

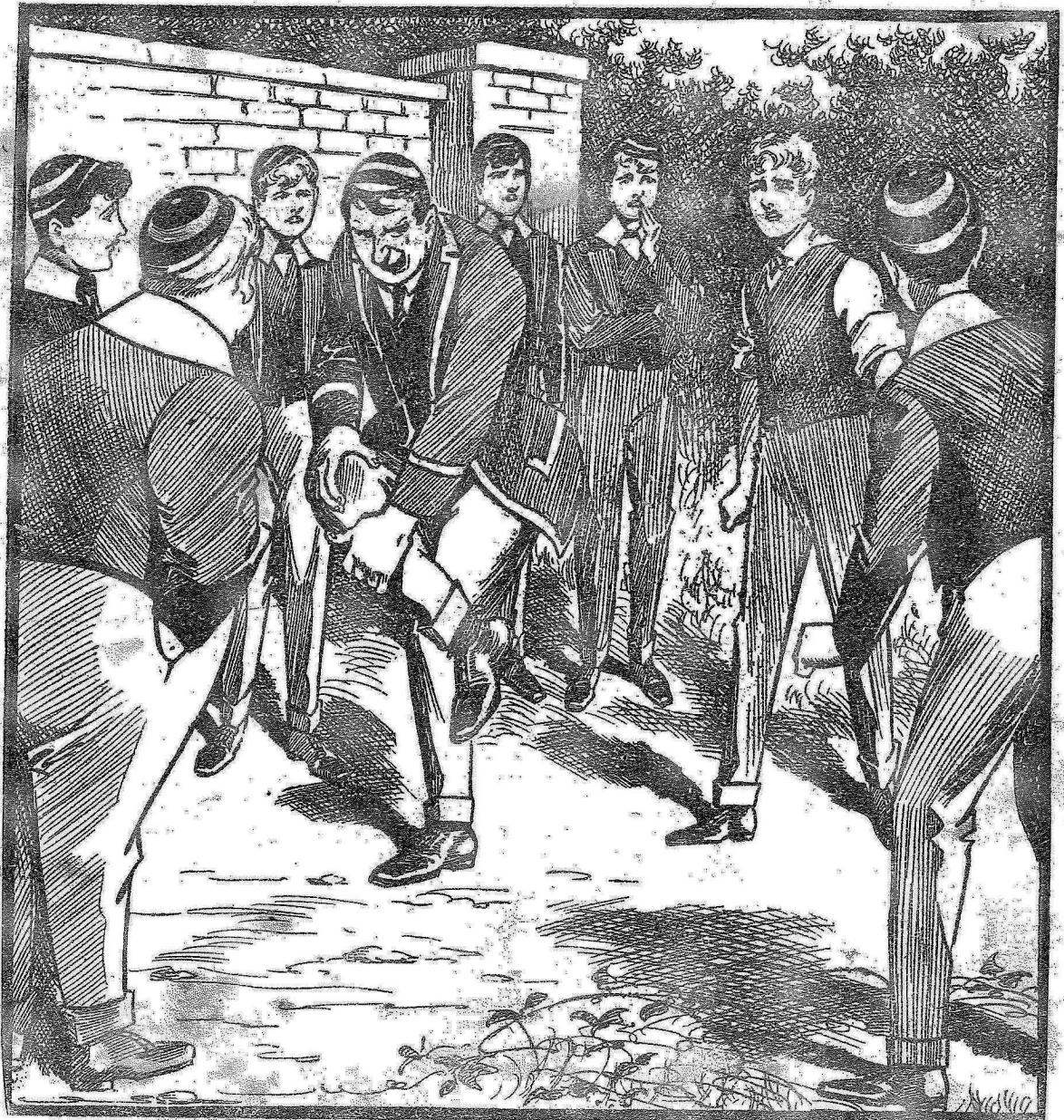
52  
EVERYTHING NEW & NOVEL!

