

THE TWO GUYS!

A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale, dealing with the Adventures
of JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Tommy Dodd Makes a Discovery!

"NOW, what's the little game?" Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth at Rookwood School knitted his brows thoughtfully as he asked that question.

He addressed his chums, Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cook.

They shook their heads.

"There's something on," continued Tommy Dodd.

"Thruo for you!" assented Doyle.

"But what is it?"

"Give it up," said Cook.

The three Tommies of Rookwood were puzzled.

"The Classical worms are up to something," said Tommy Dodd; "and, of course, it's something up against us."

"Of course!"

"And we're going to look into it," said Tommy determinedly.

"Hear, hear!"

Tommy Dodd looked rather sourly across the quad towards the tuckshop. Outside Sergeant Kettle's little shop Jimmy Silver & Co. could be seen, talking and laughing.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome—the Fistical Four of the Classical Fourth—were evidently enjoying a joke of some sort. Oswald and Flynn and Rawson were with them, also chortling. And Tommy Dodd had asked them a few minutes before what the joke was, and Jimmy had replied that it was Tommy's face, a reply that was misleading as well as personal.

Jimmy Silver & Co. came towards the House, and the three Tommies eyed them as they did so.

Jimmy nodded to the three Modern juniors affably, and passed on.

Outside the tuckshop the Modern juniors came face to face with Tubby Muffin of the Classical Fourth.

Tubby, as usual, was stony, and he was only able to feast his eyes on the good things, which was small satisfaction to the fattest and hungriest junior at Rookwood. He hung about the tuckshop like an exceedingly plump and podgy Peri at the gates of Paradise.

"Hallo!" said Tubby despondently. "I suppose you couldn't lend me a bob, Dodd?"

"Right! I couldn't!" said Tommy. "But come in and have a tart, Tubby."

Tubby Muffin brightened up at once.

"What-ho!"

He followed Tommy Dodd into the shop, and was quickly busy on that tart.

"I hear you Classical chaps have got great things on for to-morrow, Tubby," Tommy Dodd remarked casually.

Tubby nodded.

"Big celebration—what?"

"Yes, rather!" said Tubby, with his mouth full. "Jimmy Silver & Co. are making a guy."

"Making a guy? But Guy Fawkes Day is over."

"I know," said Tubby. "But there you are! I suppose Jimmy Silver can make guys whenever he likes?"

"Oh, yes!" said Tommy Dodd. "But who's this guy like?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Tubby. "They won't let me come into the wood-shed."

"The wood-shed!" repeated Tommy Dodd, with a significant glance at his chums.

"Yes. They're making it there, you know. Jimmy Silver's got the key from old Mack, and he keeps it locked up."

"Oh, he does, does he?"

"They're not going to let you Modern bouncers into it, you know," said Tubby.

"It's going to knock sky-high anything you fellows can think of. Jimmy says so."

"Perhaps Jimmy is wrong for once!" growled Cook.

"Did you say another tart, Dodd?"

Tommy did not appear to hear that question.

"Don't you know what the guy's like, Tubby? An awfully sharp fellow like you!" said Tommy Dodd, in honeyed tones.

Tubby blinked at him cunningly.

"That's telling!" he remarked.

"Well, tell us, then!"

"It's a secret," said Tubby mysteriously.

"Look here, you've heard them talking it over, at least," urged Tommy. "You hear everything."

"There isn't much goes on on the Classical side without me knowing," said Tubby Muffin, with pride.

"Well, what about that guy? Is it an imitation of a Modern master?"

Tubby grinned, but did not reply.

"Go ahead, Tubby!"

"It's a secret, you know. Did you say another tart?"

Tommy Dodd breathed hard. It was evident that he would not get any information out of the fat Classical without paying for it.

"Look here, Tubby," he said, sinking his voice, "I want to know whether they're guying our Mr. Manders."

"I say, I'm jolly hungry, Dodd!"

"I'll stand you two more tarts if you tell me."

"Done!" said Tubby at once.

"Well, go ahead!" said Tommy eagerly.

"Is it Manders they're guying?"

"You've got it!"

"They're making up a guy imitating our master?" exclaimed Cook wrathfully.

"Exactly!"

"The cheeky rotters!"

"My hat! We'll jolly well put a spoke in their wheel!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd angrily. "Come on, you chaps!"

"Hold on!" bawled Tubby Muffin indignantly.

Tommy Dodd turned back.

"Eh? What's the matter?"

"You've forgotten the tarts—"

"Oh, you fat Classical worm!" growled Tommy Dodd. He slammed down the coppers on the counter. "There you are!"

