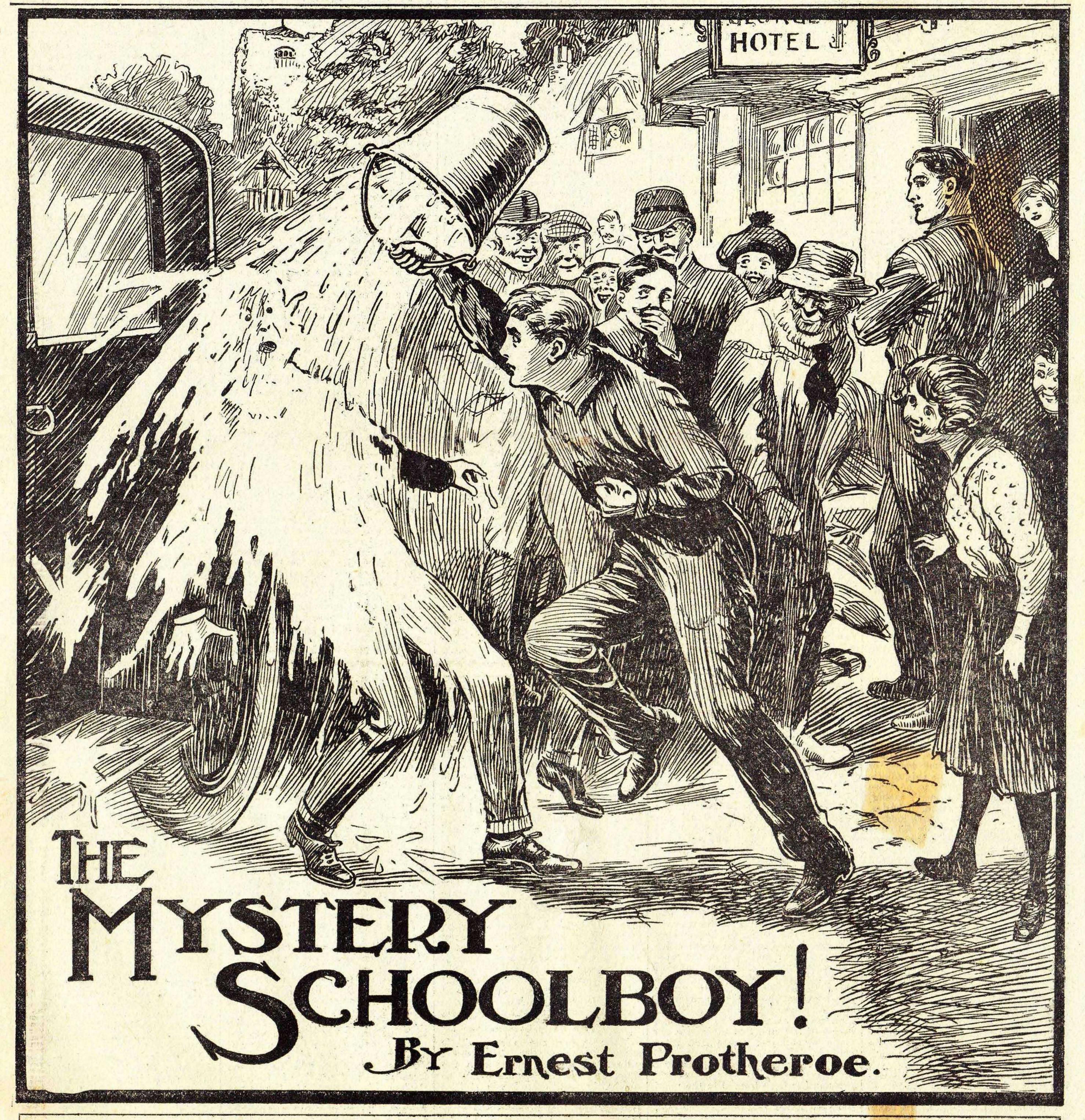
A GREAT NEW SCHOOL STORY STARTS TO-DAY!



