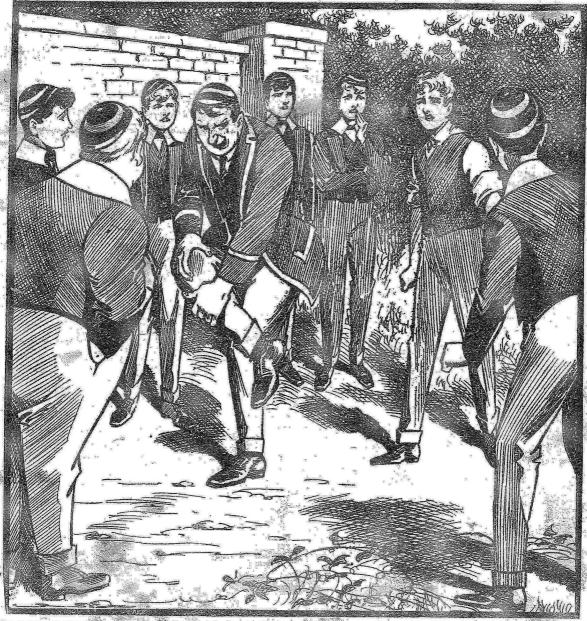
EVERYTHING NEW & NOVEL!





FIGHTING!

(An Amusing Scene in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Fight Behind the Chapel!

NYBODY seen Bunter?' Bolsover major, of the Remove, looked into the junior Common-room at Greyfriars and asked that question.

question.

There was a frown on Bolsover's rugged face, and his big fists were clenched.

A casual observer would have formed the conclusion that Bolsover major was angry. And the casual observer would have been quite correct!

"Hailo! Hailo! Hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, who, with the other members of the Famous Five, was discussing the forth-coming sports tour with the boys of Berkshire. "What's our tame porpoise been up to now?"

shire. "What's our tame porpoise been up to now?"

"He's wolfed my cake!" roared Bolsover. "It was a plum-cake—hot from Mrs. Mimble's oven! And it's walked!"

"But how do you know Bunter's got it?" said Harry Wharton.

"Who else would have tampered with another fellow's grub? That cake was on my study-table, and it's disappeared! Young Dupont knew it was there, but he wouldn't have taken it. And there was a trail of crumbs along the passage."

"Bunter, right enough!" said Frank Nagent.

Nugent.

Bolsover's face worked convulsively.

"If only I get hold of that fat thief," he said, "I—I'll burst him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major strode out of the Commonoroom, like a raging lion seeking what he might deven.

Bolsover major strode out of the Commonroom, like a raging lion seeking what he
might devour.

It was not often that Bolsover's funds ran
to the purchase of a plum-cake; and this particular plum-cake had been one of Mrs.
Mimble's best.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not join in the
search for Billy Bunter. Bolsover himself
was quite capable of running the fat junior
to earth. And, judging by the fury in Bolsover's face, the sequel would be anything
but pleasant for Bunter.

Muttering dark threats, the bully of the
Remove strode out into the Close.

It seemed, at first glance, to be deserted;
but on closer inspection. Bolsover caught
sight of his quarry.

Billy Bunter was seated at the foot of
one of the old elms, with a plum-cake—or.

the remnants of one-balanced on his plump

knees.

There wasn't much of the plum-cake left, and there was still less by the time Bolsover major reached the spot.

Blissfully unconscious of the approach of the owner of the cake, Billy Bunter continued to gorge. Then he became aware of a spluttering sound close at hand.

That's my cake!" booted You-you-

Bolsover.

Billy Bunter jumped up in alarm.

Although short-sighted, the fat junior could not fail to observe the thunderclouds on Bolsover's brow.

"Oh, really, Bolsover— This is my cake! I bought it at Mrs. Mimble's!"
"Why, you fat abber, you lifted it from my study!"
"Ow! I wasn't—I didn't!" gasped Bûnter.
Bolsover major wasted no more time in words. words.
The coast was clear, and he had Billy

With a ferocity which was, perhaps, excusable in the circumstances, the bully of the Remove rushed at Bunter.

The next moment the fat junior felt as if he had cannoned into an earthquake.

Hellup! Leggo! Keep off!" he yelled

"Hellup! Leggo: Keep but wildly.
But Bolsover, thinking of his vanished cake, and regardless of Eunter's flabby condition, hit out with his right, and followed up with his left.

The first blow took Billy Bunter full in the chest, and the second smashed under his thin sending him sprawling.

chin, sending him sprawling,

With a shrill scream of anguish, the Owl of the Remove rolled over on the ground. "Get up, you worm?" growled Bolsover major. "I haven't finished with you yet!" Billy Bunter refused to budge. His experience of Bolsover's big fists had been quite sufficient.

"Get up!" repeated Bolsover, glaring down at his fat victim. "You pinched my cake, and I'm going to pulverise. you!"

"Cad! Bully! Stand aside!"

It was not Billy Bunter who spoke. The fat junior would scarcely have dared to address Bolsover major in that fashion.

The speaker was a slim, extremely handsome-looking fellow of fitteen or thereabolts. He had entered the gates of Greyfriars just sover?" murmured Frank Nugent.

in time to see Bolsover major send Billy Bunter crashing to earth.

Bolsover major blinked at the new-comer, utterly dazed at the interruption.

"You—you—were you speaking to me?" he stuttered.

"You—you—were you speaking to me?" he stuttered.

"I was! I regard you as a very complete cad! You're a beastly bully into the bargain!"

"My hat!"

In the ordinary way, Percy Bolsover would promptly have committed assault and battery upon a fellow who called him names, even though the epithets were justified.

But to be called a bully and a cad by a new boy—for he was apparently a new boy—so astonished Bolsover that for some moments he could do nothing but stare.

Billy Bunter sat up and stared, too.

To find a new boy posing as champion of the oppressed—with Billy Bunter taking the role of the oppressed—was in itself a very startling thing.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, coming on the scene with the other mombres of the Femous Five. "What's all

"Hallo! Hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, coming on the scene with the other members of the Famous Five. "What's all the merry rumpus?" Attracted by the disturbance, Peter Todd and Vernon-Smith and Mark Linley also

came running up.

The slim, good-looking youth, who possessed fair hair and bright blue eyes, was glaring at Bolsover. Bolsover, in turn, was glaring at him.

A glare is often the prelude to a fight, and the onlookers could not help thinking that Bolsover major, with his burly physique and hefty punch, would make shavings of the new boy.

At last Bolsover found words.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"My name is Carr—Dennis Carr. Yours, I take it, is Jim the Prize-fighter?"

There was a church from the onlookers.

take it, is Jim the Prize-fighter?"
There was a chuckle from the onlookers.
"The new kid's got you weighed up,
Bolsover!" said Bob Cherry.
Bolsover scowled.
"I should advise somebody to fetch an
ambulance," he said. "This kid will be
taken away in little pieces!"
Dennis Carr advanced a pace towards the
bully of the Remove.
Harry Wharton & Co. looked on breathlessly.

"He'll be smashed to a pulp if he does!" growled Johnny Bull.

Dennis Carr's next words made his inten-

Dennis Carr's next words made to select ions clear.

"I happen to have read lots of school stories," he said, "and I quite expected to walk into a hornet's nest when I got to Greyfriars. I resolved at the outset to thrash any prize bullies I came across. And this seems to be a sort of Home for Prize Bullies!"

Bullies!"
"Steady on, kid!" said Harry Wharton,
"You've no right to say that. Bolsover loses
his wool at times, but otherwise we're fairly
free from bullies."
Dennis Carr subjected Wharton to a
critical stare.
"And who might you be?" he said.
Wharton flushed.

"I'm captain of the Remove."

"What an exalted being!" sneered the new boy, with a mocking bow.

"Look here——"

boy, with a mocking bow.

"Look here—"
"I don't want any interference from you or from anyone else!" said Dennis Carr.
Then, turning to Bolsover major, he added:
"I'll meet you when and where you like, with or without gloves!"
"Good!" said Billy Bunter, rising to his feet. "That's the stuff to give 'em!"
Bolsover glanced round.
"We can't fight here," he said. "But I shall be pleased to hammer you to a jelly behind the chapel."
"Come along, then!"
And the two principals moved off.
"The kid's potty!" said Vernon-Smith. "If he gets in the way of one of Bolsover's sledgehammer punches, he'll be disfigured for life!"
"Don't you think we'd better chip in, Harry?" said Frank Nugent.
Wharton shook his head.
"Strikes me that a joilt good licking will do the fellow good." he said, "He told me not to interfere, and I'll take him at his word."

Quite a crowd followed Bolsover major and the new boy to the secluded spot behind

word."

Quite a crowd followed Bolsover major and the new boy to the secluded spot behind the chapel, where many a fistic duel had been fought in the past.

The interest in the forthcoming fight was

immense.

"It's just possible," remarked Peter Todd, "It's just possible," remarked Peter Todd, "that young Carr's a dark horse. On the face of things, Bolsover will simply eat him; but we can't always judge by appearances. That kid's slim, but he may have heaps of science."
"True, O King!" said Bob Cherry. "Here we are! Now we shall see what we shall see."

see."
The juniors ranged themselves in a circle Skinner, who had come on the scene with Snoop and Stott, volunteered to act as Bol-

sover's second.

"Who's going to second the new kid?" asked Bolsover. "He'll need about half a dozen fellows, armed with rolls of strapping-

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Mark Linley stepped forward.

"I shall be pleased to second you, Carr," he said in his quiet way.
"Thanks?" said Dennis Carr, without a trace of the contempt he had shown in

addressing Whatton.
There were no gloves, but for decency's sake the fight was split up into rounds.
"Time!" shouted some unauthorised person

in the audience.

Dennis Carr squared up to his opponent in is shirt-sleeves.

his shirt-steeves.
Bolsover major, for his part, had not troubled to remove his coat.
"Go it, ye cripples!" sang out Bob Cherry.
The first-round was fast and furious. Its fury and its fastness was due to Bolsover major, who did the lion's share of the

fury and its fastness was due to Bolsover major, who did the lion's share of the attacking. It was clear at the outset that Dennis Carr was not a dark horse, as Peter Todd had suggested.

The new boy knew little or nothing about

boxing.

His puny blows, when they got home—which was not often—glanced off the burly figure of Bolsover major like water off a duck's back. But although at present unskilled in the noble art of self-defence, the spectators saw that there were possibilities in Dennis Carr. For he possessed one of the greatest attributes of the ring—forfitude. Bolsover knocked him down; he rose again with the velocity of an indiarubber ball. Bolsover got his head in chancery, and pommelled it; but he resolutely refused to accept defeat.

Thus at the end of the first round Dennis boxing.

Carr was unbeaten, though he himself had no earthly chance of victory.

"Plucky kid, that!" murmured Bob Cherry.
"He may be plucky, but I don't like him," said Harry Wharton.

"That's just because he rubbed you the wrong way just now," said Frank Nugent.
"Quite apart from that, I don't like him. He's a conceited young ass, and a hiding will do him good!"

The worthy Bolsover will certainfully impart the esteemed lickfulness," murmured Hurree Singh.

Hurree Singh.

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull. "It's only a matter of time."

Dennis Carr was very much the worse for wear as he sat on Mark Linley's knee.

The fight had taken place at such short notice that the Lancashire lad had no sponge handy. All he had was a handkerchief—with which he set a miniature gale blowing—and some words of encouragement.

"Stick to him. Carr!" he said. "Welca het."

"Stick to him, Carr!" he said. "He's a hot handful, and I'm afraid you can't lick him. But you'll be making a good start at Greyfriars if you can stand up to Bolsover for half a dozen rounds."

"I mean to lick him, somehow!" said Dennis

And his eyes blazed with such an angry light that Mark Linley was startled.
"What do you mean by 'somehow'?" he said. "You can only lick him in one way—by knocking him out."

by knocking him out."

"There's more ways than one of killing a cat and taming a bully!" said Dennis Carr.

"Are you suggesting—" began Mark.
But at that moment Bolsover, eager for a resumption of the fray, exclaimed:

"Time we got on with the washing!"
The second round saw Belsover on the aggressive the whole of the time.

Again and again his knuckles crashed upone the handsome, almost girlish face of his opponent.

opponent.

opponent.

Dennis Carr was all at sea. His defence
was poor, his attack nil.

"The silly ass!" said Peter Todd. "He
knows he's beaten. Why on earth doesn't he
chuck it?"

chuck it?"

And the rest of the spectators asked themselves the same question.

The uneven fight went on.

Although Dennis Carr had not made a good impression upon his future schoolfellows, they could not help admiring him for his plucky stand against an opponent who was immeasurably his master.

"The new chap's standing up to him fine!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "I only wish I could have given him a few boxing lessons beforehand!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
The idea of Billy Bunter imparting tuition
boxing struck the juniors as being dis-

in boxing struck the juniors as being distinctly funny.

But their laughter ceased when Bolsover major, conscious of his overwhelming supremacy, rained blow after blow upon Dennis Carr, who went to the ground with a thud which shook every bone in his body.

For a moment a hush fell upon the spectators. Then Bob Cherry exclaimed:

"My hat! The kid's not whacked yet! He's getting up and asking for more!"

Harry Whatfon felt that the time had come

Harry Wharton felt that the time had come to intervene.
"That's enough, Rolsover!" he said storply

"That's enough, Bolsover!" he said sternly.
"Rats!" retorted Bolsover. "When I take
on a job of this sort I make a point of doing

thoroughly!" Whatton signed to his chums, and they advanced into the improvised ring, with the object of dragging Bolsover back.

object of dragging Bolsover back.

But before they could get to him an extraordinary thing happened.

Dennis Carr Iurched towards his opponent and deliberately kicked him!

Bolsover clasped his injured shin.

Instantly a buzz of voices rose.

"Shame!"

"What a low-down and!"

"Shame;"
What a low-down cad!"
"Talk about slum-fighting!"
Dennis Carr faced the crowd with flashing

eyes.

"Yes, I kicked him!" he said. "And I'll kick him again!"
"No, you won't, my beauty!" said Bob Cherry.

And he laid violent hands on the new boy

And he laid violent hands on the new boy and swung him back.

A resumption of the fight was impossible in any case, for Dick Russell gave warning at that moment of the distant approach of Loder, the prefect.

The crowd dispersed rather hastily. Bolsover major limped away to his study; and Dennia Carr, wrenching himself away from Bob Cherry's grasp, went off alone.

Feeling ran very strongly against the new

boy.

He had committed what was almost an unpardonable offence against the laws of fair

Only one fellow could find an excuse for lennis Carr's action, and that fellow was Dennis Carr' Mark Linley.

Mark Liniey.

Mark understood the new boy's point of view, though he neither admired nor upheld

Dennis Carr held to the principle that war is war, and that there should be no half-measures.

Is war, and that there should be no nair-measures.

He had pitted himself against an opponent who was his superior in height, weight, and punching-power; and the sight of Bolsover's leering face, and his grin of anticipative victory, had prompted Dennis to administer the fateful kick.

There was something radically wrong with the new boy's early training. Mark Linky saw that at once, and he reflected that Dennis Carr might not be wholly to blame.

Dennis was likely to receive a very rough handling at Greyfriars. But in spite of the bad start he had made the Lancashire lad had faith in him, and hoped that the day would soon come when Dennis Carr would show that he was made of the right stuff.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Nobody's Chum.

Note inside the school building, the first thing that Dennis Carr did was to inquire for Mr. Quelch's study.

He would have been much wiser to inquire for a bath-room.

Monty Newland, of the Remoye, good-naturedly directed him to the Form-master's study.

"But—but you're not going in to Quelchy like that, surely!" added Monty, aghast.
Dennis Carr nodded.

He looked a very complete wreck. His handsome features had been transformed, thanks to Bolsover major's fists, into very hideous ones. His tie was streaming loose, and his collar was rumpled and rent. His fair hair fell in wild disarray over his forehead. One eye was beginning to put up the shutters, and his nose presented a very bulbous appearance.

Altogether, the new boy looked as if he had been distributing tracts among Bolsheviks.

sheviks.

Dennis passed on to Mr. Quelch's study, and Monty Newland gave a low whistle.
"That kid's fairly asking for trouble!" he

nurmured.

The new boy tapped on the door of the sacred apartment and entered.

Mr. Quelch, who was beating a tattoo on his typewriter, rose to his feet in astonishment

ment.

"Who—who are you?" he gasped.

"Dennis Carr, sir."

"You are the new boy?"

"I arrived half an hour ago, sir."
Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes were fastened upon Dennis with stern disapproval.

"You do not appear to have utilised the half-hour to the best advantage, Carr," said the Form-master. "I perceive you have been fighting."

"Well, it hardly needs a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that!" said Dennis. "My injuries are quite visible to the naked eye."

"Silence, Carr! How dare you address me

are quite visible to the naked eye."

"Silence, Carr! How dare you address me in that insolent manner? You have made a very bad start at Greyfriars."

"I knew that was coming," said Dennis. "You're just like the masters I've read about in school stories. You slang a fellow first, and ask him for his explanation afterwards."

Mr. Quelch gasped.

"Boy!" he exclaimed. "Are you aware that you are speaking to your Form-master?"

"I don't wish to be disrespectful, sir," said Dennis; "but what I said is quite true. Form-masters never give a fellow a fair chance. They're always ready to jump down his throat."

his throat."

"I cannot congratulate you on your choice of school stories, Carr, if they have taught you that," said 'Mr. Quelch quietly.

Dennis Carr was silent for a moment.

Then he said:

"I suppose you know that I was expelled from Minvern, sir?"

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"I thought so," said Dennis bitterly. "And because of that, you're down on me at the outset. You're hever stopped to ask yourself why I was expelled."

"I am fully aware of the details, Carr. THE PENNY POPULAR.—No, 32.

You have a temper, and you let it run away

Vou have a temper, and you let it run away with you."