The three Tommies quitted the tuckshop, and hurried back to Mr. Manders' House, to hold a council of war with the other Moderns. The discovery of Jimmy Silver's intentions made them very wrathful. True, Mr. Manders was almost as unpopular on his own side as on the Classical side at Rookwood. He was not a pleasant gentleman.

But he was a Modern master, and the guying of a Modern master was a piece of intolerable cheek—from the Modern point of view.

It was up to Tommy Dodd & Co. to chip in with emphasis.

Tubby Muffin looked after the Moderns with a grin as they went, and devoted himself to the tarts.

"I wonder," he murmured, with his mouth full—"I wonder whether Jimmy Silver's guy is anything of the sort? I dare say they'll find out to-morrow, anyway."

From which reflection of Tubby's it might be guessed that the information the fat youth had given was hardly worth the tarts it had cost.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Moderns on the Warpath!

"CHEEK!"

"Awful nerve!"

"We'll jolly well stop 'em!"

It was an indignation meeting in Tommy Dodd's study, on the Modern side.

The study was crowded; nearly all the Modern Fourth had crammed themselves into it for the meeting.

There was wrath and indignation on all sides when Tommy Dodd related the discovery he had made by means of Tubby Muffin.

Nobody in the Modern Fourth liked Mr. Manders, the science-master. All of them had made close acquaintance with his cane on occasions too numerous to be mentioned. But he was a Modern master. He represented their side at Rookwood, and for the Classics to guy Mr. Manders was an insult to every Modern in the school.

"Of course, we don't care tuppence about Manders personally," said Towle. "But he's the head of our House."

"It's one in the eye for all of us," said Lacy.

"We'll stop the cads!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Now, what's going to be done?" asked Towle. "We've got to get hold of that guy and smash it up, of course."

"That's the idea. I screwed out of Tubby Muffin that they've got the wood-shed to make it in. Jimmy Silver's got the key from the porter. Tipped him, I suppose. He keeps it locked."

"Like his cheek!" growled Lacy.

"Yes; but we can't bust in the door," remarked Towle. "There would be a row about that."

"We can't," said Tommy Dodd. "But we can be there when the Classics are there, and rush them."

"Hear, hear!"

"They're pretty certain to be at work on it this evening," said Tommy, his eyes glistening. "They won't be much time to-morrow, as the bonfire has to come off immediately after lessons. Well, one of us can scout for them, and when they start for the wood-shed we start, too."

"Good egg!"

"You may as well cut off and begin scouting now, Cook. I expect they've had their tea by this time."

"Right you are!"

Tommy Cook left the study at once.

"Where are you going, Leggett?" demanded Tommy Dodd, as the cad of the Fourth was following Cook.

"I'm going to get on with my prep," said Leggett sulkily.

"Stay here!" said Tommy Dodd autocratically. "We're all in this. Every chap will be wanted in the scrap."

"Look here—"

"Shut up!"

"I'm going—"