The **Penny** **1½**  
**Popular**

Week Ending  
August 30th, 1919

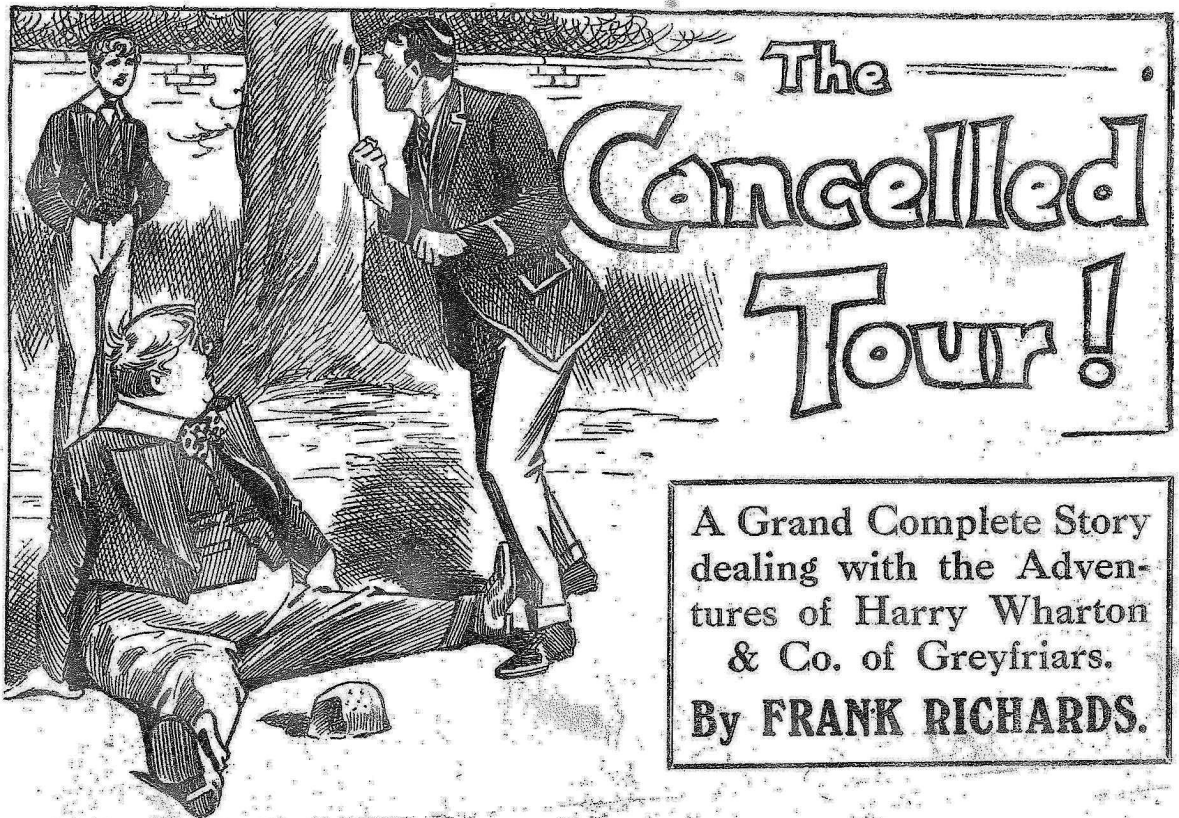
No. 32.  
New Series.

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



**DENNIS CARR'S OWN STYLE OF FIGHTING!**

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



### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### The Fight Behind the Chapel!

**A** NYBODY seen Bunter?" Bolsover major, of the Remove, looked into the junior Common-room at Greyfriars and asked that 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!

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, who, with the other members of the Famous Five, was discussing the forthcoming sports tour with the boys of Berkshire. "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 Nugent.

Bolsover's face worked convulsively. "If only I get hold of that fat thief," he said, "I'll burst him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Bolsover major strode out of the Common-room, 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 ruaning 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.

"You—you— That's my cake!" hooted 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 Bunter. Bolsover major wasted no more time in words.

The coast was clear, and he had Billy Bunter at his mercy.

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 wildly.

But Bolsover, thinking of his vanished cake, and regardless of Bunter'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 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 fifteen or thereabouts. He had entered the gates of Greyfriars just

# The Cancelled Tour!

A Grand Complete Story dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

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 stammered.

"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 members of the Famous Five. "What's all the merry rumpus?"

Attributed 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 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 doesn't surely mean to tackle Bolsover?" murmured Frank Nugent.

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

Dennis Carr's next words made his intentions 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!"

"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—"

"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 sledghammer 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 jolly 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 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, "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."

