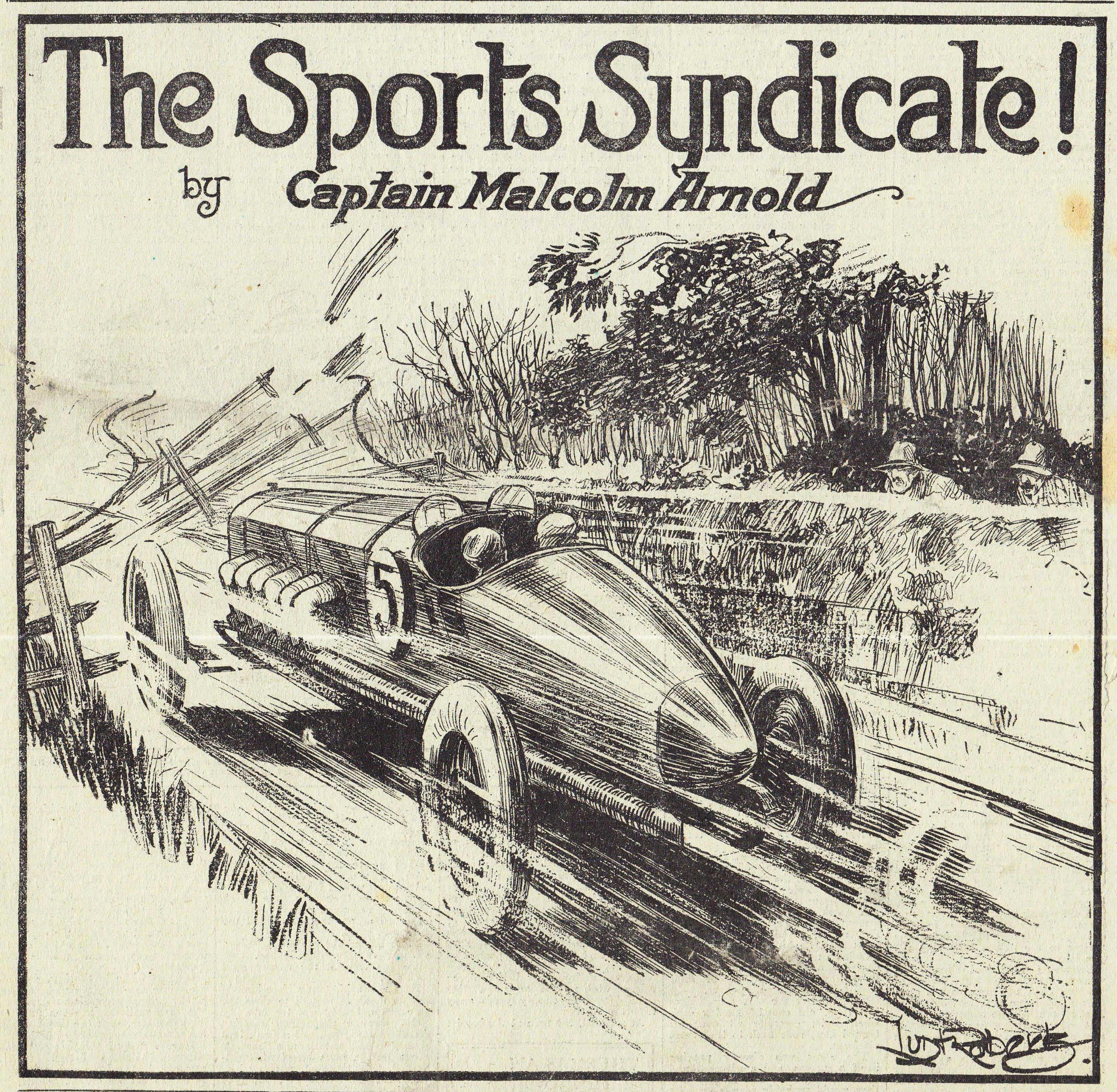
BOYS RIEND Real Boxing Photo of George Cook FREE Monday's Issue!



No. 1,090. Vol. XXII. New Series.]

27 YEARS OLD- AND STILL THE BEST !

Week Ending April 29th, 1922.



THROUGH THE BARRIER! The two men behind the wall, watching anxiously for the car to pull up, got the shock of their lives! Hugh gripped hard at the steering-wheel and the next minute the racing car went clean through the barrier with a crash and roared away on its errand.

GRAND PROGRAMME OF NEW STORIES & GREAT FREE GIFT NEXT MONDAY!

