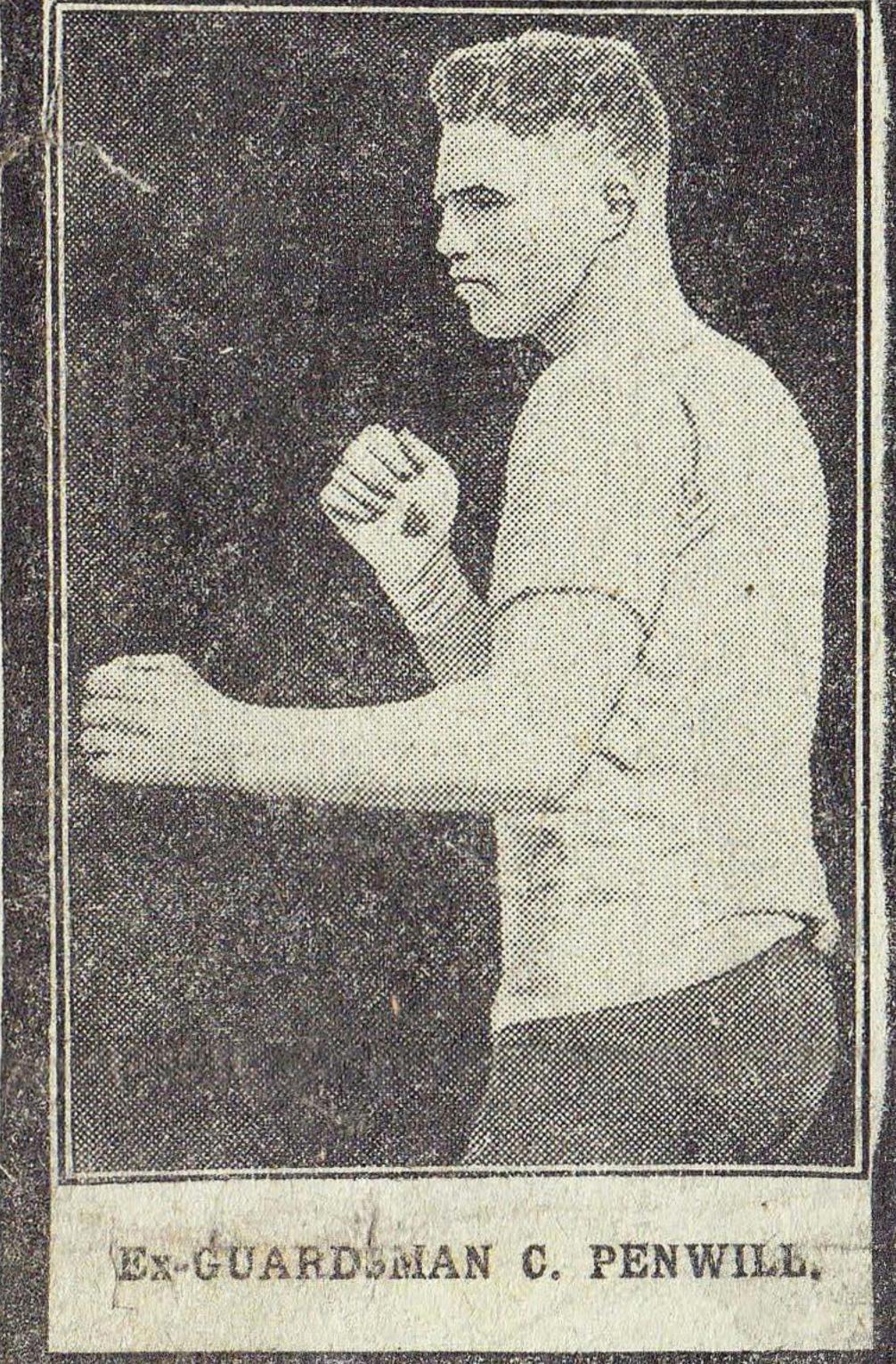
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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD! No. 1,094.]

[Week Ending May 27th, 1922.





A SPLENDID STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

Published

Every Monday



The 1st Chapter. Let Down!

"Butter-fingers!"

A dozen Classical juniors howled out that uncomplimentary epithet on Little Side at Rookwood.

Valentine Mornington gave an angry glance round.

There was a big crowd on the junior cricket-ground at Rookwood. Jimmy Silver's team were playing the Modern juniors, and the game had been exciting. Luck had not been with the Classical cricketers. Jimmy Silver had done well in the Classical

ally a very reliable bat-had been pecting hot words. But Jimmy had now, in the field, Mornington seemed let the team down. It was not as a fieldsman, to be emulating him- Jimmy Silver's way to "rag" his self as a batsman, and a drive from men. Morny's failure was exaspermaterialise. The ball dropped at his | be helped. Jimmy tried to live up to

feet, and the Classical crowd simply his own motto, and "keep smiling." howled. or Gunner could have made, and

Morny had let it go! "Butter-fingers!" yelled the Classicals.

Tommy Dodd, at the wicket, "Can't be helped," said Jimmy. breathed again. He was last man in on the Modern side; and the Modern in our hands, after all our bad luck. score stood at 59—the Classical figure on their innings had been 60. Jimmy Silver had hoped for a hundred; but Morny's failure had let down the score. The game seemed up for the | mark." Classicals, for Tommy Dodd at one end, and Towle at the other, had only to make one run to equalise, two to win, and both of them were good

And then came that rather reckless drive, which had given Mornington his chance—the chance of a lifetime. were very keenly contested; quite as An easy catch, and the Moderns out, one run short. Already the Classicals had been prepared to yell for victory. And the ball slid past Morny's fingers and dropped, and instead of a victorious whoop, there was a roar of angry derision.

"Butter-fingers!"

"Call that cricket!" "What's the matter with Morny?" "Silver was a silly ass to play him," Gunner told his immediate surroundings. "I offered!"

"Fathead!" rejoined Putty Grace. "Well, if I couldn't beat that catch--" scoffed Gunner.

Even Gunner, for once, was right. He could not have done worse than Mornington had done.

