

# JIMMY'S GREAT IDEA!

A Splendid Long Complete Tale of JIMMY SILVER & Co.,  
the Famous Chums of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Simply Great!

"WHY not?" Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, suddenly asked that question. Lovell and Raby and Newcome stared at him.

As nobody had made any remark, and Jimmy Silver's question broke a silence that had lasted several minutes, they were naturally surprised.

"Why not?" repeated Jimmy Silver emphatically.

"Why not who, which, or what?" asked Lovell.

"We could do it."

"We could do what, fathead?"

"They do it at Greyfriars," said Jimmy, unheeding, "and they do it at St. Jim's. Why not at Rookwood?"

Jimmy Silver had been thinking, and he was evidently speaking in answer to his own thoughts.

"Of course, we shall have to go one better than Greyfriars. That's up to us. But we can do it," Jimmy Silver rubbed his hands. "We can do it all right. This study never gets left. Hallo! Wharrer you at, you duffers?"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome had lost patience. They rose as one man and grasped their study leader, and proceeded to knock his head against the wall.

Crack!

"Yaroooh! Leggo, you fatheads!"

"Now, what are you burbling about?" demanded Lovell.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Crack!

"Are you going to explain?"

"Oh, my hat! Oh, my onion! You silly asses! Yaroooh!"

Crack! Biff!

"Leggo! Chuck it!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Ain't I just going to explain, you silly jabberwocks! Leggo!"

"Better give him another and make him buck up," said Raby.

Crack!

"Ow! Help! Yow!"

Jimmy Silver wrenched himself away from the grasp of his chums, and picked up the poker.

"You silly duffers! Ow, my napper! You burbling chumps! I'll jolly well—"

"Pax!" said Lovell cheerfully. "New tell us what you're burbling about!"

Jimmy Silver looked greatly inclined to begin on his affectionate chums with the poker. But he restrained his feelings and rubbed his head instead.

"You silly duffers! Lot of good a chap thinking out stunning wheezes in this study!" he hooted.

"Cut the cackle and get to the bosses!" urged Lovell. "Is it something up against the Moderns?"

"Blow the Moderns!"

"Or are you just talking out of your silly neck?" said Raby.

"Grocchoo!"

"Do you want another bump?" roared Lovell.

"Keep off, you ass! Shut up, and I'll tell you the scheme!" said Jimmy Silver, still rubbing his head. "It's the catch of the season. It's the greatest wheeze we've ever wheezed. Look at that!"

Jimmy Silver drew from his pocket a crumpled paper and tossed it on the table.

His chums eyed it curiously.

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"What the thunder is that?" demanded Lovell.

"Can't you see the title on it, duffer? It's a school mag, you ass! It's a current number of the 'Greyfriars Herald,' fathead! Whar-ton sent it to me from Greyfriars, dummy! And that's put the wheeze into my head, image!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome turned over the copy of the "Greyfriars Herald," and looked at it. It was a school magazine, evidently enough—edited by Study No. 1, and filled with the literary efforts of the Greyfriars boys and other well-known writers.

"Well, and what's the wheeze?" demanded Lovell. "I've seen school mags before. Nothing startling in that, is there?"

"We haven't one at Rookwood."

"There's the 'School Record,' run by the Sixth," said Newcome. "Nobody ever reads it, of course. But there it is."

Jimmy Silver sniffed.

"I'm not talking about that kind of rot! I'm talking about a junior paper—the real thing. There's one at Greyfriars, and they've got one at St. Jim's—'Tom Merry's Weekly.' Well, why shouldn't there be a 'Jimmy Silver's Weekly'?"

"Oh!"

"That's the wheeze—a regular ripping, stunning—"

"Blessed second-hand wheeze you've picked up from Greyfriars!" sniffed Raby.

"Tain't done at Rookwood, anyway, fathead! Nobody here seems to have had brains enough before I came," said Jimmy Silver modestly. "Just think how the Moderns would have jumped at the idea if they had the brains to think of it. We'll bring out a number slanging the Moderns right and left—stories and poems, written by ourselves."

"Hear, hear!" said the Co.

"Tommy Dodd will turn green and yellow when he sees the first number," said Jimmy Silver gleefully. "He will get left again—those Moderns are always getting left. We'll keep it dark, of course. Quite dark till the first number comes out. We'll have it printed by a firm in London same as they do—that's a ripping idea. No room here for a printing-plant."

"Well, hardly," grinned Lovell.

"And we'll jolly well begin on the first number at once," said Jimmy Silver.

"Dick Oswald's asked us to go to tea," demurred Raby.

"Blow tea!"

"There's sausages and fried faters. Jones told me so."

"Bust Jones, and his fried faters! Hang tea! Are you going to guzzle while this wheeze is waiting, like Nero fiddling while Rome was burning?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"But I'm jolly hungry!" said Raby plaintively. Raby had a healthy appetite; indeed, his appetite was more highly developed than his literary gifts.

"Then you can gnaw a biscuit while we're at work. I tell you we've got to get ahead before the wheeze gets out. Suppose Tommy Dodd should sent it out, and bring out a rival paper before ours?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, all right!" said Raby heroically, though the thoughts of sausages and fried potatoes still lingered in his mind.

"We'll lock the door and keep silly duffers from bothering us," said Jimmy. "Now get some impot paper, and let's pile in."

There was impot paper in plenty. There were also pens and ink. So far, the amateur editors were well provided. They sat down

round the table, and as they did so a knock came at the locked door.

"Go away!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Hallo! What's the door locked for?" came Dick Oswald's cheery voice.

"Buzz off!"

"But tea's ready."

"Sorry! Owing to pressure of business, we are unable at the present moment to accept your kind invitation!" said Jimmy Silver elaborately.

"I say—" began Raby.

"Bow-wow!"

