

Read "The Spendthrift Sportsmen!" Great Sporting Story Inside!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,279. Vol. XXVI.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending December 12th, 1925.]

£5 and 7 Footballs  
Won This Week!

See page 382 inside.



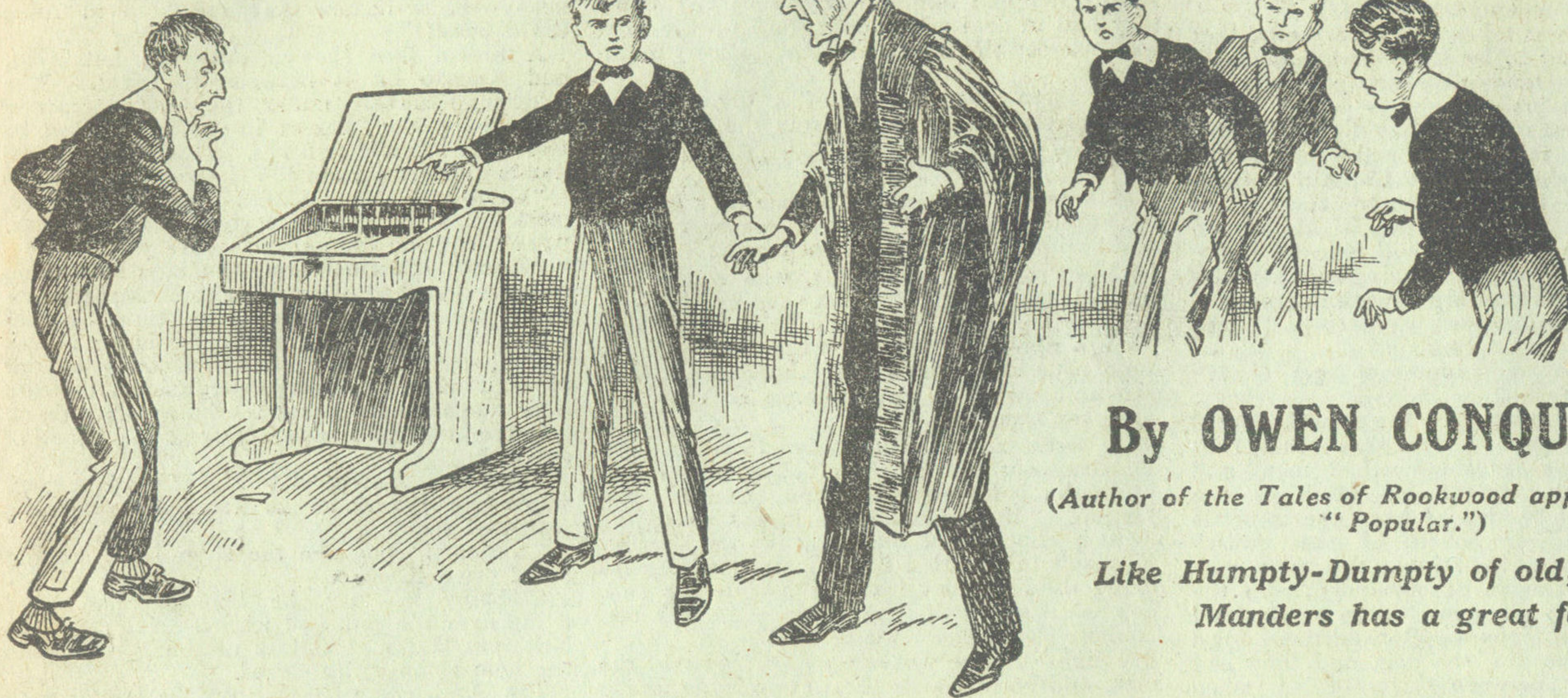
THE SPENDTHRIFT SPORTSMEN'S LATEST STUNT TO MAKE THE MONEY FLY!

(A scene from "The Spendthrift Sportsmen!" an amazing sporting story in this issue.)



THE SNEAK OF ROOKWOOD GETS IT IN THE NECK!

# Turned Out Of Rookwood!



By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

Like Humpty-Dumpty of old, Marcus Manders has a great fall!

## The 1st Chapter.

### Lines for Lovell!

"LINES!" growled Lovell. "Oh, rotten!" It was a half-holiday at Rookwood, and December had brought a fall of snow. These two things happening together were quite fortunate, from the point of view of Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Classical Fourth. Snowballing the Modern fellows was obviously the right and proper proceeding.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were free to proceed upon the warpath as soon as they liked. But Lovell had lines.

"You fellows get on with it," said Arthur Edward Lovell, "and if you see that young cad Manders, give him one for me! I've got to hand in my lines before tea-time—and there's a whole Georgic!"

"But Mr. Dalton hasn't been handing out lines," said Jimmy Silver, puzzled. "Where did you bag your impot?"

Lovell growled. "The blessed Beak!" That was Lovell's rather disrespectful way of alluding to Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood.

"And what have you done?" asked Raby.

"Nothing!" Three juniors grinned. The Head of Rookwood was sometimes a severe old gentleman. But in his severest moments he was unlikely to hand out a whole Georgic for nothing.

"Well, nothing to speak of," amended Lovell. "We never do anything—and we're always getting something!" said Newcome. "It's a hard life for really innocent chaps like us! What was the 'nothing' the Beak lined you for, old chap?"

"Punching young Manders!" "He ought to have given you a medal for that!" said Jimmy Silver.

"He's given me a Georgic instead!" growled Lovell. "All the same, I shall punch young Manders again! Jever see a cad that wanted punching so much as that Modern tick?"

"Never!" agreed Lovell's chums. On that point there was unanimous agreement in the Fourth Form at Rookwood, among Classics and Moderns alike. There was not a fellow in the whole Form who would not have given a week's pocket-money to punch hard the hopeful nephew of Mr. Roger Manders, the Modern master. But a fellow who was a Housemaster's nephew and favourite was not to be punched with impunity—as many of the Fourth had found, and as Lovell had found again.

"He chucked a snowball at me!" went on Lovell. "I wouldn't have minded that; but there was a stone in it—just one of his dirty tricks! So I punched him—and he told old Manders! And old Manders went to the Head! He's fed-up with taking his complaints to Dicky Dalton; Dicky cuts him rather short. So he barged in to the Beak with it, and I got a Georgic. I wouldn't have minded fifty lines for punching young Manders—it's worth that! But a whole giddy Georgic!"

"It's rotten, old chap!" Lovell's comrades were sympathetic. But there was nothing to be done—excepting the lines. They had to be done!

