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Week Ending December 2nd, 1922.



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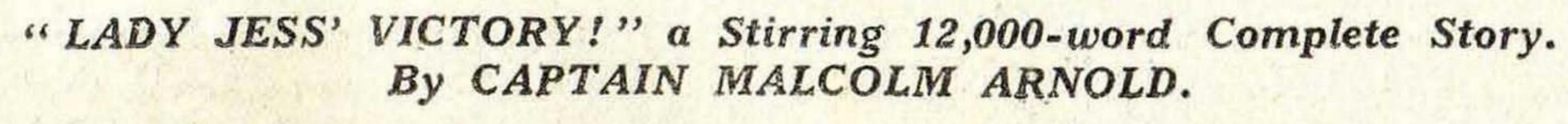
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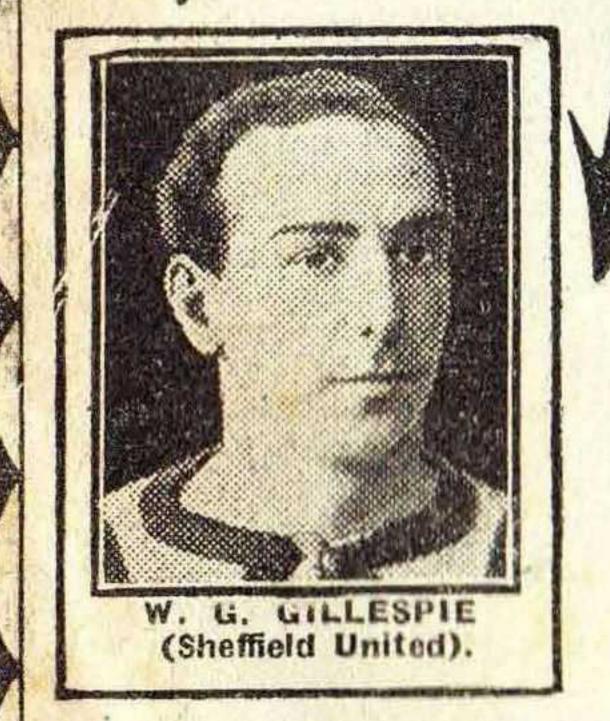
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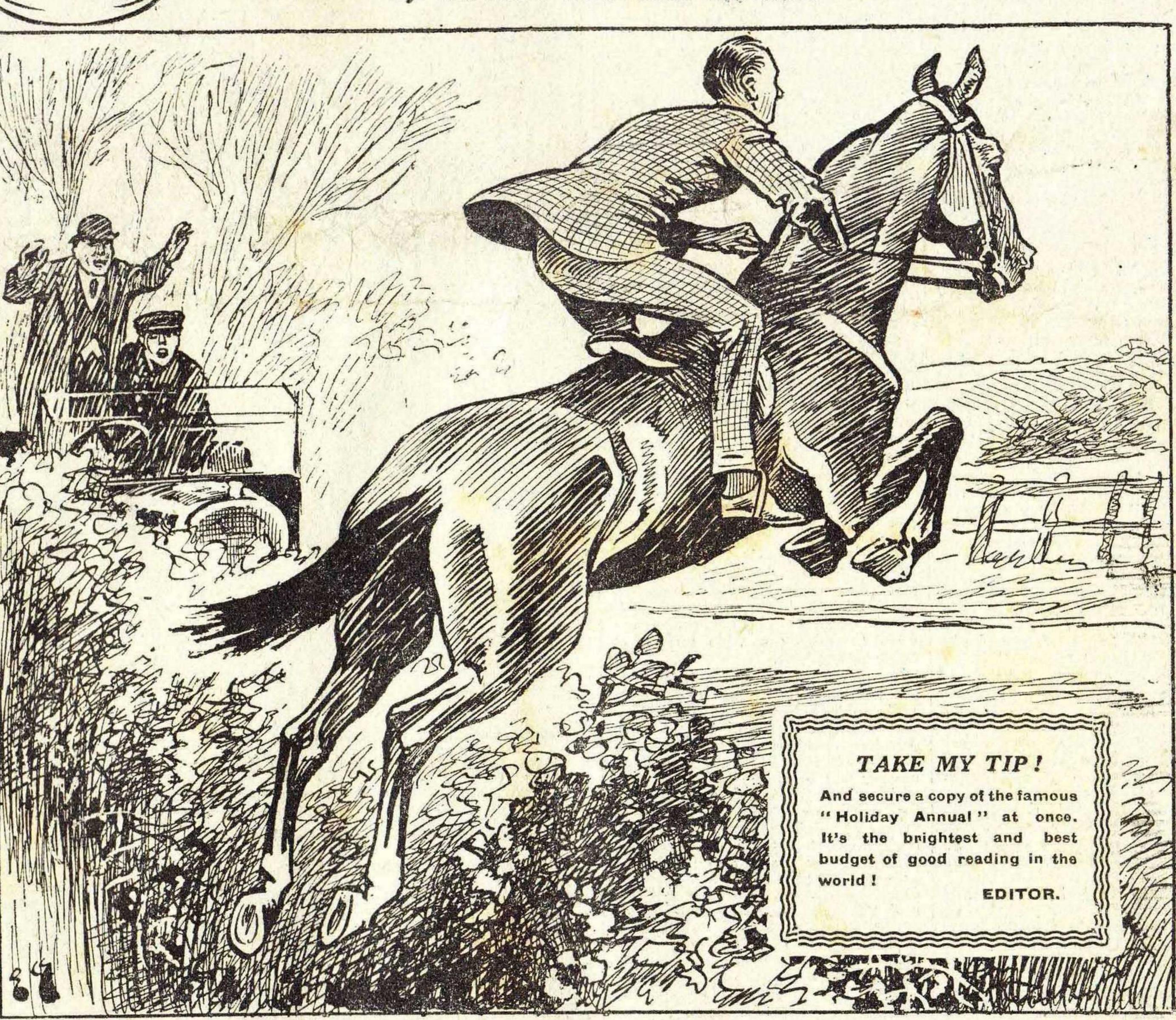




