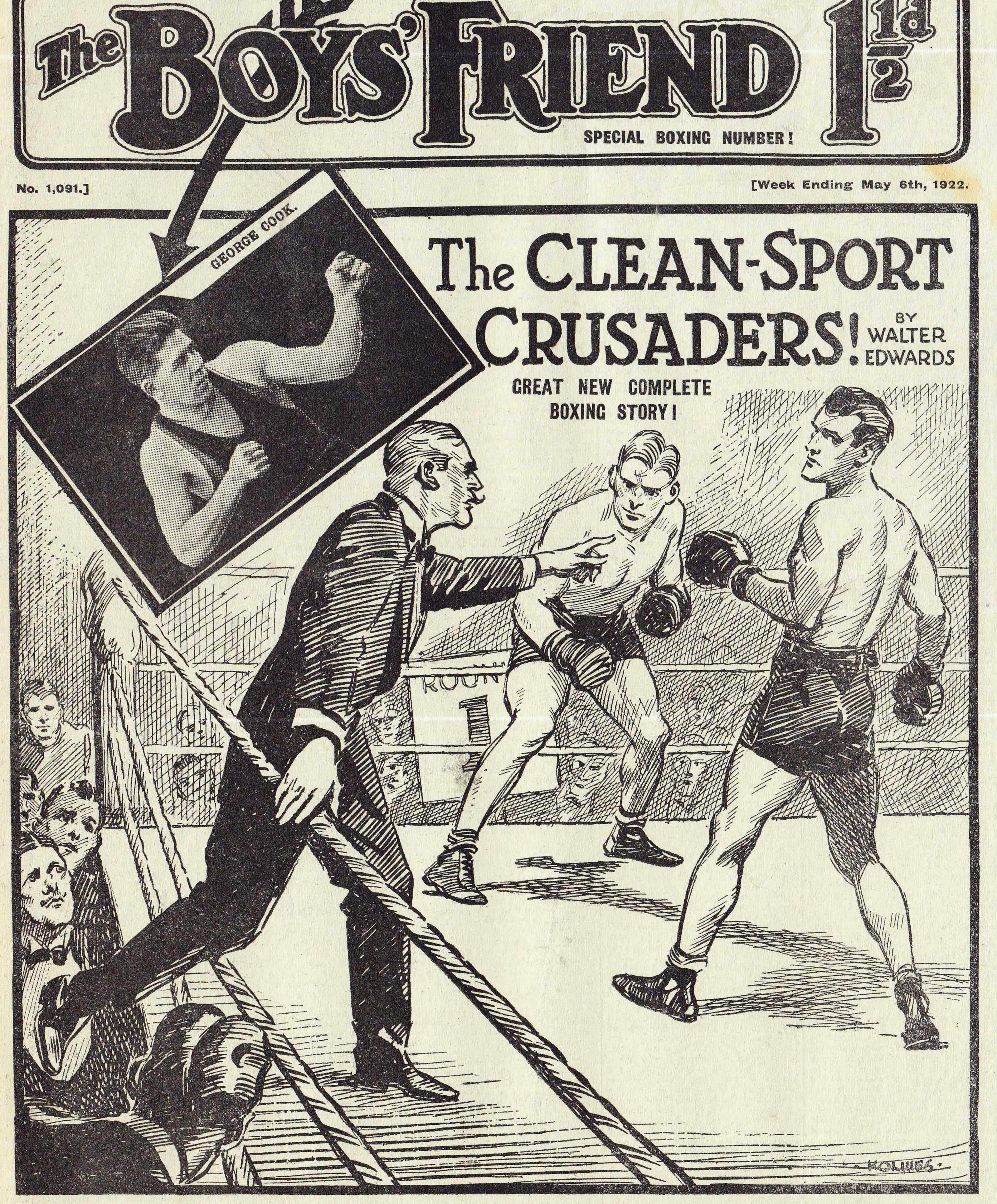
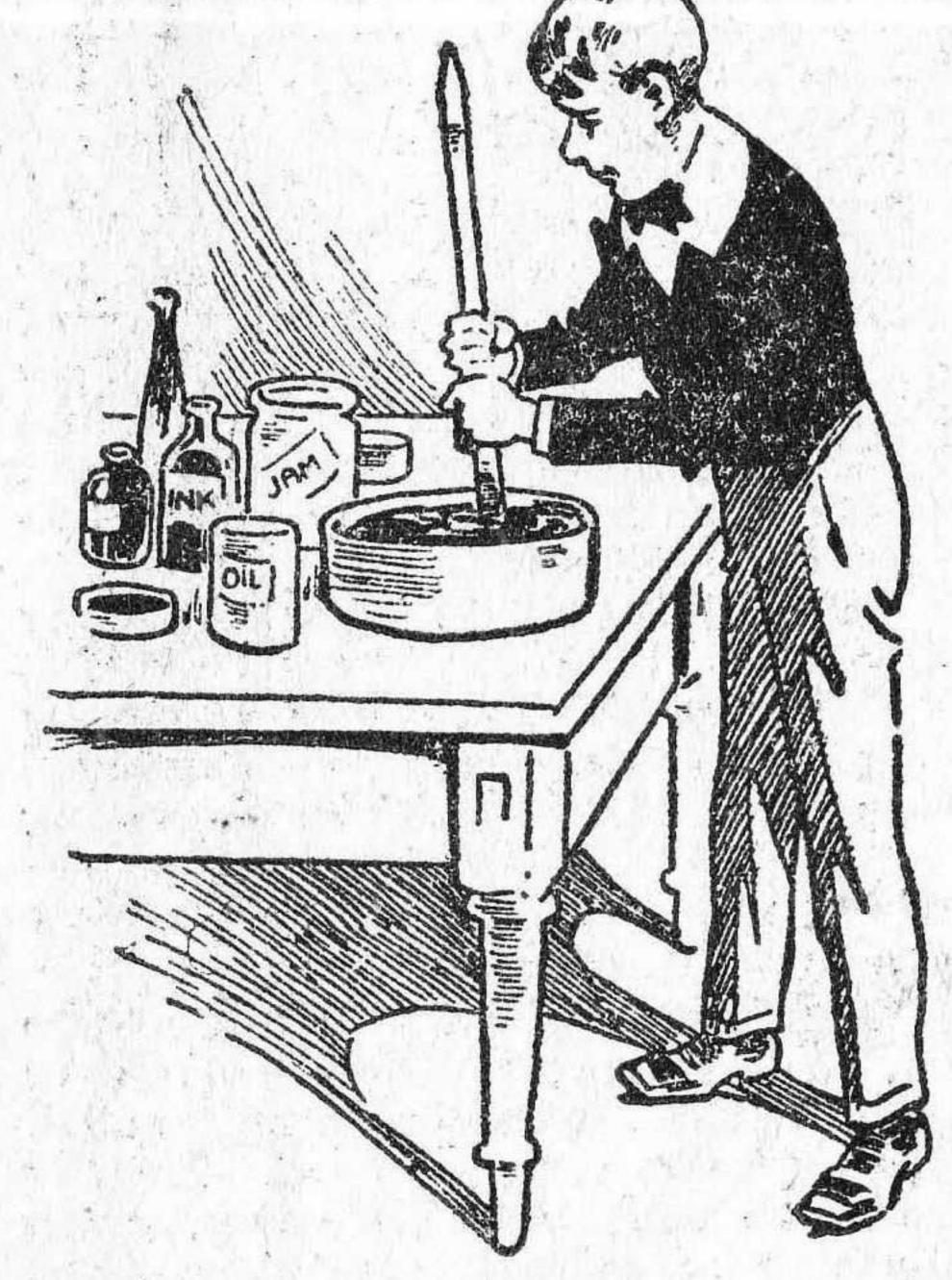
FREE REAL PHOTO OF GEORGE COOK

