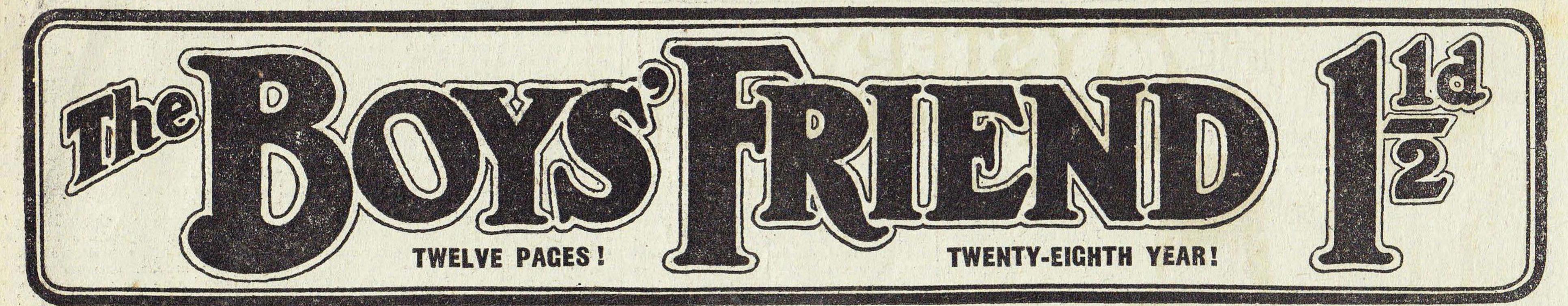
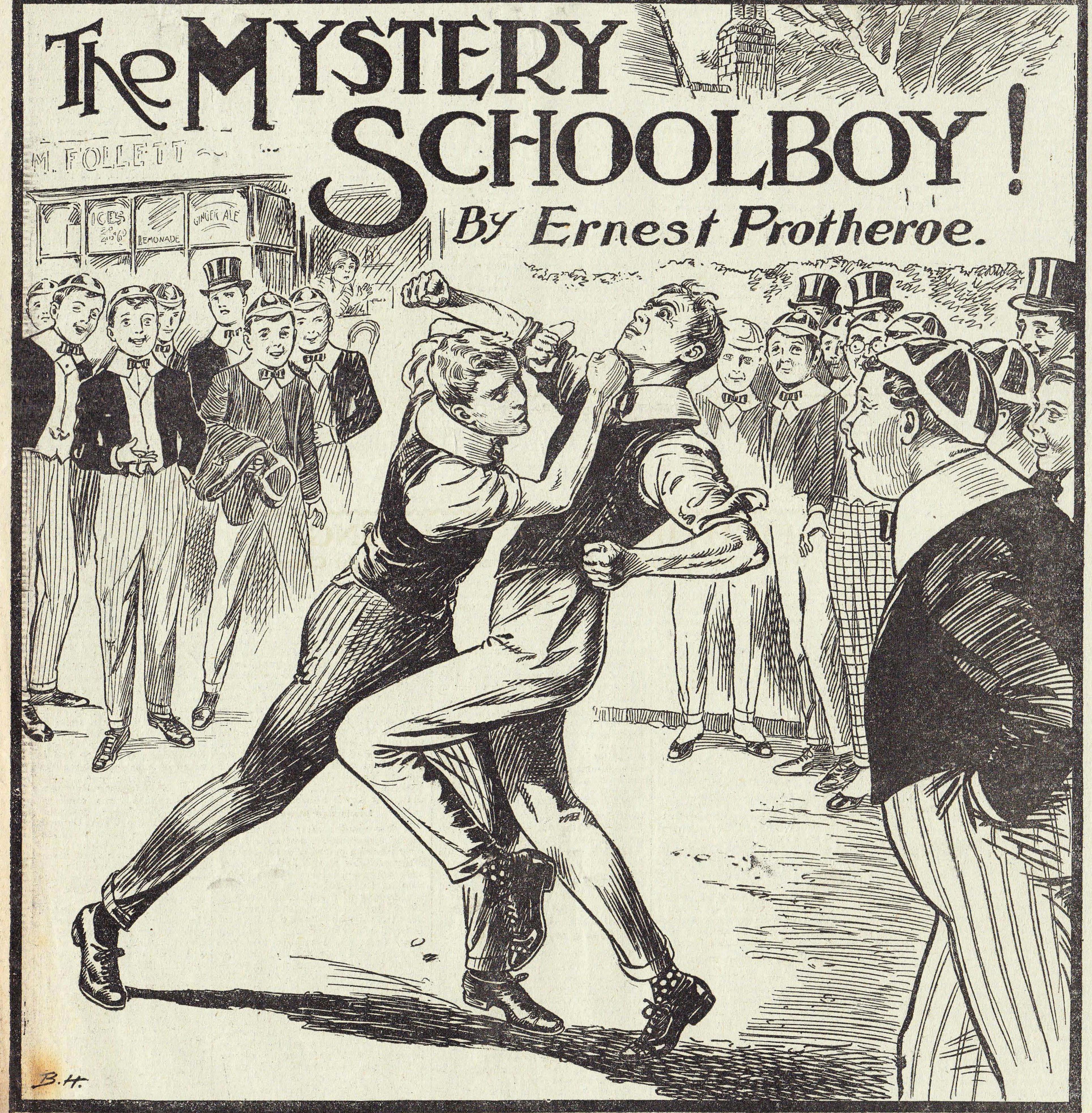
GRAND COLOURED ENGINE PLATE GIVEN FREE WITH THIS WEEK'S "POPULAR"!



