

make von roller

Duncan Storm's New Story Starts!

The BOYS' FRIEND I^{d.}

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 747, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending October 2nd, 1915.]

STUPENDOUS NEW FEATURE!

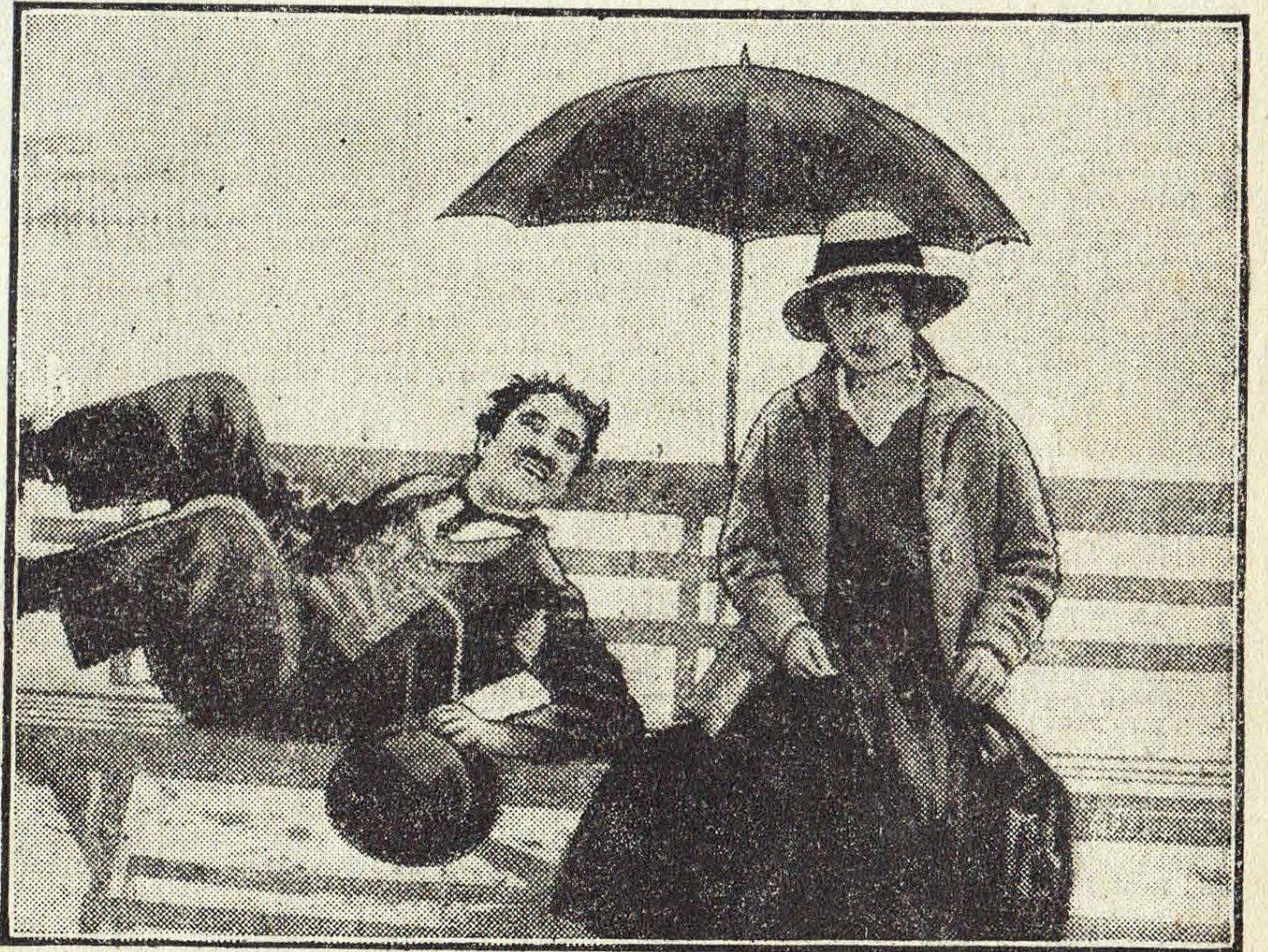
(By Special Arrangement with the Essanay Film Company, London.)

OUR MAGNIFICENT CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM-PHOTO STORY.

This Week: CHARLIE BY THE SEA.



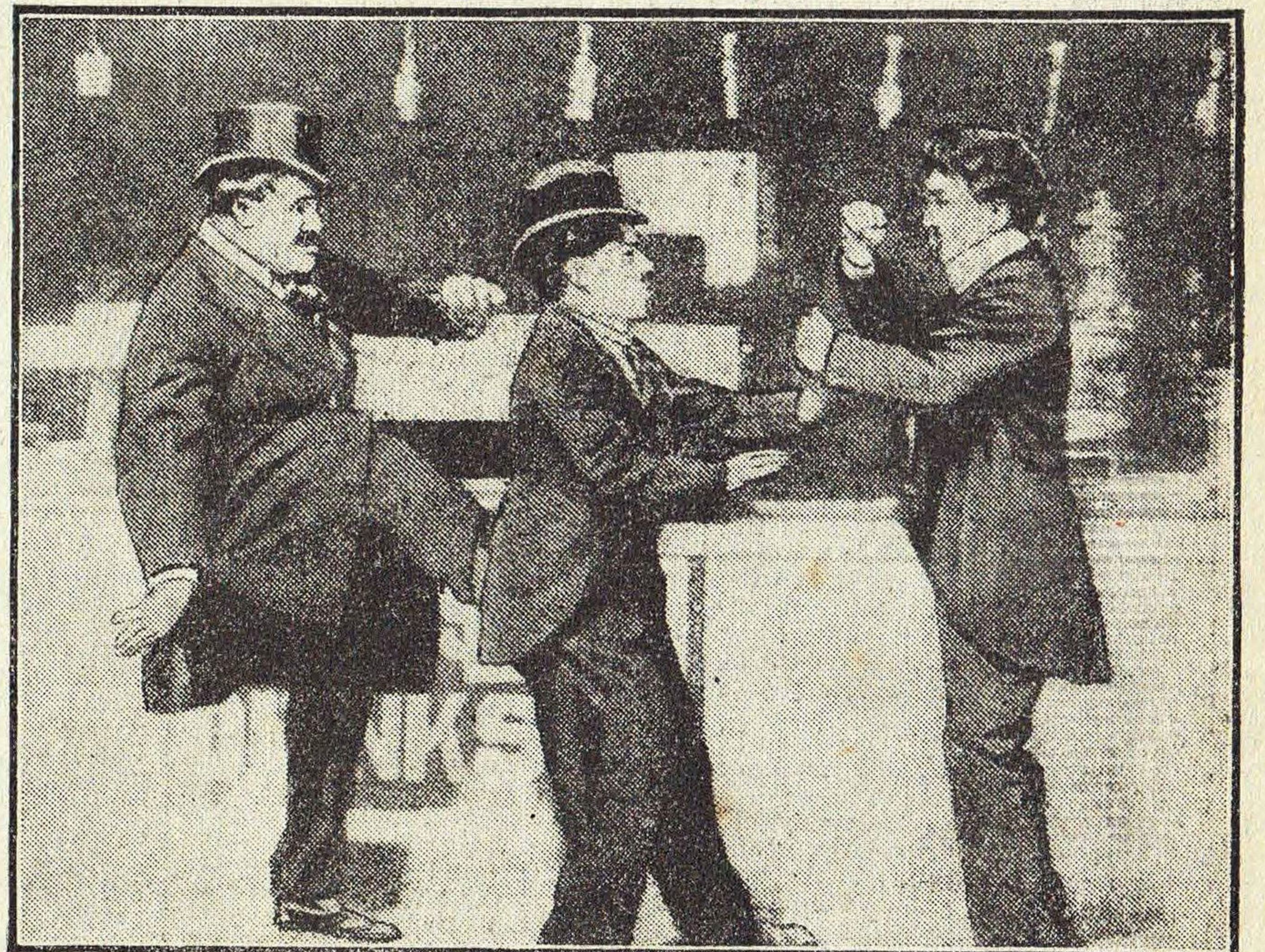
CHARLIE, the monarch of mirth and glee,
Chanced to go down by the silvery sea.
Trundling along, with his soul love-laden,
He happened upon a most beautiful maiden.
Raising his bowler in rapturous bliss,
He halted, and murmured, "Good-morrow, fair miss!"



That damsel, however, proved very poor sport,
For lo! she was waiting her lover to court.
So Charlie passed on to another sweet thing;
"I'll leap in your favour," he said, with a spring.
He vaulted right valiantly over the seat,
And landed (see picture) the charmer to greet.



