

FREE REAL PHOTO OF JIM HIGGINS

(Holder of a Lonsdale Belt) Given Away in this Issue!

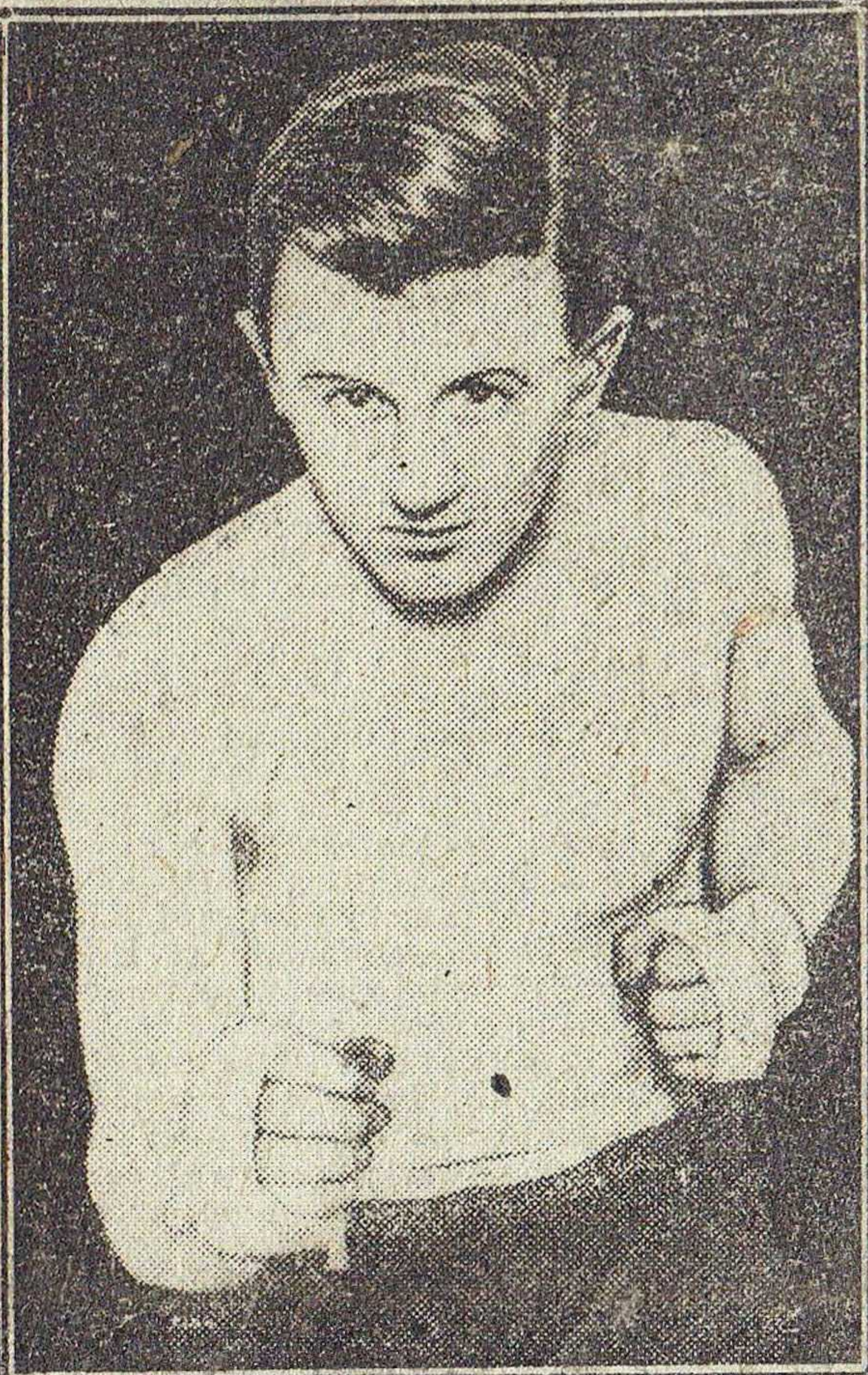
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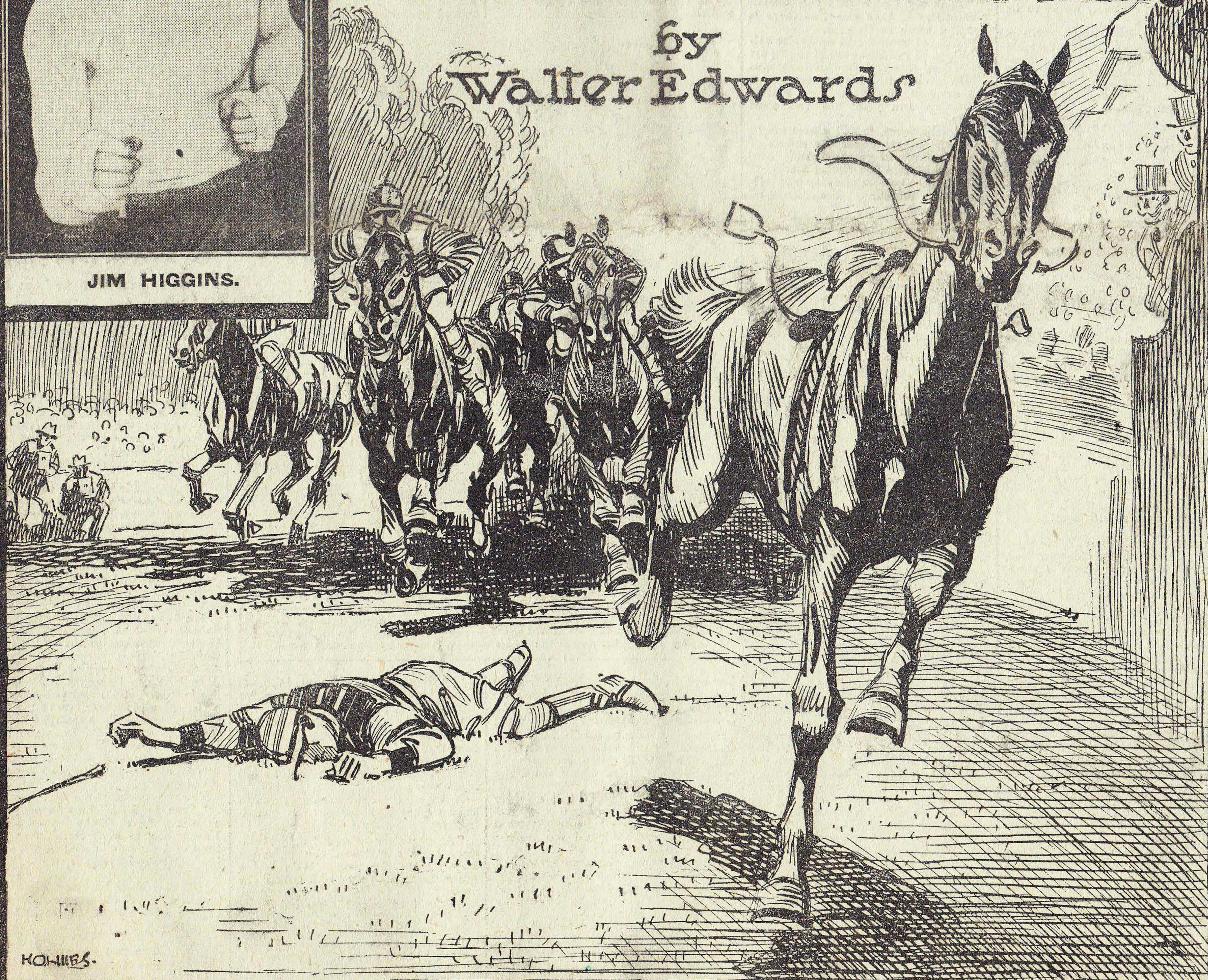
[Week Ending June 10th, 1922.



