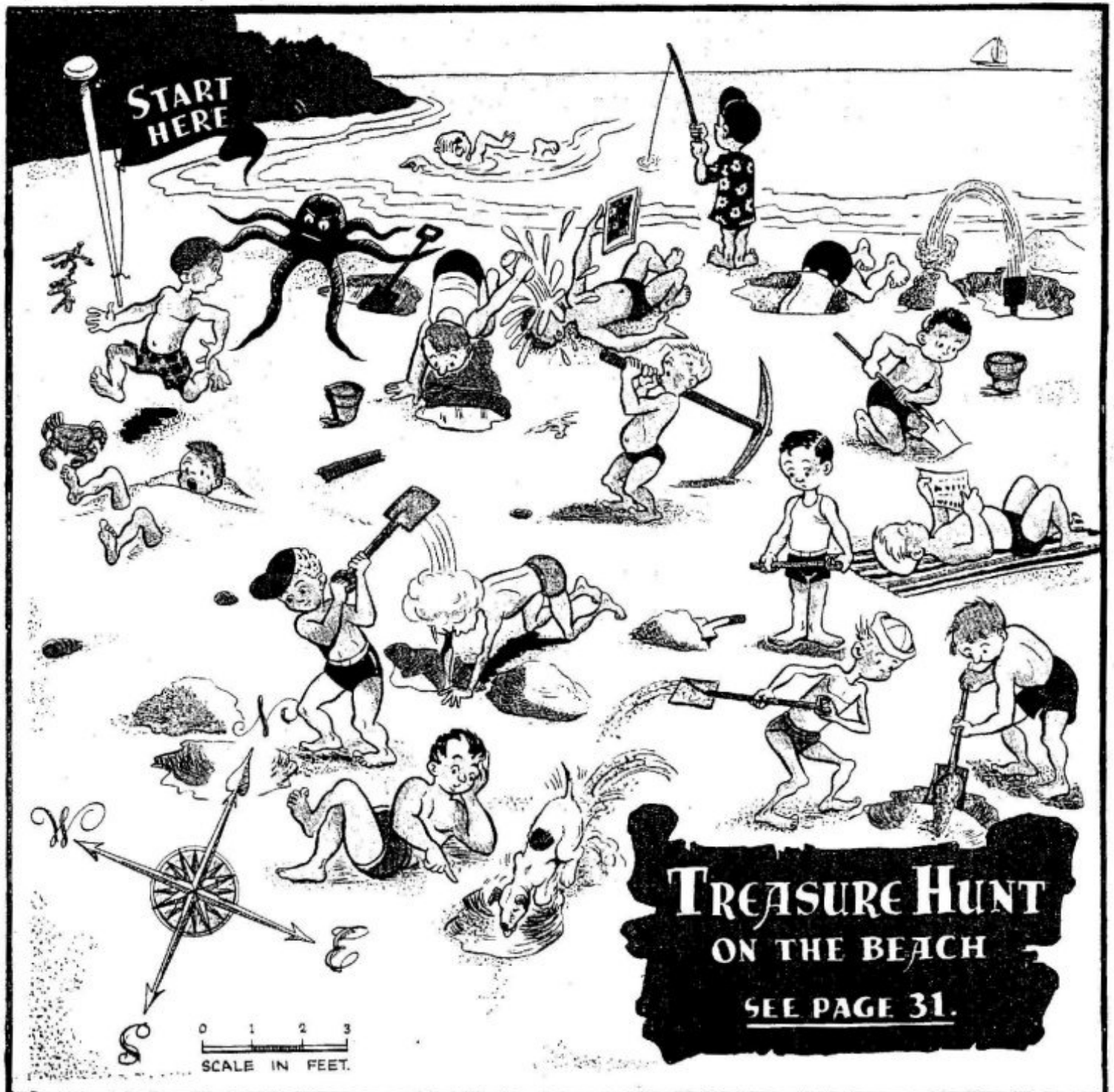


36 PAGES OF EXCITING ENTERTAINMENT!

THE **SILVER** VOL 2 **1** No 16
THE MAGAZINE FOR BOYS
JACKET

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodica.



THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!

Roger Sets It Right!



A GRIPPING STORY OF CARCROFT SCHOOL *By* FRANK RICHARDS.

"V.C.!" exclaimed Harry Compton. He was startled.

It was after lock-ups at Carcroft School. The lights of many windows gleamed out into the dusky old quad. The light should have been on, in this junior lobby, but it was quite dark there when the captain of the Fourth came in from the passage.

Compton, wondering who had turned off the light, switched it on. Then he saw why it had been switched off.

The lobby window was open. Half-out of the window was Dudley Vane-Carter, of the Fourth Form. Harry Compton stared at him, blankly, as he exclaimed.

V.C., with one leg over the window-sill, turned his head. He was startled, too. If it had been Roger Ducas, the master of the Fourth, who had caught him getting out of the lobby window after lock-ups, instead of Harry Compton, V.C. would have been booked for a painful interview in Roger's study. His eyes glistened at the captain of the Fourth as he stared round.

"Put out that light, you fool!" he breathed.

"Look here——!"

"Do you want me to get nailed?" hissed Vane-Carter. "Shut off that light."

Harry Compton hesitated a moment. Then he switched off the light, and the lobby was plunged in darkness again. He had his own opinion of V.C. and his manners and customs; but certainly he did not want to give him away. In the lighted window, Vane-Carter was a conspicuous object, and it was quite

possible that a "beak" might be walking in the quad.

"Look here, V.C.," said Harry, quietly, "cut that out! You're going out of bounds after lock-ups——"

"Mind your own business," snapped V.C.

"I rather think that it's my business, as you're making me a party to it," exclaimed Compton angrily. "It's risky, too. I saw Groom going out ten minutes ago—he might be in the quad——"

"The risk is mine, not yours!" sneered V.C. "If I run into the Fifth-form beak, it won't hurt you."

"Have a little sense," snapped Compton. "If you're missed at prep——"

"I shall be back long before prep. If you want to know, I've got to see a man about a horse, and he's waiting for me at the corner of Fir Lane." The Sportsman of Carcroft grinned. "Like me to put a ten-bobber on for you on the two-thirty to-morrow? You can get four to one on Nixey Nick. I can tell you he's a good horse."

"You shady sweep!!"

"Thanks! If that's the lot, I'll cut."

"I've a jolly good mind to hook you back by the collar——!"

"Oo—if you want your nose pushed through the back of your head."

"If Roger knew——!"

"Go and tell him!" sneered Vane-Carter. With that, V.C. slithered out of the lobby window and dropped to the ground.

Harry Compton made an angry stride towards the window. He was more than half-inclined to collar the

scapegrace of Carcroft and drag him back. But V.C. was outside now, and he grinned at the angry face in the dusk.

"You can go and sneak to Roger, if you feel like it!" he jeered. "Think I care a boiled bean for your pi-jaw?"

"You know I wouldn't, you rotter!" breathed Compton. "But——"

"Do I? I'm not so sure—you're so jolly pi!" But that V.C. did not believe what he said was evident the next moment, as he added, "Don't fasten that window after me—I've got to get in again."

"Serve you right if I did! I——"

"Oh, rats!"

Vane-Carter disappeared into the shadows of the quad, leaving the captain of the Fourth staring after him, rather regretting that he had not punched his head before he was out of reach. However, V.C. was gone now; and exasperated as he was, Compton certainly hoped that he would not be "nailed." When he left the lobby, he left the window unfastened, and left the light off; but it was in an angry mood that he went to join the crowd of Fourth-form fellows in the Burrow.

"HE, he, he!"

Turkey Tuck seemed amused as he rolled into the Burrow. His fat face wore a wide grin, and he chuckled with the musical effect of a Chinese cracker.

Nobody specially heeded Turkey. Turkey could have grinned and chuckled till the bell rang for prep, and nobody would have been interested. But a good many Fourth-form fellows gave heed when the grinning fat junior went on:

"Poor old V.C.! He's for it!" Harry Compton was talking cricket with his chums, Bob Drake and Dick Lee. But he forgot cricket as he heard that. It was only half-an-hour since he had seen V.C. surreptitiously getting out of the lobby window in the dark. He turned round quickly as Turkey made that announcement.