No. 1,079. Vol. XXII. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending February 11th, 1922.



felt that they had gone too far to

retreat-even if they had cared to

Surrender meant the iron hand of

Roger Manders, and rebelling could

With the exception of five or six

slackers, the Classical Fourth heartily

backed up Jimmy Silver. Force was

to be met with force, but it was

obviously necessary to avoid conflict

in the open with muscular Sixth-

Formers. But behind defences the

-at all events, they were sure that

Jimmy unlocked the dormitory

Bulkeley was gone, and he was

probably leaving the affair till after

breakfast. Undoubtedly he expected

to see the juniors in the dining-hall

There was time to act, though there

was none to be wasted. Jimmy

Silver, like a good general, thought

out his plan of campaign rapidly, and

gave succinct orders to his faithful

The dormitory corridor was ap-

proached by a fairly wide staircase

at one end. At the other were the

backstairs, rather narrow. The latter

staircase, however, had a strong

oaken door at the top, which could be

closed and locked. That door was

promptly secured, leaving the juniors

On the broad landing at the top of

the front staircase, Jimmy Silver &

Co. began to stack the bedsteads.

only one point to defend.

door and looked into the passage. It

scarcely lead to anything worse.

retreat, which they did not.

they could!

followers.

was deserted.

for the morning meal.

A LONG COMPLETE TALE OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

Published

Every Monday



The 1st Chapter. Quite a Surprise!

Jimmy Silver sat up in bed in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood as the rising-bell rang out in the misty February morning.

He sat up and yawned. He seemed in no hurry to turn out. As a rule, Jimmy was one of the first out of bed in the Classical Fourth dormitory. On this especial morning he seemed to be taking it easy.

The rising-bell clanged and clanged, and stopped; and Jimmy Silver, instead of turning out, sat in bed and considered.

His chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, directed inquiring glances towards the captain of the Fourth.

"Well?" said Lovell. "Well?" echoed Raby and New-

Valentine Mornington sat up.

"What's the good of turnin' out?" he remarked. "We settled last night in the studies that the Fourth Form is goin on strike."

"Hear, hear!"

"We're not standin' any more Manders!" continued Mornington. "That's agreed, isn't it, you fel- allowed to remain."

"Quite!" said Jimmy Silver.

"We're goin' on strike till Dr. Chisholm comes home-"

"That's settled!" agreed Jimmy for us. Manders is a back number. He's cut out!"

"Jolly good idea!" came from Manders go and eat coke!".

It was a cold, misty morning, and bed was warm and comfortable. No-

body was exactly anxious to turn out. have been a matter of choice if Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, had been on duty. But Mr. Dalton was away from Rookwood-dismissed by Mr. Manders, the senior master, who had taken control during the Head's absence. And between Mr. | until our own Form-master comes Manders and the Classical Fourth there was a bitter feud, and matters had come to a crisis.

Jimmy Silver nodded assent. "We're staying in!" he said. "If Manders likes to come and turn us out, let him. We shall be ready for

"You bet!" chuckled Arthur

Edward Lovell. The rising-bell had ceased to clang. "And we mean business!" added In all the other dormitories at Rook- | Mornington.

wood School there was activity. But | "We do-we does!" said Lovell the Classical Fourth stuck to their emphatically. blankets.

that their disregard of the rising-bell | tainly had suffered under the rule of would have consequences of some Mr. Manders. But with Bulkeley sort, and they waited for the consequences.

"Look out for squalls now!" mur- of Manders."

mured Raby. "If it's Manders, let him have the bit!" said Raby.

pillows as soon as he puts his nose in!" directed Jimmy Silver. "Yes, rather!"

A dozen hands grasped pillows in readiness as the door was flung open. But it was not Mr. Roger Manders that appeared. It was George Bulke- ley. ley of the Sixth Form, the captain of the school.

Nobody wanted to pillow "old Bulke- | terfere!" exclaimed the Rookwood ley," who was as popular as Mr. | captain, as if he could hardly believe Manders was the reverse.

Silver amiably.

Lovell.

limmy Silvers

By Owen Conquest.

Jimmy Silver coloured. He did not like to be accused of slacking, especially by "old Bulkeley." "We're not slacking, exactly," he answered.

"Looks to me like it! Turn out at once, all of you!"

"Look here, Bulkeley--"

Bulkeley had his official ashplant under his arm. He let it slide down into his hand.

