

Four of the Magnificent Stories in This Issue:

GETTING RID OF  
GUNTER!

TOM BELCHER'S  
CLIENT!

THE TRAIL OF  
THE REDSKINS!

POLRUAN'S  
MILLIONS!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 1<sup>st</sup>

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 748, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending October 9th, 1915.]

## STUPENDOUS NEW FEATURE!

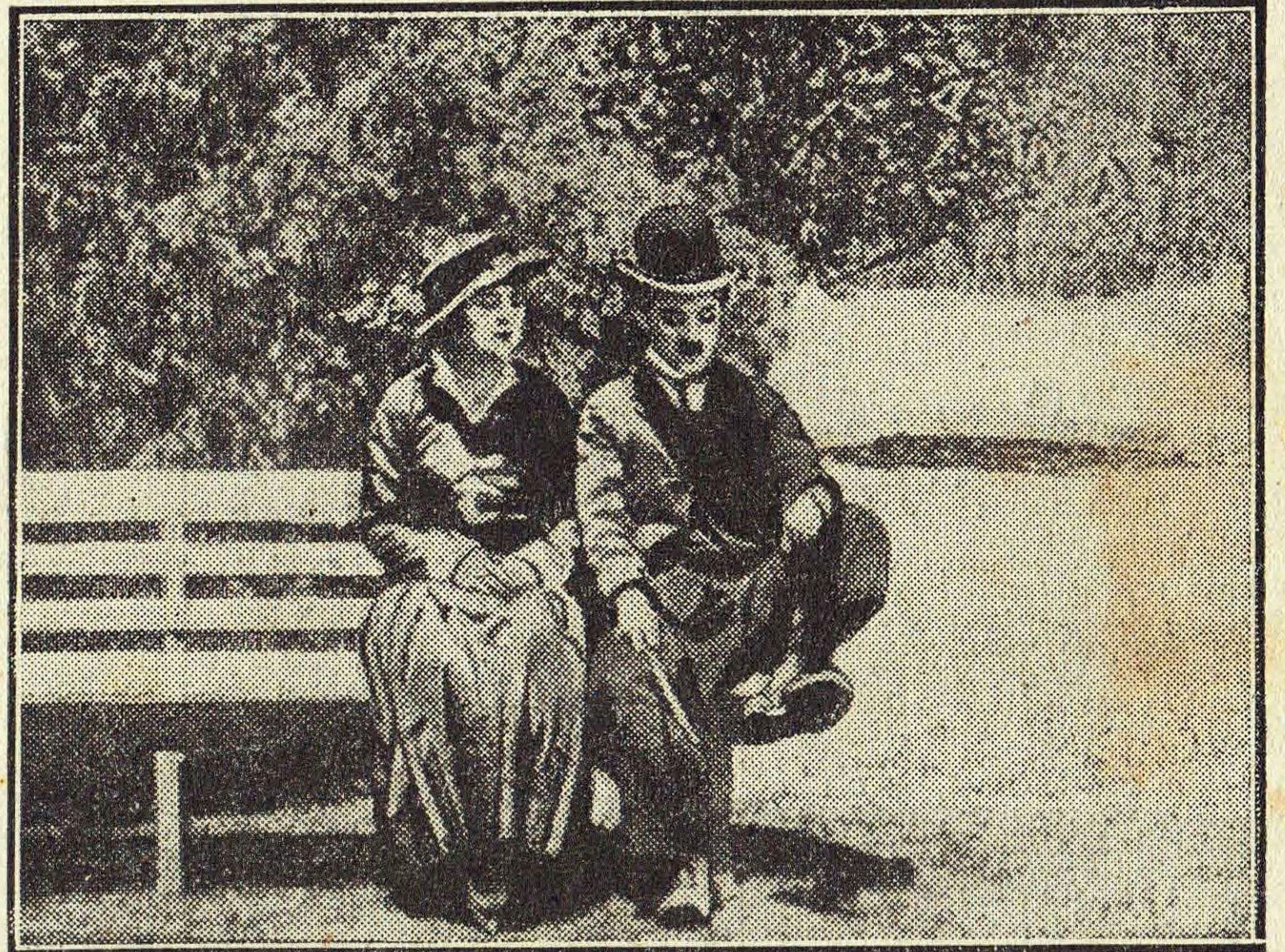
(By Special Arrangement with the Essanay Film Company, London.)

## OUR MAGNIFICENT CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM-PHOTO STORY.

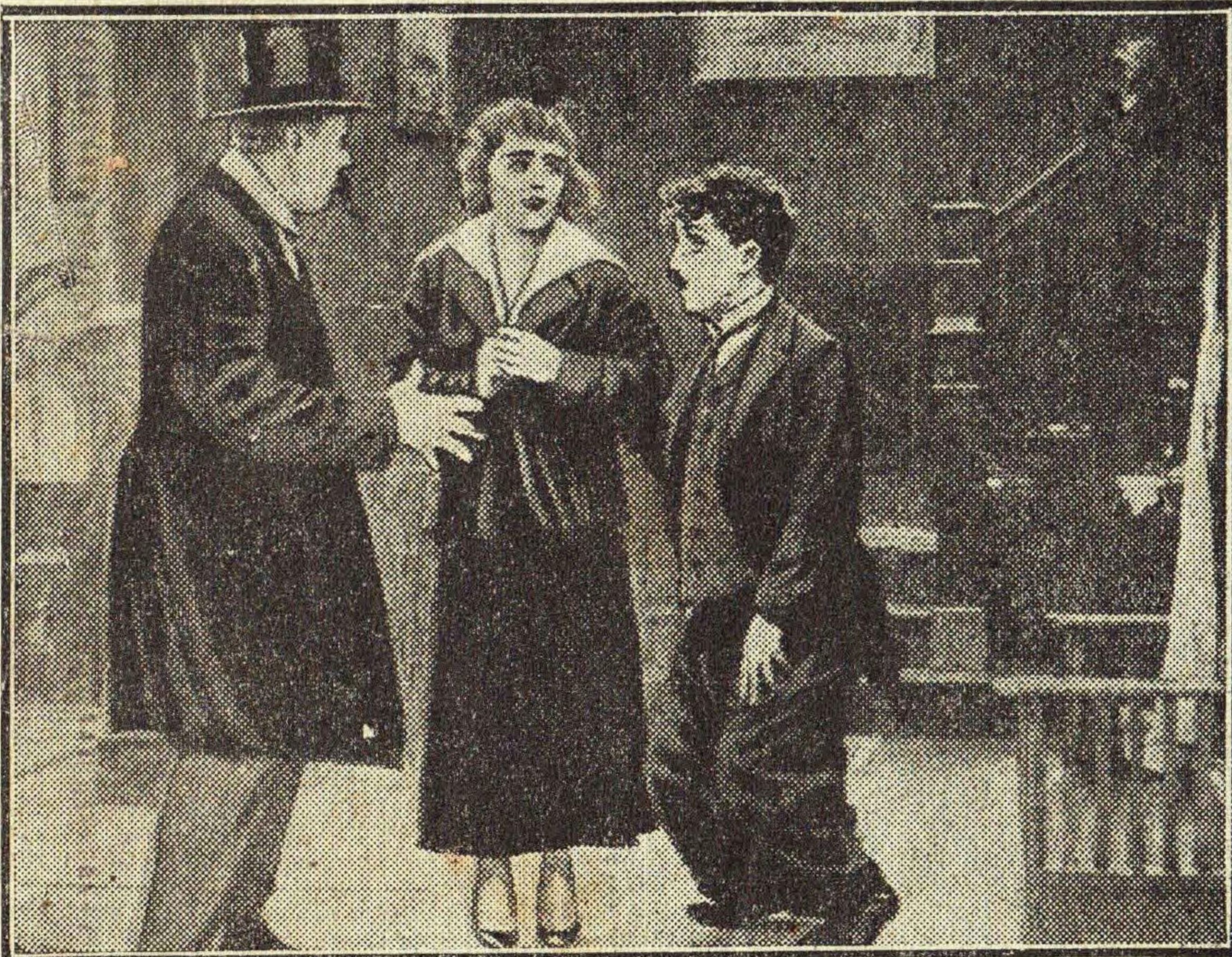
This Week: CHARLIE, THE PERFECT LADY!



