

GREAT ANTI-GERMAN LEAGUE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

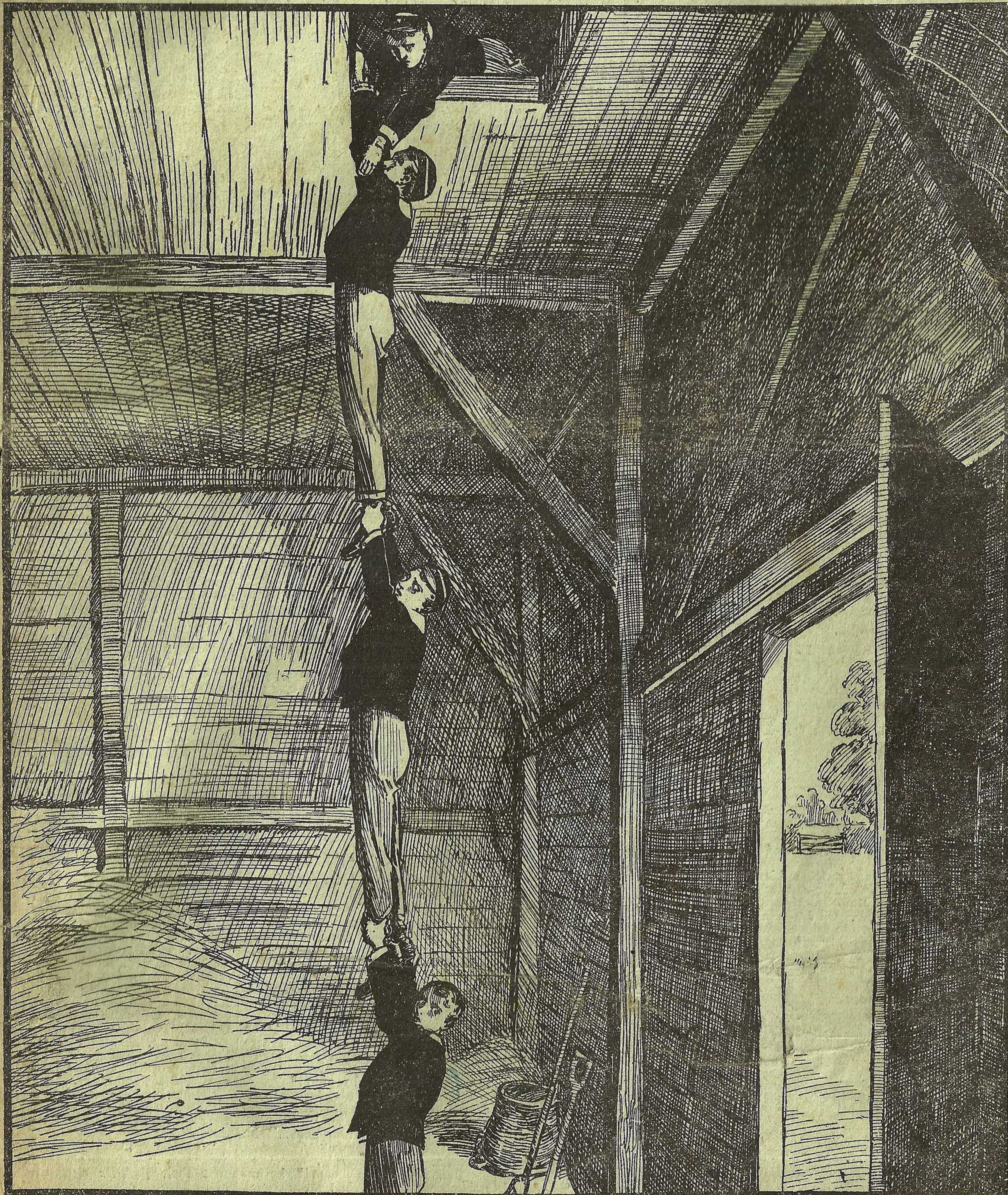
The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 745, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending September 18th, 1915.]



THE END OF HIS TETHER!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Tale, introducing

JIMMY SILVER & Co.
AT ROOKWOOD.

— BY —

OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Lovell's Little Mistake.

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, is the giddy postman coming?"

Jimmy Silver asked the question. The "Sister Anne" whom he addressed was Lovell of the Fourth, who was looking down the road from the gateway of Rookwood.

Lovell was watching for the postman. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were filling up the time by chipping old Mack, the school porter. They were energetic youths, and did not like wasting the precious minutes. "No, he's not coming!" growled Lovell. "I believe he's always specially late when we're stony."

The Fistical Four of the Fourth were in a state not uncommon among schoolboys, that troubled state known as "stony." But Lovell was expecting a letter from his uncle. Upon that letter and its contents depended Jimmy Silver & Co.'s plans for the afternoon. Lovell was almost sure that his avuncular relative would turn up trumps; but he was not quite sure, and so the Classical chums were waiting anxiously for the arrival of the postman. The question before the meeting was: "Was there to be tea in the end study that day, or wasn't there to be tea?"

"It's too bad," said Raby plaintively. "Here we are, on our uppers practically, and that fellow Gunter in our study is rolling in oof, and we can't borrow any of him."

"Can't borrow of a worm like that," said Lovell.

"And he's got whole quids!" said Raby.

"Let him keep 'em!"

"He'd lend us some if we asked him," remarked Newcome.

Lovell snorted.

"We're not going to ask him. I don't quite see where he gets his quids, either. He's the Head's nephew, but the Head doesn't tip him quids, I know that. Hallo, here he comes!"

A junior in a straw hat came lounging down to the gates, and joined the Fistical Four there. It was their study mate, Gunter of the Fourth, the new boy who had lately arrived from Western America, and had considerably astonished Rookwood by the manners and customs he had brought with him from that far-off land.

A new boy who smoked, chewed tobacco, played cards, and kept a revolver in his bag, was a novelty &

THE ROOKWOOD JUNIORS' HUMAN CHAIN!

GREAT SCENE IN THIS WEEK'S GRAND COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE OF
JIMMY SILVER & Co.



THE END OF HIS

(Continued from the previous page.)

TETHER!

Rookwood. Naturally, the powers had come down on him, and the cigars, the tobacco, the revolver, and the cards had been confiscated, and Gunter had had a tremendous flogging.

But the flogging did not seem to have made much difference to him. He was the same reckless young rascal after it as he had been before it.

He nodded coolly to the Fistical Four. The fact that that select circle strongly disapproved of him did not worry him in the least. He had been deaf to all hints and requests to change his study. The end study suited him, and he stuck. Whether it suited the original owners of the study for him to be there he did not care a Continental red cent, as he cheerfully assured them.

"Time that postman was hyar!" he remarked.

"Quite time!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "We're waiting for him."

"On the rocks?" asked Gunter.

"If that means stony, yes."

Gunter rattled a handful of money in his trousers-pocket.

"I guess I'll lend you a dollar or two, if you want it," he remarked.

"I ain't mean. How much?"

"Ahem!"

Jimmy Silver coughed. Raby looked another way, and Newcome regarded the beeches in the quad.

Lovell grunted.

"Waal, don't all speak at once," said Gunter sarcastically.

"Ahem!"

"We don't want any of your tin," said Lovell shortly.

"Thanks all the same," said Jimmy Silver.

Gunter shrugged his shoulders.