"Are you going to turn out?" he

"Anything to oblige, old top!" an-

swered Jimmy Silver, and he hopped out of bed. His example was followed by the rest of the juniors. Bulkeley still

eyed them grimly. "I've got a few words to say to

you youngsters," he said. "Say on!" grinned Mornington, and there was a laugh from some of the Fourth.

"You've been kicking over the traces since Mr. Manders has taken charge," continued Bulkeley. "You, Silver, were sent home in charge of a prefect, and you dodged him, and came back to the school--"

"I did!" assented Jimmy Silver cheerily. "And I'm jolly well going to take care Manders doesn't have another chance. We're all sticking together in this, Bulkeley."

"Mr. Manders called a prefects' meeting last night," said Bulkeley. "He requested us to support his authority in the school. As prefects, we are bound to do so. I made one condition—that there are to be no expulsions while the Head is away. That sees you clear, Silver. So long as you behave yourself, you will be

"I shall be allowed to remain, anyhow," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "We don't take any more notice of Manders "

"We've had too much Manders!" Silver. "No more Modern masters bawled Arthur Edward Lovell. "We're not taking any more.

"You will return to obedience, or Tubby Muffin. "Another hour in take the consequences!" said Bulkebed is just what I want. Let Mr. lev. "The prefects are responsible for keeping order, and they will keep it. Whether we approve of Mr. Manders' methods is another matter. The Head left him in charge, and we Certainly, turning out would not are bound to support him. You kids will turn up in the Form-room as usual, and a prefect will take you until further arrangements are

> Jimmy Silver looked at him. "We shall not enter the Form-room back to Rookwood," he said. "If Mr. Manders chooses to send for Mr. Dalton, and agrees to leave us entirely in his charge without interference, we shall toe the line. If not, we

sha'n't!" "You can't dictate terms to your

headmaster." "Whether we can or not, we're going to in this case!"

Bulkeley paused. As a matter of They did not go to sleep again, | fact, he had a great deal of sympathy however. They were quite aware with the Classical Fourth, who cerdiscipline came first.

"This won't do!" he said at length. There was a heavy tread in the "It will have to do!" said Newcorridor outside at last. | come. "We're not taking any notice

"Not the least little teeny-weeny himself. They respected Bulkeley,

"You can tell Manders so from us," said Jimmy Silver. "We don't want any trouble with you, Bulkeley, but we sha'n't allow the prefects to interfere in this."

"You won't allow!" roared Bulke-"No!"

"You, a Fourth Form fag, won't The ready pillows dropped back. | allow the Sixth Form prefects to inhis ears.

"Hallo, Bulkeley!" said Jimmy "Just that!" assented Jimmy Silver. "We're up against Manders "Good-morning, old bean!" said and all his giddy works, and nobody

will be allowed to chip in."

"Rats!"

"Wha-at?" "Rats!" roared nearly all the Fourth.

Bulkeley did not waste any more time in words. He grabbed Jimmy Silver by the shoulder, and swung him round, and the ash whistled through the air.

Whack! A yell ran through the Fourth Form dormitory. Pyjamas were not much of a defence against a prefect's

"Rescue!" roared Lovell. "Back up, Fourth!"

He seized a bolster from his bed, and rushed at Bulkeley. Raby and Newcome followed his example, and Mornington and Erroll, Conroy and Flynn were only a second later. They were followed by a crowd.

A dozen pairs of hands were laid on Bulkeley of the Sixth. Powerful fellow as he was, the prefect had no chance against such odds. With two or three hands grasping each arm and leg, he was whirled along the floor doorwards. He went spinning into the passage like a top.

Slam! Jimmy Silver slammed the door after him. And Bulkeley, wondering whether he was on his head or his heels, sat up in the corridor, and gasped for breath, with a feeling as if the whole universe were tumbling into pieces round him!

distinctly overripe egg!

without. Bulkeley's voice, choking with wrath, rang through the locked door.

"Silver-all of you unlock this door at once!"

"Can't be did, Bulkeley!" "You young rascal, Silver-"

"Cut it out! answered Jimmy. Bulkeley shook the door handle again, and then was heard to tramp away, down the corridor and down the stairs. It was first victory to the rebels, at all events!

"This means that all the prefects | Fourth-Formers could hold their own are against us!" said Mornington, with a whistle. "They hate Manders, but they'll back up old Bulkeley to the last ditch!"

