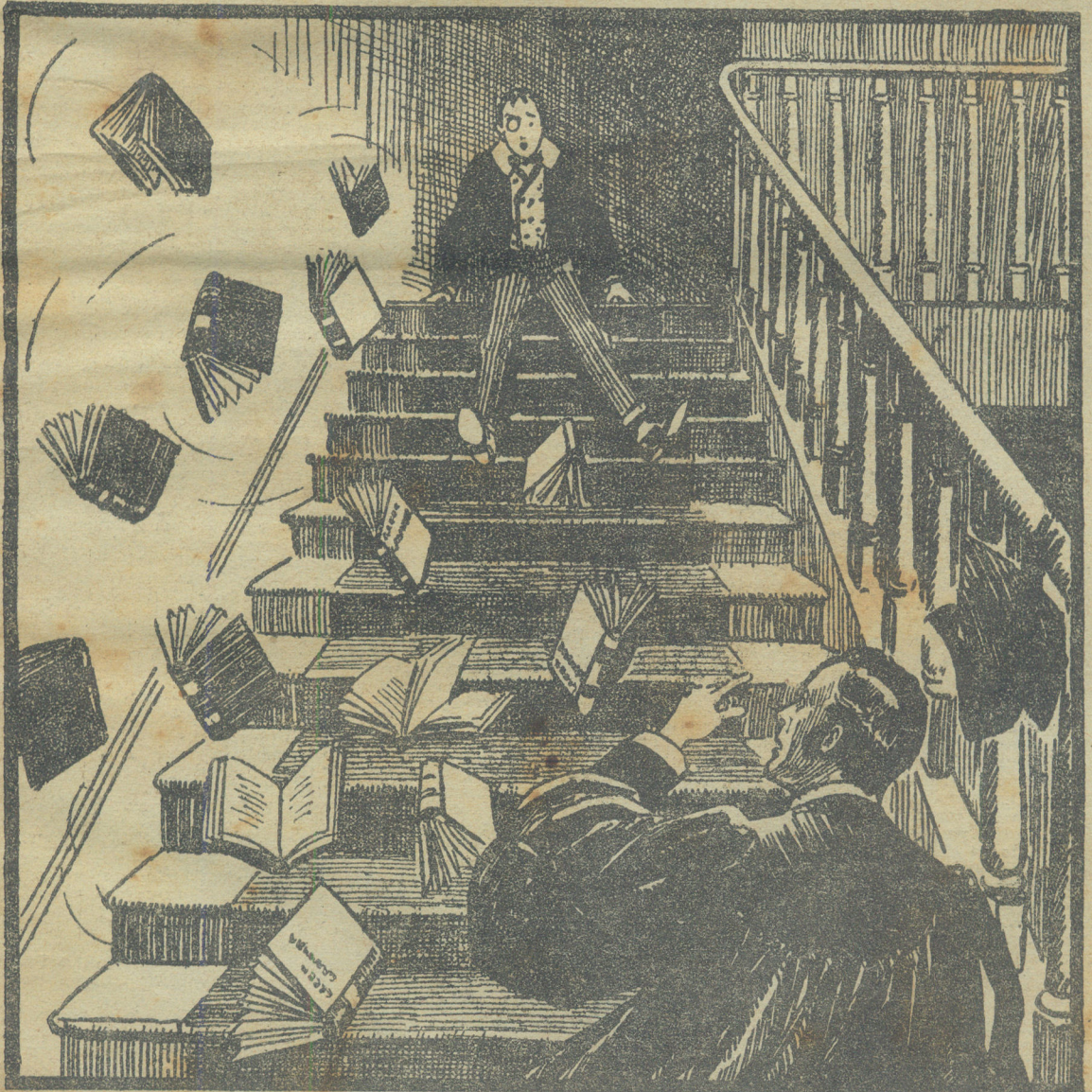


THE RIVALS OF GREYFRIARS! | UNDER LEVISON'S THUMB! | THE ROOKWOOD SPORTS!

The Penny Popular

No. 243.

Three Complete Stories of—
HARRY WHARTON & Co.—JIMMY SILVER & Co.—TOM MERRY & Co.



GUSSY COMES TO GRIEF! (See the Grand Long Complete Tale of Tom Merry & Co., contained in this issue.)

A Grand
Long Complete
Story, dealing
with the
Early Adventures
of
Jimmy Silver & Co.

