

**VERNON-SMITH ARRIVES AT GREYFRIARS!**

*The*  
**Penny**  **1½<sup>D</sup>**  
**Popular**

Week Ending  
February 22nd, 1919.

No. 5.  
New Series.

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



**A BIFFING FOR BILLY BUNTER!**



### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### The Bounder Arrives

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! What the dickens is the matter with that chap?"

Bob Cherry was standing at the window, at the end of the Remove passage at Greyfriars, and looking out into the Close, when he uttered the exclamation.

Bob Cherry's tone, and the expression of surprise upon his face, drew several other juniors to the spot at once.

"What chap?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Where?" queried Nugent.

Bob Cherry pointed out of the window.

"Look at him!"

The juniors glanced out of the window. It gave a view of the old Close of Greyfriars, with its green elms, and the footer-field in sight in the distance. Across the Close the juniors could see the lodge and the school gates, and from the direction of the gates was approaching the figure that had attracted Bob Cherry's attention.

And the moment the other juniors saw that figure they, too, uttered exclamations of surprise.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Something wrong with the chap," said Nugent. "Who is he? I've never seen him before."

"Must be a new chap!" said Mark Linley.

"I suppose so. But—"

"What's the matter with him?"

"The matterfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, in his fearful and wonderful English.

And, indeed, there did seem to be something decidedly wrong with the stranger who was crossing the Close towards the house.

He was a fellow of about Wharton's own age, and perhaps a little taller, but not nearly so well-built or so well developed. His weedy frame showed that he indulged little in athletic exercises, and that he was in all probability a stranger to the football and cricket fields.

He was dressed very elegantly, however, in well-fitting clothes, with a silk-hat and lavender kid-gloves, and carried a cane with a gold top. His watch-chain was of gold, too, and he wore a diamond tie-pin, the glitter of which could be seen from the window, though the youth was still at a good distance. There were rings on his fingers, too, of which the juniors caught the sparkle in the sun.

"A gorgeous bird, and no mistake!" Bob Cherry remarked. "But—"

But it was not the gorgeousness of the stranger, striking enough as it was, that had attracted the attention and excited the surprise of the juniors.

There seemed to be something wrong with him—either he was ill, or— Wharton hardly liked to admit the alternative to his mind.

The youth was swaying unsteadily from side to side as he came in. Once he reeled, and only saved himself from falling by catching hold of a tree-trunk.

"My only hat!" murmured Nugent, in great astonishment. "I've seen Gosling walk like that, when he's been to the Pig and Whistle. But—"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 5

## THE BOUNDER OF GREYFRIARS!

A Splendid Long, Complete Tale, dealing with the Early Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"But this chap's a mere kid! It can't be that."

"Well—"

"Well, it's either that or he's ill," said Bob Cherry. "I can't make it out. Let's go down and see if we can do anything for him."

"Right-ho!"

"The right-hofulness is terrific."

And Harry Wharton & Co., with puzzled and curious faces, turned away from the window and descended the stairs.

The stranger had reached the steps of the School House by this time, and there he halted, gazing about him stupidly.

Several fellows who had caught sight of him in the Close came up, and stood round him, staring at him blankly.

Nothing quite like this had ever been seen before in the old Close of Greyfriars.

"My hat!" said Ogilvy of the Remove.

"What's that?"

"I say, you fellows, it must be the new chap!" said Billy Bunter, who always knew everything. "I heard Mr. Quelch mention to Mr. Capper that there was a new chap coming to-day."

"What a lot of things you hear, Billy!"

"Oh, really, Brown—"

"This can't be a new chap for Greyfriars," said Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, with a sniff of disgust. "Look at the state he's in!"

"Phew!"

"He's ill," said Russell.

Tom Brown snorted.

"Yes; same kind of illness that Gosling has when he's been at the gin-and-water!"

"It can't be possible!" exclaimed Hazeldene. "He's a mere kid. I say, kid, who are you, and where did you spring from?"

The youth was still holding on to the balustrade of the steps.

He turned a heavy glance upon Hazeldene. "Is this Greyfriars?" he asked in a thick voice.

"Yes."

"Oh! I'm Vernon-Smith!"

"Really?" grinned Hazeldene. "Sorry; I've never heard of you before. Are you coming into this school?"

"Yes. I—I—I'm Vernon-Smith—Herbert Tudor Vernon Vernon-Smith."

"Any more?" asked Bulstrode.

"Eh?"

"You're not Arthur Berkely Adolphus as well, by any chance?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vernon-Smith stared stupidly at Bulstrode, evidently not understanding the burly Remove's pleasantry.

"Here, Wharton, here's a case for you!" exclaimed Hazeldene, as Harry Wharton and his comrades came out of the house. "Here's a new kid for you to take under your wing."

"Better put him under the pump!" said Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It might make him sober, anyway."

"Sober!" said Wharton.

"Look at the cad! You can see the state he's in."

Now that the chums of the Remove were close to the new fellow there was no mistaking, certainly, the state he was in. They looked at him with almost incredulous horror.

This was a new thing in their experience. Men in a state of intoxication they had, unfortunately, seen; but a boy—and a boy only old enough to go into a junior form—

It was unbelievable.

But it was the case, all the same. This youth, who was certainly not more than

fifteen years of age, if that, had been drink-

ing. "My hat!" murmured Wharton.

He was quite nonplussed for the moment. The stranger came slowly up the steps of the house, the boys giving way for him to pass, and staring at him.

"Drunk, by Jove!" said Bulstrode.

"What? What is that?"

It was a sharp voice, and the juniors started a little as Mr. Quelch, the Form-master of the Remove, came out of the doorway.

Mr. Quelch glanced over the crowd of fellows with his clear, keen eyes, and then his glance rested upon Herbert Tudor Vernon Vernon-Smith.

Then he started.

"Ah! You are the new boy, I presume?" he exclaimed. "Are you Vernon-Smith?"

"Yes," said the youth thickly.

"Very good! But"—Mr. Quelch scanned the lad closely—"what is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"I'm orright!"

"You do not look all right. What is the matter with you?" demanded the Remove-master, in his deepest and sternest tones.

"N-n-n thing."

Mr. Quelch gazed long and hard at Master Vernon-Smith.

Then, without a word more, but compressing his lips tightly, he grasped the boy by the shoulder, and marched him into the house.

Vernon-Smith made a slight attempt at resistance; but the strong grasp of the Remove-master forced him on, and he disappeared from the view of the astounded juniors.

They gazed at one another.

"My word!" said Nugent, at last.

"Great Scott!"

"Greyfriars is coming to something, and no mistake!"

"That chap was drunk!"

"Simply staggering!"

"The staggerfulness was terrific!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"I can't make it out," he said. "There may have been some trick, you know; he may have had something shoved into his ginger-beer, for a jape."

"A pretty rotten sort of jape that would be!"

"I knew it to happen once. We don't want to be hard on him till we're certain. But if he's come here in that state of his own accord—"

"Order of the boot!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

"And serve him right!"

And the juniors long discussed the strange occurrence. Nothing like that, certainly, had happened before in the history of Greyfriars, and they wondered what the outcome would be.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### The New Boy Does Not Go.

D R. LOCKE, the Head of Greyfriars, was sitting in his study.

There was a dark frown upon the usually kindly face of the doctor.

As a rule, the Head looked kindly and benevolent enough, and only at rare intervals his face would set in an expression of severity, when his anger was provoked by something that disturbed his serenity.

But now the Greyfriars fellows would hardly have known him.

His face was dark and frowning, and under his set brows his eyes were gleaming with a curious light, in which wrath and desperation were mingled.

An open letter was lying on the desk before



him, and when the doctor's eyes fell upon it his brow grew still more dark.

He started out of a black reverie as a tap came at the door of the study.

With a hasty movement he slipped the letter into a drawer, and closed it. Then, with a slight shake in his voice, he called out:

"Come in!"

The door opened, and Mr. Quelch entered, marching Master Vernon-Smith in before him, with a grasp on his collar which the young gentleman vainly tried to escape.

Dr. Locke looked at them, and rose to his feet.

Mr. Quelch closed the door, and marched the new boy up to the Head's desk.

Vernon-Smith gurgled faintly.

"What—what does this mean, Mr. Quelch?" asked the Head, in amazement. "Who is this boy?"

"This is the new boy, sir."

"Oh! Vernon-Smith."

"Yes, sir."

The Head adjusted his glasses, and looked at the new boy. Master Vernon-Smith returned his gaze sullenly and half-defiantly.

"I was expecting you, Vernon-Smith," said the Head. "I have a letter from your father—"

"This boy, I believe, sir, is to come into my Form, sir?" said the Remove-master.

"Quite so."

"Will you kindly look at him, sir, and note the state he is in?" said Mr. Quelch, in almost a sulphurous tone of suppressed indignation and disgust.

The Head started.

"I—I do not see—"

"He has been drinking, sir."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the Head.

"Look at him!"

Mr. Quelch released the new boy, who staggered, and caught at the desk for support. The Head looked at him in horror and amazement.

"Vernon-Smith!" he exclaimed.

The boy stared at him.

"What is the matter with you?"

"N-nothing."

"Is it possible that you have been—been consuming intoxicating liquor, sir?" thundered the Head.

Vernon-Smith looked at him sullenly without replying.

"Answer me, Vernon-Smith!"

"I—I—"

"Perhaps you have been the victim of a trick," said the Head, in a gentler tone. "That is possible, Mr. Quelch."

The Remove-master gave a slight but expressive sniff. He did not think so for a moment. His opinion was that the new boy was a rank outsider—a young rascal who deserved to be flogged there and then, and turned out of the school.

Mr. Quelch was a severe man, but not an unjust one. Probably his opinion of Master Vernon-Smith was one which others would share later.

"Now, Vernon-Smith," said the Head, "explain yourself, if you are able. Are you sufficiently collected to speak?"

The boy stared at him.

"I met a few friends at the station," he said. "We had some champagne."

The Head almost jumped.

"You—you had—had champagne!" he stammered.

"Yes."

"Dear me! Extraordinary!"

"I'm all right," said Vernon-Smith. "I'm only a little bit bosky."

"A little what?"

"Bosky!"

And from the way Vernon-Smith made the announcement, it really seemed as if he were rather proud of the distinction.

"Am I to understand," gasped the Head, "that you—a boy of fifteen, are in the habit of drinking champagne?"

"I have it at home, when I like," said Vernon-Smith sullenly.

The Head made a helpless gesture.

"Extraordinary!" he gasped.

"The boy has had a peculiar training apparently," said Mr. Quelch. "He is certainly not fit to mix with the boys of Greyfriars."

"Ah—no—yes—"

"I suppose you will send him away, sir, as soon as he is in a fit condition to travel?" said Mr. Quelch, with a disdainful glance at Vernon-Smith.

The Head hesitated.

"Yes—er—no! Perhaps I can give him a chance."

Mr. Quelch looked at the Head in astonishment.

To allow the boy to remain after the exhibition he had made of himself seemed like one of the wildest impossibilities imaginable to the Remove-master.

He could only stare.

"Send me away!" ejaculated Master Vernon-Smith. "My governor would have something to say about that, I think."

"Silence, boy!"

"You ain't Head here!" said Smith, with a resentful glance at Mr. Quelch.

The Remove-master gasped.

"I—I really do not understand this boy!" he ejaculated. "Dr. Locke, is it possible that you think of allowing him to remain?"

The Head coloured.

"I must think it over, Mr. Quelch."

"Think of the example to the other boys, sir."

"I hope I know my duty, Mr. Quelch," said the Head, with an unusual sharpness of tone, and the Remove-master coloured in his turn.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said quietly.

"But—but I was so astonished by this amazing occurrence—"

"Quite so, Mr. Quelch. You may leave Master Vernon-Smith with me now."

A sneer came upon the face of the new boy for a moment.

But he dropped his eyes as the Head's glance turned sharply upon him.

Trotter, the school page, appeared in answer to the bell. He looked at Vernon-Smith out of the corners of his eyes.

"Trotter," said the Head, "you will show Master Vernon-Smith the way to the Remove dormitory. Pray assist him on the way, as he is not quite well—not quite himself."

"Yes, sir."

"You may go, Smith. You will not leave the dormitory until you are quite recovered."

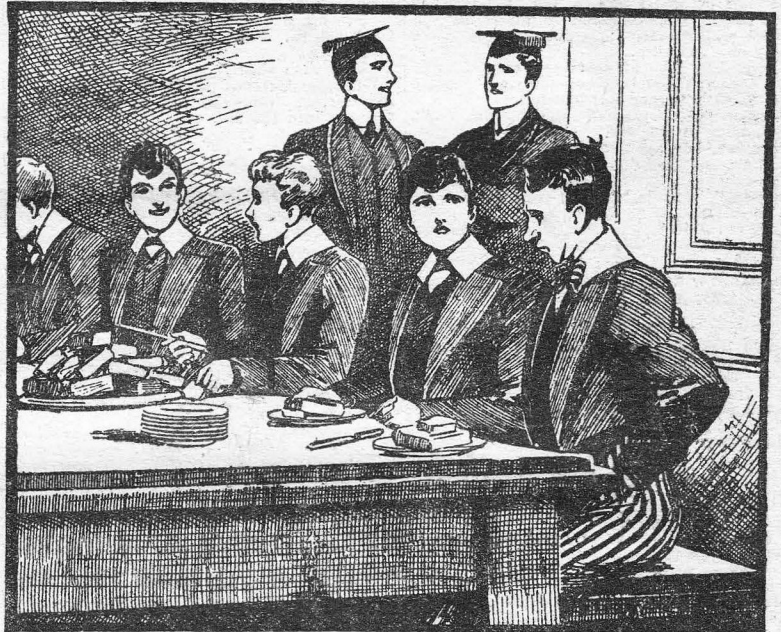
And Vernon-Smith, leaning upon the page, left the study.

The door closed.

Then the mask of calmness that the Head had assumed during the interview fell, and his face grew darkly lined and troubled, almost haggard.

"What a terrible boy!" he muttered. "A worthy son of his father! Oh, and I cannot send him away from the school! I dare not."

The Head rested his elbows on the desk before him, and his face sank into his hands.



THE BOUNDER DISAPPROVES!

"Certainly, sir."

Mr. Quelch left the room in a dazed state of mind. He could not understand the Head at all that afternoon. Had he been Head, Master Vernon-Smith would have been returning to the railway-station within ten minutes, under the charge of the school-porter.

But Dr. Locke evidently thought differently.

The study door closed, and the Head remained silent for some minutes, his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the new boy.

Vernon-Smith was still holding on to the desk.

"You have acted in a foolish way, Smith," said the Head at last. "You have disgraced yourself and the school you have come to."

The new boy was sullenly silent.

"You deserve to be sent straight back to your home," said the Head. "I hope, however, that for your own sake you will have sense enough to be careful never to let anything of this sort occur again."

Vernon-Smith did not answer.

"You will now go to your dormitory, and lie down," said the Head, ringing the bell. "You will not leave the dormitory till you are quite recovered from the effects of the drink you have so wickedly and foolishly consumed."

"I—"

"That is enough, Smith. But for certain considerations, I should be strongly tempted to take the advice of your future Form-master, and send you back to your father."

For a long time he sat there in an attitude of the deepest dejection. Greyfriars would have been surprised if they could have seen their head-master at that moment.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
Vernon-Smith Does Not Smoke.

THE Remove fellows hung about the passage and the Common-room, staring out of the windows, and making uncomplimentary remarks about the weather.

Harry Wharton had started a practice match with the Remove team, but a terrific downpour of rain had put an end to the game.

Even Nugent, the placid and good-tempered, growled as he looked out of the window of the Common-room, and saw the rain beating down on the pitch.

"Rotten!" he said.

"Beastly!" agreed Bob Cherry. "It will soon be over, though."

"No more footer to-day."

"No; but to-morrow—"

"Blow to-morrow!" said Nugent crossly.

And Bob Cherry laughed.

