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No. 1,133. Vol. XXIII.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

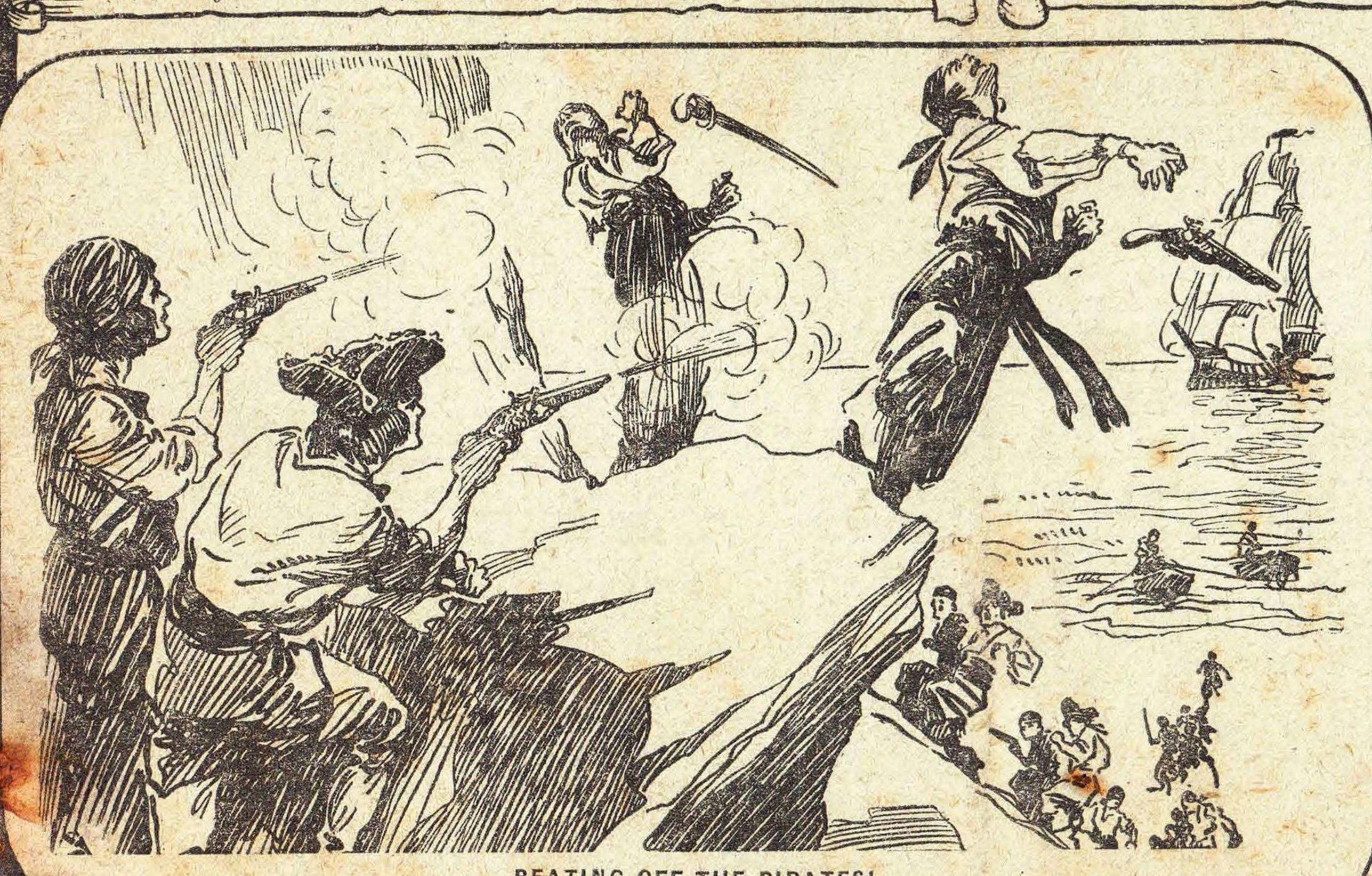
Week Ending February 24th, 1923.





THREE IN A FIX! in amusing incident in "A Rift in the Lute!" this week's splendid Rookwood story.)

A STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY! (A thrilling moment in "The International's Secret!" included in this issue.)



BEATING OFF THE PIRATES! (A breathless incident from "Dead Man's Gold!" in this number.)

