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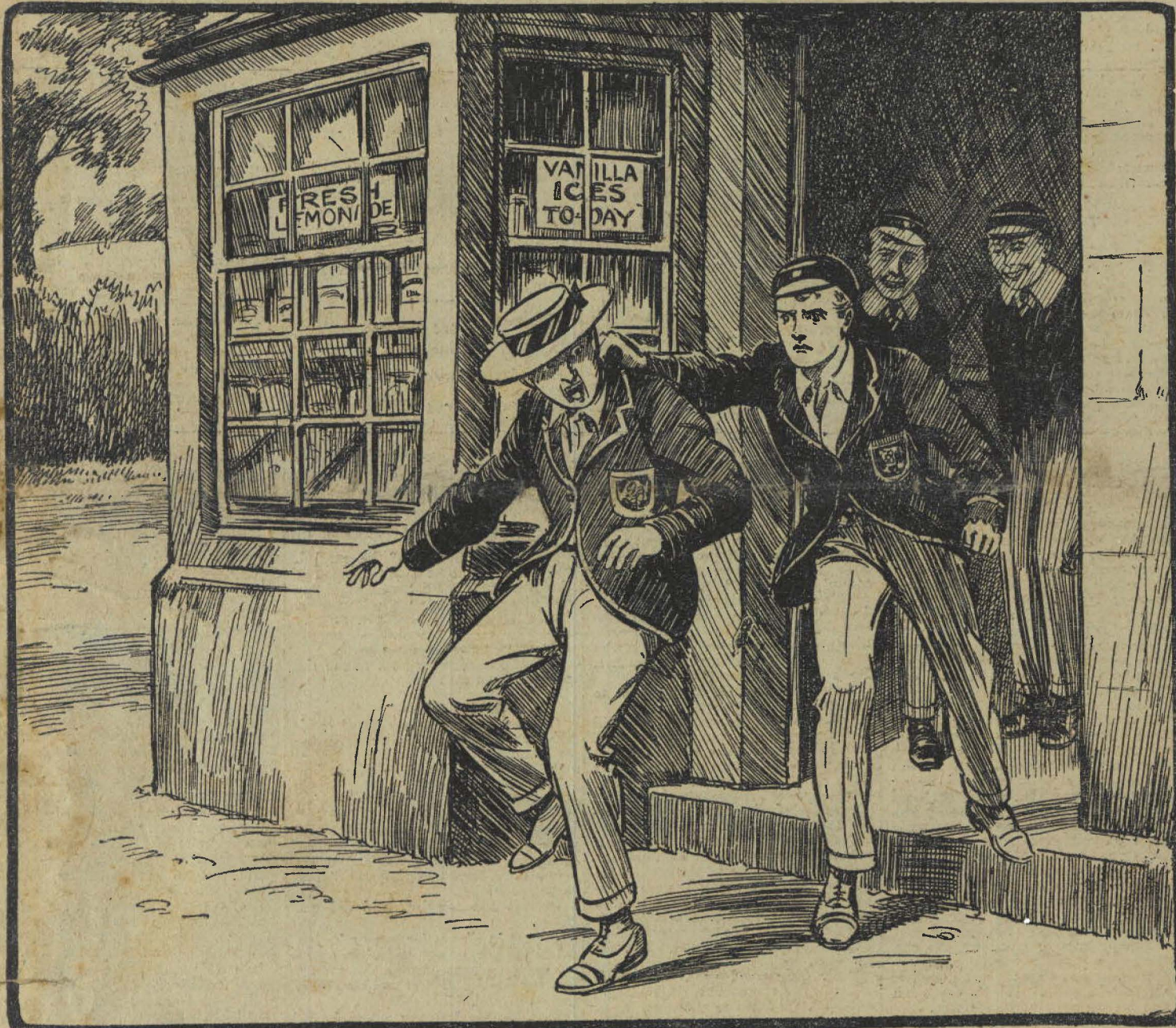
The BOYS' FRIEND 1d

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 790, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending July 29th, 1916.]



TOMMY DODD TAKES THE SCHOOLBOY TRAITOR IN HAND!

(An exciting scene from the magnificent long complete school tale contained in this issue!)

TURNED OUT OF THE TEAM!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Off to Greyfriars.

Zip-zip!
"Here comes the giddy 'bus!' called out Lovell.
And there was a laugh.
It was not exactly a 'bus'; but it was certainly the largest motor-car that had ever been seen at Rookwood.
It rolled up the drive to the School House, and stopped. The chauffeur jumped down. Morning-

ton of the Fourth Form gave him a nod.
A crowd gathered round the car. Bulkeley of the Sixth, coming out of the School House with his bat under his arm, stopped to stare at it.
"Hallo! Where did that come from?" he asked.
Lovell grinned.
"It came from Rookham, and it's come for us," he said. "Mornington is standing a car to get over to Greyfriars this afternoon. The

junior eleven's going over, you know."
"Might be a junior twenty-two by the size of the car," grinned Raby.
"Oh, we can take half Rookwood along with us," said Jimmy Silver. "Morny's friends will come over to see Morny playing the giddy ox."
Bulkeley frowned.
He signed to Mornington to approach. The dandy of the Fourth lounged carelessly towards the Rookwood captain.

"You've hired that car, Mornington?"
"Yaas."
"To take the cricket-team over to Greyfriars?"
"Yaas."
"And how much is it going to cost you?" demanded Bulkeley.
Mornington shook his head.
"I really don't know! I think they charge by the mile, and somethin' for waitin', and somethin' for the chauffeur, and somethin' for

somethin' else. They'll send in a bill, I think."

"It won't be less than twenty pounds," said the captain of Rookwood.

"Twice as much, very likely," said Mornington.

"And you can pay it?"

"Yaas."

"Then your guardian ought to be spoken to about allowing you so much money!" snapped Bulkeley. "Do you happen to know that it's war-time, and that extravagance is bad form?"

"Yaas, I believe I heard somewhere that it was war-time," said Mornington calmly. "A fellow mentioned the other day that there was a war—with Germany, I think."

Some of the juniors grinned. Mornington was blessed with unusual nerve and coolness, but it was a risky proceeding to "cheek" the head of the Sixth, and captain of the school. Bulkeley made a movement as if to take Mornington by the ear, and Mornington backed away hastily.

"I'm surprised at your doing this, Silver," said Bulkeley, addressing the captain of the Fourth. "You ought to have taken your team over by train."

Jimmy Silver coloured.

"I'm not captain to-day, Bulkeley," he replied. "Tommy Dodd's captaining the team this afternoon. I couldn't agree with the fellows about playing Mornington, so I've left it in Dodd's hands."

"Where's Dodd?"

"Here they come," said Newcome.

Dodd and Doyle and Cook, the three Tommies, were coming over from Mr. Manders' house on the Modern side.