"It's rotten!" said Wharton. "Never mind! There's one thing, we're in jolly good form. But what are we going to do? No more footer to-day."

"Nother hour of daylight, too," growled Tom Brown. "Now, in New Zealand—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In New Zealand—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Brown had no chance to finish. When he said, "Now, in New Zealand," the fellows always knew what was coming, and this time they weren't taking any. Tom Brown joined good-humouredly in the laugh.

"What do you say to teap-frog up and down the passage?" suggested Skinner.

Wharton shook his head.

"Too much row."

"We've done it before."

"Yes, but Quelch is in now, and Quelch isn't in the best of tempers. Something's annoyed him."

"The new fellow, I suppose," said Nugent. "Most likely. We had better not make too much row," said Harry. "I saw Quelch go into his study, and he was looking awfully worried and waxy. I—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Let's bump Bunter," suggested Ogilvy.

"Oh, really, Ogilvy—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes the new chap!"

Vernon-Smith entered the Common-room.

He glanced round the room with a scowling brow, evidently still suffering in his temper from the effects of the champagne.

The juniors looked at him curiously enough.

A lad of under fifteen who indulged in champagne, and ventured to arrive at the school while under its influence, was something of a curiosity.

There had been all sorts and conditions of new boys at Greyfriars, but never one exactly like Herbert Vernon-Smith before.

Vernon-Smith glanced round him, and walked up to the fire.

The new boy sat down in the easiest chair he could find, and put his feet on the fender.

He occupied the exact centre of the hearth, apparently believing himself fully entitled to as much space as he desired.

The Removites saw him fumbling in his pockets, and watched him curiously.

He had not spoken a word to anyone in the room, and apparently had no desire to do so. They wondered what he was going to do.

He drew a leather case from his pocket, opened it, and disclosed a row of cheroots.

He took a matchbox from another pocket.

The juniors gasped.

Lawless youths, with a desperate sense of wickedness and adventure, sometimes smoked cigarettes in the privacy of their studies, or behind the wood-shed, or out in the woods. But in the Common-room, where a prefect or a master might enter at any moment—and cheerfully!

It was incredible!

They could only stare.

"He's rotting us!" murmured Nugent. "He doesn't mean to smoke."

Wharton's brow darkened.

"If it does—"

He broke off.

The new junior had struck a match and lighted a cheroot.

There was no further doubt about his intentions now. He was smoking the cheroot, and a steady column of blue smoke rose.

"My only hat!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"The giddy boulder!"

"Smoking!"

"And here!"

"Suppose Quelch came in?"

"Or Wingate?"

"Phew!"

Some of the fellows looked at Wharton now inquiringly. Harry Wharton was head boy of the Remove and captain of the Form, a position which gave him some of the powers—and the duties—of a monitor.

He felt that he ought to interfere.

If a master came in, and found the absurd fellow smoking, he would certainly single out the Form captain for a reprimand if he were present.

Wharton crossed over to the new boy, and tapped him on the shoulder. Vernon-Smith blew out a cloud of smoke, and turned his head, with a far from pleasant look.

"Well?" he said.

"You must not smoke here," said Harry.

"Eh?"

"You mustn't smoke here!"

"Pah!"

Wharton's cheeks flushed. The new boy had a contemptuous way of saying "Pah!" which would have annoyed a more patient fellow than Harry.

Harry could be patient; but his temper was naturally very quick.

"I suppose you don't know the ropes yet," he said. "As you're a new kid, I'll explain to you. Boys here are not allowed to smoke. Fellows who go in for sports don't want to, because it spoils their wind. The other fel-

lows—the slackers—aren't allowed to. If a prefect came in and caught you, there would be a row.

"I shall do as I like!"

"You can't do as you like here! I'm Wharton, head of the Remove. You belong to the Remove, don't you?"

"If you mean the Lower Fourth—yes."

"Well, I should get into a row if I allowed smoking here," said Wharton. "I have to stop anything of that sort, as Form captain. Do you see?"

The fellows round wondered at Wharton's quietness and patience. Harry was keeping his temper very well in hand.

But it was lost on Vernon-Smith. He did not even remove the cheroot from his lips while he was speaking.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm used to smoking—I always do so at home. The pater lets me do as I like."

"You can't smoke here!"

"I can do as I like! The Head is an old friend of my pater's, and I assure you that he won't interfere with me," said Vernon-Smith, with a grin.

"Nonsense! Will you put that cheroot away?"

"No, I won't!"

Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"I've asked you to do it," he said. "Now I tell you to. Put that cheroot away!"

"I won't!"

"Very well, then!"

Wharton stretched out his hand, and jerked the cheroot from the new boy's lips, and threw it into the fire.

Vernon-Smith sprang to his feet with an exclamation of rage.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Wharton is Reprimanded.

Vernon-Smith clenched his hands, and his face fairly flamed as he looked at Harry Wharton. For a moment it looked as if he would fling himself upon the captain of the Remove, and the Remove fellows crowded round in joyous anticipation of a fight.

A contest between the athletic Wharton and the weedy son of a millionaire was likely to end in a terrible licking for Vernon-Smith, and every fellow there would have been pleased to see it.

The insolence of the new boy was intolerable. Even Bulstrode and his friends, who were usually against Wharton, were with him now. The new boy badly wanted putting into his place.

Perhaps it dawned upon Vernon-Smith, too, that an attack upon the sturdy junior before him would end badly for himself.

He dropped his clenched hands to his sides. "You hound!" he exclaimed. "How dare you!"

"You will get worse than that if you start smoking again," said Harry quietly. "I don't want to be hard on you, as I can see you're unused to decent surroundings. But you can't play the blackguard here!"

Vernon-Smith was trembling with rage.

Wharton waited a moment, and then turned on his heel and rejoined his chums. Vernon-Smith sat down again.

"Nice specimen!" murmured Bob Cherry. "What a horrid reek of tobacco-smoke! That chap would turn the place into a blessed bar-room if we let him!"

"Rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"I can't understand his being allowed to stay," said Harry. "His father may be a millionaire, but that wouldn't influence Dr. Locke in any way. He wouldn't pay more than the ordinary fees we all pay; and, besides, the Head wouldn't be influenced by that sort of thing. I can't catch on!"

"We shall have a handful with him, I think."

"Looks like it."

"I suggest the playfulness of the esteemed chess," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, producing a box and board. "I will take you three esteemed kids playfully."

"Right you are!"

The nabob was a past-master of the noble game of chess, and he frequently played the three Removites together—Wharton, Cherry, and Nugent being allowed to unite their wits against him—seldom with success. The only fellow at Greyfriars who could equal Hurree Singh at the noble game was the little Chinese, Wun Lung.

The famous four were soon buried deep in the absorbing interest of chess.

Meanwhile, Vernon-Smith had lighted up a fresh cheroot, and Harry had quite forgotten his existence.

Fellows who noticed his action looked over towards Wharton, but no one felt called upon to interrupt a chess problem. Wharton was not likely to take it kindly if his attention was called off the game to the new fellow.

But it was unfortunate. While the three heads were bent anxiously over the chess-board Mr. Quelch entered the room.

The Remove-master paused with a kindly smile to look at the game of chess. He liked to see his boys play that game, which, as a recreation for a quiet hour, and as a training for the intellect, cannot be equalled by any other.

The boys rose to their feet, but Mr. Quelch signed to them to go on with the game.

"Don't stop for me," he said. "I will look on. You have a most interesting position here."

"Yes, sir," said Wharton; "Inky—I mean Hurree Singh—says we are mate in four, sir, but I can't see it."

The Remove-master smiled.

"Yes, you cannot help yourself now."

"How so, sir?"

"When Hurree Singh has moved his knight to king's fourth—Ah!"

Just then Mr. Quelch caught the scent of tobacco smoke. He started, and turned round, sniffing. He caught sight of the blue smoke rising over the back of the arm-chair, and stood petrified. Vernon-Smith was invisible from where the Form-master stood, only the crown of his head showing over the back of the chair.

Wharton did not notice him for the moment.

"You've won, Inky," he said. "We'll try another game—"

"Wharton!"

Harry started at the sharpness of the Remove-master's tone.

"Yes, sir!"

"Someone is smoking in this room!" Wharton turned from the chess-table. He started as he saw the smoke. It had not occurred to him that Vernon-Smith had started again.

"I—I know, sir. But—"

"As Form captain, Wharton, you know very well that it is your duty to stop anything of this kind," said Mr. Quelch sternly.

"I—I know, sir. But—"

"I am surprised, Wharton—surprised and disappointed!" said Mr. Quelch. And without waiting for any rejoinder he strode across the room towards the offending junior.

Wharton stood with a flushed face and clouded brow.

It was not pleasant to be thus reprimanded in public—and he could see from some sly grins near him that some of the fellows enjoyed his discomfiture, too. But, worse than that, was the thought that Mr. Quelch considered him as having failed in his duty.

Mr. Quelch grasped the new boy by the collar.

Vernon-Smith gasped and yelled. The cheroot had burned short, and the end was in his mouth, and was burning him.

"Ow!" he gasped. "Yaroh! Yah!"

He spat it out furiously.

Then he turned upon the Form-master with a savage scowl. Mr. Quelch's grip was still on his collar, and Vernon-Smith tried to jerk himself loose, without success.

"Boy," thundered the Remove-master, "what does this mean? I find you smoking—smoking cheroots—in the junior Common-room."

"I always smoke, sir."

"What?"

"My pater lets me smoke."

"I will not give any opinion upon your father's conduct, Vernon-Smith, in allowing a boy of your age to smoke cheroots. In fact, I feel a strong doubt of the truth of your statement. But, in any case, you should know that you cannot smoke here. If it were any other boy in my Form I should cane him soundly. If I do not give you the severest caning, it is because you are a new boy, and apparently totally untrained. Have you any more tobacco about you?"

"Ye-e-es."

"You will call your masters 'sir' while you are at Greyfriars," said Mr. Quelch, in a tone that implied that he did not think Master Vrenon-Smith would be at Greyfriars very long.

"Yes, sir."

"Show me what tobacco you have."

Vernon-Smith took out his case.

"Open it!"

Vernon-Smith made a restive movement. The Form-master's grip tightened upon his collar. He opened the case sullenly.



"Very good! Throw those cheroots into the fire!"

"What?"

"You heard me, Smith!"

"They cost sevenpence each, sir!"

"I am sorry you should waste your money so, and that you should have so much money to waste!" said Mr. Quelch tartly. "Throw those cheroots into the fire instantly!"

Vernon-Smith hesitated a moment, then he sullenly obeyed. The valuable smokes dropped into the glowing coals.

"Give me that case," said Mr. Quelch; "I will have it sent to your home. You have no use for such an article here."

"But—"

"Obey me directly!"

Vernon-Smith handed over the case.

"And now," said Mr. Quelch sternly, "listen to me! You have acted in an utterly disgraceful manner, although you have been at Greyfriars only a few hours. Don't let anything of the sort happen again. Mind, if I find you in any transgression of the rules of the school again, I shall not allow you to plead ignorance as an excuse. I shall punish you severely."

And Mr. Quelch released the new boy. Vernon-Smith scowled malignantly. The Remove-master turned to the door. As he passed Wharton he paused to speak.

"I am sorry to see that you cannot maintain proper discipline, Wharton," he said. "It is your duty to put an instant stop to anything of this sort, and you are aware of it. I hope you will do better in future."

Wharton had nothing to say. Mr. Quelch left the room, leaving the captain of the Remove standing with a clouded brow, and his hands thrust deep into his trousers-pockets.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
Bad Luck for Billy.**

**B**OB CHERRY drew a deep breath. "My hat!" he murmured. "Quelch is waxy, and no mistake!"

"What-ho!"

"Mad as a hatter!"

"And our immaculate paragon of a Form-captain has been hauled over the coals at last," said Bulstrode, with his unpleasant sneer. "I wondered how long he would be able to keep always on the right side of Quelch."

Harry did not speak.

Bob Cherry, however, turned wrathfully upon the bully of the Remove.

"Hold your tongue!" he exclaimed. "You cad!"

Bulstrode shrugged his shoulders.

"Rats! It's about time Wharton had a sample of Quelch's jaw. We've all had it in our time, and now it's his turn."

"Rotter! Dry up!"

Bulstrode laughed unpleasantly and walked away, still chuckling. He had enjoyed the situation. Wharton glanced at Bob with a faint smile.

"Never mind him, Bob," he said. "I don't. Bulstrode doesn't worry me. Only—only Quelch was right. I haven't done my duty, and that's the long and the short of it."

"Well, you couldn't see that wretched cad out of the back of your head," said Nugent.

"My hat," said Bob Cherry, with a glare at Vernon-Smith, "I've a jolly good mind to wipe up the floor with the rotter!"

"And I'll jolly well help you!" exclaimed Tom Brown.

Vernon-Smith scowled savagely, and with a quick movement picked up the heavy iron poker from the grate.

"You'd better keep off!" he exclaimed. "If you touch me I'll brain some of you!"

"You rat!" said Bob contemptuously. "If I wanted to touch you that poker wouldn't stop me. Look here, Wharton, the cad ought to be ragged."

Harry shook his head.

"Quelch has talked to him, and that's enough," he said. "But look here, Vernon-Smith. You can see you've got me into a row over your rotten smoking. It's not allowed here, as I explained to you. You had better chuck it for good."

Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth.

"I sha'n't!" he said.

Wharton looked at him steadily.

"Do you mean to say that you're going to smoke again, after what Quelch has said?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Very well. Now listen to me," said Harry, between his teeth. "I've given you a chance, and Quelch has given you a chance. If you're cad enough to keep on after this,

you'd better look out for squalls. Mind, if I catch you smoking again, any time or anywhere, I'll give you a licking on the spot. Do you understand?"

"You'd better not touch me."

Wharton laughed contemptuously.

"Do you think I'm afraid of you, you weedy fool? Mind, I mean every word I say. The next time I find you smoking, I'll give you such a dressing that you'll remember it for weeks. And now put that poker down!"

"I won't!"

Wharton advanced towards him, his fists clenched and his eyes blazing. He had had enough of the new boy's insolence, and he did not mean to stand any more of it.

"Put that poker down!" he repeated.

Vernon-Smith met his look doggedly. His grasp tightened on the poker. He looked as if he would use it, too, if Harry laid hands on him. Bob Cherry made a forward movement. Harry waved him back.

"I'll deal with this chap," he said. "He's going to learn discipline. Now, then, Vernon-Smith, put that poker down, or I'll take it away from you, and give you the licking of your life into the bargain."

and his pretence of enjoying a smoke was simply humbug. Tobacco does not agree with the constitution at fifteen, if at any time; and if Vernon-Smith had told the truth, he would far rather have had a box of chocolates than a box of cheroots.

But Vernon-Smith was determined to smoke, and all the more determined because the Form-master had forbidden him to do so. That was his way.

Vernon-Smith was, as a matter of fact, the most complete boulder Greyfriars had ever seen.

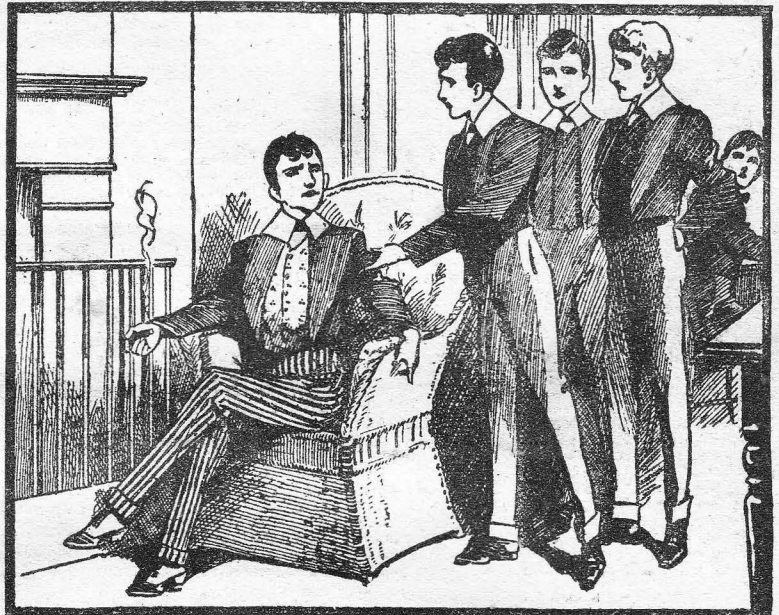
He did not venture to take his smokes down to the Common-room, for he knew there would be trouble with Wharton at once. He sat on the bed and smoked.

