FOOTBALL AGAIN!—A GRAND OPENING ARTICLE BY "GOALIE" IN THIS ISSUE.



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RENOWNED THE WORLD OVER!

[Week Ending August 26th, 1922.



THE KIDNAPPING OF TWO-PUNCH KERRIGAN!

THE BOGUS AMBULANCE MEN GET AWAY WITH THE CHAMPION IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! (A startling incident from the magnificent boxing story complete in this issue.)

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. ON THEIR HOLIDAY TREK!

Thon the Rookwooders



The 1st Chapter. Unexpected:

According to Arthur Edward Lovell, it was the fault of Trotsky-Trotsky the pony.

According to Jimmy Silver, Raby, Newcome, and Putty Grace, it was the fault of Arthur Edward Lovell-Lovell the ass!

It was a warm afternoon, even for August. The Rookwood holiday tramps were rather tired, and very dusty. Trotsky, pulling the little baggage-cart, grew more and more laggard. He evidently thought that it was time to camp. Jimmy Silver & Co. agreed with him; but there was no suitable spot at hand. Trotsky would have been satisfied with the strip of grass by the roadside-but the Rookwooders, naturally, were not so easily satisfied as Trotsky. Trotsky slowed more and more, even refusing to heed the cricket stump when Putty of the Fourth flourished it over his head. And at length the pony came to a dead halt, and refused to put one foot before the other.

Trotsky was fed up.

It was just his way to choose the most inconvenient spot possible for that abrupt and obstinate halt.

The holiday tramps were just opposite the open gate of a mansion that lay back from the country road. In the distance, beyond a gravel drive and some beech trees, the mansion could be seen, its old red brick front glimmering in the sun. On the drive there was a rather tall, thin gentleman, with a white moustache, a thin nose, and a cold grey eye. That cold grey eye rested at once, with disfavour, on the dusty party passing the gatesand the disfavour grew more pronounced when the dusty party came to a halt in the middle of the road, and just opposite the middle of the gateway.

Jimmy Silver pulled at the pony. Raby pushed. Newcome smacked. Putty Grace gave a touch of the cricket stump. Arthur Edward Lovell watched their efforts, with a slightly superior smile. Lovell's conviction was that he was the only fellow in the party who could handle the pony. But he looked on patiently. He was prepared to go in and win, as it were, when the other fellows had failed. Even Putty's stump did not persuade Trotsky to get moving. Generally, when Trotsky mistook the time, and fancied that it was "lente," the stump convinced him that it really was "presto," and a second application of the stump urged him to "prestissimo."

Now he only turned a reproachful eye upon Putty, and did not budge. "Of all the obstinate beasts!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Give him the stump, Putty!" growled Raby. Whack!

Trotsky persisted in looking reproachful, and remained where he was. Whack!

Putty could not find it in his heart to whack very hard. And half-measures were absolutely useless with a thoughtful and intelligent pony like Trotsky.

"That's no good!" said Lovell. "Perhaps you can make him move!" snapped Putty, heatedly.

"No perhaps about it," answered Lovell calmly. "I can make him move. Leave him to me, you fellows."

"No time for your swank now, old chap," said Raby, a little crossly.

"Well, if you want to stay here all the evening-" said Lovell, in a tone of patient resignation.

Patient resignation ought really to turn away wrath; but somehow it had an irritating effect on four warm and dusty juniors.

"You silly owl!" began Newcome. "Oh, let Lovell try!" said Jimmy Silver.

you fellows!" to Lovell. Arthur Edward Lovell took on lafter the rocking cart, leaving the old his task with cheery confidence. That | gentleman roaring behind. The drive was his way of taking on any task—unin- | curved round in front of the house, and

CONQUEST.

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

everything from a "good old hoss" to a 1 "knock-kneed brute"; and Trotsky remained deaf to the voice of the charmer. Meanwhile, the white-moustached gentleman on the drive beyond the open gates was approaching the road, with stronger and stronger disfavour marked in his

severe face. "Give me the stump!" exclaimed Lovell, at last.