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A RECORD LEAP! "Over with her!" yelled Sir Victor from his car. And Alpha Always, hearing the cry, turned his head for the briefest part of a second, then swung the mare to the leap. The great chestnut rose, cleared the hedge and ditch, and landed with cat-footed precision on the other side. (See our special long complete story on page 240.)

EXTRASPECTAL!-

"PILLINGSHOT'S FIRST CASE!"

Great New School Story.

(Turn to page 245 and read it right away!)

By World-Famous

P. G. WODEHOUSE.



Published

The 1st Chapter. A Surprise for the Head!

"Mornington!" Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood, uttered the name in tone's of the greatest amazement.

He stared over his spectacles blankly. as if he could hardly believe his eyes—as, indeed, he scarcely could.

"Mornington!" he repeated dazedly. The hour was rather late. Dra Chisholm had come back to his study, to spend the last half-hour before bed, over an entrancing Greek volume by the study fire, as was usually his

custom. Naturally, he had expected to find the study vacant.

Rookwood School was buried in slumber. The juniors had long been in bed; only here and there a light glimmered from a master's window into the November mist.

Tupper, the page, or his underling, Timothy Smacke, had mended the Head's fire before retiring, and it was crackling and blazing cheerily as the old gentleman entered the study. The firelight played on the old oak walls, the wellfilled bookshelves, and the glimmering bust of Socrates. And it shone upon a figure that sat in the Head's own armchair-a very easy easy-chair-and that aprang up as the headmaster of Rook-

wood entered. "Mornington!" said the Head, for the third time.

He seemed unable to say anything else. Valentine Mornington of the Classical Fourth had been expelled from Rookwood the previous term. Since then the Head had not seen him-at least, to his knowledge.

And yet here he was, in the Head's study, handsome and graceful in his wellfitting Etons, cool and unperturbed. The sight of a grisly spectre could

scarcely have startled Dr. Chisholm more. "Good-evenin', sir!" said Mornington. "Boy!"

"I'm afraid I've startled you, sir." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "It-it is really you, Mornington?" "Certainly, sir!"

The Head's amazement was undiminished, but it was mingled with auger now. The cool effrontery of the expelled junior, as he regarded it, roused

"And what are you doing here, Mornington?" he demanded. "How did you obtain entrane to the House? The doors have long been locked."

sir!" said Mornington, without replying to the latter part of the question.

"You have nothing to say to me! You will take your departure at once, or-" The Head paused. "I cannot send you home at this hour of the night. You will remain here till the morning, and then you will be sent back to your guardian's house!"

"Will you give me a hearing, sir?" "Nonsense!" said the Head brusquely. "I have heard from Sir Rupert Stacpoole that you have left his house, after making some absurd declaration that it was your intention to return to Rookwood. Certainly I never dreamed of seeing you here. Your statement to your guardian I regarded as a foolish boast. But you have ventured to penetrate into this school, from which you were driven in disgrace, and I presume that you have concealed yourself in some corner until this hour. If you were still a member of this school, Mornington. should cane you severely for this insolence!"

am prepared to be regarded as a member, sir, if it will give you any satisfaction to cane me," said Mornington coolly.

"Do not be insolent, Mornington!" "I don't mean to be, sir." The manner of Valentine Mornington became serious, earnest. "Dr Chisholm, give me a hearing! I've come here to make an appeal

to you!" "It is useless!" "I was sacked last term," continued Mornington. "I deserved it-every bit of

it. I own up to that!" "I am glad you can see that, at all

events!" said the Head drily. played a rotten trick on Jimmy Silver!" said Morny. "I was sorry afterwards. I owned up in time to save Silver from suffering for it. Jimmy has forgiven it. We met last vac, and were good friends.

"I am glad Silver has such a forgiving disposition.'

"Can't you forgive me, too, sir?"