He had left the door ajar, and he did not notice that a spectacled face blinked in at the door. Billy Bunter had noticed the new fellow sneak off, and his curiosity had compelled him to follow the outsider.

The fat junior blinked in at the door, and was astounded by what he saw.

The gasp of surprise he gave reached Vernon-Smith's ears.

The new junior looked round, scowled at the



**THE BOUNDER'S LITTLE WAY!**

For a moment longer Vernon-Smith hesitated. Then, as Harry strode towards him, the poker went down into the grate with a resounding clang.

Wharton nodded shortly, and turned away. Vernon-Smith looked at him with a glance of almost poisonous hatred.

The captain of the Remove had made a bitter enemy of the new boy; not that Wharton cared whether he was friend or foe.

Vernon-Smith glanced round at the grinning faces of the Removites, and flushed crimson. He moved towards the door.

"I say, you fellows, why don't you bump the cad?" said Billy Bunter. "He wants a lesson, you know. Bump him!"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really—"

Vernon-Smith left the room. Bunter had a weakness for "going for" a fellow when he was down, but he did not care to lead the assault on Vernon-Smith.

A hiss from most of the juniors followed the new boy, but no more active demonstration.

Vernon-Smith went up to the Remove dormitory. His box had been taken up there. He entered the room, now dusky with the fall of evening.

He went straight to his box, opened it, and groped among the contents. Then he drew out a brown wooden box.

It was a box of cheroots.

With an unpleasant grin, the new boy opened the box, took out a cheroot, and struck a match.

He sat on the bed and smoked.

Vernon-Smith did not really want to smoke,

and caught a pillow from the bed.

Before the Owl of the Remove could dodge the pillow flew through the air, and it caught Bunter under the chin and sent him flying backwards.

He crashed down in the passage with a wild yell.

But he only remained there a second. He picked himself up, gasping, and staggered away, fearing that Vernon-Smith was about to follow up his attack.

He dashed along the passage and down the stairs, and dashed right into the arms of a prefect who was coming up.

Unfortunately for Bunter, it was Loder, the worst-tempered prefect in the school.

Loder staggered, and caught hold of the banisters.

"You young ass!" he roared.

"Oh, I'm sincerely sorry, Loder!"

"Take that, you dot!"

"Ow! Leggo!"

Loder had caught the fat junior by the collar, and was boxing his ears right and left with the other hand.

"Now, you fat fool, what were you bolting downstairs in that way for?" he exclaimed.

"Ow! That new beast was after me—"

"There is no one after you, you cowardly rat!"

Billy Bunter blinked round as Loder released him.

"Oh! I—I thought he was! He chucked the pillow at me because I caught him smoking in the dorm. Of course, I'm not going to sneak about him, but—"

Loder did not allow him to finish. He shook him till his teeth chattered.

"Ow! S-s-stop!" stammered Bunter. "You'll m-m-make my s-spectacles fall off, and if they get broken you'll have to pay for 'em!"

"Who was smoking in the dormitory?" demanded Loder.

As a prefect, it was his duty to put down anything of the sort with a heavy hand. As a matter of fact, Loder was one of the "smartest" of the "smart set" in the Sixth, and it was an open secret that he smoked in his own study, and that he kept a bottle of whisky in his locker.

But Loder, like many of us, had no mercy for his own failings in others.

"I—I won't sneak," said Bunter. "The fellows would have it up against me for whole terms if I told you I caught even such a fat as Vernon-Smith smoking. I—"

"That will do!" Loder threw the fat junior away from him, and Bunter bumped down on the stairs. The prefect strode on towards the dormitory. Billy Bunter sat up and gasped.

"Well, he'll get a licking now, and serve him jolly well right," he exclaimed. "I haven't sneaked about him, either—he can't say I have—but Loder seems to guess! And a jolly good thing, too!"

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### A Prize for the Prefect.

L ODER opened the door of the Remove dormitory, and looked in.

Vernon-Smith was finishing the cheroot. He looked up at the prefect, with a glance of inquiry and half-defiance. He had not seen Loder before, but he guessed that he must belong to an Upper Form.

The prefect looked at him curiously, and sniffed. The scent from the cheroot was very pleasant. It was a good one; Vernon-Smith at least had value for his money in that way. Loder's expression changed a little.

He closed the door, and came over towards the new junior. Vernon-Smith eyed him un-easily.

"You're Vernon-Smith?" asked Loder.

"Yes."

"The new kid in the Remove?"

"Yes."

"And this, I suppose, is a little habit of yours?" asked Loder.

"I smoke at home."

"Good! Hand me those cheroots!"

Vernon-Smith's hand closed on the box on the bed beside him.

"They're mine," he said.

"Not at all," said Loder, with a grin. "They're mine. Kids are not allowed to smoke here, and they're confiscated. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Perhaps that will make you understand!" said Loder, dealing the new boy a blow on the side of the head that sent him rolling off the bed on the floor.

Vernon-Smith gave a roar of pain and rage. He leaped up, clapping his hand to his head, and made a movement as if he would hurl himself upon the prefect.

But Loder gave him no time.

He struck out with his other hand, and the open palm came on the other side of Vernon-Smith's head with a crack like a pistol-shot. The new junior reeled, and crashed on the floor.

This time he was not in such a hurry to rise.

He got up with a groan of pain, and sat on the floor, clapping his whirling head with both hands, and staring stupidly at the prefect.

Loder looked down at him grimly. Vernon-Smith was reduced to quiescence, if not to order, by those two terrible smacks.

It was drawing upon the fog's mind that he could not hope to deal with a fellow nearly twice his size, and one who had no scruple whatever about taking the fullest advantage of his superior strength.

"Well?" said Loder, with a grin. "Do you want some more?"

Vernon-Smith groaned.

"You'll understand, now, that I'm a prefect, and that a prefect's orders have to be obeyed!" said Loder. "Got that?"

"Oh! Oh!"

Loder picked up the box of cheroots. He smelt them, and gave a grin of satisfaction, and slipped the box into the pocket of the loose jacket he was wearing.

"Have you got any more of these?" he asked.

"Oh!"

"Answer me, you worm!"

"Ow! Yes."

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 5.

"Good! Get up and turn out your box. It's my duty as a prefect to see that you don't make a beast of yourself. Turn out your box."

"Oh!"

Loder grasped the box, and turned it over on its side. The contents rolled out in heaps on the floor.

Vernon-Smith uttered an exclamation of rage, and staggered up.

Clothes and boots, shirts and collars and ties and socks, all sorts and conditions of articles, rolled over the floor of the dormitory.

"You bound!" he exclaimed.

"Eh? What?"

"Let my box alone!"

Loder reached out towards him, but Vernon-Smith had learned wisdom now. He dodged, and promptly placed a bed between him and the prefect.

Loder did not pursue him. He turned his attention to the articles that had streamed out of the box.

There was another box of cheroots, a box of cigars, and several packets of cigarettes.

He was going to "confiscate" them; but it was extremely probable that after confiscation they would be smoked in Loder's study by the prefect and his chums.

"My hat! Champagne!" he suddenly exclaimed.

Two bottles packed in straw had rolled out with the rest.

Loder could scarcely believe his eyes.

Even the "smart set" in the Sixth seldom went as far as champagne in their excesses, and never within the precincts of the school.

For a junior to bring champagne to the school in his box was so astounding that Loder could only stare.

"Well, my hat!" he ejaculated at last.

"You're a queer fish. Your people must be jolly proud of you at home, I should think."

"That's my champagne!" growled Vernon-Smith.

Loder laughed.

"Not at all; your mistake. It's confiscated."

"I'll appeal to the Head!"

"Ha, ha, ha! My dear dummy, you'd be sacked from the school at once if the Head knew you had brought this stuff here in your box. I'm really letting you off awfully lightly in only confiscating the stuff."

"Look here—"

Loder put the bottles under his arm. He looked through the contents of the box again, and found a great many eatables, but these he left alone.

"Now I'll give you a word of advice, Vernon-Smith," he said.

"I don't want it!"

"You're going to have it, all the same. Smoking isn't good for kids; drinking isn't good for anybody. Chuck it! If this were known to the Head you'd be expelled, on your first day at Greyfriars. Mind, you'll never see any of this stuff again, but out of kindness to you, as a new boy, I shall—er—destroy it all, and say nothing about the matter."

Loder had his own reasons for not wishing to report the matter officially, but that he did not explain to Vernon-Smith.

The prefect left the dormitory.

He hurried down to the Sixth Form passage with his prizes, and carried them into Carne's study. Carne and Ionides, who were there, stared at him.

"What on earth have you got there?" asked Carne in amazement.

"Cigars, cheroots, cigarettes, and champagne."

"Great Scott!"

"Where did you get them?" exclaimed Ionides. "Why, you have four or five pounds' worth of things there! Have you come into a fortune, Loder?"

The Greek senior spoke a little spitefully. He was the richest fellow in the Sixth, and liked the position. He did not want to have a rival high-roller in the Form.

Loder chuckled.

"No. These are confiscations. Where do you think I found 'em?"

"Can't guess."

"In a junior's box!"

"Great Columbus!"

"It's the new kid in the Remove," grinned Loder. "He's the son of a giddy millionaire, you know, and these show what his private tastes are."

"Jolly good taste, too!" said Carne. "Why, that's real Merry Widow! And the smokes, too, are ripping!"

"Yes; I've looked in to ask you fellows to a little smoke this evening," grinned Loder.

"I've confiscated this stuff; but I've promised Vernon-Smith not to report him, as he's a new boy, and I want to let him off lightly. Of course, if I don't report the matter I can't deliver up these things to the Head."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So, we've got to get rid of them somehow."

"Good!" grinned Ionides. "We'll help you to get rid of them."

"What-ho!" chuckled Carne.

And the two seniors followed the prefect into his study.

### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

#### Ragged.

V ERNON-SMITH did not join the Form again till supper-time. By that time he was hungry, and he came into Hall when the juniors had assembled there.

Supper at Greyfriars was a very simple meal, and Vernon-Smith looked at the plain bread and cheese, and sniffed in great disdain.

Harry Wharton glanced at him. He had had rubs with the new fellow already, but all the same he was disposed to help him.

"Here's a seat, Smith!" he said, as cordially as he could, when the new boy came up to the Form table.

Smith nodded curtly and sat down.

"Do you really eat that stuff?" he asked, with a sniff.

"Eh? What stuff?"

"That!" said Vernon-Smith, with a disparaging glance towards the huge chunks of bread-and-butter and cheese.

Plain as the fare was, it was disappearing rapidly enough before the attacks of the hungry Removites.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes; that's our supper," he said.

"Pah! I can't eat it!" he said.

"I'm afraid you'll have nothing else if you can't," said Harry gravely. "It's jolly good, you know, though it's not gorgeous. Plain but wholesome."

"I want something better."

Wharton fell into silence. He had nothing to say to that. Wingate of the Sixth was at the head of the Remove table, Vernon-Smith rose.

"Are you in charge here?" he asked.

Wingate stared at him.

"Yes," he said.

"Well, I want some supper."

"Pass Smith the bread and cheese, Cherry."

"Certainly, Wingate!"

"I don't want any bread and cheese," said Vernon-Smith sullenly.

"There is nothing else for you."

"Then I jolly well won't have any."

"You can suit yourself about that, of course," said Wingate. "sit down now, and hold your tongue, or you'll get a licking, and you won't have any choice about that."

Vernon-Smith sat down.

He ate nothing. After supper, however, when the Remove went into the junior Common-room to while away the interval that remained before bedtime, Vernon-Smith went up to the Form dormitory. He had plenty to eat in his box, and he intended to make his supper there.

"Blessed if I can make that fellow out," said Bob Cherry. "He seems to think he can do as he likes here. I wonder what kind of a time his people have with him at home?"

"A pretty lively one, I should think," Nugent remarked. "Fancy a chap being ass enough to leave his supper out of silly spite!"

"Most likely he's got some grub somewhere," said Bob sardwally. "I don't suppose he would go to bed hungry. If he hadn't anything else, bread and cheese would be good enough for his lordship, I think."

Billy Bunter pricked up his ears.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, buzz off, Bunter!"

"But, I say, if the chap's got a feed, he ought to be made to share it round—"

"Rats!"

"Suppose we go and—"

"Cheese it!" said Bob, and he walked away. Billy Bunter blinked angrily.

"I'm jolly well going to see if the chap's got a feed on his own," he muttered. "The rotter! He ought to stand it all round. I hate meanness in a chap. I say, Snoop, the new chap's got a feed on the dorm."

"How do you know?" asked Snoop.

"Well; Cherry says so, and I think so, too. Suppose we go and make him share out?"

"Good egg! Let's take some of the fellows in case he cuts up rusty," said Snoop cautiously.

"He's a dangerous beast. You



remember how he handled that poker in the Common-room; and he wouldn't put it down for one of us as he did for Wharton."

"Let's ask Bulstrode and Skinner and Stott."

"Good!"

Bulstrode and Skinner and Stott were asked, and they entered into the plan with all their hearts. The five juniors crept up to the Remove dormitory. The door was closed, but a light was gleaming under it.

"He's there," said Bulstrode, with a grin.

"Yes, rather."

Bulstrode opened the dormitory door quietly.

The gas was alight, and it showed the figure of the new junior seated on a couple of pillows beside his open box. Vernon-Smith had packed the things back again since Loder's visit, and the eatables were on top.

Vernon-Smith had opened several packages, and was eating; and the good things that were spread out in view there made Billy Bunter's mouth water.

The new junior was evidently not limited as to cash. He had large cakes, bags of tarts, buns and biscuits, steak-pies and ham patties, jellies in glass and jar, jam and marmalade, and a dozen other things.

The juniors stared at the sight.

"My hat!" said Bulstrode. "That chap's people must be rich."

"Come on!" muttered Bunter.

Vernon-Smith looked round abruptly at the sound of voices.

He scowled at the sight of the Removites.

"Hallo!" said Skinner affably. "We've come!"

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"We've come to feed with you, Smithy."

"Well, you can't!"

"Now, ask us nicely."

"Rats!"

"That won't do. We can't feed with you without being invited," said Skinner persuasively. "Now, give us a graceful invitation."

"Oh, get out!"

"Very well, then I shall have to issue the invitations. Bulstrode, will you do Smithy the honour of supping with him?"

"Certainly!" grinned Bulstrode. "Will you, Skinner?"

"Certainly! Will you, Snoopey?"

"Certainly!"

"And you, Stott?"

"Certainly!"

"Good! I needn't ask Bunter, because he'd feed with a dog in a kennel rather than not feed at all," remarked Skinner.

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"Well, now we're all invited, the next thing is to feed," said Skinner. "Come on! Sit down and make yourselves at home."

"What-ho!"

"Don't stand on ceremony. Sit on the floor."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hand out the grub, Smith!"

"My name's Vernon-Smith," said the new junior, with a scowl.

"Never mind your name now; it's the grub we want. Hand it over!"

"I won't! I'm not going to give you anything!" said Vernon-Smith. "I don't like any of you! I don't like this school, either!"

"That's awfully rough on Greyfriars!" grinned Bulstrode.

"Unsay those cruel words, Smithy!" implored Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leave my things alone, you fat young thief!" howled Vernon-Smith, as Billy Bunter, without wasting time in words, helped himself to a whole steak-pie.