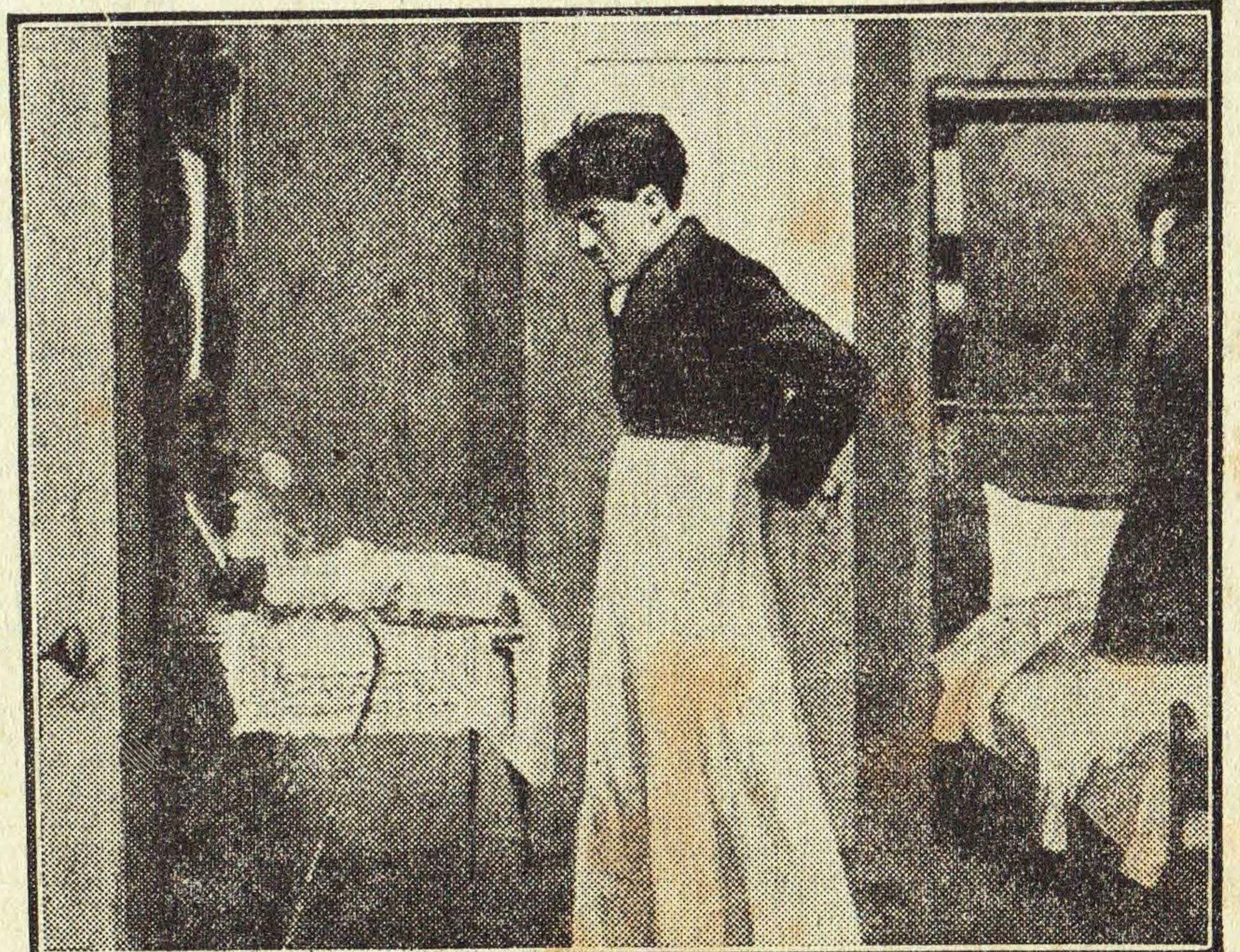
Charlie was sunning himself one day,  
When a portly old gentleman got in his way—  
Causing, of course, a most violent collision.  
"Apologise—sharp!" said the gent with decision.  
But Charlie, who honoured the law, "give and take,"  
Just booted the wrathful one into the lake!



When Charlie continued his sun-basking stroll  
The arrows of Cupid flashed into his soul.  
For lo! in his path stood a maid passing fair.  
"Your heart, miss!" he cried, "or I die in despair!"  
Said the damsel, enamoured by Charlie's fine figure:  
"Let's put it to dad; he'll support us with vigour!"



They straightway made tracks for the maiden's abode,  
And Charlie, the gay, didn't care if it snowed!  
For his heart-beats were teeming with passionate love,  
And the charmer spake soft as the coo of a dove.  
Then papa appeared in response to the daughter.  
"He's the cove," panted Charlie, "I barged in the water!"



As the angry old gentleman looked for a stick  
The culprit ascended the stairs pretty slick.  
"What a life!" he exclaimed. "How it does seem to scare one!  
Ah! Here is a room lately used by a fair one!  
I'll ransack the wardrobe for suitable clothes,  
And disguise as a damsel at once, so here goes!"

THE FINISH OF THIS PICTURE STORY WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 318 OF THIS ISSUE!

# GETTING RID OF GUNTER!

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

## The 1st Chapter.

### Uncle Jimmy Does His Duty.

Jimmy Silver sat up in bed. There was a glimmer of moonlight at the windows of the Fourth Form dormitory on the Classical side at Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver rubbed his eyes and blinked round him.

It was very quiet in the dormitory. From most of the beds came a low sound of steady breathing. It was half-past ten—the half-hour had chimed out from the clock-tower. Jimmy Silver listened. There was a faint sound of movement in the silence, a whispering voice.

"Put your boots on outside, Topham."

Low as the voice was, Jimmy Silver recognised the tones of Townsend, the dandy of the Fourth.

"Right-ho!" came Topham's whisper in reply.

Cautious feet in socks moved towards the door.

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed. He had not been mistaken. The two slackers of the Fourth were out of bed, and about to leave the dormitory upon a nocturnal excursion.

Properly speaking, it was none of Jimmy Silver's business. Certainly, he was the great chief of the Classical Fourth, but he had never set up as censor of morals in the Fourth Form. If Townsend and Topham chose to smoke cigarettes with Smythe of the Shell and the other nuts of Rookwood, if they played cards, and put surreptitious bobs on gee-gees, Jimmy Silver was not really called upon to chip in. He regarded the "Giddy Goats" and their proceedings with contemptuous scorn, and let them alone, as a rule.

But circumstances alter cases. In the present case, Jimmy Silver felt that he had good reasons for chipping in. He intended to chip in. And when Jimmy Silver meant to do a thing, he did it promptly and efficiently.

He slipped out of bed, and grasped his pillow.

Townsend and Topham were sneaking cautiously towards the door, never doubting that the rest of the Classical Fourth were fast asleep. Jimmy Silver's wakefulness came as a surprise to them.

Jimmy did not trouble to be cautious. With his pillow gripped in his hands, he made a rush towards the door, overtaking the two nuts just as they reached it. They spun round as they heard him.

Whop! Jimmy's pillow swept through the air at the two dim forms, and there was a gasping howl from Townsend as he caught it with his chin.

Crash! "Yow! Oh! Ah!" howled Townsend.

"What the thunder—" gasped Topham. "Oh, you beast! Ah!" Jimmy Silver's pillow smote Topham fairly on the napper. Topham went over with a yell, and landed on the floor, bumping.

"Oh, dear! Ah! Yow!"

"By gad! Yaroooh! Oh!"

"What the dickens is the row?" exclaimed Lovell, sitting up in bed, and from most of the beds came surprised and inquiring voices. The fall of the two nuts had awakened all the Classical Fourth.

"Who's up?"

"What the dickens—"

"Is it a Modern raid?"

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"Only little me!" he said cheerily.

"Put a light on, Lovell."

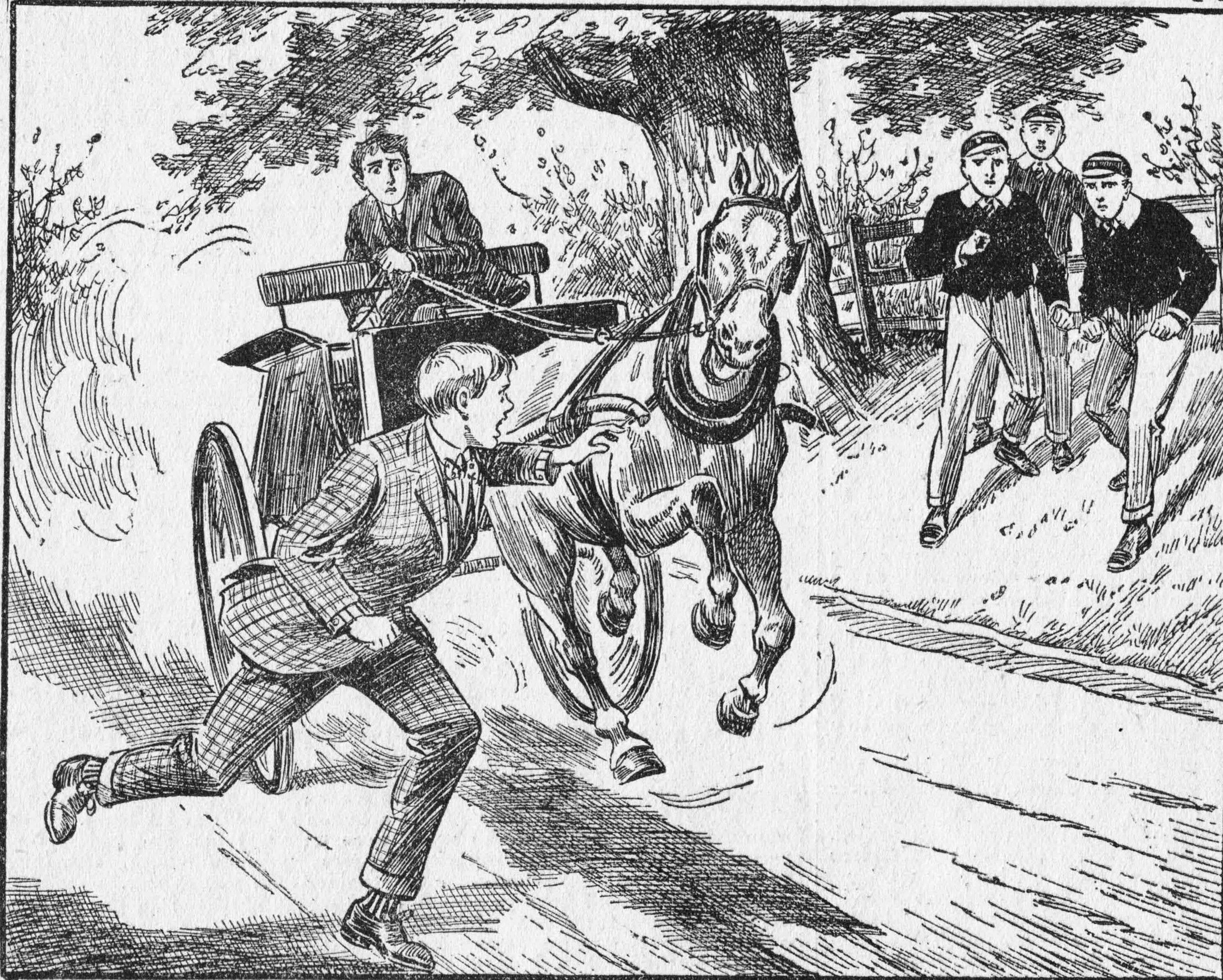
A match scratched, and a candle-end was lighted. In the glimmering light, the juniors stared in amazement at the two sprawling and gasping forms on the floor, and Jimmy Silver standing guard over the door with his pillow.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Raby.