Then, right at the height of his innocent passion,
He tumbled to earth in undignified fashion.
His feelings that moment were doubly acute,
For he was propelled by a merciless boot.
The planets and comets revolved at his gaze:
"How those husbands can kick!" he exclaimed in amaze.



But he made up the quarrel with hubby, it seems,
And went forth to treat him to boundless ice-creams.
Then a wrathful young giant, with trillies size nine,
Shouted: "I saw you courting that maiden of mine!"
"Excuse me," said Charlie's new friend, in distress,
"'Twas my wife he was talking to, pardner, I guess!"

THE FINISH OF THIS PICTURE STORY WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 293 OF THIS ISSUE!

Sambo remained down four seconds, then, exasperated by the broad grin of triumph on his brother's face, up he got, and knocked the smile off with a pile-driving right that sent Joe spinning.

But by the time they had fought ten rounds both were pretty well used up.

They came more slowly to the scratch, and after the first few exchanges were glad to clinch, or to spar for wind.

Both were pretty badly marked by this time. Swollen lips and broadened noses, puffed-out eyes, and knobby crowns testified to the hot work each had indulged in.

And now their arms were tired, and neither could hit with any power.

Sam complained that he had knocked his right hand up. Joe declared that he had put his shoulder out.

Yet they kept hard at it.

"I'm not gwine to knuckle under to mah brother Sam!" said Joe.

"I allus could lick that coon!" panted Sam.

After they had boxed a tame eleventh round—for neither was capable of any hot work therein—Tom Belcher totted up the points, and found that they were exactly two at this stage in favour of Sam—two points which might very easily be wiped off in any one of the remaining rounds by brother Joe.

"The bout will go to the full distance," thought Tom. "And it will probably end in a draw."

Meanwhile the audience had gone crazy with excitement.

Never had they seen such an even contest as this. They cheered both lads on to renewed efforts impartially, and the coloured men did their best to respond.

They were both boxing on the defensive now, both sparring for time.

Suddenly Sam Walcott fancied he saw an opening. He gathered together every ounce of his remaining strength, and launched it into a left-hand hit which he aimed for the mark.

At the same moment Joe imagined that he saw an opening too, and he sent his left flying in an uppercut for Sam's chin.

The blows landed simultaneously. And what a result was there!

Sam was literally hit up into the air, and fell in a sitting position upon the ring floor, whilst Joe, hit down by his brother's punch, fell in spread-eagled fashion on the canvas. There was such a hubbub that it would have been impossible for the timekeeper to have made himself heard. And so Tom bent over the prostrate heroes, and called the vanishing seconds over them.

Sam Walcott, breathless, and too weak to get up, set his brown eyes on Tom imploringly. He made one effort, nearly succeeded in getting upon his feet, but, tumbling over, sat down again.

Joe never moved. And as neither had risen when Tom reached the fatal tenth second, Tom cried, spreading his arms as he uttered the words:

"It is a double knock-out, gentlemen! The contest has ended in a draw!"

Then through the ropes their seconds climbed, and, picking them up, carried them away.

A minute later, when they had sufficiently recovered, the two left their corners, and, meeting in the middle of the ring, threw their arms round each other's necks.

"You are indeed mah brother Joe!" said Sam, and there were tears of joy in his eyes.

"And you're mah true brother Sam!"

"And wasn't it a grand fight, Joe?" grinned Sambo ruefully.

The other grinned back.

"Jess gran'!" he gurgled, and so the feud ended.

A few days later there was a new recruit to the Beach Hall forces. Joe Walcott, having fallen out with James Turvey, had thrown in his lot with the rival show. And when Ben Adams came in search of him to Tom's lodgings, he found Tom and Sambo, and brother Joe sitting at table with two fat chickens and a bottle of wine between them.

"Come right in, Mistah Ben, sah," grinned Sambo, "and have a bit of chicken, dat I've got in honah of mah brother Joe!"

THE END.

(*"Tom Belcher's Client!" is the title of next week's grand complete tale of the boy boxing champion. It is a thrill from start to finish.*)

GUNTER'S MISTAKE!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of
JIMMY SILVER & Co. - - - By **OWEN CONQUEST.**



Lash! Jimmy Silver gave a sudden yell as Gunter lashed out with the whip. The thong caught Jimmy across the face, and he staggered back.

The 1st Chapter.

Declined Without Thanks!

An eyeglass gleamed in at the doorway of the end study.

Behind the eyeglass was the languid and somewhat vacant countenance of Adolphus Smythe, the ornament of the Shell Form at Rookwood.

Seldom did the great Adolphus, the dandy of the Shell, condescend to visit a Fourth Form study. It might have been expected, therefore, that the four Fourth-Formers in the study would have been duly impressed, and that they would have greeted the great Adolphus with marked respect.

But they weren't—and they didn't!

Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome, the Fistical Four of the Fourth, were deep in discussion.

That afternoon Jimmy Silver had received a fiver.

Fivers were remarkably uncommon in the Fourth Form, and a junior with a fiver was a remarkable and much-to-be-respected youth, so long as the fiver lasted.

It was a great and unique occasion. The Fistical Four were holding a "pow-wow" concerning the disposal of the fiver. It was, as Lovell remarked, a day worthy to be marked with a white stone!

Naturally, they had no attention to waste upon Smythe when that elegant youth looked in and his monocle glittered condescendingly upon them.

"A car out for the afternoon," Raby was saying, "that's a good wheeze. Lucky it's a half-holiday."

"What price a first-rate picnic?" said Newcome.

"Or a run over to Northwood, and the cinema," said Lovell.

"Or all the blessed lot!" said Jimmy Silver lavishly. "We could stand the lot out of a fiver."

Whereupon his devoted chums ejaculated together:

"Hurray!"

Adolphus Smythe sniffed.

Adolphus Smythe might have been a stock or a stone for all the effect he had upon the cheery juniors in the study. They had not even observed him.

However, when he sniffed they looked round. They had heard the sniff.

"Hallo! What's that?" said Lovell, gazing at Adolphus as if he had never seen him before.

"Another escape from the Zoo!" said Raby.

"I've looked in to see you, Silver," said Adolphus rather savagely.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Better go over to the Modern side," he suggested. "That's the proper place for stray monkeys. Good-bye!"

"Yes, run away!" urged Newcome. "Can't you see we're busy? Now, we'd better start immediately after dinner, Jimmy—"

"I want to speak to Silver," said Smythe. "It's rather important."

"He's heard of the fiver," said Lovell, in a stage-whisper; and there was a chuckle in the end study.

Smythe frowned.

"If you've got a few minutes to spare, Silver—"

"My hat!" said Jimmy.

For the dandy of the Shell to ask a Fourth-Former if he had a few minutes to spare was really remarkable. There seemed to be no doubt that Adolphus had, in fact, heard of the fiver.

"Well, you can go ahead," said Jimmy Silver. "We're rather busy, but we can give you a minute or two. Fire away, Smythe!"

"It's you I want to speak to; not these kids!" said Adolphus, with a disdainful glance at Jimmy Silver's chums.

That was Adolphus's very tactful way.

"Why, you cheeky ass—" began Lovell warmly.

"You can speak to all of us, or you needn't speak at all, Smythe,"

"We're havin' a trap out—quite a good gee-gee and a kinky little trap—holds five quite well. I'm goin' to drive. Will you come?"

"Sorry! I'm not insured."

"Eh?"

"If you're going to drive, Smythe, I'd prefer to get insured first."

"Look here—"

"And I can't come, anyway," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm going out with my own pals."

"I should jolly well think so!" said Lovell wrathfully.

Adolphus ignored Lovell.

"You'd find it rather interestin', Silver," he said. "We're goin' to have a really rippin' time, you know. And we're meetin' a chap—the chap who used to be in this study before he left Rookwood—Gunter, you know."

"The Head's nephew!" exclaimed Lovell.

"He's stayin' in Coombe now," pursued Adolphus, "and we've arranged to meet him. I dare say you'd like to see him again."

"Blessed if I want to see a chap that's been sacked from the school for being a beastly blackguard!" said Jimmy Silver. "And what the deuce is he doing in Coombe? Old Bootles took him to London, and handed him over to the chap who was to take him back to America."

"Well, he hasn't gone," said Smythe. "He doesn't choose to go. He was a bit of a bouncer here, I know, but he's sportin'—very sportin'. And we've fixed up the afternoon with him. It's goin' to be toppin'! The fact is, we're goin' to see something rather entertainin'—Coombe Races."

Jimmy Silver jumped.

"You're going to the races!?" he shouted.

