

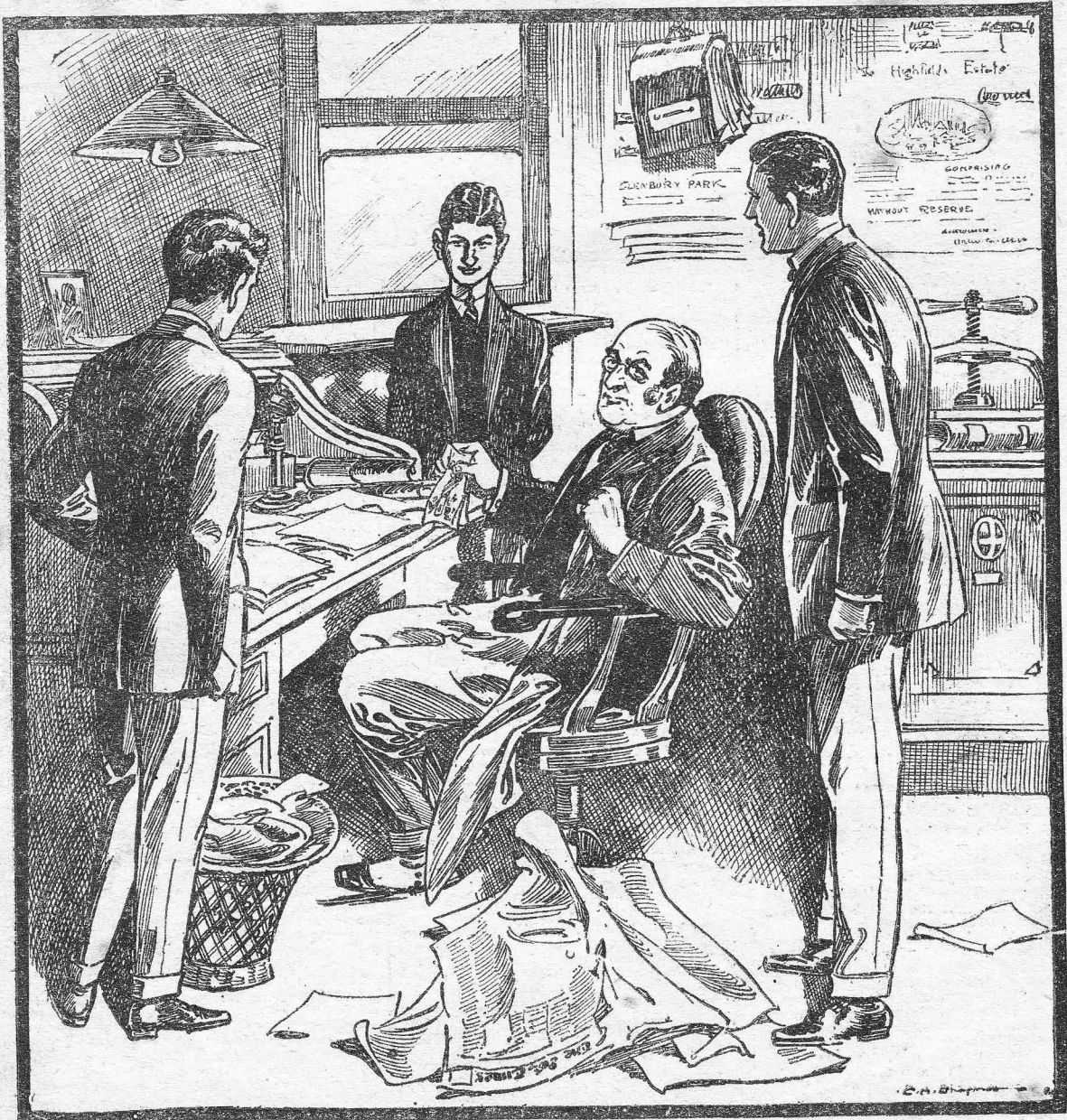
START READING "MICK O' THE MOVIES" TO-DAY!

The Penny **1½**  
Popular

Week Ending  
January 24th, 1920.

No. 53.  
New Series.

Long Complete Stories of—  
HARRY WHARTON & CO.—JIMMY SILVER & CO.—& A GRAND NEW SERIAL.



**DENNIS CARR IS BRANDED AS A THIEF!**  
(A Dramatic Incident in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



# The Downfall of Dennis!

A MAGNIFICENT  
LONG COMPLETE  
STORY OF HARRY  
WHARTON & Co.  
OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Ragged Ragged.

**T**HE pirate gazed upon the blue, shark-infested waters—"Dry up!" "Gnashing his teeth with maniacal frenzy—"

"Slow it!" "From his glittering blade the blood streamed in a crimson avalanche—" "Help!"

"And he uttered a series of savage exclamations as he surveyed the still forms of his victims, lying lifeless on the quarter-deck!"

The pirate was not the only person who uttered savage exclamations. Harry Wharton uttered one, and Frank Nugent, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Singh followed suit.

Johnny Bull was reading aloud to his schoolfellows the first instalment of a new pirate serial upon which he was engaged for the "Greyfriars Herald."

Johnny had not been asked to read his fearful and wonderful narrative. He had done so of his own accord, and his listeners, unable to stand the strain any longer, sprang to their feet and glared at Johnny across the table in No. 1 Study.

"Chump!"

"Idiot!"

"Burling jabberwock!"

Johnny Bull was left under no delusion as to what his chums thought of him.

"Look here," he protested wrathfully, "there's nothing wrong with my pirate serial—"

"Well, there's certainly nothing right with it!" growled Harry Wharton. "As Editor of the 'Greyfriars Herald,' I flatly decline to publish such awful piffle!"

"Why, you—you—" spluttered Johnny. "Piffle's a word that can only be applied to your editorials!"

"Look here—"

Things were warming up, and Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull would doubtless have been at each other's throats had not an interruption occurred at that moment.

Skinner of the Remove advanced into the study with a roll of manuscript in his hand.

"Not gone to press yet, I hope?" he said.

"No!" growled Wharton. "That won't make any difference to you, though. We shouldn't dream of going to press with anything you'd written!"

"Look here," said Skinner, "I've written a story of burning interest—"

"It's bound to burn in a minute!" remarked Bob Cherry, with an ominous glance in the direction of the fire.

"It's a topical yarn," went on Skinner, "and it's true to life. I sha'n't ask you a fabulous price for it, Wharton. In fact, I shall be quite satisfied with payment at the rate of tuppence a word."

"My hat!"

"Think you're an O. Henry, don't you?" jeered Nugent.

"Steady on!" said Skinner. "I didn't come to this study to be insulted. My stories are streets above those of O. Henry!"

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leave your story on the table," said Wharton. "I promise you it shall have every consideration; at the same time, there's no chance whatever of its being published!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The usual rejection-slip will be sent to you in due course."

Skinner didn't seem to mind very much. He left the manuscript on the table, and strolled out of the study, whistling.

When Skinner had gone, Johnny Bull made a further attempt to read his pirate serial aloud, but he was promptly ordered not to proceed, on pain of a severe bumping.

The Famous Five settled down to work.

For some moments the only sound in No. 1 Study was the busy scratching of pens. The "Herald" was rather late in going to press this week, several football matches having interfered with its production. But the editor and sub-editors now put their "beef" into it, and made up for lost time.

Harry Wharton's editorial occupied him half an hour; and Bob Cherry's personal column and Frank Nugent's cartoon were completed in a similar space of time.

Johnny Bull continued with the writing of his much-maligned pirate serial, and Hurree Singh was engaged upon "A Masterful Study of the Esteemed English Language."

"There are two pages to fill!" announced Harry Wharton, at length. "What's to be done with it?"

"Fill up with advertisements," suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha! I hardly think the readers would like that. They want to read about Greyfriars—not about Uncle Clegg's new-laid eggs, or Mrs. Mumble's mud-pies!"

"What about the story Skinner brought in just now?" said Johnny Bull.

"My hat, I'd forgotten that! I'll run through it, and see if it's any good!"

Harry Wharton picked up the manuscript, and frowned as he glanced at it.

Skinner's story was entitled: "Down-at-Heel Dick; or The Pinch of Poverty!"

It was just like Skinner, Wharton reflected, to sneer at poverty. Skinner was an arrant snob. He fawned upon fellows who were well to do; and he had no use for impoverished fellows of the Dick Penfold type. Neither had the latter any use for Skinner, if it came to that.

The story started off as follows:

"Piper, sir! Evenin' piper!"

"The speaker was a grimy urchin, down-at-heel and out-at-elbow, and he rushed to and fro in the crowded London thoroughfare, with a bundle of evening papers under his arm.

"The urchin's name was Dick Daimler, and he had returned to the gutter from whence he had originally sprung.

"A few weeks before he had been one of the pupils at a big public school in Kent. And now he was back at his old profession—that of selling papers and cadging for money.

"Piper, sir! Evenin' piper!"

"Dick Daimler's voice rang out above the roaring of the traffic—"

Harry Wharton read no farther. He sprang to his feet with an exclamation of anger and indignation.

"The cad! The low-down cad!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in surprise. "Who's the cad, Harry?"

"Skinner, of course!"

"Has he taken your name in vain in his story?" inquired Nugent.

"No; but he's insulted poor old Dennis Carr. I couldn't see through it at first, but it's clear to me now. Skinner's got a character here whom he calls Dick Daimler, and it's obviously intended for Dennis Carr!"

"Great Scott!"

"I should like you fellows to read the opening of the yarn for yourselves," continued Wharton.

The others immediately crowded round the captain of the Remove, and read the commencing paragraphs. Their indignation rapidly became as fierce as Wharton's.

"The rotter!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, clenching his hands. "He deserves to be lynched for this!"

"Just think of it!" said Bob Cherry. "Poor old Carr has to leave Greyfriars, and earn



his own living in London, and instead of feeling sorry for him—as any decent fellow would—Skinner starts taunting him like this!

"I wonder he had the nerve to walk in here with that stuff!" said Nugent.

"He hoped we wouldn't twig who Dick Dalmier was meant to be," said Wharton. "Probably he thought the story would be published."

"Well, he thought wrong!" growled Johnny Bull. "We'll make a bonfire of the yarn—and it wouldn't be a bad idea to make a bonfire of Skinner!"

The Famous Five were intensely angry. They had never liked Harold Skinner, and they liked him still less now.

Dennis Carr, during his brief career at Greyfriars, had never done Skinner an injury. He had, in fact, been very decent to him. And now Skinner was repaying good with evil. He was sneering at Dennis because the latter, through no fault of his own, was compelled to go out into the world and earn his own living.

"I proposefully suggest," said Hurree Singh, "that we beard the Skinner person in his esteemed den!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I've got a wheeze!" said Bob Cherry suddenly. "A wheeze for making the punishment fit the crime!"

"Good!"

"Get it off your chest, Bob!" said Wharton. Bob Cherry propounded his scheme, and the juniors chuckled.

"That's first-rate!" said Wharton. "Who'll volunteer to go and fetch Skinner?"

Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh darted to the door at once.

They went along to Skinner's study, and returned in a few moments, dragging with them the squirming form of the cad of the Remove.

"Leggo!" panted Skinner. "What's the little game?"

Harry Wharton surveyed the victim with undisguised contempt.

"You worm!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by insulting Dennis Carr, a fellow whose boots you're not fit to clean?"

"Yes, what do you mean by it?" echoed Bob Cherry.

"Carr deserves it!" answered Skinner sullenly. "After all, he's nothing more or less than a beastly little pauper!"

"What?"

"A fellow like that ought never to have come to Greyfriars," continued Skinner. "His pater hadn't a penny to bless himself with, and yet Carr strutted about in this place as if he were the son of a gentleman!"

"It's about time you learnt," said Wharton, "that a man can be on the brink of poverty—or even over the brink—and still be a gentleman! It isn't money that makes a gentleman, otherwise all our profiteers would be included among the gentry. Let me tell you this, Skinner—"

"Don't jaw to the cad, Harry," said Nugent. "You'll never get him to see things from your standpoint. Let's get to business!"

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull. "Out with the togs!"

Skinner looked surprised.

What did Johnny Bull mean by that expression?

The meaning was soon apparent.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry dragged down from the top of the cupboard a box containing theatrical "props." These were the property of that famous organisation known as the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society.

There were all sorts and conditions of garments in the box.

Bob Cherry selected a torn and tattered coat and an equally torn and tattered pair of trousers.

Skinner looked on in growing alarm.

"I—I say!" he stammered. "Who are those things for?"

"For you, of course!" snapped Wharton.

Skinner glanced at the coat and trousers—which would have disgraced the most disreputable tramp that ever tramped—and he shook his head vehemently.

"I refuse to put them on!" he said.

"We'll soon see about that!" said the captain of the Remove. "Off with his coat, Johnny!"

Johnny Bull promptly removed Skinner's coat.

Skinner struggled, of course, but his struggles were of no avail against the stalwart Johnny.

"Now his boots!" rapped out Wharton.

Skinner's boots were accordingly unlaced and dragged off his feet.

"Good! Now hand me that cricket-stump!"

Johnny Bull handed over the stump, and Skinner blinked at Harry Wharton in great alarm.

"What—what are you going to do?" he faltered.

"Lam you until you decide to put those togs on!" said Wharton.

"Oh crumbs!"

The cricket-stump rose and fell twice in quick succession.

Skinner writhed and yelled, and he realised that it would pay him to obey orders.

Reluctantly he donned the tattered trousers over the pair he already had on.

The coat followed; and the Famous Five, in spite of their indignation, burst into a peal of laughter when they surveyed Skinner, who looked a typical street urchin.

Bob Cherry then produced a pair of boots. They were very ancient boots, lacking, for the most part, in sole and heel.

Skinner was compelled, at the point of the cricket-stump, to don the boots. A cloth cap and a muffer completed his equipment.

Harry Wharton then raked in the cupboard, and produced a number of old newspapers.

"Take these, Skinner!" he rapped out.

"Eh? What for?"

"You're going to sell them—or pretend to, anyway."

"Don't talk rot!" said Skinner. "I sha'n't do anything of the sort!"

Wharton looked grim.

"You'll walk the whole length of the Remove passage, just as you are, shouting, 'Piper, sir! Evenin' piper!' If you refuse, we'll give you a Form-licking!"

"Hear, hear!"

Skinner turned pale. A Form-licking would be no laughing matter. It was a very painful ordeal indeed.

The alternative—to march along the Remove passage in rags and tatters, pretending to sell papers—was certainly humiliating, but it was the lesser of two evils.

"All serene!" growled Skinner at length.

"I'll do it!"

Harry Wharton thrust the papers into Skinner's hand, and the cad of the Remove was bundled out of the study.

"Fire away!" commanded Bob Cherry. "If you don't shout the odds loudly enough, we'll make you start again from the beginning!"

Pulling his cap down over his eyes, in a vain attempt to avoid recognition, Skinner passed along the passage. And as he went he shouted:

"Piper, sir! Evenin' piper!"

"Louder!" commanded Bob Cherry.

Skinner began to see the humour of the situation.

After all, he reflected, this wasn't so very degrading. The fellows who saw him performing these antics would imagine that he was playing a practical joke of his own accord.

Therefore Skinner threw himself heart and soul into the performance.

"Piper, sir! All the winners! 'Aft-time football scores, sir! Piper!"

From end to end of the Remove passage study doors were thrown open, and juniors looked out in wonder.

"My only aunty!"

"What the merry dickens—"

"Why," gasped Peter Todd, "it's Skinner!"

"Faith, an' what's the little game, Skinner darlint?" inquired Micky Desmond.

"Piper!" roared Skinner at the top of his voice. "Well-known duchess in the Divorce Court—piper! Bolshies on the warpath—piper!"

