

## AN AMUSING LONG SCHOOL YARN.



SOMETHING OF A SURPRISE!

## A BAD EGG!

A SPLENDID LONG COMPLETE TALE, DEALING WITH THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

-- By --

OWEN CONQUEST.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### The Head's Nephew!

"IT'S got to be did!" said Jimmy Silver. Jimmy Silver spoke determinedly. Lovell and Raby and Newcome nodded their heads emphatically. All the Fistical Four, in fact, were looking very determined.

They were gathered near the end study in the junior passage on the Classical side. The end study was their study. The door was partly ajar, and from the opening a strong scent of tobacco came to their noses.

It was not the smoke of a cigarette. There were certain "giddy goats" at Rookwood who smoked cigarettes—in strict privacy, of course. But the scent that came from the end study was not that of a cigarette; it was the powerful, pungent smell of a strong and very rank cigar.

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

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

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

Gunter of the Fourth was an amazing boy.

When he arrived, there had been keen competition between Classicals and Moderns over the Head's nephew. Each side had wanted to bag him. The choice had been left to the new boy himself, and Classicals and Moderns had been very keen about securing him—before they knew him.

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

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

The chums of the Fourth felt that they had themselves to blame, and they nobly tried to be patient with Gunter. But patience was not a virtue for which they were greatly distinguished. Their whole stock ran out in a remarkably short space of time.

Talking to the new boy was no use. He only grinned and chuckled, so they had come to a decision. Having talked to Gunter in vain, having argued till they were tired of arguing, they felt that they had done all they could, and that there was nothing left but to thrash him. A good thrashing, as Raby sapiently observed, was just what he wanted, and it would do him no end of good.

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

THE POPULAR.—No. 87.

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

"Otherwise—" said Newcome.

"Otherwise," said Jimmy Silver, "the licking of his life!"

"That's settled," said Lovell.

And Lovell kicked open the door of the study.

Gunter of the Fourth glanced carelessly at them.

He was seated in the armchair, which was tilted back. His boots rested on the study table. There was a black cheroot between his teeth, which were almost equally black from excessive smoking. His face was sallow from the same cause.

How a boy of Gunter's age could smoke such cigars without inward convulsions was a mystery. But Gunter had already told them that he had smoked as soon as he could walk, and chewed tobacco before he could walk. He said that that was not uncommon in Texas. But Jimmy Silver & Co. meant that it should be uncommon at Rookwood, at least in their study.

"Hallo!" said Gunter.

"Atichoo-choo-choo!" said Lovell.

Gunter chuckled.

"Don't you like the smoke?"

"No, you horrid rotter!"

"I reckon you'll get used to it."

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

"I guess—"

"We're fed up. See this cricket-stump?"

"Sure!"

"Do you want it laid about you?"

"Nope!"

"Then shove that cigar in the grate at once."

"Oh, come off!"

"Oh, collar him!" said Lovell impatiently.

"I'm fed up with his cheek. Collar the smoky rotter!"

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

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

"Yow-ow! Yow, I swow!" gasped Gunter.

"Let up, you galoots! Yow-ow-ow!"

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

Whack! Whack! Whack!

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

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

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

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

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

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

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

Whack, whack, whack!

"Oh, Jerusalem! Oh! Ow! Yow! Let up!" shrieked Gunter.

Jimmy Silver paused for breath.

"Have you had enough?" he gasped.

"Yaroo! Yep!"

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

"Nope!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Oh, crumbs! Chuck it! I mean yep!" howled Gunter.

"Honour bright?"

"Yep."

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

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

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

"Yow! Find out, hang you!"

"He's got a box of them here somewhere," said Raby. "We'll jolly well find them and burn them."

"Here they are!" sang out Newcome.

There was a yell from Gunter.

"I guess you'll let my cheroots alone, you galoots."

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

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

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

Jimmy Silver grabbed up a handful of the cheroots, and began breaking them in pieces in the grate.

Gunter made a rush for a little bag in the corner of the study. He had always kept that bag locked, and the juniors did not know what was in it. They discovered now. Gunter dragged it open and groped in it, and his hand came out—with something in it.