THE ROOKWOOD SPORTS!

By
Owen
Conquest

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Outsiders!

"WELL, of all the nerve!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd. "Heads of the Fourth! I like that!"

"Rotters!"

"So that's what they wanted to see Bulkeley about. I say, Cook, old son," went on Tommy Dodd, withdrawing from the crowd, "we were assed to let them think of this before us!"

"Absolutely!"

Tommy Dodd and his chums, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, were standing before the notice-board, and the cause of their exclamations was a notice pinned thereon, which ran as follows:

"NOTICE!

"To all Members of the Lower Forms at Rookwood!

"An athletic competition, confined to the Lower Forms, will take place on Thursday, to celebrate the Founder's Day at Rookwood. Every fellow in the Fourth Form and the Third will be eligible for entrance in any or all of the events. No dogs or Fifth-Formers admitted.

"The athletic sports will be under the immediate patronage of G. Bulkeley, Esq., captain of the school, in whose hands the arrangements will be placed, assisted by a committee formed of the heads of the Fourth Form, as undersigned.

"(Signed) JAMES SILVER, A. LOVELL,
"A. NEWCOME, G. RABY."

The chums of the end study, after careful consideration as to an appropriate means of celebrating Founder's Day at Rookwood, had evolved the above notice—much to the consternation of their Modern rivals.

They had seen Bulkeley, the captain, and obtained his promise of support and help, and things looked well for the coming day's holiday.

Jimmy Silver's idea had caught on, and the Rookwood juniors entered into it with great keenness.

On similar occasions at Rookwood, when the school sports were held, it was usual for the Senior Forms to fill most of the stage, the juniors taking a decidedly back seat.

Jimmy Silver's idea of a day devoted to athletics, and confined to the juniors, was flattering to the Lower Forms. They naturally wanted to shine, and to fill the whole bill themselves was gratifying.

The Fistical Four were going ahead. Tommy Dodd had to admit that. The efforts of the Moderns to throw cold water on the idea met with very little success.

"It's rotten!" Tommy Dodd confided ruefully to his chums. "The whole Form seems to have jumped at the idea, and the Third are equally keen. Bulkeley's name has a lot to do with it, of course. He's taking a lot of trouble about the matter. I don't quite know how we're

to pull the rotters down off their perch this time."

"Quite so!"

"Of course, we're not going to enter for any of the events!"

"I suppose not."

Tommy Cook seemed dubious about it. Tommy Dodd looked at him quickly.

"Why, you don't want to, Cook, do you? We don't want to go about backing up those rotters, you know!"

"Not likely, only——"

"Only what?"

"Well, I think we shall rather be left out in the cold, that's all! There's not much fun in being isolated while the whole Form goes in for the weeze."

Tommy Dodd wrinkled his brows thoughtfully.

"There's something in that," he said.

"Faith, an' that's what I think!" said Tommy Doyle.

"But I don't see how we can back up the Fistical Four without losing prestige. It will want thinking over."

The discussion stopped there, for it was taking place in the Fourth Form classroom, and just then Mr. Manders looked round.

As soon as the class was dismissed Tommy Dodd & Co. went out into the quadrangle.

The Fistical Four were already there, and Jimmy Silver tapped Tommy Dodd on the shoulder.

Tommy Dodd looked round.

"Hallo!"

"I want to ask you if you're going in for any of the events on Thursday?" said the leader of the Fistical Four.

Tommy Dodd shook his head.

"I am afraid not, my son!"

"You're going to stick it out, then?"

"You see, we have to consider our dignity in the matter. As heads of the Fourth we couldn't take part in the matter unless we had the arrangements in our hands."

"Rats!"

"Very well. We're willing to form a committee of three, to assist Bulkeley to fix the thing up, while you fatheaded Classics get outside!"

"Catch us!"

"Otherwise we can't patronise the affair at all!" said Tommy Dodd loftily.

"Patronise!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Who wants you to patronise? We were just going to allow you to enter as a great favour——"

"Yes, and on the same terms as the Third Form rotters," said Raby.

"Rather!" said Lovell emphatically.

"We were going to allow you to crawl in, as it were."

"Well, we're not coming in except as managers."

"Then you'll stay out!"

"Good! Come to us when you find the job too big for you, and we'll take the management over!" said Tommy Dodd generously.

"Bosh!" said the Fistical Four in unison.

