

# THE ALL-SCHOOL-STORY PAPER!

## The Penny Popular

No.  
249.

Three Complete Stories of—  
HARRY WHARTON & Co.—JIMMY SILVER & Co.—TOM MERRY & Co.



### “WELL HIT, SIR!”

(An Exciting Incident from the Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co.,  
contained in this Issue.)



A Grand  
Long Complete  
Story, dealing  
with the  
Early Adventures  
of  
Jimmy Silver & Co.

# FAGGING FOR THE FIFTH!

By  
Owen  
Conquest

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Fourth Against Fifth.

"I won't do!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, the leader of the Fistical Four of Rookwood School. "It's got to be stopped!"

The cause of these ejaculations was the fact that the Fifth Form had definitely intimidated to the Fourth that it was their intention henceforth to fag them.

It had started with some of the more timid members of the Fourth, including Topham and Jones minor, who were afraid to stand up to Hansom and Talboys and the rest.

"We're not going to stand it!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Hear, hear!" chorused Newcome and Raby.

"That's the idea!" responded Jimmy Silver. "Now, we usually spend our time in rowing with Tommy Dodd & Co., but on an occasion like this the whole Form ought to pull together. I vote that we call on Dodd & Co., and ask them to join us—"

There was a kick at the door, and it flew open. Three youths, with grinning, good-tempered faces, came in.

They were Tommy Dodd & Co., the Modern chums of the Fourth, deadly rivals of the Fistical Four. But just now it was clear that their visit was paid in a friendly spirit.

"Pax!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, waving his hand as Jimmy Silver's fingers slid towards a ruler.

"Hear, hear!" yelled his chums, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle.

"I was just speaking of you," said Jimmy Silver. "What have you come for, you bounders?"

"We've been thinking about this rot the Fifth Form have started, about fagging the juniors," said Tommy Dodd, "and we've decided that it won't do."

"Just the conclusion we've come to," said Jimmy Silver. "We've come here to ask you to join us in putting it down."

"Great minds run in grooves," said Jimmy Silver. "We were just coming to your quarters, Doddy, to put the same thing to you."

"Then it's a go?"

"It is!"

"It are!"

"Rather!"

"Shake on it!"

And the seven juniors solemnly shook hands in a circle.

The immediate outcome of the new alliance was a notice which appeared on the board in the hall, signed by the seven juniors, defying the Fifth, and stating quite definitely that the Fourth had no intention of being fagged by them. Also, Fourth-Form juniors were warned against giving in to the Fifth, and the Fifth promised a warm time if they persisted in their wicked courses.

When Hansom and Talboys saw the notice, they were a little taken aback by the fact that the Fistical Four and the

Modern chums had combined against them, but Hansom dismissed any feelings of apprehension he may have felt, and promptly tore the notice up.

He looked along the passage as he reached his study door, and espied Topham. The latter was scuttling off as he caught sight of Hansom, but the Fifth-Former had spotted him.

"Fag!" Hansom swelled with importance as he shouted that word, like a full-blown Sixth-Former calling to his fag. "F-a-a-g!"

Topham hesitated, and was lost. He came slowly towards the head of the Fifth.

"Did—did you call me, Hansom?"

"Did I call you?" exclaimed Hansom, seizing him by the ear. "You know I did, you young scoundrel! How dare you keep me waiting?"

"Leg—leggo my ear, please, Hansom. You're hurting me!"

"How curious!" said Hansom, with a grin, as he gave the ear another twist. "Amazing as it may seem to you, my young friend, that is my intention. Let me see, I think you are my fag."

"I—I—I—"

"I am afraid, my good youth, that a constant repetition of a pronoun, first person, singular number, cannot be taken as a satisfactory reply," said Hansom, twisting the junior's ear again. "Are you, or are you not, my fag, Topham?"

"Jimmy Silver says there's to be no more fagging for the Fifth."

"Does he? Well, you're to take no notice of what Jimmy Silver says. Do you hear me?"