"My hat!" came from Oswald. "I say, the sosses are going! Jones minor and Hooker have started on them already. That's a tip!"

And Oswald returned to his study, anxious for his share in the sausages and fried potatoes before Jones minor and Hooker made a clearance.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Going Strong!

FOUR pens were dipped in the ink. Four beautifully blank sheets of foolscap lay before four thoughtful juniors, whose brows were deeply wrinkled.

All was ready for the start.

But, somehow, it appeared a little difficult to get going. Literary work was rather new to the Fistical Four.

On the football-field they could hold their own with anybody in the Lower School at Rookwood. At isticcuffs they were unequalled. At the planning and carrying out raids they had few superiors. But it was the first time they had tried their hand at editing a paper, and it came a little slowly.

The first thing to settle is the title of the paper," said Jimmy Silver, at last.

"Of course," assented Lovell. "I didn't think of that!"

"You wouldn't!" agreed Jimmy.

"Look here—"

"What about the 'Rookwood Times'?" suggested Newcome.

"Too stodgy!"

"The 'End Study's Weekly'!" suggested Raby.

"Too clumsy! Besides, the fellows would make idiotic jokes about it—about the end study being weak in the head, and so forth. I was thinking of 'Jimmy Silver's Journal.'"

"Then, where do we come in?" demanded Lovell indignantly.

"You come in as sub-editors. A paper must have a title, you agree to that."

"It's going to be a Classical paper," said Lovell. "That ought to be in the title, to show that the Modern worms haven't any hand in it. What about the 'Classical Cough-Drop'?"

"Rotten! Besides, it's a Rookwood paper; the Classical side represents Rookwood, the Modern being of no account whatever."

"Well, that's so. The 'Rookwood Representative,' then?"

"Life's too short for a name like that!"

"Look here! I can see that you mean to stick your own silly name on the paper!" growled Lovell. "Suppose we call it the 'Fistical Gazette,' after all of us?"

"That sounds like a prize-fighting paper. 'Jimmy Silver's Journal' is right on the mark!"

"Oh, for goodness' sake make it 'Jimmy Silver's Journal,' and let's get on!" said Newcome. "Jimmy will talk our heads off till we do!"

"It's alliterative, you see!" explained Jimmy. "A 'J' in 'Jimmy' and a 'J' in 'Journal,' catches the eye."

"And a jay as chief editor," remarked Lovell thoughtfully.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "If you're going to be funny, Lovell—"  
 "I'm only being alliterative!"  
 "Fathead!"

Jimmy Silver scrawled across his sheet of impot-paper the imposing title "Jimmy Silver's Journal."

A start had been made!  
 "Now what about the contents?" he said.  
 "We shall want a leading article by the chief editor, of course, that's me. An article on footer by the best footballer—that's me. A page of jokes by the most humorous chap in the study—that's me. A series of cartoons by the best cartoonist here—that's me."

"Are you going to do the blessed lot?" asked Raby, somewhat excitedly. "If you are, I'm jolly well going to see if there's any sausages and taters left in Oswald's study!"

"For goodness' sake sit down and write a sonnet on sosses and taters!" said Jimmy Silver. "That's about your mark!"

"I'm going to do the football article!" said Lovell determinedly.

"Well, go ahead! I'll go over it, and revise it."

"Let me catch you going over my article!" said Lovell. "I'll jolly well soon go over you, Jimmy Silver!"

"Look here! I'm going to be chief editor—"

"That ain't settled yet! As an older fellow, I think I ought to be chief editor."

"That's rot, of course! Old fellows are no good in editorial offices. But we'll put it to the vote. Hands up for me!"

Jimmy Silver put his own hand up. It remained in solitary state. Jimmy Silver glared.

"Look here you duffers, I—"

"Now, hands up for me!" chuckled Lovell, putting up his own hand.

But Lovell's hand also went up alone.

"Look here! Ain't you going to vote, you duffers?" he exclaimed.

"Hands up for me!" said Raby cheerfully. And up went his hand alone. "I say, Newcome, why—"

"Hands up for me!" chortled Newcome.

"Now, look here, you duffer—"

"Don't be an ass—"  
 "Somebody's got to be editor!"

The Fistical Four looked at one another. It was a new difficulty. Each of the quartette was convinced of his own special claims to the chief editorship.

"We shall get on at this rate—I don't think!" growled Jimmy Silver. "Blessed if I thought you chaps were such conceited duffers! The proper caper is to elect the chap most suitable for the job."

"That's what I want," agreed Lovell.

"Same here!"  
 "Me, too!"

There was another pause. Excepting for the title, "Jimmy Silver's Journal," the sheets of impot-paper still presented a beautiful blank. Matters were not progressing in the editorial office.

"I'll tell you what," said Lovell. "We'll put on the paper 'Edited by the End Study.' We'll all have equal whacks."

"Hear, hear!"

"Edited by the End Study," Lovell wrote on his paper. And Newcome and Raby followed his example.

Jimmy Silver snorted, and gave in.

The quartette settled down to work. With knitted brows and pursed lips and inky fingers they laboured.

And at last the ideas began to work.

The first number of "Jimmy Silver's Journal" was under way.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
 In the Hands of the Enemy!**

**T**HOSE Classical asses are up to something!

Tommy Dodd made that remark to his chums, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, a couple of days later.

The three Tommies were chatting under the beeches in the quad, when Jimmy Silver & Co. passed them, deep in talk.

As a rule, the three Tommies seldom met without mutual chipping. But just now the Classical chums seemed to have no eyes for their rivals.

They went on their way, deep in conversation in subdued voices, and did not even glance at the three Moderns.

"They're up to something!" repeated Tommy Dodd, with conviction. "And, of course, it's something up against us. They're planning something. They were locked in their study the other day when I went over.