I think any decent fellew would have lost bis temper, sir, in the circumstances. One of the louts in the Sixth was bullying a kid in the Fourth Form dormitory. I told him to stop. He refused. So I shied a water-jug at him, and sent him to the samy for a week. The Head took the Sixth-Fornier's part, of course, and I was sacked. Talk about justice! Masters of public schools don't know the meaning of the word!"

Mr. Quelch listened to this passionate outburst without interruption. Then he said:

"The headmaster was perfectly justified in expelling you. Carr. I' do? not doubt your word in connection with the bullying should always be reported to the authorities. No boy has a right to take the law into his own hands, and inflict injury on another."

"I'd do it again—began Dennis.

Mr. Quelch looked grim.

"It you repeat your offence at Greyfriars. Carr, you will be expelled instantly! And in that case, you would not get another thine to redeem the past."

Dennis Carr was sobered by these words. He feared only one man on earth, and that man was his father. Dennis recalled the parental wrath which had followed lis expulsion from Minyern, He had no desire to risk a repetition.

"You must not think, Carr," continued Mr. Quelch more kindly. "that masters are your natural enemies. They are nothing of the sort. You will be given a fair chance at Greyfriars, quite unprejudiced by the regrettable incident of your expulsion."

Dennis Carr was silent.

"I am sorry to see that you have indulged in fisticuffs on your first day bere," Mr. Quelch more on. "With whom have you foem fighting?"

"I am sorry to see that you have indulged in fisticulars on your first day here," Mr. Quelch went on. "With whom have you been fighting?".

"A brute called Bolshevik major, or something, sir!".

"You mean Bolsover?"

"That's the fellow."

"You should endeavour to keep your temper under control." said Mr. Quelch.
"Bolsover was bullying another rellow of

tomper under control." said Mr. Quelch.

"Bolsover was bullying another fellow, sir, so I tackled him."

The Form-master's first impulse was to send for Bolsover major, and conduct an inquiry into the business. But, in kindness to bennis Carr, he refrained.

If Bolsover were summoned to Mr. Quelch's study, all the Remove would know that Dennis Carr had sneaked. And the Remove had a short way with sneaks.

"Very well, Carr," said Mr. Quelch, at length. "I will pursue the subject no urther. You had better go and bathe your face."

face

The new boy paused in the act of leaving

face."
The new boy paused in the act of leaving the Form-master's study.

"I came along to ask you which study I should occupy, sir."
Mr. Quelch reflected.

"I will inform you later, Carr," he said. When Dennis had taken his departure, the Remove-master sent for Harry Wharton.

"I am aware, Wharton," he began, "that the Remove studies are in rather a crowded condition at the present time. But do you think you might make room for one more in your study?"

Harry Wharton guessed what was coming.

"If you mean Carr, sir, I should much prefer that he went somewhere else. Of course, if you expressly wish him to dig in with us, sir, I've got nothing more to say."

"You do not like the new boy, Wharton?" He may be all right; sir," said Harry. "But I'm atraid we couldn't guarantee him a good time in Study No. 1. We're a happy family at present, and Carr would be-well, to put it mildty, a disturbing element, sir." Mr. Quelch smiled.

"I understand, Wharton," he said. "I will endeavour to place the new boy elsewhere. You may go."

And Wharton went, inwardly glad that he was not having the wayward Dennis for a study-mate.

"You might ask Todd to come and see me."

"You might ask Todd to come and see me, Wharton!" called Mr. Quelch along the

Wharton!" called Mr. Quelch along the passage.

"Very well, sir!"

A few moments later, the captain of the Remove shouted into Study No. 7:

"Todd! Quelchy wants you."

It so happened that the only Todd in the study was Alonzo. Accordingly, the Duffer of Greyfriars laid aside his book, "Simple Rules for a Spotless Life," and went along to the Form-master's study.

"You wish to hold verbal discourse with me, sir?" inquired the guileless Alonzo, The Pinny Popular.—No. 32.

"It was your cousin I wished to see, Todd. However, you will probably be able to give me the information I require."
"I will do my best, sir. My Uncle

Benjamin-

"Yes, yes! Never mind your Uncle Ben-jamin now, Todd. Is there sufficient accom-modation in your study for another modation occupant?"

cupant? Alonzo looked horrified. "I greatly fear, sir," he said, "that there insufficient room for a juvenile rat, let

is insufficient room for a juvenile rat, let alone a human being."

"Bless my soul!"

"You see, sir," sald Alonzo, who was not in the least trying to be funny, "we have Bunser, And Bunter, owing to the rotundity of this person, monopolises most of the floorspace. Then there is Peter, Peter is always insisting upon more elbow-room. In addition, we have Tom Dutton, to say nothing of myself. A fifth occupant, sir, is altogether impossible, unless we have someone similar to the little old woman who lived in a shoe!"

Mr. Quelch listened to Alonzo's long-winded explanation with a smile.

"Very well, Todd," he said. "Kindly ask Vernon-Smith to step along to my study."

The Bounder, when he appeared, said practically the same as Harry Wharton had said, though he put it more strongly.

"It you order us to have Carr in our study, sir," he said, "we must make the best of it. But we detest this fellow!"

"That is not the way to speak of one of your schoolfellows. Smith!"

"I can't help it, sir. I should never pull well, with Carr. We should always be at each other's throats!"

"Smith!"

"He'd be much more comfortable in someone cleeks study, sir."

"He'd be much more comfortable in some-

"He'd be much more comfortable in someone else's study, sir."

"Why have you formed this absurd prejudice against Carr?"

Vernon-Smith was silent. He could not very well explain to Mr. Quelch that Dennis Carr had disgraced himself by turning a fair fight into a back-street braw!

"You' are not acting fairly towards the new boy." and Mr. Quelch. "He is a little wild and headstrong, certainly, but that is no reason why he should be treated as a leper. However, it would be folly to place him in your study, if you would pertetually be at longerheads. You may go, Smith!"

And Vernon-Smith shared the relief which Wharton had felt.

And Vernon-Smith shared the relief which Wharton had felt.

Mr. Quetch remained for some moments in deep reflection.

The question of finding accommodation for Dennis Carr was a very knotty one.

The new boy seemed to have made very tew if any, friends in the Remove. And Mr. Quelch had no wish to place him in a study where he would always be at war with the other occupants.

where he would always be at war with the other occupants.

Finally, the Form-master decided to make a personal inspection of the Remove studies. He found that most of them had their full-complement of occupants. But there was one—Lord Mauleverers—which seemed to answer the purpose. Apart from Mauly himself, the only fellow in the study at present was Sir Jimmy Viyian, Bart.

Both Mauly and Sir Jimmy were peaceful, law-abiding citizens, so to speak, and Mr. Quelch satisfied himself that he had found a home for the new boy at last.

Quelch satisfied himself that he had found a home for the new boy at last.

Lord Mauleverer, who had been reclining on the study sofa when Mr. Quelch entered, had, by a great expenditure of energy, succeeded in rising to his feet.

"I am allotting the new boy, Carr, to this study, Mauleverer!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, begad!"

"You do not seem best pleased," said the Form-master.

Form-master.

"Ahem! Delighted, sir, I assure you!" said Mauly, though the delight was not visible in

Mauly, thousar the his countenance.

"I trust you will make Carr at home, and that you and Viyiau will refrain from quarrelling with him," said Mr. Quelch.
"I never quarrel, sir," said Mauly. "It's

Therer quarter, sir, said many. It's to much fag."

"Very well, Mauleverer. I will arrange for Carr to occupy this study forthwith."

An arrangement which was quite satisfactory to all concerned—with the exception of Lord Mauleverer and Sir-Jimmy Vivian!

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Left Out !

ENNIS CARR, having taken his bars and baggage along to Lord Maule-verer's study, strolled round to the cricket-field.

Harry Wharton & Co. were practising at

the nets, in preparation for their forthcoming

The tour of English counties had proved highly successful, so far, and Harry Wharton's party entertained high hopes of vanguishing the boys of Berkshire.
Wharton himself was batting, and Hurree Singh, Bob Cherry, and Frank Nugent were bowling to him in turn.
Wharton's defence was rock-like. He caused the bowlers to perspire and the fieldsmen to tear their hair.
Dennis joined in without being asked.
At his former school Dennis had been captain of the junior eleven.

At his former school Dennis had been captain of the junior eleven.

Minvern cricket fell far below the Greyfriars standard. At the same time, Dennis was a useful man with bat and ball.

Bolsover major, who was limping about behind the bowlers, saw the new boy approaching, and gave a glare.

"Buzz off!" he growled. "We don't want your sort here."

"Oh, let him play," said Mark Linley goodnaturedly.

"Oh, let him play," said Mark Limey good naturedly.

And Dennis played."

After five minutes of brisk, clean fielding, he took a turn with the ball; and Wharton was obviously ill at ease.

Dennis Carr kept an immaculate length, and after a time Harry Wharton's middle stump fiew upwards and outwards.

"Well bowled!" said Bob Cherry, unable to resist the compliment.

And Hurree Singh remarked that the bowlfulness was terrific.

In due course Dennis Carr was handed a

In due course Dennis Carr was handed a bat, and he took his stand in front of the

Here he gave the Remove a further taste of his quality. His wrist-work was excellent, and some of his drives were tilings to see wonder at.

"Buck up, you fellows!" urged Frank Nugent. "We're not going to be slogged and over the field by a raw, untamed new kid!"

kid!"

No, rather not!" said Bob Cherry
And he sent down the best ball he knew.
Dennis Carr, with cool contempt, slashed
it back to him:
"My hat!" murmured Bob. "Who is this
man?"

man?"
For twenty minutes or more. Dennis Carr remained, at the nets, pulling and cutting and driving. Finally, a one-handed catch by Wharton brought about his downfall.

"A pretty useful chap, that," remarked Johnny Bull.
Harry Wharton nodded.

"He's no dud," he said. "If he behaves himself, there's no reason why he shouldn't get a place in the eleven later on."
Dennis Carr handed his bat to Peter Todd, and stepped up to the captain of the Remove.

"I understand you're going to Reading to."

remarked

"I understand you're going to Reading to-orrow on a sports tour?" he said.

"I understand you're going to keading tomorrow on a sports tour?" he said.

"That's so," said Wharton.
"I think I'll come along, too," said Dennis,
"That's for me to, decide."
"Look here, I badly want to come."
"So do a good many more fellows. There
isn't room for everybody."
"You mean to say you're going to leave

me out?"
"I'm airaid I've no choice in the matter."
Dennis Carr frowned.
"You saw me perform just now," he said.
"You can't pretend I'm not a good enough cricketer."

cricketer."

"Later on," said Wharton, "I might give you a look in. You can't expect a place in the team right away. You haven't won your spurs yet. There's a big difference between cricket at the nets and cricket in an actual match. I've known heaps of fellows to do well at the nets, and come a cropper when it came to serious cricket."

"At my last school—" Dennis began.

"At my last school—" Dennis began.

Then he checked himself hurriedly. He did not wish it to become common knowledge at Greyfriars that he had been sacked in disgrace from Minvern.

"I'm quite a good cricketer," he said.

"And quite a good chand at blowing your own trumpet!" said Wharton.

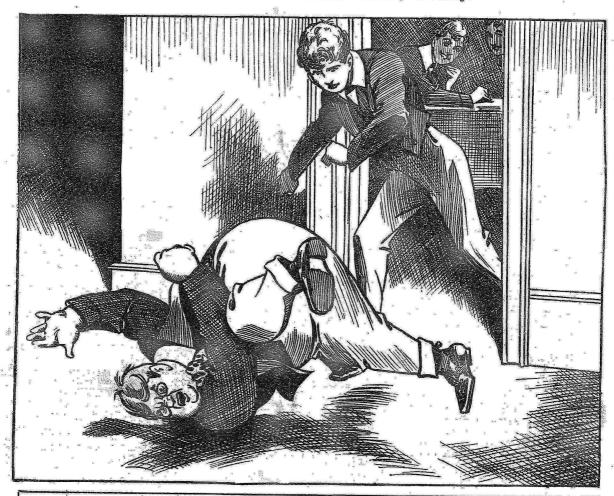
Dennis Carr flushed.

"If a fellow's good at anything, what harm is there in admitting it?" he said.

"It's bad form to push oneself forward," said Wharton.

"Thanks! I don't want any lessons on etiquette from a fellow like you!"

Harry Wharton clenched his hands, and Dennis Carr came very near to receiving his second hiding that day. It was only the sight of his already battered counternance that caused Wharton to restrain himself.
"I'm not including you in the touring-



Dennis Carr hit out suddenly, and the force of the blow sent Billy Bunter backwards through the Open doorway. He alighted on the linoleum with a bump. (See page 6.)

party," said Harry. "That's it, and all about it."

"Hear, hear!" said Bolsover major, who overheard. Whatton's remark. "It's no use taking that sort of beauty on tour. If the Tricket-match was going against us, he'd round and kick all our opponents in turn."

Dennis Carr ignored Bolsover, and turned to Harry Wharton.

to Harry Wharton.

"This is rank, rotten favouritism!" he said hotly. "You choose your own select pals for these tours, whether they're good athletes or not. I don't see why I should be left out. And, what's more, I'm not going to be left out, if there's such a thing as justice in this place! I'm going to see Mr. Quelch!"

Harry Wharton stared.

"Van're going to speak to a master?" he

Harry Wharton stared.

"You're going to sneak to a master?" he said contemptuously.

"You may choose to call it that. I call it sticking up for my rights!"

So saying, Dennis Carr stalked away.

Mark Linlay in the master of the start of th

Mark Linley, who guessed what was in the wind, hurried after the new boy.

"Look here, Carr," he said, "are you going to make a complaint to Quelchy?"

"Exactly!"

Well

"Well, take my advice, and don't! That sort of thing isn't done."

"If I can't get fair play from the captain of the Form, I'll get it from Quelch. And if I can't get it from Quelch. L'il get it from the Head."

"My dear fellow—"

"I'm worth a place in the Remove team, and Wharton knows it! He's boycotting me just because I kicked that beast Bolsover. There was no harm in kicking him that I can see. I was just giving a bully a taste of his own medicine!"

"Never mind that now. You musta't go to Quelchy with your grievances. It's not playing the game."

"I don't see your weird point of view."
Mark Linley smiled, and drew his arm
through that of the new boy.
"You'll get used to our little ways in
time," he said. "Now, come along, and
don't be a young ass!"
"I'm going to see Quelch, I tell you!"
"I strongly advise you—"
"I don't won't your along."

"I strongly advise you—"
"I don't want your advice!" retorted Dennis, wrenching himself free. "You're not a bad sort of fellow—at least, you're better than all the rest, and that's saying a good deal—but I won't be dictated to."
And the impetuous Dennis walked on.
Mark Linley shrugged his shoulders, and returned to the nets. He reflected that Dennis Carr, it'he persisted in his present attitude, would be booked for a very bad time of it.

Mr. Quelch had returned to his typewriter when the new boy knocked at the door of his study.

when the new boy knocked at the door or his study.

"Come in!" he said, in tones of annoyance. Dennis Carr did not beat about the bush. He came straight to the point.

"Wharton's refused me a place in the team which fravels to Reading to morrow, sir."

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Wharton's action strikes me as being perfectly justifiable." he said. "You cannot expect, within twenty-four hours of your arrival at Greyfriars, to proceed on a week's tour."

tour.

tour."

"I'm as good, if not better, than most of the so-called sportsmen in the Remove, sir."

"That is neither here nor there, Carr. The fact remains that you are a new boy. You may be given a place in future tours. That is for Wharton to decide. But it is unreasonable for you to expect to take part in this one."

Dennis Carr. saw that he would get no change out of Mr. Quelch. He could see, also, that the Form-master despised him for having come forward with a complaint.

"Very well, sir," he said. "I'll go and ask the Head."
"Boy!" Mr. Quelch's tone resembled the rumble of thunder. "You will do nothing of the sort! My word on the matter is final. If you dare to approach Dr. Locke with your complaint, after having received a refusal from me, I shall cane you severely."
"I insist upon fair play, sir—"
"And you will get it, provided you make yourself worthy of it!" said Mr. Quelch. "At present your behaviour is despicable. Leave my study at once!"
And Dennis Carr went.
He did not take his complaint to the Head. It was not because he funked doing it, but because he realised the futility of taking such a course. If Mr. Quelch had "turned down" his request, it was more than likely that Dr. Locke would do the same.
With hands clenched and jaw stubbornly set, Dennis Carr went along to his study.
Lord Mauleverer and Sir. Jimmy Vivian were there, preparing tea.
"Trot out another cup. Jimmy," drawted

were there, preparing tea.

"Trot out another cup. Jimmy," drawled the schoolboy earl. "Our friend Rolls-Royce will join us in a little refreshment."

"Eh? What's that?" exclaimed Dennis

Lord Mauleverer beamed affably at the new boy. "Isn't your name Rolls-Royce, begad?"

he said.
"My name's Carr."

"My name's Carr."
"Sorry!" murmured Mauly. "I guessed it was a car, but I wasn't sure which make."
Jimmy Vivian chuckled.
"Make yerself at 'ome, old sport!" he said

genially.
"I don't want any tea."
"All the more for us, begad!" said Maul; "All the more 10. ..., complacently."
"May I borrow some notepaper?" asked Dennis Carr.
THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 32.

"Certainly, dear boy!"
Dennis helped himself from Mauly's stock, and sat down at the table. Jimmy Yivian politicly turned back the tablecloth, half the table being converted into a writing-desk, and half into a tea-table.
Dennis scribbled away industriously, and his two study-mates, darting curious glances at him from time to time, proceeded with their tea in silence. their tea in silence.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. The Fateful Letter !

SAY, Carr—".

A fut face, adorned by a pair of spectacles, appeared in the doorway. Dennis Carr looked up from his and surveyed Billy Bunter with con-

iderable impatience.
"Say what you've got to say, and travel!"
he said curtly.
Billy Bunter overlooked this lack of polite-

Billy Bunter overlooked this lack of politeness on the part of the new boy.