No. 1,080. Vol. XXII. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending February 18th, 1922.



A SPLENDID SCHOOL STORY OF JIMMY SILVER'S RE

Published

Every Monday

The 1st Chapter. The Majesty of the Law!

"Peelers!"

"It's a bobby!" "Löck out, you fellows!" said

Jimmy Silver quietly. The rebels of Rookwood were look-

ing out! Never had the apparition of Policeconstable Boggs, of Coombe, caused so much excitement as it caused that

afternoon at Rookwood School. Mr. Boggs was a portly and imposing gentleman, with a considerable diameter and a still more considerable circumference. In Coombe and its vicinity he was the terror of evildoers-of small boys who projected snowballs at harmless and necessary of canine old gentlemen, and offenders that had the temerity to stray unmuzzled in the summer- | did not wait for him to attempt to

But he failed, somehow, to strike terror into the Fourth Form fellows who grinned at him down the left ear, giving him a very rakish dormitory staircase, in the School look. At the same time, a dozen pea-House at Rookwood. Even his helmet and uniform failed to produce the desired effect.

P.-c. Boggs came up the lower stairs with a heavy tread; the heavy ! official tread which, on the beat at midnight, warns the festive cracksman that it is time to pack up and get moving.

Mr. Manders, temporary Head of Rookwood, came up with him.

The Rookwooders were in the Formgrooms, with the exception of

the Glassical Fourth. The Classical Fourth were "on strike"; the dormitory staircase was barricaded, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were holding the fort behind the barricade.

Mr. Boggs halted on the landing, and surveyed the barricaded stair above, and blinked under his helmet-

at the garrison. Jimmy Silver, over a row of stacked bedsteads, waved a kindly

hand at him in greeting. "Good-afternoon, Boggy!" he

called out. "Top of the afternoon, old tulip!" said Arthur Edward Lovell affably. "Mind the step, Boggy! If you

started rolling, you'd never stop." Mr. Boggs' plump red face grew redder. Mr. Manders set his thin lips in a tight line. He had counted upon the official uniform of Mr. Boggs to strike terror. But the

rebels' greeting did not sound terrified. "You see how the matter stands,

Boggs!" he said, in his acid tones. "These boys—these young rascals are in rebellion-open rebellion!"

"My word!" murmured Mr. Boggs. He blinked at the garrison, and he blinked at Mr. Manders. He had come up to the school in answer to Mr. Manders' urgent summons by telephone. But exactly what he was to do, now that he was there, Mr. Boggs did not know. If his eye of command struck terror to the rebels, well and good; but if it didn't, P.-c. Boggs did not see what was to be done. And only too obviously it didn't!

"You will-er-deal immediately with these young rascals!" said Mr. Manders. "I desire you to take Silver into custody--"

"Forty bob or a month, Jimmy!" said Newcome.

"Ho!" said Mr. Boggs.

said Mr. Manders.

Owen Conquest.

"Ho!" said Mr. Boggs again. Tipped or untipped, he was willing to do his best. He advanced two steps up the upper staircase. stairs almost trembled under the official tread.

"You young rips, come out o' that!" said Mr. Boggs.

"Bow-wow!"

"In the name of the lor!" said Mr.

"Oh, lor'!" ejaculated Putty Grace, and there was a loud chortle. "Which it will be the worse for you f you don't!"

"Take Silver into custody!" shouted Mr. Manders. "I will be responsible."