The Moderns walked away grinning.

But Tommy Cook's remark proved very accurate—it was rather an isolated position for the Moderns outside the general current of interest.

In the Lower Forms of Rookwood hardly anything was talked of but the coming sports on Founder's Day, and as the Modern chums kept themselves out of it, they found themselves somewhat stranded.

The remarks of the other juniors were somewhat galling, too. They seemed to take it for granted that the Modern chums were not up to the times, and were contentedly taking a back seat.

"I should have thought you'd have had a chance for the high jump, Dobby," Hooker remarked on one occasion.

Tommy Dodd gave him a freezing glare.

"A chance of the high jump!" he exclaimed. "What the dickens do you mean, Hooker?"

Hooker made a step backwards.

"All right, Dobby; keep your wool on!"

"Well, what do you mean, confound you?"

Hooker looked amazed at the display of temper, which he could not account for. He made another step in retreat.

"Don't get waxy, Dobby, you know; but I thought you had a chance. You used to jump well, and now——"

"I could jump higher than any other rotter—any other fellow, I mean—in the Fourth!" shouted Tommy Dodd, exasperated.

"Then, why don't you enter for the high jump?"

"Because I don't choose!"

Hooker smiled.

"Do you mean to say you don't believe me, Hooker?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, doubling his fists aggressively.

"Oh, yes, of course!" said Hooker hastily. "But——"

"But what, hang you?"

"Well, I don't think you'll get many fellows to believe you kept out of a thing you could easily win, because you just choose to. That's all."

"The fact of the matter is, that we're not going to take any notice of this silly affair got up by a set of kids," said Tommy Dodd loftily.

Hooker winked at the pigeons in the quad.

"Oh, I see, Dobby! I believe you, of course," said he, in a tone which showed very plainly that he didn't believe a word of it.

"Oh, get off!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd irritably.

He walked away, leaving Hooker with an incredulous grin upon his face. Jones minor met him a little later, as he was talking to Tommy Cook.

"Sorry you chaps are off colour now!" Jones minor remarked. "Cook would have been able to pull off the quarter-mile at one time, I know."

"So I could now!" growled Tommy Cook.

"Why don't you, then?"

"We're taking no notice of the affair at all. It's beneath our dignity."

Jones minor chuckled.

"What the dickens are you cackling about?" demanded Tommy Dodd. "Has something gone wrong in your thorax, or do you see something funny in my remark?"

"Oh, it's all right!" said Jones minor, grinning. "It's a jolly good wheeze!"

"What's a jolly good wheeze?"

"Why, making out a thing is below your dignity because you don't feel up to it. It's not what the Form would have expected of a fellow like you, though, Doddy."

Tommy Dodd was crimson with wrath. It was absolutely exasperating to be thus continually misunderstood.

"I tell you we could win anything we liked in the competition if we chose to enter!" he exclaimed. "But we don't choose!"

"Tell that to the Marines!" said Jones minor.

"There's a lot of them looking at it like that, Cook," Tommy Dodd remarked gloomily, as Jones minor walked away, grinning. "They'll think we can't make any show, and consider that that is why we stand out of the affair."

"That is so," remarked Tommy Doyle.

"I wonder—"

What Tommy Dodd wondered was not to be recorded, for Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, came along just then, and he dropped his hand on Tommy Dodd's shoulder. His keen, kindly eyes looked over the three juniors.

"What's the matter with you three?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Tommy Dodd.

"Quite well?"

"Yes; of course! We don't look ill, do we?"

"Well, no, you don't," said Bulkeley. "If you did, that would explain it. Have you taken to malingering, then, or growing lazy?"

"I don't understand."

"Why aren't you entering for any of the events on Founder's Day?" demanded Bulkeley. "I hear that none of you have entered for a single one."

The Modern chums coloured, and were silent.

"Come now; it's not like you to be afraid to show what you can do!" said Bulkeley encouragingly. "Why don't you enter?"

"You see—" Tommy Dodd paused. "Well, go on," said Bulkeley. "I'm waiting."

"You see, the matter is like this. We have our prestige to consider."

"Your what?" exclaimed the captain of Rookwood.

Tommy Dodd coloured more deeply, but he went on resolutely.

"Our prestige. We've offered to come into the affair as managers, but Jimmy Silver won't have that. It would be beneath our dignity to back those bouncers up, you see."

