

WAR DECLARED AGAINST MR. MANDERS! The amazing state of affairs at Rookwood, following the appointment of Mr. Manders as temporary headmaster, reaches such a pitch that open war is declared against the tyrannical Modern master!

In Open Revolt!



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Jimmy Silver's Answer!

UNTIL further notice, the Fourth Form, Classical Division, are detained for all holidays!
"R. MANDERS."

Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Rookwood Fourth—Classical Division—read that notice on the board, and read it again, and re-read it, and re-re-read it.

Homer, that ancient and esteemed poet, commences his great epic with a description of the wrath of Achilles and its direful results. Without aspiring to rival Homer, we must begin with a reference to the wrath of Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Rookwood Fourth. For the celebrated wrath of Achilles, terrific as it no doubt was, was but a passing breeze to the wrath of Jimmy Silver.

"Detained for all holidays—until further notice!" said Jimmy Silver, almost dazedly. "Then what about the footer?"

Apparently R. Manders had completely overlooked the question of football.

Jimmy gazed at the notice, in Mr. Manders' crabbed handwriting, as if he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"The cheeky ass!" said Jimmy.

That was not a respectful way of referring to Roger Manders, who, in the absence of Dr. Chisholm, was headmaster of Rookwood, pro tem.

"The thumping jackanapes!" continued Jimmy, warming up. "What about the footer? We're playing Bagshot this afternoon! Has the burbling jabberwock never heard of footer?"

"Of all the cheek!" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Sheer neck!" said Raby.

THE POPULAR.—No. 265.

A Stirring Long Complete Story of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood School.
By OWEN CONQUEST.
(Author of the well-known stories Rookwood appearing in the "Boys' Friend" every week).

"The giddy limit!" remarked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. The Fourth Form had endured much from Mr. Manders during the brief period in which he had had control of Rookwood. But there was a limit—and this, certainly, was beyond the limit!

"Tear it down!" suggested Mornington.

"Good egg!" agreed Lovell.

"Wait a bit," said Jimmy Silver. "Of course, we're not standing it! But wait a bit! We'll go and speak to Mr. Dalton about this! He's our Form master, and bound to stand up for us."

"Dicky will see us through," said Lovell, with a nod. "Let's go and put it to Dicky."

And Jimmy Silver & Co. looked for Mr. Richard Dalton, the master of the Fourth. It was Saturday morning, and Saturday was a half-holiday at Rookwood. That afternoon Bagshot were coming over to play Rookwood juniors—a fixture which did not agree in the least with the surprising notice posted on the board by R. Manders.

Mr. Dalton was found in the quadrangle, walking under the old beeches, with a thoughtful and rather troubled expression on his handsome face. He ceased his pacing as six or seven Fourth-Formers came up with excited faces.

"What is it, my boys?" he asked kindly.

"There's a notice on the board, sir—" began Jimmy.

"I have seen it," said Mr. Dalton.

"Well, sir, we've got a match on this very afternoon," said Jimmy. "Are we going to be detained by a Modern master—who really has nothing to do with our side?"

Mr. Dalton compressed his lips.

"I am afraid that I cannot intervene, Silver," he said.

"But as our Form master, sir—" burst out Lovell.

"For the present, Lovell, I am not your Form master," said Mr. Dalton quietly. "Until the Head returns, Mr. Manders is in control, and as I have found it impossible to work with Mr. Manders, I have resigned. The matter will be settled when Dr. Chisholm returns. Until which time I have no choice but to leave Rookwood."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver in dismay.

"I am sorry—very sorry indeed!" said Mr. Dalton. "But I am quite powerless in the matter. But I beg you to remember that the Head left Mr. Manders in charge, and that it is your duty to show Mr. Manders all the respect you can. Doubtless he has some reason for inflicting this punishment—"

"We locked him out of the Common-room last evening, sir, when he came after Mornington."

Mr. Dalton smiled slightly.

"Probably Mr. Manders was very much annoyed," he said. "I am afraid that there is nothing to be done—"

"He had no right to cane Mornington, sir. He's not a Classical master. You are our Form master."

"For the present, no, Silver."

