

BRITISH BOYS AND GIRLS, DO YOUR BIT!

JOIN OUR GREAT ANTI-GERMAN LEAGUE! (See Inside.)

The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 743, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending September 4th, 1915.]



THE MISGUIDED NEW BOY GIVES TOMMY DODD & CO. AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE!

THE TERROR OF ROOKWOOD!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story, introducing
JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

A Crisis!

Classical or Modern?
As the Prince of Denmark remarked long ago, that was the question! It was a pressing question, an important question—in fact, a burning question. It was a question that dis-

turbed the serenity of the rival sides at Rookwood.

It is true that the excitement was confined to the Junior Forms. Bulkeley, the captain of the school, did not seem worried about it. Though he was head of the Classical side, he did not seem to care whether

the Head's nephew became a Classical or a Modern. Indeed, he gave no sign of ever having heard of the Head's nephew. It was the same with Knowles of the Sixth, the captain of the Modern side. He went on his way regardless, so to speak.

It was among the juniors that the

question burned. Possibly Jimmy Silver & Co., the Classical heroes, were not sorry to have one more reason for going on the war-path against their old rivals of the Modern side. Possibly Tommy Dodd, the great chief of the Modern juniors, welcomed another bone of contention.

Be that as it may, there was no doubt at all that Classicals and Moderns were quite excited about the matter, and the question was a burning one—so burning that it was almost a conflagration.

Jimmy Silver laid down the law on the subject in the end study, with the hearty concurrence of his chums and study-mates, Lovell and Raby and Newcome. The Fistical Four of the Fourth were not always in complete agreement, but upon this burning question they agreed unanimously.

"You see," said Jimmy Silver oracularly, "the Head is rather an important person in a school—more important than the captain of the school, in a sense—"

"In a sense!" agreed Lovell rather hesitatingly. It was not easy to admit that there could be a more important person at Rookwood than old Bulkeley.

"And so the Head's nephew is a chap a bit out of the common," pursued Jimmy Silver. "Of course, if he put on any side we should knock it out of him fast enough—"

"Hear, hear!" assented the Co.

"If he came the Head's nephew over us we should give him the kybosh before he could say 'Kaiser Bill!'" said Jimmy Silver. "But that isn't the point. The point is

(Continued on the next page.)



THE TERROR OF

(Continued
from
the
previous
page.)

ROOKWOOD!

this, that the Classical side is top side at Rookwood—"

"Hear, hear!"
"And the Head must know it. Of course, it wouldn't do for him to say so; it would make the Moderns grouch. But it stands to reason that he ought to shove his nephew on the Classical side. It would be a proper recognition of the side. If his nephew becomes a Modern it is a whack in the eye for the Classics. It would be an insult to the side. If he passed us over like that I don't see how we could feel a proper respect for our headmaster any more. And a chap ought to respect his headmaster no end."

"He's bound to make him a Classic," said Raby. "Of course, he can't say what he thinks about the Moderns, but he couldn't put his nephew among that scrubby lot."

"It means a certain amount of kudos for the side that gets him," said Jimmy Silver. "It will show what the Head thinks. Naturally, he ought to be a Classic. It would be a proper recognition of the fact that we are the old, original school—the genuine Rookwood, which flourished for hundreds of years before any ass ever thought of instituting a Modern side at all. Those duffers over the way pretend that the Classical side are played out, and that they are 'it.' Which is—"

"Rot!" said the Co.
"Utter rot! But if the Head put his nephew on their side it would back them up, and give them an excuse for their silly gas. So it's jolly well settled that the Head's nephew comes on our side. Of course, we don't want him in this study. I'm not gone on new kids in this study. But he's got to be a Classic, and that's final."

The Fistical Four agreed that it was final.

The feeling was just the same on the Modern side. In fact, at that very moment Tommy Dodd & Co. were discussing the subject with equal warmth. Dodd and Cook and Doyle, the three cheery youths who all rejoiced in the front name of Thomas, were quite unanimous about it.

"He's got to be a Modern," said Tommy Dodd. "You see, the Head couldn't have the face to put him on that mouldy old Classical side. It would be an insult to the really up-to-date and go-ahead side of Rookwood. That rotten Classical side is hundreds of years old—and looks it. I haven't the slightest doubt that before long that dusty old side will die of old age, and all Rookwood will be Modern."

"Hear, hear!" said Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle together.

"We whop them at footer and cricket, and games generally," said Tommy Dodd. "excepting sometimes when they—when they—"

"Whop us!" said Doyle.
"Oh, don't be an ass, Doyle! Except sometimes when they manage to crawl off the field without a licking," said Tommy Dodd, frowning.
"The fact is that the Classical side is going to pot, and the sooner it goes the better. We are the people!"

"We are!"
"We is!"
"If the Head shoved his nephew on that side it would be rank favouritism," said Tommy Dodd. "Now, favouritism is a rotten thing, anyway."

"Rotten!" agreed his chums.
"If he puts him on this side it will be a just tribute to the position of the Modern side of the school."

"Sure, it's eloquent ye are, Tommy Dodd!" said Doyle admiringly. "You ought to be in Parliament, be jabbers! You could jaw their heads off."

"Not that I care tuppence about the chap himself," went on Tommy Dodd. "He may be a rank outsider, for all I know. All I know of him is that his name's Gunter, and he comes from America. I shouldn't wonder if he's a queer kind of animal, with all sorts of weird manners and customs—p'raps talks through his nose, and says 'I swow!' But the fact remains that he's the Head's nephew, and it's a leg-up for the side that gets him."

"Hear, hear!"
"So he's going to be a Modern," said Tommy Dodd determinedly. "That's settled."

Both sides having settled the matter to their satisfaction, they might have been expected to repose in peace and contentment. But they didn't.

For, although Jimmy Silver had declared that it was final, and Tommy Dodd asseverated that it was settled, they could not help having a lurking uneasiness about the Head's decision in the matter. They knew that in many matters Dr. Chisholm did not see eye to eye with their honourable selves.

Jimmy Silver felt that, in spite of the obvious reasons why the Head's nephew should become a Classical, Dr. Chisholm might in a moment of aberration put him on the Modern side.

Tommy Dodd was oppressed by a dread that, although it was perfectly evident to any fellow with sense that the Head's nephew ought to be a Modern, Dr. Chisholm might shove him among the Classics during a temporary lapse from sanity.

The result was that there were arguments on the subject, and quite an unusual crop of swollen noses and enlarged ears.

So matters stood when it became known that the Head's nephew was actually arriving the next day. Then the excitement was at fever-heat.

What the Head's nephew was like, and whether he was the right sort or any other sort, nobody knew or cared. All they knew was that his name was Gunter, that his parents lived in a far Western State in America, and that he was being sent to England to complete his education. But such points were of no consequence. What really mattered was that it would be considered a leg-up to the side that received him, and a "whack in the eye" for the side that did not receive him.

The Fistical Four held a hurried "pow-wow" in the end study. It was, as Jimmy Silver explained, a crisis. What was to be done was now the question. Lovell and Raby and Newcome left it to Jimmy Silver. He was leader.

Fortunately, Jimmy Silver rose to the occasion.

"Come on!" he exclaimed suddenly, jumping off the table.
"Whither, O king?"
"We're going to see the Head."

"The—the Head!" ejaculated Lovell.

"Yes! We're going to put it to him as a sportsman."

"My hat!"
"He's bound to feel flattered at our wanting his blessed nephew on our side of the school," argued Jimmy Silver.