Before the juniors could recover from their astonishment, a figure in gown and mortar-board loomed up.

Skinner gave a gasp.

"Quelch!" he murmured inaudibly.

The Remove-master halted in amazement on catching sight of Skinner, whom he failed to recognise at first.

"Bless my soul! Who allowed this vendor to enter the school building? Go away, boy! Do you hear? Go away at once!"

Skinner was only too anxious to go away. He hurried past Mr. Quelch, and as he did so the Form-master recognised him.

"Why—good gracious!—it is Skinner!"

The cad of the Remove hurried on.

"Come back, sir!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Skinner turned, and advanced very sheepishly towards the Form-master.

"How dare you go about in this outrageous guise!" rumbled Mr. Quelch. "Moreover, how dare you raise your voice in a manner calculated to rouse the entire building?"

"I—I—" stammered Skinner.

He dared not sneak. If he gave the Famous Five away, there would be trouble to follow.

"Answer my questions!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

Skinner groaned.

"I—I— It was merely a j-joke, sir!" he stammered.

"Indeed! Then I will endeavour to teach you that such noisy and distasteful jokes are not wanted here! You will accompany me to my study!"

Skinner reluctantly obeyed, and Harry Wharton & Co. did not interfere.

The cad of the Remove had behaved in a most cadish manner, and no punishment could be too severe.

Shortly afterwards sounds of steady swishing proceeded from the Form-master's study. They were accompanied by yells of anguish—yells which fairly awakened the echoes.

And when, in due course, Skinner of the Remove limped out of the study he no longer uttered the familiar shout:

"Piper, sir! Evenin' piper!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Going Strong!

AT the same time as the rising-bell was clanging at Greyfriars next morning Dennis Carr awoke.

It was of Greyfriars that Dennis had been dreaming, and a very vivid dream it had been. It concerned a football match between Greyfriars and St. Jim's—a dour struggle—and Dennis had scored the winning goal. Fellows thronged round to congratulate him, and amid the applause a loud banging could be heard.

At this stage Dennis awoke with a start, to find that he was not on the football-field at Greyfriars, but in his London lodgings.

And the loud banging noise was caused by Mrs. Grubb, his landlady, who was knocking him up.

"Thanks, Mrs. Grubb!" responded Dennis; then he threw back the bedclothes and jumped briskly out of bed.

This was a red-letter day in Dennis Carr's history, for he was to commence earning his own living.

His father having died in poverty, Dennis had left Greyfriars and come to London, where he had spent many weary days in a futile search for employment.

At last, however, fortune had smiled upon him. Dennis had been of service to Sir Howard Prescott, a big auctioneer in the West End; and Sir Howard had promptly engaged him as a junior clerk. He was to commence his duties at nine o'clock that morning.

"Thank goodness I've got a job at last!" muttered Dennis, as he towelled himself vigorously after his ablutions. "It was simply awful, tramping round day after day and having no luck!"

Although his clothes were rumpled and weather-stained, Dennis succeeded in making himself look quite presentable.

Mrs. Grubb met him as he was in the act of descending the stairs.

The landlady was a gaunt, grim-faced woman, and she eyed Dennis very sternly.

"Which there's a week's rent due from you, Mr. Carr—"

Dennis smiled as he produced and handed over twelve shillings, which was the sum he paid weekly for his room—or, rather, attic.

"Thank you, sir!" said Mrs. Grubb.

She was obviously surprised that her lodger should settle up so promptly, for only the day before he had been in the state known as "stony."

But Sir Howard Prescott had insisted upon Dennis accepting a week's salary in advance—hence the boy's ability to pay up.

Dennis did not linger to have breakfast with Mrs. Grubb. One of his fellow-lodgers had informed him that Mrs. Grubb's bacon was like boot-leather, and that her eggs resembled Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

It was to a restaurant on the opposite side of the road that Dennis wended his way.

After partaking of a light but nourishing meal, the newly-engaged junior clerk set out for the office.

What would it be like? Dennis reflected.

He had never worked in an office before, though he was well qualified to do so. His knowledge of shorthand, typewriting, and general office routine resembled Sam Weller's knowledge of London, being both extensive and peculiar.

Would his colleagues be decent fellows? Would Sir Howard be satisfied with his progress? Would the life be lively and interesting, or would it degenerate into a career of drudgery?

These and many other questions flashed into Dennis Carr's mind as he strode along amid the early-morning bustle.

Ah! Here was the office, and a very sumptuous place it looked.

Dennis stepped inside, and passed down a short corridor.

There was a door bearing the word "Private"—evidently the entrance to Sir Howard Prescott's room.

There were two other rooms, and from one of them, early though the hour was, came the metallic clash of a typewriter.

Dennis hesitated a moment, then passed in.

A tall, good-looking young man of about five-and-twenty suspended operations on the typewriter, and nodded cheerfully to Dennis.

"Good-morning!" he said. "You are the new clerk, what?"

Dennis replied that he was.

"Thought as much. Well, there's your desk. There won't be anything for you to do until Sir Howard turas up. I'm senior clerk here, and my name's Terry. What's yours?"

"Dennis Carr."

"Ever worked in an office before?"

"No."

"Phew! That's rather a drawback. And yet you've mastered shorthand and typewriting?"

Dennis nodded.

"I swotted them in my own time at school. One of the masters had a typewriter, and he let me borrow it as often as I liked."

"What are your speeds?"

Dennis reflected for a moment.

"Shorthand, one hundred and sixty words a minute—"

"What!"

"And typewriting, seventy words a minute!"

"Look here, kid," said Terry sternly, "this isn't a leg-pulling establishment. I admit that neither of the two speeds you mention are impossible, and yet—a mere kid like you—why, it's absurd on the face of it!"

Dennis smiled.

"Perhaps you'd like to give me a trial?" he suggested.

"Very well," said Terry. "And I'll prove that what you say is all moonshine!"

So saying, Terry took up a copy of the "Times," handed Dennis a notebook and pencil, and proceeded to dictate an article to him at the rate of one hundred and sixty words per minute. Terry timed the test by means of his stop-watch.

At the end of three minutes he stopped.

"You—you don't mean to say you've got it all down?" he exclaimed, staring at Dennis.

"Every word!" said the latter.

Terry was visibly impressed. But he smiled as he bade Dennis seat himself at the typewriter.

"Now I want you to type the whole thing out," he said. "And this is where the real test comes in, for you're bound to find it difficult to transcribe from your shorthand notes."

To his delight, Dennis saw that the typewriter was of a similar pattern to the machine possessed by Mr. Quelch. Had it been a strange machine, he would probably have been floored.

"Ready?" asked Terry. "I'm going to time you."

Dennis nodded, and the next instant his nimble fingers were beating a tattoo on the keyboard.

Terry looked on in amazement. It looked as if Sir Howard Prescott had made a "find."

At the end of seven minutes Dennis jerked the paper out of the machine.

"Finished!" he said.

Terry ran his eye over the transcript, which contained very few typing errors.

"By Jove, this is splendid work!" he exclaimed. "Clean and neat, and decently spaced out. You were quite right when you said you could type at the rate of seventy words a minute. And you seriously mean to say that you've never worked in an office before?"

"Never!"

"Then you'll be quite an acquisition. I congratulate you, kid, on your ability!"

At that moment a weedy-looking youth, with a cigarette dangling from his lips, entered the office. He entered just in time to hear Terry congratulate Dennis Carr, and he scowled as he hung up his hat and coat.

"Who's this new bouncer?" he asked.

"Carr isn't a bouncer!" retorted Terry sharply. "He's worth a dozen of you, anyway, Craven!"

The youth addressed as Craven continued to scowl as he sat down at his desk, and drew out a pink paper from his pocket.

"You can throw that copy of 'The Turf Tipster' into the waste-paper basket!" rapped out Terry. "I've told you scores of times about reading sporting papers in the office. You're late, too! Our day begins at nine o'clock, but yours seems to commence in the neighbourhood of ten!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Craven irritably. "You're always slanging me, and I'm not going to stick it!"

Nevertheless, it was to be observed that Craven dropped his pink paper into the waste-paper basket, and turned to the more profitable occupation of cleaning his typewriter.

Shortly afterwards Sir Howard Prescott arrived.

After one or two discourses on the telephone in his own room, he stepped into the clerks' office.

Terry, Craven, and Dennis rose respectfully to their feet.

"Carry on!" said Sir Howard, beckoning them to be seated. "How is Carr shaping, Terry? Have you given him a trial?"

Terry gave such a glowing description of the new clerk's abilities that he caused Dennis to blush, and Sir Howard to beam.

"This is excellent!" said the old gentleman. "Will you step into my room, Carr? I have some letters to dictate to you."

Dennis followed his employer into the latter's room, and he astonished Sir Howard by the ease and rapidity with which he took down the letters.

As a rule, Craven performed the job which Dennis was now doing, and he performed it in a very scrappy manner, sometimes failing to hear what Sir Howard said, and at other times imploring him to dictate more slowly.

Carr was quite a genius by comparison with Craven.

Sir Howard dictated twenty letters in all before dismissing Dennis.

On the occasions when Craven had taken down twenty letters he had required the whole of the day to type them out, and had devoted half the time to grumbling.

Dennis Carr, however, quite revolutionised the office by completing the letters before lunch!

"Finished already?" gasped Terry.

"Yes."

"You've typed twenty letters in one morning?"

"They weren't all long ones," Dennis confessed.

"Still, that's quite an achievement. Let's see if you've made any mistakes!"

Dennis handed the pile of letters to Terry, who went through them one by one. But he failed to find a single blunder.

"Well, you're a capture, Carr, and no mistake!" he said, at length. "Where did you pick up all this energy?"

"At school, I suppose."

"Then you must have gone to a jolly fine school, by Jove!"

Craven, who had been listening to this conversation, sneered.

"Some wretched little shanty of a charity school, most likely!" he said.

Dennis Carr spun round upon the speaker.

"Another word from you," he said, "and I'll punch your nose—hard!"

Craven recoiled at the words. He had sufficient sense to see that Dennis meant them.

From that time forward Craven was very civil to Carr. He even pretended to like him, though in reality he hated him bitterly.

It did not take Dennis long to settle down. He found the work very interesting, and he struck up quite a friendship with Terry, who, although ten years his senior, was still a boy at heart.

How strange it was to think that a few weeks before Dennis had been captain of the Greyfriars Remove!

His school career, which had terminated so suddenly, now seemed to be nothing more than a dream.

And the fellows he had known and liked—the Famous Five and Mark Linley and Dick Penfold, to say nothing of Mauly and Sir Jimmy Vivian—would he ever see them again? Or had he gone out of their lives for good?

Occasionally Dennis exchanged correspondence with Mark Linley. But letters were poor substitutes for handshakes, and he longed to be in the society of his old chum once more.

The hours at Sir Howard Prescott's office

were rather long, but there was one great compensation—no work on Saturdays!

Dennis often experienced a longing to go down to Greyfriars on one of these free days, but he refrained for two reasons. In the first place, his clothes were not so smart as he could have wished; and, secondly, it would be a difficult matter to raise the railway-fare. It would mean that Mrs. Grubb would have to go short of rent-money; and the grasping landlady was not likely to allow that!

So Dennis devoted his Saturdays—and his Sundays, too—to long rambles on the outskirts of the metropolis.

Sometimes, but not very often, Terry accompanied him.

And all this time Dennis and Craven were on the best of terms—outwardly, at any rate.

But Dennis little dreamed that Craven was jealous of him, and was only waiting for an opportunity of doing him an injury.

On Friday evening, just as the clerks were dispersing for their week-end's freedom, Craven said to Dennis:

"I'm going down to Kent to-morrow to see a cousin of mine. Care to come?"

"I'd like to," said Dennis, in his frank way, "but the fact is I'm stony!"

"Oh, that's all right! I'll stand the racket."

Dennis politely declined this generous offer. He felt that he would not be able to enjoy a week-end at somebody else's expense.

"You're a rum beggar, Carr! As you won't accompany me, I'll go alone."

And he did.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Slanderous Tongues.

**A** NEW kid, by gum!" Billy Bunter, of the Greyfriars Remove, was the first to spot the weedy-looking stranger who came in at the school gates.

New boys were Billy Bunter's speciality—his happy hunting-ground, in fact.

The fable of the expected postal-order carried no weight with the fellows already at Greyfriars; but it often happened that an unsuspecting new boy fell into the trap.

The Owl of the Remove rolled up to the new-comer.

"Hallo!" he said affably.

"Hallo!" growled the other.

"Ripping sort of day, isn't it?" said Bunter. "I suppose you've only just arrived—what!"

The new arrival nodded.

Billy Bunter then proceeded to ask the usual string of questions. He wanted to know his companion's name, age, height, and weight, who his father and mother were, what wars his ancestors had fought in, and so on and so forth.

"My name," said the new-comer, "is Craven. And yours, I suppose, is Percy Porpoise?"

Bunter was about to make an indignant protest, but he checked himself.

"He, he, he! You will have your little joke!" he cackled. "I—I say, kid, I'm expecting a fat remittance to-morrow—"

"Glad to hear it!" growled Craven. "Hope you stuff yourself on the strength of it till you go off pop!"

"Oh, really, you know— Now, I want to ask you a favour. You look a pretty generous sort of chap. Will you lend me five bob till to-morrow?"

"Eh?"

"Only five bob, and I'll repay it with seven-and-sixpence. That's fifty per cent. interest."

The offer did not seem to appeal to Craven. Possibly he had already heard of Bunter's "taking" ways.

"I'll lend you nothing," he said, "unless it's a thick ear!"

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at the speaker through his big spectacles.

"You cheeky bouncer!" he roared. "I'll have you know that I'm captain of the Remove Form here, and I'm not in the habit of being insulted! You can jolly well—"

Biff!

Craven was no fighting-man, but he concluded—and rightly—that he could make short work of the inflated specimen of boyhood which confronted him.

