BEST FOOTBALL NEWS AND FOREGAST BY "GOALIE" INSIDE!



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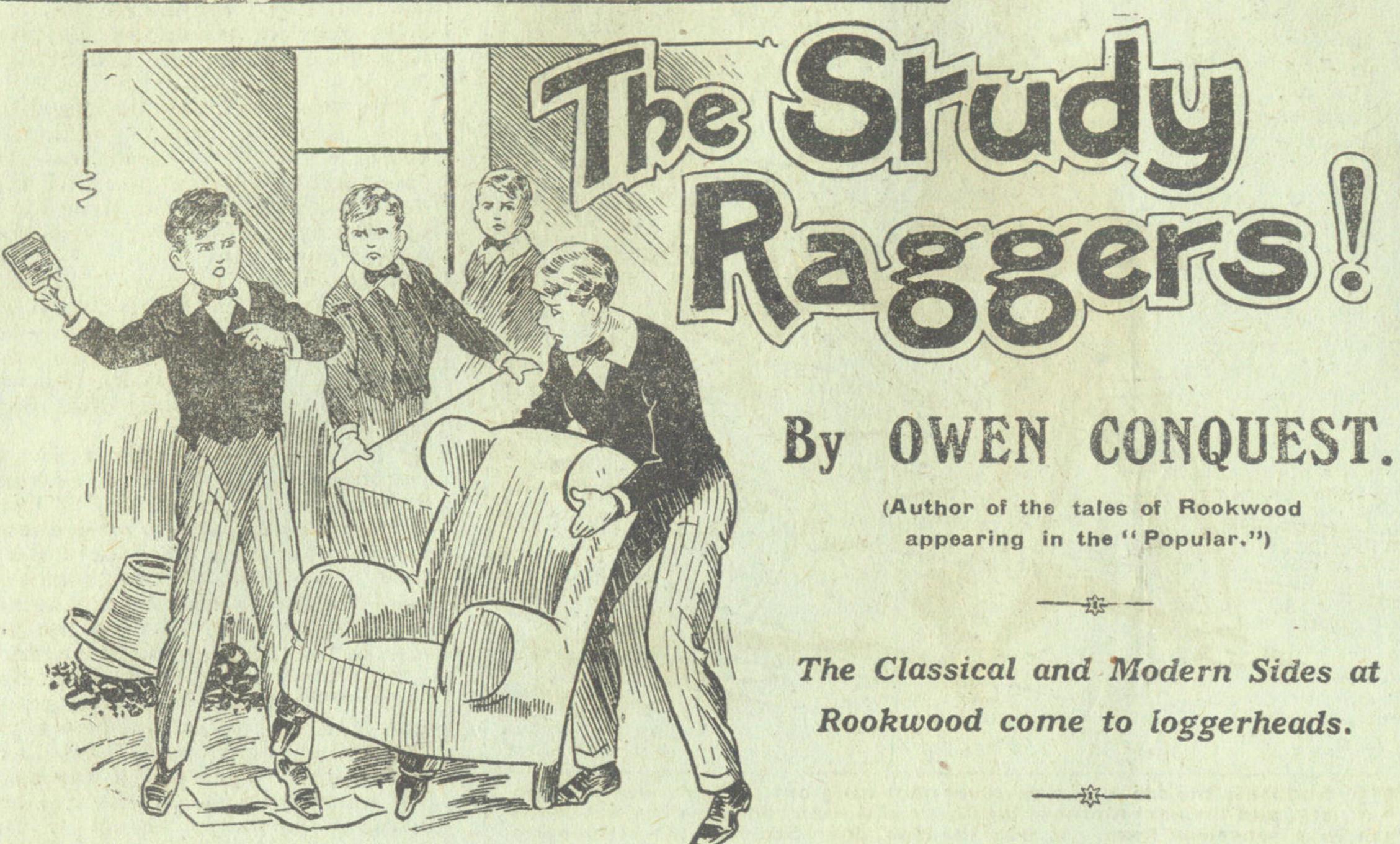
THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending October 10th, 1925.



"Hold, there! Fling an English slave-boy into Skeleton's well, would ye? Not by all the wild dogs of Hispaniola ye won't!" Mantanilla and his pirates stared with goggling eyes at the figure of Bad John Shamble—come back from the dead!

THE WAR-PATH AGAINST THEIR GREAT RIVALS!



"No ingress!" said Bulkeley of the Sixth, with a smile. Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at the captain of Rookwood. They were surprised.

George Bulkeley, of the Sixth Form, was stationed at the end of the Classical Fourth passage—the staircase end. He leaned on the wall, with his official ashplant under his arm.

The 1st Chapter.

The Head Looks In.

"Clear!"

"What?"

As the Fistical Four came upstairs after classes Bulkeley slipped the ashplant from under his arm and held it across the passage, barring the way of the chums of the Fourth.

Jimmy Silver & Co. halted on the landing. Bulkeley's action was quite mystifying to them. Why they could not walk along their own passage to their own study they simply could not

guess. "Look here, Bulkeley-" began Arthur Edward Lovell warmly.

"Clear!" said the prefect tersely. "Can't we go along to our own study?" asked Raby.

"No!" "We've come up for tea!" said

Newcome. "Sorry!" said Bulkeley politely. "But orders are orders! I'm here to keep the passage clear! Cut!"

"But-" said Jimmy Silver. "Hook it!"

"Well, my hat!"

Argument with a prefect of the Sixth, and captain of the school, was not feasible. The official ashplant that barred the passage would have furnished effective and somewhat painful answers to any arguments advanced by fags of the Fourth Form.

Besides, it was fairly plain, after a moment's reflection, that Bulkeley of the Sixth was acting on instruc-It could not have been simply for his own entertainment that he was doing sentry-go at the entrance of the Classical Fourth passage.

The Fistical Four retired across the landing to the stairs, where they waited. Valentine Mornington came up, passed them, and was about to walk along the passage, when Bulkeley stopped him.

"What on earth's the name of this game, Bulkeley?" asked Morny.

"Cut!" was Bulkeley's reply. "Can't a chap go to his study?"

"No!"

"Oh gad!" Mornington shrugged his shoulders

and joined the Fistical Four on the staircase. "Anythin' up?" he asked.

"Looks like it!" said Jimmy Silver. "All the fellows are being kept out of their studies, it seems."

"Is it a Head's inspection, then?"

"Oh! Very likely." Two or three more of the Classical Fourth came up. Bulkeley stopped them, and the little crowd at the head of the stairs grew and grew. Bulkeley, standing on guard, gave no explanation, and all sorts of surmises were started by the crowd of juniors. Lovell called out to Cyril Peele of the Fourth as that youth came up

the staircase: "Better mind your eye, Peele!" in fact, Arthur Edward Lovell had held Peele's head under a flowing tap as a punishment for having given a cigarette to Lovell's minor, Teddy. Arthur Edward Lovell had almost forgotten that incident already; but, Peele's memory.

"What do you mean?" grunted

"Looks like a Head's inspection," grinned Lovell. "If you've got any smokes in your study, look out for squalls!"

Peele sneered.