Morny's handsome face was crimson, his brows darkly knitted. He was not in form that day; at his best | he was a splendid cricketer, but he was variable. Now, evidently, he was at his worst. The shouts that hailed his failure were anything but courteous; the disappointed Classicals did not measure their words. An

easy catch would have pulled the game out of the fire, and Morny had muffed it. So the Classical juniors let themselves go. The ball came in smartly enough-

no run was taken. But there was a new lease of life for the Modern innings, and every fellow on the ground knew what that meant. Tommy Dodd was not likely to give another chance like that. All was over bar shouting, as half a dozen juniors

remarked. Jimmy Silver was bowling to "Tommy Dodd. Jimmy controlled his | marbles." feelings well, as he received the ball back. He had fully expected to see

By OWEN CONQUEST

companion paper, the "Popular.")

won. Now the result was uncertain: I or, rather, it was certain in the wrong way. Jimmy sent down his best ball to the Modern wicket, but Tommy

Dodd smiled and stopped it dead. He stopped the next ball dead; but at the next after that, he let out with

This time there was no chance of a catch. The field were after the leather, and the batsmen were running. Once-and a chirrup from the Modern crowd announced the tie. Twice-and the rear announced the

The ball came in seconds too late, scattering Tommy's wicket when it might as well have been left standing. "Hurrah!" roared the Modern

crowd. "Rotten!" growled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Beastly!" said Newcome. "Sickening!" grumbled Raby.

Jimmy Silver said no word; but his looks were expressive, and his feelings were deep. Mornington met his eyes innings, and Lovell and Conroy had as the field walked off, with an exdone fairly well; but Morny-gener- pression of defiance, apparently exdismissed for a duck's egg. And nothing to say to the man who had Tommy Dodd, which ought to have ating, and particularly unfortunate in landed fairly in his palm, failed to the circumstances, but it could not

And as there was no reproach from It was a catch that Tubby Muffin his skipper, Mornington's defiant expression passed off, and a contrite look was on his face as he joined Jimmy Silver.

"I'm sorry, Silver!" he said.

"It's rotten! The match was fairly But these things will happen. But what was the matter with you?"

"Bit off colour to-day," said Mornington. "Not feeling quite up to the

Jimmy compressed his lips. The thought was in his mind that Valentine Mornington might have! mentioned that earlier, in time for his captain to put another man in his place for the match. Matches between Classicals and Moderns at Rookwood keenly as School matches. There were half a dozen fellows who would have jumped at the chance of playing in Morny's place, and he had held on to the place when he was not up to the mark.

Words were useless, so Jimmy Silver did not waste his breath on uttering them.

He went into the School House with his chums, and Mornington walked away with Erroll. In the end study, while Lovell and Raby and Newcome were getting a rather late tea, Jimmy Silver looked over a sheet of impot paper on which were scribbled the names of the Rookwood players selected for the match with St. Jim's, due in a few days.

The list ran: Silver, Lovell, Erroll, Van Ryn, Conroy, Rawson, Dodd, Cook, Doyle, Towle, Mornington.

After that day's match, Jimmy had intended to go over the list, making any final alterations that might be needed in the team, according to the form the players had shown. There was only one alteration needed for the St. Jim's list, but it was an important one. Jimmy wetted the lead of a stump of pencil, and drew a thick line through the name of Valentine Mornington.

Lovell glanced at the paper.

"Good!" he said. "Nothing else to be done." said Jimmy. "I'm sorry Morny won't be playing, but the selection depended on to-day's match, and to-day Morny seemed to think he was playing

Lovell nodded.

"Morny will cut up rusty?" he Tenmy Dodd "out," and the game I remarked.

"Let him!" said Jimmy indiffer-

The prospect of the rejected player "cutting up rusty" did not worry Jimmy Silver. The junior cricket captain of Rookwood had plenty to think about, without taking into account considerations of that kind.

The 2nd Chapter. Trouble Ahead!

"Hadn't you better chuck it, Morny?"

Study No. 4 while he waited for his chum. Mornington was bent over his books at the table with concentrated attention, and a look of fatigue.

It was not like Morny to "swot," past. Mornington had no special I evening."

its uncertainty. He was always very | Mornington's rather mixed nature. patient with Morny. Passionate outbreaks, which were common enough with the dandy of the Fourth, were generally followed by repentance; and the friendship between the two was too deep and strong to be easily shaken.

Erroll sat down again, and Mornington looked up. The black cloud vanished from his face at once as he looked at Erroll, and he smiled. Morny's smile was very winning sometimes.

"Sorry, old chap! Don't take any notice of me," he said.

"I won't!" said Erroll, smiling

"I'm a bear with a sore head now. The fact is, I was a bit of an ass to enter for the Head's prize."

"Not at all," said Erroll "You've got as much chance as anybody in the Fourth or the Shell, I think." "Excepting you," said Morny;

"and you haven't entered. I believe because you knew I was goin' to." "Rot!" said Erroll. "You've got!

a good chance, Morny, if you take I care. But there's a limit to everything. You don't want to mug up Latin till your head spins. That's what you're doing now." "Right on the wicket. My head's

singin' like a hummin'-top with the dashed piffle," yawned Morny. "Conjugations and declensions are Kit Erroll spoke in a tone of re- jolting up against subjunctive moods monstrance. He had long finished his and deponent verbs in my poor old prep, and had been reading a book in | brain-box, and I can hardly tell | St. Jim's match is coming off soon, t'other from which."

> "Which shows pretty clearly that you've had enough for this evening." "More than enough"

"Then come for a run in the quad but he was swotting now. It was past | before bed and get some fresh air." nine o'clock, and bed was at half- suggested Erroll. "It's a ripping