"Yaas."

"Well, you rotter!"

"You needn't do any bettin', you know," said Smythe, with a sneer.

"You can sit in the trap and watch. It's worth seein', you know, and it's an experience. We should want you

said Jimmy Silver. "No blessed secrets in this study!"

"Well, I suppose those kids can be trusted not to blab," said Adolphus.

"The fact is, Silver, we've got a little excursion on this afternoon, and we'd like you to come."

"Oh, crikey!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Howard and Tracy and I are going," resumed Adolphus.

"We'd like you to make a fourth, if you'd care to come."

"By gum!"

Jimmy Silver had never been asked before to join in the little excursions of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood.

As a matter of fact, and as he would have expressed it, he would not have been found dead in their select society.

Still, it was a fact that he had never been asked, and Smythe's manner conveyed that he fully understood what an honour he was conferring upon Jimmy.

There was only one possible explanation. Adolphus had heard of the fiver.

"It will be rather interestin'," drawled Adolphus.

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"Sorry! I'm not insured."

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to pay your whack in the trap, that's all. It'll come rather expensive—your whack in the exes will come to a couple of quid. If you can shell out you can come. In fact, we'll be glad to have you! What do you say?"

"I say that if you don't clear off this minute I'll bung this cushion at you!" said Jimmy Silver, picking up a cushion from the armchair. "You precious blackguard! You'd get the sack if you were found out!"

"If you're afraid of that—"

"I'm not afraid, you worm!" growled Jimmy Silver. "But I'm not going to play the giddy goat and rotten blackguard simply to show that I'm not afraid!"

"Oh, have a little pluck!" urged Smythe. "We don't often take Fourth Form kids along with us. It's a chance for you to have a good time in really decent company for once. You shouldn't miss it."

"Are you going, Smythe?"

"Now, look here, Silver— Yah! Oh!"

Swipe!

Jimmy Silver kept his word. The cushion flew with unerring aim, and it caught Adolphus under the chin. Smythe of the Shell went spinning back into the passage as if he had been shot from a catapult.

There was a loud bump in the passage.

"Yah! Ah! Wah!" stuttered Adolphus. "You cheeky young sweep—yooop! I'll thrash you—grooh!—within an inch of your—ow!—life! I'll— Yow! Leave off, you young scoundrel!"

Jimmy Silver fielded the cushion, but he did not take it back into the study; he used it as a duster on Adolphus.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Oh! Ah! Ow! Yowp!"

Smythe of the Shell scrambled away wildly, all his languid elegance vanishing. He fled for his life. Jimmy Silver, warming to his work, pursued him down the passage, swiping away with the cushion. Adolphus fled down the stairs, gasping and stuttering, and Jimmy brandished the cushion after him from the landing.

"Now come back and have some more!" he roared.

But Adolphus of the Shell did not come back. Wild horses would not have dragged him back.

Adolphus's one object at that moment was to cover the greatest possible distance in the shortest possible space of time. Jimmy Silver returned breathlessly to his study.

The 2nd Chapter.

Knowles on the Track.

"Gunter back!" said Lovell, with a whistle.

And his chums whistled too.

It was astonishing that Smythe, the great chief of the "Giddy Goats," should have the nerve to ask Jimmy Silver of the Fourth to share in his questionable excursions. But the news that the nuts were going to meet Gunter was more astonishing still.

Gunter had been "sacked" from Rookwood.

The Head's nephew, who had come from the far-off plains of Texas to the old school, had created a record for rascally conduct, and, related to the Head as he was, he had been expelled with ignominy.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, had taken him away.

As Gunter's home was on the other side of the sea, arrangements had to be made for sending him back there, and Mr. Bootles had undertaken those arrangements.

The Rookwood fellows had supposed that Gunter by that time was on board ship on his way to the western continent.

The news that he was in Coombe,

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



GUNTER'S

(Continued
from the
previous
page.)

MISTAKE!

the little village near Rookwood, astounded them.

What was he doing there? Gunter had been an extraordinary youth. He had marvellous nerve, and as much "cheek" as all the rest of Rookwood put together. He had been a blackguard of the first water. He had smoked and gambled and mixed with sporting characters of the lowest variety, and had even introduced his shady friends into the school. The "chopper" had come down, as was to be expected, and Gunter had gone.

Naturally, it had been a blow to Dr. Chisholm to expel his sister's son, and send him back to the far-off land he had come from. But the Head had done his duty sternly. He had made many allowances for the boy's peculiar upbringing in a wild country, but the cup of Gunter's iniquity had overflowed at last.

Gunter had said that he wouldn't go back to the States, but the juniors had taken that simply as "gas." But it appeared now that Gunter had kept his word.

And it appeared, too, that he had retained some influence over the more reckless fellows, like Smythe & Co., whose taste for questionable enjoyments was somewhat like his own.

Gunter had made a terrible "scene" at Rookwood before he went. The fellows had not yet forgotten it. And now he was near the school again, evidently engaged in pursuits as rascally as ever.

"The silly ass!" said Jimmy Silver, referring to Smythe. "Gunter will get him into trouble. Smythe is only a silly, timid blackguard, but Gunter is a regular scoundrel. It would be his idea of a joke to land Smythe with the sack, too!"

"Serve him right!" growled Lovell. "My hat! Suppose Bulkeley spotted him going to the races!"

"They've done it before," said Raby. "Smythe thinks it's sporting—or sportin', as he calls it. Bulkeley never suspects anything. Well, 'tain't our business. What about our little run this afternoon?"

"We'll settle on the car," said Jimmy Silver.

"Hear, hear!" "We've got time to run down to the garage on our bikes before dinner, and fix up," said Jimmy. "Get a move on!"

The Fistical Four got a move on. It was not often, in fact, it was very seldom, that the chums of the Fourth could afford to have a car out for an afternoon, and they were delighted at the prospect.

Tommy Dodd of the Modern side met them as they were wheeling their machines out. The Classical four prepared to wheel the bikes into Tommy Dodd, who, as a mere Modern, was naturally to be sat upon under all circumstances, according to the Classical view.

But Tommy Dodd held up his hand in sign of peace. He was looking very serious.

"Have you chaps heard the news?" he asked.

"Huns licked again?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, blow the Huns!" said Tommy Dodd. "This is about Gunter. He's been seen in Coombe. He's staying there—putting up at the Bird-in-Hand, that awfully low pub."

"Well, he doesn't belong to Rookwood now," said Jimmy Silver. "No business of ours."

"Isn't it?" said Dodd warmly. "He's the nephew of our headmaster, and everybody knows it. He ought to have gone home when he was sacked. My belief is that he's hanging out at Coombe simply to bring disgrace on the school, and on his uncle for sacking him."

"Well, it would be like him!" agreed Jimmy.

"And I jolly well think he ought to be cleared out," said Tommy Dodd. "Knowles, our prefect, says—"

"Oh, blow Knowles!"

The Classical chums were very much "up against" Knowles, the head prefect of the Modern side at Rookwood.

"Knowles says," persisted Tommy Dodd, "that Gunter is keeping up some connection with fellows in Rookwood, and that the Classical prefects ought to look into it. Gunter was a Classical here, and so are his friends—whatever they are. Seems to me that Bulkeley is asleep, and that's a fact."

"Why, you cheeky Modern ass—"

"Our prefects don't go round spying and watching, like your Modern prefects," said Lovell loftily. "Knowles always knows what's going on, because he's such a prying rotter! Bulkeley isn't!"

"Fathead!" said Tommy Dodd. "Look here, that fellow Gunter has no right to fix himself so close to Rookwood, and disgrace us! Suppose we go down there in a party and mop him up, and make him clear off."

"And what would the Head say if he knew we'd been to the Bird-in-Hand?" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Well, we should have to keep that dark," said Tommy Dodd. "But if we don't go there will be trouble. Knowles has got his eye on him, and he'll spot the fellows who go to see him—Classical chaps, of course. Nobody on our side would touch the cad with a barge-pole."

"Knowles had better mind his own business," said Jimmy Silver. "The Classical prefects can look after our side!"

Tommy Dodd sniffed. "They don't seem to be doing it," he said.

"Oh, rats!"

"Bulkeley ought to wake up—"

"Bung him over!" said Jimmy Silver.

Any aspersion upon Bulkeley, the head of the Classical side and captain of Rookwood, could not fail to put up the backs of the Fistical Four. They promptly wheeled their bikes into Tommy Dodd, and the Modern junior sat down in the quad.

"Oh, you silly rotters!" roared Tommy Dodd. "Yah! Oh! Rescue, Moderns!"