"I don't want to hear their Classical piffle!"  
 "But, sure, it wasn't so bad intoirly. The other lines were—"

"Shut up, old chap! Your fault is that you jaw too much!"

"But it was funny, intoirly. It wint on like this—"

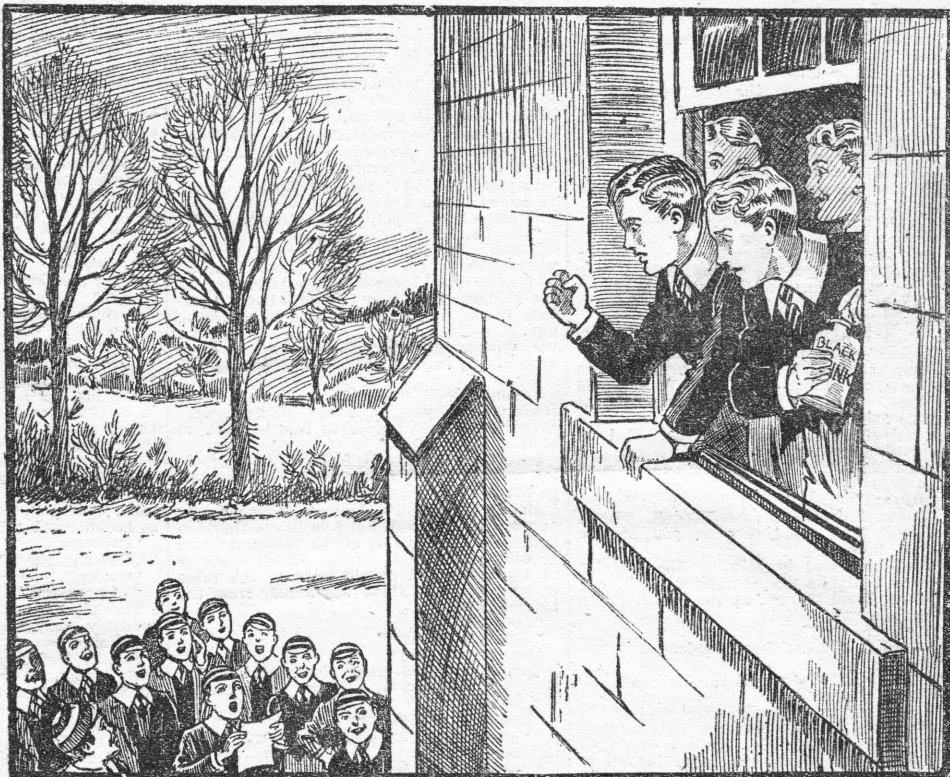
"For goodness' sake, dry up! Now, the question is, what are those Classical duffers getting up to?" said Tommy Dodd. "It's against us, of course. They never own up that we're top side at Rookwood. Some wheeze of Jimmy Silver's, I suppose. We're going to find it out!"

"Hear, hear!" said Tommy Dodd's followers.

"Whatever it is, it's something to do with their silly scribbling!" said Tommy Dodd sagely. "We'll collar some of their rot and see what it is. If it's some game to guff us, we'll jolly soon put a stopper on! Keep an eye on them in class this afternoon!"

"What-ho!"

That afternoon the three Tommies were



There was a roar of voices down below as the Moderns chanted their version of Lovell's famous "Owed." Crimson with wrath, Lovell grasped the ink-bottle and strode to the study window. (See Chapter 4.)

I've heard that they've been sporting their oaks lots of times since."

"They've been leaving the footer practice," said Doyle, with a nod.

"And scribbling in class," said Tommy Cook. "Bootles was down on them only this morning, you remember."

Tommy Dodd nodded thoughtfully. "I remember. Jimmy Silver and Lovell were scribbling under their desks when Bootles spotted them. He made them throw it on the fire, whatever it was!"

"And Towle saw it," went on Cook. "He says Jimmy Silver's writing poetry."

"Well, he's duffer enough for anything. But what the thump could he be writing poetry for? Something about us, I suppose?"

"And, sure, Newcome was doing some limericks in the Common-room last evening," said Tommy Doyle. "I saw it. It was rather funny, too. It was about you, Tommy."

"Some rot!" said Tommy Dodd.

"It wint loike this, as far as I can remember:

"There was a young duffer named Dodd,  
 Whose face was remarkably odd—"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Tommy Dodd gruffly.

mostly occupied on the Modern side. But they came into the Fourth Form-room with the rest of the Modern Fourth-Formers for the last lesson, and sat with the Classicals.

The first thing that Tommy Dodd noticed was that the Fistical Four were whispering together.

It confirmed his suspicions that something was "on," especially when the four Classicals glared at him and grinned.

Tommy Dodd was determined to probe the mystery.

During last lessons, Mr. Bootles being a little unobservant, Lovell was busy with a paper under his desk. He was wrinkling his brows and scribbling in pencil. Tommy Dodd was far from unobservant. What on earth Lovell was scribbling on that paper was a mystery.

That it was something up against the Moderns Tommy Dodd felt assured, though in what way he could not guess; but he meant to know.

When the Fourth were dismissed the Fistical Four came out together, and the three Tommies were close behind them.

"We'll go up to the study and get on," said Jimmy Silver.

The three Moderns exchanged glances as they heard that remark.

"What about tea?" said Lovell.  
 "Well, you can cut off and get the sardines. We can have tea while we work. Hello! Ware! Modern cads!"  
 "Going to work, are you?" said Tommy Dodd.  
 "Well, that's something new for you Classical slackers!"  
 "Don't ask silly questions, my infant," said Jimmy Silver affably.

"You'll know all about it on Saturday," grinned Raby.  
 "Shush!" said Jimmy Silver warningly.  
 Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome walked away together, smiling; Lovell started for the tuckshop.