Putty smiled.

"I could have done it with the stump!" he remarked, as softly as a cooing dove. "Give me the stump!" roared Lovell.

He was in no mood for argument, or for admitting failure. He grabbed the stump, and proceeded to convince Trotsky that the time of the march was not "lente," but "prestissimo con fuoco."

Whack! It was a real whack—such a whack as Trotsky had never, probably, experienced light cart dancing behind him on one guardian-" before—certainly not at the hands of the Rookwood tramps. It electrified Trotsky.

He moved. stump, he was through the gateway in the | who was strolling idly along with his twinkling of an eye, and speeding on, with the baggage-cart rocking behind, and gravel flying from his dashing heels. Lovell stared after him blankly.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "You awful ass!" gasped Jimmy Silver in utter dismay.

"Well, I've started him!" "After him!" yelled Jimmy. tearing on.

Two fists were shaken from the steps; two enraged voices objugated the Rookwooders.

"You impudent rascals-"

"You confounded cheeky ruffians--" Jimmy Silver & Co. had no time to stop for conversation. They raced on past the steps, unheeding. Trotsky was going 1 strong round the drive, heading for the "out" gate. Trotsky seemed to think that he was on the race-track. Jimmy Silver, panting on ahead of his comrades, could not get near enough to grab the cart from behind. And if Trotsky escaped into the open road with all the Rookwooders' possessions trailing behind

Trotsky reached the exit an easy first. He whirled out into the road, with the wheel. Jimmy Silver & Co. rushed into the road a few seconds later. Trotsky was going as strong as ever. But a dozen | at the Lodge?" Swerving away from Lovell and the yards further on, a youth in a straw hat, hands in his pockets, glanced round at the sound of clattering hoofs, and, suddenly waking from lounging idleness to surprising activity, leaped into the road, caught the pony, and dragged him to a

up, full of the deepest gratitude to the stranger.

passage at you chaps, it's like old times! Slang away!" Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Thanks no end for stopping the fiery "Thanks no end for stopping the fiery | "I know the owner, old chap, and untamed, Morny," he said. "But what that's all right," said Mornington. are you doing in this part of the giddy globe?"

"I was just goin' in to dinner when I heard your gee-gee cavortin'," answered Mornington. He glanced at his watch. "Ten to seven! Just ten minutes to change. I shall be late, and my beloved uncle will get his rag out."

"Don't let us stop you then, old chap," said Jimmy Silver hastily. Jimmy knew that relations were strained between Mornington and his guardian, and he was anxious not to make matters worse.

"My dear old bean, I'm not leavin' you "Oh, crumbs!" gasped Jimmy Silver, yet, after this unexpected merry meetin'," said Mornington coolly. "You fellows in a hurry?"

> "No fear; only looking for a camp." "Then I'll help you," said Morny. "That is," he added, with a sardonic curve of the lip, "if you care for the company of a fellow who was kicked out of school in disgrace."

> "Oh, don't be an ass, old scout. We were all sorry you went," said Jimmy Silver. "You asked for it, and got it. But I wish you could come back to Rookwood next term."

"Don't I wish I could!" said Morny. "Anyhow, I can show you where to camp. I know this quarter like a book." "But your dinner?" said Raby.

"Won't you fellows ask me to supper at your camp?" "Yes, rather; jolly glad. But your

"Oh, never mind the dear old uncle." "Won't he be ratty if you cut dinner

"Well, then-" "Dear man, Sir Rupert is most amusin' when he's ratty," yawned Mornington. "Besides, probably he will take it out of Aubrey and Augustus. My cousins, you know-the Stacpoole cousins. They're home for the holidays now, and makin' And Jimmy Silver & Co. came panting | my life one long enjoyment. This way." Valentine Mornington led the pony on. Jimmy Silver & Co. walked with him-

Rookwood "Lovely! Why, there's a pump over again," exclaimed Mornington. "Go it, by the shed in the corner. We can get water there. But are you sure we can camp here, Morny? What about the

"Well, if you're sure-" "Take my word for it,"

Mornington. "Right-ho!"