"But we've got to play our match this afternoon, sir. What do you advise us to do?" asked Jimmy.

"I can only advise you to remember that Mr. Manders was left in charge by the Head, and to submit with as much patience as you can," said Mr. Dalton.

The juniors looked at one another.

That was really the only advice that it was possible for Richard Dalton to give them. But it was not advice that the Classical Fourth were likely to follow.

"Very well, sir," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Thank you for your advice, sir."

And Jimmy Silver & Co. walked back to the School House.

There was a fixed and grim expression on Jimmy Silver's face. His comrades could see that "Uncle James of Rookwood" had made up his mind.

Jimmy went first to his study, and he returned from the end study with a bottle of red ink and a camel-hair brush.

The Classical juniors gathered round him in a breathless crowd as he approached the notice-board.

Whatever it was that Jimmy Silver had decided upon, his comrades were ready to back him up.

Jimmy dipped the brush in the ink, and commenced operations on Mr. Manders' notice. Slowly and carefully he painted in a large capital R.

"What the thump does that mean?" asked Lovell.

"Wait an' see!" grinned Mornington. Jimmy did not speak; he went on painting. A capital A followed the R. Then came T, and the juniors guessed. There was a general chortle as Jimmy added the S.

Across Mr. Manders' notice, in large capital letters in red ink, sprawled the expressive word "RATS!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"Rats!" chuckled Oswald. "Ripping! That will show the dear man what we think of him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away. Jimmy's answer was left to greet the surprised eyes of Mr. Roger Manders when he came along

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

More Manders!

MR. MANDERS walked into the School House with his rapid, jerky step, and with a grim smile upon his hard face.

Classes were proceeding, and there was no one in the corridors or the hall. In the Fourth Form room the Classical Fourth were under the charge of Bulkeley of the Sixth. Mr. Dalton had just left—a trap had taken him away as far as Coombe. At Coombe he intended to remain until Dr. Chisholm returned to Rookwood, when the matter would be placed before the Head for decision.

Mr. Manders was glad to see him go. He hoped that the fall of Richard Dalton would act as, a lesson to the other masters—most of whom were extremely annoyed and exasperated by Roger Manders' fussy interference in their spheres.

As for the Classical Fourth, Mr. Manders felt that he had dealt very effectually with them.

They had resisted his authority; they had locked him out of the Common-room. Detention for all holidays was a heavy punishment, and Mr. Manders charitably hoped that it would bring them to their senses.

As a matter of fact, he had not overlooked considerations of football. He reckoned upon the compulsory cancellation of football fixtures as an additional method for bringing the juniors to their senses.

He paused before the notice-board, possibly to admire his handiwork stuck thereon.

Then he jumped.

Jimmy Silver had been surprised and enraged by Mr. Manders' notice on the board. In his turn, Mr. Manders was surprised and enraged by Jimmy's addition to his notice. In capital letters, in red ink, Jimmy Silver's answer stared him in the face.

"Rats!"

Mr. Manders fairly gasped.

"Upon my word!" he ejaculated.

He turned his steps in the direction of the Fourth Form-room. All was quiet and orderly there, as he looked in. Bulkeley of the Sixth was in charge; and, excited as the Classical Fourth were, they were very meek and mild with Bulkeley.

The captain of Rookwood was popular, and nobody had any desire to give him trouble. They more than suspected "old Bulkeley," indeed, of sympathising with their resistance to interference from the Modern side.

There was a catching of breath among the Classical juniors, as Mr. Manders' lean and angry face was seen at the door.

The Modern master strode in.

Bulkeley glanced round and compressed his lips. He had undertaken control of the Fourth at Mr. Manders' request. But he had no intention of being interfered with in his duties, any more than the Form-master before him.

"One moment, Bulkeley!" rapped out Mr. Manders.

He picked up the cane from Mr. Dalton's desk.

Bulkeley looked at him rather grimly. "Excuse me, sir," he said quietly, but firmly. "You have asked me to take charge of this class. I understood that the class was to be left to me."

"Kindly do not be impertinent, Bulkeley!" snapped Mr. Manders.