"Ye-ees. But he may lick me."

"If he does, you tell me, and I'll lick him. You're my fag. You understand? Now, Talboys and I are going to the gym. We want you to get your fagging done while we're gone. You're to tidy up the study, and get tea ready, and have it all done in exactly half an hour."

"I've got my prep to do, and—"

Hansom gave the ear a twist that made the unfortunate Topham wriggle.

"Don't you think you could let the prep stand over till you've finished fagging for me?"

"No—ye-e-es!"

"Good! Mind, if I don't find everything in apple-pie order when I come in, I'll skin you alive, and boil you in turpentine!"

"I—I—I—but Jimmy Silver said—"

"Blow Jimmy Silver! I tell you—Hallo!"

Hansom broke off as Jimmy Silver was seen coming down the passage.

"Silver!" shouted Topham, glad to be out of his difficulty, and to shift responsibility to other shoulders. "Silver, come here!"

Jimmy was already coming. He arrived on the spot with a flushed face and gleaming eyes.

"What are you bullying that kid for, Hansom?" he exclaimed hotly.

Hansom winked at Talboys, and grinned.

"I'm teaching him his duties as a fag,"

he explained. "I hear you kids have set your backs up against fagging for the Fifth. I'm sorry for that—for your sakes. I'm afraid it will lead to unpleasantness—for you. You see, Topham's ear is already rather painful, isn't it, Topham?"

"Yes," said Topham, rubbing it ruefully.

"I was afraid so," said Hansom, shaking his head solemnly. "I am afraid that Cheeks's ears will be in the same state if he checks the Fifth. I am, really! Now, Topham, don't forget what I've told you."

"Topham is not going to fag for you, Hansom," said Jimmy quietly.

"You can fag instead, if you like," suggested Hansom, grinning.

Jimmy's eyes flashed, but only for a moment. Then a meek expression came over his face.

"Very well," he said, still more quietly. "Topham's got his prep to do. Cut along, kid! I'm fagging instead of you."

"I say, that's awfully good of you, Silver—"

"Oh, rats! Cut along!"

Topham gladly retreated.

"Just as you like, kid," said Hansom. "The study's to be tidied up, and the tea got ready, in half an hour from now. Understand?"

"Certainly!"

"If you don't get it done properly, and to time—look out!"

And the two Fifth-Formers marched off. Hansom grinned gleefully.

"This is better than I expected," he remarked. "If we make the leader of the Fourth Form fag for us, the rest will follow like sheep. We've broken the back of the opposition at the first shot, Talboys."

"What—ho!" said Talboys.

Jimmy Silver entered the Fifth study. He looked round him, a smile upon his handsome face, a glimmer of mischief in his eyes. There was a patter of feet in the corridor, and three faces looked in at the door.

"What does this mean, Jimmy?" howled Raby. "Is what Topham just told us true?"

"Not likely!" said Lovell. "You're not going to fag for the Fifth, after the stand we've taken up, Jimmy?"

"Surely not?" said Newcome.

"What do you think?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, I thought there was something funny about it," Lovell remarked. "I knew that you were not going to take it lying down like that, Jimmy. But what's the little game? Hallo! Here come those Modern chumps. They've heard, too."

Tommy Dodd & Co. came into the study with a run.

"What are you up to, Silver?" bawled Tommy Dodd. "What do you mean by disgracing the Form? What do you mean by knuckling under to those Fifth-Form rotters?"

"Keep your wool on!" said Jimmy Silver.



"You ought to be kicked out of the Form!" howled Tommy Cook.

"Listen to me—"

"You're not going to—"

"Listen—"

"I tell you—"

"Oh, ring off for a minute!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver impatiently. "I tell you it's a wheeze!"

"Oh, I see. Why couldn't you explain that at first?"

"You didn't give me a chance. Look here. Hansom was going to fag Topham, and I offered to take Topham's place. I'm to tidy-up the study and get tea ready."

"You're not going to do it?"