"Let 'em!" growled Lovell. "I can see the Fourth tacklin' the sneered Cyril Peele. prefects!" "Nice mess you've landed us into, Silver!"

"Prefects are prefects, you know!" said Townsend oracularly. "You're a bit too fresh, Silver-rather too fresh, you know!"

"Too jolly fresh altogether!" concurred Topham. "I know I'm not l fightin' with any hefty Sixth-Formers, for one!" "Little me, for another!" said

Gower. And Lattrey nodded concurrence. The slackers of the Fourth were not

keen on rebellion. Jimmy Silver gave them a scornful

"We're up against Manders, and the prefects, too; and all the rest, if they chip in!" he said. "The Head's away, Manders has sent off our Formmaster, and we've got to look after ourselves!"

"Are you thinkin' of scrappin' with

the Sixth?" hooted Peele. "They'll

"Hear, hear!" bawled Lovell.

knock us all into a cocked hat!"

"If they get at us, I dare say they could," assented Jimmy Silver. "But Mr. Manders gazed in amazement at the defences Jimmy Silver & Co. had rigged up on the landing. As he attempted to pull away one of the bedsteads, something soft struck his face—and burst. It was a

ders, there's only one thing for

Lovell. "Oh, my hat!" said Towns-

"Bar out your giddy grandmother!" said Peele. "It can't be done! Do you think the Sixth will let us turn them out of the School House, and bar them

out of it?" Jimmy Silver shook his head. "Not likely!" he said. "But we can hold the dormitory staircase against all Rookwood, and that's

what we're going to do!" "Good egg!" exclaimed Morning-

"I-I say," spluttered Tubby Muffin, "what about brekker? All very well staying late in bed-I don't object to that-but if we don't go down at all we miss brekker!"

"Miss it, then, fathead!" "Miss brekker!" yelled Muffin, in horror and consternation. "Why, you They came back with a hurried colmust be off your rocker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Get dressed quick, you fellows!" said Jimmy Silver, unheeding Reginald Muffin.
There were more important matters

to be considered just then than Tubby Muffin's breakfast-important as that seemed to Muffin himself.

The Classical Fourth fairly jumped into their clothes. They realised that there was no time to be lost.

prefects would stand aside in the dispute between the Fourth and the temporary Read, knowing well enough that they did not like Mr. Manders or approve of his ways. But Bulkeley's action had shown that I hope was ill-founded.

if the Sixth back up Mr. Man- I dragging them hurriedly out of the dormitory.

The landing was soon barred with a "A barring-out?" exclaimed row of iron bedsteads, on which were stacked a second row, and on top of these a third row. The barricade was backed up by washstands and chairs.

It was quick work, but it was thoroughly done. In a very short time the barricade was completed. Many hands made light work.

Peele & Co. certainly seemed to prefer to look on and pass caustic criticisms of the whole proceedings. But there was no room in the rebel camp for slackers. Arthur Edward Lovell tackled Peele & Co. with a bolster, which seemed to have a powerful persuasion for them. They ceased to loaf and sneer, and took their part in the work.

While the barricade was building, two or three scouts were despatched down to the Fourth Form studies, with great caution. The studies at that time in the morning were in the hands of the maids, and the scouts were not interfered with. lection of all the tuck that was to be found in the study cupboards, as well as a supply of cricket-bats and stumps and fives-bats, to be used as weapons of defence. They were safe in their stronghold again before there was an alarm. It was breakfast-time before there was any movement on the part of the enemy. Then it came in the form of Smythe of the Shell, who came upstairs with a message for the Classical Fourth.

Jimmy Silver had hoped that the | Adolphus Smythe almost fell down with astonishment at the sight of the bedstead barricade.

"Oh, gad!" he ejaculated.

"Hallo, Smithey!" Jimmy Silver looked at him over the barrier. "Have you come to join us, old

Force was to be brought to bear | "My Aunt Matilda! Not quite!"

Bulkeley cast a glance round the beds.

"What are you slacking in bed for?" he demanded brusquely.

Bulkeley strode towards the captain of the Fourth. He swished his ashplant.

"I'm afraid I shall have to lick." for?" he demanded brusquely. "I'm afraid I shall have to lick "You've heard the bell, I suppose?" you, Silver. Hold out your hand!" on the rebellious juniors; and they gasped Adolphus. "I say, I've got

The 2nd Chapter.