Cook and Doyle and a crowd of Modern juniors came dashing up. The Fistical Four, staying only a moment to wipe their boots upon Tommy Dodd, rushed their bikes down to the gates.

"After them!" roared Doyle.

Tommy Dodd, breathing wrath and vengeance, leaped to his feet, and led the rush in pursuit of the Classical Four. Jimmy Silver & Co. reached the gates barely ahead of the raging Moderns, and rushed their machines out and jumped on them.

"Go it!" panted Jimmy.

Tommy Dodd & Co. came sweeping out of the gates, with a wild whoop. But four pairs of pedals were whirling round, and the four cyclists shot away, leaving the Moderns panting in the road.

Jimmy Silver glanced round, and kissed his hand at the dusty and infuriated Tommy Dodd, who shook a frantic fist in reply.

Then the Fistical Four rode on cheerfully. They had done their old rivals in that little encounter, and they felt that they deserved well of their country.

The 3rd Chapter.
A Curious Discovery.

Jimmy Silver & Co. came back in time for dinner. At dinner Jimmy glanced curiously towards the Shell table, where Smythe & Co. were conversing in low tones and looking decidedly "chirpy."

The nuts of Rookwood were looking forward to their afternoon's excursion. Bold blades as Adolphus & Co. fancied themselves to be, they had hitherto only "dabbled," as it were, in vicious amusements—a little card-playing in the study, a little betting on "gee-gees," a cigarette occasionally. They were, in fact, more ridiculous than bad. But under

Gunter's auspices, they were pretty certain to become more bad than ridiculous. Gunter was an utterly reckless blackguard, and the nuts were looking forward to a high old time in his company—something quite out of the common.

Jimmy Silver did not often worry himself about Adolphus & Co. He regarded them as born idiots, and let them alone. If a fellow were ass enough to play bridge instead of cricket, if he were duffer enough to damage his health by smoking, instead of improving it by healthy exercise, it wasn't Jimmy's business. But on this occasion Jimmy was feeling rather concerned. It would be just like Gunter to get the foolish "Goats" into serious trouble, and with Knowles of the Sixth on the watch, the trouble would come home to roost.

Jimmy Silver knew only too well how glad the Modern prefect would be to catch Classical juniors outraging the laws of the school. It would be "one up" against Bulkeley—it would show that the Classical prefects were neglecting their duties, which, in consequence, had to be performed by a Modern prefect. Knowles would enjoy that.

Old Bulkeley was conscious enough, but he was good-natured and unsuspecting. Smythe & Co. found little difficulty in pulling the wool over his eyes. It was hard for good-natured old Bulkeley to suspect any fellow of being a rank rotter.

With Knowles it was different. Knowles's own conduct was not exactly estimable, and perhaps that helped to enlighten him.

After dinner Jimmy Silver joined the three nuts as they came out into the quad. He had determined to give Smythe a warning. It was not likely to be received amicably, but he meant to do his best.

"Smythey—" began Jimmy. Adolphus turned his eyeglass upon the Fourth-Former.

"Yas? Think you'd like to come, after all?" he asked.

Jimmy Silver was very welcome in the little party—with his five-pound note. Adolphus had schemed a cunning little scheme for "planking" the major part of the expenses on Jimmy Silver, hence his visit to the end study. To carry out that little scheme, Adolphus was willing to forget all injuries, and let bygones be bygones.

"No, I don't think I'd like to come," growled Jimmy.

Adolphus froze at once. "Time we were gettin' off, Tracy," he remarked, turning his back on Jimmy Silver.

"Listen to me," said Jimmy. "I don't want to interfere with your fat-headed goings-on—'tain't my business. But—"

"Rippin' weather for a little run, Howard, ain't it?" said Adolphus, unheeding.

"Toppin'!" agreed Howard.

"I want to warn you, Smythe, that you may be booked for trouble if you go out with Gunter," said Jimmy. "Knowles is watching for a chance at us. Very likely he will spot you."

"I'm not likely to bother about a Modern cad," yawned Smythe, "and don't talk to me, Jimmy Silver. I don't generally mix with fags."

The great Adolphus walked away with his pals.

Jimmy Silver grunted. He had done his best, but he could not feel that he had done much good.

"The silly ass is bound to run into trouble," he told his chums, when he rejoined them. "Can't be helped."

"Serve him right!" said Lovell.

"It's up against our side if a Modern prefect catches Classicals out," said Jimmy, frowning. "Still, it can't be helped. There goes the silly duffers."

Smythe and Howard and Tracy were sauntering elegantly down to the gates. They were dressed to kill. Nothing could have exceeded the glossiness of their toppers and the set of their neckties, unless it was the beautiful crease in their trousers. Smythe and Co. disappeared—on their way to keep their appointment with the expelled nephew of the Head.

The car was not due for nearly an hour yet, and Jimmy Silver & Co. went to the end study to work through some "lines" they had on hand. Their impositions done, they could enjoy the afternoon with clear consciences, as Jimmy Silver put it nobly. The lines were duly finished. A fragment of paper slipped out of Lovell's "Virgil" as he was closing it.

"What's that?" asked Jimmy Silver, his eye falling upon the paper,

and noting some of the words written on it.

"My bookmark," said Lovell.

"What about it?"

"It's part of a letter."

"Yes; I picked it out of the waste-paper-basket weeks ago," said Lovell, with a stare. "No good, I suppose?"

Jimmy Silver picked up the slip. It was nearly half of a page of note-paper, and it was covered with writing in a sprawling, youthful hand. His three chums regarded him with surprise. Jimmy Silver's interest in that fragment of an old letter, which Lovell had used as a bookmark, astonished them.

"Have you looked at this, Lovell?" Jimmy asked.

"No. Why should I?"

"It's part of a letter—a letter to Gunter, I think," said Jimmy quietly. "Do you remember a short time before he left, he had a letter from America that upset him a lot? It was after that that he became such a thoroughly reckless rotter. He said something about a fellow going back on him, after making an arrangement. Listen to this—"

Jimmy read out the fragment.

"I can't keep it up any longer, Sam, and that's the truth. I reckoned I should like it, but I don't. Besides, there's mopper and popper to be considered. It was a wild idea, and I reckon it won't do. You can expect me pretty soon after you get this, so it's no good writing. I guess—"

That was all.

"That can't be part of Gunter's letter," said Lovell. "Gunter's name isn't Sam."

"That letter came from America," said Jimmy quietly. "There's only one chap here gets letters from America, and that's Gunter."

"But how do you know?"

"It's written in the American language, my son. Mopper and popper are American for mater and pater."

"You ought to be a giddy detective," said Raby admiringly.

"Then there's 'guess,' too," said Jimmy. "English people don't guess, except in guessing competitions. Now, how is it that a chap writing to Robert Gunter addresses him as Sam?"

"Ask me another," said Lovell.

"Gunter said something about the game here being up after he got that letter. You know he's a jolly queer kind of chap to be a nephew of Dr. Chisholm. It's been in the back of my mind for a long time there was something shady about it," said Jimmy Silver.

"My hat! You—you don't think—"

"I jolly well do," said Jimmy Silver. "We know that the Head had never seen his nephew, who was born in Texas. He had never been in England before. I can't help thinking that there has been a swindle—and it looks to me as if this letter proves it."

Lovell whistled.

"It sounds a bit thick," he said. "Not much good saying so outside this study, Jimmy. The fellows will think you're potty."

"I'm not going to say anything," said Jimmy, "because if it's as I suspect, the truth is bound to come out pretty soon. If it's as I think, it will be jolly good news for the Head, anyway. Let's go and look for that car."

The Fistical Four quitted the study, in a thoughtful mood. But the sight of a big car buzzing outside the school gates drove Gunter from their mind.

"Here it is," said Jimmy Silver. "Now we've got to get a bag of tuck, and we'll be off."

And a whole quid out of Jimmy Silver's fiver was expended in Sergeant Kettle's little shop for tuck to pack into the motor-car. And the Fistical Four packed it in, in great spirits.

The 4th Chapter.
Knowles Asks For It.

"Stop!" The Fistical Four were on the point of starting. The chauffeur had, in fact, started the engine.

Knowles of the Sixth came hurriedly out of the gateway.

He waved his hand towards the car, and ran towards it. His face was excited. The Fistical Four eyed him.

Knowles, as a Modern fellow, had no right to interfere with Classicals. Jimmy Silver & Co. had impressed that fact upon Knowles's mind more than once.

If there was one thing that put Classical backs up more than any-

thing else, it was interference from the other side of the school. The Fistical Four were the very last fellows likely to stand it.

