

DON'T MISS THE GRAND STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL
INSIDE !

EVERY TUESDAY.

The POPULAR

Week Ending
May 15th,
1926.
New Series.
No. 382.



THE THIRD FORM'S WAR-CRY !
" The Third—The Third ! They're hot, my word !
They'll keep things humming from morn till night.
They stand no bunkum—the masters funk 'em !
The Third's fed-up ! They're full of fight ! "

RUCTIONS IN THE FORM-ROOM AT COURTHOPE !

(An amazing episode from the Grand School Serial in this issue.)

LEFT OUT OF THE TEAM! It would have been far better for Val Mornington if he had tried to get back into the cricket eleven by hard work rather than by the unsportsmanlike plan he does adopt!



Left Out!

A Dramatic Long Complete Story of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Chums of Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

easy catch, and the Moderns out, one run short. Already the Classics had been prepared to yell for victory. And the ball slid past Morny's fingers and dropped, and instead of a victorious whoop, there was a roar of angry derision.

"Butter-fingers!"
"Call that cricket!"

"What's the matter with Morny?"

"Silver was a silly ass to play him," Gunner told his immediate surround-

The ball came in seconds too late, scattering Tommy's wicket when it might as well have been left standing.

"Hurrah!" roared the Modern crowd.
"Rotten!" growled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Beastly!" said Newcome.
"Sickening!" grumbled Raby.

Jimmy Silver said no word, but his looks were expressive, and his feelings were deep. Mornington met his eyes as the field walked off with an expression of defiance, apparently expecting hot words. But Jimmy had nothing to say to the man who had let the tears down. It was not Jimmy Silver's way to "rag" his men. Morny's failure was exasperating, and particularly unfortunate in the circumstances, but it could not be helped. Jimmy tried to live up to his own motto, and "keep smiling."

And as there was no reproach from his skipper, Mornington's defiant expression passed off, and a contrite look was on his face as he joined Jimmy Silver.

"I'm sorry, Silver!" he said.
"Can't be helped," said Jimmy.
"It's rotten! The match was fairly in our hands, after all our bad luck. But these things will happen. But what was the matter with you?"

"Bit off colour to-day," said Mornington. "Not feeling quite up to the mark."

Jimmy compressed his lips. The thought was in his mind that Valentine Mornington might have mentioned that earlier, in time for his captain to put another man in his place for the match. Matches between Classics and Moderns at Rookwood were very keenly contested; quite as keenly as School matches. There were half a dozen fellows who would have jumped at the chance of playing in Morny's place, and he had held on to the place when he was not up to the mark.

Words were useless; so Jimmy Silver did not waste his breath on uttering them.

He went into the School House with his chums, and Mornington walked away with Erroll. In the end study, while Lovell and Raby and Newcome were getting a rather late tea, Jimmy Silver looked over a sheet of impot paper on which were scribbled the names of the Rookwood players selected for the match with St. Jim's, due in a few days. The list ran:

Silver, Lovell, Erroll, Van Ryn, Conroy, Rawson, Dodd, Cook, Doyle, Towle, Mornington.

After that day's match Jimmy had intended to go over the list making any
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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Let Down!

BUTTER-FINGERS!"
A dozen Classical juniors howled out that uncomplimentary epithet on Little Side at Rookwood.

Valentine Mornington gave an angry glance round.

There was a big crowd on the junior cricket-ground at Rookwood. Jimmy Silver's team were playing the Modern juniors, and the game had been exciting. Luck had not been with the Classical cricketers. Jimmy Silver had done well in the Classical innings, and Lovell and Conroy had done fairly well; but Morny—generally a very reliable bat—had been dismissed for a duck's egg. And, now, in the field, Mornington seemed as a fieldsman, to be emulating himself as a batsman, and a drive from Tommy Dodd, which ought to have landed fairly in his palm, failed to materialise. The ball dropped at his feet, and the Classical crowd simply howled.

It was a catch that Tubby Muffin or Gunner could have made, and Morny had let it go!

"Butter-fingers!" yelled the Classics. Tommy Dodd, at the wicket, breathed again. He was the last man in on the Modern side; and the Modern score stood at 59—the Classical figure on their innings had been 60. Jimmy Silver had hoped for a hundred; but Morny's failure had let down the score. The game seemed up for the Classics, for Tommy Dodd at one end, and Towle at the other, had only to make one run to equalise, two to win, and both of them were good bats.

