a crisis now! If Roger Manders allowed this open defiance to pass, his authority at Rookwood was at an end. It was now or never—neck or nothing; and Mr. Manders strode down to the football ground with the intention of bringing the rebellious juniors to book instantly and decisively!

The 4th Chapter. An Exciting Game!

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Morny!"

"Well kicked, sir!"

The first half of the Bagshot match was going strong. Jimmy Silver, at centre-half, was playing up at his very best, and his team backed him up in great style. The Rookwooders had brought the ball up to the field, and burst through the Bagshot defence, and the leather went in from Morny's foot—and the Rookwood crowd roared.

That roar was ringing over Little Side—and to a good distance beyond—when Mr. Manders strode upon the scene.

Mr. Manders was almost stuttering with rage as he came sweeping on. The sight of the detained juniors playing football under his very nose was more than exasperating—it was infuriating.

The sides were lining up again when the Modern master appeared, and there was a buzz of excitement in the crowd of juniors.

"Here he comes!"

"Here's Manders!"

"Look out, you fellows!"

Mr. Manders strode through the crowd, his scanty hair bristling with wrath. The Bagshot fellows stared at him, not knowing what to make of it. Hansom of the Fifth, who was referee in the match, stared too. Jimmy Silver compressed his lips.

Mr. Manders strode on the field of play, waving his cane.

"Stop this game instantly!" he thundered.

"My only hat!" murmured Pankley of Bagshot to Poole. "What sort of a circus do they call this?"

"The old bird seems ruffled!" remarked Poole.

"Stop! You hear me, Silver!" thundered Mr. Manders.

The footballers lined up. Mr. Manders came striding on. Pankley, who was about to kick off, paused. The tall, thin figure of Mr. Manders was between the opposing ranks now, and Pankley did not want to "land" Mr. Manders with a muddy ball. The Modern master brandished his cane.

"Silver! Lovell! All of you! Leave this field at once!"

"Oh gad!" murmured Hansom of the Fifth. "What—what—what's the trouble, sir? The game's only just started!"

"These juniors are under detention, Hansom. I forbid you to take any further part in these proceedings!"

Hansom of the Fifth looked at him. Mr. Manders addressed Hansom—a Classical senior—as he might have addressed a Modern fag. The blood of all the Hansoms boiled in the veins of the referee.

"You forbid me, Mr. Manders?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, most decidedly."

"I take my orders from my Form-master, Mr. Greely, sir," said Hansom. "I do not take orders from the Modern side, sir."

"I am your headmaster at present, Hansom—"

"Headmasters don't butt in on the football field, sir."

"What? What?"

"I'll walk off this field, sir, if Mr. Greely tells me to," said Hansom. "If he doesn't, I stay here."

Mr. Manders gave Hansom a glare. But he turned from the Fifth-Former to the juniors, doubtless considering them easier to deal with.

"Silver, follow me at once!" Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"Will you get out of the way, Mr. Manders?" he asked.

"What?"

"You're interrupting the game."

"The—the game?" stuttered Mr. Manders.

"Yes, sir. You may get bullied over if you stand there."

"Silver, leave this field at once!" roared Mr. Manders.

Jimmy looked across at Pankley. "Waiting for you, old top!" he said. "I don't want to hurry you, of course, but we're waiting for you to kick-off."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Pankley. Pankley had never kicked-off in such circumstances before. But he kicked-off now, and as soon as the ball was in play there was a rush of the footballers.

Mr. Manders stood in the midst of the players, flourishing his cane, spluttering with rage, and utterly disregarded.

The Bagshot men made a rush, and bore the leather up the field, Jimmy Silver & Co. falling back to defend. Mr. Manders was left alone in his glory on the half-way line.

There was a roar of laughter round the field.

It stung the Modern master into action, and he gripped his cane and rushed up the field after the footballers.

But a change came over the game as Jimmy Silver & Co. rallied. Rawson skied the ball, and it dropped well over in the Bagshot half. Bagshot fell back promptly, and there was a forward rush of Rookwood. Mr. Manders found himself right in the midst of things again with a suddenness that took his breath away.

Somebody—he did not even see who—found Mr. Manders in his way, and shouldered him aside.

The long, lean figure went staggering.

Then he was in Jimmy Silver's way, and the captain of the Fourth unceremoniously shouldered him back again.

Mr. Manders spluttered. He whirled round on Jimmy Silver, and lashed out with the cane.

Mr. Manders it would be difficult to say. But as the ball went goalward, with the field after it, Mr. Manders sprawled in a sea of mud, with an ache in every limb, and his brain in a state of utter bewilderment.

Amazing as it was to the tyrant of Rookwood, the game was going on regardless of his prohibition, regardless of his important self; indeed, Mr. Manders was getting a good deal of the game. He sat up, gasping and spluttering, hardly believing that this thing was real.

But it was real enough. It was no nightmare, but a dreadful reality. As Mr. Manders sat, winded and bewildered, there came a rush of the players, and he was overwhelmed again.

Something like a ten-ton steam hammer caught Mr. Manders on the chin. It was only Arthur Edward Lovell's boot. But Arthur Edward took a good sized in football-boots. It was not his fault that Mr. Manders' chin was in the way; he had not asked Mr. Manders to come there.

The Modern master yelled and roared, and rolled over, and the rush of the game left him high—if not dry—again.

He staggered to his feet. He was no longer thinking of using his cane, or of exerting his authority. He was only thinking of escaping from the dreadful football-field.

