

*A Splendid Long Complete Story of  
Jimmy Silver and Co., the Chums  
of Rookwood School*

BY OWEN CONQUEST

**THE FIRST CHAPTER**

**A Hot Time for the Fourth**

“WONDER where the Bootles bird is?” remarked Jimmy Silver of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood, as he came out of Hall after breakfast one morning with his chums Lovell, Raby, and Newcome.

“He wasn’t in Hall for breakfast.”

“Having it in his study, I expect, he sometimes does,” said Lovell carelessly.

“Ill, perhaps,” suggested Newcome.

“That’s just what I was thinking,” said Jimmy Silver. “He looked rather seedy yesterday. If so I’m sorry—Bootles is a good sort.”

“Not half a bad little chap for a Form-master,” said Raby considerably. “Wonder who’ll take the Form this morning if he is ill?”

“Bulkeley, I expect,” said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. “If so, we must mind our eye. We didn’t do much preparation last night, owing to the meeting about the footer.”

“That’s so,” said Lovell. “And Bulkeley is a lot stricter than Bootles, though he is such a good sort.”

“Yes, rather.”

The quartette looked rather serious. The prospect of having Bulkeley, the popular and efficient captain of the school, to take the Fourth Form in place of their mild and in-

dulgent little Form-master, on the very morning after they had unfortunately neglected their preparation in favour of a footer meeting, was enough to make them look serious.

“Bulkeley’s a good sport, after all,” said Jimmy Silver, brightening up. “If he gets on the warpath, we’ll tell him about the footer meeting; he knows how important junior footer is, after all.”

“He may think prep. is important, too, if he’s acting Form-master,” said Lovell, with a doubtful shake of the head.

“Oh, don’t croak, Lovell! No good meeting trouble half way, is it?” said Jimmy Silver warmly. “No time to swot the Latin up now. Anyway, let’s punt a footer about for ten minutes before school and chance it.”

“Hear, hear!”

And the four chums, known throughout Rookwood as the Fistical Four, devoted their energies to ten minutes’ strenuous exercise with a footer.

When the bell rang they trooped into the Fourth Form class-room with the rest of the Fourth, and sat down to await the arrival of their Form-master or of Bulkeley, as the case might be.

The next moment there was something like a gasp of consternation from the entire Form.

A sour-faced, severe-looking gentleman, in cap and gown, strode into the room.

He glared angrily at the dismayed Form.

"Cease this talking at once!" he rapped out. "Mr. Bootles, being indisposed, has asked me to take his Form this morning. I trust you have all prepared your lessons thoroughly, as I warn you I intend to stand no nonsense!"

"Manders by all that's unlucky!" breathed Jimmy Silver.

It was Mr. Manders, Master of the Modern side at Rookwood, the most unpopular master at the school. He was a short-tempered gentleman, with little sympathy for boys. There was no love lost as a rule between Mr. Manders and the juniors of the Classical Fourth. And the Form had a very distinct feeling that they were "in for it" that morning.

"Just our luck, by gad!" groaned Mornington, the dandy of the Form, to his chum Errol.

Mr. Manders' hearing seemed uncannily sharp that morning.

"Mornington, you were talking!"

"Oh, gad! Ye-e-e-es, sir!"

"Kindly repeat what you were saying to Errol."

"I—I—ahem!"

"Tell me at once, Mornington!" thundered Mr. Manders.

Mornington jumped.

"I—I said, 'Just our luck, sir.'"

There was a breathless silence. Mr. Manders' brow grew darker. He understood perfectly what Mornington referred to, but it was characteristic of him to pretend otherwise.

"Indeed, Mornington!" he said icily. "And may I inquire to what you were referring?"

"I—I meant that it was unlucky that Mr. Bootles was ill, sir."

"I see. And why do you think it so unlucky, Mornington?" said Mr. Manders sarcastically.

"I am sorry for Mr. Bootles, sir," said Mornington demurely.

A wise master would have let the matter drop there.

Lurking grins appeared momentarily upon the faces of more than one of the juniors, only to disappear as if by magic as the angry glance of Mr. Manders swept round the Form.

Mr. Manders was not a wise master, only a severe one, and he was out for trouble.

"You were not reserving any of your pity for yourself, then, Mornington?" he grated.

Mornington was silent. He scorned to deny what every fellow present knew he really meant.

"Just as I thought, Mornington," pursued Mr. Manders viciously.

"Your remark was nothing more or less than a piece of studied impertinence to myself. You will take two hundred lines, Mornington!"

"Yes, sir," said Mornington quietly.

Jimmy Silver's brow grew grim as the lesson proceeded. Jimmy hated tyranny of any sort, and Mr. Manders' conduct of the lesson that morning was nothing more or less than tyranny.

Mr. Manders's opportunities of making the full weight of his authority felt by the Classical juniors at Rookwood were limited. Being on the Modern side, he had to be content with bullying the Modern kids, as Lovell had once aptly put it.

But now he had an opportunity which he was mean enough to take advantage of. Had he been aware of what was going on in his Form-room, Mr. Bootles' tender heart would have bled for his unruly charges. Lines fell amongst them as thick as leaves in Val-lambrosa, and more canings were administered, and more severe ones, than Mr. Bootles usually inflicted in a month.

The two worst sufferers were Mornington and Cyril Peele, who were both chastised severely, in addition to receiving in all five hundred lines. Mornington was a reckless fellow, as he had often proved, and Peele was not popular, as a slacker and a member of the fast set, who were a small minority in the junior school. But the whole Form felt that Mr. Manders' treatment of them was "too thick" altogether. Every member of the Classical Fourth was the richer by at least a hundred lines by the end of that awful morning. When it dragged to a close at last the juniors streamed out of the Form-room in a state of simmering indignation.

"I knew Manders was a rotter, but blessed if I knew what a howling rotter he was till

## THE SECOND CHAPTER

### Companions in Misfortune

to-day!" burst out Arthur Edward Lovell, as the Fistical Four gained the sanctuary of their study at last.

"Lessons with that cad are worse than the Spanish Inquisition," growled Newcome. "Something ought to be done about it!"

"Hear, hear!" grunted Raby. "Can't we make the brute sit up somehow? It's too thick!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"It's a bit too thick, I know, chaps," he agreed. "Manders had a regular field-day this morning. But you can't back against a master, especially a fellow like Manders, without trouble, and serious trouble, too. Besides, it's all over now, too. I've inquired after Bootles. He's only got a cold, and will be in school again this afternoon. So we'd better forget old Manders."

"Forget him!" shouted Lovell. "What about my lines, ass?"

"And mine, chump?" grunted Newcome.

"And my licking, duffer?" added Raby very feelingly.

"Well, I got a licking and a hundred lines, too," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "But I'm not making a song about it, like you fellows. So dry up and take your Uncle James' advice, and forget it!"

And after a little worse grumbling, Jimmy Silver's chums took their Uncle James' excellent advice, as they had a habit of doing—and dried up and forgot it for the time being.

THERE were at least two members of the Fourth Form, however, who were not prepared to forget so easily the treatment they had received that morning from the hands of Mr. Manders.

Cyril Peele, with his eyes burning and his hands thrust deep into his trousers pocket,

was tramping savagely to and fro in a little-frequented corner of the playing-fields after school, when he was confronted by the figure of Mornington of the Fourth.

Mornington, cool and careless as usual, looked at Peele with a mocking smile on his reckless features.

"How are you feeling, dear boy?" he drawled; and Peele scowled.

"That brute Manders has given

me beans," he burst out savagely. "But I'll get even with him yet!"

Mornington grinned sardonically.

"Feelin' pretty bad still, what?"

"Of course, you fool!" snarled Peele. "I've got five hundred lines to do, and I'm feeling sore all over. That beast gave me three on each hand, and later on he bent me over and gave me six stingers. I'm not standin' it, I tell you!"



Mornington laughed his mocking laugh again.

"You'll find it more comfortable to stand than to sit for a bit, dear boy."

"Oh, rats!" growled Peele. "If that's all you've got to say to a chap——"

"Not at all, dear boy," drawled Mornington. "I got just the same as you did, five hundred lines and two lickin's, not bad for one morning, was it? I'm just sympathisin' with you."

"I'm not standing it, I tell you!" said Peele, his eyes burning. "I'm going to——" he stopped abruptly.

