

MORNINGTON'S CHALLENGE!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

500000

A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER Not Wanted!

ORNINGTON of the Fourth Form at Rookwood knocked at the door of the end study, and went in.

There were seven juniors crowded in the study, and there was a loud buzz of voices raised in heated argument.

woices raised in heated argument.

Mornington entered unnoticed.

Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome, the owners of the study, were all speaking at once; and so were Tommy Dodd, Cook, and Doyle, their visitors from the Modern side.

The four Classicals and the three Moderns were apparently trying to carry conviction by putting on steam in argument, but none of them looked like being convinced.

The subject was cricket—cricket in general, and the St. Jim's match in particular.

Jimmy Silver, as junior captain, was monarch of all he surveyed when it came to making up the team for that great match. But Jimmy was scrupulously fair. His own side—the Classical side—was represented in the eleven by six places. Five Modern juniors were in.

were in.

Tommy Dodd's opinion was that five Classicals would have been enough, if not too much, and that the sixth place belonged, almost by the laws of Nature, to a Modern. To this contention the Fistical Four replied, with emphasis:

"Fathcad!"
"Modern ass!"

"Modern ass!"
"Duffer!"

"Chump!" And the three Tommies simultaneously delivered their opinion of the Fistical Four.

"Silly chumps!"
"Yah!"

"Yah!"
Mornington frowned impatiently. Not the slightest notice had been taken of his entrance. The Rookwood juniors were too busy slanging one another. Mornington was not accustomed to being passed unnoticed—at all events—he had not been accustomed to it before he came to Rookwood. Since coming there he had had a good many experiences that he was not accustomed to

coming there he had had a good many ex-periences that he was not accustomed to. His frowns passed as unnoticed as his entering. Neither Classicals nor Moderns had any eyes for him. "I don't mind you four being in the eleven," said Tommy Bodd. "I admit you can play." "Thank you for nothing!" said Jimmy Silven.

"And Oswald, he's a good man; and so is Rawson. But you can't put in both Oswald and Rawson. The sixth place belongs to the Modern side."
"Rats!"

"Of course, you're captain," said Tommy

"Just remembered that?" asked Jimmy

"Just remembered that?" asked Jimmy Silver sareastically.
"But a cricket captain ought to have some sense," said Tommy Dodd.
"Sure, he ought!" said Tommy Doyle.
"And a skipper with the sinse of a bunnyrabbit would play six Moderns out of eleven. You see, we want to bate St. Jim's."
"That's it," said Tommy Cook. "If it wasn't an important match, it wouldn't

matter so much. But we want to beat St. Jim's, and how're we to do that with Classical duffers crowding good players out of the

Silly age! "Look here-

"Look here—"
"I'm putting in you three, and Towle and Lacy," said Jimmy Silver. "Can't do better than that, and you can go and eat coke, you Modern duffers!"

"Look here, you chump—"
"Look here, you chump—"
"I am waitin' to speak to you!" rapped
ut Mornington, quite losing his patience at

last.

"Wait, then, you Classical ass!" snapped Tommy Dodd, without looking round.

"Oh, join in the chorus, Mornington!" said Jimmy Silver. "Go ahead, kid! I sha'n't hear a word you say, with these duffers burbling. But go ahead!"

"It's about the cricket."

"What the thump do you know about cricket?" exclaimed Lovell, in astonishment.
"I am takin' up cricket."

"How good of you to come and tell us!" said Raby. "Good-bye!"

"Don't give me any impertinence!"

"How good of you to come and tell us!" said Raby. "Good-bye!"
"Don't give me any impertinence!"
"Ha, ha! I'd give you a thick ear for two pins!" chuckled Raby. "Buzz off, you young ass, and don't play the giddy ox!"

"I want to speak to you, Silver. It important," said Mornington, taking further notice of Raby.

"Go ahead!"

"Yes, let's hear your views of said Tommy Dodd sarcastically, bound to be interesting." on ericket,"

The Rockwood juniors all looked at Mornington, and grinned. He had not shown any predilection for cricket before. He was a slacker, and much given to swank, and about the last fellow at Rockwood to make a good cricketer. This new departure rather amused linear fellows in the state of the st

cricketer. This new departure rather amused Jimmy Silver & Co.

"I have had a letter from my guardian," explained Mornington. "You may be aware that my guardian, Sir Rupert Staepoole, is a governor of Rookwood."

"Can't say I was aware of it," yawned Jimmy Silver; "and I don't care twopence, anyway

You may be made to care!" growled Morn-

mgton.

"By gum!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Go ahead!" said Tommy Dodd encouragingly.

"I'll have a bob each way on Sir Rupert Stacpoole!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My conding we'll.

"My guardian wishes me to take up cricket."

"Well, that shows his sense. Better than hanging about smoking eigarettes and betting on geegees—your usual game."
"That is my business!"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Quite so! It's all your business, if you come to that, and I'm bothered if I can see what you're telling me about it for."

"I have come to you because you are junior cricket captain. I desire to play in the

"I have come to graph in the eleven."

"Go hon!"

"I wish to play against St. Jim's in the

next match.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Classicals and Moderns roared. Classicals and Moderns roared.

Mornington stared augrily at the merry juniors. Apparently he did not see anything extraordinary in his request.

"I have told you what I wish," he said angrily. "I am not used to havin' my remarks treated in this way."

"You'll get used to it in time," said Jimmy Silver blands.

Silver blandly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you play me, or will you not?"

"Not!" said Jimmy promptly.

"Sir Rupert Staepoole wishes it," said Mornington, cyidently under the impression that the mere wish of a member of the governing body would elinch the matter, and that Jimmy Silver had nothing left but to bow down and obey, with proper meckness.

But Jimmy Silver only chortled.

"Lemme see," he remarked. "I believe

"Lemme see," he remarked. "I believe this chap Stacpoole is a member of the House of Commons, isn't he? A rather prominent

"Yes."
"Well, drop him a line, and tell him—"
"Yes?" said Mornington.
"Tell him to stick to politics, and not to bother about things he doesn't understand, like cricket."
"What!"