But it is always easier to get into a scrape than to get out of one. Mr. Manders headed for the ropes at a staggering run; but the game was going on hard and fast. Morny, after the ball, shouldered Mr. Manders ruthlessly out of the way, and the Modern master staggered and collided with a Bagshot forward, who rolled over him. Two or three other fellows rolled on the heap. Under a pile of struggling footballers, Mr. Manders thought that his last hour had come.

But the pile dissolved as if by magic, and again the hapless master struggled up and fled.

Crash!

It was not a bomb that flew through the air and landed on Mr. Manders' left ear—it was a muddy football! But it seemed to the hapless Modern master like a bombshell. It bowled him right over, and he sprawled on the touchline.

"Oh, oh! Ow! Help!" he gasped. "Help!"

Three or four juniors rushed in to drag Mr. Manders off the field. Whether they wanted to help him was not quite clear. Certainly their help was rough and ready. Mr. Manders yelled and howled as he was helped. One fellow had hold of his ears—one of his hair—one of his legs. Yelling frantically, Mr. Manders was helped off, helped through the crowd, and dumped down.

His helpers turned their backs on him then, and resumed watching the game.

Mr. Manders sat up. He was breathless, exhausted, muddy, dishevelled, winded. He blinked, and blinked, and as his vision cleared, he saw the football-match going on, as if the wide world did not contain such a personage as Roger Manders at all.

But Mr. Manders did not think of further interference. Wild horses would not have dragged him on the field of play again.

He staggered to his feet, and limped away—gasping and mumbling. He disappeared into his house; and the footballers did not even cast a glance after him. The game went on, and the onlookers shouted and cheered, and for the present, at least, the existence of Roger Manders was completely forgotten.

And when that great match ended, with Rookwood two goals to one, the Rookwood crowd cheered, and Jimmy Silver & Co. enjoyed their triumph, without a thought of Mr. Manders.

The 5th Chapter. No More Manders!

There were smiling faces at Rookwood School on that eventful afternoon.

Pankley & Co. had departed—defeated, but highly entertained by the humorous interlude Mr. Manders had unintentionally provided. All Rookwood was discussing the scene at the match—with smiles.

It was not only the juniors that grinned over it. Hansom roared with laughter as he described it to the Fifth, and the Fifth roared, too. Even the great men of the Sixth chuckled over it. Even the masters smiled. Mr. Manders' misuse of his "little brief authority" had made him so thoroughly disliked and objected to, that there was not a single soul in all the school to sympathise with him.

There was not a master whom he had not interfered with, since he had taken the head of affairs, and

naturally enough his downfall entertained his disgruntled colleagues. All the Classical prefects had been lectured and worried by the fussy Modern master, and they were glad that somebody had given him what he had asked for. Even the Modern prefects were fed up with Mr. Manders' authoritative importance, and grinned in secret over his disaster, while the juniors on both sides of Rookwood openly rejoiced. Mr. Manders had got what he had been asking for—begging and praying for, as Arthur Edward Lovell put it. And if he wanted any more, Arthur Edward declared, he could have it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. seemed quite hilarious over tea in the end study, with five or six similar guests in that celebrated apartment.

It was true that the matter could not possibly rest where it was; Manders was bound, as Putty Grace remarked, to "do something." What he was going to do was a matter for speculation. Perhaps he was expecting Jimmy Silver to turn up in his study for a flogging, Lovell suggested with a grin. And there was a roar of laughter at the suggestion.

It was possible that he would come over to the Classical side with a cane. If he did, the Fistical Four were prepared to handle him; and nearly all the Fourth were prepared to help. It was unlikely that the Classical prefects would intervene, and pretty certain that the other masters would have business elsewhere. But in any case Jimmy Silver & Co. were determined upon one thing—no more Manders. "No more Manders!" was the watchword of the Classical Fourth.

After tea, there was a heavy tread in the Fourth Form passage, and a general movement of interest in the end study, as the juniors heard it.

"Here he comes!"

Tubby Muffin blinked out of the study.

"Tain't Manders! It's Knowles!" he squeaked.

"He's sent a giddy prefect to fetch you, Jimmy!" grinned Lovell. "Let Knowles try it on! We'll lynch him!"

"Come in, Knowles!" roared half a dozen cheery voices, as the Modern prefect appeared in the doorway.

"Waddle in, old duck!"

Knowles stopped in the doorway. He did not care to accept the invitation to enter. It was only too probable that he would have left again "on his neck."

"Silver!"

"Adsum!" smiled Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You have not been to Mr. Manders' study for your flogging—"

"Did the dear old duck think I should come?"

"I have a message for you from Mr. Manders," said Knowles. "You'd better hear it quietly."

"Silence for the chair!" grinned Lovell.

"Tret out the message, old dear," said Mornington.

"After what happened on the football-ground to-day, Mr. Manders regards Silver as a ringleader in rebellion—"

"Not far wrong!" assented Jimmy coolly.

"You are to pack your box to-morrow, Silver—"

"Go hon!"

"On Monday morning I am to take you home, and you are to be ready to leave Rookwood at nine o'clock," said Knowles. "I shall accompany you to your home, with Mr. Manders' explanation to your father."

"Anything else?"

"That's all!"

"Enough, too," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "You want an answer, I suppose? I'm not going to leave Rookwood! You're not going to have the pleasure of my company on a railway journey on Monday! If you come nosing over on the Classical side after me, Knowles, your nose will be punched—hard! Do I make myself clear?"

THE END.

(There will be another fine long, complete Rookwood School story appearing in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND. Order your copy well in advance!)

ANSWERS
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