(The Famous Heavy-weight Boxer from Australia) Given Away in this Issue!



To Everyone's Intense Surprise the Referee Climbed Through the Ropes and Warned Poirret Against Hitting Low! (A Startling Incident from the Long Complete, Boxing Yarn Inside.)

By Owen Conquest



*The 1st Chapter. Gunner Doesn't Care!

"Bulkeley--"

"Bother Bulkeley-"

"Bulkeley says---"

"My dear fellow," said Peter Cuthbert Gunner of the Rookwood Fourth, "you needn't tell me what Bulkeley says. I'm not interested."

And Gunner waved a large hand at Jimmy Silver, to intimate that the matter was closed.

Gunner's study-mate, Dickinson minor, looked at Gunner in great i amazement. Gunner's remarks indicated that he possessed either a very strong nerve, or a remarkably thick head.

"Bulkeley says," roared Jimmy Silver, "that you're to go to his

study at once." "Haven't the time," said Gunner. "I don't know whether I ought to

take you by the scruff of the neck and walk you there!" said Jimmy meditatively. "But I want my tea. I've given you Bulkeley's message, anyhow."

"Shut the door after you!" said

Gunner

ings with difficulty. Peter Cuthbert Gunner had many little ways that made fellows yearn to punch his head. In fact, his head had been punched fairy often since his arrival at Rookwood School. Whether cheek, or swank, or obtuseness predominated among his many engaging qualities, the juniors had not been able to calmly. decide. But he possessed all those valuable gifts in generous measure.

Jimmy decided that Gunner was likely to get enough from Bulkeley, and he forebore to give him any to | "Lots, I should think!" chuckled door, and went on to his own quarters with his comrades.

Gunner settled down comfortably at the tea-table again in Study No. 7. Dickinson minor blinked at him, wondering where Gunner got his nerve from; but Gunner did not seem aware that he had displayed unusual nerve. He helped himself to a third | doorway of Study No. 7, and gazed egg and a fourth muffin. Gunner had a very healthy appetite; and for- son minor was on his feet, nervous tunately he had ample funds, and tea in Study No. 7 was always a royal looked cheerily at the prefect across spread. Perhaps that was one of the | the tea-table, and waved his eggreasons why Dickinson minor was a spoon towards a vacant chair. faithful- and admiring follower of P. C. Gunner. Certainly Dickinson did full justice to the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

"I say, Bulkeley will be waxy if you don't go!" said Dickinson.

"Let him wax!" said Gunner. "Yes; but prefects lick, you

"They don't lick me," said Gunner. his hand. "I'm not exactly like the other juniors here, Dickinson. Properly gruffly. speaking, I should be in the Fifth. It's only the Head's crass stupidity that keeps me in the Fourth. I told him so-"

Dickinson minor,

"Not exactly in those words,"

said Gunner.

"But I've got to stick in the Mornington, or Dickinson?"
Fourth," said Gunner. "Rotten, if "He, he, he!" came from the pas-Dickinson."