Trotsky was led into the field, and the gate closed. It was an ideal spot for camping-rich green grass, and shady trees, and, above all, the pump with a supply of pure water.

Trotsky was taken out of the harness and tethered to a peg, with a long rope to give him a wide feeding range. In a further corner of the paddock, two riding-horses were cropping the grass contentedly. They raised their heads to look at the intruders, and then went on contentedly feeding. Jimmy Silver & Co. camped in the opposite corner.

The tent and the cooking utensils were turned out of the cart. Jimmy Silver set up the oil stove for cooking-it was too hot for a camp fire. Mornington looked into the baggage-cart and helped to turn out the contents with great

appreciation. "That's a toppin' outfit," he remarked. "Just the thing for a walking. party. Beats a caravan hollow. Where on earth did you fellows pick it up?"

"Lent to us for the vacation," said Jimmy Silver, smiling. "Not our giddy property. The cart's a treasure, it holds no end of things, and weighs next to nothing. The pony's another treasure, only he's got his little weaknesses. Still, he's all right, except when Lovell takes him in hand."

"Look here-" bawled Arthur Edward

Lovell indignantly. "Nearly killed a jolly old gent just before you met us," said Jimmy. "Lovell will land us with an inquest yet."

"You silly owl!" roared Lovell. "I tell you---

said Putty.

"Bow-wow!" "It was the fault of the pony." "The fault of the donkey, you mean,"

"Just that!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Lovell, old man, dry up. What are you putting into that oil-stove?" "Paraffin, of course!" snorted Lovell.

"What the thump do you think I'm putting into it-coffee?" "No-water," answered Jimmy, with a chuckle. "It's water in that can."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "That comes of a silly idiot stacking water in an oil-can!" roared Lovell. "What silly chump wanted to put water into a can exactly like the oil-can to look at?"

"Lucky there's a pump," said Raby. "If there wasn't, I'd like to know what we'd boil the spuds in now."

"Well, there is!" growled Lovell. "And it was a silly mistake to have cans for oil and water looking exactly alike. The silly idiot who bought them ought to be boiled in oil-hem!--" Arthur Edward Lovell broke off quite suddenly, as he remembered that the cans had been among the articles of the outfit purchased by himself. That little circumstance had quite escaped his memory for the moment,

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the campers. "For goodness' sake, don't waste time cackling when we're frightfully hungry!" said Lovell. "Never saw such a crew for cackling. I'll draw some water while you empty the stove."

Lovell took the water-can and started for the pump. He set down the can under the pump and worked the handle. But the water did not flow.

Arthur Edward gave an angry snort. "The dashed thing's dried up!" he growled. "Now we're out of water." "Lots of water there, if you pump for

it!" called out Mornington. "Can't you see me pumping?" demanded Lovell, working away at the handle. "Blow the thing! It's quite dried up-or else the spout is stopped up! That's it,

I suppose." Lovell relinquished the handle for a moment, and twisted his head under the

spout to look into it. But the pumping had told-the water was coming. It was only a little late in arriving, as water often is in pumps that are not in frequent use.

As Lovell twisted his face under the spout to peer up into it, the gush of water came-belated, but ample.

Swoooooosh! It smote Arthur Edward Lovell fairly in the middle of his features.

The chums of Rookwood were very glad to see him again. They had often There was a choking yell from Lovell, thought of Morny, and the heavy blow and he bounded back from the pump, that had fallen upon him had quite streaming. There was another yell from the campers. They tried to forget that they had ever

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Grooogh! Gug-gug-I'm drenchedoooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shricked the campers. "You silly, cackling geese---"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Lovell, with feelings too deep for words,

made a dive for the baggage-cart to annex a towel. Jimmy Silver smilingly filled the can; while Lovell mopped his face and head, and looked daggers. It was not till supper was ready, and an appetising smell pervaded the camp, that the smile returned to Arthur Edward's face.

The 3rd Chapter. The Order of the Boot!

Valentine Mornington leaned back against the trunk of an old beech, with a cheery smile on his face.