"You're wanted, Dodd!" called out Lovell.

"Hallo! What's wrong?" asked Tommy Dodd, pitching his cricket-bag into the car, and then turning to Bulkeley.

"You ought not to be taking your team over in a motor-car," said the captain of Rookwood sternly.

"Well, Mornington offered to stand the car," said Tommy Dodd uncomfortably. "It's better than crawling on the railway, with three changes of trains, and a wait or two."

"Yes, that's all right, in peacetime," said Bulkeley. "I suppose you know the Head's given up his car for the Red Cross. The Head can manage without a car in war-time, and he would speak to you pretty plainly if he saw this."
"Oh, my hat!" said Tommy Dodd. "I didn't think, Bulkeley. I—I say, it's too late to send the car back now. We've lost the train."

"You'd better go, then, as you've ordered the car. But don't let it occur again, or I shall have something to say to you."

"All right, Bulkeley."

The Sixth-Former went on towards the cricket-ground, leaving the juniors looking and feeling somewhat uncomfortable.

Certainly, a rapid run across country in a whacking car was preferable to slow trains and waiting at country stations. And Mornington had fairly forced Tommy Dodd to accept the offer of that car. Mornington was much given to swank, and had a very keen eye to his own comfort. As for the expense, he was one of the fortunate individuals who did not

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TURNUED OUT OF THE TEAM!

have to consider expense. He had more money than he wanted, and much more than was good for him. He burst into a scoffing laugh as Bulkeley strode away—not till the captain of Rookwood was out of hearing, though.

"What rot!" he said. "Why shouldn't we have a car?" "Lots of reasons why we shouldn't," said Jimmy Silver tartly. "Cars can be used for taking out wounded soldiers from the hospitals. Anybody who uses a car for pleasure in war-time is a cad!"

"Oh, rats!" "Well, that's right enough," said Tommy Dodd. "But—but I never thought, you know. It's a good deal more comfy than the train, and will save time."

"And time's money," remarked Tommy Doyle.

"I suppose you're comin' in the car?" sneered Mornington. "If Jimmy Silver objects, he can take the train by himself. No law against that."

"Can't be did," said Tommy Dodd. "The train's gone. Tumble into the car, you chaps. We've no time to waste."

The cricketers began to take their places in the car. Jimmy Silver was frowning with annoyance. Considering the terms he was on with the cad of the Fourth, Jimmy did not like accepting any favour at his hands. Jimmy had resigned the cricket-captaincy rather than play Mornington in the eleven. So the arrangements had been out of his hands; otherwise the offer of the car would have been declined without thanks. But he had no choice but to go with the rest of the team.

Mornington's friends, Townsend and Topham, Peele and Smythe, were going, though they were not in the team. There was plenty of room. Jimmy Silver hesitated, but he made up his mind by the time the rest of the team were in the big car.

"Come on, Silver!" called out Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, all right!" Mornington looked out of the car, with a sneering smile.

"Silver needn't come," he said. "He objects to travelin' in a car in war-time. He can stick to his principles. And he's not wanted in here."

"Not at all!" grinned Townsend.

"Let him walk," suggested Adolphus Smythe, and there was a chuckle from the nuts.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Tommy Dodd. "Get in, Silver! It can't be helped now."

"That's not good enough," said Mornington. "This is my car, and Silver isn't comin' in it unless he's civil about it."

Jimmy Silver had his foot on the step. He removed it.

"I'm not coming, Dodd," he said. "I can't travel with that cad, at his expense."

"Oh, rot! You can pay your whack in the car, if you like."

"I can't pay my whack in thirty or forty pounds. I'm not reeking with money like Mornington. I'll come over by the next train."

"Then I'll do the same," said Lovell.

"Same here," said Raby and Newcome at once. The Fistical Four always stood together.

"Good egg!" said Mornington. Tommy Dodd growled.

"Get in, Silver! The next train will be too late."

"But—"

"Look here, who's captain of this eleven?" roared Tommy Dodd. "You were ragging Mornington the other day for not obeying orders. You resigned the captaincy because you wouldn't put up with it. Now, what are you doing yourself?"

"Oh, if you put it like that—"

"Well, I do put it like that!"

growled Tommy Dodd. "Get in, and dry up. As for you, Mornington, you'd better shut up!"

"I don't want Silver in the car!" "You should have said that when you offered the rotten car!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "I'm sorry I agreed now. But it can't be helped; and this car belongs to the team for the afternoon. You're nobody!"

"What!" "You're nobody, or less than nobody!" growled Tommy Dodd. "Now get in, Jimmy Silver, and for goodness' sake let's get off. I suppose you don't want to keep Greyfriars waiting for us all the afternoon!"

Jimmy Silver, without a word, stepped into the car and took his seat. The chauffeur tooled the big automobile down the drive, and it turned out of the gates of Rookwood.

The 2nd Chapter.

Left Behind.

Rookwood juniors had started for the match at Greyfriars, but they had not started in their usual good spirits. There was disunion in the team.

It could not be denied that Mornington, slacker and dandy and black-guard as he was, had turned out a first-rate cricketer, and all the cricket club had agreed that he ought to be given a place in the team—with the exception of Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy had resigned on that question, but he was playing in the team. It was left for Tommy Dodd to see how he profited by Mornington's services.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome had differed from Jimmy on the question of playing Mornington; but, personally, they did not like him any more than Jimmy did. Tommy Dodd did not like him either, for that matter; but he knew that he was a first-rate bowler, and the team needed bowlers.

Finding himself in the same team with his old enemy, Jimmy's idea had been to make the best of it, and "keep smiling."

But it was not easy.

And Mornington was not in the least disposed to be civil to the captain of the Fourth. He would have been very glad to see Jimmy left out of the match altogether. And Jimmy knew very well that if his old rival found an opportunity of playing him a trick during the match he would avail himself of it. He would not get a good innings if Mornington had a chance of running him out.

With the rivals of the Fourth looking grimly at one another, and Tommy Dodd in an ill-humour with both of them, the eleven started.

Tommy was annoyed by the car. He had not really wanted to accept Mornington's offer; but he had accepted it, and Bulkeley's words left him feeling very uncomfortable.

As the big car swept along the country roads the drive was enjoyable enough in the summer weather. But most of the cricketers did not enjoy it. Tommy Dodd least of all. He knew very well—now he had reflected—that that car ought to have been on war work, or taking out wounded soldiers, and that a cricket eleven had no right to use it. It was Mornington's money and swank that had placed him in this uncomfortable position, and he resented it now that it was too late.

Mornington and his nutty friends sat together in a corner, and a few miles from Rookwood Mornington produced a silver cigarette-case, and handed it round.

Tommy Dodd's expression grew almost terrific as he saw the junior strike a match and light a cigarette. Jimmy Silver said nothing.

He was in Mornington's car, and he was tired of bickering with the cad of the Fourth. It was not his business, now that he was no longer skipper.