And then came that rather reckless drive, which had given Mornington his chance—the chance of a lifetime. An

ings. "I offered!"

"Fathead!" rejoined Putty Grace.

"Well, if I couldn't beat that catch I—"

Even Gunner, for once, was right. He could not have done worse than Mornington had done.

Morny's handsome face was crimson, his brows darkly knitted. He was not in form that day; at his best he was a splendid cricketer, but he was variable. Now, evidently, he was at his worst. The shouts that hailed his failure were anything but courteous; the disappointed Classics did not measure their words. An easy catch would have pulled the game out of the fire, and Morny had muffed it. So the Classical juniors let themselves go.

The ball came in smartly enough—no run was taken. But there was a new lease of life for the Modern innings, and every fellow on the ground knew what that meant. Tommy Dodd was not likely to give another chance like that. All was over bar shouting, as half a dozen juniors remarked.

Jimmy Silver was bowling to Tommy Dodd. Jimmy controlled his feelings well, as he received the ball back. He had fully expected to see Tommy Dodd "out," and the game won. Now the result was uncertain; or, rather, it was certain in the wrong way. Jimmy sent down his best ball to the Modern wicket, but Tommy Dodd smiled, and stopped it dead. He stopped the next ball dead; but at the next after that he let out with the willow.

This time there was no chance of a catch. The field were after the leather, and the batsmen were running. Once—and a chirrup from the Modern crowd announced the tie. Twice—and the roar announced the victory!

final alterations that might be needed in the team, according to the form the players had shown. There was only one alteration needed for the St. Jim's list, but it was an important one. Jimmy wetted the lead of a stump of pencil, and drew a thick line through the name of Valentine Mornington.

Lovell glanced at the paper.

"Good!" he said.

"Nothing else to be done," said Jimmy. "I'm sorry Morny won't be playing, but the selection depended on to-day's match, and to-day Morny seemed to think he was playing marbles."

Lovell nodded.

"Morny will cut up rusty," he remarked.

"Let him!" said Jimmy indifferently.

The prospect of the rejected player "cutting up rusty" did not worry Jimmy Silver. The junior cricket captain of Rookwood had plenty to think about, without taking into account considerations of that kind.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Trouble Ahead!

"HADN'T you better chuck it, Morny?"

Kit Erroll spoke in a tone of remonstrance. He had long finished his prep, and had been reading a book in Study No. 4 while he waited for his chum. Mornington was bent over his books at the table with concentrated attention, and a look of fatigue.

It was not like Morny to "swot," but he was swotting now. It was past nine o'clock, and bed was at half-past. Mornington had no special taste for the classics; indeed, he had been heard to deliver the opinion that they were "all rot," from *Cæsar* to *Sophocles*. But just now Morny was digging deep.

He did not answer Erroll's question—he did not seem to hear it. His brows were wrinkled over a knotty phrase.

Erroll touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Morny, old man—"

"For goodness' sake don't worry!" snapped Mornington irritably.

Erroll drew back, colouring. His study-mate, his best chum at Rookwood, had a rather uncertain temper. Erroll had had plenty of experience of its uncertainty. He was always very patient with Morny. Passionate outbreaks, which were common enough with the dandy of the Fourth, were generally followed by repentance; and the friendship between the two was too deep and strong to be easily shaken.

Erroll sat down again, and Mornington looked up. The black cloud vanished from his face at once as he looked at Erroll, and he smiled. Morny's smile was very winning sometimes.

"Sorry, old chap! Don't take any notice of me," he said.

"I won't!" said Erroll, smiling too.

"I'm a bear with a sore head now. The fact is, I was a bit of an ass to enter for the Head's prize."

"Not at all," said Erroll. "You've got as much chance as anybody in the Fourth or the Shell, I think."

"Excepting you," said Morny; "and you haven't entered. I believe because you knew I was goin' to."

"Rot!" said Erroll. "You've got a good chance, Morny, if you take care. But there's a limit to everything. You don't want to mug up Latin till your head spins. That's what you're doing now."