He had enjoyed supper with the Rookwood tramps-much more, certainly, than he would have enjoyed dinner in the dining-room at Stacpoole Lodge with the severe old baronet and the two Stacpoole cousins.

Supper was over, and Putty Grace was washing up, Raby handling the teacloth. Newcome packed away the remnants of the supper. Jimmy Silver gave the pony a rub down, and Arthur Edward Lovell was making up beds in the tent.

Mornington watched them.

Jimmy Silver & Co. came panting up full of the deepest gratitude to the stranger for having stopped the runaway Trotsky. Then the Rookwooders recognised the youth and yelled in chorus: "Mornington!"

The juniors rushed in at the gates, in pursuit of their baggage-cart and the ing at them with a smile. "Why--elusive pony. In the middle of the drive | My only aunt! You!" the white-moustached gentleman stood stock still, staring incredulously at this lawless invasion of his well-kept grounds. Trotsky kept straight on-right at the old gentleman. Jimmy Silver's heart was almost in his mouth—it seemed inevitable that the old gentleman would be hurled flying by the charging pony.

Fortunately, almost at the last moment, the gentleman realised his danger, and leapt aside, with an activity quite creditable to a person of his years. He just escaped a collision, lost his footing, and went plunging headlong into the

Trotsky, unheeding, raced on, while the old gentleman sat up in the gravel, and

Jimmy Silver & Co. rushed on after the runaway. They had no time to attend to roaring old gentlemen. They were too terrified to think of what Trotsky might do next. If he landed through the glass of the conservatory, it would be a serious "Make way for the giddy wonder-worker, matter—and quite in keeping with Trotsky's peculiar character. Panting The Co. stepped back, and left Trotsky | and excited, the five Rookwooders raced fluenced by a long record of "muck-ups." | there was an exit by another gate further | Lovell." Lovell pulled, and then Lovell pushed: | down the road. Two slim youths in and Trotsky might have been a pony | Panama hats were lounging by the wide carved in granite, for all the effect stone steps-at the sight of the charging Lovell's pulling and pushing had upon | pony and cart, they leaped up the steps him. Jimmy Silver & Co. began to smile. | as if for their lives. A Panama hat Lovell began to frown. I floated down, and the next instant was He talked to the pony—he called him crunched under Trotsky's flying hoofs.

"Your outfit?" asked the youth, glanc- ; a little worried. It was pretty clear that

And the Rookwooders yelled in chorus. "Mornington!"

The 2nd Chapter. Camping with Morny!

"Great pip!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at the smiling face of Valentine Mornington, formerly of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood. They were glad to see him, but for a time. Jimmy Silver & Co. could

more amazed than glad. It was an sympathise with that. But they realised utterly unexpected meeting. Only once had they seen Mornington | bound to respect his uncle's wishes, and since he had been expelled from Rook- | that, evidently, Morny had no thought wood. They had hardly expected ever of doing. In his usual, way he was

to see him again. All they knew of him following his latest impulse-careless of was that he had gone home to his guar- | what might follow. dian, Sir Rupert Stacpoole, at Stacpoole | But .t was scarcely the thing for Lodge, and that he was far from happy I Jimmy Silver to begin to "preach" at

"Fancy meeting you!" exclaimed fellow have his way, only hoping that a Lovell. "Old Morny, by gad!" "Jolly glad to see you!" said New- | And Mornington was a useful guide. come heartily.

"No end glad, old chap!" said Jimmy | country thoroughly. He turned off the Silver cordially. "Lucky for us, too, that | high road into a little lane, banked with you happened along. That dashed pony | ferns and shaded by trees; a grateful and would have led us half a dozen miles, comforting shade after the glare of the most likely. You see, we trusted him to | August sun on the dusty highway. From

"Look here---" began Lovell. "Serve us right!" remarked Raby. "It was all Trotsky's fault-" "Yours, old chap!"

"You silly ass-" "You born duffer-" the lane a gate opened into the green paddock. Morny threw open the gate.

Morny, and he had to let the wilful

As he had said, he knew the surrounding

"row" at the Lodge would not follow.