"More likely lick us for our cheek."
"If you're funky about a licking, Arthur Lovell—"

"Oh, bow-wow! I'll come!"
"Then come on, and don't jaw!" said Jimmy Silver.

And Jimmy Silver started; and his chums, after exchanging a very, very dubious glance, followed him to the Head's study.

The 2nd Chapter. In Great Demand.

Dr. Chisholm looked up, and said "Come in!" as a timid and modest tap came at his door. He looked slightly surprised as Silver of the Fourth marched in, followed a little more slowly by Lovell and Raby and Newcome.

The Head's study was not an apartment that juniors generally visited of their own free will. That dreaded apartment was associated in their minds with swishings. But when it was a question of standing up for the honour of the side, Jimmy Silver would have entered a lion's den, and out-Danielled Daniel.

"Well?" said the Head.
"Ahem!"
Jimmy Silver cleared his throat

with a little cough. He wanted to put it very nicely to the Head, but under the somewhat severe gaze of Dr. Chisholm his self-possession was not so complete as usual.

"Well, Silver? You have something to say to me?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Please say it as quickly as possible."

"It's about Gunter, sir."

"My nephew!"

"Yes, sir. We—we hear that he's coming to Rookwood to-morrow, sir!"

"That is correct, but I really do not see—"

"We want him on our side, sir."

"Oh!"

The Head's face broke into a smile. The smile encouraged Jimmy Silver, though he did not see exactly what there was to smile at.

"We—we feel that he ought to be a Classical, sir. It would be an honour for our side, and we—we feel that we're entitled to it. We don't think Gunter would be comfortable on the Modern side."

"They're a bit rowdy on that side, sir," ventured Lovell.

"We should try to make him feel at home among us, sir," said Raby.

"We—we like new boys."

Jimmy Silver had a great deal more to say, but he did not say it.

The Head was laughing.

The heroes of the Fourth had never seen the Head laugh before—indeed, they would have doubted it if they had been told that the Head of Rookwood was capable of such an everyday proceeding. True, it was a very short laugh, and quickly diminished into a smile. But there was no doubt that the Head was amused.

"I thank you!" said the Head, still smiling. "Your preference for my nephew is distinctly gratifying. As a matter of fact, I have just received a similar request from Dodd of the Fourth."

"Dodd!" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

It was all he could do to control his indignation. It was just like a Modern rotter to forestall him in this way, he reflected bitterly.

"But the question is not decided," said the Head. "My nephew is a stranger to Rookwood and to this country. He has never lived in England. He will go into the Fourth Form, but upon which side of the school I have not determined. I shall leave the decision until he arrives, when I shall be able to judge better. His own tastes will be my guide."

The Head made a gesture of dismissal.

"T-t-thank you, sir!" stammered Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four retired. Jimmy Silver carefully closed the door after him, and then he looked at his chums eloquently.

"The awful rotters!" he said, in measured tones. "They've had the cheek to ask the Head to put his nephew on the Modern side! The worms!"

"Horrid cads!"
"Sneaking in before us, too," said Lovell. "I thought we were ahead of them. But it's just what we might have expected of Moderns!"

"But they haven't bagged him," said Jimmy Silver exultantly. "The question ain't decided. His own tastes—you heard what the Head said. Well, if he's got any decent tastes at all, he must want to come on the Classical side. And I suppose he must be pretty decent, being the Head's nephew. But—but we're jolly well going to make sure!"

"Eh? How?"
"By nailing him before he gets to Rookwood, and educating his tastes!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "We'll find out how and when he's coming, and meet him on the way, and—and noble him!"

"Bravo!"
The Fistical Four grinned triumphantly at the idea. Certainly it was a "dodge" for getting ahead of the unspeakable Moderns.

"Hallo! What are you plotting, you Classical worms?" asked a voice from the corner of the passage.

Tommy Dodd & Co. glared truculently at the Classical Four.

"They've been to the Head!" exclaimed Cook.

"Too late!" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "We were there first. You Classics fossils are always getting left!"

"Just like you Modern cads to sneak in first," said Lovell disdainfully. "Much good may it do you! You won't get Gunter, all the same!"

"He's going to be a Classical!" hooted Raby.

"Tain't decided!" grinned Tommy Dodd. "It's going to be left till he comes. And when he sees the place,

I know which side he will plump for. Besides, we wouldn't allow him to be a Classical. After all, he's the Head's nephew, and it's up to us to save him from that!"

"Why, you silly Modern ass—"

"You Classical fathead—"

"You're going to keep off the grass, do you hear?" roared Lovell.

"That chap Gunter is coming into our side!"

"Rats!"

"Sure, we know how to bag him!" chuckled Tommy Doyle. "We know—"

"Shut up!" said Tommy Dodd warningly.

"Why, you awful rotters!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "You've got a scheme for bagging him! Why, you toads, you—you Prussians! Here, kick those rotters out, you fellows! What are they doing on the respectable side of the school, anyway?"

"Back up!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

There was a rush and a wild struggle in the passage. In the excitement of the moment both parties forgot how dangerously near they were to the Head's study.

Bump! Crash! Tramp! Yell!

"Pitch 'em out!"

"Whop the cads!"

"Yah! Classical fathead!"

"Sock in to 'em!"

The uproar was at its height, when the door of the Head's study opened, and Dr. Chisholm appeared, with a terrific frown upon his brow. There was also a cane in his hand.

The excited combatants did not observe him. Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd were collecting dust on the floor, locked in a deadly embrace. Tommy Doyle was sitting on Lovell's head. Raby and Newcome were bumping Cook on the floor with resounding bumps, and resounding roars from Cook.

In the din, the rustle of the Head's gown was not heard.

Dr. Chisholm gazed speechlessly on the scene for a moment or two; then his voice was heard. It resembled thunder.

"Boys!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The combatants separated with amazing suddenness. They jumped to their feet, dusty and flushed, and blinked at the Head.

The awful voice proceeded:
"Hold out your hands!"

Swish, swish—swish, swish, swish—swish, swish!

The Head returned to his study. There was no more ragging in the passage. Seven juniors went on their different ways with their hands tucked under their arms, and woeful expressions on their faces.

And for at least half an hour afterwards the rivals of Rookwood forgot even the Head's nephew and their respective claims to him. They had more painful things to think about.

The 3rd Chapter. Rivals on the Warpath.

But the next day there was only one topic among the heroes of the Fourth.

That topic was the Head's nephew, and which side at Rookwood was to have the honour of receiving him.

The matter had now become a contest between the rival juniors, and if the Head's nephew had been a Hun, neither side would have given up its claim to him. It was a question now whether Classics or Moderns were to score.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were prepared to carry off the new-comer by main force, kidnap him into the end study, and persuade him with the poker and tongs until he swore to become a Classical.

The three Tommies and the other Modern heroes would willingly have headed him up in a barrel if there had been no other way of capturing him.

Those heroic methods certainly did not seem to be feasible; but on both sides the juniors were prepared to stick at nothing, or next to nothing. Somehow or other the youth from the Far West had to be bagged.

If that youth had known how highly he was prized, even before his arrival at the school, he might have felt extremely flattered. But there was really nothing for him to be flattered about. He was simply the bone of contention. If the Head's nephew had not existed at all, the Fistical Four and the three Tommies would have found some other reason for deadly warfare and raids and reprisals.

But, as it was, the Head's nephew filled the whole horizon, so to speak. After lessons the next day Jimmy Silver & Co. thought of nothing else. It was a half-holiday that day, and

they had all their time to bestowing upon the important enterprise.