GRAND NEW PROGRAMME

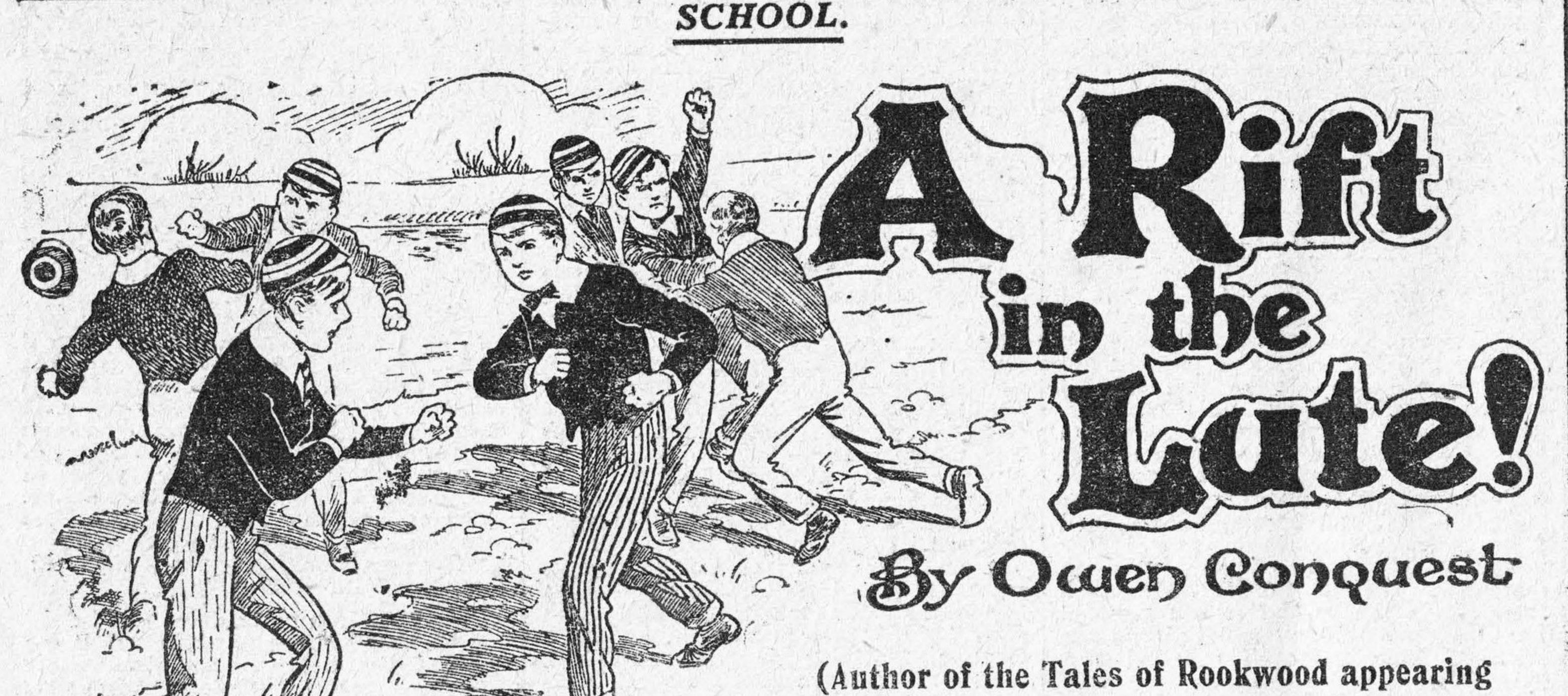
- " A RIFT IN THE LUTE!" Another Grand Yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co., by OWEN CONQUEST.
- "THE INTERNATIONAL'S SECRET!" A Splendid 12,000-word Story of Footer and Mystery, by CECIL WROXHAM.
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The Third Round! " A Great Footer Yarn Featuring Rollo Dayton and the Duke, in this Issue.

HERE YOU MEET YOUR OLD PALS JIMMY SILVER & CO. OF ROOKWOOD



The 1st Chapter.

Left in the Lurch!

"Look out for trouble!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

Three juniors of the Rookwood Fourth were sauntering along the towing-path by the river, when trouble appeared in the offing.

Trouble loomed up in the shape of four Bagshot juniors.

It was a half-holiday at both schools; and destiny had led the footsteps of Jimmy Silver & Co. along the river from one direction and those of the Bagshot Bounders from the other.

It was but seldom that Rookwooders and Bagshot fellows met without a "rag." On such occasions as football and cricket matches, they buried the hatchet. On most other occasions they brandished it.

Pankley, Price, Poole and Sanderson of the Bagshot Fourth smiled genially as they bore down on the three.

Had the Fistical Four of Rookwood been all there probably a scrap would

have resulted. But one member of the four-George Raby-was not there, so the odds were in favour of the Bagshot heroes.

Consequently, instead of a sparringmatch, Pankley & Co. contemplated a

Their looks indicated as much as they quickened their pace at sight of Jimmy Silver, Lovell, and Newcome.

Arthur Edward Lovell pushed back his

"We'll lick 'em!" he said.

"We'll try, anyhow!" remarked New-

come. "Oh, we'll lick 'em!" said Lovell confidently. "I'll take two, and you chaps can take one each!"

Newcome grunted, and Jimmy Silver "I wish Raby would come up!" said

Jimmy, with a giance over his shoulder. "He can't be far away."

"Oh, never mind Raby! Leave two of 'em to me!" "Willingly, old chap, if you could

handle them," said Jimmy Silver affably. "But you couldn't, you know." "Look here-"

Jimmy Silver did not "look here"-he looked back along the towing-path. George Raby had started out from the school with his comrades, but had lingered behind on the towing-path. Jimmy would have been very glad to see him arrive just then on the spot, to make the odds equal.

But it was Pankley & Co. that arrived. "Fancy meeting you chaps!" said Pankley politely. "Unexpected pleasure, and all that! Seen my minor about?"

"Haven't seen any monkeys at all, till you fellows came up!" said Lovell, with equal politeness. "Perhaps somebody's found him, and sent him back to the

Pankley's comrades smiled; but Pankley frowned,

"You see," said Price, "we came along to look for Panky's minor, who's always landing into trouble. But Panky minor can wait while we duck you Rookwood rotters."