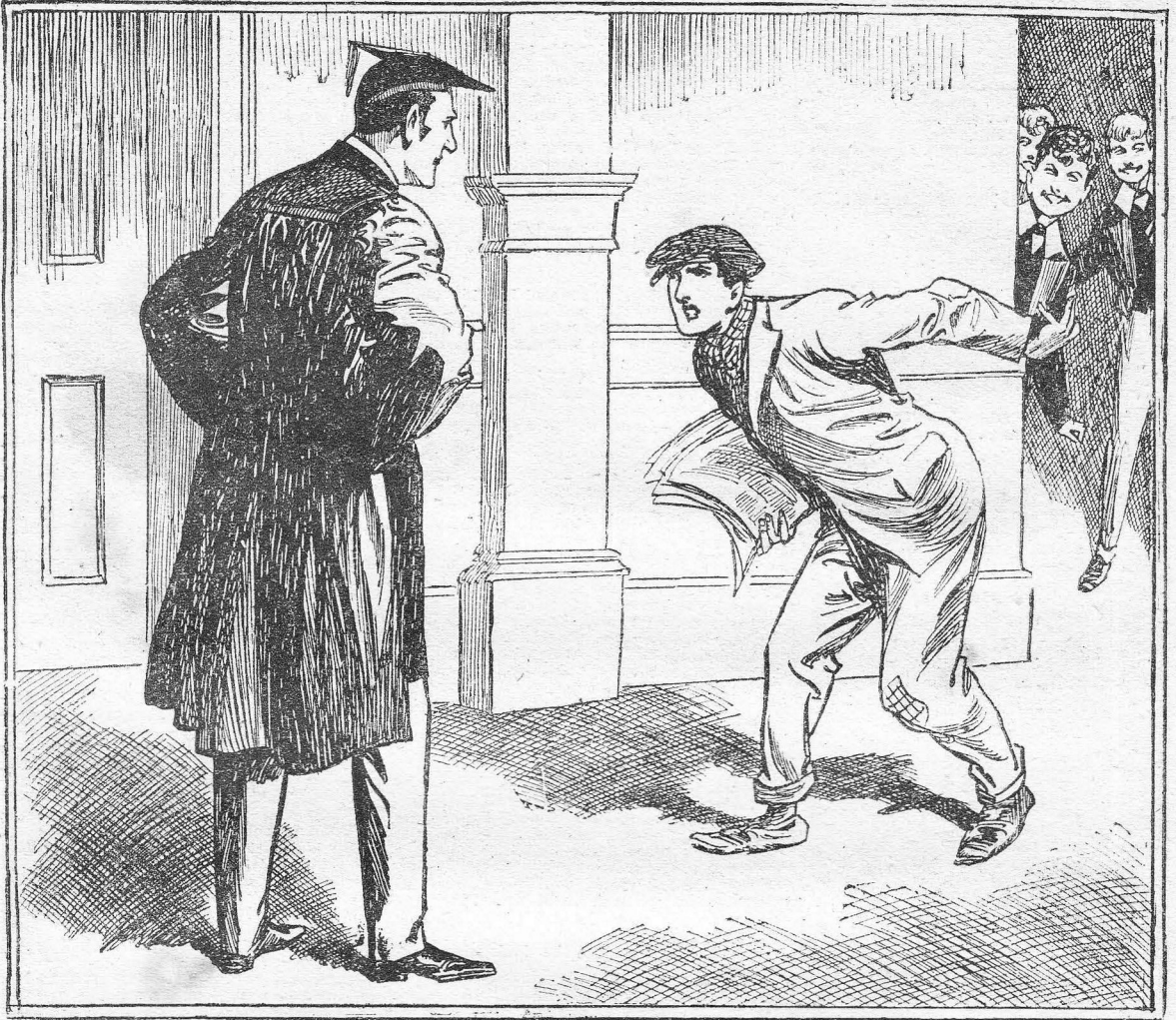
He shot out his right, and his bony fist crashed upon Billy Bunter's nose with an impact which caused the fat junior's spectacles to leap into space.

"Yaroooooh!"

Billy Bunter's sudden yell of anguish brought a crowd of juniors to the spot.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob





Mr. Quelch halted in amazement on catching sight of Skinner, whom he failed to recognise at first. "Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "Who allowed this vendor to enter the school building? Go away, boy! Go away at once!" (See page 3.)

Cherry, coming on the scene with the Famous Five. "Bunter's on the war-path!"

"In the wars, you mean!" grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who's the new fellow?" asked Wharton.

"Ask me another!"

Craven, who loved the limelight, was very pleased to observe that he had an audience.

He saw that he had Billy Bunter at his mercy, and he took full advantage of it.

Rushing in, he again shot out his right, and Billy Bunter, who was all at sea without the aid of his spectacles, received the blow fairly and squarely in the chest, and sat down with great violence on the flagstones.

"Yow-ow-ow!" he moaned, groping frantically for his spectacles.

"There, at the foot of Pompey's statue, great Caesar fell!" quoted Dick Penfold.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Craven, flushed and triumphant, turned to the squirming figure on the ground.

"If you try to squeeze a loan out of me again," he said, "you'll get a double dose!"

"Has Bunter been trying to work off his postal-order stunt on you?" inquired Bob Cherry.

Craven nodded.

"Never mind! You've given him a jolly good drubbing, and he won't pester you again in a hurry!"

"Care to join us at tea in our study?" asked Wharton politely.

Craven glanced keenly at the Famous Five, as if to make sure that his leg wasn't being pulled. Then he answered:

"Delighted!"

"Come on, then!"

Wharton led the way to Study No. 1,

where the juniors soon bustled about and got tea.

The Famous Five had not been expecting a new boy; but now that one had turned up they were prepared to entertain the stranger within the gates.

Supplies of tuck were plentiful; and Craven, although a weedy youth, had an appetite which was almost Bunterian. He put away cakes and tarts at such a rate that his hosts simply sat and gasped.

When his orgy was over, Craven leaned back in his chair with a sigh—or, rather, a grunt—of contentment.

"You're coming into the Remove, I take it?" said Wharton.

"No."

"You look big enough for the Upper Fourth," remarked Nugent. "Is that where you're going?"

"No."

"You don't mean to say you're going into the Fifth?" exclaimed Johnny Bull, in surprise.

"No."

"Of course not!"

The Famous Five stared. They could not make head or tail of their guest.

"P'raps the Head has put him into the Sixth," suggested Bob Cherry. "After all, Coker minor's in the Sixth, and he's quite an undersized little brat!"

"I'm not going into any Form at all," said Craven.

"What?"

"I left school six months ago—not a swell school like this, but a place where you have to quit when you're fifteen."

"My only aunt!"

"Dashed if I can understand what you're talking about!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You

say you've left school; and if that's the case, why have you come to Greyfriars?"

Craven yawned.

"I'm only here on a flying visit," he explained. "You see, I'm a cousin of Skinner of the Remove."

"Great pip!"

Harry Wharton & Co. understood at last. And they realised only too clearly the blunder they had made.

Like Billy Bunter, they had jumped to the conclusion that Craven was a new boy; whereas he was merely a visitor to Greyfriars!

The juniors badly wanted to bump Skinner's cousin for not having told them the facts in the first place.

But it would not be good form to bump a visitor to the school, which was a fortunate thing for Craven.

"Have you seen your cousin yet?" asked Harry Wharton, at length.

"No," said Craven. "Would you mind directing me to his study?"

Harry Wharton was only too glad to get rid of his guest. He escorted him along the passage, and tapped on the door of Skinner's study.

"A visitor for you, Skinner!" he announced.

And the next moment Skinner and his cousin were shaking hands. It was not a hearty handshake, but a cold and lifeless one.

"Well, this is a surprise, Paul, and no mistake!" said Skinner. "I had no idea you were coming. You've got a day off from the office, what?"

Craven nodded, and availed himself of the armchair.

"Will you have some tea?" asked Skinner.  
"No, thanks. I've just had a light snack. I don't mind a smoke, though."

Skinner crossed to the door, and turned the key in the lock. Then he produced a box of cigarettes from the cupboard, and handed it to Craven, who lighted up with an expression of contentment on his lean face.

Skinner also took a cigarette, and the study was soon reeking with fumes. The window was tightly closed, for Skinner was no believer in fresh air.

"Well, how are things going, Paul?" he inquired, at length.

"Pretty rotten!" was the reply.

"How's that?"

"There's a rank outsider in the office—a fellow who's queering my pitch, and making things unpleasant."

"Rough luck!" said Skinner. "I suppose he's currying favour with the boss, and all that sort of thing?"

"That's so," said Craven. "I hate the fellow, and I sha'n't be happy till he's kicked out!"

"Then why not cause him to be kicked out?" suggested Skinner.

"How?"

"You know best. You always were an expert in the plotting line, Paul."

Craven flicked the ash from his cigarette. "I'll soon think of a wheeze for sending Master Carr packing!" he said.

Skinner pricked up his ears.

"Did you say the fellow's name was Carr?"

"Yes—Dennis Carr."

"My hat!" ejaculated Skinner, in surprise. "Do you know the merchant?" asked Craven.

"Know him! I should think I did! He was at Greyfriars up till a few weeks ago!"

"The dickens he was! Is he a pal of yours?"

Skinner scowled.

"I hate and detest the fellow!" he said truthfully.

"Good! I'm glad we're agreed on that point. By the way, how did Carr come to leave Greyfriars so soon?"

"Oh, he was sacked!" said Skinner—truthfully this time.

"Sacked—eh? What for?"

"I don't quite know the circs, but it was for dishonesty of some sort."

Craven chuckled grimly.

"Sir Howard Prescott will be jolly interested to hear this!" he exclaimed. "I'm jolly glad you told me, Harold. It will make it much easier for me to get even with Carr."

The two young rascals remained in conversation until it was time for Craven to catch his train.

"I'll see you off, old man!" said Skinner.

"You're a sport, Harold!"

On the way to the railway-station Skinner continued to defame Dennis Carr's character. He described Dennis as an out-and-out black-guard; and Craven chuckled and rubbed his hands.

"I'll have him kicked out of the office inside a week!" was his amiable threat.

And Skinner wished his cousin the best of luck.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Into the Trap.

DENNIS CARR, meanwhile, was finding it no easy matter to make ends meet. His salary was two pounds a week, and Sir Howard's promise of overtime had not yet been fulfilled.

After paying his rent, and various out-of-pocket expenses, Dennis found that he had just over a pound a week left with which to buy food.

By practising the strictest economy he was just able to manage; but he had no margin left for clothes and other necessities.

On the Monday morning following Craven's trip to Greyfriars, Dennis noticed, with some trepidation, that his boots—the only pair he possessed—showed ominous signs of wear and tear.

During his quest for employment, Dennis had tramped many miles, and his boots had suffered in consequence.

"I shall have to cut down expenses for a fortnight, and then buy another pair," reflected Dennis.

But he realised that the boots he was now wearing would not stand the strain of another fortnight. It was desirable—in fact, essential—that he should purchase a new pair without delay. Yet Dennis hardly cared to approach Sir Howard and request an advance of salary. His employer had been so good

to him that Dennis had no wish to trespass further on his kindness.

What was to be done?

When Dennis was standing in Sir Howard's room that morning, notebook in hand, taking down letters at his employer's dictation, he became acutely conscious of the fact that Sir Howard had noticed the state of his boots.

Sir Howard was, of course, too much of a gentleman to comment upon the matter; but that did not lessen the boy's agitation.

Dennis returned in due course to the outer office.

"If Sir Howard rings again," he said, "I wish you'd go in and see what he wants, Craven."

"Why?"

Dennis flushed. He answered in a low tone, so that Terry should not overhear.

"My boots are going west. I badly need a new pair, and I feel ashamed to go in to Sir Howard like this!"

"Poor kid!" said Craven, in tones of well-feigned sympathy. "It must be awful to be so wretchedly poor. I often thank my lucky stars that I'm living at home with my relatives, and that they're well off."

"At the end of a fortnight I hope to have scraped sufficient cash together to buy a new pair of boots!" said Dennis.

"At the end of a fortnight!" echoed Craven. "Why, those boots are at the end of their tether already!"

"I know they are!" said Dennis miserably.

"Look here," said Craven, with a glitter in his eyes which Dennis failed to notice, "let me lend you the cash to get a new pair!"

In the ordinary way, Dennis would have declined such an offer. But he was in a desperate position, and Craven's voice was smooth and persuasive. Besides, Craven, on his own admission, had plenty of money and he would not be inconvenienced by the suggested transaction.

"I say, that's awfully good of you!" said Dennis.

"Rot! How much do you want?"

Dennis reflected for a moment.

"I think I ought to get a pair of boots for thirty bob, even in these times," he said at length. "But—but I hate to sponge on you like this. It doesn't seem right somehow!"

"Rot!" said Craven again. "I can't bear to see a fellow driven to the wall, and it will be a real pleasure to help you!"

Dennis Carr could not fail to be touched by these words.

Was it possible that he had misjudged Craven?

Until now he had always regarded his fellow-clerk as a worthless, selfish individual. Surely he had made a big mistake!

At that moment Sir Howard's bell rang—the bell by means of which he summoned a stenographer.

Craven picked up a notebook.

"I'll go," he muttered.

"Thanks ever so much!" said Dennis.

"And I'll lend you that thirty bob after lunch."

"You're a brick!"

Dennis went back to his desk with a great weight removed from his mind. He had formerly made it a practice not to borrow money, for the simple reason that he had not been in a position to pay it back. But now that he had regular work it was different. He would be able to settle up with Craven in the course of a few weeks.

Terry's cheerful voice roused Dennis from his reflections.

"Where are you lurching to-day, Carr?"

"At the Ritz," answered Dennis—"I don't think! I'm going to search for a place where I can get a ham sandwich and a cup of tea for about eightpence!"

Terry gave a whistle.

"Are things as bad as that?" he asked.

"Well, I'm in pretty low water financially!"

"Sorry to hear that," said Terry. "Look here! Come to lunch with me!"

"Certainly—but not at your expense!" said Dennis.

"What rot!"

"It isn't rot! I know what you are, Terry. You'd treat me every day if I gave you half a chance. But I'm not going to—see?"

"Oh, you're an ass!" growled Terry. "Are you coming to lunch with me, or not?"

"Only on condition that we each pay for our own," said Dennis.

And Terry was reluctantly compelled to abide by this condition.

As soon as Dennis had typed his letters at his usual hurrican speed, he quitted the office with Terry.

Craven watched the couple depart with a vindictive smile on his face.

"Now, Master Carr," he muttered, "I'll jolly soon settle your hash!"

Craven waited until the shutting down of a desk in the next room indicated that Sir Howard Prescott was on the point of going to lunch. Then he went to the drawer of Terry's desk, and took out a bunch of keys.

It was a long time before he discovered the key that fitted the lock of the safe. But he found it at length, and uttered a low exclamation of satisfaction.

Then he turned the key in the lock, and the heavy door of the safe was swung open.

The safe contained nothing of great value, all the important documents and papers being kept in Sir Howard's own private safe.

On one of the shelves, however, reposed the object which Craven sought—namely, the petty-cash box.

The amateur burglar took out the box, and opened it. It contained half a dozen ten-shilling Treasury notes and some silver.

Craven transferred the whole of the money to his pocket.

As he did so a wave of guilt and shame swept over him. For even Craven possessed a conscience.

For perhaps a moment he stood hesitating—undecided whether to retain the money or to replace it in the cashbox.

And then he remembered his main object—to be revenged upon Dennis Carr—and he put the cashbox back in its place on the shelf, and locked the safe, returning the bunch of keys to Terry's drawer.

Having carried out the first part of his scheme without a hitch, Craven put on his hat and coat and went out to lunch.

An hour later, when the office staff had re-assembled Craven stepped up to Dennis Carr, and slipped three Treasury notes for ten shillings each into his hand.

"Stow them away in your pocket!" he muttered. "And don't breathe a word to anybody!"

"Craven," said Dennis huskily, "you're a real sport! I don't know how to thank you."

"Shush!" said the other warningly. "Don't let Terry hear you! I'd prefer that nobody knew about this little transaction. As for paying the money back, you can take your own time about that. Weekly instalments of five bob would satisfy me."

Dennis did not speak, but his glowing face and shining eyes amply expressed his gratitude.

How decent of Craven, he reflected, to get him out of a tight corner!

Poor Dennis! It did not even occur to him that he had walked into a trap.

He worked that afternoon with his usual speed and energy, and when the time of dismissal came he sallied forth to one of the big shopping centres, and bought his new boots. To his delight he managed to get quite a shapely and serviceable pair.

"Good old Craven!" murmured Dennis, as he tramped through the winter dusk to his lodgings. "He's one of the best!"

But Dennis Carr's views were shortly to undergo a sweeping transformation!

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### Condemned.

SIR HOWARD PRESCOTT noticed next morning that Dennis had equipped himself with a new pair of boots. He made no comment on the subject, but he could not help wondering how Dennis had managed to raise the money so quickly. He knew that the boy was earning barely sufficient to live on, and that he would not have sufficient money to buy clothes and boots until he started to work overtime.

Terry, too, was astonished when he caught sight of Dennis Carr's new boots.

Only the day before Dennis had admitted that he was in low water financially.

How, then, had he been able to buy a pair of boots which could not have cost a penny less than thirty shillings?

Terry was frankly puzzled; but he reflected that it was no business of his, and said nothing.

Whilst Dennis was busy at his typewriter Craven came over and spoke to him in an undertone.

"I see you've got your new boots," he said.