"Thank you for nothin'!" he answered. "I'm not afraid of a Head's inspection. What are all you fellows hangin' about on the stairs

"We're barred out of our studies," said Raby.

"Oh, rot!"

"Well, ask Bulkeley." Peele crossed the landing, and

Bulkeley waved him back. "Hook it, Peele!"

"I want to go to my study."

"You can't."

"Why not?" demanded Peele. "Orders!"

"Whose orders?" snapped Peele. Bulkeley looked at him.

"You ask too many questions, Peele," he said. "Ask another, and I'll ask you to bend over!"

Cyril Peele did not ask another question. He grunted, and backed away, and joined the group on the

staircase. "Poor old Peele!" murmured "If it's a Head's in-Mornington. spection it's rather rotten for you to be taken by surprise like this-

what?" Peele shrugged his shoulders.

Tubby Muffin came puffing up the He blinked at the waiting juniors, and blinked at Bulkeley, and rolled on, only to be stopped, like the rest, by the captain of Rook-

"I've got to go to my study,

Bulkeley!" said Muffin.

"It's tea-time!"

"Bosh! Get out of it!" "But. I say-"

Bulkeley made a motion with the ashplant, and Reginald Muffin beat a hurried retreat. Bulkeley smiled, and resumed his easy posture against the wall.

More and more fellows came up. and the crowd on the stairs grew and grew. It was agreed now that it was | for uneasiness, too; few were in the a "Head's inspection" that was happy state of satisfaction of the toward, and some of the fellows | Fistical Four, and, apparently, were rather uneasy. Once or twice | Peele. in the term it was the custom of Dr. Chisholm to make an official quarters, and these visits were had been carried out. always paid by surprise. Had notice been given in advance, doubtless the Head would have discovered every study in a spick-and-span condition, and plenty of evidence that every individual fellow in the Form was a model character.

Surprise visits, on the other hand, the master of the Fourth. enabled the Head to see things as | The juniors backed away respect-

Peele gave him a rather inimical trouble to untidy fellows who kept look. The black sheep of Rookwood | their football boots in the bookcase was on the worst of terms with the and Latin grammars inside out on Fistical Four. Only that morning, | the floor. It meant still more trouble to fellows who were foolish enough to transgress the strict rule against smoking at Rookwood, and who had cigarettes in their rooms to meet the awful glance of the Head. Once the Head had actually discovered a pipe naturally, it lingered longer in Cyril in a Shell study, and the owner had out again. had great difficulty in convincing Dr. Chisholm that he used it only to blow bubbles with.

Peele of the Fourth, whose dingy manners and customs were well known in his Form, might have been expected to feel very uneasy now. It was likely enough that there were smokes in his study, and possibly playing-cards, and even racing papers. But Peele, oddly enough, seemed quite at his ease, like a fellow who had nothing whatever to fear. Morny, eyeing him curiously, wondered whether Peele had somehow had a tip in advance regarding the visit of inspection.

"This is all very well!" growled Conroy of the Fourth, "but a fellow wants his tea after footer practicewhat?"

"It's too thick!" agreed Lovell. "But we're in luck-our study is all

"Right as rain!" said Jimmy Silver, feeling quite relieved as he thought of it.

Undoubtedly there were times when the end study was not right as rain. Sometimes it was untidy. There had been occasions when it had been very untidy.

Fortunately, on this especial day, the Fistical Four had nothing to feel uneasy about.

They had not been in their study at all that day, or only for a few minutes, and it was still in the state in which the "Boys' Maid" had left it early in the morning. At least, the chums of the Fourth naturally supposed that it was.

But other fellows were disquieted. Gunner, for instance, remembered that he had had to give his studymate. Dickinson minor, some correction that day in the study, and Dickinson minor had resisted. Dickinson minor had fled, with Gunner after him. Gunner remembered that all the chairs had been knocked over, that the table was on its side, and that there were broken crocks on the carpet. That was not the state in which a study should have been presented to the majestic eyes of the Head.

Other fellows had some grounds

But there was no help for it. No fellow could obtain access to

and stately round of the junior his room until the Head's inspection They could only wait on the stair-

case, and hope for the best. "Here he comes!" murmured Oswald, at last.

The majestic figure of Dr. Chisholm was sighted on the lower stairs. He was accompanied by Mr. Dalton,

Chisholm and Mr. Dalton moved on into the Fourth Form passage, and the inspection began.

Price

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The 2nd Chapter, Awful Luck!

Jimmy Silver & Co. waited. With all due respect to the Head of Rookwood, they wished that the stately old gentleman would "buck up," so that they could get to the end study to tea. Footer practice had made them hungry.

But "bucking up" was the last thought that was likely to enter Dr. Chisholm's mind. All his movements were slow and stately.

From the end of the passage-still watched him enter the first study.

They watched him almost with bated breath, for that study belonged of the Form. If any unpleasant discovery was made in the quarters of the Classical Fourth, it was almost certain to be in Peele's study. But Peele and Gower and Lattrey seemed quite at ease.

"No smokes there, this time, !

what?" murmured Lovell. Apparently there were none, for Dr. Chisholm's face was quite unmoved when he came out of the study.

"You fellows are in luck," grinned Raby. "What have you done with your latest copy of 'Racing Tips,' Peele?"

"I haven't left it for the Head to find, anyhow," answered Peele coolly. And the juniors grinned.

Study No. 2 belonged to Higgs, Jones minor, Putty of the Fourth, and Tubby Muffin. Mr. Dalton entered with the Head, and looked

"Higgs!" "Here, sir!" said Alfred Higgs, in some dismay.

"Please come here!"

"Yes, sir." Higgs passed Bulkeley, and went to Study No. 2. He almost cringed in the doorway, as he met the glance of the Head

Dr. Chisholm pointed to the book-

"Are these your boots, Higgs?" "Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Higgs. "Is it your custom to keep football boots in the bookcase among your books?"

"Oh, no, sir!" "Do you generally leave your boots what they saw there.

had been a steam-roller rolling down

on him. Dr. Chisholm progressed to Study

No. 3. That study belonged to Pons, Van Ryn, and Conroy, the three Colonials. Mr. Dalton glanced out of the doorway.

"Is Van Ryn there?" "No, sir," answered Jimmy Silver. "I left him in the changing-room."

"Shall I send for Van Ryn, sir?" asked Mr. Dalton, turning back into the study.

"It is not necessary, Mr. Dalton," said the Head. "You will see that he writes out two hundred lines for leaving his dictionary on the floor." "Certainly, sir."

Progress proceeded to No. 4, the barred off by Bulkeley-the juniors study of Mornington and Erroll. This study passed muster, and so did Study No. 5, which belonged to Townsend and Topham and Rawson. to Peele, Gower, and Lattrey, and Study No. 6, the quarters of Oswald, Peele & Co. were the black sheep Flynn, and Hooker, escaped criticism, but at Study No. 7 the Head halted in the doorway with a frown.

"This is a very untidy room," he said. "To whom does this room

belong, Mr. Dalton?" "Gunner and Dickinson minor,

"I have seldom seen even a junior room in so untidy a state," said the Head. "Perhaps you will cane both Gunner and Dickinson minor, Mr. Dalton?"