"Poor Panky minor!" said Lovell. "He's booked for a long wait, then-say about a thousand years!"

"Not quite so long as that, I fancy!" grinned Pankley. "Anyhow, we'll see. Go for 'em!"

And the four Bagshot fellows made a rush.

Three Rookwooders stood up gallantly to the rush All three were good fightingmen; but the heroes of Bagshot, too, were quite distinguished in that line. Jimmy Silver was hotly engaged with

Cecil Pankley. Price tackled Newcome. Poole and Sanderson devoted themselves to Arthur Edward Lovell.

That was what Lovell had wanted. according to his statement. But when it came about. Lovell found that it was rather too large an order.

In theory, Arthur Edward Lovell felt himself a match for two Bagshot career of the Fistical Four, at Rookwood, Bounders or even three or four. In | had a member of that celebrated Co. | dear boy!" actual practice. two of them were precisely twice as many as Arthur Edward | Raby, it was true, was a much less | Silver, could tackle with success.

found himself whirled off the ground, and a few seconds later he found himself on his back, with Sanderson sitting on his chest.

Lovell wriggled and struggled. "Take it easy, old scout!" Sanderson.

"Gerroff!" "You see, I shall tap your nose like that if you wriggle--"

"And like that!"

"Whooooop!" Poole, grinning, ran to Pankley's help. Jimmy Silver was jerked off, having his hands too full with Pankley to attend to Poole. He was extended in the grass, and Poole sat on him, smiling, leaving Cecil Pankley at liberty.

Pankley immediately collared Newcome, and Newcome joined his chums in the grass, and Price sat on him.

Three Rookwooders lay on their backs and wriggled, firmly sat upon, while Pankley, with his hands in his pockets and a smile on his face, surveyed them. "Looks like a win for us!" he remarked. "What's your opinion, Silver?"

"Gerroff!" "What do you think, Newcome?"

"How does it strike you. Lovell?"

"I'll smash you!" roared Lovell. "Mustn't lose its 'ickle temper!" said

Pankley soothingly. "Only our fun, you know-merely a little jape! It was really kind of you fellows to happen along like this, and provide us with a little harmless and necessary entertain-"Gerroff! I'll--"

"Rescue, Rookwood!" roared Jimmy Silver.

Pankley looked round quickly.

"Any more of your crowd hanging about?" he asked.

"Raby!" yelled Jimmy. Jimmy Silver hoped that Raby was within hearing. He twisted up his head and stared round for him. The arrival of the fourth member of the Fistical Four would have made all the difference.

"Raby!" shouted Lovell.

"Raby!" howled Newcome. "Hallo-there he is!" exclaimed Sanderson. "Look out, Panky!" "I'll take care of him!" said Pankley,

with a grin. George Raby had appeared at last. He came in sight round a clump of thickets on the towing-path at a little

distance, evidently having heard his

name shouted. All the juniors could see him, and Raby could see his chums in the hands of the Bagshot Bounders. He made a

step towards the scene. Pankley waved a hand to him. "Come on!" he called out. "Ready

for you, Raby!"

George Raby stopped. Instead of coming on, he suddenly looked back over his shoulder, as something on the other side of the thicket had called his attention. Then he turned again towards the scene of the struggle, and seemed to hesitate a

But it was only for a second. The next moment Raby had turned his back on the scene, and was running away up the towing-path as fast as he could

The 2nd Chapter. "Funk!"

"Great pip!" Pankley uttered that exclamation in sheer amazement.

George Raby remained in sight; he was running as hard as he could go, and he | fags," said Pankley. "I've got to look vanished from view in a few seconds. Jimmy Silver & Co., in their blank | whipcord here."

amazement, ceased to struggle in the grasp of their captors. They had all seen Raby's flight, and it I astounded them-utterly. Never, in the

shown the white feather.

I belligerent fellow than Lovell, and

Lovell put up a great fight; but he I certainly not such a fighting-man as Jimmy Silver. But nobody had ever suspected him of funk.

in the "Popular.")

George Raby appears to funk a fight with

the Bagshot juniors!

The chums of Rookwood could scarcely believe their eyes.

Pankley whistled. Pankley of Bagshot was a hefty fellow, and more than a match for Raby; but that was no excuse or explanation. He had taken it for granted that Raby would come up at top speed to the rescue of his chums. Four to four—there would have been an equal battle.

Jimmy struggled desperately, but with Poole sitting on his chest he had no chance. The end of the cord was firmly attached to his wrist. Then Newcome's wrist was pulled close and tied to it.

"Newcome's other wrist was tied to Lovell's; then Lovell's other wrist was tied to Jimmy Silver's other.

Price

Twopence

The three Rookwood juniors were now tied in a circle, facing one another, and utterly helpless.

They were lifted to their feet, and they stood in a circle, with red and wrathful faces.

Pankley & Co. stuffed their caps down their backs, and jerked out their collars, smiling genially as they bestowed these kind attentions on the hapless Rookwooders.

"I think that will do!" said Pankley thoughtfully. "Think you can get home like that, you fellows?"

"No, you beast!" roared Lovell.

"That's rather rotten, then," said Pankley sympathetically, "for if you can't, get home like that you're booked to pass the rest of your natural lives standing here in a giddy circle."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Good-bye, old dears!"