JIM HIGGINS.

ROBBED of the RACE!

by Walter Edwards



A SENSATION OF THE TURF!

Motionless, white-faced, and lifeless, the jockey lay in the path of the oncoming horses, whilst Rainbow, the favourite, riderless and frightened, thundered past the winning-post, six lengths ahead of the field! (A dramatic incident in this week's story of the "Clean-Sport Crusaders!")

A Splendid Story of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School!

Sentenced by the Fourth!

By Owen Conquest.

(Author of the Tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Popular.")



The 1st Chapter.

The Last Straw!

"You're not wanted here Jimmy Silver." Mornington of the Fourth spoke over his shoulder, hardly looking round, as Jimmy Silver entered Study No. 4.

Jimmy did not heed. He came into the study, closed the door behind him, and crossed over to the hearthrug, where Mornington sat in the armchair.

Kit Erroll, who was at the study table with his books before him, looked up uneasily.

But he did not speak. The look in Jimmy Silver's face boded trouble, and Erroll knew that the trouble must come. Mornington, leaning back in the armchair, with one elegant leg crossed over the other, regarded the captain of the Fourth with knitted brows.

"I think I mentioned that you're not wanted here, Silver!" he drawled.

"Probably not!" assented Jimmy. "I've got a bone to pick with you, all the same, Mornington."

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"I've not come as an enemy—not as yet, at any rate," continued Jimmy Silver quietly. "I've got to get at the truth, and I'm willing to hear what you have to say."

"I've nothing to say to you."

"Rookwood were beaten at St. Jim's to-day," said Jimmy Silver. "You know, Mornington, that I was called home by a telegram just before the team started for St. Jim's."

"I'm not interested in your movements, my dear fellow."

"But you know that fact," said Jimmy Silver. "The telegram stated that my father was ill, and was signed with the name of my cousin Phyllis."

Mornington yawned. "I hope the excellent old gentleman is better," he said carelessly.

"My father was not ill at all. The telegram was a spoof. It was sent from Denewood post-office, near my home, by some rotter who was playing a trick on me—"

"Quite a mysterious affair!" yawned Mornington. "But no need to tell me about it. I'm really not interested in practical jokes played in your native village, Silver."

"It was not anybody belonging to the village that played the trick, Mornington. Nobody there had any motive. The telegram kept me away from the cricket match at St. Jim's. It was sent for that reason, and for no other reason."

"Really!" Kit Erroll started to his feet. His look was startled.

"Silver," he exclaimed, "are you serious? You—you mean to say that the telegram was a trick—that—that—"

He broke off.

"Just that!" said Jimmy Silver. "I didn't find it out till I got home, and then it was too late to get to St. Jim's for the match."

"Good heavens!" muttered Erroll.

"I'm not interested," drawled Mornington. "But there's one point that seems to have escaped your powerful brain, Silver. I believe your home is about a hundred miles or so from this school. Could a Rookwooder get over there to send a telegram to you without being missed?"

"No. But he could get some rogue to do it for him."

"Oh, that's the idea, is it?"

"That's it!" said the captain of

the Fourth. "I'm going into this matter to get at the facts, and the rotter who dished me over the St. Jim's match is going to get it in the neck."

"Still I don't quite see why you should confide in me," smiled Mornington. "I'm not the least little bit interested in your adventures, and I really can't help you in any way."

"I want to know if you sent the telegram?" said Jimmy Silver bluntly.

"You know I never left Rookwood this mornin'."

"Don't beat about the bush, Mornington. Whoever did it got another fellow outside the school to take the telegram into Wiltshire and despatch it from Denewood post-office. Did you do that?"

"What a question!" smiled Mornington. "You can hardly expect me to say 'Yes,' and if I say 'No,' you won't believe me. Upon the whole, I think I'll say nothing."

"That won't do."

"I'm afraid it will have to do," said Mornington negligently.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. He had come to Study No. 4 prepared for silence from the dandy of the Fourth, and he was getting what he had expected. But he restrained his anger.

"Will you give me your word of honour, Mornington, that you had nothing to do with the sending of the bogus telegram?" he asked.

"I decline to say a word on the subject," Mornny glanced at the door. "I've mentioned that you're not welcome in this study, Silver."

"That's all you have to say?"

"That's all, dear man."

"Very well. You will have to answer to the Form!" said Jimmy Silver. "The matter doesn't rest here."

The captain of the Fourth quitted the study without another word. Valentine Mornington stretched his legs and yawned. He gave Kit Erroll a rather curious, ironical look. Erroll had sunk into his chair again, his grave face pale and troubled. His eyes were fixed on Mornington.

"So that was it!" he said in a low voice when the door had closed behind Jimmy Silver.

"I don't quite follow!" yawned Mornny.

"You got that telegram sent, Mornington. I know now. You were fixing it up when you went out of bounds on Friday night."

"Do you think so?"

"You did it to keep Jimmy Silver out of the way," continued Erroll, with increasing bitterness of look and tone. "Jimmy away, I took his place, as vice-captain. You worked it out that I should play you after Jimmy had dropped you from the team."

"And you refused," said Mornington.

"I refused, as I was bound to do, as you could not have put up a good game for Rookwood, though I did not then know what I know now," said Erroll. "A suspicion came into my mind, but I drove it away. You asked me what was unreasonable. I refused, and you quarrelled with me, and—"

"And punched you!" said Mornington coolly.

Erroll winced.

"I would have stood even that for the sake of our friendship," he said in a low voice. "It's not much more than I've stood from you at other times, Mornington. I've believed that you were decent at heart, and that your evil ways were only on the surface. I've borne with you for that reason more than any other fellow would have borne, I think. But this—is this the finish."

Mornington laughed sarcastically.

"Is your back up at last?" he asked.

"You've played a dirty, cowardly trick, whether the fellows find you out or not," said Erroll in a low, distinct tone. "You made Silver believe his father was dangerously ill—a rotten, cowardly, dirty trick. You made us lose the match at St. Jim's by keeping Silver away. That's bad enough, though not so bad as the other. I've stuck to you through thick and thin, Mornington, till now. But I've nothing more to do with a fellow who forges a telegram. If it's

found out, you'll be punished by the law. It means imprisonment. It will be what you deserve."

"Quite a long speech!" said Mornington. "Why not go to Mr. Dalton's study and tell our merry Form-master? He can telephone for the police."