"What!"
"That's all," said Jimmy. "Give him my kind regards when you write. Good-bye!"
Mornington glared at the captain of the Fourth. He made a stride towards Jimmy Silver with his hands clenched. But he paused. He had tried that kind of thing with Jimmy before, with painful results to himself. "You will not play me?" he exclaimed.

"You dare to disregard a governor of the school?"

"Yes. I think I can serew up enough courage for that if the governor's ass enough to meddle in our cricket affairs," said Jimmy. "I shall ask him to speak to the Head."

"Right-ho!"
"You will be punished."

The juniors laughed merrily. Mornington's idea that he could "carry on" in the Fourth Form at Rockwood as he had done at home never ceased to tiekle them.

"This chap ought to be on the cinema," said Tommy Dodd. "He's wasted at Rook-wood."

wood."

"He was born to be a funny merchant," admitted Jimmy Silver. "He gets richer every day. Run away and play, Mornington!" Mornington's eyes gleamed.

"Then you will not let me enter the cricket!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes! I'd be glad to see you turn up at practice," said Jimmy. Silver goodnaturedly. "I'd give you some coaching, if you liked."

"You can do that when I ask it," said Mornington arrogantly.

"You can do that when I ask it," said Mornington arrogantly.
"Very well, I'll leave it till then," said Jimmy, unmoved,
"You will not play me?"
"No, you ass! If you show on the cricketThe Penny Popular.—No. 69.

ground that you're better than a chap in the eleven, you'll be given his place. Not till then.

"Very well. I shall take no further notice of your team, but shall raise an eleven myself, captain it myself, and run it quite independently," said Mornington.

Ha, ha!" I shall issue challenges

"Ha, ha!"

"I shall issue challenges, and fix up matches, and my eleven will be regarded as the Junior Eleven of Rookwood. You will not be allowed to stop me."

"Bless your little heart, I don't want to stop you!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "Go ahead! I'll be jolly glad to see you playing a decent game, instead of slacking and smoking and dodging off to the races on a half-holiday. But you ean't call yourself the Rookwood Junior Eleven. That's us!"

"I shall do so!"

"Oh, all right! Do so, and be blowed!" said Jimmy Silver. "Now, run away—your face worries me!"

"You shall suffer for your impertinence!" said Mornington, between his teeth. "My guardian—"

"Oh, bless your guardian!"

said Mornington, between
guardian—"
"Oh, bless your guardian!"
"He has great influence with the Head——"
"Bow-wow!"
"Bow-wow!"

"He is chairman of the governors, and can

"Oh, shut up!"
"I shall report your insolence to him—"
Jimmy Silver jumped up, quite out of
patience.
"Report away!" he said. "Report at the
same time that I chucked you out of my
study on your neck!"
"Hands off! I— Ah! Oh!"
Mornington went spinning through the
doorway.

doorway.

He landed in the passage with a bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Jimmy Silver slammed the door.

Mornington did not return. In the end study the argument was resumed, and the juniors soon forgot all about him. The argument was warm, and it seemed to consist chiefly of "Fathead!" "Duffer!" "Classical-ass!" "Modern worm!" "Yah!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Mornington's New Wheeze!

NYTHIN' wrong?"

Townsend of the Fourth asked that question as Mornington came into his study. Townsend and Topham, the dandles of the Fourth, were there. Rawson, the scholarship boy, who shared the study with them, was out. Rawson seldom stayed in the study excepting to work. He did not find the society of the elegant sheekers of Rookwood at all congenial.

That something was wrong was evident from Mornington's frowning brow, and the dusty state of his jacket. Towny and Toppy had heard a bump along the passage, too.

"Yes!" snapped Mornington.

"Sorry!" said Townsend politely. "Have a smoke, old chap!"

Mornington accepted a cigarette.

"I want you fellows to back me ap," he said, as he blew out a little cloud of smoke.

"Any old thing!" said Topham. "If it's another run down to the races, though, you can excuse me. It panned out rather badly last time."

"The rad!" NYTHIN' wrong?

ast time."
"It isn't that—it's cricket."
"Oh gad!"
"I've decided to take up cricket," said
Mornington. "My guardian wants me to.
He's rather a decent old chap, and always
flets me do exactly as I like, and I'd like to
alease him."
"Oh omita" said Towsend, rather sue

ease nim.
"Oh, quite!" said Townsend, rather sur-ised. He had never supposed that Morn-gion wanted to please anybody but prised ington

"Silver won't give me a place in the wleven.

"Ahem! Won't he?"

"No. I'm goin' to raise a new eleven, and knock Jimmy Silver's team out," said Mornington. "I'm goin' to make it the Junior Kieven of Rookwood."

"Oh gad!"
"Smythe of the Shell has tried knockin' but Silver's team," said Topham. "It didn't

"Smythe's a silly ass!"
"Well, yes. But how are you goin' to do

"Wen, yes. But he had a lit?"

"Pick out the best cricketers I can find, and go ahead."

"But—but will they play for you?"

Mornington raised his eyebrows.

"I suppose so. I'll pay 'em."

"Pay them!" repeated Townsend.

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"Yaas!"

"Yaaa!"
"You—you'll offer fellows money to play for you!" exclaimed Topham, his eyes opening wide.
"That's the idea!"
"My word!".
"I shall not a good team together. I think

"I shall get a good team together, I think —selected from both Classicals and Moderns," said Mornington. "I shall captain it my-solf."

"But-but can you captain a team?"

self."

"But—but can you captain a team?"

"I mean, have you tried?"

"Of course I can!"

"I mean, have you tried?"

"Oh, yaas! At home I've played sometimes, when we had a cricket-week. I was considered rather good."

"H'm!"

"Anyway, I'm goin' to try. I've got pots of money, and that's the chief thing. I'll put you fellows in my team for a start, and then go round lookin' for recruits."

"You want me to captain the team?"

"You want me to captain the team?"