"I don't see. If you can make any show in any of the events, you ought to do it."

"Well, yes; but—"

"And if you want to keep your end up against the end study," said Bulkeley, with a smile, "I can show you a better way than standing out of the affair like a couple of sulky puppy dogs."

"Oh, Bulkeley!"

"That's what you look like at present."

"What way do you mean?" asked Tommy Dodd, passing over that point.

"Why, suppose you enter for all the

events you can—Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Newcome, and Raby will also enter—and if you beat them you keep your prestige, as you call it, better than by standing out. Go in and win! That's the way!"

Tommy Dodd jumped.

"By George! You're right, Bulkeley!"

"Absolutely!" remarked the other two.

"Go in and win!" said Bulkeley, and, with an encouraging nod, he walked on. He left the juniors looking at one another dubiously.

"Asses we were not to look at it like that before!" said Tommy Dodd. "Of course, that's the way to make the Fistical Four look sick—to go in for the events and walk off with all the victories."

"It's a good wheeze!" said Tommy Cook.

"Let's see," said Dodd, "you'll enter for the quarter, Cook?"

"Yes; and I think I can pull it off, too."

"And the long jump?"

"You can leave that to me," said Tommy Doyle.

"As for the high jump and the mile," said Tommy Dodd, "I shall take care of them. We'll see about the other events. But I say, Cookie, we haven't much time, and we shall have to train like mad!"

"Rather!"

"I'll go and tell Jimmy Silver to put our names down," said Tommy Dodd. "And we'll begin to train. After all, we're in good form already, owing to the cricket. We'll make things hum on Founder's Day, old sons, and make the Fistical Four look about as small as it's possible for four asses to look!"

"Hear, hear!" responded Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

An Unfortunate Jump.

"THOSE bouncers have come in!" Jimmy Silver remarked to his chums a little later. "Dodd has been here and put down their names."

Lovell laughed.

"I thought they wouldn't remain out in the cold and get overlooked!" he remarked. "Have they entered for many of the events?"

"By George!" said Raby, glancing over the list on the table. "They're going strong now they've started!"

"Let's look at it!"

Lovell and Newcome looked, and whistled. Each of the Modern chums had entered for several events, and there were only a few of the minor ones against which the name of either Dodd, Cook, or Doyle was not written.

"That accounts—" exclaimed Newcome.

Jimmy Silver looked at him.

"Accounts for what?"

"Why, I just saw those three Modern rotters in their running-clothes, tearing round the quad for all they were worth. They're training."

"Ha, ha! They'll have to train pretty hard before they beat me at the mile!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Or me at the quarter!" said Lovell.

"Or me at either the long jump or the high jump!" exclaimed Raby.

"We shall see!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "We shall keep our end up all right, I expect. I reckon the winners will belong to this study."

The chums of the end study strolled out into the quad to look at the training juniors. Dodd, Cook, and Doyle were going round the quad on the second lap, and going strong. All of them were in

good form, and their pace was good, and yet it was clear that they were keeping something back.

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver, looking at them. "We sha'n't find it easy to beat that, but I think we'll manage it. Hallo! There's Dodd practising the jump!"

Tommy Dodd's name was down for the high jump. The Modern chums had left off running, and they were looking at the wall of the Head's garden, which was about five feet high. Doyle shook his head as he looked at it, but Dodd nodded.

"I bet you couldn't clear that, Doddy!" Jimmy Silver remarked, joining them.

Tommy Dodd sniffed.

"I was just thinking that I could," he replied.

"Let us see you do it, then!"

"You shall see it soon enough," snorted Dodd.

And he retreated to a distance from the wall, to take a run for the leap. And Cook and Doyle stood back on one side, and the Fistical Four on the other. Lovell looked at Jimmy Silver rather curiously.

"What's the wheeze, Jimmy? You know as well as I do that Doddy can clear that wall if he tries."

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"Yes; I reckon so. But he may not be able to clear Mossoo, too!"

"Mossoo! Monsieur Friquet?"

"I reckon so. When I looked out of the study window a few minutes ago I saw him placing a chair in the garden there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I reckon that Dodd will alight about a yard on one side of him!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Of course, I shouldn't like him to be hurt. But it will be funny when Dodd drops down beside him from the sky."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here he comes! Go it, Doddy!"