"Thanks to you!" said Dennis.

"Oh, cut it out! I'm only too glad to have been of service!"

Craven stood behind Dennis as he spoke, and he stealthily slipped something into the boy's pocket. Then he went back to his own desk.



"Wonder when the merry bombshell will explode?" he murmured.

The bombshell exploded in the middle of the morning.

Dennis Carr stood in Sir Howard's room, taking down letters, when Terry burst in without knocking.

The senior clerk was looking very excited. "Gracious, Terry!" exclaimed Sir Howard, breaking off in his dictation. "What ever is the matter?"

"I have just made a very unpleasant discovery, sir," said Terry. "The petty cash, amounting to three pounds twelve shillings, has been stolen from the safe!"

Sir Howard looked grave.

The amount of the money was of small consequence, and he ignored it. But he could not ignore the fact that there was a thief in the office.

"Have you any idea, Terry, when this money was stolen, and by whom?"

"I can't say definitely when it was stolen, sir, but I should be inclined to say it was early this morning, before I arrived at the office. As to who stole it, I haven't the foggiest notion."

Dennis Carr stood listening to this conversation with an expression of dismay.

Everything had gone so smoothly in the office hitherto that the news of the theft was disconcerting.

There was a long pause before Sir Howard spoke again. Then he said:

"There are only two persons who could have gained access to the safe. I refer to Carr and Craven. But, of course, it is preposterous to think that either of those two is a thief!"

"Quite, sir!" said Terry.

"At the same time," said Sir Howard, "I feel compelled to hold an inquiry into the affair."

And he rang for Craven.

Skinner's cousin looked perfectly self-possessed as he came in.

Sir Howard recounted the facts, and asked Craven if he could throw any light on the matter.

"You say that the money was stolen early this morning?" said Craven, turning to Terry.

"As far as I can judge," replied the latter, Craven levelled an accusing finger at Dennis Carr, who started violently upon being singled out in that fashion.

"Carr was here first this morning," he said. "He turned up half an hour before anyone else arrived."

"Is that so, Carr?" inquired Sir Howard.

"Yes, sir. But I hope you don't think that I'd be such a cad as to help myself to the petty cash?"

Sir Howard gave a cough.

"I hesitate to think so, Carr. But there are one or two things which require an explanation. I do not wish to wound your pride, my boy, but I must comment upon one fact in particular. Yesterday you were wearing boots which were, to say the least of it, in a very sorry condition. To-day I cannot fail to observe that the boots you are wearing are brand-new. I am aware that you have not yet had an opportunity of putting by sufficient money for a new pair of boots. How, then, did you acquire these?"

"I borrowed the money, sir?" said Dennis.

"Might I inquire from whom?"

"From Craven, sir. He was good enough to lend me thirty shillings."

"Is that so, Craven?"

"Of course not, sir! I'm not in the habit of lending money—or borrowing it, either."

Dennis nearly fell down. Craven's cool statement almost took his breath away.

"Why, Craven," he exclaimed, "you know jolly well that only yesterday you lent me thirty shillings to buy a pair of boots with!"

Craven laughed harshly.

"Whoppers like that won't help you much!" he said. "If I were you, I'd own up!"

"Own up!" repeated Dennis. "To what?"

"To pinching that money from the safe."

The colour ebbed from Dennis Carr's face. He took a quick stride towards Craven, and would certainly have struck him had not Terry intervened.

Dennis Carr's voice rang indignantly through the room.

Sir Howard looked pained.

"You assured me, Carr, that you left Greyfriars on account of your father's death," he said.

"And that's the truth, sir! Dr. Locke, the headmaster, will confirm what I say, if you will wire him or ring him up."

Before Sir Howard could reply to this Craven chipped in.

"Leaving the question of Carr's expulsion on one side, sir," he said; "he admits that he got to the office half an hour in front of everyone else this morning. That would give him plenty of opportunity to steal the money."

"You hound!" shouted Dennis, completely losing his temper. "I believe you stole it yourself!"

Sir Howard frowned.

"You are talking wildly, Carr," he said. "Craven has been in my employ for a period of six months, and he has never for one moment strayed from the path of honour. It is absurd and unjust to suggest that he stole the money!"

"Not more so than for him to suggest that I stole it!" answered Dennis, with spirit.

Terry, who had remained silent for some time, now stepped forward.

"I have the numbers of the notes here, sir," he said, producing a slip of paper. "It has always been my custom to take the numbers before locking notes in the safe."

Sir Howard nodded.

"Have you any objection, Carr, to turning out your pockets?" he asked.

"I don't see why—" began Dennis hotly.

"It's your only chance of clearing yourself, kid!" muttered Terry, in the boy's ear.

"Oh, very well!" said Dennis. "Not being a conjurer, though, I can't produce notes that

"I haven't got. All that I possess is some small change."

And Dennis plunged his hand into his trousers-pocket, and brought to light some silver and coppers, which he placed on the table. He then turned out the other trousers-pocket, which was empty.

"Now the coat-pockets!" said Sir Howard, a trifle grimly.

And in Craven's eyes shone a gleam of triumph.

Dennis turned out the left-hand pocket of his coat. It contained nothing but a small diary.

Then he put his hand in the other pocket, and something rustled.

"What on earth—" he began, with an expression of utter bewilderment.

"Out with them!" sneered Craven.

Dennis withdrew his hand, and, like a fellow in a dream, laid three ten-shilling notes on the table.

Sir Howard was looking very stern now. He beckoned to Terry.

"Do the numbers of those notes correspond with three of the numbers you have?" he inquired.

"I'll see, sir," said Terry.

And there was an ominous hush while he made the investigation.

"Well?" said Sir Howard at length.

"The numbers correspond, sir," answered Terry, in a low voice.

"In that case, no further evidence is necessary. Carr, you have been guilty of a mean and despicable theft. If you were in want—if you were finding it difficult to make ends meet—you know that you had only to come to me for help. Instead, you preferred to commit a felony!"

Dennis Carr was very pale now.

He glanced wildly at the accusing faces around him, and with something of a shock he realised that everyone thought him guilty.

Finally, he turned to Sir Howard, the kindly old gentleman to whom he owed so much.

"I'm innocent, sir—I swear it! How those notes came into my pocket I don't know. I can only suggest that this is a trick—a trick to bring about my ruin!"

"Be silent!" exclaimed Sir Howard. "Do you expect me to credit such a wild assertion

for one moment? Your guilt is established beyond all doubt or dispute. I feel that I myself am largely to blame for what has occurred. I ought not to have taken you into my employ without obtaining your credentials. You are a skilful and energetic worker, but I should not dream of retaining the services of a thief!"

Dennis recoiled at the word.

"I ought, I suppose, to summon the police," went on Sir Howard. "I shall not, however, take that step. You will receive a week's money in lieu of notice, and will leave these premises immediately!"

Dennis threw out his arms in wild appeal. "It is unjust, sir!" he exclaimed. "Monstrously unjust! I'm not a thief! I—"

"That will do, Carr. I refuse to listen to another word!"

Terry—a very grim-faced Terry—handed Dennis a week's money, and then opened the door. He had no word of sympathy for the fellow whom he fully believed to be a thief.

Dennis Carr realised the futility of further remonstrance.

There was nothing for it but to go—to relinquish his job without a reference, without a character—to be thrown upon the world again with a shattered reputation.

It was hard—cruelly hard—but it was useless to fight against the inevitable.

Without another word Dennis turned, and stumbled through the open doorway.

His brain was in a whirl. He strode along the street, heedless of the roar and bustle around him, and tried to piece together the events of the morning—tried to figure out how his downfall had been brought about.

It did not occur to him that Craven had been to Greyfriars, and learned from his cousin that Dennis had been "sacked."

Neither did it occur to the unhappy boy that it was Craven who had slipped the three Treasury-notes into his pocket.

One impression stood out above all others. He was sacked—fired out—branded as a thief!

Sir Howard Prescott, his benefactor, believed him guilty. Everyone believed him guilty. He had had a narrow squeak of being handed over to the police.

What was to happen now? What did the future hold forth?

Was the weary struggle for employment to commence all over again?

With bitterness in his heart, Dennis Carr strode on through the London streets.

Miles and miles he tramped in the depressing drizzle of the January afternoon.

He tried to think clearly—tried to fathom out some way of proving his innocence—but he was forced to abandon the effort.

And finally, weary and dispirited beyond measure, Dennis trudged off in the direction of his lodgings, which he reached at dusk.

There was a letter waiting for him when he arrived. It was from Mark Linley, of Greyfriars.

The Lancashire lad expressed the hope that Dennis had settled down, and was making good progress.

And Dennis was sacked! The irony—the bitter irony of it!

Stowing Linley's letter away in his pocket, Dennis went up to his own room, a cold and cheerless apartment, but the only place he could call home.

Up till now he had not sought relief in tears. But at this moment he threw himself on to the bed, and was shaken from head to foot with sobs.

It was too bad. Fate wasn't playing fair. Fate wasn't giving him a chance. He was innocent, yet he had to suffer, while the guilty went scot-free.

Small wonder that Dennis railed bitterly at Fate—small wonder that he became—or was in danger of becoming—hard and cynical.

It was the most wretched evening Dennis Carr had ever known. And as the shadows fell over the streets of London, they fell over Dennis' heart, deepening as the hours went by.

The unhappy boy had sustained a crushing misfortune.

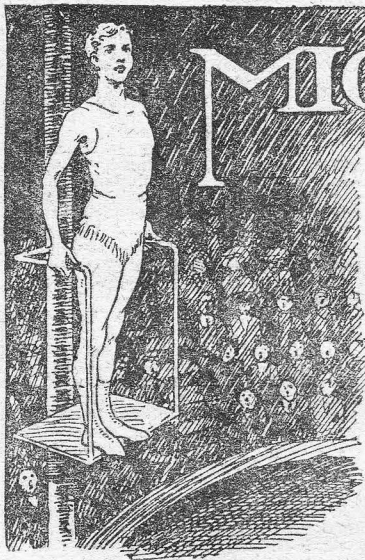
Would he succumb to it, and consider that life was not worth living?

Or, when the morning broke, would he muster up his courage, and plunge afresh into the battle?

These vital questions another story must answer.

THE END.

(Another grand, long, complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled "Brought to Book!" Order your copy EARLY!)



# MICKY & THE MOVIES

OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL DEALING WITH THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG ACROBAT WHO ROSE TO FAME AND FORTUNE AS A CINEMA STAR.

**SYNOPSIS.**

Micky Denver, an orphan lad, is an acrobat in Beaman's Gigantic Circus. One night, in Liverpool, he is found by Boris Beaman, the proprietor, among the caravans, whither he has followed his little wire-haired mongrel dog Chappie, who has been chasing a rat. Beaman is in one of his worst bullying moods, and after a quarrel Micky leaves him, and repairs to the circus ring.

Just as the lad is about to do his most dangerous trapeze feat, the proprietor rushes in and accuses him of stealing a gold watch. Micky misses his balance, and might have been killed but for alighting on Beaman, whose body provides an excellent mattress. The infuriated bully has Micky arrested, but by a trick learned from a "Handcuff King" the young acrobat frees himself of the "dablies" on his wrist, and escapes.

During the night he reaches the river-front, and is mistaken by a night-watchman for a lad who should have joined the tramp-steamer Plunger, which is lying in mid-stream. Micky gets out to the vessel and stows away in a lifeboat. In the morning he is discovered by some members of the crew, and the bo'sun, a burly giant in a blue jumper, comes up.

"A stowaway—eh?" says he. "Come out o' there, ye young swab, an' let's have a good look at ye!"

(Now read on.)

**By STANTON HOPE.**

**The Tale of the Stowaways.**

**W**ITH his head over the side of the lifeboat in which he had been concealed, Micky Denver gazed with some little apprehension at the knot of seamen gathered on the deck. He felt none too anxious to get out of his place of vantage for the crew of the Plunger were not by any means the most prepossessing of the seafaring profession.

"Come out o' that, you young swab, I say!" Ben Hogarth—commonly known as "Puncher" Hogarth—the giant bo'sun of the tramp, took a threatening step forward, and raised a garbled fist the size of a ham.

Wisely deciding to delay no longer, Micky grasped Chappie, the little mongrel, and slid down to the deck. Immediately the bo'sun caught the lad's shoulder in a vice-like grip, and shook him as a terrier would a rat.

"When did you come aboard, you sneakin' stowaway—eh?" he demanded.

"Last n'ight, s-sir, stammered Micky.

"Oh, did you!" said Hogarth, nearly throwing the lad off his balance. "An' ow did you get on board, may I be so bold as to ask?"

"In a b-boat, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!" guffawed the crew. Chappie, who was getting tired of being shaken about in Micky's arms, also gave vent to his caning feelings in two resounding barks.

The face of Puncher Hogarth went livid with rage. He was the type of bully who fiercely resented the slightest word which was not quite in accord with his mood.

"Ere, Gaston!" he cried, to one of the seamen. "Get me a bit o' rope out o' that locker!"

The man, a low, cunning rascal, with a black patch over one eye, gave a hoarse chuckle, and did as he was bidden.

"Now, then, me fine young fellow," said the bo'sun to Micky, as he took the length of rope, "I'm just goin' to beat into your 'ide the first lesson what all sneakin' stowaways 'as to learn when they comes to sea—a few strikin' reasons for keepin' a civil tongue in their 'eads!"

Puncher Hogarth raised the rope's end high above his head, but before the blow had time to fall a shout arrested him.

"No, you don't, you hulking coward!"

A young seaman, with livid face and dark, flashing eyes, sprang forward, and pushed himself in front of Micky. Hogarth at once released his hold on the boy's shoulder, and his eyes met those of his interrupter with a look of fenshish hate.

"Oh—oh, it's you, is it, Mister Dicky Rickey?" he snarled. "You've been askin' for trouble ever since you joined this packet, an' now you can 'ave it!"

He brought the rope down with a vicious cut across the face of the young seaman, and then, stooping low, grasped the man round the legs, and, with a great heave, threw him down the iron ladder to the well-deck below. Micky dropped Chappie and reached for a brass belaying pin; but as soon as his feet touched the deck the little mongrel took

matters into his own hands—or, rather, teeth! With a growl he made straight for the legs of the bully of the Plunger, and his strong little jaws snapped at the calf of the bo'sun like a steel trap.

"Ow! 'Elp! Take 'im off!" roared Hogarth. "Throw 'im overboard, someone!"

But no one—it like tackling the task. Two or three of the crew had gone to assist the seaman, Rickey, and those who remained were secretly glad at the predicament of the man whose savage temper they all had learned to fear.

"Hogarth, where did you get that dog?" The question came from a slim, dapper man in a reefers jacket, who had stepped from a near-by cabin.

The bo'sun managed to kick himself free from Chappie, and danced on one foot with pain and anger.

"Get him!—Get him!" he yelled. "The little beast got me, Mister 'Opercraft! But what I will get is hydrophoby! Oh, law!"

Micky picked Chappie up again, and turned to the new-comer, who was viewing the scene with twinkling eyes. He remembered now that the old night-watchman had addressed him as "yo' s 'Opercraft" in the skiff, so this was evidently the first mate—the father of the youth who had not shown up on the wharf earlier in the morning.

"Why, who is this lad?" demanded Mr. Hopercraft.

One of the seamen volunteered the information.

"A stowaway, sir!"

"Indeed!" Then, turning to Micky, the first mate asked: "What are you doing on this ship, my boy? Don't you know it is a very serious offence to steal on board a steamer in this fashion?"

Micky looked the mate full in the eyes. "I dare say it is, sir," he answered. "But I didn't mind what I did so long as I got clear of Liverpool!"

Mr. Hopercraft looked round at the crew, who were staring by to "see the fun."