"I shall not do that," said Erroll, rising. "I've told you what I think of your conduct, and it's the last thing I shall say to you. I shall not speak to you again."

Erroll crossed to the door and left the study, his face pale and set. Mornington half rose, a startled expression on his ace, but he sat down again without speaking. The door closed behind Erroll, and Valentine Mornington remained staring at it.

Erroll was gone.

Mornington could hardly believe it yet. His friend had been so patient; never yet had he turned on the fellow who had tried his patience and his forbearance so often. Even the hasty blow struck in the quad would not have shattered the friendship, Mornny knew that. But the realisation sunk into his mind now that it was ended, that he had lost, by his own wilful

The 2nd Chapter. Called to Account!

Bulkeley of the Sixth glanced round the dormitory.

The Classical Fourth were all in bed, and the captain of Rookwood was about to turn out the light.

The Classical juniors were very quiet, but Bulkeley of the Sixth knew them pretty well. He was aware of a suppressed under-current of excitement in the dormitory, and he divined that something was "on." So he paused before he turned out the light.

"Silver!" he rapped out. Jimmy Silver glanced at him from his pillow.

"Yes, Bulkeley!" he said meekly. "No larks in this dormitory after lights out!" said the prefect.

"Larks!" repeated Jimmy Silver innocently.

"Yes, you young rascal. I should think some of you, at least, would be ready to go to sleep after the journey you've had to-day. If you're thinking of celebrating the St. Jim's match with a pillow-fight, or anything of that kind—don't. I shall come along with a cane if there's any row."

And with that the prefect turned out the light and departed.

There was a chuckle from some of the beds.

"Keen as mustard, isn't he?" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. "He doesn't know what's on, all the same."

"Not a pillow-fight, at any rate!" said Raby.

"Are we turning out now, Jimmy?" inquired Newcome.

"Give Bulkeley a chance to get

Evidently Lovell's mind was made up already, and he could hardly be considered an unprejudiced member of the jury.

The Classical Fourth waited impatiently for the interval to elapse till it could be considered safe for the dormitory to turn out of bed and constitute the court for the trial.

The story of the bogus telegram, which had called Jimmy Silver away on the eve of the St. Jim's match, was common property now, and suspicion generally rested on Mornington.

His bitterness at being dropped out of the team furnished the motive, and his attack on Oswald, who had been given his place in the junior eleven, was an additional evidence of what he was capable of.

Jimmy Silver had little doubt on the subject; Lovell none at all. But many of the other fellows thought it possible that Mornington might be able to clear himself—many of them hoped he could. The Form trial would, at least, give him his chance, and a good many of the Form kept open minds on the subject. Suspicion was strong against Mornington, but it had to be acknowledged that no actual proof had so far been forthcoming.

Jimmy gave the signal, by turning out of bed, and lighting a candle-end. The rest of the Fourth followed his example, and five or six candles were lighted—the juniors did not venture to turn on the electric light. It was necessary to keep the proceedings very private, and to keep masters and prefects from chipping in. Important as the affair was from the junior point of view, it was certain that Mr. Dalton, or the Head, or the Sixth



MR. DALTON'S UNTIMELY APPEARANCE! Mornington was dragged out of bed bodily, and rolled on the floor in the midst of a struggling crowd. "Boys!" The door of the dormitory was flung open, and Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, appeared!

passionate waywardness, the best and most devoted pal a fellow ever had. Mornington sat a long time in silence in the lonely study.

His handsome face was clouded.

He had risked that friendship often enough, and always it had stood the strain he had put upon it; there had seemed no limit to Kit Erroll's patience and forgiveness. He had risked it once too often, and now it was a thing that had ended.

But when Valentine Mornington left the study later, and strolled down to the Common-room, his face was cheery and smiling, and he looked like a fellow that had not a care in the world. No one would have guessed from his smiling face the black care that was eating into his heart.

NEXT MONDAY'S FREE BOXING PHOTO IS OF SEAMAN HALL, The Light-Weight and Welter-Weight Champion of the Royal Navy.

clear!" answered Jimmy Silver. "He'll be safe in his study in ten minutes."

Erroll's quiet voice broke in.

"Is anything on, you fellows?"

"You're the only fellow that doesn't know," said Lovell. "You were mooching out in the quad when we were fixing it up. There's going to be a Form trial to-night."

"For what—whom?"

"Mornington, of course."

"Oh!" said Erroll, and he said no more.

"Takin' a lot of trouble on my account!" said Valentine Mornington's cool, drawing voice. "Dear men, I'm not worth it!"

"You're going to get it all the same, Mornny!" said Lovell. "You'll get fair play, which is more than you gave Jimmy Silver with your dirty tricks."

"Hold on, Lovell!" chuckled Conroy, the Australian junior. "Don't find Mornny guilty before the chap's been tried."

Arthur Edward Lovell grunted. "He's guilty, right enough," he exclaimed. "But we'll give him fair play, and then give him his gruel."

"Perhaps he won't take his gruel," suggested Mornington's silky voice.

"There won't be any choice about that. You wait till we've found you guilty, you rotter."

Form prefects, would not have realised its importance if they had known of it.

The candles shed a glimmering light over part of the long lofty dormitory. Every fellow in the Classical Fourth turned out, excepting two, Mornington and Erroll. Jimmy called to Kit Erroll, whose eyes were open; he was not thinking of sleep, although obviously he did not want to take part in the trial of his whilom chum.

"Turn out, Erroll."

"You won't want me, Jimmy," answered Erroll. "There's plenty for the jury without me, old man."

"You're wanted as a witness, not on the jury!" answered Jimmy.

Erroll bit his lip.

"I've no evidence to offer!" he said. "Whatever Mornington may have done, I was not in his confidence."

"I know that! I know you wouldn't have been a party to a dirty trick. But your evidence will be wanted all the same."

"Very well!" Erroll turned out, slowly enough. Then the captain of the Fourth called to Mornington.

"You're wanted, Mornny!"

"Sorry!" answered Mornington, with cool politeness. "I'm goin' in for my beauty sleep, an' I'm afraid I can't be bothered."

"Turn out!" roared Lovell. "Shush!" said Putty Grace. "You'll have the prefects here, old scout, if you do your Bull-of-Basham toots."

"He's turning out," snorted Lovell, "or—"

"Mornington!" said Jimmy Silver quietly. "You know that you're going to be tried by the Form. Turn out."

"My dear man, get on with your kid games, an' don't mind me," said Mornington coolly. "I'll look on—if I don't go to sleep."

"Have him out!" snorted Lovell. Several juniors made a movement towards Mornington's bed. His cool nonchalance had an annoying effect on the Classical Fourth. But Jimmy Silver quietly interposed:

"Don't handle him yet!" he said. "If he chooses to be tried in bed, he can stay there for a bit. But I warn you, Mornington, that you're doing your case no good by this cheek."

Mornington yawned portentously. "I'll leave my case in your hands, dear man," he said. "I'm really not interested in these fag games."

"Are we going to stand his cheek?" howled Lovell.