The juniors ranged themselves in a circle.

Skinner, who had come on the scene with Snoop and Stott, volunteered to act as Bolsover'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-plaster!"

"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 Wharton.

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 his shirt-sleeves.

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 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—fortitude. 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 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 certainly impart the esteemed lickfulness," murmured 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. "He's a hot hand, 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 Carr.

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."

"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 Bolsover on the aggressive the whole of the time.

Again and again his knuckles crashed upon the handsome, almost girlish face of his 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?"

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!"

The idea of Billy Bunter imparting tuition 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 Wharton felt that the time had come to intervene.

"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 it thoroughly!"

Wharton signed to his chums, and they advanced into the improvised ring, with the object of dragging Bolsover back.

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

Dennis Carr lurched towards his opponent and deliberately kicked him!

Bolsover clasped his injured shin. Instantly a buzz of voices rose.

"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 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 Dennis 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 play.

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

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

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

ONCE 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 Remove, good-naturedly directed him to the Form-master's study.

"But—but you're not going in to Quelch 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 Bolshheviks.

Dennis passed on to Mr. Quelch's study, and Monty Newland gave a low whistle.

"That kid's fairly asking for trouble!" he murmured.

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.

"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 in that insolent manner? You have made a very bad start at Greyfriars—"

"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."

"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've never 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 with you."

"I think any decent fellow would have lost his 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 sanny for a week. The Head took the Sixth-Former'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 incident. But a glaring case of 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. "If you repeat your offence at Greyfriars, Carr, you will be expelled instantly! And in that case, you would not get another chance 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 his expulsion from Minvern. 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 fistifications 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 Bolshev?"

"That's the fellow."

"You should endeavour to keep your temper under control," said Mr. Quelch.

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

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

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

"Very well, Carr," said Mr. Quelch, at length. "I will pursue the subject no further. You had better go and bathe your 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 afraid 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 mildly, 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, 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! Quelch 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 PENNY 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 Benjamin now, Todd. Is there sufficient accommodation in your study for another occupant?"

Alonzo looked horrified.

"I greatly fear, sir," he said, "that there is insufficient room for a juvenile rat, let alone a human being."

"Bless my soul!"

"You see, sir," said Alonzo, who was not in the least trying to be funny, "we have Bunter. And Bunter, owing to the rotundity of his person, monopolises most of the floor-space. 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.

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

"You are not acting fairly towards the new boy," said 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 perpetually be at loggerheads. You may go, Smith!"

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

Mr. Quelch 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 few, 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.

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 Mauleverer's—which seemed to answer the purpose. Apart from Mauly himself, the only fellow in the study at present was Sir Jimmy Vivian, 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.

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.

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

"I trust you will make Carr at home, and that you and Vivian will refrain from quarrelling with him," said Mr. Quelch.

"I never quarrel, sir," said Mauly. "It's too 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!

DENNIS CARR, having taken his bags and baggage along to Lord Mauleverer's study, strolled round to the cricket-field.

Harry Wharton & Co. were practising at

the nets, in preparation for their forthcoming tour.

The tour of English counties had proved highly successful, so far; and Harry Wharton's party entertained high hopes of vanquishing 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.

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

Bolshevik 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 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 flew upwards and outwards.

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

And Hurree Singh remarked that the bowler's defence was terrific.

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

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

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

"No, rather not!" said Bob Cherry.

And he sent down the best ball he knew.

Dennis Carr, with cool contempt, stashed it back to him.

"Mr. hat!" murmured Bob. "Who is this 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 Wul.

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 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 afraid 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."

"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.

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 hand at blowing your own trumpet!" said Wharton.

Dennis Carr flushed.