"My position in the school is somewhat different from Silver's." said the Head | drily. "It is quite right and proper of Silver to forgive offences. It would be wrong and unpardonable for me to allow you to mingle with the other Rookwood boys after your treacherous conduct! I certainly forgive you, as is my duty as a Ohristian; but for the sake of the school

I cannot allow you to return." "I've had a lesson, sir!" said Mornington, in a low voice. "I've been through it since I left Rookwood. You could rely on me to play the game in the future." "If I believed that, it might make a difference."

"You don't believe me, sir?" "I cannot! Your wilful and passionate temper may lead you into wrongdoing again, as it has led you before. You are

as well aware of it as I am. Mornington."

The junior was silent. Perhaps the Head's words found an

echo in his own heart. Often and often had the passionate, perverse fellow sworn amendment to himself, to his chum Erroll, and always there had come a time when he had failed.

The Head's look became a little kinder. "I am sorry, Mornington," he said "You have many good qualities, and, with better self control, and a kinder regard for others, you might have been | Come!" a credit to the school. You brought disgrace upon yourself and upon Rookwood. Now it is too late. Elsewhere you may do better-here you can never appear | jerked himself away. again. You were foolish to come herevery foolish and reckless!"

"But, sir-" faltered Mornington. Dr. Chisholm raised his hand. "I can listen to no more, Mornington," I

As soon as possible I shall inform your guardian that you have been here, and I shall request Mr. Dalton to take you home by an early train to-morrow."

Mornington's earnest look vanished; his eyes gleamed, and his lips took on a mocking ironical curve.

"I shall not go!" he said.

"Mornington!" "I've said that I'm coming back to Rookwood," said Morny. "I'm comin'! I'm sorry you can't let me take my old place, sir! But I'm not leavin' Rook-

The Head's brow grew thunderous. "We shall see!" he said. "But for the lateness of the hour. I would have you turned out of the House immediately! That I cannot do; but you shall go first thing in the morning!"

Morny's face had an obstinate, dogged

"I'm not goin'!" he said. "Are you so foolish, Mornington, as to imagine that you can remain in this school without my permission?" exclaimed the Head, puzzled and angry.

"Yes, sir!" "That is enough!" Dr. Chisholm advanced to the junior, and dropped a hand on his shoulder. "I shall take you to the housekeeper now, and request her to arrange for your stay here to-night.

Mornington made no resistence as the "Boy!" almost shouted the Head.

"How dare you! Come back at once!" But Mornington was in full flight, and | expected light. he vanished round a corner before the Head had finished speaking.

Amazing!

Dr. Chishelm stood as if rooted to the floor, blinking along the empty corridor. Valentine Mornington had vanished from sight. It was far beneath the dignity of the Head of Rookwood to enter upon a chase of the elusive junior; and he would not have stood much chance of success in a foot race against Valentine Mornington. The footsteps of the fleeing junior died away, and silence reigned in the House

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head

For some minutes he stood in angry thought. Then he turned his steps in the direction of Mr. Dalton's study.

A light glimmered under the door, showing that the master of the Fourth Form

Dr. Chisholm tapped at the door and entered. Richard Dalton rose to his feet. throwing his book aside in some surprise at the sight of the headmaster. "A most extraordinary thing has hap-

pened, Mr. Dalton," said Dr. Chisholm, in a gasping voice. "Mornington has returned here--"

"Is it possible, sir?" "I found him in my study."

"He has fled from me," continued the Head. He is now about the House somewhere. What his object may be, I cannot guess—he seems to have some mad scheme of remaining at Rookwood without my leave. He must have been concealed somewhere this evening, as he could not have entered the House after the doors were locked. No doubt he has now gone back to the same place of concealment."

long, sir," said the astonished Form master. "Is the boy out of his senses?" "At least, he is extremely insolent and defiant," said the Head. "I cannot leave him thus-he must be found. Might request you. Mr. Dalton, to assist me in

"Most certainly, sir."

"He must be locked in a room till to-morrow, and then sent back to his home," said the Head. "I shall write very severely to Sir Rupert Stacpoole. I am aware that he has difficulty in controlling this headstrong boy; but, really,

"I should think not, sir," said Mr. Dalton.

with the Head. The first visit was paid to the dormitory of the Classical Fourth. both the masters suspecting that the missing junior might have taken refuge in his old quarters there. It was possible, too, that he had confederates among his old friends in the Fourth Form.

Head led him from the study. But in | slumber when the door of their dormitory the corridor, with a sudden twist, he was suddenly opened and the electric light turned om.

and sat up in bed, blinking in the un-

## The 2nd Chapter

had not yet gone to bed.

Mr. Dalton looked blankly astonished.

"But he could not hope to remain there the search?"

he must not allow me to be exposed to annoyances of this kind."

The Fourth Form master left the study

Jimmy Silver & Co. were buried in

Most of the Classical Fourth awakened

"The giddy Head!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell. "What's up now?"