"Never mind his cheek," said Jimmy Silver. "Let's get to business. Form up for the court!"

The court was soon arranged. As Mornington remained obstinately in bed, his bed was constituted the prisoner's dock. The other fellows sat on the neighbouring beds. Jimmy, as captain of the Form, was the judge, and the rest of the Form were the jury. Erroll was excluded from the jury, as a witness, which was a relief to him, for certainly he did not want to join in passing sentence on his former chum.

Mornington leaned on his elbow in bed, looking on at the proceedings with an air of cool contempt and indifference.

His manner, as Jimmy had warned him, did his case no good. Some of the juniors were annoyed by it to the extent of making up their minds without waiting for the evidence. The Form trial was an institution at Rookwood, and the juniors liked it to be taken seriously—not at all in the flippant, scornful manner in which Morny was taking it.

A bolster and a pillow having been disposed on a washstand to make up a seat for the judge, Jimmy Silver took up his position on that coign of vantage, and the court opened.

"Prisoner at the bar"—Jimmy's glance turned on Mornington—"guilty or not guilty?"

"Any old thing!" answered Mornington coolly.

"Will you answer?" asked Jimmy, breathing hard.

"I've answered."

"Then—"

"Hold on," interposed Erroll's quiet voice. "It's not been stated yet what Mornington is accused of."

There was a chuckle from some of the jury. The judge coloured a little. "That's soon said!" he exclaimed. "He knows, anyhow."

"Stick to the forms of law, though," said Putty Grace. "The prisoner in the bed—I mean at the bar—is entitled to hear the charge."

"Yes, rather!" said Gunner, the new boy in the Fourth. "I don't think much of this judge, if you ask me!"

"Nobody did ask you!" snapped Lovell.

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Look here, Gunner—"

"Silence in court!" exclaimed Conroy. "Jurymen are not allowed to slang one another in the jury-box."

"He, he, he!" came from Tubby Muffin.

"Order!" rapped out Jimmy Silver. "Mornington, you are accused, on suspicion, of having had a bogus telegram sent to me at the school, to call me away just before the St. Jim's match. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

All eyes were turned on Mornington. That youth closed his eyes, laying his head peacefully on the pillow.

"He's gone to sleep!" ejaculated Tubby Muffin. "He, he, he!"

And then there was laughter in court.

The 3rd Chapter. Tried and Condemned!

Jimmy Silver held up his hand for silence. His face was clouded with anger. Mornington's insolence was trying his temper to the uttermost.

"Mornington, will you answer?"

No sound from Morny, and his eyes remained closed. Lovell started up with an angry exclamation.

"I'll jolly soon make him speak!"

"Order!"

"Hold on," said Jimmy, waving Lovell back to his place. "Order in

court! The prisoner refuses to plead. The trial will go on."

"He's guilty, if he doesn't say he isn't!" snorted Lovell.

"We shall see. Mornington!"

Morny's eyes opened, and he yawned.

"Hallo! You fags still goin' it?" he drawled.

"Yes, we're still going it," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Do you wish to answer to the charge now?"

"Not at all. You're borin' me."

"Very well. You know what you're accused of—one of the meanest and dirtiest tricks a fellow could play. Gentlemen of the jury, you are aware that Mornington was dropped out of the cricket eleven, after playing the goat in the late House match, which was a trial match to pick the players for the St. Jim's fixture. You are aware that he cut up rusty."

"Yes, rather!" grunted Lovell.

"Oswald!"

"Adsum!" said Dick Oswald.

"You will tell the jury what happened in your study."

"Go it, Oswald!"

Oswald stood up.

"Mornington came to my study, and picked a quarrel with me," he said. "He told me I'd got his place in the team for St. Jim's, and he was going to knock me out, or words to that effect. His game was to make it impossible for me to go to St. Jim's with the eleven. He would have done it, if other fellows hadn't chipped in, and given him a Form ragging."

"Have you any fault to find with the witness' statement, Mornington?"

Yawn from Mornington. That was his only reply.

Jimmy compressed his lips.

"You can sit down, Oswald. Erroll!"

"Here!" said Erroll.

"On Friday evening, the day before the match, you were hunting for Mornington up and down the House?"

He was silent, and his lips trembled a little.

"I'm sorry, Erroll, as Morny's your pal," said Jimmy. "But you see for yourself that we've got to get at the truth. It's your duty to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You know that?"

"I—I know."

"If Mornington knew I should be called away, the case is proved. Did he admit to you that he knew?"

"He did not say so."

"He wouldn't say so, I suppose. But did you think he knew from what he did say?"

"I—I may have had a suspicion," faltered Erroll. "But what I think isn't evidence, Jimmy."

"As soon as you knew that the telegram was a bogus one, did you believe then that Mornington had caused it to be sent?" demanded the judge. "Did it fall in with what he had let out to you?"

Erroll was silent.

"The jury are waiting for your answer, Erroll," said the judge, kindly but firmly. "You're bound to speak."

Still Erroll did not speak. He did not look at Mornington, though he felt his former chum's mocking eyes upon his face.

"Well?" said Jimmy Silver, after a long silence.

"I've nothing to say," said Erroll at last. "I can't give you facts, and my opinion is not evidence."

"This court rules that your opinion shall be stated. We've got to get the truth out somehow, and we all know that you know it."

"Go it, Erroll!" urged Conroy.

Silence.

"Very well," said the judge. "I will put the question in a different manner. You shall not state your opinion, but you shall repeat everything that Mornington has said to you on the subject, and we will draw our own conclusions."

Still Erroll was silent.

"Several fellows saw, and partly

heard, Mornington urging you to give him back his place in the team. I have been told so!" said Jimmy Silver. "Repeat your conversation with Mornington, as near as you can remember it."

No answer.

"The witness may stand down!" said Jimmy Silver, after waiting a full minute, during which there was a deepening buzz in court. "He has not done his duty, but we can make allowances for him, as he is the prisoner's pal. His refusal to answer makes things pretty plain. Mornington let out to him that he knew I was going to be called away from the match, and that he expected his pal to put him back in the team. That was why the telegram was sent. Erroll knows it, and will not say so."

"Clear enough!" growled Gunner. "Now, if I'd been put into the team for St. Jim's, the match wouldn't have been lost, and—"

"Shut up, Gunner!" howled the jury. Peter Cuthbert Gunner's views were not evidently wanted.

The judge proceeded to sum up.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict. If you consider the prisoner innocent, you will—er—find a verdict of not guilty, while if you consider him guilty, you will—er—find a verdict of—of—"

"Not innocent!" suggested Putty Grace, and there was a chuckle in court.

"Silence! Gentlemen, your verdict!"

"Guilty!"

There was not much doubt as to how the verdict would go. Mornington's refusal to speak condemned him more than anything else. His silence was not wholly due to lofty insolence, as the juniors well knew. Morny, with all his faults, was incapable of lying himself out of a scrape. He would have kept his rascally action a secret. But when he was directly charged with it, he would not descend to falsehoods to save his

skin. His pride, wrong-headed as it was on many points, saved him from that depth. His refuge was silence, and contemptuous disdain. And Erroll's evidence, or lack of evidence, had shown plainly enough what Morny's best chum believed, what he would not have believed without proof enough. If Erroll was convinced, as he evidently was convinced, it was not likely that other fellows would doubt. There was a regular chorus from the whole of the Classical Fourth.