Doddy was going it. He came towards the brick wall with a determined dash, and rose to the leap like a roebuck. Right over he went, his feet well clear of the wall, and disappeared on the other side.

The next moment there was a terrific yell.

"Ciel! I am keel!"

Jimmy Silver gasped.

"Great Columbus! He's fallen on top of Mossoo instead of beside him!"

"My hat!" gasped Lovell.

The juniors made a spring at the wall to look over and see what had happened. It was only too true, Jimmy Silver's calculation had been a little out, and instead of alighting a yard on one side of the Modern master, Dodd had come down fairly on his shoulders.

The caned garden chair had pitched over, and Monsieur Friquet was exploring the grass with his face; and Dodd had rolled off, and was lying in a flower-bed, the most bewildered mortal under the sun at that moment.

"Ciel! Help! A moi! Ciel! It is terrible! I am quite keel!"

Dodd looked round dazedly.

The Frenchman, too startled to be able to collect his wits, was lying face downward in the grass, yelling for help and kicking spasmodically.

"Quick, Doddy," whispered Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Dodd looked at him and at the Frenchman. He understood. He sprang to his feet, caught Jimmy Silver's extended hand, and was over the garden wall again in a twinkling.

The Frenchman rolled over in the grass.

He was beginning to recover from the

shock. And he glared round him in search of the jumper whom he knew must have alighted upon his shoulders.

But there was no one to be seen. Five grinning juniors had swarmed into the thick branches of a tree overlooking the wall, from which coign of vantage they could watch the bewildered French master without revealing their presence. Cook and Doyle had made a run for it.

Monsieur Friquet gazed about him, and gazed again, and gasped with amazement.

"Ciel!" he muttered, loud enough for the juniors to hear. "I am jump upon, I am knock ovar, and zere is no one! I am bruise and batter, and still zere is no run!"

The hidden juniors could scarcely restrain their chuckles.

The Frenchman's expression of bewilderment was so comical that they were inclined to shout with laughter.

"Mon bleu! I know not vat to zink, unless ze garden is haunted!" murmured Monsieur Friquet. "It is most strange!"

And he walked away slowly, shaking his head in a solemn and puzzled manner.

The juniors slid down from the tree, choking with suppressed mirth.

"My hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "That was rather rough on old Mossoo, and I am sorry; but it was funny! Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was very clumsy of you, Doddy," said Raby. "When a chap has feet your size, he ought to be careful where he chumps them. The proper place for your feet is—"

"There!" said Tommy Dodd, giving Raby a drive which made him stagger forward and fall upon his hands and knees. "Come on, kids!"

Raby jumped up in hot wrath, but the Modern chums were speeding away, and Raby had no chance of catching them.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
The Sports.

JIMMY SILVER grinned with satisfaction as he looked out of the window of the Fourth-Form dormitory on Thursday morning.

It was a fine and fresh morning, and the sun was shining gaily down from a blue sky; as fine a day as the Rookwood juniors could have wished for.

"I reckon we shall have a real good time to-day," remarked Jimmy Silver, as he proceeded to dress himself.

The whole Fourth was in high spirits.

A whole holiday was a pleasant thing in itself, and the sports' competition which had been got up by the Fistical Four promised to fill up the day with fun and interest, and make the holiday additionally enjoyable.

It was a pleasant feeling, after morning prayers, to reflect that there was no work to be done, excepting for an hour's preparation after tea.

The morning remained fine, and there wasn't a hint of rain. Jimmy Silver looked at the sky with a satisfied smile as he came out after prayers.

"It's ripping!" said Newcome.

"Rather!"

"We're going to let it rip!" said Raby. "Our friends will be here soon, so let's get ready to receive them."

It had been arranged for a good many visitors to come down to the school to see the sports. Jimmy Silver's father was one of them, and many of the mothers and sisters and cousins of the juniors had accepted pressing invitations, and agreed to come down to Rookwood to view the prowess of the youthful champions.

Dr. Chisholm took a kindly interest in the proceedings, and had consented to view them. Bulkeley was master of the

ceremonies. With the assistance of the Fistical Four in committee, he had made all the arrangements. Everything was ready by ten o'clock in the morning, when the sports were to commence.

Silver senior had arrived. And he came out with the Head of Rookwood. The gay hats and dresses of feminine visitors gave a touch of colour to the scene.

The first event of importance was the mile, for which there were six entrants, including Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd. It was well known that the result lay between the two last-named; but the other entrants made the matter more exciting.