"I am quite ready to retire, sir, if it is your wish!" said the prefect calmly. "But if—"

"You will remain where you are."

"Not unless I can act without interference, sir."

Mr. Manders breathed hard.

"I am here to punish some one of these juniors for an act of insolence and defiance," he said.

"Then I will leave the class in your hands, sir."

"Bulkeley!" shouted Mr. Manders, as the captain of Rookwood walked to the door.

Bulkeley did not answer, or turn his head. He walked out of the Form-room.

Mr. Manders snapped his teeth.

"Good old Bulkeley!" murmured Lovell.

Bulkeley's retirement left Mr. Manders rather in a difficulty. He could not take charge of the Form himself, as he was wanted on the Modern side, to take charge of the Modern Fourth. His peculiar methods were beginning to give him trouble.

He fixed gleaming eyes on the silent juniors.

"Some member of this Form has had the audacity to scribble an insolent word upon my notice in the hall!" he said.

Silence.

"I command the—delinquents to stand forward!" said Mr. Manders, swishing Mr. Dalton's cane.

Nobody stood forward.

"You hear me?" thundered Mr. Manders.

Undoubtedly the juniors heard him. They looked at him without answering.

"I think you are probably the guilty party, Silver."

Jimmy did not speak.

"At all events, I hold you responsible as head boy of this Form," said Mr. Manders.

No answer.

"Unless you name the culprit immediately, Silver, I shall take it for granted that you are he, and shall punish you accordingly."

Dead silence.

"Stand out here, Silver."

Jimmy did not move. He was breathing hard, but his mind was made up. He was not going to be caned by a Modern master.

There was a long pause.

Mr. Manders was rather at a loss. He observed that Jimmy's hand, under his desk, was grasping a heavy ruler. It dawned upon Mr. Manders that the ruler would be opposed to his cane, if he began the attack. Mr. Manders had not come there for a single-stick match. Arthur Edward Lovell's fingers had closed almost convulsively upon an inkpot. Mr. Manders made one stride towards the class, and then halted.

"Silver! You heard my command?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"You refuse to obey it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Manders, between his teeth. "You will be dealt with, Silver. I will enforce discipline in this unruly class, or I will know the reason why. You will come to my study this evening at six o'clock, Silver, and you will apologise for your insolence, and submit to an exemplary flogging. Otherwise, I shall send you to your home in charge of a prefect, and you will not be allowed to return to Rookwood. I trust that this example will have a salutary effect on the class. That is all."

And Mr. Manders whisked out of the Form-room.

A few minutes later Knowles of the Sixth arrived to take charge of the Fourth. Knowles was a Modern prefect; and the Classical Fourth were quite prepared to throw him out of the Form-room if he gave them trouble. But Knowles saw the signs of danger, and he was very circumspect. The morning passed off quietly, though there was thunder in the air.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Football!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. came out of the Form-room when lessons were over, and there was a rather excited meeting in the passage. Jimmy was quite cool and calm, and seemed to be quite indifferent to Mr. Manders' dire sentence. He had expected trouble, and he was quite prepared for it.

"Poor old Jimmy!" said Tubby Muffin sympathetically. "Flogging for you, old chap! Shall I get you some exercise-books to stuff in your bags?"

"Fathead!" was Jimmy's reply.

"You won't go?" asked Mornington.

"Of course not!"

There was a chuckle from Peele of the Fourth.

"Manders meant what he said," Peele remarked. "What'll your people say if you're sent home in charge of a prefect, Silver?"

"I shall not be sent home," said Jimmy coolly. "Manders has bitten off more than he can chew, and he will find it out sooner or later. I shall not go to his study, I shall not be flogged, and I shall not be sent home. It's the Classical Fourth against Manders, and we're all standing together."

"Hear, hear!" roared Lovell.

The Fistical Four walked on with determined looks.

There was no doubt that the greater part of the Classical Fourth were fervently backing up their captain, and the slackers did not count. Jimmy Silver, in fact, gave little thought to Mr. Manders and his threats. He was thinking of the afternoon's match.