'Take Manders into custody, I Boggs!" said Jimmy Silver.

with butting into matters that don't | concern him, and obstructing the Fourth Form in the execution of their duty."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

word!" murmured Mr. Boggs. "You young rip! If you! don't come out of that, I'll come for you and fetch you out!"

"Come on, Boggy!" "Stand clear. Manders!" shouted Lovell. "We're going to roll Boggy

Mr. Boggs came on valiantly, and reached the stacked bedsteads on the edge of the upper landing. He could no more have climbed over the barricade than he could have flown out of the window. He had far too much weight to lift. But the juniors clamber over.

A cricket-stump lashed out, and Mr. Boggs' helmet was cocked over his shooters started in. Phip, phip, phip!

The missiles fairly rained on Mr. Boggs' fat face.

"My word!" gasped Mr. Boggs. "You young raskils - ow! Wow! Leave off! 'Ow dare you 'andle a constable on dooty like this 'ere? Yow-ow-wooop!"

"Seize that boy Silver!" shouted Mr. Manders. Bump!

Arthur Edward Lovell leaned over the barrier and smote with a bolster. Mr. Boggs' helmet went spinning, and Mr. Boggs sat down suddenly on the stairs.

He rolled down two or three steps, and clutched frantically at the banisters to right himself. A pillow whizzed, and a cushion followed it, and Mr. Boggs went rolling. He arrived on the lower landing, beside Mr. Manders, in a heap. He sat up and spluttered.

"Ooooooooch!" "Boggs-" shouted Mr. Manders.

"Woooooop!"

"Do your duty!" "Yow-ow-woooop!"

raved Mr. Manders. "Get up, man! | the trouble was Mr. Manders' fault-Get up at once! I will report you to las no doubt he did! your superiors! You hear me?"

everyone at Rookwood heard him, for | rebels, having barricaded themselves that matter.

his feet. He blinked at Mr. Manders. k up from the studies was not likely to | into the stronghold. He fielded his helmet, and arranged last a crowd of hungry schoolboys | So far, the rebellion had been con- only remedy Mr. Manders could it on his head, grunting. Then he turned-not towards the upper stairs, but towards the lower.

"Boggs!" roared Mr. Manders.

"I'm going!" said Mr. Boggs, with dignity. "I've walked a mile 'ere, Mr. Manders, and I've never been asked so much as whether I was thirsty! This ain't my dooty! I'd come up 'ere any time, sir, to oblige Dr. Chisholm-the 'Ead's a gentleman, sir! It ain't my dooty to manage your school for you, Mr. Manders."

"Boggs!, I shall report this in-"Report, and be blowed!" said Mr.

"What? What?" "I'm hoff!"

And the heavy official tread thundered down the lower staircasc. 1 Mr. Boggs had had enough!

"Kindly proceed at once, Boggs!" And as a couple of pillows whizzed down from the rebels' stronghold, Mr. Manders felt that he could not do better than follow him.

The 2nd Chapter. Mr. Manders Takes Measures!

Rookwood School was seething with excitement for the remainder of that | Manders.

There had been trouble ever since the Head went; and the trouble had sir?" asked Tommy Cook. culminated in Jimmy Silver & Co.'s barring-out.

The sympathy of the whole school was with the rebels.

Even the masters were not displeased to see Mr. Manders "up against" an insuperable difficulty. Since Mr. Manders had taken the Head's place, his airs of authority had irritated the whole staff; there "I give him in charge." said was not one master with whom he Jimmy cheerily. "He is charged had not interfered, not one Formroom in which he had not meddled. He had set the prefects against him too-Bulkeley and the rest firmly declined any further responsibility in the matter. Mr. Manders was left quite alone to deal with the rebellion he had aroused. Mr. Manders was rather in the hapless situation of the magician in the story, who succeeded in calling up the evil spirit, but could

not control him when called.

came upon a startling scene. A large basket was hanging on a cord from a window of the Fourth Form dormitory. It was being pulled up by Arthur Edward Lovell-and evidently it had just been filled by Dodd, Cook, and Doyle, of the Modern Fourth, who were watching its ascent.

Mr. Manders spluttered with wrath.

"Dodd!" he shouted. "Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Tommy

"You-you-you have been assisting those-those rebellious young scoundrels!" exclaimed Mr. Manders.

"Only sending them up some grub, sir!" said Tommy Dodd meekly. "They let down the basket with some cash in it, sir--"

"You have dared--!" gasped Mr.

"No law against fetching a chap things from the tuck-shop, is there,

"Follow me to my study!" snapped

Mr. Manders. "What for, sir?" asked Tommy, Doyle.