"Oh, really, Smith—"

"Give me that back!"

"Do you want this jelly back, too?" asked Bulstrode.

"Yes, hang you!"

"Here you are, then!"

"Ow!" roared Vernon-Smith, as Bulstrode slammed the jelly in his face.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's some ginger-pop, too!" remarked Stott, pouring a bottle over Vernon-Smith's head as he tried to scrape the jelly off his face.

"And a tart," said Skinner, slamming one upon Smith's right ear.

"Ow! Oh! Pah! Grooch!"

Vernon-Smith staggered away, scraping himself, scarlet with vexation and rage. The five juniors chuckled, and started on the provisions in earnest.

Vernon-Smith looked at them with fury in his gaze.

"Let my things alone!" he shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cads! Thieves!"

Vernon-Smith could contain himself no longer. He rushed among the feasters, hitting and kicking out on all sides.

There was a yell from the feasters.

They had not expected that. Bulstrode roared as Vernon-Smith's foot crashed upon his ribs, and Bunter shrieked as he rolled over under a powerful clump on the side of the head.

"Collar him!" yelled Stott.

Bulstrode scrambled up savagely.

"I'll jolly soon collar the cad!"

"Hands off! I—"

"Down him!"

Vernon-Smith was collared, and promptly downed. He was pretty severely pommelled, too, in the process, for the juniors were the roughest fellows in the Remove, and they were hurt by Vernon-Smith's savage kicking.

"Now rag the beast!" gasped Skinner.

And Vernon-Smith was ragged.

They bumped him, they rolled him over, and they plastered him with jam and marmalade, and they poured ginger-beer and lemonade over him.

Vernon-Smith struggled and fought like a tiger, scratching and biting and screaming, and the raggers handled him still more roughly than they had intended in consequence.

"My hat!" gasped Bulstrode, wiping a great red score down his face, which was bleeding freely. "What a regular wild beast!"

"Ow!" groaned Bunter. "He's kicked my shins!"

"Serve you right!"

"Ow! Oh, really—"

"There, I think he's had enough!" said Bulstrode, spurning the new boy away with his foot. "Now, go and clean yourself, you cad; and remember that a chap who gets a big feed to himself, and doesn't ask anybody to it, is pretty certain to catch it hot at Greyfriars. And you'll learn, too, to fight without biting or scratching, or your life won't be worth living at Greyfriars. Now get out!"

Vernon-Smith scrambled to his feet.

He presented a really terrible appearance, with his clothes in utter disorder, and soaked and sticky with ginger-beer, jam, and marmalade, and jelly. His hair was a sticky mop, his face a ghastly spectacle.

The juniors grinned as they looked at him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner. "He ought to be looking through a horse-collar at a fair. That's what he's suitable for!"

"I'm going to the Head!" shrieked the new boy.

"Ha, ha, ha! The Head will like to see you in that state!"

"I'm going—"

"Oh, rats! We know you wouldn't dare. And you'd get a licking if you did!" said Bulstrode contemptuously. "Get out!"

The new boy gave the juniors a wild glare, and rushed from the room, slamming the door after him violently.

Snoop looked uneasily at his companions.

"Suppose he does go to the Head?" he faltered.

Bulstrode sniffed.

"He wouldn't dare!"

"But—"

"Rats! Let's get on with the feed!"

"Yes, rather!" said Billy Bunter.

And they went on with it.

Vernon-Smith did not carry out his threat to go to the Head. He spent a very busy half-hour in the bath-room, and at length returned to the dormitory, to find the Removites all in bed.

Muttering threats of vengeance on the juniors, the new fellow turned in. There was no doubt that Vernon-Smith hated the Removites, but the juniors did not care; they had no feelings of affection for the Bounder of Greyfriars!

THE END.

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## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Unprecedented.

**T**HERE was a buzz of excitement in Big Hall at Rookwood.

It was past the time for classes, but the bell had not rung.

The fellows, instead of going into their Form-rooms, were gathered in Big Hall or grouped about in the passages, talking in subdued but excited tones.

A stranger looking into Rookwood that morning would have seen at the most casual glance that there was something on.

The prefects of the Sixth might have been observed looking very serious.

Bulkeley, head of the Sixth and captain of the school, had quite a portentous expression of gravity. Knowles, the head prefect of the Modern side of the school, was as solemn as an owl—a boiled owl, according to Jimmy Silver's expression.

But the juniors did not look solemn.

They looked excited, interested, curious, anticipative.

But not solemn.

Whatever it was that had happened out of the common, it had not the effect of dashing the spirits of those cheerful young gentlemen.

The Fistical Four of the Fourth, the great leaders and heroes of the Classical side, were standing in a group by the big doorway.

They were talking—all at once. And their talk was punctuated by subdued chuckles.

Upon Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Newcome, and Raby the gravity of the situation was evidently totally lost.

"No more lessons, very likely!" Lovell remarked, with an ecstatic smile.

"No more rotten Latin till Bootles comes back!" muttered Raby.

"Football all day long!" said Newcome. "My hat! This is what I call something like! And won't we rag those Modern cads!"

Jimmy Silver chuckled gleefully.

"That's the best of it!" he said. "Influenza on the Classical side; all the masters, from the Head down, laid up, and health normal on the Modern side. We can't have lessons without masters—at least, I don't see how we can. And those Modern cads will be nugging up German and bookkeeping and stinks just the same as usual while we're having the game of our lives! This is where we gloat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth turned a tremendous frown upon the cheery juniors.

"What are you cackling at, you young sweeps?" demanded the captain of Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver coughed.

"Ahem! I—I just caught sight of Tommy Dodd. Those Modern kids always make me laugh, you know. Their faces—"

"This isn't a laughing matter!" said Bulkeley sternly.

"Nunno! Of course not! I'm surprised at you fellows!" said Jimmy Silver, turning a severe glance upon his companions. "Can't you keep serious at a time like this? How would you like to be laid up with the 'flu—what?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

"I am ashamed of them!" assented Jimmy Silver. "Disgraceful, I call it! If they cackle I'll punch their heads! Fancy cackling when the poor old Head has been taken away to a nursing-home! Fancy chortling when our own respected Form-master is laid up in the sanatorium! Imagine smiling— Yow! Leggo my ear, Bulkeley!"

Bulkeley did not seem in a humour to appreciate Jimmy Silver's remarks.

He gave his ear a twist before he released it. Jimmy rubbed it ruefully as the captain walked away.

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"Yow! Come to think of it, you chaps, we ought to be sympathetic," said Jimmy Silver, after some reflection. "Old Bootles isn't a bad sort. I'm sorry he's seedy. But a chap can't be expected to be down in the dumps when lessons are cut, can he?"

"Hardly!" agreed Lovell. "Still, I'm sorry for old Bootles, you know."

"Oh, yes, we're sorry!" said Raby. But they did not look sorry.

It was really a peculiar state of affairs. The Head had taken a chill and gone to a nursing-home for a time.

Matters might have gone on much the same as usual in the absence of the Head, but there was influenza in the school.

The Classical side of Rookwood occupied the old original building of Rookwood Abbey, and all the Classics were proud of it to a man—or, rather, a boy—and turned up their noses tremendously at the brand-new Modern wing, where there were red bricks and electric-lighting, and so forth.

But certainly the ancient building had damp corners and draughty passages, and perhaps that helped to account for the present trouble.

Modern masters, who lived in the Modern wing, were quite normal, but most of the Classical masters were down with the malady. The attack had been sudden, but it had been complete.

And, without masters, how were lessons to go on?

That was what the Classics wanted to know.

And with the Classical masters all on the sick list, and the Modern instructors still going strong, it really looked as if Classical instruction must cease for a time, while the Modern side went on grinding the same as usual.

At least, that was how the juniors considered the matter.

They were sympathetic enough towards the unfortunate gentlemen who were wrestling in the grip of the 'flu.

But from their own personal point of view matters were going on quite nicely.

The smiles of Jimmy Silver & Co. had an exasperating effect upon their rivals of the Modern side.

Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle looked daggers at them.

The state of affairs did not please the Modern heroes so much.

"I say, you'll be late for stinks, Doddy!" said Jimmy Silver, with a grin at the chief of the Modern juniors.

"Stinks" was the Classical name for chemistry, which was a study in the Modern curriculum at Rookwood.

"Blow stinks!" said Tommy Dodd. "Looks to me as if you Classical asses will be wriggling out of your lessons!"

"Just what we were thinking!" assented Silver.

"And we're going on grinding just the same!" growled Tommy Dodd.

"Yes. Isn't it ripping?" Tommy Dodd glared.

"I don't call it ripping! I call it rotten! Why couldn't old Manders catch the 'flu as well? Why couldn't Herr Kinkel catch it? Beastly Prussian, too! It's sickening!"

"Oh, they catch all sorts of things on this side!" said Tommy Doyle, with a sniff. "The rotten old place ought to be pulled down! 'Taint fit to live in!"

"Why, you Modern worm—" began Lovell hotly.

Any aspersion cast upon that ancient building always got the Classical backs up at once.

"Blessed if I'd be found dead in the place!" said Cook.

"You'd be found dead in it if you came to

live in it," remarked Tommy Dodd. "That's why these Classics are such a measly-looking set—"

"Look fit for a hospital, don't they?" said Tommy Doyle.

"Or a hope-yard!" said Cook.

That was a little too much for the Fistical Four. They prided themselves on being as fit as fiddles.

"Mop up the ground with those Modern wasters!" said Jimmy Silver.

In a moment more there was a wild and whirling combat in the big doorway.

Lovell and Tommy Dodd were hugging one another, and Raby and Cook were trying to get one another's head in chancery.

Jimmy Silver and Newcome caught Tommy Dodd and bumped him on the floor.

But Towle and Webb and several more Moderns rushed to the rescue at once. And then, of course, a crowd of Classics, and the little scrap promptly assumed the proportions of a battle-royal.

"Buck up, Classics! Down with the stink merchants!"

"Give 'em socks!"

"Yow-ow-yow!"

"File in, Moderns!"

"Yarogh!"

It was at that moment that Mr. Manders, the science-master, came down the passage.

Mr. Manders, senior master on the Modern side, was a tall, thin gentleman with a long, sharp nose and a short, sharp temper.

He was the senior master in the school, now that the senior master on the Classical side was down with the 'flu.

Dr. Chisholm had appointed him to act as the Head, though it was not common knowledge among the juniors.

They were soon to know, however.

Mr. Manders was determined that work should still continue, despite the absence of masters on the Classical side.

He had come across to speak to Bulkeley, but he stopped short, and stared at the sight of the dusty, dishevelled, struggling fags.

And as he stopped a frontal attack by the Moderns drove the Classics back fairly upon Mr. Manders, and they swarmed round him, and bumped into his legs, and bumped into him and sent him staggering.

Mr. Manders brought up in breathless fury.

"Oh, my hat!"

There was an instant scampering of feet.

Before Mr. Manders the passage was clear. A cap and necktie remained to tell of the conflict.

But the juniors were fleeing, and they vanished as if by magic.

Mr. Manders coughed and gasped and scowled, and made a mental note of the delinquents. He had recognised a few, and those few before long were undergoing a painful ordeal in Mr. Manders' study.

And they came out with their hands tucked tightly under their armpits.

As Jimmy Silver remarked between gasps, Manders had begun his "little tricks."

Mr. Manders was "down" on the Fistical Four, and they looked like having a rough time under him.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Under His Thumb.

**T**HE Fourth were in their Form-room, waiting.

Lessons were beginning later than usual that morning.

First lesson, in fact, had been cut.

Second lesson was geography. The Fourth-Formers all took that lesson—Moderns as well as Classics—so the whole of the Fourth was there.



All the Lower Forms were to be taken by prefects. Bulkeley or Neville, or Fellowes of the Sixth, they supposed.

And the cheerful young rascals were already debating how far they could "pull the leg" of the senior placed in charge of them.

"If it's Bulkeley, we shall have to toe the line," said Lovell. "But Fellowes is rather an ass. If it's Fellowes we shall have rather an easy time."

The door opened, and a big Sixth-Former strode in.

The Fourth stared at him. It was Knowles, a Modern prefect. Tommy Dodd & Co. looked triumphant. The Modern captain evidently was placed in charge of the Fourth, and they felt that it was a leg-up for the Moderns, though they didn't like Knowles personally.

But the Classical juniors looked astonished and wrathful.

A Modern prefect placed over them! They exchanged glares of indignation. Perhaps it was natural for Mr. Manders to select a prefect from his own side, a senior he knew and confided in.

But there wasn't a Classical who didn't think it was like his cheek to set a Modern prefect over them.

Knowles gave the Fistical Four an unpleasant glance.

He knew those juniors, and had had his rubs with them.

But he made no remark, except to mention to the Fourth generally that he was in charge of the class, and the lesson started.

When that lesson was over the Modern portion of the Form quitted the Form-room, as they were due in the lab for "stinks."

The Classical half of the Form remained—and Knowles remained.

There was a murmur from the class.

For a Modern prefect to be put in charge of the whole Form was bad enough, but for a Modern prefect to be in charge of a class consisting wholly of Classicals was too thick.

The juniors looked rebellious. Knowles heard the murmur, and gave them a look.

Lines had already been heaped on the Fourth. Jimmy Silver had received two hundred for asking why a Classical prefect could not have been placed in charge of the Form.

And the lines were still mounting up.

By the time morning classes were over the Fourth were beginning to wish that Mr. Bootles were back.

Mr. Bootles would have been flattered could he but have known with what earnestness they wished for his recovery.

The Fourth were feeling rebellious when afternoon classes started, and Knowles was still in charge.

Knowles was a born bully, and he had the power to bully now, and he used it.

Hooker had received rather more than his share of lines, and was feeling rather fed up.

He aired his grievance by throwing an ink-pellet at the prefect.

It was not the correct thing to do, of course; but that was the way Hooker felt.

But Knowles never even thought of Hooker. He accused Jimmy Silver on principle.

Naturally, Jimmy denied it, though he admitted having seen it thrown.

Knowles—cad that he was—ordered Jimmy to sneak.

Then Hooker owned up.

Having caped Hooker, the big Sixth-Former caned Jimmy for refusing to sneak, which was hardly the way to throw oil on troubled waters.

But as for an outbreak on the part of his victims, Knowles never thought of that.

Not that he would have cared much.

There was an irresistible authority behind him, and any mutiny on the Form-room would have been immediately punished by a flogging.

Knowles would not have been dissatisfied to have seen the Fistical Four flogged.

First lesson being over, the Modern juniors went to their German lesson with Herr Kinkel.

And the Classicals were left to the tender mercies of Knowles.

The strain on the tempers of Jimmy Silver & Co. was perilously near breaking-point now, however.

Never had the Modern prefect been so obnoxious. His sneers and fault-finding had never been so much to the fore.

"I shall go for him with an inkpot soon!" whispered Jimmy Silver to Lovell.

Then Knowles' voice rapped out:

"Silver!"

"Yes, Knowles?"

"You were speaking to Lovell?"

"Yes, Knowles!"

"Take a hundred lines!"

"That makes six hundred!" said Jimmy Silver recklessly. "Hadn't you better make it a thousand while you're about it, Knowles?"

Knowles frowned.

"Come out here, Silver!"

Jimmy Silver sat tight. He had been caned before that morning, and his palms were still smarting, and his temper was at boiling-point.

"What for?" he asked.

"To be caned, of course, you young ass!"

Jimmy Silver did not move.

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Knowles!"

"Will you do as I tell you?" roared the prefect.

"No, Knowles!"

"What?"

"You can go and eat coke!" said Jimmy Silver deliberately, feeling that he was in for it now, and he might as well have his money's worth, so to speak. "You're a rotten bully, Knowles! You're a Modern cad! And if you bring that cane near me I'll shy this inkpot at you!"

Knowles stood gasping with astonishment and rage.

This was mutiny with a vengeance.

The whole of the Fourth burst into a chuckle.