Jimmy Silver called a general meeting of the Classical Fourth in the end study after dinner. Juniors packed themselves into the room, and put their heads together, and added their voices to the buzz.

Many and various were the schemes suggested. Kidnapping was the favourite idea. The choice of sides was to be left to Gunter himself.

Flynn of the Fourth argued that Gunter could be persuaded to plump for the Classics, once he was safe in the end study, with the Classical Fourth there to argue with him.

Jones minor said he would listen to reason if hot water were poured down his back. Hooker suggested sticking pen-nibs into his legs, while Binns favoured the process of "batting."

But Jimmy Silver pointed out—what could not be denied—that persuasive as all those processes were, they would not make Gunter "enthuse" for the Classic side. They were more likely to put his back up.

"Taking it that he's a sensible chap, he only needs to have the facts of the matter pointed out to him," said Jimmy Silver. "What we've got to do is to get at him before he reaches the school, and tell him how matters stand. He's bound to be grateful to us for taking so much trouble about him."

"It's an ungrateful world," said Lovell doubtfully.

"I've been making some inquiries," said Jimmy Silver. "He gets here by the four train at Coombe, and Mack has to take the trap to meet him."

"Might tip Mack to take us in the trap, and meet him at the station," suggested Hooker.

Jimmy Silver smiled pityingly.

"Do you think the Modern cads haven't thought of that? Of course, a horde of the rotters will bike to the station."

"We can kick 'em out!"
"They might kick us out!"

"If you think we can't lick the Moderns, Jimmy Silver—," began several voices hotly.

Jimmy waved his hand.

"Peace, my infants! Of course we can lick 'em. But we don't want to be scrapping with a gang of Moderns when the new kid arrives. We've got to bag him, and we can lick the Moderns any day!"

"True, O King!" said Lovell.

"I've been thinking it out," resumed Jimmy Silver. "He gets to Coombe at four, and the Moderns are sure to be there. He's coming from London. But to get to Coombe from London you have to change at Latham."

"That's a jolly long way from here," said Raby.

"All the better! The Modern cads are less likely to think of going there," said Jimmy Silver. "If we meet the kid at Latham, and get into his carriage after he's changed trains, we can talk to him for nearly an hour without any Modern worms wriggling in to spoil it. In fact, we can help him to change trains, look after his baggage, and so on. Make ourselves obliging—carry his bags for him—"

"Catch me carrying bags for a new kid!" said Topham.

"Fathead! We want to bag him, don't we? That will make a good impression on him, and show him what ripping chaps we are! Then we jaw to him in the train, and stand him tarts and things—we'll get some in Latham. By the time we get to Coombe, we'll all be sworn chums, and he will go straight to the Head and ask to be a Classical."

"Jolly good idea!" said Newcome.

"What about a train to Latham?"

"Bike it," said Jimmy Silver. "No good throwing money away in these hard times. Besides, we shall want all our tin to stand treat to the kid. And we'd better get off pretty soon, or we shall be late at Latham. Who's going?"

Topham yawned.

"I'll leave it to you chaps," he said. "I don't feel up to a bike ride of fourteen miles. It's that, if it's an inch."

"If it were an inch you wouldn't feel up to it, you slacker!" growled Jimmy Silver. "We four can do it; but all you fellows had better turn up at Coombe at four. It's quite possible those Modern worms may have some scheme for collaring the kid—they're mean enough for anything. Every chap in the Classical Fourth has got to be at the station at four. Better tie some knots in your handkerchiefs; you never know what may be wanted. A stump or two might be handy, too. As for



THE TERROR OF

(Continued
from
the
previous
page.)

ROOKWOOD!

that bike ride, it's nothing to us, though it would knock out some of you."

"Swank!" grunted Townsend. "But suppose the kid don't agree after you've carried his bags and fed him up with jam-tarts?" asked Oswald.

"Then we shall have to take care that he doesn't get out of our hands, that's all, and get him into the end study here, and talk to him," said Jimmy Silver.

"Hot water down his back—" began Jones minor.

"Don't be brutal, Jones! We're not going to rag the Head's nephew. But he won't get out of this study alive unless he swears to be a Classical!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver. The council of war broke up, and the Fistical Four hurried away for their bikes. It was understood that the rest of the Classicals were to be at Coombe Station when Mack, the porter, went there with the trap.

But Jimmy Silver sincerely hoped that physical force would not be needed. Only in the very last resource would hot water be poured down the back of the Head's nephew, or pen-nibs stuck into his legs.

The four Classicals wheeled out their machines. They passed the three Tommies as they made for the gates. The Modern chums stopped to stare at them, looking exceedingly suspicious.

"Whither bound?" called out Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, going for a spin, you know!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Like us to come?"

"Sorry! We're rather particular about the company we keep!"

And the four rushed their machines out, and mounted, and pedalled away. Tommy Dodd wrinkled his brows in deep thought. The Moderns were on their way to the bike-shed, too.

"Blessed if I don't smell a mouse!" said Tommy Dodd. "Where are they biking away to all of a sudden?"

"Latcham," said Cook, with conviction.

"Sure, they're after the new kid!" said Doyle. "They've thought of the same wheeze, Tommy darling! And if we go—"

"There'll be a scrap."

"Four against three, too!"

Tommy Dodd burst into a chuckle.

"They're off to Latcham; not much doubt about that!" he agreed. "Four of them! Go and call Towle and Webb and Lacy and Lobbs, Cooney!"

"But what—"

"They're coming with us. Then we'll be seven to four, and if we don't knock those Classic duffers out, you can use my head for a footer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Cook rushed away, while Doyle and Dodd wheeled out seven bicycles. Five minutes later seven Modern juniors were riding gaily away from the gates of Rookwood—on the track of four Classicals.

That great idea of meeting the new boy at Latcham had occurred to the fertile brain of Tommy Dodd as well as to Jimmy Silver. The Classicals had started first, but on this occasion it was not an advantage to be first in the field. For the Moderns were following, with heavy odds on their side, and it was certain that there would be casualties when the rivals met at Latcham.

The 4th Chapter. A Battle Royal.

Jimmy Silver & Co. put on good speed, and the miles vanished under the whizzing wheels of the Classical bikes.

It was a pleasant ride through leafy lanes and shady woods; but the Classical four had no eyes for scenery just then. They had important business in hand, and they thought only of putting on speed.

Dusty and crimson, they rode into the country town of Latcham, and

jumped off their machines outside the railway-station.

Jimmy Silver grabbed a porter by the arm.

"London train in yet?"

"Ten minutes, sir."

"Oh, good!"

"Ten minutes before the bounder arrives here," panted Jimmy Silver, fanning himself with his straw hat.

"Done to a 't.' We'll book the bikes for Coombe by rail—we can't leave 'em here. I'll do that while you get a bag of tarts and a cake,

The Fistical Four stared blankly at their old foes. The Moderns had arrived, and their looks showed that they meant business. They hooked their bikes to the kerb, and came towards the Fistical Four at once.

"Fancy meeting you!" said Tommy Dodd genially, and the Moderns chortled with great glee.

"What do you want here?" demanded Jimmy wrathfully. "If you're thinking of bagging the new Classical chap—"

"We're not. We're thinking of bagging the new Modern chap," chuckled Tommy Dodd. "We don't want to hurt you innocent kids. But if you don't clear off instanter we're going to wipe up the pavement with you, shove you in the gutter, and rag you till you'll think the Huns have got hold of you. That's the programme."