Tommy Dodd led his followers out into the quadrangle. He signed to Towle and Lacy to join them.

"What's on?" asked Towle.  
 "Lovell's got it in his pocket," said Tommy Dodd in a breathless whisper. "He's been scribbling it, whatever it is, in the Form-room, and he put it in his jacket-pocket. Now's our chance."

"Faith, and it's a chance of a loifetime!" chuckled Tommy Doyle. "Let's nail him under the trees. We don't want the Classics to spot us."

"Not till we've got the giddy document," said Tommy Dodd. "Come on!"

Lovell was sauntering at a leisurely pace towards the school shop in the far corner of the quadrangle. He looked round as there was a sudden rush of feet behind him.

He was surrounded in a moment by the triumphant Moderns.

"Collar him!" shouted Tommy Dodd. Lovell made a desperate rush to escape.

But the Moderns were upon him in a twinkling. Five pairs of hands seized him, and he was jammed against the trunk of a big beech.

He struggled furiously.  
 "Rescue!" he howled. "Back up, Classics!"

"Quick!" panted Tommy Dodd.  
 Doyle and Cook held Lovell's arms. Towle had him round the neck, and Lacy seized his legs. Tommy Dodd went through his pockets un hindered.

A half-sheet of impot-paper, scribbled on in pencil, came to light.

"Here it is! Got it!" trilled Tommy Dodd.

"Hooray!"  
 "Gimme that paper!" roared Lovell. "Don't you read it! Hand it over, you Modern rotter! Rescue!"

Lovell struggled in vain. The grinning Moderns kept him pinned against the tree.

Tommy Dodd glanced at the paper. Then he gave a yell.

"My only aunt!"  
 "Phwat is it?" exclaimed Doyle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Read it out!" chorused the Moderns.

"Go it, Tommy!"

Lovell made a desperate effort and nearly got loose. But the Moderns clutched him again and pinned him against the tree.

Tommy Dodd held up the paper for all to see, and read it out, and there was a shriek from all the Moderns.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### A Classic Ode!

"H A, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. were almost in hysterics. It was really not surprising, for this is what the mysterious paper contained:

##### "OWED TO ROOKWOOD.

Ye ancient walls, ye antick towers,  
 That crown the verdant hill;  
 How oft I've played within thy shade,  
 And oft agane I will.  
 Far, far from home, where'er I rome,  
 I think of thy classic walls;  
 Of football played within thy shade,  
 And eke of cricket balls."

"Owed" probably stood for "Ode," spelling not being Arthur Edward Lovell's strong point. That telling ode took the Modern juniors by storm. They roared, and they yelled, and they howled.

"He's a poet!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "That's the giddy secret—he's a poet! Oh, my sainted Sam!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gimme that paper!" howled Lovell furiously.

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"No jolly fear! We're going to have it framed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hail to the Rookwood poet!" shrieked Towle.

"All hail!" yelled the Moderns.

"We'll learn this by heart, and sing it to 'em!" howled Tommy Dodd. "Ye ancient walls, ye antick towers— Ha, ha, ha!"

"How oft I've played within thy shade," sobbed Cook. "He means he's played the giddy ox, of course!"

"And oft agane I will!" yelled Lacy.

"Gentleman are specially requested to note the spelling. Quite classical. Not at all Modern!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Far, far from home, where'er I rome!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"I think of thy classic scrawls—I mean, walls," went on Cook.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of football played, and goals not made!" continued Tommy Dodd.

"And eke of cricket balls!" shrieked Tommy Doyle. "I like that 'eke' best of all. Phwat the thump does eke mean?"

"Owed to Rookwood!" gurgled Cook.

"Owed, you know. Not paid!"

Lovell was purple. That ode had cost him very much painful thought, poetry not being very much in his line. To have it turned to ridicule like this was past the limit.

He made a desperate effort, and tore himself loose. The Moderns were laughing too much to hold him securely.

"Here, keep off!" shouted Tommy Dodd, as Lovell bounded at him.

"Gimme that paper, you Modern beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd fled cross the quadrangle, wildly waving the captured poem. Lovell tore after him, breathing fury. The rest of the Moderns rushed in pursuit. Lovell overtook Tommy Dodd, and the Moderns overtook him.

A minute later the Moderns marched off in triumph, leaving Lovell breathless on the grass.

Tommy Dodd was still waving the ode triumphantly aloft, and the Moderns were gathering from all sides to hear it, and to howl with laughter.

Lovell staggered to his feet. He was breathless and somewhat dishevelled. He rushed off to the School House for help.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were at work when Lovell burst in like a thunderbolt. The first number of the "Journal" was growing under their hands. Lovell came in at top speed and caught hold of the table to stop himself. There was a roar from the three editors.

"Look out!"

"You clumsy ass!"

"Oh, you duffer!"

The table reeled under the impact, and a stream of ink shot over Jimmy Silver's leading article.

"Rescue!" panted Lovell.

"You—you burbling duffer! What the thunder—"

"They've got it—the Moderns!" gasped Lovell.

"Got the sardines!" shouted Raby.

"Sardines! No, you ass! My ode!"

"Your what?"

"Ode I was doing for the paper!" stammered Lovell. "The beasts collared me in the quad and boned it. They're yelling over it now."

"Oh, you fathead!" said Jimmy Silver, in dismay. "They'll know all about the 'Journal' now!"

"No, they won't. There's nothing about the 'Journal' on it. But they've got my ode."

"Blow your ode! You shouldn't write odes. Odes are for a poet laureate, or any duffer of that kind. We don't want odes!"

"Look here! Are you going to help me get my ode back?" roared Lovell. "They're not going to collar my ode. It's an ode to Rookwood, and it's jolly good. I shouldn't wonder if it's not worth a lot of money if I sent it to a real paper instead of your rotten school rag!"