It was a revolver.

A revolver in a junior study at Rookwood

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### Pistol Practice!

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

The stump rose and fell with terrific vim.



Smythe, with burning indignation, had recalled the scene under the beeches, and Tracy and Howard were properly sympathetic. Tracy, indeed, asked why Smythe hadn't waded in, and thrashed the young rascal; but Adolphus did not state his reasons for not having done so. Doubtless he had good reasons. Adolphus was not a fighting man when he could help it.

The "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood were having a pleasant evening now—what they regarded as a pleasant evening. They had hurried over their preparation, and were now smoking cigarettes and playing cards. As these little amusements had to be kept secret, Adolphus had taken the precaution of locking the study door before the cards were produced.

Tap!  
The Nuts of the Shell gave a guilty start. It was not likely that a master or a prefect would come to the study, but it was always possible.

"Who's there?" called out Smythe.  
The door-handle rattled.  
"I guess it's me!"  
"The Head's giddy nephew!" grinned Tracy.  
"He's got the check to come here!"  
"He jolly well won't come in!" growled Smythe.

Knock!  
"Oh, clear off!" called out Smythe. "You're not coming in here, you wild animal!"  
"It's all O.K., chummy!" came Gunter's voice through the keyhole. "I guess this hyar is a friendly visit!"  
"I don't want friendly visits from you!"

"I'm coming in! I hear that you have a little game in your study sometimes, and I'm open to take a hand. Things are rather slow in my study."

"Shut up, you idiot!" yelled Smythe, in dire terror lest the new boy's incautious words might be heard by the ears of someone in authority. It would have gone hard with the superb Adolphus if Bulkeley had learned of the "little game" in his study.

Gunter chuckled.  
"Let me in, then, you galoot!"  
"Clear off, confound you!"  
"I tell you I'm open for a game. I'll teach you to play poker if you like."  
"You—you crass idiot, shut up!"  
"Or I'll join you in a game of nap—"  
"Let him in, for goodness' sake!" muttered Tracy. "The whole blessed school will hear soon."

Smythe jumped to the door and opened it. Anything was better than allowing the reckless boy to talk like that in the passage.

Gunter came in grinning, quite impervious to the black looks of the Nuts of the Shell. He was getting used to black looks at Rookwood.

"Quite comfy here, by gum!" he remarked. "I tell you it's slow in my study. The galoots out up rusty if I smoke even, and for a game of cards, they'd faint if I suggested it. So I've dropped in here."

"Well, and now you can drop out again!" snapped Smythe.

"You don't want me in your game?" growled Gunter, his look becoming threatening. He made a step towards Adolphus, who moved round behind the table.

"No, we don't!" said Smythe.  
But he spoke feebly. The new boy simply terrified the slacker of the Shell. Smythe did not feel equal to dealing with him.

"Money talks!" said Gunter. "Look hyar!" He produced a handful of money from his pocket. "I guess I can pay my footing—what!"

"You can get out!" said Howard.  
Gunter did not get out. He drew a chair to the table and sat down.

"Now, let's be sociable," he said. "You can lock the door, Smythe, if you feel safer that way. Not that I care. The Head can't sack his own nephew—what! And I wouldn't care much if he did. If I'd known how slow it was here, I reckon I'd have stayed in Texas. The game ain't worth the candle."  
"Eh? What game?" said Smythe. "What do you mean?"

"Never mind what I mean," said Gunter hastily. "I guess my tongue runs away with me sometimes. Now, is it nap?"

"Look here—"  
"Oh, sit down, and don't be ratty."  
Smythe & Co. looked helplessly at one another. They were three to one, but they did not care for a scrap with the reckless young ruffian.

"Whose deal?" asked Gunter.  
"Mine," said Smythe.  
"Go it!"  
They played nap. Gunter, with an ostentatious manner, had laid two or three sovereigns and half-sovereigns and a heap of silver on the table before him.

"Bob a time," remarked Tracy, with a greedy glance at the money.

"Call that playing?" jeered Gunter. "Make it five!"

The Giddy Goats exchanged a quick glance. "Five—all serene!" said Smythe.

