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# The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

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ONE PENNY.

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## THE NEW BOY FROM TEXAS MAKES THINGS HUM AT ROOKWOOD!

### RUCTIONS AT ROOKWOOD!

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

**BY OWEN CONQUEST.**

#### The 1st Chapter.

#### The Head's Nephew.

"It's got to be did!" said Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver spoke determinedly.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome nodded their heads emphatically. All

the Fistical Four, in fact, were looking very determined.

They were gathered near the end study in the passage on the Classical side. The door was partly ajar, and from the opening a strong

scint of tobacco came to their noses.

It was not the smoke of a cigarette. There were certain "giddy goats" at Rookwood who smoked cigarettes—in strict privacy, of course. But the

scent that came from the end study was not that of a cigarette; it was the powerful, pungent smell of a strong

and very rank cigar.

If the Head of Rookwood had known that a junior in the Fourth Form smoked cigars he would have been in danger of an apoplectic fit. And if he had known that the smoker was his own nephew—well, in that case, his feelings could not possibly be imagined.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had been smoked out of their own study.

It was an extraordinary situation—simply extraordinary. That it had to come to an end the Fistical Four were fully agreed. As Jimmy Silver had remarked, it had got to be "did," and the sooner it was "did" the better.

Gunter of the Fourth was an amazing new boy.

There had been keen competition between Classicals and Moderns over the Head's nephew. Each side had wanted to bag him. The choice had

been left to the new boy himself, and Classicals and Moderns had been very keen about securing him—before they knew him.

When they knew him they were equally keen to have nothing to do with him.

Jimmy Silver had succeeded in bagging him. Gunter was a Classical, and he shared the end study with the Fistical Four. After they had bagged him he began to dawn upon them, so to speak. He came from a Western State of America, where his parents lived; and the Classical chums discovered that in the wild and woolly regions of Texas he had learned manners and customs that were extraordinary, not to say Hunnish.

The chums of the Fourth felt that they had themselves to blame, and

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# AUCTIONS AT ROOKWOOD!

(Continued from the previous page.)

they nobly tried to be patient with Gunter. But patience was not a virtue for which they were greatly distinguished. Their whole stock ran out in a remarkably short space of time.

Talking to the new boy was no use. He only grinned and chuckled. He was evidently satisfied with himself and with his remarkable gifts. The end study reeked with stale tobacco. If a prefect had put his nose into it he could not have failed to make the discovery. That meant trouble—perhaps for every fellow in the study. But Gunter did not care.

Perhaps he relied upon his relationship to the Head for safety; perhaps he was simply reckless. Anyway, he did not care.

Naturally, the Fistical Four were soon fed up. They had bagged Gunter—and repented it. Desperate diseases—as Lovell remarked, with Shakespeare for his authority—required desperate remedies. Hence the present determined looks of the Fistical Four.

They had come to a decision. Having talked to Gunter in vain, having argued till they were tired of arguing, they felt that they had done all they could, and that there was nothing left but to thrash him. A good thrashing, as Raby sapiently observed, was just what he wanted, and it would do him an end of good.

They were sorry to have to do it. The fellow was a regular Hun, but apparently he had been brought up like that. But there was no help for it, and Jimmy Silver had brought in a cricket-stump for the purpose.

"Come on!" said Lovell. "It's got to be done—and it will do him good. But we'll give him his choice of going over to the Modern side if he likes. His uncle will let him."

"Oho!" said Newcome. "Oho!" said Jimmy Silver, "the looking of his life!"

"That's settled," said Lovell. And Lovell flung open the door of the study.

Gunter of the Fourth glanced carelessly at them.

He was seated in the armchair, which was tilted back. His boots rested on the study table. There was a black cheroot between his teeth, which were almost equally black from excessive smoking. His face was sallow from the same cause. His collar was not clean, and his hands were dirty—some of his fingers stained as brown as berries with tobacco-juice. Altogether, he was not a pleasant object to look at.

The sight of him sprawling there and puffing out pungent smoke put up the backs of the Classical four. And the smoke made them cough. The study was simply reeking with it. How a boy of Gunter's age could smoke such cigars without inward convulsions was a mystery. But Gunter had already told them that he had smoked as soon as he could walk, and chewed tobacco before he could walk. He said that that was not uncommon in Texas. But Jimmy Silver & Co. meant that it should be uncommon at Rookwood, at least in their study.

"Hallo!" said Gunter. "Achoo-choo-choo!" said Lovell. Gunter chuckled. "Don't you like the smoke?" "No, you horrid rotter!" "I reckon you'll get used to it."

"That's just what we're not going to do," said Jimmy Silver. "That's the last cigar you're going to smoke in this study, Gunter, and you're not going to finish it. See?" "I guess—"

"We're fed up. See this cricket-stump?" "Sure!" "Do you want it laid about you?" "Nope!"

"Then shove that cigar in the grate at once." "I reckon not. You galoots fairly yanked me into this study," said Gunter. "You fairly roped me in like a sheep. Now you can make the best of it."

"We thought the Head's nephew would be pretty decent," said Lovell.

"How were we to know you were such a rank outsider?"

"If Dr. Chisholm knew what you were like I fancy he wouldn't have let you come to Rookwood," said Newcome.

"And you'd jolly well get kicked out if he could see you now!" added Raby.

Gunter shrugged his thin shoulders, and went on smoking. It was clear that he did not care a single button for the Fistical Four.

"It's true that we bagged you," said Jimmy Silver; "and for that reason we're willing to let you off lightly. How would you like to change over to the Modern side?"

"Nope." "You'd be better off there, really among those wasters and duffers," said Lovell. "Much more suitable."

"I guess I'm freezing on to this study." "That's your last word, is it?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Correct!" "Very well. If you're staying here you're going to be decent, or we'll lick you till you do. Put that cigar down!"

"Oh, come off!" "Oh, collar him!" said Lovell impatiently. "I'm fed up with his cheek. Collar the smoky rotter!"

"Hyar, hands off!" roared Gunter, as the Fistical Four made a rush at him.

There was a terrific crash as the chair tilted over backwards, and Gunter went out of it over the back and sprawled on the floor with a yell. Before he could gather himself up he was in the grip of the four.

"Yow-ow! Yow, I swow!" gasped Gunter. "Let up, you galoots! Yow-ow-ow!"

But the Fistical Four were not thinking of "letting up." They grasped Gunter hard, and they turned him face downwards on the carpet and held him there. Then Jimmy Silver's cricket-stump came into play—to an accompaniment of wild yells from Gunter.

Whack! Whack! Whack! "Yow-ow! Oh, jumpin' Jerusalem! Yarooop!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

## The 2nd Chapter. Pistol Practice.

Jimmy Silver wielded the stump with a powerful hand. Indeed, he seemed to be under the impression that he was beating a carpet.