The detention pronounced on the whole Form by Mr. Manders would have stopped the match, of course, if regarded. The Classical footballers had no intention whatever of regarding it. After dinner, Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern Fourth came over to interview Jimmy Silver on the subject. They were looking very concerned.

"No need to scratch the match, Silver," Tommy Dodd remarked. "We can't stop Bagshot coming over so late as this."

"No fear!" assented Jimmy.

"Only Classicals are detained," continued Tommy Dodd. "But we can make up a Modern team to meet Bagshot."

"A jolly good team," said Tommy Cook.

"Aisy!" remarked Tommy Doyle.

The three Tommies of the Modern Fourth had evidently thought matters out to their own satisfaction. Jimmy Silver smiled.

"Good idea—if we were looking for a licking," he said agreeably. "But we're not! The usual eleven will play."

"But you're detained," said Tommy Dodd, with a stare.

"Not by a Classical master," said Jimmy. "We don't take any notice of Modern masters on this side."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Four Moderns will be playing," said Jimmy. "You three, and Towle. There will be seven Classics—little me, Lovell, Raby, Mornington, Erroll, Conroy, and Rawson. You can see the list on the board."

Tommy Dodd whistled.

"There'll be trouble with Manders!" he said.

"We'll try and survive it."

"But—but you can't do it, you know what—"

"My dear chap, the match will be played as arranged. See that your men are ready at two-thirty."

At two o'clock Monsieur Monceau, the French master, was in search of Jimmy Silver. He found him in the quad with his comrades.

"Mistair Manders give me detention class for zis afternoon, Silvair," said Monsieur Monceau. "Ze Classical Four? go into ze Form-room now."

Jimmy shook his head.

"We're going to give you a rest this afternoon, Mossos!" he answered.

The French gentleman looked puzzled.

"But Mistair Manders say—"

"Manders is offside," explained Mornington.

Monsieur Monceau looked more puzzled than ever.

"Offside?" he repeated. "Vat is zat? I do not know him."

"Morny means that Manders is chirping out of his hat!" said Lovell.

"Mais, je ne comprend pas."

"You'll compring some time," said Lovell. "Anyhow, we're not going into the Form-room, and you can tell Manders so, with our kind regards."

Monsieur Monceau drifted away in a state of great puzzlement. He drifted into the Form-room, where he found a very small detention class.

Lattrey and Peele and Gower, Townsend and Topham, and Tubby Muffin had turned up—not caring to take the risk of open defiance of Mr. Manders.

But the rest of the Fourth headed for the football ground. Monsieur Monceau debated in his mind whether he ought to report the absentees to Mr. Manders; but he decided to let the temporary headmaster of Rookwood find out the state of affairs for himself.

On the football ground Jimmy Silver & Co. were ready for Bagshot, and the Classics who were not in the team crowded round the field.

Pankley, Poole & Co. of Bagshot duly arrived, little dreaming of the peculiar conditions under which that match was to be played. Jimmy Silver won the toss and kicked off, and the game began; and the footballers, at least, forgot all about Manders. But fellows in the onlooking crowd did not forget him, and a good many looked over their shoulders from time to time, wondering when the obnoxious Modern master would appear in the offing.

As they heard the shouts from the football field, Townsend & Co., in the detention class, rather regretted their

THE POPULAR.—No. 365.

docility. But they were glad of it again when Mr. Manders walked in.

The Modern master looked in, to make sure that his command was being obeyed. He raised his eyebrows at the sight of only six juniors in the class.

"Monsieur Monceau! Where are the other boys?" he ejaculated.

Mossos shrugged his shoulders.

"Zese are all zat come in, sair!" he answered.

"Muffin!" thundered Mr. Manders. "Where are the others? Where is Silver, Lovell, Mornington, Erroll? Where are they all?"

"Ow! Playing football, sir!" gasped Tubby, in dire terror of drawing Mr. Manders' wrath upon himself.

"Playing football!" stuttered Mr. Manders. "Pip-pip-playing football! Against my express commands!"

"Tain't my fault, sir!" mumbled Tubby.

