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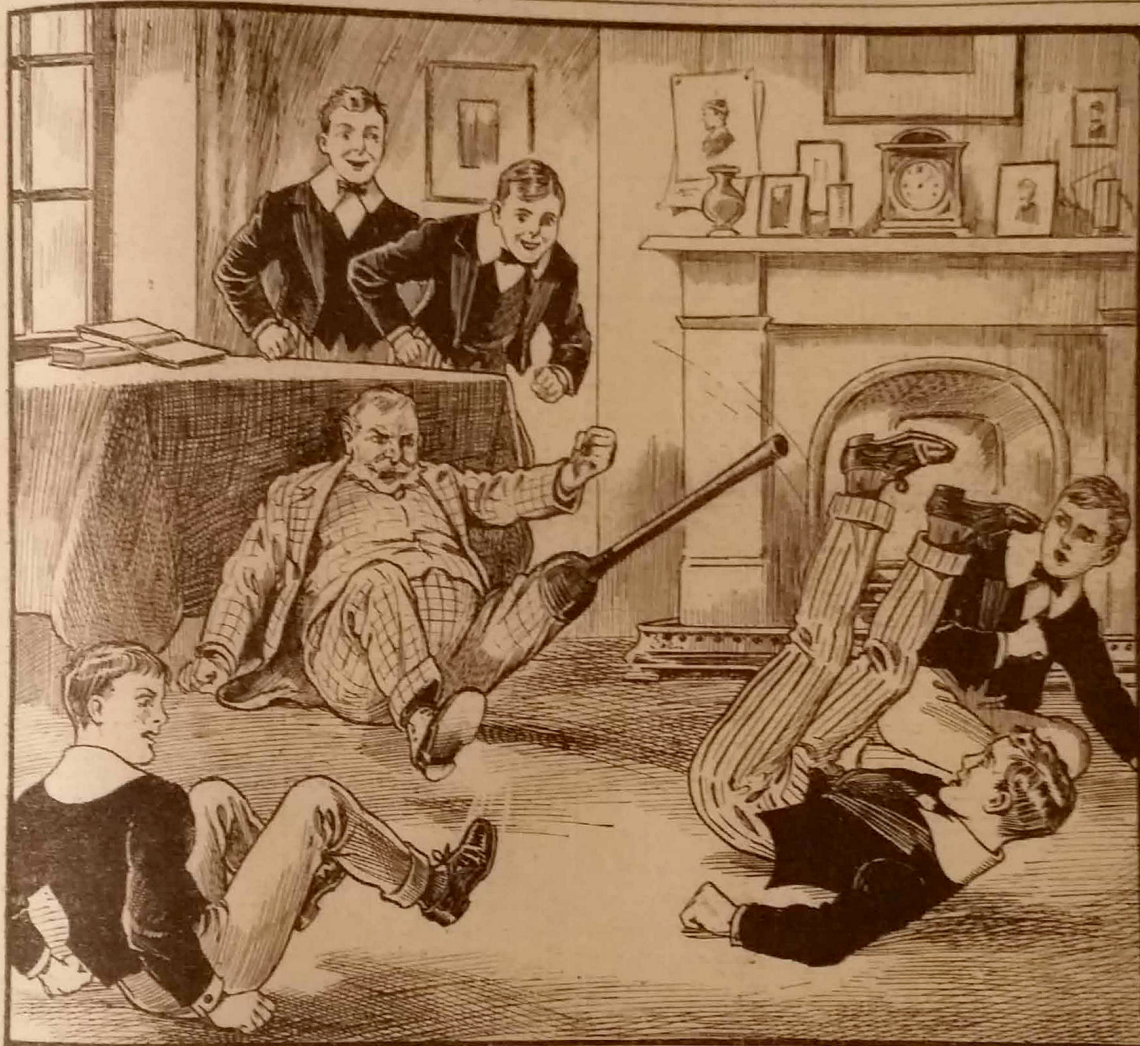
The BOYS' FRIEND 1d

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 794, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending August 26th, 1915.



Astounding Happenings in the Study! A Trying Time for Tommy Dodd & Co.!

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

THE ROOKWOOD PLAYERS!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Three in a Fix.