"Please yourself. You were ready enough to give me the glad hand when I came here. You've changed some!"

"You see, we expected the Head's nephew to be pretty decent," said Lovell, who was quite a painfully plain speaker sometimes; "as you've turned out nothing of the kind, we'd prefer your room to your company in our study. See?"

"I reckon I'm sticking to that study," said Gunter, with a grin, "and if you don't want to dhum in with a galoot, I guess I can find somebody else. I've made some friends in Coombe already, a bit more goey than you fellows, anyway."

"The select company at the Bird-in-Hand!" sniffed Lovell. "We know all about it. We've seen you with them. Racing blackguards. If the Head knew you were backing horses"

"You can tell him if you like!" yawned Gunter; "a galoot must do something to keep alive in this slow place. I haven't found a single chap in the school who knows how to play poker."

"And you're not likely to!" snapped Lovell. "Why can't you play cricket?"

"Too slow."

"Too decent, you mean."

"Peace, my infants!" said Jimmy Silver, for the argument was waxing warm. "Here comes the merry postman."

There was a rush to the gate as the postman appeared. The Fistical Four surrounded him.

"My letter!" said Lovell truculently. "If you say you haven't got one for me, we'll have your other leg off, so look out."

The postman grinned. He was a retired Tommy, who had left a leg in Flanders. He fumbled in his bag.

"Sorry, Master Lovell, there isn't one."

"Well, my hat!"

"So much for your blessed uncle!" growled Raby. "Nice way to bring up your uncle, you duffer!"

"It's rotten," said Lovell indignantly. "I wrote him a long letter—three pages—and asked him about his rheumatism in a postscript. A fellow couldn't do more than that. He ought to have been pleased at my remembering that he's got rheumatism. 'Tain't every fellow who'd think of it."

"Black ingratitude!" growled Jimmy Silver. "It's enough to discourage the most affectionate nephew. Sure you put that in?"

"Yes, rather. I remembered at the last minute, and put it in the postscript. I asked him to tell me how it was—not that I care a brass button!" said Lovell, more in sorrow than in anger. "Catch me asking him about his rheumatism again. My hat!"

"Hallo! What's the matter now?" asked Jimmy Silver, as Lovell uttered that sudden ejaculation.

"Now I come to think of it, I can't quite remember whether it was rheumatism or lumbago," said Lovell. "If I made a mistake, that would account—"

"You ass!" shouted Raby. "You ought to have made a note of it. Now we shan't have any tea, because you can't remember whether your blessed uncle's got rheumatism or lumbago. Of all the fatheads—"

"Well, I knew it was something," said Lovell apologetically. "Hallo, what's that, Tommy?"

"A postcard for you, sir," said the grinning postman.

"What the thump's the good of a postcard? You can't get a remittance coming later."

"It won't come in time for tea, anyway," said Raby morosely.

"Hallo, this is my uncle's fist!" said Lovell. "Oh, crumbs! Read that, you fellows! What do you think of that?"

The chums of the Fourth read the postcard. It ran:

"Dear Edward,—Thank you for your letter. You will be pleased and relieved, I know, to hear that I have never suffered from rheumatism. My gout is unfortunately the same as usual.—Your affectionate uncle,

"E. A. LOVELL."

"Gout!" said Lovell. "It was gout after all. I remember now."

"Gout!" said Jimmy Silver, in measured tones. "Gout—and you couldn't remember whether it was rheumatism or lumbago, you ass! That postcard's sarcastic—sark from beginning to end. You fathead! Oh, bump him!"

"Here, I say—hold on!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome did hold on—to Lovell. That unfortunate mistake of the affectionate nephew meant that there would be no tea in the end study, and they were naturally wrathful.

"Leggo!" roared Lovell. "I—I—"

Bump!

"Yarooop!"

Bump!

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Give him another!" roared Raby.

"We'll teach him to remember that it's gout!"

"Yow - ow - yooop!" spluttered Lovell.

He tore himself away from his wrathful chums and fled. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome shook indignant fists after him. On another occasion Lovell was sure to remember that it was gout his uncle suffered from. It had been severely impressed upon him.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Letter from America.

"I guess there's one for me."

"What name, sir?" asked the postman.

"Gunter."

"Gunter," repeated the postman hesitatingly. "Yes, sir. Your letter will be delivered at the House, sir."

Gunter stared.

"You've got one for me, then?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Confound your 'buts'!" said Gunter rudely. "Give me my letter!"

The postman shook his head.

"Not allowed, sir."

"What do you mean?" demanded Gunter angrily. "You've just given that galoot his postcard."

"Why can't you give Gunter his letter, Stumpy?" asked Jimmy Silver curiously.

Stumpy closed his bag.

"Dr. Chisholm's orders, sir. I've been told specially that all letters for Master Gunter are to be delivered at the House in the ordinary way. I can oblige you young gentlemen, but not Master Gunter."

Gunter turned red with anger. He had a heavy stockwhip under his arm—one of the belongings he had brought from Texas with him. He let it slip down into his hand, and his jaw protruded.

"Give me my letter, you skunk!" he roared.

"Against orders, sir."

"I guess I'm going to have it!" said Gunter. "You'll hand me that letter, or I'll take it off you!"

Gunter blocked the way of the postman. His eyes were gleaming with rage, and his hand clenched on the stockwhip till his knuckles showed white.

"Chuck it, Gunter!" said Jimmy Silver. "If it's the Head's orders you've got to stand it. You shouldn't have such queer correspondents. I suppose it's because you had a letter from a bookmaker, and it was found out. It's your own fault."

"I don't want any chin-music!" said Gunter savagely. "I want my letter!"

"Why can't you wait till it's delivered at the House?" demanded Raby. "Bootles will hand it out to you at once if there's no harm in it."

"Perhaps there is some harm in it," remarked Newcome drily.

Gunter gritted his teeth.

"It's a letter from America I'm expecting," he said. "Has that letter got the American postmark on it, Stumpy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you can give it to me!"

"I'm bound to take it up to the House, sir. Please let me pass."

"If you want this whip laid round you—" shouted Gunter, making the long lash crack in the air.

"Draw it mild!" interjected Jimmy Silver. "Let Stumpy pass, Gunter, or we'll jolly soon make you!"

"I guess he's not going to pass till I've got my letter, and I'll—"

Hands off, you galoot!"

Silver collared the junior from Texas and unceremoniously sent him spinning out of Stumpy's way. The one-legged postman stomped on up the drive. Gunter reeled against the gate, and for a moment seemed about to make an attack upon Jimmy Silver, but he refrained. He turned and darted after the postman. The long whip sang in the air.

Slash!

Stumpy gave a yell as the thong of the stockwhip curled round his wooden leg and jerked it away. The postman came heavily to the ground.

"Ow! Oh! Ah!" he gasped, dazed by the sudden fall.

"Now gimme my letter, or—"

Three juniors with Modern colours in their caps were close at hand—Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle. The three Tommies rushed forward as if moved by the same spring and grasped Gunter.

"Leggo! I'll smash you—"

"Collar the rotten cad!" said Tommy Doyle. "We'll teach him to play rotten tricks on an old soldier! Yank him away!"

Tommy Dodd wrenched the stockwhip from Gunter's hand and tossed it away. Cook and Doyle swept the struggling junior off his feet and pitched him on the ground. They did not handle him gently.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome came racing up.

"The rotten cad!" panted Jimmy Silver. "Are you hurt, Stumpy?"