"You're going to what?" asked Mornington, looking at him curiously.

"Never mind!" said Peele.

"I do mind," said Mornington quietly. "I think Manders is a bullyin' cad, and I want to see him made to sit up, the same as you, dear boy."

Peele looked at him quickly.

"Then you've got an idea for paying him out, is that it?"

Mornington laughed softly.

"I may have," he said coolly. "But I thought perhaps you had one yourself, dear boy."

"Then——"

"Then a little chat together wouldn't do any harm, would it?"

Peele looked at Mornington long and searchingly. In the past these two had been in more than one shady adventure together, but latterly Mornington had set himself to run straight, leaving Peele to pursue his dubious paths alone. But Mornington's old reckless nature was still there, as all Rookwood knew, though he now seemed able to confine its escapades within the bounds of schoolboy honour.

"Honest Injun, Mornington?" said Peele. "Honest Injun——" said Mornington, with a laugh.

He fell into step with Peele, and the two walked up and down together, and were soon talking earnestly, in low tones.

Jimmy Silver and Co. swung by arm in arm.

"Hallo, you don't often see those two together now," remarked Lovell, regarding the pair with interest.

"Companions in misfortune, I suppose," said Jimmy Silver sympathetically. "They did get it hot from that beast Manders this morning and no mistake."

"The poor beggars are sympathising with one another," said Newcome. "Let 'em alone."

"Yes, rather! They're feeling pretty bad, I guess, and no wonder," said Raby.

And the Fistical Four passed on.

And, until the bell brought them into Hall for dinner with the rest of Rookwood, Cyril Peele and Valentine Mornington remained in close and earnest confabulation.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER

### Fagging for Carthew

"WILL you be wanting a fag this evening, Carthew?"

This question was addressed by Valentine Mornington, in tones of unusual mildness to Mark Carthew, the most unpopular prefect on the Classical side at Rookwood.

Mark Carthew stared at the propounder of this amazing question in some surprise, and with some reason. Mornington had deliberately waylaid the prefect to ask it, and the prefect was hardly able to believe his ears.

Fagging for Carthew was not a popular pastime among the juniors of the Classical side at Rookwood. As a prefect, Carthew had a right to fag juniors, but his bullying propensities were so well known that it was only by "force majeure" that he was ever able to take advantage of this privilege. And here was a junior actually "asking for it." It was quite natural that Carthew should be suspicious.

He frowned at Mornington with a suspicious look.

"What's that, you young sweep?"

"I was just asking if you would be wantin' a junior to fag for you this evenin'," said Mornington mildly. "I hear you are thinkin' of having a little party in your study, so I thought of offerin' my services."

Carthew frowned again.

It was true that he had arranged a little party for a surreptitious smoke and a game of cards in his study that evening—two pas-

times to which Carthew was much addicted, in spite of the fact that they were very naturally frowned upon by the authorities at Rookwood.

Carthew took a step forward, and laid a rough grasp upon Mornington's shoulder.

"What's your little game, you young rascal?" he rasped. "Are you looking for a hiding?"

"No fear!" replied Mornington promptly.

"But, honest Injun, Carthew, I'll fag for you at your party this evenin', if you like."

"How do you know anything about it?" demanded the prefect roughly.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"Oh, these things get about, you know, Carthew," he said coolly. "You know I'm not a goody-goody sort, and I don't care a rap if you smoke and play cards all night! Here! Wharrer you at?"

Carthew was shaking him until the junior's teeth almost rattled in his head. A momentary gleam of battle came into Mornington's eyes, but faded as quickly.

"You cheeky young whelp!" hissed Carthew.

"Oh, that's enough, Carthew!" said Mornington, coolly. "You can't come that game with me, you know. Remember that I've played cards with you myself before now."

This was true in Mornington's early, reckless days, and Carthew, as he realised it, released his grip on the junior's shoulder.

"It's straight goods, Carthew," said Mornington, coolly, as he smoothed down his ruffled jacket and collar. "I know you've got a party to-night, and I'm offering to fag for you. You know I sha'n't give you away, and I don't want to play, either. I've finished with that. But I've got nothing much to do for prep., and I'm making a straight offer to fag for you till bedtime, if you like."

Carthew paused.

It was true that it would be a great convenience to have a fag to get his study ready for the little party and to wait on his guests. But he had not dared to press any of the juniors into service for this purpose. There was too much talk at Rookwood already about his shady doings, in Mark Carthew's opinion.

But Mornington was quite different from the ordinary run of juniors, as Carthew well knew.

He could be trusted, if he gave his word, not to give the show away. For some reason of his own, he had made up his mind to offer his services voluntarily. What that reason was Carthew could not guess. Perhaps he wished to get away from his study-mates for the evening. Under the circumstances, Carthew felt tempted to accept his offer. But he was still suspicious.

"If this is one of your Fourth Form games, I'll fag you, Mornington, if I'm sacked for it, and so I warn you!" he said darkly.

Mornington laughed.

"It's no use trying that game on with me, Carthew," he said coolly. "You know you can't frighten me. I tell you it's a straight offer. It suits me to fag for someone this evening, for reasons of my own. If you don't accept my services, I shall offer them to Bulkeley—in fact, all round the Sixth till I get a job. But you've been pretty decent lately—that is, you haven't tried to bully me." Carthew glared. "So I thought I'd give you first offer, especially as I knew you'd got some friends comin'. And that's all there is to it!"

Carthew looked at him hard, and made up his mind.

"Very well, Mornington," he said, speaking civilly with an effort. "Come to my study as soon as you've finished your prep—"

"Oh, blow prep.!" said Mornington impatiently.

"Well, as soon as you like, then," said Carthew, looking at him curiously. "I can find plenty for you to do until bed-time, if you are willing to make yourself useful."

"Right-ho, Carthew. That's a bargain!"

And Mornington strolled away, leaving Carthew looking after him in a somewhat puzzled frame of mind.

Afternoon school under the returned Mr. Bootles passed off quite quietly and pleasantly for the Fourth Form.

Mornington indulged in half-an-hour's football practice before tea, and when the time for preparation arrived, when the juniors at Rookwood were supposed to prepare their lessons for the next day in the privacy of their studies, Mornington repaired to the

Sixth Form passage, and knocked at the door of Carthew's study.

"Come in!" growled Carthew.

"Here I am, Carthew!" said Mornington cheerfully. "All ready an' willin' to fag for you, like a little lamb, dear boy!"

"Well, set to work and tidy up the study!" grunted Carthew ungraciously. "Clear up the tea-things and put the green cloth on the table, and look sharp about it!"

"Right-ho, dear boy!" grinned Mornington.

He set to work industriously, and agreeably surprised Carthew by his neatness and dexterity. There were few things Mornington could not do, if he had a mind to.

He had not been at work ten minutes, while Carthew was lazing in front of his fire in the armchair, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" sang out Carthew.

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, put his head in the door.

He nodded to Mornington.

"Hallo, youngster! What are you doing here?"

"Just faggin' for Carthew, Bulkeley," said Mornington demurely.

"Done your prep?"

"More or less," said Mornington, with a grin.

"Carthew will help me with it later, if—

necessary, Bulkeley. I'm just tidying up his study a bit."

"Oh, all right!" said Bulkeley. "I just looked in to tell you, Carthew, that you're playing in goal for the first eleven to-morrow."

"Oh, good!" said Carthew.

"We start off directly after breakfast, to get to Crayton for lunch," continued Bulkeley. "It's a long railway journey,

with several changes, so we have to start early. You'll be ready?"

"Rely on me," said Carthew, with satisfaction.

"The Crayton Wanderers are a pretty tough crowd, but I think we shall beat 'em. You'll have to look out in goal, though, Carthew."

"You bet!" said Carthew.

"All serene, then!" said Bulkeley; and the captain of Rookwood disappeared.