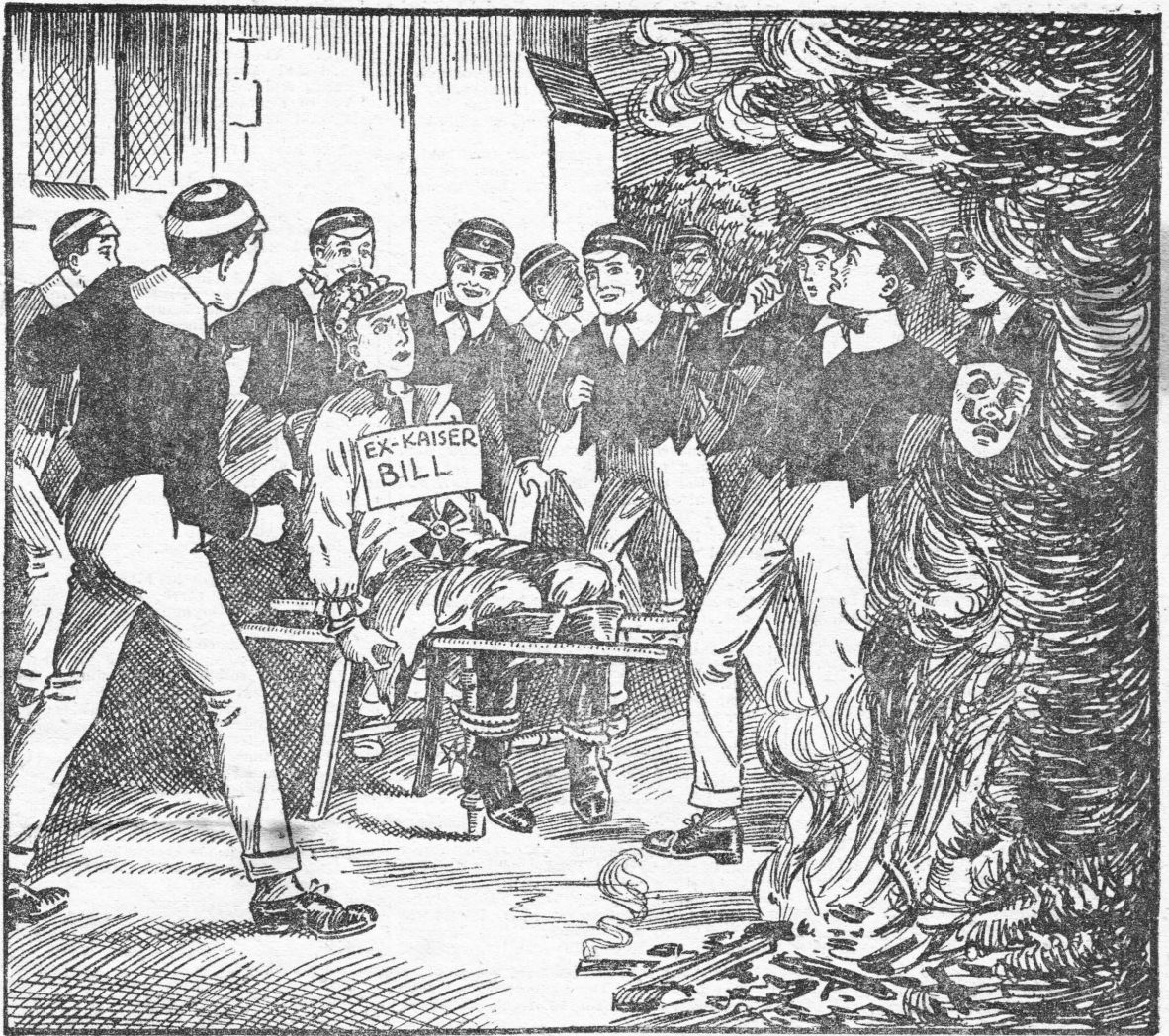
"Take him by the ear, Tommy!" said Dodd; and Tommy Doyle took Leggett by the ear, grinning, and led him back into the study.

Leggett scowled and gave in. Leggett was not keen for a "scrap" with the Classics. But he had no choice in the matter. It was a case of all hands to the mill, as Tommy Dodd remarked.

"There may be a crowd of the rotters," said Tommy. "We're all going to be there; we may all be wanted. We've got to get hold of their guy and smash it up to smithereens, as a warning to them, and give them a jolly good ragging into the bargain."

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“It’s alive!” yelled Higgs. “Look at his eyes!” Loveli dragged the mask from the effigy’s face and the crimson features of Jimmy Silver were revealed. “Ha, ha, ha!” yelled the Moderns. “Another guy!” (See page 13.)

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Not Mr. Manders!**

JIMMY SILVER & CO. looked on curiously.

They were not surprised at Leggett telling tales. But they did not see how he was going to make out that they were the aggressors in the conflict. The Moderns had attacked the wood-shed in force, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had defended themselves—that was all. Indeed, the Classics had a quite unaccustomed sense of perfect innocence in the matter.

Leggett, with one uneasy eye on Tommy Dodd, and the other on Mr. Manders, plunged stammering into his explanation.

“We—we came here, sir—”

“I can see that you came here!” snapped Mr. Manders. “What did you come here for?”

“Because—because—”

“Well?” rapped out the Modern master.

“Because they were making a guy, sir,” said Leggett desperately.

“Sneak!” hissed all the Moderns, in a kind of chorus.

“A—a what? A guy?” ejaculated Mr. Manders. “You mean that Silver and his companions were manufacturing an effigy?”

“Yes, sir!” gasped Leggett.

“Such a proceeding is absurd enough,” said Mr. Manders, who perhaps had never been a-boy himself. He did not look as if he had. “But there is no reason why the Classical juniors should not manufacture an effigy, Leggett, if they choose to waste their time in such absurd occupations.”

“Nice polite gentleman—I don’t think!” murmured Lovell.

“But it was an insult to our side, sir, so we came to stop them,” said Leggett, feeling quite sure that Mr. Manders would approve as soon as he knew the facts. “We couldn’t allow them to make an effigy of a Modern!”

“Oh, I understand! Silver was making this ridiculous effigy in imitation of someone belonging to the Modern side of the school?” exclaimed Mr. Manders, seeing light at last.

“That’s it, sir.”

“Cad! Sneak!” hissed Tommy Dodd.