"You want me to captain the team?"

"Well, I suppose I could play for you," said Townsend, with a grin. "You'll play, too, Toppy, and start the ball rollin'!"

"Oh, certainly!" said Topham.

"That's all right!" said Mornington. "You two, to begin with. I'll soon make up the cleven, I think. I think I shall be able to bag some of Silver's men, by offerin' good terms."

"Money do you mean?"

"Money, do you mean?"
"Yaas!"

"Yans!"
Townsend said no more. He had never dreamed that even this purse-proud "bounder" could be duffer enough to entertain such an idea. But he did not care to quarrel with the wealthy Mornington—his friendship was too valuable for that. He left it to Mornington to discover his mistake for himself. He did not think it would take

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Recruits Wanted!

HAT evening there were many smiles and chuckles among the Classical Fourth of Rookwood School.

Mornington's stated intention of raising a new Junior Eleven, and putting Jimmy Silver's eleven entirely in the shade was productive of endless mirth.

Mornington had appeared on the cricket-ground a few times, but his performances there had not impressed the Rookwood fellows with his prowess as a cricketer.

His chief idea seemed to be to take up a swanking attitude at the wicket, and to be bowled out first or second ball.

How he would captain an eleven if he got one together was a puzzle; and how he would get one together at all was a greater puzzle.

His own friends were mostly willing to join in the scheme, simply because they had their own reasons for keeping in with him. Mornington's endless supplies of cash was a horn of plenty to needy fellows who were not too particular where their supplies came from.

Most of the Nuts made it a great point to be on good terms with him, and they submitted to his dictatorial tones, and his almost insufferable arrogance, for what his friend-ship was worth to them.

insufferable arrogance, for what his friend-ship was worth to them.

insufferable arrogance, for what his friendship was worth to them.

Most of them would have played in his team, not with any idea of winning matches, but simply in order not to part with their horn of plenty.

The difficulty was, that that kind of fellow wasn't worth much as a cricketer.

It was useless to take into the field eleven fellows who would be bowled without making runs. Mornington did not wish to provide a procession to and from the pavilion for the amusement of a laughing crowd.

For that reason he did not ask Smythe & Co. of the Shell to join his team. He knew what Adolphus Smythe's cricket was like—very like his own, as a matter of fact, though he did not realise that.

Peele of the Fourth put his name down; but that day Mornington's team consisted of only three besides himself, and he could not lay the flattering unction to his soul that they were three of the best.

But he was far from being discouraged. He had always found that "money made the mare to go." He had been flattered and fooled to any extent for his wealth and his title's sake, and he fully expected the Rookwood fellows to be influenced in the same way.

That evening a notice appeared on the

way.

That evening a notice appeared on the board in the handwriting of Mornington. It was read with many chortles by the Classical

humorist who was labouring solely for thek entertainment.

The notice ran, in a very elegant hand, and with capitals here and there to add to the effect:

"NOTICE!

"Mornington, of the Fourth Form, is raising a new Junior Eleven, which will be the official Junior Eleven of Rookwood.
"Cricketers desiring to play in Mornington's team are requested to apply at Study No. 4. Generous terms to good players.
"(Signed) MORNINGTON, Captain."

"Sure, it takes the cake!" said Flynn.
"The silly spalpeen is going to offer fellows
money to play for him!"
"Out-and-out cad!" said Oswald.
"Purse-proud bounder!" commented Jones

minor.

"I wonder how many applicants there will be?" grinned Rawson. "I don't think there will be a rush."

"Ha; ha!"

"By gum, I'm on this!" ejaculated Tubby Muffin, the fat boy of the Fourth. "This is where I come in! Generous terms to good cricketers! Well, I'm a good cricketer, with I'm.

cricketers; Well, I'm a good cricketer, ain't 12"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I'm jolly well going to see Mornington," said Muffin defiantly. "I'm going to play for him, and some of you fellows will open your eyes when you see me bowling!"
"Duck our beads were blicker", abyokled.

Duck our heads, more likely," chuckled

Rawson. "Oh, rats!"

Tubby rushed away at once to Mornington's study.

He found Mornington there, yawning over

his prep.

He stared at Tubby far from politely when

He stared at 11100y far from pointer, what the fat Classical came in.

"What do you want, you young ragamusin?" he asked.

"I'm your man!" said Tubby.

"What?"

"What?

"What?"
"I'm going to join your team."
"You young ass!"
"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Tubby indignantly,
"Ain't you advertising for cricketers? I'm
a jolly good cricketer!"
"I'm makin' up an eleven, not a raree-show!" growled Mornington. "Run away,
and don't be an ass!"
Tubby glared at him indignantly.
"I tell you I'm a first-rate cricketer. Look
here, if you're going to make up an eleven

here, if you're going to make up an eleven you'll want somebody. Decent fellows won't have anything to do with you, you know—I—I mean, other decent fellows. They'd feel insulted at your offering 'em money. I happen to be atony so."

insulted at your offering em money. I happen to be stony, so—"
"Buzz off!"
"You'd better take me in," urged Tubby,
"You can't get any of the good cricketers; they wouldn't touch your team with a barge-pole, you know. Besides, most of the chaps can't stand a swanking cad. I can."
"Get out!" shouted Mornington.
"You'd better think it over," said Tubby anxiously. "What are those generous terms you are offering?"

anxiously. "What are those generous terms you are offering?"
"Five shillin's a week, and a guinea a match," said Mornington. "But you're no good, you fat fool! Clear off!
"Well, I can play quite as well as you can, you know. I've seen the fellows simply splitting their sides when you've been batting. Here, I say, leggo my ear!" yelled Tubby. Mornington did not let go. Tubby's painful truths had not pleased him. He twisted poor Tubby's ear till the unfortunate Muffin yelled with anguish.
"Yow-ow-ow-oh! Leggo, you bully! I'll kick you! Yarooop! Help!"

welled with anguish.

"Yow-ow-ow-oh! Leggo, you bully! I'll kick you! Yarooop! Help!"