Pankley & Co. walked on cheerily, leaving the three Rookwooders fairly spluttering with wrath. It was only a little Bagshot joke—such a little jape as the Fistical Four might have played on Pankley & Co. in different circumstances. But in matters of this kind, it was more blessed to give than to receive.

"The rotters!" gasped Lovell. smash 'em! And-and as for that rotter.

"They couldn't have handled us like at scrapping, anyhow," said Tommy this if Raby had chipped in!" groaned Dodd consolingly. "There you are!" Newcome.

"They couldn't!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "I wonder why Raby scooted like that!"

Lovell snorted with fury.

roared. "What else should he scoot for, you thumping ass!" "I can't think-" said Jimmy. "You can't," said Lovell; "not if you

think Raby isn't a funk! And we've called that fellow our pal! I'll give him pal!" "He's never--"



"For goodness sake cut this. DODD THINKS IT FUNNY! "For goodness sake cut this cord, and don't cackle!" snapped Jimmy Silver. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Modern junior as he took out his pocket knife to release the three unfortunate schoolboys!

And Raby had fled! "Well, my hat!" said Pankley. "This I know that!" howled Lovell. "Leaving beats it! Jevver see such a frightful his pals in the lurch—fairly turning tail

"Never!" grinned Price. "Hardly ever!" chuckled Poole.

"You fellows seem to be left in the lurch!" remarked Sanderson. "If you go home through Coombe, drop in at the poulterer's. He'll let you have some white feathers for your pall"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the four. Jimmy Silver crimsoned with rage. Lovell gasped and spluttered. "The awful funk! The rotter! I'll your voice, Lovell!"

punch him! I'll-I'll-" Words failed Arthur Edward Lovell. "He'll come back!" gasped Newcome. "Doesn't look like it!" chuckled Pank-

ley. "Blessed if I should care to compete in a foot-race with Rookwood chaps. They're too good at running." "Ha, ha, ha!"

Certainly there was no sign of George Raby coming back. He had vanished at It was only for a moment or two that | top speed, and he did not reappear.

"Now, we can't waste time on these for my dashed minor. I've got some "Look here--" began Jimmy Silver

savagely. Pankley waved a soothing hand. "You're dead in this act," he explained, "We've got you. Give me your wrist,

"Go and eat coke!" gasped Jimmy "Naughty!" chided Pankley.

"I'll boot him out of the end study, and bolting! It's simply sickening!"

"Won't Bagshot crow over this!" groaned Newcome. "They'll call us all funks—they'll be sending us white feathers!

"Let's clear!" said Jimmy. "We'll speak to Raby about it, of course-" "Speak to him-I'll smash him!"

"Oh, let's get going," said Jimmy. "We can't hang on here while you exercise

"How are we going to get along like this, fathead?" "We've got to, somehow."

The three hapless juniors made a move. They left the towing-path and cut across fields in the direction of the Rookwood

road, hoping to fall in with Rookwooders. Progress was slow and difficult. From a distance the trio must have presented a remarkable spectacle as they wriggled their way across the field.

They reached a stile on the road, and negotiated it with difficulty. In the road they leaned on the stile to rest and wait. Unless fairly driven to it, they did not

want to wriggle their way back to Rookwood in this condition. Certainly the Modern juniors would have chipped them without mercy—and their own comrades, the Classicals, would not have let them off lightly. They waited and hoped for a Rookwooder to pass.

Unluckily, the first Rookwooder to pass

on his bicycle, going to the village. Tommy Dodd almost fell off his machine at the sight of the three Classicals.

"Stop!" shouted Newcome. Dodd jumped down.

"What on earth's this game?" he ejaculated. "Let us loose, old man, and don't jaw!"

said Jimmy Silver. "But who's tied you up like this?" yelled Tommy Dodd.

"The Bagshot Bounders!" "And you let 'em?" grinned the Modern

"Looks as if we did, as we couldn't help it!" said Jimmy tartly. "For goodness' sake cut this dashed cord, and don't

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tommy Dodd. "Look here, you Modern ass---" bawled

Lovell.

Tommy Dodd took out his pocket-knife to cut the cords. But he chuckled and chortled all the time. He found entertainment in the episode, to which the Classicals were blind.

"It wasn't our fault, you cackling ass!" growled Newcome. "They were four to

"It was Raby's fault!" roared Lovell. 'Raby ran away and left us in the lurch!" "Shut up!" said Jimmy hastily.

Jinimy had no desire to publish the disgrace of the Co., especially to the Modern fellows. But Arthur Edward Lovell was too infuriated to think of considerations of that kind.

"I tell you Raby funked and ran away!" howled Lovell. "I'm going to kick him for it! Rotten sneaking funk!" "Well, you Classicals ain't much good

He remounted his machine and rode on to Coombe, grinning. Jimmy Silver & Co. tramped on to Rookwood with grim and lugubrious faces. All three of them were "He scooted because he's a funk!" he I anxious to see Raby; Jimmy with a faint hope that the runaway might have some explanation to offer; Newcome, angry and resentful; and Arthur Edward Lovell in

> righteous wrath. It was not a happy half-holiday for the Fistical Four of the Fourth Form at

Rookwood.

a towering rage, prepared to greet the

runaway at first sight with a torrent of

The 3rd Chapter. Pals Parted.