So they looked grimly at Knowles. If the bully of the Sixth had any idea of stopping their motor-run, that afternoon, there was trouble to be expected. They would not have given it up for a dozen Knowleses.

"Lucky you're here," added Knowles—"very lucky. I want that car."

"What!" ejaculated the Fistical Four, in chorus.

"You must lend me that car," said Knowles.

"My hat!"

"I don't see what you fags are doing in a car, anyway," said the prefect. "Have you your Form-master's permission to take a car out?"

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions," said Jimmy Silver deliberately. As a matter of fact, the Fistical Four had forgotten to ask Mr. Bootles to sanction the little run in the motor.

Knowles turned red with anger.

"None of your cheek, Silver. Get out of that car at once."

"Get out of it!" shouted Jimmy.

"Why, we're paying for this car."

Knowles laughed contemptuously.

"I'll pay you what you've paid," he said. "It isn't a question of money. But I'm in a hurry."

"Well, that beats the band!" said Jimmy Silver. "For sheer pure, unadulterated cheek, you take the cake, Knowles! If you want a car, ring up a taxi."

"You know it would take too long," said Knowles.

"Then order a car in advance, and wait for it, as we've done," said Lovell hotly. "What the thunder! You're not going to have our car."

"Tell the shover to drive on," said Raby.

Knowles put his foot in at the door.

Jimmy Silver hesitated to give that order to the "shover." If the car had started, Knowles would have had a bad fall; and, after all, he was a prefect of the Sixth, although a Modern one.

"Take your hoof out, Knowles!" roared Lovell.

"Look here," said Knowles, in a voice of concentrated anger, "it's come to my knowledge that some young rascals have gone to the races this afternoon. I'm going after them to fetch them back. I've no time to waste, and I'm going to borrow this car. Now, get out of it!"

Jimmy Silver understood. Smythe & Co. had not been quite so secret as they had supposed. They could pull the wool over old Bulkeley's unsuspecting eyes. But Knowles was as keen as a razor, and he was "on" to the little game.

The expression on Jimmy's face as this thought flashed into his mind brought a sneering smile to Knowles's thin lips.

"Now you understand," he said, "so get out."

"It's no business of ours if some of your Modern cads have gone out playing the giddy goat," said Jimmy. Knowles sneered again.

"They're not Moderns," he said.

"We keep the fags on our side in order. They're Classicals. Most of the blackguards are on your side of the school."

"Not the biggest one!" said Lovell, with a snort.

"Classicals, are they?" said Jimmy Silver. "Well, then, what business is it of yours, Knowles? You're not the Classical prefect. It's Bulkeley's business, not yours."

"I'm a Rookwood prefect, anyway, and I'm going to see into it, as Bulkeley seems to be too busy with cricket!" snapped out Knowles angrily.

Jimmy Silver wagged an irritating forefinger at Knowles.

"My advice to you is to mind your own business," he said. "No good comes of meddling in other people's affairs, you know."

"You cheeky little rascal!" roared Knowles.

"Shush! You can't expect us to help you do old Bulkeley's business for him. Go and tell Bulkeley about it."

"I'm not asking you for advice!" said Knowles, breathing hard through his nose. "I'm telling you to get out of that car and hand it over to me!"

"Bow-wow!"

Knowles's greenish eyes glittered with rage.

"Silver! I—"

"You're not going to have our car!" said Jimmy coolly. "It's like your cheek to ask! Take your hoof away!"



GUNTER'S

(Continued from the previous page.)

MISTAKE!

"Get out of that car, or I'll pitch you out!" roared Knowles.

"Rats!" "And many of 'em!" snorted Lovell.

Knowles, gritting his teeth, made a leap into the car.

The Fistical Four rose as one man to deal with him.

The Modern prefect's high-handed proceedings would have exasperated more mild and patient fellows than Jimmy Silver & Co., and they were not celebrated for mildness or patience.

To have their car taken forcibly away by a Modern prefect for the purpose of hunting down Classical fellows, was a little too much.

They breathed wrath as they tackled Knowles.

Four pairs of hands fastened upon him at the same moment.

"Out you go!" panted Lovell.

Knowles struggled furiously. He was a powerful fellow, but four juniors at once were a little too much for him.

Knowles wasn't going to have their car, prefect or no prefect. He was going out of that car if they could put him out.

Knowles clung to the door, and struggled; but his grasp was unloosened, and he went whirling through the door.

"Drive on!" shouted Jimmy Silver breathlessly.

The car started.

Knowles lay for some moments, completely winded. He sat up at last, blinking and panting with rage.

Knowles staggered breathlessly to his feet and limped in pursuit.

"Stop!" he yelled.

"Good-bye, little yellow bird!" shrieked Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop, you young rascals! Stop, I tell you!" raved Knowles.

The prefect halted, in a cloud of dust and a reek of petrol, behind the car.

Jimmy Silver waved his hand in farewell, and Knowles ground his teeth with rage. The car buzzed on merrily down the dusty road, and vanished round the bend.

"Looks like another win for the Classic side!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "The cheek of it, to think he was going to have our car—our Classical car!"

"Modern fathead!" growled Lovell. "Let him mind his own bizney, if he wants something to do. I suppose he'll get something to take him—it'll take him an hour at least to get it, though."

"Meddling ass!" said Raby. "I don't wish that idiot Smythe much luck as a rule, but I hope Knowles won't catch him."

"Blow Smythe, and blow Knowles!" said Newcome. "We're off! Now for a ripping afternoon!"

"Hurray!"

The 5th Chapter. At the Races.

Jimmy Silver did not speak as the car buzzed on down the long white road.

His brow was wrinkled in thought. Everything seemed to be going first-rate for the Classical chums, and that thoughtful wrinkle in their leader's brow puzzled the Co. Lovell demanded the reason at last.

"What are you looking like a boiled owl about?" he demanded.

"Eh?"

"Thinking of the row when we get home?" asked Raby. "Knowles won't make a fuss. He knows Bulkeley wouldn't back him up in trying to collar our car, especially considering what he wanted it for."

"We're all right," said Lovell.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that," said Jimmy.

"Then what's the trouble? We've got the grub all right—lots!"

"Blow the grub!" "You haven't lost your fiver?" ejaculated Lovell, in alarm.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"No, ass! I changed it in the tuck-shop, and I've got four quids quite safe. 'Taint that!"

"Then what is it?" demanded the Co. with one voice.

Jimmy paused.

"Are you fellows specially set on the run, and the cinema, and the picnic?" he asked hesitatingly.

"That's what we've come out for, isn't it?" said Raby.

"Yes; but—"

Jimmy nodded. "Why, it means a flogging or the sack if we're found out," said Lovell, aghast. "You know how down the Head is on such things, especially since the war. He thinks that all that blackguardly rot ought to stop during the war, and if he found that a Rookwood chap had gone—well—"

Lovell finished with a whistle.

"I know," said Jimmy grimly. "It's a risk—a big risk. But we don't want a Classical chap sacked—even a rotter like Smythe. 'Taint only that, either. It will be up against old Bulkeley if a Modern prefect does his work for him. If it was Bulkeley after Smythe, we couldn't very well interfere. But a Modern prefect has no right to chip in. And we know that Knowles bets on horses himself. He's only doing this to get a score over old Bulkeley, and I think it's up to us to stop him if we can."

"Bulkeley is a bit sleepy," said Raby. "I wouldn't own it to Tommy Dodd, but the old chap is a trifle too unsuspecting."

"No reason why Knowles should score over him."

"Oh, no. I'm game if the others are."

Lovell shrugged his shoulders.

"Jimmy means to have his way,

save Smythe & Co. from the consequences of their own folly, and they knew it. Their intentions were excellent; but their excellent intentions would not have saved them from condign punishment if their escapade had come to Dr. Chisholm's knowledge.

The car was presently in the midst of a stream of vehicles all travelling in one direction, and crowds of pedestrians.

Lovell grunted as he glanced over the crowd that was making for the racecourse.

"Pretty sight for war-time!" he growled. "Blessed if it doesn't make a fellow almost believe in conscription!"

The crowded heath, with its shouting crowds and swarming stands, came in sight at last.

There the four juniors left the car. Jimmy Silver directed the chauffeur to wait for their return, and the Fistical Four plunged into the rowdy crowd in search of the trap that had taken Smythe & Co. there.

A loud roar announced the result of the race; the first "event" of the afternoon was over. It appeared that Snooker II. had won.

Jimmy Silver could not help thinking of another scene—of grim trenches, and gallant lads facing the rain of shells and the creeping vapours of the

saying. "Three to one on Bonny Boy, Tracy!"