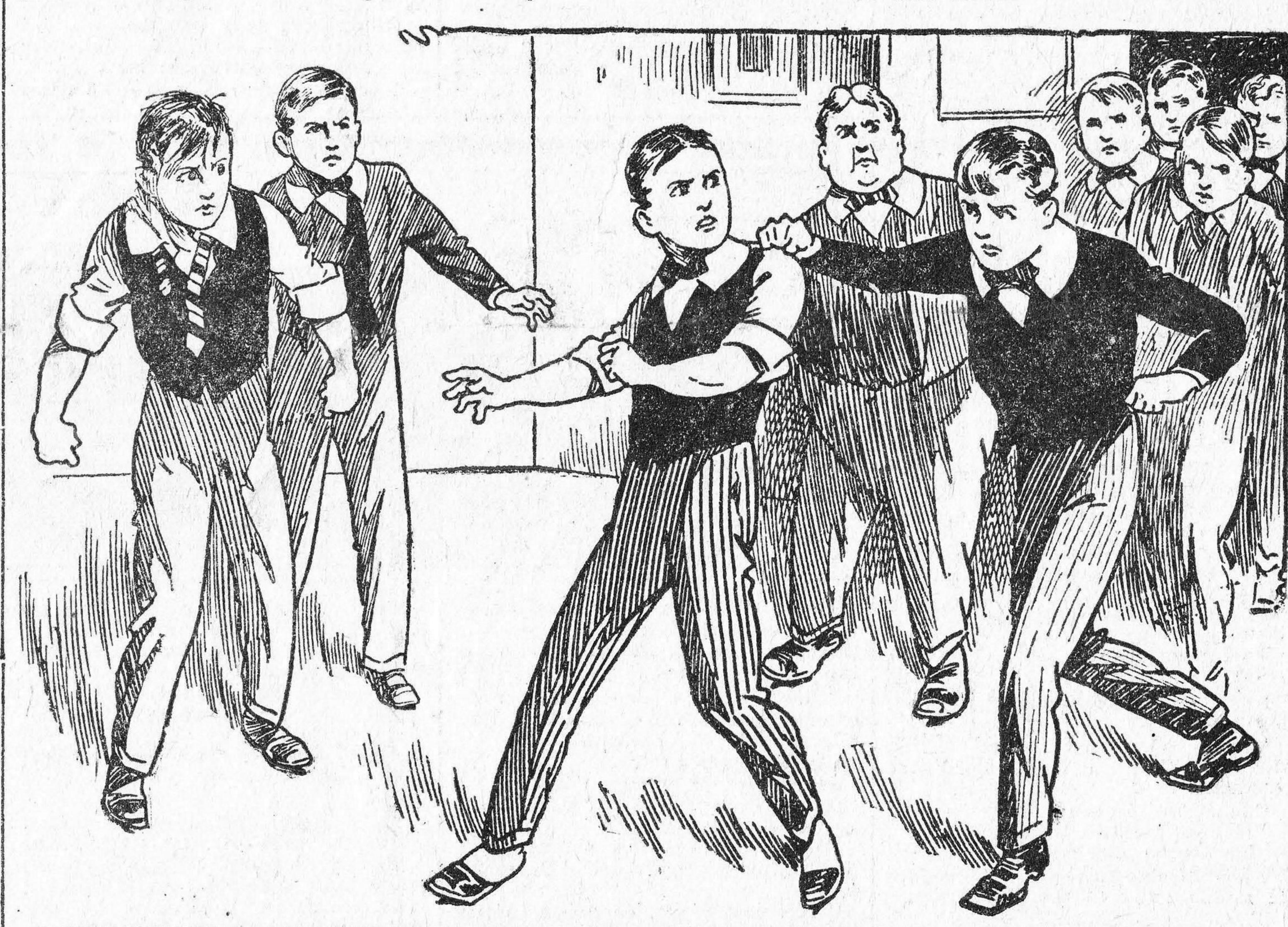
At any time he would rather have been first in a village than second in Rome. Nothing that was second-best was good enough for Morny; and the thought of failure was unendurable to him. It had surprised his friends when he entered for a difficult Latin exam of his own choice; but the idea having seized upon his volatile mind, he had thrown himself into "swotting" with his usual passionate intensity. He had "put in" for the Head's Latin prize, and he worked at his self-imposed task as if his life depended on it. At the same time, he was not willing for one moment to relinquish his place in junior cricket. With his usual superb self-confidence he was going to run the two things together, which was scarcely feasible. With every leisure hour given up to intense study, he neglected cricket practice, and had hardly touched a bat for a week before the House match, with the result that he had lost the game for his side. Moderation in anything was quite foreign to Morny's passionate nature.

"You needn't rub that in, Erroll," he said rather sharply. "I had illluck to-day. After all, other fellows have scored duck's eggs and missed easy catches. Jimmy Silver's bagged duck's eggs before now-our great Panjandrum himself. I was feeling a bit off colour; fellow can't be always at the top of his form."

"I didn't mean to rub it in, old chap," said Erroll gently. "But the and you don't want to miss that."

"Not likely to miss it. It's our biggest fixture, excepting Greviriars. I wouldn't miss it for worlds."

"The House match to-day was a sort of trial game," said Erroll. "The skipper was judging the fellows on their form."



Jimmy Silver strode into Study No. 6, grasped the dandy of the Fourth by the shoulder, and swung him back. Wornington's eyes blazed dangerously. "Let go my shoulder, Silver!" he hissed.

taste for the classics; indeed, he had "I'm afraid of losing time," I been heard to deliver the opinion that muttered Mornington. "I know I haughtily. they were "all rot," from Cæsar to was an ass to enter. It's a bit above digging deep.

He did not answer Erroll's question -he did not seem to hear it. His brows were wrinkled over a knotty

phrase. shoulder.

"Morny, old man--"

"For goodness' sake, don't worry!" snapped Mornington irritably.

Erroll drew back, colouring. His study-mate, his best chum at Rookwood, had a rather uncertain temper. Erroll had had plenty of experience of

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CHARLES LEDOUX (FRANCE).

THE BANTAM-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF EUROPE

I'm goin' to win. It would be too said. rotten humiliatin' to fail to pull it

"My dear chap, there are a dozen fellows in for it, and eleven at least Erroll touched him lightly on the must fail to pull it off," said Erroll, with a smile.

> "That's different." said Mornington, with a touch of arrogance. "I don't choose to be a failure. What's the good of startin' a thing and slippin' up on it? I'm going to bag the prize. I'll sit up o' nights with a wet towel round my napper if necessary, as I hear that Rawson

> "You won't bag prizes that way, Morny. You want to keep yourself fit. Healthy mind in a healthy body, you know. You've been giving so much time to swotting lately you've mucked up your cricket."

> Mornington frowned. His failure that afternoon in the House match was bitterly humiliating to him to recall, and he did not like the mention of it even from his best

Arrogance was a marked failing in

Mornington

"Silver would not be likely to leave Sophocles. But just now Morny was | my weight. But now I'm in for it | my name out of the list, I hope!" he

"If you're not in form, old chap,

"I shall be in form!"

Erroll did not answer. He could not help thinking that Morny was very unlikely to be selected for the school match after his pitiful show in the game with the Moderns. Mornington read the thought in Erroll's handsome, grave face, and he knitted his brows and drew a deep breath.