"Certainly, sir," said the Fourth

Form master. "I like that!" murmured Gunner indignantly. "All through that young ass Dickinson minor being cheeky. He said I couldn't play footer for toffee, and, of course, I had to wallop him."

The juniors chuckled. Peter Cuthbert Gunner's drastic methods with his study-mate were well known, and most of the fellows considered that a caning from Mr. Dalton was exactly what Gunner

wanted. Dr. Chisholm and Mr. Dalton progressed now to the end study. The visit of inspection was almost over.

The Head stopped in the doorway. To the surprise of the Fistical Four, who were watching him along the passage, thunder gathered on his stately brow.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Dalton.

Both masters stared into the study, apparently surprised and shocked by



Whilst his comrades looked after Tomr study. Lovell's methods were not gentl thing he saw, he knocked over-everything that was breakable he smi

lying about in such an extremely muddy state?"

"Nunno, sir!" "You will take five hundred lines ! of Virgil, Higgs."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" stuttered Higgs. "Perhaps you will kindly make a note of it, Mr. Dalton?"

"Certainly, sir." The Head made a stately motion to the doorway, and Alfred Higgs

"What on earth's the matter now?" murmured Raby. "Our study's all right, isn't it?"

"Something's up!" said Newcome. Dr. Chisholm turned to the Fourth Form master.

"Whose study is this?" "Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome," said Mr. Dalton.

"Kindly call them here."

Jimmy Silver & Co. passed Bulkethey actually were, which meant | fully for the Head to pass, and Dr. | jumped away as if the headmaster | ley, and walked up the passage in a

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state of great astonishment. What fault the Head had to find with their study was a mystery to them. Dr. Chisholm eyed them sternly

as they came up. "This is your study?" he asked in

a deep voice. "Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"You are head boy of the Fourth Form, I think, Silver?"
"Yes, sir."

"And this is the state in which you keep your study?"

"Yes, sir," repeated Jimmy in surprise. "Is-is there anything the matter with it?"

"How dare you ask such a question, Silver! I have never seen a room in such a state. In all my experience as a headmaster I have never seen such untidiness, such slovenliness, such-such-" Dr. Chisholm paused, apparently at a loss for a word that would express his feelings.

The Fistical Four could only blink.

From where they stood, facing the two masters, they could not see into the study, but they naturally supposed that it was as they had left it. Dr. Chisholm stepped back, and pointed into the doorway of the end study.

"That," he said-"that is the state in which you, the head boy of your Form, keep your study!"

Then the chums of the Fourth looked in.

They jumped. It was really difficult to believe the evidence of their own eyes for a minute or two.

The end study, which they had seen last in an unusually tidy sta was now in a state that almost beggared description.

If half the Form had been engaged in a free fight within its walls it could hardly have looked more wrecked and havocked. Gunner's study had been order itself in com- prise visit from the headmaster.

parison. The table was up-ended in a corner. The chairs were lying about on their backs. Books were scattered over the floor; an upset inkpot had streamed ink over the carpet in a long black stream. Three or four jam-tarts were sticking to the carpet or the mantelpiece. The glass pane of the bookcase was broken, and a sooty kettle had been shoved in among the and received four hefty strokes. books. There were ginger-beer Jimmy, as head of the Fourth, had bottles in the fender and two or three | the distinction of receiving the lying about the room; torn paper was | severest punishment. Four each was

football practice after class? It looked as if an earthquake had struck it.

"Mr. Dalton!" "Sir?"

Published

Every Monday

"Will you kindly send someone for a cane? I will punish these juniors myself." "Very good, sir!"

Mr. Dalton went along the passage, and returned with Bulkeley's cane. He handed it to Dr. Chisholm.

"Silver, I am shocked at this!] am shocked and surprised!" said the Head. "I have no alternative but to punish you severely for keeping your study in such a state-such a revolting state—such a disgusting state! Bend over that chair!"

"But, sir-" gasped Jimmy.

"Not a word!"

"Bend over that chair!" exclaimed the Head, in a terrifying voice. And Jimmy Silver bent over the

chair.

The cane rose and fell six times. "Six" was a punishment at Rookwood of a varying severity. It depended on the degree of vigour with which the "six" was laid on.

On this occasion there was no fault to be found with it, so far as the vigour was concerned.

Indeed, the hapless captain of the Fourth might have supposed that the Head had been doing "physical jerks" specially to get his muscle up for the occasion.

Never had any fellow at Rookwood received so severe a "six"!

Jimmy Silver was quite pale and breathless when the last stroke had

Lovell and Raby and Newcome stood in a dismayed group. Their turn was coming.

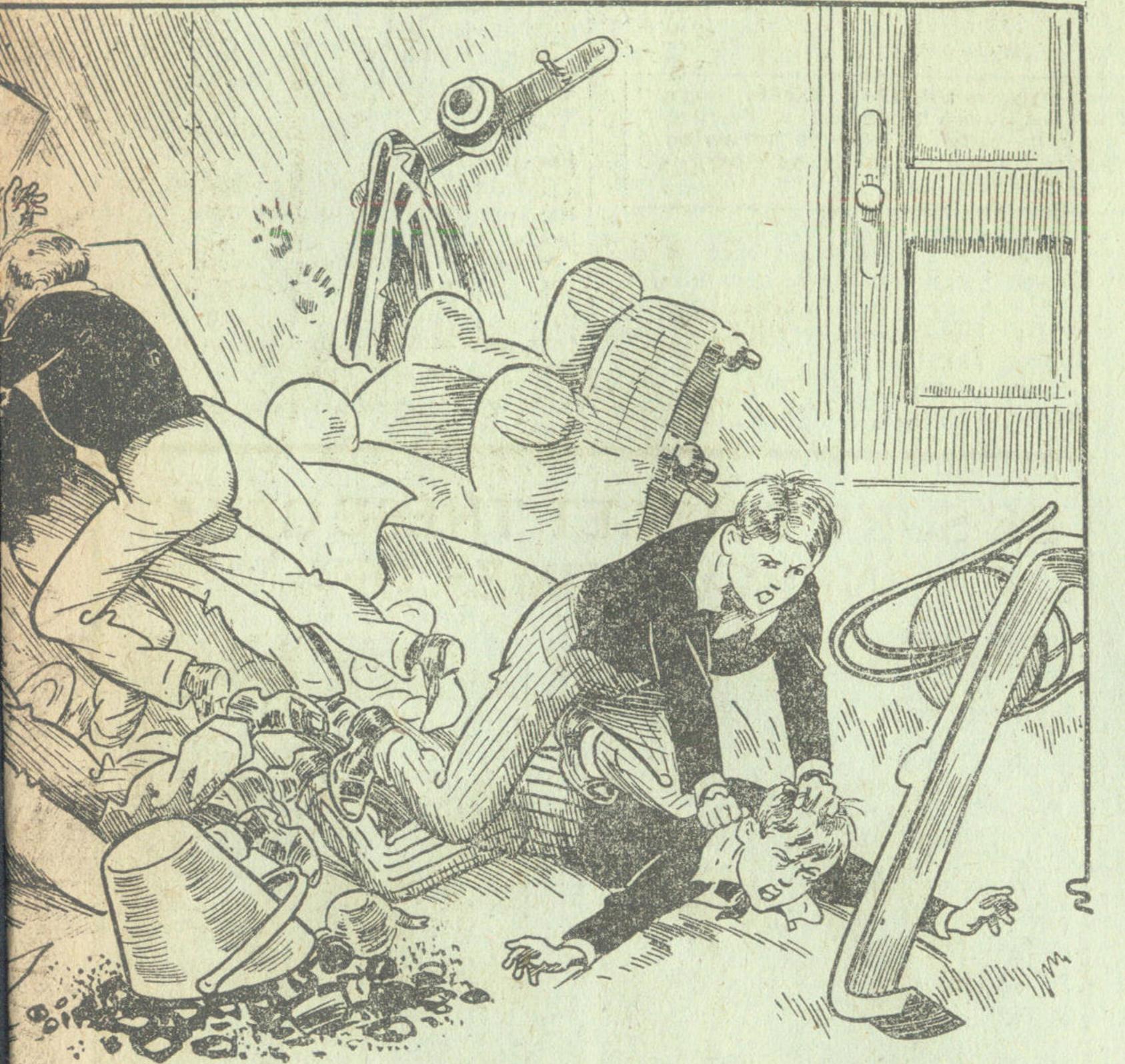
They realised dimly that some japer must have ragged their study in their absence; at the most unfortunate moment possible-just before a sur-