Dickinson minor coughed.

"I've got to stand it." sense. Getting a bit old, I think- with authority. hardly suitable for headmaster of a "I was going to cane you, Gunner, " N-n-no! Certainly net, old chap."

school like this. The governors | for boxing the ears of Snooks of the don't seem to see it-but that's my opinion. But there's one thing I won't stand-I'm not being hectored by prefects. Properly speaking, I should be a prefect myself. If Bulkeley of the Sixth wants to speak to me, let him come to my study. As | "I shall cane you for molesting

for a licking, I should refuse." "But---" "Pass the muffins," said Gunner. "Don't talk so much, Dickinson. Fellow can hardly hear his own voice

in this study."

"Oh!" gasped Dickinson. Gunner negotiated his fifth muffin, ing for warfare.

"Bulkeley wants you, Gunner!" he snapped.

"He can come here if he likes," said Gunner.

"Didn't Silver tell you-" "Oh, yes!"

"Well, now you're to go! Hook

"Rot!" "You silly ass!" exclaimed Mornington. "Bulkeley's told me to

bring your answer." "Right! Tell him that if he wants to speak to me I'm willing to receive him in my study. I haven't time to come down at present."

Valentine Mornington blinked at the new junior.

"You want me to tell that to the captain of the school?" he ejacu-"Certainly."

"Well, I'll tell him," said Morny, with a grin.

"Do !" Mornington departed, and Gunner cracked another egg. minor regarded him almost with awe. Certainly there was no other junior at Rookwood who would have ventured to send such a reply to Bulkeley of the Sixth. Unless Gunner possessed a colossal cheek and the Jimmy Silver suppressed his feel- | courage of a lion, it was a case of fools rushing in where angels feared to tread.

> The door opened again quite suddenly, and Tubby Muffin's fat face grinned in.

> "Bulkeley's coming for you, Gunner!" chortled Tubby. "Let him come!" said Gunner

"He's got his ashplant."

"What does his ashplant matter to me?" said Gunner, with a superb indifference.

begin with. He closed the study Tubby; and he rolled away, as a heavy tread sounded in the Fourth Form passage.

The 2nd Chapter. Gunner is Sorry!

Bulkeley of the Sixth stood in the into the study-at Gunner. Dickinand uneasy. Not so Gunner. He

"Trot in," he said. "Sit down, Bulkeley."

The captain of Rookwood came in. but he did not sit down. His rugged face was angry and grim. It did not l please him to have to negotiate two flights of stairs in quest of a recalcitrant junior. His ashplant was under his arm, and he let it slide down into

"I sent for you, Gunner!" he said

"I know."

"Why did you not come?"

"Having tea." "Don't you know that a junior has "You told the Head so!" ejaculated to obey an order from a Sixth-Form

prefect?" "That hardly applies to me," said FREE BOXING PHOTO Gunner calmly. "I hope you don't look on me as a fag like Silver, or

vou like-fellow like me in a junior sage. Tubby Muffin was there, look-Form, and having to chum up with ing in for the entertainment. Some scrubby little beggars like you, more members of the Classical Fourth were gathering round, with grinning faces. They seemed to expect to said derive some entertainment from the Gunner. "Can't make the Head see sight of Peter Cuthbert in conflict

Second Form," said Bulkeley.

"What utter rot!" said Gunner. "Why shouldn't I box a cheeky fag's ears? I considered that it might do Snooks good."

"But now," continued Bulkeley, Snooks, and cane you also for cheeking a prefect."

"You won't!" said Gunner.

"Get up and hold out your hand." Gunner got up; but he did not hold out his hand. Much to the astonishment of the Sixth-Former, There was a tap at the door as the burly junior seemed to be prepar-

and Mornington looked in. "You hear me, Gunner?" snapped Bulkeley.

"I'm not deaf!"

"Hold out your hand!" thundered Whack, whack, whack! the Rookwood captain.

"Rats!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dickinson. minor, almost overcome by that reply to the captain of the school.

left hand; and with his right he of licking you again." wielded the ashplant.

Whack!

and rapidity, and the dust rose from demoniac yells rose from Gunner.

Up to that moment Gunner had | you know! I can't lick Bulkeley!" flattered himself that he could put up | "Of course you can't!" agreed a fight even against a Sixth-Former. Dickinson minor, grinning at the Gunner's confidence in his own idea. powers was unbounded. But, as had often happened before, when the said Gunner, frowning. "Nothing pinch came, Gunner found that his of the sort. Bulkeley happens to be confidence was misplaced. Burly as a bit too hefty for me, that's all. I he was, he was an infant in the hands | can't lick a fellow above the Fifth! of the stalwart prefect, and he was | But I'm not going to take this lying held helplessly on the table while the I down! ashplant lashed and thrashed.

Whack, whack, whack! Gunner. "Leggo, you rotter! Oh, haps Bulkeley thinks that the matter my hat! Whooooooop!"

Whack, whack, whack! "Now," said Bulkeley, pausing in mured Dickinson.

the castigation, "I think you're too! "It's not finished!" said Gunner. big a fool, Gunner, to understand for I've got to get my own back. I quite what a cheeky young idiot you I shall leave everything else aside till are. Otherwise, I should take you to I've got my own back. I'm going to the Head. I'm trying to make you make Bulkeley sit up-sit up and take understand."

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo!"