"I looked in to thank you for chipping in this afternoon, when Bolsover was bullying me!" said Billy Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer and Sir Jimmy Vivian stared at the fat junior in astonishment. It was not like Billy Bunter to return thanks for services rendered.

"If you hadn't chipped in when you did, Carr," Bunter went on, "that beast Bolsover would have given me a fearful pasting. My nose would be out of joint, like yours; and my jaw—" my jaw

like the brook, begad!" said Mauly.

"Is like the brook, begad!" said Mauly.
"It goes on for ever!"

Billy Bunter wagged an admonishing finger at the schoolboy earl.
"I didu't ask you to interfere," he said.
'Bry up, or you'll find yourself on your back in the passage!"
"Oh begad!" gasped Mauly.
"I very much appreciate the way you stood in for me, Carr," continued Bunter. "In fact, I feel that I ought to reward you. That's why I've looked in."
Again Mauly and Sir Jimmy stared. Generosity on Bunter's part was something onto

Agan Mauly and Sur Janus, Santhag Generosity on Bunter's part, was something onte mean.

"I intend to give you ten bob, Carr," went on the Owl of the Remove, "in recognition of your services."

"My only aunt!" muttered Jimmy Vivian. Dennis Carr said nothing. But the look he directed at Billy Bunter was a far from friendly one.

"I'll hand over the ten bob to-morrow," said the fat junior. "Meanwhile, would you advance me a loan of five bob? I'll pay it back to-morrow, when I give you the ten."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a peal of laughter from Mauly and Sir Jimmy. They had tumbled to Bunter's little game at last.

Dennis Carr's hostile glare became more lostile than ever.

Dennis was, in many respects, an extraordinary new boy; but he was not so guilible as to allow himself to be spoofed by Billy Bunter.

The fat junior stood waiting expectantly.

"Buck up and push the boat out, as the saying is!" he said.

Dennis rose to his feet.

There was an ominous expression on the new boy's face which Billy Bunter was too short-sighted to notice.

"You want me to push the boat out—what?" he said.

Bunter pidded eagerly.

what?" he said.

Bunter nodded eagerly.

"Well, I'm sorry I can't oblige. But I'll
tell you what I will do. I'll push the barrel
out, with the greatest of pleasure!"
So saying, the new boy hit out suddenly
and unexpectedly with his right.
The force of the blow sent Billy Bunter
backwards through the open doorway into
the passage.

the passage.

The fat junior alighted on the linoleum with a bump and a roar.

Good for you, Carr!" chuckled Lord Mauleverer. "Pushin' the barrel out! Ha,

Dennis himself had to laugh as he watched Billy Bunter frantically endcayouring to sort, himself out.

Yow! Beast!" gasped Bunter. "I'll jolly

well—"Slam!
The study door was banged in Bunter's face; and the fat junior, his little ruse baving failed, rolled dejectedly away.
Dennis Carr resumed the writing of his letter. That letter seemed to be costing him a good deal of time and thought. But it was finished at last, and, smiling grimly, Dennis perused his handlwork.
The Penny Popular.—No. 32.

The letter ran as follows:
"Dear Pater,—My first impressions of Greyfriars are not very fayourable.
"When you sent me here, you expressed the hope that I should do well in class, and become expert on subjects which I am backward in at present. I am sorry to say that this will be quite impossible.
"I find that very little time, is devoted to lessons. Sport seems to be the order of the day. Of course, sport is a jolly good thing, but, like most good things, it is harmful when carried to excess.
"Most of the fellows in y form fool about in the class-room for a week, and the following week they travel shout the country playing games. This may be jolly nice, but it doesn't increase a fellow's chances of becoming a good scholar.

playing games
it doesn't increase a fellows-chance
coming a good scholar.

"In a short time I shall probably be a
member of one of these touring-parties, and
my education will go by the board.

"I think I ought to mention this to you,
because, being one of the leaders of education in this country, you will be interested.

"Your affectionate son,
"Dennis.

"P.S.—Ever so many thanks for the fiver ou gave me when you saw me off at the station.

That was the letter, and it was a letter which was likely to have far-reaching results. Dennis Carr's motive in writing it was obvious. He wanted all future sports tours cancelled. His father, he knew, would not only be interested but annoyed—perhaps furiously angry. He would imagine Greyfriars to be a school for slackers—a place where sport was allowed to dominate Formwork.

where sport was allowed to dominate Formwork.

And he would take instant action. There was no question about that. Mr. Carr was one of the highest education officials in the land, and he would be up in arms at once against the Greyfriars sports tours.

Demnis knew this; and, going out to the pillar-box in the Close, he despatched his poisoned dat.

"This will put a spoke in Wharten's wheel!" he mutered "The pater will simply raise Cain about it!"

In the interval which remained until bedtime, Demnis Carr paced restlessly to and fro in the Close.

He felt no twinge of remorse at the action he had taken. Wharton had ignored his claims to he a member of the touring-party. Wharton must therefore pay the pehalty.

This was Dennis Carr's view; and he did not stop to reflect that in writing that letter to his father he had taken a step which the biggest sneak in the school would have shrunk from taking.

When he went up to the Remove domitory black looks were directed at Dennis.

"Here's the bounder who can't fight fairly!"

"Bump him!"

"Bump him!"
"Let him have it hot!"
Harry Wharton silenced the uproar, and
turned to Dennis Carr:

"Did you complain to Quelchy about being left out of the tour?" he asked.
"I did."

"And what did Quelchy say?"
"He backed up his favourite publi of course!" sneered Dennis. "Said the decision to the property of the property o

"I say, you fellows," piped the shrill voice of Billy Bunter, "shall we toss the beauty in

a blanket?

a blanket?"
Dennis Carr took a quick stride towards
the Owl of the Remove.
"I—I mean, shall we pat him on the back?"
said Bunter hastily.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go easy, Bunter," advised Bolsover major,
"or you'll be kicked on the shins when you're
not looking!"

The new boy confronted the bully of the
Remove with blazing eyes.

"That's enough!" he said angrily.
Bolsover grimned.

"Do you want me to after the shape of
your face for the second time?" he said,
we think Carr cienched his fists, and a re-

Jour face for the second time?" he said.

Jennis Carr, cienched his fists, and a resumption of the fight seemed quite possible.

Ph. Wingate of the Sixth stepped into the
dormitory at this juncture, and Bolsover.

The members of the touring-party will
assemble in the Close at nine o'clock tomorrow morning?" aunounced Wingate.

"Horath!"

"Hurran:
"Good-night, kids!"
"Good-night, Wingate!"
The dormitory was plunged into darkness;

and Wingate's departure was the signal for a buzz of conversation.

Dennis Carr chuckled softly to himself as he heard Harry Wharton & Co. planning a series of victories over the boys of Berk-shire. shire.

Dennis had his own reasons for thinking that the tour would be anything but a

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. The Blow Falls I.

♥ 00D luck, you fellows!"
"Mind you come back bursting

with honour and glory!"
In the bright August sunshine,
Harry Wharton & Co., armed with cricketbags, passed out of the gateway of Greyfriars

in a merry procession.

Wingate of the Sixth accompanied them.
To use an Army phrase, Wingate was responsible for their rations, accommodation,

responsible for their rations, and discipline.

Dennis Carr gazed after the tourists with a curious expression on his face, which still bore signs of Bolsover major's heavy fists.

Dennis was reflecting that by this time his father had received the letter.

Before the day was out the new hoy fully expected to see Harry Wharton & Co. return to Greyfriars with their tails between their

legs, so to speak.

Mr. Carr was not the sort of man to let the grass grow under his feet. He would take prompt and sweeping action.

Little dreaming of the danger which menaced them, the Greyfriars tourists swung along the dusty road, their voices raised in hearty chorus.

Squiff had invented a little ditty of his own, the first verse of which ran as follows:

"Quelchy teaches Latin, Quelchy teaches Greek; Quelchy's on the warpath All the blessed week! Quelchy's gimlet optics Sha'n t disturb our joys; Onward, lads, to Reading! Smash the Berkshire boys!"

Wingate allowed the merriment to continue unchecked. He himself was feeling rather excited, but his dignity forbade him from showing it.

The party boarded the train at Friardale, changed at Courtfield Junction, and were in London within the hour.

They crossed over from Charing Cross to Paddington, enjoyed a hearty lunch at the station buffet, and caught the next train to

Reading,"

"I've heard quite a lot about Reading,"
murmured Bob Cherry. "It's the place where
they make all the boots, isn't it?"

"I think you'll find that's Northampton,
Bob," said Mark Linley, with a smile.

"My hat! You're right, Marky—as usual! Reading's where they manufacture lace!"
"Now he's switched off to Nottingham!" "Now he's switched off to Nottingham!" chuckled Frank Nugent. "Try again, Bob!" "It must be Cheshire cheese I'm thinking of!" said Bob Cherry, with a puzzled frown.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You fairly take the biscuit!" said Squiff. "Ah, that's it!" said Bob, sure of himself t last. "Reading's the famous biscuit

town !"

"Go hon!" "I dare say the skipper of the Berkshire team will go in to bat with a tin of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits under his arm!" said Bob. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Reading's a folly fine town," said Monty Newland. "I hope we have a boatrace on the river at Caversham."
"We shall, "said Harry Wharton. "The boat-

race is the second item on the programme."
"What comes first?" asked Johnny Bull.
"The cricket-match, of course! It starts
at two o'clock to-day, in Prospect Park."

"Ripping!"
Hurree Singh

Hurree Singh rubbe i his dusky hands together with satisfaction.

"I feel in the moodful humour to capture-fully take many esteemed wickets!" he said.
"Good old Inky!"
The train sped on through delightful scenery, until, with a jarring of brakes, it came to a halt at Reading.

"Tumble out, kids!" said Wingate. "There's no time to lose."

A couple of taxicabs conveyed the tourists to their hotel in the Oxford Road.

Here the juniors had a lightning lunch, and

the same taxicabs whisked them up to a spacious expanse of green known as Prospect The Berkshire boys were at practice when Harry Wharton & Co. arrived.

The Greyfriars juniors watched them critic-

ally for some moments.
"Well," said Bob Cherry at length, "what's

the verdict, Harry?"

"They seem to shape well," said Wharton.

"But I don't think they'll give us a great deal

"But I don't think they it give us a great scale of trouble."

"Won't we, by Jove?" said the Berkshire skipper, who had come up unobserved behind the juniors. "We've heard all about your displays in Sussex and Cheshire and Bedfordshire: and there's no doubt that you're hot stiff. But we mean to give you a good run for your money. My name's Glenn: Won't you shake?"

Snake?"
Harry Wharton shook hands heartily with
the rival skipper, and then he spun the coin.
"Heads!" said Glenn.
"Heads it is! You'll bat, I take it?"
Gienn nodded,

A few moments later the match was in full

swing. The Berkshire boys had a style of their own.

The Berkshire boys had a style of their own. They seemed to be a set of juvenile Jessops, intent upon sending the ball to the boundary, and beyond it, as often as possible.

This style of cricket, although very nice from the spectator's point of view, often proves disastrous to the batsmen themselves. Such was the case on this occasion.

Glenn rattled up 14 in one over off Squift's bowling, but when he tried to repeat the experiment at the expense of Hurree Singh, his stumps were spreadeagled.

The rest of the batsmen fared even worse, and the first innings closed for 50.

and the first innings closed for 50.

The Berkshire boys seemed to be quite satisfied with this total. Apparently, they were under the impression that they could rattle Greyfriars out for less.

Harry Wharton and Frank Augent, however, going in first for the Friars, batted with steady assurance, and they had passed the Berkshire total before they were separated.

"Looks as if this match is going to be a picnic for us," murmured Bob Cherry.

"We're certainly on the New Augent Neur New Augent New Augent New Augent New Augent New Augent New Aug

"We're certainly on top at present," said Mark Linley: "But cricket's a game of surprises, you know."

Harry Wharton was eventually dismissed by a catch in the slips; but Bob Cherry carried on the good work.

The bowling was far from deadly, and runs

ame swiftly.

"Bob's well in the running for a century," remarked Johnny Bull, at length.

"Good luck to him!" said Mark Linley.

Nugent was bowled, and the Lancashire lad

took his place. A spirited A spirited partnership followed. Bob Cherry and Mark Linley knew each other's methods, and they piled up the runs at an

methods, and they piled up the runs at an amazing pace.

With his score at 70, Bob Cherry came within an ace of being run out. After this narrow escape, however, he gave no chance. At the end of a quarter of an hour Wharton sprinted away to look at the scoring-book.

Bob's made 95!" he said, returning to the group of Greyfriars juniors.

One more mighty hit on Bob Cherry's part, and the ball landed beyond the boundary for six.

six.
"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Bob!"

"A century, by Jove!"
Harry Wharton ran out to congratulate his chum; and the Greyfriars innings was declared closed, with the magnificent score of 190 for two wickets.

The Friars were fairly beaming with

delight.

engue. If all went well they would not only defeat he Berkshire boys, but defeat them by an innings.

innings.

Glenn made a wry face as he came off.

"You seem to have got us tied up in knots." he remarked to Harry Wharton. "We've got to make 140 to dodge the innings defeat. Anybody got a magic wand?"

"What for?" asked Squiff, in surprise.

"To bring back the age of miracles!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Defeat stared the local boys in the face. Almost a superhuman effort would be needed to save the game.

For the next few moments, the possibles.

For the next few moments the pavilion—which took the form of a marquee—resounded with the clash and clatter of crockery.

The Friars made a very good tea, but their opponents seemed to have lost both hope and apparatise.

On the resumption, Bob Cherry clapped Hurree Singh on the back.

"Play up, Inky!" he said boisterously.
"Wreckfully shatter their esteemed and ludicrous wickets!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hurree Singh grinned-a grin which opposing

batsmen had learned to dread. When the dusky junior bowled he did great execution.

The Berkshire boys failed dismally before his hurricane attack; and the faces of the Friars were flushed in anticipation of an overwhelming victory.

Seven wickets were down, and Hurree Singh was still bowling at the top of his form, when there was a sudden commotion on the field of

play.

A telegraph-boy came speeding towards

The captain of Greyfriars looked up in surprise.

"A wire for me?" he exclaimed.
"Yessir. It was addressed to the hotel, and they told me where I should find you."
"Thanks!" said Wingate.

He suspended the game, and turned the buff-coloured envelope over in his hand.

The Greyfriars fieldsmen looked on in-tently, some of them with rather scared

faces.
"Wonder what's in the wind?" murmured Monty Newland. "Must be sor

"Must be something jolly urgent!" said Johnny Bull. There was a hush as Wingate drew out the telegram.

All eyes were fixed on the senior's face.
"If he smiles it's all right!" muttered Bob

Cherry.

But Wingate did not smile. Therefore the juniors concluded it was all wrong.

"My only aunt!" exclaimed the captain of Greyfriars. Bad news, Wingate?" inquired Harry

Wharton. Yes.

"Yes."
"I'm awfully sorry."
"You needn't be sorry on my account.
This telegram affects everybody. We're to
pack up our traps at once and return to
Greyfriars!"
"What!"
"There's a train leaving Reading in twenty

"What!"
"There's a train leaving Reading in twenty
minutes," said Wingate, "and we've got to
catch it. Otherwise we can't possibly get
back to the school to-night."
The Greyfriars juniors stared blankly at
Wingate, and then at each other.
"What did it all mean?"
"Hare's the telegram." said Wingate.

"Here's the telegram,"
passing it round. said Wingate,

The cricketers flocked up to read the message. It ran thus:

"Berkshire tour is cancelled. tour is cancelled. Party will Greyfriars immediately. — Dr. return to LOCKE."

"Well, this is a knock-out blow, and no mistake!" growled Frank Nugent. "Just as the tour gets into its stride the Head goes and cancels it!"

"I wonder why?" said Squiff. That was what everyone was wondering. There was only one explanation, as far as the juniors could see.

One of the tourists must have committed

JUST OUT.

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THE PARTY OF THE P

some misdemeanour before leaving Greyfriars and it had since come to light. But it must and it had since come to light. But it must have been a very grave offence to cause the Head to cancel the tour. "Get a move on, you kids!" said Wingate

"Get a move on, you aids: Said Dingard briskly.
"Oh, I say!" profested Johnny Bull.
"Surely we're not going to leave this match unfinished!"

"Let's play it out!" urged Bob Cherry.
"No time" said Wingate shortly. "We shall barely catch our train as it is. Hurry up! The bags and things can be sent on afterwards."

afterwards."

Glenn came forward in profound astonishment as the players streamed off the field.

"What's the little game?" he exclaimed.

"The match isn't over yet. We've got three more men to go in."

"Our headmaster has wired us to return immediately," explained Wingate. "An upleaval of some sort must have taken place at Greyfriars. It's rough luck, but when the storm's blown over we shall probably como back."

Glenn took the page halls. So did the

back."

Glenn took the news badly. So did the rest of the Berkshire boys. They were hoping to make amends for their sorry display in the cricket-match by defeating Greyfrians in the other contests. They had been training hard for the boat-race, they had a fighting-man who could be relied upon to give Bob Cherry a close tussle, and they possessed some very fleet runners.

fleet runners.

And the tour was "off!"
As for the Greyfriars juniors, their astonishment turned to fury.

"It isn't fair!" declared Bolsover major.

"If the Head wanted to cancel the tour, why couldn't he have done it at the start? It's a low-down trick to butt in just as everything is going swimmingly!"

low-down trick to butt in just as everything is going swimmingly!"

And for once in a way Bolsover's sentiments were shared by his schooltellows.
"So-long, Glenn!" said Harry Wharton.
"This is a beastly business, but it's just possible the wire may turn out to be a fake, in which case we shall turn up again to morrow."

in which case we shall turn up again to morrow."

"Hope so," said Glenn. "So-long!"