"Look here—"

"Bow-wow! The train's due, and there's no time for talk. Are you going to clear off?"

"No," yelled the Classical four.

"We shall jolly well clear you off, then."

"You—you Prussians!"

excitement seemed to be greatly appreciated by the natives.

But the porters, at least, had to leave the thrilling scene before the result was decided—for the London express came in. In that express was the Head's nephew—the unknown youth who had travelled from a distant State in the far West, little dreaming of the commotion his coming was to cause in the Lower School at Rookwood. But the London express and the Head's nephew were totally forgotten by the juniors engaged in deadly strife.

Fistical as the four were, they were overmatched by odds. They were down at last, and the Moderns sat on them, and kept them there. Sprawling on the pavement, Jimmy Silver & Co. panted for breath, pinned down by the victorious Moderns.

"Had enough?" panted Tommy Dodd.

"No!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "I'll pulverise you! Hang on to 'em, kids, and they'll miss the train. Our fellows will catch the new kid at Coombe. Hang on these rotters!"

"What-ho!" panted Lovell. "Hang on!"



The uproar between the Classicals and the Moderns was at its height when the door of the Head's study opened, and Dr. Chisholm appeared with a terrific frown upon his brow, and a cane in his hand. "Boys!" he cried.

Lovell. Then we'll wait on the down platform, and greet him as he gets off the train."

"How shall we know him?" asked Raby. "Lots of people get down here. It's the junction."

"H'm!" Jimmy Silver hadn't thought of that so far. "H'm! Oh, we'll know him all right—he'll be in Etons, most likely. Anyway, we shall spot him. He'll have a bag or a box, too, you know. Buck up!"

Lovell, duly provided with cash, started for the nearest confectioner's. Silver and Raby and Newcome wheeled four bikes into the station, and duly booked them for Coombe. Then they came out to meet Lovell.

Lovell came back to the station with three large paper bags. The Fistical Four, still breathing hard after their ride, sampled a tart each from one of the bags. They were thus engaged when there was a clatter in the street, and seven cyclists stopped before the station.

"Modern cads!" ejaculated Lovell. "My hat! Tommy Dodd!"

"Nuff said! The train's signalled," said Tommy Dodd. "Shove these Classical goats out of the way, kids."

"Line up!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"Give 'em socks!" shouted Cook.

The Moderns did not pause for a moment. There was no time to be lost, and they had come there on business. They rushed at the four.

The four were some of the best fighting-men in the Fourth Form at Rookwood. But seven to four were long odds.

But the Fistical Four put up a terrific resistance.

It was a record the fight that ensued. Both sides were in deadly earnest, and the Rookwood heroes had never cared for hard knocks.

Porters came out of the station to look on. Cabmen gathered and passed cheery comments on the progress of the battle. Urchins appeared from all quarters, and formed a cheering ring. In the quiet old town of Latcham the new and unlooked-for

"Leggo, you Classical idiot! You're licked! What more do you want?"

"Leggo, be jabbers!"

The struggle went on—on the ground. An old lady was shrieking for the police, imagining that the dusty and furious juniors were a dreadful gang of hooligans, who ought to be arrested at once. Fortunately, the police-force of Latcham was not on the scene.

There was a shriek of a whistle, and the express rolled out of the station again. Tommy Dodd panted with wrath.

The local train for Coombe was timed to depart five minutes later. Probably the Head's nephew was already in it. Only a few minutes remained for the Moderns to join him in the local, and the Classicals, defeated as they were, were still hanging on!

It was distinctly exasperating. Like the man in the story, who was dead but would not lie down, the Classicals

did not seem to understand that they were beaten.

"Will you leggo?" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "You're licked, ain't you?"

"Hang on!"

"Stick to the cads!"

"Bump their nappers!" shouted Tommy Dodd.

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"You fellows hold them while we nab the new kid!" added Tommy Dodd strategically. "Come on, Tommy!"

Towle and Lacy and Webb and Lobbs clung on to the four, and the three Tommies wrenched themselves away by main force. Tommy Dodd's collar was left in Jimmy Silver's grip, part of Cook's jacket remained to Lovell, and Raby retained a trophy in the shape of a necktie. But the three Tommies were free, and the Fistical Four were still pinned down and struggling.

Headless of their dusty and rumpled appearance, the three Tommies sped into the station. They rushed for the local platform. There was just time to take tickets for Coombe, and dash for the train.

Tommy Dodd looked wildly up and down the train. The Head's nephew must be in one of the carriages, but which? There was no time to seek him. But, fortunately, Tommy Dodd spotted a boy in Etons, with a silk hat, looking out of a carriage window. "That's him!" gasped Tommy Dodd, breathlessly and ungrammatically.

The three Moderns rushed at the carriage, and tore the door open.

"Stand back!" yelled the guard.

The three Tommies would not have stood back if the Prussian Guard had been rushing at them, instead of a railway-guard. They bolted headlong into the carriage. They bolted, naturally, into the boy who already occupied the carriage, and knocked him flying. There was no time to think of trifles like that. They bundled in anyhow, sprawling over him and one another, and the guard—murmuring something very emphatic—slammed the door after them. The train was on the move.

Just as it vanished down the line, four hatless and breathless juniors dashed on the platform. Jimmy Silver & Co., left one to one with their foes, had hurled the Moderns off at last, and dashed after their rivals, hoping against hope that they would be in time—to see the local train vanishing down the line.

They gazed after it dumbly for some moments, pumping in breath. Jimmy Silver was the first to speak.

"Done!" he gasped.

"Fairly diddled!" groaned Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Licked to the wide, and by Modern rotters!" snorted Raby.

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed.

"We're not licked yet. Come and get the bikes. We'll beat that crawling local to Coombe. All the fellows are there. We'll have the chap, if we have to yank him away by the hair of his head. Come on!"

They panted their way from the station. Outside, four Modern fellows looked at them lugubriously with discoloured eyes. Towle and the rest were not feeling chippy after that terrific combat. But they brightened up at the sight of the Classicals' downcast faces. They realised that the three Tommies had bagged the prize.

"Hurrah for us!" chortled Towle.

"Yah! Licked hollow! Go home!"

Manfully resisting the desire to give the Moderns another "whopping"—there was no time to waste in whopping Moderns—the Fistical Four wheeled out their bikes, and departed. They pedalled away determinedly. If hard riding could save the day, the Classicals would not slack. But could it?

The 5th Chapter. The Head's Nephew.

"You thundering idiots!"

A boy with a crumpled topper and a rumpled collar sat up on the floor of the carriage, gasped for breath, and glared ferociously at Tommy Dodd and Doyle and Cook.

The Modern three staggered to their feet.

In their haste in entering the railway carriage they had not had time to worry about what they bumped into. They had barely landed as it was. They stared at the stranger, and gasped for breath—they were a little hurt themselves. But it came back to Tommy Dodd's mind that it was necessary to be very nice to the Head's nephew, if this was the Head's nephew.

But was it?



THE TERROR OF

(Continued
from
the
previous
page.)

ROOKWOOD!

Seeing a fellow in Etons and top-per at the carriage window, Tommy Dodd had concluded that this was the fellow. But now he asked himself whether it was or not.

The boy, being in Etons, was doubtless a schoolboy. But he did not look much like what they expected of the Head's nephew.

Of course, they had never seen that highly-prized young gentleman. But they had dimly pictured a nice, neatly-dressed, quiet and soft-spoken fellow, perhaps a little namby-pamby. A headmaster's nephew might naturally be expected to be something like that.