"If you're sorry for playing the "I-I say, you'll get into an awful goat, I'll let it go at this," said row if you jape a prefect!" said Bulkeley. "Are you sorry?"

"No!" roared Gunner. Whack, whack, whack!

"Are you sorry now, Gunner?" inquired Bulkeley grimly.

"N-n-no!" gasped Gunner, wrig- and you're going to help me!" gling helplessly in the powerful grip that pinned him to the table.

"Yow-ow-wooooop!" roared Gun-

ner. "Stoppit!" "Are you sorry, my boy?"

"Oh dear, yes!"

It was out at last! Bulkeley of the Sixth said no more. "Very good," said Bulkeley, re-It was a time for action, not for leasing the rebel of the Fourth. "I words. He strode at Gunner, and hope this lesson won't be lost on you, grasped him by the collar with his Gunner. I don't want the trouble

l arm and walked out of the study. I "That's all right then!" Gunner

licked!" been Gunner's trousers, and a series of Gunner. "Bulkeley of the Sixth has had the cheek to handle me. Me,

"There's no of course about it!"

"Bulkeley's licked me!" went on Gunner darkly! "Ow-wow! Well, "Yoooop! Yooooohoooop!" roared we shall see what we shall see! Per-

is finished." "No perhaps about that!" mur-

notice, you know. I'm going to make him sorry for himself."

Dickinson minor in alarm.

"I don't want any advice from a fag, Dickinson."

66 Oh !" "I'm going to make him sit up,

"Oh, am I?" exclaimed Dickinson warmly.

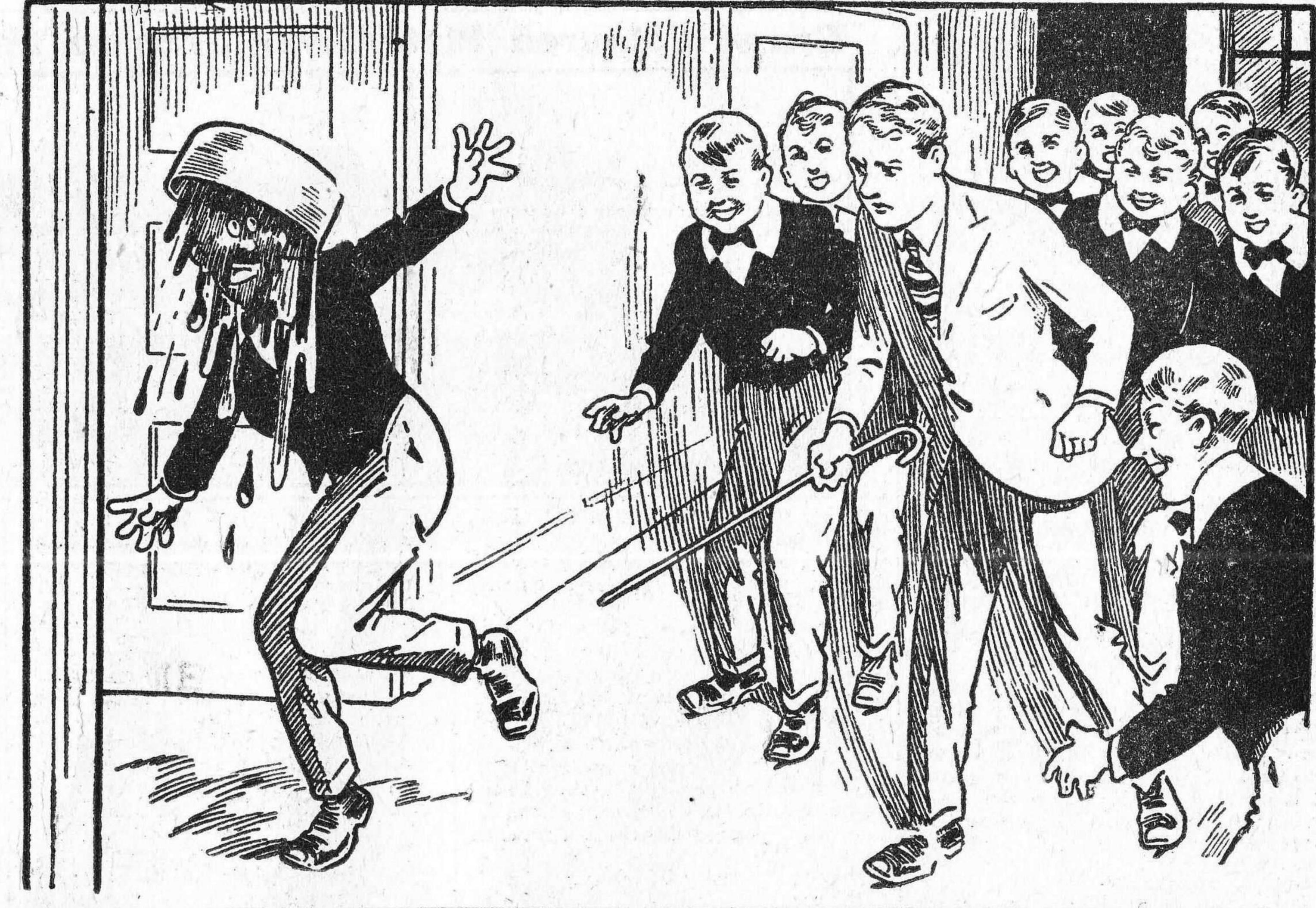
"Yes, or else I'm going to give you a jolly good licking!" said Gunner, pushing back his cuffs and advancing upon his study-mate.