The crowd looked on eagerly when six juniors in light running-clothes toed the line to start.

Bulkeley was the starter. The pistol popped, and the half-dozen juniors broke away in line.

In the first lap Jones minor and Hooker dropped out. Towle was left

The words of his chums seemed to lend a last spurt of speed to their leader. He put on a terrific spurt, and passed Dodd, and the next moment he was breasting the tape.

Less than a foot behind, Dodd reeled against the tape a second later. But there was no doubt as to the winner.

The Forth Form yelled itself hoarse. "Jimmy Silver wins!" "Good old Jimmy!" "Hurrah!"

Jimmy Silver had won the mile.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Honours Divided.

JIMMY SILVER had started the ball rolling, as it were, and the Fistical Four were determined to keep it going; but the Modern chums were in a determined mood also.

"You did jolly well, Doddy," said Tommy Cook, as he rubbed his friend



Tommy Dodd came towards the brick wall with a determined dash, and rose to the leap like a roebuck. Right over he went, his feet well clear of the wall, and disappeared on the other side. The next moment there was a terrific yell. "Ciel! I am keel!" "Great Columbus!" Jimmy Silver gasped. "He's fallen on top of Mossoo, instead of beside him!"

out at the second, and Leggett at the third. But Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd remained, and they were running neck and neck.

Loud shouts from their backers rang over the cinder-path.

"Go it, Doddy!"

"Buck up, Silver!"

"Hurrah! Silver wins!"

Jimmy Silver was forging ahead; but Tommy Dodd put on a spurt, and shot forward, and again they ran neck and neck.

"Buck up, Doddy!"

"Go it, Jimmy!"

"Buck up! Last lap!"

It was the last lap of the mile; but still the two juniors were running neck and neck.

Each was putting forth his whole strength now, running for all he was worth, with fixed eyes and set face.

There was a yell as Dodd was seen to draw slightly ahead.

Only a dozen yards now! "Buck up, Jimmy!" roared Lovell, Newcome, and Raby.

down after that arduous run; "but not quite good enough!"

Tommy Dodd grunted.

"I know that, Cook, old son!"

"It was as near as could be, Doddy; but Silver pulled it off!" said Doyle. "It can't be helped, but it's a pity. We shall have to make it up in the other events."

"Rather! They're throwing the hammer now, and Jones minor is safe for that. I've seen him do it at a fair. That's nothing to us. After that comes the long jump, so you'd better go and get ready. And mind you do it!"

"I'll do my best!"

There was a buzz of interest in the crowd when the competitors prepared for the long jump.

Tommy Doyle was the representative of the Moderns and Raby of the Fistical Four, and there were six or seven other entrants.

The jumping was watched with keen interest.

Raby and Doyle were easily first of

the crowd, but, as it happened, they exactly tied as to distance.

"Raby and Doyle will jump again!" said Bulkeley.

And the two competitors retired for a fresh run.

"Go it, Doyle!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Put your beef into it!"

"Buck up, Raby!"

"Ready!" called out Bulkeley.

And the juniors essayed the long jump again. There was a roar from the crowd.

"Bravo, Doyle!"

Doyle had done it. The representative of the Modern party was a foot farther than Raby, and there was no doubt that the Moderns carried off the honours of the long jump.

Tommy Dodd cheered till he was hoarse.

"Bravo, Doyle! Hurrah!"

The next event was the boxing, at which Tommy Dodd was adjudged by the referee to get a little the better of Lovell. Then came the obstacle race, in which Raby was victorious. Several more events, in which other juniors were successful, followed, and then came an interval for lunch.

"I reckon honours are about equally divided so far," said Jimmy Silver, as he discussed a lunch and the affairs of the morning with his chums. "We've got to get ahead of the Moderns in the afternoon, that's all!"

"We'll do it!" said Raby.

"Hallo, dad!" said Silver, looking up as his father strolled over to join him. "I know what you're going to say."

"What is that, Jimmy?" said Mr. Silver, with a smile.

"You are going to stand a feed to all the winners in the events to-day," said the junior, grinning.

"I wasn't going to say anything of the kind!"

"Now, dad!"

"But, as you suggest it, I think it's a very good idea," said Mr. Silver genially. "And I'll be glad to have all the winners to a feed with me after the sports are over. I was going to congratulate you on winning the mile, Jimmy."