PRACTICAL JOKE!



The 1st Chapter. To the Victor the Spoils!

"Bagshot Bounders!"

"Oh, bother!" said Jimmy Silver

crossly. The Fistical Four of Rookwood

were not pleased.

Fourth, were sitting in a cheery circle can't you?"
in the grass on Coombe Heath. In "No, you rotter!" in the grass on Coombe Heath. In their midst was a lunch-basket.

It was a half-holiday at Rookwood, a sunny spring afternoon. A picnic on the heath had seemed an excellent idea to Jimmy Silver & Co. that sunny afternoon. The basket had been duly and carefully packed at Sergeant Kettle's little shop; Tubby Muffin had been successfully dodged," and the chums of the Classical Fourth, after a long ramble, had settled down on a grassy slope to enjoy their spread. And just as they were about to begin, trouble loomed up on the horizon.

The Fistical Four rose to their feet as Pankley & Co. came trotting down the slope, with grinning faces. The Bagshot Bounders were evidently pleased by the unexpected meeting.

"Fancy meeting you, old beans!" said Pankley affably, as he came up. "How did you know we'd been for a

walk and got hungry?" And the Bagshot crowd chortled. and closed in a grinning circle round

the Rookwood four.

"Keep off!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell.

But the heroes of Bagshot School evidently did not intend to keep off. There was a rush.

It was only what the Rookwooders might have expected, for there was war between the Rookwood juniors and the juniors of Bagshot. They seldom or never met without "rags." The Fistical Four knew what to expect-exactly what they would have handed out, in fact, if the position had been reversed! But though they were only four against eight, they did not intend to yield tamely; and as the Bagshot Bounders attacked, Jimmy of picnickers. Silver & Co. stood on their defence, and there was a terrific scrap raging the next minute.

The Fistical Four of Rookwood were great fighting men-especially so was Jimmy Silver. They lived up to their warlike title on this occasion.

But the odds were too heavy. Four Bagshot Bounders were down, but the other four pressed on hard, and in a few seconds the fallen four were up and rushing on again.

Then a dozen fellows mixed up inextricably in a wild and whirling combat. For several minutes it lasted. but the end was inevitable. And at the end, Jimmy Silver & Co. were lying in the grass, with the victorious Bagshot Bounders sitting or standing on them.

Pankley wiped a stream of crimson from his nose, as he sat on Arthur Edward Lovell's neck.

"My hat! Quite warm while it lasted!" he said breathlessly.

"Gerroff my neck!" came in deep, muffled tones from Lovell.

"Is the lunch ours, Silver?"

"Ow! Oooch! No!" "Hand me the mustard," said Pankley ominously.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Hold on!" gasped Jimmy Silver. accident or a fluke.

the lunch! Groooogh!"

kind of you. So thoughtful, too, Is it a game?" when we're hungry after a long walk. | "Come and let us loose!" howled the fellows," said Gunner. As you're so good, we'll let you off. Lovell. Arthur Edward Lovell had We'll just tie you leg to leg and let never expected to be glad to see you hop home, and when you get to Gunner; but he was glad to see him Rookwood, you can just mention that just then. Bagshot is top school. Anything else | The prospect of appearing on the

we can do for you?" "Oh, you rotter!" gasped Jimmy.

(Author of the Rookwood stories appearing in the "Popular.")

were useless—in the grasp of so many | just then—even Gunner. hands. With fragments of string, "Let you loose!" repeated Gunner. backs, and then they were tied leg to | yourselves up!" leg, in a staggering, gasping row. laughter as they looked at them.

"Now trot, dear boys," said Pankley.

"Let us loose!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell ferociously. "After all the trouble we've taken?

Not likely! March!" "We can't get back to Rookwood like this!" shrieked Newcome.

"You never know what you can do Jimmy Silver, and Lovell, Raby, till you try," said Pankley encourag- "Let us loose, old scout," said that, if he drops and Newcome, of the Rookwood ingly. "You can start, anyhow, Jimmy Silver. "We've got landed Jimmy Silver.

> "I think you can. F'rinstance, I'm | tied behind." going to land out with my boot until you do-like that---"

"Ow!" "And like that--"

"Oh crumbs! Ow! Wow!" could start. In fact, they were

anxious to start.