They enjoyed hearing Jimmy Silver talking to Knowles.

The Modern prefect stood rooted to the floor

"Back up! Down the cad!"

There was a wild rush.

All discipline in the Fourth Form-room was at an end.

Like hounds rushing on their prey, the juniors rushed upon Knowles, and the bully of the Sixth disappeared under a swarm of excited Classicals.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**Knowles Goes Through It.**

"HELP! Oh! Gerroff! Help! Yow!"

Thus Knowles.

Jimmy Silver, white with pain, panting for breath, leaped forward into the fray.

The prefect was struggling fiercely under the swarm of juniors.

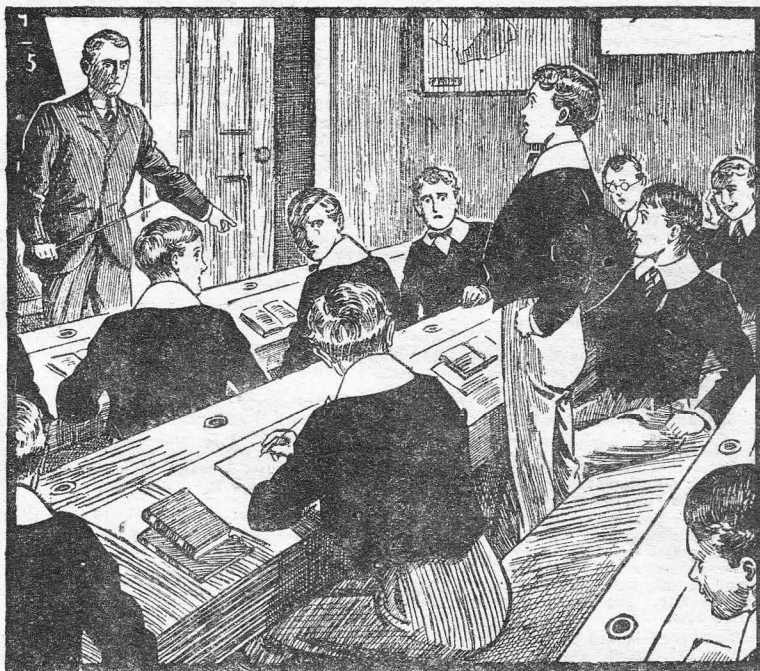
He was hitting out with all his force, and two or three of his diminutive assailants rolled away with loud yells.

But the numbers were too many for Knowles. He was simply overwhelmed.

"Got the cad!" howled Raby. "Bump him!"

"Give him the frog's march!"

"Rag him!"



**JIMMY SILVER DEFIES THE PREFECT!**

for some minutes. Then he made a jump for Jimmy Silver.

He caught him by his collar to drag him off the form.

Jimmy Silver kept his word.

He whipped out the inkpot, and a stream of ink shot towards the Sixth-Former's face.

"Groooh!" panted Knowles, choking.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Then Knowles simply hurled himself on the mutineer.

He grasped Jimmy Silver, whirled him over the desk, face downwards, and started with the cane.

Whack, whack, whack!

Jimmy Silver's yells rang through the Form-room.

Knowles was thrashing him with terrific energy.

Silver kicked and yelled and struggled furiously.

"Yow-ow! Help! Rescue!"

Lovell jumped up. He was not going to stand that.

"Let him go, Knowles!"

Knowles' reply was a lash with the cane which caught Lovell across the shoulder.

Lovell needed no more.

He made a spring at Knowles, and butted him in the chest.

The prefect staggered away.

Lovell yelled to his comrades:

"Ink him!"

The Classicals were reckless now.

They were in for it, and all their wrongs were to be avenged at one fell swoop.

Jimmy Silver caught up an inkpot, and cheerfully poured it over Knowles' upturned red and furious face.

The Modern prefect gasped and spluttered frantically.

"Oh! You young villain! Ow! Oooooch! I'll have you flogged for this! Groooch!"

"Now give him the frog's march!"

"Hurrah!"

"Let me go!" screamed Knowles. "Let me go, or—Grooooh!"

Another flowing inkpot stopped the prefect's utterance suddenly, and he spluttered again.

A dozen pairs of hands grasped him, and he was frog's-marched up and down the Form-room.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yow! Ow, ow! Help!"

Two or three of the Fourth were remaining in their seats, looking scared.

But nearly all the fellows were backing up the Fistical Four. They had all suffered from Knowles, and they were all fed up.

They wanted vengeance, and they wanted it badly.

Of the consequences they did not think for the moment.

They were too excited for that. They frog-marched Knowles up and down the Form-room till every bone in his body was aching.

"Ow! You young villains!" howled the prefect. "I'll have you flogged! I'll have you sacked! Ow! I'll report you to Mr. Manders! Yow!"

"You're going to report us?" asked Jimmy Silver, with deadly coolness.

"Yes, you young hound!"

"And get us flogged?"

"Ow! Yes!"

"Then you may as well smart for it in advance!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "This is where you get it in the neck, you rotten bully!"

"Ow, ow!"

"Shove him across that desk!" said Silver. "He's mighty handy with the cane! He can see what it's like himself!"

"Hurrah!"

"Let me go! Let me— I'll—I'll— Oh, oh!"

In the grasp of many hands, the bully of the Sixth was dragged to the nearest desk and pitched upon it and held face downwards.

Jimmy Silver seized the cane which Knowles had used upon him with such effect.

"It was Knowles' turn now.

The prefect could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes.

The juniors would not dare to handle him, a prefect, in this way, was incredible. But he had to believe the evidence of the cane.

Jimmy Silver laid it on as if he were beating a carpet.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Ow! Oh! Help! Oh!"

"Hurrah! Lick the cad!"

Jimmy Silver thrashed away with the cane till his arm was aching. Knowles was aching, too, when that time came.

"That's enough!" said Jimmy, at last. "Knowles, you cad, do you think that you've had enough?"

"Ow, ow, ow!" groaned Knowles.

"Will you behave yourself after this?"

"Ow! I'll smash you, I'll—"

"Give him some more!"

"Ow! Help!" roared Knowles, struggling madly, as the cane descended again. "Leave off, you young demons! Oh, crumbs!"

"Will you behave yourself after this?" asked Jimmy Silver inexorably.

"Ow! Yes!" groaned Knowles, grinding his teeth with rage.

"And explain to Mandy-Pandy that it was all your own fault?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! You young scoundrel! Yaroooh! Yes! Anything you like! Let me go!"

"Kick the cad out!" said Jimmy Silver.

Lovell threw open the door. Knowles was bundled out, half a dozen boots helping him on his way. The juniors slammed the door after him.

Then they looked at one another.

The excitement was dying down.

They had avenged their wrongs upon Knowles to the full.

But what was to happen now?

"My hat!" said Lovell, with a low whistle. "We're in for it this time. He will go straight to Mandy."

"Bound to!" said Newcome.

"And—and Mandy will come down to us!" Knowles had undoubtedly gone direct to Mr. Manders to tell the tale of his injuries.

At any moment the master might come striding in.

And then!

Even the most reckless of the juniors did not think of handling the temporary head-master as they had handled Knowles.

"We've called the tune, and we've got to pay the piper," said Raby. "We'll all stick together, anyway, and face the music!"

"Yes, rather!"

The juniors waited in painful suspense. There was a sound of footsteps and the rustle of a gown in the passage without.

They exchanged sickly glances.

"He's coming!"

The door was flung open.

Mr. Manders, terrifying in his wrath, strode into the Form-room.

Behind him Knowles, still dishevelled, was slinking.

Mr. Manders fixed his eyes upon the juniors.

"Boys!" He was scarcely articulate with wrath. "Knowles has reported to me the outrageous, the unexampled scene in this room. You have risen against authority—you have assaulted the prefect I placed in charge of you!"

"If you please, sir—"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Manders.

"Knowles was bullying—"

"Not a word! This outbreak of ruffianism shall be punished with severity—exemplary severity! Go to your dormitory at once! Remain there! You shall have no tea! You will remain there until to-morrow morning. To-morrow, before lessons, the whole Form shall be flogged in public—flogged with the utmost severity! Not a word! Go!"

"But, sir—"

"Go!" thundered Mr. Manders.

And the rebels went.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Jimmy Silver Knows What to Do.

**B**ULKLEY came to see lights out for the Fourth at the usual time.

The Rookwood captain's face was very grave.

The juniors had been confined to the dormitory since lessons.

They were supposed to have had no tea. If Bulkeley noticed certain tell-tale crumbs on the floor and the beds, he did not make any remark.

As a matter of fact, some of the bolder spirits had scouted down to the studies for supplies. Jimmy Silver & Co. began to turn in as the captain entered.

"You've got yourselves into a pretty mess," said Bulkeley.

"Is—is Manders very waxy?" ventured Jimmy Silver.

"Yes."

"And—and we're really going to be flogged in the morning?"

"Certainly!"

"I—I say, couldn't you put in a word, Bulkeley, old man? You know that Knowles—"

"I have put in a word," said Bulkeley gruffly, "and it wasn't any use. You've got to go through it, and I must say it serves you right!"

But the juniors could see that old Bulkeley was distressed, in spite of his gruff tone.

"Well, I suppose we can stand it," said Lovell, with a sigh. "I—I say, Bulkeley, is Knowles going to have the Fourth still—afterwards?"

"Mr. Manders says so. I asked him."

"Oh, my hat!"

Bulkeley put out the light, and retired. There was a buzz of dismal voices from bed to bed. Jimmy Silver did not speak. His thoughts were busy.

"Rotten, isn't it?" groaned Lovell. "I could stand the flogging if it wasn't for having to stand Knowles after it. But he'll be worse than ever after this."

"He can't have enjoyed himself this afternoon," remarked Raby.

"And he'll take it out of us," mumbled Townsend. "It's all the fault of that silly new kid—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"And I didn't have a hand in it, and I'm going to be flogged just the same," said Townsend plaintively.

"Serve you jolly well right!"

"Well, it's no good grouching over it," said Lovell at last. "We've got to go through with it. You gone to sleep, Silver, you ass?"

"Eh? No; I've been thinking," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "We're not going to stand it!"

"We've got to, fathead!" said Newcome.

"For goodness' sake don't let's have any more of your blessed ideas!"

"I tell you we can't stand it! Knowles will be worse than ever, and there'll be more trouble, and then more floggings!" said Jimmy Silver. "After all, we're not really under the orders of a Modern cad, whether he's a master or a prefect. We couldn't possibly back up against the Head—if he were here. I know that. But it's different with Mandy."

"What the dickens are you thinking of now?" asked Lovell uneasily. "What have you got in your head?"

"Britons never shall be slaves!" said Jimmy Silver, determinedly.

"Nunno; but—"

"We're not going to have that flogging! We're not going to have any more Knowles. You fellows back me up, and we'll make them come to terms!"

"You ass!" howled Lovell. "We've got to take that flogging as soon as we go down in the morning. I suppose you're not thinking of frog-marching old Manders?"

"Ahem! No. But suppose we don't go down in the morning?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Suppose we defy the enemy until the Head comes back?"

"What!" yelled Lovell.

"That's my idea!" said Jimmy Silver coolly.

"What's your idea?"

"A barring-out!"

"A—a—a b-barring-out?" stuttered Lovell.

"Why not?"

"Why not? Oh, my hat! Why, you ass, we should be flogged, whacked, sacked, boiled in oil— Oh, crumbs!"

"They'd have to catch us first," said Jimmy Silver. "My idea is a barring-out. Even if it turns out N.G. matters can't be much worse. We're booked for a flogging, anyway. We'll fortify ourselves, and hold out till the Head comes back. We'll defy old Manders, and tell him to go and eat coke."

"Oh, crikey!"

"And think what a dot in the eye it will be for the Moderns!" said Jimmy Silver eagerly. "They wouldn't have the nerve."

"By Jove!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver jumped out of bed and lighted a candle-end.

The Fourth were all sitting up in bed now, eager and excited.

Jimmy Silver's bold idea had caught on. They were booked for a flogging anyway.

In for a penny in for a pound, as Raby remarked.

"Hands up for a good old barring-out!" called out Jimmy Silver.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome elevated their hands instantly.

The others followed suit.

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver, with great satisfaction. "Carried nem. con. Gentlemen of the Fourth Form, it is decided that we forthwith hold a barring-out, and defy all measly Modern masters and prefects and fags to the giddy death!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hear, hear!"

The door opened, and Bulkeley looked in. The candle was instantly extinguished, and Jimmy Silver bolted back into bed like a rabbit into its burrow.

"Not so much noise here!" said Bulkeley. "You'll have Mr. Manders coming to see you!"

The door closed again.

There was no more noise in the Fourth-Form dormitory.

Bulkeley's kindly hint was taken. But there was no sleep for the juniors.

From bed to bed ran a buzz of talk, and the talk was all on one subject—that of a barring-out!

The morning was destined to bring a surprise to Mr. Manders, if all went well with the plans of the rebels of Rookwood.

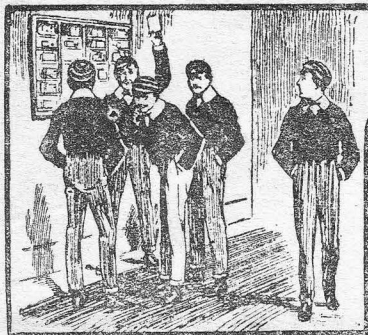
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## THE SCHOOLBOY KIDNAPPERS!

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By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Herries is Wrathful.

**B**ANG! Bang!  
Harry Noble and Clifton Dane of the Shell at St. Jim's thumped loudly on the door of the end study.

The door was locked.  
When Bernard Glyn, the schoolboy inventor, was at work upon one of his striking and valuable ideas he always locked the door to prevent interruption.

The fact that he was supposed to share the study with Noble and Dane did not trouble him in the least.

And, though the two Colonial juniors were very much attached to their chum, their friendship was sometimes put to very sore trials.

Glyn sometimes made the study reek for days with fearful chemical smells, and sometimes used up all the study crockery-ware as vessels to hold queer-looking and weirdly-smelling compounds.

More than once Kangaroo and Dane had sworn solemn swears to slaughter him if he used the study as a laboratory any more; but Glyn went on his way unheeding.

Just now they wanted to get into their study to do their preparation, and they could not get in.

They could hear Glyn moving about inside, but he did not even answer to their knocking.

"Will you open this door, you frabjous ass?" Kangaroo inquired, in sulphurous tones.

"We've got our prep to do."

"Don't bother!"

"Aren't you going to do your own prep, fat-head?"

"No time!"

"Linton will want to know about it in the morning, you ass!" shouted Clifton Dane.

"Never mind Linton! I've nearly finished now, too."

"Then let us in!"

"Can't!"

"Why not, you chump?" roared Kangaroo.

"I'm busy!"

"Look here, Glyn, we'll slaughter you! We'll scalp you! We'll—"

Gr-r-r-r-r!

"My hat!" exclaimed the Cornstalk, breaking off his list of dire threats as he heard that deep and terrific growl in the study.

"The silly ass has got a dog there!"

"What on earth is he doing with a dog?" said Dane, puzzled. "He can't have taken to vivisection, I suppose?"

Thump, thump, thump!

"Open the door, Glyn!"

"Go and eat coke!" replied Glyn. "I tell you I've nearly finished my experiment, and it's going to be a howling success! I can't be interrupted now! Go and do your silly prep in the Form-room! Go and eat coke! Don't bother!"

Gr-r-r-r-r!

"Is that Herries' bulldog you've got in there?" demanded Kangaroo. "You know he ain't allowed in the House since he tried to bite the Head, you chump! You'll get a licking if a prefect finds him here!"

"Ha, ha, ha! It's not Herries' bulldog!"

"Then what dog is it?"

"Mine!"

"What rot! You haven't got a dog," said Kangaroo. "My hat! How he's growling! Look here, Glyn, what are you doing to that dog? If you start vivisection in our study we'll boot you out for good!"

"Buzz off, and don't bother!"