“Take two hundred lines, Dodd!”

“Oh, yes, sir!”

“I think I understand,” said Mr. Manders.

“You had cause of complaint. But you should have come to me instead of testing the law into your own hands. I am far from approving of such a misdirected kind of humour. I should certainly have spoken to Mr. Bootles on the subject.”

The Moderns glared at Leggett as if they would have eaten him. Tommy Dodd was especially cannibalistic in his looks. Sneaking by a Modern “let down” the whole party in the eyes of the Classics.

But Leggett was not thinking of the honour of his side. He was thinking of the exceeding unpleasantness of a caning.

“So, Silver,” said Mr. Manders, “you were manufacturing an effigy?”

“Making a guy was not imposing enough for Mr. Manders.”

“Yes, sir,” said Jimmy calmly.

“In absurd imitation of a Modern boy’s appearance?”

“No, sir.”

“What! You deny Leggett’s statement?”

“Oh, yes, sir!”

“Leggett—”

“Not a Modern boy, sir,” said Leggett hastily. “I didn’t mean that. I said somebody on the Modern side. Not a boy.”

Mr. Manders’ expression grew quite terrible.

“Do you mean to say, Leggett, that these disrespectful boys were caricaturing a master with their ridiculous effigy?”

“Yes, sir!” gasped Leggett.

“And which master?” thundered Mr. Manders.

“You, sir!”

Mr. Manders fairly jumped.

“Me!” he ejaculated.

The look on Mr. Manders’ face almost made Leggett sorry he had spoken. The Moderns all looked seared. The Classics only exchanged glances of wonder. Jimmy Silver was apparently not in the least alarmed.

“Me!” repeated Mr. Manders dazedly. “Impossible! Even Silver’s impudence would not go to that length! I cannot credit it! Impossible!”

“It’s so, sir!” gasped Leggett. “So—so we came to stop them, sir.”

“Bless my soul! In that case, Leggett, I pardon you and your companions. You did quite right to attempt to put a stop to such an insult to your master. Silver, I hardly know what to say to you. You have dared to—” Mr. Manders stuttered.

The awfulness of the circumstances appeared to deprive him of the power of speech.

Tommy Dodd & Co. blinked shamefacedly at Jimmy Silver. They were utterly ashamed of Leggett and his sneaking, and they were concerned for Jimmy Silver. For the caricaturing of a master with a "guy" for the bonfire was a decidedly serious matter. It meant a flogging by the Head at least, if Mr. Manders carried the matter to Dr. Chisholm—as he was certain to do.

To the amazement of the Moderns, Jimmy did not seem alarmed. He smiled.

Mr. Manders found his voice at last. His eyes glittered as they were fixed on Jimmy Silver.

"Silver!" he gasped.

"Yes, sir!"

"You—you—you are manufacturing an effigy?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"And in this effigy," shouted Mr. Manders, "you have caricatured a master of this school—in fact, myself?"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Oh, no, sir! I shouldn't consider that properly respectful, sir," said Jimmy, with beautiful meekness.

Tommy Dodd stared.

He had never expected Jimmy Silver to depart from the strict line of veracity, even if a flogging was in prospect.

"You deny Leggett's statement?"

"Yes, sir."

"Leggett, what proof have you? If you have dared to deceive me—"

Mr. Manders did not finish. He left the rest to Leggett's imagination.

"Why, it's there, sir!" exclaimed Leggett excitedly. "They've got it in the shed, sir, at this very minute."

Mr. Manders strode into the wood-shed, the Classics making way for him. He glared round the shed.

"Where is the effigy?"

"It's under the canvas, sir!" piped Leggett.

"Remove that canvas at once, Silver."

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

"We don't want the Moderns to see our guy, sir," he said rebelliously. "It's a new thing in guys, and we don't want them to bag the idea."

"You hear me, Silver?"

"I assure you, sir, that the guy isn't anything like you," said Jimmy. "I never had such an idea in my head. Leggett's been dreaming."

"I command you," said Mr. Manders hoarsely, "to remove that canvas this instant, and reveal the effigy you have dared to make!"

There was no gainsaying the Modern master further. Jimmy Silver stooped, and jerked away the canvas that covered the famous effigy extended on the floor.

There was a general craning of necks among the Moderns to see it.

Tommy Dodd gave a yell.

"Oh, my hat! Kaiser Bill!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

"Kaiser Bill!"

THE Modern juniors stared at the "guy."

Mr. Manders blinked at it.

It was not a caricature of Mr. Manders. Nothing of the sort. The Moderns had jumped to that conclusion; and Tubby Muffin—eager for tarts—had been willing to confirm it.