Mornington, after his severe lesson at

Rookwood, was the same self-willed and

perverse fellow they bad always known.

banished all resentment against him.

been on bad terms with the junior who

had paid so dearly for his perverse folly.

lighted to fall in with the Rookwooders

again, and wanted to have their company

that Morny, under his uncle's roof, was

And Mornington was evidently de-

The juniors faces brightened. "Tip-top!" said Jimmy Silver. "Can we camp here?"

"That all right?" he asked.

"Just the very spot," said Lovell.

"Certainly!"

"My hat! This sounds like the old !

He was happy where he was, and extremely unwilling to return to Stacpoole Lodge. Once more he was feeling himself a Rookwooder, feeling as if his disgrace had never happened, and he was what he had once been, and might still have been, but for his perverse and passionate temper. That reflection came into his mind, too; and perhaps it reminded him that his fall had been the result of wayward self-will, and that he was now indulging his waywardness as thoughtlessly as ever. His uncle would be surprised at his non-return-moreover, probably angered; for Sir Rupert was a severe and methodical old gentleman, and he was, too, in a normal state of resentment against his nephew and ward. Morny's disgrace had banished whatever regard his uncle might have had for him. He had always been a trial to the old gentleman; he had always given him trouble. Now he was expelled from school in addition, and his uncle had the problem of the future to think out. That was not likely to make him more affectionate towards his troublesome nephew.

Morny yawned, and rose from the grass, and stretched himself.

"Not going?" asked Lovell.

"I think I'd better; nunky will have his rag out, anyhow," answered Mornington. "The poor old gent has to put up with me. I've just been thinkin' that I really ought to make it easy for him if "Well, that's not a bad wheeze," said

Jimmy Silver, smiling. "No end glad to have met you fellows," said Mornington. "Thanks for the supper

--it was great! Well, good-bye!" "We'll see you off."

The Rookwooders walked with Mornington to the gate of the paddock, and there they shook hands, and the one-time dandy of the Rookwood Fourth walked away.

Jimmy Silver & Co. returned to their camp in a thoughtful mood.

They would have been glad of Morny's company longer, and as they sat round the camp and chatted, they amicably and regretfully talked of him. With all his faults, Morny had his good qualities; they were sorry they were not going to see him at Rookwood School again. There were fellows at Rookwood no better than Morny-worse, in fact; but they had escaped the "chopper" which had come down so heavily on Morny.

"Hallo, we're getting visitors!" remarked Raby, about half an hour after Valentine Mornington had gone.

Two youths came in at the gate, and started towards the portion of the paddock where the riding-horses were grazing. They were two rather elegant-looking fellows, and they wore Panama hats. Jimmy Silver looked at them, and started.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "You don't know the chaps?" asked

"Not from Adam! I've seen them hefore-once." Jimmy grinned a little. "They belong to the show that Trotsky raided. They jumped up the steps when he came charging round the drive. One of those giddy hats was trodden on."

"Phew!" "They're looking this way!" remarked Putty of the Fourth. "I fancy they know us again."

The two youths had sighted the camp, and stopped dead, staring at it. They exchanged a few words, and then came striding towards the Rookwooders. Their looks boded trouble.

Jimmy Silver & Co. rose to their feet. Who the two fellows were they had not the faintest idea, but it was plain from their manner that they had a right in the paddock.

"What the thump are you doin' here?" demanded the elder of the two. "Camping," answered Jimmy Silver

"Cheeky cads!" said the younger. "This is the gang that came chasing up the

drive this afternoon. Gus." "I know the rotters," said Gus. "Get out of this paddock!"

"What?" exclaimed Jimmy. "You heard me, I suppose! You're tres-

passin' here. Get on the other side of that gate, sharp!" "Unless you want to be run in," chimed

in the younger brother—for it was evident that the two were brothers. "But we've got leave to camp here,"

said Jimmy, feeling a little uneasy, however. "Who may you happen to be?" The youth called Gus sneered. "We happen to be the sons of the

owner of this paddock," he answered. "We happen to have come for our horses, and I dare say we happen to have come just in time to prevent a gang of tramps. from stealin' them."