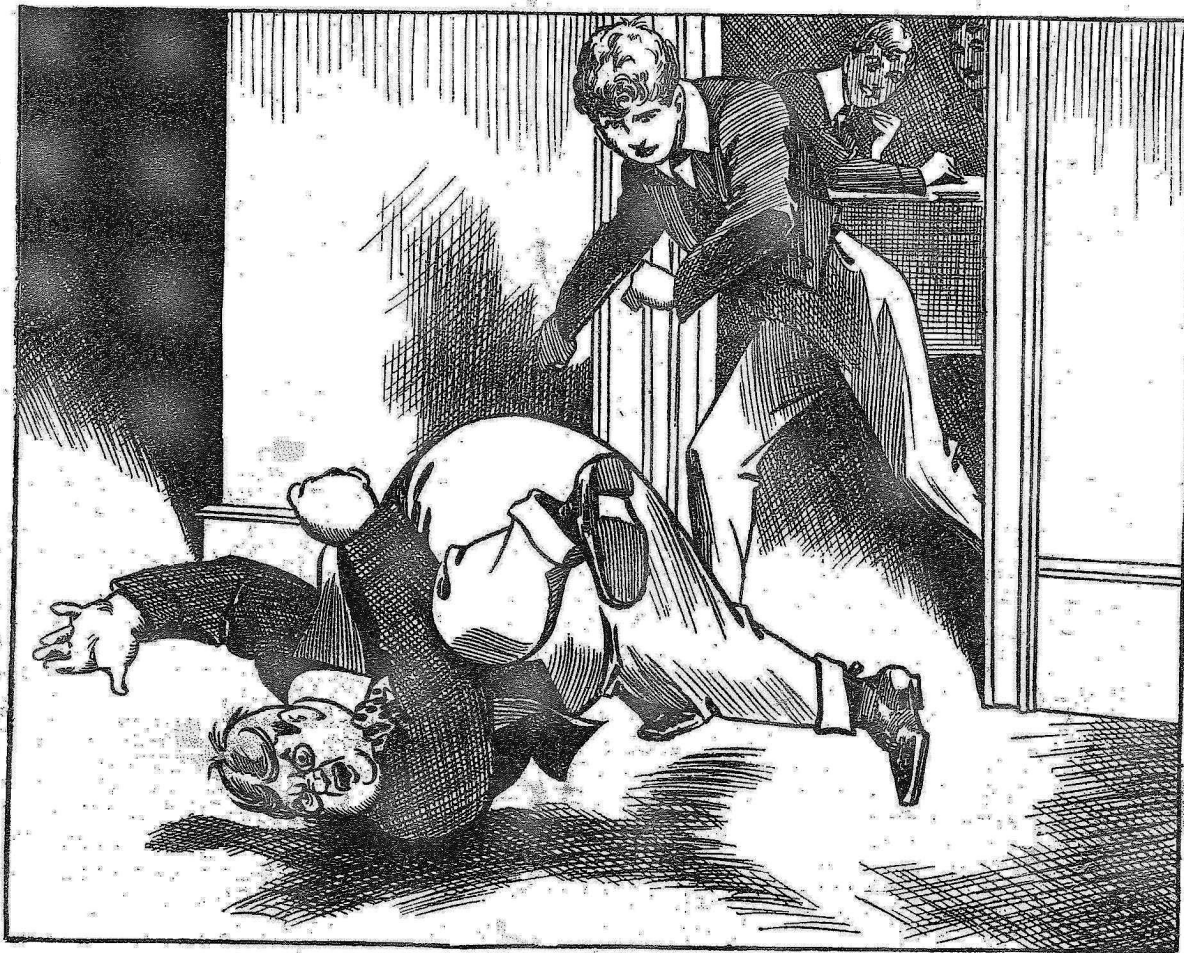
"If a fellow's good at anything, what harm is there in admitting it?" he said.

"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 countenance 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 Wharton's remark. "It's no use taking that sort of beauty on tour. If the cricket-match was going against us, he'd round and kick all our opponents in turn!"

Dennis Carr ignored Bolsover, and turned 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.

"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 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 Quelch?"

"Exactly!"

"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, I'll 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 mustn't go to Quelch 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 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, if 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.

"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 travels 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."

"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 funk-ed 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," drawled the schoolboy earl. "Our friend Rolls-Royce will join us in a little refreshment!"

"Eh? What's that?" exclaimed Dennis sharply.

Lord Mauleverer beamed affably at the new boy.

"Isn't your name Rolls-Royce, begad?" he said.

"My name's Carr."

"Sorry!" murmured Mauly. "I guessed it was a car, but I wasn't sure which make."

Jimmy Vivian chuckled.

"Make yourself at 'ome, old sport!" he said genially.

"I don't want any tea."

"All the more for us, begad!" said Mauly complacently.

"May I borrow some notepaper?" asked Dennis Carr.