No Surrender!

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one

"By gad," said Mornington,

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

There was no doubt that the Rook-.

wood rebels had "done it." Handling

Bulkeley of the Sixth seemed to

them, somehow, an even more serious

and they did not respect Mr.

Manders. Mr. Manders was a despot;

while Bulkeley was only doing what

he believed his duty-a mistaken

belief, from the juniors' point of

"Im sorry we've had to handle

him," said Jimmy. "It couldn't be

helped. If the prefects are going to

back up Manders, we're up against

the prefects!"

"Hear, hear!"

Oswald.

"Hallo, there he is! murmured

The door handle was shaken from

matter than handling Mr. Manders

another. Raby thoughtfully turned

"We have!" murmured Lovell.

the key in the lock.

"we've done it now!"

brekker at once you won't get any." | looking!"

Jimmy Silver laughed. "Tell Bulkeley it's a barringout!" he answered. "A barrin' out!"

"That's it!" "Oh gad!" said Adolphus.

And he ambled back to Hall with that startling news for the captain of Rookwood.

"And now," said Jimmy Silver, "look out for squalls!"

The 3rd Chapter. An Attack in Force:

The squalls were not long in

coming. From a window in the dormitory corridor some of the Fourth spotted Bulkeley crossing the quad to Mr. | The yell that came from Roger Manders' house. Evidently the head prefect was going to report the one end of Rookwood to the other new and startling state of affairs to Mr. Manders. A few minutes ley's prompt grasp saved him from later he was seen again, returning to falling down the stairs.

chuckled Arthur Edward Lovell. | that it was decidedly over-ripe. He | swept onwards. "I've got an egg for him if he took careful aim, and the missile

comes this way." Manders!" bawled Tubby Muffin | there! indignantly. "A boot will do for Squoooosh!

him! We're short of grub." "This egg has been in our study cupboard for weeks," explained Lovell. "It was overlooked, until I found it scouting this morning. don't think even you would like this egg, Tubby."

"Ha, ha, ha!" into range."

"Here he comes!" "And the giddy prefects-"

Silver.

with juniors, with a flourish of articulated Mr. Manders. "Ooooch! cricket-stumps and fives-bats and I am-ooch-I am pip-pip-poisoned! pea-shooters and jugs of water. The Grooocococococh!" garrison were ready.

stairs, his gown fluttering round his cade, and it was followed by a long, thin legs, and his lengthy nose bolster. The pillow smote Mr. glowing red with anger and excite- | Manders on the chest, and the bolster ment. Mr. Manders had been rather | curled lovingly round his neck perplexed how to deal with the outbreak provoked by his tyranny, and bump. he had been greatly relieved when the Rookwood prefects rallied round him. With so powerful a force on his side, he had had no doubt of reducing the rebels to order. Over his breakfast he had been indulging in happy anticipations of ruthless can- landing. He had had enough of the ings, falling on all sides as thick as rebels. leaves in Vallambrosa. From those happy dreams he had been rudely he gasped. "You-you know your awakened by the news of what was | duty! Remove that-that barricade. going on in the quarters of the Classi- and-and bring those-those young cal Fourth.

He whisked up the stairs, and the | punishment-at once!" Sixth Form prefects followed him, armed with their ashplants There were six Classical prefects, and four had taken his measures to keep them | they did not hesitate. from close quarters.

Most of the prefects did not look very happy in their task. Only Knowles and Carthew and Frampton anticipated any pleasure in handling the rebels and reducing them to obedience. It was only a strong sense of the necessity of discipline that induced the others to back up Mr.

Manders at all. Mr. Manders came whisking on to the top step, and brought up against the barricade of bedsteads.

He glared at the juniors over it. "You insolent young rascals, what do you mean?" he thundered. "You insolent old rascal!" retorted Lovell impudently.