"Not takin' any, deah boy!" said Tracy. "Bonny Boy's goin' to win!"

"Well, I've got three quid on him with Hook!" chuckled Smythe. "Hook didn't think he was a winner, with a stranger riding."

"What would the Head say if he could see his giddy nephew now?" said Howard.

The three nuts chuckled in chorus. They were staring at the little bunch of starters, and the Classical Four, puzzled by their remarks, stared in the same direction.

Then Jimmy Silver uttered almost a yell. "Gunter!"

There he was—Gunter, once of the Fourth, sacked from Rookwood—Gunter the nephew of the head—in silver-and-blue, sticking almost on the neck of a horse—among the other jockeys! Gunter was riding in the race!

"Gunter!" gasped Lovell.

"Riding! Oh, my hat!"

There was a roar; the horses were "off." Smythe's field-glasses followed them anxiously. He had backed Gunter's horse to win. But the field-glasses left his eyes, and fell into the trap with a crash, as he was suddenly jerked by the leg. He spun round, and sat down on Tracy.

"What the merry dickens!" stammered Smythe. "Oh! Jimmy Silver! Ha, ha, ha! So the good and spotless models of Rookwood have come to the races! Ha, ha ha!"

"We've come to find you, you howling idiot!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Awfully good of you!" said Smythe. "I'm busy! How's Bonny Boy goin', I wonder? I've got three quids on Bonny Boy!"

"Silver-and-blue wins!" chortled Tracy.

"Smythe, you silly idiot," howled Jimmy Silver, "we've come here to warn you!"

"Keep your warnin', deah boy!" grinned Adolphus. "I know I'm on the giddy road to ruin—the downward path, by gad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tracy and Howard, greatly tickled by Smythe's exquisite humour.

"We're goin' to the giddy bow-wows, and we like it!" chuckled Adolphus. "We're paintin' the town red, and we ain't repentin'. Not by long chalks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll repent fast enough when Knowles gets to you!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've come to tell you that!"

Smythe suddenly left off grinning.

"Knowles!" he stammered.

"Yes, Knowles. He's spied it out somehow that you're here—"

"You young cad, you've sneaked about us!" shouted Smythe furiously.

Jimmy gave him a contemptuous look.

"That's not the truth!" he said. "We know about it because Knowles wanted to take our car. If we'd let him have it, he'd have been here by now, and you'd have been spotted!"

"Oh, by gad!" mumbled Adolphus.

"As it is, he's coming just as fast as he can, and he may happen along any minute," said Jimmy Silver. "If you want to be caught here, and marched back to Rookwood by the scruff of your neck, and expelled in the morning, just stay where you are. We came to give you the tip—not that you deserve it, you blackguard! Come on, you chaps—let's get off. We don't want Knowles to see us here."

"I—I say, hold on!" panted Adolphus.

Howard and Tracy were pale with terror now. The mere thought of being discovered there by a Rookwood prefect was more than enough to knock all the airy assurance out of the Giddy Goats.

"I—I say, you're not pullin' our leg, what?" stammered Howard.

"Honest Injun, you know?"

"Yes, you blithering idiot!" said Jimmy Silver.

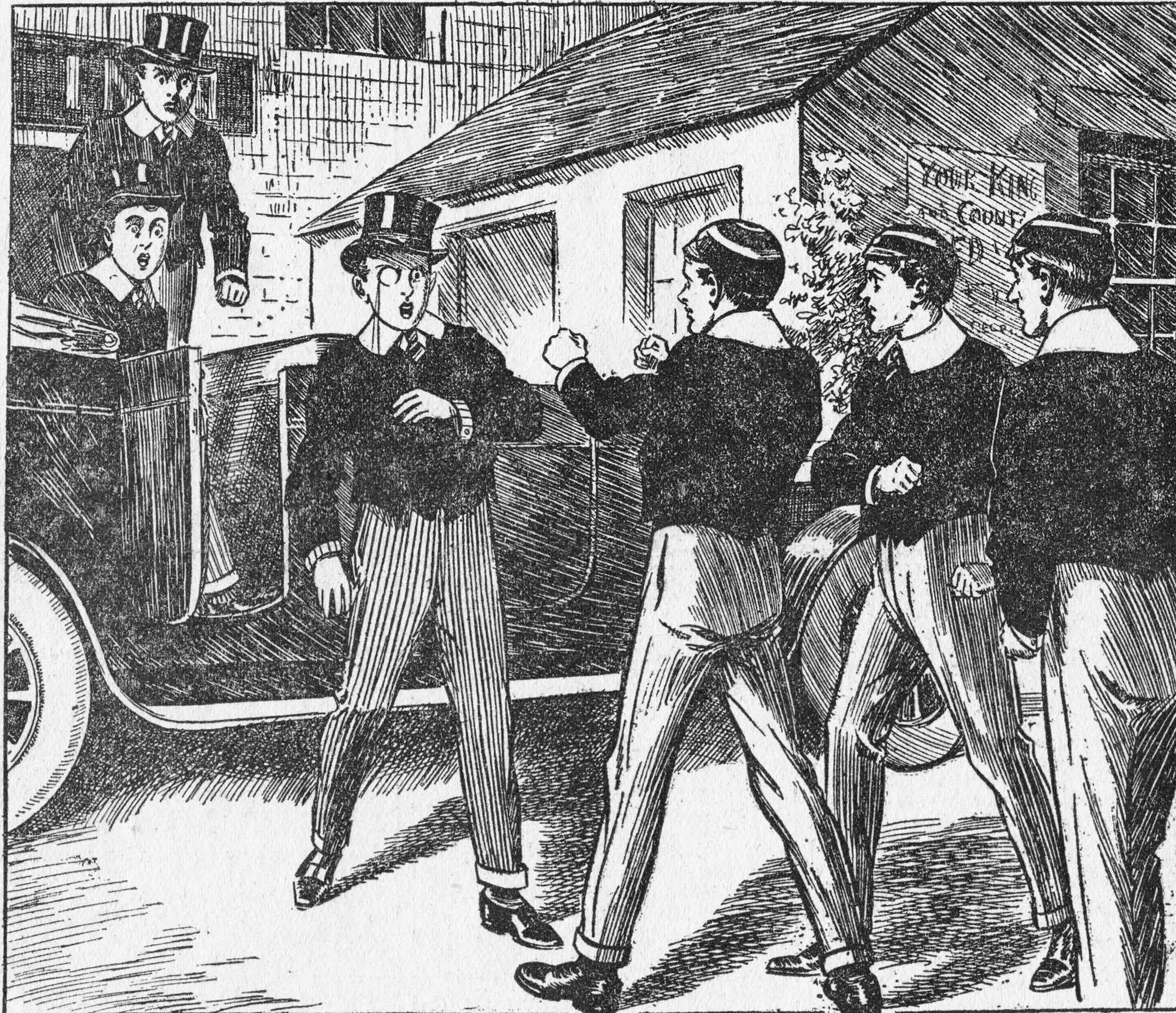
"Knowles is comin'!" muttered Tracy. "Oh, by gad! The meddlin' Modern cad! I—I say, we've got to get out of this!"

"Wharrer we goin' to do?" mumbled Smythe helplessly. "The horse has been taken out, and—we can't drive on, and—and if we delay— Oh, gad! Wharrer we goin' to do?"

The "sack" loomed over the heads of the Giddy Goats. Never had goats looked less giddy than did Smythe & Co. at that moment. They were almost sick with apprehension.

"Leave the trap where it is, and hook it!" said Jimmy Silver.

"But—but— Oh dear! Suppose



"Put up your hands!" said Jimmy Silver tersely. "You've acted the giddy goat. Now we're going to give you a lesson!" "By gad!" ejaculated Adolphus Smythe.

"You don't mean to say that you're getting stingy in your old age?" said Lovell.

Jimmy flushed.

"You silly ass! It isn't that. The fiver belongs to the whole study."

"Well, I knew it wasn't that. I was only pulling your fatheaded leg," chuckled Lovell. "But what do you want to give up the excursion for?"

"I don't want to," said Jimmy; "but—but I've got a feeling that we ought to. That idiot Smythe has gone to the races—that cad Gunter's got him to go. Knowles has spied it out, and he's after him. He'll phone for a taxi, or something. Anyway, he'll get after Smythe."

"Let him."

"I know Smythe's doing wrong," said Jimmy, colouring. "I don't make any excuses for him. He's more of a fool than a rascal, though, you know that. And we don't want a Classical chap caught out and sacked from the school because of a prying and meddling Modern worm."