"I am going to cane you with the atmost severity." "Are you?" murmured Tommy

Dodd. "Follow me instantly!"

Mr. Manders stalked away. The three Tommies followed him, exchanging whispers—but only as far as the School House door. There they went in. A minute later, they were scudding up the staircase.

"Jimmy Silver!" shouted Tommy Dodd.

"Hallo, old top!" "We're joining up!"

"Good man!" exclaimed the captain of the Fourth. "It's time you did! Hop over!"

The rebels had plenty of friends | It was a quarter of an hour before outside their stronghold: and com- Knowles of the Sixth came in to munication was easy. Mr. Manders, report. His report was that the taking a walk round as dusk fell, Modern juniors could not be foundand his surmise was that they had joined Jimmy Silver & Co.

Mr. Manders' feelings were too deep for words. His cane was of no use to him now. In his rage, he would have been glad to cane Knowles; but that was impossible.

Starving out the Classical garrison was evidently now entirely out of the question. Mr. Manders could guess that the basket he had seen drawn up to the dormitory window was not the only consignment that had reached the rebels. It was probable that supplies were still going in, in fact. Mr. Manders could not watch every window personally; and he could not rely upon the prefects to do so: and he realised only too clearly that all the school was against

As darkness descended that day, Mr. Manders paced his study, a great deal like a wild animal in a cage, furning, and trying to think out a plan of campaign.

It was necessary for something to be done-and quickly. The revolt was spreading—already most of the Modern Fourth had joined the Classical Fourth. A barring-out appealed to them much more than German or chemistry or algebra, and liberal canings and naggings from Mr. Manders. If the revolt continued, it was only too probable that other Forms would follow the rebels' example and go "on strike." Which would have been a pretty kettle of fish for the tyrant of Rookwood to deal with. And Mr. Manders was greatly uneasy lest news of the barring-out should reach the Head. He did not blame himself for what had occurred; but he felt very uneasily that it was essential to restore order



failed him. After the departure of Mr. Boggs, Mr. Manders telephoned to Rookham, to Inspector Sharpe. To his amazement and wrath, the inspector pooh-poohed the whole busi-He even hinted that Mr. Manders, for his own sake, had better get matters peacefully arranged before the Head "Don't sprawl malingering there!" | returned!-just as if he thought that

There was one gleam of hope for Mr. Boggs certainly heard him- Mr. Manders-and that was, that the upstairs, were cut off from food The plump constable rose slowly to supplies. The "tuck" they had taken

would be famished into a mood of Modern Fourth. surrender.

excellent general.

DON DARREL'S REPUBLIC!

By VICTOR NELSON,

The Greatest of All Stories of the Boy with Fifty Millions,

the corridor. STARTS NEXT WEEK!

three Tommies over the barricade | Rookwood.

fined to the Classicals. Tommy Dodd I think of. Like many gentlemen who By evening, he hoped that they & Co. were the first recruits from the

But they were not the last. But he counted without Jimmy | Towle and Lacy and half a dozen Silver, and the resourcefulness of that tother fellows followed their example, dropping quietly into the School House, and climbing over the barricade to join the defenders.

> The feud between Classicals and Moderns was quite forgotten-it was the whole Fourth Form now against the tyrant of Rookwood, and the hatchet was buried deep.

Mr. Manders, in his study, selected his stoutest cane: but he waited in vain for the three Tommies to arrive. He left his study at last, and called to Knowles of the Sixth in

"Find Dodd and Cook and Doyle, Knowles, and send them in to me at once !" he snapped.

And willing hands assisted the before Dr. Chisholm returned to

Force, and more force, was the have a very tender regard for the safety of their own personal skins, he was of the militaristic turn of mind, and believed in the strong hand, and plenty of it. Conciliation did not enter his mind at all. Force was the remedy, and the only difficulty was to command it and apply it.

Apparently Mr. Manders came to a decision at last, for he donned hat and coat, and left the school, and was absent for a couple of hours. When he came in, there was a grim look of satisfaction on his hard face. Mr. Greely, the master of the Fifth, met him as he came in.

One word with you, Mr. Manders," said the Fifth Form master. "May I ask what measures are being taken to deal with the ah

(Continued overleaf.)

-unprecedented state of affairs at present obtaining in this school?" Mr. Manders gave him a cold glare.

"You may not!" he answered curtly.
"Hem!"