Stumpy sat up and gasped.

"Ow—ow—ow! Yes, I'm 'urt!" he panted. "Elp me up, will you? 'Tain't so easy to get up with only one leg."

Jimmy Silver dragged Stumpy to his feet. The postman plodded on to the House, and the juniors, Moderns and Classics, gathered round Gunter.

Gunter staggered up, looking furious. But he could not pursue the postman. The six juniors were round him in a circle.

"Classical cad!" snorted Tommy Dodd. "Is that how you treat old soldiers on your side, Jimmy Silver?"

"Modern fathead!" retorted Jimmy Silver. "We can't help that cad being a Classic, as he was planted on us. But we'll jolly well teach him manners."

"Where's my whip?" panted Gunter.

"We'll give it to you," said Jimmy Silver. "Bring that whip here. It's just what he wants. Now, you cad—"

"I guess—"

"Do you know that Stumpy lost his

leg in Flanders, fighting the Huns?"

demanded Jimmy Silver.

"I guess I don't care a cent!"

"Then we'll make you care! Hold on to his ears while I give him his blessed whip!"

Jimmy Silver grasped the big stockwhip in a businesslike manner. The other fellows held on to Gunter.

Lash!

The heavy thong curled round Gunter's legs, and as they were not wooden legs he felt that lash very keenly. He gave a wild yell.

"Yow! You galoot! Stoppit!"

"How do you like it, you worm?" asked Jimmy Silver. "That's one for the one you gave Stumpy!"

"Yow! I guess—"

Lash!

"And that's one for yourself!"

"Yaroooh!"

"As for this whip, I'll take care of it," went on Jimmy Silver. "Old Bulkeley confiscated it once. I'm going to confiscate it for good!"

"Gimme my whip!" yelled Gunter.

"Oh, you want some more, do you? Here you are!"

Lash!

"Oh, Jumping Jehosaphat!" shrieked Gunter. "Let up!"

"Is that enough?"

"Yow! Yep!"

"Let the cad go, you fellows. I'll take this whip to the wood-shed and chop it up. He's played his last rotten trick with it!"

Gunter ground his teeth, but he did not make any attempt to regain possession of the stockwhip. The juniors carried it off, and Gunter dashed away towards the House. He was still anxious about his letter.

In the wood-shed the big stockwhip was duly chopped. The fragments were left on the floor for Gunter to gather up if he chose. As Jimmy Silver said, the junior from Texas had played his last trick with that whip.

But Gunter was not thinking about the stockwhip just then. His letter was occupying all his thoughts. The postman had disappeared into the House. Gunter hurried to the study of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth. On the Form-master's table lay a letter with American stamps and the American postmark.

"Ah," said Mr. Bootles, "there is a letter for you, Gunter!"

"May I have it, sir?" said Gunter eagerly.

"The Head has requested me to exercise supervision over your correspondence, Gunter," said Mr. Bootles severely. "Owing to the extremely undesirable acquaintances you have formed—"

"But that letter's from home, sir—from Texas," said Gunter. "You can see the postmark, sir. Only family matters."

Mr. Bootles turned his glasses upon the letter.

"Yes, I see that it is as you state, Gunter. As the letter is from your home you may have it unopened."

"Thank you, sir!"

Gunter caught up the letter and fairly belted from the study. He gasped as he closed Mr. Bootles's door.

"By gum, what an escape!" he muttered. "Might have been fairly treed, by gum!"

The new junior hurried away to the end study with the letter, where he opened it. It was written in a boyish hand.

Gunter uttered a sudden, fierce exclamation as he read it. His dark face became darker, and his eyes gleamed savagely.

"Waal, I swoy!" he exclaimed. "The game's up!"

"Hallo!" said a cheery voice at the door, as Jimmy Silver looked in. "Has the favourite geegee come in eleventh, Gunter?"

Gunter crushed the letter in his hand.

"You spying hound!" he shouted. "Did you hear—"

Jimmy Silver jumped.

"Better language, please!" he said sharply. "Do you think I care twopence about your dirty betting?"

"Betting!" said Gunter. "This ain't betting! Oh, by gum!"

The dismay in his face struck Jimmy Silver, and the anger died out of his look.

"Not bad news from home?" he said. "If so, I'm sorry!"

Gunter laughed harshly.

"Bad news from home!" he repeated. "Ha, ha, ha! Suppose a white-livered galoot started to play a game, and lost his nerve and went back on you? Suppose he planted you fairly in it, up to the neck, and then weakened and decided to give you away, what would you do?"

"Blessed if I know what you're talk-

ing about!" said Jimmy Silver, mystified.

"I'd lynch him if I could!" muttered Gunter. "Let him come, then! I'll make it hot for him!"

"Eh? Who?"

"Don't ask any questions, and I'll tell you no lies!" sneered Gunter. "It looks like a short life and a merry one for me here. Well, it's going to be merry, anyway. I'll make the fur fly while it lasts."

He crumpled the letter in his hand and stamped out of the study, banging the door after him. Jimmy Silver stared at the door, rooted to the floor in blank astonishment.

The Head's nephew had astonished the end study in many ways. He had been utterly unlike everything the fellows had expected of the nephew of the grave and reverend headmaster of Rookwood. But now, for the first time, it came into Jimmy Silver's mind that there was something much more shady about the Head's nephew than he had suspected. What did that letter from America, and Gunter's anxiety about it, mean? Who was it that was coming, and why did Gunter evidently fear his coming?

Jimmy Silver could find no answer to those questions. But he was puzzled and strangely suspicious. There was more in the Head's nephew than met the eye, and Jimmy felt instinctively that the mystery was one which would not bear the light.

The 3rd Chapter.

There's Many a Slip.

"Tea in Hall, I suppose!" grunted Raby.

The Fistical Four were in a morose temper.

Lovell's uncle having failed them—owing to Lovell's little mistake about the gout—the Classical chums were still stony. They had made several attempts to raise the wind—looking for old debtors and asking them to settle. But debts seemed very difficult to collect that afternoon, and the net result had been the sum of threepence, which Jones minor had advanced as an instalment upon a half-crown that he owed Newcome.

Threepence was not a sufficient sum to provide a study feed for four. The Classical chums were good managers, and they knew how to be economical, but a feed for four on threepence was beyond their powers. There was nothing for it but tea in Hall—the last resource of hard-up fellows.

Tea in Hall was not a plentiful meal. Bread-and-butter—which the juniors alluded to as doornsteps—and tea which was almost too weak to come out of the pot, according to Raby's description. Other comestibles the fellows were at liberty to provide for themselves if they wanted to. But in the present state of the money market the Fistical Four couldn't provide anything.

"Tea in Hall, and threepence-worth of bloater-paste!" said Jimmy Silver. "And it's all Lovell's fault!"

"Well, I forgot the old boy had gout," said Lovell. "I knew it was something, but I forgot what it was."

"You fellows ready for tea?"

Oswald of the Fourth came up cheerily with that insipiring question. The Fistical Four brightened up.

"Corn in Egypt!" murmured Raby. "I've heard you're stony," grinned Oswald. "Hooker told me you'd been trying to screw a bob out of him."

"It wasn't much use," said Jimmy Silver. "Are you rolling in tin, Oswald?"