The good-humour of the Nuts was restored as they began to win the new fellow's cash. They were rather pleased now that Gunter had wedged into the study. It was likely to be a profitable evening for the Giddy Goats.

But a change came o'er the spirit of their dream.

For a few rounds the Nuts seemed to have it all their own way. But when Gunter dealt fortune favoured him. He grinned as he raked in five shillings from each of the Nuts. He had lighted a cigar, and the Shell fellows wondered how his inside stood it, unless it was lined with leather.

Smythe shuddered as Gunter spat in the grate. Such manners had never been seen in Smythe's select study before. And the smell of the thick smoke was beginning to oppress the Nuts.

And the new junior was winning now. However good the hands of the Giddy Goats were, nearly every time Gunter capped them. Smythe—who was sometimes guilty of helping fortune himself—began to grow suspicious.

"By gad!" ejaculated Adolphus suddenly. He sprang to his feet.

Gunter stared at him.  
"What's the row?"  
"You cad!" shouted Smythe. "You rotten cad! Cheat!"

Gunter's eyes gleamed dangerously.  
"I reckon you'd better be careful—" he began.

"Smythe, old man—" murmured Tracy.  
"I tell you he's cheating!" howled Smythe. "He's had a card on his knee, and I saw him slip it into his hand. He was keeping back a card."

"I reckon there's the right number of cards in my hand."  
"Yes, because you've dropped one on the floor."

"Why, the rotten cad!" said Howard hotly. "We'll jolly soon see!"

Howard and Tracy bent down to look under the table. There was no card to be seen.

"Move your foot, Gunter."  
"Oh, rats!"  
"He's got his foot on it!" howled Tracy. "He's been cheating. Give us our money back, you swindler!"

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

"Hands off!" said Gunter. "I guess—"  
Smythe gave him a deadly look.  
"You'll hand back every penny you've won,

you young thief!" he said, his voice trembling with rage. "If you don't we'll take it by force!"

"I calculate you won't!"  
"Collar the low cad!" shouted Tracy.  
"Hands off!"

Gunter's hand whipped into his pocket, and out again. Smythe & Co. jumped back, gasping, as a revolver looked them in the face. They stared at the new boy with starting eyes.

"A—a—a pistol!" said Smythe faintly. "He—he—he's got a pistol!"

"Oh gad!"  
Tracy dived under the table, with a gasp of terror. Howard grabbed at the key in the door and unlocked it. Smythe dashed behind the armchair and backed down out of sight.

"Go away!" he screamed. "Get out! You can keep the money! Help! Go away!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter.  
He jingled the money he had won in his pockets, and swaggered to the door. Still chuckling, he disappeared into the passage.

"Is—is—is he gone?" stuttered Tracy, under the table.

"He's g-g-gone!" panted Smythe.  
"Oh dear!"  
"Oh gad!"

With pallid faces, the Nuts looked at one another. Never had Adolphus & Co. suffered such a terrible fright.

"He—he—he's such a wild desperado!" moaned Adolphus. "A murderous villain. He oughtn't to be admitted to the school. I'll tell Bulkeley!"

But Adolphus decided on second thoughts not to tell Bulkeley. For it would have come out about that little game in the study. But the fact that the new boy had a firearm in his possession was soon common talk in the Lower School, and nervous youths like Adolphus bolted when they saw him coming in the passages or in the quad. And the extraordinary new boy only seemed to enjoy the terror that he inspired.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Midnight Raid!

**I** RECKON I could handle them!" Jimmy Silver & Co. sniffed, and glared at Gunter. The Classical Four were talking in the Common-room the next day, and the subject of their discussion was the cheek of the Modern juniors. They agreed that it was time Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern side were given the kybosh.

Gunter chipped into the conversation cheerfully. That was his way. Icy looks had no effect whatever on the youth from Texas. That he was regarded with disgust by nearly every junior at Rookwood, Modern as well as Classical, did not affect Gunter in the least. The exuberance of his spirits had suffered no diminution.