"What, what?" "Getting deaf?" asked Lovell

"You-you-you--"

"Don't stutter, old bean!" said Mornington. "I-I-I-"

"Dear man; he's afflicted with a stutter! Take a deep breath, and speak slowly!" suggested Morny. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Manders gasped with rage. "Remove these these articles at once!" he spluttered. "I-I-I will flog you all for this! I-I will-

"Go home, Manders!" "Go back to the Modern side and stick to chemistry!" suggested Conroy. "You can't deal with Classicals,

old scout." "Take your face away with you!" said Lovell. "You've no idea how it

worries a chap!" Fawkes' mask?" demanded Putty and taps on his head and shoulders. 'Ssees of the ling in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND.

a message from Bulkeley. He says Grace. "You can buy 'em cheap. A jug of icy water was emptied on his that if you don't come down to And you'd be ever so much better-

> "Ha, ha, ha!" Some of the prefects were grinning. But Mr. Manders did not stuttered grin. He stood and spluttered.

"Go away, Manders!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "You know our terms. We don't want Modern masters on this side of Rookwood. Mind your own business, and keep clear of us, and we'll let you off. But take your features away before they give us a pain."

Instead of doing as requested, Mr. Manders grasped the nearest bedstead to drag it aside.

Crack!

A cricket-stump came whacking down on Mr. Manders' bony hand, and it fairly cracked on his knuckles. Manders could have been heard from

He jumped back, and only Bulke-

the School House, with the tall, Then Lovell felt that it was time angular form of the Modern master to weigh in with his special egg. striding by his side. That egg had long ago seen its best | Neville dropped off the barricade, and "Here comes the Manders' bird!" | days, and there was no doubt at all flew, and landed fairly upon Mr. "Don't you waste an egg on old Manders' long nose, and smashed

"Goal!" roared Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well hit!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Right on the merry wicket!"

"Gooooch!" spluttered Manders. "Oooooch! Wug-wugwug!" The burst egg streamed over his face and his collar and his gown. "I don't suppose Manders will like | And the scent that came from it was it, either," added Lovell. "But he's appailing. Lovell had fully believed going to get it if his long uose comes | that it was gamey But it was more than that—it was heart-rending! Mr. Manders turned quite pale as he staggered against the banisters "On guard!" sang out Jimmy and mopped frantically at his face with his handkerchief.

The barricade was fined at once | "Gu-g-gug-gug! Goo-goo-goo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Manders came whisking up the | A pillow whizzed over the barri-

He sat on the stairs with a sudden

"Man down!" chortled Lovell. "Take the count, Bulkeley."

gasped "You young rascal!" Bulkeley. Mr. Manders staggered up, and backed down the staircase to the next

"Bulkeley - Neville-Knowles!"

rascals down to the Form-room for "Very well, sir" said the Rook-

wood captain. He glanced at his fellow prefects, of the Modern Sixth-ten powerful and the whole ten of them began to fellows in all, certainly quite able to move up the dormitory staircase. The deal with all the Fourth Form at | task before them was a more hefty close quarters. But Jimmy Silver one than they had anticipated; but

Jimmy Silver held up a warning

"Stand off. Bulkeley!" he called out. "We don't want any row with the Sixth! If you come on there'll

be trouble!" "Will you come down to the Formroom at once?" demanded Bulkeley.

"No fear!" "Then we shall have to make you!" "Come on!" exclaimed Knowles

impatiently. "What's the good of talking to the young rascals?" "Well, I've warned you!" said

Jimmy Silver. "Back up!" shouted Lovell, as the prefects came on with a rush.

story: Comething And then there began a terrific "scrap" unprecedented in the history of Rookwood!

The 4th Chapter. Facing the Music!

Jimmy Silver & Co. lined the barricade in a determined mood. Ten hefty Sixth-Formers were rushing to the attack, and once they were "over the top" there was little doubt that they could deal with the juniors. But getting over the top was not an easy

The juniors did not stand on ceremony. Stumps and fives bats rapped and rang on the hands that grasped at the barricade. Knewles was the first to grasp-and the first to let go, | " with a howl of anguish, his hand | nearly paralysed by a powerful swipe

from Lovell's bat. Bulkeley plunged headlong over the "Why don't you wear a Guy stacked bedsteads, heedless of raps

head as he plunged on, and he gasped and spluttered, but still came on.

Neville and Lonsdale and Jones majar were close behind. Carthew baulked at a swiping bat, and jumped away-and Knowles was nursing his damaged hand and leaning on the banisters.

Frampton made a great show of coming on, but did not get within

Blows rained on the prefects who were clambering over the stacked bedsteads. It was no time for half funking!" shrieked Raby. "You measures.