"It wasn't so bad, dad, considering the opponent I had," said Jimmy.

"Daddy's a ripper on the cinder-path, there's no mistake about that! But about the feed? What do you say to a select party in the Common-room after the sports?"

"Yes, that's all right."

"I think I can suggest an improvement," said Raby.

"What do you suggest?" said Mr. Silver, with an amused smile.

"Well, why limit the feed to the winners?" said the enterprising junior.

"The losers will want consoling, and the fellows who didn't enter at all will be just as hungry as the rest."

"Yes; that is so. I think the idea is a good one, and an improvement on yours, Jimmy, and I shall carry out the idea, too."

"That's very good of you, dad," said Jimmy.

A bell rang, and the generous visitor nodded, and strolled away.

The crowd were gathering again, and the juniors walked down the field. The first event in the afternoon's programme was the climbing of the greased pole, which was looked forward to with much amusement.

Loud shouts of laughter greeted the climbers as they slipped down the pole, and it was some time before Jones minor finally reached the top, and he was cheered loudly as he waved his hand over the summit.

Then came the quarter-mile, for which Tommy Cook was entered, Lovell being his chief opponent, and the most dangerous one. The race excited a great deal of interest.

Hooker, Leggett, and Topham dropped out, leaving the race to Lovell and Cook before it was half run.

Lovell drew ahead, but Cook was a dark horse on this occasion, and close to the tape he suddenly put on a spurt that carried him a yard ahead of his sole adversary. Tommy Dodd gave a roar.

"Cook wins!"

And the victorious quarter-miler was cheered to the echo.

The hundred yards was won by Dodd, and the Fistical Four were now looking serious. The honours of the day were more in favour of the Moderns than of the Fistical Four, and it could not be denied the Dodd and Cook and Doyle had kept their end up well. The Modern chums were looking very pleased with themselves and things generally.

"You must pull off the wrestling, Cook," said Tommy Dodd, "and I'll take the high jump, and then Jimmy Silver & Co. will have to hide their diminished heads, and no mistake!"

"Rather!" grinned Cook.

But the wrestling did not fall to the Modern side. Lovell came out top in that, and Cook was beaten.

The high jump was the last event, and more than a dozen juniors were entered for it. Tommy Dodd and Raby were undoubtedly the best.

They soon showed their quality was superior to that of their rivals. One by one, as the height was raised, the juniors

dropped out, and Lovell and Jimmy Silver were the last to go, excepting Tommy Dodd and Raby; they remained.

They were the last two, and the height was raised again for them.

Raby made a run, and baulked, and the juniors laughed. But Tommy Dodd did exactly the same, and then, after a grin at one another, the rivals retired for another essay.

This time both of them cleared it.

"Good!" said Bulkeley. It was a really good jump for juniors, and the captain of Rookwood nodded approvingly.

Again the rivals dashed forward. This time Raby barely cleared it, and Tommy Dodd again stopped. There was a shout for Raby.

"Hurrah! Raby wins!"

Tommy Dodd had lost the last event! Raby, however, slapped him on the back.

"It was a ripping try, and no mistake!" he exclaimed heartily.

Honours had been divided, it could not be denied.

Neither the Moderns nor the Fistical Four had come out of the competition decidedly ahead of the other; but as neither was ahead, neither, of course, was behind, and so they were pretty well satisfied; and it was agreed on all hands that the sports had been a great success, and that Founder's Day had passed in the merriest manner possible.

And the wind-up provided by Mr. Silver was keenly appreciated, and gave a splendid finish to the day.

The whole of the Lower Forms at Rookwood crowded into the Common-room to enjoy a feed at Mr. Silver's expense, and a ripping feed it was.

The juniors sang, "He's a jolly good fellow!" at the top of their voices, in honour of their kind entertainer, Tommy Dodd crashing it out on the piano; and if the piano was sometimes behind, and sometimes in advance, and if the voices of the juniors were tracking a variety of tunes at a variety of different speeds, who could be so captious on such an occasion to find fault with little things like that?"

No one at Rookwood certainly. Mr. Silver made his acknowledgments in the heartiest way. Whereat the juniors cheered again. The feed finished in the jolliest manner, and it was a long time before the juniors forgot the Rookwood Sports on Founder's Day.

THE END.

Another Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Friday's issue of the PENNY POPULAR, entitled

"THE SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVES!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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