"By gad!" he said between his teeth. "If Silver should make that affair to-day an excuse for dropping me out of the eleven-"

"Be reasonable, old man," said Erroll. "Silver's a decent chap, and he wouldn't want to find an excuse for dropping you. He'd be only too glad to play you if you could help the team to win."

"And can't I?" demanded Morn-

ington. Erroll did not answer. He could see that his chum was in an unreasonable mood, and a dispute was futile. "Can't I?" repeated Mornington

(Continued overleaf.)

go in for a prize without chuckin' up | it- comes to a School match-" cricket?"

"Certainly," said Erroll. "But you're such a plunger, Morny. If you'd be a bit more moderate-"

we have out of the Form-room and of improving the team thereby. still play cricket as well as any chap | That decision had been come to, in the Fourth. I'm not goin' to have | and the Fistical Four were thinking | Rawson baggin' the Head's prize of adjourning to the Common-room away from me. And I'm not goin' to | downstairs, when Valentine Morning- | captain of the Fourth. be dropped out of the eleven. I'm ton tapped at the study door and goin' to bag the prize, and I'm goin' to play in the St. Jim's match, or there'll be trouble!"

Erroll made no reply to that. There was no reply to be made. Morny turned to his books again, but his illregulated energy had recoiled on itself. He was tired, his head was aching, and the Latin danced before his eyes. He rose from the table with an im-

patient exclamation.

"I'm fed up!" he exclaimed. "Let's get out for a run in the fresh air. Ten minutes will do me good, and I can put in another grind before bed-time. I've got to get on with it." Erroll suppressed a sigh. He knew

that after this passionate burst of energy Morny was likely to let two or three days go by in slackness, and lose in that interval most of what he had gained. Steady application was not in Morny's line.

The two juniors left the study and moved towards the stairs. There were three or four juniors near the head of the staircase, all but one of ton. them grinning. The one who was not grinning was Peter Cuthbert Gunner, the new junior in the Classical Fourth. Gunner was talking. He generally was. There was indignation in his tones.

"Would you fellows believe it?" said Gunner. "As soon as I knew there was going to be a vacancy l hiked off to Silver at once. And he said he would play me against St. Jim's-when do you think?"

"When?" chortled Tubby Muffin. "When he plays them at marbles," said Gunner, breathing wrath. "Marbles, you know! Not at cricket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington stopped, with a rather curious expression on his face.

He tapped Gunner on the shoulder. "What's that about a vacancy in the team?" he asked. "Do you mean the St. Jim's team?" "Yes," grunted Gunner.

heard Silver was dropping a man, after the game to-day."

"I saw the list in his study!" grinned Tubby Muffin. "He had it on the table, and there was a name crossed out."

"Whose name?" asked Mornington with outward calmness, though his heart was beating fast.

The fat Classical chuckled. "Yours!" he answered. "Mine?" said Mornington.

He, he, he! Yes. After the way you mucked up the game to-day, you know--'

"Come on, Morny," said Erroll. His chum turned back along the passage.

"I'm goin' to see Jimmy Silver." "But-" said Erroll uneasily. Mornington did not look at him. With a black expression on his face he strode away to the end study.

The 3rd Chapter. Mornington Cuts Up Rusty!

Jimmy Silver & Co. had finished prep, and were chatting in the end study before going down. Jimmy had been taking the advice of his chums on the subject of the vacant place in the Rookwood junior eleven. With both the Classical and the Modern sides to choose from, in making up a School eleven, Jimmy had plenty of material, in fact, so wide a range of choice that it was not easy to decide.

As Lovell was already in the team, his counsel was quite disinterested. But Raby could only suggest a youth named George Raby, while Newcome backed up the claims of Arthur Newcome! Whereat Uncle James of Rookwood smiled a gentle friendly smile. Only too gladly Jimmy would of my best pals because they're not have put his best chums into the up to the weight of St. Jim's," said team for St. Jim's. But, good as | the captain of the Fourth, "and they were, there were better men to either of them could play your head be had, and the duty of a cricket off, in your present form." captain came before all other considerations.

"Oswald!" was Jimmy's decision. "I can't help thinking that Oswald will fill the bill, as Morny's out."

"Well, he's a Classical, anyhow," said Raby. "Just like you to stick in another Modern, Jimmy, with

four in already." "I'd stick in any old Modern if he was better than Oswald," answered | player than I am?"

"Bow-wow!" said Newcome.

"Rats!" said Raby.

But Jimmy's chums took his decision quite amicably. They knew that "Oh, rot!" said Mornington Uncle James would have left himirritably. "I could swot every hour | self out if there had been a prospect

opened it.

Jimmy Silver nodded to him agreeably. He had unpleasant news for Morny, or he thought he had, and the fellow who can fill it best." he desired to break it as gently as possible. Jimmy hated hurting any fellow's feelings-he was sorry even | swung out of the study, closing the to wound a fellow's unreasonable arrogance. But with all his kindness of heart, Uncle James could be | his first experience of Morny's "tanas firm as a rock when occasion re-

-Mornington's manner was neither agreeable nor friendly. As a matter of fact, his late burst of energy at | and that was all. 'swotting' had left him nervy and irritable, and he was prepared to quarrel with anybody just then.

"I've heard something Muffin," he said. "Is it true that you've scratched my name out of the list for St. Jim's, Silver?"

knows," said Jimmy. "I certainly haven't mentioned it to him." "Is it true?" demanded Morning-

"Quite."

"You're leaving me out?" "Can't be helped, Morny," said Jimmy Silver amicably. fellows were on their trial in the House match to-day, and you know at the list with a sardonic smile, and

angrily. "Are you backing up those to win the match for Rookwood, patiently. "But he showed up well glances. It did not need a second fools who howled 'Butter-fingers' at I'm sorry, you chaps. You're no end | to-day, and you showed up rottenly. | look to discover that the dandy of the me this afternoon? Can't a fellow hefty in House matches, but when That settled it for the St. Jim's Fourth had come to Study No. 6 to match."

"I'm not standin' it." Another shrug from Uncle James. That kind of statement was not to be argued with. Arthur Edward Lovell broke in.

"Don't be a silly ass, Morny! You've got to stand it. Who the thump are you, anyhow?"

Mornington did not heed Lovell. His angry glance was fixed on the

"So Oswald's baggin' my place?" he said.