He would have told them that, or anything else, for three jam-tarts.

But the Moderns had been wide of the mark all the while.

For the effigy was a life-size figure of the All-Highest Wilhelm.

The features, perhaps, were not a close resemblance. Unlovely as the Kaiser's features are, the guy did not flatter them. But there was no mistaking the spiked moustache, of immense size, and the painted cardboard helmet; and still less was there any mistaking the placard on the chest, which bore in large letters:

"KAISER BILL."

Like the ancient painter who wrote under his picture, "This is an ox," lest there should be any mistake on the point, Jimmy Silver had labelled his effigy, so that all Rookwood might know that it was the Imperial Prisoner who was thus caricatured.

The effigy was not quite finished. The juniors had been engaged in hanging a number of Iron Crosses upon it, made of wood, when they were interrupted.

The figure was comic enough. But it did THE POPULAR.—No. 95.

not make Mr. Manders smile. He did not feel like smiling.

Keen as he was to be down on Jimmy & Co., he could not suppose for a moment that that absurd figure was a caricature of himself.

Leggett had deceived him, intentionally or not.

Leggett, as a matter of fact, was blinking at the figure in utter dismay.

The sneak of the Fourth saw now that a mistake had been made; the Moderns had been on the wrong track. But that discovery came a little too late.

Mr. Manders turned upon him like a cyclone.

"Leggett!" he thundered.

"Oh!" gasped Leggett

"You have deliberately attempted to deceive me!"

"—I thought—"

"You informed me that these Classical juniors were caricaturing myself!"

"—I—I—"

"I find that they are doing nothing of the sort. You have uttered a falsehood—a disrespectful and wicked falsehood, Leggett! Follow me!"

Mr. Manders told Leggett to follow him, but he did not leave him to do it. He grasped the unhappy sneak by the ear, and Leggett uttered an agonised yell.

"Every Modern boy here will take three hundred lines," said Mr. Manders. And he marched off furiously with the squirming Leggett. "Go to your studies at once!"

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, as the Modern juniors marched off after their master.

"Silly asses!" said Lovell, with a whistle. "They thought we were making game of old Manders with the guy. That's why they came for us."

"Ha, ha, ha! I think Leggett will be rather sorry he spoke."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They've got on to the wheeze now," growled Lovell.

"Rotten!"

"Can't be helped," said Jimmy Silver philosophically.

And the Classics proceeded to give the finishing touches to the guy. Jimmy Silver had intended to take Rookwood by surprise on the morrow with that striking effigy, and the secret had been well kept, Tubby Muffin in particular being kept out of it. But it was out now, with a vengeance. The Moderns were at liberty to bag the idea if they liked.

But Tommy Dodd & Co. were not thinking of that just then. Three hundred lines each was enough for them to think about at present.

Tommy Dodd's followers told them what they thought of him as they went back to Mr. Mander's house.

Tommy's little mistake had earned them a terrific scrap, a jawing from Mr. Manders, and a heavy imposition all round, and naturally they waxed wrath with their leader.

But Leggett's sufferings were the worst.

The effigy having turned out to be quite harmless, Mr. Manders jumped to the conclusion that Leggett had been intending to insult him deliberately in suggesting that he had been caricatured as a guy. Leggett had no chance of explaining—indeed, he had no explanation to make. And Mr. Manders did not give him time to think of any. He marched him into his study, and selected his stoutest cane.

For the next five minutes Leggett's experiences were really terrific.

Mr. Manders gave him six on each hand, and they were heavy cuts. Leggett was quite doubled up when he had finished.

Then the Modern master pointed to the door with his cane.

"Go!" he snapped. "The next time you feel inclined to be insolent to your master, Leggett, you will doubtless reflect in time."

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

The door closed behind Leggett, and he crawled away in misery. Sneaking had not served him well for once.

And even then his punishment was not ended.

He dodged the angry Moderns by going to the dormitory; but when the wrathful juniors came up to bed, escape was no longer possible.

Leggett was still groaning from the infliction of Mr. Manders' cane. But he soon had new reasons for groaning.

"Here's the sneak!" howled Towle.

"Here's the thafe of the world."

"Collar him!"

"Scrag him!"

"Leggo!" yelled Leggett. "I've had enough! Yow-ow! Manders has nearly skinned me! Yaroooh!"

"Faith, and we'll quite skin yez!"

"You've disgraced the side, you sneaking cad!" said Tommy Dodd savagely. "You've let us down before the Classics. You're going to have a lesson you won't forget!"

And Leggett did.

He was frog-marched and bumped, bathed in cold water, and sprinkled with tooth-powder; and he was running the gauntlet when Knowles came in to see lights out. Never had Leggett been so glad to see Knowles.