"What's makin' you look so merry

an' bright." Valentine Mornington of the Fourth asked that question as Jimmy Silver & Co. came into the School House.

The question was somewhat sarcastic; the chums of the Fourth were looking anything but bright and merry. "Raby in?" asked Jimmy.

'Haven't seen him. Not been rowing. have you?" asked Morny, in astonish ment. Rows in the end study were few and far between; though sometimes they happened, Jimmy Silver & Co. being human, like the rest of Rookwood. "Not sneaked in yet?" said Lovell,

fiercely. "Ashamed to show his face, I dare say." "Wha-a-a-t?" ejaculated Mornington. And one or two other juniors looked

round in surprise. "What's that?" exclaimed Conroy. "Br-r-r-r-r!" grunted Lovell, and he tramped on.

"We've had a row with Bagshot," Jimmy Silver explained. "They were four to three, and got the best of it." "Is that why Lovell is like a bear with a sore head?" grinned Putty Grace. Lovell looked round.

"No, it isn't!" he snorted, "I'm wild because of that rotter Raby funking a row with the Bagshot Bounders, if you "Rot!" said Putty of the Fourth in-

credulously. "Raby isn't a funk." "He ran away!" roared Lovell.

"Look here, Putty, if you want a thick "Keep it for Raby, old man," answered Putty. "Keep your presents for your pals. I don't believe a word of it about

Raby, either." "I'll jolly well-"

"He did run away," said Newcome. "My hat!" "Raby showed the white feather in a

row?" asked Mornington. "Blessed if I'd have thought it." "I don't think it, now," said Kit Erroll, in his quiet way. "you fellows are making

some mistake."

"We saw him!" roared Lovell.

"Well, it's jolly odd." "He furned and bolted like a frightened rabbit!" breathed Lovell, "he's a funka beastly funk-funkier than Tubby

"Why, you cheeky beast!" exclaimed Reginald Mussin, in great indignation. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Edward Loyell strode on towards the stairs, and went up to the Fourth Form passage. Jimmy Silver and Newcome followed. They left the juniors in a buzz of talk behind them. The news about Raby excited a good deal of interest in the Classical Fourth, and a good deal of incredulity. Fellows like Peele and Gower were glad enough to believe anything against a member of the celebrated Co. but most of the Fourth, when they heard the news, felt incredulous.

Jimmy Silver was frowning when he came into the end study after Lovell: "No need to shout it out to all Rook wood," he said tartly. "It doesn't do this study any good."

"Rot!" snapped Lovell. "Raby's one of us-"

"No, he jolly well isn't!" exclaimed was Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth | Lovell. "A fellow who runs away and

A Startling Disclosure at Rookwood! See "THE FISTICAL FUNK!" Next Week's Great School Story, by OWEN CONQUEST!

leaves his friends in a scrap, isn't a friend of mine." "Well, he may be able to explain some-

"Utter rot! He left us in the lurch, because he was afraid of a Bagshot rotter. Do you think he ran away because he was in a hurry for his tea, or had forgotten to post a letter?" jeered Loyell.

Jimmy Silver did not answer. He simply did not know what to think; but in his hopeful way, he hoped for the

"I must say I agree with Lovell," said Newcome. "Of course, Raby may have something to say. We'll give him a chance. But—a chap who's afraid to back up his friends in trouble isn't a chap I want to chum with."

"I should think not!" snorted Lovell. Jimmy Silver, without pursuing the subject further, proceeded to get tea. He was worried and troubled about the strange and unexpected happening; but further argument was likely to lead to a quarrel with his hot-headed chum, Arthur Edward.

Lovell's indignation was natural enough, and he had the support of Arthur Newcome, who was a quiet and coolheaded fellow, and not at all hot-headed or hasty. Jimmy was in a minority of one; though Jimmy himself had to admit that he did not see what Raby possibly could have to say for himself. All three of the juniors had seen him turn and flee, with his comrades' shouts for rescue ringing in his ears. Perhaps it was natural that Lovell did not require any more proof than that.

The trio had sat down to tea, when Jimmy, from the window, caught sight of George Raby coming towards the House.

"He's coming in!" said Jimmy.

Lovell breathed hard. "I'll talk to him!" he said.

"Look here, Lovell," said Jmmy Silver very quietly. "Don't be an ass. We four have been friends too long, to break it up if it can be helped. Give Raby a chance to speak before you jump on the chap."

"What can he have to say?" snapped Lovell.

"I don't know till I hear him, but give him a chance. I dare say he'll speak about it the minute he comes in. He must know what we think."

Lovell growled under his breath; but be nodded. A minute or two later Raby's footsteps were heard in the passage.

The door of the end study opened, and George Raby of the Fourth walked in. Three pairs of eyes were fixed on him at once; but nobody spoke. Raby looked tired, but otherwise his usual self; certainly he did not look in the least like a criminal entering the presence of stern justice. He gave his chums a careless

"Oh! You're in?" he said. "Here we are, Raby!" said Jimmy Silver, striving to speak carelessly as usual, and failing a little.

Raby gave a quick glance at the three. It did not need a second glance to show him that something was wrong. "Anything up?" he asked.

"Anything up?" repeated Lovell, his eyes beginning to gleam, "you ask that?" "Eh! Yes! I've just asked."