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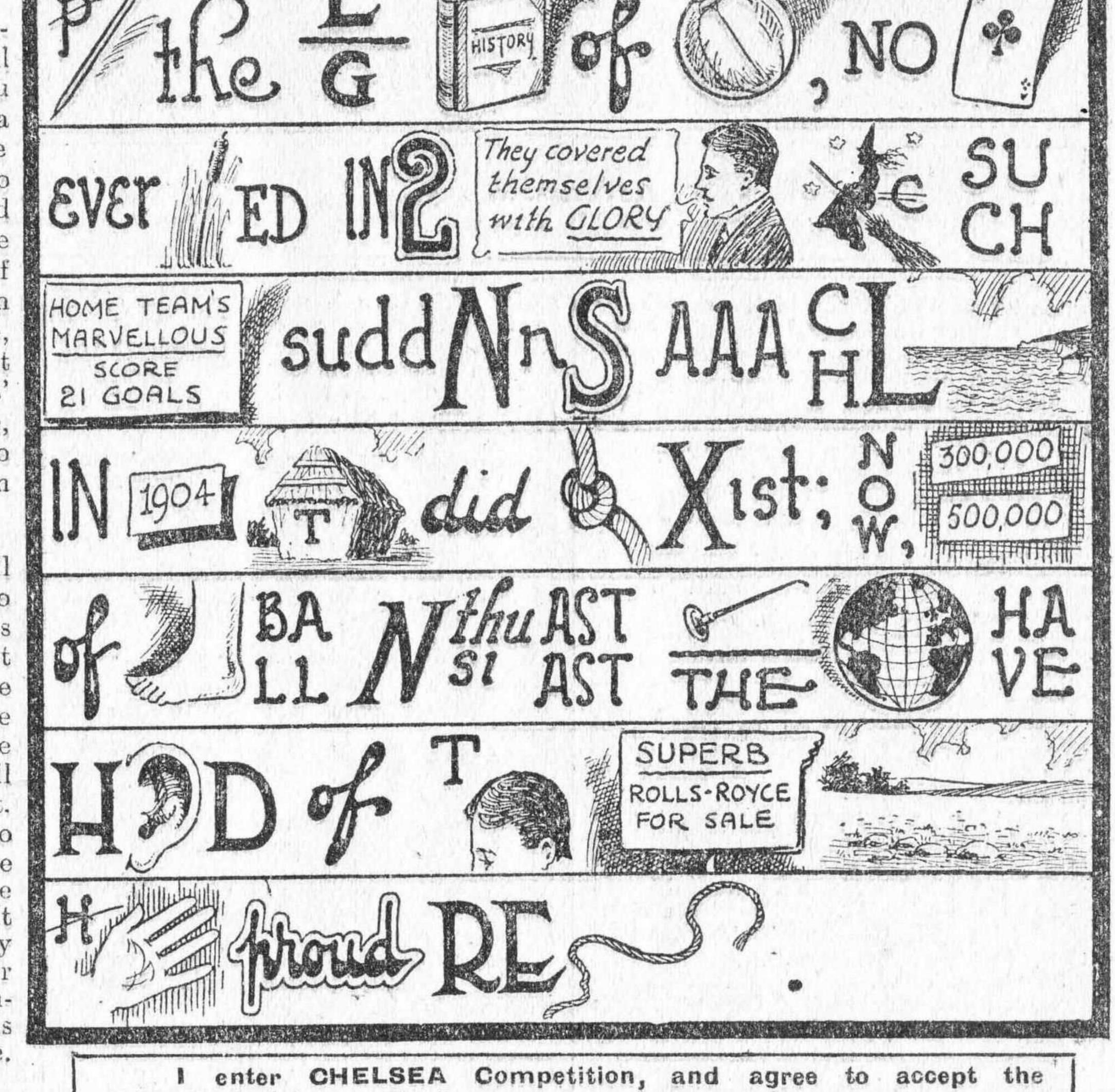
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Dr. Chisholm advanced dormitory.

"Silver!" "Yes, sir!" said Jimmy Silver, in

Have you seen anything of Morning-

Jimmy Silver fairly jumped. 'Mornington! Not since last vacation,

'Has any boy here seen Mornington to-day or this evening?" asked the Head, glancing up and down the row of startled; wondering faces. "No, sir," said a dozen voices.

"Erroll, you were Mornington's special friend, I understand, when he was at this school. Did you know that Mornington was at Rookwood?" "Is he at Rookwood, sir?" stuttered

"He is now in the House."

"Good heavens!"

"You were not aware of it, Erroll?" "I had no idea of it, sir," said Kit Erroll blankly. "I-I suppose there's no

-no mistake, sir?" "He was in my study ten minutes ago," said the Head. "I trust that he has no confederates in this Form in this act of

defiance and insolence." "I don't think anybody here knew any. thing of it, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "Very well."

Dr. Chisholm turned out the light and left the dormitory with Mr. Dalton to continue the search elsewhere. He left the room in a buzz of excited voices.

"Mornington back at Rookwood!" said Raby. "That beats it!" "The Head must have dréamed it," said

Newcome. "How could he possibly be in the place?" "Just like Morny, isn't it?" chuckled

Tubby Muffin. "He always had neck enough for anything." "He said he would come back," remarked Erroll. "But-but I can't under-

stand it." "Beats me!" said Lovell. "Good old Morny! Fancy butting in like that. wish him luck, anyhow."