"Looks like it, Gus!" chimed in the younger.

Jimmy Silver flushed. The manner of the two fellows was as unpleasant as possible, and all the Rookwooders were feeling annoyed. Gus pointed to the gate. "Get out!" he said.

"We're camping here for the night," said Jimmy quietly. "If the owner of the show comes along and tells us to trek, we'll trek. But we're not budging an inch for you!"

"So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!" snorted Lovell.

"And now take your face away, Gus!" said Putty sweetly. "It's unkind to show that face in public without a mask on! You ought to think of people's nerves!" "You cheeky cad!" roared Gus.

"Same to you, dear boy, and many of them!" the imperturbable Putty said. "Are you clearin' out of this paddock?" "Not just at present," said Jimmy

Silver. "You're trespassin'! Clear out, or I'll clear you!" said Gus, and he let his riding-whip slip from under his arm into his hand. "Now then, are you goin', or

do you want a thrashin'?" Jimmy Silver looked him steadily in his rather pasty face.

"If you handle that whip here, sonny, it will be the last thing you'll do for a

"You won't know bit!" he remarked. what hurt you!"

"Are you goin'?"

Published

Every Monday

"Hardly!" "Then I'll jolly soon shift you! Back up, Aubrey!"

And with that the cheery Gus brought down his riding-whip across Jimmy Silver's shoulders, and the other fellow

lashed out at Lovell. It was something like an earthquake that happened next-from the point of view of Gus and Aubrey.

They hardly knew what was happening, for the whole globe seemed to have turned upside down.

A couple of minutes later they rolled over the gate into the lane, and sprawled there. They had a dim sort of feeling that they had been yanked along by the ankles, with their faces trailing in the grass. But they were too dazed to realise anything clearly—excepting that they were now sprawling in the dust, aching all over.

Five cheery faces smiled at them over the gate.

"Time you travelled on!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

window of the smoke-room, where he caught sight of the baronet. "Yes, uncle," answered Morny, with

unaccustomed meekness. "You were not in to dinner," said Sir Rupert coldly. "I think I have told you a score of times, Valentine, that I will not allow you to set the rules of my

house at naught!" "I'm sorry, uncle!" said Mornington. "I happened to meet some old friends, and they asked me to supper."

"There was no reason why you should not accept that invitation, Valentine, if you apprised me of your intention. But I suppose it is useless for your guardian to expect any respect from you—any more than for your cousins to expect any considerations at your hands."

"I'm sorry, uncle!" said Mornington, in a low voice.

"I hope so," said the baronet dryly. "I had something to say to you at dinner, Valentine. You have been quarrelling with Augustus again."

"Isn't it possible that Augustus quarrelled with me, uncle?" asked Mornington bitterly.

Sir Rupert dropped his half-smoked cigar in his amazement, as two hatless, dusty, and excited youths came racing breathlessly up the drive.

They stopped, and panted for breath, crimson with exertion. Valentine Mornington stared at them, and grinned slightly.

"Lost your hats?" he asked.

"Father—" gasped Gus. "What has happened?" exclaimed Sir Rupert, springing to his feet.

"That—that gang of hooligans—" "Those—those rotten tramps—" "What? Explain yourselves! Have you been attacked?"

"Ow! Yes!" gasped Augustus Stacpoole. "You-you remember that dusty gang that chased a pony in the grounds this afternoon—"

"I am not likely to forget that I was nearly run over!" answered Sir Rupert. "But what-"

"They're camping in the paddock!" gasped Aubrey.

"What?"

"We ordered them off," panted Augus-"Augustus is not quarrelsome, and you tus, "and-and they pitched into us, and are extremely so!" answered his uncle. -and assaulted us-ow! We-we had to

"Nonsense!" stormed Sir Rupert. "That dusty crowd of young tramps could not have been Rookwood boys."

"Friends of Morny?" sneered Augustus Stacpoole. "Just the kind of friends Cousin Val would have."