"Well, then-" began Lovell. "Shut up, old fellow," said Jimmy Silver hurriedly. "I tell you-" "Rot!" roared Lovell. "Look here,

Raby---" "I'm looking!" said Roby coolly. "You seem excited about something, old bean. That's nothing new for you, though. What's biting you?"

"You cheeky rotter!" "What?"

"Cheeky, funking, sneaking rotter!" bawled Lovell.

George Raby started back. There was astonishment in his face-he seemed too astonished to be angry. He blinked at Lovell.

"Funking!" he repeated. "Yes, funking!" shouted Lovell. Raby smiled slightly.

"I like that!" he remarked, "I don't know why you're calling me a funk, Lovell. I don't think the Bagshot fellows think me one."

"Don't they?" sneered Lovell. "Well, they jolly well do, and we shall hear no end of it from them. What have you got to say for yourself, before we kick you out of the study you're a disgrace

Raby's eyes glinted. "Rick me out of the study?" he re-

peated. "Do you think we're going to let you stay, after what you've done?"

"Yes, I think so, as it's my study. But what have I done, if a fellow may venture to put a question to your Majesty?" asked Raby.

"You don't know what you've done? You ran away from the Bagshot Bounders, and left us in the lurch. You're a coward, and no fellow here wants to Silver crossly. "Shut up, and the row will speak, to you again!" shouted Lovell, stop." That most certainly was not polite

"that's what!" "If you've got anything to say, distressed. Raby---" began Newcome.

Raby's plump face was quite pale. He i claimed Lovell. "We've turned Raby out looked at Lovell, and then at Newcome, I of the study because he's a rotten funk." and then fixed his eyes upon Jimmy. "So I'm on my defence, what?" he

*asked, with a curl of the lip. "You know you left us, Raby," said Jimmy rather nettled. "The Bagshot Rounders were regging us, and you could

. Bee-because---'

"Because you were airaid!" shouted Lovell, "what's the good of talking? A dashed coward can talk all right."

Published

Every Monday

Raby set his lips, breathing hard. "This is a jolly sort of greeting to get, in my own study!" he said. "Go ondon't mind me."

"It's not your study now," said Lovell. "You're going out of it on your neck if you won't walk out! No cowards wanted

"You fellows say the same?" asked

"Yes, rather!" snapped Newcome. "If you can't explain, Raby--" said

Raby laughed. "What is there to explain " he said. "Didn't you see me run away-leaving you in the lurch? What could possibly have called me away-excepting cold

"You admit-" exclaimed Lovell. "Anything you like," said Raby. "Have it your own way! Go and eat coke, the lot of you!"

With that, George Raby strode out of the end study, and closed the door after him with a bang.

The 4th Chapter. Bitter Blood!

That evening there was something like sensation in the Classical Fourth at Rookwood.

The Fistical Four—the inseparable Co. true comrades through thick and thin hitherto-were divided. It was not merely a little rift in the

lute-not a little row that would heal in a few hours. Far enough from that! Tubby Muffin—who heard most things had heard all that was said in the end

by subsequent happenings. George Raby had had his tea in Hall, Jimmy Silver and the other two having theirs in the study. In times of stress,

study and reported it far and wide.

Raby did not answer. With a set quiet face, he began collecting his books. Lovell | ing anything but cool, as he asked that | also, like his chums, that could be consaw then what he wanted, and sat down ! again, saying no more.

In a few minutes George Raby was gone from the study again, closing the door after him-quietly, this time.

"Good riddance!" growled Lovell, "Jevver see such a funk? If he hadn't the whitest liver ever heard of, he wouldn't be turned out of his own study."

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ETELL ALL YOUR PALSE ABOUT IT!

"Cheese it!" muttered Jimmy Silver. "You're a silly ass, Lovell. Even if poor old Raby did funk, it was only once, and it's jolly queer. He's been a good pal."

"I don't see turning him out of the study," said Newcome slowly. "Can't

Snort from Lovell. "Raby's disgraced the study. We shall made you funk?"

"What do you want here?" demanded I of the Fourth hotly, "and you'll talk differently when you're cool."

"Who's not cool?" bawled Lovell, look- I question in a voice that could be heard from end to end of the Fourth Form pas-

Jimmy Silver did not answer, and three worried or angry juniors put what attention they could into prep.

After prep, Arthur Edward Lovell was the first to leave the study. In the chatting at the door of No. 6 with Dick

cating by a contemptuous curl of the lip I that he was aware that there was such a person as George Raby in the wide world.

Raby's face was crimson. Dick Oswald, feeling extremely uncomfortable, stepped back into his study, Raby went slowly down the passage.

In the Common-room the parted chums encountered again a little later. Raby was seated near the fire with a book when Arthur Edward Loyell came in. There was a vacant chair close by Raby -into which Lovell naturally would have dropped, in old circumstances. Instead of which, Lovell picked up the chair, moved it to some distance, and sat down with his back to Raby.

That was demonstration enough, if the Fourth-Formers had wanted it, that the trouble in the end study was deep.