"Hallo, what's the row?" said Jimmy Silver's voice, and he looked into the study.

"Who's committing homicide here?" Jimmy's brow darkened as he saw Tubby wriggling in Mornington's grip. "Let that kid alone at once, you bullying cad!"

"Mind your own business!" shouted Mornington.

ington.
"Let him go!"
"I won't!"

"I won't!"

"Then you'll be made to!" said Jimmy Silver coolly, and he advanced on Mornington with his hands up.

Mornington gave him a glare of defiance, and gave Tubby's ear another cruel twist, eliciting a wild yell from Tubby Muffin.

The next instant Jimmy Silver's grip was on him on him.

That evening a notice appeared on the board in the handwriting of Mornington. It was read with many chortles by the Classical juniors.

Fellows gathered before that notice, to chuckle and grin, as if Mornington were a "Yow-ow-ow!" mumbled Tubby. "Give

him a hiding, Silver! I was only offering to play cricket for the cad, and he went for me like a Prussian! Groooh!" "Let me go!" shricked Mornington, strug-gling furiously.

Jimmy's strong grip pinned him down to

gling furiously.

Jimmy's strong grip pinned him down to the table.

"Not just yet," said Jimmy. "You've got to learn not to bully little chaps like Tubby, my son. Tabby, take hold of his ears and twist them. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!"

"Won't I just!" grinned Tubby.

"Ghi' Ah! Yarooh!" roared Mornington, as Tubby grasped his ears, one in either hand, and twisted them with great vim.

"How do you like it yourself, you beast?" chuckled Tubby.

"Go it, Tubby!"

"Ym going it!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Stoppit! Oh, dear! How dare you touch me! Let me go!"

"Hadn't I better give him some more?" asked Tubby anxiously. "I ain't tired yet, Jimmy Silver."

"Ha, ha! No, that will do."

"Well, just one more twist!"

"Yaroooop!"

"Chuck it!" said Jimmy Silver. "Now cut off, Tubby before I let him go!"

"Oh, father!" said Tubby promptly; and he vanished.

Jimmy whirled Mornington off the table,

on, rather; said Tubby prohipty; and he vanished.

Jimmy whirled Mornington off the table, pitched him into a corner, and walked out of the study.

He left him panting with rage and rubbing his ears. His ears had been pulled!

Mornington was almost more astonished than enraged. It seemed really like a bad dream. It was scarcely credible that his ears had really been pulled! But they had!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Tommy Dodd's Reply.

MMY DODD & CO. were charting in the quadrangle, after morning lessons the next day, when Mornington came up.

The three Tommies greeted him with a

They had heard all about his notice

They had heard all about his notice on the board, and they were greatly interested in the progress of his new eleven.

"Getting on rippingly with the cricket?" asked Tommy Dodd affably. "Is the new eleven blooming like a rose?"

"I should like you fellows to play for me," said Mornington, constraining himself to speak civilly.

"Towny Dedd, shock his head sails."

sand Mornington, constraining innisent to speak civilly.

Tommy Dodd shook his head sadly.

"We're booked," he said, in a sorrowful tone, "otherwise we should jump at the chance—simply jump at it—I don't think!"

I know you're in Silver's eleven now. I want you to leave him!"

"Not exactly Silver's eleven. It's the School Junior Eleven, and Silver happens to be the skipper!"

"Well, will you leave it and play for my team?" said Mornington. "I'll make it worth your while!"

"You'll shed the light of yer countenance on us, and allow us to call you Morny?" asked Tommy Doyle, with great seriousness.

"You'll let us swank about knowing you?" asked Tommy Cook.

"You'll let us swank about knowing you?" asked Tommy Cook.

Mornington scowled. He was no fool, and he knew when his leg was being pulled.
"Look here, come to business. You don't make anythin' out of cricket. 'I'm offerin' you a chance to make somethin' decent out of it!" "Money, of course?" said Tommy Dodd. Money, of course?" said Tommy Dodd.

"Yaas.

"Money, of course?" said Fommy Dodd.
"Yaas."
Cook and Doyle made a movement, but
Tommy Dodd signed to them to be quiet.
"How much?" he asked blandly.
"Five shillin's a week regular, and a guinea
for each match."
"It can afford to be generous." said Mornington loftly. "I've plenty of tin!"
"Yes, I've noticed that," assented Tommy
Dodd. "You don't hide your light under
a bushel where money's concerned."
"Well, will you accept the offer?"
"Tommy Dodd smiled at his chuns.
"Will we accept it, dear boys?" he asked.
"Will we? It's so ripping of him to offer to
pay us for our services!"
"The rotten cad—" began Cook.
"Look here, give me your answer—yes or
no!" snapped Mornington. "I've no time to
waste on you!"
"That's where we differ," said Tommy Dodd
cheerily. "We've got some time to waste
on you just to teach you not to be a howling cad, dear boy. Collar him!"

Hands off !"

"Hands off!"
"Duck him in the fountain!" said Tommy
Dodd. "A ducking will cool him. He looks
rather heated!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
In the grasp of the three laughing
Moderns, Mornington was rushed to the
fountain in Little Quad, his arms and legs
flying wildly in the air.
Splash!
"Gerrroooghh!"
The three Tommies sauntered away leav-

The three Tommies sauntered away, leav-ing him to wriggle out of the big granite

The three three basin.

He wriggled out, streaming with water, puffing and blowing, and red with rage.

He shook a dripping fist after the three Tommies, and dashed away towards the School House. Townsend and Topham met him in full carcer, and stared at him.

"Ye gods!" said Topham.

He glared at the Fistical Four, and went

or rubbing.

Jimmy Silver gave him a quiet look,

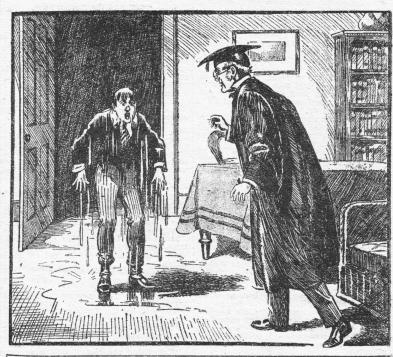
"I hear you're going to Bootles to sneak
about the Modern chaps, Mornington?" he "Mind your own business!"