"I am. And you lot are going to help me!"

"I'm not!"

"Never!"

"Not likely!"

"You're off your rocker, Jimmy!"

"Was ever a leader followed by such a giddy set of asses!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, exasperated. "We're going to tidy-up the study in a way that will make Hansom and Talboys wish they hadn't asked for it. This is a start."

He caught the leg of the table and overturned it, with its pile of books and papers, ink-stand and ink-pot, into the middle of the floor.

The chums caught on at last.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Good wheeze! Wire in, kids!"

"The 'kids' wired in with a will.

Each of them took a separate part of the study, and set to work upon it. Lovell cleared the ashes and cinders out of the grate and distributed them with a liberal hand all over the study. The fire was extinguished by a jug of water, and the smother was fearful, blacks settling in clouds on everything.

Raby tidied the bookcase. He did it by turning it over on its side, and shooting forth the whole of its contents on top of the heap from the overturned table.

Tommy Dodd opened the locker, and dragged out everything it contained, scattering all sorts and conditions of things far and wide.

Tommy Cook devoted himself to the cupboard. The provisions of Hansom and Talboys were plentiful, but when Tommy Cook had finished they did not look eatable.

Pickles poured into the jam-pot did not improve the jam, nor could condensed milk be said to benefit by the introduction of sardines into the tin.

Sugar dropped into the cinders, and cheese trodden on by seven juniors in turn, and butter sprinkled with red and black ink, coffee mixed with tea and soot, finished Cook's preparations for the comfort of Hansom and Talboys.

Jimmy Silver, meantime, was dragging down the pictures from the walls, upsetting every article of furniture that could be upset, and spilling everything that could be spilled.

He cleared the mantelpiece with a single sweep of the duster. He emptied the coal-scuttle into Hansom's Sunday hat; then he surveyed the scene of wreck and ruin with great satisfaction.

Raby laughed as he looked round.

"Well, they can't say we haven't taken plenty of trouble for them!" he exclaimed. "But, I say, the half-hour's nearly up. Better go now, I think, and leave them to the joy of the discovery. I think they'll really have a jolly time getting things straight here again."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the allied juniors went from the study, leaving the door wide open, so that all who chose could see the wreck they had made of Hansom's and Talboys' quarters.

There was soon a crowd round the open door, looking in with roars of laughter—

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 249.

a cheering sound that caught the ears of Hansom and Talboys as they came in from the gym.

Their wrath and indignation, when they discovered the cause of the mirth, is more easily imagined than described. They tore out of the study in a fury, with the intention of dealing with the culprits there and then.

But when they found seven stalwart juniors gathered in the end study, they decided to postpone the punishment to a more convenient moment.

Hansom and Talboys stalked back along the corridor vowing vengeance on Jimmy Silver and his followers.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### In the Hands of the Enemy.

"THERE he is!"

"Cellar him!"

There was a sudden rush of feet. Jimmy Silver started and looked round.

The evening had set in, and he was crossing the Close in the dusk, and the first warning he had of danger was the muttering of voices under the trees.

Three or four forms loomed up in the dusk, and Jimmy, realising that he had fallen into an ambush of the Fifth, took to his heels and ran.

But it was too late. The grasp of Hansom was on his shoulder, and Talboys caught him by the arm. Five big fellows closed round the junior with grins, of triumph.

Jimmy did not lose his coolness. He looked round him with fearless eyes. He was surrounded, and he did not attempt to struggle against such odds. Hansom, Talboys, Lumsden, and Jobson, of the Fifth, were holding him.

"Got the little beast!" said Hansom, with an air of satisfaction.

"I say, you chaps ought to have half a dozen Victoria Crosses each," said Jimmy. "It's awfully plucky of you to attack a chap in this way, you know."

"Not so much talking," said Hansom. "Come along!"

"Certainly. I was just going in."

"Shove him along, chaps. Mind that he doesn't do a bolt," said Hansom.

"He's as slippery as an eel. Don't let the others get an inkling of what's going on either, or we shall have a pack of them yelping round."