"It isn't your place, Morny. A place in a cricket eleven belongs to

"That's enough!" Mornington turned on his heel and door after him with a slam. Jimmy Silver smiled slightly. It was not trums," and those tantrums did not affect his equanimity in any way. He was sorry to see Morny "play the ox," as he would have described it,

"Cheeky ass!" commented Lovell. And with that the Fistical Four strolled out of the end study and went down to the Common-room, utterly unimpressed by Mornington's savage anger and resentment.

There was at least one fellow in the "I really don't know how Muffin | Fourth to whom the news of the change in the team was good news. That was Dick Oswald.

Oswald had worked hard at practice, in the hope of being selected, and now his ambition was realised. The following morning Jimmy Silver posted up the revised list, and Richard Oswald had the pleasure of reading his name there. Mornington looked how you played." then looked at Oswald's smiling face.

"So that's the excuse?" So you're goin' over to St. Jim's Jimmy compressed his lips a little. | in my place, Oswald?" he said, with "No need for any excuse that I an unpleasant glitter in his eyes. can see," he said tartly. "You! "Looks like it," said Oswald

look for trouble. Oswald was chasing an elusive verb through the Latin dictionary, and did not look up till Mornington spoke.

"Busy, Oswald?" "Well, yes, rather," said Oswald.

"Anything on?" "I'll wait till you've finished," said Mornington politely.

"A good ten minutes yet," said Oswald.

"Right-ho!"

Valentine Mornington sat down, and crossed one elegant leg over the other. Oswald went on with his work, and Hooker and Flynn, after a curious stare at Morny, followed his example. . There was silence in the study, broken only by an occasional yawn from Morny.

Dick Oswald finished at last, and rose from the study table. He gave Mornington an inquiring look.

"Go it, old top!" he said.

His cheery face set a little; he could see that trouble was coming. "To-morrow's a giddy whole holiday for the fellows who go over to St. Jim's," remarked Mornington. "I'm sorry to deprive you of it, Oswald, but I want my place in the eleven."

"Don't be an ass!" said Oswald brusquely. "If you've come here for a row, Mornington, you'd better say so at once. I don't know whether l could lick you, but I'll put up a good try, if you're spoiling for it."

"Hear, hear!" said Flynn. Mornington rose. His eyes were dancing with a mocking, wicked light, which showed that he was in his bitterest and most reckless mood. At that moment he seemed to be quite the old Mornington again -the Mornington of his worse days.

"Will you stand out of the eleven?" he asked.

"A fight!" exclaimed Tubby. "Go it, Oswald! I say, what are they fighting for, you fellows?" Crash!

Dick Oswald went down on the study carpet with a crash that made the dust rise from it.

He lay and panted. "Time!" rapped out Flynn.

Mornington waited, with an evil smile on his well-kept lips. Two or three juniors gathered round the open doorway, looking on. Kit Erroll appeared among them, and his face was shocked and startled as he glanced into the study, and understood what was happening.

"Morny!" he exclaimed reproach-

Mornington glanced at him with a sneering smile.

"Well?" "You're fighting Oswald becausebecause---"

"Because he's wedged me out of my place in the eleven," said Morny coolly. "Got anythin' to say about it, or can you mind your own bizney for once?"

Erroll crimsoned. Dick Oswald. staggered to his feet for the call of time, and came on again gamely. He was outclassed in the fight. There were few fellows in the Fourth who could stand up to Mornington, and poor Oswald was not one of them. But he had plenty of pluck, and he did not mean to give his enemy best so long as he could stand. But just as Flynn called time again, and the adversaries were closing in strife. there came an interruption. "Stop!"

It was Jimmy Silver's voice. News had reached the end study by that time, and the Fistical Four had come along.

Jimmy Silver's brow was black as he strode into Study No. 6. As Morny did not heed his word, he grasped the dandy of the Fourth by the shoulder and swung him back. "Let me explain," said Morny, I Morny's eyes blazed at him.

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played like a fag in the Second Form. That isn't the style to take over to St. Jim's for the toughest match of

the season bar one."

"Well, there's some need for an excuse," said Mornington. "Even our mighty Panjandrum can't play with the junior eleven just as he pleases without giving a reason. Is that the best pretext you could think of for dropping me?" Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothin' to say?" asked Morning-

"Nothing, if you're going to talk like that. Not much use wasting breath on you, that I can see," said the captain of the Fourth.

Mornington's eyes glittered. Arthur Edward Lovell grinned. He was not in the least impressed by Morny's "tantrums." Raby and Newcome looked on curiously. there was going to be trouble they had every confidence in Uncle James. They were prepared to hold Jimmy's jacket for a fight, or to bundle Morny out of the study "on his neck," just as their study-leader should desire.

"And you think I'm goin' to stand this?" asked Mornington between his teeth. "Taken up and dropped just

as you choose?" "I don't see that you can do anything else. If you want to figure in School matches you must keep up to the mark. I'm leaving out two

"Rubbish!" "Let it go at that!" sighed Jimmy

"Then you're not putting Raby or Newcome in my place?" sneered Mornington.

"I've said so." "Who's the happy man, then?" "Oswald of the Fourth."

"You set up Oswald as a better Jimmy Silver serenely. "We've got "Not as a rule," said Jimmy lat Morny's face, and exchanged the spot.

cheerily. "Sorry for you, Morny, and glad for myself. I'm in luck." "Sure you'll be fit for the game?"

asked Morny.

Oswald stared at him. "I'm feeling pretty fit," he said, "and as the match comes off on Saturday, I don't see any reason why I What are you driving at, Morny?" Mornington walked away without

answering that question. Erroll, who had been looking on, followed his chum into the quadrangle with an uneasy look on his face.

"What have you got in your mind, Morny?" he asked, in a low voice. "Nothin'!"

"No good feeling ratty with Oswald," said Erroll. "Silver gave him the place without being asked." "It's my place. If a fellow bags my place in the eleven, he can take

the consequences." "What consequences?" asked Erroll sharply.

Mornington's lip curled. "I'm not the kind of fellow to be treated like this," he said. "Really, Morny, I wish you'd try to be a bit more reasonable," said

Erroll, almost losing patience. you cut up rusty in this way, your temper will get to be a standing joke in the Form. It's childish!" "That is your opinion?" sneered Mornington.

"Well, yes. I think-" "You've told me enough of what you think," said Mornington; and he turned and walked away.