"Well, no. But—"

"I tried to give Smythe a tip before he started, but he wouldn't listen. But—but I think we ought to warn him," said Jimmy. "Knowles may be along any time looking for him, and he'll find him as sure as a gun. Well, suppose we run in the car to where he is and tell him Knowles is after him?"

"To the races!" yelled Newcome.

anyway," he said. "In for a penny, in for a pound. Let's chance it."

"I don't want to drag you chaps into the risk, though," said Jimmy Silver anxiously. "If you'd like to drop out—"

"Rats!"

"I'd go it alone, and join you afterwards."

"Shut up!" roared Lovell.

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"All serene! I'll speak to the shover, then."

Jimmy put his head over, and talked to the chauffeur. That gentleman looked rather serious when his destination was indicated to him.

Jimmy Silver understood his thoughts, and hastened to reassure him.

"It's all right," he said. "We're not going on the razzle, sonny. We're going to fetch back some of our chaps who are playing the giddy ox, and we're going to give them a hiding for giving us the trouble. We want you to find a trap with four young rotters in it—one slovenly cad, and three idiots dressed up like tailors' dummies."

"Yes, sir," said the grinning chauffeur.

The car buzzed on again, taking a new direction for the racecourse that lay about six miles from Coombe.

The Fistical Four were serious enough now.

They were running a big risk to

poison-gas, and comparing it with the scene about him.

His heart was sick within him with disgust. And it was to this place that Adolphus Smythe had come of his own free choice for "pleasure."

It came into Jimmy's mind to leave the cad of the Shell to his fate. Surely being kicked out of Rookwood was only what the wretched Smythe deserved, and no more.

Lovell caught his arm.

"There they are!"

Jimmy Silver followed his pointing finger. In the ranked vehicles, the trap was to be seen with three fellows in it—Smythe and Tracy and Howard of the Shell. The three young rascals had put on raincoats to conceal their Etons, but anyone could have seen that they were schoolboys. They were standing up, straining their eyes to watch the next race, which was starting. Smythe was using a pair of silver-mounted field-glasses.

"Come on!" said Jimmy.

The Classical chums wormed their way through the crowd, and came up behind the trap, from which the horse had been taken. The three nuts of the Shell were too busy to notice them. They heard Smythe's voice as they came near. Gunter was not to be seen, and Jimmy wondered whether the nuts had joined him after all.

"By gad, there he is!" Smythe was



GUNTER'S

(Continued
from the
previous
page.)

MISTAKE!

we meet Knowles! Oh dear me!" stuttered Howard. "Smythe, you silly idiot, what did you drag us here for? We'll all be sacked! Oh, dear!"

"And flogged!" mumbled Tracy. "Oh, you idiot, Smythe!"

"Yes, put it all on to me!" howled Adolphus. "That's like you, you rotters!"

How's Bonny Boy goin' on, dear boys?" asked Raby sarcastically. Smythe didn't answer that question. He had forgotten all about Bonny Boy and Gunter in the saddle. His three quids on Bonny Boy did not worry him now. He would have given thrice three quids to be safe back in his study at Rookwood at that moment.

Jimmy Silver took pity on the wretched nuts.

"Jump down, and come with us," he said. "We've got a car on the road, and we'll give you a run."

Smythe & Co. fairly jumped at that generous offer. Hardly staying to snatch up his silver-mounted field-glasses, Smythe bundled out of the trap, and Tracy and Howard bundled after him. Keeping close to the Fistical Four, they squirmed a way through the crowd. As they left the heath, there was a roar—the race was over. A raucous yell announced that Bonny Boy had won. Gunter had ridden the winner. But Smythe did not dream of seeking Mr. Hook, and claiming his three quids and his winnings. He almost babbled with joy as the car was reached, and the juniors crowded into it.

"Let her rip!" he gasped. And the car buzzed away.

The 6th Chapter. A Licking for Three.

"Halt!" sang out Jimmy Silver. The racecourse had been left miles behind, and Smythe & Co. were recovering their nerve. They had not been spotted. Doubtless Knowles was on his way to the Coombe races, but Jimmy Silver had been in good time. He had saved the nuts of Rookwood. And as soon as the danger was over it was quite in accordance with Smythe's nature that he should assume a lofty and patronising air towards the juniors who had saved him.

"Dashed crowded in this car," the lofty Adolphus had remarked. "Do keep your boots away from my trousers, Newcome. You kids have such dusty boots."

"Shouldn't wonder if it was a false alarm, after all," growled Tracy. "Those cheeky fags may only have been pullin' our leg."

It was then that Jimmy Silver called halt.

The car stopped outside a roadside inn with a tea-garden. Jimmy Silver intended to have tea there. He also intended to rid himself of the egregious Smythe. He was quite fed up with Adolphus.

"Hallo! What are you stopping for?" asked Smythe. "This ain't Rookwood."

"Get out!" said Jimmy. "Yaas, we can get a lift home from here, remarked Smythe. "I don't like being crowded with fags, anyway."

The nuts stepped out. The Fistical Four followed them, looking grim.

"And now," said Jimmy Silver, tersely. "Put up your hands." Smythe jammed his eyeglass into his eye, and stared at him.

"What!" he ejaculated. "You've acted the giddy goat and the rotten blackguard, and we've risked getting the sack to yank you out of the scrape," said Jimmy Silver. "Now we're going to give you a lesson. Put up your paws!"

"By gad!"

If there was one thing the nuts of Rookwood didn't want to do, it was to put up their "paws" to the Fistical heroes of the Fourth. But they had no choice about the matter.

Jimmy Silver tackled Smythe, Lovell decided on Howard, and Raby started operations on Tracy. Newcome looked on; fair play was a jewel

in the opinion of the Fistical Four, and they would not give the cads of the Shell anything else.

"Leave off!" roared Smythe. "Keep off, you young rotter. Oh, gad! My nose! I'll smash you—yaroo! Oh, dear! Yowp!"

Biff, biff, biff! Jimmy Silver & Co. were in deadly earnest. The risk they had run, owing to Adolphus's rascality, made them angry, and the nuts had to go through it.

Finding that there was no help for it, the Giddy Goats put up a fight.

They did their best. But the three elegant slackers of the Shell had no chance. They were knocked right and left.

In three minutes, Smythe and Howard and Tracy were on the ground, and they refused for any consideration whatever to get off it.

They dabbed their noses, and caressed their eyes, and rubbed their ears; but they would not get up. And as Jimmy Silver & Co. could not hit a fellow who was down, Smythe & Co.'s punishment had to come to an untimely end.

"Did you ever see such rotten funks?" growled Lovell, in disgust. "Get up, you worms! You can stand another round or two."

"Yow-ow-ow!" cried the nuts. "I've only blacked one of your eyes, Smythe," remonstrated Jimmy Silver. "For goodness' sake get up and let me have a go at the other!"

"Wow-wow!" mumbled Adolphus. "Hallo!" roared Raby. "Knowles, by thunder!"

A taxi-cab came whirring up the road. Knowles of the Sixth was seated in it, evidently on his way to the races. Knowles jumped as he caught sight of the juniors in the road before the inn. The taxi halted.

Jimmy Silver raised his cap politely to the Modern prefect.

"Hallo, Knowles! Going to the races?" he asked pleasantly. "Naughty! Naughty!"

But Knowles was staring at the nuts, who sat up and stared back at him. Much as they had suffered at the Fourth-Former's hands, Smythe & Co. were devoutly thankful that they were there, and not on the racecourse. They could almost forgive the licking, as they realised what they had been saved from.

"Smythe!" stammered Knowles. "Tracy! Howard! I—I thought—"

"Oh, by gad!" stammered Smythe. "G-g-g-good-afternoon, Knowles!"

"Have you been to the races?" shouted Knowles.

"Races!" said Smythe. "What races?"

"The Coombe races."

"Do they have races at Coombe?" asked Smythe innocently.

Knowles almost choked. He felt that his prying into Classical affairs had led him astray for once. He was en route for the races, to catch the Giddy Goats in the act—and lo and behold! here they were, "scrapping" with Jimmy Silver, five miles at least from the racecourse! Knowles felt that he was beaten. This time, at least, he would not score over the captain of Rookwood.

He scowled savagely at the juniors, and muttered something to his driver, and the taxi swung round, and whirred back the way it had come. The meeting outside the inn had saved Knowles a journey; but he was not grateful. He was grinding his teeth as the taxi drove away.

Jimmy Silver chuckled gleefully. "What a disappointment for Knowles!" he remarked. "Life is full of giddy disappointments, my sons! Do they have races at Coombe? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha! Do they?" roared Lovell.

Adolphus Smythe grinned as he dabbed his streaming nose.