Dickinson minor backed round the

"I-I say, Gunner-"

"Are you going to back me up?" roared Gunner. "Ye-es, old chap; of course!" said

Dickinson feebly. "I-I was going He tucked his ashplant under his to all along, you know!"



Wowowooch!" There was a sudden wild yell from Peter Cuthbert Gunner, that rang over half Rookwood! The new junior had got his own mixture—on his head!

"Yoooop!" roared struggling.

Gunner struggled round on the prefect, and drove his clenched fist seriousness of his line of action.

Bulkeley's grasp tightened on the "Hard lines, old chap!" murmured rebellious junior, till it seemed like the grip of a vice. Gunner found himself lifted helplessly across the end of the table, face down. Then the ashplant rose and fell with vigour

NEXT MONDAY'S IS OF

THE SCOTCH WONDER BOXER AND COMING ... LIGHT-WEIGHT!

Gunner, Peter Cuthbert Gunner rolled off the I said, placated. "Now shut up! I table, wriggling painfully.

"He, he, he!"

full at Bulkeley's chin. Bulkeley way, and Tubby Muffin made a jump | Bulkeley!" uttered a sharp exclamation as the to escape. He eluded Gunner's large | And Peter Cuthbert Gunner prohard knuckles landed there. Gunner | boot by the fraction of an inch as he | ceeded to explain in grim, concenwas game, at least, as well as being fled. Gunner slammed the door trated tones, and Dickinson minor much too obtuse to realise the savagely on the grinning crowd out-

Dickinson minor.

Gunner groaned. "Oh dear! I'm hurt! Ow!"

but jumped up again with a howl. | into the study. Gunner was limping He decided to lean on the mantel- a little-he seemed still to be feeling piece instead of sitting down. Dick- | the effects of the drastic lesson he inson minor bent his face over his had received in discipline. There tea-cup to hide a grin. Gunner's was a grim, determined expression glorious defiance of constituted on his rugged face. Gunner had let authority had ended rather ignomin- | the sun go down upon his wrath. comic side to the affair. Gunner this study?" asked Gunner.

"I've been licked!" said Gunner, with a deep, deep breath. "Me, you know. Licked-just like a fag!" "Well, you are a fag, ain't you?"

said Dickinson innocently. "Don't be cheeky, Dickinson. I don't want any back-chat from you," said Gunner wrathfully.

keep on telling you that you talk too much! Now shut up and listen while Gunner made a jump for the door- I explain what's going to happen to

listened, with his eyes growing larger and rounder at every word.

The 3rd Chapter. Vengeance!

Jimmy Silver looked up from his He sat down heavily in his chair, prep with a smile as Gunner came

iously, and his study-mate saw a "You fellows got any treacle in

"There's some golden syrup, if you want any," said Jimmy. "Half a

"Thanks."

Gunner crossed to the study cupboard. The Fistical Four looked at him with smiling faces. "Mind if I take this blacking?"

(Continued overleaf.)

asked Gunner. "I'll square for it, of course."

"Help yourself," said Jimmy. "What the thump do you want treacle and liquid blacking for?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, puzzled. "Not going to mix them for supper, are you?"

"Not for supper," said Gunner darkly. "I'm going to mix them though."

"Mix them?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Yes."

"What on earth for?"

"Bulkeley!" "Wh-a-at?"

Gunner left the study without replying, taking the liquid blacking and the tin of golden syrup with him. The Fistical Four looked at one another blankly.

"Is that silly fathead going to jape Bulkeley?" asked Raby. "I should have thought he'd had enough trouble with Bulkeley already!"

"Gunner never has enough!" chuckled Newcome. "He's always hunting for more!"

Jimmy Silver looked a little wor-"If that howling chump japes the captain of the school he will get it fairly in the neck," he said uneasily. "Let him!" said Lovell.

bizney of ours." "No. But-" Edward. "The more lickings he gets the better for him. He needs 'em. In fact, he seems to be pining for

'em. Let him rip!" Jimmy Silver nodded and went on with his prep. But he did not wholly dismiss Gunner from his mind.

"Uncle James" of Rookwood had a tender heart, and exasperating duffer as Gunner was, Uncle James was feeling a little concerned for him. He finished work before his chums, and quitted the study and went along to No. 7.

He found Gunner there. Apparently the end study was not the only one Gunner had visited in search of supplies, judging by the collection on his table; he had made a regular round, collecting all sorts and conditions of liquids. There were several bottles of ink-red and black and purple-there were two or three kinds of boot-polish, there was a large bottle of mahogany furniture stain, and several cans of cycle oil, as well as other things. And there were empty bottles, the contents of which Gunner had poured into a large pan, mixing with a cricket stump as he

did so. Jimmy Silver looked at him, and looked at the ghastly concoction he was stirring with the cricket stump. "What on earth's that for?" he

asked. "Bulkeley!"

"Gunner, don't be such a howling ass!" said Jimmy, almost gasping. "If you chuck stuff like that at a prefect it will mean a flogging at least!"

"Let it!" said Gunner tersely. "But-you awful ass!"

"Flogging or not, Bulkeley won't get this stuff off in a hurry!" said Gunner. "He will be piebald for a week, after he gets this fairly over his napper. I can stand a flogging, if it comes to that. This will be a lesson to Bulkeley. Flogging me afterwards won't get this stuff off him, will it?"