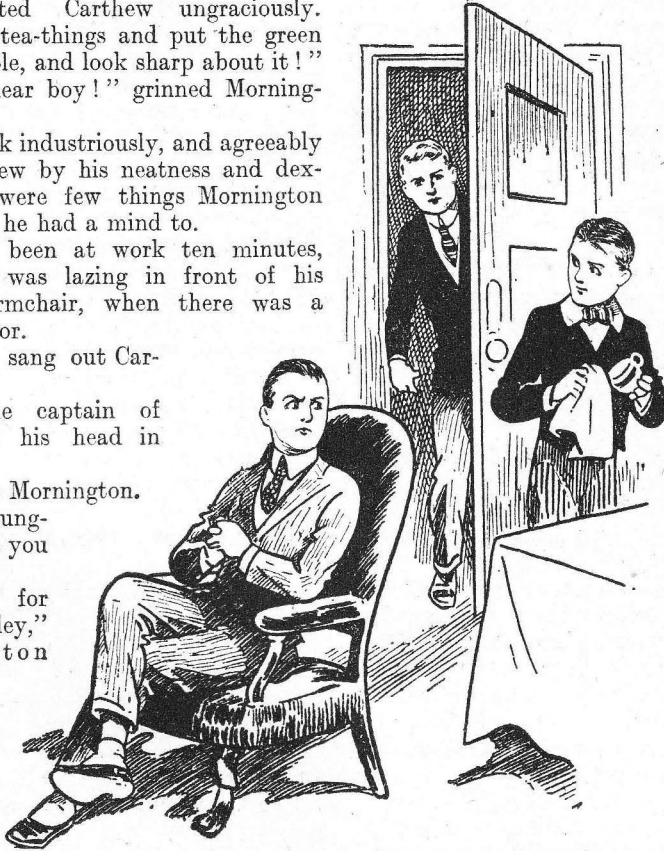
"Playing for the first to-morrow, eh?" said Mornington. "Hadn't you better call your little party off, Carthew? Smokin' over-night's no good for footer, you know!"

"Mind your own business!" snapped Carthew.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. After all, it was a matter of indifference to him what Carthew did. It was Carthew's affair, not his.

But Mornington knew what view Bulkeley would have taken had he known of Carthew's little party. It is quite safe to say that, in that case, Carthew would have found himself left out of the team for the morrow's match.

Before long the guests began to arrive. Knowles, the Modern prefect, and Townsend and Topham, and a couple of other misguided



"Hallo, youngster, what are you doing here?" asked Bulkeley, putting his head in at the door. "Just fagging for Carthew, Bulkeley," said Mornington demurely. (See this page.)

youths with whom Carthew kept on friendly terms for his own shady purposes.

Mornington grinned sardonically to himself, but he said nothing. He busied himself in silence, waiting on the guests and making them coffee in the manner of a perfect fag. Indeed, Carthew had never had such satisfactory service from a fag before, and he grew quite amiable towards Mornington, even inviting him to join in a game. But Mornington only smiled and shook his head, and went on with his ministrations.

He was so employed right up to bed-time, when he said a quiet "Good-night" to the assembled gay dogs and cut off to the Fourth Form dormitory.

"Where have you been all the evening, Morny?" asked his chum Erroll, looking at him somewhat anxiously.

"Oh, just amusin' myself!" replied Mornington, with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders.

And that was all anyone could get out of him.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER

### A Fearsome Apparition

"COMING for a run round Little Side before bed?"

Thus Tommy Dodd, the redoubtable leader of the Fourth Formers on the Modern side at Rookwood, to his bosom chums, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, as he closed his Latin grammar with a bang by way of a signal that his prep. was finished.

Tommy Cook gave an unenthusiastic grunt and Tommy Doyle yawned.

Dodd glared at them.

"Well, aren't you fatheads coming?" he demanded warmly. "I suppose you haven't taken to slacking in your old age?"

"Nunno! But——"

"You see——"

"I see a pair of duffers who are trying to think out an excuse for not coming for a run before bedtime!" said Tommy Dodd darkly. "Haven't we got a match on with the Classical asses next Saturday?"

"Ye-e-es, but——"

"But be blowed!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd forcibly, if not politely. "You're

coming, my infants! Follow your Uncle Tommy!"

"It's cold!" ventured Tommy Cook dubiously.

"Faith, an' I believe it's freezing!" said Tommy Doyle.

Tommy Dodd simply glared at his study mates, and beneath that withering glance they looked a little sheepish.

"Well, supposing it is cold, what about it?" bellowed the Modern captain. "Since when have you been afraid to go out on a cold evening? Blessed if I know what the Modern side at Rookwood's coming to!"

"Oh, keep your wool on, Tommy darling!" said Doyle. "We're coming!"

Tommy Dodd snorted as he led the way from the study. As leader of the Modern Fourth, Tommy Dodd, naturally, took it upon himself to keep the Modern juniors up to the mark; and he was very much "down" on anything that savoured of slacking. Sometimes his chums wished he were not quite so energetic.

There was a pale moon in the star-spangled sky, and the air was keen and dry as the three Moderns emerged from the door of the house and started off on their run at a brisk pace.

Once they were on the move, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle enjoyed the exercise as much as their energetic leader.

Right round Little Side they ran, and round the old Quad, finishing up with a spurt at "hundred" pace towards the door of the Modern House again.

As they pulled up, panting, on the doorstep, the sound of loud and excited voices floated to their ears from the direction of the school gates.

"Hallo, what's that?" exclaimed Dodd, pricking up his ears. "Sounds like old Mack getting excited about something!"

"Faith, an' we'll cut over and see!" said Doyle. And the three ran lightly off towards the big gates.

"Which I don't know yer! Wot are yer doing here, that's what I says!"

The loud and angry tones of old Mack, the school porter, showed that he was thoroughly disturbed.

"We may be wanted here!" panted Tommy Dodd, as the three spurted up to where two figures could be seen in the moonlight. The next moment he gave a gasp of astonishment.

"M-my hat! What on earth——"

They had reached the figures now. One of them was easily recognisable as the school porter. It was the other figure that made Tommy Dodd gasp in astonishment.

It was the figure of a rather tall and bare-headed man, but who or what he was it was impossible to distinguish in that half-light. For he was covered and plastered from head to foot with clogging, slimy mud, which dripped from him at every movement. And the odour given off by the mud was more powerful than pleasant.

The three Tommies simply gasped at the amazing figure.

"Hout of it! Hout yer go, or I'll put yer!" shouted the angry porter. "How yer got in 'ere beats me, fer I knows yer didn't get in through the gate! Climbed over, I s'pose, yer varmint! Hout yer goes!"

"Who—what is it, Mack?" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"Well yer may ask, Master Dodd!" snorted Mack. "'E ain't said a word yet, only tried to dodge me! But I ain't going to be dodged! 'Elp me to chuck 'im out, Master Dodd!"

"What—ho!"

Tommy Dodd and his two chums made a step towards the horrible, smelly, squelching figure, and then paused.

The next moment they all three jumped at least a foot into the air. For the fearsome figure spoke at last!

"Fool! Dolt! Let me pass, can't you!" hissed a concentrated voice. "Can't you see I'm Mr. Manders!"

"M-m-mum—Mr. Mum-Manders!" gasped the three Tommies and Mack together.

"Yes, Mr. Manders!" snapped the concentrated voice which was indeed the voice of Mr. Manders. "Do you think I want the whole school attracted here, to see me in this state! Let me pass, fool!"

Old Mack fell back, his eyes nearly starting out of his head.

"Oh, lor!" he gasped. "My heye! Mr. Manders!"

The figure squelched forward in the direction of the Modern House door, the porter making no further attempt to stop it. Old Mack knew Mr. Manders too well to ask any further questions.

"My heye!" he muttered, turning away towards his lodge like a man in a dream. "Mr. Manders! Then he came in by the private wicket, of course! But what a state! My heye!"

And Mack almost staggered off, still muttering.

Tommy Dodd and Co. stood momentarily rooted to the spot, until they were recalled to their senses by the furious voice of their House-master.

"Slip into the house, and let me in by the side door, Dodd!" snapped Mr. Manders, striving to control his rage. "Some scoundrel—some unmitigated young scoundrel belonging to this school—is the cause of my being in this abominable state!"

"G-good gracious, sir?" mumbled Tommy Dodd, looking quite dazed. But almost mechanically he cut off to the Modern House, to do as he was bid. The fearsome figure was evidently Mr. Manders, without a doubt; but how he had got into that state, Tommy Dodd could not even guess.

Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle accompanied their House-master in stupefied silence. Mr. Manders fumed and raged as he strode along.