But Tommy Dodd was prompt to take action.

"What the thunder are you doing, Mornington?" he exclaimed.

"Smokin'."

"Throw it away!"

"Eh?" "Throw that cigarette out of the window!" shouted Tommy Dodd, his face growing crimson. "Is that the way to get ready for a cricket-match, you fool?"

"It's my way," said Mornington coolly. "An' don't call me names. I don't like it!"

"Yaas, keep your wool on, Dodd," drawled Townsend. "Dash it all, a fellow must have a smoke!"

"You can smoke till you're sick, as you're not in the team!" said Tommy Dodd. "But you won't smoke in this car!"

"I believe it's Mornington's car," sneered Townsend.

Mornington frowned angrily.

"Yaas, it's my car, and you can smoke, Towsny. Light up, Peele."

"I'm going to smoke."

"You heard what I said!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

"Yaas."

"Throw that cigarette away!"

"Rats!"

Jimmy Silver smiled slightly.

Tommy Dodd had thought him a little unreasonable for refusing to play Mornington so long as he was skipper. Tommy was getting some of Mornington's insolence himself now.

The nuts of Rookwood grinned cheerfully, and lighted their cigarettes. The car was in a haze with the smoke. Lovell began to cough.

"Look here, I'm not going to stand this!" he exclaimed.

"Put your foot down, Tommy," murmured Tommy Cook.

But the Modern skipper did not need urging. He rose to his feet, with a gleam in his eyes, and signalled to the chauffeur to stop the car.

"What the dickens are you doin'?" exclaimed Mornington. "We're not ten miles from Rookwood yet! What are you stoppin' for?"

"Some of the passengers are getting out here," said Tommy Dodd.

The automobile halted by the roadside. Tommy Dodd threw open the door.

"Townsend, Topham, Peele, and Smythe will get out here," he said quietly.

"By gad!" ejaculated Smythe.

"Oh, rot!" said Townsend.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Will you step out, or will you be chucked out?"

Mornington started up. "Shut that door, and let's get on!" he exclaimed. "None of your rot! This is my car, and my friends are comin' along in it."

"You offered this car to the eleven. I was a fool to accept it. But it's too late to change now. I'm the chap who gives orders here. Those smoky cads are not coming any further. Pitch them out, you fellows!"

There was no lack of obedience to that order.

Cook and Doyle and Lovell and Raby grasped the four nuts at once, and in spite of their resistance and their frantic expostulations, they were shoved out of the car without ceremony.

Smythe of the Shell sprawled on his back in the road, and his cigarette slipped into his mouth. The cigarette was very hot at one end, and the remarks of Smythe of the Shell were simply lurid. Townsend went spinning across him. Topham sat down violently in the dust. Peele put up a fight, and he was roughly handled before he was pitched out. But out he went.

Four dishevelled nuts, with their neckties torn out and their clothes rumpled, sprawled in the dusty road.

Mornington had joined in the struggle to aid his pals, but Flynn and Oswald pinned him down in his seat and held him there.

Tommy Dodd drew the door shut.

"Drive on, chauffeur!" he said.

"Don't drive on!" yelled Mornington. "I order you not to!"

"Look here, we can't walk back to Rookwood!" howled Smythe, scrambling to his feet. "Are you off your rocker, you Modern-cad?"

"You can walk back, or crawl on your hands and knees, if you like!" said Tommy Dodd grimly. "You're not disgracing this party any longer!"

"You rotten Modern cad!"

"Tell the chauffeur to drive on, Mornington."

"I won't!"

Tommy Dodd drew a deep breath.

"You've landed us in this," he said. "We can't leave your rotten car on a country road miles from anywhere, without giving up the Greyfriars match. We're going on in it. As you've hired this man, he's under your orders. Tell him to drive on."

"Not without my friends."

"Let 'em come if they won't smoke," suggested Towle.

But Tommy Dodd had put his foot down.

"They're not coming," he said curtly. "Turn Mornington over on the floor."

"Eh? What for?"

"So that I can get at him with this bat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" roared Mornington.

"I'm going to lick you with this bat till the car drives on," said Tommy Dodd coolly. "I'm the cad down!"

Mornington resisted desperately. But he went down on his face in the bottom of the big car, and half a dozen boots were planted on him to keep him there.

Whack, whack, whack!

The chauffeur looked on with his eyes almost starting from his head. But he did not make any motion to interfere. It would not have been much use.

Whack, whack!

"Leave off!" shrieked Mornington, pale with fury.

"Is the car going on?"

"Not without my friends."

Whack, whack, whack!

The bat was hard, and Tommy Dodd's hand was heavy. Mornington roared and writhed with anguish.

"Yow-ow-ow-coop! Leave off! I'll order the chauffeur to drive on, if you like!"

"Go it, then!"

"Drive on, Wilson!"

"Yessir!"

The big car was set in motion again.

By the roadside, four dusty and furious nuts shook their fists after it. Smythe & Co.'s little smoke had cost them dear. They could not go on to Greyfriars, and there was a ten-mile walk back to Rookwood.

They set out on that long tramp in the sun with feelings almost too deep for words.

The 3rd Chapter.

No Smoking.

Mornington struggled to his feet in the car.

He glanced back along the road; his comrades had already disappeared in the dusty distance.

He dropped into his seat, panting.

Tommy Dodd sat down again.

"Do you think I'm goin' to stand this sort of thing, Dodd?" snarled Mornington, eyeing the Modern junior as if he would eat him.

Tommy nodded.

"I rather think so," he replied.

"I don't see that you've got any choice about it. I'd have turned you out along with your precious pals, too, if I hadn't wanted you to play in the Greyfriars match."

Mornington gritted his teeth.

"You'd have turned me out of the car—my own car?"

"Yes."

"You cheeky cad—"

Tommy Dodd displayed a formidable set of knuckles under Mornington's nose.

"Do you see that?" he asked.

"Yaas, you fool!"

"Well, if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, you'll feel it," said Tommy. "For two pins I'd give you a thumping good hiding, here and now. If I don't, it's because I don't want to put you off your form for cricket."

Mornington scowled, and did not reply.

He sat in silence for some minutes, while the car rushed on by the green country road, up hill and down dale, leaving a cloud of dust and a smell of petrol behind.

But Mornington was not to be repressed for long.

Ten minutes later the cigarette-case came into view again, and Mornington selected a smoke and lighted it.

Tommy Dodd looked at him fixedly.

"I've told you not to smoke," he said.

"Go and eat coke."

"Do you understand that I'm skipper of this team?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Throw that cigarette out of the window."

"I won't!"

"I can't turn you out of the team," said Tommy Dodd quietly. "If you'd played the goat like this before we started, I'd have done so. It's too late now. I've got to play you in the match at Greyfriars. You're going to be in form for it, too—so you're not going to smoke. Throw it away!"