"N-no. But-" "I've got it all cut and dried," said Gunner calmly. "I want this to be a lesson to the whole Sixth. I want them to understand that I'm not a chap that can be handled with impunity. I dare say that word's above you, Silver," added Gunner condescendingly. "It means-"

"Never mind what it means," said Jimmy, laughing. "I'll look it out in the dictionary another time, if in doubt. But you can't really be fool

enough, Gunner--' "There's too much Sixth in this school," said Gunner. "Too much prefect! If the Fourth choose to make me captain, instead of a silly, incapable ass like you, Silver, things would be a bit different. But when they choose a dummy like you-You don't mind my mentioning that

you are a dummy?" "Not at all," said Jimmy. "We can't all have your powerful intellect, old bean."

"That's it," assented Gunner. "I don't brag of having more brains than the average fellow; it just happens to be the fact, and there you are. More pluck, too-more determination! More character, as it were, you know. You've got practically no character, Silver—a sort of nincompoop, if you don't mind my saying so!"

"Carry on," said Jimmy politely. "After I've stood up to the prefects, and shown them I don't care a rap for them, the Fourth may decide

to back me up," said Gunner. shall be in my rightful place as Form captain-like the king coming into his own again, you know."

"Oh! Like that?" gasped Jimmy. "Just," said Gunner. "Now, where's that fathead Dickinson got to? I told him to be here not later than nine to help me, and it's turned nine now, and he's not here."

Jimmy Silver grinned. If it was a question of swamping that weird concoction over the captain of the school, it was extremely probable, to would not turn up at nine, or after nine. Dickinson minor was likely to be scarce and rare, so to speak, when the great event came off.

"I'll punch his head if he doesn't come soon," said Gunner. "But you. can help me, if you like, Silver. Have you got the nerve?"

"I think I've got the nerve," said Jimmy blandly. "But I haven't got the fatheaded stupidity, old bean."

"Queer that I'm the only fellow in the Fourth with any pluck to speak of," said Gunner musingly. "It just happens, I suppose."

Jimmy Silver was silent. He knew already that it was useless to argue with Peter Cuthbert Gunner, and now he realised it once more. Gunner added the rest of his ingredients to the pan, and stirred away industriously with the cricket-stump. "Oh, let him rip!" said Arthur There was more than a gallon of the stuff now, and it looked and smelt horrid. The thought of it swamping over Bulkeley's unsuspecting head made Jimmy feel quite dazed. Nothing short of an earthquake would follow; but Gunner was not at all alarmed by the prospect. His powerful brain had room for only one idea at a time, and at present he was thinking of the mixture for Bulkeley.

> "If that ass Dickinson doesn't turn up, I shall have to carry on on my own," said Gunner. "Fancy his for-

got to find Dickinson, and I've no | said Jimmy Silver severely. "Kindtime to waste on you, Silver. I can't | ness is never wasted. I'm determined | eat coke!"

THE BOYS' FRIEND

Jimmy Silver breathed hard. Gunner was no respecter of persons, evidently. The captain of his Form and the captain of the school were mere nobodies to Gunner. Jimmy Silver made a step towards the cheerful Peter Cuthbert.

"No larks." said Gunner. "I've no time to thrash you at present, Silver; but if you butt in here I shall Jimmy's mind, that Dickinson minor | give you some of this mixture. There'll be enough left for Bulkeley." "You silly ass!" roared Jimmy. "I

tell vou---"

"Back out!" Gunner jerked the cricket-stump out of the concoction, and waved it at Jimmy Silver. The captain of the Fourth jumped back, as he caught several splashes of ink, treacle, blacking, cycle oil, and other delectable things. Gunner grinned.

"Come and have some more!" he

said invitingly. Jimmy Silver paused for a moment, and then he walked out of the study. Gunner chuckled.

The 4th Chapter. Being Kind to Gunner!

Arthur Edward Lovell hurled his Latin grammar across the end study, and rose from the table with a sigh of relief. Prep was over. Jimmy Silver came in just as Arthur Edward was thus testifying his appreciation of the classics.

"Just done," said Lovell. "How's the prize idiot going on?"

Jimmy Silver explained, and there was a chortle in the end study. "Dickinson won't turn up!" grinned Raby. "Let's hope the silly

"He won't," said Jimmy. "He's going to look for Dickinson, and rope him in-if he can."

ass will chuck the idea."

be bothered by silly fools! Go and to be kind to Gunner, and you fellows are going to help. Come along."

"But what---" "Follow your uncle."

"Oh, all right!" said Lovell resignedly.

Peter Cuthbert Gunner had gone along the studies without finding Dickinson minor. Now he had gone down the staircase.

As soon as he disappeared, Jimmy Silver started along the passage, followed by his puzzled chums.

He entered Study No. 7, where the large, flat tin pan of evil-smelling concoction stood upon the table.

Lovell whistled as he looked at it. "My only hat! Is that it? The potty duffer is thinking of chucking that over a prefect! Oh crumbs!"

"Let's pour it away!" suggested Newcome. "Waste!" said Jimmy Silver, shak-

ing his head. "What's the good of it, ass?"

"Lots! Here beginneth the first lesson," said Jimmy Silver, taking the tin pan from the table. "You cut down to the staircase, Raby, and whistle if you see Gunner coming-I don't want him to spot us when | eight feet distant when Gunner acted. we're being kind to him-he might | His plan was cut and dried. He was miss the kindness."