"This is the business of all the Fourth. You insulted the Modern kids, though you're too utter a cad to understand that, and you deserve all you've got! You won't sneak about them!"

do as I choose!" panted Mornington.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"That's so. I can't prevent you from sneak-ing, if you choose. But I promise you, honour bright, a Form licking if you do! You've had that once before, and you know what it's



Mr. Bootles jumped up in amazement as Mornington dashed into his study drenched and dripping with water. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean boy?" (See Chapter 4.)

"Been getting wet?" said Townsend—rather a superfluous question.

Mornington was drenched.

"It's those Modern cads!" gasped Mornington. "I'm goin' to Bottles about it!"

"Yes, do," said Townsend.

Mornington rushed into the House, leaving his dear friends grinning.

He never received much sympathy from his dear friends in his little mishaps. Indeed, they might have been suspected of enjoying

them.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, jumped up in amazement as Mornington dashed into his study, drenched and dripping.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

"What—what does this mean? What—what?"

"Go and change your clothes at once! You will catch cold! You careless boy, you are spoiling my carpet!"
"I tell you, sir—"

"Go and change your clothes!"

"Will you obey me?" thundered Mr. Bootles.
"Change your clothes immediately, and take a hundred lines for coming into my study in that state! Go!"

The Form-master pushed the drenched invitor out of the ct. in.

junior out of the study.

Mornington, panting with rage, hurried away to the Fourth Form dormitory. He was beginning to shiver, and his teeth were chattering.

In the dormitory he tore off his drenched clothes, and rubbed himself down with a tewel furiously. Four faces looked in at the doorway while he was so engaged.

"You rotter!"
"Null said! If Tommy Dodd is called up on the carpet, you get a Form licking! Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"
Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away without another word.
Mornington finished rubbing himself dry, changed his clothes, and left the dormitory. But he did not go to Mr. Bootles' study. He knew by painful experience what a Form licking was like, and he didn't want to repeat the experience. the experience.

The three Tommies were not called "on the carpet," neither were they approached with any more of Mornington's generous offers. Places in his eleven were no longer open to those three humorous youths.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Challenge Not Accepted.
URING the next few days Jimmy Silver noted, with a humorous eye, the progress of Mornington as a cricket captain.

cricket captain.

Mornington was at least in deadly earnest.

Unfortunately for him, the fellows who could play cricket were generally fellows who were inclined to knock him down for offering them money for their services.

It soon became clear, even to him, that if he raised an eleven at all, it would be an eleven "of sorts."

But he did not give in.

He had said that he would raise an eleven, and he was determined to carry out his words. And there were fellows on both sides of Rookwood who were amenable to the cash

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 69.

trgument, though they were not much in the cricket line

Leggett of the Modern side was an early

Leggett of the Modern side was an early recruit. Leggett didn't care for cricket, but he cared a great deal for money.

For want of better material, Mornington accepted Leggett, which brought his team to the number of five, including himself.

Then he accepted the services of Sclwyn and Chesney of the Shell, those two members of the Giddy Goats' Society having been hard with one also reve and in need of cash

bit on a late race, and in need of cash.

Dickinson minor joined up next, and then
Hooker. They took the cricket part of the
arrangement as a joke, but the cash came in
very useful to them. Wegg of the Third came in next.

The team then numbered ten, but an eleventh man was sought in vain on both sides

eleventh man was sought in vain on both sides of Rookwood.

At last Mornington accepted the services of Tubby Muffin, that plump youth forgiving and forgetting for the sake of cash in hand.

The eleven was then complete.

The first time it went down to practice half Rookwood went to watch it. There were shouts of laughter as a reward for the efforts of Mornington's team.

i Mornington's team. The Fistical Four almost wept as they

watened. The cricket was a sight, as Jimmy remarked, for gods and men and little fishes. Half the team were grinning, quite conscious of the show they made, few of them

scious of the show they made, few of them taking it seriously.

But it was an eleven, at all events. Mornington had carried out his threat so far.

Winning matches with such an eleven was quite a different matter.

Mornington, however, had a high idea of his powers as a skipper, and did not despair of licking his team into shape.

As a matter of fact, he required a good deal of licking into shape himself before he was lit to appear in a cricket match. Of that, however, he was quite unaware.

The eleven having been formed, and having had some practice, he looked out for fresh worlds to conquer.

orlds to conquer.
His idea of claiming to be the Junior Eleven His idea of claiming to be the Junior Eleven of Rookwood, and of sending out challenges to neighbouring teams was still in his head. But he felt that as a preliminary step it was up to the new eleven to beat Jimmy Silver & Co. on the cricket field.

Had Mornington known even a little about the great game of cricket, he would have known that his sorry team had as much chunce of beating Jimmy Silver & Co. as the Prussians had of beating the British Army.

But ignorance, as the poet has remarked, ls bliss. Mornington's idea seemed to be that with first-rate leadership—his leadership—the team would give a very good account of themselves.

themselves.
Hence he lost no time in issuing a challenge

Jimmy Silver

to Jimmy Silven
The Fistical Four were discussing the forthcoming match with St. Jim's one evening in
the end study, when Snooks of the Second
nrived, with a letter in his hand and a grin
on his face.
"Hallo! What's that?" asked Lovell.
"Letter from Mornington," said Snocks,
origining

"Letter A...
grinning.
"Put it on the fire."
"Don't you want to read it?"
"No, thanks!"
"No, thanks!" a ts "Mornington's given me a tanner to bring is," said Snooks.

"Well, you've earned your tanner. Chuck it in the fire."

Snooks chortled, and threw the letter into the fire, and departed from the study, still

chortling.

About ten minutes later Mornington came in, with a frowning brow.

"I sent you a letter, Silver!" he exclaimed.