But this especial individual was not nice, or slim, or soft-spoken, and most decidedly not namby-pamby.

He was no older than Tommy Dodd, but he was bigger, much more heavily built, and evidently had no end of muscle and sinew. His skin was darkly sunburnt, and his eyes deep-set and gleaming hard. His features were large and irregular, his jaw very square and strong. His hands and feet were big, like the rest of him, only more so. His Etons did not fit him very well, and they were not of the cut that was expected of a Rookwood fellow. They were rather particular about their clothes at Rookwood. This chap didn't seem particular at all.

His voice was loud and sharp. His temper was not angelic—not in the least what the temper of a headmaster's nephew ought to have been. His dark face was reddened with anger.

Tommy Dodd concluded that he had, so to speak, awakened the wrong passenger, and he decided not to waste any undue civility on the stranger.

"You blithering guys!" the stranger was going on. "What the thunder do you hump into a piggrim in that way for—eh?"

"Couldn't help it," said Tommy Dodd coolly. "In a hurry, you know, looking for a chap in this train. And not so much of your cheek! We don't allow saucy kids to slang us at Rookwood."

"Rookwood!" repeated the stranger. "You guys belong to Rookwood?"

Tommy Dodd changed his opinion again. The way the stranger caught at the name of the school was a pretty clear indication that he was going there.

"You going to Rookwood?" asked Tommy, more amicably.

"I guess so!"

The "guess" did it. The Moderns knew all about the Head's nephew having lived all his life, so far, in Western America. This was the chap, undoubtedly. They would have heard of it if a Yankee had been coming to the school.

The three Tommies exchanged glances, and smiled their sweetest smiles. The young stranger certainly hadn't made a good impression upon them. But they were prepared to take him to their hearts if he was the Head's nephew.

"Your name's Gunter?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"Correct?"

"You're our headmaster's nephew?"

"You've got it."

Tommy Dodd held out his hand.

"Give us your fist!" he said.

"You're the chap we've come to meet."

"Oh, I am, am I?" said Gunter, somewhat surlily. However, he took Tommy Dodd's hand and gave him a grip.

Tommy Dodd's face wore an extraordinary expression as that grip closed on his hand. It was like the grip of a vice.

"Ow!" he gasped. "How—how do you do?"

"Top of the afternoon to ye!" said Doyle.

"Yow!"

"What's the matter with you?" asked Gunter, still gripping Tommy Dodd's unfortunate hand.

"Ow! Leggo! You're breaking my fingers!" wailed Tommy Dodd.

"You galoots are pretty soft, I

should say," replied Gunter, with a snort. "That's how we give a grip in Texas."

He compressed his grip as he spoke, and Tommy Dodd fairly curled up.

"Ow—ow—ow! Yow! Oooop! Leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the new boy, as he released Tommy's hand at last. He sat down and roared with laughter. Apparently the anguish he had inflicted upon Tommy Dodd was his idea of a joke. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, dear!" Tommy Dodd collapsed upon the seat, and nursed his hand. "Oh, my hat! Oh, scissors!"

Cook and Doyle did not offer to shake hands with the new junior. They looked as friendly as they could, but they drew the line at that. Tommy Dodd was looking quite pale and worn.

The new boy grinned at them, and took a case from his pocket. The three watched him with interest as he opened it and selected a black-looking cheroot. Evidently the Head's nephew was a smoker. There were giddy goats at Rookwood who smoked cigarettes when they were safe from a master's eye, but even the doggish Smythe of the Shell never ventured upon cigars. Gunter put the cheroot between his teeth, which were considerably yellow in hue, and lighted it. He blew out a cloud of thick and pungent smoke that made the three Tommies cough violently.

"Gerroooh! Goooh!"

"What's the matter with you now, you galoots?"

"I—I say, fellows ain't allowed to smoke!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"Eh? This is a smoking-carriage, ain't it?" demanded Gunter.

"I—I didn't notice it was. Yes, it is. But I mean, Rookwood chaps ain't allowed to smoke."

"I guess I shall start the fashion theer, then," remarked Gunter, still puffing away.

"You—you smoke those things!" murmured Doyle, with an awestricken glance at the black and strong cheroot.

"Yep. I don't smoke much. This is only the fourth since I left London."

"Only the fourth! My only aunt!" One of those terrible-looking smokes would have turned Tommy Dodd inside out like a glove. The Head's nephew had smoked four of them on his journey! Truly, he had learned marvellous manners on the plains of Texas.

The chums of Rookwood sat and regarded him. This was the Head's nephew—this rough and raucous young ruffian! They had heard that he had lived in a remote district in a Western State, but they had never dreamed of a fellow like this. They were pretty certain that the Head had never dreamed of it, either. Dr. Chisholm had never seen his nephew yet, and he was likely to have an electric-shock when he did see him.

Still, such as he was, he was the Head's nephew, and the Moderns had vowed to bag him from their rivals. After a long and thoughtful hesitation, Tommy Dodd broached the subject. The Head's nephew had astounded them, but they came up smiling, as it were.

"Quite new to Rookwood, of course?" remarked Tommy Dodd casually.

"I guess so, as I've never been in this hyer country before. And I guess I don't think much of it now I'm in it."

"But you are English?" hinted Tommy Dodd.

"I was raised in Texas."

Tommy Dodd guessed that "raised" was American for brought up. The new boy had his native language to learn at Rookwood, among other things.

"I suppose you're glad to see the Old Country, what?"

"Not particularly. Texas could lay over anything I've seen on this side so far."

"Oh! You know, perhaps, that we have two sides at Rookwood—Classical side and Modern side?"

"I don't know."

"We're Moderns," said Tommy Dodd.

Gunter stared at him.

"Are you? Don't say much for the Modern side, does it?"

Tommy Dodd swallowed his wrath with difficulty. He was not there to give the Head's nephew a whopping, but never had he felt so keen a desire to whop a new boy.

"That's why we came to meet you," said Doyle, taking up the tale.

"Sure, we want you to join the Modern side."

"Why?"

"Oh, we want you, you know," said Cook. "We like you."

"Gammon!"

"Yaroooh!" yelled Tommy Cook, as the new boy, taking the cheroot from his mouth, dropped the lighted end on his hand. "Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter.

"You—you blithering owl!" shrieked Cook, sucking at his scorched hand. "What did you do that for? Yow!"

"Ha, ha! To make you hop," grinned Gunter. "And, by gum, you hopped! Ha, ha, ha!"

Cook clenched his fist and rose to his feet. The new boy evidently had a peculiar sense of humour, and Cook meant to nip it in the bud.

But Tommy Dodd dragged him back to his seat.

"Chuck it!" he whispered.

"Grin."

"Eh? What is there to grin about?"

"Good joke! Ha, ha, ha!" said Tommy Dodd, keeping hold of the infuriated Cook. "You are a funny chap, Gunter! Ha, ha—Yooop!"

he finished, as Gunter tapped him on the neck with the burning end of the cheroot. "Yah—h-h-h-h!"

"You burbling idiot—"

Gunter threw the end of the cheroot out of the window, and curled up with laughter in his corner seat. The three Tommies gazed at him speechlessly. They had beaten Jimmy Silver & Co., and secured that railway-journey with the new boy. They were beginning to think it would have been a greater triumph if they had let Jimmy Silver beat them.

The 6th Chapter. Not Wanted.