"I've had a remittance, and laid it out. I've taken the tuck into your study, and I've been looking for you," said Oswald. "I'm standing it this time, so if you're ready for tea—"

"If!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four fell upon Dick Oswald and hugged him. Oswald's kind hospitality came like corn in Egypt in one of the lean years.

"Well, if you're ready—" said Oswald, laughing.

"Lead on, Macduff!" said Jimmy Silver.

In high spirits the five juniors proceeded to the end study.

"Gunter's gone out," Oswald remarked. "He was there when I took the tuck in, but he said he was going out to tea."

"Good egg!" said the four together. They were pleased to hear that their peculiar study-mate was out.

Jimmy Silver threw open the door of the end study.

Then he gave a yell of wrath. "My hat! Look there!"

"The rotters!" yelled Lovell.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Modern cads!"



THE END OF HIS

(Continued
from
the
previous
page.)

TETHER!

The chums of the Fourth stared into the study in a fury.

The famous apartment was a wreck. Evidently a raider had been there. The table was turned upside down, and the chairs were stacked on it, and the study carpet, torn up by the roots, so to speak, was draped over the pile. Books and papers and inkpots had been added, and the pictures from the walls, and the fender and the fire-irons. The crockeryware was there, too—most of it in a very damaged state.

Worst of all, the tuck had been added to the pile. A broken jampot lay on the floor, and the jam was trailing over the carpet. Jam-tarts had been squashed, ginger-pop opened and allowed to run to waste, and a big cake was dripping with ink. Sardines, also, in an inky state, were scattered among the furniture.

The Fistical Four gazed on the scene of ruin with anguish. Oswald's mouth opened wide, and he stood with it open, in a state of utter dismay.

He had brought his friends there to feed, and this was what greeted them. The eatables in the study were not exactly in an eatable state now.

Inky inscriptions on the walls told only too plainly to whom the raid was to be ascribed:

"CLASSICAL CADS!"

"DOWN WITH THE CLASSICS!"

"KIND REGARDS FROM
TOMMY DODD!"

"GO AND EAT COKE!"

There were many such inscriptions on the walls, on the looking-glass, and on the floor. The supply of ink in the study had been used lavishly.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

"The awful rotters!" gasped Jimmy. "This is rather more than a rag! We never damage their props like this when we raid them." "Beastly cads!" hooted Lovell. "Let's go over to their side and scrag them!"

"We—we'll smash them for this!" howled Raby. "Tain't a joke, it's blessed hooliganism! Everything mucked up! Look at my Latin grammar, swimming in jam and ink!"

"Look at the tuck!" groaned Newcome. "And I'm hungry!"

"It's too bad!" said Oswald. "Let's go over and smash 'em."

"Yes, rather!" Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered with the light of battle. "We'll give Tommy Dodd the walloping of his life for this! Come on!"

Tea in the study was evidently out of the question. Vengeance was the next best thing, and the Fistical Four wanted vengeance, and wanted it badly. Jimmy Silver led the way with a rush, and the rest rushed after him.

They rushed out into the quadrangle, prepared to immolate the three Tommies on the spot.

But the three Tommies were not out of doors.

"We've got to tackle the cads in their own quarters," said Jimmy Silver. "Come on!"

Brimming with just wrath, the five juniors rushed across to the Modern side. They slackened down, and assumed as innocent an appearance as possible as they came on Mr. Manders, the senior master on the Modern side of Rookwood. But when Mr. Manders was safely out of sight, they rushed on again, and arrived breathless outside Tommy Dodd's study.

There was a sound of clinking teacups and cheery voices in that study. The three Tommies were at tea, and apparently thinking of anything but danger.

"Don't waste time on 'em," gasped Jimmy Silver. "Go for 'em and scrag 'em before some beastly Modern prefect comes and chips in."

"You bet!"

Jimmy Silver hurled open the door, and the Classical juniors rushed pell-mell into the study.

The 4th Chapter, Not Guilty.

The three Tommies were seated round the study table, enjoying their

tea. The sudden rush of the Classics took them by surprise.

Indeed, the rush was so sudden that the charging invaders crashed into the study table, and sent it flying.

The table went into the fender, and tea and tea-things went into the grate, and the three Modern youths were hurled right and left.

Before they could recover from their astonishment, Jimmy Silver & Co. were collaring them.

Two pairs of hands were laid upon each of the Modern juniors, and they were rolled over and bumped and squashed, amid wild and weird howls and yells.

If an earthquake had suddenly struck Tommy Dodd's study the sur-

"This isn't a fight," said Jimmy Silver sternly, as he scraped down soot; "this is a punishment—a case of making the punishment fit the crime! We're going to make this study a bit worse than you've made ours!"

"Buck up, or there will be a crowd of the cads in!" said Lovell.

"Shove his head this way! Here's the soot!"

"Hold hard!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "You silly ass, we haven't done anything to your silly study!"

"Rats!"

"You've wrecked it, you rotter!"

"And mucked up our feed! We're going to make an example of you! You've got to learn to draw the line somewhere!"

"I tell you—grooh—we haven't!" yelled Tommy Dodd, struggling in the grasp of Lovell and Oswald, and eyeing with horror and apprehension the shovel of soot. "Chuck it—I mean, don't chuck it, you idiot! We haven't been in your rotten—ow!—wouldn't be found dead in it! Yooop!"

Jimmy Silver held his hand—just in time.

"Honour bright?" he demanded.

"Yes, you idiot!"

"Then it was some of your Modern cads," said Raby. "Our study's a wreck!"

"Serve you jolly well right—yow—

tricks. Isn't my word good enough for you, you Classical fatheads?"

"Well, yes," said Jimmy Silver. "If you didn't do it, you needn't have the soot. We take back that ragging. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you—"

"But who did it, then?" howled Lovell. "Somebody did, and it must have been a Modern cad, or Dodd's name wouldn't have been put there."

"Pax!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Sure, I'll smash yez, whin I get loose!" howled Doyle.

"Then you won't get loose in a hurry!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Peace at any price, you chaps. Bump them till they make it pax!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pax!" shrieked the three Moderns in chorus.

"Good egg!" Jimmy deposited the soot in the fire-grate. "Sorry for this little mistake, Dobby; but your name was up in the study, you know."

"Some cad did that, knowing you were silly idiot enough to be taken in!" hooted Tommy Dodd. "If I hadn't made it pax, I'd—I'd—"

"But who did it?" demanded Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Oswald, with a jump. "Gunter!"

"Gunter!" yelled the Fistical Four.

"Yes, Gunter!" exclaimed Oswald

break the solemn compact of "pax." Never had he been so strongly tempted to play the Prussian.

The din in the study had brought a number of Modern fellows along, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had to scuttle hastily out of the passage. An orange followed them, and squashed behind Oswald's ear.

In the quad they paused, breathing hard after their great exertions, and in a towering rage.

"It was Gunter, of course!" said Jimmy Silver, between his teeth. "When I come to think of it, Dobby, wouldn't muck up our things like that. We'll find Gunter and scratch him baldheaded!"

"He's gone out," said Raby.

"Then we'll go after him! Come on!"

"Yow!" said Oswald. "I'm going to wash this orange off! It's squashed down my neck! Grooh!"

"What about tea?" asked Raby.

Jimmy Silver snorted.

"Hang tea! We're going to scrag Gunter!"

Jimmy Silver's word was law. The Fistical Four marched off—on the warpath. It was too late now for tea in Hall, and tea in the study was completely mucked up, and the Fistical Four hunted for Gunter with deadly intent. There was likely to be a high old time for the Head's nephew when they found him.