Mr. Manders' eyes glittered. He caught up a cane and strode out of the Form-room. It was a crisis now! If Roger Manders allowed this open defiance to pass, his authority at Rookwood was at an end. It was now or never—neck or nothing; and Mr. Manders strode down to the football ground with the intention of bringing the rebellious juniors to book instantly and decisively!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. An Exciting Game!

"GOAL!"

"Bravo, Morny!"

"Well kicked, sir!"

The first half of the Bagshot match was going strong. Jimmy Silver, at centre-half, was playing up at his very best, and his team backed him up in great style. The Rookwooders had brought the ball up the field, and burst through the Bagshot defence, and the leather went in from Morny's foot—and the Rookwood crowd roared.

That roar was ringing over Little Side—and to a good distance beyond—when Mr. Manders strode upon the scene.

Mr. Manders was almost stuttering with rage as he came sweeping on. The sight of the detained juniors playing football under his very nose was more than exasperating—it was infuriating.

The sides were lining up again when the Modern master appeared, and there was a buzz of excitement in the crowd of juniors.

"Here, he comes!"

"Here's Manders!"

"Look out, you fellows!"

Mr. Manders strode through the crowd, his scanty hair bristling with wrath. The Bagshot fellows stared at him, not knowing what to make of it. Hansom of the Fifth, who was referee in the match, stared, too. Jimmy Silver compressed his lips.

Mr. Manders strode on the field of play, waving his cane.

"Stop this game instantly!" he thundered.

"My only hat!" murmured Pankley of Bagshot to Poole. "What sort of a circus do they call this?"

"The old bird seems ruffled!" remarked Poole.

"Stop! You hear me, Silver?" thundered Mr. Manders.

The Rookwood footballers looked at Jimmy. Had the captain of the Fourth weakened then all would have been over. But Jimmy Silver did not weaken.

He rapped out coolly:

"Line up!"

The footballers lined up.

Mr. Manders came striding on. Pankley, who was about to kick off, paused. The tall, thin figure of Mr. Manders was between the opposing ranks now, and Pankley did not want to "land" Mr. Manders with a muddy ball. The Modern master brandished his cane.

"Silver! Lovell! All of you! Leave this field at once!"

"Oh, gad!" murmured Hansom of the Fifth. "What—what—what's the trouble, sir? The game's only just started!"

"These juniors are under detention, Hansom. I forbid you to take any further part in these proceedings!"

Hansom of the Fifth looked at him. Mr. Manders addressed Hansom—a Classical senior—as he might have addressed a Modern fag. The blood of all the Hansoms boiled in the veins of the referee.

"You forbid me, Mr. Manders?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, most decidedly."

"I take my orders from my Form master, Mr. Greely, sir," said Hansom. "I do not take orders from the Modern side, sir."

"I am your headmaster at present, Hansom—"

"Headmasters don't butt in on the football field, sir!"

"What? What?"

"I'll walk off this field, sir, if Mr. Greely tells me to," said Hansom. "If he doesn't, I stay here."

Mr. Manders gave Hansom a glare. But he turned from the Fifth-Former to the juniors, doubtless considering them easier to deal with.

"Silver, follow me at once!"

Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"Will you get out of the way, Mr. Manders?" he asked.

"What?"

"You're interrupting the game."

"The—the game?" stuttered Mr. Manders.

"Yes, sir. You may get butted over if you stand there."

"Silver, leave this field at once!" roared Mr. Manders.

Jimmy looked across at Pankley.

"Waiting for you, old top!" he said.

"I don't want to hurry you, of course, but we're waiting for you to kick-off."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Pankley.

Pankley had never kicked-off in such circumstances before. But he kicked-off now, and as soon as the ball was in play there was a rush of the footballers.

Mr. Manders stood in the midst of the players, flourishing his cane, spluttering with rage, and utterly disregarded.

The Bagshot men made a rush, and bore the leather up the field, Jimmy Silver & Co. falling back to defend. Mr. Manders was left alone in his glory on the half-way line.

There was a roar of laughter round the field.

It stung the Modern master into action, and he gripped his cane and rushed up the field after the footballers.

But a change came over the game as Jimmy Silver & Co. rallied. Rawson skied the ball, and it dropped well over in the Bagshot half. Bagshot fell back promptly, and there was a forward rush of Rookwood. Mr. Manders found himself right in the midst of things again with a suddenness that took his breath away.