"Morny!" called out Erroll, in dis-Valentine Mornington walked on without turning his head.

The 4th Chapter. Nipped in the Bud!

No. 6 on Friday evening, when Mornington came in. His studymates, Hooker and Flynn, glanced up | in the study had brought Tubby to

with sarcastic politeness. "If you don't stand out, you won't be fit to play to-morrow, anyhow." "Why not?"

"Because you'll have a fight on your hands this evening," said Mornington coolly. "Catch on? That's how I'm goin' to treat a pushin' cad

Oswald flushed crimson. "That's enough!" he said. "Put up your hands as soon as you like, Morny, you rotter! Pull that table out of the way, you fellows."

"Sure, and we will, and I hope you'll lick the baste," said Flynn. "Give me your jacket."

"What about the gloves?" said Hooker uneasily. "Does Oswald insist on gloves?" asked Mornington, with a mocking,

scornful grin. "Come on!" said Oswald, between his teeth.

Oswald was a pacific enough fellow as a rule, but he was angry now. Hooker and Flynn jerked the table and chairs away. They left the middle of the study free for the com-

batants. No time was wasted. Mornington led off the attack; and Oswald met him half-way, and in a few moments they were going it hammer-andtongs. Oswald was angry, and Mornington was implacable, and from the start there was heavy punishment given and taken.

"Time!" called out Flynn, with his eye on the clock. Mornington dropped his hands and

stepped back. Oswald leaned rather heavily on the edge of the table. "Enough?" asked Mornington. Oswald did not even answer. He waited for the call of time, and when

it came he plunged into the fight again. There was a scuttle of footsteps in Dick Oswald was at prep in Study | the passage, and the door opened, and Tubby Muffin blinked in. The scuffling and trampling and panting

On Sale Tuesday! "Let go my shoulder!" he hissed. Jimmy let him go with a shove that

sent Mornington staggering against

the study wall. Oswald had dropped

his hands, and he stood breathless

and panting. Jimmy Silver gave him a stern look. "Is that how you keep fit for a should get out of form before then. | who shoves himself into my place!" | tough cricket-match to-morrow by scrapping in the study?" he rapped

"You-you see--" mumbled Oswald.

Mornington broke in. "Would you mind gettin" out of the study, Silver, until Oswald and I have finished our little argument?" he asked, with mocking urbanity. "Two more rounds will finish him, I think, and then I shall be at your service.

dandy of the Fourth. For once Uncle James was in a towering rage. "This fight isn't going on," said Jimmy savagely. "Oswald, Tyou're not to go on with it-not till after

Jimmy Silver swung round on the

the St. Jim's match, anyhow. Got Oswald nodded without speaking. "As for you, Mornington-"

went on the captain of the Fourth. "As for me," said Mornington coolly, "I'm goin' on with it, dear man; and if Oswald doesn't, so much the worse for Oswald. You don't really expect me to take orders from you, Silver?"

Jimmy's eyes flashed. "You blackguard!" he exclaimed. "Do you think I can't see your game? You want to knock Oswald out so that he can't play in the

St. Jim's match to-morrow---" "You're a giddy thought-reader!" said Mornington admiringly. "How do you spot these things?"

Some of the juniors crowded round the doorway laughed. But Jimmy Silver's face was angry and grim.

"It's a bit thick even for a swanking, evil-tempered rotter like you, Mornington!" said the captain of the

(Continued on page 552.)

RISING BOXING STARS!

EX-GUARDSMAN Important Facts about C. PENWILL, a coming Heavy-weight Boxer. whose photograph is given away with this copy. By the famous 6 DAILY MAIL " boxing expert.

by T. C. Granall.

of Devonshire does not produce many | succession. Then came a bad patch, heavy-weight boxers. Nor, for that | for he was beaten by Paul Journee, matter, does Cornwall, although it is | Sergeant Ring, Jack Rollings, Bandsof interest to remember that it was in | man Rice, Jim Rideout, Paul Murray, the latter county that Robert Fitzsummons was born.

Charles Penwill, late of the Coldstream Guards, is a Devonian, however. He was born at Totnes, in 1894. Before he joined the Army he helped on a farm, but it is true to say that he never attempted to use his fists until he was well past the recruit stage. To-day he is the most promis-, ing heavy-weight in England, and many things are much more unlikely than that he will become the champion of his country. Whether he will ever go beyond that is questionable, for it has to be admitted that Penwill has his limitations.

He is, for example, slower than he should be. In addition, his punch is not the weighty delivery one would expect from a man of his strength and size. But he has many attributes. Enthusiasm is one. When Penwill fights he does so with an earnestness that is very satisfying to those who have grown tired of the slipshod, disinterested methods of many of his contemporaries.

the past few months. He is, as a challenge to any man in Great plain matter of fact, improving every | Britain or France. In a year from day; but what he particularly lacks I now Penwill may easily be one of the at the moment is that extra little bit stars of the boxing world. of finesse which makes all the difference in the world to the boxer. When | feet in his socks and weighs 13 st. 3 lb. it is acquired—and it will come to That he can take punishment has been Penwill with experience—he will be demonstrated, but it is one of his transformed from a good, workman- | defects that he is not able to adminislike performer into a first-class fight-

ing-man. He did not start to box until 1919.