The stump rose and fell with terrific vim.

The dust rose from Gunter's trousers. Terrific yells rose from Gunter. His yelling might have excited the envy of a Comanche Indian on the plains of his native Texas.

Whack, whack, whack, whack! Gunter struggled frantically. His cigar had fallen on the carpet, and was burning a hole there. But the juniors did not heed it. Lovell and Raby and Newcome held the Head's nephew pinned down. Jimmy Silver made rapid play with the stump. Gunter had long needed a lesson. Now he was getting it.

There was a crowding of juniors along the passage, to look into the end study. Hooker and Jones minor and Oswald were the first, then came Townsend and Topham, and Flynn and Lennox, and a crowd more. They crowded round the doorway, shouting with laughter.

Nobody had any sympathy to waste upon Gunter. He richly deserved what he was getting; indeed, the juniors only wondered that Jimmy Silver had not taken him in hand before.

Whack, whack, whack! "Oh, Jerusalem! Oh! Ow! Yow! Let up!" shrieked Gunter. Jimmy Silver panted for breath.

"Have you had enough?" he gasped. "Yarooop! Yep!"

"Will you promise not to smoke in the study any more?" "Nope."

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Oh, cronds! Whack! I mean you, howled Gunter.

"Honour bright!" "Yep." "Good!" said Jimmy Silver. "I thought we could bring you to reason. Mind, there's plenty more where that came from, and if you ask for it you'll get it. Let the beast get up."

The Co. released Gunter, and he scrambled to his feet. Certainly he had been hurt, though whether it had done him good was another matter. He stood gasping for breath, his sallow face red with rage.

"Now we'll make a clearance of his muck," said Jimmy Silver. "Where are your cigars, Gunter?"

"Yow! Find out, hang you!" "He's got a box of them here somewhere," said Raby. "We'll jolly well find them and burn them."

"Here they are!" sang out Newcome.

There was a yell from Gunter. "I guess you'll let my cheroots alone, you galoots."

"Guess again!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're going to burn the lot, and we'll do the same with any more you bring into the study."

"That box cost me four dollars," howled Gunter.

"Then it'll be a lesson to you."

Jimmy Silver grabbed up a handful of the cheroots, and began breaking them in pieces in the grate. Gunter made a rush for a little bag in the corner of the study. He had always kept that bag locked, and the juniors did not know what was in it. They discovered now. Gunter dragged it open and groped in it, and his hand came out—with something in it.

It was a revolver.

A revolver in a junior study at Rookwood was about as surprising as a machine-gun there. The juniors stared at Gunter's weapon with wide-open eyes. It was another of his Wild Western customs that the new boy had brought to Rookwood—though hitherto the revolver had been kept out of sight.

The firearm came up to a level, the muzzle bearing on the Fistical Four.

"Let up!" rapped out Gunter. "Why, you silly ass—" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Let those cheroots alone!" "Rats!"

"I guess I'll wing you if you don't," said Gunter, glaring along the barrel; and really at that moment he looked as if he would keep his word. "I guess you wouldn't be the first I've drilled. Let up, I say."

"You fathead! Do you think we believe it's loaded," growled Lovell. Gunter grinned.

"Look!" he said.

He changed the direction of the revolver, and levelled it at the clock, and pulled the trigger.

Crack! Smash!

The clock spun off the mantelpiece, and fell into the grate. The bullet had smashed in the face, and was embedded in the works.

There was a yell of alarm from the juniors in the passage, and a scuttling of feet. They did not want to be near a fellow with a loaded revolver, who was so reckless in its use.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at the new boy, dumbfounded.

There was no doubt that the revolver was loaded, and that the youth from Texas was a good shot. It was a weapon of a small calibre, and the report was not loud. But in the confined space of the study it rang like thunder.

"Turn that thing some other way, you dangerous idiot!" yelled Lovell, as the revolver bore upon the four again.

"I guess not. Put those cigars down."

Jimmy Silver held on to the box. "You hear me, Jimmy Silver?"

"Yes. Go and eat coke."

"You see this shooter, you galoot?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Jimmy Silver contemptuously. "You don't dare to use it."

"It—it might go off by accident," mumbled Raby.

"I guess it might," grinned Gunter. "My finger's on the trigger—look!" The hammer half-rose, and Jimmy Silver started a little. There was death in that little tube that was looking at him, and it required only the slightest touch of Gunter's finger to send it speeding.

"Will you put that box down?" said Gunter.

Jimmy Silver's back stiffened. He would not have taken orders from Gunter to save his life if it had been really in danger.

"No, I won't!" he said.

"I reckon I'll shoot." "Rats!"

Crack! Jimmy Silver uttered a sharp cry, as the cigar-box went spinning out of his hand. The bullet had struck it, and carried it away from his grasp. His hand was numbed by the shock, and for a moment he thought it had been shot away as well as the cigar-box.

"You hound!" roared Lovell. "You—"

"I guess he isn't hurt," grinned Gunter. "I'm a dead shot. I could clip off your eyelashes if I liked."

Jimmy Silver felt over his hand with the other hand. He was quivering with rage. The slightest deflection of the bullet might have cost him a finger.

"You—you savage!" gasped Jimmy. "Put that pistol down."

"Ha, ha, ha! I guess you're scared."

"I'm not scared, you rotten ruffian. I'm going to take that pistol away from you," said Jimmy Silver, advancing upon him.

"Hold on, Jimmy!" gasped Lovell. "You keep off, you galoot, or I'll wing you sure," said Gunter, the revolver bearing full upon Jimmy's breast.

But Jimmy Silver came on, his face white with anger. It was likely enough that the firearm might go off in the struggle, and that somebody might be hurt. But Jimmy Silver was reckless at that moment.

"Don't touch him, you ass!" shouted Raby. "The dashed thing will go off by accident!"

"I don't care!"

"Well, we care for you," said Lovell, and Jimmy Silver's three chums collared him, and backed away to the door.

"Let go!" shouted Jimmy furiously.

"Rats! Come out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter. "Make tracks, you galoots! I guess I'm going to do some pistol practice."

Crack, crack!

There was a spatter of glass from the pictures on the wall. Lovell and Raby and Newcome rushed Jimmy Silver out of the study, and Gunter kicked the door shut after them. A few moments later a strong smell of tobacco was emanating from the end study. The new boy was at it again.

## The 3rd Chapter. Nice for Adolphus.

There was a buzz of wrath and amazement in the Fourth-Form passage.

The new boy was the subject of discussion.

His manners and customs had astonished and disgusted the Fourth, but the last scene in the end study put the lid on, as Hooker expressed it.

Townsend, indeed, had started for Bulkeley's study, to inform the head prefect of the fact that Gunter had a firearm in his possession. But Townsend was stopped. The matter was serious enough, but Jimmy Silver & Co. were down on anything that savoured of sneaking.