"Look out!"
 "What's the row?"
 "Classical cards!" growled Tommy Dodd.
 "Oh, what rotten luck!"
 The Three Tommies of the Modern side at Rookwood looked exasperated, as they felt.

and the weather, for once in a way, had condescended to be fine. Nearly everybody was out of doors. Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Classical side, were on the cricket-ground. The Classical studies were deserted. So were the Modern studies, for that matter. And the opportunity had seemed excellent to Tommy Dodd for paying a visit to the quarters of his old rivals, and preparing a little surprise for them when they came in.

Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook
 and Tommy Doyle were in the junior passage on the Classical side, outside the door of the end study. They had been about to enter that celebrated study, when Tommy Dodd gave the alarm.
 There were footsteps on the stairs, and the voice of Lovell of the Fourth could be heard in the distance.
 "Rot! We can retrace after dark, Jimmy, you see! Much better stick to the cricket while the rain's off."

"Oh, my hat! They're coming in to retrace!" said Tommy Cook.
 "Caught, be jibbers!" growled Doyle.
 The Modern raiders were fairly caught.
 They hadn't raided the end study yet. They had only just arrived on the scene. And the Fustial Four were coming upstairs, and retreat was out of

their Classics, but it would not only see you to bring a class on the scene, and then the retrace Moderns would certainly have looked for a rapping, to impress upon them the art of reading Classics quarters.

"We've got to look!" muttered Cook.

"They're in the way. We can't!"

"Back there, before the other boys can come on," suggested Doyle.

Tommy Dodd shook his head sadly.

"Better dodge. Get into the back room. We can clear it after they've gone into the study."

"But—"

"Back up, see! They'll be about in ten ticks."

Tommy Dodd opened the door of the back room to be quiet. The back room was at the end of the passage.

The three Moderns hurried into it, and Tommy Dodd closed the door, only a second or two before the Classics came into view at the other end of the long passage.

"Look here!" began Doyle.

"Mum's the word, see! I suppose they won't come in here!" said Tommy Dodd.

"You will be careful and unobtrusive. They'll make an example of us if they catch us raiding their quarters."

Tommy looked through the keyhole.

"There's Oswald and Rawson with them, too! The main lot is—"

"Look here!" muttered Cook.

He pointed to several queer-looking

objects that lay on the empty shelves in the room.

"There was a box of green-point also, and several maps, books, and memorabilia, and a wooden leg. Tommy Dodd sneered.

The presence of the theatrical props showed that the box room was to be the scene of the Classical rehearsal.

"They're coming in here, heh!"

"And we shall be spotted all the same!" growled Cook.

"We should have been safer in the study. You're an ass, Tommy!"

"Get out of sight!"

"Where?"

"Oh, use your head, foolard!" said Tommy Dodd crossly.

There was no time to be lost. The footsteps and voices of the Classical panics were approaching the back room.

Fortunately, there was plenty of cover. Most of the boxes and trunks in the room had been piled in one corner, to keep them out of the way of the rehearsal.

The three Tommies squeezed themselves behind the stack, which quite concealed them from view.

"Now keep quiet!" murmured Dodd.

"Faith, but I think—"

"Shurrup!"

"Look here, Tommy Dodd—"

"Do you want me to bash your silly rapping on the wall, Tommy Doyle?" demanded the Modern leader, in self-phrasing tones.

"Why, you cheeky spalpeen—"

"Shurrup!"

The back room door opened, and Tommy Doyle growled and relaxed into silence. The three Tommies scarcely breathed.

Jimmy Silver came into the back room with his companions. The Fustial Four—Jimmy, Lovell, Babe, and Notroome—were all there, with Rawson, Oswald, Flynn, and Jones

missed. The odds were far too great for even the redoubtable Tommies to think of tackling, if they could help it.

There was nothing for it but to retrace their steps, and to do so—

"Silly rot!" Lovell was saying.

"We can retrace any old time—"

"Fustard!" said Jimmy Silver.

"We've had an hour at the cricket, haven't we?"

(Continued on the next page.)



THE ROOKWOOD

(Continued from the previous page)

PLAYERS!

"Well, another hour would be all right. And what about the play?"

"Oh, let's go on with it," said Tom. "It's a long time to wait for a long time now. These Moderns must be waiting for all about it now."

"The three Moderns grinned behind the stacks of books. Suddenly they were surprised to see the remark was to the fact."

"Yes, that's right, Linn!" said Ruby. "You're going to teach the Moderns to walk like you. They're sure to think of admiring a wonderful-looking actor in any of their own plays."