"Did you?" youned Jimmy. "Why couldn't you come and bring your message yourself, you thumping ass?"

you thumping ass?

- you thumping ass?"
 "It was a written challenge."
 "You can send as many as you like, dear boy. They'll all go the same way."
 "I challenge you to meet my team on the cricket-field!" exclaimed Mornington.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Don't be so jolly funny!" urged Raby.
 "Cricket isn't really a laughing matter. Run away and learn the difference between a bat and a bowler, and then begin to talk cricket."
- cricket."

 "I intend to beat your team, and take my place as junior captain of Rookwood, Silver!" exclaimed Mornington arrogantly. The Fistical Four roared.

 "You are afraid to meet me?"

 "Simply trembling!" said Jimmy Silver blandly. "Do I look pale, Lovell?"

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"Ha, ha, ha!"
Mornington looked at the four hilarious juniors with knitted brows and gleaming

"Do you refuse my challenge?"

"Do you refuse my challenge?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, rather!"

"And why?"

"Rather too funny to meet a team like yours," grinned Jimmy Silver. "We're not exactly anxious to make the Junior Eleven the laughing-stock of the school by playing a set of silvy dummies!"

"I will force you to meet me!"

"Go hon! Are you going to lick us all round?" asked Newcome sarcastically.

Mornington swung out of the study and slammed the door. The Fistical Four chuckled loud and long. But they were not done with Mornington and his challenge yet.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Mornington Has His Way.

"S EEN the notice, Jimmy?"
Dick Oswald asked the question as Jimmy Silver came downstairs.
"Anything on?" asked Jimmy. "I seen it

"Another notice from Mornington, bedad!" said Flynn.

bother Mornington!" "Oh.

"But it's about you!"

Jimmy Silver grunted, and walked over to the notice-board. But he opened his eyes as he read the paper there. It ran:

"NOTICE TO ALL ROOKWOOD!

J. Silver having refused the challenge "J. Silver having refused the challenge of Mornington's Eleven to a match, is hereby denounced to all the school as a coward and no cricketer. Mornington's Eleven, is prepared to meet Silver's Eleven on any half-holiday when Silver's Eleven can pluck up enough courage.

" MORNINGTON."

Jimmy Silver frowned. He jerked the notice from the board, and tore it into pieces, and walked away with a moody brow

Ten minutes later another paper, in the same strain, was pinned up on the board. Then Jimmy Silver went to look for Mornington.

He found him in the Common-room, with some of his eleven. They grinned at Jimmy

Silver. "Plucked up your courage yet, Silver?"

asked Chesney. "Serew it up and try your luck," advised

"Serew it up and the Leggett.
"I've got a bone to pick with you, Morning-ton," said Jimmy Silver angrily. "You've called me names in your precious notice!"
"I've stated the facts," said Mornington

"Well, if you put that paper on the board again you'll get a licking!" said the captain of the Fourth angrily. "I've had enough of

your rot!"
"I shall put it on again A snan put to on again in stronger language, unless you accept the challenge, or admit that you're a humbug and an impostor!" said Mornington coolly.
"What!" yelled Jimmy Silver.
"Humbug and impostor!"
"Ha, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Jimmy Silver clenched his hands. Morn-

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Jimmy Silver clenched his hands. Mornington put his hands behind him.
"I'm not goh' to fight you," he said. "I've fought you before, and you've licked me! I own up to that. But at cricket I can lick you, if you don't sneak out of the match. And you're a funk if you refuse!"
Jimmy Silver paused.
He could not punch a fellow who put his hands behind him, and there was, as he had to admit, a certain amount of reason in Mornington's new attitude. The fellow really fancied that he could beat the Junior Eleven, absurd as it was.

"Look here!" said Jimmy, more calmly. "I can't meet your cleven, because I can't make the Junior Eleven look silly asses by playing such' a match. I won't lick you, though. You can go on playing the giddy ox till you're black in the face."

And Jimmy stalked away.

The next morning there was a new notice on the board, couched in the stronger language Mornington had referred to. It ran:

"Members of the Junior Eleven are advised to chuck a skipper who is afraid to meet a team that can make rings round him. Mornington, the new junior skipper, is prepared to accept them in his team.

"Don't stick to a funk!

"(Signed) MORNINGTON."

Jimmy Silver snorted at the sight of that notice, and the other fellows grinned, won-dering what the captain of the Fourth dering

dering what the taparameters would do.

Jimmy Silver went out into the quad, looking moody. He felt that this kind of thing could not be allowed to go on; but there seemed no way of stopping it save by playing Mornington's ridiculous team.

And that Jimmy was determined never to

ing Mornington's ridiculous team.

And that Jimmy was determined never to do. As for "hammering" Mornington, that was easy enough; but quite useless. Mornington was a swanker and a duffer, and several other things, but he had pluck and determination, and any amount of hammering would not have stopped him.

Tommy Dodd joined Jimmy Silver in the quad, with a grin on his face.
"Seen the new notice?" he asked.
"Yes!" growled Jimmy Silver.
"What are you going to do about it?"
"Nothing!"

"With air "Nothing!"
"Nothing!"
"It ought to be stopped!" said Tommy.
Jimmy Silver grunted.
"I've got an idea," pursued the Modern

"I've got an idea," pursued the Modern junior.

"Go and boil it!" said Jimmy ungraciously.
"I've got no use for Modern ideas!"
"You ought to be glad to hear it, considering that you never have an idea of your own," urged Tomny Dodd.

"Look here, you Modern ass—"
"But it's really a good wheeze!" said Tomny Dodd. "It will put the stopper on that silly ass Mornington!"

"Well, get it off your chest!"
"Play them!" said Tomny Dodd.
"Fathead!" howled Jimmy Silver, exasperated. "I'm not going to play them! They can't play cricket. I'm not going to make the eleven look a set of funny idiots, playing cricket with those thumping duffers!"
"That's the only way to stop Mornington's"

"That's the only way to stop Mornington's

rot!"
"Well, I'm not going to do it!"
"I haven't told you the wheeze yet!"
"Br-r-r! You're jolly long-winded about it!" growled Jimmy Silver, "Can't you explain instead of jawing?"
Tommy Dodd proceeded to explain.
Jimmy Silver's face gradually cleared as he listened. He grinned—and then burst into a langh

into a laugh.