The Fifth-Formers hurried their prisoner into the School House. They hurried him up the stairs and along the passage upon which the Fifth studies opened. Jimmy caught sight of Lovell in the distance and shouted to him.

"Buck up!" exclaimed Hansom.

Lovell came running towards them, but Jimmy was slung into Hansom's study, and the door slammed. Lumsden and Jobson set their backs against it.

Jimmy was feeling rather uneasy now, but he managed to conceal it.

"Now, my dear kid," said Hansom. "you were kind enough to upset this study for us a while back, and you see it's just in the state you left it in."

Jimmy looked round him. The study was, indeed, almost as wrecked as when the Fourth-Formers had finished fagging there. He grinned.

"Yes, I see that," he remarked. "Are you wanting another lesson?"

"We're going to give you one. You're going to set to work now and clean up this study, and put everything in its place as it was before."

"Rats! It can't be done!"

"Can't it? Have you got that cane, Talboys?"

"Here it is!"

"Hold that little rascal while I touch him up."

Talboys promptly collared Jimmy Silver. The junior struggled gamely, but Lumsden lent a hand, and Jimmy was

flung face downwards across the table. Hansom made the cane sing in the air.

"Now, Silver, are you going to do as you're told?"

"No!" roared Jimmy.

"Then here's the first lesson."

The cane rose and fell with rhythmical regularity. Jimmy's nether garments had seldom had such a dusting in the course of his previous experience. He was too plucky to make a sound, but his face went white and hard.

"Obstinate little brute!" said Hansom. "I'll make him yelp!"

He brought the cane down harder. Jimmy gave a gasp.

Crash, crash!

Lovell was kicking at the door outside. He had gathered the juniors to the rescue, and the attack on the door was a determined one.

"Turn the key, Jobson," said Hansom, looking round.

Jobson locked the door. Hansom made rapid play with the cane, and Jimmy Silver yelled at last.

"Stop it! You beast! Stop it!"

Hansom chuckled.

"Are you going to obey orders, then?"

"No! Yee—yes!"

Jimmy was dragged off the table. He was looking pale and savage, but in the study with four big fellows he was powerless.

"Set to work," said Hansom, sitting upon the table. "I'll watch you and give you directions. If you show any laziness, I'll give you another touching up."

Jimmy did not reply. It was no time for argument, and resistance was impossible. He set to work to tidy up the study. The Fifth-Formers grinned as they watched him.

Jimmy's shouts had, of course, reached the ears of the juniors outside, and they were kicking furiously upon the door. But the stout oak did not budge.

"I'm afraid it's no go," exclaimed Lovell at last. "They've got him, and they're giving him a high old time, kids, and we can't help."

"Rotten!" said Tommy Dodd. "My hat! I never felt so wild before. What are they doing, I wonder? Can you see through the keyhole?"

"Yes, I can. Jimmy is tidying up the study. Hallo, he's lighting the fire, and Hansom is standing over him with the cane. The beast!"

The sound of crackling wood could be heard.

The six juniors looked at one another in helpless wrath. Jimmy was unable to resist, but for the leader of the anti-fagging crusade to be forced to fag was a terrible come-down for the reformers.

What was to be done? It was into Tommy Dodd's active brain that an idea suddenly flashed. Jimmy had finished lighting the fire, and was cleaning the spilt ink from the floor.

"My hat!" exclaimed the leader of the Modern chums. "Why didn't I think of it before? I'll make 'em open the door!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, you know it's easy enough to get to the chimney of this study, through the skylight on the roof. I'll get a sack from downstairs and—"

Tommy Dodd did not wait to finish. He scuttled off in a twinkling, and was quickly at the ladder leading up to the trapdoor in the roof of the School House, with a sack under his arm.

To unbolt the trap and emerge upon the roof was quick work for the active junior. He knew the chimney belonging to Hansom's study. It was risky business to get along the ridge of the roof in the gathering dusk, but Tommy Dodd was plucky.