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

"It's a go, then? You'll see it done?"  
To which the Classical Four replied with the truly classic monosyllable, "Rats!" and walked away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Then he sat frozen. A figure stood within the doorway, and Tommy Dodd gazed at it, dumb and horrified. The figure was draped in a black coat, and the face was covered with a black mask, through the eyeholes of which a pair of eyes gleamed and glittered.

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

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

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd. The figure was advancing towards the row of beds.

"Wake up!" came a deep, rumbling voice. "Oh crumbs!" called from Tommy Cook's bed.

"Howly Moses!" yelled Doyle. "Who—who are you?" panted Tommy Dodd.

"Howly Moses! It's a burglar!" "Help!"

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

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

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

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

"Get out of bed!" "Wha-at for?"

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

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

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

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

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

"B-b-but—" "Hold your tongue!"

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

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

"Put your hands together!" he commanded. Tommy Dodd hesitated.

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

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

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

Tommy Dodd held out his hands. There was no help for it. The loop was placed over his wrists and drawn tight.

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

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

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

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

"Come here!"

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

The masked ruffian had come well supplied with cord. One after another the Modern juniors were ordered to approach, and their wrists were tied. In ten minutes the whole of the Modern Fourth had their hands bound.

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

The ruffian lost no time. He returned his revolver to his pocket, now that all the juniors had their hands secured, and took out a long cord from under his coat. He knotted it round the ankles of the group of juniors, tying the knots tightly, and in a few minutes

the Modern Fourth were all secured together by their feet. Then he collected handkerchiefs and pillow-cases, and gagged them one after another.

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

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

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

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

He turned at the door and burst into a chuckle.

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

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

The boy from Texas chuckled and grinned. "I guess you guys have been roped in. Ha, ha, ha! Good-night!"

He snapped off the light, and unlocked the door. The door closed behind him. Tommy

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

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

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

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

Gunter chortled. "I reckon they can't." "Why can't they?"

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

Jimmy Silver looked at him aghast. "You—you've done that?"

"Sure!" "How did they let you?" howled Lovell.

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

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

"Come on!" muttered Jimmy to his chums. And the Fistical Four rushed into the House again, alarmed and anxious.

Gunter followed them, still chuckling. Evidently he regarded his night's work as a triumph. The Fistical Four sped along the



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

Dodd & Co. were left wriggling in their bonds, spluttering with their gags. It was a jape of Gunter's. He had kept his word, after all. But he couldn't intend to leave them like that! Before morning they would be chilled and cramped—he couldn't mean that!

But he did. Long the Modern juniors struggled with the cords, but they struggled in vain. They chewed at the gags, but they could make no impression upon them. Becoming quite reckless at last, they endeavoured to make noise enough to attract someone to the dormitory. But they could scarcely move in their bonds, and their efforts were in vain. It was upon a cheerless and infuriated crowd that the first pale rays of the dawn looked in.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Something Like a Surprise!**

**J**IMMY SILVER & CO. sat up in bed as the rising-bell clanged out. Gunter of the Fourth turned out with a chuckle. "I guess I've done it," was his first remark.

"Eh? You've done what?" asked Hooker. "Dished the Moderns!"

"Oh, rats!" said Lovell. "Hop along to their dormitory and see!" chuckled Gunter.

"Oh, bow-wow!" said Jimmy Silver. And the Classical Fourth proceeded with

passages to the Modern side, and rushed into Tommy Dodd's dormitory.

"Great Scott!" The sight that met their gaze rooted the four Classics to the floor.

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

"My hat!" stuttered Lovell. "I say, cut them loose! They'll have a prefect after them if they're not down soon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter. "I guess I've dished them some!"

Jimmy Silver turned on him, his eyes blazing.

"You cad! You've left them tied like that all night! You rotter!"

"I guess— Yo-o-o-op!" Jimmy Silver's fist shot out, and Gunter rolled on the floor, groaning painfully.

The four Classics rushed to the rescue. But as they began cutting the cords there was a heavy step in the passage, and Knowles of the Sixth strode in.

"Why aren't you young rascals down—" began the prefect harshly. Then he broke off as he caught sight of the Modern Fourth.

"Why—why— What—"