"You fellows go and rag the Moderns!" said Lovell. "Give that Manders tick something if you get a chance! I'll get along to the study and grind out that dashed impot!"

And Arthur Edward Lovell, with a clouded face, went into the House, leaving his chums in the wintry sunshine of the quadrangle.

Lovell was feeling deeply exasperated. Marcus Manders had that effect on all the Fourth, and particularly on Arthur Edward Lovell.

He was a sneak—and not only a sneak, but in carrying tales to his uncle, the Housemaster

of Manders' House, he was not at all scrupulous about keeping to the precise facts. Sneaks were few at Rookwood; no other master would have encouraged tale-bearing. But Mr. Manders had his own methods, and he seemed to see nothing ignominious in allowing his nephew to act as a spy in his House. Little transgressions among the Modern juniors were constantly becoming known to their Housemaster, and punished accordingly. Dodd and Cook and Doyle, of the Modern Fourth, whose study was shared by the new junior, had to be so careful that it really was getting on their nervous systems. Even if they planned so harmless and necessary an entertainment as a rag on the Classics, they did not dare to let young Manders hear a whisper of it, lest it should be reported to their Housemaster. And making an example of the sneak was impossible—the subsequent interview with Mr. Manders was too painful.

But it was really too "thick," as Lovell expressed it, for a Classical fellow to be "lined" through a sneak who belonged to the Modern side. That fine afternoon—fine and frosty, with plenty of snow about—which Lovell would have enjoyed thoroughly out of doors, had to be spent in the study, grinding through a Georgic—and Lovell liked Georgics about as much as he liked young Manders!

Lovell lounged reluctantly along the Fourth Form passage towards the end study. Most of the fellows were out of doors; the studies were silent and deserted. He did not pass a single fellow as he went along to his study.

He hurled open the door of the end study and strode in.

There was a sudden startled exclamation in the study.

Lovell jumped. He had expected, naturally, that the end study would be empty, as his study-mates were out of the House. But it was not empty.

A thin, meagre-featured junior was bending over Lovell's desk in the corner of the room, and he swung round with a startled face and an exclamation as the door flew suddenly open.

Lovell stared at him.

"Manders, you cheeky cad!" he shouted. It was Marcus Manders, the new fellow in the Modern Fourth. No Modern junior had any business on the Classical side, especially in a study, with the owners absent. And the expression on young Manders' thin, meagre face was one of startled guilt.

"You cheeky cad, what are you doing here?" thundered Lovell indignantly. "What dirty trick are you playing now?"

He strode towards the Modern junior, and young Manders backed away, breathing hard. "Nothing!" he panted. "I—I came here to—speak to you."

"You lying worm!" said Lovell scornfully. "You never expected to be caught here! What were you doing to my desk?"

"I—I haven't touched it!" "You were touching it when I came in. Were you going to muck up my accounts, you rotter? That would be like one of your tricks!"

Lovell, secretary and treasurer of the junior football club, was a great man at accounts. He did not have to deal in large sums, but he kept extensive accounts. And on the occasions when he attended to them, his chums were wont to retire hurriedly from the study and leave him to it. Lovell's account-books—comprehensible only to Lovell if even to him—were locked up in that desk, along with the funds in hand. It did not occur to Lovell's mind that the cash in his desk might possibly have been young Manders' object—even of young Manders he did not think so badly as that. But he considered it very probable that the young rascal had intended to "muck up" his accounts, and that only the lock on the

desk had stopped him. Indeed, unless young Manders had some such object, it was difficult to fathom why he had been meddling with the desk at all.

Marcus Manders backed away as far as he could, till the wall stopped him, and he could back no farther. Lovell was between him and the door, and Lovell's expression was grim and savage.

He owed his detention to young Manders' sneaking; and now he had found young Manders meddling in his study—in the very act of playing some trick. That put the lid on, so to speak.

"You rank outsider," said Lovell, in measured tones. "You've got me a Georgic to-day, with your sneaking."

"I—I never meant—"

Lovell laughed grimly. "You never meant it to bring me to the study and catch you, you cad. But it may interest you to know that if you hadn't got me that Georgic, I should be out with my friends, and shouldn't have caught you."

Manders of the Modern Fourth eyed him savagely and maliciously. For once the results of his sneaking had come home to roost, as it were.

"I've got a Georgic for punching you," went on Lovell. "Well, I'm not going to punch you this time—I'm going to kick you out of the study. You can report it to Mr. Manders if you like, and Mr. Manders can jolly well complain to the Head. I fancy the Head will tell him that Modern cads should keep out of Classical studies. Anyhow, I'm going to chance it."

"I—I tell you—"

"You needn't tell me anything—it would only be crammers, anyhow. Out you go!"

Lovell made a rush at the Modern junior. Marcus Manders dodged desperately round the table, and fled for the door. But Lovell's grasp was on him before he reached it.

"Oh! Ow! Leggo!" yelled Marcus.

Bang!

There was a loud concussion, and a fiendish yell, as young Manders' head came into collision with the door.

"That's for the start!" grinned Lovell.

"Yaroooh!"

"Now travel!"

Marcus Manders was swung round in the doorway, and Lovell released his collar.

The Modern junior made a desperate leap into the passage; but his leap, rapid as it was, was not so rapid as the movement of Lovell's foot.

Crash!

Arthur Edward's boot landed, and young Manders fairly flew.

"Goal!" chortled Lovell.

Marcus Manders landed on his hands and knees in the passage. He sprawled there and roared. A door along the passage opened, and Valentine Mornington, the dandy of the Fourth, looked out. Lines had kept Morny in also, as it happened; and the crash in the passage had startled him.

"What the merry thump!" exclaimed Mornington. "Hallo! What's that Modern cad doing here?"

Lovell chuckled.

"He was messing about with my desk, in my study, and I caught him at it. I've given him my boot."

"Good egg! I'll give him mine."

Marcus Manders leaped up and ran. But to reach the staircase he had to pass Morny; and Morny stepped quickly out of the doorway as the sneak of Manders' House passed him.

Crash!

"Yooop!"

Once more Marcus Manders sprawled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

The Modern junior scrambled up, yelling, and fled for the stairs. He turned to shake an enraged fist at the two grinning Classics, and then vanished down the staircase.

Lovell tramped back into the end study, feeling better. He sat down to his Georgic, comforted by the reflection that the sneak of Manders' House would not feel like sitting down for some time to come.

## The 2nd Chapter. A Bad Egg!

"RAIN!" growled Raby. "Bother!" "And wet rain!" said Jimmy Silver ruefully.