"Guilty!"

The judge turned to Valentine Mornington.

"You hear the verdict?" he said.

"I can hear a crowd of fags clatterin'!" assented Mornington.

"Have you anything to say?"

"Only that you kids had better turn in before a prefect catches you playin' the giddy goat after lights out."

"Is that all?"

"That's all, old bean."

"Then sentence will be passed on you, Mornington. You are found guilty of playing a dirty trick on a school-fellow, and causing a School match to be lost. You are sentenced to a Form-ragging, and to be sent to Coventry for the rest of the term."

"Hear, hear!"

"The sentence will now be carried out!" said Jimmy Silver. "The prisoner will run the gauntlet of the whole dormitory. After that, he will be cut by the Form. Mornington, turn out of bed!"

"Rats!"

"Have him out!" roared Lovell.

There was a rush at Mornington's bed, and this time Jimmy Silver did not intervene. Half a dozen pairs of hands were laid on Mornington. The cool nonchalance which had so exasperated the juniors left him at once. He leapt up in bed, hitting out savagely as he was seized.

Lovell went over with a yell, Raby followed him. Then Mornington was dragged out of bed bodily and rolled

it was a matter of which the law would have taken cognizance, if it had become known outside Rookwood. The hasty, passionate fellow had not realised it, but the sending of a telegram in another's name was counted a forgery in the eye of the law. Deeply as Jimmy Silver resented that miserable trick, he was not inclined to draw upon Mornington the full consequences of the act.

He stood silent, not knowing what to say. And the Classical Fourth, taking their cue from Jimmy, stood silent also. Mornington rose slowly to his feet, breathing in gasps.

"Well, Silver?" said the Fourth Form master.

"It—it—it's a rag, sir!" stammered Jimmy at last.

"Of which, apparently, Mornington is the victim?"

"Yes, sir."

"What has Mornington done?"

No answer.

"Mornington, you must be aware of the cause of this outrageous disturbance. You will tell me."

"The fellows have got their backs up about somethin', sir," answered Mornington breathlessly but coolly. "I think they don't quite like my tellin' them that they're a set of cheeky and silly fags."

"Is that all?"

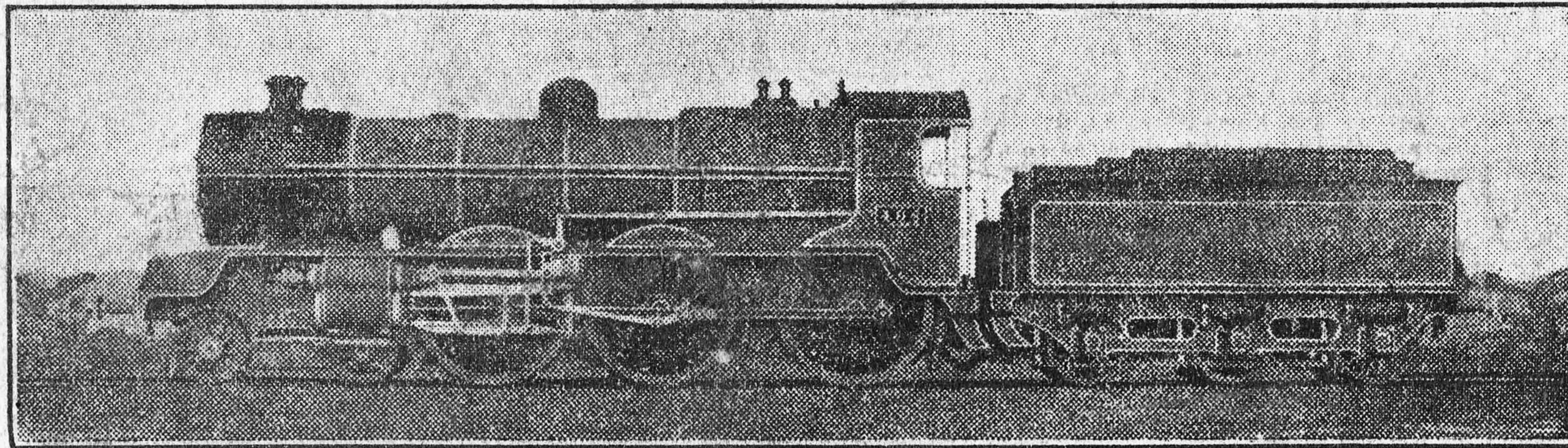
"If Silver's got anythin' against me, sir, he can tell you," said Mornington. "He knows best."

It was a daring challenge, for Mornington could not have been sure that no voice would be raised to tell the facts. But Jimmy Silver was silent, and the Fourth followed Uncle James.

Mr. Dalton was silent for a minute or so, eyeing the juniors. He spoke at last.

"You will go back to bed. On Monday morning I shall cane every boy in the Form for this outbreak. If there is any further disturbance in this dormitory to-night, I shall request the Head to take the matter in hand."

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"Yes."

"Did you find that he had gone out of school bounds?"

"I—I supposed he had."

"Do you know for certain?"

Mornington looked across at Erroll with a mocking smile.

"We're waiting for your answer, Erroll," said the judge.

"I can't answer that question."

"Why not?"

"Well, I can't."

"Mornington!"

"Hallo, old bean?"

"Did you go out of school bounds on Friday evening?"

"Find out!"

"Did you go out," continued Jimmy Silver, "to see some shady rotter you knew in Coombe, to bribe him to go over to Denewood, near my home, and send a bogus telegram from there?"

There was a buzz in court, and all eyes were fixed on Mornington. The dandy of the Fourth smiled.

"What an idea!" he said.

"Yes, or no?"

"Whichever you like, old bean," said Mornington affably. "Like the little boy in the circus who wanted to know which was the lion and which was the tiger, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

There were symptoms of laughter in court again; but the judge did not smile.

"The jury will note that the prisoner does not deny it," said the judge. "Erroll, when I was called away by a trick, you took over the captaincy of the eleven for St. Jim's. Did Mornington demand a place in the team on the ground of your friendship with him?"

"He asked for a place," said Erroll in a low tone.

"Did he betray any knowledge of the fact that I should be called away, thus making his own pal captain in my place, and able to give him what I had refused him?"

Every eye was fixed on Erroll now.

on the floor in the midst of a struggling, trampling crowd.

The 4th Chapter.

The Sentence of the Form!

"Boys!"

It was the voice of thunder in the doorway.

Mornington was still struggling desperately in the midst of an angry crowd, when the door was flung open, and Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, appeared.

In the excitement of the struggle, on Mornington's resistance to his sentence, the Classical Fourth had quite forgotten masters and prefects. The din in the Fourth Form dormitory could be heard far beyond the bounds of that apartment.

It had brought the Form-master on the scene. Mr. Dalton stood staring into the dormitory with a frowning brow. His voice rang through the tumult.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Lovell. "It's Dicky!"