Kangaroo stooped down and applied his eye to the keyhole.

He knew very well that Bernard Glyn had no dog at the school, and so the Shell fellow's reply puzzled him.

He uttered a sharp exclamation as he looked in through the keyhole.

Upon the study table, in a direct line with

the keyhole, was the form of a dog—a big, ferocious-looking bulldog—and if it was not Towser, it was Towser's double.

"Why, he's telling fibs!" Kangaroo exclaimed, aghast. "He's got Towser there! And he's got an electric wire fastened on the poor beast!"

"My hat!" said Clifton Dane. "Why, we'll squash him if he's taken to that kind of thing! Scientific investigation is one thing, but tormenting animals is another. Glyn, what are you doing to that dog?"

"Buzz off!"

Thump, thump, thump!

The two Colonial juniors were determined to get into the study now.

Bernard Glyn was an extremely scientific youth, and he was liable to forget everything else in his keenness for experiments, but it was hardly possible that he had taken to any variety of vivisection.

If he had, his chums had made up their minds what they would do, and it would be very painful for Bernard Glyn.

The thumping at the door soon brought a crowd along the passage.

Shell fellows and Fourth-Formers crowded up, inquiring what was the matter.

The growling of the bulldog could be distinctly heard proceeding from the study.

Levison of the Fourth looked through the keyhole and gave a yell.

"He's got Towser there!"

"Towser!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yes; Herries' bulldog! And he's electrifying him!"

"Impossible!"

"Look for yourself!"

"Glyn wouldn't do such a thing!" exclaimed Tom Merry, aghast. "Besides, Towser wouldn't let him. He'd bite."

"May be fastened somehow," said Levison.

"Anyway, that's what he's doing. You can see for yourself."

"I don't believe it!"

"Look!" grinned Levison.

Tom Merry looked through the keyhole.

There was the bulldog, plain enough, on the study table, in a crouching attitude.

The mouth was open, the teeth were gleaming, and the eyes rolled wildly.

There was a battery on the table, and a wire ran from the battery to the neck of the dog.

Glyn's hand was on the battery, and Tom could see that he was working a switch, and each time he pressed it that deep and horrible growl came from the bulldog.

Tom's face went quite pale. He hammered on the door.

"Glyn, you brute! What are you doing to Towser?"

Only a chuckle replied from Bernard Glyn.

Levison scudded away along the passage to Study No. 6.

Blake and Herries and Digby and D'Arcy were there doing their preparation when Levison burst in on them.

They stared at him.

Levison, the cad of the Fourth, was not popular in Study No. 6.

"I say, Herries—"

"Well, what do you want?" growled Herries.

"Glyn's got your bulldog in his study—"

"Rats!"

"And he's torturing him—"

Herries half rose.

"Sit down, ass!" said Jack Blake. "We all know what a liar Levison is, and we know Glyn wouldn't do anything of the sort. Clear out, Levison!"

Levison sneered.

He had not come to Study No. 6 for Towser's sake, but with the amiable desire to cause trouble between the two studies.

Blake & Co. were on very friendly terms with Glyn of the Shell, which was quite

a sufficient reason for Levison to want to set them at loggerheads.

"Well, it's true," he said. "He's got him in his study, and he's electrifying him. You can hear him growl in the passage."

"Rubbish!" said Herries, but a little un-easily.

"Wats!" said Arthur Augustus. "Clear out, Levison, or I shall thwow you out on your neck."

Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if he was my dog, I wouldn't let him be tormented," he said.

"If he were your dog you'd torment him yourself," said Blake. "Buzz off!"

Herries rose from the table.

"There seems to be a row of some sort going on in the passage," he remarked. "I'll get along and see. If Levison's been telling lies I'll wallop him!"

There certainly was a row in the passage; there was no doubt whatever on that point.

The excited voices of a score of fellows could be heard.

Something, at all events, was going on, whether Levison was telling the truth or not.

Blake and Digby and D'Arcy followed Herries from the study.

A shout greeted Herries as he joined the crowd outside Glyn's door.

"It's your dog, Herries!"

"Listen to him!"

Gr-r-r-r-r!

"Well, that sounds like Towser!" said Herries. "But Glyn wouldn't hurt a dog. I wonder what he's growling for?"

"Look through the keyhole!" sniggered Mellish of the Fourth.

Herries looked through the keyhole.

A terrific change came over his face as he saw what was going on in the study.

He jumped up and kicked furiously at the door.

"Glyn, you rotter! Glyn, you beast! Open this door, or I'll kick it down!" roared Herries. "I'll smash you! I'll pulverise you! Open this door, you cad!"

"Let us in, Glyn!" shouted Tom Merry.

"Oh, buzz off!" said Bernard Glyn.

"You've got my dog there!" shrieked Herries.

"I haven't!"

"You—you liar! I've seen him!" yelled Herries furiously. "You're giving him electric shocks, you beast! I'll smash you! If you don't open the door I'll bust it in!"

Crash, crash, crash!

"Stop that row!" shouted Bernard Glyn.

"You'll have the prefects here, you ass!"

"Let me in!"

Crash, crash, crash!

Glyn hastily unlocked the door.

He did not want to have the masters and the prefects hurrying to the spot to see what the row was about.

Herries hurled the door open, and rushed into the study.

He made one spring at Glyn, and seized him, and began to pommel him frantically.

Glyn staggered back, struggling in vain to ward off the shower of blows dealt by the infuriated Fourth-Former.

"Hold him!" he gasped. "He's mad! Herries, you ass— Groo! Herries, I'll—I'll—Yar!"

"Take that—and that—and that—"

"Yar-o-oh!"

The two juniors rolled over on the study floor, struggling furiously.

Tom Merry ran to the table, to release the bulldog from the electric-wire.

Then he gave a gasp of relief, and burst into a laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! This is no laughin' matter, Tom Mewwy—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry. "Leave off, Herries; it's all right!"

"I'll all right him!" said Herries, who was pommelling away furiously. "I'll smash him! I'll teach him to torment dogs! I'll—"

"Ha, ha, ha! It's not a dog!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"It's a dummy!"

"Oh!" gasped Herries.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Too Much in a Hurry.

**B**ERNARD GLYN staggered to his feet as Herries released him.

He was looking very much the worse for wear.

A crimson stream ran from his nose, and his collar was torn out, and his hair was ruffled, and he was gasping for breath.

"You ass!" he gasped. "You wild lunatic! Ow—ow!"

Herries gasped.

"Sorry! Why didn't you explain? It looks just like Towser."

"Of course it looks like Towser, ass, when I took Towser for my model, idiot!" yelled Glyn. "It's the model I made of Towser a long time ago, and you've seen it before, you frabjous ass!"

Herries nodded.

"Yes, I remember now. We called it Towser minor," he said. "I'd forgotten all about it. I thought it was destroyed."

Glyn dabbed his nose with his handkerchief.

"I've revised it," he explained, "with improvements. If you hadn't been a silly, frabjous cuckoo, you'd have known that I wouldn't hurt a dog, you silly ass!"

"Well, you see—"

"But how on earth have you made it growl?" demanded Tom Merry.

"It's a phonographic arrangement inside, worked by electricity," Glyn explained. "When it's set going, it growls, and the glass eyes move, and the jaws open."

"My hat!"

"Is that what you've been at work on all day?" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes, ass!"

"Well, it's jolly clever!" said Herries, surveying the dog. "Looks just as if it was alive. Not so good-looking as Towser, but very like."

"Better looking than your beastly bulldog!" growled Glyn. "I've taken all the trouble to make him, to spoof the New House chaps. You fellows have let Figgins & Co. do you in the eye so much lately, I thought it was time I took a hand."

"How are you going to do it?"

"Well, if I get out from lessons early tomorrow, and put him in Figgins' study, under the table, with the growl going—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jolly good idea!" said Tom Merry heartily. "You should have explained before Herries punched your nose!"

"Serve him right for keeping us out of the study!" said Kangaroo. "I was going to punch his nose myself. You can consider that I've done it, Glyn, and we will call it square."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" exclaimed Levison, from the passage.

Knox of the Sixth strode into the study. He gave a jump at the sight of the bulldog on the table.

He frowned, but there was a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"So I've caught you, you young rascals!" said Knox.

"I object to bein' chawactewised as a wascal, Knox!"

"Who brought that dog here?" demanded the prefect.

"I did," said Bernard Glyn meekly.

"Take it away immediately, and then report yourself to Mr. Railton!"

"But I say, Knox—"

"Take it to the kennels at once!"

"But I want to keep it here," said Glyn.

And the juniors, seeing the mistake Knox had fallen into, grinned gleefully.

The dummy bulldog looked very lifelike, for the mechanism was working.

The eyes rolled, the jaws moved, and the deep growl came from the depths of the throat.

Knox, in fact, was keeping a somewhat uneasy eye on the bulldog, not caring to venture too close to him.

"You know dogs are not allowed in the House," said Knox. "If you don't immediately take that dog back to the kennels, I shall march you in to Mr. Railton!"

"Weally, Knox—"

"And all the juniors here will take a

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hundred lines each!" said Knox. "You are all in this breach of the rules!"

"But there isn't any breach of the rules," grinned Glyn. "You see, you are talking out of the back of your neck!"

"Mustn't check a prefect," said Monty Lowther solemnly. "That's your second breach of the rules—together, a pair of breaches!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Knox grasped Bernard Glyn by the collar. "Come with me!" he exclaimed. "We'll see what the Housemaster has to say about it, you young rascal!"

"Oh, all right!"

And the bully of the Sixth marched Glyn away, and Tom Merry & Co. burst into a roar of laughter.

Knox was evidently in deadly earnest, and had not the slightest idea of the mistake he was making. Straight into the Housemaster's study he marched Bernard Glyn.

Mr. Railton, who was chatting with Kildare of the Sixth, turned, and looked at them in surprise.

"I have to report Glyn for a gross breach of House rules, sir," said Knox. "He has a bulldog in the study, and he refused to take it back to the kennels when I ordered him to do so."

Mr. Railton frowned.

"Glyn, this is very serious! You know that you should obey a prefect."

"Certainly, sir. But I couldn't take a bulldog back to the kennels when there isn't one in my study."

"What! There is no dog there?"

"No, sir."

Knox stared blankly at the Liverpool lad. "You awful young liar!" he shouted, beside himself with rage.

"Come, Knox, that is not the language for a prefect to use!" Mr. Railton said severely. "You will kindly moderate your expressions—in my presence, at least."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir. But—but he is lying outrageously. There is a bulldog in his study at the present moment, and a crowd of junior boys there. Why, you could see it there yourself if you go, sir, unless they have sneaked it away while I came here."

"Do you deny that there is a dog in your study, Glyn?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw one there, Knox?"

"Certainly, sir! And it is there now."

"This is very extraordinary!" said Mr. Railton, in surprise. "I will go to the study at once. Excuse me a few moments, Kildare."

And the Housemaster walked out of the study, followed by Bernard Glyn and Knox.

They ascended to the Shell passage, Knox looking maliciously triumphant, Glyn very demure and quiet.

The chuckling in the end study died away as the Housemaster strode in.

Mr. Railton's glance fell immediately upon the spurious imitation of Towser crouched on the table, and he uttered an exclamation.

"Glyn, how dare you deny that there is a dog in your study?"

"You see, sir—"

"Yes, I see. What have you to say, Glyn?"

exclaimed Mr. Railton sternly.

"There isn't a dog here, sir," said Bernard Glyn respectfully. "Or, if there is, I don't know anything about it."

"What?"

"Have any of you fellows seen a dog here?" asked Glyn, appealing to Tom Merry & Co.

"I haven't," said Kangaroo.

"Wathah not!"

"Oh, no; there isn't a dog here!"

"Nothing of the kind, sir!"

Mr. Railton stared at the juniors, and then at the lifelike bulldog, hardly knowing whether to disbelieve his eyes or his ears.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed angrily. "Is this a conspiracy to treat your Housemaster with disrespect? You can all see that dog on the table, I presume?"

"Oh, that isn't a dog, sir!" said Bernard Glyn cheerfully.

"What?"

"It isn't a dog, sir."

"Are you insare boy? What do you mean? How dare you tell me that it is not a dog? What is it, then?" gasped the Housemaster.

"A model, sir."

"A—?—?—? what?"

"A model, sir—one of my inventions," said Glyn calmly. "If you touch it, sir, you'll see that it isn't alive. Knox seems to have fancied that it was a dog, sir, but it isn't. I made that. I can't make real dogs, sir—quite impossible."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The amazed Housemaster stretched out his hand and touched the mechanical dog.

Knox's face was a study.

The touch of the hand, of course, showed immediately that the imitation of Towser was not alive.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Railton, greatly astonished. "This is indeed a very clever contrivance, Glyn. I certainly supposed that it was a real dog. You should have explained to Knox that it was a mere piece of mechanism."

"Knox was in such a hurry, sir."

"Of course, you may keep that in the study if you like," said the Housemaster, smiling.

"He is not likely to do any damage. And really, Knox, I wish you would make sure of your grounds before you make reports to me and waste my time!"

The prefect set his teeth.

"Are we to do the lines, sir?" asked Blake demurely.

"The lines! What lines?"

"Knox gave us a hundred lines each because the dog was here—I mean, wasn't here—"

"Certainly you need not do them! Come, Knox!"

The Housemaster quitted the study, and Knox, with a savage look at the juniors, followed him. And Tom Merry & Co. chuckled loud and long.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### A Little Joke on Figgins.

**W**HEN the juniors came out of the Form-rooms on the following day, after morning lessons, there were many smiles among Tom Merry & Co.

Bernard Glyn had left the Form-room on some excuse before lessons were over, and had been away a quarter of an hour; and when he returned, a wink to the Terrible Three told them that the deed was done.

The imitation of Towser was "planted" in Figgins' study in the New House, ready to give the Co. the scare of their lives when they went to their quarters.

Figgins & Co., as they came out with the Fourth, noted the smiles among their rivals, and wondered at the cause.

"There's something on among those merchants," said Figgins. "I wonder what it is? Some little scheme for getting their own back, I suppose."

"They can't keep their end up with us," said Kerr. "We've done them in the eye, fair and square, and they ought to sing small."

"Only they won't!" grinned Figgins. "They never know when they are licked. I'll get my footer, and we'll have a punt about till dinner."

And Figgins ran up to his study.

As he opened the door a deep, low growl fell upon his ears.

"My hat!" ejaculated Figgins.

He stared blankly at the figure of a bulldog under the table.

The bulldog's eyes were turned towards the door, and they were rolling strangely.

The jaws moved slightly, and at intervals the low growl came from the cavernous throat. Figgins stopped abruptly.

"Hallo, Towser, old man!" he said affectionately. "Towsey, old boy! I say, Towser!"

Growl!

"Now, Towsey, be a good chap," said Figgins, advancing a little and putting out his hand. "Good dog! Good doggie! Now, then!"

Gr-r-r-row!

Figgins jumped back hastily. He had been going to pat the bulldog's head, but that deep, fierce growl warned him off.

"Coming down, Figgy?" Kerr called up the stairs.

"There's a blessed dog in the study!" Figgins called back. "Herries' bulldog!"

"My hat!"

Kerr and Wynn came up, and looked in at the doorway.

The dog's eyes rolled at them, so wildly that the juniors began to fear that Towser was mad.

Certainly the live Towser never rolled his eyes in that dreadful manner.

"That's what those rotters were grinning about," said Kerr, a light breaking on him. "They have planted that beast here on us, to keep us out of our own study."

"Old Ratty will make a row, if he sees him," said Figgins. "And the beast may start roaming about the house any minute. Suppose he came on Mr. Ratcliff!"

"Great Scott! There would be a row!"

"I suppose I can pass him, and get my footer," said Figgins uneasily. "Dogs are all right if you know how to treat 'em, you know. I can always get on with dogs—only



Towser is a rather uncertain beast. I say, Towsey, old man—"

Grr-r-r-r-r-r!