Really, that afternoon was not Jimmy Silver & Co.'s lucky afternoon. In the first place Lovell was detained, grinding lines in his study. In the second place, Jimmy Silver & Co., having crossed over to the Modern side to snowball Tommy Dodd & Co., of the Modern Fourth, learned from Towle that the three Tommies were under detention—young Manders having reported them to "Old Manders" for "calling him names." No doubt the three Tommies had applied some expressive terms to the sneak of Manders' House; but detention for a half-holiday was a rather severe penalty. And Raby, having expressed the opinion that it was a "shame," was unfortunately overheard by Mr. Roger Manders, who came by in his usual silent, stealthy way and told Raby, with savage snappishness, that his remark would be reported to his Form-master. After which, Jimmy Silver & Co. walked down

to the village, looking for Bagshot fellows for a little snowballing. But there were no Bagshot fellows to be seen; and when they started back to Rookwood, the deceptive fine afternoon showed itself up in its true colours, so to speak, and there was a sudden downpour of rain.

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy; but he found it hard to smile. The fine day had tempted the juniors out without their coats, and a torrent of rain was no joke.

"We're up against it all round to-day!" growled Newcome. "Let's get under something, if it's only a tree."

"Cut across the field to Giles' shed," said Jimmy. "It won't last long; it's coming down too fast. Sprint for it!"

The three juniors plunged through a gap in the hedge, and out across the field in the rain. Giles' shed was in the farther corner of the field, and they were rather damp by the time they reached it. The doorway was on the farther side, and as they moved round the shed, they heard the sound of voices within. Apparently, somebody else had taken refuge from the rain in the shed.

"I can't do it, Padger! I tell you I can't. It's impossible!"

The three juniors started, as they heard that voice. For they knew the whining tones only too well; of all the voices at Rookwood, it was the one least welcome to their ears. It was the voice of Marcus Manders.

"That tick!" grunted Raby.

"Impossible, is it, Master Manders?" came a deep, husky voice in answer to the sneak of Manders' House. "Do you owe me five pounds or don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Are you going to pay, or ain't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"You, a 'ousemaster's nephew, and can't raise five quid!" sneered Mr. Padger. "Don't tell me! Anyhow, you can 'and over the fiver,



**THE INTRUDER!** Lovell hurled open the door of the study, and there was a sudden startled exclamation in the study. Lovell's study would be empty, as his study-mates were out of doors; the studies were silent and deserted. He did not pass a single fellow as he went along to his study.

IT'S G...  
NEXT M...  
Bum...  
Christmas...  
OF T...  
BOYS' F...  
ORDER I...  
TO...



or else I shall ask your uncle for it, as I've told you afore."

"Look here, Padger—" Marcus Manders broke off suddenly. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome came tramping in at the open doorway of Giles' shed. Young Manders' jaw dropped, as he saw them. Gladly enough the three Classics would have given him a wider berth; they did not want to share a shelter with Manders. But the rain was heavy, and they had no choice.

A squat man with a shaggy moustache and a red face was in the shed with young Manders. He was smoking a cigarette, as he sat on a bench. Jimmy Silver & Co. had seen him before, at a distance; he was one of the "horsey" characters who forgathered at the Bird-in-Hand at Coombe. Naturally, they had never spoken to him; but they were not at all surprised to see Marcus Manders in talk with the man. Almost everyone in Manders' House at Rookwood, excepting Mr. Roger Manders himself, knew that Mr. Manders' nephew had a taste for dingy blackguardism, and a good many of the Classics knew it too. Indeed, Jimmy Silver had seen something of it on young Manders' very first day at Rookwood. More than one fellow had seen young Manders in talk with the loafers of the Bird-in-Hand, and information on that point would have surprised Mr. Roger Manders very much. But even if any Rookwooder had been disposed to follow young Manders' example in sneaking, it was not likely that the Modern master would have believed a word against his favourite nephew.

Mr. Padger glanced at the three juniors over his cigarette and went on speaking, regardless of their presence, and regardless of young Manders' almost frantic signs to him to be silent. "I'm fed-up with this 'ere, Master Manders," said Mr. Padger. "Don't you make faces at me—I'm talking to you straight, I am. You borrowed that fiver from me to put on a 'orse. Did you or did you not?" Manders panted.

"For a few days, says you," resumed Mr. Padger indignantly. "Now it's a few weeks, and you ain't squared. But, if you can't pay me, your uncle can, and I tell you straight I'm going to ask Mr. Manders for it."

Jimmy Silver & Co. could almost have compassionated the cringing Manders. He was his uncle's favourite; Mr. Manders' favouritism had made him detested throughout his House by juniors and seniors alike, by fags and by prefects of the Sixth. Mr. Manders always lent a willing ear to his sports, and backed him up through thick and thin. But there was undoubtedly one point upon which Mr. Manders' regard for his nephew would have failed. Roger Manders was very close with his money. Upon any request for hard cash, Mr. Manders would have shut up like an oyster. In his present emergency, Marcus Manders could not apply to his uncle for help. Five shillings, probably, would have been too much to ask. Five pounds he would never have dared to mention. Only too well Manders knew it, as he cringed under the threatening, bullying manner of the public-house loafer.

"You—you can't speak to my uncle!" he muttered. "It—it would mean ruin for me at Rookwood!" "You pay what you owe, then," said

Mr. Padger. "Besides, ain't you told me you're your uncle's favourite! He's going to stump up, if you don't."

Jimmy Silver stared out into the rain. He was extremely anxious to get away from this scene. But the rain was falling too heavily. Marcus Manders gave the three Classics a stare of hatred, and spoke to the loafer in a low voice. "I don't care!" said Mr. Padger. "All Rookwood can 'ear me, if it comes to that. I want my money, and you promised it."

"I've tried—" "Well I ain't waiting any longer," said Mr. Padger. "You was to bring the fiver 'ere this afternoon. Have you brought it?" "No, I—I—" "That does it! I'll see Mr. Manders about it."

"My uncle would not pay you a farthing, to save me from being turned out of the school!" hissed Manders. "We'll see about that," sneered Mr. Padger. "P'raps he won't want to let the 'eadmaster 'ear about his nephew coming along to the Bird-in-Hand for cards and billiards, and such."