The 5th Chapter.

Trapped!

"There's the cad!" growled Lovell.

Gunter had been found.

The search had not been long, for Jimmy Silver remembered that Gunter, since his smoking at Rookwood had been stopped, had been in the habit of going down to Penn's barn to "enjoy" his cheroots. In that direction they looked for him first, and, as they sighted the barn, they sighted Gunter. At the window of the loft over the barn the junior from Texas was sitting, with a big black cheroot between his teeth. Anybody crossing the fields might have seen him; but his recklessness was in keeping with his general line of conduct.

The Fistical Four stopped under the window, and shook their fists at the junior above. Gunter grinned down at them, and dropped some ash upon Lovell's upturned face. Lovell yelled. Some of it went into his eye.

"Hallo!" called out Gunter.

"You rotter!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"What's biting you now?" asked Gunter.

"You mucked up our study, and we went for the Modern cads—"

"Ha, ha, ha! I reckoned you would!" yelled Gunter, in great merriment. "How did you find out it wasn't Tommy Dodd?"

"We're going to smash you, you worm!"

"Oh, you couldn't smash one side of me!" said Gunter contemptuously.

"Come up here, and I'll make shavings of you!"

"What!"

"I guess you'd better vamoose," said Gunter. "If you know when you're safe, you light out!"

"You wait till we get at you!" spluttered Lovell.

Gunter's defiance was the last straw. The door was on the other side of the barn, and the Fistical Four raced round the building. Gunter chuckled and disappeared from the window.

"We'll simply pulverise the cad!" panted Lovell. "Get this blessed door open!"

The big door of the barn was closed. It was not locked, but it did not open as the Classical four shoved at it.

"There's a wedge under it!" growled Jimmy Silver. "The beast knew we should find him here, I suppose! Ease it open!"

The juniors worked the door open. A wooden wedge had been shoved under it, but by careful manipulation they forced it away, and the door opened at last. The chums of the Fourth, breathing vengeance, rushed into the barn.

A ladder led up to the trapdoor that gave admittance to the loft. They rushed for the ladder, and Jimmy Silver led the way up.

"Look out for him, Jimmy!" muttered Raby.

Jimmy was looking out. The trapdoor could easily have been defended by the fellow in the loft, and a frontal attack would not have been easy, though at that moment nothing would have stopped the enraged juniors for



"I guess I'm going to have that letter," said Gunter, blocking the way of the postman. "You'll hand me that letter, or I'll take it off you!"

prise and the havoc could not have been more complete.

"Go for 'em!" panted Jimmy Silver.

"Bump the cads!"

"Wreck the study!"

"We'll give 'em kind regards, the Modern worms!"

Bump! Bump! Crash! Bang! Yell! Shriek!

"Rescue, Moderns!" screamed Tommy Dodd. "Yaroooh! You lunatics, wharrer marrer? Great pip! Ow! Help!"

"Yurruuogh!" gurgled Tommy Doyle. "Oh, howly mother av Moses! It's dotty they are intirely!"

"Yow! Help!"

Bump! Bump! Crash!

"Sit on 'em!"

"Pin 'em down!"

"Hold 'em while I scrape some soot out of the chimney!" yelled Jimmy Silver, seizing the fire-shovel.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd struggled desperately.

"Hold on!" he roared. "Yah! Classical cads! Two to one! Funks! Yah!"

but we didn't do it, you silly asses!" roared Tommy Cook. "Leggo!"

"Let 'em have the soot!" said Lovell. "Somebody did it, if they didn't, and somebody's got to squirm for it! Give 'em the soot!"

"You thumping idiot!" roared Tommy Dodd. "I tell you—"

"Oh, give 'em the soot! They're Modern cads, anyway!"

But Jimmy Silver paused. Certainly the three Tommies were Moderns, anyway, and as such deserved to be sooted—from a Classical point of view. But Jimmy Silver resolved to be just before he was generous—with the soot.

"Hold on!" he said. "If they didn't do it, we've got to find out who did. It was some awful cad. Look here, Dobby, your name was scrawled on the wall with kind regards!"

"That shows it was Dodd," said Newcome.

"Shows it was somebody taking you in, you fatheads!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Smythe of the Shell, perhaps. Just one of his mean

excitedly. "He was in the study when I took the tuck in, and I noticed he was grinning like a hyena. It's just one of his dirty tricks, too."

"Gunter!" repeated Jimmy Silver.

"Well, you were a duffer not to think of that before!"

"Well, you didn't think of it."

"Oh, don't jaw, Oswald! Of course it was Gunter. He wanted to make us go for old Dobby, to pay us all out for handling him this afternoon."

Jimmy Silver saw it all now—a little late. "Dobby, we're sorry!"

"If you don't clear out of my study I'll make you sorrier!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "If you hadn't made it pax—"

"You see—"

Tommy Dodd jumped for his cricket-bat.

"Buzz off, you Classical maniac! I give you three seconds, and then, pax or no pax, I'll—"

The bat was brandished in the air, and Jimmy Silver & Co. retired hurriedly from the study. It was very much to Tommy Dodd's credit, under the circumstances, that he did not



THE END OF HIS

(Continued from the previous page.)

TETHER!

long. But Gunter did not appear at the trapdoor.

Jimmy Silver scrambled through, followed fast by his chums. They glared round the loft for Gunter.

He was not to be seen. "The cad's hiding!" growled Lovell. "He's behind the straw somewhere! Hunt him out!"

Crash! "The ladder!" yelled Raby. They spun back to the trapdoor. The ladder by which they had ascended was gone. It had been dragged away, and lay at full length on the brick floor of the barn.

Twenty feet of steeper space was below the trapdoor now. And underneath stood—Gunter!

He grinned up at them. Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at him spellbound. They had expected to find Gunter in the loft, where they had seen him at the window.

A little late, it dawned upon them that he had descended, and that he must have been concealed in the lower room while they were negotiating the wedged door.

From his hiding-place he had watched them swarm up into the loft, and he had dragged the ladder away after them.

They were trapped in the loft. There was no possible means of descent—they could not drop twenty feet upon a brick floor.

The Fistical Four glared down at Gunter with feelings too deep for words. The Head's nephew grinned and chuckled.

"All O K up there?" he asked, blowing out a cloud of smoke.

"Oh, you rotter!" "Fairly cornered—what!" grinned Gunter. "I guess you'd have to get up early in the morning to handle me!"

"Put that ladder back!" howled Lovell.

"What for?" chuckled Gunter. "So that we can come down and smash you!" roared Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha! Not good enough!"

"We—we—we'll—"

"I calculate you can stay there and cool your heels," said Gunter. "Sorry I can't stop! I've got to see some friends in the village!"

"Hold on!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "You've got to put that ladder back. We can't stay up here."

"Can't you?" chortled Gunter. "It seems to me that you can't do anything else!"

"You—you—you—"

"My pals will be waiting for me!" grinned Gunter. "I've spent a lot of

time here waiting for you, you see! So—long!"

"Hold on, Gunter! We can't stay here! There will be a row if we're not in by locking-up!" shouted Raby.

"That's your funeral!" "You mean to keep us up here after calling-over, you villain?" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"You can stay there all night, for all I care!" said Gunter coolly. "And all the week, for that matter! It doesn't matter a continental red cent to me!"