"Right on the wicket. My head's

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singin' like a hummin'-top with the dashed piffle!" yawned Morny. "Conjugations and declensions are jolting up against subjunctive moods and deponent verbs in my poor old brain-box, and I can hardly tell 't'other from which."

"You won't bag prizes that way, Morny. You want to keep yourself fit. Healthy mind in a healthy body, you know. You've been giving so much time to swotting lately you've mucked up your cricket."

Mornington frowned.

It had surprised his friends when he entered for a difficult Latin exam of his own choice; but the idea having seized upon his volatile mind, he had thrown himself into "swotting" with his usual passionate intensity. He had "put in" for the Head's Latin prize, and he worked at his self-imposed task as if his life depended on it. At the same time, he was not willing for one moment to relinquish his place in junior cricket. With his usual superb self-confidence he was going to run the two things together, which was scarcely feasible.

"You needn't rub that in, Erroll," he said rather sharply. "I had ill-luck to-day. After all, other fellows have scored duck's eggs and missed easy catches. Jimmy Silver's bagged duck's eggs before now—our great Panjandrum himself! I was feeling a bit off colour; fellow can't be always at the top of his form."

"I didn't mean to rub it in, old chap," said Erroll gently. "But the St. Jim's match is coming off soon, and you don't want to miss that."

"Not likely to miss it. It's our biggest fixture, excepting Greyfriars. I wouldn't miss it for worlds!"

"The House match to-day was a sort of trial game," said Erroll. "The skipper was judging the fellows on their form."

Mornington raised his head haughtily. "By gad!" he said between his teeth. "If Silver should make that affair to-day an excuse for dropping me out of the eleven—"

"Be reasonable, old man," said Erroll. "Silver's a decent chap, and he wouldn't want to find an excuse for dropping you. He'd be only too glad to play you if you could help the team to win."

"And can't I?" demanded Mornington.

Erroll did not answer. He could see that his chum was in an unreasonable mood, and a dispute was futile.

"Can't I?" repeated Mornington angrily. "Are you backing up those fools who howled 'Butter-fingers' at me this afternoon? Can't a fellow go in for a prize without chuckin' up cricket?"

"Certainly!" said Erroll. "But you're such a plunger, Morny. If you'd be a bit more moderate—"

"Oh, rot!" said Mornington irritably.

"I could swot every hour we have out of the Form-room and still play cricket as well as any chap in the Fourth. I'm not goin' to have Rawson baggin' the Head's prize away from me. And I'm not goin' to be dropped out of the eleven. I'm goin' to bag the prize, and I'm goin' to play in the St. Jim's match, or there'll be trouble!"

Erroll made no reply to that. There was no reply to be made. Morny turned to his books again, but his ill-regulated energy had recoiled on itself. He was tired, his head was aching, and the Latin danced before his eyes. He rose from the table with an impatient exclamation.

"I'm fed up!" he exclaimed. "Let's get out for a run in the fresh air. Ten minutes will do me good, and I can put in another grind before bed-time. I've got to get on with it."

Erroll suppressed a sigh. He knew that after his passionate burst of energy Morny was likely to let two or three days go by in slackness, and lose in that interval most of what he had gained. Steady application was not in Morny's line.

The two juniors left the study and moved towards the stairs. There were three or four juniors near the head of the staircase, all but one of them grinning. The one who was not grinning was Peter Cuthbert Gunner, the new junior in the Classical Fourth. Gunner was talking. He generally was. There was indignation in his tones.

"Would you fellows believe it?" said Gunner. "As soon as I knew there was going to be a vacancy I hiked off to Silver at once. And he said he would play me against St. Jim's—when do you think?"

"When?" chortled Tubby Muffin.

"When he plays them at marbles!" said Gunner, breathing wrath. "Marbles, you know—not at cricket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington stopped, with a rather curious expression on his face.

He tapped Gunner on the shoulder.

"What's that about a vacancy in the team?" he asked. "Do you mean the St. Jim's team?"

"Yes," grunted Gunner. "I heard Silver was dropping a man after the game to-day."

"I saw the list in his study," grinned Tubby Muffin. "He had it on the fable, and there was a name crossed out."