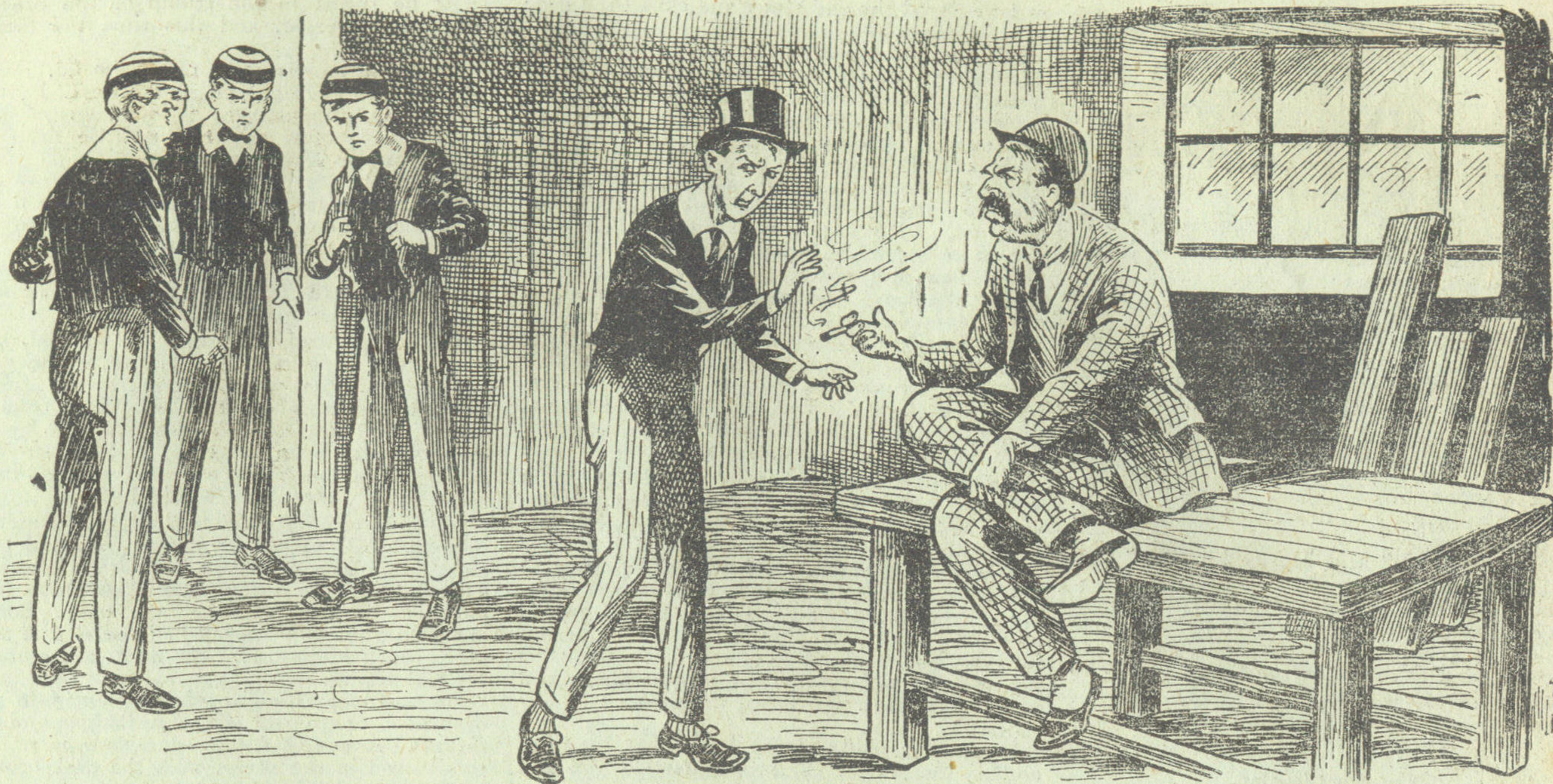
"If he knew it, he would turn me out himself!" snarled Manders. "He wouldn't pay you a shilling. You rotter!" The young rascal's spiteful temper broke out at last. "You scoundrel! It was fixed up between you and Joey Hook about that fiver. Joey Hook rooked me out of it, and a fiver of my own, as well. I don't really owe you anything. It was a trick!"

Mr. Padger rose from the bench and threw away the stump of his cigarette. "That does it!" he said. "I'm fed-up with you, young Manders! Making out you had lots of oof, and taking a man in! Don't you talk to me! I'm going to ask Mr. Manders for my money; and if I don't get it, anyhow you'll get something for yourself, and serve you right for a sneaking, lying, swindling young scoundrel!"

And Mr. Padger tramped indignantly out of the shed and disappeared in the rain.

**The 3rd Chapter.**  
**Dark Suspicions!**  
MARCUS MANDERS stood panting, staring after the shabby rascal who had gone. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome exchanged glances. Young Manders, who had brought trouble at one time or another upon every fellow in the Fourth Form at Rookwood, seemed to have landed himself into worse trouble than he had ever brought upon anyone else. His face was white, and he trembled till his bony knees knocked together. He knew—better than Mr. Padger knew—what would be the result of Mr. Manders learning his true character. Sneaking and tale-bearing were not, apparently, faults in the eyes of Mr. Manders; but the discovery that his nephew was a gambling young blackguard a "pub-haunter," in danger of being expelled by the Head for bad conduct, would have moved Roger Manders' deepest ire. Indeed, it would have been difficult for Mr. Manders to hold up his head at Rookwood School again, if his nephew had been "sacked" from the school; certainly, at least, it would have taken him a long time to live down such an episode. Once he became aware of the danger, favouritism would have changed instantly to overwhelming wrath. It was a prospect that might have dismayed a more courageous fellow than the sneak of Manders' House.

Manders gave the three Classics a bitter look. He cared nothing for their opinion. He did not fear sneaking on their part; and he was assured that his uncle would never believe a word against him from a Rookwood fellow, even if they told. But even the dingy,



**MARCUS MANDERS IN TROUBLE!** Mr. Padger glanced at the three juniors and went on speaking, regardless of their presence and regardless of young Manders' almost frantic signs to him to be silent. "I'm fed-up with this 'ere, Master Manders," said Mr. Padger. "Don't you make faces at me—I'm talking to you straight, I am! You borrowed that fiver from me to put on a 'orse. Did you or did you not?" Manders panted. "For a few days, says you," resumed Mr. Padger. "Now it's a few weeks, and you ain't squared. But, if you can't pay me, your uncle can, and I tell you straight I'm going to ask Mr. Manders for it!"

impudent, shameless young rascal would have preferred no witnesses to that interview.

"You fellows had to butt in," he said savagely. "You couldn't mind your own business. You've accused me of spying, too!" Jimmy Silver gave him a look of contempt. "We came in here out of the rain," he said. "We had no idea that you were meeting that shabby rotter here. And we sha'n't sneak about you, you worm, as you would about us, if we were in the same scrape. Don't talk to us—you're not fit to speak to a decent fellow!"