He had risked that painful ragging to escape a caning by Mr. Manders. He had had an extra special caning and the ragging as well. And it was borne in upon Leggett's mind that it might pay better in the long run to play the game. It was a long time before he slept; and as he wriggled dolorously in bed, he sincerely wished that he had not been so keen to give Mr. Manders information.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

William the Second!

I'VE got it!"

Tommy Dodd made that announcement the next day after lessons to his two faithful chums.

"Oh, don't," said Cook.

"Chase it!" said Doyle.

"Look here, I've got an idea—"

"And I've got three hundred lines!" growled Cook. "Go and bury it, Tommy! I'm fed up with your ideas!"

Tommy Dodd snorted.

"Look here, you duffers, we've got to dish those Classical rotters!" he exclaimed. "We can't have them cackling at us. 'We—we made rather a bad break last night—'"

"You did, you mean."

"And the Classics have been cackling over it ever since."

"Begorra, and 'hey have!'"

"And we're going to chip in and take them down a peg after all."

"Going to make a Kaiser guy?" said Cook.

"I'm not thinking of that. We've got no use on our side for second-hand Classical wheezes," said Tommy Dodd scornfully. "It was a good idea, and I wonder I never thought of it; but I—I—"

"But you didn't!"

"Well, no, I didn't. But we're going to make them sit up all the same. What price collarng their guy?"

"Oh!"

"Only means a free fight, and Manders after us again," said Tommy Doyle. "I've got enough lines from Manders, bedad!"

"Oh, rats! That isn't all," said Tommy Dodd, lowering his voice. "I've been thinking it out. What price Jimmy Silver for a guy?"

"Eh!"

"Off your rocker?"

"I tell you I've thought it out," said Tommy Dodd impatiently. "Listen to me, and don't jaw—you're all jaw!"

Tommy Dodd proceeded to explain his mysterious scheme. Cook and Doyle listened doubtfully at first, but they chorled at last. And, having satisfied his two faithful comrades, Tommy Dodd proceeded to call other Moderns into the scheme—whatever it was. And soon afterwards, quite a little army of Modern juniors were scouting cautiously round the wood-shed, where Kaiser Bill was lying in state.

Jimmy Silver was in the wood-shed, giving some final artistic touches to Kaiser Bill. Jimmy was a little suspicious of Modern raids, and he did not mean to leave Kaiser Bill alone until the fellows were ready to carry him in the procession. He looked round quickly as Tommy Dodd glanced in at the doorway. Tommy Dodd nodded genially.

"Getting on all right with Bill?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks. You can keep outside, you Modern bouncer!"

Tommy Dodd laughed.

"All serene. I know you've got a dozen Classical bounders within call," he said. "I looked in to tell you you're wanted at the House. Ta-ta!"

"Who wants me?" called out Jimmy Silver.

But Tommy Dodd was gone. Jimmy hesitated.

He suspected a trick to get him away while the Moderns raided the guy. But if he was wanted, he had to go. He stepped to the door and called out.

"Lovell!"

"I've got to go to the House," said Jimmy. "Stay here and keep the door locked. Don't let any Moderns in."

"Right-ho!" Jimmy left the wood-shed, and Lovell locked the door after him. Kaiser Bill was quite safe.

Jimmy ran towards the School House through the thick dusk. As he passed round the corner of the building, five or six figures loomed up in the mist, and he was collared and borne to the ground.

"Keep him quiet!" Jimmy Silver had no time for even one yell. A sack was thrown round his head and held tight.

"All serene!" grinned Tommy Dodd. Jimmy, wriggling furiously in the grasp of his captors, was picked up and carried away.

He was set down in about five minutes, and the sack was dragged from his red, furious face. He gasped for breath as he glared round him.

He was resting on the ground behind the clock-tower on the Modern side. Round him a dozen Modern fellows were gathered, grinning.

"You rotters!" gasped Jimmy. "What's the game?"

"You are!" chortled Tommy Dodd. "You told me I was wanted, you Prussian!" howled Jimmy.

"Solid truth, my son—you were wanted." "Who wanted me?"

"Us!" "Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy growled. He had supposed that his Form-master or a prefect wanted him, if he was wanted at all.

He had taken precautions against a raid on ex-Kaiser Bill during his absence; but he had never suspected a design of kidnapping like this. He had fallen fairly into the hands of the Philistines. But he was puzzled. He could not see the object of the Moderns.

"Well, you've got me," he growled, sitting up. "But you can't get the guy, if that's what you're after. You'd better use old Manders if you want one."

"Never mind old Manders," grinned Tommy Dodd. "We've got the guy we want."