"Whose name?" asked Mornington, with outward calmness, though his heart was beating fast.

The fat Classical chuckled.

"Yours!" he answered.

"Mine?" said Mornington.

"He, he, he! Yes; after the way you mucked up the game to-day, you know—"

"Come on, Morny!" said Erroll. His chum turned back along the passage.

"I'm goin' to see Jimmy Silver."

"But—" said Erroll uneasily.

Mornington did not look at him. With a black expression on his face he strode away to the end study.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Mornington Cuts Up Rusty!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. had finished prep, and were chatting in the end study before going down. Jimmy had been taking the advice of his chums on the subject of the vacant place in the Rookwood junior eleven. With both the Classical and the Modern sides to choose from in making up a School eleven, Jimmy had plenty of material—in fact, so wide a range of choice that it was not easy to decide.

As Lovell was already in the team his council was quite disinterested. But Raby could only suggest a youth named George Raby, while Newcome backed up the claims of Arthur Newcome. Whereat Uncle James, of Rookwood, smiled a gentle, friendly smile. Only too gladly Jimmy would have put his best chums into the team for St. Jim's. But, good as they were, there were better men to be had, and the duty of a cricket captain came before all other considerations.

"Oswald!" was Jimmy's decision. "I can't help thinking that Oswald will fill the bill, as Morny's out."

"Well, he's a Classical, anyhow," said Raby. "Just like you to stick in

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LEFT OUT!

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another Modern, Jimmy, with four in already!"

"I'd stick in any old Modern if he was better than Oswald," answered Jimmy Silver serenely. "We've got to win the match for Rookwood. I'm sorry, you chaps. You're no end hefty in House matches, but when it comes to a School match—"

"Bow-wow!" said Newcome.

"Rats!" said Raby.

But Jimmy's chums took his decision quite amicably. They knew that Uncle James would have left himself out if there had been a prospect of improving the team thereby.

That decision had been come to, and the Fistical Four were thinking of adjourning to the Common-room downstairs, when Valentine Mornington tapped at the study door and opened it.

Jimmy Silver nodded to him agreeably. He had unpleasant news for Morny, or he thought he had, and he desired to break it as gently as possible. Jimmy hated hurting any fellow's feelings—he was sorry even to wound a fellow's unreasonable arrogance. But, with all his kindness of heart, Uncle James could be as firm as a rock when occasion required.

Mornington's manner was neither agreeable nor friendly. As a matter of fact, his late burst of energy at "swotting" had left him nervy and irritable, and he was prepared to quarrel with anybody just then.

"I've heard something from Muffin," he said. "Is it true that you've scratched my name out of the list for St. Jim's, Silver?"

"I really don't know how Muffin knows," said Jimmy. "I certainly haven't mentioned it to him."

"Is it true?" demanded Mornington.

"Quite!"

"You're leaving me out?"

"Can't be helped, Morny," said Jimmy Silver amicably. "The fellows were on their trial in the House match to-day, and you know how you played."

"So that's the excuse?"

Jimmy compressed his lips a little.

"No need for any excuse that I can see," he said tartly. "You played like a fag in the Second Form. That isn't the style to take over to St. Jim's for the toughest match of the season bar one."

"Well, there's some need for an excuse," said Mornington. "Even our mighty Panjandrum can't play with the junior eleven just as he pleases without giving a reason. Is that the best pretext you could think of for dropping me?"

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothin' to say?" asked Mornington.

"Nothing, if you're going to talk like that. Not much use wasting breath on you that I can see," said the captain of the Fourth.

"And you think I'm goin' to stand this?" asked Mornington, between his teeth. "Taken up and dropped just as you choose?"

"I don't see that you can do anything else. If you want to figure in School matches you must keep up to the mark. I'm leaving out two of my best pals because they're not up to the weight of St. Jim's," said the captain of the Fourth, "and either of them could play your head off in your present form."

"Rubbish!"

"Let it go at that!" sighed Jimmy Silver.

"Then you're not putting Raby or Newcome in my place?" sneered Mornington.

"I've said so."

"Who's the happy man, then?"

"Oswald of the Fourth."

"You set up Oswald as a better player than I am?"