"Yow! You rotter!" gasped Townsend, sitting upon the floor and blinking furiously at Jimmy Silver.

"You interfering beast!"

"Ow! Yow! I'm hurt!" moaned



As the trap thundered up, Gunter made a desperate leap at the horse's head. The Rookwood juniors felt their hearts stand still as they saw it.

Topham. "Oh, my napper! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Our dear young friends were going on the tiles," explained Jimmy Silver. "I've chipped in for their good. They are going to thank me nicely and get back to bed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Townsend and Topham were fully dressed, save for their boots, which they had carried in their hands. There was no doubt as to what their intentions had been. But there was very great doubt as to whether their intentions would be carried out.

Jimmy Silver was a lion in the path. "Rotten cads!" growled Newcome.

"They'll get spotted by a prefect one of these times. Shouldn't wonder if Bulkeley's heard the row. You'll look pretty sick if he comes up and finds you dressed, you pair of dummies."

Townsend staggered to his feet.

"You interfering beast, Silver! What's it got to do with you, anyway? Let me pass! I'm going out!"

"So am I!" mumbled Topham.

"Well, this is the way out," said Jimmy Silver, "and my pillow's ready. Come on!"

"Look here! What right have you got to interfere with us?" howled Townsend.

"None at all," said Jimmy. "But, bless your little heart, that doesn't bother me. I know your little game—the Bird-in-Hand, and Gunter's little party there—and I'm nipping it in the bud—see?"

"You meddling idiot—"

"Get back into bed!" said Jimmy autocratically.

"I won't!"

"Take off your clothes!"

"Sha'n't!"

"Little boys shouldn't say sha'n't!" said Jimmy Silver chidingly. "It's rude—especially to a kind uncle. Volunteers to help giddy goats to bed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There were plenty of volunteers. Lovell and Raby and Newcome turned out at once, and Flynn and Jones minor and Oswald followed their example. Townsend and Topham simply panted with wrath.

Going out on the razzle was, in the eyes of the nuts, a lofty and man-of-the-world sort of thing to do. Being

undressed and put to bed like naughty children was humiliating. But there was no help for it.

"Lemme alone!" gasped Townsend, as Lovell and Oswald collared him. "Hands off, you rotters! Can't I do as I like, you beasts?"

"Hardly!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Not while your Uncle Jimmy is around to look after you. I'm going to save you from getting the sack, dear boy. Yank off their clobber! It doesn't matter if you hurt them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, crumbs! Leggo! Ooooh!"

"By gad! Yah! Oh! Yah, you rotters! Oooop!"

The two nuts were in the hands of the Philistines. Their clobber was yanked off by disrespectful hands. There were sounds of tearing and rending, too, as the well-fitting clobber came off. The chums of the Fourth did not stand upon ceremony.

Townsend and Topham were soon reduced to a state of Nature, and they gasped and panted with helpless fury.

Jimmy Silver took away their clothes, threw them into the cupboard at the end of the dormitory, locked the cupboard, and took out the key.

"You can have your clobber again in the morning," he remarked.

"Even giddy goats like you won't want to go down to Coombe in your pyjamas."

The Fourth-Formers chuckled at the idea.

"Oh, you rotters!" moaned Topham. "Ow! Smythe's expectin' us! Oh, dear!"

"Smythe is, is he?" said Jimmy Silver. "All serene! We'll deal with Smythe next! Where is he?"

"Find out!"

"That's what we're going to do, my tulip. Take hold of Topy's ears, Lovell, and twist them till he answers."

"Right-ho!"

There was a fiendish howl from Topham.

"Leggo, you beast! Oh, dear!"

"Where is Smythe?" asked Jimmy Silver pleasantly.

"Yow-ow!"

"Give him another twist."

Lovell gave Topham's ears another twist. Those ears were rather large, and Lovell had a good grip on them. Topham wailed with anguish.

"Ow-ow-ow! Wow! Leggo!"

"Where's Smythe?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yow-ow! He's waiting for us at the end of the next passage, by the window," groaned Topham. "Leggo my ears! Ow!"

"Good! Put the dear little kids to bed, my sons, and spank 'em for getting up."

Townsend and Topham were bumped into their respective beds. Then there was a sound of heavy spanking.

Townsend and Topham howled, though with suppressed howls, for they were in deadly fear of drawing a prefect or a master to the scene. If old Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, had discovered their little game, their sufferings would have been much more severe.

"There, now, I think they're brought to a proper state of mind," said Jimmy Silver. "Don't you feel obliged to us, Towny, for saving you from playing the giddy ox?"

"Yow-ow! Oh!"

"Give him some more!"

Spank! Spank! Spank!

"Yaroooh! Leave off! Ow! Help!"

"Do you feel obliged now, Towny?"

"Oh, crumbs! Yes, yes, yes!" shrieked Townsend.

"That's better. Always thank your kind uncle nicely. Do you feel obliged, Topy?"

"Yes!" gasped Topham. He did not wait for the extra spanks.

"Good! Now for Adolphus!"

Leaving Townsend and Topham moaning, and the rest of the Fourth chuckling, Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome took their pillows, and slipped out of the dormitory. Adolphus Smythe of the Shell was waiting for the two nuts. He was going to meet the Fistical Four instead. And the meeting was certain to be a painful one for Adolphus.

## The 2nd Chapter. Nipped in the Bud.

"By gad, they're keepin' us waitin'!"

Adolphus Smythe made that remark in an indignant whisper.

Smythe and Howard and Tracy of the Shell were waiting in the window

alcove. They were dressed, and had rubber shoes on, all ready for that little excursion to the Bird-in-Hand at Coombe, where they were to meet their old pal Gunter, who had been expelled from Rookwood.

Townsend and Topham were to be members of the merry little party—at least, that was what had been arranged. At the present moment the merriment of Townsend and Topham was at a very low ebb.

"Keepin' us waitin', by Jove!" said Howard. "Let's go without them. I dare say they've stayed asleep, the silly fags!"

The nuts of the Shell waited impatiently, straining their eyes along the dark passage. It was not safe for the Giddy Goats to hang about after getting out of their dormitory. Indeed, the whole excursion could hardly be considered safe; but the Giddy Goats were prepared to run the risk, for the sake of the high old time they had in prospect. But they were anxious to be off.

"Here they come!" murmured Howard, as there was a sound of cautious steps in the dark passage, and dim forms loomed up.

"You've kept us waitin', Townsend," mumbled Smythe.

"Sorry!" said a voice, that certainly was not Townsend's. "Got here as soon as we could, Smythe."

"Jimmy Silver!" ejaculated Smythe.

"Go for them!" howled Lovell.

"Why—what— By gad!"

The Fistical Four rushed forward, with swiping pillows.

Crash! Smash! Bump!

Smythe & Co. staggered right and left under the swipes.

In their surprise and rage they forgot caution, and loud howls rang through the passage.

"Give 'em socks!" panted Jimmy Silver, swiping away. "That's one for your nob, Smythe! Pile in! Mop the floor with 'em!"

"Yaroooh! Oh, by gad!"

"Run for it!" yelled Howard.

"Oh, my hat! Gerroff! Oh, dear!"

Swipe! Crash! Bump! Crash! The Fistical Four might have been beating carpets by the way they piled in. Smythe and Howard and Tracy sprawled on the floor, and as fast as they tried to pick themselves up, the swiping pillows sent them rolling again.

The bumping and roaring rang down the passage and the stairs. It was uproarious enough to alarm all Rookwood.

A light flashed on the staircase.

"Bless my soul! What—what—" It was the voice of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth.

"Cave!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

The four juniors fled.

They vanished at top speed along the passage, and bolted into their dormitory, and into bed, like rabbits into a burrow.

Smythe & Co. picked themselves up, dazed and bewildered. The light was coming up the stairs, and the Form-master was with the light.

"Hook it!" stuttered Smythe.

"We shall be nabbed, by gad! Oh, that beast Silver!"

The giddy goats fled for their dormitory.

Half undressed and wholly terrified, they bolted into bed. Jimmy Silver had assuredly "mucked up" that little expedition for that night at least. The nuts were not thinking of the little party at the Bird-in-Hand now. They were only thinking of escaping detection.