"We've got to deal with the rotter ourselves, without dragging prefects into the row," was Jimmy Silver's verdict.

"But he will be blowing somebody's head off next!" howled Townsend.

"Well, if it's your head, it won't be much loss," said Jimmy comfortably. "There's nothing in it, you know."

"You silly ass—"

"The Head ought to be told," said Topham. "He's no right to dig up a nephew from an uncivilised country, and plant him on us!"

"Anyway, he'll be bowled out soon," said Jones. "A lot of fellows heard the pistol go off, and thought it was fireworks in the study. If Bulkeley hears it—"

"Wait till he hears it," said Jimmy Silver. "We're not going to sneak about the beast, though he's a Hunnish beast."

"But we're not going to let him turn our study into a tap-room!" growled Raby.

"We're not," said Jimmy.

"Hallo, here he comes!"

Gunter came strolling along the passage. He walked with a swagger, his hands in his pockets. He had a stock-whip under his arm—one of the souvenirs of his former life which he had brought from Texas with him. It was a heavy and dangerous whip, and the new boy had been seen to perform many tricks with it. With a flick of the whip, he could lift a cup from a fellow's hand at a dozen feet distance, without touching the head in the cap. He grinned at the

crowd of Classical juniors, apparently quite unmoved by their looks of angry dislike.

He sauntered out into the quadrangle, and the buzz of angry discussion continued after he was gone.

The Fistical Four went into their study, and Jimmy Silver opened the window, and waved a paper to clear off the smoke. He was thus engaged when Bulkeley of the Sixth looked in.

The captain of Rookwood was frowning.

"Who's been smoking here?" he demanded.

"Smoking!" repeated Jimmy Silver.

"Yes. The place reeks with it."

The Fistical Four were silent. Bulkeley scanned their faces angrily, and then his expression changed.

"The new kid, I suppose?" he said. "Hum! Well, that wasn't what I came about. Somebody's been letting off fireworks in the study, I hear. There's a smell of gunpowder here now. You know what's against the rules."

"Ahem!" said Jimmy Silver. "I want to know who did it," said Bulkeley.

"Ahem!" "Was it one of you?" "No, bulkeley."

"Then it was the new kid, I suppose."

"Ahem!" Bulkeley stared at them for a moment, and then turned away. The Fistical Four grinned a little. Bulkeley was in an awkward position. He felt that he could not deal drastically with the Head's nephew; and yet he could not be guilty of favouritism. The juniors wondered what he would do.

"Where is Gunter now?" demanded the captain of Rookwood, looking back from the passage.

"In the quad, I think."

Bulkeley strode away. Jimmy Silver & Co. strolled after him. They were curious to see how the head prefect would deal with the remarkable new boy.

"Bulkeley don't like to report him to Hootles, as he's the Head's nephew," murmured Lovell. "But if he sees that shooter—"

"My hat!"

Bulkeley strode out into the quadrangle. There was the sound of a loud, sharp crack under the old beeches, and for a moment the Classical Four thought that Gunter was at his "pistol practice" in the quad. But it was only his stock-whip which rang like a pistol-shot when he cracked it.

"My word!" gasped Raby.

"Look!"

"Smythe! My hat!" yelled Smythe. "My hat!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

Adolphus Smythe, the dandy of the Shell, had encountered the new boy under the beeches. The look on Smythe's face was, as Lovell observed, worth a guinea a box. Gunter was amusing himself with the dandy of the Shell, and Adolphus was clearly in a blue funk.

"Keep that whip away, you young ruffian!" yelled Adolphus. "By gad, I'll—"

Crack, crack crack!

The long lash of the whip cracked round Adolphus's slim legs without touching them, and Smythe of the Shell hopped and danced in his frantic efforts to keep clear of the thong.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter, whose spirits were an exuberant as usual. "Ha, ha! Dance, you beggar, dance!"

"Help!" shrieked Adolphus. Crack, crack crack!

Smythe of the Shell made a wild rush to escape. The lash curled round his waist, and he was jerked off his feet. He came down with a bump on the ground, yelling. His handsome topper flew away. The junior from Texas disengaged his whip with a twist of his wrist, and caught the flying topper with the lash, and tossed it through the air. It did not improve the top.

Smythe sat up, roaring. He's mad!

"Yow-ow!"

Yow-ow! "Ha, ha!" roared Gunter.

Bulkeley strode upon the scene with an angry brow.

"Give me that whip, you young rascal!"

Gunter stared at him.

"I guess that's my whip!" he replied.

"If you don't hand it to me at once, I'll give you the licking of your life!" shouted Bulkeley.

Gunter hesitated a moment, and then handed over the stock-whip.





RUCTIONS AT

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"Get up, Smythe! You're not hurt!" growled Bulkeley. "Yow! I am hurt!" roared Smythe. "And look at my hat!" "Hang your hat! Gunter, you've got to understand that you can't play these tricks here!" said the captain of Rookwood. "If there's any more of it, you'll find yourself in trouble. I find that you've been smoking."