Manders gnawed his lip. "You—you heard what that fellow was saying—" "We couldn't help hearing what he said, only a few feet away from him!" snapped Raby. "Did you expect us to go out into the rain so as not to hear?"

"You needn't be afraid," said Newcome contemptuously. "Your uncle won't hear anything of this from us."

"I'm not afraid of that—he wouldn't believe you!" sneered Manders. "More likely to believe that you fellows were here to meet Padger, if I told him so."

"You'd better hope that he won't believe Padger either," said Jimmy Silver. "You seem to have landed yourself, with your dirty tricks."

"I—I don't think he would believe him, but—but—he will know that I know the man; he may find it all out." Manders' lip quivered. "He would be frightfully wild. It would reflect on him at Rookwood if I got into trouble in the school. I—I say—" He hesitated. "I—I say, Silver, could you—could you—" He stammered.

"Could I what?" "Lend me some money?" said Manders desperately. "I—I'll settle up out of some Christmas tips I'm expecting soon. Honour bright."

Jimmy Silver stared at him blankly. Well as he knew the meanness and impudence of Mr. Manders' precious nephew, this surprised him.

"Oh, my hat!" he ejaculated. "You're asking me to lend you money to settle a racing debt with a welcher! You! My pal's detained this afternoon through your rotten sneaking—and you ask me—" Jimmy Silver turned away. "Come on, you chaps—the rain's better than young Manders. I can't breathe the same air with that rotter!"

Jimmy Silver tramped out of the shed, heedless of the rain. Raby and Newcome followed him. Young Manders stood and stared after them, gnawing his thin lip.

"Well, that chap is the giddy limit!" said Raby, as they tramped across the field. "The sooner he's kicked out of Rookwood the better, it seems to me."

Jimmy Silver breathed hard. "A rotten sneak, always spying on fellows and getting them called over the coals," he said, "and about the worst chap at Rookwood himself! Even old Manders would be fed-up with him, if he knew. And he would see what a rotter he is, if he wasn't a good bit of a bad egg himself! My hat! I'm fed-up with the whole tribe of Manders!"

The three Classics stopped under a tree for shelter. It was an imperfect shelter in a down-pour of rain, but really it was better than the shed with the company of Marcus Manders.

The rain stopped at last, and the chums of the Fourth tramped home to Rookwood. It was nearly tea-time now, and they hoped to find that Arthur Edward Lovell had completed his task. But when they came into the end study, Arthur Edward was still labouring at his Georgic. He gave them a dismal look as they came in.

"I almost wish I hadn't punched young Manders this morning," he said dolorously. "I

say, what could have made Virgil such a silly ass as to write all this awful stuff?" Jimmy Silver laughed.

"We'll get tea while you're winding up," he said. "I've brought in something from the tuckshop. Morny's coming to tea."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Lovell. "On a corner of the study table, Arthur Edward continued to grind out his Georgic, while his three comrades prepared tea. Mornington lounged into the doorway of the study. "Too early?" he asked.

"Not at all, old man; trot in," said Jimmy Silver. "Chuck it till after tea, Lovell. You'll feel better then, old chap."

"I wish I could chuck it at Manders' head!" sighed Lovell, as he left his unfinished task.

The five Classics sat down to tea, and Arthur Edward cheered up under the genial influence of fried eggs and tea and toast. He related quite cheerfully the pleasing episode of kicking young Manders out of the study earlier in the afternoon.

"We've seen the rotter, too," said Raby. "From what we saw, I should have thought that he had something more serious to think of than playing tricks in a fellow's study. He's got himself something worse than a giddy Georgic."

"How's that?" asked Mornington. The Classics described the meeting in the shed in Giles' field. Lovell gave a snort of angry disgust.

"He ought to be jolly well booted out of Rookwood!" he growled. "He's a disgrace to the school."

"It will come to that, if he keeps on as he's started," said Jimmy Silver. "Goodness knows what will happen, if that man Padger speaks to Mr. Manders."

"Manders won't believe anythin' against his dear nephew," said Mornington. "Still, he's a sharp old bird. He may tumble to the facts. If he does, it will be serious for Marcus."

"A flogging, anyhow," said Lovell with a grin. "Old Manders would be frightfully waxy if he found the fellow out. Why, if the Head knew, he'd sack the cad from the school. Fancy old Manders' face if his precious nephew was bunked from Rookwood! Ha, ha, ha!"

That idea almost consoled Lovell for his Georgic.

Morny whistled. "That fellow was messing about with your desk when you found him here, Lovell?" he said.

"Yes—only it was locked," grinned Lovell. "I fancy he was going to play some trick with my account books."

"Anythin' else in the desk?" "Only some papers and letters, and the club money, of course," said Lovell. "I keep it locked up there."

"Manders likely to know about the money?" Lovell jumped.

"Great Scott! You don't think— Draw it mild, Morny! Even young Manders—" Valentine Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"He's up against it, and he's rotter enough for anything," he said. "You'd better keep that desk locked, if you want to keep the money in it, while young Manders owes debts at the Bird-in-Hand."