Four began to | heroes of Rookwood. The sight of struggle again. But their struggles any Rookwood fellow was welcome

FRIEND

and the neckties of the prisoners, and | Gunner's powerful brain was rather other odds and ends, the wrists of the I slow in the uptake. "I suppose you Fistical Four were tied behind their | can let yourselves loose if you've tied

"You frabjous cuckoo!" hissed The Bagshot fellows roared with Lovell. "Do you think we tied ourselves up like this, you burbling jabberwock?"

"Didn't you?" asked Gunner. "Fathead!"

"Ass!" said Raby. "Frumptious owl! Dummy!"

"Burbling chump!" said Newcome. It was not a polite way to request assistance. But the obtuseness of Gunner was irritating at times.

by the Bagshot Bounders, and they've fixed us up like this. Our hands are

of laughter.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fistical Four found that they "What are you cackling at?" shrieked Lovell, in a fury.

"You!" roared Gunner. "Ha, ha,

The unhappy four scrambled and Lovell, in concentrated tones, "I'd loodgy figure in Etons.

going to see the Bagshot Bounders, and get your lunch-basket back from them. See?"

"You can't, you howling ass."

Gunner laughed. "Leave it to me," he said, "I can handle them. I dare say I shall be back at Rookwood, with the lunchbasket, by the time you get therein that state."

"Aren't you going to untie us?" yelled Raby.

"I think not. You see, you fellows want putting down a peg, for your swank," explained Gunner calmly. "It will do you good to hop it into Rookwood in that state. It will show the chaps just what you are worth. Then when I walk in with the lunchbasket, the fellows will be able to see the chap they really want for junior captain. Catch on?"

"Look here, Gunner--" "Good-bye!" said Gunner.

"You-you-" spluttered Lovell.

Peter Cuthbert Gunner walked on cheerily. The Fistical Four looked at one another with feelings too deep for words.

"The-the-the awful rotter!" gasped Lovell. "Don't I wish I had my hands loose! I'd knock some of the stuffing out of him!"

"The Bagshot Bounders will do "Let us loose, old scout," said that, if he drops on them," said

"Yes, that's one comfort."

"Let's get on," groaned Newcome. Gunner understood then. Gunner slowly and uncomfortably, across the Edward Lovell's first action was to could always understand if given grassy heath. Gunner had failed grasp Reginald Muffin by a fat ear. plenty of time. He burst into a roar | them, but they nourished a faint hope | It was Tubby's turn to yell. of meeting some other Rookwooder | "Yarooh! You awful beast! before they reached the road. Arriving at the school in such a state was not to be thought of; it would have been too terrible a humiliation for the They scrambled and staggered and ha! You call yourselves the Fistical great chief of the Lower School. swayed away, in a row, followed by a | Four, don't you? The Funny Four | But they had reached the road yell of laughter. | would be better! Ha, ha, ha!" | before they sighted a single passer-"Good-bye, little birds, good-bye!" | "Look here, Gunner--" | by. And then they breathed relief sang Pankley. "If I had my hands loose," said as they caught sight of a fat and

"Yes, yes, yes!" "More than one kind?" asked Tubby.

"Yes, yes!" "Three kinds?" asked Muffin,

taking out his penknife.

"I-I'll smash you-"

"What?" "I-I mean, yes, three kinds of

'Honest Injun?" asked Tubby cautiously. "Honest Injun!" answered Jimmy

Silver, in a gasping voice. "Right-ho! I'll come," said Muffin. "Shift round and I'll soon cut you loose. Keep still, Lovell." "Yarooooh!"

"What's the matter now?"

"You fat villain, you're digging that dashed penknife into my dashed wrists!" wailed Lovell.

"I told you to keep still, didn't

"Oh dear! I-I--"

"Yaroooop!" came in a wild yell from Raby.

"You ought to keep still," said Tubby. "No good wriggling when a chap's handling a knife."

"Yow-wow-wow!" "It was only a little jab. If you keep on wriggling you'll very likely get it worse."

"Whoooooop!" "There. I told you so!"