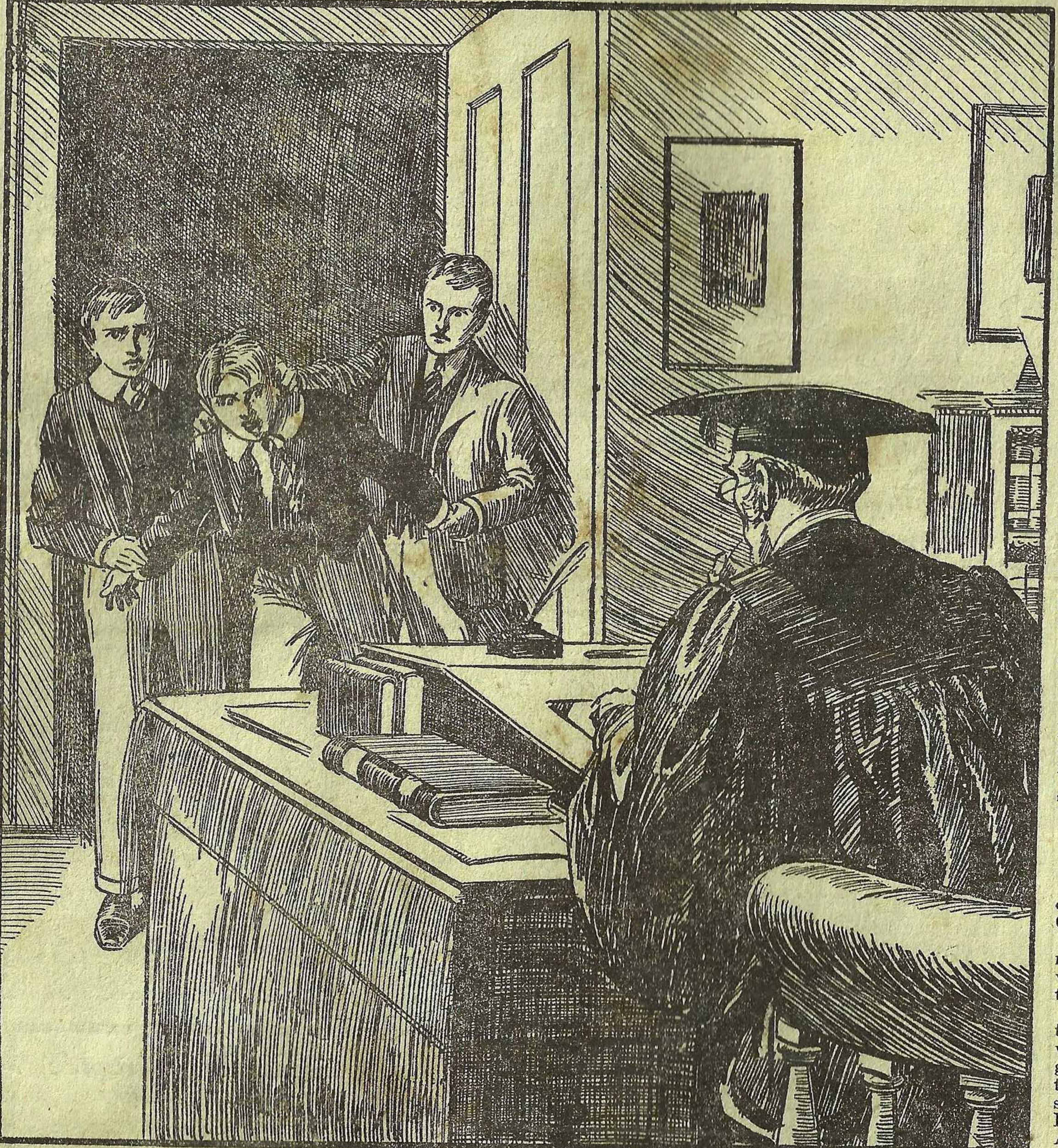
Adolphus if Bulkeley had learned of the "little game" in his study. Gunter chuckled. "Let me in, then, you galoot!" "Clear off, confound you!" "I tell you I'm open for a game. I'll teach you to play poker if you like." "You—you crass idiot, shut up!" "Or I'll join you in a game of nap—"

"Look hyar!" He produced a handful of money from his pocket. "I guess I can pay my footing, what!" "You can get out," said Howard. Gunter did not get out. He drew a chair to the table and sat down. "Now, let's be sociable," he said. "You can lock the door, Smythe, if you feel safer that way. Not that I care. The Head can't sack his own nephew, what! And I wouldn't care much if he did. If I'd known how slow it was here, I reckon I'd have stayed in Texas. The game ain't worth the candle." "Eh—what game?" said Smythe. "What do you mean?" "Never mind what I mean," said Gunter hastily. "I guess my tongue runs away with me sometimes. Now, is it nap?" "Look here—"

lighted it. The volume of pungent smoke that he blew out made the nuts cough. They prided themselves on being knowing blades. But their doggishness was evidently as nothing compared with that of the Head's nephew. Gunter's was the real thing. Smythe & Co. were only playing at blackguardism—Gunter was a genuine blackguard. And this was the nephew of the grave and severe reverend gentleman who was headmaster of Rookwood! It was amazing. "Whose deal?" asked Gunter. "Mine," said Smythe. "Go it!" They played nap. Gunter, with an ostentatious manner, had laid two or three sovereigns and half-sovereigns and a heap of silver on the table before him. "Bob a time," remarked Tracy, with a greedy glance at the money. "Call that playing?" jeered Gunter. "Make it five!" The Giddy Goats exchanged a quick glance. "Five—all serene!" said Smythe. The good-humour of the nuts was restored, as they began to win the new

Gunter capped them. Smythe—who was sometimes guilty of helping fortune himself—began to grow suspicious. "By gad!" ejaculated Adolphus suddenly. He sprang to his feet. Gunter stared at him. "What's the row?" "You cad!" shouted Smythe. "You rotten cad! Cheat!" Gunter's eyes gleamed dangerously. "I reckon you'd better be careful—" he began. "Smythe, old man," murmured Tracy. "I tell you he's cheating!" howled Smythe. "He's had a card on his knee, and I saw him slip it into his hand. He was keeping back a card." "I reckon there's the right number of cards in my hand." "Yes, because you've dropped one on the floor." "Why, the rotten cad," said Howard hotly. "We'll jolly soon see." Howard and Tracy bent down to look under the table. There was no card to be seen. "Move your foot, Gunter." "Oh, rats!" "He's got his foot on it!" howled Tracy. "He's been cheating. Give us our money back, you swindler!"

Bulkeley strode away, taking the whip with him. Gunter stared after him very unpleasantly. Then he glared at Jimmy Silver & Co. "You kinder reckon that I'm going to chuck it now, I guess?" he said, with a sneer. "You'd better," said Jimmy Silver. "Well, you'll see!" growled Gunter. The chums of the Fourth did see. When they came into the end study to tea, the room was reeking with smoke again. Bulkeley's warning had evidently been without effect. The Head's nephew was going on his own way, regardless of the captain of the school, and regardless of his exasperated study-mates.



"Great Scott!" exclaimed Bulkeley. "Give me his other arm!" And between the two prefects the terror of Rookwood was marched forcibly into the august presence of Dr. Chisholm.

The three enraged nuts closed round Gunter, and the latter sprang to his feet. Then the card he had been concealing with his boot was revealed. It was the two of spades. Evidently the young rascal had discarded it for a better card he had been keeping in reserve since his last deal. "Hands off!" said Gunter. "I guess—"

Smythe gave him a deadly look. "You'll hand back every penny you've won, you young thief!" he said, his voice trembling with rage. "If you don't we'll take it by force." "I calculate you won't." "Collar the low cad!" shouted Tracy. "Hands off!" Gunter's hand whipped into his pocket, and out again. Smythe & Co. jumped back, gasping, as a revolver looked them in the face. They stared at the new boy with starting eyes. "A—a—a pistol!" said Smythe faintly. "He—he—he's got a pistol!" "Oh, gad!"

Tracy dived under the table, with a gasp of terror. Howard grabbed at the key in the door, and unlocked it. Smythe dashed behind the armchair and backed down out of sight. "Go away!" he screamed. "Get out! You can keep the money! Help! Go away!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter. He jingled the money he had won in his pockets, and swaggered to the door. Still chuckling, he disappeared into the passage. "Is—is—is he gone?" stuttered Tracy, under the table. "He's g-g-gone!" panted Smythe. "Oh, dear!" "Oh, gad!"