"There shall be an inquiry into this! Someone shall pay dearly for this—this unexampled outrage!" he stuttered as he strode along. "I trust——" The mud-plastered figure turned threateningly upon the two Tommies. "I trust you two boys have no knowledge of this—this dastardly plot against me!"

"Us, sir? Nunno," said Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle in chorus promptly, and with perfect truth.

"I shall be sorry," grated Mr. Manders, "for the miscreant when he is discovered—as discovered he shall be!"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

Mr. Manders had by this time arrived at



the side door of the Modern House, which Tommy Dodd was holding open for him, with a slightly scared expression on his face.

Mr. Manders stamped in, squelching mud at every step.

"Get off to bed at once, you three!" he snapped. "Groo-ooch!"

His last ejaculation was an involuntary one, as a quantity of muddy water splashed into his mouth. He squelched furiously off towards his room, while Tommy Dodd & Co. made themselves scarce without delay.

"My hat!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd, when they had regained the security of their own study. "What a go! Did you ever see such a sight?"

"Never!" said Tommy Cook, with emphasis.

"Poor old Manders!"

"Faith, an' he's a sight intirely!" said Tommy Doyle.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Now that the three Tommies were no longer in the presence of their bad-tempered House-master, the humour of the situation struck them, and they could afford to smile.

Mr. Manders was not popular with his boys, so that his plight suddenly struck them as extremely funny. They roared.

"Ha, ha! What a guy!" almost sobbed Tommy Dodd. "He looked like a walking mud-heap!"

"What a niff, too!"

"And wasn't he in a bate, begorra?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The question is, who did it?" gasped Tommy Dodd, at last, wiping his eyes. "He said it was a Rookwood chap—he must have been pushed into the ditch, I suppose!"

"That's it! The ditch along the edge of the Coombe road!"

"But who did it, begorra?" repeated Tommy Doyle.

The three Tommies looked at one another.

"Jolly lucky for us Manders found us running round the quad," he said.

"He could not suspect us, as it happens. If he would?"

The other two Tommies nodded sagely.

Mr. Manders usually suspected them—and with some truth, it must be confessed—of being at the



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bottom of most of the "rags" of the Modern juniors. But this was a more serious affair, and the three Tommies congratulated themselves on having clear consciences in the matter.

"It must have been someone who had a down on him, for some reason," said Tommy Dodd. "A senior, perhaps."

"Might have been a junior," said Tommy Cook. "It would be quite easy for anyone to have jumped out on him, and barged him into the ditch, as he was coming along the road. A junior could have done it."

"Begorra, y're right!" said Tommy Doyle. "What about Mornington?"

"Mornington?"

The three Tommies looked at one another quite seriously. Mornington! This was just like one of Mornington's old reckless tricks. And Mornington had been one of the juniors who had suffered most severely under Mr. Manders that morning.

"Mornington!" repeated Tommy Dodd, slowly. "By jove! It's just like old Mornny, too. I believe you've hit it, Tommy Doyle."

"Mornington! The reckless ass, it's quite likely!" said Tommy Cook. "My hat! There'll be a row about this!"

"There will!" said Tommy Dodd, with conviction. "But, anyway, we know nothing about it, or about Mornington either, my infants! Not a word! If Manders wants to know who did it, let him find out!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Bedtime now!" said Tommy Dodd, jumping up. "My hat! It'll be something to tell the fellows about in the dormitory, how our respected House-master came home to-night!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the three Tommies went off to bed, and to impart to their school-fellows the joke of Mr. Manders peculiar homecoming that evening.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER

### Who Did It ?

THE story was all over Rookwood the next morning, naturally. Old Mack's version of it was even more startling than that of the three Tommies. The whole school knew that Mr. Manders had been pushed into the wide ditch that bordered the Coombe road, the previous evening, by some person or persons unknown; but believed, at any rate by Mr. Manders, to belong to Rookwood.

Who did it ?

That was the question that was on every-one's lips. There was very little sympathy felt for Mr. Manders, especially in the junior school. Bulkeley was heard to express the opinion that it was a bit too thick even for Manders.

But most of the juniors felt that it served the sour-tempered master right.

The Fourth Form especially, who had suffered so severely under Mr. Manders the previous evening, openly rejoiced. And when the question, "Who did it?" was asked in the fourth, a good many fellows looked at Mornington.

Valentine Mornington was the fellow who had "got it hot" from Mr. Manders that morning. His reckless nature was a by-word in the Fourth. And it soon leaked out that he had been absent from his study during preparation hours the previous evening. No one seemed to know where he had been.

Many curious, and even admiring, glances were directed at Mornington. One or two fellows even asked him in a whisper if he knew anything about the matter. To all of whom Mornington replied with a cool smile and a shrug of the shoulders. "Find out!" was all he could say. And it was noticed that his chum and study mate, Kit Erroll, looked troubled and uneasy.

The First Eleven team, who set off for their match against Crayton Wanderers at an early hour, departed almost unnoticed amidst the general excitement.

A crowd of juniors gathered in the Junior Common Room after breakfast, eagerly discussing the amazing occurrence. Mornington was there, unconcernedly reading a book with his chum, Kit Erroll sitting silent by his side.

"I'll bet old Manders makes a shindy about this!" said Conroy. "He'll move heaven and earth to find out who did it!"

"Faith, an' he'll want to scalp someone, that's certain!" said Flynn, the Irish junior.

"There he goes!" said Pons, suddenly looking out of the open door. "Going to the Head's study, by Jove! I thought so!"

"Now look out for squalls!" said Newcome.

Erroll glanced round uneasily.

"Mornny, old man," he whispered. "Where were you last night when I was doing my prep. in the study, I mean?"

Mornny glanced up from his book.

"Never mind that, old boy," he said, with a smile.

"Mornny!" Erroll's tone was almost be-

seeching. "Why don't you tell me? If--if you've been doing anything reckless--"

Morny smiled again whimsically at his anxious chum.

"That's all right, Kit! Don't you worry!"

Erroll shook his head sadly. He knew Mornington's reckless nature, against which he had had many a hard fight. Erroll was devotedly attached to the wilful junior, to whom he had stuck loyally through thick and thin. It was owing to Erroll's devotion that Mornington was such a much better fellow than he had been when he first came to Rookwood.

He had almost succeeded in living down his reckless past. What if he had ruined all by an act which, if brought home to its perpetrator, could only lead to expulsion? Erroll's heart grew leaden at the thought.

Mornington, with another smiling glance at his dejected chum, shut his book, yawned and stretched himself.

"Time to be getting along to the form room," he said cheerfully. "Comin', Erroll?"

Kit Erroll got up with him in silence.

Curious glances followed them as they left the Common Room.

"Keep your pecker up, Morny, old scout!" said Raby.

"And mind your eye!" added Newcombe, in a tone of friendly warning.

"Oh, rats!" laughed Mornington, taking Erroll's arm.

"He's a cool beggar, even if he is a reckless bouncer!" said Gower, half admiringly.

"Oh, shut up, Gower!" growled Jimmy Silver, following Mornington out.

Jimmy Silver was puzzled and uneasy.

The Fourth Form seemed to take it for granted that Mornington had done it this time, and Jimmy knew that the rumour would spread throughout the school, and was bound, sooner or later, to get to the ears of the prefects, or masters, and thence to those of Mr. Manders and the Head. And in that case Jimmy trembled for Mornington, having a sincere regard for that reckless fellow since he had shown a real desire to play the game.

Whether Mornington was actually guilty of the outrage Jimmy did not know, of course. He did not know what to think about that.

But he could see plainly that, in the event of an inquiry, which was certain, the evidence would look very black against him, whether he were guilty or not. The only hope was that the culprit would be discovered in someone else. And Jimmy did not think, somehow, that that was very likely. In Jimmy's opinion, Morny was in a very tight place.

Mr. Bootles looked very grave when he came into the Fourth Form room that morning a little late. The juniors guessed that he had come straight from the Head's study, hence his lateness, and the distressed expression on the little gentleman's face showed that he had not had an enjoyable time there.

His glance rested upon Mornington for a moment as he came in. He settled himself at his desk and cleared his throat.

"Er--hem! My boys, a very--hem--grave and regrettable occurrence has taken place, an occurrence which--hem--can only be described as an outrage," said Mr. Bootles in a pained voice. "It concerns a--hem--most respected master in this school!"