Then he gave Tommy Dodd a hearty thump on the shoulder.

on the shoulder.

"Good for you!" he exclaimed. "Topping! How the dickens did a Modern ass come to think of a wheeze like that?"

"Well, we've got all the brains in Bookwood on our side, you know," said Tommy Dodd modestly.

Dodd modestly.

"Bow-wow! But we'll do it!" said Jimmy, aughing. "I'll go and tell Mornington at laughing. "I'll go and ten authors once that his challenge is accepted!"

Mornington was lounging in the quadrangle and Tooham. He gave Jimmy

with Townsend and Topham. He gave Jimmy a supercitious smile as he came up.

"Plucked up courage yet?" grinned Top-

Jimmy nodded.
"Yes; just got it to the sticking-point," he said calmly. "Your challenge is accepted, Mornington. I'll play you on Saturday after-

Mornington. I'll play you on Saturday afternoon!"
"Good!" said Mornington. "Look out for
a licking!"
"Yes, I won't fail to do that," said Jimmy.
"I shall make my will before I meet your
team. A chap playing your lot will be in
danger of dying of laughing."
And Jimmy walked away in high goodhumour, leaving Mornington satisfied, too,
though his friends were looking rather
dubious. For in Mornington's team he himself was the only individual who imagined
that the new eleven had the slightest ghost
of a chance. of a chance.

The news soon spread that Mornington's The news soon spread that Mornington's challenge had been accepted, and Jimmy Silver was assailed by Lovell and Raby and Newcome and Oswald and Rawson in a body. They looked inclined to "mop up" their leader on the spot.

"What are you playing at?" roared Lovell wrathfully. "You're going to take out our eleven to be cackled at, playing that set of weird cuckoos!"

"You anyful ass!" said Poby. "You've let

"You awful ass!" said Raby. "You've leb

Mornington bamboozle you into playing his one-eyed team! You fathead!"
"Keep smlling," sald Jimmy Silver soothingly, "and put your money on your Uncle James! Uncle James knows what he's about!"

about!"
"Fathead!" said Rawson. "We shall look m. They hardly "Fathead;" said Rawson. "We shall fook a lot of duffers playing them. They havily know one end of the bat from the other!"
"Quite so!" "Hark at him!" gasped Lovell. "Quite so!

And he's asking us to play them! Well, I'm

And he's asking us to play them! Well, I'm standing out!"
"Quite so!" said Jimmy, unmoved. "I'm leaving you out, Lovell!"
"You can leave me out too!" growled Raby. "Me, too!" said Newcome.
"I'm going to," said Jimmy.
"Make a clean sweep and leave us all out," said Rawson sarcastically.
"Just what I'm going to do!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "I'm playing Tommy Dodd—it was his idea."
"And who are playing besides Tommy Dodd?" demanded Oswald.
Jimmy Silver smiled.
"Nobody!" he said serenely.
His chums stared blankly for a moment. Then the "wheeze" burst upon them, and they yelled. they yelled.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. A Remarkable Match.

A Remarkable Match.

ORNINGTON led his merry men to the cricket-ground on Saturday afternoon with a lofty stride.

He was in high feather.

He had forced Jimmy Silver to accept his challenge—or he believed he had—and with his marvellous powers of leadership he was going to lead his scratch eleven to distinguished victory. That was how he looked at it. His team looked at it in a rather different light. They felt that they were being led like lambs to the slaughter.

Stumps were pitched at two o'clock.

Stumps were pitched at two o'clock. Mornington & Co. were quite ready. Promptly as two rang out from the clock tower on the Modern side, Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd came down the field in flannels, with their bats under their arms.

Lovel and Raby and the rest came after them, but not in flannels. They gathered with the other spectators on the ground. There were a good many spectators. The Rookwood juniors took the affair humorously, and they did not wish to miss the entertaining sight of Mornington's eleven playing cricket.

"Ready?" asked Mornington, as Jimmy Silver came up, smiling.
"Quite!"
"Your team isn't here," said Townsend.

Your team isn't here, 'said Townsend.

"Yes, it is!"

"Where?"

"Here,' said Jimmy Silver, tapping Tommy
Dodd on the shoulder. "Here's my team!"

"Dodd! But the rest?" asked Mornington

puzzled. There isn't any rest," said Jimmy Silver mly. "I'm playing nine men short!" Nine men short!" yelled Mornington. calmly.

"Yes,"
"You silly ass, you can't—you sha'n't—"
"I can please myself, I suppose?" said
Jimmy Silver. "All my other men are
crocked. They saw you playing cricket yesterday, and it was too much for them."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Look here, if you're going to play the
fool—" began Mornington furiously.
"Fractly on the more correct eleven

fool—" began Mornington furiously.

"Exactly—or, to be more correct, eleven fools!" said Jimmy Silver agreeably.
Some of the new eleven grinned sheepishly. Some of them, at least, knew that Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd could have played the heads off the whole team, twice over.

Mornington was red with anger.
The crowd had caught on now, and there was a roar of laughter all round the cricket-field. The idea of a team of two playing a cricket match struck the Rookwood fellows as comic.

as comic.
"I won't play you on those terms!" shouted

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"You play us on those terms or not at all," he said. "I can bring any team I choose into the field, I suppose? If you beat my team, you're the Junior Eleven of Rookwood." "Certainly!" said Tommy Dodd, with a grin. "Beat us, and you can swank no end. There's a temptation for you, Morny!"

Townsend pressed Mornington's arm, "Play them, you ass" he whispered, "We might pull it off, and lick them—we might, on those terms. If they're licked, they're licked,

Mornington calmed down. He realised that Mornington calmed down. He realised that a victory was a victory, and would count as such, even though brought about simply by Jimmy Silver's sense of humour.