The 4th Chapter. A Little Game.

"Simply a savage!" said Adolphus Smythe. "A regular heathen!" agreed Tracy. "A wild animal," said Howard. Smythe & Co. were in their study, and they were discussing the Head's nephew. Smythe, with burning indignation, had related the scene under the beeches, and Tracy and Howard were properly sympathetic. Tracy indeed asked why Smythe hadn't waded in, and thrashed the young rascal; but Adolphus did not state his reasons for not having done so. Doubtless he had good reasons. Adolphus was not a fighting man when he could help it.

Smythe jumped to the door and opened it. Anything was better than allowing the reckless new boy to talk like that in the passage. Gunter came in grinning, quite impervious to the black looks of the nuts of the Shell. He was getting used to black looks at Rookwood. "Quite comfy here, by gum!" he remarked. "I tell you it's slow in my study. The galoots cut up rusty if I smoke even, and as for a game of cards, they'd faint if I suggested it. So I've dropped in here." "Well, and now you can drop out again!" snapped Smythe. "You don't want me in your game?" growled Gunter, his look becoming threatening. He made a step towards Adolphus, who moved round behind the table. "No, we don't!" said Smythe. But he spoke feebly. The new boy simply terrified the slacker of the Shell. Smythe did not feel equal to dealing with him. "Money talks!" said Gunter.

"I—I don't know that I mind your joining us in a game," said Smythe, hesitatingly. "Of course, we keep this dark, you know." "You bet." Smythe locked the door, and sat down again. After all, why shouldn't he relieve the new kid of the money that seemed to be burning a hole in his pocket. That was how Adolphus looked at it. "Have a cigarette, Gunter?" he asked, passing his case to the visitor. Gunter snorted. "You galoots reckon you smoke?" he asked. "Well, a little," said Smythe. "We're not slow in this study." "Cigarettes ain't smoking. You smoke as much paper as baccy. Mine's a cigar." "I—I—we haven't any cigars here!" "That's all right; I've got plenty." The Giddy Goats looked blankly at Gunter as he produced a big black cheroot and bit off the end. Smythe silently gave him a match, and he

fellow's cash. They were rather pleased now that Gunter had wedged into the study. It was likely to be a profitable evening for the Giddy Goats. But a change came o'er the spirit of their dream. For a few rounds the nuts seemed to have it all their own way. But when Gunter dealt fortune favoured him. He grinned as he raked in five shillings from each of the nuts. He had lighted a second cigar, the first being finished, and the Shell fellows wondered how his inside stood it, unless it was lined with leather. Smythe shuddered as Gunter spat in the grate. Such manners had never been seen in Smythe's select study before. And the smell of the thick smoke was beginning to oppress the nuts. It was quite different from the airy fragrance of their own mild cigarettes. And the new junior was winning now. However good the hands of the Giddy Goats were, nearly every time

The 5th Chapter. The Midnight Raid.

"I reckon I could handle them." Jimmy Silver & Co. sniffed, and glared at Gunter. The Classical Four were talking in the common-room the next day, and the subject of their discussion was the cheek of the Modern juniors. They agreed that it was time Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern side were given the kybosh. Gunter chipped into the conversation cheerfully. That was his way. Icy looks had no effect whatever on the youth from Texas. That he was regarded with dislike and disgust by nearly every junior at Rookwood, Modern as well as Classical, did not affect Gunter in the least. The exuberance of his spirits had suffered no diminution. "I reckon I could make the galoots sing small," he went on. "You pilgrims ain't up to it. I had a row with those jays the-day I came here,





## RUPTIONS AT

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## ROOKWOOD!

and they didn't get the best of it. I guess I'll show you how to do it."

"Conceited ass!" said Lovell, with a grunt. "Tommy Dodd would knock the stuffing out of you!"

Gunter grinned. "I reckon I'll make them sing small!" he said.

"Rats!"

"What'll you bet on it?" grinned Gunter.

"Nothing," said Lovell, in disgust. "We don't bet."

"Oh, you're too good for this world," said Gunter, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "I don't know how you manage to live. This place makes me tired to death, after what I've been used to."

"Pity you don't go back to what you're used to, then," said Raby.

"I guess I'm a stickler. I'm sent hyer, and hyer I'm sticking. Things would be a bit more lively if you'd let me show you how to play poker."

"That's a branch of knowledge we're not keen on," said Jimmy Silver sarcastically, "and if we were, we shouldn't learn from you. We've heard all about your swindling Smythe."

"I guess that jay was born to be a lame duck," said Gunter. "He calls himself a nut, and he hasn't so much sand as a kid of six in Texas. I guess I bluffed the whole study, and can handle your Modern galoots just as easily, and not half try."

"We'll believe that when we see you do it," said Jimmy Silver disdainfully.

"It's a go, then? You'll see it done?"

To which the Classical Four replied with the truly classic monosyllable, "Rats!" and walked away.

But Gunter's undertaking to "down" the Moderns was soon heard of, and discussed, and the juniors wondered how he was going to do it. It was heard of on the Modern side, too, and Tommy Dodd & Co. grinned over it. They were prepared to make shavings of the Transatlantic youth if he tackled them.

Gunter did not seem in a hurry to begin. Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle rather expected to see him that evening, after hearing of what he had undertaken to do. But he did not appear on the Modern side.

"All gas—Yankee gas!" said Tommy Dodd, when bedtime came. "Let him show his Wild Western nose over here, that's all! I'll increase the size of it for him, Head's nephew or no Head's nephew!"

But the nose of Gunter was not shown there, and the Modern juniors went to bed and forgot all about Gunter.

Tommy Dodd and the rest of the Modern Fourth were sleeping the sleep of the just when midnight tolled out from the clock-tower.

All Rookwood was fast asleep by that time.

The twelve heavy strokes sounded dully through the summer night. They did not awaken anyone in the dormitory. But a few minutes later Tommy Dodd was awakened. He opened his eyes to a sudden light.

The electric light was on.

Tommy Dodd, in great astonishment, sat up in bed. He wondered what duffer had turned on the light, and he blinked round him sleepily.

Then he sat frozen.

A figure stood within the doorway, and Tommy Dodd gazed at it, dumb and horrified.

The figure was draped in a black coat, and the face was covered with a black mask, through the eyeholes of which a pair of eyes gleamed and glittered.

From under the loose coat the intruder's right hand appeared, and in that hand was grasped a revolver.

There was no doubt about it. The light gleamed on the barrel of the weapon.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

The figure was advancing towards the row of beds.

"Wake up!" came a deep, rumbling voice.

"Oh, crumbs!" came from Tommy Cook's bed.

"Howly Moses!" yelled Doyle.

"Who—who are you?" panted Tommy Dodd.

"Howly Moses! It's a burglar!"