"You cad! Let us down, and we'll let you off!" said Jimmy Silver, with an effort. "We—we'll make it pax!"

"I'm not asking to be let off!" jeered Gunter. "And I guess I'm not letting you out, not if I know it!"

"Oh, you worm!" gasped Jimmy Silver, raging helplessly. "You outsider! We shall get into a row with Bootles if we're late for call-over!"

"Serve you right!" "We'll scrag you afterwards, you worm!" yelled Lovell.

"You don't seem to be making much of a success of the scragging!" grinned Gunter. "I guess I'll chance it. You see, I can't let you out. I'm taking my pals home with me, and I can't have you galoots foolin' round in the study! You wouldn't get on, with my pals!"

"You—you're taking those rotters to Rookwood!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Why not?" "You fathead! The Head—"

"Oh, blow the Head!" "You'll get sacked!" shouted Raby.

"A short life and a merry one!" chuckled Gunter. "I'm going to take in my pals, and stand drinks and smokes in the study!"

"Wha-a-at!" "You galoots can stay up there! If you stay out all night, my word, what a shine there'll be at Rookwood when you turn up! Ha, ha, ha!"

Gunter turned to the door. "Come back, you rotter!" raved Jimmy Silver.

Gunter walked out of the barn, whistling, and slammed the heavy door after him. There was no doubt about it—he certainly meant to leave them there.

Jimmy Silver, breathing hard, went to the window. He sighted Gunter in the fields, walking away towards Coombe. Gunter looked back, waved his hand and grinned, and disappeared beyond the hedge.

The 6th Chapter. Neck or Nothing.

"Well, this is a go!" said Raby dismally.

"Fairly dished, and by that cad!" said Lovell, with a snort.

"Dished and done!" said Newcome. "Now, get us out of it, Jimmy Silver! You got us into it, you know!"

Jimmy Silver grunted. There seemed no way out.

Newcome had suggested shouting for help, but the proposal was negated at once. The barn was a great distance from the farmhouse, and Farmer Penn, as they knew only too well, did not allow liberties to be taken with his property. If he found four Rookwood juniors in his loft, he was most likely to leave them there while he sent word to the school. It occurred to the juniors that their invasion of the barn would be regarded by Mr. Penn as trespassing, and Mr. Penn was not likely to listen to reason on the subject.

They needed help, but they did not want any help from that quarter. The less noise they made the better.

But, left to their own resources, there seemed to be no escape. There was nearly twenty feet of space below the trapdoor, and escape from the window was still more impossible. It looked out on a sheer wall.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome fixed significant looks on their leader. It was a leader's business to lead, there could be no denying that. It was up to Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver admitted it, but he remarked that there was nothing doing. He admitted that he was an unusually clever chap, but he couldn't work miracles. Wings, or, at least, an aeroplane, were required, and such things could not be produced from Jimmy Silver's waistcoat pocket.

"We're waiting!" remarked Lovell, when half an hour had passed.

"So am I!" said Jimmy Silver. "Well, what are you waiting for, fathead?"

"Looks as if we shall have to wait till morning," said Jimmy Silver flippantly. "I dare say somebody will come to the barn to-morrow morning."

"The gates are locked at dark," said Lovell, "and it's a quarter of an hour from here to Rookwood! There's time for you to think of a way out, Jimmy Silver, if you've got the brains!"

"Tain't brains that's wanted—it's a ladder or a pair of wings! I don't usually carry a twenty-foot ladder in my pocket!" said Jimmy. "I forgot to bring one with me this afternoon! A fellow does forget things, you know!"

"Don't you be a funny ass!" roared Lovell. "Ain't you study-leader? Haven't you told us so a dozen times—or a hundred times, rather? You've landed us in this! Now, get us out of it in time for calling-over!"

"Nothing doing!" "There will be something doing soon!" said Lovell darkly. "You've got to think of a way out, or we'll jolly well rag you!"

"Hear, hear!" said Raby and Newcome.

"Look here, you ass—"

"Nuff said!" interrupted Lovell. "We'll give you another quarter of an hour. It's up to a leader to lead. Otherwise he gets it in the neck."

Jimmy Silver grunted again, and set his wits to work. Unless the juniors were to get into bad trouble at Rookwood, they had to get out of that peculiar trap.

Missing call-over would be serious enough, but staying out all night would be the limit. And they could not sneak. They would have to face the music, and leave Gunter to cackle.

Jimmy Silver cudgelled his brains. He looked from the window, and shook his head. A fly could have crawled down the wall, but Jimmy Silver was not a fly. He looked down the trapdoor, and shook his head again. A drop on the brick floor below meant broken bones, at least, and probably a broken neck. Jimmy Silver had only one neck, and naturally he desired to preserve it intact.

Lovell timed him with his watch. The Co. meant business. What the dickens was a leader for if he couldn't lead?

A quarter of an hour passed. Jimmy Silver seemed no nearer a solution of the problem. Lovell put away his watch with a business-like air.

"Got it?" he asked. "Got what, fathead?" snapped Jimmy Silver.

"The way out, duffer!" "There's the way out," said Jimmy Silver, pointing to the trapdoor. "It's all right. You jump out, Lovell!"

"Eh?" "And I'll drop on you," said Jimmy. "That'll break my fall, and I shall get off with a bruise or two."

"And what about me?" shrieked Lovell.

"Oh, you'll break your neck, but those little things can't be helped. Try to fall with your head upwards!"

"Mum-mum-my head upwards!" "Yes, so that I can drop on something soft."

"You funny idiot!" yelled Lovell. "Collar him."

The Co. were not in a mood for Jimmy Silver's little jokes. They rushed at him, and Jimmy dodged away along the loft.

"Chuck it, you chumps!" he shouted. "I'm trying to think it out, ain't I?"

"Time's up!" Jimmy dodged round the yawning trap.

"Hold on, I've got it!" he gasped. Lovell panted.

"Out with it, then, sharp. Now, then—"

"There's always a way out of anything, if you've brains enough to think of it," said Jimmy Silver, quite cheerfully. "There's a remedy for everything but death and taxes. Blessed if I know why I didn't think of it before; I suppose it was your face worried me, Lovell—"

"Get it out, you ass!" "Simply a gym exercise," said Jimmy Silver, scanning the trapdoor.

"There's about nineteen or twenty feet down there. Well, you hang on with your hands, Lovell—"

"What for?" "I suppose you've got enough nerve?"

"My nerve's all right, fathead. It's only what we do in the gym. But what's the good of hanging there with my hands?"

"You're the biggest and strongest, likewise the heaviest, not to mention the fattest and fatheadedest—"

"Will you get on with the washing, you chump?"

"Well, you hang there, and Raby will crawl over you, and hang on to your feet—they're big enough—"

"Never mind my feet, idiot. What good is Raby going to do, hanging on to my feet?"

"Then I'll crawl down over both of you, and hang on to Raby's feet, and drop. I can drop the rest."

"Oh, crumbs!" The Co. stared at Jimmy Silver. It was a risky and reckless scheme; yet it was no more than some of the gymnastics they had gone through in the Rookwood gymnasium. But there was a brick floor below, instead of a net, and that made a difference. For a tumble meant—what they did not like to think of.

There was a short silence. The Fistical Four looked very grave. "We're game," said Lovell at last. "I suppose it's the only way, as they say in the play. I could stand the weight, though not for long."

"I'm not going to hang on permanently," said Jimmy Silver. "Only long enough to drop."