"And if they know what a splendid actor you'll be, just like them to follow it," said Jimmy Silver. "This play is going to have all kinds of Moderns. You'll be going to have some good players for it."

"That's all very well," began Linn. "But we'll have to get a lot of money to have a theatrical before the play comes off, and we've got to have it this afternoon."

"Well, now we're going to have another."

"Oh, I suppose you're bound to have your way, Jimmy Silver."

"Naturally," said Jimmy calmly. "You follow your Uncle James, and don't you?"

"The Moderns were heard to leave a clasp of it to her," continued Linn. "They don't even know we've looked the Forsman for the street."

"Don't you?" demanded Tommy Doid. "You're the Moderns."

"Well, in their own way it's going to show us that they can show it. They like," demanded Jimmy Silver. "They're just as big as a boy, don't they?"

"Tommy Doid shook his foot at the Moderns. The Moderns were in the Moderns side did not think that they had anything to show from Jimmy Silver & Co."

"Because," continued Jimmy Silver, "we're going to have everything put, so we shall have a very distinguished audience. Besides, we've promised to come."

"And old Rukwood is going to give us a look in. And I'm going to ask Admiral Topmuck!"

"Besides, you couldn't tell your kind out of eight. It's too big."

"You think you were just a puppet then?" asked Linn.

"Well, we haven't before, say that. You're not wanted for a puppet either."

"I don't suppose the Moderns want to be a puppet either. I'll be a puppet either in the play, if I can tell you that. It'll be an original puppet, he'll think a funny puppet of it."

"Oh, that's not! I suppose the old puppet will have a sense of humor, but it'll be a sense of humor, and they'll be with the puppeteer."

"Yes, jolly enough all the puppeteer in the play," said Linn. "I know I only have a puppet to speak as a puppet."

"Well, that's all you could expect."

"And I don't get much as a puppeteer," said Ruby. "I only have to say 'Hello, Linn!' half a dozen times. And then look, Jimmy, you must be a puppet for me with that puppeteer."

"We've got to have the thing puppeteer, Ruby. Admiral Topmuck says the puppeteer will be a puppeteer, and he'll be a puppeteer."

"If you don't get a puppeteer, you'll be a puppeteer, and he'll be a puppeteer."

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view as far as the Moderns being stopped at all by the puppeteer. The puppeteer was heard on at the last, and he'd say nothing."

"Tommy Doid had to admit that Jimmy Silver was a puppeteer, and he'd be a puppeteer, and he'd be a puppeteer."

"The Moderns were heard to leave a clasp of it to her," continued Linn. "They don't even know we've looked the Forsman for the street."

"Don't you?" demanded Tommy Doid. "You're the Moderns."

"Well, in their own way it's going to show us that they can show it. They like," demanded Jimmy Silver. "They're just as big as a boy, don't they?"

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"And old Rukwood is going to give us a look in. And I'm going to ask Admiral Topmuck!"

"Why do you think I'm a puppeteer?"

"I don't suppose the Moderns want to be a puppet either. I'll be a puppet either in the play, if I can tell you that. It'll be an original puppet, he'll think a funny puppet of it."

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"Look here, I suppose this play will be a puppeteer," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll be a puppeteer, and he'll be a puppeteer."

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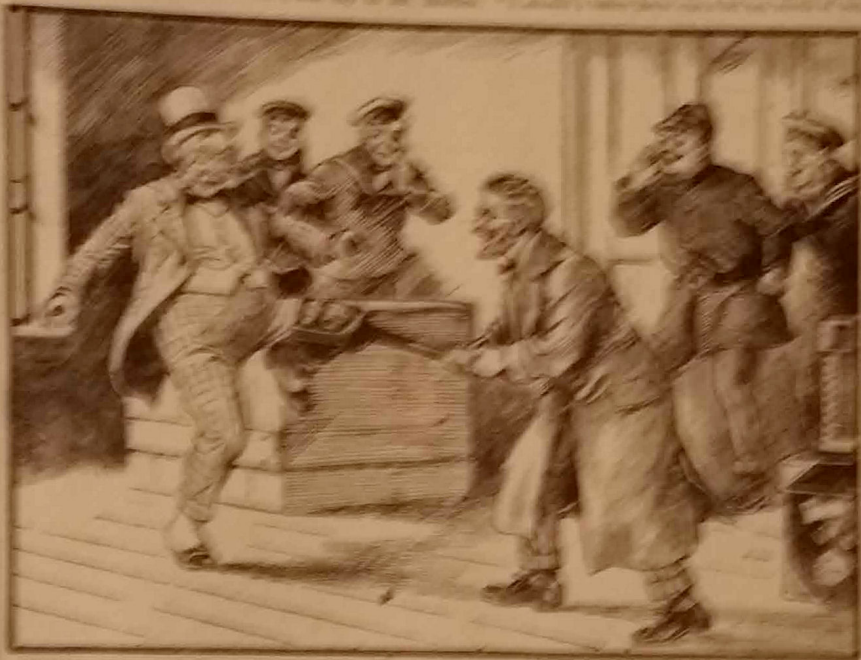
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"Make way!" roared Jimmy Blue, "that's just what I want!" and he rushed forward, "I don't care for an improvement!" growled Baby. "That's all the making of the whole of it."