It caused a sensation. Some of the juniors laughed-Cyril Peele seemed looked Erroll vastly entertained. shrugged troubled; Mornington shoulders. Newcome came into the Common-room a little later, and passed Tubby's exciting narrative was borne out I help being down on him; but after Raby without a word, and joined Lovell. "I say, it's a real row, you chaps!"

said Tubby Muffin. "Fancy Raby being "A funk isn't a pal of mine!" he said. | a funk, you know! I say, Raby, what



Raby suddenly looked back over his shoulder, as if something on the other RABY RUNS AWAY! Raby suddenly looked back over the attention. Then he turned again to the struggling juniors—and seemed to hesitate a second. The next moment he had turned his back on the scene and was running away up the towing-path, as fast as he could go.

the Fistical Four sometimes had their tea in Hall, when money was tight; but on such occasions, they had it all together. When funds ran to tea in the study, funds had to run to a tea for four.

Obviously, there was a split. Jones minor, athirst for information,

applied to Raby as he came out after tea. "Rowed with your pals?" he asked.

"What's the trouble?"

"Find out." That answer was not polite; and it really was superfluous, because the enterprising Jones actually was then trying to find out. But he did not succeed. Raby did not seem disposed to talk on the

Raby did not go to his study. He went to the Common-room. There Higgs

tackled him. "What's the row in your study, Raby?"

"Mind your own bizney." "Well, I'll ask Lovel!!"

"Ask him and be blowed." who did not look happy

"What's the row?" asked Higgs. "Only your voice, at present," said Jmmy

of Jimmy Silver; but he was worried and "No need to keep it a secret!" ex-

"Ob, my hat!" said Higgs. He retired with that information, which confirmed what the juniors had already heard. Obviously, Raby was turned out; because at the hour of prep he asked Oswald if that youth would mind letting

him do prep in his study. Oswald assented at once and Mynn and Hooker, his study mates, concurred.

I half rose.

about it." "Oh, blow the Moderns," said Jimmy

about Raby. I'm not going to drop him." "I am!" shouted Lovell.

ARAMARAMANA ARAMANA AR

Raby lifted his eyes from his volume, Modern cads will make a regular song | and gave the fat Classical a look. Some of the fellows expected him to get up and kick Tubby; even a funk could not be Silver irritably. "I can't make it out supposed to have any fear of Reginald Mussin. But Raby did not. He dropped his eyes to his book again in silence. "Well, I'm not i" answered the captain | There was much suppressed excitement

RESULT OF NEWCASTLE UNITED COMPETITION:

awarded to:

E. ROCHFORD, 21, Nicholas St., Cork, Irish Free State.

The second prize of £2 10s, has been divided among the following six competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

H. Morgan, 27, Victoria Rd., Folke-Off went Alfred Higgs to the end study; Shaftesbury, Dorset; Rose Cooper, Lvy Stourbridge; John Budd, Gellygron Rd., Pontardawe, Swansea; V. A. Chapman, 9, Stirling Rd., Walthamstow, E. 17; Louisa Arnoid, 27, Delorme St., Fulham,

The ten prizes of 5s. each have been divided among the following thirty-four competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

Stanley Love, 20, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury, Dorset; Alfred Cooper, lyy Cottage, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, Stourbridge; George Arnold, 27, Deforme St., Fulham, W. 6; Len Baskett, 15, Hall St., Chemisford; Thomas Combe, 70, Hawthornvale, Leith; Sarah Carroll, 45, Duncan St., Oldsield Rd., Salford; George

In this competition one competitor, Miss M. O. Aitken, 19, Barrie Terrace, sent in a correct solution of the pictures. | Ardrossan; Albert Taylor, 53, Flaxby The first prize of £5 has therefore been | Rd., Darnall, Sheffield; Mary Kennedy, 4, Fleshers Vennel, Perth; James W. Clark, 37, River View, Black Hall Mill, Hantsterly Colliery, Durham; Miss M. Giles, 1. Phoenix St., Stonehouse, Plymouth; Samuel Bishop, 45, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, Stourbridge; C. Porterfield, 80, Milton Rd., Hanwell, W.7; James Lynch, 8, Greenhough St., Ancoats, Manchester; G. Sharp, Countesbury, Hayling Island, Hants; Mrs. A. Barrie, stone; R. J. Love, 20, Enmore Green, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; C. Ayres, The Walk, Birdwell, Barnsley; A. to inquire. He found three juniors there Cottage, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, Woodcock, 9, Warton Terrace, Bootle, Liverpool; David Hamilton, 20, Dake St., Motherwell; Bernard Wallis, 14, Egerton Rd., Bishopston, Bristol; John Simpson, Mill Rd., Halfway, Cambuslang, Lanarks; L. Spencer, 3, Ropewalk St., Brickkiln St., Wolverhampton; Charles H. Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Howarth St., Sunderland; J. Axor, 68, Nugget St., Oldham; H. Kimmings, 36, Ritches Rd., West Green, N. 15; D. Whetnall, 31, Wellington St., Burślem, Staffs; Mrs. Bert Wolf, 4, Prospect Place, Keston, Kent: Leonard Mullineaux, Sunny Side, Victoria Rd., Preston.

SOLUTION. have helped, and turned the finites on assented at once and begin and flooker, them. We got a ragging, because—"

"Because Raby ran away!" interjected Levell.