"What's that about V.C.?" he asked.

"Roger's nailed him!" grinned Turkey.

"What's V.C. been up to now?" asked Bob Drake.

"He's generally up to something," remarked Dick Lee. "But what is it this time, you fat gurgler?"

"Copped out of bounds in lock-ups!" said Turkey. "Roger must have copped him out of the House—I saw him walk him in." Turkey's fat grin expanded. "I say, Roger walked him off to his study! I heard V.C. say that he'd only got out for a stroll! He, he, he! Did Roger believe him? He, he, he!"

"Why not?" asked Lord Talboys. "Lovely evening for a stroll, even if it is after lock-ups."

"He, he, he! I fancy V.C.'s stroll had something to do with the races at Ridgate to-morrow," chuckled Turkey. "Roger wouldn't know; but I'll bet he could guess—he knows V.C. You should have heard the whops!"

"V.C. whopped?" asked Bob. "Sounded like beating carpet!" said Turkey. "Six of the best! I'll bet V.C. will be raging! I heard the whops from the corner of Masters' study. He, he, he!"

"V.C. asks for these things," remarked Lee, "but he's generally too jolly wary to be copped. I wonder how Roger got on to it this time."

"Roger's a downy bird," said Bob. "Is that what you're sniggering at, Turkey, you fat villain? Think it's funny for a fellow to get six?"

"He, he, he!" Turkey, apparently, thought it funny. "I say, Roger laid it on. I'll bet V.C. will have to do his prep standing up this evening. He, he, he! And I say—Oh, haddock! Yaroooop!"

Turkey broke off, with a wild howl, as a foot crashed on his plump trousers. Vane-Carter had followed him into the Burrow, and it was his foot that interrupted Turkey's remarks. That fat junior yelled and bounded.

"Ow! Wow! Who's that? Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Think that's funny, too?" snarled Vane-Carter. He lifted his foot again, and Turkey bolted round the table. Turkey was no longer amused.

Vane-Carter did not follow him.

He strode across to the spot where Harry Compton and Co. were standing. All eyes were upon him. His brow was black, and his eyes glinting. Evidently the Sportsman of Carcroft had been through it in Roger Ducas's study. V.C. was hard as nails; but "six of the best" told on him. And only too clearly he was in a flaming temper.

"You rotter!" he panted, his eyes flashing at Harry Compton.

The Carcroft Co. stared at him.

"What's biting you, V.C.?" asked Bob, good-temperedly. "Not our fault that you got six from Roger, is it?"

"It's Compton's fault!" said Vane-Carter, between his teeth. "You rotter! You cur! You gave me away to Ducas."

Harry Compton jumped.

"I!" he exclaimed.

"You!" V.C. almost yelled. "You

Roger—he couldn't have been waiting for me under the wall if you hadn't! He couldn't have known a thing. You rotter—you sneak—you tale-bearing rat—you—!"

"That's enough!" exclaimed Compton. "I tell you—"

"Pack it up, V.C.," snapped Bob; "Roger got on to it somehow—"

"Yes, and I know how—from Compton! I've had six from Roger—and now that sneaking rat is going to get something from me."

And with that, the infuriated Sportsman rushed, hitting out, Harry Compton had barely time to put up his hands before V.C. was upon him. The next moment they were fighting fiercely.

"A FIGHT!"

"Shut the door!" yelled Levett.

"Pile in, Compton!" exclaimed

Bob Drake.

ABOUT "THE CAR OF THE FUTURE"

You may be surprised to find that we are not announcing the prize-winners in this issue as originally intended when the competition was announced in our October issue. We have received so many excellent entries that we have decided to hold it over to next month when we can give it a bigger display and also carry the prize-winner in full colour on our cover. So watch out next month for the best ideas for the car of the future as submitted by Silver Jacketeers. If some of them are adopted by the car manufacturers we can look forward to some revolutionary motoring!



saw me getting out at the lobby and you just walked off and sneaked to Roger."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Harry, contemptuously. "You know that I did nothing of the kind."