"Bah!"

Tommy Dodd rose and grasped Mornington without another word. He jerked the cigarette from his lips and threw it out of the car.

"Now give me the case."

"I won't!" yelled Mornington.

"Won't you?"

Mornington was down on the floor again the next minute, with Tommy Dodd's knee on his chest.

His furious face glared up at the Modern junior.

"I'll make you sorry for this!" he hissed between his teeth.

"Going to lick me?" asked Tommy contemptuously. "I'll give you a chance after the match."

He groped in Mornington's pocket for the cigarette-case. He opened it and tossed the cigarettes into the road.

Then he threw the case back to Mornington.

"Now you can get up," he said.

Mornington got up.

He simply hurled himself at Tommy Dodd, striking out furiously with both fists. But at that game he had no chance with the redoubtable Tommy.

The Modern junior knocked his blows aside, and let out his right, which Mornington caught with his nose. Mornington was hurled back into his seat like a sack of coke.

He sat there, panting.

"Like a little more?" asked Tommy Dodd cheerily.

"Hang you! Hang you!" stuttered Mornington. "I'll make you smart for this somehow!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Sure, it's a shame of the world ye are, Mornington," said Elynn. "If I were skipper, I'd drop ye out of the car, and chance it!"

"We can't play a man short," said Tommy Dodd. "We couldn't bring any reserves, as Mornington filled the car with his smoky pals. If I didn't want him to play, I'd chuck him out fast enough."

"And suppose I don't choose to play?" sneered Mornington.

"You can suit yourself. Greyfriars will lend us a man if we want one. In fact, I've half a mind not to play you, anyway."

Mornington grunted, and relapsed into silence.

"I owe you an apology, Silver," said Tommy Dodd. "I understand now why you wouldn't play that howling cad. You were right, and we were wrong."

"I thought you'd come to see it in time," said Jimmy Silver. "The rotter is simply impossible."

"Blessed if I don't think so," said Lovell.

"One thing's jolly certain—he doesn't play for me again," said Tommy Dodd grimly. "I'm fed up with the cad. I'd rather play a tag out of the Second Form."

Mornington's eyes glinted.

"You mean that?" he exclaimed.

"Yes—I mean it, every word."

"You'll be sorry for it."

"Oh, dry up!"

Jimmy Silver was silent.

He had stood alone in his determination not to play Mornington, good cricketer as the slacker of the Fourth had proved himself to be. But the rest of the eleven had come round to his way of thinking now. Tommy Dodd heartily regretted that Mornington was in his team. And he had made up his mind that if he captured Rookwood juniors' again, Mornington most certainly would not be a member of the eleven. He was quite fed up with the cad.

Mornington sat in sullen silence during the remainder of the drive.

The rest of the cricketers chatted, but they were not in a cheery humour. The incidents of that drive had not conduced to cheerfulness.

When Mornington's eyes turned upon Tommy Dodd, they gleamed with malice and hatred. The bitterness he had felt towards Jimmy Silver seemed to have turned upon Tommy Dodd now.

He had forced himself into the eleven, in spite of Jimmy Silver, but by his own obstinacy and insolence he had lost all that he had gained. Whoever captained the eleven after that, he was not likely to have any use for Mornington in it.

Jimmy Silver thought he understood Mornington's looks.

The rascal of Rookwood was thinking of one thing, and of one thing only, and that was revenge upon Tommy Dodd for handling him, and for his threat of turning him out of the eleven.

That threat, he knew, would be carried out; and so the young rascal had nothing to lose by wreaking his grudge in the first way that came to hand. And Jimmy guessed what way that would be. The Rookwooders set great store by the Greyfriars match, and a licking at Greyfriars would be a blow to them.

Unless Jimmy was mistaken, there would be a traitor in the ranks. He tried to put the thought out of his mind—he did not want to do even Mornington an injustice.

But his hopes of a win in that long-expected match at Greyfriars were

not high. Mornington would play good cricket—none better—so long as he was allowed to have his own way, and received a due quantity of "kowitz." Otherwise, there was no rascality he would stop at.

Jimmy did not utter his thoughts. He was no longer skipper of the team, and it was for Tommy Dodd to think that matter out and decide. But the Modern junior had no suspicion of what was in Mornington's mind. He did not know the cad of the Fourth quite so well as Jimmy Silver did.

Courtfield came in sight at last, and then the car buzzed along a leafy lane to Greyfriars School.

A fat junior, whose plump nose was adorned with a large pair of glasses, was lounging in the gateway as the car stopped.

He blinked at the Rookwood cricketers.

"I say, you fellows! My hat! So you've come in a car!"

"Hallo, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter, of the Greyfriars Remove, chuckled.

"He, he, he!"

"Well, where does the cackle come in?" asked Tommy Dodd rather gruffly.

"He, he, he! Wharton's gone in the brake to meet you at the station," said Bunter. "Cheffy and Nugent and Squiff have gone with him, and Linley and Brown and Bull—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You see, they expected you to come by train," grinned Bunter. "They'll be waiting at the station for you. He, he, he!"

"Well, there's nothing to cackle at, you fat duffer!" growled Lovell.

But Billy Bunter seemed to think there was. He continued to cackle.

Tommy Dodd compressed his lips.

This mischance added to his annoyance. Mornington's swank had not finished causing trouble yet. Harry Wharton & Co. had naturally expected Rookwood to arrive by the usual train. Thirty or forty pounds for a motor-car, naturally, did not occur to them.

"Well, it can't be helped!" growled Tommy. "I suppose somebody can bike along and tell them we've come!"

"They'll wait for the next train!" chuckled Bunter. "Ho, he, he!"

"It won't take long to run down to the station in the car," suggested Jimmy Silver. "We can bring Wharton and the rest back with us!"

"Good egg!"

Tommy Dodd stepped back into the car, and the chauffeur drove on to Friardale.

The 4th Chapter. At Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. were waiting at Friardale Station.

The train by which they had expected the Rookwood party had come and gone, but the Rookwooders had not appeared.

"Lost their train, by Jove!" said Bob Cherry. "Missed the connection at Courtfield, perhaps!"

"They'll be late," said Wharton. "I suppose we'd better wait!"

"Silly asses!" growled Johnny Bull.

The Greyfriars fellows waited. The next local train crawled in from Courtfield, but it did not bring the expected cricketers. The juniors watched it come in, and then left the station, puzzled and perplexed. The brake was waiting outside, with some of the Greyfriars juniors in it.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. "Here they come!"

The car dashed up to the station, and stopped.

Wharton ran to it.

"My hat! We came here for you, and you seem to have come here for us!" he exclaimed. "We didn't know you were coming by car!"

He shook hands with Jimmy Silver as he spoke.

"We didn't know till this morning," said Jimmy. "We've got a tame millionaire who does these things. Sorry you had the trouble of getting a brake here for nothing!"