"Help!"

"Silence!" hissed the masked visitor. And the revolver made a threatening motion. "Silence!"

All the Modern Fourth were wide awake now. They sat up in their beds shivering. Tommy Dodd & Co. were plucky enough, as they had often proved. But a midnight visit from a masked man, revolver in hand, was enough to shake any fellow's nerve.

And the revolver was raised to a level, and it seemed to every junior there that it was pointing specially at him.

"T-t-turn that another way, please," said Tommy Dodd faintly.

"Get out of bed!"

"Wha-at for?"

"I give you all three seconds. Out you get!"

The trigger rose a little. The Modern Fourth turned out of bed with one accord, and with a speed they had never shown in turning out at rising-bell.

They stood shivering by their beds, their dilated eyes fastening in terror on the masked intruder.

"That's better!" growled the ruffian. "Not a yelp, mind, or you get it in the neck! I'd wing you as soon as look at you!"

"Oh, dear!" mumbled Doyle.

"I'm going to tie you up," growled the masked man, "and any kid who lifts a finger will get a bullet! Mind that!"

"B-b-but—"

"Hold your tongue!"

The masked ruffian advanced to Tommy Dodd. The chief of the Modern juniors looked desperate. But the sight of the revolver was too deadly, and the great Tommy Dodd did not care to tackle it.

The intruder drew a length of cord from his pocket with his left hand, and jerked the end into a loop.

"Put your hands together!" he commanded.

Tommy Dodd hesitated.

"Do as he tells you, you gossoon!" whispered Doyle. "Don't be an ass!"

The muzzle of the revolver was thrust fairly against Tommy Dodd's chest. He gave a gasp and a shiver.

"I give you one second!" hissed the masked ruffian.

Tommy Dodd held out his hands. There was no help for it. The loop

was placed over his wrists and drawn tight.

Cook was tiptoeing towards the door.

The masked man did not seem to observe him. Cook's idea was to get outside and shout for help. He found the door locked and the key gone.

The masked man swung round suddenly, and his revolver bore upon the junior fumbling with the door-handle.

"You've asked for it," he snarled, "now you're going to get it! Say your prayers!"

"Oh, howly Moses!" stuttered Doyle. "Ow! Don't! I—I—I'll be as quiet as a lamb! Oh, jiminy!"

"Come here!"

Tommy Doyle, shaking in every limb under the grim revolver, approached. His wrists were looped together in the same way as Tommy Dodd's.

The masked ruffian had come well supplied with cord. One after another the Modern juniors were ordered to approach, and their wrists were tied.

In ten minutes the whole of the Modern Fourth had their hands bound.

They blinked at one another in horror and dismay in the electric light. What was the ruffian going to do next?

The ruffian lost no time. He returned his revolver to his pocket, now that all the juniors had their hands secured, and took out a long cord from under his coat. He knotted it round the ankles of the group of juniors, tying the knots tightly, and in a few minutes the Modern Fourth were all secured together by their feet. Then he collected handkerchiefs and pillow-cases, and gagged them one after another.

The Modern Fourth submitted like lambs. They were helpless, and they had to submit.

They blinked at the masked man, whose eyes gleamed through the holes in his mask at them. They expected that his next proceeding would be to go through the pockets of their clothes. His object, so far as they could see, could only be robbery. But that he did not proceed to do. He tied the end of the long cord to the leg of a bedstead, and then crossed to the door.

Was he going? What did it all mean? Tommy Dodd & Co. wondered whether they had to do with some lunatic.

They could not speak. They could hardly move. They could only gaze with dilated eyes at the masked intruder.

He turned at the door and burst into a chuckle.

"Ha, ha, ha! I guess you look a set of jays."

Tommy Dodd jumped.

The masked man's hand went up, and he jerked off the mask. The face that was revealed in the electric light was the face of Gunter of the Fourth—the Head's nephew.

The boy from Texas chuckled and grinned.

"I guess you guys have been roped in. Ha, ha, ha! Good-night!"

He snapped off the light, and unlocked the door. The door closed behind him. Tommy Dodd & Co. were left wriggling in their bonds, spluttering with their gags. It was a jape of Gunter's. He had kept his word, after all. But he couldn't

intend to leave them like that! Before morning they would be chilled and cramped—he couldn't mean that!

But he did.

Long the Modern juniors struggled with the cords, but they struggled in vain. They chewed at the gags, but they could make no impression upon them.

Becoming quite reckless at last, they endeavoured to make noise enough to attract someone to the dormitory. But they could scarcely move in their bonds, and their efforts were in vain. It was upon a cheerless and infuriated crowd that the first pale rays of the dawn looked in.

## The 6th Chapter.

## Something Like a Surprise.

Jimmy Silver & Co. sat up in bed as the rising-bell clanged out. Gunter of the Fourth turned out with a chuckle.

"I guess I've done it," was his first remark.

"Eh? You've done what?" asked Hooker.

"Dished the Moderns!"

"Oh, rats!" said Lovell.

"Hop along to their dormitory and see!" chuckled Gunter.

"Oh, bow-wow!" said Jimmy Silver.

And the Classical Fourth proceeded with their toilet, without heeding Gunter. Jimmy Silver & Co. were the first down, but they did not see any of the Modern Fourth in the quad. And during the next ten minutes after they were down none of the Moderns put in an appearance, which was remarkable, for the three Tommies were always early risers.

"Where are the Modern bounders, I wonder?" Raby remarked.

"I guess you'll find 'em in their dorm," said Gunter. "Didn't I tell you I'd dish them? Well, I've done it!"

"No reason why they shouldn't come down if you have," said Jimmy Silver, with a stare.

Gunter chortled.

"I reckon they can't."

"Why can't they?"

"Because they're all tied up like turkeys! Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Gunter.

Jimmy Silver looked at him, aghast.

"You—you've done that?"

"Sure."

"But—but they let you—"

howled Lovell.

"I reckon they couldn't help it. I guess they couldn't argue with a revolver!" chuckled Gunter.

"A-a-a revolver!" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"Yep!"

"Come on!" muttered Jimmy to his chums.

And the Fistical Four rushed into the House again, alarmed and anxious.

Gunter followed them, still chuckling. Evidently he regarded his night's work as a triumph. The Fistical Four sped along the passages to the Modern side, and rushed into Tommy Dodd's dormitory.

"Great Scott!"

The sight that met their gaze rooted the four Classicals to the floor.

The Modern Fourth, bunched together, were seated on the floor, shivering with cold, in their pyjamas. They looked at the Classicals, but they could not speak.

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TO DO THE SAME. See Page 254.





**RUCTIONS AT**

**ROOKWOOD!**

(Continued from the previous page.)

By Jove, you'll be sacked from the school for this, if you were the Head's nephew ten times over! Do you hear me?"