"Not so much of your 'school rag'!" growled Jimmy Silver. "And if they've got your rotten ode, you'll never see it again. Hallo, what's this?"

"This" was a roar of voices under the study window. Jimmy Silver threw up the window, and the Fistical Four looked out. Below there was a swarm of Moderns, with Tommy Dodd at their head. Tommy held the captured poem on high.

"That's it!" shouted Lovell. "That's my ode!"

"Now then, all together!" said Tommy

Dodd, waving the ode in the manner of a conductor's baton. "Chorus, gentlemen!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With all the force of their lungs the Modern crowd burst into a shout. It was Lovell's ode they chanted, with slight variations, dictated by a Modern sense of humour.

"Ye ancient walls, with ancient clocks,

That crown the giddy hill,

How oft I've played the giddy ox,

And oft again I will.

Alas! alas! where'er I roam,

I'm always off my thatch,

In Bedlam I shall find a home,

Or eke at Colney Hatch!"

"My only hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver, as the chant was followed by a roar of laughter.

"Did you write that piffle, Lovell?"

"They've altered it!" shrieked Lovell. "There's nothing about playing the giddy ox in my ode. It's 'played within the shade.'"

"Well, that doesn't seem much better, as far as I can see," remarked Newcome.

"You fathead, it's poetry!"

"Ye ancient towers with ancient clocks!" yelled the Moderns. "How oft I've played the giddy ox!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell was crimson with wrath. The Co-were wrathful, too, but they were slightly inclined to grin. Lovell glared at the chanting Moderns, and then glared round the study in search of something to hurl. Newcome had opened a new bottle of ink. There had been rather a run on ink in the end study lately, and Newcome had intended to fill the inkpot from that bottle.

Lovell grasped the bottle, and strode to the window.

Below the Moderns were shouting out the "owed." Tommy Doyle was directly under the window, looking up, his mouth wide open.

Swoosh!

"Don't waste that ink!" shouted Newcome. Lovell did not heed.

Swoosh! Swish! Splash!

The ink descended from the inverted bottle in a torrent. Tommy Doyle's open mouth closed full of ink, and Tommy Dodd caught some with his face, and Tommy Cook with the top of his head, and Towle had it in the neck. Tommy Doyle spluttered and gurgled wildly. The rest of the Moderns crowded back, and escaped all but the last few drops as Lovell shook the bottle.

"Groogh!"

"Owwwwwggggg!"

"Ooo-er!"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

The mocking chant of the Moderns was suddenly changed to frantic gurgling and guggling.

Tommy Dodd gouged ink out of his eyes, and brandished an inky fist at the four grinning faces in the study window.

Tommy Doyle was suffocating. He spat out ink, and gurgled and choked and gasped, and shook his fists wildly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fistical Four in chorus. It was their turn to chorus now.

"Gerrooogh! Yah, you Classical rotters! Yooop!"

"Gug-gug-gug!" came from Doyle.

"Get the red ink!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "There's a bottle in the cupboard. Get it—quick!"

With a rush the infuriated Moderns departed. They did not wait for the red ink. They stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"I don't think we shall have a Modern serenade again in a hurry," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But they've got my ode!" said Lovell.

"Let 'em keep it. If they read it, it will serve 'em right for boning it!" said Jimmy Silver.

"You fathead! It's about the best thing we've got for the 'Journal!'" hooted Lovell. "I'm going to do six more verses."

"Then they'll have to go in on the instalment system," said Jimmy Silver decidedly. "Seven verses of an ode would choke off all the readers at once. It's too thick! Flesh and blood wouldn't stand it!"

"Look here! Who's editor of this paper?" bawled Lovell.

"You and I and all of us!" grinned Raby.

"Don't rag! Go and get the sardines!" Lovell snorted, and went for the sardines.

The editorial staff discussed sardines and the "Journal" together. Meanwhile, the three Tommies were very busy in the bathroom on the Modern side, and when they left

it there were many traces in that bath-room. But the famous ode remained in their possession, and it was pinned up on the wall in Tommy Dodd's study, where it was read with huge delight by every junior on the Modern side.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### The Great Secret!

**T**HE Classical Fourth were amazed. So were the Modern Fourth. The mystery of the end study was simply staggering.

The secret had been well kept. Not a word had been breathed outside the end study concerning the "Journal," and day followed day without a word being breathed.

Meanwhile, the Fistical Four were at work. The first number, like the little peach in the orchard, grew, and grew, and grew.

Even to their best chums, even to Morny, or Kit Errol, or Rawson, the editors had not said a word.

The first number of "Jimmy Silver's Journal" was to burst upon an astonished Rookwood, like a meteor, upon Classics and Moderns alike.

Curiosity was at its height in the Fourth Form. The Fistical Four were the leaders of the Form, at least, upon the Classical side. The mystery that surrounded their proceedings brought them more into the public eye than ever.

Indeed, Flynn of the Fourth proposed collaring them and holding their heads under the pump in Little Quad till they gave a full explanation. Such drastic measures might have been resorted to had not Jimmy Silver announced on Friday that on the morrow afternoon the secret would be out.

So the exasperated Classics waited for Saturday afternoon.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were still more exercised in mind than the Classical juniors. Having raided Lovell's ode, they had concluded that the duffers in the end study had taken to writing poetry. But the continued mystery showed clearly that there was more in it than that. There was something "on"—something of a very unusual nature.

They cudgelled their brains to guess what it was. They entered into chummy talks with the Classical fellows to worm the secret out of them. But they found that the Classics knew no more than they knew themselves.

The great secret was locked in the breasts of Jimmy Silver & Co., and they were as mum as oysters.