The Grey triars cricketers hurried after Wiagate, who was making rapid progress in the direction of the railway-station.

The train was in, and the juniors caught it by the skin of their teeth.

The journey back to the school was not a happy one.

happy one.
Sulky and dispirited, the juniors sat in the carriage and seowled at each other.

Wingate's first action on reaching Grey-friars was to go to the Head for confirmation of the telegram.

Dr. Locke was chatting to Mr. Quelch when Wingate entered the study. The Head was looking very harassed.

"Did you send me a telegram, sir," asked Wingate, "ordering the immediate return of the touring-party?"

"Yes, Wingate, I did. The tour is can-celled, together with all the others which were in contemplation." "I hope nothing serious has happened, sir?"

"The facts are as follows," said Dr. Locke. "This nacts are as ionows," said Dr. Locks,
"This morning I was telephoned from London
by a high education official. This gentleman
strongly deprecated the amount of time devoted to athletic pursuits, and he considered
that Form-work was being neglected at this
school." school.

"I don't see it, sir," said Wingate. "The fellows work doubly hard while they're here. Each week they spend on tour is levelled up by a week of strenuous work in class."

by a week of strenuous work in class."

"You have echoed my own opinion, Wingate," said the Head. "The official in question, however, took up a very strong line of argument. Moreover, he insisted that these sports tours should be cancelled at once. In the event of my refusing to comply with his wishes he threatened to expose the situation in the public Press. Such a proceeding would have been a very serious thing for Greyfriars. This school would be regarded as failing to perform its functions, and parents would think twice before sending their boys to be educated at Greyfriars."

"So the bounder had his own way, sir?"

"So the bounder had his own way, sir?" said Wingate.

said Wingate.

"You mist not refer to the gentleman as a bounder, Wingate. He was acting according to his lights. I sent a telegram to the principal governor of the school, explaining the situation, and asking for a decision. As a result I received instructions to cause all tours to be cancelled. You may make this explanation known to the boys."

(Continued on page 16.)
THE PENNY POPULAG. - No. 32.



TUBBY THE IYRAN

A New Long. Complete Story. of JIMMY SILVER & Co., the Chums of Rookwood

BY OWEN CONQUEST.



THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Feed for Tubby,

EELE!" It was Tubby Muffin, of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood, who called to the sneak of the Form as he walked down the passage past the Common-room.

Common-room.

Peele hesitated and bit his lips.

"Come on, Peele!" snapped Tubby Muffin.

"I'm waiting for you!"

And Peele went into the Common-room.

"Just go to my study and get the dictionary that's on the table!" said Muffin loftlly. "And be quick about it!"

There was a chuckle from the juniors in the room. It was rather novel for Tubby Muffin to order anybody about, but there had been recent happenings in the Form which had put the fat junior in an enviable position. which had but the fat junior in an enviable position.

"Hop it!" roared Tubby Muffin.

And Peele, his face white with rage, "hopped" it.

"hopped" it.
Tubby Muffin looked round at the grinning faces, and reddened.
"What's all the grinning for?" he demanded hotly. "If any of you chaps want the same as I gave Peele & Co. you've only to say so!"

as I gave Peete & Co. you've only to say. so!"
Nobody said so, so Tubby contented himself with merely looking warlike.
Tubby had licked Peele & Co. in the gymnasium before half the Classical Fourth, one after the other, and the juniors had opened their eyes in wonder.

It all happened through Peele, Gower, and Lattrey having pushed the fat Classical against the wall in the corridor, and Jimmy Silver having trained Tubby in the noble art of boxing.

Jimmy Silver was captain of the Classical House juniors, and a boxer of repute. Muffin, much to everybody's surprise, had stuck to his training in grim earnest, and Jimmy Silver had succeeded in making quite a boxer of the hitherto useless junior. of the hitherto useless junior.

of the hitherto useless junior.

Tubby had openly stated that he was training to lick Peele & Co, for having roughly handled him, but the juniors had only laughed. None had laughed harder than Peele & Co., until the fat junior met them with the gloves on.

The fights were soon over, and Tubby Muffin was triumphant.

But, unfortunately, the fat junior's head had swelled in consequence, and because he had beaten the three cads in one afternoon he seemed to think he could do as he liked.

Peele came back into the Common-room

he seemed to think he could do as he liked.

Peele came back into the Common-room and flung the dictionary he had brought into Tubby's lap.

The fat junior jumped excitedly to his feet as Peele surlily made his way out of the Common-room and rushed after him.

"Come back, you rotter!" shouted Tubby. Peele turned round, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"What do you want now?" he asked sulkily. By way of answer Tubby took the cad by the scruff of the neck and marched him back into the Common-room.

"Now, you're going to give that book to me in the proper manner!" said Tubby sharply.

sharply.

And he sat down in his chair and waited for Peele to obey.

Peele to obey.

Peele obeyed, but not quite in the manner in which Tubby Muffin wanted him to.

The colour suddenly flew to Peele's face, and his eyes fairly blazed with wrath.

"There's your rotten book!" he shouted hoty. Take it!"

And he, fling the dictionary with all his The Penny Populan.—No. 32.

force at Tubby's head. It caught the fat junior fair and square, and he tumbled off his seat to the floor.

"Ow! Yowowow!" roared Tubby. "Ow! The beast! I'll punch his head! I'll scalp him! Yoop!"
Peele did not wait to have his head punched or to be scalped. He turned and ran from the Common-room.
But the fat imior was after him in a

But the fat junior was after him in a moment, and a crowd of juniors, expecting some fun, followed.

They were not disappointed.
Tubby caught Peele up before he had gone many yards down the passage, and seized him by one of his ears. Peele had either to stop or suffer considerable pain, and wisely chose

or sufer considerable pain, and wisely chose to stop.

"Now," said Tubby vehemently, "I'm going to lick you, worse than I ever licked you before!"

"Wh-what

"Wh-what—"
"Shut up! Don't talk to me! Put your fists up!"
Tubby did not wait very long for Peele to put his fast in a fighting abitude. He went for the cad, and hit out right and left.
Peele warded off the first two or three blows, but he had not much courage, and he soon found himself on the floor, with the fat junior standing over him.
"Get up!" roared Tubby. "I'm going to lick you!".
"Ow! Yow!"
"Ome on. or go and fetch your pals, and

"Come on, or go and fetch your pals, and I'll wipe up the passage with the whole crowd of you!" roared Tubby excitedly.
"Yow! What do you want?" asked Peele.
"I want you to get up and be licked! You hurt my blessed napper with that book, you heart!" beast!

Deast?"
"Serves you jolly well right!" interposed
Teddy Grace, who had come on the scene in
time to see Peele sent to the floor. "You
shouldn't bully!"
Tubby Muffin turned upon him in a flash.

"Was that you, Grace?" he asked quickly.
"Yes, please," said Teddy Grace meekly.
"Then take that!"
And Teddy Grace took it, and a gasp of amazement came from the juniors as they saw the junior collapse under a hefty right.
Tubby glared round.
"Anybody else anything to say?" he demanded

Tubby glared round.

"Anybody else anything to say?" he demanded.

Two or three juniors had stooped to assist Teddy Grace to his feet, but he apparently did not need help. He jumped up quickly.

"No, please, Muffin," he said meekly.

"They've nothing to say."

"Very well," muttered Tubby. "It's just as well for their sake. Here, Peele, get up!"

Peele got up sulkily, and Tubby allowed him to walk away. But he had not finished with Teddy Grace.

"Look here, Grace," said Tubby, "since you've so much to say, you can come along and pick up the book that rotter Peele chucked at me. Come on!"

The juniors gasped again. Teddy Grace was not by any means useless with his fists, and it was more than likely that he would have soon made hash of the fat junior.

But for reasons best known to himself Teddy Grace seemed content to be ordered about by Tubby Muffin, once the despised porpoise of the Classical House.

"Yes, please," he said meekly. "I'll come at once, Tubby."

Tubby Muffin growled out something to the effect that it would be wiser for Teddy Grace to adopt that course, and turned on his heel and walked back to the Common-room.

The juniors, however, saw what Tubby Muffin could not have seen. That was a deliberate wink from Teddy Grace.

were many chuckles from the juniors, and they followed Teddy Grace and Tubby Muffin-down the corridor. Tubby turned when he reached the Common-room, and pointed to the dictionary that was still on the floor. "You see that?" he demanded. "Yes, please," said Teddy Grace, very

"Yes, please," said Teddy Grace, meekly.

"Then pick it up!"

"Nother yes, please."

"None of your check, young Grace!"

"No, please."

"Look here——"

Teddy Grace picked up the dictionary and handed it to the irate Tubby, with a low bow. Tubby took it in a dignified manner and laid it carelessly on the Common-room

table.
"Now, would you please come and have a little feed?" asked Teddy Grace.
Tubby brightened up considerably.
"Well, that's what I call a really decent idea!" he said enthusiastically. "I'm sorry I've had to—had to exert my authority, Teddy, old chap, but I must keep my end up."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby reddened as the crowd of juniors in the doorway burst into loud roars of laughter. "What are you grinning at?" demanded

"What are you grinning at?" demanded Tubby.

"We're just thinking how nice it is to be able to change round so quickly!" chuckled Mornington. "First you're a bully, then you're accepting a feed from the chaps you've bullied!"

"Look here, Mornington—" began Tubby threateningly.

threateningly.

"It's all right, you chaps!" put in Teddy hurriedly. "I really think Tubby ought to have a good feed now and again. I'm willing to provide some stuff that's absolutely on the top-line for Tubby!"

Tubby nodded vigorously.

"I'm glad you don't bear malice, Teddy," he said quickly. "I believe you're a good judge of grub, too."

"I'm all that!" said Teddy Grace. "I know just the very stuff for you, Tubby. There's plenty of it, I can assure you, and I don't mind the expense."

"Come on, old chap!" said Tubby hastily.

He thrust his arm through Teddy Grace's and walked him hurriedly from the Commonroom. Juniors did not often invite him to a feed. They knew Tubby's appetite.

Therefore Teddy Grace's offer was one that was not to be despised.

Therefore Teddy Grace's oner was one that was not to be despised.

The juniors, remembering Teddy's wink, followed in the expectation of seeing some fun.

Jimmy Silver & Co., leaders of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood, joined in the crowd that followed Tubby Muffin and Teddy Fourth at Roothat followed Grace.

But when the procession left the House did not make for the tuckshop. Teddy Gr: led the way round to the woodshed. Teddy Grace

"That's not the way to the tuckshop!" said

"That's not one way
Tubby.

"I've got the real stuff for you round
there," said Teddy calmly. "The tuckshop
is not the only place for grub, you know.
I'm one who believes in storing grub—in case
of accidents, you see."

Tubby Muffin chuckled.

"You're a cunning old dog!" he said.
Blessed if I thought you'd store grub round

Teddy Grace evidently thought it funny, too, for he joined in Tubby's chuckle.

He reached the woodshed, and threw open the door.

Tubby Muffin peered inside, but there was no hamper of tuck there. All he could see

was a pile of hay and glass. He turned to Teddy Grace with a slight frown. "Blessed if I can see the grub, Teddy Grace!" he said.

By way of answer, Teddy Grace picked up handfull of the grass, and waved it before

Tubby Muffin's eyes.

"That's the grub for you, Tubby!" he laughed. "I suppose you eat the same stuff as

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors who had followed roared with laughter. Jimmy Silver & Co. held their sides, and allowed the tears of merriment to run unheeded down their cheeks.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's the grub for you, Tubby!" gasped Newcome. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Slowly Tubby Muffin was able to grasp the fact that he had been done by the practical joker of the Fourth. Teddy Grace threw the grass on to the astonished junior's head, and then ran off."

"You spoofer!" shouted Tubby mathematical in the standard of the court of the court of the court of the courth. Teddy Grace threw the grass on to the astonished junior's head, and then ran off."

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grass on to the astonished junior's head, and then ran off."

"You spoofer!" shouted Tubby wrathfully.

"I'll scalp you! Come here, you bounder!"
Teddy Grace turned round.

"Not to-day, friend Tubby!" he cried. "I'll come and see you when you've eaten all that-lovely grub!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lemme get at him!" roared Tubby, as he frantically pawed at the grass on his head.

"I'll biff him until he can't stand!"

And, followed by the laughter of the juniors, Tubby Muffin dashed off in pursuit of Grace. But long before Tubby Muffin reached the Classical study, Teddy Grace was safely behind the locked door of his study.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Tubby the Tyrant!

Tubby the Tyrant!

IMMY, my son, you're responsible!"
Thus Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Fourth Form at Rookwood.
Jimmy Silver looked at Raby and Newcome, who were with Lovell in the study, and shook his head sadly."
"I'm very sorry!" he said, in a low voice. Lovell flushed.
"My hat!" he said. "If you're mains to

"My hat!" he said. "If you're going to start pulling my leg, Jimmy Silver—"" "I wouldn't do such a thing whilst you're in that state!" interrupted Jimmy Silver.

Lovell glared.

"What state, fathead?" he demanded.

"The state I'm responsible for," said Jimmy

Raby and Newcome sniothered their chuckles under their hands, and Lovell's face more and more assumed the colour of a beet-

You dummies!" he exclaimed wrathfully.

"You dummies!" he exclaimed wrathfully.
"I'm jolly well going—"
"But you're gone!" put in Jimmy Silver, in surprise. "Isn't that what you meant when you said I was responsible?"

surprise. "Isn't that what you meant when you said I was responsible?"
Lovell glared.
"Oh, you silly ass!" he said witheringly.
"You know jolly well that I was going to refer to something else!"
Jimmy Silver looked at Raby, and Raby looked at Newcome. There was considerable amazement on the juniors' faces.
"Here, let's think that out bit by bit!" said Jimmy Silver. "First of all, you say I'm responsible. Is that right?"
"Of course it is, fathead! And so you are!"
"Well, such a rambling remark can only be made by one possessing a disordered mind," went on Jimmy Silver calmly. "When a chap is doing his prep, and a silly dummy starts saying he is responsible, what else can one think?"
Levell could only glare.

think?"
Levell could only glare.
"So, if you've gone off your rocker, I'm very sorry," said Jimmy Silver. "But I steadfastly, absolutely, hotily, jolly well refuse to admit responsibility!"
"It's Tubby I'm referring to, you silly sss!" shouted Lovell excitedly. "You know jolly well I wasn't referring to myself! I meant that you're responsible for Tubby's present behaviour!"

"Oh, my hat! He's wandering again!" said Newcome. "What's up with Tubby, Lovel!?" Lovell sat down in his chair, and balanced an inkpot in the palm of his hand. "If either of you chaps wants this little lot," he said darkly, "you've just to continue willing my log!"

lot," ne said datas, pulling my leg!"
pulling my leg!"
Jimmy Silver chuckled.
"Cheerio-ee, old scout!" he said cheerfully.
"But what's all this about Tubby Muffin?"
Arthur Edward Lovell replaced the increase.

Arthur Edward Lovell replaced the inkpot on the table.

"Now you're talking sensibly!" he said. "I suppose you know that Tubby Muffin is quite a tyrant nowadays?"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Well, it's only a bit of a swelled head, you know," he said slowly. "The licking he gave Peele & Co. has got into his head a bit, and he thinks he can lick everybody in the Form now. He'll get over it."

"That's not the point," persisted Lovell. "He's bullying Peele & Co. now, and wants them to fag for him. He tried the same game on with Teddy Grace, but he got diddled, dished, and done over the hay business."

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful. He had certainly trained Tubby Muffin in the art of boxing, but it was for the express purpose of permitting Tubby Muffin to protect himself against the eads of the Form.

But that Tubby should turn tyrant and bully could hardly have been anticipated. "Well, I suppose he'll come a cropper one of these days," said Jimmy Silver, after a pause. "He' won't always live on top of the pedestal he's on now, you know."

"No; but Peele & Co. are putting it about that you're training Tubby Muffin so that he can play the part of bully," said Lovell. "That's what I'm trying to drum into your thick head."

Jimmy Silver stared.

"Why, that's the first time you have men-

thick head."

Jimmy Silver stared.

"Why, that's the first time you have mentioned that Peele & Co. are spreading a lot of fibs!" he said wrathfully. "And, anyhow, I'm not training Tubby now."

Lovell shrugged his shoulders.

"That may be," he said shortly. "But, all the same, Tubby is bullying the cads, and they blame you. In a way, I suppose, they are right."

the same, Tuddy is durying the causty they blame you. In a way, I suppose, they are right."

"Well, I like that!" said Jimmy Silver indignantly. "Am I Tubby's keeper?"

"No; but he wants one! I'm seriously thinking of giving the fat ass a licking myself, just to show him that, although he can lick Peele & Co., he can't bully the Form."

Jimmy Silver was about to retort when there came a rat-tat at the door.

"Come in, ass!" said Jimmy Silver curtly. The "ass" proved to be Tubby Muffin, and he came in, and shut the door behind him.

"Talk of angels!" said Newcome. "We're just talking about you. Tubby."

There was a peculiar expression on Tubby's face. He was undoubtedly trying to look lofty and haughty at the time, whilst there was a distinct swagger in his walk as he calmly annexed a chair and sat down.

Jimmy Silver looked at his chums in surprise.

"We'll "Infin?" asked Newcome icily.

arprise.
"Well, Muffin?" asked Newcome icily.
"Finished your prep?" asked Tubby Muffin sharply.
"Eh?"

"Finished your prep?"
"Not yet. Is that all you came to inquire

about?"
Tubby Muffin shook his head.
"Not at all," he said calmly. "I'll wait
until you've finished."
"What for?" demanded Jimmy Silver.
"Oh, I want somebody to help me with my
Euclid!" said Tubby coolly. "Just buck up,
one of you chaps, and come along with me!"
Jimmy Silver & Co. simply stared. The fat
junior fairly took their breath away.
"Well, of all the asses!" ejaculated Jimmy
Silver.

Tubby waved a fat hand towards the cap-

Tably waved a rat hand towards the captain of the Fourth.