"Same here!" said Conroy. "Silly cheeky ass, if you ask me!" said Peele. "He will be kicked out again in

the morning." "Oh, you shut up, Peele!" growled

"Blessed if I know how he got into the place," said Jimmy Silver. "I hope he'll get away before they collar him. He's a reckiess ass, of course, but I wish he could come back to Rookwood."

"Thanks!" drawled a quiet voice. ... That voice made every fellow in the dormitory jump. It was the voice of Valentine Mornington.

"Morny!" shouted Jimmy. "Morny!" panted Erroll. "Where are you, you ass?" exclaimed

The juniors peered through the darkness. They could not catch a glimpse of the dandy of the Fourth; but his wellknown voice was not to be mistaken.

There was a soft chuckle. "Here I am, old beans," said Mornington coolly. "I dodged in here to get away from his nibs. I was under your bed while he was talkin' to you, Jimmy,

old bean." "Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Glad to see me, what? Or to hear me. at all events!" chuckled Mornington. "No end of a lark to come back here in spite of the beaks. Don't you fellows think so?"

"It's no good, Morny, old man," said "Only the order of the boot again, you cheeky cad!" said Cyril Peele maliciously.

"You'll get chucked out as soon as you're "Shut up, Peele," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll come over to you with a bolster if

you say another word, you cad!" Erroll sat up in bed and struck a match. The light glimmered on Valentine Mornington-handsome and debonair, looking quite his old self. The juniors stared at him in amazed wonder till the match

"What on earth are you going to do, Mornington?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Hang on at Rookwood."

"You can't, old fellow." "I can, an' I'm goin' to," said Mornington coolly. "I've got a fairly safe hidin'place in the House." 'You-you've heen here long?" gasped

Mornington laughed lightly. "Quite a good time," he answered, "and I'm stayin' on. I'm sure I- have the good wishes of all the old crowd, what?"

'That's so," said Jimmy Silver. "The Head will never let you stay, old fellow." said Erroll wistfully

"He's not goin' to have any choice in the matter. I'm stayin' on, Head or no Head. Sooner or later dear old Dr. Chisholm will make up his cheery, mind to let me stay. At least, I hope so. If he doesn't, I shall be tempted to give him a high old time. Good-night, you fellows -it's time I got back to my dug-out." "Where have you been hiding?" asked

You'd like to tell the Head, old bean. Sorry to disappoint you. I'm keepin' it dark. Good-night, chappies!"

"Good-night, Morny!" The door opened and closed again softly. There was a sound of someone scrambling hastily out of bed.

Jimmy Silver jumped out and ran to the door. He put his back to it, and the next moment Cyril Peele butted into him Jimmy Silver's grasp closed on him. "Ow! Leggo!" gasped Peele.

"So you were going to spy on Morny, what?" grinned Jimmy Silver. "I fancy you're keeping off the grass, dear boy, and Uncle James is going to see that you

"Let me go!" hissed Peele savagely. Jimmy Silver did not let him go. He grasped Peele forcibly and jerked him (Continued overleaf.)

breakfast time; and at breakfast there

nothing was known of Mornington. Most

fellows surmised that he had dropped out

of a window over-night, and was not in

the House at all. But Mr. Dalton had

made a very careful examination of all

windows, and ascertained that none of

them had been left unfastened-and, of

course, Morny could not have fastened a

Amazing as it was, it was clear that

Mornington was still in the House; yet !

the search had already extended to every

known recess. Even the old secret

passage in the School House had been

examined by the prefects, who emerged

duty and cobwebby and cross and dis-

"Nothing doing!" Arthur Edward

"Hallo, there's Smacke!" said Raby.

"Smackey, my sandy tulip, have you

Timothy Smacke, the boot-boy, was

coming along the corridor with a rather

appointed. Morny was not there, and

Lovell remarked to the Co. with a grin,

as they gathered in the Form-room corri-

where he was, was a deep mystery.

chimneys."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

found the missing link yet?"

window behind him, if he had gone out.

The hour of classes arrived, and still

was a buzz of whispering at the tables.

"My hat!"

Published

Every Monday

back to his bed. Then he bumped him down hard.

"Are you going to turn in again, Peele?" he asked politely.

"No," howled Peele. Jimmy groped for Peele's pillow and grasped it. The pillow rose and fell in a succession of hefty swipes. And there was a series of wild howls from the cad of the Fourth.

"Give him jip, Jimmy!" sang out Lovell.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Had enough, Peele?" "Ow. wow! Oh, you rotter! Stoppit!" howled Peele. "I'm going back to bed, hang you!"

"Good boy!" said Jimmy approvingly. And Peele went back to bed.

It was a long time before the Classical | dor. "Morny's beaten them, so far. Fourth were sleeping again. For a good suppose he's up one of the giddy hour the juniors were awake, discussing the amazing reappearance of Valentine Mornington.