"Hogarth," he said, "haven't you got a job of work to give the watch to do?"

The bo'sun rasped out an order, gave a scowl at Micky and the little terrier, and followed the men from the deck.

"Now, my lad," said Mr. Hopercraft, when the crew had departed, "let me hear your story."

The kindness in the mate's tone touched Micky's heart, and he decided to make a clean breast of everything. He narrated the story of his hard life as an acrobat in Beaman's Gigantic Circus, of the theft of the proprietor's gold watch, and of his arrest by the police and escape to the riverside. He hesitated when he came to the part about the way in which the night-watchman on the wharf had mistaken his identity, but he hid nothing.

When he had finished the mate gazed at him steadily for a few moments without speaking. Micky felt hot and uncomfortable.

"I may have done wrong, sir," he cried, "in coming off to the ship in that way, but I am not a thief! Oh, believe me, sir!"

"I do, my boy," said Mr. Hopercraft quietly. "But I am not thinking of that at the moment. I have a son of about the same age as yourself, but he is a worthless scamp, I am afraid. He was to have made this trip on the Plunger, but he went ashore, and for some time I heard nothing from him. I hoped till the last that he would show up, and left word with old Stevens, the night-watchman—who, by the way, had never met him—that if a lad turned up on the wharf before the steamer sailed he was to be brought off in the skiff. Thus it was that the old man thought you were my son. However, I have no anxiety, for one of the seamen, who came on board after midnight brought me a message from the boy saying he didn't fancy the trip across the Atlantic at this time of year, and was going to look for a shore billet."

Although the mate made light of the matter, Micky could see that it was a grievous disappointment to him that his son was not accompanying him on the voyage.

"By the way, what is your name, my boy?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Micky Denver, sir."

"Well, Micky," said Mr. Hopercraft, "I'm afraid you'll have to interview the captain now, and I doubt whether he will allow you to remain on board. Come with me, and I'll do my best for you."

As Micky followed the first mate to the captain's cabin he felt happier than he had done for a long time. He had been greatly touched by the mate's kindness, and he noted with satisfaction that the ship was proceeding steadily through the choppy, green water, and that the land seemed a good distance away. It was not likely that he would be thrown overboard, or a boat lowered, or the steamer turned back on his account, he mused. In spite of the mate's cryptical remark about his not being allowed to remain, he felt as safe as if he were already on the other side of the ocean.

Mr. Hopercraft stopped at the door of a cabin beneath the bridge and knocked.

"Well, what is it?" called out a gruff voice. "A lad has been found in the ship, sir, who—"

"Eh?"

The exclamation was emitted like the roar of a lion. Micky began to feel uncomfortable again.

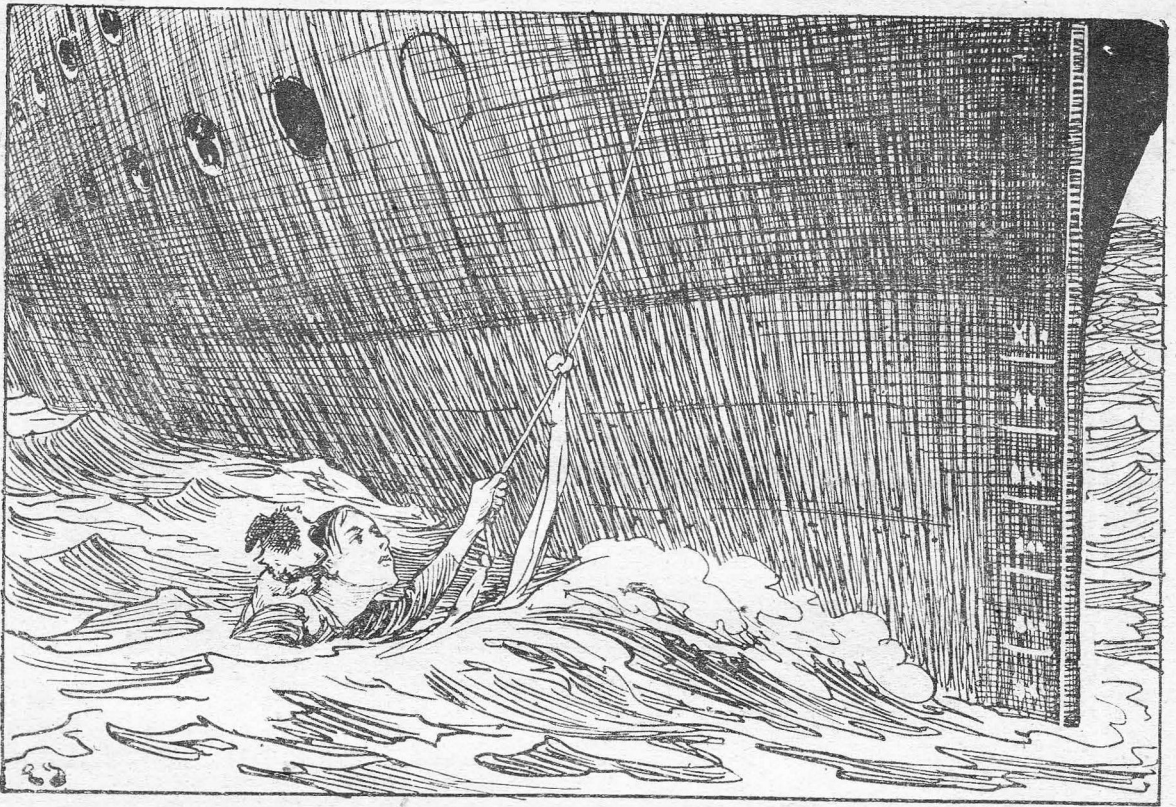
"I've come to report, sir," said Mr. Hopercraft calmly, "that a lad has been found hiding in the after starboard cutter, and—"

"Ah, a stowaway! Bring him in here."

The tone was full of menace, and Micky, feeling like a man about to put his head into the mouth of a circus lion for a wager, was ushered into the cabin. At a small table stood two men with a chart between them. The stockier of the two, who was obviously the captain of the Plunger, tugged at his shirt beard and glared at Micky with his gimlet eyes, as though surveying some strange animal.

"You're just in time, me lad," he said. "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Gold-





Micky whispered a word of warning to Chappie, who, whining and shivering with cold, was clinging hard to his back. Then, with a gigantic effort, the lad drew himself and the dog clear of the water. (See page 10.)

spink." Micky was surprised at this polite reception, and was about to make a suitable reply when the captain added: "He is the pilot, and is just going ashore, where no doubt he will oblige me by handing you over to the police."

**"Man Overboard!"**

It was as though the bottom of the world had fallen out for Micky. He stood gazing alternately at the captain of the Plunger and the white-haired pilot without saying a word, so sick with disappointment did he feel. Had the captain ordered him to be beaten or put to work on some unsavoury task for sixteen hours a day, he could have accepted the sentence with a smile. His luck was dead out, and Chappie seemed to know it, too, for the little terrier kept licking his hand and gazing up with sympathetic eyes.

"While we're coming up with the pilot boat, Mr. Goldspink," said the captain, "I'll just write a note to the police, which you can take with this lad. I've had a good many stowaways in my time, but they don't get any change out of Captain Rumbold. No, sir! To some I've given a 'taste o' the rope's-end, and others I've put to work trimming coal; but the best method o' dealing with the varmint is to put 'em away in chokey."

"Excuse me, sir," interposed the first mate, "but we could do with another boy on the ship. My son, I regret to say, did not come aboard, and—"

"I can't help that, Mr. Hoppercraft," said the skipper. "I won't have a skulking stowaway on my ship if I can help it, and as for one with a mongrel dog—bah!"

Words seemed to fail him utterly.

"But, sir—"

The captain brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"I won't have him, I tell you! That's final!"

Mr. Hoppercraft knew the old man too well to waste time in further argument. He gave Micky a glance which said plainly, "There, I can do no more," and the lad returned it with a wan smile of gratitude for his good-natured endeavours.

A loud knock sounded at the door. "What is it?" called Captain Rumbold. In response a seaman poked his head into the cabin.

"Pilot-boat two points off the port bow, sir, about six cable lengths away."

"All right! Tell the second officer I shall be on the bridge in half a minute, and ask the bo'sun to come here."

"Ay, ay, sir!" Micky had recovered somewhat from this latest cruel blow to his fortunes, and he determined to make one last effort to stay on the Plunger.

"Look here, sir," he cried. "You are a boy short on the ship, and I will work my hands raw if you'll let me stop! I am strong, and can—"

"You sent for me, sir?" It was Puncher Hogarth, whose bull voice sounded from the doorway.

"Yes," said the captain, ignoring Micky altogether. "I'm about to drop the pilot. Rig a ladder on the port side forward, and stand by to kick this stowaway into the boat. Take the young villain out of my sight, and mind that vicious-looking tyke doesn't get his teeth into you."

With a grin of malicious gratification, the bo'sun proceeded to carry out the skipper's orders. One experience of Chappie's sharp teeth had proved quite sufficient for Puncher Hogarth, and he was taking no chances this time. By a deft flanking movement he snatched the little terrier out of Micky's arms and held him at arm's-length by the scruff of the neck. Then, grasping Micky's shoulder, he dragged the lad from the cabin. Going along the deck, out of sight of the ship's officers, Hogarth increased his grip until Micky felt as though his very bones would snap under the pressure.

"At last, you skulking young landlubber," hissed the bo'sun, "I've got my chance, an' by the time I've finished with you they'll 'ave to give you a spell in the infirmary afore puttin' you into quod!"

Still keeping his fingers tight about Chappie's neck to prevent the terrier's fangs from doing any more damage to him, Hogarth managed with some little difficulty to get Micky down a companion to the lower

deck. One or two seamen were lounging in the alleyway, and these started to follow the bo'sun and his victim forward to the well-deck. As they did so the clang of the engine-room telegraph rang out. The Plunger was about to stop for the purpose of dropping the pilot.

"Hogarth!" It was the voice of the first mate calling from the top of the companion. The bo'sun muttered an oath under his breath.

"Ere, 'ang on to this young viper for a minute," he ordered the deckhands, "an' if 'e ain't 'ere when I come back I'll slaughter the lot o' you!"

Puncher Hogarth pushed Micky into the hands of the seamen, and, still grasping the little terrier by the scruff of the neck, ran up the ladder. For some reason that Micky could not fathom, the bully of the Plunger had a wholesome respect for the dapper mate. The fact was that, although Hogarth had spent a good deal of his shore leisure in low-class boxing-rings, where he gained his nickname of "Puncher," he was an arrant coward when put to a real test. The average deck-hand who joined the tramp was easily cowed by the bo'sun's great size, strength, temper, and bravado. He had threatened Mr. Hoppercraft once, but that once was also the last time. With a blow like the kick of a mule, the meek-looking officer had sent him senseless to the deck, and the memory of his broken jawbone had fostered in Puncher Hogarth a wholesome respect for the first mate ever since.

The engines had stopped and the steamer was almost at a standstill when the bo'sun returned and took charge of Micky again. Then, twisting and wrenching the lad's arm, he thrust Micky along the alleyway until they reached the forward well-deck. Micky could have shrieked with pain, but he determined he would not afford Hogarth and the other men further gratification, so he set his teeth into his lips in an heroic effort to prevent himself from crying out.

"Now," said the bo'sun, "so's I can 'ave my 'ands free to give you a taste o' the rope's-end I've got stowed away in my pocket, THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 53.

I'll get this dirty tyke o' yours out o' the way."

Hardly had the words left his lips when the scoundrel gave a quick heave of his arm and tossed the little terrier into the sea.

"You brutal beast!"

The sight of the dastardly treatment accorded to his four-footed friend galvanised Micky into life, and lent him superhuman strength. In a flash he had wrenched himself from the bo'sun's grip, leaped on to the bulwark, and dived over the side.

"Man overboard!"

The shout arose from one of the seamen who had been among the little group standing by. One man, quicker than his fellows, threw over a lifebelt; all rushed to the side, with the exception of Hogarth, who slunk away aft. The pilot boat was off to port quarter, but Micky and his dog were nowhere to be seen.

"He's drowned!" muttered one of the men, in an awed voice.

But Micky was very much alive and kicking. Fortunately for him, the steamer was making neither headway nor sternway, but her head was swinging slowly over to port. In consequence, when Micky shook the water out of his eyes as he came up from his dive, he found himself quite close to Chappie, who was struggling against the side of the vessel near the bow. The lad was a splendid swimmer, and a couple of swift strokes brought him to the terrier.

With sudden inspiration he called out the word "Pick-a-back!" and, remembering a trick performed scores of times for nice large pieces of sugar, Chappie scrambled on to Micky's back and placed his paws over his master's shoulders.

By this time Micky and Chappie were right against the ship's outwater, and as the vessel swung gradually the two came under the starboard bow of the Plunger. From one of the fo's'le ports a rope, with some sailor's singlets attached, was trailing in the water, and Micky blessed the lazy habit of the seaman who thus saved himself work by letting the sea do his washing for him.

Micky whispered a word of warning to Chappie, who, whining and shivering with cold, was clinging hard to his back, and then, with a gigantic effort, the lad drew himself and the dog clear of the water.

To the young acrobat, whose wiry muscles were trained to the most exacting feats of agility and strength, the rest was easy. Hand over hand he mounted the rope, and, resting his body half-way through the open port, he was able to lower the little mongrel inboard. Chappie alighted on a big sea-chest with a yelp of delight, and promptly began shaking the water from his wiry coat, while Micky speedily clambered in beside him.

An anxious glance round showed the youngster that no one was in the fo's'le, but he heard the heavy tread of sea-boots on the deck above and loud shouts as of orders being rapped out. It was evident a great commotion was taking place on the tramp, and Micky guessed rightly that neither he nor his dog had been seen from the time he had dived overboard. "Only from the fo's'le head could they have been seen, and, as nobody had been peering down from there, the firm conviction of the crew was that the young stowaway and his mongrel dog had gone straight down to Davy Jones.

Micky's one thought now was to get into some secure hiding-place until the pilot boat had sheered off and the Plunger had resumed her outward-bound course. He had far less fear of the rope's-end and the laborious tasks which would be his lot when discovered out at sea than of falling into the hands of the police in Liverpool, and possibly one day having to return to his old life with Mike Megan, the acrobat, in Beauman's Gigantic Circus. But, just as he was looking round for a likely place in which to conceal himself, footsteps sounded on the iron ladder leading to the fo's'le, and a voice came to his ears.

"Come on, Bill!" came the words, hoarsely whispered. "No one'll miss us now, so we'll take a short spell for smoke!"

Only just in time, Micky ducked down in the narrow space behind the big sea-chest, and drew Chappie close to his side. Barely had he done so when two seamen entered the fo's'le and crossed to a hammock close to the spot where the young stowaway and his little terrier were concealed. Chappie was trembling with cold and excitement, and ready to break into fierce growls at a moment's notice, but Micky held his hand over the small mongrel's mouth, and thus

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effectually prevented any sounds issuing from it.

"Now, Bob," said a deeper voice, "gimme a pinch o' your 'bacca, and I'll roll a fag for meself." There was a slight pause, and then the same voice continued in surprised tones: "Hello, that's strange! Look what a mess this bit o' deck is in wi' water!"

"'Votcher mean by 'strange'?" came the retort of the man called Bob. "I suppose as 'ow a drop of spray's blown in. Shut the port!"

Trembling with apprehension, Micky crouched still lower behind the chest, for it seemed certain now that he would be detected.

"Spray be blown!" muttered the seaman, Bill, taking a step towards the open port. "'Ow the dickens would spray get in on a day like this, an' make itself into a chain o' pools like that? I tell yer—"

Whatever enlightening information Bill had to give was lost to Bob's ears, for at that moment a thunderous clatter sounded on the iron ladder and a roar like a bull's vibrated throughout the fo's'le.