They realised, too, that it was useless to attempt to make that clear to the Head. Dr. Chisholm judged by what he saw, and he was in no mood to listen to explanations. "Lovell!"

"We never-" gasped Lovell hopelessly.

"Bend over that chair!" Arthur Edward Lovell bent over, scattered all over the place. In the | deemed sufficient for his study-mates.

grate was a Latin grammar, torn in I "Raby!"



y Dodd & Co., Arthur Edward Lovell proceeded with his task of ragging the Indeed, they might almost have been called methods of barbarism. Everyshed. Tommy Dodd's study soon presented a scene of great disorder.

several pieces, as if for the purpose of lighting a fire. There was more disorder than could be taken in at

a single glance. "Oh!" gasped Jimmy Silver, as he stared dazedly into the wrecked study.

"Oh!" stuttered Lovell.

Raby and Newcome were dumb | without a word. with amazement and dismay.

"Somebody has-" began Raby.

"Bend over that chair!" Four more hefty swipes were administered.

"Newcome!"

Arthur Newcome did not attempt to explain. He knew that it was futile, and he bent over the chair

Four times the cane rose and fell. What on earth had happened to Then the Head handed it back to



Dr. Chisholm pointed to the bookcase. "Are these your boots, Higgs?" he demanded. "Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Higgs. "Is it your custom to keep football boots in the bookcase among your books?" "Oh, no, sir!" "Do you generally leave your boots lying about in such an extremely muddy state?" "Nunno, sir." "You will take five hundred lines of Virgil, Higgs!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth. Justice had up the study. I don't mind a bit of | "Well, I don't think so," said been done!

Four sternly as they stood wriggling | the limit!" with anguish.

"I am surprised and shocked!" he told them again. "I am disgusted with you! Put this study in order at once! Mr. Dalton, I recommend you to keep a very special eye upon this study. I should never have dreamed that such slovenly and disorderly boys existed at Rookwood at all. I have been very much surprised and shocked."

And the majestic Head sailed away, followed by Mr. Dalton and Bulkeley. The inspection was over.

The 3rd Chapter. Lovell Leads!

"Oh!"

"Ow!" "Wow!"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

the Head was gone.

the passage and looked in. The was quite a long time before they Classical Fourth had hardly expected | ceased to moan and mumble. The the Head's visit to pass off without Head had not spared the rod. trouble for somebody. But it was rather a surprise that the trouble | Silver, at last. "Not much good had fallen chiefly on the Fistical Four.

Nobody would have been surprised by a flogging for Peele & Co. for i having smokes or cards in their study. But Peele's study had been drawn quite blank, and it was upon Jimmy Silver & Co. that the vials of wrath had been poured.

"Well, by gad, you fellows asked for it!" said Valentine Mornington, as he glanced in at the suffering four. "What on earth's been going on here? Dog-fight, or a Labour conference. or what?"

"Ow! Wow! Wow!"

"Must be silly asses!" said Putty of the Fourth. "A man never knows when to look for a Head's inspection; but it's asking for trouble to keep your quarters in this state. Any prefect who looked in would have given you lines at least."

"Isn't this study supposed to set an example to the rest of the passage?" grinned Peele. "Isn't Silver head of the Fourth? Is our shinin' example lettin' us down?"

"You silly owls!" said Arthur Edward Lovell savagely. "We never left the study like this! It's a rag!"

"Well, it looks a bit untidy, even | for you, Lovell!" grinned Oswald. "Why didn't you tell the Beak it was a rag?"

Arthur Edward Lovell groaned. "I tried to-but can a fellow ever tell the Head anything? Does he ever listen to a chap?"

Jimmy. "Somebody came in here Arthur Edward Lovell positive,

a rag, but this is too thick. Spill- Jimmy. Dr. Chisholm eyed the Fistical ing ink and breaking glass is outside

that a Head's inspection was im- ass." up this study is going to squirm for it!" said the captain of the Fourth.

"Was it you, Putty?" demanded Arthur Edward Lovell.

"No, fathead! If I ragged a man's study I shouldn't muck it up like

"Might have been a Modern raid,"

suggested Peele. "Oh, very likely," said Osvald.

"Likely enough!" groat I Lovell. "My hat! If it was Tommy Dodd and his mob, we'll jolly well raid Manders' House in return, and make the cads sorry for themselves."

"Ow!" mumbled Raby. "Wow!" murmured Newcome.

The Classical fellows went to their There were sounds of woe and studies to tea, some of them sympalamentation in the end study when thetic, some of them grinning. Jimmy Silver & Co. were left to Four voices were raised in anguish. | grean till their feelings had been re-Classical Fourth fellows came along lieved by a sufficiency of groans. It

"Keep smiling," said Jimmy squealing. After all, we can stand a licking."

"It's unjust!" growled Lovell. "My dear man, if you're going to howl over all the injustices you ever butt up against you'll be busy howling all your life," said Jimmy. "The Head doesn't know any better. How's a headmaster to know any-

thing?" "Something in that," said Raby, with a faint grin.

"Ow, wow!" said Newcome. "That's all very well," said Lovell

hotly, "but a headmaster ought to look into a thing before he hands out the whackings. Ow!"

"Well, he did look in. I wish he hadn't! How was he going to guess that some brute had ragged the study? Never mind grousing about the Head. He's not a bad old scout according to his lights," said Jimmy Silver tolerantly. "What we want to find out is the merry merchant who ragged the study, and we want to make him tired of life."

"Yes, rather! But who was it?" he's a Classical." growled Lovell. "Looks to me like a raid of the Modern cads."

"I hardly think that Tommy Dodd and his pals would muck up a man's study like this," said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "You see, this isn't just a little rag; it's thorough-going hooliganism. The Modern fellows are cheeky outsiders, if you like;

"Oh, it was the Moderns all right," said Lovell positively. A hint of "It's a rotten, sneaking rag!" said opposition was enough to make their study during their absence at | Mr. Dalton, who handed it back to | while we were at footer and mucked | especially just after a licking.