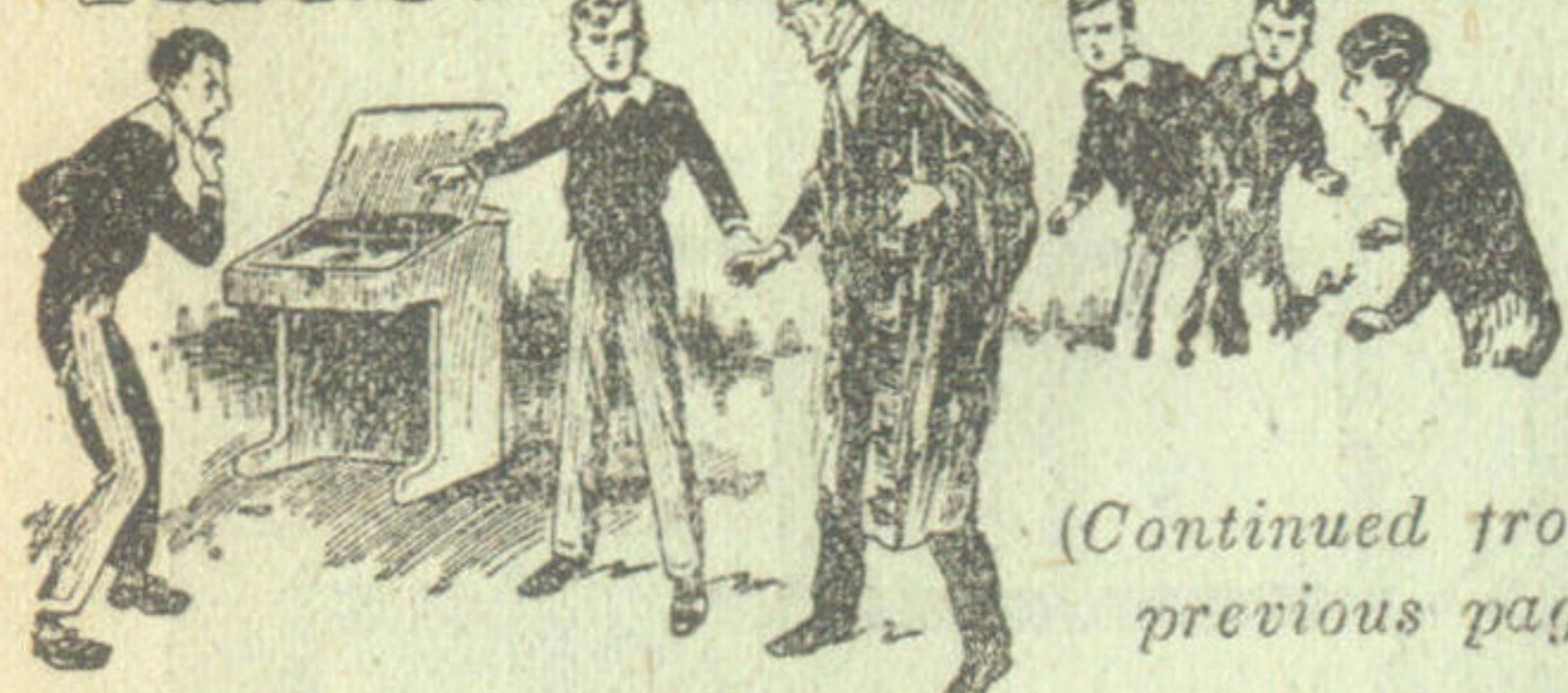
"Oh crumbs!" The Fistical Four exchanged startled glances. But for what they had seen of Manders' interview with Padger that afternoon, Jimmy Silver & Co. would have scouted the suggestion. But they could not scout it now. Only Lovell shook his head.

"That's too thick," he said. "Dash it all! A Housemaster's nephew! You're a bit too suspicious, Morny, old man. Manders never meant that. A Rookwood fellow wouldn't be a thief—even that cad! Draw it mild."

(Continued overleaf.)



Turned Out Of Rookwood!



(Continued from previous page.)

Morny shrugged his shoulders again. "All the same, keep the desk locked," said Jimmy Silver uneasily.

"Fathead!" said Lovell. "I always keep it locked, and the key in my pocket. But even young Manders has his limit. He wouldn't do a thing like that. You're rather an ass, Morny, old bean."

"Nous verrons!" said Morny lightly. "Pass the jam, Jimmy."

The unpleasant topic dropped, and the Classics chatted cheerily on the more pleasing subject of the coming Christmas holidays till tea was over, and it was time for Lovell to get on with his Georgic again.

The 4th Chapter.

Morny Takes a Hand.

"BACK up, Classics!" "Go it, Moderns!" "Give 'em beans!"

The December dusk was falling, and through the dusk rang the merry voices of the Rookwood juniors. Tommy Dodd, and Cook and Doyle, released from detention, had come out of their House, looking for a little trouble to liven them up.

A snowball landing on the back of Gunner's neck started the ball rolling. Gunner and Dickinson minor replied in kind, and more Classics came to their aid, and more Moderns rallied to Tommy Dodd & Co., and a terrific battle was soon in progress.

The scrap was going strong when Marcus Manders came in at the gates, and stared gloomily and maliciously in the direction of the snow fight. Young Manders had no taste for that kind of fun, and no desire whatever to back up his House in a scrap.

After the interview with Padger in Giles' shed the wretched outsider of Manders' House had loafed about, in an unenviable frame of mind, trying to think of a way out of his difficulties. He dared not ask his uncle for money.

He stood and stared at the snowballing juniors in the distance. All the Fourth seemed to be involved in the battle; even Tubby Muffin had rolled up to back up his House. Even the slacker Leggett was in the ranks of the Moderns.

The passage was deserted, all the studies were dark. It seemed as if not a fellow was indoors. He was safe—safe! And he would not be long. But his heart was beating quickly

as he entered the end study and closed the door softly behind him.

To save himself from the consequences of what he had done there was only one way—a deeper plunge into shame and guilt. He had desperately made up his mind to it.

He groped for the key of the door, but it was gone. But it did not matter, a few minutes would suffice him. Nobody was likely to come to the study.

The interior of the room was growing quite dark, but he did not dare to turn on the light. He hurried across to Lovell's desk, and groped at it in a faint hope that it might now be unlocked.

It was the blade of the knife that snapped, and in the silence the sound startled him and made his heart throb.

But he thrust in the stump of the broken blade, and pressed, and this time the flimsy lock snapped.

A moment more and he raised the lid. Thievish fingers groped in the desk. In a little compartment he found several currency notes rolled up, and a little heap of silver.

Slowly it forced itself into his startled, terrified mind that he had not been, as he supposed, unobserved when he crept to the study; some Classical fellow had seen him from a study.

He had been watched, and not only watched but expected! Whoever it was that had now locked the door of the end study on him had expected him to come, otherwise these preparations could never have been made.

He was not thinking of the money in the desk now, or even of the man Padger and his threats. A nearer danger paralysed him. He was locked in the study, with the desk broken open to convict him!

He moved at last, dragging himself with almost palsied limbs to the door. He knew that it was locked; but he tried the handle. The door did not move.

"Open the door!" breathed Marcus Manders. Mornington laughed.

"Open the door, for mercy's sake!" Manders spoke through the keyhole in a shrill, frightened whisper. "Let me out, Mornington! Let me out before they come in!"

"Have you bagged the club funds yet, you reptile?" asked Mornington scornfully. "Lovell's cash safe in your pocket—what?"

"I—I haven't touched—"

"I heard the lock go," he answered. "I was waiting for that, before I turned the key on you."

"Oh!" breathed Manders. "You see, I knew what it meant when I heard what you were at this afternoon," chuckled Mornington; "and when I heard about your merry meetin' in Giles' shed, I rather figured it out that you would try again. That's why I borrowed the key of the study when those chaps went out, thinkin' out this little stunt for your benefit. I was in my study on the watch, you reptile, when you came sneakin' along. I fancied you'd jump at a chance like this, and you did."

"Let me out, Mornington, I—I beg—"

Valentine Mornington slipped the key of the end study into his pocket and walked away down the dusky passage, whistling. Marcus Manders staggered across the study, and collapsed into the armchair, almost fainting with terror.