"Not as a rule," said Jimmy patiently. "But he showed up well to-day, and you showed up rottenly. That settled it for the St. Jim's match."

"I'm not standin' it."

Another shrug from Uncle James. That kind of statement was not to be argued with. Arthur Edward Lovell broke in:

"Don't be a silly ass, Morny! You've got to stand it. Who the thump are you, anyhow?"

Mornington turned on his heel and swung out of the study, closing the door after him with a slam. Jimmy Silver smiled slightly. It was not his first experience of Morny's "tantrums," and those tantrums did not affect his equanimity in any way. He was sorry to see Morny "play the ox," as he would have described it, and that was all.

"Cheeky ass!" commented Lovell.

And with that the Fistical Four strolled out of the end study and went down the to Common-room, utterly unimpressed by Mornington's savage anger and resentment.

There was at least one fellow in the Fourth to whom the news of the change in the team was good news. That was Dick Oswald.

Oswald had worked hard at practice, in the hope of being selected, and now his ambition was realised. The following morning Jimmy Silver posted up the revised list, and Richard Oswald had the pleasure of reading his name there. Mornington looked at the list with a sardonic smile, and then looked at Oswald's smiling face.

"So you're goin' over to St. Jim's in my place, Oswald?" he said, with an unpleasant glitter in his eyes.

"Looks like it," said Oswald cheerily. "Sorry for you, Morny, and glad for myself. I'm in luck."

"Sure you'll be fit for the game?" asked Morny.

Oswald stared at him.

"I'm feeling pretty fit," he said, "and as the match comes off on Saturday, I don't see any reason why I should get out of form before then. What are you driving at, Morny?"

Mornington walked away without answering that question. Erroll, who had been looking on, followed his chum into the quadrangle with an uneasy look on his face.

"What have you got on your mind, Morny?" he asked, in a low voice.

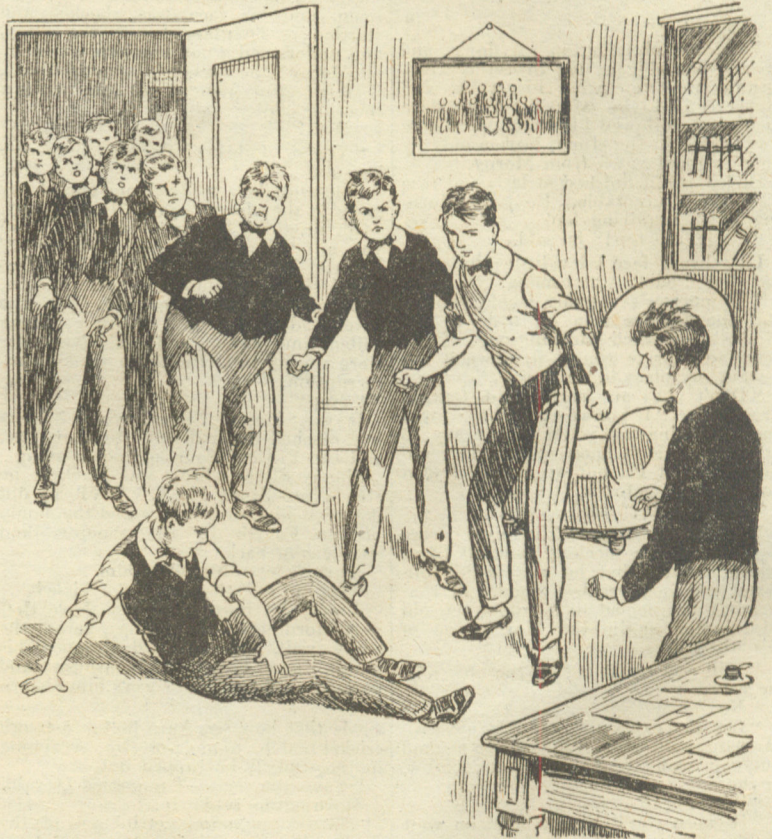
"Nothin'!"

"No good feeling ratty with Oswald," said Erroll. "Silver gave him the place without being asked."

"It's my place. If a fellow bags my place in the eleven, he can take the consequences!"

"What consequences?" asked Erroll sharply.

Mornington's lip curled.