"Cave!"

"Look out!"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Richard Dalton, advancing into the dormitory.

The struggle ceased as if by magic. The juniors let Mornington go as suddenly as if he had become red-hot. They crowded back, leaving the dandy of the Fourth gasping on the floor.

Mornington sat up breathlessly.

Mr. Dalton glanced at him, and then fixed his eyes sternly on Jimmy Silver.

"You are head boy of the Form, Silver. You will explain to me what this disturbance means!"

Jimmy breathed hard. Mornington had been found guilty by the Form of an act that the Classical Fourth could not pardon. But nobody had any intention of informing the master of it. What Mornington had done was enough to earn him expulsion from the school. Indeed,

The Classical Fourth turned in obediently. Mr. Dalton collected up the candles, and left the dormitory with those relics in his possession. The door closed behind him.

"A jicking all round on Monday, and all to-morrow to anticipate it!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "That's rather rich."

"I say, I'm not going to be licked!" howled Tubby Muffin. "Dicky Dalton ought to be told, and then he would let us off."

"Shut up, Muffin!"

"Well, I don't see takin' a lickin' just to screen a fellow who's played a sneakin' trick!" exclaimed Towns- end.

"Can't be helped," said Jimmy Silver. "We can't give Mornington away to the beaks. It's too jolly serious for that."

"That's his look out!" growled Gower.

"Ours, too! It can't be did. Keep smiling."

"And what about running the gauntlet?" exclaimed Lovell. "Is the rotter going to get off that just because Dicky Dalton butted in?"

"Cheese it, old chap! If there's any more row it's a matter for the Head. Who wants to go up before Dr. Chisholm?"

"Not little me!" said Conroy, with a laugh. "Let it drop. Morny gets off the ragging, but he's sent to Coventry."

"Yes, rather!"

"That's settled!" said Jimmy Silver. "Every fellow in the Form lets him alone after this. I don't think any fellow can quite think him fit to speak to after what he's done."

"What about Erroll?" squeaked Tubby Muffin. "He always sticks to Morny, whatever he does. Morny punched his nose for not putting him into the St. Jim's eleven—"

"My hat! I should think that enough even for Erroll!" said Lovell, with a loud sniff.

"I saw it in the quad," said Tubby. (Continued on page 574.)

succumbed to a momentary temptation, and had regretted it afterwards. But that would possibly do no good at all. Hetty would get sacked at the very least, probably would have to take her trial for the theft, or attempted theft.

And the only way out would be to shoulder the blame himself. And then the punishment would fall on him. The stigma that was on his name, however unjust it was, would go against him. He might be sent to prison—"to join his father in prison," as Silas Warner had so cruelly put it.

Len was nothing if not chivalrous. But there was someone else he had to think about as well—his mother. If this happened to him it would be the last straw so far as Mrs. Lowden was concerned. It would just break her up. She would not live to see the day when he would be free again. Of that he felt convinced.

The perspiration stood out in beads on the boy's forehead.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He kept repeating the question to himself, without finding any satisfactory answer.

On his way to the mill the following morning he met Hetty Freeman, and she came up to him at once. She was still rather pale and worried-looking.

"Did—did tha manage it, lad?" she whispered.

"I got the stuff back, Hetty—yes. But—"

She did not wait for the completion of the sentence. She caught one of his hands and kissed it impulsively.

"I'll never be able to thank thee eno' for what tha hast done for me!" she whispered. "I tell thee this, Len. If—if t' truth had got out—if there had been a danger o' me being arrested I wouldn't 'a' waited for it! Nay, I wouldn't! I would 'a' just gone and flung myself into t' mill-pond and got out o' it that way! I wouldn't 'a' brought t' disgrace on my parents!"

"Hetty!"

It was a stern voice across the road speaking—the voice of Hetty's father.

"I must go on now!" she said hurriedly. "But I'll always remember what tha hast done for me! And if—if ever I can get t' chance of paying thee back I will, lad! I gi' thee my solemn word for it, I will!"

She ran off then. But she had only made matters a thousand times worse—more complicated—so far as Len was concerned.

What could he do? Len did not know it then, but the matter was being taken out of his hands by the fiendish ingenuity of Silas Warner.

Early that morning Silas had an interview with Bert Brigson. The interview took place in a rather curious sort of place—at the back of one of the sheds that was not then being used, being under repair.

It was altogether a surreptitious sort of meeting, as if both the manager and Brigson were afraid that they would be seen by someone and did not want that to happen.

Bert did not seem to be inclined to talk a lot at first, but Warner was not standing any nonsense.

"Now, then, out with it!" he said. "You know very well it was Hetty Freeman—wasn't it? She took the voile?"

"I'm not—"

Warner leaned slightly forward, and tapped Bert on the shoulder.

"You're a funny sort of chap, Brigson," he said. "You amuse me greatly—you do indeed. I know that you are first and foremost amongst those who are advocating Lowden being hounded from the mill because he is a spy. There is something very funny in that, because you happen to be the spy yourself! Ha, ha! I wonder what they would say if they knew—all of them—that Bert Brigson does the narking and gets paid for it? It would make things very awkward for you, wouldn't it?"

Bert stared around him apprehensively.

"Tha—tha ga' me a promise, a solemn promise, that tha would never peach on me!" he whispered. "Tha—tha knew full well that I had to get t' brass somehow, and it—it was myself who proposed that I should go this way to work about it! Tha know full well that tha did! Tha cannot deny it! And now—now—"

"All right—all right, my lad! I'm not going to give you away. I shall respect your secret always. And let me tell you something else, Brigson, that will greatly interest you."

He explained briefly what had happened last night.

"I shall see that your name is not brought into the subject," he went on. "I shall give them to understand that I have got my information

from Lowden. I shall make them all think that he is the spy—the one who has given Hetty Freeman away."

"Tha will?"

"I give you my word for it."

"All reet, then. It's the truth—it was her. After all, there's no particular reason why I should stick oop for her. Treated me like so much dirt, she has, always preferring t' company o' Lowden, confound him! It was her! She took t' voile!"

Silas Warner nodded, well pleased. "That's all right," he said. "You cut along to your job, Brigson, and don't be afraid. You'll be kept out of it."

Silas Warner went back to his private office, and he sent for Leonard Lowden.

The boy had been expecting the summons, and he went in with as stout a heart as possible, holding his head high, though even now he did not know what attitude to take.

"Well, Lowden, here you are, then!" the manager said. "You didn't run off? You were not afraid to face me this morning?"

Len drew himself up. "No," he said. "I don't think I ever shall be afraid to face you or anyone, Mr. Warner."

"Ah, well, I suppose I owe you an apology?"

"You—"

"It's all right, Lowden. You didn't take the voile. You had nothing to do with it. You were trying to shield someone else. No, don't start denying things. I know the truth, my lad. The person who took that roll of stuff was a girl named Hetty Freeman. I know it."

It seemed to Leonard then that the whole matter had settled itself. He had not given the girl who trusted him away. The manager had found out from another source.

He took a step forward.