"Mind you stick to that!" he said. "You can play any team you like; but when you're beaten, you're beaten!"

"Right as rain!"

"And then we're the acknowledged junior team of Rookwood?"
"Certainly, so far as I'm concerned—when

"Certainly, so far as I'm concerned—when you've beaten us!" said Jimmy Silver

"Then it's a go!"
"Good! We're ready to begin when you

The two skippers tossed for innings. Mornington had the luck, and he elected to bat

He opened the innings with Selwyn of the Shell. Jimmy Silver went on to bowl against Mornington. Tommy Bodd went into the field. The sight of a single fieldsman doing all the fielding on his own made the Rock-

all the fielding on his own made the Rook-wooders roar.

But Mornington's team were looking on with revived hopes. That they could have beaten Jimmy Silver's Eleven they did not think for a moment; but they believed they had a chance of beating a team of two. At all events, they hope so.

"Co it limmy." any out Lovell.

"Go it, Jimmy!" sang out Lovell,

Jimmy Silver, the champion junior bowler of Rookwood, could have caused anxiety even to such bats as Bulkeley and Neville of the Sixth. It was child's play to him to now down wickets like Mornington's.

The ball came down to Mornington, who

The ball came down to Mornington, who swiped at it, intending it to be a "sixer."
"It wasn't a "sixer." For his bat did not touch the ball at all, but described a circle in the air, and he very nearly sat down on the wicket. But the wicket was already down, the bails scattered far and wide.
"How's that?" chirruped Jimmy Sliver.
"Ha, ha,! Out!".
"What price ducks' eggs?" shricked Snooks of the Second.
Mornington glared at his wretched wicket.

"What price ducks' eggs?" shricked Snooks of the Second.

Mornington glared at his wretched wicket, and glared along the pitch at the smiling Jimmy. He gripped the cane handle of the bat, as if he would have liked to lay it about the captain of the Fourth—as was indeed the case. Then he walked off with a black brow, and Townsend came in.

Townsend meant to do his best. little luck was required to beat a team of t.wo.

But there was no luck for Towny. A ball, hot as a bullet from a rifle, knocked his wicket to pieces in a twinkling. There was a laugh from the crowd, and Townsend went

a laugh from the crowd, and Townsend went out with pink cheeks.

After Townsend came Topham, Wegg, Chesney, and Leggett in turn. Each of them stayed long enough at the wicket to have his stumps knocked over.

"The double hat trick!" grinned Lovell. "Oh, my hat! Good old Jimmy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd, in the field, had his hands in his pockets. His hands were not wanted. He knew that the duffers would never score a hit against Jimmy Silver's howling. Indeed, he was laughing too heartily to make catches, even if they had come his way. even if they had come his way.

"Over!" grinned the umpire.

The "field" crossed over.

Tommy Dodd took the ball at the other ad, and Jimmy Silver went into the field,

milling serenely.

Mornington, with a face which Raby likened to that of a demon in a pantonime, stood looking on from the payillion. It was a singleinnings match, so his chances of distinguishing

himself as a batsman were gone for ever. The victory he had promised himself was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream. His feelings were Hunnish as he looked on. Tommy Dodd gave Selwyn a fast ball, which Selwyn played in vain. It curled under his bat, and knocked his middle stump out of the ground.

of the ground.
"Next man in!" chortled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Tubby Muffin came in. His leg-stump was nearly lifted away by the next ball, and Tubby grinned and rolled away. He had earned his guinea easily, and that was all the cheerful Tubby cared about.

Pecle was the next victim, clean bowled. Then came Dickinson minor, sharing his fate, leaving Hooker at the bowler's end, not out. The innings was over.

"All down for nix!" chuckled Lovell, as the score went up—a big round 0.

Mornington's face was a study.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd came off the field, lounging carelessly and smiling sweetly.

sweetly.
"Nothing wanted to tie, and one to win!" grinned Oswald. "Poor old Mornington! Look at his chivy!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"We're ready for our innings, Mornington, when you're ready to go into the field!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Buck up! You may make a draw of it yet it we do no better. make a draw of it yet, if we do no better than you've done!"
Tommy Dodd exploded into a cachinnation at the idea of such a "draw."

Mornington clenched his fist; but he unelenched it again, and nodded sullenly, and led his merry men into the field.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd went to the wickets, watched with great glee by a grinning crowd. More than half Rookwood had gathered to watch that amazing match, and there were loud chortles on all sides.

Townsend was put on to bowl, against Tommy Dodd. Towny did his best-his very

But a dozen Townies could not have taken

Tommy Dodd's wicket.

The Modern junior smiled, and knocked away the ball. The field went racing, and the

away the ball. The field went racing, and the two batsmen crossed the pitch.

The ball came in seconds too late. The batsmen could have taken another run if they had wanted it. But they didn't want it.

The match was won.

There was a roar of laughter over the victory. Mornington shook his fist at Jimmy Silver, and strode off the field, followed by yells of merriment. Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd strolled off, after that very brief imings. innings.

'Looks like a win for us-what!" smiled nmy Silver. "Terrific game-what!" Jimmy Silver. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington strode away, his brow black and his eyes glinting. Even he had never been made to look so utterly ridiculous before. After him went his team. There was a guinea due to each of that remarkable collection of cricketers, and they meant that Mornington should pay up. There was a sound of loud voices and scuffling in Mornington's study shortly afterwards, which looked is if he had some intention of "bilking" his cricketers. If so, he was persuaded to do cricketers. If so, he was persuaded to do otherwise-for the players came away with their cash, and Mornington was left to sort himself out, in a very dusty and breathless

It was the first and last appearance of Mornington's Eleven in the field. Only on that solitary occasion did it dawn, in all its glory, upon Rookwood. Then, laughed out of existence, it disappeared.

But it was a long while before Rookwood cased to chuckle over the result of Morning ton's Challenge.

THE TEAM!" FOR THE GOOD OF

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