"Yereseff inoierly!" chuckled Doyle. Jimmy started.

"What the dickens—?" "Get to work," said Tommy Dodd. "We want to get the procession going before they miss him. Sorry we shall have to tie you up, Jimmy; but you won't be hurt if you don't yell."

"Look here—" Jimmy made a desperate spring to escape; but the Moderns had him fast. As he opened his mouth to yell a cake of soap was thrust into it, and he spluttered and gasped instead.

Tommy Dodd had evidently laid all his plans. The raiders lost no time. A handkerchief was tied over Jimmy Silver's mouth, to keep him quiet, and a cord secured his wrists behind him, and then his ankles were tied together. Then Tommy Dodd fastened a hideous Guy Fawkes mask on his face.

Jimmy Silver blinked at him through the holes in the mask. He could not speak, but his look was eloquent.

Jimmy did not understand. But he began to comprehend, as he felt himself wrapped in an ancient coat, and Tommy Dodd fastened a huge spiked moustache on the mask over his face. An old tin pail, rescued from a dustbin, and knocked into some distant resemblance to a Prussian helmet, was fastened on his head. On the chest of the old coat was pinned a placard, "KAISER BILL!" And about a dozen Iron Crosses made of painted cardboard were strung round his neck.

Jimmy Silver understood then. The Moderns had coolly bagged the idea of using the Kaiser as an effigy, and as they could not get hold of the original, Jimmy Silver himself was to serve the purpose. He was going to be carried in procession as a guy—he, Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth, chief of the Fistical Four, and Uncle James of Rookwood generally!

As the Moderns' scheme dawned upon him, Jimmy Silver wriggled desperately in his bonds. But he was bound too securely. There was no chance of the unfortunate guy getting loose. An old chair from the lumber-room had been brought to the spot. It would not stand of its own accord; but some of the Moderns held it while Jimmy Silver was sat in it, and tied there with great care. Jimmy's eyes glittered ferociously through the holes in the mask. But his eloquent looks only made the Moderns howl with laughter.

"All ready!" said Tommy Dodd, at last.

"Up with him!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Up went the chair in the grasp of the Moderns, and the procession started round the clock-tower, preceded by Towle and Cook blowing great blasts upon a mouth-organ and a tin-whistle.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Another Guy!

HERE was a roar in the dusky quadrangle as the Modern procession came into view. Tommy Dodd and three others bore the elevated chair carrying the guy. Thirty Moderns of the Lower Forms, at least, marched round and behind and before, and the mouth-organ and the tin-whistle discoursed fearsome music that was heard all over Rookwood.

Raby and a crowd of others were coming away to fetch the guy from the woodshed for the Classical procession, when they spotted the Modern procession in the quadrangle.

"They've got our guy!" roared Raby. "Our Kaiser Bill, by gad!"

"Yah! Modern rotters!" It was a natural mistake. The Rookwood Kaiser was chiefly recognisable by a huge, spiked moustache, a hideous, masked face, and a placard on his chest. There was little to choose between the Kaiser in the wood-shed and Jimmy Silver in his present guise.

"That ass Silver—he's let 'em raid the Kaiser!" shouted Higgs. "Rush them! Get it back!" howled Newcome.

"Hold on—there's Bootles!" The Modern procession was passing the School House, and Mr. Bootles, with a kind smile on his face, had stepped out.

"Here's another guy!" shrieked Doyle, perhaps in disrespectful allusion to the Classical master. But Mr. Bootles was not a suspicious man.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bootles, blinking at the effigy over his spectacles. "What an idea! So that represents the Kaiser, Dodd?"

The procession halted for the Form-master to view the striking guy.

"Yes, sir," said Tommy Dodd demurely. "Pretty good likeness, I think, sir."

Mr. Bootles laughed. "Ahem! Certainly very comical," he said.

"Dear me, how very odd! The eyes look very lifelike—very lifelike indeed!"

"Do they, sir?" murmured Tommy. Mr. Bootles stared at the eyes of the effigy, quite impressed. Certainly they looked very lifelike. There was no reason why Jimmy Silver's eyes shouldn't look lifelike, for that matter. But Mr. Bootles was far from suspecting that it was a member of his Form who was hidden under the old coat, the mask, and the tin pail. He naturally supposed that it was a stuffed effigy.

"Some kind of mechanism, I presume, such as is used in dolls?" asked Mr. Bootles. "Ahem! The—the head is of wood, sir," said Tommy Dodd. And as Tommy made that statement the eyes looked more lifelike than ever. The Moderns chuckled.

"Hollow, I presume?" said Mr. Bootles. "Oh, yes, sir; there's nothing in it," said Tommy, and the Moderns chuckled again.