"Oh, just!" sneered Aubrey.

Mornington did not heed his Stacpoole cousins. He was too alarmed by his uncle's wrath, with regard to his Rookwood friends, to care for the sneers of Augustus and Aubrey, just then.

"They-they didn't know you, uncle," he stammered. "You see, they were in such a hurry after their pony, most likely they hardly looked at you—or they'd have remembered seein' you at Rookwood, once or twice. They couldn't help the pony boltin'."

"They could help attacking my sons on my land!" thundered Sir Rupert Stac-

Mornington gave his cousins a bitter look at that.

"I dare say they were given plenty of cause," he answered.

"Yes, you would say so-I expected that!" thundered his uncle. "No doubt you have been laughing with them over the incident—a very amusing incident your uncle knocked over by a pony on his own drive-no doubt you have enjoyed it thoroughly. Go to your room at once,

"But-but my friends, sir-"

Valentine, and remain there."

"I forbid you to speak of those young russians as your friends-or to speak to them again if you see them! Go to your

"What are you goin' to do, uncle?"

"I will tell you that much!" fumed Sir Rupert. "I am going to telephone to the police to go to the paddock, at once. and to arrest any persons they find camping there, on the charge of trespass and violent assault. Now go to your room."

And with that Sir Rupert Stacpoole strode away; and a few moments later his excited and agitated voice was heard at the telephone. Augustus Stacpoole glanced at Aubrey,

and both smiled. In this utter discomfiture of their cousin they found some compensation for their rough handling in the paddock. "Looks like trouble for your dear

friends, Mornington!" grinned Augustus. "I hope they'll get three months!" said Aubrey. Valentine Mornington clenched his

hands. But he restrained himself, and turned away down the drive. Sir Rupert reappeared at the window. "Valentine! I have ordered you to

your room!" he thundered. "Obey me! Do you hear?" Valentine Mornington certainly heard.

But he did not heed. A moment more, and he was in the road.

"Turn in, what?" yawned Lovell. "About time," agreed Jimmy Silver. "Hallo, here's Morny again!"

The Rookwood campers stared at the breathless figure that leaped over the gate, and came speeding towards them across the grass. "Anything up, Morny?" called out

Jimmy Silver. Valentine Mornington halted, and panted for breath. "Just a few!" he returned. "I'm

awf'ly sorry, you fellows---" "For what?" "I made a little mistake in givin' you

chaps leave to camp here. The giddy owner is on the war-path." "Well, you ass!" said Arthur Edward

Lovell blankly. "He happens to be the old gent you nearly ran down with your jolly old pony

this afternoon," explained Mornington.

"Oh crumbs!" "He also happens to be my respected uncle, Sir Rupert Stacpoole."

"Morny!" "I'm awf'ly sorry—but the sooner you clear, the better it will be for your health. You seem to have handled my Stacpoole

cousins rather severely-" "Those two cads---" Morny grinned. "Exactly! Those two cads. I'll help you pack; for goodness' sake lose no

time; there'll be trouble." Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another, and then they proceeded to strike the tent, in grim silence, and pack the baggage-cart. Morny did not waste time going into details; but they realised that there was need for haste. With great celerity the juniors packed the cart, harnessed Trotsky, and prepared to go. Mornington held the gate open as the cart was driven through. The last glimmer of the sunset was sinking away in the west. Jimmy Silver & Co, did not speak, for their feelings were too deep for words. Mornington walked with them as far as the high-road.

"I'm awfully sorry!" he said at length. "Not your fault, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've had night marches before, and another won't hurt us. Goodbye, old fellow."

"Good-bye."

The Rookwooders trudged on, Valentine Mornington standing quite still, and watching them as they disappeared in the deepening dusk. He made a step after them, and stopped again, and then, with a clouded brow, watched them till they were out of sight.

THE END.

(Jimmy Silver & Co. have some

thrilling adventures in "Trouble for the Tramps!"-next Monday's long complete Rookwood story. If you enjoy reading these yarns you should most certainly place an order with your newsagent for a copy of the "Popular" to be saved for you each week. In addition to other grand features, our magnificent companion paper contains a Rookwood yarn, The "Popular" is on sale every Tuesday!)