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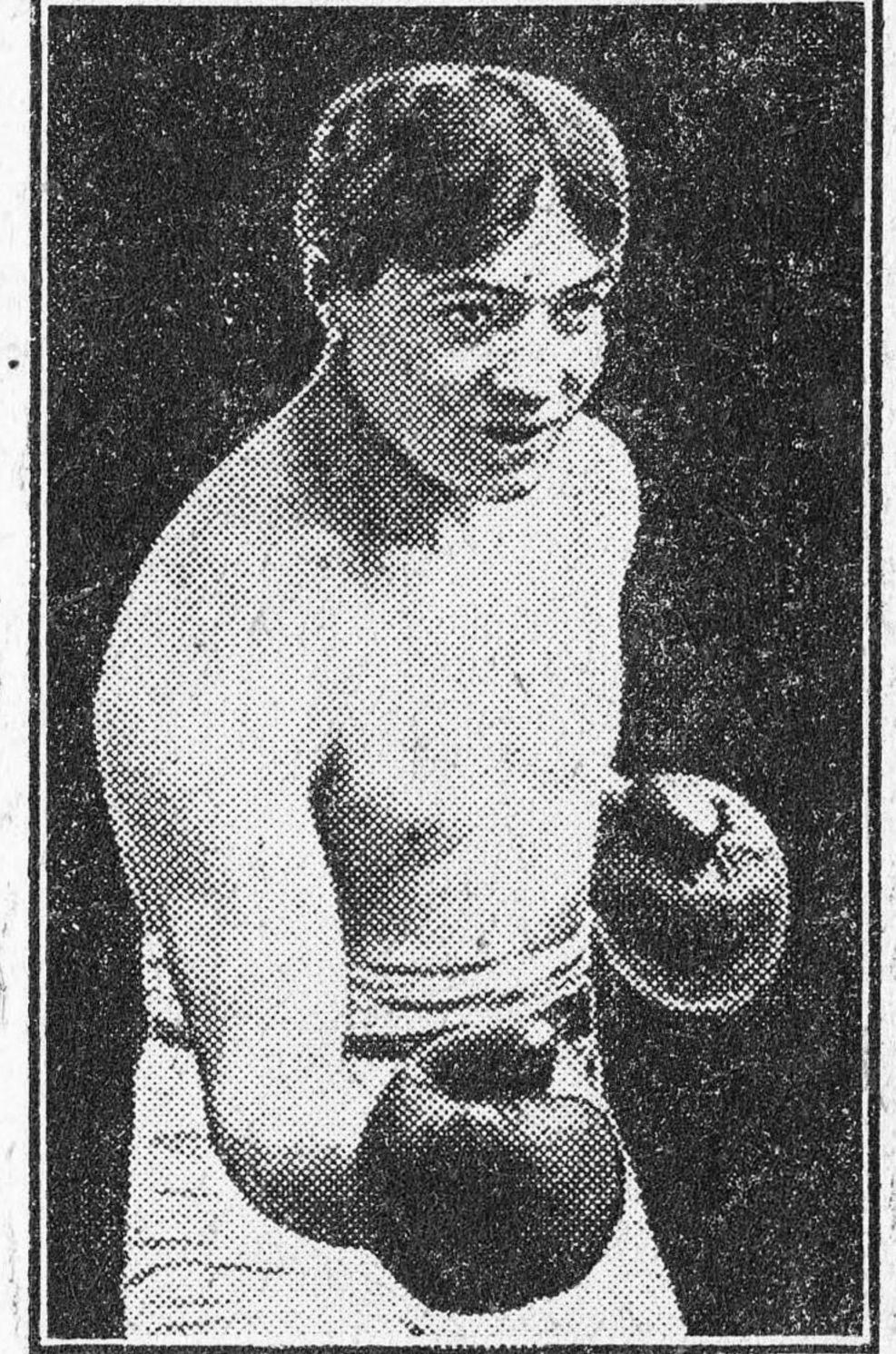
It is a singular fact that the county, of Guards, he defeated seven men in and Tom Berry. But he managed, between defeats, to win the Army championship, and also the championship of the Imperial Services. If Penwill's record is examined it will be but the victory was to go to Slinley's, discovered that he has known defeat after all. almost as often as he has known victory. But that is as it should be.

> through too much success at the start. He did not really come into his own until he had been beaten by Marcel Nilles, the heavy-weight champion of France. That fight took place at the Royal Albert Hall immediately before the Carpentier-Cook contest, and Penwill astonished everyone by refusing to go down after being pounded from one corner of the ring to the other. He did not display much skill that

night, but his pluck was magnificent. A month or so later he flashed into prominence by outpointing Frank Goddard. No one expected him to win; but it is no exaggeration to say that he did so by a mile. So as to in the match. prove that this form was not acciwith Gordon Sims, and stopped him He has made rapid strides during in ten rounds. Now he is out with a

He is well made, for he stands 6 ter it with consistency, accuracy, or power. But he is young yet, and as he is a willing and intelligent learner, In that year, after winning the heavy- it is quite safe to prophesy that his weight championship of the Brigade great days are yet to come.

> MONDAY'S FREE REAL NEXT PHOTO!



CHARLES LEDOUX, of France, the Bantamweight Champion of Europe. He is the subject of our grand FREE REAL PHOTO next week. Don't miss it!

BOYS' FRIEND

By Ernest Scott.

(Continued from page 550.)

He got clean through the guard of his opponent and removed the bails.

Eight wickets down and twenty-two required.

The fortune of the game seemed to have veered round entirely. It looked any odds on Colville's then. expected stands, and, lo and behold, Slinley's had taken the score to a hundred without further loss.

Two runs required to win, and two claimed Oswald. wickets to fall!

the supporters of the visiting team

It had been a dramatic match, with the fortunes ebbing and flowing,

"Go on, Yorke!" someone shouted. FPut 'em out o' their misery, lad! Many good men have been spoilt Show 'em summat!"

Yorke had been giving Len quite a lot of trouble. A tall, thin man, he had been meeting those swerves with more confidence than any of his colleagues. He had appeared to get the | Valentine Mornington was swept off hang of them, and already Bert | his feet. Brigson was sneering.

Yorke was apparently determined | fiercely. to make the winning hit. The next ball of Len's he just blocked, and out at the ball, or, at least, he thought he did.

But he was just a little too confident, for the same fate befell him I that had befallen his captain earlier

Len had got an extra swerve on dental he thereupon matched himself I the ball, and Yorke hit the air. The ball went straight for the bails, and Yorke was out!

> Still two runs required to win, and only one more wicket to fall. Never had there been a more

> dramatic match. And Len Lowden was facing the

last batsman! If only he could do it! If only he could get the last man out without

another run being scored! All that he knew he put behind the next ball, and that it puzzled the chap at the other end was evident. He sent it back along the ground without

standing any chance of scoring. Then, with the next ball from Lowden it seemed his chance had come. The leather pitched and broke, and there was a smack that could be

heard all over the place. "Run-run, lad! 'Tis a three!" It was a Slinley supporter who shouted the words, and the run was

started. But it all happened in a fraction of time. The ball was coming straight \ \equiv \ \text{TROPHY! back, making towards Len, but wide to his right.

The youngster bounded out. Involuntarily almost-always wards he owned that there was a certain amount of luck about it-his right arm shot out.

And as he sprang so did he feel the impact. He had got the ball!

Overbalanced, he fell, but his right hand was still held high, and he never relinquished his hold. The next thing that happened was Tom Dabley pulling him to his feet.