"But what---"

and hook it." he went.

Lovell," said Jimmy Silver, as he suspected by Gunner. The kind action balanced the tin pan in his hands. It of the Fistical Four dawned upon was nearly full, and Jimmy did not him suddenly as he shoved open the want any of Gunner's concoction over study door and tore in. his clothes.

"A what?" ejaculated Lovell. "Chair!"

"What for?"

"Ass! For me to stand on." Arthur Edward Lovell blinked. "Stand on?" he babbled. "You la rush.

want-to stand on a chair in the pas-

speech?"

out the light."

sanity.

Lovell."

He roared.

impatiently.

"Ass! Do it!"

sage? Are you going to make a

"Fathead!" roared Jimmy Silver.

Lovell gave it up, it was too much

chair and lifted it into the passage.

came last, and drew the door shut.

"What for?" asked Newcome.

the door a foot open.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not quite shut," said Jimmy.

Leave it about a foot open, and turn

Lovell quite suddenly. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"How can we be kind to Gunner

without a chair to stand on?"

"All serene now," murmured Jimmy.

Raby cut along the passage. Gunner came tramping along the passage. He seemed in a hurry, and was looking a little excited. He paused outside the study, and the chums of the Fourth watched him with almost

fascinated interest. "Can't find that silly ass!" he said. "But I'm carrying on, I've just shied an orange at Bulkeley over the banisters."

"Wha-a-at?" "He's after me," said Gunner, with considerable calmness. "That's my game, you know. On my own! Bulkeley's after me-and he'll chase me into my study! Then I meet him with that giddy concoction, you know, and let him have it fairly in the features! Catch on?"

"Oh, is-is that it?" gasped Jimmy

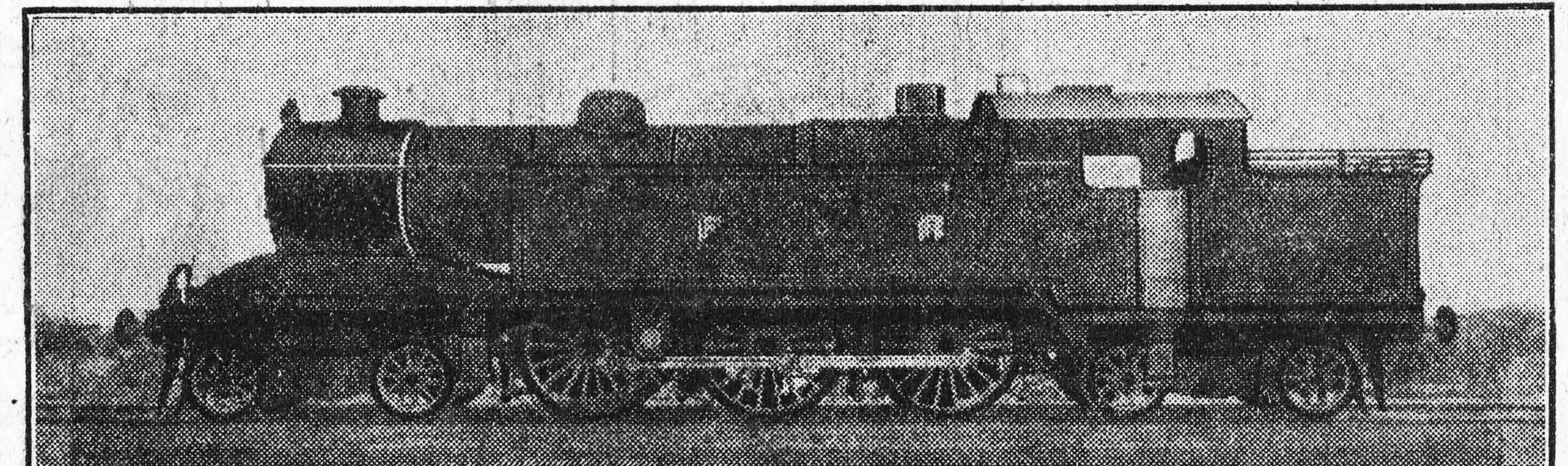
"That's it! Take him fairly by surprise, you know," explained Gunner. "He won't be expecting that-what? Here he comes-ashplant and all! Looks ratty, don't

Gunner eyed him warily as he came up. Bulkeley was about seven or going to rush into his study, grasp the pan of mixture—and heave the "Give your chin a rest, old bean, | ghastly contents fairly into Bulkeley's face as he followed in. That amazing nd hook it." | face as he followed in. That amazing "Oh, rats!" grumbled Raby, but scheme would certainly have been carried out but for the kindness of "You lift a chair into the passage, Jimmy Silver & Co.-up till now un-

Crash! "Wowowooooch!"

The sudden yell that rose from Peter Cuthbert Gunner rang over half Rookwood. It brought all the fellows out of the Fourth Form studies with

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getting that I told him nine! Fool, you know."

"Not such a fool as if he remembered, perhaps!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

I don't follow," said "Eh? Gunner. "He ought to remember. I shall punch his head for forgetting. I'll let you help me, if you like."

"Thanks! Nothing doing." "It's simple enough," explained Gunner. "Bulkeley's in the gym now, and he'll come in in time to see lights out for the Fourth. When he comes in, you get him into conversa-

"Do I?" grinned Jimmy.

"Yes; as near the big staircase as possible-easy enough. I'm on the staircase with this pan; while he's talking to you, I get my chance.