"That only shows that you're an ass, old fellow," said Lovell kindly. "I suppose the fellow never knew | "I've told you before that you're an

pendin'," said Putty of the Fourth. "I know. You're always talking "It was a rotten thing to do, all the out of the back of your neck, old same. The silly chump who mucked | chap," assented Jimmy. "Anyhow, we're going to find out who did it, whether it was Moderns or not. There are some fellows on this side who don't exactly love us, you know, nice as we are."

"I tell you it was a Modern raid, and we're jolly well going to raid the Moderns in Manders' House and

get even!" hooted Lovell. "Look round the place," suggested Raby. "We may find some proof of who did it. I remember that ass Putty once dropped a hanky here when he was putting gum in the arm-

The Fistical Four proceeded to search about the wrecked study in the hope of finding a clue to the wreckers.

There was a sudden whoop from

Arthur Edward Lovell. He pounced on a book that lay on the floor, grabbed it up, and held it

aloft in triumph. "Didn't I say it was the Modern

cads?" he exclaimed. "What's that?"

"Rotten chemistry manual. Some Modern cad had it in his pocket, or under his silly arm, and dropped it here," said Lovell triumphantly. "Nobody in this House studies! chemistry. They study 'stinks' over on the Modern side. Why, look here! Here's Dodd's name written in it!"

The chums of the Fourth looked. There it was, "T. Dodd," written in the hand of Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth, on the flyleaf of the chemistry manual.

"That settles it," said Jimmy Silver.

"Didn't I tell you so?" hooted Lovell.

"You did, old man. Even you are right sometimes," said Jimmy Silver. "Not often. But accidents will happen."

"You cheeky ass!"

"It was a Modern raid," said Raby. "Those Modern cads are getting too cheeky. I saw Tommy Dodd and Cook and Doyle chasing Peele this morning. They kicked him. Of course, it doesn't matter about Peele. He's a rank outsider. Still,

"And that matters," said Lovell, "and our study matters a jolly good deal, I can tell you. I'm going over to Manders' House."

"What about tea?" asked Newcome.

"Blow tea! Tea can wait till we've given the Modern cads something to think about," said Lovell. "That's so," assented Jimmy. "But, hold on. You're too much like a bull at a gate, Lovell. We're going to rag Tommy Dodd & Co.,

(Continued overleaf.)



Published

"Go for them!"

There was a rush into the study.

what was happening, the rush of the

Fistical Four overwhelmed them.

Before the Modern trio quite knew

Dodd and Cook and Doyle went

but we don't want to wake up Mr. Manders or the Modern prefects."

"Blow Manders, and blow his prefects! Who cares for a sneaking science master and sneaking Moderns?"

"Fathead! If Manders catches us making a row in his House he will report us to the Head. I've had enough of the Head!"

"Same here!" concurred Raby and Newcome. They really felt that they had had too much of the Head that afternoon.

But Arthur Edward Lovell was not to be denied. Lovell was sore from a licking, and he was righteously indignant at the way his study had been mishandled. He was burning for reprisals.

"Blow the Head!" he snorted. "You can't blow the Head, you silly ass! And Manders-"

"Blow Manders! I'm going!" "Oh, blow everybody and everything if you like," said Raby resignedly. "Lovell's bound to go off at the deep end, of course."

"I'm going to rag those Modern cads, and I'm not going to lose a single minute about it!" bawled Lovell. "You fellows can stick here worrying about Manders if you like. I'm going!"

And Arthur Edward Lovell went. His three chums exchanged glances, and then they followed him. Arthur Edward was hot-headed and a little unreasonable, but he could not be allowed to venture into the lions' den alone. And the Co. were very keen on vengeance, too, and did not want to wait. Mr. Manders' House was like unto a lions' den for Classicals on the war-path. But it was evident that Arthur Edward Lovell dared to be a Daniel, and there was no stopping him. So his comrades followed on.

They left the House and walked across the quad to the block of buildings which constituted the Modern side of Rookwood, and which went by the name of Manders' House.

Towle of the Modern Fourth, as the Classicals sprawling over them. Fistical Four walked into the enemy's quarters.

up-ended the next moment, and left, roaring indignantly, as Jimmy Silver & Co. hurried on towards Tommy Dodd's study.

The 4th Chapter.

A Slight Mistake.

The three Tommies of the Modern Fourth-Dodd and Cooke and Doyle -had finished tea in their study, and Tommy Dodd was going through his pockets.

"Anybody seen my blinking chemistry?" he asked.

"Lost it?" asked Tommy Cook. "Sure, you're always losing something," remarked Doyle. "You'll be losing your head next. Luckily, there's nothing in it of any value."

thing? I remember sticking it in my pocket when we were kicking Peele to-day. I want it after tea. You know we've got chemistry with Manders. The dashed thing's gone."

"Dropped it when you were kicking Peele, perhaps," suggested Cook. "Perhaps. I'll kick him again

when I see him. I thought at the time that I hadn't kicked him enough."

There was a sound of hurried icotsteps outside the study. The door flew open.

The three Moderns stared at the open doorway. Four Classicals, in a | ing furiously. rather breathless state, appeared there.

Dodd.

"We've found the cads at home."

he went down struggling with Tommy Doyle. "Here, sit on him, Newcome!" Newcome sat on Doyle and pinned

"Rag the cads!" roared Lovell, as

him down to the floor.

There was a buzz of voices outside the study now. The handle of the door was turned and shaken and the panels thumped.

"It's a Classical raid!" came Towle's voice. "Four of the cadsthey're ragging in the study. They've locked the door."

"Let us in, you Classical worms!" "We'll jolly well scrag them when they come out."

Heedless of the uproar outside, Arthur Edward Lovell proceeded with his task of ragging the study, in retaliation for the ill-usage of the end study on the Classical side.

Lovell's methods were not gentle. Indeed, they might almost have been called methods of barbarism.

Everything he saw he knocked over -everything that was breakable he smashed. Tommy Dodd's study soon

"Do you want to make out that you didn't rag our study this afternoon?"

"You frabjous ass, no!"

"We didn't, but we jolly well will, after this!" roared Cook.

"You didn't?" exclaimed Jimmy

Silver, in dismay. "No, you ass!"

"Gammon!" said Lovell. "Of course, they did! I'm surprised at even you Modern cads telling lies about it." Tommy Dodd gasped with fury.

"Lemme get loose!" he spluttered. "Let me get at him! Silver, you blithering idiot, gerroff, and let me get at him!"

"Don't be an ass, Lovell," said Jimmy Silver. "Tommy wouldn't tell lies about it. If he says he didn't, he didn't."

"Then who did?" hooted Lovell.

"Honour bright, Tommy Dodd?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Didn't you fellows rag our study?".

"No!" yelled Dodd. "We've been out since classes, you chump, and only presented an aspect compared with came back in time for tea, you frab-

hadn't been there, how did Dodd's 'stinks' book get there?"

"My chemistry book, you ass! I lost it when I was kicking Peele this

morning. "Peele!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, and a flash of understanding came to him at once.