"Draw it mild, V.C.," said Lord Talboys. "No sneaks in this form, ol' man. Don't be a goat!"

"I tell you he did!" shouted Vane-Carter. "Roger couldn't have known if he hadn't. Only Compton knew that I'd gone. And when I climbed in again, I dropped right into Roger's claws. He was waiting for me to get in—waiting on the watch for me! How did he know?"

"By gum!" said Levett, with a whistle. "If you gave V.C. away, Compton—" The captain of the Fourth interrupted him.

"Chuck it at that, Levett!" he said, his eyes gleaming at the cad of the Fourth. "Another word of that, and I'll boot you all round the room."

"Try it on me!" shouted Vane-Carter. "I say that you gave me away—you went and sneaked to

There was wild excitement in the Burrow. Drummond hastily shut the door: beaks and prefects were not wanted in the Burrow with a fight going on. A buzzing crowd of juniors surrounded the combatants. They were "going it" hammer and tongs. Vane-Carter's face was flaming with rage; Harry Compton's set and grim. He did not want a "row" with V.C., little as he liked his ways; but the accusation of "sneaking" was too much to be tolerated. He was more than ready to meet V.C. half-way.

V.C. evidently believed what he said. He had been "given away" or Mr. Ducas could not have been on the watch for him! That seemed certain to Vane-Carter—and only Compton knew that he had got out in lock-ups. Some of the fellows in the Burrow wondered whether he had it right. Everyone knew that the captain of the Fourth was "down" on V.C.'s wild ways; and how had Roger got wise to it? Roger, no doubt, was a "downy bird," but he was no magician.

"Give him beans, V.C.," yelled Levett.

"No sneaks wanted here!" chimed in Leath.

"Oh, shut up, you two!" snapped Lord Talboys, "Compton wouldn't

"Of course he didn't!" exclaimed Dick Lee, indignantly. "Knock it back down his cheeky neck, Harry."

"That's all very well," said Barrick major, "but how did Roger know?"

"Shut up, Barrick!"

"You shut up, Drum!"

"Oh, my hat! There goes Compton!" exclaimed Babbie.

Harry Compton, captain of the Carcroft Form, was a good man with his hands. But Vane-Carter's infuriated attack seemed to carry all before it. V.C. was, in fact, mad with rage, and he seemed to have twice his usual strength. Two or three minutes of hard punching were followed by Harry Compton going over under a tremendous jolt and sprawling on his back on the floor of the Burrow.

"Good man, V.C.," chuckled Levett.

Bob Drake ran to give his chum a helping hand up. V.C., panting, seemed hardly able to wait till his opponent was on his feet again. Harry Compton staggered, leaning heavily on Bob's arm. He had had a tremendous knock, and the crash on the hard oak had done him no good.

"Going on, old chap?" whispered Bob, anxiously.

Compton's eyes glittered as he panted for breath.

"Do you think I'm going to let that blackguard call me a tale-bearer!" he said between his teeth. "I'm going on till I've smashed him—or he me!"

"Are you coming on, you rat?" shouted Vane-Carter. "You can go and sneak to Roger again when we're through, and tell him I've licked you for telling tales."

V.C. had no time for more than that. Compton came on again with a rush, and it was hammer and tongs again.

This time it was Compton who gained ground. V.C. was driven back, with punch after punch, till he was driven to the wall. But there he rallied, and came on again, hard and fast, his eyes blazing over his rapid fists.

"Look here, what about rounds, and the gloves on?" exclaimed Lord Talboys. But no one heeded the Lizard. Gloves were invariably used in a "scrap" at Carcroft; but both the combatants were too angry and excited to care about that now. They punched with bare knuckles, and punched hard.

Both showed severe signs of damage. Compton's nose was

streaming crimson, and one of Vane-Carter's eyes was darkening. Neither seemed to care. There was a sudden rush as Harry Compton went down again.

"Licked!" gasped Levett.