Somebody—he did not even see who—found Mr. Manders in his way, and shouldered him aside.

The long, lean figure went staggering.

Then he was in Jimmy Silver's way,

and the captain of the Fourth unceremoniously shouldered him back again.

Mr. Manders spluttered. He whirled round on Jimmy Silver, and lashed out with the cane.

There was a wild howl from Jimmy. A football jersey was not much protection against a stinging lash from a cane.

Mr. Manders, finding solace in it, followed up his attack, lashing again and again. Mornington came at him, charging like a bull, and the Modern master went spinning.

Crash!

Hardly knowing what had happened to him, Mr. Manders sprawled in the field. His astounded eyes turned skywards, and something plopped on his long, upturned nose.

He hardly realised that it was the football. There was a rush of forwards after the ball, and a struggle for it, and it seemed to Mr. Manders that every fellow there was a centipede with all its feet shod in the largest and heaviest of football boots.

How many boots were planted upon Mr. Manders it would be difficult to say. But as the ball went goalward, with the field after it, Mr. Manders sprawled in a sea of mud, with an ache in every limb, and his brain in a state of utter bewilderment.

Amazing as it was to the tyrant of Rookwood, the game was going on regardless of his prohibition, regardless of his important self; indeed, Mr. Manders was getting a good deal of the game. He sat up, gasping and spluttering, hardly believing that this thing was real.

But it was real enough. It was no nightmare, but a dreadful reality. As Mr. Manders sat, winded and bewildered, there came a rush of the players, and he was overwhelmed again.

Something like a ten-ton steam-hammer caught Mr. Manders on the chin. It was only Arthur Edward Lovell's boot. But Arthur Edward took a good size in football-boots. It was not his fault that Mr. Manders' chin was in the way; he had not asked Mr. Manders to come there.

The Modern master yelled and roared, and rolled over, and the rush of the game left him high—if not dry—again.

He staggered to his feet.

He was no longer thinking of using his cane, or of exerting his authority. He was only thinking of escaping from the dreadful football-field.

But it was always easier to get into a scrape than to get out of one. Mr. Manders headed for the ropes at a staggering run, but the game was going on hard and fast. Morny, after the ball, shouldered Mr. Manders ruthlessly out of the way, and the Modern master staggered and collided with a Bagshot forward, who rolled over him. Two or three other fellows rolled on the heap. Under a pile of struggling footballers, Mr. Manders thought that his last hour had come.

But the pile dissolved as if by magic, and again the hapless master struggled up and fled.

Crash!

It was not a bomb that flew through the air and landed on Mr. Manders' left ear—it was a muddy football! But it seemed to the hapless Modern master like a bombshell. It bowled him right over, and he sprawled on the touchline.

"Oh, oh! Ow! Help!" he gasped. "Help!"

Three or four juniors rushed in to drag Mr. Manders off the field. Whether they wanted to help him was not quite clear. Certainly their help was rough and ready. Mr. Manders yelled and howled as he was helped. One fellow

had hold of his ears, one of his hair, one of his legs. Yelling frantically, Mr. Manders was helped off, helped through the crowd, and dumped down.

His helpers turned their backs on him then, and resumed watching the game.

Mr. Manders sat up. He was breathless, exhausted, muddy, dishevelled, winded. He blinked, and blinked, and blinked, and as his vision cleared he saw the football match going on, as if the wide world did not contain such a personage as Roger Manders at all.

But Mr. Manders did not think of further interference. Wild horses would not have dragged him on the field of play again.

He staggered to his feet and limped

wood was discussing the scene at the match with smiles.

It was not only the juniors that grinned over it. Hansom roared with laughter as he described it to the Fifth, and the Fifth roared, too. Even the great men of the Sixth chuckled over it. Even the masters smiled. Mr. Manders' misuse of his "little brief authority" had made him so thoroughly disliked and objected to, that there was not a single soul in all the school to sympathise with him.