"But it's up against us," Tommy Dodd declared in his study on the Modern side. "I jolly well know that. It's a wheeze of some kind. But it beats me!"

"It beats Banagher," said Tommy Doyle. "Sure, if they're writin' poetry like Lovell, the joke will be up against thim, not us."

"Tain't that! There's something else," Tommy Dodd wrinkled his brows. "It's some rotten Classical scheme to give us the kybosh. I hear that all the fellows are to be told on Saturday afternoon. There's going to be a regular meeting in the Common-room, and then it will be out."

"Sure, we'll know, then!"

"Too late, fathead, if it's anything up against us!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "Whatever it is, they've got it in their study. They've been writing no end. I've found out that Bootles has jawed them for using so much paper, and he won't give them any more. What the dickens have they been writing?"

"Give it up," said Cook hopelessly. "It beats me hollow."

"Well, I'm going to find out," said Tommy Dodd determinedly. "I'm going to jolly well explore their study."

"We've tried that. They're too much on the watch. The minute lessons are over they're there—at least, one of them. They lock the door when they come down to dinner, too."

"And they lock it at night," said Doyle. "I've tried it. Jimmy Silver has to unlock it in the morning for the maid to get in for sweeping."

"I'm not going out of lesson-time," said Tommy Dodd. "I know that's N. G. I'm going in lesson-time."

"But you can't."

"Can't is a word that don't belong to this study, fathead! We have chemistry to-morrow morning with Manders, while the Classics are mugging up their silly Latin bosh. Well, I'm going to cut stinks."

Doyle and Cook stared at Tommy Dodd

aghast. To "cut" a lesson, especially a lesson taken by Mr. Manders, was a desperate expedient. But Tommy was desperate.

"You'll get scalped, you ass!" gasped Cook. "Scalped alive!" ejaculated Doyle.

"I'll chance it," said Tommy resolutely. "It's the only way. It's that or nothing. Silver leaves the door locked till morning lessons, and only unlocks it just before classes, because the maid has to go in. Then they're always on the spot the moment they're dismissed. It's during lessons, or not at all. And I'm jolly well going to chance it, and blow Manders!"

"It means a licking!"

"Let it!"

The following morning—Saturday—the Moderns turned up with the Classics for first lesson with Mr. Bootles in the Form-room. Jimmy Silver smiled at them benignantly. He knew the intense curiosity that was burning in the Modern breasts. But he had no fear of a raid on his study. Excepting during morning lessons, when access to the study had to be allowed to the housemaids, the end study was kept locked, and the lock had baffled all surreptitious attempts to probe the mystery. And Jimmy Silver was always the first to reach the end study after morning lessons, either to remain there or lock the door and take away the key.

The desperate expedient that had come into Tommy Dodd's mind was not likely to occur to him. Mr. Manders was a tartar of the most tartaric order, and cutting a lesson with him was equivalent to putting one's head into the lion's jaws.

Even Tommy Dodd shivered a little at the idea. But he was none the less determined. After first lesson the Modern juniors filed out of the Form-room, leaving the Classics to grind Latin with Mr. Bootles. The Moderns crossed to the Modern side, where the laboratories were. In the quad Tommy Dodd left them.

"Where are you off to, you duffer?" called out Towle. "You'll get licked!"

But Tommy did not even glance back.

He ran into the School House, whipped up the stairs, and dashed along to the end study. The housemaid had finished there. The famous apartment was newly swept and garnished. And it was empty and at the mercy of the raider. Tommy Dodd's heart beat faster as he slipped in and closed the door behind him. He knew what he was risking and what he would get. But the die was cast now. By that time the Moderns were in the laboratory, and Mr. Manders must have noticed his absence. There was a licking to come. But the chief of the Moderns dismissed that uncomfortable thought from his mind as he proceeded to search the end study in search of the mystery.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### Tommy Dodd Chips In!

**G**REAT Christopher Columbus!

Thus Tommy Dodd. He had found it.

The search—upon which he was prepared to spend an hour, if needed—had taken only a few minutes.

There, in Jimmy Silver's desk, it lay. It was a little bundle wrapped in brown paper. Outside was written, in large characters:

#### "JIMMY SILVER'S JOURNAL."

Tommy Dodd stared at it. "Jimmy Silver's Journal!" he gasped. "Oh, my hat!"

He whipped open the brown-paper cover. Within, the complete first number of the Rookwood paper lay under his astonished eyes.

"A school paper! By gum!" Tommy Dodd gasped. "Oh, the deep bounders! So that's what they were keeping dark!"

The secret was out now.

Tommy Dodd turned over the leaves, glancing at the contents. He grinned as he came upon the "Ode to Rookwood," this time not spelt "Owed." He grinned again at Jimmy Silver's leading article and then frowned. The article began:

"We have the honour of presenting the first number of our new magazine—a Classical journal, edited by Classics, and Classical from start to finish. No Modern rot about this journal. We trust that we shall meet with hearty support from our readers. If a sufficient number of advance orders are received, the next number will be printed and bound by a firm in London, in the best

possible style, equalling the oldest established school papers. Classics will find splendid stories, original jokes, and witty pars in this number. Moderns will find a good deal of instruction, in spelling, etc. It must be distinctly understood that Moderns reading this number must wash their hands, and leave none of their usual grubby finger-marks on it. Not being Scotland Yard detectives, we have no use for a set of finger-prints. Soap for Moderns provided in the bath-room free of charge."

"Cheeky ass!" growled Tommy Dodd. On the next page was "Manners for Moderns," by A. E. Lovell. It started:

"A Modern kid is generally known by the colour of his hands. They generally need washing. This is partly caused by mucking about with rotten chemicals, and partly by sluvvenliness. A Modern kid should try to imitate the Classics. Thus he will learn nice manners."

"A Modern kid should always cap a Classical. This will show a proper sense of respect for his superiors."