The 5th Chapter.

The Prisoner of the End Study.

"MORNBY, you slacker—"

A crowd of Classical fellows came tramping cheerily into the House, after the snow-fight with the Moderns. Many of them were muddy, and most of them were breathless, but all were merry and bright.

"We've beaten them," said Putty of the Fourth. "Fairly drove 'em home. I say, old Manders must be gone out, or we should have heard from him."

"Blessed if I hadn't forgotten old Manders!" chuckled Lovell. "Lucky for us he was out; it would mean a report to Mr. Dalton—disorderly conduct on the Modern side—yah!"

"I didn't notice young Manders, either," grinned Gunner. "I looked for him to give him jip, but he wasn't with the Modern crowd."

"Too jolly funky!" sniffed Lovell. "Why didn't you join up, Morny? You must have heard the row."

"I've been busy, old bean," answered Mornington lightly. "So has young Manders. He's in your study now."

"In our study!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Just that!"

"I'll boot him out fast enough!" he exclaimed. "I'll give the cad butting into my study!"

And Arthur Edward Lovell almost flew up the stairs.

The Fourth-Formers followed him up to the passage, and Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived at the door of the end study. Lovell was thumping on it angrily.

"The door's locked!" he exclaimed. "I locked it," said Mornington. "Eh?"

"Come along to my study, and I'll explain." "Blessed if I can understand—"

"You wouldn't, old bean, with a brain like yours. But perhaps you will understand when I've explained. I'll try to put it in words of one syllable."

"Look here—"

Valentine Mornington walked into his study. Arthur Edward Lovell gave an angry snort, and thumped on his door again. "Are you there, young Manders?" he roared. "Are you there, you sneak?"

There was no answer from the end study. Manders, palpitating with terror, was silent. (Continued on page 384.)

OUR STUNNING ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL CONTEST!

TOP SCORERS



FIRST £5 PRIZE.

SIX OTHER PRIZES OF MATCH FOOTBALLS.



Here is a great football Competition which will interest you all. As anticipated, the new offside rule has given us a large crop of goals. Only a short while ago eleven goals were scored in one match, seven by the home team and four by their opponents.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast in which match, played on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12th, in each of three divisions—League I., League II., and League I. (Scottish)—the most goals will be scored.

REMEMBER—the names of the two opposing teams in a match which between them will score the most goals are required—not the single team with the most goals to its credit. The actual number of goals scored is not wanted—just the names of the teams.

"Top Scorers" No. 7, c/o BOYS' FRIEND, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4 (Comp.).

so as to reach that address not later than the first post on FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1925. Entries received after that date will be disqualified.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

The Prize of £5 will be awarded to the competitor whose forecast is correct, or most nearly correct, and the other prizes in order of merit.

Should the same number of goals, according to the official results, be scored in more than one match in the same division, any one of these matches will be taken as correct. It is a distinct condition of entry that the Editor's decision shall be accepted as final and binding. The right to divide the prizes, or their value, in the case of ties, is reserved.

"TOP SCORERS" NO. 7.

I forecast that the highest number of goals will be scored in the following matches: (MATCHES PLAYED SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1925.)

League I. .... v. ....

League II. .... v. ....

League I. (Scottish). .... v. ....

In entering this contest I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Name.....

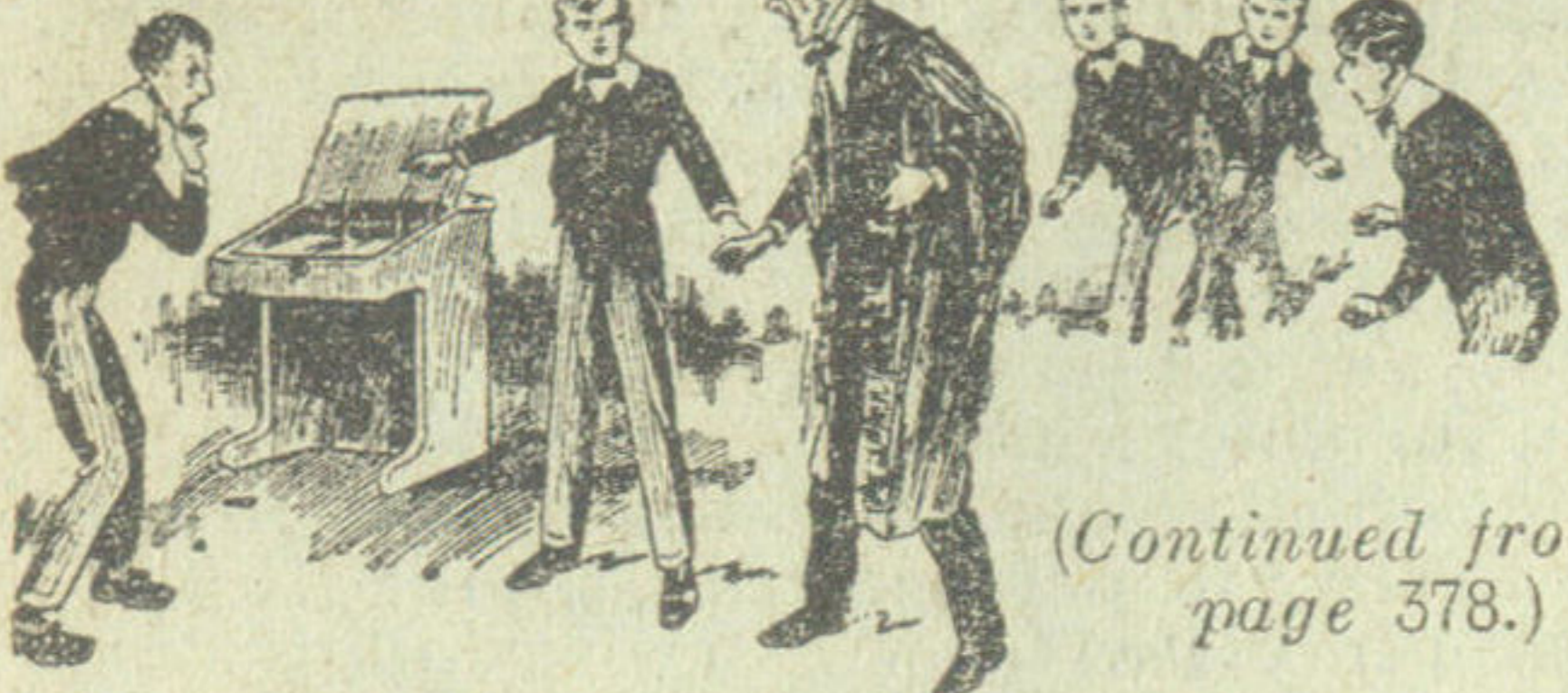
Address.....