Gunter continued to chuckle, and the three juniors of Rookwood continued to stare at him. How they were to be nice to the new boy was a puzzle. Certainly, their tempers were getting into a dangerous state. In

less than half an hour the Head's nephew had succeeded in making them detest him and long to scalp him. They had met him with the friendliest intentions in the world, and already they were breathing slaughter. They had caught the highly-prized new boy—and caught a tartar. How on earth were they to stand the fellow if they succeeded in getting him on the Modern side?

Gunter's next proceedings interested them. He opened a huge jack-knife—big enough, as Tommy Dodd said afterwards, to kill a Hun with—and took out a plug of black, strong tobacco from a smelly pouch. They gazed at him as if mesmerised while he cut himself a "quid." The "quid" disappeared into his mouth, and he chewed with evident satisfaction. How his friends stood it was a mystery. They wondered whether he had an indiarubber interior.

"You—you—chew tobacco!" gasped Tommy Dodd at last.

Gunter stared at him.

"Don't you?" he asked.

"Oh, my hat! No! I—I've heard that sailors do sometimes," murmured Tommy. "I—I've never seen a boy do it."

"We all do it out there," grunted Gunter. "I guess I chewed tobacco before I could ride, and I could ride before I could walk."

"Do you—do you like it?"

"I reckon I shouldn't do it if I didn't like it."

"Isn't it bad for the teeth?" asked Cook.

"I guess so. I calculate I can do as I like with my own teeth."

He continued to chew, and the three juniors continued to watch him, fascinated. The local train, stopping at every station, crawled on through the leafy countryside. The four boys had the carriage to themselves, however. Tommy Dodd was glad of it. He would not have liked anybody to see a Rookwood fellow chewing tobacco.

Whoosh!

A stream of tobacco-juice was suddenly ejected from the new boy's mouth. It whizzed across the carriage and streaked over the cushions at the back of the seat. Tommy Dodd jumped aside in horror. He had had a narrow escape.

"Great pip!" he yelled. "Mind what you're doing, you filthy pig!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sure, it's a disgusting baste ye are!" shouted Doyle. "And if you come on the Modern side at Rookwood we'll scrag yez."

Whoosh!

"Groo! Mind what you're at!" shrieked Cook, dodging aside.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The peculiar new boy roared.

"I guess you've no call to get on your hind legs," he chuckled. "I wasn't going to spot you. Bless your little hearts, I can aim to a fraction of an inch. I meant to miss you."

"You—you—you," stammered Tommy Dodd, utterly aghast—"you—you've practised squirting tobacco-juice?"

"Sure."

"W-w-what for?"

"Why, it's a regular game out there," said Gunter. "I've seen a man on our ranch doing it, making rings round a galoot without touching him. I could catch you in the eye across the carriage if you'd like to see it done."

"No, thanks," said Tommy Dodd hastily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't you consider it rather filthy?" asked Tommy Dodd, after a pause.

"Nope."

"You can be fined for spitting in a railway carriage."

"I guess a lot of Americans must get fined in this country, then," said Gunter, with a stare. "Do you mean to say that that's the law?"

"Yes, rather, and a jolly good law, too, if people won't be decent."

"Oh, you make me tired!" said Gunter contemptuously. The next volley was squirted out of the window, however. "Got any cards about you?"

"Kik-kik-cards."

"Sure! I suppose you don't always spend a railway journey blinking at one another, do you? If you'd like a game—a game of cards—I'll show you how to play it if you've got some cards."

"We haven't any cards," said Tommy Dodd, "and we don't want to play cards. I may as well tell you that you'll be kicked out of Rookwood if you gamble, if you're the Head's nephew ten times over."

Gunter shrugged his shoulders.

"Must be a slow old shebang," he remarked. "Why, I used to play

BOY AND GIRL RECRUITS WANTED AT ONCE!

ENORMOUS BOY AND GIRL ARMY BEING RAISED
TO HELP CRUSH THE HUNS.

GIGANTIC CRUSADE AGAINST GERMANY!

ARE YOU ON OUR SIDE?

BRITISH BOYS AND GIRLS! PLEDGE YOURSELVES
TO-DAY AGAINST THE KAISER AND HIS HUNS!

REGISTER AT ONCE, AND GET RECRUITS!

As I have said in our last two numbers, WE in Britain have at last realised what an unclean and unholy individual the Prussian is. To call him a brute beast is to be almost polite. He is the viper of Europe, and an eyesore to every decent race on the earth.

The atrocities wrought in hapless little Belgium, the brutal murder of women and young children, the torture inflicted on captured British soldiers, show up the Pigs of Prussia in their true light. Until the Huns are effectively

CORNERED, CLINCHED, AND CRUSHED,

the world will be a world of unrest.

One fact is clear. During the war, and more particularly after the war, Germans and German goods must be boycotted. The punishment of the baby-killers must be ample and effective. It is of no use for Britain to beat them in battle, and then say: "Look here. We've had our scrap. Now you can go ahead in commerce and everything else, and make preparations, if you like, for another tussle in ten years' time." That sort of thing won't do. The British are in the habit of turning the other cheek too often; but the time has come when we must close our eyes to the quality of mercy. Mercy, indeed! What mercy have these unutterable fiends shown to the women and children of Belgium? What mercy would

they have shown our own mothers and little ones had they been permitted to gain a footing on British soil? None whatever. And we, in turn, must show no mercy to them.

The unclean thing of Europe must be destroyed, and

BRITISH BOYS CAN HELP!

I am going to ask every single reader of THE BOYS' FRIEND to affix his signature to the form at the foot of page 230, AND TO GET HIS CHUM TO DO LIKEWISE! I want every patriotic British youngster to pledge that he will buy nothing German, and that he will discourage German trade. If you will all do this, then you will be playing a good and worthy part in this great crisis.

Don't delay, but sign the form and send it in TO-DAY!

This form, on page 230—and any form which you can get your chums to fill up—should be sent to: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. They will be carefully filed and entered up in a register. If this crusade against the Germans is properly supported by thousands of British boys, Your Editor will make another important announcement in these pages in the near future.

DOWN WITH GERMANY!

If you want the BEST, buy Your Editor's papers. They contain the BEST reading matter for boys that can be obtained.



THE TERROR OF

(Continued
from
the
previous
page.)

ROOKWOOD!

poker with the greasers on the ranch when I was a kid of six. I've got some cards in my bag up there. Let's have a game."

"Rats!"

"I'll lend you some money, if you haven't any. I guess I've got the rocks."

"More rats."

"Well, I swow!" said Gunter. "For a set of spoony lambs, you galoots take the cake. And you say you came to meet me."

"We didn't know exactly what we were going to meet," said Tommy Dodd drily. "We shouldn't have taken the trouble if we had. Look here, don't squirt that filth this way, or you'll get into trouble."

The three Tommies drew to the furthest side of the carriage. Gunter was not an agreeable person to be near. Tommy Dodd's eyes were gleaming.

"If that filthy cad comes on the Modern side," murmured Cook, "we'll scrag him and boil him in oil."

"We couldn't stand him," gasped Doyle. "Tare and 'ounds! I could stand almost anything to beat the Classical spalpeens — but not that! It can't be did."

Tommy Dodd nodded, his eyes glimmering. He had come to the same conclusion as his chums.

"I've been thinking of that," he whispered. "We couldn't have that horrible rotter on our side, if he were a dozen times the Head's nephew. Silver wouldn't want him, if he knew."

"No jolly fear!"

"I've got an idea. Those Classical cads will be at Coombe, ready to get him away if they can."

"Our fellows will be there, too, and we'll bate them hollow."