The 5th Chapter. Not a Lucky Day.

Jimmy Silver jumped up. Raby and Newcome followed his

example. The three Tommies, dusty, dishevelled, jammy, inky, breathless,

staggered to their feet. Lovell's destructive hand was stayed. Even Arthur Edward Lovell was doubtful now, and realised dimly that his "bull-at-a-gate" methods were a little liable to lead him on a

false scent. The two parties stared at one another, while Towle & Co. still raged in the corridor outside.

"I-I say, we're sorry!" stammered Jimmy Silver at last. "What were we to think? We found the study ragged—and bagged a Head's licking for it—and picked up your book there, Dodd."

"You frumptious idiot, I suppose it was put there for you to pick up and make you make fools of yourselves, just as you have done!" snorted Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, my hat! Somebody pulling our leg, you know!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Easy enough to pull a Classical dummy's leg!" said Tommy Cook. "Look here--"

"Peele!" grouned Raby. "Peele, of course! Lovell held his napper under a tap this afternoon, and Doddy says he's kicked him. And Peele wasn't afraid of a Head's inspection. Of course, he had nosed it. out that the Head was coming, and had his own study all ready. I remember Morny thought so."

"And ours ready, too!" mumbled Newcome.

"We've been taken in!" said Lovell.

"You silly chumps, you've been taken in, and now you're going to be kicked out!" snorted Tommy Dodd. "Well, we're sorry for the mistake

"Will that set our study to rights

again?" roared Cook. "Nunno! I suppose not. But

then-" "Will that get the jam and ink off me?" shrieked Tommy Doyle.

"N-n-o. But--" Doyle made a sudden rush to the door and turned back the key. The

door flew open. "Collar the Classical rotters!"

shouted Doyle. Towle of the Fourth rushed in, with six or seven Modern juniors at his

"Back up!" shouted Lovell.

It had been a ghastly mistake. But it was natural, in the circumstances, that the three Tommies were disinclined to make allowances for that

(Continued on page 240.)

"Hallo, Classical cads!" remarked | sprawling about the study, with the | which the end study was orderliness | jous ass, and we haven't been on the

Jimmy Silver hastily jumped to the door, slammed it, and turned the key were in the heart of the enemy's territory now, with any amount of reinforcements for the enemy close at hand. Jimmy Silver & Co. did not desire to see those reinforcements, howsoever much the three Tommies might have desired to do so.

"Now rag the cads!" panted Jimmy.

'You bet!"

"What-ho!"

"You potty Classical duffers," reared Tommy Dodd, "what the thump do you mean? Oh, my hat!"

"Yarooooh!" "Rescue!"

There was a terrific struggle in Tommy Dodd's study.

The odds were four to three; but the three were first-class fighting-men, "Fathead! Where's the blessed | and they put up a hefty resistance. Jimmy Silver & Co. found their hands very nearly full.

Tommy Dodd, crashed on the study | that's your look-out." table, and the table reeled into the fender. The crockery it bore went in | damage than they did on our side," a crashing stream into the grate.

Crash, crash—smash! rotter! You-"

"You Modern cad-" "Take that!" "Ow! Take that!"

Crash! Bump! The combatants rolled over, fight-

Newcome was down, with Tommy Cook sitting on him; but Raby sprang "Hallo! What--" began Tommy | to the rescue, and Cook was dragged | over, and Raby took a seat on his "Here they are!" shouted Lovell. | chest. Then Tommy Cook was reduced to impotence.

itself.

Dodd's study. Arthur Edward Lovell went first, with five or six boots to help him go, and he sprawled

roaring in the passage. Jimmy Silver followed, and then Raby, and then Newcome. After them the Moderns

swarmed, still booting.

The four unhappy Classicals were ragged till they hardly knew what was happening to them. Then they were booted out of Tommy

The three Tommies were still struggling furiously; but they were well Towle of the Modern Fourth was, in the lock. The Classical raiders held, and they could not interrupt Tommy Dodd. Lovell's reprisals.

> In five minutes the study looked as if two or three cyclones had struck it all at once. The three Tommies looked little better, as Lovell lathered ink and jam and gum over them.

Towle & Co., outside the study, hammered on the door, and hissed ferocious threats through the keyhole.

But the avengers did not heed. The locked door was between them and the Modern reinforcements, and there was no one to say them nay.

"That will do, Lovel!" said Jimmy Silver at last. "We'd better get clear

"You won't get clear in a hurry!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "We'll jolly well scrag you for this! We'll lynch you! What sort of rotten hooligans do you call yourselves?"

"Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!" grinned Lovell. "If Jimmy, in close embrace with you don't like your own medicine,

"I fancy we've done a bit more chuckled Raby.

"I jolly well meant to," said Lovell. "Oh crumbs! You Classical "Who's done any damage on your side, you silly idiots?" bawled Cook.

"You have, you cheeky Modern rotters, and got us a Head's licking for the state our study was left in," said Lovell. "But you've got something a bit thicker than a Head's lick-

"We haven't touched your study, you fathead!" hooted Tommy Doyle. "Gammon!"

"I'll give you gammon, when I get loose!" gasped Doyle.

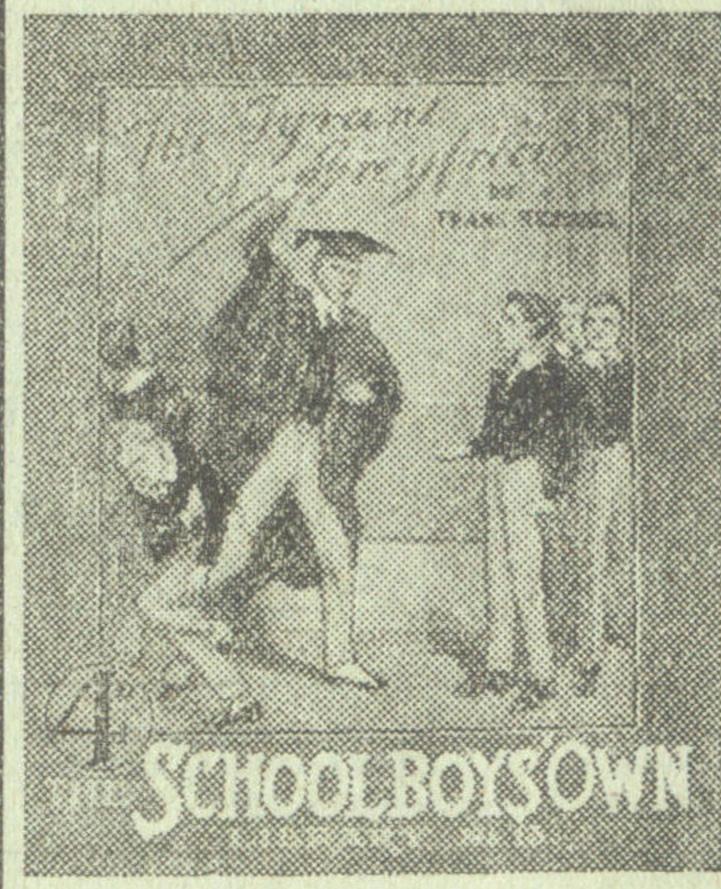
"Oh, cheese it!" snapped Lovell.