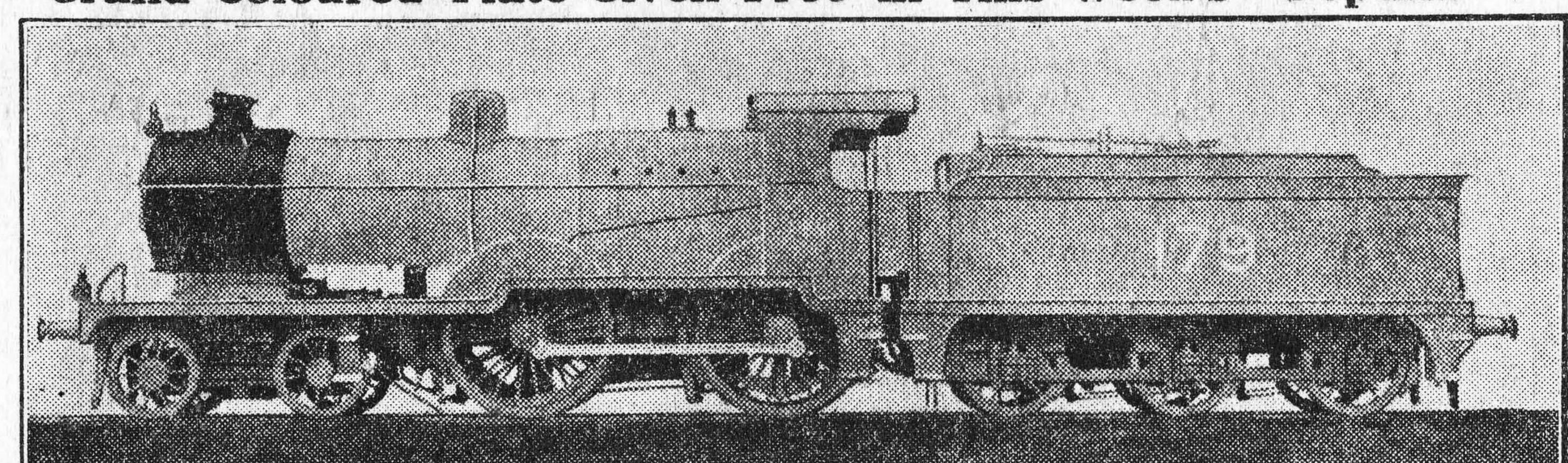
Arthur Edward Lovell choked with wrath. Tubby Muffin had the cords cut at last, and the Fistical Four The unhappy four progressed, wrenched their hands free. Arthur

Leggo! After I've let you loose! Yaroop! Woop! Woop! Yoooop!" "There, you fat rotter!" gasped Lovell. "That'll teach you to vivi-

sect a chap--" "Ow! Wow! Yow!"

Jimmy Silver jerked away the penknife, and cut loose his legs and those of his chums. The Fistical Four I were free at last. If Tubby Muffin

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hopped away; and Pankley & Co., in knock your silly nose half-way through great spirits gathered round the your silly head!" off after all; only with a different set | chuckled Gunner. "Oh, my hat!

The 2nd Chapter Vae Victis!

"Great pip!" Gunner of the Fourth fairly gasped. Peter Cuthbert Gunner, the new boy at Rookwood, was taking a walk

on Coombe Heeth that afternoon. The burly Gunner was sauntering along with his hands in his pockets, when all of a sudden a strange and startling sight dawned upon him, and he stopped and stared.

Four juniors, in a row, were coming towards him. Their hands were behind them, and they were walking very close together, in quite an odd way. They seemed to have some difficulty in making progress, which was explained by the fact that each fellow had his right leg tied to the left leg of the fellow next to him.

Gunner blinked at the Fistical Four. Relations were strained between the four and the new junior. Indeed, Gunner had lately essayed to lick let us loose?" shrieked Lovell, in Jimmy Silver-with disastrous results | great exasperation.

to himself. By what weird accident or fluke Jimmy had had the better of that encounter, Gunner did not quite know; but he knew that it could only be accounted for on the theory of an

"You awful rotters! You can have | "Well, my only aunt Belinda!" ejaculated Gunner, as he stared you're no good as leader, haven't "Sure you don't mind?" smiled | blankly at the Fistical Four. "What I?" Pankley. "Dear boy, this is really | are you fellows got up like that for? | "Oh, dry up!"

public road in their present eclipsed I condition was very painful to the

lunch-basket. The picnic was coming | "But you haven't got 'em loose!" What a sight! Do you fellows know | round, and then came trotting up.

> "Let us loose!" raved Newcome. "Call yourselves leaders of the Fourth!" grinned Gunner. "Precious leaders! Why, I came out this afternoon to look for some of the Bagshot

> bagged you!" "You silly owl, you'd have got the same," howled Lovell. "They were two to one."

> Gunner shook his head. to me," he said airily. "I never I count odds. Where did you leave

"Never mind that. Let us loose." "Have they bagged your picnic?"

grinned Gunner. "Yes, you ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You burbling chump, will you

"Tell me where you left them?" "Over the ridge yonder," said Jimmy Silver, jerking his head.