BOYS' FRIEND. Closing date, Friday, December 11th, 1925.

The result of "Top Scorers" Competition No. 2 will be found on page 382 of this number.



## Turned Out Of Rookwood!



(Continued from  
page 378.)

"Oh, come on!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "Let's hear what Morny has to say."

The Fistical Four followed Mornington into Study No. 4. Errol was there with the dandy of the Fourth, and Oswald was in the study.

"Now, what's all this rot?" asked Lovell testily.

"Listen, and I will a tale unfold, old bean," said Morny cheerfully. "I've been lookin' after the club money while you've been snowballin' the Moderns. I had a sort of idea that young Manders had come after it, and would come after it again—and he did."

"Draw it mild," said Lovell incredulously.

"Go ahead, Morny," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Shut up a minute, Lovell, old man. Give your chin a bit of a rest."

"Look here—"

"Give it a rest, and give us a rest," said Newcome. "Get on with it, Morny!"

Mornington explained in a few words.

"So I locked young Manders in the end study," Mornington finished up with a grim smile. "He pleaded to me to let him out, but there was nothin' doin'."

"Great pip!" ejaculated Lovell. "You actually heard him crack the lock on my desk?"

"Actually!"

"The awful rotter!" exclaimed Oswald indignantly. "We jolly well ought to call the Head to find him there."

"The fellow's a thief," said Mornington. "But now he's locked in the study he will take jolly good care not to be found with the money in his pockets. He's a good hand at lyin', but I think he will find it rather hard to explain away breakin' the lock of a desk where money is kept, though. But we don't want an awful disgrace in the school—fellow expelled for stealin'. My idea is to give him a jolly severe lesson. Let him roost in the study for a few hours, thinkin' that the Head is comin' to see him there; and after that, I fancy he will keep his hands from pickin' and stealin'. He's an awful bad egg, but I've saved him from becomin' a thief, and if the lesson's impressed on his mind, he may keep to honesty as the best policy—what?"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Good!" he said. "He's about the baddest egg I've ever struck. He doesn't seem to have any decency at all. But a lesson like this may keep him straight in the future."

"He jolly well ought to be bunked from the school!" growled Oswald.

"We'll give him a lesson instead."

Jimmy Silver put the key of the end study in his pocket.

"We'll leave him there till prep," he said. "He can meditate on his jolly old sins, and think it out that honesty is the best policy. The money's safe enough. He won't dare to touch it, in the circs. Let him roost!"

And the Fistical Four went downstairs again, and Marcus Manders was left to "roost," as Jimmy expressed it, in the end study.

He "roosted" there in an unenviable frame of mind.

The money was in the desk. He dared not touch it now. Every moment he expected to hear the tread of a master, brought to discover him there. By hard lying he might make it out that he had broken into Lovell's desk only to play some trick on his account-books. But a forcibly-broken lock would require a great deal of explaining away, especially when it was a lock on a desk where money was kept.

The wretched junior lurked in the dark study, listening for footfalls, aching with terror.

The way of the transgressor is hard; and the sneak of Manders' House was finding it out. He fully expected to be shown up in his true colours; and the "sack" loomed before his eyes. If these fellows told of him—as he would have told of them—as he had "sneaked" about them on innumerable occasions! What right had he to expect to be done by more generously than he had done by others?

Every sound in the Fourth Form passage made him start and tremble. He dreaded to hear the footsteps of Mr. Dalton or the Head. He dreaded the accusing eyes, the stern inquiry. There was no doubt that the rascal of Rookwood needed a severe lesson; there was no doubt at all that he was getting one!

### The 6th Chapter.

#### The Last of Marcus Manders.

OLD Mack the porter stared.

Often and often he had seen Mr. Roger Manders looking cross.

But he had never seen Mr. Manders look so terribly cross as he looked now, whisking in at the gate with a face like thunder.

Mr. Manders did not heed the school porter, or even observe his astonished stare.

He strode away to his own House, with a black brow.

Knowles of the Sixth was in the hall, chatting with Catesby by the fire, and Mr. Manders called to him.

"Knowles!"

The Modern prefect looked round.

"Find my nephew, and send him to my study at once."

"Certainly, sir."

Mr. Manders whisked on to his own study. In that apartment he did not sit down; he

paced to and fro, angry and impatient, waiting for Marcus to come in.

He was terribly disturbed. That shabby, coarse, red-faced man whom he had met in Coombe Lane—was it possible, was it barely possible, that he had spoken the truth? How could he have told such a story, if there was no truth in it?

But if Mr. Padger's story was true, what then? The nephew whom he had befriended and favoured, whom he had supported through thick and thin, was a young rascal, an arrant young blackguard; there was danger—terrible danger—that he might make the name of Manders a byword in Rookwood School—that he might, at any hour, bring overwhelming shame and disgrace upon the Modern Housemaster.

Mr. Manders paced his study with hurried, jerky steps. Was it true—was it possible?

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

## : : DON'T MISS THE GRAND CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF : : "THE BOYS' FRIEND." Out next Monday. Price 2d. as usual.

paced to and fro, angry and impatient, waiting for Marcus to come in.

He was terribly disturbed. That shabby, coarse, red-faced man whom he had met in Coombe Lane—was it possible, was it barely possible, that he had spoken the truth? How could he have told such a story, if there was no truth in it?

But if Mr. Padger's story was true, what then? The nephew whom he had befriended and favoured, whom he had supported through thick and thin, was a young rascal, an arrant young blackguard; there was danger—terrible danger—that he might make the name of Manders a byword in Rookwood School—that he might, at any hour, bring overwhelming shame and disgrace upon the Modern Housemaster.

Mr. Manders paced his study with hurried, jerky steps. Was it true—was it possible?

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It was extremely irritating that his nephew was not to be found at such a moment. There was no time to be lost. He had to know whether there was any truth in Padger's statements. He met Mr. Dalton in the hall, surprising the master of the Fourth by his knitted brows and glinting eyes.

"Can you tell me whether my nephew is in this House, Mr. Dalton?" he asked snappishly.

"Really, I do not know," answered Mr. Dalton. "As it is not yet time for lock-up, he may be here. Perhaps some of the juniors can tell you, Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

Very well. I will see myself if he is in the Head's House!" snapped the Modern master ungraciously.

And Knowles walked away, wondering whether the Housemaster's nephew was in his uncle's black books, and fervently hoping that he was.

Mr. Manders left his House, and crossed the quadrangle to the Classical side. It