"I shouldn't say too much, Silver," he said quickly. "I've rather a hasty temper."

"My hat!"

"My hat!"
"It would be a bit rotten to lick you after you trained me!" went on Tubby Muffin: "I shouldn't like doing that at all!"
"You wouldn't!" said Jimmy Silver wrathfully. "You fat ass! Peele & Co. are about the only chaps you can lick in the whole House!"

"Oh, really, Silver—"
"Brrrr! Hop it!" growled Raby.
"I shall give you a thick ear in a minute!" said Tubby, getting red in the face. "I'm not going to be cheeked by you, Raby!"
Raby did not waste time in words. He rose from his chair, very carefully pushed it to the table, and approached the fat junior in a business-like manner.
"Well?" said Tubby Muffin.
"Which ear would you like fattened?" asked Raby.

asked Raby. "Eh?"

"Eh?"
"I sha'n't give you the option unless you're out of this study in less than half a minute!"
Tubby Muffin glared, but did not move.
Raby could not hit him whilst he was sitting on, so he tried to drag the fat junior feet.

He might as well have tried to shift the the might as well have tried to shift the study door for all the impression he made on the fat junior. Tubby Muffin put his weight on the seat of the chair, so to speak, and Raby, although he tugged and pulled and jerked, could not shift him. "Come out, you fat rotter!" panted Raby, struggling away. "I shall biff you in a

minute!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. had had enough of the fat junior, and, seeing that Raby could not possibly remove him unaided, they joined in. Four pairs of hands were laid on different parts of the fat junior's carcase, and he was almost lifted from the chair.

"I'll jolly well thump the lot of you!" howled Tubby. "Leggor you heasts!"

"Out he goes!" said Raby sulphuriously. "Open the door, then!" panted Jimmy Silver.

Silver. Silver.

Even for four juniors Tabby Muffin wanted some lifting. But it was managed, and, after Raby had opened the door, Muffin was sent flying into the corridor.

"Ass!" snapped Jimmy Silver. "Don't come your bullying tricks here!"

Tubby met the floor with a bump, and for a moment he lay there, sprawling.

"Ow! Yow!" he yelled. "Gerroff, you beasts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver & Co.

"There's no one near you!"

"Oh, really, you chaps—"

Tubby Muffin sat up hurriedly as soon as he received that assurance, and glared at the grinning juniors.

"Tubby," said Jimmy Silver pointedly, "if

"Tubby," said Jimmy Silver pointedly, "if you don't stop this silly bullying stunt you've got on, I'll train a First Former to like you."

"Yow! Four to one!" howled Tubby.
"Come to the gym," said Jimmy Silver

quickly.

"Yah!" said Tubby hurriedly, and rose to his feet. "I'm not in a fit state to fight you now, Jimm'y Silver. But you look out! I'll liek you yet!"

"Oh, run away, ass!" snapped Jimmy Silver, and, his chums having already recommenced their prep, he closed his study door with a

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Terrifying the Tyrant!

'VE got it!"

Jimmy Silver looked up suddenly from his prep, and thumped the table excitedly.

excitedly.

The other juniors looked up, too, but they were not excited—they were exasperated. This was the second interruption they had suffered in the course of that evening's prep. "You'll get it—in the neck!" said Raby wrathfully. "Shut up!"

Jimmy Silver rose from his chair, leaned across the table, and closed the juniors' hooks.

books.
"Shut them up!" he said tersely. "I tell
you, I've got hold of a top-hole wheeze!"
Raby & Co. looked interested.
"Up against Tommy Dodd & Co.?" asked

"Up against Tommy Dodd & Co.?" asked Raby.
"No," said Jimmy Silver. "We're going to have a little game with one of our own chaps—Tubby Muffin!"
"Good!" said Raby heartily. "I'm fed-up with Tubby, and all his swank!"
"What's the wheeze, Jimmy?" asked Newcome eagerly. "I'm feeling like old Raby—I want to put the lid on Tubby for good and all!"

all!"

Jimmy Silver sat down again.
"I was reading that rotten book just now
—" he began.
"Oh, cut that out, and get on with the
wheeze!" interrupted Love!!.
"Well, in that book I came across the
word 'medium," went on Jimmy Silver.
"Don't ask what that's got to do with it,
Newcome, because I'm just going to tell
you!"

you!"
"Oh rats!" growled Newcome, angry that his thoughts had been read so easily.
"We would make very good mediums," went on Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "They tell people quite a lot about what has happened to them, and what is going to happen to them—"
"My hat!"
The juniors were beginning to see what the wheeze was.

wheeze was.
"So I think that if we dress up as mediums "So I think that it we dress up as mediums we could tell Tubby jolly near all about himself—while he's been at Rookwood, at any rate. Then, we can point out that bullies never prosper, and all that silly rot."
"That's not rot!" said Newcome warmly.

"Bullies never do prosper!"
"You know what I mean, ass!" said Jimmy.
Silver. "Well, what do you think of that for "You have." "Well, what up you a wheeze?"
"Top-hole!"
"Ripping!"
"Something novel, at any rate!"
Jimmy Silver nodded.
The Penny Popular.—No. 33.

"Saturday coming to morrow, we ought to be able to make a decent stunt of it then," he said. "Wire in now: get your prep done, and then we'll look to the theatrical props-Savvy?"
"What-ho!"

"What-ho!"
And the juniors wired into their prep.
They did not want to run the risk of being
kept in after morning lessons, for that would
spoil Jimmy Silver's wheeze.
They behaved themselves exceptionally
well during morning lessons the next day,
and were first out of the class-room when the
bell rang for dismissal.
Mr. Bootles looked sharply at them as they
hurried out.
"You're very eager to get away, my hows."

You're very eager to get away, my boys,' e said mildly. Jimmy Silver & Co. stopped.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stopped.

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy Silver. "Something important on this afternoon, and we've got to go out early."

Mr. Bootles did not inquire what "something important" meant. He knew he could trust Jimmy Silver & Co.

Pecle & Co. heard the Fistical Four announce their intention of going out for the afternoon, and promptly arranged a little smoking-party. They did not care to carry out their bad habits when the Fistical Four were about.

Dinner was over more than an hour when four weird-looking individuals walked into the quadrangle at Rookwood. They were all dressed in precisely the same manner, even to beards and spectacles.

They had shabby, old-fashioned frock-coats.

They had shabby, old-fashioned frock-coats.

They had shabby, old-fashioned frock-coats, and large soft hats such as clergymen wear. They, looked about them as if bewildered.

Tommy Dodd & Co. passed on their way to the playing-fields, and Tommy Dodd promptly walked over to the one that looked the eldest, and politely raised his cap.

"Cam I do anything for you, sir?" he asked.

The clderly gentleman blinked at the leader of the Modern House through his spec-

"Indeed, I shall be grateful if you would assist us, my good little man," he said softly, "We are mediums, and we have come to visit this place, because we have seen it many times in our dreams, and our spirits forced us here."

Tommy Dodd had flushed when he was called a "good little man," but he fairly gasped when the elderly gentleman told him the object of his visit.

"Medjums! My hat!" he ejaculated. "Do

"Mediums! My hat!" he ejaculated. "Do you mean fortune-tellers and ghost-finders, and all that rot—ahem!—I mean, you can see things which aren't really are—"

He broke off confusedly, and looked helpicsly at his chums. Tommy Cook came to the rescue.

"I've heard and read about people like you, sir," he said politely. "I'm sure we'll do our best to assist you, sir,"

The elderly gentleman looked around before turning to Tommy Cook.

"Dear me, how good you little men are!" he said softly. "My ha—Ahem! Rastus!" He turned suddenly to one of his companions. The man addressed as Rastus started forward quickly.

"Hal—indeed, my good Swinnerton, did

"Hal-indeed, my good Swinnerton, did you speak?" he asked hastily. Swinnerton looked from Rastus to the far end of the quadrangle. Tubby Muffin was ownmerton tooked from Rastus to the far end of the quadrangle. Tubby Muffin was sprawling under one of the trees, sleeping off the effects of an exceptionally heavy meal—having consumed Jimmy Silver & Co.'s dinners beside his own.

"Have you not seen that extremely fat and ungainly youth before?" asked Swinnerton. Rastus looked, and nodded,
"Indeed I have, my dear Swinnerton," he said, in the same soft tones. "An extremely fat youth, a Modern House junior, in fact."
Tommy Dodd & Co. started.
"No jolly fear!" said Tommy Dodd hurriedly. "He's Classical duffer—the biggest of the lot of duffers, sir!"
Rastus turned to Swinnerton, whilst the other two quaint old gentlemen nodded solemnly.

"There seems to be something wrong with that dream," said Rastus. "I made sure that fat, ugly youth belonged to the Modern

"I've seen only nice young gentlemen in the Classical House." said one who had not before spoken. "There were, I believe, a number of rogues amongst them—school-boylsh rogues, my dear Rastus." Rastus nodded. Tommy Dodd & Co. fairly gasped. The old gentlemen before them, who professed to be mediums, were speaking of Rookwood as if they had lived there all their lives. "Pray tell that fat bea—boy I should like to have a word with him, kind little man," said Swinnerton, turning to Tommy Dodd. Tommy Dodd Intried away without a word, leaving his cliums to whisper together of the seeming miraculous vision of these four old gentlemen.

seeming miraculous vision of these four old gentlemen.

Tubby came unwillingly to the visitors, and his eyes were sleepy as he approached them. Tommy Dodd nudged him, and whispered something in his ear.

Tubby raised his hat.

"G-g-good-afternoon, sir!" he said. "Did you want to speak to me?"
Swinnerton and Rastus and the other two visitors peered intently at the fat junior through their spectacles, but they did not speak. Tubby flushed as he found four pairs of eyes unblinkingly staring at him.

"Look here—" he began angrily.

Tommy Dodd nudged him. He was not going to let Tubby saw what he liked to visitors, and probably disgrace Rookwood by being rude to them.

"Dear me!" said Swinnerton. "How extremely sad! Our vision must have been right, my dear Rastus!"

Rastus and the others nodded solemnly.

"Right!" they nurmured, in unison.

Tubby looked alarmed.

"I say, sir," he said hastily. "Is there—is there anything wrong with me? I—I—I don't understand!"

"Is there nowhere where we can talk, dear

"Is there nowhere where we can talk, dear little man?" asked Rastus, turning to Tommy

little man?" asked Rastus, turning to Tommy Dodd.

"There's the Common-room, sir," said Tommy Dodd, in surprise. "But—but—"
"That's quite a nice place. We will go there if you will kindly show us the way," said Rustus hastily.

Tommy Dodd & Co. led the way to the Common-room, and Tubby, more curious than anything else, followed in their wake. There were quite a number of juniors in the room when the party arrived, and they jumped up to stare in amazement at the four curious-looking visitors.

"Pray be seated, dear children!" said Rastus. "We have only come to speak to this extremely fat and ugly youth—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a loud roar of laughter, which instantly broke off as the four old gentlemen flushed. The juniors could not have known that the four old gentlemen flushed with their efforts to remain serious!

Tubby Muffin sat down as Rastus signed to him, and the medium took a chair, and sat down immediately in front of him.

He subjected the fat junior to a fierce stare for a moment, then took the Muffin's fat hand in his own, turning it palm upwards.

He started suddenly and pointed to a line on Tubby's hand. His companions peered intently at it for a moment, and then, in one voice, they said:

"A bully!"

Tubby Muffin started, and stared suspiciously at the four mediums. Rastus returned his stare without flinching.

"Oh, really, sir—" said Tubby, baffled.

"There is a bad, end for you, little boy!" interrupted Rastus. "I see a lonely island—miles out into the desert sea—no.81 mean, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, wherein there lies no food—"

"Oh, that's all rot!" said Tubby. "This is a put-up job—"

"Shall I tell you something about your-

"On, that's all for is a put up job "
is a put up job "
"Shall I tell you something about yourself?" asked Rastus mildly.
"I dety you to!" snapped Tubby Muffin,
whilst the juniors continued to look on in

whilst the juniors continued to look on in amazement.

"Then the most recent happening in your life is that you won a great fight against one—no, two—no, three boys. You think to beat others—you cannot do it; you try to force a boy to fag for you—he plays a joke; you are thrown out of a study; you are thrown out of the school on to the island; no food—"

thrown out of the school on to the island; no food—"
"Ow! Take him away!" roared Tubby. His fat face was quite white with terror as the medium literally shot out the sentences one by one.

Trembling with terror, Tubby Muffin snatched away his hand, and ran out of the Common-room. The juniors were amazed that the medium could tell so much about the fat junior.
They had all heard of mediums and all they professed to be able to do, but they had never dreamed that they were like these four old gentlemen.

hastis stared down at his own hand as if in a trance, until Tubby Muffin's footsteps died away down the corridor. Then he looked up suddenly, and wiped his hand across his forehead.

His shoulders shook—he bent nearly double—until his whole body was shaking as if with some great emotion. Then, suddenly, he sat up, and peal after peal of laughter rang through the room.

The juniors gaped again, for the laughter

The juniors gaped again, for the laughter was in the well-known cheery tones of Jimmy

Silver!

The other three visitors joined in, holding their sides, and fairly shricking.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear! Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors, as they grasped the situation, made the Common-room, ring with their laughter. Never had they been so completely taken in their lives.

Jimmy Silver & Co. removed their wigs and spectacles in order to wipe the tears of merriment that xan down their faces, but it was a long time before the juniors could stop laughing.

Tubby Muffin was furious when he learned

Tubby Muffin was furious when he learned of the trick that had been played upon him, and the chipping he received from the two Houses at Rookwood lasted many a day.

He tried to assume the role of tyrant again, but the juniors were aware of the yellow streak in his nature, and did not put up with the fat junior's bullying.

Thus the days of Tubby the Tyrant ended.

THE END.



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A Magnificent New, Long, Complete School Tale of TOM MERRY & Co., at St. Jim's.

RAMPAGE

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Figgins & Co. in Council.

Figgins & Co. in Council.

ERE going to get it in the neck, anyway, said Kerr. "I don't see what more the old bounder can do to us if he does think it was me who bowled him over."

"Then he'll think it was you who was barging about the place in a shirt and with a painted face, when we ought to have been at prep!" growled Figgins.

"And you'll very likely be sacked!" said Patty Wynn, his plump countenance full of trouble.

at prep.!" growled Figgins.

"And, you'll, very likely be sacked!" said faity Wynn, his plump countenance full of trouble.

Figgins & Co., of the New House at St. Jim's, were in council; and the matter of their debate, was a grave one.

"Better he should think it was me thanknow it was Kerruish," Kerr answered. "We can't give the fellow away like that, after what we did to him."

"We can't give him away," admitted Figgins. "But we can deay that it was you, and let Ratty find out for himself who it was—if he can!"

"That doesn't seem to me quite fair on Kerruish," Kerr objected.

"Can't see it. He needn't own up if he doesn't want to. The Head won't let you be sacked if we all three swear that it wasn't you, though he may give us all a flogging for our share in it. You seem to want to make a martyr of yourself for that fellow Kerruish, and I tell you lolly straight! I'm not going to have it!"

Kerr's face was very grave.

"I don't know that making a martyr is much in my line, Figgy," he said. "But I do feel that it is up to us to get Kerruish out of the scrape if we can. He would never have been in it but for us."

"He brought it on himself," argued Fatty. "How do you make that out?"

"He did. Figgy knows he did. Look here, he played that giddy trick on us, pretending to be a silly new chap, and coming in here with us, after he'd damaged Figgy's bike and been rude to' us all, and—"

"But he didn't paint his own face, and put a fearful and wonderful hat on his head and a tablecloth round him for a skirt, and the his hands behind his back, and barge Ratty over the staircase—"

"Yes, he did!" chipped in Fatty triumphantly.

"Did all that?" inquired Kerr, with the ghost of a smile.

antly." Did all that?" inquired Kerr, with the

"Did all that?" inquired Kerr, with the ghost of a smile.
"Not all of it, ass! But it was he who barged Ratty over!"
"Yes, in a way. But we were responsible for that, as we were for the rest. We shall have to take what's coming to us; but Kerruish would get it worse for being over here during the hour for prep. There's a very strict rule against that, and Ratty's safe to make the most of it."
"We had to do something to the silly ass after the way he'd treated us!" protested Figgy.

after Figgy.

Figgy.

"Oh, I'm not arguing that what we did to Kerruish was sinful, and I'm not saying that I wouldn't do it again in the circs. But he did warn us more than once that it was prep time, and that there would be a row if we were caught out. We took the risk; we'd a right to—for ourselvés. But had we a right to take it for him? That's the question."

It was the question.

It was the question.
For all the protests Figgins and Wynn might make, they saw that.
But it was on Kerr's account that they protested, not on their own.
Mr. Ratcliff did not know who it was he had met upon the stairs, to be tumbled over, and to get a foot planted painfully in the region of his waistcoat as the unknown struggled to rise.
He had thought at first it was Kerr; but that was only because Figgy and Fatty had been on the stairs at the moment, and Kerr had not been with them—unless Kerr was his mysterious assaliant.

As a matter of fact, Kerr, who happened to be behind his chums, had dodged back in time at the call of "Cave?" which had sent the rest of the fellows scuttling into their studies.

He had conceived at once the idea.

studies.

He had conceived at once the idea of taking upon his own shoulders the burden of Kerruish. He was preparing circumstantial evidence of his own guilt, indeed, when Figy and Fatty returned to the study.

Figy and Fatty would not have that; and Mr. Rateliff, when he came along a few minutes later to examine them as to the affair, had got practically nothing out of them.

them.