He rose to his feet beside the sack, and holding on to the brickwork, crammed the sack into the red chimney-pot. Thick



smoke had been coming out of the chimney-pot, but the stoppage effectually choked it. Only a thin stream of vapour forced its way past the sack.

Tommy Dodd chuckled as he descended and closed the trap. He rejoined the others in the passage, and they looked at him eagerly. He nodded.

"I've done it!"  
"By Jove, you have!" exclaimed Lovell. "Look there!"

A thin wreath of smoke was issuing from under the study door.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
Smoked Out.**

"YOU clumsy ass!" shouted Hansom. "What do you mean by lighting a fire like that? Can't you see how it's smoking?"

"Can't be helped," said Jimmy Silver. "I lit it all right."

"Well, look at it. If you don't stop it smoking in two seconds I'll make it warm for you."

Jimmy Silver looked at the fire in perplexity.

It had been burning very well until a few moments ago, and then all of a sudden had come a rush of smoke from the chimney, filling the study with eddying vapour.

And it did not clear off. Volume after volume of smoke poured out, and the occupants of the study began to sneeze and cough. Talboys rubbed his eyes.

"I say, this is getting a bit too thick, Hansom."

Hansom grasped the cane savagely. "That young whelp's done it on purpose!"

"I don't see that," Lumsden remarked. "The fire was all right. There's something gone wrong in the chimney."

"Ha, ha ha!"

It was a loud laugh from the passage. Hansom gave a start.

"Is it possible? Those young scoundrels! They've done something to the chimney!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy, the truth dawning upon him at once.

Hansom gave him a savage cut. "Hold your row!"

"I say, I can't stand this!" exclaimed Lumsden, unlocking the door. "We shall be choked!"

He dashed from the study. A thick volume of smoke poured after him.

Jobson made his exit, too, and then Hansom and Talboys unwillingly went out. Jimmy scuttled out of the study and joined his friends.

"Hang it!" exclaimed Hansom savagely. "We shall have to give that feed in your study, Lumsden. This place won't be habitable."

"I should say so."  
"Let's give these young villains a hiding."

But the young villains were already off. The Fifth-Formers stared in dismay at the thicker and thicker volumes of smoke pouring from the study.

Then suddenly Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, appeared upon the scene.

"Great Scott! What's all this?" he exclaimed. "What have you been doing in your study, Hansom?"

"Nothing!" snarled Hansom. "It's only the chimney smoking. I believe those young scoundrels of the Fourth have been stuffing up the chimney."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulkeley had no sympathy with the Fifth Form fagging scheme.

"It's no laughing matter, Bulkeley. If you—"

"Look here, Hansom, if your chimney's stuffed up, you'd better go and unstuff it before the Head gets on your track. This sort of thing can't be allowed."

"Do you think I'm going on the roof to—"

"I think you had better. As a matter of fact, you're getting into too much hot water lately in your rows with the Fourth, Hansom. We're getting fed up with it."

"I'm going to do as I like. I—"

"I warn you for your own good. If you have to explain to the Head, I expect it will come out that you were doing something to exasperate the juniors before they stuffed your chimney," said Bulkeley.

Hansom was silent.

"Now, take my advice; stop that before the Head comes on the scene," said the captain of Rookwood, walking away.

"I—I suppose we'd better!" groaned Hansom. "Come on, you fellows!"

"Thanks!" said Lumsden. "If the feed's going to be given in my study, I shall have to clear up a bit first, so I think I'll be off."

And he was off like a shot. Jobson followed him, without a word of excuse.

He descended and purloined a hooked stick from the first study he came to, and hastened back to the roof with it.

"Thanks!" said Hansom. "I'll have the beastly thing out in a jiffy."