There was not a master whom he had not interfered with since he had taken the head of affairs, and naturally enough his downfall entertained his disgruntled colleagues. All the Classical



THE TYRANT INTERRUPTS! The match was continued, and Jimmy Silver & Co., had to fall back to defend their goal. Mr. Manders was left alone in his glory; and there was a roar of laughter round the field. It stung the Modern master into action, and he gripped his cane and rushed up the field after the footballers. "Stop! Stop!" he shouted. (See Chapter 4.)

away, gasping and mumbling. He disappeared into his house, and the footballers did not even cast a glance after him. The game went on, and the on-lookers shouted and cheered, and for the present, at least, the existence of Roger Manders was completely forgotten.

And when that great match ended, with Rookwood two goals to one, the Rookwood crowd cheered, and Jimmy Silver & Co. enjoyed their triumph, without a thought of Mr. Manders.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

No More Manders!

THESE were smiling faces at Rookwood School on that eventful afternoon.

Pankley & Co. had departed—defeated, but highly entertained by the humorous interlude Mr. Manders had unintentionally provided. All Rook-

prefects had been lectured and worried by the fussy Modern master, and they were glad that somebody had given him what he had asked for. Even the Modern prefects were fed-up with Mr. Manders' authoritative importance, and grinned in secret over his disaster, while the juniors on both sides of Rookwood openly rejoiced. Mr. Manders had got what he had been asking for—begging and praying for, as Arthur Edward Lovell put it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. seemed quite hilarious over tea in the end study, with five or six similar guests in that celebrated apartment.

It was true that the matter could not possibly rest where it was; Manders was bound, as Putty Grace remarked, to "do something." What he was going to do was a matter for speculation. Perhaps

(Continued on page 16.)

THE RANSOM OF THE KING!

(Continued from page 10.)

been making the best of her way on foot towards the nunnery, where she hoped to find peace if nothing else, when the sound of conflict had suddenly fallen upon her ears, and stepping aside from the bridle-path, she had gazed into Longley Bottom in time to witness the things of which we have just told you.

Under a spreading oak, through whose leafy branches the afternoon's sun was slanting brightly, sat King John, biting his nails; and before him bareheaded in mock reverence, stood Robin Hood; while, motionless and silent as the trees about them, the rest of the band stood, mute witnesses of the extraordinary scene.

"By my halidom, fellow!" exclaimed the king, his cruel face purple with anger. "Hast thou the insolence to think of holding your Sovereign to ransom?"

"My liege has a short memory," said Robin. "Was not your own brother, the good King Richard, held to ransom, too, and did you busy yourself to set him free? Oh, you may scowl, John of England, but facts are stubborn things. To ransom art thou held. My only difficulty is to fix a sum sufficient. It must be a high one, else would my liege be sick at heart, thinking we placed too little value upon his carcass!"

The king choked with impotent passion.

"Listen, catiff!" he said, when he had recovered himself. "You have me

in your power, there is no gainsaying it, but it matters not what sum you name, since I have not a silver penny in my treasury, and I know not one in my realm who would advance a groat to free me."

He spoke with such bitterness and such obvious truth that Robin was fain to believe him, and the outlaw's face grew grave.

"Friar," said he, "bring parchment and write."

"Nay, Robin," cried Friar Tuck, "now thou hast me upon the hip. I can write my name on another man's pate with my quarter-staff so clear that all the world may read it, but there my skill ends."

"Ho, there!" cried Robin. "Who among you hath penmanship and the wherewithal to exercise it?"

A young man—Jenkin by name—stepped forward, blushing as he did so, for the clerical craft was looked upon as somewhat beneath the dignity of a man in those days and only befitting the monks and scribes.

"I can write, master," said Jenkin, producing an ink-horn from his girdle and fumbling in his wallet, from which he drew a scrap of parchment.

"Then sit you here and set down my words," said Robin, raising his voice. "Art ready?"

"Ay, that am I," said Jenkin, looking up from under his brown hair, which hung in a tangle over his brow.