"Measures are being taken," said Mr. Manders. "Measures of a drastic nature. That is all." He made a sign of dismissal. But

Mr. Greely did not go. "This state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue," he said. "It will not be allowed to con-

tinue, Mr. Greely. But the matter

"Disorder is spreading in the school."

"I am aware of it. It is partly due to the fact that I have not received, from the masters, the support I had a right to expect."

"I do not agree with you, Mr. Manders. I have this to say-that unless order is restored, the staff cannot remain idle spectators. I understand that the Head is now on the road to recovery from his illness. As soon as he is able to hear the news, I shall consider it my duty to acquaint him with this-this unheardof state of affairs, if it is not ended."

"Mr. Greely!" "I mean what I say, sir! The other masters are in agreement with me-we have discussed the matter in Masters' Session!" said Mr. Greely, with great dignity.

Mr. Manders compressed his lips. "The lower Forms are becoming uncontrollable," said Mr. Greely. "Mr. Bohun has had difficulty in keeping certain members of the Third from joining in the barring-out." "That is enough, Mr. Greely,"

"We are of opinion, sir-" "I do not desire to hear your opinion."

"Nevertheless, I shall state it," said Mr. Greely. "We are of opinion that Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, should be sent for, to deal with his Form."

"I have dismissed Mr. Dalton, and have no intention whatever of rescinding my decision," said Mr. Manders. "Good-evening!"

And Mr. Greely, choking down his wrath, went his ponderous way. In the Masters' Room, that evening, there were comments upon Mr. Manders which would have made that gentleman's scanty hair curl, if he had heard them. But Mr. Manders went to bed that night in a satisfied mood. He had taken his measuresdrastic measures-and on the morrow the rebels of Rookwood were to be crushed. And Mr. Manders dreamed a happy dream of flogging the Fourth Form from end to end, and wearing out the Head's birch in the process!

The 3rd Chapter. The Army!

"Camping out, what?" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"And regular watches,"

Supper was over in the stronghold of the Rookwood rebels. There had been a general "shell-out" of cash for supplies—and the supplies were ample, for a day or two, at least. Quite a large consignment had been | extremely rough and ready in their smuggled in before Mr. Manders looks. They touched their hats discovered what was being done-and | awkwardly to Mr. Manders. after, for that matter.

Even Tubby Mussin was satisfied exclaimed Mr. Manders, with the dinner, though it was rather mixed—and still more satisfied with bargees together. the tea. It was better than tea in Hall, Tubby declared—and quite as | You understand what is required of good as tea in the study. And there you--' next day his fat thoughts did not of a blinking rat's tail, sir." travel.

Classical Fourth dormitory. Most of hardly suited to the scholastic prethe Modern Fourth were there now. | cincts of Rookwood. Old Mack, | And no bedsteads were available- staring at the three bargemen as if they were all stacked up in the barri- they were three horrid phantoms, cade on the staircase, with most of backed into his lodge. He guessed no further doubt. the washstands. But Jimmy Silver now what the bargemen had come & Co. had camped out before, and for, and Mack was shocked at Mr. expressive whistle. they were ready to camp out again. | Manders. It wasn't his place to tell There were plenty of blankets, at all Mr. Manders so; but he was shocked events—and that was the chief thing. | and he disapproved strongly. Beds were made on the floor of the "Of course, you are not to usedormitory, and cheerful rebels turned er-unnecessary violence," said Mr. into them. .

night-nodding at their posts occa- "Jest knock 'em about a bit, that's | sionally, perhaps. Still, they certainly would have been on the "qui vive" if anybody had attempted to clamber | duce them to obedience-force them | "I-I say, wharrer we going to over the barricade. Nobody did. The | to leave the place they have barri- | do?" exclaimed Tubby Muffin, in night passed without alarm.

notice of the rising-bell in the morn- | Harker reassuringly. "Arter we've | they get upstairs-yaroooooop!" ing. Other Forms had to turn out- got among 'em, they'll be as quiet as Reginald Muffin finished with a not so the Fourth! They yawned, lambs." and sat up in bed, and chatted, and ["They better!" said one of Mr.] did not turn out till a good half-hour | Harker's comrades. "Their bloomafter the rising-bell had ceased to ing mothers won't know 'em arter, clang. By that time even Tubby else." Mussing was ready to get up; he was it is believe you, Alf!" said the getting hungry. getting hungry.

cooking, brought up from the blighters!" "Kick him, somebody!" grinned Bill. cases were found and promptly con-

and considerably noisy. It kept the rebels warm, and it gave them exerbarricade. He did not believe for a moment that Mr. Manders would, or could, allow matters to go on as they were; and he expected a move from room windows. And when Mr. the enemy at any moment. Where | Manders entered the School House | Mr. Manders was to raise forces was a mystery, since the prefects had ing along from the Fifth Form room. | rang on the stairs. abandoned him, and the majesty of Manders had something up his sleeve; | me?" James of Rookwood was right.