Classical side at all, you born idiot!" "Oh dear! Then-we're sorry-"

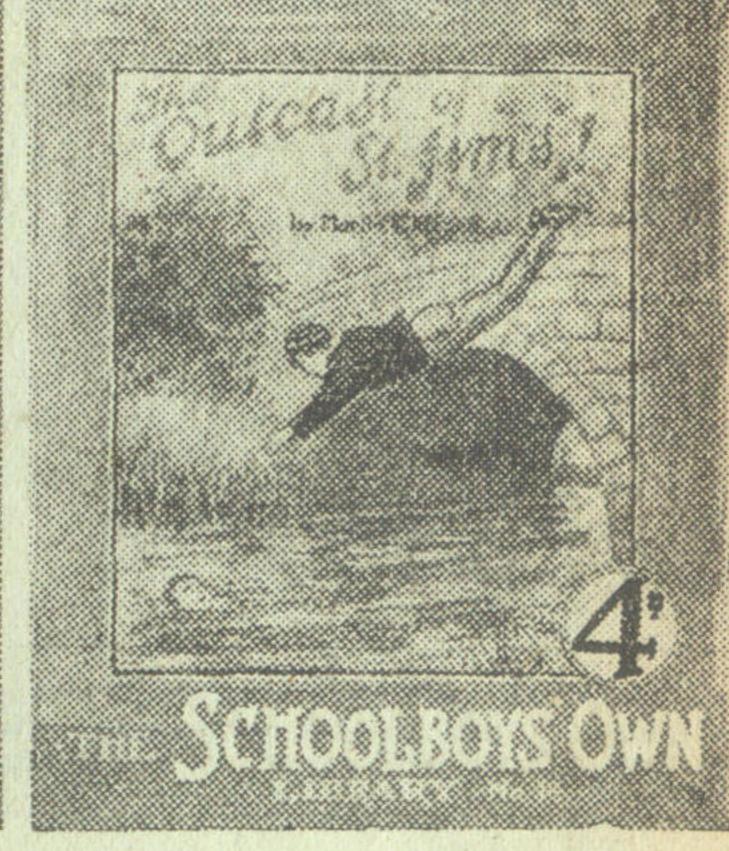
"I'll give you sorry!" gasped

"We found his 'stinks' book there!" howled Lovell. "If they

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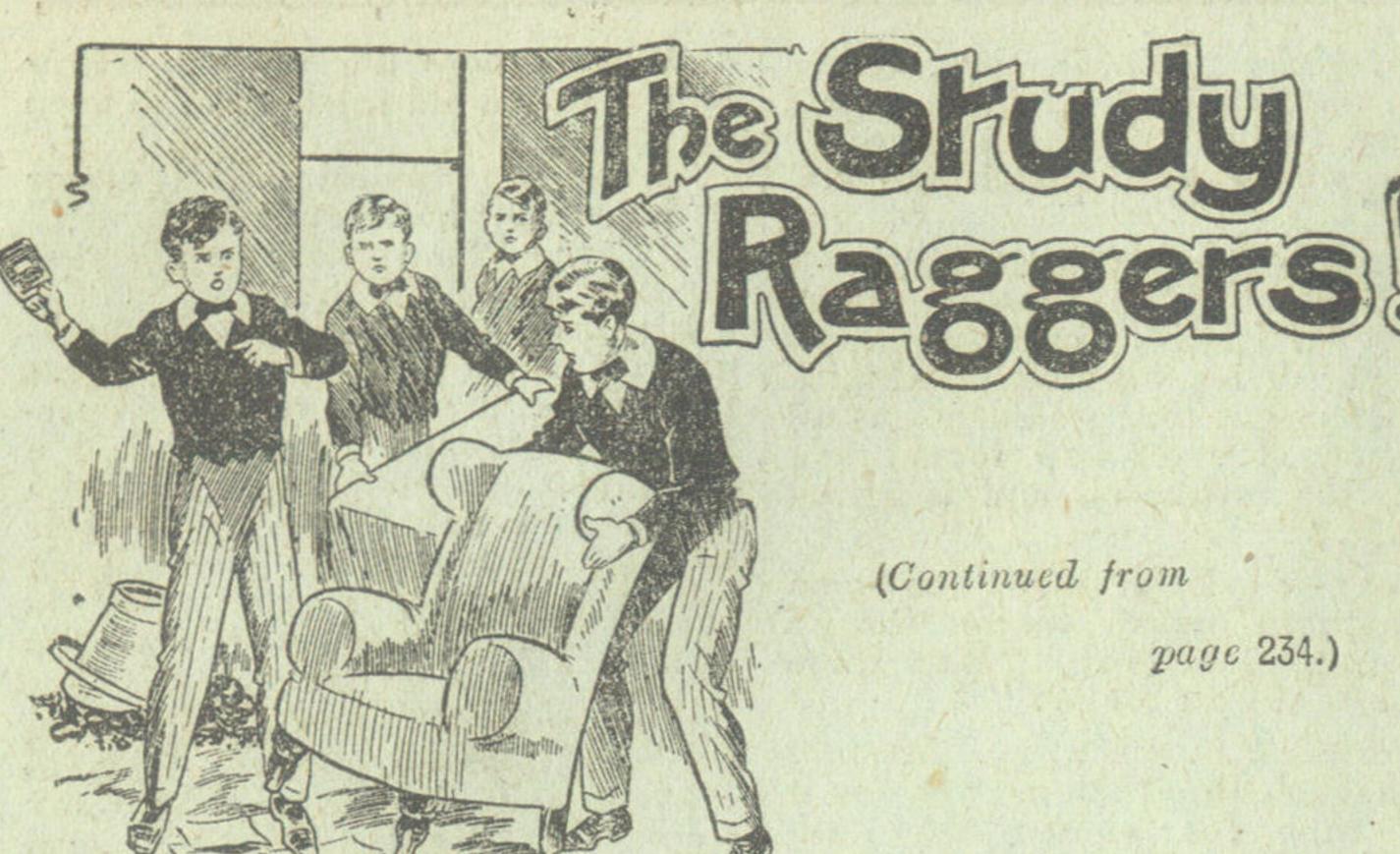


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mistake. They had been handled | It was Lovell who had jumped to | "Oh, sir!" gasped the hapless three. severely, their study had been the conclusion that the end study had Five hundred lines was a very heavy wrecked, and they were excited and been raided by the Moderns-it was impot. wrathful.

from the study.

But that hope was frustrated now mental processes known only to his by the inrush of a crowd of vengeful own remarkable intellect, somehow Moderns.

All that the Fistical Four could do the hot-headed impetuosity of his was to stand shoulder to shoulder, and i comrades. attempt to fight their way out.

That attempt was quite hopeless. Great fighting-men as the Fistical speak. Four were, they were of no use

against odds of two or three to one. They resisted gallantly, but they were fairly overwhelmed by the exhausted. Moderns and strewn on the floor.

Fortunately, there was no jam or ink left-Lovell had used it all on the three Tommies. But the four unhappy Classicals were ragged till they hardly knew what was happening to

Then they were booted out of the study.