Fortunately for them, Mr. Bootles was slow.

He arrived in the upper passage after the coast was clear. He listened, and frowned, and finally made his way to the Fourth-Form dormitory. Probably his experience of the Fourth led him to guess that the disturbance was most likely to have proceeded from that quarter.

But when he looked into the dormitory all was quiet and calm. Townsend and Topham were quaking in bed, wide awake, but they closed their eyes. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked as if they were sleeping the sleep of the innocent babe.

Mr. Bootles shook his head, and retired.

Jimmy Silver waited till his footsteps had died away before he gave vent to the chuckle he had been suppressing.

"Narrow squeak that!" he remarked. "We couldn't have told Bootles that we were out as censors of morals, and it would have meant a gating."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the Co.

"I fancy Smythe won't be going out to-night!" chuckled Jimmy



## GETTING RID OF

(Continued  
from  
the  
previous  
page.)

## GUNTER!

Silver. "I fancy he will be fed up!"

"I fancy so!" chuckled Lovell. "You rotters!" came a mumble from Townsend's bed. "We'll jolly well go another time, and be hanged to you!"

"There won't be another time!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "That chap Gunter is going to be cleared out of this neighbourhood. You blithering ass, can't you see that his game is to get you fellows into trouble? He would be glad to see some of you sacked along with him."

"Oh, rats!"

"Did you say rats to me, Towny?" asked Jimmy Silver, putting one leg out of bed.

"I—I meant good-night, you beast!" stammered Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's better!" said Jimmy Silver, settling down again. "Good-night, dear boy!"

And the Fourth-Formers chuckled themselves to sleep.

The 3rd Chapter.  
The Only Way.

Jimmy Silver wore a thoughtful look the next morning.

Smythe & Co. wore sullen and savage looks. Their expedition had been nipped in the bud; they had been unable to keep their appointment, and it was all due to the extremely high-handed interference of Jimmy Silver.

It was not surprising that the nuts of Rookwood were savage and ratty. If the noble nuts had been fighting-men, Jimmy Silver would certainly have had several fights on his hands that day.

Jimmy Silver would not have minded. He thrived on "scraps." But the nuts were not looking for scraps. They contented themselves with scowling and muttering vengeance—the said vengeance being postponed to some indefinite date in the future.

Jimmy Silver was not bothering about the nuts. He had other and more important matters to occupy his thoughts.

There was the question of Gunter. Gunter, the Head's nephew, had been expelled from the school. He had been an arrant blackguard while he was there, and he seemed to have become still worse since he had left.

Dr. Chisholm had made arrangements to send him back to America, where his people lived. Gunter had taken himself off, and disappeared for a time. Then he had turned up in the village of Coombe, near Rookwood.

He cherished a bitter animosity against the Head for having "sacked" him, and against the Rookwood fellows, who had all been glad to see him go. And his intention—which he had plainly stated to Jimmy Silver—was to hang about the neighbourhood of the school, and bring as much shame as he could upon the school and upon the Head.

Only a thorough rascal could have thought of such a scheme; but Gunter was the biggest rascal it had ever been Jimmy Silver's fortune to encounter.

And the rascal was keeping up his connection with fellows at Rookwood who had vicious inclinations, such as Smythe & Co. He delighted in leading them into reckless escapades—deeper into the mire than their own inclinations would have led them, slackers and "rotters" as they were.

Jimmy Silver had a shrewd suspicion that Gunter's object was not so much to enjoy their society as to bring them to his own fate. He could not hurt the Head of the school more than by necessitating a series of expulsions, which would make the name of Rookwood unpleasantly notorious.

For his wretched victims the young rascal did not care a button. The egregious Smythe and his friends had been warned by Jimmy Silver, and they had sniffed at the warning. Adolphus & Co. were quite sure of

their ability to take care of themselves.

Hence the drastic proceedings of Jimmy Silver when he discovered that the nuts of Rookwood were about to break bounds to meet Gunter.

That expedition had been thoroughly knocked on the head; but it was quite possible that Jimmy Silver would be caught napping when the next excursion was planned.

Jimmy Silver had come to a resolution, in which his chums fully concurred. Gunter had to be got rid of.

True, Jimmy Silver had no right to dictate to Gunter whether he should live at Coombe or not. But Jimmy Silver felt that on certain occasions highhandedness was justified, and he had made up his mind that Gunter had to go.

After lessons that day Jimmy was still looking very thoughtful, as he came out with Lovell and Raby and Newcome. It was up to Jimmy Silver, as leader of the Co., to think out a plan for dealing with Gunter, and Jimmy had thought it out.

It had given him a good deal of mental exercise, but he had come to a decision at last.

"Well?" said Lovell and Raby and Newcome, in chorus, as Jimmy Silver halted in the quad.

"Well," said Jimmy, "it's settled. We'll speak to those Modern bouncers; they can back us up."

"Oh, the Moderns are no good!" said Lovell, with a sniff. "Better keep it in our own hands."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"We're going to let Gunter see that all Rookwood's against him," he explained. "Moderns and Classicals shoulder to shoulder, you know. Besides, he may have a gang of his precious sporting friends with him, and Tommy Dodd is useful in a scrap. Come on!"

"Oh, all right!"

Tommy Dodd and Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cook, the heroes of the Modern Fourth, were coming out of the tuckshop, when the Fistical Four bore down upon them. The three Tommies looked warlike at once. They had been making purchases for tea, and they scented a Classical raid.

"Rush 'em!" rapped out Tommy Dodd. "Hold on to the parcels, and rush the cads!"

"Here, hold on!" roared Jimmy Silver, as a sudden rush of the Modern trio sent the Classical Four spinning. "Yah! You silly ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three Tommies were through, and they sped away to their own side with their parcels, chuckling. Lovell picked himself up with a snort of wrath.

"After them!" he shouted. "Mop up the quad with the Modern rotters!"

"Hold on!" gasped Jimmy.

"Look here, Jimmy Silver—"

"Fathead!"

"We'll mop up those cads, and then go and mop up Gunter, without any silly Moderns to help us!" said Raby.

"Who's leader?" demanded Jimmy Silver ferociously. "Can't you follow your leader, you burblers? Shut up, and fall in and follow me!"

"Look here—"

"Bow-wow!" said Jimmy.

"Bow-wow" was not really a satisfactory reply to the objections of his chums, but it had the desired effect, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome followed their leader, though with loud sniffs. Jimmy led the way at a sedate pace towards the Modern side, and they entered Mr. Manders's house, not on the warpath.

Jimmy Silver knocked at Tommy Dodd's study door, and opened it. The three Tommies were chuckling in the study.

"My hat!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd, as his visitors appeared. "Those Classical duffers again! They haven't had enough. Hand me the treacle!"

"Hold on!" roared Jimmy Silver. "It's pax!"

"Oh!" Tommy Dodd put down the treacle-jar. "That'll save the treacle, anyway. It's a waste of good treacle to mop it on Classical fatheads!"

"You silly chump!" said Jimmy Silver. "I've a jolly good mind to wreck the study. But I want to see you on business, you shrieking fathead! It's about Gunter!"

"Oh, Gunter!" said Tommy Dodd. "That sacked Classical! Not the only fellow on your side who ought to be sacked, if you ask me!"

"Well, I don't ask you!" snapped Jimmy Silver. "Look here, Gunter's hanging out in Coombe!"

"Yes, like his cheek. But some Classicals have cheek enough for anything!" said Tommy Dodd disparagingly.

"He's not a Classical now, fathead—now he's kicked out of Rookwood! And he ought to have been a Modern while he was here—"

"Much more suitable on this side, a blackguard like that!" snorted Lovell.

Tommy Dodd picked up the treacle-jar again.

"Pax, you ass!" howled Jimmy Silver. "Don't I keep on telling you we haven't come here to lick you this time!"

"Lick us! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the three Tommies, in chorus.

They were evidently determined to regard Jimmy Silver's remark as a good joke.

"Oh, let's get off!" grunted Lovell. "These Modern cads wouldn't be game enough, anyway!"

"Game for anything you're game for, anyway!" sniffed Tommy Dodd. "What's on?"

"We're going for Gunter," said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, that was my idea," said Tommy Dodd. "I suggested—"

"Well, it's my idea, too," said Jimmy, manfully forbearing to start another argument. "He's disgracing the school, and his uncle, our respected Head, and he says plainly that's what he's there for. He will be run in by the police some day, with his blackguardly goings-on, and then think of the disgrace. I believe that's his little game, as a matter of fact. He'd do anything to get even with Rookwood for kicking him out. We're going to shift him out of Coombe!"

"How?" demanded the three Moderns, with one voice.

"Go for him, and rag him, and make hay of him till he clears off," said Jimmy Silver unhesitatingly.

"Oh, scissors!"

"If you're game you can help us," said Jimmy. "If you're not, you can go and eat coke!"

"We're game enough," said Tommy Dodd. "But if it came out that we'd been to the Bird-in-Hand for any reason, it would mean trouble."

"We've got to risk that," said Raby. "I suppose you Modern bouncers can risk it if we can?"

"I should jolly well say so!" said Tommy Dodd. "You won't find the top side of Rookwood backing out—"

"Top side! Why, you Modern ass—"

"You Classical duffer—"

"Order!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "You can jaw some other time. Is it a go? Are we going for Gunter?"

"It's a go!" said the three Tommies at once.