It was about half-past ten in the morning when Arthur Edward Lovell, looking from the corridor window, uttered a shout.

"Come here, you fellows!"

There was a rush to the window. "What's on?"

"Look!" Lovell pointed across to the distant gates, which could be seen from this

especial window. A burly man in thigh-boots and a sou'wester had appeared in the gateway. Mr. Manders was standing there, and old Mack had come out of his lodge. Even at the distance Jimmy Silver recognised the man in the big boots-he had seen him before. His name was Bill Harker, and he worked on the Latcham barges. He was a brawny, powerful man, with a square jaw and a bulldog look, and much distinguised locally for his exciting career as a fighting-man. Bill Harker had been "run in" more times than he could remember; and it was probable that he would be run in many times more, before old age damped his ardent spirits.

Old Mack, the porter, blinked at Mr. Harker—as Jimmy Silver & Co. were blinking from the distant window. Mack would certainly not have opened the gates to Mr. Harker, though he was thundering at the bell. But Mr. Manders-evidently expecting the caller-had come along, and curtly ordered the porter to admit Harker.

"My heye!" murmured Mack. He did as he was bid, and Mr. William Harker stamped in. He was followed by two other bargees.

They were both powerful fellows. "Good-morning - good-morning!"

"Mornin', sir!" mumbled the three

"I am very glad to see you here.

was plenty left for supper, and for ["I've told my mates, sir," said Bill brekker the next day; so Reginald | Harker. "They know what's on. Mustin was as cheery as any rebel in | Bless your 'eart, sir; we'll work the Rookwood. Beyond breakfast the blooming oracle for you in two shakes

Mr. Manders coughed. Bill There was rather a crowd in the Harker's mode of address was really

Manders to his extraordinary recruits. Sentries kept on the go during the "Just so, sir!" said Bill Harker. of that, I wonder?"

all, ain't it?"

"Hem! Not exactly that. Re- anything!" remarked Erroll. caded themselves in-"

there was none; but the juniors had looked round them with interest, and from making them. It was clear that with a crash. access to a box-room where there was | with grinning faces. In their own | Jimmy Silver & Co. were not think- | The roar that broke from Bill lumber, and several old packing- rough way, they were good-humoured ing of surrender, and that they did Harker would have done credit to fellows, and they looked on their ex- not want to hear anything on the the Bull of Basham in the most fiscated. Between the wood fire pedition to Rookwood as a rough sort subject. and the spirit stoves in the of "lark." Certainly they were sur- They're hefty roughs, those He was hurt, but he was more meal under a master's eye down- Latcham for help in dealing with "We can try, at any rate!" said Cow at Latcham than to Rookwood rebellious Lower School boys. But Newcome. School. All the good-humour was After breakfast, there was football Harker & Co. were quite prepared "We're going to hold out to the gone from his rugged face now-he in the passage—not very scientific to earn half a sovereign each by bitter end!" said Jimmy Silver, be- was in the mood now in which he footer, certainly, but very energetic | thrashing a mob of naughty boys for | tween his teeth. "We're going to | was accustomed to make warm work Mr. Manders.

> army would have caused huge excitewith them, Mr. Greely came whisk-

the Law had proved of no avail. But | flushed with anger and indignation, | tramping up, and they grinned more | It was no time for ceremony or Jimmy Silver sagely opined that | "is it possible? Do my eyes deceive | widely at the sight of the bedstead | half measures. The rebels of Rook-

and the event proved that Uncle | "I cannot answer for the state of boyish faces over it. Behind them to be knocked about with reckless doubtful about them, I suggest your | doubts this time. These three hulk- auxiliaries, and heard the fearful consulting an oculist. For the pre- ing fellows could have made hay of oaths they were growling and gruntsent, kindly return to your Form- the Sixth Form, let along the Fourth. ing out. But it was too late for Mr. room and do not interfere here."

for to deal with the Lower School much damage. boys, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Greely.

"They are!" "Then I protest, sir!" exclaimed the Fifth Form master excitedly. "I seriously protest against anything of to introduce hooligans into the school for any such purpose!"

"'Ooligans!" ejaculated Bill Harker. "'Oo's a 'ooligan, sir?" Mr. Greely backed a little. "No offence, my man!" he said amicably. "I do not blame you!"