"No, we won't. We'll let them beat us," whispered Tommy Dodd, grinning. "Don't you see? Let them bag him. Then the filthy cad will be planted on them, and we sha'n't have the horrid worm stuck on our side. He'll be a howling disgrace to whichever side he joins. We don't want him at any price. We'll put up a show of trying to keep him, and let them run him off."

Cook and Doyle burst into a chuckle at the idea.

They had planned and schemed to bag the Head's nephew, and they had him in their hands. But their feelings had changed right round. Now that they knew Gunter, they were only anxious about one thing — to make absolutely certain that he wouldn't be put into the Modern side at Rookwood. To get that raucous, unpleasant blackguard planted on Jimmy Silver & Co. would be the joke of the season. The Fistical Four were welcome to the Head's nephew.

"What's the cackle about?" broke in the raucous voice of the new boy.

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions," said Tommy Dodd blandly. "Why — ah! — oh! — you horrid rotter!"

Whoosh!

A stream of tobacco-juice caught Tommy Dodd fairly on the chin. It splashed brown all over his face.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Gunter. "Take that for your sauce!"

His laughter was cut suddenly short. Tommy Dodd was upon him with the spring of a tiger.

There was no further need to conciliate the Head's nephew—the three Tommies had quite changed their minds about that. Tommy Dodd's long, pent-up wrath found full vent now.

He clutched the young rascal and dragged him from his seat, and got his head into chancery, and pommelled him furiously.

"There, you cad! There, you benighted heathen!" roared Tommy Dodd. "You disgusting Prussian, take that! You — you Hun, take that! There, you worm!"

"Yow — wow — ow! I guess — yop! Yah! Oh!"

Disgusting the new boy certainly was, but he had plenty of pluck. He grappled with Tommy Dodd, and hit out furiously. They rolled on the

floor of the carriage, collecting up dust, struggling and hitting ferociously.

Doyle and Cook looked on. They had full confidence in their leader—and fair play was a jewel.

"Go it, Tommy!"

Bump — crash — yell! It was a terrific struggle, and Tommy Dodd found that he had his hands full with the new boy.

The whistle shrieked, and the train slowed down once more.

"Coombe!" shouted Tommy Cook. "Chuck it, you cripples — we're there!"

The train stopped. Tommy Dodd and Gunter separated, and staggered up. They were both dusty and pant-

side the little village station their legs almost refused to support them. They held on to their bikes and gasped.

Hooker and Topham and Jones minor were chatting there. Other Classical juniors were inside and outside the station. They had obeyed their instructions; they were on the spot. It was close on four. They stared blankly at the Classical trio as they arrived.

"Missed him?" exclaimed Hooker.

"Gang of Moderns at Latcham—done in!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"The local's not in yet."

"Not yet! I say, you must be duffers to—"

"Cheese it! Three Modern cads will be with the Head's nephew when he gets in. He's got to be got away from them," snapped Jimmy Silver.

"Pass the word round — mind they don't get him away."

"Right-ho!"

The trap from Rookwood was already outside the station. Old Mack had disappeared into the Rookwood Arms. Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed as he noted it.

"Get to the geegee, Lovell, and hold him ready," he muttered.

"Mack's gone for a drink, and you know he takes long drinks. We'll borrow the trap, and take the new kid up to the school. Raby can stay here

"You're Gunter?"

Gunter stared at him.

"I guess so."

"We've come to rescue you from these Modern cads," said Jimmy Silver hurriedly. "They're rotters—awful rotters! You stick to us. Come on!"

"But I say—"

"This way!"

Jimmy Silver seized one of Gunter's arms, and Hooker the other, and Jones minor relieved him of his bag. The astounded new boy was rushed away to the exit.

"Back up, Moderns!" shouted Tommy Dodd.

"Rally round, Classics!"

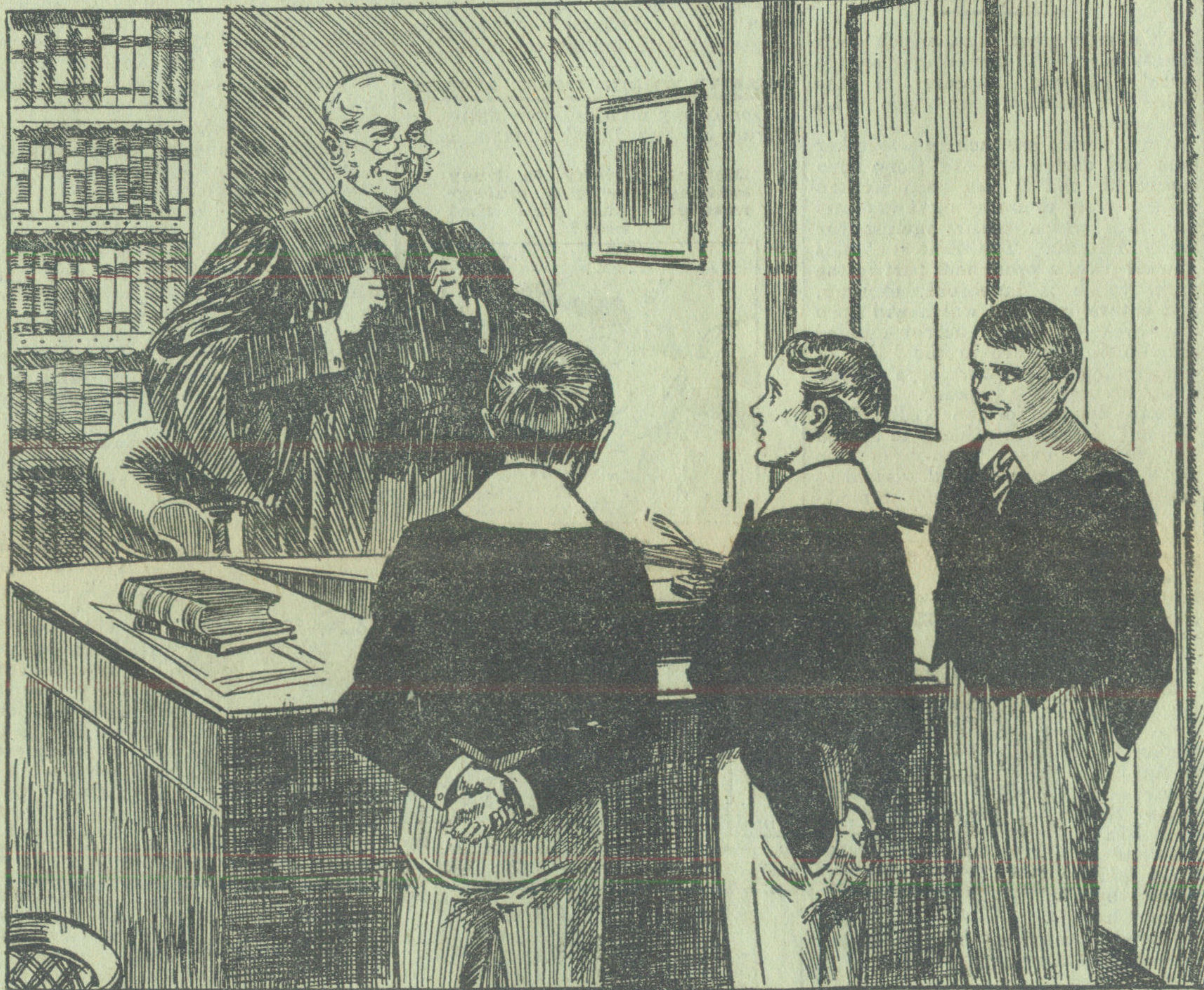
The Classics closed round the prize in a crowd, and Gunter was rushed out. Three or four Moderns strove to bar the way, and were knocked out of it.