"Oh, that's all right!"

"No harm done," said Bob Cherry.

"Jump in here, and we'll whisk you back to Greyfriars," said Tommy Dodd.

"Right-ho!"

Wharton stopped to tell the driver of the brake to take it home, and then entered the car with his companions. The chauffeur turned back to Greyfriars.

The car, big as it was, was somewhat crowded now. Jimmy Silver & Co. knew that the Greyfriars fellows were thinking it extraordinary that so much money should have been spent on a car, though, of course, they made no remark on the subject.

It made the Rookwood fellows feel uncomfortable.

Swank of any kind was not in their line; but purse-proud swank was worst of all. At that moment they wished Mornington and his endless supply of cash at the ends of the earth. The waste of so much money in war-time was in the most execrable taste.

The car covered the distance to Greyfriars in a few minutes, and turned in at the gates of the school. Wharton had learned by that time that the Rookwood team had a new captain, and he had been introduced to Mornington, the new member of the eleven. The Greyfriars fellows could not help observing Mornington's sullen looks, and wondered a little.

Billy Bunter had spread the story of the big car, and there was quite a crowd of Greyfriars fellows to see the cricketers alight. Among them was Vernon-Smith of the Remove, a member of Wharton's team. He started a little as he caught sight of Mornington.

"Hallo! You've come to look on?" he exclaimed.

"You know Mornington?" asked Jimmy Silver.

Vernon-Smith nodded and grinned.

"Yes; old acquaintances," he said.

Mornington shook hands with the

same," said Vernon-Smith. "It's a mug's game, you know—spoils the wind!"

"Oh, rot!"

"Besides, what would your skipper say?"

"Hang my skipper!"

"Well, I'm sorry," said the Bounder drily. "I've not got any smokes. Sorry!"

Mornington grunted, and followed the rest of the cricketers to the pavilion. The Bounder whistled softly.

"My hat!" he murmured. "What are they doing with that fellow in the team? I wouldn't mind laying two to one against Rookwood, if they're playing Mornington."

And the Bounder shrugged his shoulders. He had known Mornington a term or two before, at a time when he deserved the nickname the Greyfriars fellows had given him—when his ways were far from being the ways of Harry Wharton & Co. The Bounder had reformed, but it was evident that there had been no change in Mornington. And how such a fellow had got into the Rookwood team was a puzzle to the Bounder.

Wharton and Tommy Dodd tossed the coin, and it fell to Rookwood to bat first.

Jimmy Silver spoke to Tommy in a low voice.

The Rookwood innings opened with Jimmy Silver and Tommy Cook.

The 5th Chapter.

O!

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Greyfriars Indian junior, went on to bowl the first over.

Jimmy Silver received the bowling, and he soon showed that he was in great form. It was as a bowler that Jimmy shone; but he was a very good bat, and he stood up well to the Indian's bowling.

The innings began with runs for Rookwood, and Tommy Dodd's face, which had been clouded, brightened up considerably as he watched that good beginning.

Jimmy Silver was 25 to the good when he was caught out by Tom Brown of Greyfriars. Cook and Doyle and Raby had fallen victims to the bowling during that time, with a handful of runs each. Then Tommy Dodd went in, to face the bowling from Tom Brown. The New Zealand junior of Greyfriars was a good bowler, and at the third ball Tommy's sticks were down.

"Rotten luck!" said Jimmy Silver sympathetically as he came off.

"Lucky you did better!" grunted Tommy Dodd. "They've got jolly

"Do you know we're waiting for you?"

Mornington looked round carelessly. "Well, wait!" he said.

"What?"

"I haven't finished my ginger-pop! You've left me late enough! A little later won't hurt!"

Tommy Dodd crimsoned with anger.

"Come with me!" he shouted.

"Oh, rats!"

Tommy Dodd wasted no more time in words. He rushed at Mornington, grasped him by the collar, and yanked him off the high stool. The stool went flying, and Mornington came to the floor with a heavy bump.

"Leggo!" he roared.

"Come on!"

"You rotter! Let go! Oh—"

Ah—

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner and Snoop as Mornington was rushed out of the tuckshop, with a iron grip on his collar.

Mornington, struggling wildly in Tommy Dodd's powerful grasp, was rushed down to the cricket-ground at top speed. The Greyfriars fellows looked on in blank astonishment, and Vernon-Smith burst into a laugh.

"Now get on, you booby!" growled Tommy Dodd, thrusting Mornington's bat into his hand. "Buck up!"

Mornington grasped the cane handle of the bat with convulsive fingers, as if he would fell his skipper to the earth with it. But he controlled himself, and strode sullenly on the pitch.

"My word!" Bob Cherry murmured to Wharton. "What sort of a merchant is that?"

Wharton laughed.

The ball was tossed to Tom Brown as Mornington went savagely to the wicket.

The New Zealand junior glanced along the pitch at the sullen, savage face and gleaming eyes of the batsman curiously. He sent down the ball.

Mornington hardly moved his bat.

Crash!

"How's that?" sang out the New Zealander.

And there was a laugh.

"Out!"

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders. He had expected it. But Tommy Dodd's eyes almost started from his head. Even Tommy Dodd could scarcely doubt that Mornington had deliberately thrown away his wicket.

He strode to meet the batsman as he came off. The glitter in his eyes daunted Mornington, and he backed a little.

"Did you do that on purpose, you unspeakable cad?" stuttered Tommy.

"No!" Mornington muttered sullenly.

It had been on his lips to admit it, and taunt his skipper; but he realised that it was not safe. At a word Tommy Dodd would have knocked him spinning.

"I'll give you the benefit of the doubt," said Tommy Dodd. "But, by Jove, you'd better be careful, Mornington!"

Rookwood were all down for 50. Vernon-Smith joined Mornington as the latter stood sullenly alone near the pavilion. The Bounder eyed him very curiously.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Nothin'."

"Your wicket went jolly easily," said the Bounder.

Mornington's lip curled.

"It will go just as easily in the next innings!" he said coolly.

"You mean to say—"

"I don't agree with my skipper. I'm a dangerous fellow to rag!" said Mornington, his eyes glittering.

"Dash it all, that isn't playing the game, you know!"