The boys were all in a state of excitement. They had just seen the play and they were all talking about it. Jimmy Blue was the first to speak. "That was a grand play," he said. "I don't care for an improvement!" growled Baby. "That's all the making of the whole of it."

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THE ROOKWOOD

(Continued from the previous page.)

PLAYERS!

After looking up at Admiral Cook for the professorial air, there was no mistaking him, as he had seen Jimmy in his character as a school at the rehearsal in the last scene.

Jimmy seemed to be playing into Tommy's hands.

For as the five Moderns examined the stars they caught sight of a wooden-legged gentleman in the upper landing.

"Is that Jimmy Silver?" ejaculated Toak.

"Yes, he's made up."

"He's Admiral Cook, you know," said Cook. "That's how he was made up in the last scene. It's a long-known play about a wooden leg."

"Indeed if he doesn't look as if he'd got a real wooden leg!" said Lew.

"Yes, he does it rather well," admitted Tommy Dodd. "But that gaudy wooden leg won't help him in the classical play this evening. Color him, and rush him into the passage."

The Moderns advanced upon the wooden-legged admiral.

For once, Jimmy Silver seemed to be caught napping.

There was no one else in the corridor, and they were near the end of the passage which led to the Modern building.

The admiral was looking about him, just like a stranger, existing early upon almost forgotten. Then struck the Moderns afterwards. At the present moment they thought of nothing but catching Jimmy Silver, and of their great luck in happening on him like this.

The admiral heard their footsteps and glanced at them.

At the same moment the Moderns made a rush.

"Hold him!" gasped Cook. "Color him, quickly! Get you, you gaudy!"

"Color him, please! Sharp's the word!"

The admiral went over to the door of the Moderns, and was whistled off his feet in the grasp of five pairs of hands.

He seemed too astounded to speak. Grumbling low faintly, somewhat surprised by his heavy weight, the five Moderns whisked him along into the long corridor that led to the door of the Modern side.

With breathless haste they rushed him along, fearful of a Classical Toak.

"My hat, he's heavy!" gasped Toak.

"That's the pudding, I suppose," said Tommy Dodd. "Back up!"

"Let me go!" detached the admiral. "You important young scoundrels! I'll have you flogged! I'll have you flogged! I'll have you flogged!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's in the part, I suppose," said Tommy Dodd. "You jolly, what's the good of working off your speeches on us?"

"Release me, you young scound!"

"Oh, dry up!"

"What! What?"

"Here we are!" explained Tommy Dodd, throwing open the door of the Modern Fourth dormitory. "Handle him!"

"Hurray!"

The kidnapped reading was rushed into the dormitory, and leaped on to the floor. Tommy slammed the door behind him, saying like that "he classical" "What says we can't do the Classical differs from what?"

"Easy as falling off a log," he said.

"And the Classical don't stay home!" chuckled Cook. "They won't even try to rescue him! He, ha!"

"Hurray!"

And the five Moderns, in their delight, executed a waltz-dance of triumph round the hapless victim, who sat on the floor staring and gaping.

"The 6th Chapter. In the Hands of the Amalutites."

"Mad!" gasped the admiral, passing his hand over his perspiring brow. "Behold my dramatic, my god, as I've got into a classic position!"

"This is where we go!" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "Down you this time, Jimmy Silver!"

"Hurray!"

"Mad—mad!" repeated the admiral. "Quite mad! Dangerous, by the holy power!"

"Yank his whiskers off," said Cook. "He won't want his whiskers now."