"Did you get a ragging?" asked Raby, "The sorry! I couldn't chip in, you got a ragging?" asked Raby, "The sorry! I couldn't chip in, you got a ragging?" asked Raby, "The sorry! I couldn't chip in, you got a ragging?" asked Raby, "The sorry! I couldn't chip in, you got a ragging?" asked Raby, "The sorry! I couldn't chip in, you got a ragging?" asked Raby, "The sorry! I couldn't chip in, you got a ragging?" asked Raby, "The sorry! I couldn't chip in, you miss "The sorry! I couldn't chip in this country in a splendid side, but its Cup history is a splendid side, but its Cup history is a limit but Lovell gave him a glare and Mortage. Stouchting of the Rockwood Chums. And books.

Association football club in this country in the stouch of the most difficult in this country. Association football club in this country in the stouch in the stouch of the Rockwood Chums. And books.

The stouch is stouch in the stouch of the stouch in the s Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Sunderland; I disappointing one.

when Jimmy Silver came in. The juniors wondered what he would do. If Uncle James of Rookwood was down on Raby i sidered as a proof of guilt—and the fellows felt that they would know what to think of Raby. Funks were not popular in the Rookwood Fourth. Even Tubby Mussin would have been expected not to run away from the Bagshot Bounders.

All eyes were on Jimmy Silver. He Fourth Form passage he came on Raby, strolled into the room, and stopped by Raby's chair. Raby did not look up.

It seemed that Jimmy was prepared Lovell did not look at his chum-his to recognise the junior who was in disformer chum. He deliberately nodded to | grace-while the disgraced junior was not Oswald, taking no note of Raby's exis- | specially keen on being recognised. That E tence. Then he walked on, only indi- was unexpected, and rather perplexing.

Raby kept his eyes glued on his book, as if to make Jimmy's position as uncomfortable as possible. Jimmy flushed

"Got an interesting book there, Raby?" he asked, trying to speak casually. "Yes, thanks."

"Well, what is it?"

"' Holiday Annual," said Raby briefly. "Good! Let's have a look at it," said Jimmy, with a heartiness that was perhaps a little overdone. "It's big enough for us to read together."

Raby smiled faintly. There was a roar from Arthur Edward Lovell across the

"Are you talking to that funk, Jimmy

"Do shut up, Lovell, old man!" implored Jimmy Silver. "I've told you lots of times that you talk too much." "Let that coward alone, then!" roared

Lovell. "He ought to be sent to Coventry, and you know it." Jimmy looked uneasily at Raby. To his surprise, Raby only smiled. He seemed impervious to the most galling accusation that could be brought against a member of the Fistical Four. Raby

looked at him, and met his glance. "You hear, Lovell?" he said, with a yawn. "What are you talking to a funk for, Jimmy Silver? I haven't asked you to, have I?"

"Look here, Raby--" "Rats!"

Raby closed his book, put it under his arm, and walked out of the Commonroom. Jimmy Silver, in a perplexed frame of mind, followed him. The friendship of the Fistical Four was of long standing; it should not end like this, if Jimmy could help it. In the corridor he overtook Raby, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hold on, old chap!" he said.

Raby stopped. "Why 'old chap '?" he said. "You don't want to be chummy with a funk, I suppose. Better stick to Lovell."

"Look here, Raby," said Jimmy Silver earnestly, "we've been friends ever since I came to Rookwood. You were Lovell's pal before you were mine. This will blow

over." "What will blow over?" asked Raby

coolly. Well, what's happened," said Jimmy. don't pretend to understand itwhether it was nerves, or what it wasbut I'm sticking to you, if you'll let One swallow doesn't make a summer, and I don't believe you're a funk, though you did-" Jimmy paused. "Though I did what?" asked Raby

"Well, you did bolt, you know," said Jimmy. "I-I suppose you lost your nerve for once--"

"You suppose I lost my nerve? Good!" "Well, that's the only way I can account for it," said Jimmy. "You're not the fellow to leave your friends in the lurch, as a rule."

"Not as a rule," said Raby mockingly, "only sometimes. Go it." "Let it drop," said Jimmy. "We'll forget all about it. Lovell will come

round in a day or so." "How good! And you'll all three condescend to pal with a rotten funk-because he's only a funk sometimes—when Lovell condescends to come round! Not

good enough, thanks!" "Look here!" exclaimed Jimmy, his own temper beginning to rise. "Cheek won't do any good. Are you asking us to believe that you didn't funk, when we saw you run away, and leave us to be

ragged?" "I'm not asking you to believe anything. But you'd have to believe that, without my asking you, if you wanted to

keep friends with me." "Why, you cheeky ass--" exclaimed Jimmy, in exasperation.

Raby's lip curled. "That's enough!" he said. And he turned his back on Jimmy Silver and walked away.

Jimmy breathed hard. For a moment or two he was strongly tempted to follow Raby up and take him by the collar-a state of resentful wrath that really was unworthy of the calm serenity of Uncle James of Rookwood. Fortunately, he

restrained the impulse. That night, in the dormitory, every fellow in the Classical Fourth was deeply interested in the Fistical Four. Three members of that once united Co. elaborately ignored the existence of the fourth member; and the fourth member, with equal deliberation, ignored the existence of the three. The chums of the end study had allowed the sun to go down on their wrath—and the Co. was hopelessly split. But while they nursed their mutual wrath, and felt, like the prophet of old, that they did well to be angry, probably the disunited quartette were the four most miserable fellows within the walls of Rookwood School. THE END.