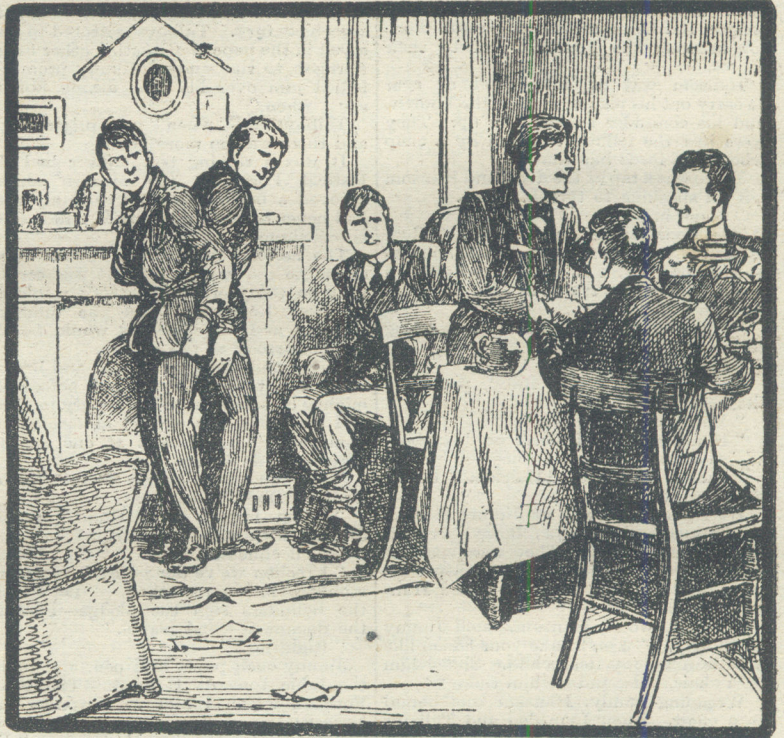
He groped for the sack with the hooked end of the stick.

The obstruction came slowly up the chimney-pot, and Hansom was able to grasp it.

"It's a beastly sack!" he exclaimed. "There it goes!"

"Hark!"  
A faint echo of a yell floated up from below. They say that every bullet has its billet, and certainly that sooty sack seemed to have found one.

When Hansom and Talboys had descended they found Knowles, the bullying prefect, awaiting them covered with soot. Hansom, with sooty hands and face, was carrying the hooked stick,



The three bound seniors looked on in helpless rage as the juniors helped themselves to the feed. "Jolly decent of Hansom to get tea ready for us," grinned Jimmy Silver. "Rather!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd heartily.

The owners of the smoky study were left to deal with the matter alone.

"Well, the cads!" said Hansom wrathfully. "I know I jolly well won't ask Jobson to that feed now. We shall have to have Lumsden, as we're using his study. Come on, Talboys!"

"I say, you—you couldn't manage it alone, could you?"

"No, I couldn't!" growled Hansom.

"Go in there and open the window, and the smoke will clear off a bit, and—"

"Rats! You go in and open it!"

"Gr-r-r-r!" said Hansom expressively. "Come along, confound you!"

They made their way to the roof. Standing close to the chimney-stack, Hansom groped in the pot for the obstruction; but it had been rammed down well out of reach.

"We shall have to get something and hook it up," said Hansom desperately.

"Go and collar a hooked walking-stick, and bring it up to me, Talboys."

"All right!" said Talboys, ill-humouredly.

which chanced to be the property of Knowles, and he was immediately pounced upon by the furious Sixth-Former.

Talboys made his escape, but Hansom did not succeed in getting free until he had received several severe cuts with the stick.

When Knowles had somewhat relieved his feelings, he walked off to clean himself up a bit, and Hansom, in a towering rage, returned to his own quarters.

He found Talboys there, listening with dejected mien to some emphatic remarks made by Mr. Greely, the master of the Fifth Form.

"I desire to hear no explanation. I only know that your chimney has been smoking in a scandalous and outrageous way, and that my room has been permeated by intolerable clouds of vapour. You need not trouble to explain. You will take fifty lines of Homer each, and stay in to-morrow afternoon to write them. Not a word!"