The three juniors backed involuntarily out of the study.

That growl was so deep and savage and menacing that it almost chilled their blood. Certainly a dog that growled in that manner was not safe at close quarters.

"We could shut the door and leave him here," Fatty Wynn suggested.

"But we should have to clear him out afterwards. We can't have our blessed study garrisoned by a blessed bulldog!" exclaimed Figgins. "Besides, I want to get my footer."

"Make a dash for it."

"And suppose the beast jumps on me?"

"He looks jolly dangerous," said Fatty Wynn. "See how he's rolling his eyes. That ain't natural in a dog. He's mad, I believe."

"A mad dog ain't safe," said Figgins. "He might give us hydrophobia. Herries ought to be kicked for leaving the beast loose."

Grr-r-r-r!

"Hallo! Got a dog there?" asked Redfern, coming along the passage. "Better not let our respected Housemaster see him. Ratty doesn't like dogs."

"It's Herries' beastly bulldog, and he's taken possession of our study," growled Figgins. "I believe he's mad—look at his eyes. They're simply horrible!"

"My word, he does look dangerous," said Redfern, glancing into the study. "Kick him out!"

"You kick him out!" suggested Figgins.

"Ahem! Rather rough on poor old Towser to kick him," said Redfern thoughtfully. "Better go and tell Herries, and get him to fetch the brute away."

"And have those School House rotters crowing over us," growled Kerr. "They've planted him here as a jape on us, of course. We're not going to let those bounders think we're afraid of a rotten bulldog!"

"Look here, we're going to clear him out," said Figgins resolutely. "I'm not afraid. You've got a bat and some stumps in your study, Reddy. Get 'em, and we'll go for him!"

"Right-ho!" said Redfern.

He hurried to his study, and returned with a cricket-bat and three stumps.

Thus armed, the four juniors advanced into the study.

Grr-r-r-r-r!

"You can growl as much as you like, you ill-tempered beast," said Figgins. "But you're going out! Now, out you go! Shoo!"

The bulldog continued to roll his eyes and growl.

Figgins made a threatening sweep in the air with the cricket-bat.

"Shoo!" he roared.

But the bulldog refused to "shoo." The waving of the bat did not seem to frighten him in the least.

Redfern and Kerr and Fatty Wynn brandished the stumps and "shooed," but the bulldog did not stir.

"He'll jump at us in a minute!" said Fatty Wynn.

"I'll brain him if he does," said Figgins crossly. "I'm fed up with the beast! Give him a poke with your stump, Reddy, and I'll stand ready to swipe him with the bat if he jumps at you."

"Right-ho!" said Reddy.

He jabbed the stump at the bulldog. Click!

That was certainly not the sound the juniors expected to result from jabbing a cricket-stump at a bulldog.

Reddy's stump clicked on a hard surface, and slid along.

Reddy gazed open-mouthed at the bulldog.

"Oh, crumbs!" he gasped.

"It ain't alive!" yelled Figgins.

Grr-r-r-r-r!

The four juniors fairly jumped at the bulldog.

They grasped him and rolled him over.

He did not stir a muscle.

His eyes continued to roll, and he growled continuously, but that was all.

His limbs were rigid.

Figgins gasped.

"Tain't a dog at all! It's one of Bernard Glyn's tricks, the bounder! It's a dummy bulldog!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Figgins raised the bat in the air.

"I'll finish him!" he said.

"Hold on!" said Redfern, catching his arm. "Let's plant him on the other chaps. We've been taken in, you know. Stick him in the passage and leave him there. Besides, it's a shame to damage him—must have taken

Glyn a lot of time to fix him up with a phonograph and a giddy electric battery in his tummy. Stick him in the passage, and leave him for the other chaps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Figgins & Co. dragged Towser out into the passage, and planted him there, with many chuckles.

They had been taken in, and they were by no means averse to "passing it on," as it were.

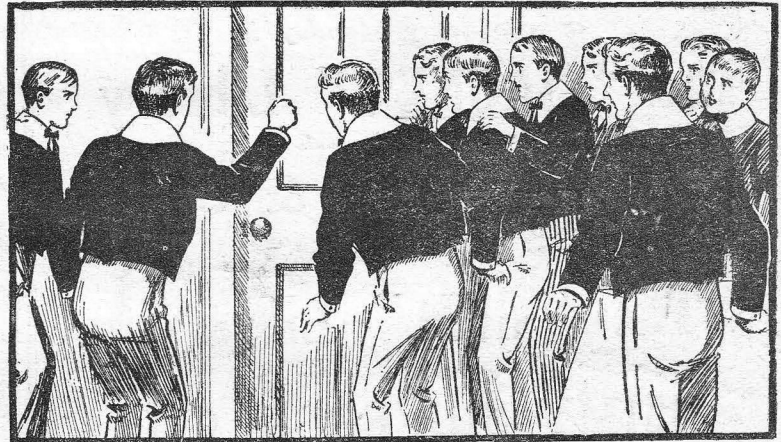
Then Figgins took his footer, and the four juniors went downstairs—and in the excitement of a punt-about in the quad they soon forgot all about the mechanical Towser.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.  
A Really Big Scheme.

"MY only hat!"

Tom Merry uttered the exclamation the next day. Lowther and Manners gave in his hand, which he had been reading; but he had let it drop on his knee, and he had been thinking deeply.

The subject of his thoughts it was easy to guess—the important subject of giving Figgins & Co. of the New House what the juniors called the "kybosh." Although Glyn's mechanical dog had scared the New House leaders, they were not yet willing to admit that the School House was cock-house.



ADMITTANCE REFUSED!

Tom Merry's opinion was that if they would not admit it willingly, they should be compelled to.

"Well, what's the news?" said Manners.

"That letter is from Greyfriars, isn't it?"

"Letter?" said Tom Merry vaguely. "Oh, yes. I wasn't thinking of the letter. But it was the letter put the idea into my head, though. It's from Wharton—the captain of their junior footer team, you know. We write to one another sometimes. He mentions that a Greyfriars' chap was kidnapped a few weeks ago—carried off in a giddy motor-car by a chap who was going to hold him to ransom."

"By Jove!"

"That put the idea into my head," said Tom Merry.

"What idea?" demanded his chums.

"I suppose you'll agree that we've got to leave no stone unturned to dish Figgins & Co. It's a case of all hands on deck. We've got to dish those beggars, after the way they caught us napping last week, or else own up that the New House is cock-house of St. Jim's."

"What's the wheeze?" asked Lowther.

"We're on, whatever it is."

"Why shouldn't they be kidnapped?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Kidnapped, and carried off in a motor-car, you know," said Tom Merry, growing animated. "It is really a big idea, you know. You don't often get an idea like that."

"Not outside a lunatic asylum," agreed Lowther.

"Or a home for idiots," assented Manners.

Tom Merry sniffed.

"Look here, you silly asses, it's a big

idea. Gussy hires a car sometimes from the garage at Wayland when he's in funds, and I suppose he can do it again. Now, Figgins & Co. are going over to Glyn House to tea on Wednesday. Glyn said he'd asked them. They will be coming back after dark—by that lonely lane from Glyn House that runs into the Rylcombe Road. Nothing could be better."

"But—but—"

"The car is in waiting. Gussy can drive a car. He's driven us in his pater's car at Eastwood House without killing anybody. We can rig Gussy up as a chauffeur, and stick him on to drive, in mask and goggles complete."

"But—but—"

"We can be masked, and armed to the teeth—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Figgins & Co. are suddenly seized by a gang of armed suffians, and slung into the car with pistols at their heads—"

"Pistols!" yelled Lowther and Manners together.

"Well, knives at their throats, then," amended Tom Merry. "Kidnappers generally have revolvers, I believe, but we can't get any, I suppose. But a gleaming dagger, or a flashing stiletto—"

"Draw it mild!"

"Bound hand and foot, and gagged," pursued Tom Merry enthusiastically. "What do you think of that?"

"I don't see how a gleaming dagger or a

flashing stiletto could be bound hand and foot, or gagged, either," said Monty Lowther, with a shake of the head.

"Ass!" roared Tom Merry. "Figgins & Co. will be bound hand and foot, and gagged, same as the heroes are in novels."

"Oh, I see!"

"What do you think of the wheeze?"

"Oh, rotten!" said Lowther.

"Rotten!" said Manners.

"Fateheads!" said Tom Merry. "It's a ripping scheme, I tell you, and I'll go and talk it over with Blake, as you haven't sense enough to understand it."

Lowther and Manners chuckled, and went on with their preparation, as Tom Merry strode out of the study, closing the door with unnecessary force.

Tom Merry's latest scheme certainly did seem a little wild, at first sight.

But the captain of the Shell stuck to it.

Study No. 6 received it at first with disrespectful laughter; but they came round in time, as the possibilities of the scheme were discussed.

And Lowther and Manners, though they agreed that the scheme was rotten, were quite ready to do their best to back up their study leader.

And indeed, as the plan was discussed, every fellow contributing a suggestion or two, it began to look more feasible, and if it went well, there was no doubt that Figgins & Co. would be most thoroughly dished.

And all the School House fellows were longing to dish Figgins & Co.

The New House trio were holding their heads very high. Recently they had scored

over the School House, and the School House had not succeeded in retaliating.

If the prestige of the House was to be maintained, it was undoubted that Figgins & Co. had to be brought down off their perch. Glyn had asked Figgins & Co. over to his place to tea on Wednesday, and the Co. had joyfully assented.

Figgins wanted to go because cousin Ethel was there, and Fatty Wynn, though not specially keen on that point, dreamed blissful daydreams of the lovely spreads that Glyn's sister prepared for his friends.

Kerr wanted to go because his chums wanted to, so all three were happy.

Glyn was staying the night at home, as he sometimes did, his father's house being very near St. Jim's.

After tea, Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn were to walk back to St. Jim's by themselves.

It was just after the three New House juniors had gone away with Glyn that Tom Merry dropped into Kildare's study.

Kildare was having his tea with Darrel and Langton of the Sixth.

Tom Merry sweetly and politely requested passes.

He was quite prepared to break bounds if passes-out were unobtainable; but he knew

And the chums of the School House went down to footer practice to while away the time until the hour for starting on their expedition.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Kidnapped.

"GOOD-BYE, Ethel!"

"Good-bye!"

Figgins & Co. turned away from the door, and walked down the drive to the gates of Glyn House.

It was a dark, misty evening, and the trees in the park loomed up dark and spectre-like as the juniors started along the drive.

All three of them were looking very cheerful.

Figgins was always happy when he was with cousin Ethel, and Fatty Wynn was always ecstatic when there was a big spread.

Kerr had spent a pleasant hour with Bernard Glyn in his workshop, where the schoolboy inventor showed him his treasures.

Altogether the three juniors had had a very cheerful afternoon, and they were feeling perfectly satisfied with themselves and the universe generally as they turned their footsteps homeward to St. Jim's.

"Marry her?" he ejaculated.

"Yes. Don't you think he's a jolly 'lucky bargee'?"

"He! Who?"

"Chap she's engaged to," said Wynn, with a glance at Figgins, wondering at the excitement of his long-legged chum.

"You silly ass!" shouted Figgins.

The fat Fourth-Former jumped.

"Eh—what? What do you mean, Figgy? What's the matter?"

"What do you mean by saying she's engaged, you silly fathead? If you meant it for a joke, I don't see the point of it. And I can tell you that I don't like jokes about girls. They are in rotten bad taste, for one thing!" said Figgins warmly.

"But—b-but she is engaged!" gasped Fatty Wynn.

"Chump! She isn't!"

"She is! I've seen the chap! Why, you've seen him, too; we all know him!"

"You silly burler!" howled Figgins. "Are you potty? You know jolly well that she's too young to be engaged to anybody!"

"Pooh! Rot!" said Fatty Wynn. "I suppose a girl's old enough to be engaged at twenty-five?"

"Tw-tw-twenty-five!" gasped Figgins.

"She's twenty-five," said Fatty Wynn—"twenty-five last birthday, I believe."

"You—you—silly ass! She's younger than I am!" howled Figgins. "She's three months and two days younger than I am!"

Fatty Wynn stared at his excited chum with a gaze of almost idiotic bewilderment.

"Have you gone potty?" he demanded, "I know she's twenty-five. She's ten years older than her brother, and he's fifteen!"

"Idiot! She hasn't got a younger brother!"

"Hasn't got a younger brother?" said Fatty Wynn, backing away from Figgins, convinced now that he was labouring under a sudden attack of insanity. "Glyn's sister hasn't got a younger brother! Who is Glyn of the Shell, then, if he ain't her brother?"

"Glyn's sister!" said Figgins faintly.

"Yes. Are you dotty? Has the ginger-beer got into your head, or what?"

"W-w-were you speaking about Edith Glyn?" murmured Figgins. "I—I—I thought you were—were speaking about somebody else."

"You're off your dot, I think!" said Fatty Wynn crossly. "Blessed if I can understand you! Whom else should I have been speaking of, I'd like to know? Nobody else made any of the cakes that I know of."

"Cakes?" said Figgins.

"Yes. Glyn's sister made the cakes herself, and I said she was a ripping girl, and so she is. Precious few like her!" said Fatty Wynn.

"And I said the chap she's engaged to is a lucky bargee. She'll make cakes like that for him some day."

"I—I thought you were speaking of cousin Ethel," murmured Figgins, his face quite scarlet in the darkness.

Fatty Wynn sniffed.

"Cousin Ethel's all right," he said. "But I don't believe she could make cakes the same as Glyn's sister does. They're better than you get at Bunn's in Rylcombe. I think Glyn is a lucky chap, too. If I were her brother I'd get her to send me some cakes like that up to the school every day."

"Oh, blow the cakes!" said Figgins.

"Blessed if I ever noticed whether there were any cakes or not!"

"Oh, you're dotty!" said Fatty Wynn.

"What were you thinking about, then, if you weren't thinking about the cakes?"

Figgins did not reply to that question.

The juniors walked on, and they had almost reached the turning into the Rylcombe Road when they noticed a motor-car drawn up by the side of the road in the darkness.

The lights were out, and the car was almost invisible in the darkness under the trees.

The juniors glanced at it carelessly as they passed.

Just as they got past the car there was a sudden rush of feet in the darkness.

Six dim forms sprang upon the three juniors. Before the Co. realised what was happening they were seized and hurled to the ground, and their captors were kneeling on them.

"Ow!" gasped Figgins, as he wriggled with his face in the dust, with a knee planted in the small of his back. "Ow! Leggo! Lemme gerrup, you rotter! Ow! What's the game?"

He twisted his head round to look up at his assailant. He saw a black figure in a long, dark coat, the face completely covered by a black mask.

The sight of it made him stare.

"Bind them!"

It was a hoarse, deep voice from one of the masked men.

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that he could depend upon old Kildare's good nature.

"We want to go for a run in a car," he explained. "Gussy's hired a car from Wayland, and we may be out till calling-over—if you'll let us, Kildare."

Kildare had seen D'Arcy drive a car, so he had no misgivings.

As a matter of fact, he supposed that the juniors would have a chauffeur with the car, as they generally did when they hired one.

"All serene," he said. "Don't be later than eight."

"Right-ho!" said Tom Merry joyfully. "I say, there are six of us going, Kildare. Make it for Lowther, Manners, Blake, Gussy, Kangaroo, and your humble servant."

Kildare nodded, and wrote out the pass. Tom Merry left the study highly elated.

"All wight, deah boy?" asked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, when he came down the passage.

"Right as rain!"

"Good egg!" said Blake. "We've telephoned for the car. It's going to be ready at five."

"That's right," said Tom Merry, with a nod. "Figgins & Co. leave Glyn House at six. It will be as easy as rolling off a giddy log."

"Yaas, wathah!"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 5.

To Figgins at that moment, as to Pangloss of old, it seemed that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

They left the park gates behind them, and walked down the dark lane towards the Rylcombe Road, by which their way lay to the school.