"Give me that pistol at once!" Knowles, gritting his teeth, strode at the junior from Texas. Gunter's hand whipped behind him.

"Hands off!" Knowles staggered back. A levelled revolver was looking him in the face, with the young ruffian scowling behind it. The prefect seemed transfixed. His eyes almost started from his head as he gazed at Gunter.

"G-g-g-good heavens!" he gasped. Then there was a sudden roar from Gunter. Jimmy Silver had made a leap at him, and he caught the junior's right arm and forced it down. The dangerous weapon pointed to the floor.

"Let up!" shrieked Gunter. "Lend a hand!" shouted Silver. Knowles sprang forward. He grasped the down-turned wrist and twisted it savagely till Gunter let go the weapon. Knowles almost panted with relief as he grasped the firearm and took it away.

"You young villain!" he said. "You'll be sacked for this! Come with me to the Head at once! I'll take your pistol and show him!"

"I guess I'm not coming. Yow-ow!" Knowles did not stand on ceremony, even with the Head's nephew. The fright he had had had enraged him. He grasped Gunter by the collar, digging his knuckles into the junior's neck. Gunter struggled fiercely, but he was swung away in the grasp of the powerful Sixth-Former.

With his boots clattering on the floor, he was dragged away to the Classical side, gasping and yelling. "Hallo! What's up?" exclaimed Bulkeley, meeting them at the end of the passage and stopping as he saw a Classical junior struggling in the grasp of a Modern prefect.

"I'm taking this young scoundrel to the Head!" panted Knowles. "He has been threatening the fags with a revolver—this revolver!"

"Great Scott! Give me his other arm!" said Bulkeley. And between the two prefects the Head's nephew was marched forcibly into the Head's study and into the august presence of Dr. Chisholm.

**The 7th Chapter.**

**Gunter Goes Through It!**

Jimmy Silver & Co. wondered what was passing in the Head's study. So did Tommy Dodd and the Modern juniors.

That the Head must have noticed already that his nephew hadn't the manners which stamp the caste of Vere de Vere, the juniors knew. Doubtless the doctor made every allowance for his early training on a ranch in a wild country.

But the news of the boy's true character could not fail to come as a shock to the Head. Now that it was out it was pretty certain to be all out. The sack was what the juniors expected for him, and Classical and Modern agreed that that was the only thing that could meet the case. Keen as had been their rivalry for the Head's nephew before they knew him, both Classics and Moderns would have been glad to see him "booted" out of Rookwood.

There was a buzz of excitement in Rookwood that morning. The prefect's report to the Head was followed by a stern inquiry.

Gunter's belongings were searched, and there came to light, among other things, a box of cartridges, a bowie-knife, several packs of cards, several boxes of cigars, and a set of loaded dice.

The Head was simply aghast. Some of the fellows who caught sight of him while he was superintending the search of Gunter's boxes and bags declared that he looked as if he were on the verge of apoplexy.

Unusual as he had observed his nephew to be, the old gentleman had never dreamed that he had harboured a ruffian and a thorough blackguard within the classic walls of Rookwood. It was not only that he had cards—that was bad enough—but the cards were marked! It was not only that he had dice, but the dice were loaded. He was not only a gambler, but a cheat as well.

What the Head thought on the subject he kept to himself. The school waited for the announcement that Gunter was going.

During morning lessons the Head's nephew did not appear in class. He was locked up in the punishment-room. When the fellows came out of the Form-rooms they rather expected

learned the extraordinary manners he has shown here. I have resolved to give him a chance to settle down here. Any recurrence of such conduct as he has been guilty of will lead to his expulsion from the school. But I hope that the lesson he has had will benefit him—I have endeavoured to make it a severe one."

Jimmy Silver suppressed a grin. He thought that the Head had succeeded, too.

"He is in your study, Silver," resumed the Head, "and you are head boy in the Fourth Form. Silver, I wish you to use your influence to induce my nephew to conform to the manners of this school. I am sure that you can help him greatly if you wish."

"I—I—I'll try, sir!" stammered Jimmy, taken aback. It was the first time Jimmy Silver had ever been requested to play the part of bear-leader.

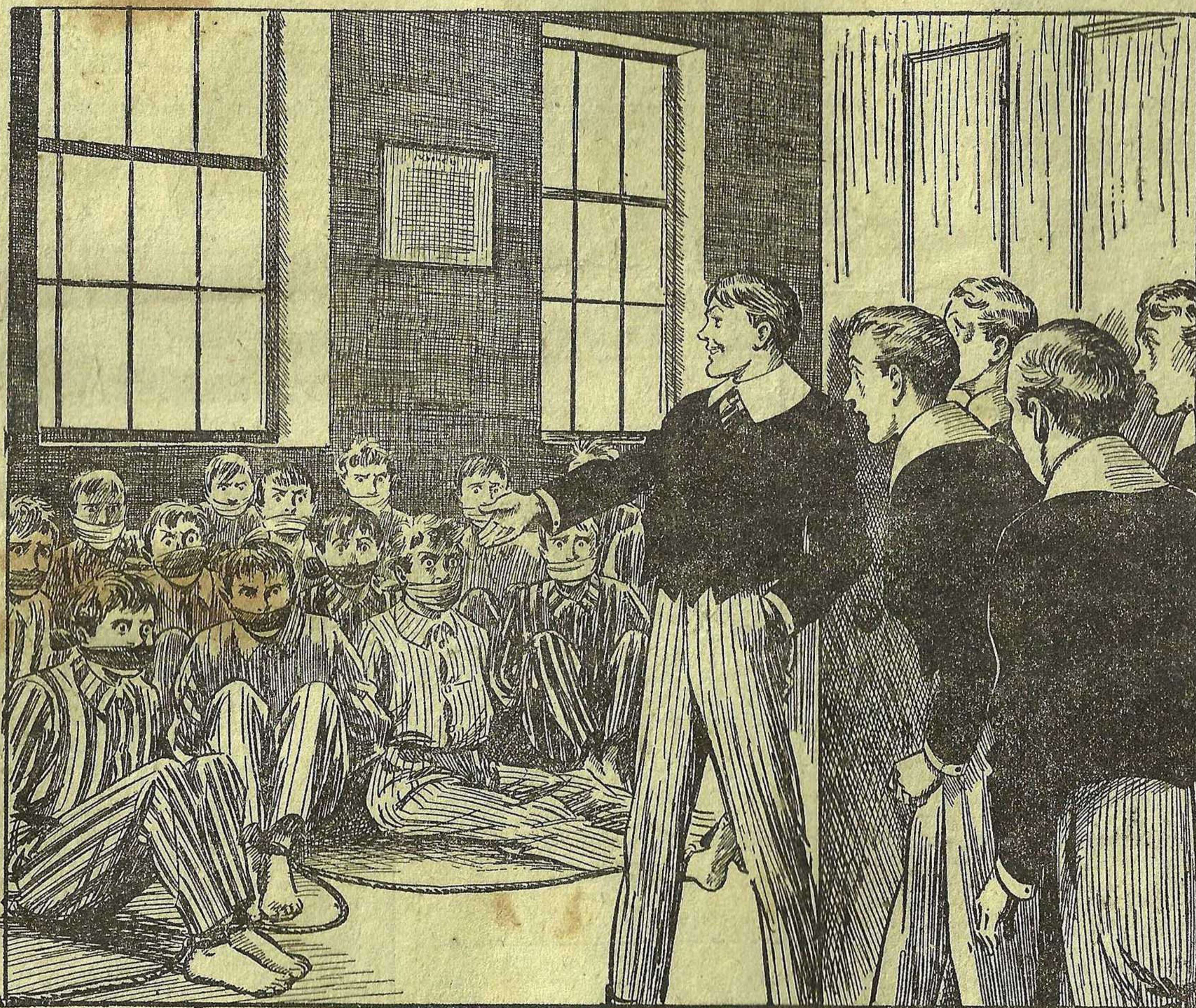
"Thank you, Silver. I rely upon you."