Meantime, Mr. Dalton and the Head were making extensive and exhaustive search of the School House; and Mr. Greely and Monsieur Monceau, who were still up, came to help in the quest. But no sign was discovered of Valentine Mornington, and the search had to be given up at last. And when Dr. Chisholm went to bed at last baffled and disappointed, he was in what his respectful pupils would have described as a "royal

### The 3rd Chapter. The Mystery Deepens!

There was only one topic when the Classical Fourth turned out at the sound of the rising-bell the following morning.

That was the amazing return of Mornington. It was discussed with endless interest in the dormitory before the juniors went down, and with many chuckles.

The Fourth-Formers took a view of the affair that was quite different from the Head's.

No doubt Morny's action was insolent and defiant; but all the juniors saw in it was its nerve, it's cool cheek, and they admired Mornington greatly for those distinguished qualities. As Putty of the Fourth put it, old Morny had a record

For an expelled junior to return to the school and take up his quarters there in opposition to the school authorities was so utterly unheard of and amazing, that it fairly thrilled the Fourth-Formers. The cool impudence of it made them gasp.

And the mystery of Morny's hidingplace was deeply interesting. Where was it that the refugee had hidden himself?

True Rookwood was an ancient rambling place, with many nooks and crannies where a dozen fellows could have kept out of sight. But as Tubby Muffin pointed out, a fellow couldn't live without eating. Eating, indeed, was one of the most important things in existence, if not the chief end and object of existence, according to Tubby. What did Morny get to eat, and how did he get it, Tubby wanted to know. And, without regarding that detail as possessing the immense importance it had in Tubby's eyes, the juniors recognised that Morny had to have some meals, at least. How did he contrive it in his secret hiding-place, wherever it was?

Jimmy: Silver & Co. were deeply interested and thrilled. They all wished Morny well; and they wondered how it |

would end. The Fistical Four were down rather unusually early that morning-in the hope of hearing some news. Their way out to the quadrangle was barred. The great door of the School House was still locked, and the key had been taken away. Bulkeley of the Sixth was in the hall, | Silver. obviously keeping an eye on the windows.

"What's up, Bulkeley?" Jimmy Silver asked. "Can't we go out before brekker | Smacke. this morning?"

The Rookwood captain shook his head. "No doors are to be opened until Mornington is found," he answered. "He is in the House somewhere, and he has to be found."

"Great Scott!" Others fellows came down, and the pound." Third and the Shell learned of the amazing happening of the night. Serious as the matter seemed to the Head, it was | Morny isn't a bad sort. He's playing the only too obvious that these thoughtless | goat; but his friends don't want him to youths' did not take it very seriously. | get the chopper. If you land him, never Mornington's escapade was looked upon | mind about the Head's pound. Just look | by the whole Lower School as a tremen- | the other way, you know."

dous lark. Early as the hour was, the search for the elusive Mornington had been renewed. Old Mack, the norter, and Sergeant Kettle were taking part in it, with I "If you find him, keep mum and drop in Tupper, the page, and Smacke, the boot- | at the end study after lessons. There'll boy. Some of the juniors joined in the l be a pound all the same." search, probably not with the intention of giving Morny away if they found him, however. All the prefects were on the serene, Master Lovell; I'm fly!"

trail, some of them looking very cross. But nothing had been discovered by still on the search.

"Rather neat, what?" asked Lovell, looking at his chums complacently. "That's one giddy bloodhound taken off the trail."

"Unless it comes out that you're bribing and corrupting the Head's servants," grinned Newcome. "Then there'll be a record licking for somebody."

"Oh rats!"

Jimmy Silver was staring after Smacke, with a peculiar look on his face. There were some things about the new boot-boy at Rookwood that Jimmy had noticed, and did not quite understand. But Mr. Dalton came along just then, and the Fourth marched into their Form-room to

Lessons were rather a bore to the Classical Fourth that morning. They were more interested in the adventure of Valentine Mornington than in those of the "Pius Æneas."

Jimmy Silver & Co. were very anxious for the hour of dismissal to arrive; they wanted news. But when the Rookwooders came out of the Form-rooms there was no

The search for Mornington had ceased; t had been given up as hopeless. But he had not been found.

"Stole away!" said Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth. "Bunked, you know, and done a giddy guy. He won't come back

And that was the general opinion. How Mornington could have escaped from the House unseen while the search was going on, was an impenetrable mystery. But the Head had to conclude that he was gone; and he was glad to know that the troublesome junior had gone. And that morning Dr. Chisholm wrote a letter to Sir Rupert Stacpoole that was full of acerbity. The headmaster's temper had suffered, which was not surprising, in the circumstances.

Jimmy Silver, after dinner that day, found an opportunity of slipping down to the boot-room to see Timothy Smacke. He found that sandy-complexioned youth polishing silver at a great rate, and Tupper, the page, holding forth to him. tired look. His own duties were waiting | Tupper was one degree higher in the

turned on Timothy Smacke. He was curious-he could not help that; but he felt that it would be unfair to "corner the boot-boy, and he left the room with his questions unasked.