"Certainly, dear boy!"

Dennis helped himself from Mauly's stock, and sat down at the table. Jimmy Vivian politely 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.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### The Fateful Letter!

"I SAY, Carr—" A fat face, adorned by a pair of spectacles, appeared in the doorway. Dennis Carr looked up from his letter, and surveyed Billy Bunter with considerable impatience.

"Say what you've got to say, and travel!" he said curtly.

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; one of my eyes would be shut up, like yours; and my jaw—"

"I'm like the brook," began said Mauly.

"It goes on for ever!"

Billy Bunter wagged an admonishing finger at the schoolboy earl.

"I didn't ask you to interfere," he said.

"Dry up, or you'll find yourself on your back in the passage!"

"Oh begad!" gasped Mauly.

"I very much appreciate the way you stood up 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 quite new.

"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 hostile than ever.

Dennis was, in many respects, an extraordinary new boy; but he was not so gullible 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 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 fat junior alighted on the linoleum with a bump and a roar.

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

Dennis himself had to laugh as he watched Billy Bunter frantically endeavouring 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 having 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 handiwork.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 23.

The letter ran as follows:

"Dear Pater,—My first impressions of Greyfriars are not very favourable.

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 my Form fool about in the class-room for a week, and the following week they travel about the country playing games. This may be jolly nice, but it doesn't increase a fellow's chances of becoming 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,

"P.S.—Ever so many thanks for the fiver you 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 Form-work.

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.

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

"This will put a spoke in Wharton's wheel!" he muttered. "The pater will simply raise Cain about it!"

In the interval which remained until bedtime Dennis 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 be a member of the touring-party. Wharton must therefore pay the penalty.

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 dormitory black locks were directed at Dennis.

"Here he comes!"

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

"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 pupil, of course!" sneered Dennis. "Said the decision was in your hands, and so forth."

"Sneaks never get much satisfaction," remarked Frank Nugent. "Serve you jolly well right!"

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

"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 grinned.

"Do you want me to alter the shape of your face for the second time?" he said.

Dennis Carr clenched his fists, and a resumption of the fight seemed quite possible.

But Wingate of the Sixth stepped into the dormitory at this juncture, and Bolsover happened into bed. Dennis Carr rowed sun.

"The members of the touring-party will assemble in the Close at nine o'clock to-morrow morning!" announced Wingate.

"Hurrah!"

"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 Berkshire.

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

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### The Blow Falls!

"GOOD luck, you fellows!" "Mind you come back bursting with honour and glory!"

In the bright August sunshine, Harry Wharton & Co., armed with cricket-bags, 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, 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 boy 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.

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

"Quelchy teaches Latin,  
Quelchy teaches Greek;  
Quelchy on the warpath  
All the blessed week!  
Quelchy's gimlet optics  
Shan'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!" 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 Skiff.

"Ah, that's it!" said Bob, sure of himself at 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 jolly fine town," said Monty Newland. "I hope we have a boatrace on the river at Caversham."

"We shall," said Harry Wharton. "The boatrace 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 rubbed 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 Park.

The Berkshire boys were at practice when Harry Wharton & Co. arrived.

The Greyfriars juniors watched them critically 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 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 stuff. But we mean to give you a good run for your money. My name's Glenn: Won't you shake?"

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?"

Glenn nodded.

A few moments later the match was in full swing.

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 Squiff'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.

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 Nugent, 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 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 came 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 partnership followed. Bob Cherry and Mark Linley knew each other's 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.

"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.

If all went well they would not only defeat the Berkshire boys, but defeat them by an 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 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 appetite.

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 Wingate.

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 intently, some of them with rather scared faces.

"Wonder what's in the wind?" murmured Monty Newland.

"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."

"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 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?"

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

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

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

some misdemeanour before leaving Greyfriars, 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 briskly.

"Oh, I say!" protested 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."

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 upheaval of some sort must have taken place at Greyfriars. It's rough luck, but when the storm's blown over we shall probably come 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 Greyfriars 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.

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!"

And for once in a way Bolsover's sentiments were shared by his schoolfellows.

"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."

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

The Greyfriars cricketers hurried after Wingate, 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.

Sulky and dispirited, the juniors sat in the carriage and scowled at each other.

Wingate's first action on reaching Greyfriars 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 cancelled, 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 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."