"Done, then!"

"Now we'll have tea," said Tommy Dodd. "Stay and feed with us, dear boys. Pax till after we've routed the enemy!"

"Right-ho!"

And the Classicals and Moderns sat down to tea together quite amicably. Civil war was suspended till the common enemy had been disposed of.

The 4th Chapter.  
Rookwood on the Warpath.

Seven juniors marched out of the gates of Rookwood after tea with very determined looks. The rivals of Rookwood were on the warpath—not against one another for once.

They were serious enough about it. Gunter, the sacked blackguard of the Fourth, was a denizen of the Bird-in-Hand, a low public-house on the outskirts of the village. That house was strictly out of bounds for all Rookwood fellows.

Under any other circumstances Jimmy Silver & Co. would never have dreamed of entering such a place. They knew, too, that the

penalty would be severe if the Head learned of it. Their excellent intentions would not save them from condign punishment.

But they were running the risk. For the sake of the school's good name, they were going to get rid of Gunter. There was only one way—the drastic method of ragging the young rascal till he cleared off. The Head might be angry if he learned of their proceedings, but there was no doubt that he would be glad to hear that his ungrateful and rascally nephew was gone. Jimmy Silver & Co. were, in fact, observing the injunction to do good by stealth.

Of the "scrap" that was probably before them, they thought little. Gunter would put up a fight, and his associates would probably help him; but the heroes of the Fourth were prepared for any amount of scrapping.

"Better go round by way of the towing-path," Tommy Dodd observed, as the party drew near the village. "We don't want to be spotted going in. If Knowles or Bulkeley should be about—"

"Good idea!" assented Jimmy Silver.

The juniors cut down to the towing-path, which gave access to the long inn garden.

There was a gate in the hedge, and the juniors paused there to survey the enemy's territory before invading it.

Jimmy Silver uttered a suppressed exclamation.

"There he is!"

"Gunter, by Jove!"

"The rotten cad!" growled Lovell, in disgust.

Gunter was there, in full view, and his aspect was not edifying. There was a little summer-house at the end of the garden, and through the leaves the juniors could see into it. Three persons were seated at a small table—one of them Gunter, the other two men some years older. Gunter had a cigar between his yellow teeth, and a bunch of cards in his hand. Cards were on the table and money, and glasses furnished with something stronger than ginger-beer.

The juniors looked on the scene in wrath and disgust.

This blackguard had been in the Fourth Form at Rookwood—he was still wearing a Rookwood cap, with the red badge of the Classical side. And here he was, the nephew of the reverend Head of Rookwood, smoking, drinking, and gambling, with Joey Hook the bookmaker, and "Tadger" Tagg the billiard sharper.

His insolence in still wearing the Rookwood cap exasperated the juniors more than anything else. It was part of his plan, of course; but they thought that even Gunter might have been decent enough to put that aside. "I guess that pot's mine, pardners," remarked Gunter, with a chuckle. He spoke with the nasal twang the juniors knew so well. Rookwood had not changed Gunter in the least; he was still exactly the same fellow who had come from the far-off land of Texas, where his upbringing had evidently been of the roughest and rudest.

Tadger Tagg muttered an oath. "You 'ave good luck, Mister Gunter," said Joey Hook, with a somewhat suspicious look at the one-time Fourth-Former of Rookwood.

Gunter laughed as he raked in the stakes. Probably the two sharpers had not expected to meet their match in the schoolboy. But Gunter was ahead of anything the quiet village of Coombe could produce in the way of rascality.

"Time we chipped in," murmured Jimmy Silver. "We've fairly got him here!"

"What-ho!"

"Follow on!" said Jimmy.

He put his hand on the gate, and vaulted over, and ran towards the summer-house. His chums were after him in a twinkling.

Gunter sprang to his feet, as he saw them.

Tadger Tagg and Joey Hook rose also, looking surprised.

"Friends of yours, Mister Gunter?" asked Hook.

"I guess not," chuckled Gunter. "I reckon these galoots have come hyar looking for trouble."

"We've come here looking for you, Gunter," said Jimmy Silver.

"I guess you've found me at home."

"We've got a bone to pick with you," said Tommy Dodd.

"If you ain't no business 'ere, young gents, you'll oblige by clearin' off," said Mr. Hook.

"But we have business here," said Jimmy. "Our business is with Gunter. Gunter, you've been long

enough in Coombe. When are you going?"

"When I choose, I guess."

"That's where you make a mistake. You're going when we choose. We've come to tell you so."

"I guess you might have saved your breath," said Gunter. "I'm staying on. I guess your headmaster will be sorry he sacked me before I'm through. Now you can vamoose the ranch, or I'll call the stable-hands to shift you."

"You're going!" said Jimmy Silver quietly. "You've disgraced Rookwood enough. Now you're clearing."

Gunter laughed contemptuously, and sat down again.

"Mind," said Jimmy Silver, "we mean business. I don't mind saying out plain that I don't believe you're really our headmaster's nephew at all. If you were, you'd have some grain of decency in you. I believe you're some rotten swindler. But anyway, you're going."

Gunter started.

"I guess you're talking out of your hat," he said. "Don't you calculate that Dr. Chisholm knows his own nephew?"

"I know he'd never seen him," said Jimmy. "I know you came here from Texas as his nephew. But I know, too, that you had a letter from America in which you were called 'Sam.' Sam isn't the name of Dr. Chisholm's nephew. I know you were scared by that letter, and you let out that you were afraid somebody was coming to Rookwood, and you said the game would be up. Putting two and two together, I conclude that there's some swindle on, and that you're not what you make yourself out to be."

Gunter shrugged his shoulders. "I reckon you'll have to prove all that," he remarked.

"Not at all; I expect it will come out soon enough," said Jimmy, "and anyway, I can't prove it!"

"Then I guess you'd better shut your yap-trap," said Gunter, in the elegant phraseology he had certainly not learned at Rookwood. "You make me tired."

"We're here to clear you out," said Jimmy Silver determinedly. "You can pack your bag and come with us to the station."

"What!" ejaculated Gunter.

"We'll see you off by the next train."

"By gum, will you!"

"Otherwise you'll get ragged till you're glad to go!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter, evidently greatly tickled. The young rascal had plenty of nerve, at least.

"I mean it!" said Jimmy. "Last night you tried to get some silly asses in Rookwood to break bounds. You didn't care if they got themselves sacked—or I rather suspect you'd have been pleased. We're putting a stopper on all that."

"We are!" said Lovell. "You've got to go!"

"On your feet, or on your neck, just as you choose," explained Tommy Dodd.

Gunter roared with laughter. "I say, young gents, you'd better get hout," said Mr. Hook. "You can't interfere with Mister Gunter like this 'ere!"

"You ring off!" said Jimmy Silver. "If you chip in here, Mr. Hook, you'll get hurt. Gunter, are you going?"

"I guess not!"

"Last time of asking," said Jimmy Silver. "Are you going?"

"Nope!"

"Collar him!"

There was a rush.

The 5th Chapter.  
A Battle Royal.

Gunter leaped to his feet. His hands closed on the neck of a heavy bottle, and he swung it into the air. His eyes gleamed like a cat's.

"Hands off!" he shouted. "Hands off, or—"

There was no doubt that the reckless young rascal would have struck. But Jimmy Silver was upon him with the spring of a tiger before he could use the dangerous weapon.

Jimmy grasped his arm, and forced it back, and Gunter struggled in vain to release it, to strike a savage blow.

The next moment Lovell's grasp was on the bottle, and it was wrenched from Gunter's hand.

"Let up!" shrieked Gunter. "Hook, Tagg, stand by me! Call the stablemen!"

Gunter was struggling furiously in the grasp of three or four of the Rookwooders.

Joey Hook and Tadger Tagg advanced very gingerly to his aid.



## GETTING RID OF

(Continued  
from  
the  
previous  
page.)

## GUNTER!

They were seized by the juniors, and hurled back unceremoniously. The Co. had no ceremony to waste on a pair of blackguards.

Tagger Tagg crashed into the shrubbery, and lay there gasping, and Joey Hook crashed after him, and rolled over him.

They were hors de combat at once. But Gunter was a tougher customer. He fought like a wildcat in the grasp of the Rookwooders.

With hands and feet, and nails and teeth, the young rascal resisted, and there were loud howls from the juniors, who suffered considerable damages in that mode of fighting.

But Gunter was borne to the ground at last, and his hands were held, and Jimmy Silver planted a knee on his chest.

"Got him!" panted Jimmy. "Let up!" yelled Gunter. "By hokey, if I had a shooter here—"

"Elp!" yelled Mr. Hook. "Perlice!" stuttered Tagger Tagg. There was a shout in the garden, and two or three rough fellows came running from the direction of the inn.

"Get him out of here!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "Duck him in the river!"

"Good egg!" Gunter, still resisting desperately, was dragged away, bumping on the ground. Raby kicked the gate open, and Gunter was rushed out on the towing-path.

Right down to the gleaming river he was rushed, and then he was swung, yelling, into the air.

"One, two, three!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "Go!"

And Gunter went. There was a terrible splash, and Gunter disappeared into the shallow water, two or three yards from the bank.

"Hurray!" panted Tommy Dodd. Gunter's head came up. He scrambled to his feet in the shallows, smothered with mud.

The water surged round his chest as he stood. There was as much mud as water close to the bank, and Gunter was covered with it. His features were almost hidden by it. The juniors burst into a roar of laughter at the sight of him.