"But she—she's not a thief at heart!" he said swiftly. "She—she just gave way to a sudden temptation. We—we are all likely to do that, and she had intended to put the voile back—I feel sure that she would have done that. Mr. Warner, I ask you not to take any further action in this matter. I ask you—"

And then he paused. He had forgotten that he was speaking to his father's greatest enemy. Silas Warner was not the man he wanted to ask favours of.

The manager rose to his feet and opened the door of a little room that led out from his own.

"Step in there," he said.

Silas Warner did not give any further explanation. Len walked into the room; then, before he knew what was happening, the manager shut him in.

There was a fiendish sort of smile on Silas Warner's face as he went back to his desk.

"Now," he murmured—"now to make Master Len Lowden thoroughly unpopular! Now to put on the final straw and brand him as a spy beyond any doubt whatsoever! If he stops at the mill after this—if he manages to go on—then I shall be very surprised indeed."

He touched a bell, and gave orders that three youths and a couple of girls—one of them Hetty Freeman—were to be sent to him. He also requested Mr. Freeman to come as well.

In a few minutes they arrived. Mr. Freeman alone seemed surprised. The younger ones all looked thoroughly perturbed and frightened.

Silas Warner, sitting back in his chair, put the tips of his fingers together and looked round.

"I have sent for you on a very grave matter," he said. "You are aware, all of you, that certain articles have been pilfered from the mill just recently."

The colour rushed up into Mr. Freeman's face.

"Look here, sir," he exclaimed, "if tha mean to accuse me—"

"Be quiet, Freeman; I am not accusing you at all. I am addressing myself to the younger ones at present, but I want you to listen."

"My daughter—"

"I am addressing my remarks especially to your daughter," Mr. Warner went on. "Will you be quiet until I have finished? You are aware that this pilfering has got to stop—that I am threatening with prosecution anyone who is caught. Now, each one of you here are under suspicion; your names are on the list with which I have been supplied!"

"By who?" It was a chap named Mick Jones who asked that question. "Who's t' dirty spy?"

"Never mind. I am not going into that. It isn't the point. I warn you all; but there is one of you here that I must take sterner action with. Freeman, I am sorry to tell you that your daughter is a thief!"

"Tha'r't a liar! My girl's nowt o'

t' kind. I've brought her up honest—ay, and I have—and so's her mother. She'd never tak' a penny o' what didn't belong to her!"

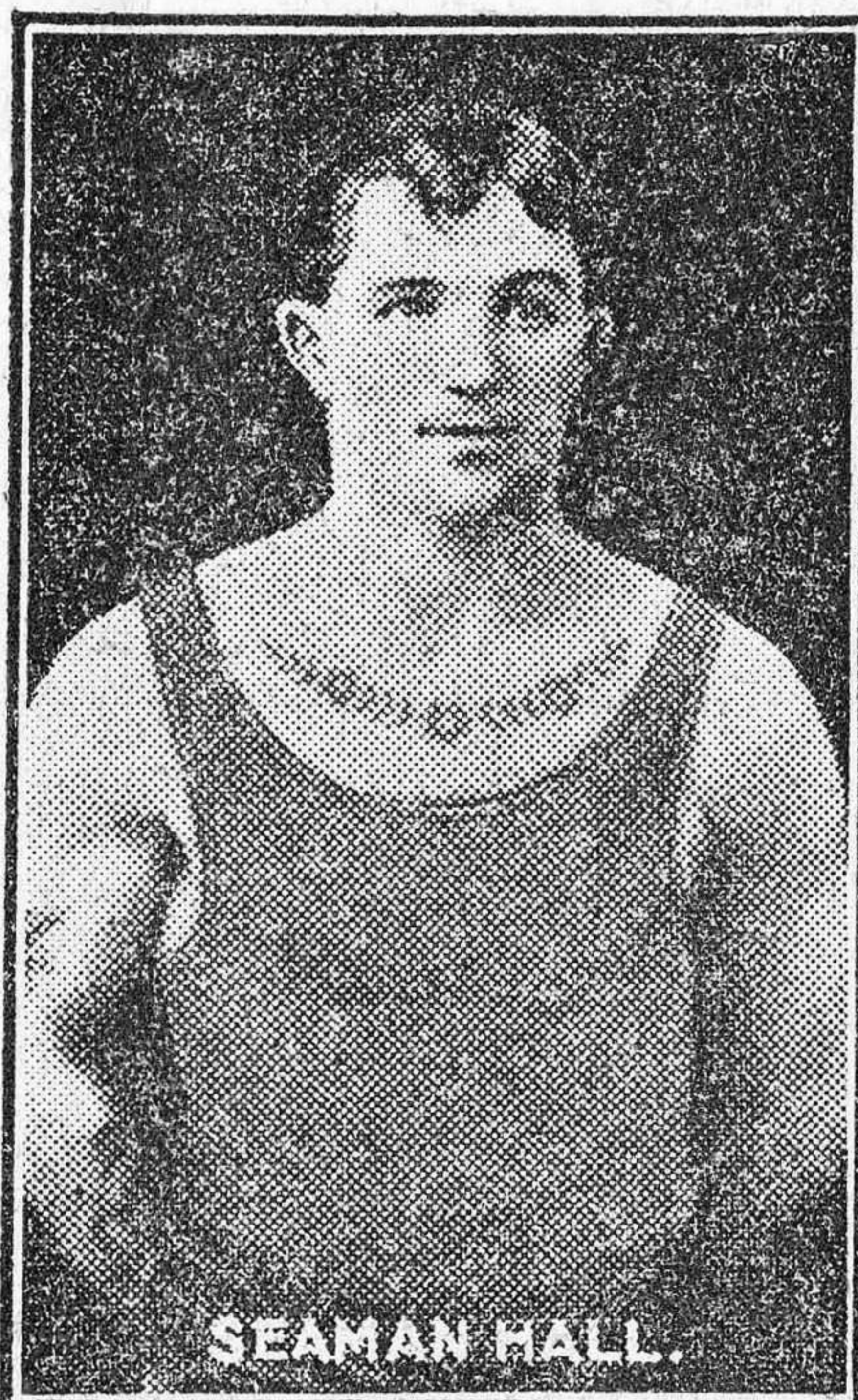
Mr. Warner pointed to the shivering girl, white to the very lips.

"Look at her!" he said. "Doesn't her face—doesn't her whole attitude bespeak her guilt? Of course it does. And, in any case, I do not go on supposition. I have proof—definite proof. Last night your daughter tried to get out of this mill with a roll of voile. She had seen the warning. She knew the penalty, but she could not resist the temptation. She is a thief in intention, and I am going to send for the police!"

"No, no, no! Oh, for Heaven's sake, not that—not that! Mr. Warner, don't do that—don't send me to prison!"

Hetty flung herself on her knees by the manager's side—tried to clutch at his hands; but he kept her off.

NEXT MONDAY'S FREE REAL PHOTO!



SEAMAN HALL.

SEAMAN HALL, the Lightweight and Welter-weight Champion of the Royal Navy. He is the subject of our grand FREE REAL PHOTO next week. Don't miss it on any account.