Timothy Smacke glanced after him with smile. Possibly he had read the thoughts in Jimmy's mind, and perhaps found some entertainment in reading them. He went on polishing, whistling softly to himself as he worked.

#### The 4th Chapter. Tubby Muffin's Great Wheeze!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were busy on Little Side that afternoon with Mr. Wilmot, the football coach. The strange mystery of Mornington was accordingly dismissed from their minds. But there was at least one fellow who was thinking of it, and that was Reginald Muffin of the Fourth—the fat and fatuous Tubby.

Tubby Muffin rolled down to the football ground, and for a little while stood watching the footballers. Then he rolled away, with a fat grin on his face. Putty Grace, coming down to the field, met him, and stopped him with a smack on his shoulder.

"Found a bag of tarts, Tubby?" he

"Ow! No!" "Then why that beatific grin?" inquired Putty.

Tubby blinked at him. "He must have some grub," he said.

"Eh? What? Who must?" "Morny, you know! How can a fellow live without grub?" said Tubby Muffin argumentatively. "He's hidden somewhere—that's a cert. He can't live without eating—that's another cert. wouldn't want to live if he hadn't any grub-life wouldn't be worth living, would it? Well, then, where does Morny get his grub from?"

"You'd like to find out, and drop in at the same spot?" asked Putty of the

Fourth, with a grin. "Most of the fellows are out of doors on a half-holiday," said Tubby, unheeding. "Well, then, my idea is that Morny

The Co. could not help being surprised. There were signs all over the study, when they came to look, indicating that somebody had been there, evidently cooking a meal, and devouring it afterwards. The unknown somebody had not taken the trouble to clean the utensils after him. The chums of the Fourth looked wrathy. Liberties were not to be taken lightly in the end study-the top

study of the Fourth Form at Rookwood. "Cheeky rotter!" said Jimmy Silver. "If I knew who it was, I'd jolly well

scalp him! Muffin, most likely." "Great pip! If he's bagged the

"Oh crumbs!" Jimmy Silver rushed to the study cupboard and dragged open the door. There was a yell of wrath from four juniors

as they looked in. For the cupboard, like Mrs. Hubbard's,

was bare! The steak pie was gone—the sausages were gone! Evidently the latter had been fried in the frying-pan. The ham was gone—the butter was gone—nearly all the loaf was gone! Not a crumb was left of the cake-not a single fruit was left of a bunch of a dozen bananas! The unknown raider had made a clean

"Why, I-I-I-" gasped Lovell. "I-I-I'll skin him! I'll scalp him! I'll burst him! I'll—I'll—"

Words failed Arthur Edward. clutched up a ruler and rushed from the end study. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome followed him fast. All four of the juniors wanted to see Tubby Muffin-and wanted to see him badly. They burst into Study No. 2 like a thunderstorm.

"Muffin!" roared Lovell.

Reginald Mussin was there with his study-mates. Putty Grace, Higgs, and Jones minor. The three last-named were getting tea, but for once Tubby Mussin was displaying no interest in tea. He was reclining in the armchair, with a fat and greasy grin of repletion on his podgy face. He turned his head languidly as the Fistical Four burst in.

"Hallo, you fellows! Has Morny been to your study?" he asked.

Lovell halted suddenly. "Morny!" he ejaculated. "Yes; he's raiding the studies for grub, you know," said Tubby. "I-I've missed a bag of tarts myself. Of course, I don't grudge it to Morny. A

fellow must eat." The Fistical Four stared blankly at Tubby Muffin. This was a new theory to them.

Putty Grace broke in, with a chuckle. "Tubby's making out that Morny is supplying himself by raiding the studies," he said. "If this study is raided I sha'n't look for Morny. I shall look for Muffin-with a fives bat."

"Oh, I say, Putty-" "Our study's been cleaned out!" gasped Lovell. "We've come here to slatighter that prize porker."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Higgs. "So that's why Tubby's started that yarn, is it? Better not try it on in this study, Muffin."

Tubby Muffin looked alarmed.

"I-I say, you can see it for yourself." he gasped. "Be reasonable, Jimmy. Morny's hidden somewhere, and he must have grub. You're friends of his; and, of course, he would come to your study." "And stop there to cook a meat, when

anybody might drop in any minute?" roared Lovell. "Do you want us to swallow that?"

"The-the fact is, I-I-" gasped Tubby.

"Collar him!" bellowed Lovell. "Yarooooooh!"

Tubby Muffin was promptly collared. His theory was a little too complicated to carry any weight. The fat Classical smote the study carpet with a heavy

"You-ow! Rescue!" roared Tubby. But his study-mates did not come to the rescue. They chuckled. "You might try the same game in this study next," remarked Putty. "You

want a lessen, Tubby." "Yow-ow-ow! Whoop! Keep that ruler away, Lovell, you beast! Ow! Wow! I say, I never did it! I didn't even know you had a steak-pie in your cupboard, Jimmy, old chap! I've never seen your sausages and ham-I haven't.

Whack! whack! whack! whack! The ruler fairly rang on Tubby's tight trousers, and the yells of Reginald Muffin rang along the passage.