And the Form-master sailed angrily



away, leaving the two Fifth-Formers staring at one another with feelings too deep for words.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Brought to their Knees.

HALF an hour later the Fifth-Formers were enjoying a feed in the study.

It was a habit of Hansom's to give little feeds in the Form, as he was blessed with plenty of pocket-money; and he owed a great deal of his influence in the Fifth to that circumstance. The spread in Lumsden's study was really ripping.

Besides bread-and-butter and watercress and radishes, there were ham and tongue, jam and marmalade, cake and biscuits, tarts, and cream-puffs. Hansom knew how to do these things in style, and Lumsden and Talboys were in a happy mood as they sat down to the table.

The feed was progressing with much good fellowship. Over the ham and tongue the three seniors discussed plans for bringing the Fourth Form to their senses.

Hansom was as determined as ever to carry out his plan of fagging the Fourth, and his comrades backed him up. They were just the fellows to stand by a chap who stood feeds like that.

There was a tap at the door, and Hansom left off speaking to turn his head.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and Jimmy Silver walked in. Seven members of the honourable Fourth Form at Rookwood followed him. The seniors stared at them in blank amazement.

"Get out!" roared Hansom, starting to his feet.

"Lock the door, Raby!"

"I've done it," said Raby, pocketing the key.

"You young rascals!"

"Hansom, old kid, don't be disturbed. We've come to tea with you—"

"I'll tea you!" yelled Hansom. "Chuck them out, chaps!"

He rushed furiously at Jimmy Silver. Lumsden and Talboys followed his lead. But it was no good. They were speedily overpowered, and bound up with rope.

"I'll break your necks!" hissed Hansom. "I'll—I'll—"

"No you won't, Hansom," said Jimmy soothingly. "You'll take your lesson like a little man, my dear child. Shove him on a chair, kids, and tie him there!"

Wriggling vainly, Hansom was bound to a chair. Then Lumsden and Talboys were tied together, back to back, and left. The juniors chortled triumphantly.

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver. "I take it as a real kindness on the part of Hansom to have this nice tea ready for us."

"Rather!" said Tommy Dodd heartily. "You've often given ripping feeds, Hansom, and you've never asked us to them, which was, of course, an oversight on your part. I know you wouldn't intentionally leave us out in the cold."

"If you touch those things—"

"We sha'n't touch them without permission, Hansom. May we have tea?"

"No; confound you!"

"Very well, let him have his grub," said Jimmy, depositing a pat of butter upon Hansom's features. "Pour the marmalade down the back of his neck, Doddy!"

"Stop!" shrieked Hansom. "You— you can have tea if you like. I—I don't mind."

"Do you really and truly want us to have tea?"

"Ye-e-e-es!"

"Do you others want us to have tea?" asked Jimmy, glancing at Talboys and Lumsden.

"Yes!" exclaimed both those worthies together.

"You are quite sure?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Very well. We can't refuse pressing invitations like that, can we, chaps?"

"No fear!"

"Certainly not," said Tommy Dodd. "Fall to, my pippins! This is really nice of Hansom, and I sha'n't forget it in a hurry."

The juniors fell to with a will. They were hungry, but, in any case, they could have made a deep inroad upon the good things spread out upon the study table.

The Fifth-Formers watched them in speechless fury. Talboys ventured to give a yell in the hope of attracting other Fifth-Formers to the study. Jimmy promptly laddled jam over his face, asking him to say "when."

Talboys said "when" promptly enough, and there was no more yelling.

It was a ripping tea. Never had the Fistical Form or the Modern chums enjoyed a better one, and certainly they had never had one under such triumphant circumstances.

The helpless rage of the Fifth-Formers added to the enjoyment. It was certain that on the morrow the story would be all over Rookwood, and the unhappy Hansom and his comrades would be the laughing-stock of the college.

Ham and tongue, bread-and-butter, cake, and preserves vanished before the mighty onslaught of seven hungry juniors; and the table was cleared at last to the final tart. They looked at one another with seraphic smiles.