"How long ago?" "Ten minutes." "Then they'll still be there," said Gunner. "I'll tell you what. I've already told you, Jimmy Silver, that

EVERY MONDAY ... PRICE 2:

how funny you are?" "He, he, he! Where's the picnic?" chortled Tubby Muffin. "I was look-

ing for you fellows---" "Cut this dashed string!" hooted

"You dodged me," said Tubby Bounders. I want to show them that | Muffin severely. "I was coming to | do that." there's a chap at Rookwood now who the picnic, and you know it. Where's can give them the kybosh! What a | the grub?"

pity I wasn't with you when they good chap."

helpless picnickers. "Two to one wouldn't matter much | "Serve you jolly well right!" he | Rookwood was like a horrid dream to said. "I'm jolly hungry, you know. Mussin. The Fistical Four fairly

> you like, Jimmy." "Cut us loose, and we'll stand you | When the spread came off in the

Jimmy Silver. "Buck up!" howled Lovell.

"Yes, yes! Cut us loose!" like that," said Tubby Muffin just then. agreeably. "They'd cackle no end at Rookwood if you came home like

"Will you get a move on?" hissed

be cake for tea?"

"Bother the cake! Let us loose." Sergeant Kettle has some new plum "I'm going to show you, and all cakes that are simply ripping. If brought home to Rookwood in

> Silver. "Do let us loose, Muffin. bert Gunner. The task which had There's some people coming up the been too much for the Fistical Four

like this," grinned Muffin. there be any jam?"

"Muffin!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. I had expected any demonstration of "Muffin! I say, Muffin!" he gratitude, Tubby Muffin was booked shouted, with all the strength of his for a disappointment. The Fistical lungs; and the fat Classical blinked | Four glared at him in a way that expressed many feelings, but gratitude

was not among the number. "We've said we'll stand that fat rotter a spread, and we'll do it." gasped Jimmy Silver. "But we haven't said that we won't kick him all the way to Rookwood. And we'll

"Yarooooh!" Tubby Muffin broke into wild "The Bagshot Bounders have got | flight. After him went the Fistical it. Cut us loose, Tubby, there's a Four. Tubby Muffin deserved some-I thing, but it is much to be feared The fat Classical chortled. He | that he received the deserts of seemed in no hurry to release the Gunner and the Bagshot Bounders, as well as his own! That run to I'll come to tea in the end study, if | dribbled him all the way to the

school. a tea with-with pleasure," gasped | end study-for Jimmy Silver's word was his bond, and the spread was duly stood-Tubby Muffin did not "A real decent spread?" asked enjoy it so much as he had anticipated. He stood up to it. For reasons best known to himself the fat "You look awfully funny tied up | Classical had no desire to sit down

The 3rd Chapter. This Side Up With Care!

After tea, Jimmy Silver & Co. remembered the existence of Peter "Certainly, old chap. Will there Cuthbert Gunner. He had left them with the declared intention of seeking the Bagshot Bounders, giving them "The cake's rather important. | the "kybosh," and recapturing the lunch-basket, which was to be there isn't going to be a cake--" | triumph as an undeniable proof of "There will be a cake," said Jimmy | the amazing prowess of Peter Cuthwas nothing to Peter Cuthbert-in "Wouldn't they cackle to see you Peter Cuthbert's own estimation. As he had said, he never counted odds. Jimmy Silver & Co. smiled as they

wondered what had happened to him. Doubtless he had found the Bagshot party; that part of his task was easy enough. The rest of it, undoubtedly, he had not performed. It must have been the Bagshot Bounders who had performed. Gunner's part could only have been passive, while that of Pankley & Co. was active. Quite curious to know what had happened to Gunner, whether he had yet returned to Rookwood, and whether he had returned all in one piece, the Fistical Four went down after tea and inquired for him.

They found that Gunner had not

yet returned. They inquired for him up and down the school and, at last, they received some information from Tommy Dodd. Tommy of the Modern Fourth. Dodd had seen the great Gunner.

"That idiot?" said Tommy, as Jimmy met him at the gates, and inquired. "Oh, yes, I've seen him." "Still alive?" asked Lovell, with a

"Oh, yes. He was walking with

some Bagshot fellows." "Walking with them?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, in astonishment.

"That's it. I saw them coming off the heath," said Tommy Dodd. "As there were eight or nine of the Bounders, I didn't go close to them." "They can't have chummed," said

Raby, puzzled. "What was he walking with them for?"