"Wow, wow! It-it was only a lark!" howled Tubby. "I'm going to pay for the grub as—as soon as I change a fiver; Wow, wow! Leave off! Yooop!" Whack! whack! whack! whack!

"Whoooooop!" There was weeping and wailing when Jimmy Silver & Co. quitted the study at last and went down to tea in Hall. After the feast had come the reckoning, and the reckoning had been severe. And Tubby Muffin sadly came to the conclusion that his great scheme was, in fact. a chicken that wouldn't fight: study raids, instead of being attributed to the hidden junior, were only too certain to

"He's gone!" was the general verdict of the Rookwood fellows when they discussed Valentine Mornington. But there was soon to be proof that the expelled junior was not gone, and time, instead of clearing up the problem, was only to deepen the mystery of Mornington.

THE END.

be attributed to Reginald Mussin!

"The Elusive Outlaw!" next week's grand long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. deals with further developments in the Mornington mystery. See that you order your Boys' FRIEND in advance!)



MORNINGTON THE AMAZING! The light from Erroll's match glimmered on Valentine Mornington, handsome and debonair, looking quite his old self. "Glad to see me, what?" drawled Morny, as the juniors stared at him in amazed wonder.

while he spent his time in the search for Mornington. He stopped as Raby spoke to him with a grin on his bright, sandy face under his flaring red hair.

"Ain't found nothing, Master Raby," he said in his squeaky voice. "And look 'ere. I ain't 'ad time for my own work. Mrs. Maloney will be on my track 'cause the silver ain't cleaned; tain't my fault!" "Of course it isn't, kid," said Jimmy

"What's this bloke Mornington like, if a feller was to clap eyes on him?" asked

"Rather a good-looking johnny, about your own size," said Jimmy Silver. "Sandy like me?" asked Smacke.

"Oh, my hat! No, rather dark." "Well, I'm goin' to do my best," said Smacke. "The 'Ead's offered a pound to the cove what finds him. A pound's a

"Hold on a minute, Smackey," said Lovell, sinking his voice. "Look here, old

Smacke grinned. "But a pound's a pound to a pore cove like me, Mister Lovell," he said. "That's all right," whispered Lovell.

"Oh lor!" said Timothy Smacke. He

winked one eye at Arthur Edward. "All And Timothy Smacke went on his way,

social scale than Timothy, and he clung I helps himself from the study cupboards to that infinitesimal elevation as to a thing of great value, and impressed the fact on Timothy Smacke in season and out of season. Tupper was in a state of indignation as Jimmy looked into the boot-room.

"Look at 'im, Master Silver!" said Tupper. "Gloves on-doeskin gloves, you believe me! Can't soil his lily fingers, he can't! Making out that he's taking ! care of his 'ands!"

"Well, why shouldn't a chap take care of his hands, Tuppy, old top?" said Jimmy soothingly.

Tupper snorted. "I like a servant to know his place!" he snapped. "I'm s'prised at you. Master Silver, encouraging a feller to put on

And Tupper walked out of the room with his pug nose elevated in lofty wrath

and contempt. Jimmy looked rather curiously at the boot-boy. Smacke went on industriously I polishing the silver.

"You didn't find Mornington after all, Smacke?" asked the captain of the Fourth. "No. Master Silver. I ain't earned

Master Lovell's pound," said Smacke, l with a grin. Jimmy laughed. His look was rather intent on the boot-boy's face, and Smacke

Jimmy's look was questioning; and there were questions in his mind. But he did not ask them. It had come into his mind that the hidden junior possibly had a friend below stairs, who was helping him in his strange escapade, and for more than one reason Jimmy's suspicions

kept his eyes on his work.

when there's nobody looking." "He might," agreed Putty. nobody's missed anything, so far."

"He may have brought some grub with him in the first place," said Tubby sagely. "Then, as soon as it runs out, he will begin raiding the studies—what!' "Rot!" said Putty. And, without wasting further time on Tubby Muffin, he

joined the footballers. Tubby Muffin grinned a satisfied grin, and rolled away to the School House. It was evident that great thoughts were working in the fat intellect of Reginald Muffin of the Fourth.

Jimmy Silver & Co. came off the football field later, in cheery spirits, with ruddy faces, and with an appetite that would have done credit to a castaway in an open boat. Football in the keen, winter air was a wonderful appetiser. They changed quickly, and proceeded to the end study to tea. The Fistical Four were in the happy condition that day of being in funds, and the cupboard in the end study was, so to speak, a land flowing with milk and honey, for once. There was one of Mr. Kettle's steak-pies, and there was ham, and there were sausages, and there was a cake, and there were other things-all intensely attractive to hungry footballers.

"Stick the kettle on," said Jimmy Silver. "By Jove, I'm famished! Lucky the fire's not quite out!" "Odd how it's kept in!" said Lovell. "I never knew it had been lighted."

"Well, there it is," said Jimmy. 'Where's the frying-pan?"

"Here it is," said Raby. "Somebody's been using it!"