It was fortunate for all parties that the barricade had been thoroughly made, or the bedsteads might have toppled down the stairs with the assailants clinging to them. Fortunately, the barrier stood firm. Once at close quarters, the big seniors fects gathered lower down on the would have been irresistible; but as | stairs, every one of them with an matters stood, the juniors had all the | injury to nurse. advantage. They swiped at every reach, and the clambering prefects could not use their ashplants-they needed their hands for clambering. rolled down the stairs, roaring, as he

Bulkeley plunged on. But Morny was watching his chance. He had whipped the case reach, and the defenders hesitated to whack at it; but Mornington deftly slipped the pillow-case over it, and drew it tight round Bulkeley's neck. He knotted the tapes together while the captain of Rookwood struggled and spluttered helplessly.

"Bagged!" chuckled Mornington. "Groooogh!" came in muffled accents from within the pillow-case.

Bulkelev clutched at it with his hands, and his legs slid through openings in the stacked bedsteads, and jammed there. He tore frantically at the pillow-case over his head.

"Back up. you fellows!" gasped Neville of the Sixth, scrambling up stairs again. "Come on, Knowles!"

"Ow! I'm hurt!" "Come on Frampton--"

"I-I'm coming on!" Neville gallantly tackled the barricade again, and a hurtling boot caught him under the chin, and swept him back. He rolled once more. Knowles and Frampton and Jones major jumped back from swiping cricket-bats. Lonsdale dropped on the

stairs, yelling. The defence was too strong. Only Bulkeley had nearly got over the barricade, and he was jammed helplessly, with his head bagged, poked

and cuffed by the juniors. Mr. Manders, on the lower landing. almost danced with rage. He had fully expected the Sixth-Form prefects to carry all before them. But it was pretty clear by this time that the defence was too strong for the attack.

"Go on!" shouted Mr. Manders. "Knowles, how dare you come down? Go up at once! Neville, I command you to go on! Jones, are you afraid of rebellious Lower-school boys? Lonsdale, cease that unmanly whooping, and go on at once-I command

"Try it yourself!" roared Lonsdale, who was clasping a bruised wrist in great anguish.

"What-what! How dare you be insolent, Lonsdale?" "Ow, ow!"

There was a bump as Bulkeley came off the barricade. He had succeeded in freeing his head from the bag at last; but lunging stumps and crashing pillows and bolsters fairly drove him

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No. 1 of

THURS., FEB. 9th.

Bulkeley sat on the stairs, and gasped for breath.

"Come on!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell, brandishing his cricket-bat. "Anybody want his napper cracked? Come on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Come and have some more, Knowles!" yelled Mornington.

"Come on, Frampton; you've been haven't had a knock yet! ready!"

"Licked to the wide!" chortled Jimmy Silver.

"Hurrah for us!" It was the rebels' victory, there was no doubt about that. The pre-

Cricket-stumps at close quarters are head and hand that came within no respecters of persons; and the juniors had lashed out recklessly in defence.

> Bulkeley was the hardest hit of all. as he had been foremost in the assault. It would have taken him quite a good time to count the bruises and bumps he had collected in those

wild and whirling minutes. "What are you dawdling for?" off a pillow, and had it ready, shouted Mr. Manders, almost beside Bulkeley's head came within easy himself. "Are you all cowards? Are you frightened by an handful of rebel-

lious Lower School boys? Shame!" Bulkeley turned on him, with a goaded look. It was really too much to be ragged and taunted like this by a leader who had kept carefully away from the front. Mr. Manders seemed to be able to bear with great fortitude the lashes of cricket stumps that fell on other heads than his.

"There's nothing to be done, Mr. Manders!" snapped Bulkeley savagely. "We've done our best. You can see for yourself that it's impossible to get across that barricade so long as the juniors hold it against

"Of course it is!" growled Neville. Mr. Manders spluttered.

"Am I to be defied by rebellious juniors because the school prefects are afraid to do their duty?" he shouted. The prefects gave him black looks. They were not "funking," but Mr.

Manders had set them a task they could not carry out. Neville, with set lips, strode down the lower stairs. Mr. Manders glared after him.

"Come back, Neville! How dare you desert your duty!"

"I'm done!" snapped Neville. "Come back, I order you!"