"Get up on deck, yo skulkin' swabs! I'll learn yo to come sneakin' down 'ere for a smoko!"

It was Puncher Hogarth, the bo'sun of the Plunger, who thus precipitously announced himself. He was in a towering rage, and no sooner did his foot touch the deck of the fo's'le than he made a savage rush at the two truant seamen.

"Get back to work, yo sons o' sea-cooks," he roared, "fore I smash every bone in your tired bodies!"

"Look 'ere, bo'sun," began Bill, "se this 'ere— Yow!"

The exclamation was wrung from him by the toe of the bo'sun's heavy boot, which helped him a good two yards towards the fo's'le ladder. Neither man stopped to argue the point further, but scrambled up on deck as fast as they were able, while Puncher Hogarth bounded after them, spluttering out dire threats and vile epithets.

"Ha, ha, ha! Saved again!"

Micky Denver crawled behind the sea-chest and hoisted Chappie on to his shoulder. The little mongrel wagged his stumpy tail vigorously, and gave a couple of short, satisfied yaps as though to say, "Ah, this is much better! I'm glad they're gone, too, for I don't like being held down behind an old box with my teeth squeezed together!"

"But what are we going to do next, Chappie?" murmured Micky. "We can't stay down here for long, that's certain, seeing this is where the deckhands live and sleep."

Micky waited for about five minutes, and then he crept up the fo's'le companion and cautiously peered round the deck. No one was in sight, so, carrying Chappie under his coat, he started to find some place in which he could hide for an hour or two, and finally found his way into the chain locker. This afforded an ideal place of concealment, but it was, of course, exceedingly damp, muddy, and uncomfortable. However, it seemed safe, and, after all, that was the chief consideration for the time being.

#### Westward Bound!

**H**OW long Micky remained in the chain locker he had no idea, but the gentle wash of the sea had given place to the swishing rush of water against the vessel's side before he dared think of emerging.

The old tramp steamer was standing out well from land, as was evidenced by the manner in which she was beginning to pitch and roll, and Chappie, in addition to being cold, began to feel very uncomfortable in his interior anatomy as a result of the unpleasant motion.

Finally, Micky could stand the chill and discomfort no longer, and he came on to the deck beneath the fo's'le head, followed by Chappie, in very unsteady fashion. In the semi-darkness the lad could discern the bulky figure of a seaman coming towards him, but he made no attempt to conceal himself again. Then, with a start, he recognised in the man none other than Puncher Hogarth, the big bo'sun.

Micky knew the utter futility of making for cover again, so he stopped, and, with head erect, folded his arms across his chest to await the issue.

"I've come back, Mr. Hogarth," he said calmly; "and now—"

But he got no further. The bo'sun jumped back a full yard, as though stung by a dozen

scorpions at once, and let out a wild yell that resounded throughout the whole ship.

"Yow! Ghosts!" he shrieked. "Spooks come to haunt me!"

Stumbling over various articles strewn about the deck, he beat a mad retreat for the open well-deck, and probably would have kept running as far as the poop but for the intervention of the first mate.

"Hallo! What's the trouble, Hogarth?" demanded Mr. Hopcraft. "Why, you're trembling like a leaf, man!"

The bully of the Plunger, who, like most seamen, was extraordinarily superstitious, wheeled round to bring the mate between himself and the fore-end of the ship, and stood, with ashen face, literally shaking all over.

"Oh, p-p-please, s-sir," he gasped, "I'll n-never do it again, really I won't! T-tell them so, sir! Oh law!"

"Come, pull yourself together, Hogarth!" said Mr. Hopcraft sternly. "What do you mean by 'you'll never do it again'?"

"I—I threw that little mongrel dawg into the sea, sir, and the stowaway dived in after it, and— Ow! They're comin' for me! Don't let 'em take me back with 'em to Davy Jones, sir!"

The appearance of Micky and Chappie on deck threw the big bo'sun into an absolute paroxysm of fright, and, shaking off the restraining hand of the mate, he dashed away to the after-part of the ship as fast as his legs would carry him. Mr. Hopcraft hastened to meet the young stowaway.

"Why, my dear lad," he cried, "we all thought you had been drowned, and the captain has sent a message to Liverpool to that effect! How did you get on board? But, good gracious, you look nearly frozen! Come to my cabin at once, and I'll find you a change of clothes, and get the cook to make you a steaming cup of cocoa! We can talk afterwards."

Micky was touched deeply by the kindness of the mate, and, as his teeth were chattering together like castanets and he was feeling faint from cold and exposure, he merely stammered a word of thanks, and followed Mr. Hopcraft to his quarters on the upper-deck.

Reaching the cabin, the dapper mate thrust Micky into a chair, and started to look out some things from the drawers beneath his bunk.

"My son brought a parcel of his clothes on board," he volunteered; "and as you are both of a build they ought to fit you like a glove."

He gave the parcel to Micky, made Chappie a nice warm bed of old newspapers in the corner of the cabin, and prepared to take his departure.

"There, Micky," he said, "while you're getting into some dry togs I'll go along and report to the captain. He'll be annoyed, I've no doubt, but he'll also be relieved to know you are safe and sound, unless I much mistake. At any rate, he can't send you back to Liverpool now. Also I'll tell the cook to get you a meal of cocoa, salt pork, and biscuits, and send along a big plate of scraps for that young rascal of a pup."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," said Micky, "but—"

"Oh, tosh!" And the good-natured mate closed the door behind him, and hurried off on his kindly errand.

Ten minutes later he returned, to find Micky attired in the change of clothes and the little terrier snuggled up in his bed of newspapers.

"Well, do you feel better now, my lad?" he asked cheerfully.

"Much!" replied Micky. "Thanks to you, sir!"

"And you'll feel as fit as a fiddle again when you have had a good feed!" said the mate. "The captain was surprised, I can tell you, especially as that scoundrel, Hogarth, had told him that you had thrown yourself over the side with the dog in your arms. Of course, I told him the truth about the matter, for on my way to his cabin I met one of the seamen who witnessed the affair, and wormed the full story of the occurrence from him. I got the gist of the matter from a few words that Hogarth let slip when he thought your ghost wa' after him."

The mate threw back his head, and laughed heartily at the recollection. Then his face assumed a serious look.

"It was a real plucky deed you performed, my boy," he said "and it has made the captain more reconciled to your presence here. But you will have to be careful.



Hogarth is a relentless enemy, and you may be on the ship for many months, for, of course, the captain will keep a careful watch on you in foreign ports, as he is bound to take you back to Liverpool. But here's your meal!"

A grubby steward entered bearing a trayful of things, and soon Micky and his little mongrel dog was enjoying their first meal for over eighteen hours. When they had finished, Mr. Hopcraft told Micky of the arrangements the captain had made about him.

"You will live in the fo'c's'le, Micky," he said, "and your orders will come from the bo'sun. He will make you work like blazes; but you can stand that, I know. I personally will find a niche for'ard for your little dog, so's he can be somewhere near you. By the way, what is his name?"

"Chappie, sir. Short for Chaplin."  
 "Good gracious!" laughed the mate. "Fancy calling a terrier after a cinema star!"

"I've a great admiration for all cinema stars," said Micky seriously; "and as for Charlie Chaplin, he absolutely tops the bill! Why do you know, sir, the only real pleasures I've had in my life, apart from companionship with Chappie, were visits to picture palaces with old Clancy the Clown. He used to take me sometimes in our spare time between the afternoon and night performances at the circus. Now, just look at this, Mr. Hopcraft!"

At that, Micky snapped his thumb and rapped out a sharp order:

"Up, Chappie!"  
 Chappie, who was feeling temporarily quite spruce again after his meal, raised himself, and stood on his hind legs.

"Walk, Chappie!"  
 Immediately the little mongrel ran a few steps, and turned sharply off at right angles on one foot, in splendid imitation of the Chaplin walk! The general first mate nearly fell from his chair in astonishment. Then he burst into a peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! 'Well, I never!' he roared. 'I've never seen the like of that before! Why, Micky, you must have had the patience of Job to train him to do that!'"

"It was pretty painstaking work," admitted Micky. "But he can do lots of other decent tricks, too! I kept them a secret from old Beauman, though, otherwise he would have had Chappie working in the circus ring."

Meanwhile, Chappie stood with one ear cocked up, looking at his young master as much as to say, "I know you are saying lots of nice things about me, but what about my lumps of sugar?"

Micky read what was in the little dog's mind, and explained the situation to the mate.

"Of course, he must have his usual reward!" said Mr. Hopcraft.

He brought out his bowl of sugar, and, having presented Chappie with two of the very biggest pieces, turned to Micky again.

"Now, I am afraid I must turn you over to your enemy, the bo'sun," he said. "But although we sha'n't see much of each other in future, you can rely on me to make things as pleasant as I can."

Followed by Micky and the little terrier, the mate led the way from the cabin and down a companion to the lower deck. In the semi-darkness of the starboard alleyway they discerned a little knot of men, and heard the bo'sun's voice in loud recital of his late experience.

"I tell you all," he was saying, "I saw 'em as plain as I see you now! Right in front o' me that stowaway appeared—out of nowhere, you might say—all covered wi' seaweed, 'e was, an' drippin' wi' water! 'Ben 'Ogarth,' says 'e, 'I've come to take you back wi' me to Davy Jones!' I 'eard him, I tell you, as plain as what I'm 'earin' me own voice now! Well, I didn't stop to think. I just made a rush at that spook, and— Yow! It's after me again!"

"Hogarth, don't be such an idiot!" called out Mr. Hopcraft. "Young Denver wasn't

drowned, otherwise he wouldn't be here! He is to work as one of the crew, so I will leave him in your charge."

So saying, the mate strode away. The bo'sun slunk back amid the ironical laughter of the deckhands.

"It—it was only my little joke," he explained to the men. Then, swinging round to Micky, he said ominously: "Come on for'ard!"

Quite a small crowd followed Hogarth and the stowaway lad to the well-deck.

"Now, you young viper," cried the bo'sun, "take that!"

The blow that the ruffian aimed at the lad would have felled an ox; but like lightning Micky ducked, and the man's giant fist passed over his head. Before Hogarth could recover himself the youngster whipped out a belaying-pin from the bulwark, and crashed it down on Puncer's head.

"You've-been asking for it, and now you've got it!" cried Micky.

Without a sound the bo'sun rolled senseless to the deck.

An old seaman stepped out from the throng of deckhands and crossed to the lad.

"Shiver me timbers!" he said. "You've done it now, son! I wouldn't like to be in your shoes when he comes to. You take my tip, an' skip out o' this ship when we gets to Noo York—that is, if you're still alive!"

*There will be another splendid instalment of this grand serial next week.*

**TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT "MICK O' THE MOVIES"**

## MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE



This is a small line drawing of the Plate to be Given Free. Actual size of Plate with engraving is 7½ inches by 10 inches. The title of the picture is "Boy, 1st Class, JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL, V.C. The Battle of Jutland, May 31st—June 1st, 1916. From the Picture by E. O. Salisbury, painted for the Admiralty on board H.M.S. Chester." The closing date of this offer will be published in this paper in a week or so. No application will be accepted after that date.

### WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO SECURE A BEAUTIFUL ART PLATE :: :: ::

We reproduce here a small line drawing of a magnificent coloured plate which every reader of THE PENNY POPULAR has an equal chance of securing. All you have to do is to secure the names and addresses of SIX of your friends who are non-readers of THE PENNY POPULAR. When you have done this, write them down on a postcard and post them to the Editor of THE PENNY POPULAR, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. All postcards should be marked "Free Plate" in the top left-hand corner. Names and addresses of regular or occasional readers must on no account be sent, otherwise your application for a Plate may be rejected. Before sending in your list, make sure that the names are of non-readers.

*Only one plate will be sent to any one reader.*

## TOWSER'S VICTORY.

By GEORGE HERRIES.  
(His Owner)

SOME people don't believe in dogs; they say they are senseless creatures, and useless. Those people are chumps! Yes, I mean it; it's always best to say what you mean, and be done with it.

That ass Gussy is one of 'em. He can't see anything in a dog—not even a magnificent, splendid animal like my old Towser! All Gussy thinks about is his "twousahs," and he's always afraid. Towser will want to sample them. Well, very likely he would if he wasn't so well-behaved.

Anyway, I don't want to write about Gussy this time. My story is all about Towser, and I could write heaps more about him if I wanted to.

Several fatheads made complaints about him at one time and another, until at last I was given orders that he was not to be allowed in the study. Just fancy! A lovely animal like he is barred from the study! Of course, it was absolutely ridiculous!

However, I was obliged to carry out orders for a time, at any rate, for I was afraid I might have to send him away altogether, and that would have been absolutely awful.

Then one day he caught a shocking cold. It was all through being shut in those beastly kennels day after day, with never a sight of a fire.

I doctored him up with all sorts of things, but he didn't seem to get any better; so one afternoon, when we were going out to footer, I disobeyed orders and took him up to the study to have a good warm in front of the fire. Then I went down and joined the others at footer.

Towser was absolutely delighted to see the fire again, and he snuggled down nice and comfortable on the mat. I didn't expect anyone would go to the study while we were out, and I felt quite easy about the matter.

When we got back, however, the door was locked and the key had been taken away. Towser was whining inside the study.

I couldn't think what had happened, and the other fellows were kicking up an awful shindy about the door being locked and the key gone.

I was just thinking about bursting the door in, when young Wally D'Arcy came running up and said that the Head wanted me.

"He's in a shocking rage!" gasped Wally.

"I think it's about Towser."  
"Oh crumbs!" I groaned, for I realised at once that the Head had found Towser in the study.

"Better go quick!" said Blake.  
"And bring the key back with you!" called out Gussy as I ran off.

I tapped at the Head's door, and he barked out "Come in!" in a frightfully savage manner. In I went.

"Herries!" he snapped.

"Yes, sir!" I replied meekly.

"I gave you orders that your dog was not to be brought up to the study!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir," I muttered.

"You have disobeyed my orders!"

"Yes, sir; but Towser has got—"

"Silence!"

The Head nearly jumped down my throat.

I tried to explain that Towser had got an awful cold, but he wouldn't listen to me.

"As you have disobeyed my orders, I shall have to consider having the dog sent away," he continued angrily.

"Oh, sir—" I began. But he cut me off.

"Go!" he bawled. "I will let you know my decision in the morning."

Of course, it was no use trying to argue with him, and I went back to the study after he had given me the key and told me to take Towser back to the kennels.

Needless to say, I went to bed in terrible suspense that night, for I quite expected Towser would have to leave St. Jim's.

As it happened, however, the noble animal saved his own bacon, as it were.

I couldn't get to sleep that night. I lay awake thinking about what it would be like without my dog at school, and it must have been hours before I dozed off to sleep.

Suddenly I sat up in bed with a violent start. Blake and Digby and D'Arcy, and several others, sat up at the same instant.

"What was that?" gasped Blake.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Another piercing yell rang out."

"My hat! What an awful noise!"

We rushed out of the dormitory, and at the same moment fellows came rushing out of other rooms.

Down the stairs we pelted, and just as we got to the bottom, the Head and Railton appeared on the scene.

"What ever is the matter?" cried the Head, and he looked awfully startled. He didn't say a word about us all coming downstairs in the middle of the night.

"I fear something terrible must have happened," he went on. "Let us go and see at once."

Railton flashed on his electric torch, and opened the hall-door. Several of us had torches, and we all lit up. The more light there was the better we felt, because it was beastly weird hearing those yells every few minutes.

Railton stepped out very cautiously, and shone his torch this way and that, and we followed his example. We couldn't see anything at first; but suddenly there was another of those awful yells, and it came from further down the quad.