"A Modern kid should watch the end study when they are playing football. Thus he will learn the rudiments of the game."

There was a good deal more of this, which made Tommy Dodd snort. He turned over the leaf and came upon "Limericks," by A. Newcome. The first one ran:

"There was a young fellow named Dodd,  
Whose face was remarkably odd;  
He was rather an ass,  
And his manners, alas!  
Would have shocked any convict in quod."

"The silly clump!" growled Tommy Dodd. "I'll make his face remarkably odd before I've done with him! Now their silly old limericks!"

He turned over the leaf. Next came a poem by Raby:

"At Rookwood we take a great pride  
In the ripping old Classical side;  
At footer or cricket,  
We're right on the wicket,  
And the Moderns are licked to the wide."

"There is only one fault, we admit,  
In this ripping old college—to wit,  
There's a Modern side—see?  
Which is simply N. G.,  
And they ought to be hoofed out of it."

There was more of Raby's poem, but Tommy Dodd did not stay to read more. He snorted and turned the leaf. There came next a series of conundrums, by "Uncle James." Tommy Dodd sampled a few:

"What's the difference between a Modern and a donkey?—None.  
"Why is Tommy Dodd's face like a kite? Because he was built that way."

"My hat! And that's the stuff they've been fagging at for a week!" growled Tommy Dodd, much incensed. "Silly asses! Hallo! What's this?"

Advertisements came next. Tommy Dodd glanced at them.

"MISSING for fifteen years!—The contents of a brain-box. Anyone finding same return to owner.—Thomas Dodd, Modern side.

"LOST, STOLEN, or STRAYED!—A hairbrush (unused); also a cake of soap (unused) and a nailbrush (unused).—Leggett, Modern side.

"£5 REWARD.—The above reward will be paid to anyone who can teach Tommy Dodd to kick a goal.

"WANTED!—Lessons in manners, deportment, and self-respect to superiors, by every member of the Modern side at Rookwood."

Tommy Dodd breathed hard through his nose. The "Journal" was all on a par with these examples. From cover to cover it contained slanging of the Modern side.

Tommy Dodd closed the paper and reflected. This was the surprise Jimmy Silver & Co. were to spring upon the school that afternoon immediately after lessons. Classics and Moderns were to turn up in the Common-room to hear the secret—if they wanted to hear it.

Then Jimmy Silver was going to announce—as Tommy Dodd knew now—the existence of

that stunning new wheeze—a school magazine, founded by Classics, run by Classics—Classical from start to finish.

Tommy Dodd admitted that it was a ripping idea. He could have kicked himself for not having thought of it.

But he hadn't. Very likely Jimmy Silver had borrowed the idea from somewhere, he reflected disdainfully. But, even so, the fact remained that it was Jimmy Silver who had borrowed it, and not Tommy Dodd.

That the paper would be a success Tommy Dodd could easily foresee. As soon as it was known, the editorial office would be besieged with eager contributors. The thing would go with a bang.

It would be one more score for the Classics—one more defeat for the Moderns! There was no getting out of that.

Tommy Dodd wrinkled his brow. He felt that it would be mean to put the magazine into the grate and set a match to it. That would be rotten, and he knew it. He was tempted to do it, but he manfully resisted the temptation. A jape was a jape, but that would be too thick.

If only by some means he could turn the Classical triumph into a defeat—that was what he wanted. Forewarned was forearmed, and he had been forewarned. He was in possession of the secret, quite unknown to Jimmy Silver & Co. Was there "anything doing"?

He thought that out. In the laboratories on the Modern side Mr. Manders was at work with his class, with a caning ready for Tommy Dodd when he came. But Tommy Dodd had utterly forgotten Mr. Manders and his cane. All his thoughts were bent upon the problem in hand—to turn the tables somehow on the Classics.

Suddenly his eyes gleamed. "Eureka!" he ejaculated.

He pounced upon the "Journal." For the next five minutes he was very busy. Then he quitted the study, chortling.

In Jimmy Silver's desk the brown paper packet lay, just as it had lain when the Modern junior entered the study. If there was any difference it did not show on the outside.

Tommy Dodd closed the door carefully, and scudded away.

He arrived on the Modern side breathless. Mr. Manders greeted him with a frown and scowls on each hand, which made Tommy Dodd fairly wriggle.

But he felt that it was worth it.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Quite a Surprise!

"DISMISS!" Jimmy Silver & Co. heard that word gladly.

The Classical Fourth streamed out of the Form-room.

There was a buzz at once in the passage.

"Now, then, Jimmy Silver—"

"Get it out, you duffer!"

Jimmy Silver smiled serenely. The whole crowd were eager for news. This was exactly as it should be, of course. It was a natural and fitting tribute to the importance of the end study.

"Meeting in the Common-room," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll cut off to the study and get it. It's all ready."

"Phwat's ready?" demanded Flynn.

"You'll soon see, my infant. Get along to the Common-room. We've only got one copy of the first number."

"The first number of what?" shouted Oswald.

"Wait and see, as Mr. Asquith says!" chuckled Jimmy.

"Hallo! What about the giddy mystery?" asked Tommy Dodd, coming in with a crowd of Moderns. "Is the deadly secret revealed yet?"

"You go into the Common-room, and you'll hear it with the rest," said Jimmy Silver. "This is going to knock you Modern bounders into a cocked hat. I can promise you that."

Tommy Dodd grinned cheerfully.

"If you can knock us into a cocked hat, you're welcome," he remarked. "I believe that when I see it!"

"Bow-wow!"

The Fourth Form, Classics and Moderns, crowded into the Common-room, while Jimmy Silver cut off to the end study.

The Moderns were all grinning, for some reason best known to themselves, but the Classics were all puzzled and curious.

But Jimmy Silver did not keep them waiting long.