Cook reached at the prisoner's whiskers, fast a wooden leg whipped and caught him on the chest, and Tommy Cook went over backwards, with a yelp.

"Yarrah! Jump on his head! Ow! I'm pinched!"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver!" said Tommy Dodd warningly. "Play so loudly with that wooden leg, please. This isn't the play, you know, and you're not producing it."

Jimmy was dead before you were here!"

"He can't be off his mark," said Doyle. "He's puttin' this on us!"

"Look here, Jimmy!"

"Oh! You're speaking of Jimmy's dramatics, perhaps?" exclaimed the admiral.

"Are you jolly, you are?"

"But what of your old hammer, what do you mean, Jimmy?"

"Do I look anything like young Silver, a bit of fellow?"

"You do, without the whiskers and the pins and the wooden leg," chuckled Tommy Dodd. "What are you driving at? We know you're Jimmy Silver. Didn't we see you making-up in the last scene, this afternoon?"

"You young scound!"

"Blamed if he isn't driving that old Jimmy Silver!" said Tommy Dodd, in warning. "He's forgotten that we've seen him made up!"

"By the under! I'll—"

The infuriated admiral stamped towards Tommy Dodd, with evidently belated intentions.

"Mind, we shall keep you if you set us up early," said Tommy. "Lemwood! Color him!"

The Co. rushed to the rescue. The admiral was dragged off Tommy Dodd and bumped on the floor again. He sat there and gaped. Tommy Dodd rolled his eye.

"You don't want to be roared?"

"Grouching!" gasped the admiral. "Sit on him if he gets up again!"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver, you're done to the wire, and it's no good cutting up rusty. We're going to keep you here. You're not appearing in the play, ha!"

"By gad! Grouching!"

"You're going to sign a paper acknowledging that the Moderns are the side of Rookwood. We're going to have it framed and hung up in the study."

"Grouching!"

"Or else we'll jolly well keep you here, and be you to a lod, and point you pink and blue and red," said Tommy Dodd victoriously. "You're in the hands of the Amalutites, my paper and you may as well make up your mind to see the line."

"Grouching!"

"Now, are you coming to terms or not?" demanded Tommy Dodd.

"Grouching! I'm drowning!" said the admiral faintly. "It can't be the prog—I haven't touched it to-day! I'm drowning!"

"Blamed if I don't think the silly has a fall off his clump!" said Cook. "He isn't going to believe that he isn't Jimmy Silver, when we know he is!"

They opened, and Leggett of the Fourth looked in. He started at the surprising sight.

"Aunt's father follows coming to the play?" he asked. "It's just beginning."

Tommy Dodd looked round.

"Beginning without Jimmy Silver?" he chuckled.

"No, Jimmy Silver's there."

"He's there," said Leggett, in surprise. "I saw him go in, made up as an admiral. That's his part, isn't it?"

Tommy Dodd stared at him.

"What do you mean, you say? How can Jimmy Silver be there?"

"Why shouldn't he be there?" said Leggett.

"Because he's here, you silly son of a gun!"

"How?"

"You, Lafford! We've collared him to keep him out of the play."

Leggett jumped.

"But I saw him only three minutes ago!" he shouted. "Where is he, if he's here?"

"Here he is, you are!"

"You handling things?"

"That isn't Jimmy Silver!" said Leggett. "I tell you Jimmy Silver's in the Form-room at this moment beginning the play."

The Moderns gazed at Leggett. But there was no doubting his correctness. They got up the under handle admiral as if he had become suddenly solid.

"Then—then who's that?" stammered Tommy Dodd.

"Another chap made up as Silver, I suppose," said Cook—Lovell, as Raby, or Macintosh. Blamed if a chap can manage him!"

Leggett stammered.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Bowdler did me a few minutes ago if I'd seen Admiral Topcastle. Oh, you silly! You've collared the wrong man!"

"What! What! Who's Admiral Topcastle?"

"You've got him there!" shrieked Leggett. "Oh, you mean I tell you Jimmy Silver's in the Form-room, and you've collared the Head's guest!"

"The 7th Chapter. All's Well That Ends Well. The Head's guest."

"Collected, six-hundred, four, so—at my age, so—"

"How very small! It's possible that you have a small?"

"It was a small, was it?"

Tommy Dodd. "We were a gentleman for something."

"Admiral Topcastle, we had to look at his small."

"Indeed, you know, I had to look at his small."

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