He had stayed but a brief time. The fall really had shaken him, though he was more frightened than hurt. And his internal economy really was feeling troubled, though whether Kerruish's foot, or the lobster he had incautiously taken at tea, well knowing that lobster never did agree with him, was most to flume were a fair consection. most to blame was a fair question.

most to blame was a fair question.
But very soon the three would have to see him again, and this time more would have to be told.
Whatever had been done, they were in it. Mr Ratcliff, was certain of that. He had seen them—at least, he had seen two of them. And even if he had not seen them he would not have believed them innocent, since someone must have been guilty, and he disliked them more heartily than any other boys in his House.

He had lingering doubts as to whether Kerr was not the fellow who knocked him over.

True, he had watched out of the corner of one eye for the entry of anyone into the New House, and had seen no one enter; and he had found Kerr in the study when he

But there was more than one way into the New House, and Mr. Ratcliff knewsfrom of old that Kerr was willy.

or old that Kerr was wily.

"Well, what's to be done?" asked Figgy now. "We're due with the old bounder in ten minutes, and we haven't made up our minds to do anything yet."

"We've got to own up that we were responsible for the state of the chap who blundered out over poor old Ratty's prostrate form," replied Kerr. "We can't shirk that."

Figgy grunted.

"Wish we could!" said Fatty wistfully. "I don't want to get anybody else in a row; but I wouldn't a bit mind squeezing out of

Figgy grunted again.
"You asked what's to be done, Figgy," said err. "Making zoological noises doesn't tell

"You asked what's to be done, Figgy," said Kerr. "Making zoological noises doesn't tell us anything."
"I asked—I didn't say I knew!" snapped George Figgins.
"Do you know, Kerr?" demanded Fatty, with his usual simple faith in Kerr's capacity for dealing with any emergency.
"I think I can see," answered Kerr slowly. "Well, what?" Figgy snorted.
"Own up to our share in it. Refuse to say who the fellow that barged Ratty over was."
"Oh, that! We knew all that before. It's impossible for us to give away Ker.

"Oh, that! We knew all that before. It's impossible for us to give away Kerruish direct. Of course, Ratty will expect us to. The silly thing about it is that he'll find out some way or another that it was Kerruish, and what we get won't save anybody. But it can't be helped."

Kerr did not answer.

"Well, what are you thinking, ass?" snapped Figgins.

"Never mind," replied Kerr. "That's the only way. I've nothing more to suggest."

But, though he had nothing more to suggest, his thoughts went farther than his speech.

speech.

gest, his thoughts went farther than his speech.

Mr. Ratcliff had made it clear that he suspected Kerr of being the masquerader.

And Mr. Ratcliff had his own notions about boys. He regarded schoolboy honour as a mere name. He believed that any boy would tell any lie to get himself out of a scrape; and he continued to believe that against all the weight of evidence.

Many a time had Figgins & Co., Redfern and his chums, and other New House juniors made frank confession to their Housemaster rather than try to lie their way out of trouble. They had never got any credit for it with him. He was certain that they had only told the truth because they saw no hope of lying successfully. He credited himself with forcing the truth from them.

And Kerr was almost sure that a refusal to give away the other culprit would cause Ratty to believe that there was no other culprit—that only those three had been in it—and that the figure in the weird garments with the painted face had been Kerr himself.

Well, let him believe that, and act accordingly!

It would not be expulsion at worst, Kerr

Well, let him believe that, and act accordingly!

It would not be expulsion at worst, Kerr thought. If it was a flogging, he could stand it. And he held firmly to his opinion that it would be grossly unfair to Kerruish if that enterprising junior had to suffer drastic punishment after what he had already suffered at the hands of Figuries.

punishment after what he had already suffered at the hands of Figgins & Co.
They had wiped out the attempt at spoofing them, and had left a big balance, Kerr held.
Of course, quite a number of fellows in both Houses knew that it was Kerruish. But that was a matter of indifference. No one was likely to give the Manx junior away to Ratty.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Julian & Co. in Council.

T the moment when Figgins, Kerr, and The moment when Figgins, kerr, and that if I saw a chance."

"There isn't any chance," Kerr said.
"Somebody must have done it, and Ratty isn't likely to go many miles out of his way to fancy us innocent."

The moment when Figgins, kerr, and I the moment when Figgins when I the moment when I the School House, and the discussion was waxing rather hot.

waxing rather hot.
Keruish, a good-tempered fellow as a rule, had lost his temper now, and Reilly and Hammond as well.
Serious differences of opinion seldom occurred in No. 5. The four pulled wonderfully well together on the whole.
But the other three felt now that the bonour of their brotherhood was at stake; and Kerruish refused to take that view.
"I'm as straight as you fellows!" he said hotly.
"To hear you talk anyone would think."

think—"
"Nobody's suggested you weren't straight.
Eric," put in Julian, in his quiet, measured
way. And perhaps it isn't strange that
you can't see this thing exactly as we see
it. You've been put through it, and you've
had everybody grinning at you. We've
escaped all that. But we were all in the
higney.

bizney—"
"Sure. yes, an' we can't be lettin' Kerr
down like that!" chimed in Reilly.
"Not likely!" agreed Hammond.
"All in it? Oh, yes, you were all in it!"
answered Kerruish, with quite unjustifiable
bitterness. "But what did you do? I had
the whole blessed thing on my hands,
and—" and-

the whole blessed thing on my hands, and—"
"Bedad, an' wasn't that what you wanted?" snapped Reilly.
"I don't deny that. I was the only one who could do it."
"Well, we couldn't have been bowied out much worse than you were, Kerruish, an' chance it!" said Hammond, also waxing hot.
"After what I went through, I think it's a heap too much to ask me to give myself away to a spiteful old beast like Ratty—that's what I think! You all know what think! You all know what he is. He'll get me sacked if he can. And it wasn't my fault that I was kept there after the time for prep; I told those chaps about it several times, and they wouldn't listen. Why should I sacrifice myself on the offchance of making it easier for them?"
"It isn't exactly an offchance, you know, Eric," said Julian gravely. "Redfern told me that there's no doubt Ratty believes it was Kerr who bagged him there, and if you don't step forward he will hold Kerr guilty, whatever they may say."

"Rats! He can't prove anything."
"He won't ask for proof. He'll say those three are lying."
"Besides, everybody knows that it was you, Kerruish," Hammond said.

"Besides, everybody knows that it was 70u, Kerruish," Hammond said. Kerruish turned 0.1 him furiously. "Would you give yourself up if it had been

"Yes, then I would. At least, I 'ope I would. I don't want to brag. It takes some pluck, I know. But you've plenty of that, Eric."

Eric."

"Sure, the way I'm after lookin' at it is that it's a disgrace to the study, when everyone knows it was Kerruish, an' he lets Kerr suffer for him!" said Reilly.

"So it's yourselves you're thinking about?" flashed Kerruish. "I'm a disgrace to the study, am I? All right, then! You needn't kick me out; I'll go without that!"

He was making for the door, but Dick Julian took him by the arm, very gently but yery firmly.

Julian took him by the arm, very gently but very firmly.

"That won't do, Eric," he said. "We four have been good chums for a long time now, and we're not goin' to part like this."

"Chums? Oh, yes. I reckoned we were chums, Julian! But it seems to me that all of you think more of Kerr than you do of me!"

all of you think more of Kerr than you do of me!"

The three looked at one another; and the anger that Reilly and Hammond had begun to feel subsided temporarily.

After all, it was not to be wondered at that Kerruish felt bitter.

He had no right to feel so as far as his own chuns were concerned. But Figgins & Co. really had put him through it severely, and it was only natural that his feelings towards them should not be exactly friendly. It might be said that he had got no more than he had asked for. That was the contention Figgins and Fatty Wynn upheld. But Kerruish did not see it that way.

While he still stood irresolute, with Julian's hand on his arm, there came a tap at the door.

door.

Kerruish groaned. He did not want to see anyone else-just then. He felt that No. 5 was already overfull. It would have suited him far better to thrash this thing out with Julian alone. Reilly and Hammond did not

The fellow who entered in response to Reilly's yell of "Come in!" was hardly likely to help more.

THE PERMY POPULAR.—No. 32.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had the very best intentions, and no one could possibly have been sounder on the point of honour than was he.

was he.

But his tact and judgment were not all that he thought them, and he had a superior manner that was very liable to annoy people with strained nerves and tempers.

He surveyed Kerruish through his monocle in rather a reproving way now.

"Well?" snapped the Manx junior.

"This is a vewy sewious mattah; Kew-

"Well?" snapped the Manx junior.

"This is a vewy sewious mattah; Kewwiish, said Gussy.

"What is? Being a tailor's dummy, without a ha'porth of brains? You needn't but in here to tell us that. We knew it already, and we haven't time to be really sorry for you just now!"

"There is no occasion whatevah for sowwow on my account Kewwiish an'there is

on my account. Kewwinish, an' there is most assuahedly no occasion for vulgah abuse. Do you know, deah boy, that all the fellahs are talkin' about you?"

"Let them talk!"
"But, weally—"
"You can go and tell Ratty it was me if you like!"
"Weally, Kewwuish, I should have thought you knew me bettah than to imagine that I am capable of sneakin!!"
"You call it sneaking when a fellow gives

I am capable of sneakin'!"

"You call it sneaking when a fellow gives another away, of course. What do you call it when a fellow is ass enough to give himself away, for the sake of chaps he doesn't owe anything but thick ears to?"

"I should call it the stwaight thing, Kewwiish, in the circs!"

"Hear, hear!" cried Reilly.

"Ear, 'ear!" piped up Hammond.

Julian was silent. He agreed with the rest; but he understood better than they did the battle that was going on in Kerruish's mind:

mind.

For Kerruish had not really decided. He might think he had; but Julian knew

Old Kerr might be sacked, you know,"

"Old Kerr might be sacked, you know," said Gussy.

"What's that to me?"

"Weally, Kewwuish—
"It's nothing to me—nothing—do you, hear! I don't care a snap of the fingers what happens to Kerr, or to any of them. Look what they did to me last night!"

There were tears of mortification and anger in Kerrnish's eyes now.

Gussy saw them, and the sight of them softened him.

"It was wough on you deab hoy!" he

anger in Kerruish's eyes now.
Gussy saw them, and the sight of them softened him.

"It was wough on you, deah boy!" he said. "But you had played a twick on Figgay & Co. 1 undahstand, an' they only wetaliated. They served me quite as badly once, but I have ovablooked that."

"You think I ought to go to Ratty, and tell the old beast that it was I who knocked him over?" asked Kerruish.
"Evewybody thinks so, deah boy—at least, evewybody who counts. I have no doubt that Wacke an' Cwooke an' fellows of that kind might think othahwise—but what does it mattah what they think?"

"I don't see that I'm obliged to believe you when you say everybody who matters thinks so," said Kerruish rather weakly.

"I am not in the habit of tellin' lies, Kewwish," said Gussy stiffly. "But I can make some excuse for your feelin's. It is a vewy difficult posish for you, I allow. As for the genewal opinion on the subject, I can onlay say that I have just come fwom the Common-woom, an' that all there appeah to agwee with the sentiments I have expwessed."

"I like that, hanged if I don't!" flashed Kerruish. "What bizner is it of theirs?"

"It's everybody's business, in a way, Eric," said Julian.

"That's what Weddy says," Gussy went on, nodding. "Weddy feels vewy stwongly upon the subject. He says that Watty is so down on Figgay & Co. that they are bound to get it in the neck fah worse than you would if you owned up, because, Wailton would have to punish you, an' he would be faish anyway!"

"I'm not going to have my hand forced by anyone!" answered Kerruish flercely. "Lave go, Julian! "I'm clearing out of this!"

And he went, slamming the door behind

yone!" answered Kerruish fiercely. eave go. Julian! I'm clearing out of this!

And he went, slamming the door behind

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Ratty Ratty!

"Come in!" rasped Mr. Ratcliff. The door opened, and Figgins marched in, followed by Kerr and Fatty Wynn. The Housemaster went on writing.

Figgins & Co. stood and waited. They had to wait fully five minutes. But hat did not surprise them, though it that annoyed them.

annoyed them.

Anyone who had known the sour-tempered master of the New House less well might have imagined that the business upon which they were summoned to his presence was one of little importance in his eyes.

But these three knew him too well to imagine that. He was merely being as unpleasant as possible.

Fatty: previous were the first temperature.

pleasant as possible.
Fatty's nerves were the first to give way.
Fatty shuffled his feet.
Mr. Ratcliff looked up then.
"Cannot you stand still for half a minute?"
he rapped out.
"Yes, str." replied Figgins.
"That is sheer impertinence, Figgins!"
"It wasn't meant so, sir."
The Housemaster laid down his pen.
"You three are the most troublesome boys in my House!" he said. "I am sometimes inclined to believe you possessed of a spirit of perversity."
He paused.

He paused.

None of the three attempted an answer.
It was useless.

"Last night I was the victim of a practical joke—that is the term you would employ, I suppose—for my own part, I should use a much stronger expression—which exceeds anything that you have ever been guilty of before. Kerr, you had the audacity to hurl yourself at me on the staircase, and throw me to the ground! In getting up you stammed upon me. That may have been an stamped upon me. That may have been an accident; but I am minded to look upon it as part of a premeditated assault. What have you to say?"

have you to say?"

This was a frontal attack with a vengeance, And it was characteristic of Mr. Ratcliff's methods.

He did not, at the moment, believe that it had been kerr who had bowled him over. He had been making inquiries, and he had learned that Taggles had seen a queerly-attired figure bolt across the quad and into the School House.

The inference was that a trick had been played upon some School House junior, who had knocked over Mr. Rateliff in his flight. Mr. Rateliff wanted to know who that School House junior was; and he hoped by this frontal attack to scare the three into telling him—unless the boy concerned was not a School House junior at all, but Kerr himself.

The Housemaster could not forget that Figgins and Wynn had been visible on the stairs when he crashed down, and that Kerr had not—unless it was Kerr who had brought

nad not—unless it was kerr who had brought him down.
"I await your answer, Kerr!"
Still Kerr hesitated.
"Then I must take your silence as a con-fession of guilt!"
"It wasn't Kerr, sir!" blurted out Fatty.

"It wasn't Kerr, sir!" blurted out Fatty.

"Kerr must speak for himself. I am well aware that you three are always ready to support one another; but I cannot allow the greater readiness of one of you to tell untruths to help another."

That was rough on Fatty, who was as honest as either Figgy or Kerr—which is to say, as honest as any fellow could be.

But it forced Kerr's hands, and that was what Mr. Rateliff wanted.

"What Wynn says is true, sir, It was not

"What Wynn says is true, sir. It was not "Kerr said quietly. "Then who was it?"

I," Kerr said quietly.

"Then who was it?"
Silence.

Kerr's face was set hard. Figgins gazed over Mr. Ratcliff's head at a picture on the wail, and did his best to look indifferent. Fatty could not make even a show of indifference. His lips trembled, and his chinablue eyes were full of trouble.

"Who was it? I have been subjected to gross indignity and considerable pain. I am not sure that permanent damage muy not have been done to—et—to my—in short, internal damage. I demand to know who was responsible for this!"

Then Kerr spoke.

"We were responsible, sir," he said.

"Ha! Is that a confession, Kerr?"

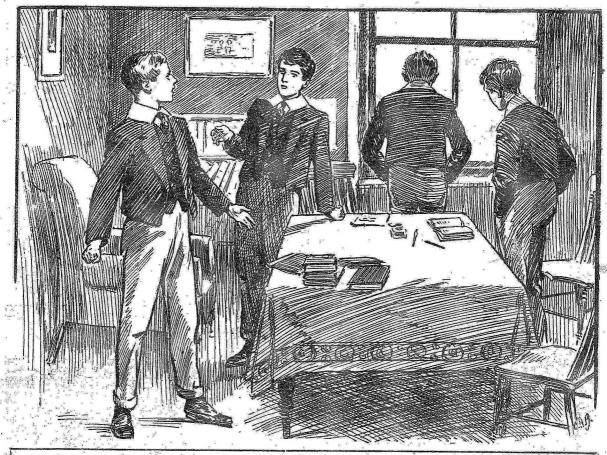
"I suppose so, sir."

"But Wynn has denied that—"

"Wynn told you the truth, sir. All the same, we, and only we, were responsible."

"Figgins had the grace to help me up from the floor," said Mr. Ratcliff, in tones expressive of anything but gratitude to Figgins. "Wynn I saw the moment I was upon my feet. If only you three were responsible, then it must have been you who knocked me down, Kerr!"

"It was not," answered Kerr steadily.



"So it's yourselves you are thinking about!" flashed Kerruish. "I'm a disgrace to the study, am 1?" "Don't be an ass!" said Julian. "You needn't trouble to kick me out; I'll go without that!" replied Kerruish bitterly. (See page 12.)

"You appear to be talking in riddles, my boy. Explain yourself."

"The fellow who knocked you down did it by accident, sir. He could bardly see where he was going, and he was trying to get away from us. It wasn't his fault at all."

"Who was this innocent person?" sneered the master.

"Who was this innocent person?" sneered the master.

"I can't tell you that, sir."

"But you are satisfied that he was in no way to blame. You take all the blame upon yourselves. In withholding his name, you reflect upon my sense of justice, and that I will not put up with!"

Having nothing to say to that, Kerr said nothing. Figgy and Fatty were also silent. It was of no use for Mr. Ratcliff to talk to them of his sense of justice. They had never had any evidence that he possessed such a thing. thing

"Figgins, who was this boy?"
"I—I'd rather not say, sir."
"You mean that you refuse to say?"
"Ye.es. If it comes to that, I do refuse!"
"Wynn, was the boy who knocked me down a member of my House, or was he from the School House?"

a member of my House, or was he from the School House?"
Fatty was taken unawares by the new form given to the query.
His lips were forming the beginning of the word "School," when the elbow of Kerr took him in the ribs.

"Kerr, I saw what you did! Wynn was about to answer—"
"No, sir, I wasn't, really!" protested Fatty. "I—we've made up our minds not to tell, sir, and—and that's all about it!"

"Do you realise what you will have to face if you persist-in this obduracy?"