"You called me names!" roared Mr. Harker. "I did not mean-"

"You go 'ome!" said Mr. Harker. He took the portly Fifth Form master in one powerful, grimy hand and spun him round. Mr. Greely was a big gentleman, and he had been an athlete at his University in his day. But he was like an infant in the muscular grasp of the bargeman. He went spinning and brought up against the wall with a bump.

"Bless my soul!" he gasped. "You go 'ome, old gent!" said Bill Harker. "I ain't going to 'urt you! But you ain't calling me names! See?"

"I-I-" Mr. Greely spluttered. "Mr. Manders, I protest! This is—is—unheard of—brutal lawless! I shall acquaint the Head! Bless my soul!"

Mr. Greely broke off abruptly, and retreated to his Form-room as Bill Harker made a belligerent move towards him. The Form-room door slammed behind him.

"Follow me, my men!" said Mr. Manders. "We're arter you, sir!" said Alf.

And the grinning bargemen followed Mr. Manders up the staircase.

The 4th Chapter. Fighting For It!

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged glances.

At the sight of the bargemen at the gates, Jimmy had suspected the truth at once. But it really seemed too bad to be true. When Harker & Co. crossed the quadrangle with Mr. Manders, and disappeared into the School House below, there could be

Arthur Edward Lovell gave a long,

tipped them to come up here for us."

"The awful rotter!" said Mornington. "What would the Head think

"Probably he's rather anxious to get it over before the Head can hear

great alarm. "I-I say, Jimmy, The garrison disdained to take "You leave that to us, sir," said there's time to dodge away before

fearful yell as Arthur Edward Lovell



Prica

passage, the cookery went on gaily, prised at being called in by Mr. | three!" said Raby. "But we've got surprised and enraged than hurt. and the rebels enjoyed that rather | Manders. It was undoubtedly the | the advantage of position. We've | He recled on the stairs, cursing disorderly meal, much more than they first time in history that a Rookwood licked the prefects! We can lick the wildly. His flow of language was would have enjoyed a more orderly master had gone to the Red Cow at bargees!" decidedly more suited to the Red

"Stand ready-bats and stumps!" | barricade, and even Peele and Gower ment. As it was, some of the masters | said Jimmy. "We've got to hit | spotted the army from the Form- hard! If those roughs get among us. there'll be damage done!"

Tramp, tramp! The heavy boots of the bargemen

"Mr. Manders," he exclaimed, Bill Harker, Alf, and George came Blows rained on them from within. barricade and the row of determined wood had to keep the enemy out, or your eyes, Mr. Greely," said the Mr. Manders followed, with a cruel brutality. Mr. Manders was a little Modern master acidly. "If you are smile on his hard face. He had no dismayed as he saw the looks of his His only uneasiness was that they "Are these—these men sent | might get excited and do a little too |

A few black eyes, swollen noses, and bruises would not matter-to Mr. Manders. But if teeth were knocked out, or anything of that kind, the matter would want a great the kind! You have no right, sir, deal of explaining away. But Mr. Manders felt that he had to chance that. The barring-out had to be crushed before the Head could hear of it, and this was "the only way."

"'Ere they are-wot?" grinned Bill Harker, halting on the landing, and staring up at the barricade. "These 'ere the coveys, sir?"

rascals!" said Mr. Manders. "Bless your 'eart, sir! We'll bring

'em to time!" "I believe you!" said Alf.

"Jest about a minute and a narf!" said George. "One moment!" exclaimed Mr. Manders. "Silver-Lovell-all of

you-listen to me!" "Can't be done, sir!" interjected Mornington, "You're a bore, sir! And your voice isn't musical Couldn't you oblige us, sir, by going back to the Modern side and doing

your croaking there?" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the rebels. Mr. Manders crimsoned. "Listen to me!" he roared. "Un-

less you descend at once, and surrender, and return to your duty, these men will compel you to do so! I desire to avoid violence! I give you the opportunity to surrender. Take advantage of it! Now---" "Go and eat coke!"

"Rats!" "Go home, Manders!"

Bill Harker burst into a gruff chuckle.

"Leave 'em to us, sir," he said. "We'll 'andle them."

"Do your best!" gasped Mr. Manders. "Do not-hem-damage them more than you can help-1 mean injuries of a serious kind-you are empowered to thrash them without mercy----

"Leave it to us, sir! Come on,

"We're arter you, Bill."