Gunter, grinding his teeth, came scrambling towards the bank. He clutched at the rushes to drag himself out.

Jimmy Silver's boot interposed. "Not yet!" said Jimmy coolly. "Have you made up your mind to clear off, Gunter?"

"No!" shrieked Gunter. "Then you're not coming out!"

"I—I guess you—you—"

Gunter's voice was lost in his rage; he stuttered with fury. Jimmy Silver thrust hard with his boot, and Gunter went floundering back into the mud. He came up again gasping.

"Look out!" rapped out Tommy Dodd. "Here come the enemy!"

Joey Hook and Tagg, and three rough-looking fellows from the Bird-in-Hand, were advancing upon the juniors from the inn garden. Jimmy Silver & Co. faced the foe at once. The two weedy, unfit sharpers were not dangerous; but the three roughs were another proposition.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. feared no foe. They were quite prepared for a battle.

"Keep your distance!" snapped Jimmy Silver.

"You let Mister Gunter alone, then!" howled Joey Hook.

"Mister Gunter's our property!" said Tommy Dodd. "Mister Gunter's staying in the mud for the present!"

And as Gunter was making another attempt to scramble out, Tommy Dodd promptly shoved him back with his boot, and Gunter floundered again in water and mud.

"Go for them!" raved Gunter from the water. "Pitch them in! I'll stand a quid to each of you chaps if you pitch them in!"

That was enough for the loafers of the Bird-in-Hand. They rushed to the attack.

"Line up!" shouted Lovell.

"Back up, Rookwood!" roared Jimmy Silver.

Mr. Hook and Mr. Tagg prudently kept in the background, urging the roughs on. They had apparently had enough. Three burly roughs and seven determined juniors mingled in a fierce fight.

It was a fight of men against boys; but the schoolboys at least had the odds on their side, and they were full of pluck.

It was a Homeric battle. The roughs were hitting their hardest, and the schoolboys were bowled over like skittles when the blows landed. But they were active; they were good boxers, and their blood was up. The roughs received at least as good as they gave. The

"Hurray for us!" panted Tommy Dodd. "Oh, my nose!"

"Ow, my eye!" murmured Cook. "Oh, a black eye's nothing!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've licked them!"

"Yow! You haven't got one! Wow!"

"Look out! That cad's getting away!" shouted Raby. Gunter had splashed along the bank to some distance, and was again seeking to crawl out of the water. The juniors made a rush to the spot.

Half a dozen hands closed on the muddy Gunter as he landed. He wriggled feebly; he was too spent to struggle.

"Not quite done with you yet!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Let up! Let up!" panted Gunter.

"Are you going?"

"No!" yelled Gunter.

"In you go again, then!"

There was a buzz of a bicycle-bell on the towing-path. The juniors did not heed it. But the cyclist halted, and jumped down, and a sharp voice rapped out:

"Stop that at once!"

"Bulkeley!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

It was the captain of Rookwood. The juniors dropped Gunter as if he had become suddenly red-hot, and whirled round to face Bulkeley.

Bulkeley, and staggered away towards the garden gate.

There was a movement to follow him, and Bulkeley interposed.

"Stop!" he rapped out.

"We—we haven't finished yet," said Tommy Dodd.

"Get back to Rookwood at once, all of you!"

"I—I say, Bulkeley—"

"Shut up, and get off!"

There was no disputing with the captain of the school. Jimmy Silver & Co. marched off, somewhat weary and worn, and very much disappointed. They had not nearly finished with Gunter yet.

Bulkeley followed them, wheeling his bike. He did not speak for some time, and the juniors wondered rather apprehensively what he was thinking about. He was head prefect of Rookwood, and he knew they had been to the Bird-in-Hand. True, he also knew their motive. They were thankful that it was not Knowles who had caught them. But what would Bulkeley do?

Not a word did Bulkeley speak till they were near the gates of Rookwood. Then he called to them:

"You young rascals!"

"Yes, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver meekly.

"Let there be no more of this!"

"Oh, Bulkeley!"

"You'd get fogged if the Head knew where you'd been. It's really

"You Modern worm—"

It looked as if the Homeric battle of the towing-path would be followed by a Classical-Modern battle in the school quad. But the juniors were feeling too sore, and, after an exchange of compliments, they parted.

The Fistical Four bathed their faces in the dormitory on the Classical side. Their faces needed bathing badly.

"It was a jolly good idea," said Jimmy Silver, a little dubiously, however. "Jolly good. Bulkeley coming along spoiled it, that's all."

"That rotter Gunter wouldn't have gone, anyway," said Raby. "Look at my nose."

"Dash your nose! I suppose after what we said to Bulkeley we can't rag Gunter any more," said Jimmy Silver dolefully.

"Of course we can't, fathead."

"Still, it was a jolly good idea."

"Oh, ripping!" groaned Raby.

"Look at my nose!"

"I'll jolly well dot you on the nose if I hear much more about it," said Jimmy Silver exasperated. "Go and eat coke."

When the Fistical Four gathered in the end study to tea, however, they were feeling a little better. It was agreed that "going for Gunter" had been a ripping idea, though it had not turned out a howling success. It was agreed, too, that old Bulkeley was a brick not to report them. Jimmy Silver sagely opined that Bulkeley sympathised with their little scheme, though, of course, as a prefect he couldn't say so.

The Fistical Four, upon the whole, were satisfied with themselves. But the question remained unanswered. How was Rookwood to get rid of Gunter? But, as it happened, that question was shortly to find an unexpected answer.

The 7th Chapter.  
A Startling Discovery.

"Gunter again, by Jove!" It was the following Saturday afternoon. As it was a half-holiday, and the Fistical Four had nothing better to do, they were sauntering down to Coombe to sample the good things in the bunshop there. They were thinking of anything but Gunter, as it happened—Jimmy Silver's "wheeze" of going for Gunter was a thing of the past. Then they came in sight of the junior from Texas.

Gunter was sitting on a stile by the side of the lane, with his usual cigar in his discoloured teeth. He was talking to Smythe of the Shell. The great Adolphus was standing in an elegant attitude, and he had a cigarette in his fingers.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged a glance.

"We've promised Bulkeley not to touch Gunter," said Jimmy. "But we can touch Adolphus—hard!"

"You bet!" said his chums.

Adolphus Smythe looked round in alarm as the Fistical Four came up.

"By gad!" he said. "Fancy meetin' you!"

"Sorry to interrupt the little pow-wow," said Jimmy Silver politely. "Don't you remember, Smythe, you've got strict orders to keep away from that blackguard."

"You cheeky fag!" gasped Adolphus, almost overcome with indignation at the idea of receiving strict orders from a Fourth-Former.

"Strict orders from your Uncle Jimmy, you remember."

"By gad!"

"Don't you remember, Adolphus?"

"You cheeky young sweep, be off!" exclaimed Smythe, with a wave of the hand.

"Not without you, dear," said Jimmy Silver. "Lay hold, you chaps—anywhere you like. Mine's his ears!"

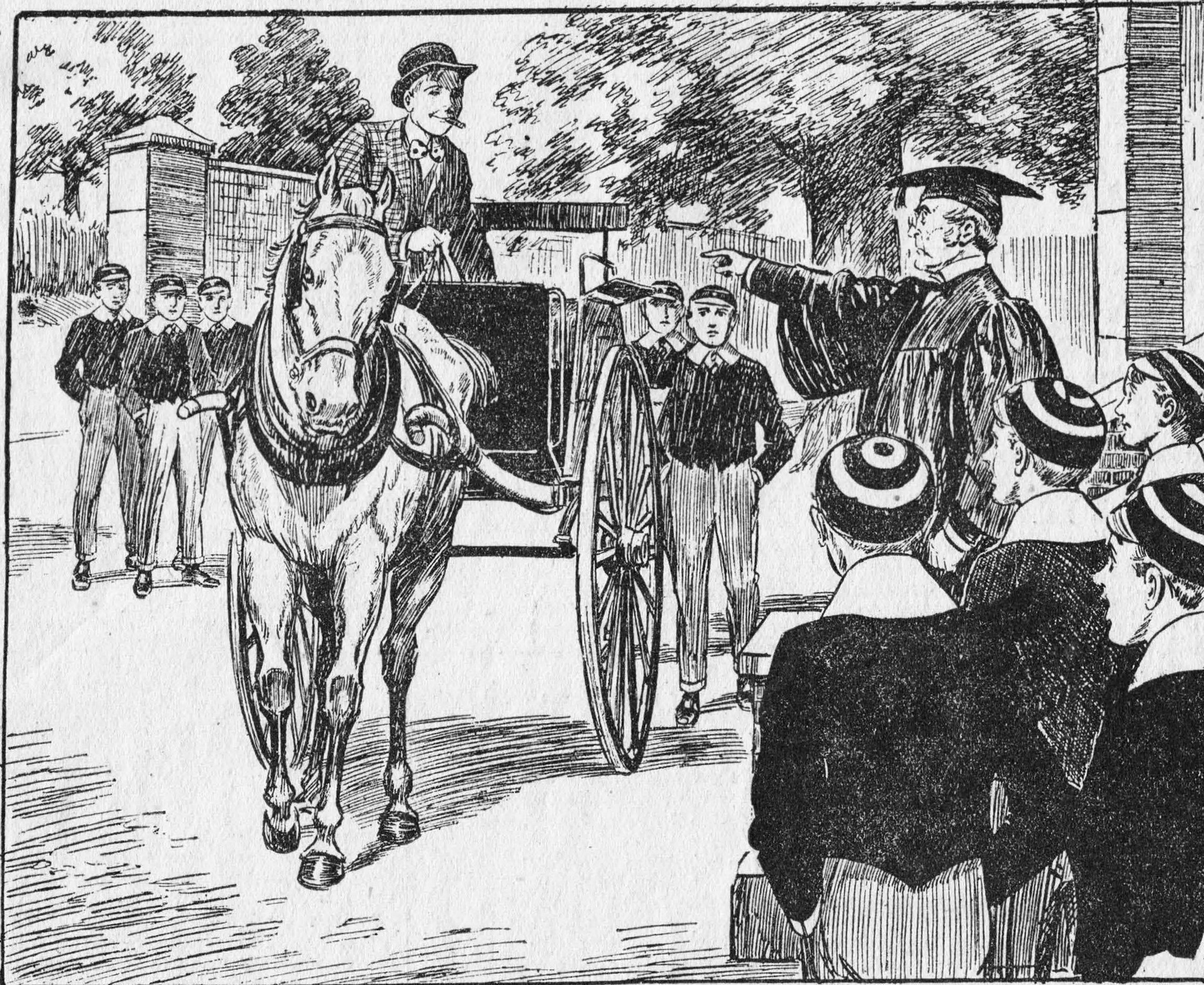
"Ha, ha, ha! Mine's his nose!" said Raby.