"Jolly afternoon!" said Figgins, at last. "Glyn is a decent chap, though he's in the School House."

"Isn't she ripping?" said Fatty Wynn, with a sigh.

Figgins paused to stare at his chum. The only "she" in the wide world for Figgins was cousin Ethel, and he had never heard Fatty Wynn express such rapturous admiration for that young lady before. He did not know whether he quite liked it.

"Yes," said Figgins shortly.

"There isn't another girl in the world like her," said Fatty Wynn. "Don't you think so, Kerr, old chap?"

"I think I ought to see her oftener," said Fatty Wynn. "I feel a real regard for her, you know—a really deep friendship."

"Look here—" began Figgins hotly.

"Eh? Don't you?" asked Fatty Wynn.

"Ye-es. But—"

"Precious few girls like her!" said Fatty Wynn. "The chap who is going to marry her is jolly lucky!"

Figgins stopped dead.



"Hold on!" yelled Kerr. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Stab them if they resist!"  
 "My hat! Footpads!" said Figgins. "Well, you won't get much out of us, you rotters! I've got no tin, and only a Waterbury watch." The masked ruffians did not speak again.

The masked ruffians did not speak again. They held the captured juniors tightly, and one of them went to the three in turn and bound them hand and foot.

Figgins & Co. had no chance to resist. As soon as they were bound, handkerchiefs were tied over their eyes to blindfold them, and their gags were thrust into their mouths. Then they felt themselves lifted into the air.

"Get her going, Bill!"  
 "Ave yer got 'em safe, Jim?"  
 "Yus!"

That was all that was said. One of the ruffians, who wore a metorman's mask and goggles, jumped into the driver's seat, and another mounted beside him.

The other four clambered into the car after the captured juniors, who were bundled on the floor.

The car snorted and jerked, and rolled out swiftly into the Rylcombe Road.

It turned away from the direction of the school, and buzzed away at a great speed.

Figgins & Co., unable to speak, unable to see, unable to move, lay huddled on the floor of the car, among the feet of their kidnapers, helplessly amazed and alarmed.

It had all passed so quickly it seemed like a dream.

They were kidnapped. There was no doubt about that. But by whom? For what?

If D'Arcy of the Fourth, or Cutts of the Fifth, had been kidnapped, it might have been for ransom. But the New House juniors were not rich, and they were not valuable prizes for kidnapers.

But they were kidnapped. There was no doubt, whatever about that.

"Southampton in two hours, Bill!" muttered the deep, hoarse voice.

"If we ain't stopped, Jim."  
 "Who's to stop us?"

"The young gents will be missed."  
 "But they won't know where to look for 'em. We shall be at Southampton in two hours, and then we'll 'ide 'em safe enough." Silence again.

Figgins & Co. could not speak, but they could hear, and they listened to every word with avidity.

They were being taken to Southampton—a great distance from St. Jim's.

The car left no traces—there was little likelihood of their being traced.

Figgins felt himself roughly shaken by the shoulder. The gag was jerked out of his mouth.

"Don't you yell!" said the hoarse, husky voice. "You'll git six inches of this 'ere knife under yer ribs if you does! Look 'ere, wot's yer name?"

"I—I—I'm Figgins!"  
 "That's right. I got the right party. Yer father's a banker, ain't he?"  
 "Yes."

"Then he'll be able to pay for yer—hey? He'll pay two 'undred quid to 'ave yer back safe and sound, I reckon!"

"He jolly well won't!" said Figgins, with spirit. "You'll be sent to prison for this; and that's all you'll get, you scoundrels!"

"None of yer sense, unless you wanten git this 'ere knife in yer ribs, young shaver! You're in desperate 'ands, I can tell yer that!"

"I'm not afraid of you!"  
 "Give 'im a wipe on the mug, Jim!"  
 "I'll settle his 'ash for good if he gives me any of 'is chin-wag!" said the deep voice. "If yer father won't pay fur yer to be sent 'ome, young shaver, we'll send 'im yer nose or yer ear per registered post, as a reminder that we're in want of the money. See? Now you can shut up!"

"Look here—groooogh!"

The gag was jammed back into Figgins's mouth.

The kidnapers did not speak again. In silence, so far as its occupants were concerned, the car rushed on.

Excepting for the kidnapper's mention of Southampton, the juniors had not the faintest idea of the direction the motor-car took.

It dashed on at a high speed, and mile after mile flew under the rapid wheels.

Mile after mile!

The captured juniors could not exactly judge the speed, but they knew that it was not less than an average of twenty miles an hour.

The long country roads were deserted, and the chauffeur let the car go.

An hour passed, and then another, still in grim silence save for the rush and scurry of the car.

Forty miles had been covered, and the car was still rushing on through the dark winter evening.

"My hat!" thought Figgins. "A good forty miles from St. Jim's by this time. My only hat! How are we to get back, even if we get away from the beasts? And precious little chance of that!"

"'Ere we are!" said the rough, hoarse voice. They had arrived, but where they were the kidnapped juniors had not the faintest idea.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.  
 A Surprising Discovery!**

FIGGINS felt the hard, heavy grasp upon his shoulder again.

"You 'ear me?" said the hoarse voice. "Look 'ere, young shaver, we don't want to 'urt yer. If you give yer word not to struggle or cry out, we'll take the ropes off yer. Wot do yer see?"

The gag was removed to allow Figgins to reply.

"You rotter!" gasped Figgins.

Certainly not in a town of any kind; there was the deep silence of the countryside round them.

"You got to git over this 'ere wall. Lively now." For a moment a keen edge touched Figgins's neck, and he shuddered. "Elp 'em over, mates."

The juniors were lifted in turn upon a wall, and lowered down on the inner side.

Then they heard the motor-car drive away. There were only five of their captors round them now on the inner side of the wall.

They were in an open space of some sort. Blindfolded, gagged, and their arms bound, they were helpless in the hands of the kidnapers, even if they had not given their word not to struggle.

They used their ears—the only sense left to them—but they could hear nothing to indicate where they were.

But certain slight sounds warned them that the kidnapers were divesting themselves of the masks and long dark coats.

"Now kim on," said the hoarse voice, "and mind, not a blooming trick, or you git this 'ere knife in yer blooming ribs!"

Figgins & Co. were marched away in the midst of their kidnapers.

Several times the party paused, and Figgins

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"Now talk sense. We're going to tike you into a safe place. If you like to walk, you can walk—if not, you're goin' to be dragged. You can tike your choice. Now, wot is it to be? You must not to resist fur ten minutes, and we'll let yer loose. Otherwise, you'll stay tied up, and a bit tighter."

"We'll walk," said Figgins. He was beginning to feel extremely uncomfortable, though his bonds were not tied very tightly.

"You others sye the sime?"  
 "Yes!" gasped Fatty Wynn and Kerr.

"I'll trust yer," said the hoarse voice. "Mind, I've got this 'ere knife ready for yer if you breaks yer word!"

"We shan't break our word, you beast!" said Figgins. "We've given our word—for ten minutes. We're not going to stay in your paws, you can bet. We'll jolly soon get away, and you'll be sent to prison."

"Let their blooming legs loose, mates."

The gags were replaced in the juniors' mouths, and their arms remained bound.

One of their captors examined the blindfolding cloths tied over their eyes to make sure that they could not see.

Then their legs were untied, and they were led from the car, stepping one after another to the ground.

The cold night wind blew on their heated faces.

Where were they?

guessed that the kidnapers were listening and looking about them cautiously.

Not a glimmer of light came through the blindfolds, and they knew that they were still out of doors and in darkness. Figgins & Co. heard a door creak on its hinges.

They were hurried through a doorway, still in darkness. There was a sudden clank, and one of the kidnapers uttered an exclamation.

"Look out!"

A bicycle had been knocked over in the darkness, as Figgins & Co. knew by the sound.

"Git a light, Bill!"  
 "'Ere you are!"

A match glimmered, and there was a smell of oil. A lantern had been lighted. The rays of light glimmered through the blindfolding cloths, but the juniors could not see.

"They're syfe enough 'ere, mates. So long as they can't yell for help, they'll be all right. We can leave 'em 'ere for a bit."

There was a sound of retreating footsteps, and the door closed.

The light was still burning. Figgins & Co. were left alone.

The kidnapers were gone. The three juniors, their arms still securely bound, were unable to remove the cloth

from their eyes; but all three of them made the discovery at the same time that the gags in their mouths were loose, and could be removed with a little trouble.

Figgins was the first to get rid of the gag. "Ow!" he gasped, when he recovered his voice. "Oh, my hat! What do you think of this, you chaps?"

"Grooogh!"

"We're forty or fifty miles from St. Jim's," said Figgins. "But you heard what the villain said—if we shout for help we shall be heard. Pile in!"

Kerr and Wynn spat out the gags at last. "Yes, rather!" gasped Kerr.

"B-but suppose they hear us, and come back!" gasped Fatty Wynn.

"We've got to chance that. I shouldn't wonder if they're gone; but we'll wait a few minutes to give them a chance to get out of hearing," said Figgins sagely. "My hat, this is a giddy adventure, and no mistake! I wonder where we are?"

"It's a shed of some sort," said Kerr. "I heard a bike knocked over."

"So did I. A bike-shed, I suppose."

"Let's yell," said Kerr. "We may be heard by somebody, even if those rotters hear us, too, and come back. All together!"

And, with all the force of their lungs, the three juniors roared:

"Help!"

Their voices rang through the shed, and to a considerable distance beyond it.

They shouted again and again with all their force.

"Help, help, help!"

"Somebody must hear us!" gasped Figgins.

"I—I say, I can hear somebody coming."

"Those rotters, perhaps."

"Give another yell before they can stop us!"

"Help, help, help, help, help!" roared the juniors.

There were undoubtedly sounds of footsteps close to the shed now.

Figgins & Co. heard the door open.

Was it their kidnappers returning? Or—

"Help, help!"

A chuckle!

"Help!" shouted Figgins desperately.

"Whoever you are, come and help us! We've been kidnapped by a gang of scoundrels and brought here! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Figgins & Co. jumped.

"You rotters whoever you are!" shouted Figgins indignantly. "Come and let us loose! I tell you we've been kidnapped, and brought forty or fifty miles from our school!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't you see we're tied up!" shrieked Kerr. "Come and let us loose before those scoundrels come back!"

Hands glided over Figgins & Co.

They felt their bonds cut, and the fragments of rope fell around their feet.

They grabbed at the blindfolding cloths immediately, and dragged them off.

Their eyes, so long in the darkness, blinked in the sudden light.

Then it seemed to Figgins & Co. that a miracle had happened, or that they were dreaming.

There was a laughing crowd in the shed, and the doorway was crowded, and outside there were still more—all roaring with laughter.

And the amazing part of it was that they were all St. Jim's fellows!

The dazed juniors recognised Tom Merry & Co.—Manners, Lowther, Blake, Herries, Kangaroo, Clifton Dane, and a score of other faces they knew.

And in the crowd there were New House fellows, too—Redfern and Owen and Lawrence, and a dozen more—all laughing!

Figgins & Co. blinked and blinked, and stared in wild amazement at the yelling crowd.

"I—I say, I—I'm dreaming!" panted Figgins. "How did you fellows get here?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry. "We walked!"

"Walked! Walked forty miles!" howled Kerr.

"Forty rats!" yelled Blake. "You're not a hundred yards from the School House!"

"Wha-at?"

"Rats! What do you mean?"

"Look here—"

"Don't you know the old bike-shed?" chirruped Blake. "Don't you know your own bike? You're standing six feet from your own jigger, Figg!"

Figgins glared round dazedly.

It was true.

There was his own machine, on the stand, within six feet of him.

The Co. were standing in the bike-shed of the school.

The very lantern that shed its light upon them was Kerr's own bike-lamp!

The bewilderment in the faces of the New House Co. made the crowd yell again.

Tom Merry & Co. seemed to be in danger of going into hysterics.

"But I—I—I— say, how did we get here?" gasped Figgins. "We—we were kidnapped after we left Glyn House, and carried forty or fifty miles in a motor-car!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Draw it mild!"

"Who did it?"

"I don't know who did it; a gang of ruffians— they were masked, and they spoke like hooligans!" gasped Figgins. "I—I don't know how we got here! I thought we were somewhere near Southampton!"

"Southampton! My hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

A figure in a motor-coat came pushing through the crowd.

An eyeglass gleamed into the bike-shed as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy joined his comrades.

"I've taken the cah home, deah boys," he remarked. "I came back on my bike. Pway give me woom to put my bike on the stand!"

"You—you've taken the car home?" yelled Figgins, beginning to understand. "What car?"

"The cah I've been dwivin', deah boy!" said the swell of St. Jim's calmly. "We've had quite a long dwive—twenty miles out, and twenty miles back!"

"Twenty miles out! Twenty miles back!" gasped Figgins, understanding at last how forty miles had been covered, and yet the journey had finished at St. Jim's. "Oh, you rotten spoofers! Of course, we couldn't see in the car—and it did a lot of turning—we couldn't guess—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wathah a job gettin' you ovah the wall, wasn't it?" said D'Arcy affably. "First time you've got in ovah the school wall blindfolded, deah boys!"

"The—the school wall!" stuttered Figgins.

"Yaas, wathah!"

Figgins & Co. looked at one another with sickly looks. They knew it all now.

"I s'pose that two hundred quid'll be 'anded over?" said Tom Merry, adopting the deep, hoarse voice that had spoken in the motor-car. "Otherwise you'll get six hitches of this 'ere knife in yer bloomin' ribs!"

And he cheerfully held up a penknife, which was not more than three inches long.

Figgins remembered the touch of cold steel that had made him shudder, and his face went scarlet.

"Oh, you spoofers! It—it was you—"

"I was the ruffian that dwove the cab!" said Arthur Augustus. "I wathah think we've done you this time, Figgins, deah boy!"

"Foiled, diddled, dished, and done!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

"You—you rotters!" yelled Figgins.

"Oh, hold me up, somebody!" sobbed Redfern.

"Oh, Figg!" gasped Owen and Lawrence.

"When I heard Figg's voice, yelling for help from the bike-shed, you could have knocked me down with a steam-hammer!" sobbed Blake.

Figgins & Co. were crimson.

At that moment they would have been intensely pleased if the floor of the bike-shed had opened and swallowed them up.

But the floor was quite solid, and there was no escape from the derisive yells of laughter from the almost hysterical crowd of juniors.

They had yelled frantically for help in the bike-shed at St. Jim's.

Their yells had brought half the Lower School to the spot, and now—

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Figgins. "Let's get out of this! Tom Merry, you—you villain—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Figgins & Co. made a rush for the door.

They could stand it no longer.

They pushed their way through the howling crowd.

"Help, help!" roared Lowther, in imitation of Figgins & Co.'s frantics appeals.

"Help! I've been kidnapped by Tom Merry—I've been driven twenty miles and back again—I'm a prisoner in the bike-shed! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Figgins & Co. fled across the quadrangle.

The crowd, laughing like hyenas, followed them.

The hapless New House juniors took refuge in their own study, and locked themselves in, and refused to reply to inquiring voices from the passage—voices that asked whether they felt safe, whether they were afraid of kidnappers, and whether they didn't think it was time to sing small.

"We've been done!" groaned Figgins. "We can't deny it. We've been dished just about as thoroughly as anybody could possibly be dished! Kerr, you ass, why didn't you suspect anything?"

From under the study window came a roar.

Figgins & Co. looked out of the window with furious faces.

A crowd of School House fellows were there.

Tom Merry raised his hand, and the whole throng broke into a sort of chant.

"Who's been kidnapped?"

"Figgins!"

"Who's a silly ass?"

"Figgins!"

"Who are the champion duffers of St. Jim's?"

"Figgins & Co.! Ha, ha, ha!"

Figgins slammed down the window and drew the blind.

And the School House crowd marched away at last, still roaring.

THE END.

Next Friday's Splendid, Complete Tale of the Chums of St. Jim's is entitled

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