There was a dead silence in the Form.

"I believe you all know--hem--to what I am referring," went on Mr. Bootles. "And I should like to ask you all here assembled"--Mr. Bootles's eye swept round the silent room--"one--hem--one question. Were any of you boys concerned in the outrage perpetrated upon Mr. Manders last night?"

In the breathless hush that followed his words a pin might have been heard to drop. The murder was out now, with a vengeance!

Instinctively many eyes turned upon Mornington. Mr. Bootles noticed it, and his eyes, too, turned upon that junior with a gleam of sternness in them.

"Mornington!" He spoke quite sharply. "Mornington, kindly stand up!"

Without a word, Mornington unconcernedly stood up.

"Mornington! I should like to repeat to you, directly and personally, the question I have already put! Did you, last night, so far forget yourself as to perpetrate the outrage I have alluded to upon Mr. Manders?"

Every eye turned upon Mornington.

An expression of polite surprise showed upon that junior's countenance.

"I, sir?"

"Yes, you!" said Mr. Bootles sternly.

"Certainly not, sir!" said Mornington quietly.

There was an in-drawing of breath from the Fourth.

"Very well, Mornington," said Mr. Bootles heavily after a brief pause. "The Headmaster's instructions are that you are to proceed to his study immediately."

"Certainly, sir!" said Mornington cheerfully. And he walked over to the door with a firm, almost jaunty, step, and left the room.

"We will now proceed with our Caesar," said Mr. Bootles.

And the Fourth Form, greatly intrigued, proceeded to try to concentrate their attention upon the works of that great Latin author.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER Condemned!

MORNINGTON tapped at the door of the Head's study, and marched in. In spite of his cool demeanour, the junior's heart beat fast.

The moment he had been anticipating had come at last!

As he expected, Dr. Chisholm was seated at his desk, and by his side stood Mr. Manders. The Housemaster looked very pink, as if he had recently scrubbed his face hard—as indeed he had! His eyes gleamed malevolently as the junior came in.

"Mornington!" said the Head, in an ominous voice. "Mr. Manders here informed me this morning of an unprecedented outrage that was perpetrated upon him last night!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Returning from Coombe after dark, he was suddenly sprung upon, and, taken unawares, was pushed into the deep ditch which borders the road!"

"I was hurled violently into the ditch—a disgusting, muddy ditch—by a boy who deliberately charged me after the manner of a football charge!" said Mr. Manders vehemently. "It was a scandalous——"

The Head raised his hand.

"Quite so, Mr. Manders! Pray allow me

to continue. Now, Mornington, Mr. Manders is quite positive that it was a Rookwood boy who did this outrageous thing—he recognised the school cap, even in the dim light, and the boy was not very tall. He was, in fact, no taller than yourself, Mornington!"

"Indeed, sir?" murmured Mornington.

"My assailant was undoubtedly just about your height, Mornington," said Mr. Manders viciously.

"Quite so," said Dr. Chisholm. "Now, Mornington, kindly answer these questions: Was it necessary for Mr. Manders to punish you some-

what severely in the Fourth Form yesterday morning?"

"It was not necessary, sir—but he did it!" replied Mornington, demurely.

"Take care, Mornington," said the Head, sternly, while Mr. Manders simply stared. "Impertinence will not help your case. Mr. Manders, then, punished you severely yesterday morning?"

"He gave me two lickings, sir, and five hundred lines," said Mornington, quietly.

Dr. Chisholm frowned. That such severe



"Did you perpetrate this outrage upon Mr. Manders last night, Mornington?" asked the Head, sternly. "No, sir!" said the junior, quietly. (See page 241.)



GILLINGHAM

To face page 240

AN OLD TIME PRIZE BATTLE  
A fight on the Downs in the great days of the Ring

punishment should fall upon a junior boy in the course of one morning was very unusual at Rookwood, and Dr. Chisholm very strongly disapproved of it. He looked sharply at Mr. Manders.

"Is this so, Mr. Manders?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Manders, biting his lip. He plainly sensed the Head's disapproval. "This boy was both lazy and impertinent."

"Quite so! I have every confidence in your discretion of course, Mr. Manders," said the Head, rather drily. "But that is hardly the matter at issue. The boy was severely punished by you yesterday morning—that is the point."

"Now, did you do your preparation in your study as usual last evening, Mornington?"

"No, sir!"

"You were absent from your study?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ah!" the atmosphere was electric. "Now, Mornington, we have established two points. Now for the direct question. Did you perpetrate this outrage upon Mr. Manders last night?"

"No, sir."

"The boy is not telling the truth, sir," burst out Mr. Manders, angrily. "He is a reckless—"

"Pray, contain yourself, Mr. Manders!" said the Head, coldly. "Were you outside the school, Mornington, when you should have been doing your preparation in your study?"

"No, sir."

The Head paused, and Mr. Manders sneered openly.

"Is there any person now in the school whom you can call upon to prove that you were indoors at that time, Mornington?" said the Head. "If so, I will send for him, or them, at once, and the matter will be ended."

Mornington thought a moment.

"There is no one," he said, quietly. "But all the same, I didn't do it, sir."

"But you can't prove it, Mornington?"

Mornington looked the Head full in the face. "Isn't my word enough, sir?" he said quietly, and Mr. Manders sneered again.

Dr. Chisholm, a stern but just Headmaster, looked long and searchingly at Mornington, and sighed.

"I am afraid, in this case, that it isn't, Mornington!" he said, a trifle wearily. "You must remember that your past record at Rookwood is very far from being unblemished. You have proved yourself both reckless and foolish in the past, though I had thought recently you had very greatly improved. It appears, I fear, as if I were mistaken,

"Not at all, sir," said Mornington, with spirit.

"Silence, wretched boy!" exclaimed Mr. Manders, spitefully.

The Head's brow grew sterner.

"There are few boys at Rookwood, I hope and believe, sufficiently foolhardy or reckless to even contemplate an outrageous action such as this," continued the Head. "Your record, unfortunately, shows only too plainly that you are one of those few. I believe I am right in saying that the belief that you are the guilty party is openly held and expressed by the majority of your own form-fellows, Mornington."

Mornington was silent. It was true.

"These facts coupled with your undoubtedly strong motive, and your absence from your study at the time the outrage was committed—which you do not offer to explain—form a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, and this is a case in which I feel action is called for."

"Certainly—most certainly, Dr. Chisholm!" said Mr. Manders, rubbing his hands together.

"You will therefore be confined in the punishment room until to-morrow morning," continued the Head. "That will give me time to make further inquiries, and it will also—ah—allow you time for reflection Mornington."

The Head eyed Mornington closely.

Mornington did not speak.

"If upon reflection, you feel that you have a confession to make to me, Mornington, you have only to ring the bell, when the page-boy will convey a message to me."

"I understand, sir," said Mornington, quietly.

"Mr. Manders, perhaps you will kindly take this boy to the punishment room now?"

"Certainly, Dr. Chisholm!" said Mr.

Manders, with alacrity. "Boy, Mornington—follow me."

And Mr. Manders stalked out of the Head's study with grim satisfaction, while Mornington followed slowly.

For, perhaps, five minutes, the Head remained at his desk frowning deep in thought.

The good old doctor was grievously disappointed in Mornington, and somewhat puzzled by his attitude. His bearing was not that of a guilty junior, certainly. Yet, what was the Head to think, in face of the chain of circumstances that had come to light?

Mornington's recklessness was proverbial at Rookwood, and Dr. Chisholm had more than a suspicion of Mr. Manders' unpopularity in the school, and the reasons for it. It is possible that the doctor, as he got up from his desk with a sigh, wished the sour-faced master of the Modern side elsewhere.

As soon as the school was released from morning classes, all Rookwood was buzzing with the news that Mornington was in the punishment-room, awaiting sentence over the affair of Mr. Manders; and it was generally agreed that the sentence could only be expulsion, or, at best, a severe flogging.

Poor Erroll went off on a vain errand to obtain permission to see his chum. The general opinion of the Fourth Form was that it was bad luck on Morny, but that he was "bowled out" at last.

"A chap can't expect to go round pushing masters into ditches, even if they are beasts like Manders!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, oracularly discussing the matter with his chums in the end study.