"Are you happy, Jimmy Silver?" asked Tommy Dodd solemnly.

"I am happy, Brer' Dodd," replied Jimmy, with equal solemnity.

Lovell chuckled.

"I reckon we've done ourselves uncommonly well," he remarked. "Let's make the bounders sign the pledge—I mean, the document—and travel."

"Right-ho!"

Jimmy took paper and pen, and pulled the table towards Hansom. The Fifth-Formers watched him with wonder and curiosity.

"Now, Hansom," said Jimmy, "I'm going to untie your hands. You're going to write at my dictation, and your friends are going to sign after you."

"I'm not!"

"Refuse, and I shall give you a taste of the medicine you gave me to-day," said Jimmy, with a reminiscent wriggle.

"Mind, I mean what I say!"

"I won't write a word!"

"I've brought the cane, you see. Are you going to write?"

"No; I'm not."

Swish! The cane descended with telling force upon Hansom's shoulders. And Jimmy did not stop at the first cut. He gave half a dozen, all as hard as he could lay them on. Hansom yelled and wriggled. It was not so bad as he had given Jimmy, but he felt it more—naturally.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

"Stop, you young demon!" yelled the writhing Fifth-Former. "Oh, I'll be the death of you for this! I'll—I'll—"

"We will leave all that for another occasion," remarked Jimmy Silver. "At present your business is to write what I tell you."

"I won't! I—ow—ow! Leave off! I will write if you like!"

"I thought so."

Hansom's right hand was freed, and a pen was put in it.

"Now write," said Jimmy. "We—Hansom, Talboys, and Lumsden—admit that we have no right to fag the respected members of the Fourth Form—"

"Sha'n't! Won't! Ow, ow! There, I've written it!"

The cane ceased to switch. The juniors were yelling with laughter, and even Talboys and Lumsden were grinning.

"Form," went on Jimmy, "and we hereby promise never to attempt to do so any more, but to behave ourselves like good little boys."

"Sha'n't! Ow! There—there it is!"

"Now sign it!"

Hansom, gritting his teeth with rage, signed the statement he had written out.

"Now you chaps have got to append your signatures," said Jimmy.

"I'm not going to," said Talboys.

"I—I don't! Ow! I—"

"Are you going to sign?"

"Hang you! Yes!"

Talboys' hand was freed, and he signed the paper; then Lumsden was attended to. He knew that the juniors meant business, and he did not want to sample Jimmy's powers with the cane. He signed without demur.

Jimmy blotted the paper, folded it carefully, and put it in his pocket.

"We're going to take care of that," he remarked. "So long as you chaps behave yourselves, and don't begin any tricks, we won't show it to anybody. But if you start the old game again we'll post it up in the hall for all Rookwood to read, and you'll be grinned out of the school. So look out!"

He opened the door of the study.

"Here, aren't you going to let us loose?" exclaimed Lumsden.

"You can get yourselves loose in time, with a hand each to work with," smiled Jimmy Silver. "We make you a present of the rope. We're not mean. Come on, kids!"

And the juniors, chuckling gleefully, quitted the study.

"Well, I don't think much of your old Fistical Four," Tommy Dodd remarked, as they parted in the passage, "but we've done very well, pulling together in this matter."

"That's so," agreed Jimmy Silver. "I think less than nothing of Moderns, but I admit that you've been rather useful this time."

"Mind, now we've busted up the Fifth and their giddy fagging, the alliance is off," said Tommy Dodd.

"Right-ho! Look out for a warm time to-morrow!"

And on the morrow the rivals of the Fourth Form at Rookwood were at loggerheads as usual. The alliance had served its purpose, and they had won the fight with the Fifth.

THE END.

Another Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Friday's issue of the PENNY POPULAR, entitled

"TOMMY COOK'S 'SISTER'!" BY OWEN CONQUEST.

To avoid disappointment YOU must Order your copy of the PENNY POPULAR in advance.