ERROLL IS SHOCKED! Dick Oswald went down on the study carpet at last with a crash that made the dust rise from it. "Time it!" rapped out Flynn. Morny waited with an evil smile on his lips. Kit Erroll appeared in the doorway, and his face was shocked and startled as he glanced into the study. "Morny!" he exclaimed. "You're not fighting Oswald because he had been given your place in the team?" (See Chapter 4.)

"I'm not the kind of fellow to be treated like this," he said.

"Really, Morny, I wish you'd try to be a bit more reasonable," said Erroll, almost losing patience. "If you cut up rusty in this way, your temper will get to be a standing joke in the Form. It's childish!"

"That is your opinion?" sneered Mornington.

"Well, yes. I think—"

"You've told me enough of what you think," said Mornington; and he turned and walked away.

"Morny!" called out Erroll, in distress.

Valentine Mornington walked on without turning his head.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Nipped in the Bud!

DICK OSWALD was at prep in Study No. 6 on Friday evening, when Mornington came in. His study-mates, Hooker and Flynn, glanced up at Morny's face, and exchanged glances. It did not need a second look to discover that the dandy of the Fourth had come to Study No. 6 to look for trouble. Oswald was chasing an elusive verb through the Latin dictionary, and did not look up till Mornington spoke.

"Busy, Oswald?"

"Well, yes, rather," said Oswald. "Anything on?"

"I'll wait till you've finished," said Mornington politely.

"A good ten minutes yet," said Oswald.

"Right-ho!"

Valentine Mornington sat down, and crossed one elegant leg over the other. Oswald went on with his work, and Hooker and Flynn, after a curious stare at Morny, followed his example. There was silence in the study, broken only by an occasional yawn from Morny.

Dick Oswald finished at last, and rose from the study table. He gave Mornington an inquiring look.

"Go it, old top!" he said.

His cheery face set a little; he could see that trouble was coming.

"To-morrow's a giddy whole holiday for the fellows who go over to St. Jim's," remarked Mornington. "I'm sorry to deprive you of it, Oswald, but I want my place in the eleven."

"Don't be an ass!" said Oswald brusquely. "If you've come here for a row, Mornington, you'd better say so at once. I don't know whether I could lick you, but I'll put up a good try, if you're spoiling for it."

"Hear, hear!" said Flynn.

Mornington rose. His eyes were dancing with a mocking, wicked light, which showed that he was in his bitterest and most reckless mood. At that moment he seemed to be quite the old Mornington again—the Mornington of his worst days.

"Will you stand out of the eleven?" he asked.

"No!"

"Let me explain," said Morny with sarcastic politeness. "If you don't stand out, you won't be fit to play to-morrow, anyhow."

"Why not?"

"Because you'll have a fight on your hands this evening," said Mornington coolly. "Catch on? That's how I'm goin' to treat a pushin' cad who shoves himself into my place!"

Oswald flushed crimson.

"That's enough!" he said. "Put up your hands as soon as you like, Morny, THE POPULAR.—No. 382.

you rotter! Pull that table out of the way, you fellows!"

Oswald was a pacific enough fellow as a rule, but he was angry now.

Hooker and Flynn jerked the table and chairs away. They left the middle of the study free for the combatants.

No time was wasted. Mornington led off the attack, and Oswald met him half-way, and in a few moments they were going it hammer-and-tongs. Oswald was angry, and Mornington was implacable, and from the start there was heavy punishment given and taken.

"Time!" called out Flynn, with his eye on the clock.

Mornington dropped his hands and stepped back. Oswald leaned rather heavily on the edge of the table.

"Enough?" asked Mornington.

Oswald did not even answer. He waited for the call of time, and when it came he plunged into the fight again.

There was a scuffle of footsteps in the passage, and the door opened, and Tubby Muffin blinked in. The scuffling and trampling and panting in the study had brought Tubby to the spot.

"A fight!" exclaimed Tubby. "Go it, Oswald! I say, what are they fighting for, you fellows?"

Crash!

Dick Oswald went down on the study carpet with a crash that made the dust rise from it.

He lay and panted.

"Time!" rapped out Flynn.

Mornington waited, with an evil smile on his lips. Two or three juniors gathered round the open doorway, looking on. Kit Erroll appeared among them, and his face was shocked and startled as he glanced into the study, and understood what was happening.