"It's this way!" said Railton, and he darted on in front.

I must say old Railton's a jolly plucky

A terrible yell rent the midnight air, and it came from the quad. It was a yell of fear. "My hat!" exclaimed Digby. "What ever's happening?"

"It sounds like someone in trouble, dear boys," cried Gussy.

"Who's coming down?" asked Blake, jumping out of bed.

That was the signal for us all to get out, and we began to pull on our trousers as fast as we could.

"Ooooo-ow!"

"Another piercing yell rang out."

"My hat! What an awful noise!"

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## "RODNEY STONE!"

BY

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

is the title of the

Grand New Serial Starting

in next week's issue  
of the

"BOYS' FRIEND."

chap, because he didn't seem a bit nervous, and that's more than I could have said about myself.

All at once he pulled up sharply, and shone his torch on the ground in front of him.

Then we all saw a sight which sent a thrill through every one of us. A man was lying on the ground not far from the gates, a thoroughly rough-looking character, and standing over him was Towser!

I've never seen Towser looking so fierce as he did at that moment. All his teeth were bared, and he was glowering at the man as though he could have eaten him.

"Call him off!" said Railton to me.

I gave a short whistle, and Towser looked round quickly. He didn't want to leave his captive, but he came after a moment's hesitation.

Then we went for the man, who at once began to struggle up with the idea of making his escape. We were too many for him, however. We soon had him under control, and the Head hurried in to telephone for the police.

When they came, about half an hour later, the man was searched, and it was found that he had several valuable articles on him that had been stolen from the Head's study.

When the burglar had been taken away, the Head called me into his study.

"Your dog may remain at St. Jim's, Herries," he said, and there was quite a break in his voice. "Had it not been for that noble animal the thief would have got clear away."

"He's a ripping dog, sir!" I answered, and I felt a bit like making an ass of myself.

"Thank you, sir!"

"Er—Herries," went on the Head, as I was leaving the study, "you may have him up in the study occasionally, so long as you undertake to keep him under control."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" I cried joyfully.

And I went back to bed again and slept like a top.

## THE LETTER.

"BOYS!"

The grating voice of Mr. Ratcliff, the unpopular master of the New House at St. Jim's, broke the silence which reigned in the Common-room of the New House, where all the juniors of that House were especially assembled.

"Boys, I have assembled you for the purpose of inquiring into a disgraceful outrage—I may say, an unprecedented outrage—which was perpetrated in this House last night!"

Mr. Ratcliff's baleful glance swept the rows of desks before him in an acid glare, and the juniors who occupied them manfully suppressed their grins.

They were well aware of the "outrage" to which their House-master referred. Indeed, the story of it had caused great merment throughout the entire junior school. But just now the juniors looked as solemn as a lot of owls. Mr. Ratcliff looked dangerous.

"Last evening," continued Mr. Ratcliff's rasping voice, "some mischievous and insolent boy must have paid a surreptitious visit to my bed-room, for this morning, when I thrust my feet into my slippers, I discovered that they were full of some—some disgusting, treacherous substance!"

"Ahem!"

The cough that went round was almost a titter, in spite of the master's frowning brow.

"I need hardly say that the perpetrator of this—this unparalleled outrage will be most severely punished when he is discovered," continued Mr. Ratcliff. The juniors had no doubt at all on this point. "I give him the chance of confessing to me here and now!"

If Mr. Ratcliff expected this kind offer to be accepted he was disappointed.

"Not good enough!" whispered Kerr to his chum Figgins, with a suppressed chuckle. And George Figgins, the leader of the New House juniors, grinned assent. Figgins, as a matter of fact, had special reasons of his own for thinking the offer "not good enough."

Dead silence reigned in the Common-room, to be broken again by Mr. Ratcliff's unpleasant voice.

"I hardly expected the author of such a trick to have the common honesty to own up to it," he continued. "But I warn him that I have a clue to his identity!"

And Mr. Ratcliff, his malevolent little eyes darting from one junior to another, held up a letter in his thin hand.

"Still dead silence."

"This letter," went on the rasping voice, "I found in my room this morning. It was evidently dropped by the boy who visited my room. It bears no address. It begins 'Dear George,' and is signed simply with the letters 'E. C.' I propose to hand it to Knox, to make inquiries amongst your junior boys with the object of finding out to whom it belongs."

In the silence that followed, the lanky figure of Figgins rose in his place. Figgins' face was white and set.

"May I look at the letter, sir?"

Amidst breathless silence, Mr. Ratcliff handed him the letter.

Figgins gave it one glance, and then thrust it into his pocket.

"It's mine, sir!" he said quietly.

Mr. Ratcliff's eyes gleamed with spiteful triumph.

"Ah! Then you are the culprit, Figgins? I might have guessed as much! Kindly follow me to my study, where I shall administer the severe flogging you so richly deserve!"

With rustling gown, Mr. Ratcliff marched to the door, and Figgins followed slowly, with head erect. The door closed upon them.

There was a buzz of amazement from the juniors.

"Well, of all the silly asses!" said Fatty Wynn. "What on earth did old Figgy go and own up to that rotten letter for? Knox would never have discovered anything. There are dozens of fellows in the House named George! Surely it wasn't worth a flogging just to get possession of that measly letter?"

"Poor old Figgy!"

"He must be potty!"

That was the general impression of the astonished New-House juniors.

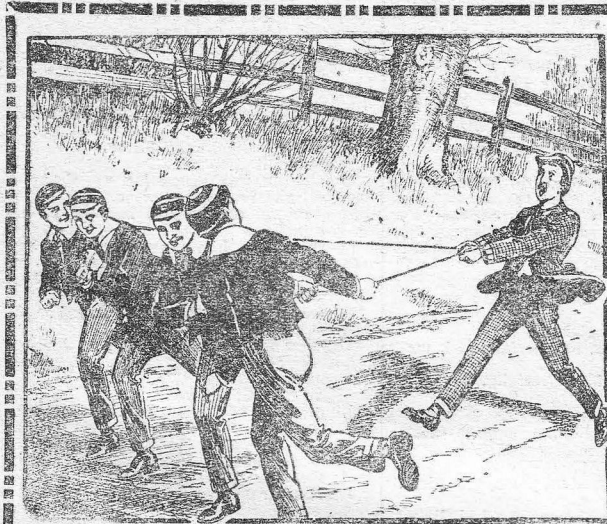
Only Kerr, Figgins' chum, looked thoughtful.

"E. C.," he murmured softly to himself.

"Ethel Cleveland, of course—cousin of D'Arcy of the Fourth. Just like poor old Figgy!"

Kerr understood!





# THE ARRIVAL

... OF ...

# MORNINGTON!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Jimmy Silver is Wanted.

**"SILVER!"**  
Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, opened his study door, and called to Jimmy Silver. Jimmy, who was going out, stopped at once. "Yes, sir."

Jimmy came back along the passage in some dismay. He was going down to the football, and it was a very awkward moment for being called "on the carpet." He wondered whether he was to be lectured for the last row with the Moderns, or called over the coals for licking Smythe of the Shell, or given lines for catching Knowles of the Sixth—quite accidentally—with a football. With all these sins on his youthful conscience, the last person he wished to interview was his Form-master.

"You are—ahem!—disengaged this afternoon? What—what!" said Mr. Bootles, in his slow, ponderous manner.

"I'm going down to the football, sir."  
"I should like you to perform a little service for me, Silver."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, relieved to find that it was not a "wiging," and at the same time worried over the prospects of football for the afternoon.

"However, if you are playing in some match important to you, I will find someone else," said Mr. Bootles, always a considerate gentleman.

"Not at all, sir," said Jimmy, with manly frankness. "It's only footer practice."

"Very good. I should prefer you to go, as you are head boy in the Fourth Form, Silver."

"Yes, sir."

"There is a new boy coming to Rookwood this afternoon, who will be on the Classical side, and in your Form," said Mr. Bootles. "He is of a—somewhat unusual type, with very rich and aristocratic connections. I have arranged for him to be met at the station. I should be glad if you would go, Silver, and bring him to Rookwood."

"Very well, sir."

"Mornington will arrive at Coombe by the three o'clock train. Will you make it a point, Silver, to meet the train, and conduct him to Rookwood?"

"Mornington, sir!" repeated Jimmy, somewhat interested.

"Yes. You will bring the new boy to my study, Silver."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bootles stepped back into his study, and Jimmy Silver went out into the quadrangle not very cheerfully. Football for the afternoon was knocked on the head; and it was a fine afternoon, ideal weather for football. But it could not be helped, and Jimmy, too, was an obliging fellow. Lovell and Raby and Newcome bore down on him in the quad. "Waiting for you, duffer!" said Lovell. "Where the dickens have you been?"

"Footer's off," said Jimmy dismally. "I've got to go out."

"What on earth for?" demanded Raby. "We've got a match with St. Jim's coming

on soon, and you're not going to cut practice."

"New kid coming."  
"Blow the new kid!"

"I'm to meet him at the station—"

"What rot! Can't he get here by himself?"

"Bootles has asked me."  
"Oh, bother Bootles!" said Lovell warmly.

"What is there special about this blessed new kid? Ask Townsend to go instead."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"I've got to go—Bootles asked me. The chap's a millionaire, or something."

"Look here, Towny's got nothing else to do," said Lovell wrathfully. "You shut up, and come down to the footer!"

"Can't be did! Bootles—"

"Blow Bootles! Cut off, Towny, and look after that millionaire. You're coming down to the footer, Jimmy Silver!"

"Look here—"

"Rats!"

Lovell linked arms with the captain of the Fourth. Raby took his other arm. Newcome gave him a prod in the back with his boot, and Jimmy gave a yell.

"I tell you—"

"Kim on!"

Jimmy Silver resisted, but his chums marched him down to the footer-field.

It was a case of force majeure.

"You silly asses!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"I tell you I've got to go! You can come with me."

"You're going to play footer," said Lovell determinedly. "We're not going to let St. Jim's beat us next week because you're fond of new chaps."

"You frabjous duffer, it isn't that. It's Bootles—"

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Dick Oswald, as they arrived on Little Side.

"Only Jimmy playing the giddy ox. He wants to cut footer and go after a new chap," said Lovell. "We're not letting him."

"I don't!" roared Jimmy. "Only I've got to."

"Now get on to the field," said Lovell. "Tommy Dodd's waiting!"

"Waiting for you," said Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver breathed hard through his nose. It really required an effort to leave the green football-field, apart from the solicitude of his chums. But he had to go.

He received the ball from Tommy Dodd, and punted it away, and his chums ran after it. Jimmy Silver ran at the same time, making for the gates.

"He's off!" yelled Newcome.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"After him!" roared Lovell.

The three juniors broke into a hot chase after Jimmy Silver, leaving the footballers shouting with laughter. Jimmy reached the school gates, with his chums raging in pursuit. But Jimmy was a good sprinter, and he kept well ahead. He darted through the gateway, and went along the road like a deer in the direction of Coombe.

"Oh, the rotter!" gasped Lovell. "Keep on! We'll run him down and bump him baldheaded."

Jimmy Silver trotted on, carefully keeping

a dozen yards ahead. Half-way to Coombe he looked back over his shoulder. His three chums were panting on behind, and Lovell was shaking a wrathful fist.

"You wait till I get hold of you!" bellowed Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling dummy—"

Jimmy Silver sprinted on again. He reached the little village, and ran on to the railway-station. His chums arrived there, panting, a few minutes after him. Jimmy had gone on to the platform. The train was hardly due yet, and he was in ample time to fulfil his mission.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome glared at him through the barrier. Jimmy Silver smiled back at them.

"Make it pax!" he suggested. "I couldn't refuse Bootles, you know. Make it pax, and I'll stand you some chocs."

"You cheeky ass—"

"You can't row here," urged Jimmy. "Remember your manners in public, Lovell, old chap. I had to come. Come on and have some chocs."

And the Co. decided to accept the invitation, and they devoted their attention to the automatic-machine on the platform while they waited for the train. By the time the train came in harmony was quite restored among the Fistical Four of Rookwood.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Very Surprising New Boy.

**J**IMMY SILVER & Co. suspended their operations on the chocolates as the train stopped in the station. They did not know Mornington by sight,

of course, but they expected to be able to pick him out easily enough.

A number of passengers alighted and went towards the exit, but there was no boy among them. Jimmy's eyes fell upon a man in mutton-chop whiskers, who alighted from a third-class carriage, and came along the train to a first-class compartment, and opened the door.

"Coombe, sir!"

"Is this the station, Jenkins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take care of Beauty."

"Yes, sir."

The valet, for such he evidently was, lifted a bull-pup from the carriage.

Beauty was apparently the name of the pup, but he was not a beauty to look at. The Rookwood juniors thought they had never seen so ugly and savage-looking a brute. A lad of about their own age stepped from the carriage, yawned, and glanced about him. It was evident that this was the new boy.

He was a 'im fellow, with a somewhat seedy-looking face and heavy eyes. He was not, it is to be noted, dressed in lounge clothes of a very fashionable cut. He wore a diamond ring, a diamond pin, and a gold watch. A cigarette was between his fingers.

"What a hole!" remarked this interesting young person with a disparaging glance about him.

"Yes," said the obsequious Jenkins.

"Look after the luggage, Jenkins!"

"Yes, sir."

"Find me a taxi!"

"Yes, sir!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another and grinned. Jenkins was likely to have a difficult task before him to find a taxicab in Coombe. The modern juggernaut had not yet penetrated to that quiet village.

"Well, that's the chap!" said Lovell. "I don't think much of him. The beast has been smoking!"

"I've got to take him to Bootles," said Jimmy Silver. "Here goes!"

The valet had gone along the train to look after the luggage, of which there seemed to be an endless quantity. The new-boy lighted a fresh cigarette, and looked about him discontentedly. He stared at Jimmy Silver far from civilly as the Rookwood junior came up.

"Mornington?" asked Jimmy.

A cool nod.

"I'm Silver of the Fourth, at Rookwood," explained Jimmy.

"Are you, by Jove?"

Mr. Bootles has sent me to meet you and take you to the school."

"Who may Mr. Bootles be?"

"Master of the Fourth."

"Thanks!"

"You won't get a taxicab here," said Jimmy. "There's an old one-horse cab at the station. It's more comfy to walk."

"Oh, gad! What a hole!"

"What's the matter with walking?" demanded Lovell.

The new boy stared at him.

"Did you address me?" he asked.

"Yes, I did."

"Then don't!"

"Wha-at!"

Mornington turned away.

"Jenkins!"

"Yes, sir."

"Never mind the luggage. Find me a car!"

"Yes, sir."

"And don't keep me waitin', you fool!"

"No, sir."

Lovell breathed hard. Everything about the new boy put his "back up" at once.

For a boy of fifteen to call a man old enough to be his father a "fool" was a sign as much of a bad heart as bad manners. It was pretty certain that Jenkins' place was worth a great deal to him to make him willing to endure such insolence.

"If that thing comes into the Fourth, it will find trouble," said Lovell.

"What price bumping some of the impudence out of him now to start with?" suggested Raby.

"Good egg!"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "Lots of time for that at Rookwood. I've promised Bootles to deliver him safe and sound."

The new boy took no further notice of the Rookwood fellows. He lounged away to the gate, and passed through, followed by the obsequious Jenkins.

Jimmy Silver & Co. followed, the Co. looking grim, and Jimmy looking, and feeling, puzzled. This peculiar new boy was quite a surprise to him. "He did not quite see how he was to deliver Mornington to Mr. Bootles under the circumstances."

Only his sense of duty prevented him from walking off at once, and leaving the new boy to his own devices.

Outside the station was the ancient hack which had done duty for generations, with a horse which looked as if it had done duty for still more generations.