He waited for an answer, but none came.
"Kerr, you are the only one of the three who could have been guilty of the double offence of dressing yourself up like a Merry Andrew—a shirt, a painted face, and a hat at which the imagination boggies—Pah!"

Mr. Rateliff had lost himself in the mages of that sentence, and stopped for breath and to sort it out.

"Of the double offence of masquerading,"

and of perpetrating a brutal assault upon your Housemaster," he went on. "You deny the crime, but you refuse to tell me who was the guilty person, if not you. I am, therefore, compelled to hold you guilty."

"I can't see that, sir. I know it may seem like cheek to refuse to answer a question; but giving a fellow away isn't the decent thing!"

thing!"
"Rubbish! I will not credit any boy with such scruples in a case which involves grave issues to himself. I should not think the better of him for indulging them. But you are not shielding another; you are merely trying to shield yourself!"
"Form locked him straight in the face."

ire not snielding another; you are merely trying to shield yourself!"

Kerr looked him straight in the face.
"You accuse me of lying, sir?" he said.
"I do. That is putting it very plainly; but there is no other way, since you ask the question. Your doing so is insolence."
"That's enough!" snapped Kerr. "You say I'm a liar. I won't stay here to listen to you after that. You may do your worst. The Head will have to settle this!"
And, with his shoulders squared, and his chin up, George Francis Kerr marched out of the Housemaster's study.
Figgins and Fatty gasped.
That Kerr-Kerr, the cool and level-headed—should take this line! It fairly flabbergasted them for the moment.
Only their surprise delayed them in following their chum. Next moment Figgy turned to go, but Mr. Ratcliff called him back.
"Be careful. Figgins!" he said in a voice.

Be careful, Figgins!" he said, in a voice that trembled slightly. "If you associate yourself with Kerr in this defiance of my authority, you will share his fate!"
"I'd rather!" blurted out Figgy.
And he went.
"Wynn! Come back, Wynn!"
But Fatty scuttled after his chums.
The door closed behind him, and Mr. Ratcliff sat at his table in something like consternation.
He had gone too far, and he knew it.

He had gone too far, and he knew it. In his keenness to get at the secret he had accused Kerr of lying. But he knew Kerr was not lying.

He remembered what Taggles had told him. He had seen Fatty's Hips as they started to form the word "school," and he had known what word it was Fatty would have spoken but for that nudge in the ribs. A School House junior was the culprit—the innocent culprit. But Mr. Ratcliff, sore mentally and bodily, was not prepared to believe in his innocence, as a more just and generous man might have done.

Mr. Ratcliff meant to find out who that

Mr. Ratcliff meant to find out who that School House junior was, and to insist upon severe punishment being meted out to him. But he would not find out through Figgins & Co., that was certain. And he had gone too far in accusing Kerr of lying. As he thought it all over, however, he began to recover his balance.

He had made a false step; but the three had committed themselves in a manner which the Head could not overlook. Nothing could justify boys in their position in defying a master thus.

Ratty would find that School House junior-if he could!

if he could!

But, whether he could find him or no, he would press to the utmost his advantage against Figgins & Co.

He had them on the hip, so he thought. There was hardly anything that could please him better than seeing all three expelled.

And he seemed now in a fair way to be able to bring about that much to be desired consummation!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Dick Redfern Takes a Hand.

HERE was a crowd in the junior Common-room of the School House after classes that afternoon. The quad, dripping from the leafy elms. The sky was leaden grey, and sunshine seemed a mere dream. dream.

dream.

The general temper of the crowd was much in keeping with the weather.

Figgins & Co. were in a frightful row, and THE PENNY POPULAR,—No. 32.

no one knew what would be the outcome of it for them.

But everyone knew that Kerruish was mixed up in that row, and that he was hanging back from confession.

That was all the School House juniors did know until Dick Redfern, with Owen and Lawrence at his heels, ran across from the New House, and came in, shaking water from their raincoats like dogs after a bath.

"Hallo, Reddy!" cried Tom Merry. "Come to tell us the news?"

"There's nothing more yet," replied Redfern. "And it wasn't exactly to tell the news that we came."

"But we don't really know anything, except that Figgy and Kerr and Fatty are in the very dickens of a mess," Jack Blake said.

"Oh, yes, we do!" sneered Crooke: "We know that a chap on this side is mixed up in it, an' yalues his own skin too much to come

know that a chap on this side is mixed up in it, an' values his own skin too much to come forward an' say so."

Arthur Augustus had been wrong when he thought that Racke and trooke and their satellites would approve of Kerruish's attitude—or, at least, would express approval.

They would not have sacrificed themselves had they been in his place, of course. But they were not in his place, and honourable sentiments are cheap enough when they entail no deeds, and any handle against a decent fellow was good enough for Racke and Crooke.

Reilly stepped in front of Crooke, his eyes

Reilly stepped in front of Crooke, his eyes ablaze.

"You be after sayin' another word—just one single word—an' it's knockin' your teeth down your throat I'll be!" he exclaimed.

Crooke staggered. But Crooke was prudent. He kept his mouth shut.

It was Racke who said:

"That doesn't sound much like what you were givin' us a minute ago, by gad, Reilly!"

"Sure, an' don't I know it? But it's one thing to be sayin' things about a chum, an' quite another thing to be lettin' a dirty dog like Crooke say them! An' ye'd better be be very careful vourself, Racke!"

It was Irish and illogical, perhaps: but some of the fellows there felt an absurdimpulse to-okeer Reilly.

"There's something in what Crooke says, though to slow they who says it," spoke Redfern.

though to the Crooke who says it, spoke Redfern.

He spoke slowly, and he looked all round him as the words left his lips. His head was flung back, and his hands were cleriched. Owen and Lawrence instinctively drew nearer

It was plain that the three had come across ready to hurl defiance at any School House fellow who was prepared to back up

Kerruish.

But no one lifted the gage—not even

He did not fear Redfern. But he could stand hearing Redfern say what he could not bear from Crooke or Racke.

The silence that followed was broken by the voice of Harry Hammond.

"Speak up as the line of the could be seen that th

the roice of Harry Hammond.

"Speak up an' tell us all about it, Reddy!" said the little Cockney. "I'm a chum of Kerruish's myself, but I think as 'ow 'e's wrong about this bizney. All the same, you needu't start punchin' anybody's 'ead till you've let us know 'ow matters stand, so that we can see 'ow far wrong 'e is."

"Hear; liear!" said Talbot.

"Yaas, wathah! Hammond's wight!" spoke Gussy.

"Hear; hear!" said Tatbot.

"Yaas, wathah! Hammond's wight!" spoke Gussy.
Redfern looked less defant.
"I didn't exactly come to fight the lot of you," he said, with the ghost of a smile.
"And I didn't exactly come to tell the news, for we supposed you'd heard it. As you haven't, I'll tell you, and then—"
He paused, and everybody understood that he was quite open to the ordeal of battle in support of his own opinion and of Figins & Co. when once the news had been told.
"Go on!" said Caydew encouragingly. "You won't find me on your fightin' list after it, Reddy. I'm not sayin' things about Kerruish while Reilly's here, but I'm not scrappin' with any New House bruiser on his account, by gad!"
"For this relief, much thanks," replied Redfern, smiling at Cardew. "Well, I don't want to make a giddy speech. You fellows know—"

know—"
"Let Lawrence, then," Lowther interrupted him. "Lawrence does."
And it was true enough that Edgar Lawrence hardly knew how to keep his mouth closed, though he was trying hard to restrain his impatience and let his leader speak.
"You're a fatheaded—ass, Lowther!" he said. "Oh, go on, Reddy!"
"Figgy and Kerr and Fatty are right up The Penny Popular.—No. 32.

no one knew what would be the outcome of it for them.

But everyone knew that Kerruish was mixed up in that row, and that he was haug-

"But Kerr denied that of course," said

"Yes, but Ratty called Kerr a liar—said he was only trying to wriggle out of it. So Kerr turned his back on him and marched, and Figgy and Fatty followed him out."

and Figgy and Fatty followed him out."

"Oh!"

"Bai Jove!"

Everyone there understood into what a serious position the three had got themselves. Open defiance of a master, whatever the provocation, meant trouble. When the master was a vicious, spiteful man like Ratty it meant all the trouble he could make. There may have been half a dozen in the soom who were pleased; but the rest were most sincerely distressed. Figgins & Co. were only the enemy in a technical sense. Hardly a decent fellow in the School House Shell and Fourth but counted them friends in the other and far more important way.

Fourth but counted them friends in the other and far more important way.

"They haven't seen him since. He sent for Monteith, and Monteith had to go and tell them that they were confined to the House until further orders. He didn't like the job a little bit. He told them they were young fools; but Figgy says they could see that he was really on their side."

"Oh, he would be! Old Monteith's the right sort," said Kangaroo.

"Redfern, just tell us this straight—what difference do you think it would make if Kerruish went to Ratty and owned up?"

It was Tom Merry who asked that question, and the whole crowd hung upon Redfern's answer.

and the whole crowd hung upon Redfern's answer.

"Not sure," Redfern said thoughtfully.
"It's Ratty we're dealing with, remember, not Railton or Linton or Lathom. But if it had been any of them things couldn't have been in this tangle."

"Lathom takes things of that kind no endwell." remarked Dibb. "Blake and Gussy and Hetries fairly chucked Grundy at him a week or two ago, and got off with fifty lines each, or something of that sort."

"Shut up!" came in chorus from Blake and Herries and Grundy; and Arthur Augustus had got as far as "Weally, Dig!" when Blake closured him.

None of the four fiked being reminded of

closured him.

None of the four fiked being reminded of that episode.

"If Kerruish owned up, it would knock the bottom out-of Ratty's case," said Lawrence. "You know that, keddy."

"He couldn't say that Kerr was lying then, and he couldn't make such a fuss about their not putting up with being called liars," Owen added.
"The Head or Railton would never have talked to fellows like that," said Manners.

"The Head or Railton would never have talked to fellows like that." said Manners.

"The Head and Railton happen to be men," drawled Cardew. "Ratty is—no. I can't tell you what Ratty is. My vocabulary isn't up to such a demand as that."

"What can we do?" asked Talbot.

For a moment no one answered that. Certainly no one would take it upon himself to do what Kerruish alone could do decently. Redfern and his chums, hot as they were, had never even thought of giving away Kerruish to their Housemaster.

Then Hammond spoke.

"I'm not makin' out as 'ow Kerruish is right," he said. "I reckon he's dead wrong. But you chaps don't want to be too rough on 'im. Give 'un time! E tried to spoof Figgy & Co. an' they leaught 'im out, an' put 'im through it, They certainly did put 'im through it; it was hours before we could get all the paint off the poor beggar's face. An' that skirt bizney—it really was the giddy limit."

"We know all that" growled Grundy

An' that skirt bizney—it really was the giddy limit."

"We know all that!" growled Grundy.

"I'm not talkin' to people like you, who know everythink, an' can't be told nothink, Grundy!" retorted Hammond, his speech lapsing into worse Cockneyese than ever in his excitement. "I'm tryin' to make chaps with more sense than you understand things a bit—see? An' Eric, 'e don't feel that 'e owes Kerr an' them chaps nothink, not in the way of kindness. It wasn't is fault that 'e barged into Ratty, was it? 'E 'ad told them that it was time for prep, but they kep' on keepin' on, all the same. They treated 'im crool, an' 'e ain't got over it yet, an' that's all there is to it, I reckon."

"But you say you think he's wrong, Hammond?" said Tom Merry.

Exeryone waited for Hammond's answer. There was sympathy for him, as there had been for Reilly a few minutes earlier. A fellow was not to be blamed for speaking up

for a chum, even when his chum was so hopclessly in the wrong.

Hammond put his hand to his forehead, as if trying to puzzle out his own feelings.

"Yes," he said dully, hesitatingly. "I think as 'ow 'e's wrong. But some'ow I can't see 'im as bein' all wrong. Oh, give 'im time!"

More than one present was moved by that appeal. Tom Merry plainly was, and Talbot's hand on Hammond's shoulder and the approving glance which made its way through Gussy's monocle, told of the feelings

But Redfern's voice was hard as he an-

But Rediern's voice was nard as he answered at once:

"It wasn't time I came to give Kerruish—
it was a smack of the face!"

"Give it him, then!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Licked !

T was Kerruish who replied.

He had entered the Common-room,
with Julian, at the moment Redfern spoke

spoke.

The crowd fell back, making a way for him to where the New House fellow stood.

Kerruish strode up to Redfern, and Julian followed him.

"I don't know what bizney it is of yours, anyway, Redfern," said Kerruish hotly. "But here's my face—smack it."

Dick Redfern's hand was lifted promptly.

Rut Talbut interposed.

Dick Redfern's hand was lifted promptly. But Talbot interposed.

"That isu't necessary," he said quietly.
"Redfern means fight, and Kerruish means the same thing, I take it. That being so, what's the use of smacking faces?"
"Only to show the cad what I think of him!" flashed Redfern.

him!" flashed Redfern.

Kerruish's hand smote his face at that, and the sound of the slap was like a pistol-

snot.
"I may be a cad, but I'm not afraid of you, Redfern!" the Manx junior cried.

"I never supposed you were," said Redfern, putting up his hand to his face, upon which a red mark showed. "I'm not accusing you of being afraid of anything. It's not funk that's keeping you from the straight thing." "What is it, then?" snapped Keruish. "Spite, I should say."

Espuish's eyes gleamed strangely. That hit him hard. It was not really spite he felt against Figgins & Co. He had no desire that they should get into trouble. But he did feel resentment. And he felt hot resentment against Redfern, too.

Why should he take up their quarrel? What had he to do with it?
Redfern and his two chums were the open rivals of Figgins & Co.

But there had never been anything mean or malicious in that New House feud. Those three had always been willing to stand by their rivals at a pinch—as they were doing

Others besides Kerruish found it hard to

Others besides Kerruish found it hard to understand why Redfern should champion the cause of Kerr so warmly. But their sympathy was with him.

Of all there not one went all the way in sympathy with Kerruish. His chuns made excuses for him. Julian would stand by him through all—if only Kerruish would let him. But even Julian could not see it as he saw it.

"I'm ready," replied the New House junior.

"And if anybody here says Kerruish is in the right, I'm ready for him!" Lawrence said. "Are you on, Reilly?"

But Reilly shook his head.

"Same here," spoke up Owen. "Ham-

"Same here," spoke up Owen. "Ham-

"I don't see no sort of use in it," answered Harry Hammond. "Thanks, all the same. Owen. I'll give you a thick ear some other

An immediate move was made to the gym.

gym.
Redfern and his chums went there in the midst of a crowd, but not even Reilly and Hammond came to the side of Kerruish. Only Julian supported him. And Julian got no thanks.
"Dick!" said Kerruish.
"Yes, Erie?"

"I suppose you're going to second me?"
"Naturally."

"Naturally."

"But you think I'm all in the wrong?"

'I don't think you're looking at things quite the right way."

"Why second me, then? You'll only make yourself unpopular."

"I don't mind that. We're chums, aren't

we?"
Kerraish said no more. His face was very gloomy. He was in for a licking, and he knew it. But he would go through with it.
Redfern did not think him a funk. That was something. He would show the rest that he was no funk.
Redfern might have had his choice among forty fellows willing to be his seconds, though nearly all there were School House. But, of course, it was bound to be either Owen or Lawrence. They tossed for it, and Lawrence. rence won.

rence won.

Kerruish had no choice. Perhaps neither Reilly nor Hammond would have refused, but neither offered. Julian took on the job, as everyone had expected he would.

Tatbot was timekeeper and referee. A ring was easily fixed up; the posts and ropes were

was easily fixed up; the posts and ropes were always ready in the St. Jim's gym.
Just before the fight began some of the New House fellows—Koumi Rao and Clarke, Thompson and Pratt and French, and three or four more—hurried in; though how they had got scent of the combatino one knew. Few there had any doubt about the issue. Kerruish was a fair boxer, and had pluck. Redfern was a really good boxer, with quite as much pluck, and heaps more dash and go. He went all out from the first, but he did not have it as much his own way as the majority had expected.

Kerruish fought as he had never fought.

Kerruish fought as he had never fought Kerruish fought as he had never fought before. The knowledge that the crowd anticipated and desired his defeat seemed to have an inspiriting effect upon him. He was in a tight place, and his courage rose

was in a tight place, and his courage rose to the ordeal.

Whatever they might say of him, they should not say that he funked!

So he took punishment stoically, and gave back what he could, and quite surprised Redfern in the first round.

He kept up his end through the second round, and the third, too. He was getting battered, but he did not seem to mind. And he was leaving his mark upon the goodlooking face of Dick Redfern, too. That comforted him. comforted him.

But, curiously enough, while Kerruish was getting a lot of consolation out of the punishment he administered to Redfern, the New House fellow found himself enjoying it less and less—not because he was being hurt, but because he was not so absolutely sure as he had been that he was justified in what

as he had been that he was justined in he did.

The fellow had pluck, no doubt about that. Would it not have been better to give him time to think over his position? Hammond had put in a plea for that; and perhaps Hammond had been right.

After all, it was not so strange that Kernish should not feel particularly well disposed to Figgins & Co. They certainly had put him through it. And he had been fairly well nagged in the School House, of course.

The fourth round came to an end with Redfern quite definitely on top, and rather sick of the job he had taken on.

"I wish the chap would cut it!" he said to Lawrence in the brief interval before the fifth round again.

round again.
Lawrence stared at him.
"Why? He hasn't had half what he deserves yet," he replied.
"Not so sure. How do we know what he

deserves? Creerves?"
Only Julian could say anything to Kerruish about throwing up the sponge. And Julian really did not feel that even he could. His chum would resent it, he knew; and what he wanted just then was to avoid giving Kerruish any cause of offence.