"Mine's his chin," chortled Lovell.

"Geroooh! Leggo!" spluttered Smythe, struggling wildly as the Fistical Four grasped him, and rushed him away down the lane towards Coombe.

But the Fistical Four did not let go; they had no intention of letting go. All the kind attentions they were now debarred from bestowing upon Gunter they meant to bestow upon Adolphus. In that direction, at least, they could counteract Gunter's little game.

Wriggling and howling, the great Adolphus went down the lane, in the midst of the laughing juniors. Gunter, on the stile, roared with laughter. He showed no sign whatever of going to the aid of Adolphus. He seemed to be amused.



Dr. Chisholm fixed a stern gaze upon the impostor who had so cunningly played his part. "As for you," said the Head, "whoever you are—" "Sam Barker, I guess!" chuckled the out-cast. "Sam Barker, who was raised on Old Man Gunter's ranch. And I reckon I'm going back to Texas!"

wild scramble on the towing-path lasted several minutes, and Tommy Dodd and Cook and Raby lay gasping on the ground; but by that time one of their enemies had been knocked into the water, another was down with Jimmy Silver kneeling on his chest, and the third was fleeing, with Lovell and Newcome after him raging for gore.

Gunter came scrambling out, muddy, and breathing vengeance; but Tommy Doyle had an eye on him, and he met Gunter with a terrific drive on the chin that hurled him back into the river.

Tommy Dodd and Cook and Raby were up again almost at once, very far from beaten. One of their foes had fled, another was scrambling out of the river and taking to his heels, and the fellow under Jimmy Silver's knee was howling for mercy.

Rookwood had won! Mr. Tagg and Mr. Hook took a hurried departure. They did not want to argue with the victors.

"Lemme up! Lemme gerraway!" gasped the unfortunate gentleman, whose nose Jimmy Silver was grinding into the towing-path.

He was allowed to "gerraway," and the panting juniors remained conquerors on the field of battle.

Gunter squirmed and gasped in the rushes at their feet.

The 6th Chapter.  
Not a Success.

Bulkeley looked at the juniors grimly.

The juniors looked at Bulkeley. There was a short silence, broken only by the spasmodic gasping of Gunter.

"You've been fighting—eh?" exclaimed Bulkeley at last.

The question was really superfluous. There was not one of the band of heroes who did not show very plainly that he had been fighting. Seldom had even the Fistical Four and the three Tommies shown so many signs of combat all at once.

"Sort of—of—of scrapping, Bulkeley!" stammered Jimmy Silver.

"Is that Gunter?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing with him?"

"Ducking him."

"What for?"

"To make him clear off."

"My hat!" said Bulkeley.

The Rookwood captain stared at Gunter, as that muddy youth dragged himself to his feet. Gunter was red with rage under the mud. He shook his fist at the juniors, and then at

my duty to report you. I'll give you a chance, if you'll promise me not to go near that place again, or to touch Gunter."

"But the fellow ought to be cleared off!" argued Jimmy Silver. "He's a disgrace to Rookwood, Bulkeley!"

"You can leave that to others older than yourself," said Bulkeley.

"Now then, are you going to give me your word, or do you want me to march you in to the Head?"

"Oh, yes; certainly!"

"Now go and get yourselves clean," said Bulkeley. "You look more like a gang of hooligans than Rookwood fellows!"

Bulkeley wheeled his bike in, and Jimmy Silver & Co., after looking at one another uncertainly for a few moments, followed him. They could not feel that the expedition had been a striking success.

"Just like all your rotten Classical wheezes!" groaned Cook. "I've got a black eye, and old Manders will be down on me; and we're jolly lucky not to be reported to the Head!"

"If we're jolly lucky, what are you grousing about?" mumbled Raby.

"Look at my nose!"

"Blow your nose!"

"Well, blow your eye!"

"You Classical fathead—"



## GETTING RID OF

(Continued  
from the  
previous  
page.)

## GUNTER!

"You cheeky young cads!" stut-tered Adolphus. "Lemme go! I'll lick you, by gad! I'll thrash you, you know! Oh, my nose! Leggo my hair! Yow-wow!"

"Ha, ha! Come on, Adolphus!" Adolphus had to come on.

"We'll take him into Coombe, and put his head in the horse-trough," grinned Lovell.

"Good egg! Come on, Adolphus, dear."

And to Coombe and the horse-trough, the unfortunate Adolphus would infallibly have gone had there not come a sudden interruption. There was a wild clatter of a horse's hoofs on the hard road, and a trap came dashing round a bend of the lane ahead.

"Look out!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four leaped out of the road in time, dragging Adolphus with them. The trap went whirling past.

"A runaway!" gasped Lovell. "That kid'll be killed."

Quite forgetting Smythe of the Shell, the Fistical Four stared after the trap. Its only occupant was a lad of about fifteen, who was dragging at the reins in vain, his somewhat weak face pale with terror. The horse was dashing along at top speed, completely out of control.

The trap from Coombe had passed the juniors in a flash; they had had no time even to think of rendering aid.

And it was impossible to overtake it at the speed at which it was travelling. They could only gaze after it in horror. The vehicle, rocked from side to side of the rough road, and it seemed a miracle that it kept to its wheels at all. A collision with a stone or the bank beside the road might have upset it at any moment, and the occupant would have been hurled out—probably to death.

Jimmy Silver's face was pale. Mechanically he began running after the trap, though there was no hope of getting near it.

"He's done for!" muttered Raby. "Unless somebody stops him—"

"He'll pass Gunter."

"Gunter! That cad!"

"My only hat!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "Look!"

The Classical four halted, dumb-founded.

Gunter had looked up as the trap came thundering on towards the stile. He threw his cigar away, and slipped to the ground.

As the trap thundered up Gunter made a desperate spring at the horse's head.

The juniors felt their hearts stand still as they saw it.

Had Gunter missed his grasp he would have crashed down into the road, fairly under the thundering hoofs; to be crushed out of life by

the hoofs and the wheels. He seemed to be springing to his death.

But he did not miss his grasp. Rascal and blackguard as he was, Gunter was cool as an iceberg, steady as a rock. His grasp was on the bit, and the horse's head was dragged down.

Gunter hung on. Still the trap thundered on, Gunter hanging to the horse's head, dragged along in its wild career.

But in a couple of minutes the weight and the iron grip of the junior from Texas told upon the excited horse. The wild pace slackened, and the trap slowed down.

Slower and slower, till the animal was dragged to a halt, and Gunter, covered with dust, bruised and shaken, but as cool as ever, stood upon his feet, holding the horse.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were running their hardest. They were filled with admiration for Gunter's pluck. They felt that that minute of courage and devotion had atoned for all the sins of the rascal of Rookwood.

They came up, panting.

Gunter had stood for a full minute, getting his breath. The horse, quiet enough now, was trembling in every limb. The weak-faced lad in the trap was still shivering. It was evident enough that his nerve was not like Gunter's.

"Waal, that was a close call, if you like, young 'un," said Gunter, raising his eyes to the boy in the trap.

Then he gave a sudden spring.

"You!" he yelled. He did not see the Fistical Four racing up. He was staring, or rather glaring, at the white face in the trap. "You!" he repeated. "So you've come at last. And I've saved your life—like a fool. Like a thumping fool, Bob."

"Sam!"

"Saved your life!" repeated Gunter, with a hoarse laugh. "Oh, by hokky! If I'd let you break your neck, Bob, I could have played the game on to the end."

"You've saved my life, Sam," said the lad in the trap, in trembling accents. "I—I should have been killed."

"That's a dead cert," sneered Gunter. "You never had any pluck, Bob. If you'd had any pluck, you'd never have let me bullyrag you into playing the game we played, I guess. You changed your mind after I'd left, though, you skunk, and you've gone back on me."

"I—I couldn't keep it up, Sam—there was my father, you know—"

"You hadn't the nerve, you mean," jeered Gunter. "Oh, thumping fool that I was—why didn't I let you break your neck!"