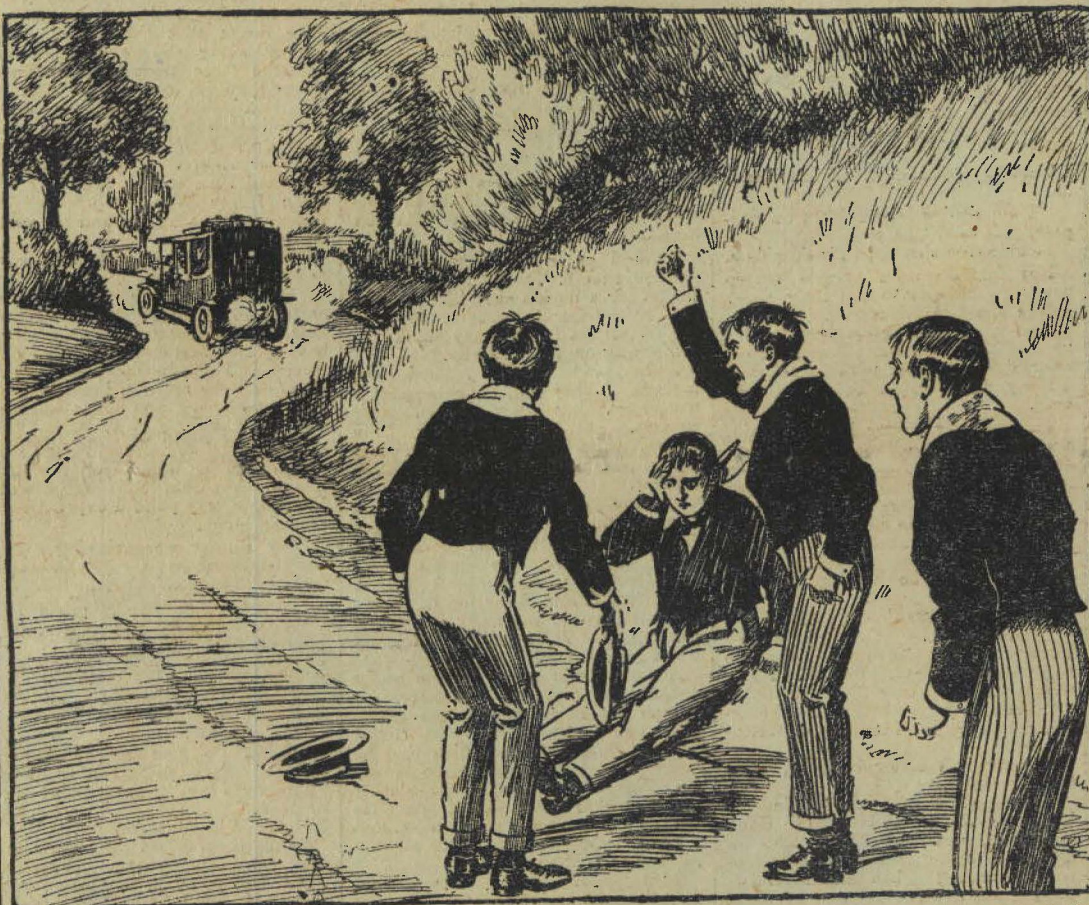
"You were always such a fellow for playing the game, weren't you?" sneered Mornington.

The Bounder flushed, and turned away without speaking. At his very worst, the Bounder of Greyfriars had never been such a real "rotter" as this. Vernon-Smith was called to open the innings with Harry Wharton for Greyfriars, and Mornington followed the Rookwooders into the field.

The 6th Chapter. Turned Out of the Team.

Jimmy Silver bowled the first over for Rookwood.

The Rookwood score was not what Tommy Dodd had hoped to see it, but he pinned his faith to the Rookwood bowling. With two such bowlers as Jimmy and Mornington, he felt that the Greyfriars score was pretty certain to be kept low. And Jimmy's first over showed great promise. The Bounder of Greyfriars received it, and after taking 4 runs on the first two balls, he was



The big car was set in motion again. By the roadside four dusty and furious nuts shook their fists after it. Smythe & Co.'s little smoke had cost them dear. They could not go on to Greyfriars, and there was a ten-mile walk back to Rookwood.

Bounder of Greyfriars, and they walked away together.

"I didn't expect to see you here," Vernon-Smith remarked. "Are you going to score for the game?"

"I'm going to play."

"Play! You!"

"Why not?" demanded Mornington angrily.

"Oh, no reason why not!" said the Bounder pacifically. "I never knew that cricket was much in your line—excepting for betting on a game!"

"I've taken it up as a game."

"Good for you!" said the Bounder cordially. "I'm jolly glad of it! I'm in the Greyfriars Remove team, you know!"

"So you've taken up cricket, too?" said Mornington, eyeing him curiously.

"Yes, rather."

"Can you give me a smoke?" asked Mornington. "I'll come to your study. I want a smoke."

The Bounder whistled.

"You don't want a smoke just before playing, surely?" he said.

"It will put you off your game, you know!"

"I've had that from Tommy Dodd!" growled Mornington. "I suppose you've got some cigarettes about you? You always had when I knew you!"

"I've changed a bit since then," said the Bounder quietly. "I don't smoke now."

"Oh, draw it mild!"

"Honest Injun! And if you'll take a word of advice, you'll do the

"You're opening with Mornington?" he asked.

Dodd stared.

"Certainly not! Why?"

"It would keep him in a good humour."

"Hang his humour!"

"Certainly! I changed his humour when I was playing him," said Jimmy. "and he threw away a wicket to get level with me. But we want to beat Greyfriars if we can; and as you've got the cad in the team—"

Tommy Dodd snorted.

"I've said that I think you were mistaken about that," he answered.

"I can't believe the chap would be such a rotter. Anyway, he goes in last. He's a ripping bowler, but he's the poorest bat here!"

Jimmy Silver said no more. As skipper, he never made any concession himself to Mornington's swank and Tommy Dodd could hardly be expected to do so. But unless Mornington was kept in a good humour, Jimmy knew that no good play was to be looked for from him.

Mornington was already putting on his gloves, as if he took it as a matter of course that he would go in first.

"Silver and Cook!" called out Tommy Dodd.

Mornington's eyes glinted.

"Where do I come in?" he asked.

"Last!" said Tommy Dodd curtly.

And he turned his back on Mornington, giving him no time to make any rejoinder.

good bowlers! But we've got something in that line to surprise 'em a bit, I think!"

The wickets went down as the runs went up. The score stood at 50 when "Last man in!" was called.

"Mornington!" called out Dodd.

Mornington was not to be seen.

"Where's that silly ass got to?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd irritably.

"Why isn't he here? He's keeping the field waiting!"

"Mornington! Morny!"

"Where are you, you duffer?"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "Your man's gone to the tuckshop!"

"The silly dummy! Cut off and tell him we're waiting! There's a good chap!"

Billy Bunter rolled away. He came back in a few minutes, grinning. Meanwhile, the Greyfriars fieldmen were waiting.

"Well, where is he?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, as the fat junior came back alone.

"He, he, he! He says he'll come when he's finished his ginger-pop!"

Tommy Dodd's jaw looked very square as he started for the school shop behind the elms in a corner of the old Close.

He stood Mornington seated on a high stool at the counter, imbibing ginger-pop in a leisurely manner and chatting with Skinner and Snoop of the Remove.