Up the top staircase came the three bargees, tramping heavily. Over the barricade, the Fistical Four and their comrades looked at them grimly. It was an unequal struggle -once the big bargees were among knocked him down the staircase "Three giddy bargees!" he said. the juniors, the latter certainly would "My only aunt Sempronia! Man- | not have the ghost of a chance. ders has been down to Latcham and All depended upon holding the barricade, and stalling off the attack-and the rebels realised that this was a much more hefty task than in the case of the prefects or Mr. Boggs. When Bill Harker was on the warpath in the Latcham pubs, three constables were required to get him to the station. He was a most redoubtable foe for Lower School boys to tackle. But Jimmy Silver & Co.

> mination. "Stand back!" rapped out Jimmy, as the bargeman reached the barricade. He flourished a cricket-

faced the enemy with cool deter-

Breakfast in the corridor was a "We're going to earn our 'arf-quid smote him, and he went bumping on "I shall hit you fast enough if you cheery meal that morning. There each, sir, don't you fret," said Bill the floor. were half a dozen spirit-stoves for Harker. "Let's git at the young | "Good man!" said Jimmy Silver. | "We'll see about that there!"

studies, and there was a large grate | "Ahem! Follow me," said Mr. | Conroy obliged. And there was | He grasped the barricade and came in the dormitory,—never used, it is. Manders. another wild yell from Tubby Muffin, on; and he saw about "that there" true, but ready for use-and the He led the three bargemen across And Peele and Gower, who had been very quickly indeed. Jimmy Silver repels lighted a huge fire in it. Coal the quadrangle. Bill Harker & Co. | going to make remarks, refrained | brought the stump down on his head

hold out, if Manders gathers up every for three policemen on a Saturday The Rookwooders were in the hooligan along the river from night. And his look told the juniors cise. But Jimmy Silver was careful Form-rooms, otherwise, Mr. Manders' Coombe to Latcham."

to see that a watch was kept on the progress across the quad with his "Hear, hear!"

to them if the ruffian came over the and Townsend and Topham backed up desperately in the defence.

Bill Harker came clambering on, and his comrades clambered with him. The barricade shook and trembled under their heavy weight.

Manders to repent of his drastic

measures. Cricket-bats and stumps, fives-bats and pillows and bolsters and chairlegs, crashed and smashed on the bargemen as they clambered over. If the defence had weakened for a second, if the juniors had hesitated to do hard damage, the attack would have carried the day. But the desperate defence stood them in good

Bill Harker, half stunned by the crashing blows he received, rolled back off the barricade, and collapsed on the stairs.

Crash, crash, crash! "They are the rebellious young George was sent whirling back, scals!" said Mr. Manders. with black bruises nearly all over him, and seeing more stars than ever

glittered in the firmament. Alf came on savagely, and clambered right over, in spite of raining blows, and dropped on the corridor landing.

Fortunately, he dropped headlong, and the juniors were able to tackle him before he could rise. Mornington jumped on him, landing in the small of his back, fairly squashing him to the floor. Lovell sat on the back of his neck, Raby on his head, Oswald and Flynn captured his arms and hung on to them.

Harker and George reeled back to the landing below, covered with bruises, with noses streaming red, swearing furiously. They had forced punishment at which many men would have baulked, and they were hurt badly. And they were beaten. "They're going!" gasped Jiminy

Silver. "Thank goodness!"

"Fix up that brute!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Get a rope or something

A cord was forthcoming, and as a dozen juniors held the struggling Alf; Jimmy Silver bound his wrists together behind his back, and then tied his legs at the ankles and the "Shove him into the dorm!" said

Jimmy. It had been a breathless struggle, but they had had the best of it. One of the enemy was a prisoner: the other two, battered and bruised, were driven back. Mr. Manders was almost beside himself. He did not dare to "rag" his terrible auxiliaries. Bill Harker would have

without ceremony at a word. "Perhaps—perhaps you had better go!" gasped Mr. Manders.

"We ain't going without Alf!" roared Mr. Harker. "And we ain't going till we've walloped that crowd of young 'ounds black and blue! George, my 'earty, you 'ike off to the Red Cow, and bring along some of our pals!"

"Wot-ho!" said George. And he strode away.

Harker sat on the stairs to wait for reinforcements from the Red Cow. And Mr. Manders, in utter dismay, wondered what on earth was going to happen when they came! THE END.

"You 'it me with that there | ("A Fight to a Finish!" is the stick, and you'll never know arter title of the great Rookwood tale wot's appened to you!" said Mr. of Jimmy Silver & Co. appearing in Harker. 'next Monday's Boys' FRIEND.