"Nothing but the mechanism, you mean?" said Mr. Bootles. "Certainly the eyes move in a very lifelike manner. Indeed, I could almost believe that they were real eyes!"

"Excepting for a certain rigidity in their movements, which shows that they are moved by a mechanical device," said Mr. Bootles.

"Ha, ha, ha! I—mean, exactly, sir!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

Mr. Bootles stepped back, and the procession marched on, the Moderns almost choking with merriment.

The Classics eyed the procession wolfishly. They were convinced that Tommy Dodd & Co. had raided their Kaiser from the wood-shed, and they did not mean to submit to the loss. As soon as the Form-master had gone into the House, there was a yell and a rush.

"Keep 'em off!" roared Tommy Dodd. "They're not going to have our guy!"

"It's our guy!" roared Raby. "Collar it!" The procession swayed, and broke up, under the rush of the Classics.

There was a wild scrimmage for some minutes, and the chair was set on the ground, sideways to give the Moderns freer movements. But the Classics carried the day. Tommy Dodd & Co. were driven back, and the Classical juniors closed round the captured guy.

"Got it!" yelled Raby. "Bring it along to the bonfire!"

"Hurrah!"

The Classics whirled up the chair with the effigy attached, and rushed it on.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "They'll put it in the fire! Stop 'em!" He rushed in frantic pursuit.

But the Classics brought the effigy up to the bonfire with a rush. There they stopped and set it down.

"Stir the fire a bit," said Raby. "Keep those Moderns off, you fellows. They're not going to have a hand in this. Where's that ass Jimmy Silver all this time?"

Lovell came panting up. "Hallo! Is that a new guy?" he exclaimed.

"Eh? It's our guy! The Moderns cads raided it—"

"It isn't, you fathead! Our guy's in the wood-shed," said Lovell.

"What!" "I've locked it in all right," said Lovell. "I came to see whether you weren't ready. Is Jimmy Silver here?"

"Then we've raided a Modern guy!" grinned Raby. "The rotters borrowed our idea; it's just like our Kaiser Bill! We'll burn it along with ours."

"Good idea!" "I say—" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Kick that Modern cad out!"

"I tell you—" "Collar him! Bump him!"

"Yaroooh! I tell you that guy's Jimmy Silver!" roared Tommy Dodd, as the Classics smote the ground with him.

"Wha-a-at!" Jimmy Silver's eyes were going like clock-work through the holes in the mask. Raby's proposition to burn him along with the other guy had given Jimmy a very unpleasant sensation. The Classics stared at him blankly as Tommy Dodd imparted his amazing information.

"It—it's alive!" yelled Higgs. "Look at its eyes!"

Lovell dragged the mask from the effigy's face. Jimmy Silver's crimson features were revealed.

"Jimmy!" stuttered Lovell. "Why don't the image speak?"

"Oh, my hat! He's gagged!" Raby drew the handkerchief away. Then the captain of the Fourth found his voice.

"Groooh! You silly idiots! Yow-ow-ow!" "Jimmy, you ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Moderns. "Another guy!"

The Classics roared, too; they could not help it. The expression on Jimmy Silver's face was enough to make a Hun roar.

Lovell, gasping with merriment, opened his penknife and cut the cords. Jimmy Silver rolled out of the chair, and the tin pail fell off with a crash.

"You frabjous asses—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Lucky I came along!" remarked Tommy Dodd. "Blessed if the silly asses wouldn't have shored you into the bonfire if I hadn't!"

"Groooh!" "Which would have been a shame—a burning shame!" said Tommy humorously. "Here, hands off, you ass! Haven't I saved your life?"

"You spoofing bounder!" yelled Jimmy Silver, pommelling away at Tommy Dodd's head. "I'll—"

"Go it, Tommy Dodd!" "Stick it, Jimmy Silver!"

"Who's the biggest guy at Rookwood?" yelled Tommy Cook. "Why, Jimmy— Gw! Yow!"

A blow on the nose from Lovell's hefty fist cut Tommy Cook's remarks short. He staggered backwards, and Lovell was about to push forward the attack when a blow from Tommy Doyle stopped him short.

In a moment a pitched battle was taking place between Moderns and Classics. Hard knocks were the order of the day, and no quarter was asked for or given.

The Moderns, however, were doomed to defeat. Reinforcements for the Classics came pouring in, and gradually Tommy Dodd & Co. were forced away from the spot.

The Moderns resisted gallantly, but they could not fight against such odds, and in the end they retreated in great disorder.

THE END.

(Make a note of reading "Saved from Disgrace," the Rookwood yarn in next week's POPULAR.)