But the captain of the Fourth was not "licked." He did not need a helping hand—he leaped to his feet again and came on as if, like Antaeus of old, he derived new energy from contact with mother earth. He fairly hurled himself at Dudley Vane-Carter, knocking his lashing fists right and left, and landing his knuckles on the Sportsman's chin with terrific force. V.C. gave a gasp and went over backwards as if a cannon-shot had struck him.

"Man down!" gasped Bob Drake.

Levett rushed to V.C.'s aid. He dragged the dizzy Sportsman to his feet. Vane-Carter, dizzy and dazed, leaned on him, panting, sagging. Harry Compton stood waiting. V.C. strove to pull himself together. At the moment there came a startled squeak from Turkey Tuck:

"Ware beaks!"

The door opened. Trampling feet and loud voices had evidently been heard beyond the Burrow. It was the portly form of Roger Ducas, master of the Fourth, that appeared in the doorway. V.C. neither heard nor heeded. He rushed at Harry Compton, his face flaming, his fists lashing.

"Stop!" Roger almost roared.

Even the maddened Sportsman stopped at that deep voice as Roger Ducas strode frowning in.

THERE was sudden silence in the the Burrow.

Mr. Ducas stood looking at the two breathless, panting, dishevelled juniors, and his frown intensified.

"Compton! Vane-Carter! How dare you!" Roger boomed. "You have been fighting—without even gloves! Both of you look disgraceful! What does this mean?"

Harry Compton did not reply. But Vane-Carter broke out savagely.

"If you want to know, sir, it means that we don't like sneaks in this form! A fellow who sneaks gets what he asks for."

Roger gave him a grim look.

"What do you mean by that, Vane-Carter?" he asked, very quietly.

"I mean what I say, sir!" V.C.'s passionate voice rang through the Burrow. "That rat gave me away. Yes, I know that I was out of bounds in lock-ups, and I'm not grousing because I got six for it! But Compton gave me away, and sneaks are not wanted here."

"Vane-Carter!" Roger's voice rumbled like thunder. "Are you

implying that Compton came to me to tell tales—and that I would listen to any boy in my form who did so mean a thing?"

"I know he did! I know——"

"You know nothing of the kind, Vane-Carter. Compton has not spoken to me. I knew that a boy of my form was out of bounds in lock-ups because Mr. Groom, who was walking in the quadrangle, saw him climbing the school wall. Mr. Groom very properly reported it to me, and that is how I knew, Vane-Carter, and why I was waiting for your return. I am glad to be able to set this matter right."

"Oh!" gasped Vane-Carter.

"I am afraid, Vane-Carter, that you have a suspicious and malicious mind, or you would not have suspected a schoolfellow so easily."

"Oh!" repeated V.C. rather blankly.

"But more serious than that," boomed on Roger, "is your implication that I, your form-master, would listen to a tale-bearer—that I would allow any boy in my form to act the base and mean part of an informer. That is an insult to me personally, Vane-Carter."

"I—I—I——!" V.C. stammered.

"If I had not caned you so recently, Vane-Carter, I should cane you most severely for so insulting a reflection on your form-master. I shall not cane you again; but you will write five hundred lines of Virgil, and go into Extra School for the next four half-holidays. And I trust," added Roger, grimly, "that this will help you to form a better opinion of me, Vane-Carter."

Roger Ducas billowed out of the Burrow. He left a dead silence behind him. Harry Compton smiled faintly. Vane-Carter gave him a shamefaced look. Bob Drake was the first to speak.

"Good old Roger!" he said. "Roger's a sport. Roger's set it right!"

"What have you got to say now, V.C.?" asked Dick Lee, scornfully.

Vane-Carter's damaged face crimsoned. There was good as well as bad in the scapegrace of Carcroft. For once, at least, V.C. was feeling utterly and thoroughly ashamed of himself. It was not easy for the arrogant Sportsman to eat humble-pie, and he turned towards the door without speaking. But he turned back again.

"Sorry, Compton!" he muttered.

"I—I was a fool, and—and rather a cad, too—sorry!" Then he grinned wryly. "You had me licked, anyway—and I jolly well deserved it! I might have known you better—and Roger better, too! Sorry!"

And with that, Dudley Vane-Carter hurried out of the Burrow without waiting for a reply.