He had shut up Knowles, at all events. It had been a narrow escape for the nuts. But for the kindly interference of Jimmy Silver & Co., Knowles would infallibly have caught the precious trio on the racecourse,

and marched them back to the Head with a report where he had found them.

"And that would have meant the 'chopper' for the Giddy Goats of Rookwood, short and sharp.

But all that Knowles could report now was that he had found the Giddy Goats "scrapping" with a gang of Fourth-Formers at an inn near Coombe, and naturally Knowles would not bother to report that.

The meddling Modern prefect was beaten, and the nuts were safe and sound; but they were not troubled with any feelings of gratitude towards the Fistical Four. That would not have been like Adolphus and his select circle.

Their feelings, at present, were hurt. Adolphus had a swollen nose and a darkened eye. Tracy had a nose that looked, as Raby said, as if it had been through a mangle. Howard was quite a wreck. It was only just that the nuts should be punished for their rascality; and they had received their punishment, not from the Head, but from Jimmy Silver & Co.

They rubbed their eyes, they mopped their noses, and they caressed their ears, and they scowled.

The Fistical Four watched them cheerfully. They were ready to give Adolphus & Co. some more, if Adolphus & Co. wanted any more.

But Adolphus & Co. didn't. They had had enough.

"Let's get out of this, you fellows," said Adolphus. "Let's get away from these young hooligans, for goodness' sake. Suppose anybody we knew should find us along with them, by gad!"

"Horrid!" said Tracy. "Do they have races at Coombe?" chuckled Lovell. "How would you like us to tell Knowles where we found you, Smythe?"

Smythe jumped. "You—you won't—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The chums of the Fourth roared. It was amusing to see the lofty Adolphus come down off his perch again so suddenly.

"Oh, come on!" said Adolphus, scowling. And the nuts tramped away on the road to the village.

"Now for tea!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "Tain't been such a rotten afternoon after all. Knowles has been done in the eye, and Smythe's had a lesson. Let's hope it will do him good. Now for a feed!"

The Fistical Four, in a cheerful mood, sat down to tea on the grassy bank beside the road, with fresh tea from the inn, and an endless supply of tuck from the basket in the car. The afternoon's excursion was, after all, a success.

The 7th Chapter. Gunter's Little Game.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! "Hallo, somebody in a hurry!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had finished tea, and were discussing their next move, when that sudden clatter was heard on the hard road.

The Classical chums glanced along the dusty highway.

A trap, with a handsome horse between the shafts, was dashing at a reckless speed along the road. The juniors recognised Adolphus Smythe's "turn-out," which the nuts had abandoned in their hasty departure from the racecourse. And they recognised the lad who was driving.

It was Gunter!

Gunter was driving recklessly, as he did everything. The wild junior

was evidently in an excited and reckless mood. He seemed to enjoy the wrath of the startled cyclists and the alarm of the pedestrians, who jumped hastily out of the way.

He came up to the inn with a terrific clatter, and dragged in the almost foaming horse as he caught sight of the Classical chums.

"Whoa!" yelled Gunter. "Hallo, you galoots!"

"Hallo, you boun-der!" said Jimmy Silver.

He looked curiously at Gunter. It was the first time he had seen the Head's nephew since the latter had been expelled from Rookwood.

"Fancy meetin' you!" grinned Gunter, holding in the snorting horse and looking down on the Rookwood juniors. "What a happy

meetin'! How are you getting on at Rookwood? Same old slow and sleepy shebang—what!"

"Well, we're not mourning for you, anyway!" snapped Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha! I guess I was glad to get out; the place would have bored me to death if I'd stuck it out much longer," said Gunter. "It was a game while it lasted, but I guess I couldn't have stood it much longer. I reckon I'm on to something better now—just a few!"

"Riding in races," said Raby, with a curl of the lip.

"You've seen me!" grinned Gunter. "So you've been there—you, the spotless and immaculate models of Rookwood! Ha, ha, ha! Did you see anything of my pals, Smythe and his set; I've lost them?"

"We saw you," said Jimmy Silver. "And we got Smythe & Co. to clear off. They've gone home to Rookwood. There was a prefect after them."

Gunter roared. "Ha, ha, ha! They funk'd it! Why, I've got some pals there who'd have rolled the prefect, whoever he was, into the horse-pond, and half-killed him. They should have left him to me. You Rookwood chaps have got no sand. I guess I was surprised when I found them gone, and the trap left for me to bring home. I guess I'll talk to Smythe about this."

"You'd better let Smythe alone, unless you want to get him sacked!" growled Jimmy Silver. Another roar from Gunter. "Ha, ha, ha! Why not? What's good enough for me is good enough for Smythe, I guess. I don't care a Continental red cent."

"What are you doing down here, anyway?" demanded Jimmy. Gunter chuckled.

"I guess I'm fixed in Coombe," he said. "I've got friends there—the merry galoots at the Bird-in-Hand. We have a roaring time, you bet. I guess I'm there to make my beloved uncle squirm—see? He kicked me out of Rookwood. But I calculate I'm not going back to the States—not much. I'm going to stick in Coombe, and paint the town red, and make his name and mine the talk of the neighbourhood; I guess that will make uncle sorry for himself—what!"

"You rotten cad!" roared Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha! I guess that's the little game!" chortled Gunter. "They kicked me out of Rookwood. Waal, they can kick out some more after me—see? I'll show 'em up. I guess I can hang out where I like, and I choose to hang out in Coombe. If my beloved uncle doesn't like it, he can lump it!"

The Fistical Four glared at Gunter. They had guessed that this was his motive in "planting" himself near the school—revenge upon the Head for sacking him, and upon Rookwood generally by bringing disgrace on the school. Such a reckless and rascally scheme was in keeping with Gunter's character.

The expressions upon their faces seemed to amuse Gunter. He roared with merriment. "You can put that in your pipe and smoke it!" he chuckled. "You don't get rid of me so easily, I guess. I'm a sticker!"

Jimmy Silver looked at him steadily. The thought was in his mind of the fragment of the letter from America, which had turned up in the waste-paper basket in the end study. "You may get shifted," he said quietly.

Gunter laughed. "Who's goin' to shift me?" he demanded.

"The police, perhaps."

Gunter stared at him. "Oh, come off!" he ejaculated. "I guess they can't touch me. I rather reckon I'm too cute to give them the chance."

"Suppose," said Jimmy Silver deliberately—"suppose they found out that your front name is Sam, and not Robert—"

Gunter started violently. "Then they might suspect that your surname isn't Gunter!" said Jimmy Silver. "You might be lagged as an impostor."

"By gum!" said Gunter, staring blankly at Jimmy. "By hokey! I guess— He broke off with a reckless laugh. "But you're bluffing. You don't know anythin'; you're only bluffing. You can't scare me worth a cent. That's how much I care for you and all Rookwood!"

Lash! Jimmy Silver gave a sudden yell as Gunter lashed out with the whip. The thong caught Jimmy across the face, and he staggered back.

The next instant the whip fell across the horse, and the animal started with a leap, and the trap clattered away down the road, Gunter brandishing the whip and yelling with laughter.

Jimmy Silver, panting with rage, leaped out into the road; but the trap was already vanishing in a cloud of dust.

"My hat!" gasped Jimmy. "I—I—I'll smash him! I'll scrag him! The cowardly beast! Oh, crumbs! I'll—I'll—I'll— Words failed Jimmy.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! The thunder of the recklessly-driven vehicle died away in the distance. Jimmy Silver stood in the road, and rubbed his face, where a red streak showed across his cheek. Gunter had vanished.

"So he's staying in Coombe!" said Lovell. "And he's come here to disgrace Rookwood as much as he can. And he's going to drag as many Rookwood fellows as he can into his dirty tricks, beginning with that idiot Smythe. A precious little game—if he's allowed to keep on."

Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered. "He's not going to be allowed to keep on!" he said. "The Head can't deal with him, but it's up to us, my infants. Gunter is going to have the whooping of his life, and he's going to be turned out of Coombe!"

"That's a big order!" said Raby, with a whistle. "Who's going to do it?"

"Us!"

"Oh!" It certainly sounded like a big order. But the Co. did not argue; Jimmy Silver had made up his mind. And when Jimmy Silver had made up his mind, his resolution was like unto the laws of the Medes and Persians, that never changed. And when the Fistical Four came home to Rookwood there was a solemn and serious "pow-wow" in the end study to discuss the plan of campaign. It was Jimmy Silver against Gunter, and it remained to be seen which would have the upper hand.

THE END.

(Next Monday's grand, long, complete tale of the chums of Rookwood is entitled "GETTING RID OF GUNTER!" Order your copy early.)



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