"Morny!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

Mornington glanced at him with a sneering smile.

"Well?"

"You're fighting Oswald because—because—"

"Because he's wedged me out of my place in the eleven," said Morny coolly. "Got anythin' to say about it, or can you mind your own bizney for once?"

Erroll crimsoned. Dick Oswald staggered to his feet for the call of time, and came on again gamely. He was outclassed in the fight. Just as Flynn called time again, and the adversaries were closing in strife, there came an interruption.

"Stop!"

It was Jimmy Silver's voice. News had reached the end study by that time, and the Fistical Four had come along.

Jimmy Silver's brow was black as he strode into Study No. 6. As Morny did not heed his word, he grasped the dandy of the Fourth by the shoulder and swung him back.

Morny's eyes blazed at him.

"Let go my shoulder!" he hissed.

Jimmy let him go with a shove that sent Mornington staggering against the study wall. Oswald had dropped his hands, and he stood breathless and panting. Jimmy Silver gave him a stern look.

"Is that how you keep fit for a tough cricket-match to-morrow by scrapping in the study?" he rapped out.

"You—you see—" mumbled Oswald. Mornington broke in.

"Would you mind gettin' out of the study, Silver, until Oswald and I have finished our little argument?" he asked, with mocking urbanity. "Two more rounds will finish him, I think, and then I shall be at your service."

Jimmy Silver swung round on the dandy of the Fourth. For once Uncle James was in a towering rage.

"You blackguard!" he exclaimed. "Do you think I can't see your game? You want to knock Oswald out so that he can't play in the St. Jim's match to-morrow—"

"You're a giddy thought-reader!" said Mornington admiringly. "How do you spot these things?"

Some of the juniors crowded round the doorway laughed. But Jimmy Silver's face was angry and grim.

"It's a bit thick even for a swanking, evil-tempered rotter like you, Mornington!" said the captain of the Fourth. "You're not going to touch Oswald again. You've acted like a cad and a blackguard, and you're going to have a lesson. Collar him, you fellows!"

Mornington sprang back.

"Hands off!" he yelled.

"Collar the cad!" roared Lovell.

Mornington put up his hands and struck out fiercely as half a dozen juniors grasped him at the order of the captain of the Form.

For a few minutes there was a wild and whirling tussle in the study. Mornington, gasping with rage, struggled till he could struggle no longer. He came down on the hearthrug with a bump, and three or four pairs of hands pinned him there, face downwards. Jimmy Silver looked round, breathing hard.

"Give me a cricket-stump, somebody!"

"Here you are!" chirruped Tubby Muffin.

Jimmy took a firm grasp on the stump.

"If you dare to touch me with that stump—" gasped Mornington, choking with rage.

Whack, whack, whack!

The descending stump cut short Mornington's remarks.

The dandy of the Fourth struggled and wriggled, but he was well held, and the stump came down rhythmically swiftly, and vigorously.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Jimmy Silver was angry, and, like the prophet of old, he felt that he did well to be angry. Mornington wanted a lesson, and he was going to get it.

Twenty sounding whacks rang on Valentine Mornington, and then Jimmy Silver stopped, breathing rather hard.

"That will do!" he said. "That's enough for you, Morny. But be warned. Any more rot from you, and you'll get such a ragging you won't forget for whole terms! Will you promise to keep clear of Oswald now?"

"No!" yelled Mornington. "I—I'll—"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Will you give your word now?"

It was more than enough. Mornington turned up a white and furious face from the hearthrug.

"Yes; but I'll make you suffer for this, Jimmy Silver!"

"That won't worry me much," said Jimmy, throwing down the stump. "When you're cooler, Morny, I hope you'll be sorry for having played a dirty game like a cowardly blackguard. Get out, for goodness' sake!"

Mornington staggered from the study. His face was white, his eyes burning. He paused a moment in the passage to shake a fist at Jimmy Silver, and then he reeled against the passage wall.

"Come on, old fellow!" said a quiet voice.

And Kit Erroll slipped his arm through his chum's and led him away.

THE END.

(You must not miss next week's splendid long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, entitled: "By Hook or By Crook!")