"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."

"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 boulder had his own way, sir?" said Wingate.

"You must not refer to the gentleman as a boulder, 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 POPULAR.—No. 52.

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# TUBBY THE TYRANT!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### A Feed for Tubby.

**P**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.

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 loftily. "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.

"Hop it!" roared Tubby Muffin. And Peele, his face white with rage, "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!"

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.

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 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.

And he sat down in his chair and waited for 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 hotly. "Take it!"

And he flung the dictionary with all his

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 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 to stop.

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

"Wh-what—" "Shut up! Don't talk to me! Put your fists up!"

Tubby did not wait very long for Peele to put his fists in a fighting attitude. 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!" "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 beast!"

"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.

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. There

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 meekly.

"Then pick it up!" "Nother yes, please."

"None of your cheek, 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 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.

"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 Common-room. 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.

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 Grace.

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

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

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





"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!"  
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 boys," he said mildly.

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 beads and spectacles.

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.

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

The elderly gentleman blinked at the leader of the Modern House through his spectacles.

"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.

"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 helplessly 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 you speak?" he asked hastily.

Swinnerton looked 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 a 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 House."

"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-boyish 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 hurried away without a word, leaving his chums to whisper together of the 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 say 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 murmured, 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 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 Rastus 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!

"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 in their lives.

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

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.

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, I 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 yourself?" asked Rastus mildly.

"I defy you to!" snapped Tubby Muffin, 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—"

"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.

Rastus 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 was in the well-known cheery tones of Jimmy Silver!

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear! Ha, ha, ha!"

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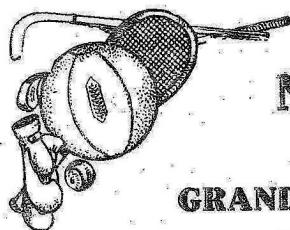
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THE END.



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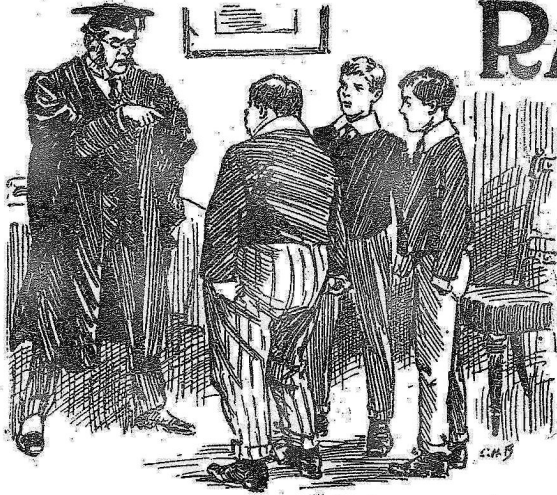
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# RATTY ON THE RAMPAGE

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

... BY ...

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Figgins & Co. in Council.

"**W**ERE going to get it in the neck, anyway," said Kerr. "I don't see what more the old bouncer 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 Fatty 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 than know 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 deny 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 jolly 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, Figg," 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. Figg 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 Figg'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 tie 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.

"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 Figg.

"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 circles. 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 ourselves. But had we a right to take it for him? That's 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 Figg and Fatty had been on the stairs at the moment, and Kerr had not been with them—unless Kerr was his mysterious assailant.

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 of taking upon his own shoulders the burden of Kerruish. He was preparing circumstantial evidence of his own guilt, indeed, when Figg and Fatty returned to the study.

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

But there was more than one way into the New House, and Mr. Ratcliff knew from old that Kerr was wily.

"Well, what's to be done?" asked Figg now. "We're due with the old bouncer 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."

Figg 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 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."

Figg grunted again.

"You asked what's to be done, Figg," 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?" Figg 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 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.

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 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 Figgins & Co.

They had wiped out the attempt at spoofing them, and had left a big balance, Kerr held.