"You silly duffer!" roared Tommy Dodd, putting his head into the shop.



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previous
page.

TURNED OUT OF THE TEAM!

clean bowled with the third, and he went out looking somewhat grim.

Bob Cherry followed him in, and was dismissed for 2. Then came Frank Nugent, who went out with a duck's egg for the last ball of the over.

It was a good beginning for Rookwood.

The field crossed over, and Mornington received the ball to bowl against Harry Wharton.

"Put in the best you can," said Tommy Dodd. "Wharton's the best bat on the Greyfriars side. If you can get him out, you can play with the rest."

Mornington smiled. There was a peculiar glimmer in his eyes as he went to the bowler's crease. The Rookwood field looked on keenly.

Mornington had shown wonderful quality as a bowler, equalling even Jimmy Silver. In practice at Rookwood he had taken Bulkeley's wicket, and Bulkeley was a mighty man at the wicket. The Rookwooders cheerfully expected him to make hay of the Greyfriars wickets.

But they were disappointed. Harry Wharton received an easy ball—a ball that a fag in the Second Form could have played with ease.

He cut it away to the boundary, and the batsmen did not trouble to run. Johnny Bull grinned at him along the pitch. Both the batsmen wondered what on earth that rank duffer had been put on to bowl for.

The next ball was just as easy, and it went to the boundary again. Tommy Dodd looked on in amazement.

This was the champion bowler who was to have kept down the Greyfriars runs. A third boundary followed, and the Greyfriars crowd began to laugh and cheer.

"Well bowled!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington smiled grimly. He knew what he was about. He was able to play into the batsman's hands if he chose, and he did choose.

Wharton was a hard hitter, and that kind of bowling was child's play to him. It looked as if he would not have to stir from his wicket during the over, while adding runs at a great rate.

A fourth boundary hit was greeted with yells of laughter from the

crowd. Tommy Dodd's face was a picture by this time.

The fifth ball of the over gave the batsmen 3, and Johnny Bull faced the bowling. And Johnny slogged at the easy ball, and it swept past the boundary amid a roar of laughter.

Twenty-three runs for the over was enough to make the Greyfriars fellows roar.

"Give the ball to Raby!" said Tommy Dodd, in choking tones, as Mornington came off the pitch.

Mornington smiled.

"I don't seem to be in great form yet," he remarked carelessly. "Draggin' a chap about by the collar doesn't improve his form!"

"You rotten cad! Are you giving the game away?" muttered Tommy Dodd.

Mornington raised his eyebrows. "What a question!" he drawled. "You should really have let me have my smoke in the car, Dodd! I warned you you'd be sorry for it, didn't I?"

Tommy Dodd clenched his hands hard.

"Then you've let us down on purpose, you cad!" he said.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. But for Tommy's natural repugnance to making a startling scene before the Greyfriars fellows, Mornington would have gone down on his back at that moment. Tommy Dodd restrained his anger with an effort.

Raby went on to bowl the next over.

Then Jimmy Silver bowled again, and Wharton's wicket went down, and the Rookwooders cheered up a little.

"Are you trying Morn again?" Cook whispered to his skipper when the field crossed over.

Tommy Dodd shook his head.

"You think he was giving the game away?"

"I know he was."

"Well, it looks like it," agreed Tommy Cook. "Jimmy Silver was right about the cad, after all. I say, this looks bad for us!"

"Can't be helped! I'll have something to say to Mornington afterwards."

"That won't save the match," said Cook ruefully.

The bowling was chiefly in the hands of Jimmy Silver and Raby after that, with Tommy Cook for an occasional change. Dodd did not intend to trust the ball into Mornington's hands again.

Mornington contented himself with fielding, and he fielded very badly.

He had proved himself a good catch, but his skill had deserted him now. Squiff of the Remove gave him a good chance, but the ball dropped untouched, and Squiff added 20 runs to his credit before he was bowled by Jimmy Silver. Tommy Dodd gritted his teeth in helpless anger. He understood now Jimmy Silver's feelings when he had found that he had a traitor in the ranks on the one occasion when Jimmy had, against his better judgment, played Mornington in a match.

Mornington had no further opportunity of treachery on the bowling-crease. But the loss of the first-rate bowling they had depended on was a heavy one to the Rookwood team. Jimmy Silver was first-rate, but the change bowlers were very ordinary, and Mornington's bowling was sadly missed.

The Greyfriars innings ended for 95 runs—almost double the Rookwood score.

They owed at least half the score to Mornington's bowling, and to the fact that he had not bowled, as Tommy Dodd well knew.

When the field came off, dark looks were cast at Mornington by the rest of the team. Only the fact that they were on the Greyfriars ground saved him from a ragging.

There was an early tea under the trees, before Rookwood batted a second time.

When they prepared for their second innings Mornington lounged up to Tommy Dodd, with a smile on his face.

"Like to open the innings with me?" he asked.

Tommy's eyes blazed.

"No, you cad!"

"You'd better!"

Tommy clenched his hands. It was as much as he could do to keep them off the cad of the Fourth at that moment.

"You'll go in last," he said, between his teeth, "and if you lose your wicket for a duck's egg, I'll kick you out of the team on the spot, whatever the Greyfriars fellows may think!"

Mornington gave a shrug.

Dodd and Cook opened the innings. They had little hope of a win now, but they played their hardest. First-rate bowling from Harree Singh, Tom Brown, and Peter Todd accounted for the wickets.

Tommy Dodd knocked up 30, and Jimmy Silver equalled his score, but the rest of the batsmen had little luck. There were no duck's eggs; but Oswald was dismissed for 2, Lovell for 3, and Raby for 1. Flynn accounted for 6, and Cook and Doyle for 7 each. The score stood at 90 when Mornington came in.

Tommy Dodd spoke to him as he put on his gloves. There was a chance yet if every run was added that could be added. It made Tommy simply wild to think that he had to ask a batsman not to betray the side. But a defeat loomed darkly ahead, and Tommy Dodd put his temper in his pocket, so to speak, and addressed Mornington with all the civility he could muster.

"Do your best, Mornington. There's a chance of pulling the game out of the fire. Every run counts now."

Mornington smiled sneeringly.

"Are you going to keep me in the team after this?" he asked.

"No!" said Tommy, with blazing eyes.

"Sure of that?"

"Yes, you cad!"

"Enough said!"

Mornington went to the wickets, and Tommy Dodd's hopes sank to zero. He knew what to expect, and what he expected was not long in arriving.

The first ball from Squiff knocked Mornington's bats off.

Rookwood were all down for 90!

"Oh, the thafe of the worruld!"

gaspd Tommy Doyle, as Mornington came lounging off.

"Sure, I can't kape me hands off him, Tommy!"

"Leave him to me!" said Tommy Dodd grimly.