"Yes, Morny was a reckless ass; but I'm jolly sorry for him, all the same!" said Newcome. "Manders is such an awful old beast!"

"I hear he's going round looking no end pleased," said Raby. "Just like him!"

Jimmy Silver was frowning thoughtfully.

"There's something jolly fishy about this, I think," he said slowly. "It looks to me as if Morny's done all he can to throw suspicion on himself."

His three chums stared at him.

"Well, we know what a cute chap he is generally," said Jimmy argumentatively.

"Where was he all that time last night? He didn't show up till bedtime. If he did push Manders into the ditch, he could have scudded back here quickly and shown up among us, couldn't he?"

Newcome nodded.

"Yes, it would have been some sort of an alibi."

"Exactly! Then Tubby Muffin heard Manders telling Bootles that he saw a Rookwood cap on the head of the chap who pushed him. Now, can you imagine a chap like Mornington wearing his school cap on a job like that?"

"It was dark—perhaps he thought it wouldn't be seen," suggested Lovell.

"Trust Mornington to think of a thing like that!" said Jimmy. "Hullo, Peele! What do you want?"

Peele put his head into the study. Peele was not a friend of the Fistical Four, and on an ordinary occasion they would probably have thrown a cushion at his head. But Peele's face was white and strained, and his distress was obvious to see.

"Do you think they'll sack Mornington, Jimmy Silver?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't know. It looks like a sacking job—if he's guilty."

Peele gave a start and looked at Jimmy queerly.

"But—but, surely, if he's in the punishment-room, he must be the chap who did it?" he exclaimed, still more anxiously.

"What do you mean, Silver?"

"Well, the Head evidently thinks he's guilty, but I'm not so sure," said Jimmy calmly. "It looks jolly fishy to me."

"What does?"

"Oh, all sorts of things!" replied Jimmy airily.

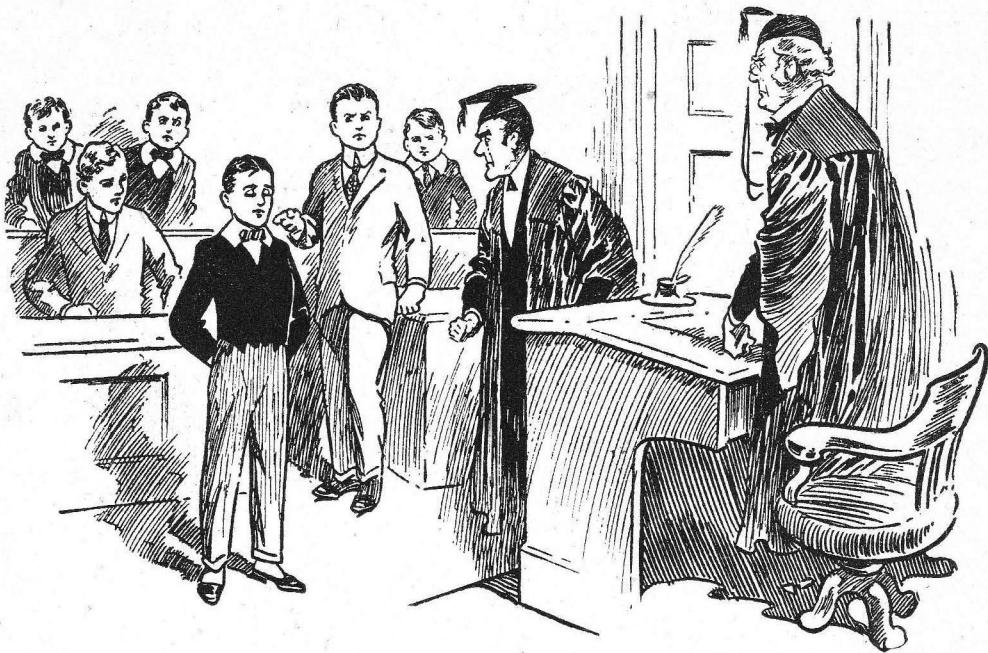
Peele's face grew whiter than ever.

"Oh, rot!" he stammered. "If—if he didn't do it, who did?"

"Aha!" said Jimmy Silver mysteriously.

"That's for Manders to find out, not me. I'm not a giddy detective!"

"I think you're talking rot, Jimmy



Cathew stood up. "Mornington was in my study fagging for me from six o'clock until nine on that evening, sir!" he said distinctly. (See next page.)

Silver!" said Peele, disappearing and banging the door.

Jimmy chuckled.

"Looks rather scared about something, doesn't he?" he said.

His chums looked at him queerly.

"Look here, Jimmy, what are you driving at?" demanded Lovell.

"Never mind," said Jimmy cheerily.

"Your Uncle James sees a little further than the end of his nose sometimes, that's all! Let's go down to the Common Room to hear the latest about poor old Morny!"

And not another word of explanation could his chums get out of him to satisfy their curiosity.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER

### A Dramatic Scene in Big Hall

"Now, Mornington," said Dr. Chisholm sternly, "you know the serious offence of which you are accused. The evidence against you is overwhelming,

and I feel there is no alternative but to adjudge you guilty upon it, circumstantial as it is. Your sentence can only be one—expulsion from Rookwood! But if"—and here the Head's hand strayed to the fearsome-looking birch-rod which lay on the desk before him—"if you can bring yourself to make a full and frank confession, and beg forgiveness of Mr. Manders, I shall be prepared, with Mr. Manders' approval, to reduce your sentence to the infliction of a severe flogging, here and now, before the whole school!"

It was the following morning, and the whole of Rookwood had been called together in Big Hall to witness that most dramatic of all schoolboy scenes—a public "execution."

Valentine Mornington, standing out alone in front of the Head's desk before the silent rows of Rookwooders, heard the Head's grave tones, placing before him the two dismal alternatives, expulsion or a public flogging! Surely no wretched schoolboy can ever have heard those fateful words without a shiver?

Valentine Mornington was a schoolboy of a



very unusual calibre, but even he felt his heart quail momentarily as he heard his doom pronounced.

Then, remembering the part he had to play, he pulled himself together and met the Head's eyes steadily. In a second he became his old reckless self, as cool as ice. The Head's brow grew sterner as he noted it.

"Well, Mornington!" His voice was sharp. "Have you nothing to say?"

"Only this, sir. I did not do it—and I can call a witness to prove it."

There was a stir, and then a petrified silence.

Mornington's words, spoken in his cool tones, came like a bombshell to all Rookwood, with one or two exceptions. Jimmy Silver smiled slightly, as if he were not altogether surprised. Carthew, of the Sixth, who had returned with the football team late the previous evening, started and leaned forward.

Peele of the Fourth started, too.

The Head's brow grew grimmer.

"Indeed, Mornington! I asked you yesterday, and you said you had no witnesses to call."

"Nor had I, sir—yesterday!" replied Mornington. "I ask Carthew of the Sixth to stand up and say where I was from after tea until bedtime the day before yesterday."

"Kindly stand up, Carthew!" rapped out the Head. "Do you know anything about this boy's movements during the time mentioned?"

Carthew thought rapidly. His one anxiety was to keep the matter of his little smoking and gambling party from the Head's knowledge.

Unless he cleared Mornington, the latter would assuredly give him away. He could see that from the sardonic look the junior was turning on him even now. If he spoke up for him, all might yet be well.

He stood up.

"Mornington was in my study, clearing up and fagging for me, from six o'clock until nine, on that evening, sir," said Carthew distinctly. "He then went straight to his dormitory."

There was a stir and a sigh of relaxation from the school. The Head was completely non-plussed. Mr. Manders bit his nails furiously.

George Bulkeley, the burly captain of Rookwood, rose in his place.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, quietly. "I should like to say that I looked into Carthew's study just before seven that evening. Mornington was there then!"

"Then—then, do I understand, Carthew, that Mornington was in your study all the evening, during the whole of the period when this—this outrage upon Mr. Manders was committed?" asked Dr. Chisholm, in open bewilderment.

"Yes, sir. He was there all the evening. I—I was helping him with his preparation, sir!"

Mornington's sardonic smile grew more pronounced.

The Head turned to him, with an awful expression upon his stern countenance.

"Why did you not tell me this yesterday, Mornington?"