"Possibly because he couldn't help it," grinned Tommy Dodd. "Pankley and Price had arms through his arms, and I fancy they were holding on. The whole crowd were grinning like a lot of Cheshire cats. Gunner seemed to have amused them somehow. They were walking off towards Bagshot. I dare say he's there by now. I hope they'll keep him. Gunner's superfluous here."

"Well, he asked for it," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "I suppose they'll rag him a little, and send him home in time for calling-over."

"I'd have chipped in, if it had been worth while," observed Tommy Dodd. "But, as he's only a Classical, it didn't matter much what became of him, did it?"

After which remark, Tommy Dodd wisely scudded for Mr. Manders' house before the Fistical Four could make a suitable rejoinder.

"Cheeky Modern ass!" growled Lovell. "I say, I wonder what they've done to Gunner. I suppose he just dropped into their paws like a ripe apple."

Jimmy Silver laughed. "Just that!" he said. "I hope they haven't quite slaughtered him. He's a born fool and a cheeky ass, but---'

"Hallo, I hear from Muffin that you fellows had a great time this afternoon," remarked Valentine Mornington, joining the Fistical Four, with a grin on his face.

"Blow Muffin!" growled Lovell. It was not pleasant to the heroes of the Fourth to have their misadventure talked of up and down Rookwood. It was an indignity they would gladly have forgotten. They walked away without giving Mornington any particulars, leaving the dandy of the Fourth grinning. But Morny was not the only one who had heard the story. Tubby Muffin, perhaps remembering the way he had been dribbled home, was relating it up and down the Lower School to every fellow who would listen, with details and exaggerations of his own. The Fistical Four found themselves subjected to a fire of inquiry and chipping, which did not please them.

They retired to their study, and Peele of the Fourth looked in to inquire whether it was true that Tubby Muffin had seen them on their knees, begging for mercy from the Bagshot Bounders. Tubby was evidently improving the tale every time he related it. The Fistical Four did not answer Cyril Peele's inquiry, but they collared him and jerked him into the study, and the next minute Peele Silver," grunted old Mack. "And was howling for quarter. When Carter says there's five shillings to Peele left the end study, it was "on | pay." his neck," and he did not return to make any more inquiries.

The chums of the Fouth started | ing here five minutes." their prep unusually early. They did not yearn for the company of their | "Only just heard. Lend me a bob | "Rabbits don't make a queer sound | Form-fellows just then. As for or two, you fellows. I've got only like that. Sounds sort of suffocated." Gunner, they dismissed that fatuous youth from their minds. Whatever had happened to Gunner, it did not Raby another, and Newcome a six- Jimmy Silver recommenced on the remove the gag. He held up his matter. The Fistical Four agreed pence. Jimmy produced half-a- packing-case. He cracked fragment hand, and a smear of black showed upon that. They were deep in prep | crown, and the variety of coins of | after fragment of wood from the top, | on his fingers. Evidently it had come Tubby Muffin looked in.

a ruler. "Pax, you know! I say, Jimmy, it was possible that he would have necks to look into the mysterious case.

captain of the Fourth.

"Something's come for you," said Tubby, his round eyes beaming. "I say, if it's tuck, there's a thumping lot of it. Perhaps it's a new bike, though. Are your people sending you a new bike?"

"Not that I know of," said Jimmy, with a stare.

"It must be tuck, then," said Tubby. "I came up to tell you specially, old chap. The carrier old Mack's arguing with him now." Jimmy.

there's a hamper in it---"

The Fistical Four jumped up. Jimmy sometimes had hampers from home, and they were always welcome. "Let's go down," said Lovell. "If it's a hamper it's just in time, after we've had our picnic scoffed. Come on."

"Can't be a hamper if it's in a packing-case," said Jimmy, puzzled. 'I did mention to my pater that if I had a new bike for the summer, it would come in jolly useful. But he hasn't said anything. I wonder-" "Let's see, anyhow."

"If it's tuck!" said Tubby Muffin, | blissfully.

Jimmy Silver & Co. hurried out of the end study, without heeding Jimmy Silver started on the wooden | tween his open jaws. He was just Muffin. They found a dozen fellows case. It was made of closely-fitted able to mumble.

Putty Grace, looking at the packingcase. "Carter must have brought it from the station."

"I suppose so," said Jimmy. "But there's no railway labels on

"That's odd," said Jimmy, in surprise. "Unless somebody in Coombe | a human being. His body was hidden has sent it to me. Blessed if I catch | by straw packed round him, but the

"Open at once, perishable!" ex- holes in the lid where the lid had won't leave it till he's been paid, and | claimed Tubby Muffin. "It must be | been. The face was as black as the tuck. Perhaps the labels came off | ace of spades, and the eyes were roll-"What is it, then?" demanded in the carrier's cart. What does it ling wildly. "Oh, dry up."