He came down the stairs by way of the banisters, with the brown-paper packet in his hand, which he had caught up from his desk. He came breathlessly into the crowded Common-room.

"Here you are!" he exclaimed. There was a crowding round at once. The sight of that mysterious packet raised curiosity to burning point.

"Phwat is it intirely?" roared Flynn.

"Order!" shouted Lovell.

"Don't crowd!" bawled Newcome.

"Ha, ha, ha! Give Jimmy Silver his head!" chortled Tommy Dodd. "This is where we get the giddy surprise of our lives! Go it, Silver!"

"Shut up, you Modern bounders! What are you cackling at?" exclaimed Raby. "You're going to get the kybosh, I promise you that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver advanced to the table, packet in hand.

"Gentlemen—" he began.

"Cut it short!" howled Flynn.

"Gentlemen and Moderns—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I have the honour of making an important and interesting announcement. Heretofore—"

"Here to which?" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Heretofore!" thundered Jimmy Silver.

"Heretofore other schools have had a school paper, while we at Rookwood have subsisted upon a miserable Sixth Form magazine. Gentlemen, Rookwood has suffered from a long-felt want, without knowing it. The breach is about to be filled. That long-felt want will be supplied. Gentlemen, I have here the first number of the new Rookwood paper—'Jimmy Silver's Journal.'"

"My hat!"

"A school paper!" ejaculated Oswald.

"What a ripping idea!"

"Tophole!"

"Beats you Modern bounders—what!" chortled Oswald.

"Oh, let's see that paper!" said Tommy Dodd carelessly. "Perhaps you won't be so jolly pleased with it when you see it!"

Jimmy Silver glared at his old rival. He had expected to see the Moderns surprised and furious. But they took the announcement quite calmly. It did not seem to surprise them in the least.

"You—you knew!" shouted Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, of course, we knew!" said Tommy Dodd, in a tone of mild surprise. "You don't think you could pull the wool over our eyes, do you? My dear chap, you'd have to get up very early in the morning to do that."

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Tommy Doyle.

"Very early intirely!"

"How do you know?" roared Lovell.

"Oh, we're up to snuff, you know! But we let you run on; in fact, I've even given you a little assistance."

"That you jolly well haven't!" said Jimmy warmly. "This paper is produced by Classics—run by Classics—"

"And improved by Moderns!" said Tommy Dodd.

"It's not! You haven't touched it, and you know it!" roared Lovell.

"Well, let's see the paper," said Oswald.

"Never mind those Modern bounders! Let's see the giddy 'Journal!'"

Jimmy Silver sniffed, and opened the packet. Tommy Dodd's claim to have improved the paper was exasperating under the circumstances.

The paper was lifted out and held up to view.

On the front page was the title, in flourishing letters, "Jimmy Silver's Journal." It looked quite imposing. The magazine was composed of eight leaves of impot paper, pinned together at the back. It was a sufficiently creditable production for the first number.

"By gum, that looks all right!" said Oswald. "Let's see what's inside it, though!"

"Oh, do!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

The Classical juniors crowded round Jimmy Silver as the magazine was opened on the table. Jimmy Silver's eyes opened wide as they fell on the first page.

It was beautifully blank, save for one line in the centre:

"Notice! This paper has been carefully re-edited, and all the rubbish left out.—By Order."

"What the dickens—" said Oswald.

"My-mum-my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

He stared at his precious magazine dumb-founded.

Oswald turned over the leaves.

One blank page succeeded another.

Every sheet presented a beautiful blank.

The Fistical Four could scarcely believe their eyes. They had left that magazine all ready for publication, filled from cover to cover with their own literary efforts in their own handwriting. Now, save for that line on the front page, all was blank!

Oswald turned over page after page, to the very end.

Blankness!

Not a line—no! a word!

Then the joke dawned upon the Classical juniors, and there was a roar. All the "rubbish" had been left out, and the whole contents of the paper taken away. They understood.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tain't our paper!" roared Lovell. "Our paper's been taken out of the cover, and these blank pages put in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Re-edited!" chortled Tommy Cook. "All the rubbish taken out. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You Modern worms have done this!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All the rubbish!" gasped Oswald. "Oh dear! Oh, Jimmy!"

"Gentlemen," said Tommy Dodd, "I move a vote of thanks to the person or persons who have saved us from Lovell's poems, Jimmy Silver's leading article, Raby's rot, and Newcome's limericks. I move that that person deserves well of his country."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Common-room was in a roar. The expression on the faces of Jimmy Silver & Co. were, as Oswald said, worth a guinea a box.

The Fistical Four looked at "Jimmy Silver's Journal," from which all the rubbish had been taken out, and they looked at one another. Then with one accord they rushed upon Tommy Dodd.

Classicals and Moderns were yelling with laughter, especially the Moderns. The Fistical Four, after a week's literary labour, had been "dished."

Where the real contents of the journal had gone they did not know—they suspected to Tommy Dodd's study. All they had to show to the expectant Fourth was a bundle of blank sheets from which all the rubbish had been taken out.

They rushed at Tommy Dodd like Hums.

But the Moderns closed round their leader, and the enraged Classics were hurled off, and Tommy Dodd & Co. streamed out of the Common-room, roaring. The Classics followed them, roaring, too.

The Fistical Four remained alone, gasping, with the first number of "Jimmy Silver's Journal."

"Dished!" groaned Lovell.

"Diddled!" said Raby.

"Done!" mumbled Newcome.

And Jimmy Silver said never a word. He took up the magazine and strode over to the fireplace, and in a few minutes only a few ashes remained to mark where once had been the first number of "Jimmy Silver's Journal."

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. next week, entitled: "THE ROOKWOOD DOG-HUNT!" Make sure of your copy by ordering EARLY!)

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