OUR "ACTIONS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE £10, SECOND PRIZE £5, and TEN PRIZES OF £1.

HERE'S A FINE OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO WIN ONE OF THE ABOVE PRIZES.

"ACTIONS," Set No. 3.

INSTRUCTIONS. Below you will find a set of six picture-puzzles, each of which familiar some represents "action," the name of which can be expressed in one word.

Write in the space provided beneath the picture the "action" portrayed. ONE WORD IS SUFFICIENT. When you have solved this week's puzzles, keep them in some safe place. This is the third set in the competition. The previous sets of pictures were published in the BOYS' FRIEND, week ending 12th and 19th August, and can still be obtained from the Back Number Dept., The Amalgamated Press, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

There will be four sets in all, and when the fourth and last set appears you will be told when and where to send your efforts. You may send as many attempts as you like, but only COMPLETE sets will be admitted to the contest.

The FIRST PRIZE of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who succeeds in submitting a list of " actions" which is exactly the same, or nearest to, the list now in possession of the Editor. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right

to add together and divide the value of any or all of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry

that the decision of the Editor be

accepted as final and legally

binding. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

"Ow, ow, ow!" "Wow, wow! Oh!"

Rookwood campers.

"We give you ten seconds," said the captain of the Rookwood Fourth. "Then we're coming out to help you!"

The two dusty youths staggered up. Apparently they did not want to be helped. As Lovell swung the gate open Gus and Aubrey took to their heels, and they fled at top speed down the lane,

> The 4th Chapter. The Vials of Wrath!

followed by a yell of laughter from the

"So you have returned, Valentine?" Sir Rupert Stacpoole was smoking his after-dinner cigar at an open French window looking on the drive at Stacpoole Lodge, when Valentine Mornington came

Mornington—his usual reckless mood a good deal softened by his meeting with his old schoolfellows-had returned home with unusual good resolutions in his stayed out; and so he came up to the "what-what- Augustus-Aubrey-"

"Augustus has come back from school, run for our lives! Half a dozen of the with an excellent report from his head- | beastly ruffians-" master, and you-"

of it from my dear cousins. If I called the tune, I'm havin' to pay the piper, by

The baronet's hard face softened a

"What you suffer, Valentine, you have brought upon yourself by your own conduct," he said. "But I will say no more. I wish to do my duty by you, though you make my task a hard one."

"I-I was goin' to ask you somethin', sir," said Mornington, after a pause. "I hope it is not money!" said the baronet, his face hardening again. "Your extravagance---"

"It isn't that, sir," said Mornington quickly. "I told you I'd met some friends-they're Rookwood chaps, on a holiday tour. I've let them camp in the paddock. I hope you don't mind."

"I suppose it would be too much to expect you to ask my permission before breast. Instead of going to his own giving your friends leave to camp on my quarters, he determined to speak to his | property?" said Sir Rupert satirically. uncle first, and excuse himself for having | "However, there is no harm done. Why,

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed the old "And I've been expelled," said Morning- | baronet, red with anger. "Those wretched ton wearily. "I know. I've heard enough | young ruffians—they have dared to camp on my land-to assault my sons, after endangering my life on my own drive." He choked with righteous wrath.

"Oh gad!" murmured Mornington, in utter dismay. 'Shall I telephone for the police,

father?" gasped Augustus. "I will do so myself," answered Sir Rupert. "They shall be arrested at once, and I will prosecute them-I will prosecute them with the utmost rigour of the

"Uncle!" exclaimed Mornington. caught the incensed baronet's arm as he was turning away.

"Don't delay me now, Valentine." "Uncle-I must-they're my friends."

"What!" roared Sir Rupert.

"I-I told you my Rookwood friends had camped in the paddock," stammered Mornington. "Must be the same party. They—they told me somethin' about the pony runnin' into somebody's grounds. never guessed it was this house; they never knew, either-"

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