"Where do I come in?" asked Newcome.

"You can hold on to Lovell's ears and give him your support."

"Silly ass!"

"Go it!" said Jimmy Silver. It required some nerve. Fortunately, the Fistical four were famous for their nerve. It was a quality they had never lacked.

Lovell, with his face set grimly, lowered himself into the opening, and held on by the edge. Newcome took a grip on his collar—not his ears, as Jimmy had playfully suggested—and held him fast.

That was the easiest part of the proceedings.

Then came Raby's turn. Raby was much lighter than Lovell in weight. He grasped his chum, and lowered himself, his teeth set and his heart beating. Lovell kept his elbow on the floor of the loft, and Newcome held on to him. Raby went lower and lower, and swang on Lovell's legs.

All the flippancy had gone out of Jimmy Silver's face now. He knew that the expedient was a desperate one, and that there might be disaster. But he did not falter.

He lowered himself from the side of the trap, and held on there for a moment before he shifted his grasp to his hanging chums.

"Steady!" he said. They did not speak, their teeth were hard set.

Jimmy Silver gently changed his grasp from the trap-edge to Lovell. Lovell hung on grimly, hardly breathing.

Down went Jimmy Silver. Down, carefully, methodically, till he reached Raby, and hung on to him.

Down lower, till he was clinging to Raby's knees, with a grip that made Raby wince with pain, though he gave no sound.

One rapid glance Jimmy threw below. The floor of the barn was not far off now. The human chain above him had cut off half the distance.

He set his teeth and let go. The relief from his weight came only in time for Lovell and Raby. Their strength was taxed to the utmost.

"Bump!" Jimmy Silver landed on his feet and rolled over.

He was up again in a second. The fall had jarred him, but he was not hurt.

"Hold on while I get the ladder up!" he panted.

No reply. But the juniors held on. Raby could not have climbed up over Lovell to the loft, to save his life. He had to wait for the ladder. His arms, and Lovell's, had to bear the strain till the ladder was raised.

Jimmy Silver did not lose a second. He knew how precious seconds were—perhaps all the difference between life and death for his chums.

He grasped the heavy ladder, and exerted his strength, and reared it into its place.

Clump! The head of the ladder dropped in its place, the rungs now were below Raby's feet as he swung, and he groped for them.

Jimmy Silver scrambled up the ladder, and helped him to hold.

Lovell gave a faint gasp, as Raby's weight was removed. Raby grasped the ladder, and slid down to the floor of the barn, past Jimmy Silver. He collapsed on the floor, panting.

Jimmy Silver mounted higher, and grasped Lovell, and drew him upon the ladder. Lovell did not speak, his face was white.

"Steady, old chap!" whispered Jimmy.

With infinite care he helped Lovell down the ladder to the floor. Then Newcome came sliding down.

"Oh!" gasped Lovell, leaning heavily on Jimmy's shoulder. "Oh, my arms—ow!"

For ten minutes, at least, the chums of the Fourth sat motionless on the hay in the barn, resting after their exertions. Lovell rubbed his arms at last, as if to make sure that they were still there.

"It was a strain!" he remarked. "We've done it."

"And done Gunter, the cad!" said Raby. "Blessed if I'd like to go through it again. I thought I was going every second, when that fathead Silver was hanging on to me."

Jimmy Silver rose. "Come on!" he said. "We owe this to Gunter, and we're going to make him wriggle. I dare say he's got his precious pals in the study by this time. Come on!"

And the Fistical Four, still somewhat subdued, left the barn, and started for Rookwood. They had been in peril of their lives; but, the

Just Out!

Just Out!

NEW STORY-BOOKS FOR

READERS OF ALL AGES!

3 NEW ADDITIONS TO—

"THE BOYS' FRIEND"

3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.

No. 310—
"WITH BUGLE AND BAYONET!"
A Great Story of a Boy's Adventures in Kitchener's Army.
By BEVERLEY KENT.

No. 311—
"PRIDE OF THE FOOTPLATE!"
A Grand Story of a Railway Athlete.
By SIDNEY DREW.

No. 312—
"THE SCHOOL REPUBLIC!"
A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of School Life.
By DAVID GOODWIN.

ASK ALWAYS FOR—

"THE BOYS' FRIEND"

3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.



THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN SCREAM BOOK

is the funniest book ever written. It will make your sides simply ache with laughter. You will read it again and again, and laugh longer and longer every time. It is

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

throughout with photographs and illustrations. The stories will make you roar. The humorous poems will tickle you to death. It's a book in a thousand. It's as good as seeing a dozen films of C.C.

NOW ON SALE—2d.

THE LONGEST, LOUDEST, & CHEAPEST LAUGH IN THE WORLD!

GET IT TO-DAY!



THE END OF HIS

(Continued from the previous page.)

TETHER!

danger over, it was soon dismissed from their minds. They were thinking of Gunter now, and what was to happen when they found him.

The 7th Chapter. Gunter's Little Party.

There was a crowd in the Fourth-Form passage when Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived there.

Oswald met them with a startled, almost scared face.

"Jolly glad you fellows have come in!" he gasped. "You may be able to do something with him."

"Him! Gunter?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yes. He's in the end study——"

"Good!"

"He's got a gang of awful rascals with him; he brought them in," said Oswald.

"They're smoking and drinking——"

"We'll see to him," said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Come on, you chaps!"

The Fistical Four marched on to the end study, with a crowd of the Fourth and the Shell at their heels.

Jimmy Silver flung the door open.

The atmosphere in the study was thick with smoke.

Four fellows sat round the table. One of them was Gunter.

The Head's nephew had a cigar between his yellow teeth, and a glass in his hand.

There were bottles and glasses and cards and cigar-ash on the table.

The room was still a wreck, from Gunter's late doings there, but the festive party did not seem to mind.

Gunter's companions were such as had never been seen in Rookwood before.

They were all young fellows, though some years older than Gunter—worthless characters, who haunted the public-houses in Coombe and the neighbouring market-town.

And all three of them were under the influence of drink.

Gunter started as he saw the Fistical Four at the door.

His face was flushed; he had been drinking, too.

The room reeked with the odour of spirits.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "So you got out?"

"Yes," said Jimmy Silver, "we got out."

"Come in and join the merry party," said Gunter.

"Take a hand at nap. Make room for my study-mates, Bulger!"

"Ye gods!" murmured Lovell.

"And that's the Head's nephew!"

Jimmy Silver looked hard at the young blackguard in the study.

He remembered the letter from America, and the strange remarks that Gunter had made concerning it.

A dim, half-formed suspicion was in the back of his mind.

Was it possible that there was some trick—some swindle—and that this hardened young rascal was not what he seemed?

"Oh, trot in!" said Gunter.

"Pass the rosy, Tadger!"

Tadger passed the whisky-bottle.

Jimmy Silver strode into the study, and knocked the bottle out of his hand, and it smashed on the floor.

"Stop this!" he said savagely.

Gunter sprang up.

"Get out of this study, Jimmy Silver!" he shouted.

"You're getting out, and your precious friends, too!" said Jimmy Silver, his voice trembling with rage.

"You'll never set foot in this study again, you cad! We've stood you long enough, because of the Head. We're not standing any more of it. Get out, the whole gang of you!"

"I guess I'm sticking!" grinned Gunter.

"I'm the Head's nephew—ha, ha, ha!—and you can't turn me out! Stand by me, partners!"