"What the thunder do you mean?" shouted Jimmy Silver, seizing Gunter by the shoulder and shaking him.

"Who's this chap?"

Gunter laughed. "That chap? Can't you guess?"

"Is it—?" began Jimmy.

"The galoot who wrote to me that he'd lost his nerve, and couldn't keep up the game—the galoot who was coming to Rookwood to bowl me out, and show me up—Bob Gunter, the Head's nephew."

"The Head's nephew! My hat!"

"It's true," faltered the lad in the trap. "I am Robert Gunter—I am the nephew of Dr. Chisholm. I'm going to Rookwood now to tell the truth."

"And who are you, then?" shouted Lovell.

The pseudo Gunter grinned.

"I guess I'm Sam Barker, and I was raised on Old Man Gunter's ranch," he said. "And I guess the game's up!"

The 8th Chapter.  
The Truth at Last!

Jimmy Silver whistled.

He had vaguely suspected something of the sort; but it was startling to have his suspicions confirmed in this way. He had been right; the rascal of Rookwood was not the Head's nephew at all, and he had only been playing a part at the old school. Now that the truth was known a score of circumstances could be recalled, which made the juniors wonder that the imposture had never been detected.

"I guess you can get on to Rookwood, Bob," said the outcast. "Give my love to uncle—ha, ha!—and say good-bye to him for me. Hyer, take the ribbons! My hat!" he added scornfully. "I guess you haven't the nerve to drive the hoss now. I calculate I'll drive you."

The Head's nephew started.

"Sam, you wouldn't have the nerve to go to Rookwood again now!"

"Why not?" said Gunter recklessly. "I'm game!"

He jumped into the trap, gathered up the reins, and drove away. The Fistical Four looked at one another.

"Well, that chap takes the cake!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Come on; we're going to see the end of this!"

The Fistical Four hurried after the trap.

The real Gunter sat in it, silent and pale, while the false Gunter drove on with reckless speed, and dashed up to the school-gates with a flourish. He did not stop there. Without a pause he turned the horse in at the gates, and went careering up the drive to the School House. There was a yell from the fellows in the quadrangle as they recognised the driver of the trap.

"Gunter!"

The junior from Texas cracked his whip and laughed, and drove recklessly on. The trap dashed up and stopped outside the School House, the horse in a foam. A crowd gathered round at once, joined by Jimmy Silver & Co., breathless after their race.

"Where's the Head?" shouted Gunter. "Hallo, Bulkeley! How are you getting on? Hallo, Knowles, still the same foxy-faced galoot—ch? Where's the Head? Tell him I've brought him his nephew."

"What!" shouted Bulkeley.

"Ha, ha! Bring the old boy out!" shouted Gunter.

Dr. Chisholm had already appeared on the steps of the School House. His severe old face was pale with anger.

"You have dared to return here!" he exclaimed.

The Texas junior nodded coolly.

"I guess so. I've brought you your nephew—the genuine article this time."

"What!" ejaculated the Head.

"I guess you'd never seen him alive but for me!" chuckled Gunter. "The horse bolted—Bob never did have any nerve—and I stopped him. Haven't I saved your life, Bob, you spoony skunk?"

"Yes," panted the unfortunate Bob.

"It's true, sir!" broke in Jimmy Silver. "We saw it, sir. Gunter might have been killed—it was an awfully narrow shave—Barker, I mean—"

"In Heaven's name, what does all this mean?" exclaimed the Head blankly.

"This galoot is your nephew!" said the junior from Texas, flicking his companion with the whip. The wretched Bob flinched, and Gunter chuckled again. "Tell him you're his nephew, Bob. Blessed if he quite believes it now."

"I'm your nephew, sir, if you are Dr. Chisholm!" faltered Bob. "I'm your sister's son Robert, sir."

"Then—then this boy—"

Amazed as he was, relief flashed into the Head's face. That arrant, reckless blackguard was not his nephew after all! It was a discovery that compensated for much.

"I guess it was my idea, from start to finish," said the so-called Gunter disdainfully. "I don't mind telling the yarn. I was raised on old man Gunter's ranch, and I was Bob's best pal, wasn't I, Bob?"

"Yes!" faltered Bob.

"And when old man Gunter decided to send the kid to England, Bob didn't want to come; he was afraid of being sunk by the Germans, weren't you, Bob, you miserable worm? He was always in a blue funk."

"It wasn't only that," flashed out the miserable Bob. "You made me; you talked me over!"

"Well, so I did," admitted Gunter. "I bullyragged you, didn't I? You never did have any nerve. And I took your place and your name, and took the steamer instead of you, and gave your father's letter to the captain, and came here, and left you in Galveston, where you could have had a topping time if you'd had the grit. But you had to weaken, you worm, and write to me that you were coming, and take the next steamer hadn't you? When I got your letter I meant to scrag you as soon as you arrived, and I've saved your life instead, like a thumping fool!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped the Head. "Boy—Robert—if you are my nephew, get down and come into the House. After this reprehensible trick, I shall certainly not allow you to stay at Rookwood, and you will be sent home immediately. Go in at once, sir!"

The Head's nephew disappeared into the House. Dr. Chisholm fixed a stern gaze upon the impostor who had so cunningly played his part.

"As for you, whoever you are—"

"Sam Barker, I guess!" chuckled the outcast. "And I reckon I'm going back to Texas. I'm fed up with this country."

"It is the best thing you can do," said the Head sternly. "But for the fact that you appear to have acted very courageously in rescuing my nephew from peril, I would place you in the hands of the police to suffer for your imposture. For that reason, and that reason alone, I will allow you to depart in peace. Go!"

"I guess I'm going. Good-bye, cocky!"

The Head, purple with wrath, turned hastily into the House. Gunter—or Barker—swung round the trap, and drove down to the gates, amid a buzzing crowd of excited Rookwood fellows.

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver, following the trap into the road.

"Hallo!"

"You're an out-and-out rotter, Gunter—I mean Barker—but you've got heaps of pluck!" said Jimmy.

"Give us your fist before you go!"

The young adventurer looked at him queerly. Then he leaned over and held out his hand, and Jimmy Silver shook hands with him.

"I guess you're a good sort, Jimmy Silver," he said, and for a moment his reckless hardihood seemed to be gone. "I reckon if I had my time here over again, I'd play my cards a bit different. It's too late now. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, and good luck!"

The trap dashed away. The juniors gazed after it till it vanished round the bend in the road. Then thoughtfully and sedately they turned back into the quad.

"Well, this is a go!" said Lovell. "We've got rid of Gunter! But somehow blessed if I don't half wish he'd stayed!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"He's better in his own country," he said. "There isn't room for a chap of that kind at Rookwood. But he has his good points, and—I'm glad there won't be any more reason for going for Gunter!"

THE END.

(Next Monday's magnificent long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled: "Chumming with Smythe!" Don't miss it!)

## TALES TO TELL!



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

## SHE KNOWS NOW.

Mary was a servant, and, like the majority of servants, she was continually being called to account. She was sweeping the drawing-room and humming some popular air, when in walked her mistress, a stern look on her brow.

"Mary," she said cuttingly, "what makes your nose so red?"

Now, Mary was a witty girl, and was always ready with a reply.

"Well, ma'am," she said, with due politeness, "the reason why my nose is so red is that it's glowing with pride. You see, it is never found poking itself into other people's business!"—Sent in by S. E. Walker, St. John's Wood, N.W.

## A LONG SHAVE.

The barber's little shop was crowded, and at least a dozen men were patiently waiting their turns. The barber worked away diligently at the hair of the man sitting in the chair before him. At last he concluded with a sigh.

"Next, please!" he said.

Immediately an old man tottered towards the chair, and sat down.

"Hair cut or shave?" queried the barber.

"Shave," replied the man, adding as an afterthought: "I reckon you ought to lower your price for a shave in war times."

The barber laughed as he stropped his razor.

"Sorry, sir," he answered, "but it can't be done. Nowadays everybody wears such long faces that we have a great deal more surface to shave over!"—Sent in by E. Ruddle, Camberwell.

## QUEER QUERIES.

Why did the match box? Because the piano-forte.

Why did the owl 'owl? Because the woodpecker would peck 'er.

Why did the penny whistle? Because the threepenny bit.

Why did the fly fly? Because the spider "spider."

Why did the coal scuttle? Because the chimney flew.

Why did Lambeth Walk? Because Grosvenor Road.

Why is Germany running short of ammunition? Because Britain's got Aldershot.

Why was Waltham Cross? Because Kingsway trod on Walthamstow.—Sent in by L. Warman, Manor Park, E.

## VERY HEALTHY.

Mrs. A.: "This is a very healthy town."

Mrs. B.: "I must agree with you that this town holds the record for health."

Mrs. A.: "My father died at eighty-five and my grandfather at one hundred and forty."

Mrs. B.: "Good gracious! One hundred and forty!"

Mrs. A.: "Yes; High Street!"—Sent in by T. Harris, Barry.

## THE POLICEMAN'S ERROR.

Inspector: "Where are you rushing to?"

P.-c. 49: "To fetch a hambulance for a chap who's in a fit."

Inspector: "Can't you bring him to?"

P.-c. 49: "Wot's 'e want two for?"—Sent in by F. Cottle, Peckham, S.E.

## MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!

Readers are invited to send on postcards 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.

## SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

is the title of  
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