"I told you I did not do it, sir, but you wouldn't believe me!" said Mornington. "You asked me if I could produce any witness to prove my case, but both Carthew and Bulkeley were away all day with the football team, sir."

"If you had explained, I could have delayed dealing with the case until their return."

"You wouldn't take my word, sir—so I thought it would be no use explaining!" said Mornington, demurely.

Dr. Chisholm looked at the junior very hard indeed. He seemed upon the verge of an outburst, but checked himself. Mr. Manders glared at Mornington with a glare that was almost Hünnish.

Jimmy Silver afterwards said he could hear him gnashing his teeth.

To tell the truth, both gentlemen felt that this cool junior had put them into a somewhat ridiculous position. They more than suspected, moreover, that Mornington felt it also! But that astute young gentleman was careful not to show by his face whatever he may have felt.

Dr. Chisholm cleared his throat. His voice as he spoke was grim and uncompromising.

Rookwood held its breath, not daring to indulge in even the faintest of smiles.

"It is evident that a mistake has been made. I am glad that—ah—what would have been a serious injustice has been prevented. Carthew's evidence, supported by that of Bulkeley, effectually clears Mornington from all suspicion of having committed this grave offence."

There was a subdued cheer from the Fourth Form, and little Mr. Bootles fairly beamed. But the Head held up his hand with a sharp gesture, and frowned.

"I cannot by any means congratulate Mornington upon the way he has conducted himself in this—ah—unfortunate matter! It was largely his own fault that suspicion pointed so strongly to him. But that he acted under what he considered great provocation, I should be strongly inclined to punish him severely. As it is, I trust that he will take his narrow escape as a warning, and profit by it. Return to your place, Mornington! The school may dismiss!"

The school filed out decorously under the Head's stern eye, thrilled by perhaps the most dramatic scene Big Hall had ever been witness of. But once outside the great door, there was a rush and a whoop from the Fourth Form.

"Shoulder high!"

Valentine Mornington, cool and smiling, was rushed out into the quad, borne high on the shoulders of his Form fellows.

Three hearty cheers were given for him, rounded off by a groan for Mr. Manders.

That gentleman, baffled and furious, was heatedly protesting to the Head.

"But the culprit—the real culprit—has still to be found, sir!" he raved. "Is the author of this dastardly outrage—this unparalleled piece of ruffianism, to go unpunished?"

Dr. Chisholm was ruffled—and pardonably so—and the ravings of the Modern master did not tend to soothe him.

"After what has occurred, I do not feel inclined to go into the matter further, Manders!" he snapped. "It is very unlikely that the culprit could be discovered now. I confess, sir, that I am heartily sick of the whole affair, and I should be very glad to see it dropped!"

## GREYFRIARS LANDMARKS



### The School Kitchen

Of all the pebbles on the beach  
The most illustrious pebble  
That's ever come within our reach  
Is good old Mrs. Kebble.  
This lady fairly fills the bill,  
She rules the downstairs regions;  
It is her daily task to fill  
The hungry schoolboy legions.

How ripping, on a winter morn,  
Is her refreshing coffee!  
And when you're famished and forlorn,  
What price her home-made toffee?  
I tell you, Mrs. Kebble's "IT,"  
And it would sorely grieve us  
If ever she should take a fit  
Into her head and leave us!

We sometimes grumble at the fare  
Soon after we awaken;  
But life would be a sad affair  
Without her eggs-and-bacon.  
Her rabbit-pies and spuds and peas  
With knives and forks we slaughter—  
(Excuse me just a moment, please,  
My mouth begins to water.)

I wish we didn't have to learn  
Such stunts as Greek and Latin;  
At cooking we could take a turn,  
And very soon be pat in  
The art of making cakes and pies  
With Mrs. Kebble's knowledge;  
Then life would be a Paradise  
At this most famous college!

And with this plain hint to his disgruntled subordinate, the Head swept from Big Hall.

The affair was a nine days' wonder at Rookwood, and for the school in general the question "Who did it?" remained unanswered. Tubby Muffin, the Peeping Tom of the Fourth, grew almost frantic with curiosity, which for once had to remain unappeased.

The astute Jimmy Silver had reasons of his own for thinking that he might have been able to supply the answer to the question at a pinch, but he kept his own counsel.

When, on the following day, he caught sight of Mornington and Peele once more walking in a distant part of the playing-fields in close confabulation, Jimmy only grunted.

Had he been able to overhear their conversation his suspicion as to the true answer to that puzzling query would only have been confirmed.

"It was excitin', while it lasted!" Mornington was saying. "But I knew I was safe all the time, of course."

"But it was jolly risky! I didn't know what the dickens to do, when you were standing up there, with the Head offering you the choice of the sack or a flogging!"

"I told you I didn't want you to do anythin'—except push old Manders into the ditch, of course—and that was quite easy, wasn't it?"

"Easy as falling off a log!" said Peele, with a grin. "He went in with a fine old splash, too!"

Mornington chuckled.

"Wish I'd seen it! But I had to be in Carthew's study, workin' up an alibi, of course! I knew he'd clear me at the last moment, to keep me from splittin' about his poker party!"

Peele looked at Mornington with a sort of involuntary admiration.

"You're a cool customer, Morny, no mistake! No one else in the school would have thought of pulling the Head's leg like that!"

Mornington laughed lazily.

"The dear old Head's an old sport," he said. "He wanted to take it out of my hide for pullin' his leg, but he was too just, after havin' doubted my word! Jolly lucky for me! But I wanted old Manders to be paid out. I knew the only way to get you to do it was to take all the suspicion on myself up to the last moment, to put 'em off the scent! And it worked like a charm!"

"You don't think the Head'll start a lot more inquiries now?" said Peele, rather anxiously.

"No fear!" chuckled Mornington. "He's fed up—fed to the teeth! I could see it in his eyes. I'm not sure he isn't jolly pleased, privately, that old Manders got it in the neck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the two young rascals chuckled shamelessly over their nefarious secret. And the great question "Who did it?" remains unanswered to this day!



# PUZZLES & TRICKS FOR ALL

**H**ISTORY records that the blind poet Homer lost his reason in a vain endeavour to solve a riddle, and from his days until these present times much care and thought have been expended in the invention of puzzles both difficult and simple. It is the object of this chapter to present the reader with a few simple ones.

Two easy and yet fascinating puzzles can be worked with an ordinary draught-board.

## 1. The Travelling Draught-man.

**P**LACE a draught-man upon a square near the centre of the board, as in Fig. 1. In how few moves can you make it traverse every square in the board and return to its starting-point?

## 2. Another Draught Puzzle.

**P**LACE sixteen men on a draught-board in such a manner that no three men shall be in a line, either horizontally or perpendicularly.

## 3. Joining the Rings.

**N**INE rings are connected by six straight lines, as shown in Fig. 2. Connect these same nine rings by four straight lines.

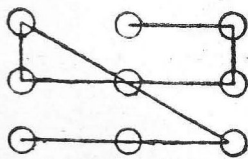


Fig. 2. Joining the Rings

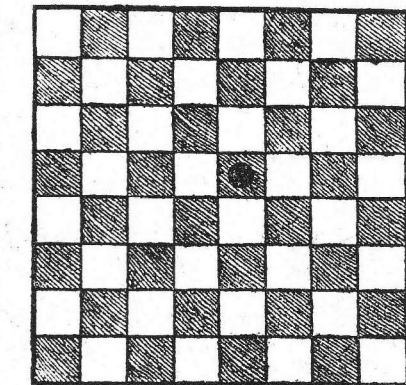


Fig. 1. The travelling draught-man

## 4. The Ten Rows.

**T**HIS is a puzzle with nine draught-men or counters. Dispose these counters in

such a manner that ten rows are formed with three men in each row.

## 5. The Cabalistic Sign.

**F**IG. 3 shows a piece of paper cut into a famous cabalistic sign. How can you divide it into four pieces which, placed together, shall form a square?

## 6. The Dangerous Anarchists.

**O**NCE upon a time there were eight anarchists confined in separate cells connected by the system of passages shown in Fig. 4. The prisoners, each of whom had his own number, occupied cells in the order shown.