"Kick them out!" roared Lovell furiously.

Smash—smash—smash! Bottles and glasses were hurled to the floor by the angry juniors.

Gunter gave a yell of rage, and sprang upon Jimmy Silver.

His tipsy friends backed him up at once, and the Co. joined in, and Oswald and several

more of the Fourth rushed into the fray.

There was a terrific struggle in the end study.

Tadger was the first to go. He spun into the passage, and crashed down there.

Bulger followed him, roaring, and rolled over Tadger.

Then Gunter, fighting like a tiger, was dragged to the door and pitched out.

The last of the gang, in the grasp of the Fistical Four, was whirled through the doorway, and sent sprawling over Gunter.

"Hooray!" chorused the juniors in the passage.

"By gad!" said Smythe. "Here comes Bootles!"

And Mr. Bootles rustled away after Gunter and the prefects.

my soul! Are you mad, Gunter? Bulkeley—Neville—seize that wicked boy, and bring him to the Head's study!"

The two prefects, who had followed Mr. Bootles up the passage, promptly laid their grasp on Gunter. They marched him off, struggling.

"As for those disreputable characters," thundered Mr. Bootles, "tell the sergeant to come and see them off the premises at once, my boys!"

"We needn't trouble Sergeant Kettle," grinned Lovell. "We'll see the bouders off the premises ourselves!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Pile in!"

The juniors seized upon Messrs. Tadger & Co. The three blackguards were rushed, struggling and yelling, down the passage.

In the midst of an excited crowd they were hustled across the quad, and hurled out of the gates. There they took to their heels, and ran. It was likely to be a long time before any of Gunter's peculiar friends accepted another invitation from Gunter to a celebration inside the walls of Rookwood.

"That's the last of them, at any rate," panted Jimmy Silver, "and I



Upon Jimmy Silver ordering the juniors to pile in, the three ruffians were hustled across the quad and hurled out of the gates. It was likely to be a long time before they showed their faces inside the walls of Rookwood again!

"Cave!"

Mr. Bootles rustled up the passage, his face aflame. He seemed petrified as he saw Gunter & Co. sprawling on the floor.

"Who— who — who are these persons?" he ejaculated faintly.

"Gunter's friends, sir," chirruped Smythe.

"Gunter, how dare you introduce such persons into the school! Gunter, you have been smoking—and drinking!"

Mr. Bootles looked for a moment as if he would faint.

"Gunter! Good heavens!"

"I guess there'll be a row now," said Gunter, as he scrambled up.

"A short life and a merry one! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gunter," said Mr. Bootles faintly—"Gunter! You wretched, wicked boy! Follow me to the Head at once!"

"Oh, come off!" said Gunter. "I guess I'm not going to see the old boy now!"

"The—the what! The—the old boy!" stuttered Mr. Bootles. "Bless

should think it would be the last of Gunter, too."

"The Head can't overlook it, nephew or not," said Lovell. "He'll have to go. And a jolly good riddance for Rookwood!"

The juniors waited anxiously for news. What effect the report of his nephew's proceedings would have upon the Head they could hardly imagine. The news was not long in coming.

Gunter was in the punishment-room, confined there by order of the Head. The rascal of Rookwood had reached the end of his tether at last. On the morrow he was to leave Rookwood, expelled from the school.

And Jimmy Silver & Co., though they bore no malice, could not help feeling comforted by the news. They had had enough of the rascal of Rookwood.

THE END.

("One Against the School!" is the title of next Monday's magnificent long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. Don't miss it!)

TALES TO TELL!



Our weekly prize-winners. Look out for YOUR winning storyette.

THE AIR STEALERS.

Johnson had gone down to Splashton-on-Mud for the benefit of his health. Owing to business worries and the war, he had got rather run-down, and his doctor had told him that he needed a change of air.

Now, Splashton-on-Mud seemed to agree with Johnson. He picked up wonderfully, and he put it all down to the bracing air.

"By Jove!" he remarked to one of the boatmen on the beach. "You have fine, bracing air down here!"

"Ay!" replied the old salt. "It is that, but if them bicycle people keep on coming, they'll spoil it all!"

"Why?" exclaimed the amazed

VERY FISHY!

"I once knew an angler who was always bragging about his catches," said Mr. Rodd to his fellow-angler, Mr. Reel.

"That so?" said Mr. Reel.

"Yes," continued his companion, "bragging was his 'sole' pleasure. He was a little 'shrimp' of a man with not much 'mussel' to speak of, but he considered himself a 'dab' at fishing. I knew his yarns were all 'cod,' and when he began to 'flounder,' I pulled him off his 'perch,' and put him in his 'plaiice,' and told him not to 'carp' at my remarks, but he swallowed the 'bait,' and took his 'hook,' and I haven't had so much as a 'line' from him since!"—Sent in by R. Hendry, Paisley.

THE UNDESIRABLE WAY!

A year or two ago a steamer was sailing down the river with a shrewd old Yankee captain in command. Suddenly the engines stopped, and there was nothing doing for several minutes.

The passengers began to talk the matter over amongst themselves, and one of them, a portly, persistent sort of person, advanced pompously towards the captain.

"What's the trouble, cap?" he asked. "Why have we stopped?"

"Too much fog," answered the skipper curtly. "We can't see up the river."

"But I can see the stars overhead quite distinctly," argued the persistent party.

"Maybe!" admitted the captain grimly. "But, unless the boilers bust, we ain't goin' that way!"—Sent in by J. A. Bullough, Leigh.

REVENGE IS SWEET!

The doctor had been called in to see a new patient. As he stood by the bedside, he eyed the suffering man coldly, and said:

"I'm afraid you will have to call in another medical man."

"Eh?" cried the patient. "Am I as bad as all that?"

"Well, I can't answer that," replied the doctor, "but I do know that you are the lawyer who cross-examined me in that law-case last week."

The patient looked up incredulously.

"But what's that got to do with it?" he queried.

"Everything!" snapped the doctor. "My conscience won't let me kill you, but I'm hanged if I'm going to cure you! Good-afternoon!"—Sent in by C. Allen, Mile End, London.

LOST—ONE JERK!

He was a country farmer, and quite unused to London, and London ways. He was, strange to say, very fond of chocolate, and what should happen when he came across an automatic sweet machine, than he should desire some chocolate.

He read the inscription on the machine, which ran as follows: "Pull the handle with a jerk," and then inserted his penny.

After that, he began looking all over the machine. This went on for some ten minutes, then, in absolute disgust, he turned to leave the machine, when a newsboy stepped up, and asked him whether the machine wouldn't work.

"Bejabers, I dunno!" replied the farmer. It says, 'Pull the handle with a jerk,' but, bless me, I can't find any jerk to pull it with!"—Sent in by S. J. Cope, Thame.

A PUZZLER FOR PAT.

"Pat," said an officer in an Irish regiment to his servant, "here's a shilling for some tobacco, and another for some cigarettes. You might get them for me, will you?"

Pat made off, but returned in a few minutes, apparently in deep distress.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the officer.

"Shure, sorr," said Pat nervously, "O've got the shillings mixed, and don't know which is for the baccy and which is for the cigarettes!"—Sent in by D. Mitchell, Kirkealdy.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!

Readers are invited to send on postcard storyettes or short interesting paragraphs for this feature. For every contribution used the sender will receive a money prize. All postcards must be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND and "Gem" Library, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.