"If it's tuck, somebody must have I that fellow Carter was on to it. spent a small fortune on a cargo that | knowed there was something up. He size," grinned Mornington. "Any- was so pertickler the case must be how, it's perishable. Better get it opened at once. He knows all about

can stand a dormitory spread." "Hear, hear!"

Old Mack chimed in. "You'd better open that there case 'ere, Master Silver," he said. "If so be there's pastries and sich in that

report it." "Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Lend me a hammer, old

Old Mack produced a hammer, and | round the boy's head, passing be-

"A human being-"

"Great Scott!" "Oh, lor'!" spluttered old Mack, as he stared at the weird contents of the packing-case.

Jimmy Silver fairly blinked. On his back in the packing-case lay

matter, anyhow? Open it at once. "A-a-a blooming nigger!" "A packing-case, a jolly big one," I say, Jimmy, I'll help you. If it's stuttered old Mack. "This 'ere is a said Tubby, impressively. "If tuck—" tuck—" lark-sending a nigger to this 'ere school in a packing-case. I know

face was uncovered, just under the

open, Jimmy, and if it's tuck, you it, that there carrier does!" "What-what-what on earth does mean?" babbled Jimmy Silver.

"A-a negro! My hat! He-hehe's alive!"

"Can't he speak?" exclaimed Raby. A faint mumble came from the there packing-case it's my dooty to negro.

"He's dumb!" howled Tubby

"Fathead, he's gagged. There was a handkerchief tied

gathered round Mack's lodge, outside 'rough wood, and he noticed, with ' Jimmy Silver, with his brain in a



Tubby Muffin made absolutely no attempt to liberate the four luckless juniors. He seemed to regard the situation as funny in the extreme.

Jimmy looked at it curiously. doubt about that. The name and | rabbits in a packing-case. But--" address were stencilled on it in large | He stopped suddenly. In his astonletters: "J. SILVER, ROOKWOOD ishment he nearly dropped the SCHOOL, NEAR COOMBE, hammer. From the interior of the SUSSEX." In still larger letters packing-case there came, suddenly, a were stencilled: "PERISHABLE. low, faint sound—a faint, mumbling was sitting up, and the straw packing OPEN AT ONCE. THIS SIDE UP | gurgle! What the mysterious pack- | fell away from him, it could be seen WITH CARE!"

"It can't be a bike, then."

"Tuck," said Tubby Muffin, who had followed the Fistical Four, in a state of breathless anticipation. "I

say, what a cargo! If it's tuck--" "This 'ere's for you, Master

"I've got to get on my round,"

"Sorry," said Jimmy, politely. half-a-crown."

when a tap came at the door, and the realm were presented to the and straw packing oozed out. Three off the boy's complexion. carrier. There was nothing left over or four juniors seized hold of the lid "He-he's not a nigger!" stuttered Arthur Edward Lovell reached for | for a tip, so Jimmy thanked Mr. | as soon as it was loosened, and jerked | Jimmy Silver dazedly. "Why, my Carter politely instead of handing it off. "Hold on!" exclaimed Mussin. out a gratuity. Mr. Carter grunted: | There was a general craning of disguise!" you're wanted." | preferred a gratuity. He returned to | The excitement was breathless now. |

"I say, that's a bit odd," remarked utter amazement.

which the Coombe carrier had some surprise, that there were a whirl, began to unfasten the handdeposited a large wooden packing- number of large holes bored in the kerchief. The negro sat up suddenly, wood.

"Can't be white rabbits," he said, It was for Jimmy; there was no in wonder. "They wouldn't send Jimmy Silver's chin.

"Perishable!" said Jimmy Silver. But, whatever it was, it was alive!

The 4th Chapter. A Huge Jape.

ing-case.

excitement.

"It-it's alive!" ejaculated Lovell.

Can't be a pig!" "Nor white rabbits," said Conroy. | you know, and burgle it."

"Get it open, Jimmy!" exclaimed Lovell sorted out a shilling, and Raby breathlessly.

and there was a loud crack as his head came into violent contact with

"Yow!" roared Jimmy.

"Groooogh!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's in Etons!" shrieked Raby.

It was true. Now that the boy ing-case contained was a mystery. I that he was wearing an Eton jacket. His wrists were loosely tied together. In blank amazement, the Rookwood juniors stared at him.