Neville of the Sixth went down the stairs without answering again. Jones major followed him. Mr. Manders' methods of encouragement were not calculated to make his supporters enthusiastic on his side.

The Modern master's feelings as he saw his forces melting away were frantic. He turned on Bulkeley again, with gleaming eyes.

"Bulkeley, you are captain of the school! I command you to bring those juniors to obedience! I will not allow cowardice!"

Bulkeley breathed hard. "It is your duty, sir, to bring the juniors to obedience," he said between his set lips. "There would have been no disobedience if you had played the game, as the Head expected of you when he left you in

charge of Rookwood!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell above. "That's straight from the horse's mouth, Manders, old bean!"

Mr. Manders gasped for breath. "You-you-you dare to-to speak thus to-to me. Bulkeley!" he articulated. "You-you dare! I-I--"

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No. 599.-THE THIRTEEMTH PLAYER. A magnificent story of Northern Union focter. By T. C. Wignall.

THE

Best Sport and Adventure :: Stories of the Month ::

back, and he rolled off to the stairs. | Words failed Mr. Manders in his Neville grasped him, and saved him | wrath. He raised his clenched hand from rolling as far as the landing and struck the captain of Rookwood

full in the face. Bulkeley staggered back under the

unexpected blow. There was a sudden hush. Even the rebels above hushed, and looked on, breathless, spellbound.

For an instant Bulkeley's hand clenched and his eyes blazed, and everyone present expected him to return the blow, and knock Roger Manders spinning.

But he did not. His hand unclenched. He calmed himself with a tremendous effort. His voice when he spoke was quiet and subdued.

"That finishes it!" he said. "Mr. Manders, you've got the school into this mess. You can get it out againif you can. I refuse to have anything further to do with it-or with you!"

And, passing the angry master. Bulkeley strode down the stairs, and the rest of the Classical prefects followed him.

It was clear enough that they were standing by Bulkeley. Knowles & Co., of the Modern Sixth, exchanged a stealthy glance, and quietly followed the Classical seniors.

Mr. Manders was left alone on the

ilio oth Chapter. Trouble to Como

"Go home, Manders!"

"Outside, you outsider!" Mr. Manders stood trembling with rage. Perhaps he repented that hasty blow when it was too late. But it was done now, and his supporters were gone. He had no further aid to expect from the Classical prefects—at least, in quelling the tumult that his tyranny had

roused. He glanced up the staircase at the crowd of grinning, mocking taces looking down at him over the barri-

"You've done it, Manders!" chortled Lovell. "Now you can go back to the Modern side and take it out of the Modern kids! Yah!"

Mr. Manders spluttered helplessly. "Hadn't you better send for Mr. Dalton, and ask him to take us in hand, Manders?" queried Jimmy Silver. 'Can't you see by this time that you can't handle the Classical

Fourth?" Mr. Manders found his voice. "I give you half an hour to come downstairs and return to obedience, and take your just punishment! I am going now to telephone for the

police!" what?" "The-the ejaculated Lovell. "The police!" thundered Mr. Manders. "If you are still in a state of rebellion when they arrive, they

will deal with you. The ringleaders will be given into custody and removed to the police-station." "Oh, my hat!" "Oh gad!" said Mornington.

"The merry old Manders-bird is goin' "You hear me?" thundered Mr.

"Sing it over again to us, old bean!" suggested Mornington. "Ha, ha, ha!" "You have heard my last word!"

gasped Mr. Manders, and he turned

to stride away. A pillow came whizzing over the banisters, and it landed on the back of Mr. Manders' neck. He plunged suddenly forward, with a howl, and finished his descent of the stairs in record time.

"Goal!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

A couple of minutes later, from the corridor window, Mr. Manders was seen scurrying away towards the Modern side. Apparently, he was going to carry out his threat of telephoning for the police. There were grave faces now among the rebels of Rookwood.

"The police-in the school!" said Townsend. "What a shockin' dis-

"Can't let it come to that!" said Peele.

"The bobbies!" said Tubby Muffin. "We-we shall be put in the cells. Our people will have to come and bail us out! Oh lor'!"

"What are we goin' to do, Silver?" Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoul-

"Let them come!" But there were grave looks among the garrison. They had won the first round, but they realised very clearly that there was more serious trouble to come

THE END.

" The Fighting Fourth!" is the title of the great tale of the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. appear-