He saw the absolute stupefaction on her father's face—stupefaction first, then horror. It was as much as the evil manager could do to conceal a smile.

Everything was going the way he wanted it to. Everything was just splendid! He was leading up to the grand climax.

An Englishman who has Knocked-out Georges Carpentier!

"YOUNG SNOWBALL"

(Ted Broadribb).

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF HOW HE WON THE FIGHT.



TED BROADRIBB.

There are only three men in the world who can boast of having knocked-out Georges Carpentier. One is Jack Dempsey, the American, and the heavy-weight champion of the world, another is a forgotten Frenchman named Gloria, and the third is an Englishman, Ted Broadribb, who in his fighting days was known as "Young Snowball."

Three other men—Frank Klaus, Billy Papke, and the "Dixie Kid"—might have accomplished similar performances if referees had not intervened to save Carpentier from further punishment. Ted Broadribb is the only Englishman who has put the Frenchman down for a full count.

His own version of the affair is an interesting one.

"I have my duty to do," he said. "Do you mean to tell me that you are innocent of this charge? Did you not take the voile?"

"I didn't—no, I didn't! At least, I mean, I— Oh, no, I didn't—I didn't! Don't send me to prison!"

Hetty had lost her nerve completely. She simply did not know what she was saying or what she was doing, and if ever a manner bespoke guilt hers did, even to her father's mind.

She had thought she had been saved—she had thought that Len Lowden had saved her. She had thanked him for it, and now—this. This had come when she had thought that she had got over the consequences of her folly.

"I—I will pay for any stuff that she has taken, sir," Mr. Freeman spoke hoarsely. He was white himself now. "I will pay treble. I have worked many years at the mill. I beg that tha will tak' all that into consideration."

Mr. Warner shook his head.

"Freeman, I am sorry for you—very sorry indeed," he said. "But I have my duty to do—my duty to my employers. If I could do anything I would. This, however, is not a case that can be bought off. Your daughter is guilty. She would have got away with the voile. We should have lost all trace of it last night but for the timely intervention of someone. Mind, I am not going to say that I admire this 'someone.' I make no comment at all on that. But since this has been brought to my notice, I have got to deal with it; that is my duty. That 'someone' is here!"

He walked to the door and opened it.

"Come out!" he said.

And Len Lowden came into the room. He knew nothing of what had transpired; he did not know the cunning trap that had been prepared for him. But on the faces of all the others in the room he saw the implacable hatred.

Hetty flung out her hands, laughing hysterically.

"Tha said tha would save me!" she cried. "Oh, a proper fool I was to trust thee—a mad sort o' fool! I might 'a' known—I might 'a' known all the time! Tha meant to gi' me away all t' time!"

And Mick Jones spoke next in a snarling voice.

"So tha'r't t' spy, art tha?" he said. "'Tis been proved against thee now! Not only against men, but against girls as well tha do it! Nowt's too low for thee! Tell us one thing, how much art tha making out of it? If this lass gets sent to prison, and her life wrecked, how much will it be worth to thee?"

(A further instalment of this true-to-life industrial story will be given in next week's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND. There will also be a free, real photo of Seaman Hall!)

SENTENCED BY THE FOURTH

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 572.)

"I say, Erroll, are you going to send Mornington to Coventry with the rest?"

No answer from Erroll.

"Speak up, Erroll!" came several voices.

"You'd better speak, Erroll," said Jimmy Silver. "I know Mornington's your pal, and you always stick to him, but in this matter you ought to stand in with the Form. You know that?"

Erroll spoke at last.

"You're mistaken," he said in a low voice. "Mornington and I are not friends now. I don't think I should have let the sentence of the Form make any difference to me—"

"Oh, wouldn't you, you cheeky ass?" broke out Lovell hotly.

"No. But it was over before that, for reasons of my own. Mornington has got what he deserves, and I have nothing to say for him or to him."

"That's good enough, old fellow!" said Jimmy Silver softly. "Good-night, you chaps! We sha'n't want to hear the rising-bell in the morning."

And the Classical Fourth were soon asleep—with one exception. Long in the silent night Valentine Mornington lay wakeful, his eyes staring sleeplessly at the high, starlit window, thinking—perhaps with remorse—of what his passionate waywardness had led him to at last—of the long-trying friendship he had thrown away as a thing of no value which could never be replaced.

Not a word was addressed to Mornington in the dormitory next morning. The sentence of the Fourth was being carried out.

When Jimmy Silver & Co. walked in the quad after breakfast, Mornington passed them without a word, but with a mocking, contemptuous smile. Erroll was walking alone on the path under the beeches, and Mornington's steps led him in that direction. The glances of the Fistical Four followed him.

It seemed as if Morny could not wholly believe that the irrevocable had happened at last—that he could not realise that his old, strong influence over Kit Erroll was at an end. He came down the path directly towards Erroll, and met him face to face, and stopped in his way to speak.

Erroll's eyes were fixed on him for one moment, and then he deliberately turned his back and walked away. Valentine Mornington stood still, as if he were incapable of motion, looking after the receding figure of the friend he had lost for ever!

THE END.

(Yet another magnificent story dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School will appear in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND. Also a free, real photo of Seaman Hall!)

"Carpentier was a feather-weight when I met him," he mentioned. "The date was April 9th, 1910. For something like two years he had been carrying all before him, and when I was engaged to go over to Paris, I don't think anyone really thought that I would extend him."

"Shall I tell you what it was that made me so determined to win? The spectators were dead up against me. I don't know the reason to this day, but it shot into my head that they were opposed to me because I was an Englishman. I may have been wrong there, of course, but that was the thought that drifted into my mind."

"Up to that moment it had never occurred to me to be proud of the circumstances that I was a Britisher. I had never had any reason to dwell on the fact, but the instant I heard the cries something stirred in me—something that I can't explain even now—that made me so desperately anxious to gain the victory that I could not think of anything else."

"I suppose it must have been pride of race. In any case, I sailed into Carpentier as soon as the bell went, and from then to the end I don't think he was much in the picture."

"The fight only lasted four rounds, but in that time I must have dropped him at least twenty times. He fought cleanly and finely, but I

was a bit above myself, and it's no boast when I say that I was all over him. As a matter of fact, I never fought like it either before or since."

"It was the shouting of the spectators that was responsible. Had they been friendly, or had they preserved silence, I might have put up a very different battle. But it's the plain truth when I say that I didn't realise that I was a Briton until that night in Paris."

"The record book mentions that it was 'Young Snowball' who defeated Carpentier, but it ought also to be said that the onlookers helped. They roused in me a spirit that assisted me to accomplish something that was thought to be impossible."

Broadribb is still in the boxing business. He promotes, he trains promising youngsters, and he attends fights all over the country. He is generally regarded as one of the cleverest tutors in England. He has managed Seaman Hall for several years, and another youth he expects to train into a champion is Teddy Murton.

Thoroughly unassuming, and likeable to a degree, Broadribb, who in his day was one of the best feather-weights in the world, has done much to raise the standard of boxing. But he will chiefly be remembered for his extraordinary performance in Paris twelve years ago.