Arthur Edward Lovell went first, with five or six boots to help him go, and he sprawled, roaring, in the passage.

Jimmy Silver followed, and then Raby, and then Newcome. After them the Moderns swarmed, still booting.

The hapless raiders picked themselves up somehow and fled for the stairs.

Fortunately, the Modern juniors did not follow them down the staircase, where an uproar would have drawn prefects to the spot. But, really, Jimmy Silver & Co. had had enough.

They scudded out of Manders' House breathlessly, and did not stop till they were half-way across Big Quad. Knowles of the Sixth, a Modern prefect sighted them as they went, and shouted to them, but they did not heed. They fled, and stopped at last, breathless and dizzy, under the beeches.

"Oh dear!" groaned Jimmy Silver, leaning heavily against the trunk of a beech and gasping for breath. "What a life!"

"That ass Lovell!" groaned Raby. "Blessed if I think I'm still all in one piece! I feel as if I were in a dozen!"

"Oh, crumbs! That fathead Lovell-" mumbled Newcome.

"Well, I like that!" snorted Lovell. "If you fellows had stopped to think for a minute-" "What?"

"Rushing at a thing like a bull at a gate!" said Lovell warmly. "After him. all, we might have known that Doddy wouldn't have mucked up our study like that. He's a Modern cad, but he's not a hooligan. But, of course, you fellows must act first and think afterwards!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. gazed at Arthur Edward Lovell.

Lovell who had taken the discovery of Lovell had not given much thought | the chemistry manual as a final conto a retreat after vengeance on the | vincing proof-it was Lovell who had | Dalton. "Go!" Modern enemy. The Classicals had led the raid on Manders' House and hoped to escape by a sudden rush refused to listen to words of prudence. And it was Lovell who, by mysterious

> That was really nothing new. It was, in fact, Lovell all over, so to

> regarded the whole disaster as due to

Generally, Lovell's comrades were very patient with him. On the present occasion their patience was

"Bump him!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Look here-" "Bump him!"

"Why, you cheeky, silly chumps--Yaroooooh!" roared Lovell. Bump!

Arthur Edward Lovell smote the earth under the beeches, and he was left there, gasping, as his comrades limped away towards the House.

"We've been made fools of!" groaned Raby. "I'm certain now it was Peele all the time. I dare say he listened at the keyhole when the Head told Dicky Dalton that he was going to inspect the Classical Fourth studies. He would, you know."

Jimmy Silver nodded dismally. "We might have guessed it," he said. "A surprise inspection would jolly well have found out something shady in Peele's study. It wasn't a surprise inspection to him."

"Let's scrag him!" said Newcome. "Let's go to his study and jolly well scrag him bald-headed."

"Oh, don't let's put our hoof in it a second time!" groaned Jimmy. "It looks like one of Peele's tricky japes. But we've made thumping fools of ourselves once-at least, Lovell has! We don't want to jump on Peele, and then find out that it was some of the Shell fellows-Smythe and Tracy, perhaps-or Hansom of the Fifth. After what's happened, we'd better go slow."

There was wisdom in the words of "Uncle James" of Rookwood, and his faithful followers acknowledged

"But we're going to make somebody squirm!" growled Raby.

"Of course! But the right party next time," said Jimmy, with a faint

The three juniors tramped into the House. A sharp voice called to them-the voice of their Form-master, Richard Dalton, in much sharper tones than they usually heard from

"Silver! Raby! Newcome!" "Oh! Yes, sir!"

"You are in a disgraceful state! Your clothes are dusty-dirty; your collars torn-- Upon my word, I have never seen Rookwood juniors in such a state! Only this afternoon the Head punished you for having the

Brighton.

most slovenly study in the Fourth Mr. Dalton cast a frowning glance They scudded on to the end study-Form. And now I see you-" "We-we-" stammered Jimmy

Silver.

that it would have been wise to repair | sight of the dusty and dishevelled damages a little before showing up in | trio. out. This was most emphatically he roared. "My hat, you look a rades a grim look, and then stared not Jimmy Silver & Co.'s lucky day. | regular picture! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Dalton raised his hand. "I am greatly surprised at this, Silver! You have, I suppose, been fighting-that is the only explana-

"We-we-"

"I warn you, Silver, that you must be more careful!" said the master of the Fourth sternly. "Each of you will take five hundred lines of Virgil, and bring them to my study to-

"If the Head had not already caned you, I should do so now," said Mr.

heard Mr. Dalton's severe words. did not even kick him as they passed.

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after them. On the staircase the Co. came on Gunner of the Fourth. Gunner burst | groaned Newcome. The chums of the Fourth realised into one of his loud laughs at the

Three pairs of hands were laid on Gunner of the Fourth. Jimmy Silver & Co. were fed-up. They were in no mood for mockery from Gunner. Raby. They seized Gunner, and were in the very act of up-ending him, to tap his somewhat thick head on the stairs, when a stern voice came from below:

"Silver!" "Oh!"

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Dalton's eye was on them. He was looking up the staircase.

with a bump.

"Ow!" spluttered Gunner. "Wow!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. scudded up the The three trailed away dolorously stairs, and vanished from the severe upstairs, followed by grinning glances gaze of Richard Dalton. They passed from a good many fellows, who had Cyril Peele on the landing, but they

10/10/25

still in a state of wrecked untidiness. "We're up against it to-day!"

"Keep smiling!" mumbled Jimmy. "Oh dear!"

They sat down dismally. About the House. But they had hoped to "Ha, ha, ha! You men just ten minutes later Arthur Edward slip in unnoticed. Their luck was picked yourselves out of a dustbin?" Lovell came in. He gave his comround the untidy study.

> "Not getting the place to rights yet," he said. "Slackers!" "Oh, dry up, Lovell!" mumbled

Lovell rubbed his knuckles.

"I fancy I know who did this," he said. "I've just punched his

"Peele!" said Jimmy Silver. "I'm fairly certain now that it was Peele; The hapless three realised that Mr. but we're going to make jolly sure!" "Smythe of the Shell," said Lovell. "He grinned at me as I came in, and They released Gunner so suddenly I hit him on the nose. Depend on that that burly youth sat on the stairs | it, it was Smythe. I've tapped his nose; but that's not enough. Let's go and rag his study."

> "What?" "Come on!" said Lovell. "No good slacking about! Let's jolly well go and wreck Smythe's study, and if

he's there, we'll wreck him, too!" Lovell started to lead the way.

"Stop!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"You silly chump-"

"Come on!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome jumped up, seized Arthur Edward Lovell, and whirled him back into the study. Lovell sat down with a bump. Jimmy slammed the door. The chums of the Fourth had had enough of Arthur Edward's leadership; a little too much, in fact.

"Now chuck it!" said Jimmy Silver wrathfully. "We'll make a little more certain before we rag any fellow's study, you frumptious chump."

"I'm going--" "You're not!" roared Raby.

"I jolly well am!" Lovell jumped up and rushed for the door.

Bump! Arthur Edward Lovell sat down

"Have some more?" Fortunately, Arthur Edward did not want any more. - And Jimmy Silver & Co. set to work to put the

end study to rights, postponing, for the present, reprisals upon the unknown study-ragger. THE END. (Full of excitement - "Rough

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