Bric would need a friend in the days that were coming; and Dick Julian meant to be that friend. Not easily would he be choked off, though his pride might have to be put

aside. He did not offer a single hint to Kerruish. There was between them a tacit understanding that this was a thing to be borne with as one bears what must be borne—not so as one bears what must be borne—not so much a fight as an ordeal to be faced with courage. Kerruish would do his best; but his best was not good enough. He knew that, and Julian knew it. He fought on doggedly. By the end of the sixth round he had lost all power to hurt-Redfern. His punches had become mere taps; the strength had gone out of him. And more and more Redfern hated it. He felt rather like an executioner than a com-

felt rather like an executioner than a com-

There was little cheering. Others seemed to look upon this affair as an execution rather than a fight.

"I'm going to finish it," said Redfern gloomily to Lawrence.
"Well, you can knock him out any time you want to. May as well, I reckon. He won't give in, and I should say he's had enough."

enough."

Half a minute later Kerruish lay on his back, fairly and squarely knocked out. Talbot counted, with his eyes on the seconds dial; but he knew that he might have gone on until the hand had made the circuit of the dial, and still Kerruish could not have struggled up.

the dial, and still Kerruish could not have struggled up.
"Nine—out!"
Even now there was but little cheering.
Julian litted Kerruish's head, and Hammond held a glass of water to his lips. He put up his hand to pash the glass away; but he saw the trouble in the little Cockney's face, and drank instead.
Redfern came up, knelt, offered his hand. "I'm sorry, Kerruish!" he said.
"Sorry that I'm such a cad, I suppose?" returied the vanquished one bitterly.
"No. I'm sorry that I called you one!" Redfern answered, though it cost him an effort to say that.
"I don't see why. You said you knew I wasn't a funk, so that it's nothing to the purpose that I stood up to you as long as I could stand!"
"Won't you shake hands?"

"Won't you shake hands?"
"I won't! Go and tell Kerr and Figgins
what you've done to me! I dare say it will
please them."

what you've done to me: I dare say it will please them."

His head sank back on Julian's knee, and Julian gave Reddern a glance that said as plainly as words could have done:

"It's no go. Best clear out!"

And Reddern cleared out, not half as well satisfied with himself as the victor in a fight usually is. He was by no means sure that Figgy & Co. would be pleased to hear of what he had done, either.

The rest cleared out also. Tom Merry and Talbot were among the last; they only went just before Hammond and Reilly.

But even Hammond and Reilly.

But even Hammond and Reilly went before Kernish was fit to wak; and it was Dick Julian alone who helped his battered chum back to the School House and up to No. 5.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Ratty's Demand.

Ratty's Demand.

ITH wrath on his brow, Mr. Ratcliff stalked across to the New House. It was the day after Red. Figgins & Co. were still confined to barracks. But they had received no punishment as yet, and they had not been taken before the Head, though they had requested that their case night be considered by him.

How serious a view Mr. Ratcliff took of it was shown by the fact that they were kept out of the Form-room. But they did not escape work. Their tyrant gave them whole pages of the classics to translate, and mathematical problems by the dozen to work out.

He had satisfied Mr. Lathom about their absence, it seemed. But Mr. Lathom had to be roused a good deal before he asserted himself. He hated conflicts with either Mr. Ratcliff or Mr. Selby, the Form-master of the Third, and avoided those gentlemen as much as possible.

The Head would not be so easily satisfied if it came to his ears, as Figgy and Kerr and Eatty honed it must do some

Art to the to me sears, as riggy and kerr and Fatty hoped it must do soon.

Mr. Ratcliff was not satisfied himself.

He believed that it had been a School House junior who had knocked him down.

But he did not want to believe that. He would very much rather have proved it Kerr's cuit.

But Dr. Holmes would want to know what steps had been taken to investigate the question; and so the New House master was taking steps, though most unwillingly. He never looked pleasant; but he can seldom have looked more unpleasant than when he entered Mr. Railton's study. Mr. Railton and Mr. Ratcliff were as wide as the Poles apart in everything that mattered, and the feeling between them was far from friendly. But the School House master always breated his older colleague politely, though he did not always receive politeness in return.

"Want to see me, Ratcliff?" he said now. "I should hardly have come to you were not that the case!" rasped Ratty.

Mr. Railton's eyebrows lifted ever so slightly. Mr. Railton and Mr. Ratcliff were as wide as the Poles apart in everything that mattered, and the feeling between them was far from friendly. But the School House master always treated his older colleague politely, though he did not always receive politeness in return.

"Want to see me, Ratcliff?" he said now. "I should hardly have come to you were not that the case!" rasped Ratty.

Mr. Railton's eyebrows lifted ever so slightly.

"Will you take a seat?" he asked, in a more constrained tone.

"Thank you, no; I prefer to stand. Railton how thouse!"

"Thank you, no; I prefer to stand. Railton how thouse!"

"The Penny Popular.—No, 32.

"I am sorry to hear it. I trust none of my boys has any part in it?"

Words and tone alike implied that if the School House were not concerned, Mr. Railton saw no reason for the visit.

"That is why I came here. It is alleged that one of them was a principal figure in the disgraceful affair."

"Who alleges that?"

"Well, it is rather difficult to explain. Personally, I do not believe that the culprit was a School House boy, but—"

"Will you let me speak, Mr. Railton? I see that I must tell you the whole story; but I will make it as brief as possible, for I do not wish to exflant year evidently slender stock of patience."

"Oh, my patience will stand it, Ratcliff, if yours will! Proceed, please!"

"On Wednesday evening I heard a noise

"Oh, my patience will statu it, carrin, if yours will! Proceed, please!"

"On Wednesday evening I heard a noise from the study floor at a time when all the boys there should have been busy with their preparation. I started to inquire into it. But I had hardly reached the foot of the staircase before I was violently thrown over by what at first sight I took for a most extraordinary female. She—I should rather say he, for certainly it was no female—rushed out of the door, having first kicked me in the abdomen with considerable violence."

"Bless my soul! Kicked you, Ratcliff?"

"It was to all intents and purposes a kick, and it hurt me extremely. I am hot sure that it has not done me a lasting injury."

"Your hopes will not help me, Mr. Railton."

"Your hopes will not help me, Mr. Railton Now, the question is whether that apparent female was or was not a School House temale was or junior?"

"What reason is there for supposing that she—or he—was?" asked the master of the School House.

School House.

"Taggles happened to see someone with what he describes as a tablecloth—I took it to be a skirt—wrapped round him, with his face painted all the colours of the rainbow, and his hands tied behind his back, bolt into this House."

Mr. Railton lay back in his chair and laughed aloud. Mr. Ratcliff glared down at him with cold fury.

"This seems to anywe rou!"

him with cold fury.

"This seems to amuse you!" he snapped.

"My dear fellow, it really is funny! I am sorry you should have been hurt, and it quite agree with you that this sort of thing cannot be allowed; but, nevertheless, it is funny! Do you not see what must have happened? One of my boys was caught on a raid into your House, and some of your young ruffians dealt with him after their manner."

manner."

"You may well say young ruffans, Mr. Railton! The boys concerned on my side were Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn."

At this the School House master sat up, and the laughter faded out of his face.

He knew how bitter were the feelings of Mr. Rateliff towards those three. And he liked them all. Young ruffans though they might be, he would have been glad to have them in his House.

"Do they say that your assailant—but I feel sure there could have been no intentional assault—was a School House junior?"

"No. They refuse to say who he was. I am not at all sure that Kerr himself was not the painted and bedizened figure."
Mr. Railton shook his head.
"If Kerr denies it, he was not," he said

etily.
"He denies it; but I do not believe him!"
The face of the School House master The fa-hardened.

"I should believe him," he said. "But you and I look at things differently, Ratcliff. What do you wish me to do?"

"To inquire among your boys as to the possible culprit, of course."

"I cannot refuse to do that. But may I ask this. If no one owns his guilt, do you mean to assume the guilt of Kerr?"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Wissing His Chance I

T was at call-over that the question was put.

All the School W

put.

All the School House juniors were ranged in hall for the ceremony, and when it was over Mr. Railton said:

"I have a question to ask of you before you are dismissed. Two days ago something appened in the New House which has greatly annoyed Mr. Rateliff. A boy, apparently disguised and with his face painted, knocked him over as he was about to ascend the staircase, and hurt him. He does not know who the boy was, but there seems some reason to suppose that he came from this House."

Mr. Railton maused.

this House."

Mr. Raithon paused.

At this stage of the inquiry, Mr. Ratcliff—
or Mr. Selby, in his place—would have suggested that anyone who knew anything about
the matter should speak out.

But that was not Mr. Raithon's way.

He held that there was only one person
who had a right to speak out in such a case
—the guilty one.

There might be offences so grave that

There might be offences so grave that to know of them and not to tell constituted an offence in itself; but they were few and far between, and certainly this was not one them

So he paused, and looked towards where the Shell and Fourth stood, half hoping that someone would stand forward without further ado.

But no one stood forward.

But no one stood forward.

There was something about the mainer in which quite a number of fellows looked straight aboud of them, as though disclaiming in marked fashion any connection with the incident, that struck the Housemaster, though he may not have sead their attitude exactly in that way.

But he was conscious of some undercurrent of feeling among the boys in, front of him, and that consciousness caused him to look more closely along their ranks.

His eyes fell upon the battered face of Bric Kerruish.

"derruish!" he said sharply. The Manx junior started in alarm,

By eye was turned upon him, "Come here!" said Mr. Railton.

Kerruish went up to him,
"You have been fighting, Kerruish!" "Yes,

Yes, sir."

Again Mr. Rallton's eyes swept the ranks. But he could see no one eise who showed signs of combat.

"With whom?"

"With Redfern, sic."
"Ah! Gloves?" "Ah!

Tes, sir.
"In the gymnasium?"
"Yes, sir."
Mr. Railton looked at Tom Merry. Tom

spoke.

"Everything was in order, sir," he said.

"Ah! You will take a hundred lines,
Kerruish, Fighting is against the rules. Go-

Retruish, Fighting is against the rules, tro-back to your place."

That was Mr. Railton's usual attitude towards a fight past and done with. It was against the rules, and the combatants were liable to punishment; but if it had been all in order the punishment they received from him would never be heavy.

Kerruish went back to his place slowly and heavily.

He felt minded to turn and confess that it

He felt minded to turn and confess that it had been he who had barged Ratty over. But this calling up to answer for the fight had thrown him out of his stride. It seemed almost impossible to speak about the other affair now.

affair now.

The eyes turned towards him seemed to burn into his brain. When he got back to his place he felt as though everyone was shrinking from him.

shrinking from him.

"Now as to this affair in the New House," said Mr. Railton. "I have said that there seems some reason to suppose that the boy concerned was a School House junior. Mr. Ratcliff has asked me to institute inquiries, in doing so, I do not assume that any of your is necessarily guilty. But if such is the lase I ask the boy, to stand forward.

A not sught fare been heard so do in the lash the sollowed.

But the erys of the rese were not furned upon Kerruish law.

They were asserted from him. He must

They were averted from him. He must condee he has no one there would give him aways. Those who might have done so

out of ill-feeling simply dared not, and the rest would not.

rest would not.

Julian on one side, Reilly on the other,
made no sign. They lett it to him. And
perhaps that was a mistake. A nudge then
if he could only have believed in the friend
liness of it—might have saved Kerruish from

tiness of it—might have saved actions a mistake.

For it was a mistake not to go forward. Among the feelings that warred in his mind, perhaps obstinacy was uppermost. But there was also resentment—resentment against Figgins & Co. for their treatment of him, and against the School House crowd for their refusal to see how much that must influence him. And there was also awkwardness—a feeling that it was almost impossible to leave his place a second time to confront the Housemaster.

The mental conflict did not last long. Mr.

Rallton spoke again.
"I can only conclude that the guiltin person is not before me," he said. I have given him his chance to confess, if he is here, and confession is his only proper course.

Dismiss!"
They filed out. Reilly dropped behind Kerruish, but Julian walked by his side.

"You think I ought to have spoken up, bick?" said Kerruish.
"I think it would have been better every war, old man," replied Julian, almost sadly. And he took his chum by the arm as he Kerruish

wrenched himself away

But Kerruish wrenched himself away savagely, and strode on alone.

He saw as clearly as Julian that he had missed his chance of setting himself straight in the way that would have done it most effectively and immediately, and he was angry with himself, but still more angry with the others.

Crooke stopped him.
"So you funked it at the pinch, Kerruish?"

he sneered.

The Manx junior thrust him aside. But behind Crooke was Racke; and behind Racke were a dozen more and every face there was

Stooke hissed. Others followed suif. A storm of hissing arose.

Kerruish hurried on to No. 5, with the hisses still seeming to sound in his ears, though they had stopped at Tom Merry sangry bidding.

Julian, Hammond, and Reilly were all there; but no one spoke as he entered.

Hy stood and looked at them.

5, Ino one spoke.

H; stood and S II no one spoke.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Kerruish at length.
"Nothin," replied Hammond.
"Sure, an what can we do?" said Reilly.

"I'm not going to let it make any differ

"I'm not going to let it make any difference to me Eric, if I can help it."
"But you can't help it. It's simple bound to make a difference. I'm going to be sent to Coventry, I can see that plainty enough. It isn't enough that those three should put me through it like that—it isn't enough that I should be licked by Redfern and have to go about with a face like this on me—I'm to be hissed and sent to Coventry because I won't see things the same way that other fellows who haven's anything to risk do!"
He paused, but no one answered. "Well, I'm going to Coventry alone! Don't you make any mistake about that! I don't suppose Reilly or Hammond would want to share it with me, and I'm jolly well not going to have you do it, Dick! That's all!"

"Eric!"

"Don't say any more, Dick! I can't stand "Don't say any more, Dick! I can't stand it. I'm not quarrelling with you. For that matter, I'm not quarrelling with these fellows. There wouldn't be any sense in it. But I'm clearing out of here. I shall have tea in Hall in future, and do my work in the Form-room."

He enthered up his books, and went, "Better leave him to himself for a bit. Look here, you two. Eria a in the wrong, and there so no getting away from that. But I'm not going to cheek som, and it I know you, wontened going to a bit." said Julian sady. Realist gring to a bit. "Said Julian sady here mines.

But Julian had made up not

But Julian had made up as kertvish had also made up his—to some-thing of which none of his claums dreamed!

TIG LID

THE CANCELLED TOUR!

(Continued from page 7.)

EVery good, sir," said Wingate. The captain of Greyfriats was besieged by crowd of Removites as he came out into

"What's the verdict Wingate?"
"Was it a spoof telegram?"
"Are we going to Reading again to-more

Wingate promptly shattered this hope. "There are to be no more sports tours." he said.

Oh!" "On:"
"One of the education officials threatened to kick up a shindy if the tours were continued," explained the captain of Greyfrias. If the Head hadri cancelled the tours the school would have got a reputation for slack-

ness,"
"My hat!"
"I'd like to get within hitting distance of the bounder who caused all this fuss!"
growled Bolsover major. "He's a beastly kill joy!"
"Hear, bear!"
"The news of the cancelled tour, spread

Hear, bear! The news of the cancelled tour spread rapidly through the Remove.

Harry Wharton & Co. had expected to sieep that night in the hotel at Reading. Instead of which they were shepherded up to the Remove dormitory in the usual way.

Dennis Carr went up to bed with the others. Silence reigned in the Remove dormitory whilst the juniors undressed. When they ware in hed however. Bob Cherry returned

Silence reigned in the kemore whilst the juniors undressed. When they were in bed, however, Bob Cherry returned to the subject of the cancelled tour.

"That education official who kicked up this row with the Head," said Bob, "is a cad and

row with the mean arrank outsider!"
Dismis Carr shot bolt upright in his hed.
"Steady on, Cherry" he said, in ringing tones. You're speaking of my tather?"
"Eh?" gasped Bob.
"It was my father who caused those tours.

"It was my fa to be cancelled-"What!"

"Mant!"
"And he acted from a sense of duty."
There was a buzz from the Removites.
"But somebody must have given your father
the impression that there was too much play
and too little work at Greyfriars!" said
Harry Wharton at length.
"Yes," said Dennis feurlessly. "I did!
"You?"
Dennis nodded

Dennis nodded,

"I wrote and acquainted my father with the facts," he said, "and on the strength of my letter he took action."

A perfect howl of rage went up from the juniors when they heard Dennis Carr's calm admission.

admission.
"You cad!"
"You awfut outsider!"
"You snake in the grass!"
Led by Vernon-Smith, several juniors spring out of hed.
"Sock it into him!" sang out Bolsover

Pulverise bim!

"Pulverise him!"

"Make him run the gauntlet!"
Dennis Carr remained where he was, calmly awaiting the onslaught.
But it never came
"Cave!" hissed Skinner from his bed near the doorway. "Here comes Wingate!"
The juniors regained their heds in the nick of time, and the punishment of Dennis Carr had to be deferred.

Cally for a time, however. After lights out

Only for a time, however. After lights out the Removites were resolved to show the new boy, in a practical manner, what they thought of him.

Certainly Dennis Carr had made a sensation

Certainly Dennis Carr had made a sensation at Greyfriars such as few new hoys had ever made, or were ever likely to make.

And yet, even in that hour of his unpopularity and disgrace, there was one fellow willing to make allowances for him.

Mark Linley alone saw possibilities of good at Dennis Carr. In Marks opinion, he was a misguided youth, but not a hopeless one.

The rest of the juniors, however, were furfausty appry. And how their anger found full expression and what happened to the boy who had brought about the cancelled tour another story must tell.

THE EVO

Printed and publish a creer Friday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Limited The Fleetway House, Parringdon Street, London, E.C. Advertisement Offices. The Fleetway House, Parringdon Street London, E.O. & Subscription rates: Inland and abread (except South Alters and Australats), See 1 Dec aprilled to do for its months. Sole agents for South Africa, The Chertal News Arency, Lid. Sols agents for Landouth Page 1. New Zealand, Mee. Gordon & Greek, Lid. 1 and for Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ed. Sainted August 30th, 1919.