"I see!" chuckled Jimmy. "You may get a splash or two of the stuff," said Gunner. "That

won't matter." "Not at all—as I sha'n't be there," said Jimmy Silver. "Will you listen to a friend's advice, and drop the stunt, Gunner?"

"Not likely! Where's that chump, Dickinson?" growled Gunner. you haven't the nerve to help, cut | body else to help him in such a potty along and look for Dickinson, and tell him I'll smash him if he doesn't come at once. I'll smash him anyway, as a warning!"

"I fancy you won't see Dickinson minor again this side of dorm," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "And I won't look for him, Gunner. I advise you to chuck up this rot. Bulkeley licked you because you asked for it, and Bulkeley's a good sort, and you're not going to jape him. You can chuck that stuff over Carthew of the Sixth, if you like, or Knowles of the Modern side. Leave Bulkeley

Gunner did not even trouble to reply. He gave his mixture a final stirring.

"You hear me?" demanded Jimmy.

"Don't worry!" "Look here, Gunner-"

"Dickinson's most likely under a bed in the dorm, if Gunner wants him to help swamp Bulkeley." "Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

come.

"He won't find Dickinson," he assented. "But he's going to look for him. In silence he picked up a for him. Let's watch him go." "What on earth for?" asked New-

"Because your Uncle James tells you to!" said Jimmy Silver severely. "Don't ask questions of your avuncular guardian and keeper, but do as he tells you." "Oh; rats!" said Newcome.

But Jimmy Silver had his way; and the Fistical Four posted themselves outside the study door, and watched the passage. A few minutes later Gunner came out of Study No. 7, with a black frown of wrath on his face. He was going to look for his recreant

finding that sage youth. He did not even glance at the Fistical Four as he "Well, there he goes!" yawned

Arthur Edward Lovell. "What next,

supporter-not with much chance of

Jimmy smiled. "He won't find Dickinson or anyjape," he said. "Then he'll carry on

his own. Bulkeley's a good sort, and we don't want him japed-not to that extent, anyhow." "Not particularly." assented

Lovell. "It's a bit thick, certainly." "And we don't want Gunner flogged," said Jimmy. "He can't help being a silly owl. Silly owls are born, not made. He might even be sacked for a fool jape like that."

"All the better for Rookwood." "M'yes, but a jolly serious thing for Gunner," said the considerate Uncle James. "I really think it's up to us to be kind to Gunner, and save "Rot!" said Lovell tersely. "Kind-

ness is wasted on a silly chump like Gunner. Besides, how can we be kind to him? He won't take any advice from us. Let him rip."

cut before Gunner comes back and ley. suspects that we're being kind to . THE END.

"Oh, get out!" said Gunner. "I've "I'm surprised at you, Lovell," other end of the passage. "photo of Johnny Brown!)

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"Yoooooooohooooop!" Gunner staggered in the doorway of his study. The pan, tilting as it fell,

had fairly bonneted him. It was still on his head, upside down, as he staggered, and the contents streamed all over Gunner.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came to a sudden halt. He blinked at Gunner. Jimmy Silver followed him out, with There was a wild howl from the the tin pan in his hands. Newcome | Fourth-Formers swarming along the passage.

> "Ha, ha, ha!" "Groooogh! Oopooch! Gug-guggooooog--ooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Jimmy

Silver & Co. "Oh. all right!" said Arthur New-Crash! The pan went clattering to come, in a tone that plainly implied | the floor, and Gunner's head was resome rising doubts of Jimmy Silver's | vealed. But it was not recognisable. Gunner's nearest and dearest relative The light was turned out, leaving | would not have recognised him then. the study in darkness. Newcome held His hair, his features, his ears even, had disappeared under a sticky, "Put the chair close to the door, | smelly flood, which rolled and oosedover his clothes, and down his neck, "What for? Oh, I see!" exclaimed | most horribly.

He staggered and spluttered. "Gooooch! Oooooch! Mmmmm!"

"Buck up, fathead, and chortle "Ha, ha, ha!" "What - what - what does this afterwards," exclaimed Jimmy Silver mean?" stuttered Bulkeley, quite forgetting that he was there to cane Both the juniors comprehended Gunner.

now. Lovell placed the chair close to | "I think somebody thought it the door, and Jimmy mounted on it. | would be only kind to Gunner to let He carefully balanced the tin pan on him have his own mixture. Bulketop of the study door. | ley!" murmured Jimmy Silver de-

"Bit shutter," he said. "Careful." | murely. Newcome drew the door closer, till "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. Jimmy gave the word to stop. Jimmy | Bulkeley stared-and then he burst released the pan at last. It was nicely | into a laugh. He tucked his ashplant and skilfully balanced on top of the under his arm and walked away, still door, against the ledge over the door- laughing. He left the Fourth Form way, and absolutely certain to fall | yelling with merriment-and Peter upon the head of anyone who opened | Cuthbert. Gunner yelling in quite a the door. different way. Only Peter Cuthbert "That's about O.K., I think," said was dissatisfied at the outcome of his Jimmy, stepping off the chair. "Now | deep, deep scheme for japing Bulke-

("Gunner's Great Catch!" is the "Ha, ha, ha!" title of the splendid long, complete Jimmy Silver lifted the chair out of story of the adventures of Jimmy? sight into the next study. There was | Silver & Co., in next Monday's Boys' a warning whistle from Raby at the FRIEND. Look out also for the free