Jimmy Silver left the study, not knowing whether to be pleased at the high opinion the Head evidently entertained of him, or worried by the task that had been imposed upon him.

"Well?" said Lovell and Raby and Newcome together in the passage. Jimmy explained.

"Oh, my hat!" said Lovell.

"We—we'll do our best," said



The Modern Fourth, bunched together, were seated on the floor, shivering with cold, in their pyjamas. They looked at the Classics, but they could not speak. The new boy from Texas had done his work too thoroughly for that.

to hear that Gunter was no longer at Rookwood.

But he was still there. And when the order went forth to assemble the school for a public flogging to be witnessed the juniors crowded into Big Hall, wondering whether the flogging was to be followed by the sack.

Gunter was brought in with the strong hand of Sergeant Kettle on his shoulder. He looked sullen and defiant.

That flogging was a record. The Head did not run any risk of spoiling the child by sparing the rod. Gunter's yells rang through the Big Hall, and by the time the Head was finished all the defiance was gone out of Gunter, and he looked very limp.

Then the proceedings closed. It was not the sack. But after the school had been dismissed Jimmy Silver was called into the Head's study. He went, wondering.

He found Dr. Chisholm very grave. "Silver," said the Head—and the troubled expression on his face went to Jimmy's heart—"as you know, I have become aware of the true character of my nephew, which I had never dreamed of suspecting before. I have thought of sending him back to his home. But I have taken into consideration the fact that he was brought up in a wild district in an unsettled country, where he has

Jimmy, looking doubtfully at his chums. "There may be some good in the chap, for all we know. And, anyway, there won't be any more cards or cigars or revolvers and things."

"We'll try," said the Co. heroically.

With good intentions in their breasts, the Fistical Four proceeded to the end study, where Gunter was groaning over his castigation. He glared at them as they came in.

"I say, Gunter, old chap—" began Jimmy Silver, with his kindest smile.

"Vamoose!"

"Eh?"

"Get out!"

"But—but I say—"

Gunter made a jump for the poker, and another jump for the Fistical Four. They executed a strategic retreat from the study just in time, and the door banged after them.

Gunter was evidently still Gunter!

THE END.

**NEXT MONDAY!**

**"THE END OF HIS TETHER!"**

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**IT WOULDN'T WORK!**

Sandy MacPherson had joined a Scotch regiment, and somehow or other he regretted having done so. He had made several efforts to get out of the Army, but with no success. As a last resource he decided to plead that he had really bad eyesight.

"How can you prove that?" said the doctor.

"Well, doctor, ye see that nail on the wall?" said Sandy, feeling that at last he was succeeding in his desire.

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," answered Sandy quickly, "I can't!"

(Sent in by Miss G. M. Williams, Cardiff.)

**PUZZLING.**

A wounded soldier had just come home from the Dardanelles, and was relating his adventures to an inquisitive old lady:

"After we captured the hill," he said, "we held it for a while. Eventually we were compelled to retreat to our former position through weight of numbers."

"Were there many dead left on the hill?" asked the inquisitive old lady.

"Dead!" echoed the wounded Tommy. "Why, the whole hillside was simply alive with them!" (Sent in by C. Lillierap, Swansea.)

**THE EXCEPTION.**

Father: "Dear me, this is the noisiest neighbourhood I have ever lived in! We shall seriously have to think of moving. Just listen to those children screaming up the road!"

Mother: "They're your own children, dear."

Father: "Oh, indeed! How the little darlings do enjoy themselves, to be sure!" (Sent in by A. B. Badger, Llanelly.)

**MYSTERIOUS.**

A party of soldiers, bound for "somewhere in France," were waiting for their train at a rural station in Wiltshire.

Among the lookers-on were an old country yokei and his wife. Walking slowly past the men, the woman eyed them carefully, her attention being mainly paid to their puttee-clad legs.

"I say, John," she whispered, when out of earshot, "there's somethin' I can't understand about they salgers."

"What be ut, lass?" asked her good man.

"I can't think how they get theer legs into they twisted trousers," she replied in wonder. (Sent in by A. Gant, King's Lynn.)

**HIS HEART LEAPT TO—**

Tommy's mother was busy carving a sheep's head, and Tommy was gazing at her with eager anticipation. Like all boys, Tommy was hungry, and he was looking forward to a good tuck in.

"Please mother," he replied, "will you give me the heart?"

"The heart, Tommy!" replied his mother. "But the heart is not in the head, silly! What makes you think such a thing?"

"Oh," replied Tommy, "I thought perhaps when the sheep saw it was going to be killed that its heart leapt into its mouth." (Sent in by R. H. Laing, Brixton Hill, London.)

**ROOM INSIDE.**

A young lady was standing on the pavement waiting anxiously for a 'bus to take her home from business. Several had passed her, but every one was loaded with its full complement of passengers. At last, in despair, she made up her mind to board the next 'bus at all costs.

Eventually a 'bus drew up to the kerb, and the sweet damsel jumped on to the conductor's platform.

"Full up?" she asked of the conductor.

"No, madam," mumbled the conductor, as he munched away at a huge bun. "I could do another easily." (Sent in by M. Wood, Croydon.)

**IT ENDED IN SMOKE.**

An Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him to put it out at once.

The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar; but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up and quickly retired to the sentry-box.

The officer, happening to look round, saw a thin cloud of smoke coming from the sentry-box. He at once challenged Pat for smoking whilst on duty.

"Sure, sorr," said Pat, continuing to puff, "I'm only keeping ut aloight ter show to the corporal as evidence ag'inst ye!" (Sent in by G. Hunt, Banbury.)

**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.