"Tain't a man," said Lovell, "it's Jimmy Silver blinked at the pack- | a boy-a black schoolboy. Can't be a new kid. We should have heard if The juniors crowded round in great | there was a nigger coming to the school:"

"D-d-d-did you hear that?" gasped "New boys don't arrive in packingcases!" chuckled Mornington.

"I say, it's a burglar!" howled grunted the carrier. "I've been wait- ! "Listen! Something grunting! Tubby Muffin, in great excitement. "This is a trick to get into the school,

"He's in disguise!" yelled Lovell. "What!" "Look!"

Lovell had been helping Jimmy to

fingers are all black, too! He's in THE END.

with the hammer. Better stun him!" On sale everywhere Monday!)

Boxing Photos for "BOYS' FRIEND" READERS!

See page 498.

Jimmy jerked the gag away at last. The prisoner of the packing-case opened his mouth wide, and gasped.

"Oooooooh!" yelled Tubby "Stand aside!" Muffin, brandishing the hammer. "Lemme get at him! Better stun

"Hold on, you fat chump--" "He's a burglar, I tell you! Better stun him, and-"

"Yaroooh! Keep off!" shrieked the black boy. "Keep that dan-

gerous maniac off!" Jimmy Silver almost fell down.

He knew that voice!

"Gunner!" "Gunner!" babbled Lovell. "Gunner!" shrieked the Rook-

wood juniors. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Gunner!" said old Mack dazedly. "Master Gunner! Oh, holy smoke!

I'll report yer!" "Can't you untie a fellow!" yelled Gunner. "I've been in this dashed packing-case half an hour! Let a fellow out, can't you, you blithering

owls? Untie my paws, you boobies!" "Gunner!" gasped Jimmy Silver faintly.

He mechanically released the hapless Gunner. Peter Cuthbert-for it certainly was he, though he was quite unrecognisable - rolled out of the packing-case, and scrambled to his

Peter Cuthbert was almost foaming

with rage. "Calling me a nigger!" he howled. "You frabjous chumps! Don't you know a Rookwood chap when you see

"Not when he's got a face like that!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "You unspeakable idiot, what do you mean by coming home in a packing-case

with your silly face blacked?" "How could I help it!" raved Gunner. "They collared me, and walked me off, and kept me, and got that dashed packing-case, and shoved soot over my chivvy, and put me in, and tipped that villain Carter five bob to bring me here! Oh dear! I-I've

had an awful time!" "Ha, ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver, comprehending at last. "The Bagshot Bounders, of course!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You owe us five bob, Gunner!" exclaimed Lovell warmly. "We've paid five bob on that packing-case. We're not paying that for you. You're not worth one of the bobs!"

"Perishable! This side up with care!" sobbed Mornington. "Oh, my only summer hat! Ha, ha, ha!" "I don't see anything to cackle at!" howled Gunner.

"Wait till you get near a lookingglass, old bean, then you will."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "So that's how you gave them the kybosh, Gunner!" said Jimmy Silver, wiping his eyes. "You let them black your face and shut you up in a packing-case—this side up with care!

Ha, ha, ha!" "How could I help it?" roared Gunner. "There were eight of them. I could have licked seven; but eight was too many!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Here comes Greely!" howled Raby. "You'd better take that face away before it's seen, Gunner!"

"Oh, my hat!" Gunner sprinted. Mr. Greely had the surprise of his life as an excitedlooking negro dashed past him in the Rookwood quadrangle, and vanished before the Fifth Form master could raise a hand to stop him. Jimmy Silver & Co. scattered, howling with merriment. It was a Bagshot triumph. and "one up" against Rookwood. But the Rookwooders howled over it-all except Gunner.

The humour of the situation was quite lost on Peter Cuthbert Gunner. For a long time he was busy in a bath-room, removing the complexion the Bagshot Bounders had bestowed upon him, while the Fourth-Formers howled with merriment, and Mr. Greely, in a very surprised and startled frame of mind, was seeking up and down Rookwood for the wilalooking negro who had rushed past him in the quad. Fortunately, Mr. Greely did not find him!

(There will be another long com-"He's a burglar!" hooted Tubby plete story of the juniors of Rook-Muffin. "I say, stand clear, you wood School in next Monday's "Well, what is it?" grunted the his cart and drove away. "It's a nigger!", yelled Lovell, in fellows, while I hit him on the head | Bumper Number of the Boys' FRIEND