"We've beaten 'em!" the captain cried. "Beaten 'em by one run, and 'tis tha who's done it! Coventry or no Coventry, Len Lowden, I'm proud of thee! Put it there!"

(There will be another long instalment of this gripping industrial story in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND. A photo of Charles Ledoux, of France, will also be given.)

ESTICKING IT OUT! DROPPED FROM THE TEAM!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 548.)

Fourth. "You're not going to touch Oswald again!"

"Who's goin' to stop me?" sneered Mornington.

"Little me!"

Mornington yawned.

afterwards."

ington, and you're going to have a Jimmy Silver did his best with the lesson! Collar him, you fellows!"

Mornington sprang back. "Hands off!" he yelled.

"Collar the cad!" roared Lovell. Mornington put up his hands and rather hard. struck out fiercely as half a dozen juniors grasped him, at the order of enough for you, Morny. But the captain of the Form. Lovell warned. Any more rot from v gave a yell as he received a hard and you'll get such a ragging y set of knuckles on his nose, and Newcome sat down on the study floor with a jar. The next moment

"Let go!" he yelled, struggling

For a few minutes there was a wild and whirling tussle in the study. | ington turned up a white and furious. then, with the next delivery, he hit Mornington, gasping with rage, face from the hearthrug. struggled till he could struggle no "Yes! But I'll make you suffer longer. He came down on the for this, Jimmy Silver!" hearthrug with a bump, and three or four pairs of hands pinned him said Jimmy, throwing down the there, face downwards. Jimmy Silver looked round, breathing hard. | Morny, I hope you'll be sorry for "Give me a cricket-stump, some-

> "Here you are!" chirruped Tubby Muffin.

stump.

stand clear!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I-I say-" began Oswald.

"Shut up!" "If you dare to touch me with that stump--" gasped Mornington, through his chum's and led him choking with rage.

Whack, whack, whack! The descending stump cut short

Mornington's remarks. and wriggled, but he was well held, and the stump came down rhythmic-

ally, swiftly, and vigorously.

THE CASE OF THE YACHTING

(Continued from previous page.)

The midget glared at him vindictively, and tried to pummel at Holdfast's face with his diminutive fists. But Harry held him at arm's-length, and grinned at

his frenzy. "As I have the last laugh, I bear no malice," said Holdfast. "Tell me whom ! the Hawk is and where I can find him, and I will let you and your confederate

The tiny creature stared at him in a

puzzlement, which Holdfast felt was genuine. "The Hawk? I do not know vhat you

mean," the midget protested, in a thin treble. "I am Hans Paulig, a Dutchman, und a dwarf, as you see, und until the show I und mein partner—the man who drove the van-fell on evil times und was sold up, ve vere quite honest, ain'dt | it? Ve vere employed by a man who vore blue glasses, und said he vas an American, to steal your cup, because you beat him unfairly, he said, in the

Whack, whack, whack! Jimmy Silver was angry, and, like the prophet of old, he felt that he did well to be angry. Mornington

wanted a lesson, and he was going to get it. There was no doubt that "My dear man, if you choose to he got it! A flogging from the Head take Oswald's place I'll lick you, would not have been more severe with pleasure," he said, "and Oswald | than the stumping Morny received on the hearthrug in Study No. 6. "Let him come on, Silver!" ex- Knocking a fellow out to unfit him for a School match was beyond the "Dry up, Oswald! You've acted limit, and the fitness of things had The shouting was all on the side of like a cad and a blackguard, Morn- to be impressed on Morny, and

> stump. Twenty sounding whacks rang on Valentine Mornington, and then Jimmy Silver stopped, breathing

"That will do!" he said. "That won't forget for whole terms! Will you promise to keep clear of Oswald

"No!" yelled Mornington. "I-

Whack, whack, whack!

"Will you give your word now?" It was more than enough. Morn-

"That won't worry me much!" stump. "When you're cooler. having played a dirty game like a cowardly blackguard. Get out, for goodness' sake!"

Mornington staggered from the Jimmy took a firm grasp on the study. His face was white, his eyes burning. He paused a moment in "Hold his ears and his hoofs and the passage to shake a fist at Jimmy, Silver, and then he reeled against the passage wall.

"Come on, old fellow," said a quiet voice.

And Kit Erroll slipped his arm away.

THE END. ("Left Behind!" is the title of the splendid long, complete story of the The dandy of the Fourth struggled | adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND. Look out also for the Free Photo of

Charles Ledoux, of France!) met him here, und the van vas vaiting for us. He is coming vor the cup soon.

Id vas arranged ve should vait here vor him-jah!" Holdfast felt that the dwarf spoke the truth, and shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, you and your partner can go, but don't play any more tricks upon me, or I shall not be so lenient," he said curtly, as he set the tiny man upon his feet and secured his trophy. And he watched the midget and the man who had acted as the bogus laundry employer slink away into the night, as the latter dazedly picked himself up.

Holdfast waited in the garage until nearly dawn. But no one came, and it was clear that somehow the Hawk han learned that his plans had miscarried.

Thus his identity still remained a mystery—a mystery, however, that Holdfast was determined sooner or later to solve. He was disappointed, but he had the consolation of knowing that once again he had proved too smart for the Hawk. clever crook though he was, and sent

him away empty-handed. And the next time they crossed swords-well, who ("The Tapped Wire!" is the title

the splendid long, complete "Bulldog" Holdfast story appearing in next Monday's issue. Also a Free Photo of Charles Ledoux of France!)

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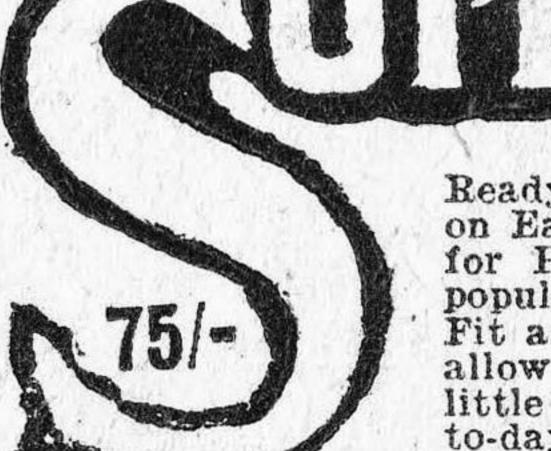
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