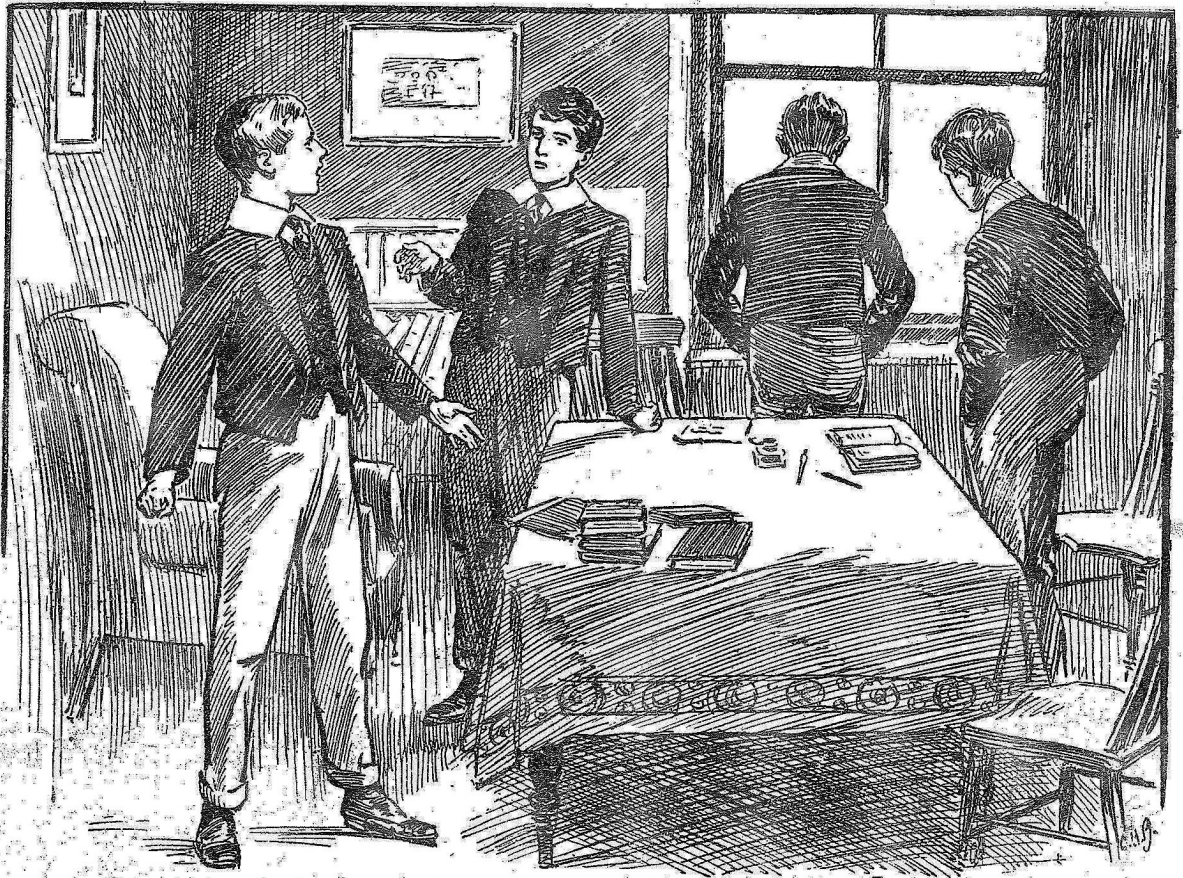
Of course, quite a number of fellows in both Houses knew that it was Kerruish. But that was a matter of indifference. No one was likely to give the Manx junior away to Ratty.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Julian & Co. in Council.

**A**T the moment when Figgins, Kerr, and Fatty Wynn went down together to face the tyrant, Kerruish and his chums were discussing the affair in Study No. 5 on the Fourth Form passage of THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 32.





"So it's yourselves you are thinking about!" flashed Kerruish. "I'm a disgrace to the study, am I?" "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 hardly 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.

"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.

"Figgy, 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?"

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.

He stood gaping, but silent.

"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 boggles— Pah!"

Mr. Ratcliff had lost himself in the mazes 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!"

"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!"

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.

Figgy 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, Figgy!" 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. In his keenness to get at the secret he had accused Kerr of lying.

But he knew Kerr was not lying.

He remembered what Taggies had told him. He had seen Fatty's lips 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 School House junior was, and to insist upon severe punishment being meted out to him.

But he would not find out through Figgy & 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!

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

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

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

Figgy & Co. were in a frightful row, and





### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

#### Missing His Chance!

It was at call-over that the question was put.