"Then write, 'I, John, King of England, do swear by these signs and token that Robin Fitzooth and his companions shall go free and unmolested throughout my realm for the space of a twelvemonth and a day, which said permission I do now give in lieu of ransom; and let all sheriffs, officers of the law, and such-like knaves take heed how they disobey this mandate.' Hast done? Then, boy, dip thy pen care-

fully into the ink and hand it, with due grace and reverence, to our liege the king, who will affix his Royal signature to the document and make it law."

"I will none of it!" exclaimed John hoarsely.

He made a snatch at the parchment, but Jenkin was too quick for him, and in his anxiety to preserve it from destruction, he dealt the king a buffet on the cheek which toppled him backwards over the tree-root, to the unbounded delight of the outlaws, who howled with laughter.

That was why the young outlaw was ever after known as Jenkin-Smack-John.

In vain did John glare at the circle of faces which surrounded him and cut off all hope of escape, until, finally, with a very bad grace, as indeed he did everything during his life, he seized the pen and signed the writing.

Years after he must have thought of that day, when, with the stern barons round him as the outlaws had been, he wrote his name on the scroll of the Magna Charta!

Mounted upon one of the horses they had taken from the Norman band, the king wended his way to the nearest town, escorted by ten of the lads in Lincoln green until he came within sight of its walls.

"No life so free as the greenwood tree, And the twang of the bowstring true."

They trolled in chorus as they wended back to the glade. And the doings of that day formed the theme of many a song and story round the bivouac fires of Robin Hood and his merry men!

THE END.

(There will be another splendid long complete old-time romance of Robin Hood and his Merry Men of Sherwood, entitled: "On The Trail Of The Outlaw," next week.)

IN OPEN REVOLT!

(Continued from page 5.)

he was expecting Jimmy Silver to turn up in his study for a flogging, Lovell suggested, with a grin. And there was a roar of laughter at the suggestion.

It was possible that he would come over to the Classical side with a cane. If he did, the Fistical Four were prepared to handle him; and nearly all the Fourth were prepared to help. It was unlikely that the Classical prefects would intervene, and pretty certain that the other masters would have business elsewhere. But, in any case, Jimmy Silver & Co. were determined upon one thing—no more Manders. "No more Manders!" was the watchword of the Classical Fourth.

After tea there was a heavy tread in the Fourth Form passage, and a general movement of interest in the end study, as the juniors heard it.

"Here he comes!"

Tubby Muffin blinked out of the study.

"Tain't Manders! It's Knowles!" he squeaked.

"He's sent a giddy prefect to fetch you, Jimmy!" grinned Lovell. "Let Knowles try it on! We'll lynch him!"

"Come in, Knowles!" roared half a dozen cheery voices, as the Modern prefect appeared in the doorway.

"Waddle in, old duck!"

Knowles stopped in the doorway. He did not care to accept the invitation to

enter. It was only too probable that he would have left again "on his neck."

"Silver!"

"Adsum!" smiled Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You have not been to Mr. Manders' study for your flogging—"

"Did the dear old duck think I should come?"

"I have a message for you from Mr. Manders," said Knowles. "After what happened on the football ground to-day, Mr. Manders regards Silver as a ringleader in rebellion—"

"Not far wrong!" assented Jimmy coolly.

"You are to pack your box to-morrow, Silver—"

"Go hon!"

"On Monday morning I am to take you home, and you are to be ready to leave Rookwood at nine o'clock," said Knowles. "I shall accompany you to your home, with Mr. Manders' explanation to your father."

"Anything else?"

"That's all!"

"Enough, too," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "You want an answer, I suppose? I'm not going to leave Rookwood! You're not going to have the pleasure of my company on a railway journey on Monday! If you come nosing over on the Classical side after me, Knowles, your nose will be punched—hard! Do I make myself clear?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky young hound!" roared Knowles.

Lovell jumped up.

"Kick him out!" he shouted.

"Hurrah!"

There was a rush, Knowles left the School House, sprinting, followed by derisive howls and hoots.

Mr. Manders had had his answer! It only remained to be seen what would happen when Monday came.

THE END.

(You must not miss reading next week's grand long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, entitled: "Turned Out of Rookwood!")

There is still time to get your copy of

THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL

ONLY A FEW LEFT.

If your newsagent has not a copy, he will order it for you. Price 6/-