One day the governor of the gaol decided that his prisoners should be transferred from one cell to another in order that their numbers should run consecutively from left to right. Accordingly he gave orders for this to be done, but at the same time directed his warders that on no account were any two prisoners to meet, either in the passages or cells. As there was only one vacant cell at their disposal, how did the warders work this manoeuvre successfully?

You will find the best way to solve this problem is to draw a plan similar to that shown in Fig 4, and place eight numbered counters in the respective cells.

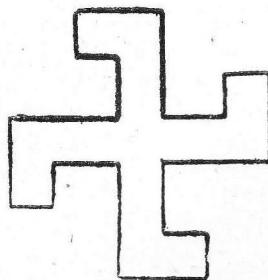


Fig. 3. The Cabalistic Sign

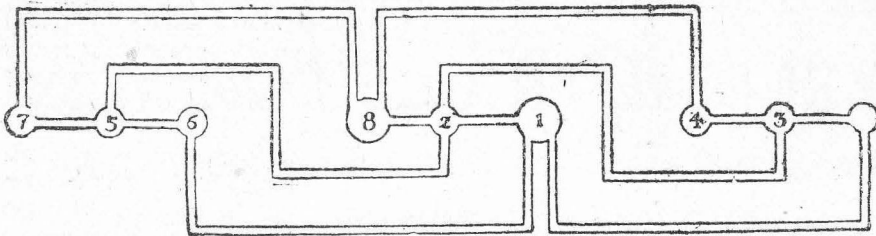


Fig. 4. The dangerous anarchists

7. Catching the Donkey.

A MAN once wanted to saddle a donkey, and proceeded, bridle in hand, to the field where Ned was feeding.

Let Fig. 5 represent the field, which the man entered by the gate at 63, whilst the ass was standing in the opposite corner at 2.

Now you can move either the man or the donkey to any number in the straight line, but neither must cross or rest upon a line covered by the other. For instance, if the donkey be at 2, the man can move to 62, 61, 59, 36, or 13; but he cannot go to either 60 or to 5, for then the donkey would gallop up and let fly with his heels. Ned, on the other hand, can go to 6, 28, 51, 3, or 4, but if he were to go to 60 or 5 the man at 63 would catch him at once.

Giving the donkey the first move, how soon can you place the man in such a position that the ass is cornered and can-

not escape being bridled? are placed alternately in a row of ten divisions shown in Fig. 6. By moving two at a time, how can you arrange all the blacks and all the whites together in four moves?

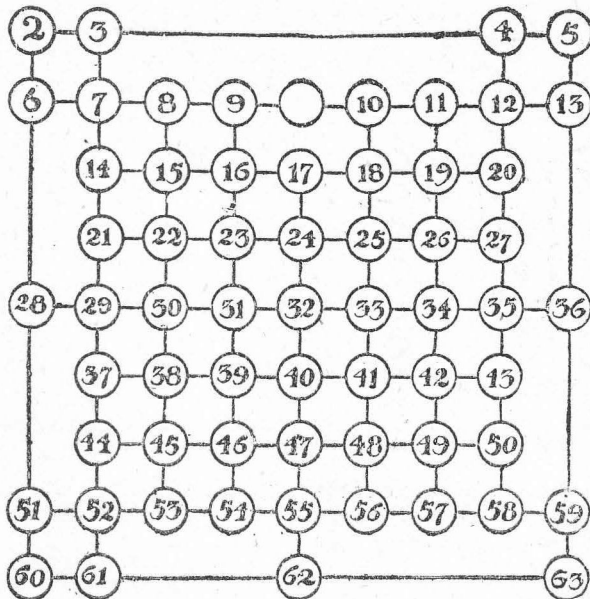


Fig. 5. Catching the donkey

9. The Broken Chain.

A LADY once took to a jeweller a gold chain, broken into five pieces of three links each (Fig. 7).

She asked him to repair the chain, agreeing to pay 1s. for each link that he had to break and weld in order to restore the chain to its original length.

The following day she sent her maid for the chain with 3s.

If you had been the jeweller, how would you have mended this lady's chain of five pieces by breaking only three links?

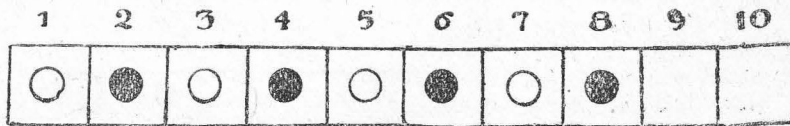


Fig. 6. "Like to like"

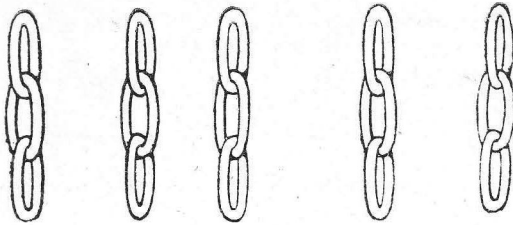


Fig. 7. The broken chain

### 10. The Diamond Cross.

THE same lady wished to have a diamond cross reset, and pleased with the intelligence shown by the jeweller, she decided to give him the work.

But she was determined to give him no opportunity of cheating her, so she counted the stones from top to bottom (Fig. 8), and found there were nine. She then counted them from

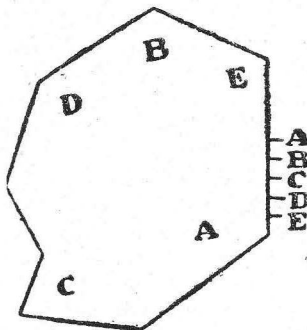


Fig. 9. The quarrelsome railway

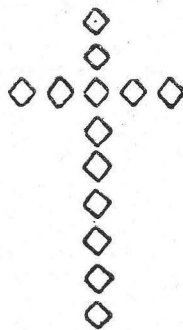


Fig. 8. The diamond cross

the bottom to the extremity of each arm of the cross, and found that they also numbered nine. Having noted these figures, she sent the cross to be reset.

But the jeweller was a crafty man, and, knowing how she had reckoned the diamonds, he stole two, and having reset the remainder, he returned the finished piece of work.

When she received her cross the lady thought it looked rather different, and counted the stones according to her former plan.

The numbers were exact! So she paid the jeweller, who went off smiling.

How had he managed the theft?

### 11. The Quarrelsome Railways.

FIVE competing railway companies decided to place termini in a certain small town. But land was dear, and, after much negotiation they were able to secure sites only as shown in Fig. 9.

But none of the companies would grant any of its competitors running powers over its lines, and as the municipal authorities decided that all five lines should enter the city side by side, the engineers found themselves confronted with the following problem: How is each line to reach its destination without crossing any of its competitor's tracks?

How would you extricate them from this dilemma?

### 12. Another Railway Problem.

THIS problem is shown in Fig. 10. In the railway A, B, C there are two sidings, A, D and C, E, which meet at F. At this latter place there is only sufficient space to contain

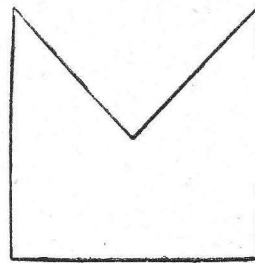


Fig. 11. The mitre

one truck of the size of G or H, and there is no room for the engine, I. Consequently, if this engine is sent up either of the sidings, it must return by the same tracks. The point to be discovered is: How can the engine, I, transpose the two

wagons G and H by simply using the rails shown in the illustration?

### 13. The Mitre.

STUDY Fig. 11 closely, and think how you can divide a piece of paper thus shaped into four similar parts.

(The solutions to these problems will be found on pages 350 and 351.)

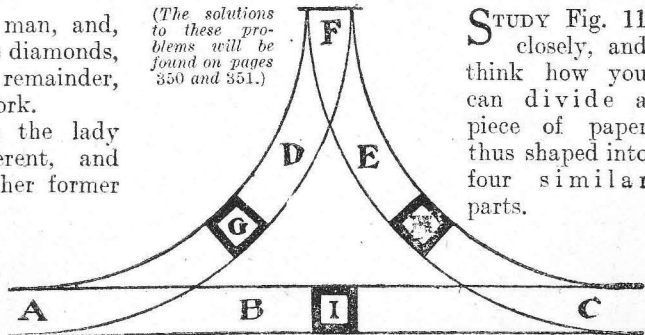


Fig. 13. The second railway problem