All the School House juniors were ranged in hall for the ceremony, and when it was over Mr. Raitlon said:

"I have a question to ask of you before you are dismissed. Two days ago something happened in the New House which has greatly annoyed Mr. Ratcliff. 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. Raitlon 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. Raitlon'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 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 of 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.

There was something about the manner in which quite a number of fellows looked straight ahead of them, as though disclaiming in marked fashion any connection with the incident, that struck the Housemaster, though he may not have read their attitude exactly in that way.

But he was conscious of some under-current 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 Eric Kerruish.

"Kerruish!" he said sharply.

The Manx junior started in alarm. Every eye was turned upon him.

"Come here!" said Mr. Raitlon.

Kerruish went up to him.

"You have been fighting, Kerruish?"

"Yes, sir."

Again Mr. Raitlon's eyes swept the ranks. But he could see no one else who showed signs of combat.

"With whom?"

"With Redfern, sir."

"Ah! Gloves?"

"Yes, sir."

"In the gymnasium?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Raitlon 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 back to your place."

That was Mr. Raitlon'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 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.

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.

"Now as to this affair in the New House," said Mr. Raitlon. "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 you is necessarily guilty. But if such is the case, I ask that you should stand forward."

A low murmur could be heard round in the hush that followed.

But the eyes of the sea were not turned upon Kerruish now.

They were averted from him. The just order of things on there would drive him away. Those who might have done so

out of ill-feeling simply dared not, and the rest would not.

Julian on one side, Reilly on the other, made no sign. They left it to him. And perhaps that was a mistake. A nudge then—if he could only have believed in the friendliness of it—might have saved Kerruish from 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. Raitlon spoke again.

"I can only conclude that the guilty 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, Dick?" said Kerruish.

"I think it would have been better every way, old man," replied Julian, almost sadly.

And he took his chum by the arm as he spoke.

But Kerruish wrrenched 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 finked it at the pinch, Kerruish?" he sneered.

The Manx junior thrust him aside. But behind Crooke was Racker, and behind Racker were a dozen more, and every face there was hostile.

Crooke hissed. Others followed suit. 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's angry bidding.

Julian, Hammond, and Reilly were all there, but no one spoke as he entered. He stood and looked at them.

So 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.

"Julian, what do you say?"

"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 simply bound to make a difference. I'm going to be sent to Coventry, I can see that plainly 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't 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 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 gathered up his books, and went.

Better leave him to himself for a bit. Look here, you two, Eric is in the wrong, and there's no getting away from that. But I'm not going to chuck up, and if I know you, you're not going to either," said Julian sadly.

Neither replied. They had not quite made up their minds.

But Julian had made up his mind.

Kerruish had also made up his—to something of which none of his chums dreamed!

### THE CANCELLED TOUR!

(Continued from page 7.)

"Very good, sir," said Wingate.

The captain of Greyfriars was besieged by a crowd of Removites as he came out into the Close.

"What's the verdict, Wingate?"

"Was it a spoof telegram?"

"Are we going to Reading again to-morrow?"

Wingate promptly shattered this hope.

"There are to be no more sports tours," he said.

"Oh!"

"One of the education officials threatened to kick up a shindy if the tours were continued," explained the captain of Greyfriars. "If the Head hadn't cancelled the tours the school would have got a reputation for slackness."

"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, hear!"

The news of the cancelled tour spread rapidly through the Remove.

Harry Wharton & Co. had expected to sleep 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 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 rank outsider!"

Dennis Carr shot bolt upright in his bed.

"Steady on, Cherry!" he said, in ringing tones. "You're speaking of my father?"

"Eh?" rasped Bob.

"It was my father who caused those tours to be cancelled—"

"What!"

"And he acted from a sense of duty." There was a buzz through 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 fearlessly. "I did!"

"You?"

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.

"You cad!"

"You awful outsider!"

"You snake in the grass!"

Led by Vernon-Smith, several juniors sprang out of bed.

"Sock it into him!" sang out Bolsover major.

"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 beds in the nick of time, and the punishment of Dennis Carr had to be deferred.

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 at Greyfriars such as few new boys 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 Limley alone saw possibilities of good in Dennis Carr. In Mark's opinion, he was a misguided youth, but not a hopeless one.

The rest of the juniors, however, were furiously angry. 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 END.

THE END.