Jimmy Silver rushed Gunter out of the station breathlessly. He was surprised at the ease with which he had robbed the Moderns of him. On the station platform the three Tommies doubled up with laughter as the Classics disappeared with the prize.

Leggett rushed up to Tommy Dodd excitedly.

"They've got him!" he yelled.

"Let 'em keep him!" chuckled Tommy Dodd.



"I thank you," said the Head, smiling. "Your preference for my nephew is distinctly gratifying. As a matter of fact, I have just received a similar request from Dodd of the Fourth." "Dodd!" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

ing and rumped. Which of them had had the best of it was a puzzle. They both looked as if they had had the worst of it.

"Is this the station?" gasped Gunter, grabbing down his bag from the rack.

"Yes, you get out here for Rookwood, and then you can go and eat coke."

And the three Tommies jumped from the train, without bestowing any further attention upon the Head's nephew—whom they had travelled so far to capture.

The 7th Chapter. Victory?

Jimmy Silver & Co. were riding hard that afternoon.

To beat the local train they needed to ride hard. They knew that it was a slow train, and stopped at half a dozen stations before it reached Coombe. There was a chance of beating it, and they did their best.

They had already ridden hard. Now they rode hard again. Only one of the four cracked up on the ride—it was Newcome. He dropped behind, calling out to his chums that he would see them at Rookwood. Silver and Lovell and Raby did not stop. There was not a minute to lose.

They came into Coombe village dusty, perspiring, crimson, and fagged out. But they were in time. When they jumped off their machines out-

and tip Mack, so that he won't cut up rusty."

"You bet!" said Lovell.

Raby nodded, and strolled across to the Rookwood Arms to be ready to intercept Mack if he came out. He was prepared to tip Mack, or to trip him up, as occasion demanded. It was no time for half measures.

Jimmy Silver, with a crowd of eager Classics, entered the station, prepared for anything. Gunter was to be got away from the Moderns—that was all they thought or cared about. And the train had come in.

Jimmy Silver slipped a shilling into the porter's hand, and led his flock on to the platform as the train stopped.

There were several Modern juniors there already, and they gave the Classics hostile looks. Jimmy Silver did not heed them. He looked along the train for the enemy.

"There they are!"

The three Tommies were alighting. After them came a fellow in Etons, evidently the Head's nephew. His looks certainly weren't what Jimmy Silver expected; but he had no doubt of the junior's identity, as he had travelled with the three Moderns.

"Back up, Classics!" shouted Jimmy.

There was a rush towards the carriage. Jimmy Silver shouldered Tommy Dodd aside—with remarkable ease, as he noted afterwards—and caught the new boy by the shoulder.

"What!"

"We don't want him. We've found out that he's a low blackguard—a regular disgraceful beast! We couldn't have such a blighter on the Modern side. We're planting him on the Classics! See!"

"Oh, scissors!"

"Yell for all you're worth, but don't get him away from them. Let 'em carry him off; they're welcome to the beast!"

Yell the Moderns did, as the word was passed round to them. Tommy Dodd's word was law, and, surprised as his followers were by his change of face, they backed him up. Jimmy Silver & Co. had rushed Gunter to the trap. They tossed his bag in, and helped Gunter in. The Head's nephew hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels, but in the trap he recovered his breath.

"What's the game?" he asked.

"We're rescuing you from those cads," stuttered Jimmy Silver. "We'll explain afterwards. Hurry up! Look after those bikes, Hooker!"

Jimmy Silver and Lovell jumped in. Jimmy took the reins, and the trap dashed away. The Moderns came streaming out of the station, yelling. Old Mack appeared in the doorway of the inn, shaking his fist. But Jimmy Silver did not heed. He drove on, and the trap fairly whizzed through the old High Street of Coombe.

Jimmy Silver slacked down when they reached the lane.

"Safe as houses!" he said breathlessly. "All serene, Gunter, old chap! We've only rescued you, you know. Those Modern kids are awful rotters!"

"I guess I know that," said Gunter. "I reckon I've been scrapping with those galoots in the train!"

Jimmy Silver was glad to hear it. It made the task of persuasion easier.

"Like to drive?" he said affably.

"Sure."

Gunter took the ribbons. He gave the horse a lash with the whip. It was a cruel lash, and it made the Rookwood juniors stare. The horse leaped forward as if he had been electrified.

"Here, draw it mild!" said Lovell, aghast.

"I guess I know how to handle a gee!"

"Look out; you'll have the trap over!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was the new boy's peculiar sense of humour again—Jimmy's first experience of it. He lashed the horse, and cracked the whip, and they raced down the lane at a speed that was dangerous—especially to anyone they might chance to meet.

"My hat! Stop it!"

"Slow down, you silly ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter, cracking away.

"Oh, dear!"

The trap dashed on furiously. Rookwood appeared in sight in an incredibly short space of time. Gunter turned the horse in at the gates, and brought it, foaming, to a halt before the porter's lodge, and jumped down.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell followed him, panting. Their hearts had been in their mouths. They stared at the new boy. The Head's nephew was a surprise to them.

"I guess I scared you—what!" chuckled Gunter.

"You didn't scare us, and you were a brute to hit the horse like that!" said Lovell indignantly.

Jimmy squeezed his chum's arm warningly.

"Come in with us, dear boy," he said. "Nearly tea-time. Come on!"

And Gunter was marched triumphantly into the School House.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had won the prize.

They rejoiced at first.

But the hilarity and apparent contentment with which the Moderns took their defeat made them suspicious a little later.

Gunter had promised them to become a Classical over tea, and that promise made them indulgent to the fact that he spat on the floor, and picked his teeth with a fork.

They had succeeded; the Moderns were beaten to the wide. It was later that it dawned upon Jimmy Silver & Co. that that easy victory at Coombe had been "planted" on them, and that Tommy Dodd had been only too anxious to see them bag the Head's nephew.

They had bagged him! When they came into the end study again, and found the new boy there, with his feet on the table, a cigar in his mouth, and the study walls newly decorated with tobacco-juice, they gave each other sickly looks. They had done Tommy Dodd, but not quite so much as Tommy Dodd had done them.

"I—I say, Gunter," murmured Jimmy Silver, "I—I think that perhaps—perhaps we were a bit high-handed in getting you here like this. If—if you've got any preference for the Modern side, we—we won't hold you to your word!"

Gunter grinned.

"But I haven't," he said. "I guess I'm up against those galoots. I'll make 'em squirm, you bet! I like this study, too. I'm on this side to stay. I've told my uncle!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Have a cigar?"

"No, you rotter!"

Gunter chuckled, and blew out a pungent cloud of smoke, and the Fistical Four fairly scuttled out of the study.

They went to look for Tommy Dodd. They found him; and if Bulkeley had not arrived on the scene with a cane in the nick of time, there might really have been very little left of Tommy Dodd.

The Head's nephew was a Classical! The Classics had succeeded in catching a Tartar!

THE END.

(Next Monday: "A Regular Rufian!" Tell all your chums about this grand yarn.)

OUR COMPANION
PAPERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY—1d.
Every Monday.

THE GEM LIBRARY—1d.
Every Wednesday.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d.
COMPLETE LIBRARY.

THE PENNY POPULAR,
Every Friday.

CHUCKLES—½d.
Every Saturday.