Mornington came up to the pavilion, and

Tommy Dodd met him with a blaze in his eyes. Jimmy Silver & Co., guessing what was coming, stood round to screen the scene as much as possible from Greyfriars' eyes.

"You rotten cad!" said Tommy Dodd, in low, furious tones. "You haven't decency enough to know what a cowardly hound you are! Take that!"

"Oh!" yelled Mornington. Crash!

The cad of the Fourth rolled at Tommy Dodd's feet.

"Now get off the field!" said Tommy Dodd savagely. "If you're still here in one minute, I'll pitch into you, and give you the biggest hiding you ever had in your life!"

The Greyfriars fellows exchanged glances, and politely looked another way, and apparently remained in ignorance of what was going on. Mornington staggered to his feet, his face crimson, his eyes glinting.

Without a word he turned and left the field.

"Good riddance!" muttered Cook. "Better play a man short than have a traitor in the team!"

The 7th Chapter. Rough Justice.

Greyfriars wanted 46 to win, and there was ample light for double that number of runs to be scored if the batsmen could do it. And there was little doubt that they could do it. Jimmy Silver was as keen as ever, and the "hat trick" from Jimmy cheered up his comrades. But the hat trick could not win the match. A good catch by Newcome in the slips helped. But the Greyfriars Remove had four wickets yet in hand when 45 runs had been scored, and they tied. Then Harry Wharton knocked the ball away for a single, and the match was won.

The Rookwooders took their defeat as cheerfully as they could.

They had come to Greyfriars expecting to do great things. Tommy Dodd had congratulated himself on having two first-class bowlers in his eleven. The disappointment was bitter—all the more so because it was due to treachery, and not to bad luck.

Most of the team intended to have something to say to Mornington when they returned to Rookwood—indeed, it was likely that Mornington would have some very painful experiences in the car home.

Billy Bunter was grinning outside the pavilion as the Rookwooders came out ready to depart.

"Looking for the car?" grinned Bunter. "He, he, he!"

"I suppose the car's ready?" said Jimmy Silver.

"He, he, he! It's gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed all the cricketers together.

"He, he, he!"

"What do you mean, you fat duffer?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

"The car's not gone without us, I suppose?"

Harry Wharton came up.

"I'm sorry to say your car's gone off," he said, rather awkwardly.

"Bob has gone on his bike for the brake. It will be here in two ticks."

"Oh, my hat!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Has Mornington gone?" asked Lovell.

"Ahem! From what I've heard, I fancy your man went off in the car while we were batting," said Wharton.

"Well, it was his car," said Tommy Dodd. "I'd rather go home by train, really. I suppose there is a train?"

"Yes: lots of time for that."

The Rookwooders waited, with all the patience they could muster, till the brake arrived, and they were glad to get into it and start for the station.

Mornington's last trick had roused their anger to white heat. But the rascal was safely out of reach for the present. Tommy Dodd was glad when the brake rolled away from the gates of Greyfriars.

"Those fellows must think we're a queer crowd," he growled. "Serves us right for bringing that cad and outsider along with us."

"It was a dirty trick, to take the car, after fairly shovin' it down our throats as he did," growled Tommy Doyle indignantly. "Sure, it makes us look a set of asses to the Greyfriars chaps."

"I wonder what they're thinking," grunted Lovell.

"I wonder!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Dodd gave the captain of the Fourth a glare.

"Why don't you say 'I told you so'?" he asked bitterly.

"No good jawing," said Jimmy Silver. "I did tell you so, as a matter of fact, Tommy. Mornington's only served you as he served me. The fellow can't get on with anybody

who won't kowtow to his rotten money!"

"Well, you were right," said Tommy Dodd more amiably. "I suppose all the fellows will admit that now. The rotter chucked the game away, because I wouldn't let him smoke in the car coming over. I was wrong about him, and I own up. And after this, you're skipper again, Jimmy Silver."

"I haven't said anything about that—"

"I know you haven't! But you resigned because you wouldn't play Mornington, and we were asses enough to want him. I wouldn't play him now for his weight in gold. I hand the captaincy back to you—that's only cricket."

"Hear, hear!" said Lovell.

The brake stopped at Friardale Station, in good time for the train, fortunately. The Rookwood cricketers piled into the train.

During the journey home most of the cricketers were thinking of the things they would say to Mornington when they arrived. They reached Coombe at last, whence they had to walk through the nightfall to Rookwood.

The school gates were closed when they arrived, and old Mack came out to open them.

Inside, a group of elegant youths were standing, evidently waiting for the cricketers. Townsend and Topham and Peele and Smythe and Mornington chuckled in chorus as the tired juniors came tramping in.

"So you've got home?" grinned Smythe. "By gad! You look fagged."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chorussed the nuts.

Tommy Dodd strode up to Mornington.

"You cad!" he said, between his teeth.

Mornington smiled insolently.

"You told me you didn't want my blessed car, more than once," he remarked. "I took you at your word, you see. I assure you, the run home was much pleasanter without your company."

"Must have been—awfully!" chuckled Townsend. "This rather makes us even, Duddy. You gave us a horrid long walk, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd did not heed the merry nuts.

"I don't mind your taking the car, you swanking rotter," he said. "What I'm going to speak to you about is selling out the match."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Smythe. "We've had all that from Jimmy Silver for a week past, you know."

"You'll have it from me now. Mornington played like a Hun. He gave away the match out of rotten spite. Now he's going to put his hands up."

"Oh, I'll do that!" said Mornington. "If you're looking for a lickin', you Modern cad, I'll give you one!"

"Go it, Morny!" chorussed his friends.

"Come on!" said Tommy Dodd grimly.

Tommy Dodd was not in good trim for a fight, after a hard cricket-match and a long railway journey. Perhaps Mornington counted on that, and believed that there was a chance for a little cheap glory. If so, he was mistaken.

Tommy Dodd "piled in" with grim determination, the cricketers standing round in a ring.

There were no rounds in that fight; it was hammer-and-tongs from start to finish.

Mornington did his best, and he came on with plenty of pluck, and still more savage temper. A good many of his fierce blows came home on Tommy Dodd's flushed face.

But Dodd did not heed them.

Mornington was knocked right and left, amid cheers from the cricketers, and at the end of five minutes he was lying in the quad, gasping, and unable to rise.

Tommy Dodd looked down at him with gleaming eyes.

"Is that enough?" he snapped.

"Ow—ow—wow!" groaned Mornington.

Tommy Dodd gave him a glance of contempt, and walked on. Townsend & Co. gathered round Mornington, and helped him up, and helped him away. The dandy of the Fourth was looking a wreck in the dormitory that night; but there was no sympathy for him from the Classical Fourth. Tommy Dodd had meted out stern justice to the fellow who was Turned Out of the Team!

THE END.

(Another magnificent long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's issue of the Boys' Friend, entitled "The Rascal's Repentance!" On no account should you miss this story.)

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