The driver detached himself from the station wall, removed a straw from his mouth, and touched his hat to the well-dressed stranger.

"Ack, sir?"

Mornington looked at the hack, looked at the wheezy old driver, and turned his back without a word.

"Jenkins!"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't like waitin' here. Find me a car!"

Mr. Jenkins rubbed his nose in a perplexed way. It was plain enough that nothing in the shape of a car could be found in the village of Coombe.

"I'm afraid it can't be done, my sir," said Mr. Jenkins at last.

"Then how am I to get to the school?" demanded his master angrily.

"There's the 'ack, sir," said Mr. Jenkins doubtfully.

"Fool!"

"Yes, sir."

THE PENNY POPULAR—No. 53.

"Look here, I've kicked my heels here long enough!" burst out Lovell. "Are you bringing that young cub along, or are we going without him, Jimmy Silver?"

"We can't go without him," said Jimmy. "I've got to deliver him in Bootles' study!"

"Then take him by the ears and yank him along!"

Jimmy approached Mornington again.

"Hadr't you better walk?" he asked.

"Don't bother me!"

"Mr. Bootles directed me to bring you to the school, and I'm bound to do it," said Jimmy. "You mayn't be aware that I've chucked footer this afternoon to come here and meet you. Will you take the hack or walk? You can choose!"

"Neither!"

"It's one or the other. Make up your mind!"

Mornington stared at him.

"Are you presumin' to interfere with me?" he exclaimed.

Jimmy Silver nodded cheerfully.

"Exactly!"

Mr. Jenkins concealed a grin behind his hand. It was probably refreshing to him to hear his overbearing master talked to in this manner.

"By Jove! You impudent young scoundrel!" ejaculated the new boy.

"What are you calling me?" asked Jimmy, with dangerous calm.

"Impudent young scoundrel!" shouted Mornington. "Get away, or I'll lay my cane about you!"

"Your cane about me!" said Jimmy Silver dazedly.

"Yes, by Jove!"

"Biff him, Jimmy, you fathead!" shouted Lovell.

Jimmy set his teeth.

"That settles it," he said. "You're coming. I'd have gone in that stuffy hack with you to oblige; now you'll oblige me. You'll walk. Come on!"

"Stand back!"

"Are you coming," said Jimmy, in concentrated tones, "or do you want to be led by the ear?"

"By Jove!"

"I give you one minute to choose!" Mornington turned to his servant. His pasty face was purple with rage now.

"Jenkins!" he gasped.

"Yes, sir."

"Chastise that impertinent young scoundrel!"

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Follow Your Leader.

JENKINS looked at Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver looked at Jenkins.

The unhappy manservant seemed loth to begin.

Mornington glared at him as if he would eat him.

"Do you hear me, Jenkins?" he shouted.

"Yes, sir!" stammered Jenkins.

"Then do as you're told, you fool!"

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver invitingly.

"I'm waiting to be chastised—yearning for it!"

"Take this cane and thrash him!" said Mornington.

Jenkins unwillingly took the cane, and made a step towards Jimmy Silver. The Rookwood fellows were rooted to the ground with astonishment for a moment or two. Then there was a roar of wrath from Lovell:

"Collar him!"

The Co. rushed at Jenkins.

Three pairs of hands were laid upon the manservant, and he was whirled off his feet in the twinkling of an eye.

"Oh—oh! Yah! Leggo!" howled Jenkins, as he was whirled in the air, with his brains swimming and all Coombe swimming round his eyes.

"Into the puddle there!" said Lovell.

Jenkins was rushed into the road towards a large puddle left by recent rain. The hack-driver burst into a guffaw; the old porter looked out of the station, chuckling. Half a dozen village urchins gathered round, highly interested.

Jenkins struggled wildly, his arms and legs flying in the air. But the fat manservant had no chance in the grasp of the three sturdy juniors.

Mornington rushed forward furiously, and Jimmy put out his foot, and he sprawled on the pavement.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, by gad!"

Splash!

Down went Jenkins into the puddle, with shocking results to his clothes.

He sat there and roared. Lovell picked up the cane that had fallen from his hand, broke it across his knee, and tossed the pieces to a distance.

Then he returned to the pavement.

"Is that cub coming with us?" he demanded, panting.

"Got to," said Jimmy Silver.

"Then we'll take him."

Mornington was staggering up, dusty and enraged, and in a dazed state. The bull-pup was growling, and seemed inclined to begin on the juniors.

Lovell booted him unceremoniously away, and seized Mornington by the ear.

By that appendage he was jerked to his feet, yelling:

"Come on!" said Lovell. "You're coming to Rookwood!"

The new boy struck furiously at his face. Lovell guarded the blow, and seized Mornington's wrists.

"Take a hold, Jimmy!"

Jimmy took one wrist, Lovell the other.

"Now come on!"

"I won't!" yelled Mornington. "Let go! Scoundrels! Jenkins, you fool, come and help me! Call the police!"

Jenkins scrambled out of the puddle. He seemed undecided what to do; but Raby and Newcome decided for him by rolling him into the puddle again.

Mornington was marched away down the street, struggling to release his hands. Raby and Newcome brought up the rear, leaving the unhappy Jenkins trying to collect his scattered senses.

A little crowd of village urchins followed, laughing and yelling.

The new boy panted with rage.

"Will you let me go, you rotters?" he shouted.

"Not to-day," said Jimmy cheerily.

"Some other time," grinned Lovell.

"How dare you touch me, you low cads!"

"Orders to deliver you to Bootles."

"Hang Bootles!"

"You can hang him if you like when you get to him. You're going to him now, whether you like it or not."

"And if you don't go quietly we'll get a rope and tie you up!" shouted Lovell savagely.

"Let me go, you cads!"

"Raby, cut into Jones' and get a cord," said Lovell.

"Right-ho!"

Raby ran into the shop, and reappeared in a few moments with a coil of cord. Mornington, still resisting, was run out of the village street into the lane. There Lovell dragged his wrists together, and knotted the end of the cord to him.

"Now you will come on," he said.

"I won't!"

"All hands!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four all grasped the rope, and set off at a good pace towards Rookwood School. The new boy backed away, exerting all his strength to resist the pull. But he resisted in vain; the four were too strong for him, and he was dragged over and rolled in the road.

The Fistical Four did not stop. They marched on, and Mornington rolled and scrambled along the dusty road after them.

He scrambled to his feet at last, and ran to keep pace. He had had enough of being dragged.

"Will you let me go?" he shrieked.

"No, fear! You're coming to Rookwood."

"Hang you!"

"Nice boy! Will you come quietly if we let you go?"

"No!" yelled Mornington.

"Then come on!"

The new boy rushed closer, and began to kick. The Fistical Four broke into a run, laughing merrily. The cord was kept taut between them, and all the way to Rookwood they kept up the run, with the new boy panting behind. Such was the manner of Mornington's arrival at Rookwood!

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Mornington Arrives.

"BY gad!"

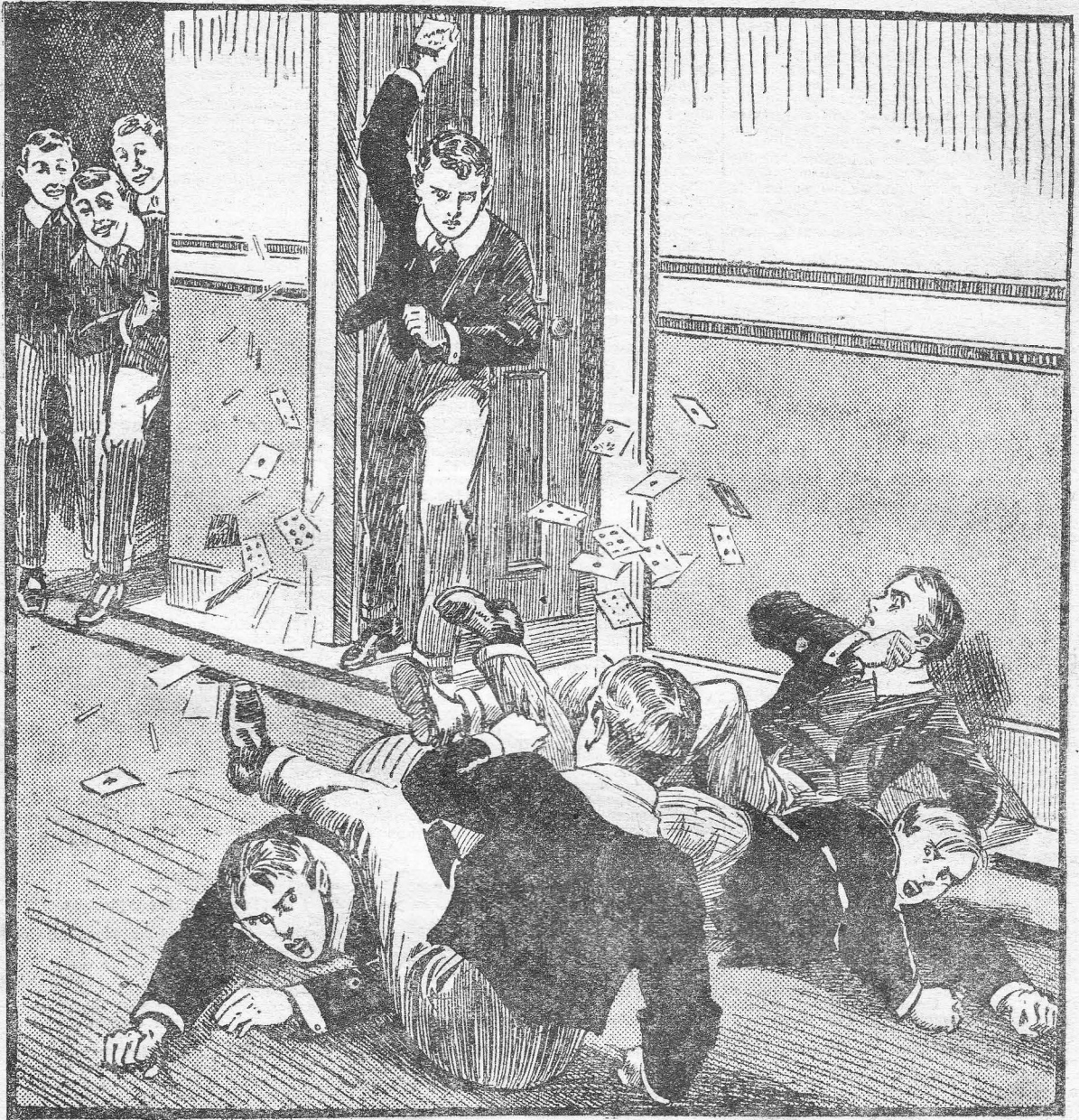
"What the merry dickens!"

"What larks!"

Smythe & Co., the Nuts of Rookwood, were gathered at the gates. Townsend had spread the story of the expected arrival of the wealthy new boy, and the Nuts were extremely anxious to make his acquaintance.

Smythe & Co. were an extremely high-class and select circle, but they did not yet in-





Rawson caught up the cards, the money, and the cigarettes, and pelted the struggling Nuts with them till all their property lay round them in the passage, amid yells of merriment from the Fourth. (See Chapter 8.)

clude a millionaire in their ranks. They were prepared to "go all out" to gain Mornington as a member of the "Giddy Goats."

They were expecting Mornington to arrive, but they were not expecting him to arrive like this. As Jimmy Silver & Co. appeared on the road, with their led captive, the Nuts stared in amazement.

"That can't be the chap, by gad!" said Adolphus Smythe. "Who is it?"

"Not easy to see for dust!" grinned Townsend.

"What a lark!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fistical Four came cheerfully in at the gates, with Mornington panting behind, streaming with perspiration and smothered with dust.

"Who is it?" yelled Topham.

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"Mornington," he replied.

"What!"

"You—you're treating a millionaire like that!" gasped Smythe.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Why, you cheeky rotters—"

"Let him go!"

"Help!" shouted Mornington. "Help me!" Smythe & Co. exchanged glances, and gathered round threateningly. Their nutty blood almost ran cold at the sight of a really aristocratic person being treated in this disrespectful manner. And it occurred to them that they could not better pay their court to the new boy than by rescuing him from the hands of the Fistical Four.

"Back up!" shouted Smythe. "Collar those young cads!"

"Let him go at once!"

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver.

There were seven or eight of the Nuts, and they felt strong in numbers. They charged right at Smythe & Co., and the weedy Nuts were knocked right and left.

"By gad!"

"Yarcooh!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The Fistical Four were through, and they

marched on to the School House, leaving Smythe & Co. in an exceedingly demoralised state. Fellows gathered round from all sides, and came running from the footer-field to behold the strange sight.

Mornington, crimson, hatless, dusty, and furious, was marched on to the School House, where Mr. Bootles, astounded, caught sight of the procession from his study window.

The Fourth Form-master threw up his window at once.

"Silver!" he ejaculated.

The procession halted.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, raising his cap.

"What does this extraordinary scene mean?"

"We've brought him, sir."

"Who—who is that?"

"Mornington, sir."

"What—what does this mean? How dare you treat a new boy in this fashion?" thundered Mr. Bootles.

"Your orders, sir," said Jimmy.

"My—my orders!"

"Certainly, sir. You told me to bring Mornington to your study. He wouldn't come, so we had to persuade him."

"Persuade him!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Is that what you call persuasion, Silver?"

"It was the only way, sir."

"Silver, you—must be perfectly aware that I did not mean you to use violence towards the new boy!" gasped Mr. Bootles.

"I felt that I had to bring him, sir, as you had told me to," said Jimmy Silver. "We couldn't carry him, sir, so we had to lead him home."

"Extraordinary! Mornington, why did you not come quietly with the lad I sent to meet you?"

"I refuse to do anything of the sort. I would not take a step with the scoundrel!" shouted the new boy.

"What—what!"

"I demand to see these four young villains flogged at once! Otherwise, I will not remain in the school."

"What—what!" said Mr. Bootles feebly.

"My dog has been lost. My hat has been lost. I have been treated in a ruffianly manner. They must be punished at once!"

"That is not the way to speak to your Form-master, Mornington. Silver, release that boy at once! Come to my study, Mornington."

Mr. Bootles, very much ruffled, snapped the window shut.

Jimmy Silver untied the new boy. The first use Mornington made of his freedom was to dash a blow at Jimmy's smiling face.

The captain of the Fourth knocked his hand aside.

"Get indoors!" he said.

"Don't speak to me, you cad!"

"Are you going?"

"No, hang you!"

"You heard Mr. Bootles tell you to go to his study."

"I shall please myself about that."

"You won't!" said Jimmy Silver grimly, and he grasped the new boy by the collar and ran him forcibly up the steps of the House.

Mornington was run into the hall, resisting vainly, and they arrived breathless at the Form-master's door. Jimmy Silver tapped with his free hand.

"Come in!"

Jimmy opened the door, and pushed Mornington in. He closed the door and withdrew, breathing a little hard but smiling.

"What sort of a wild animal is he?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, as Jimmy rejoined his chums in the quadrangle.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"The queerest animal that's ever come to Rookwood," he said. "I can foresee a high old time for that merchant in the Fourth."

"You're welcome to him on the Classical side," grinned Tommy Dodd. "Jolly glad he isn't going to be a Modern!"

"The Modern side's the place for such a rotter!" growled Lovell. "He's got a bull-dog and a manservant, and the manners of a Prussian Junker!"

"A manservant! Here?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Well, we left him sorting himself out of a puddle in Coombe, but he's coming."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Still time for some footer," said Jimmy Silver. "We've done our giddy duty; done it well, too. Come on, ye cripples!"

The chums of the Fourth went down to Little Side, leaving the new boy to be dealt with by Mr. Bootles. Footer occupied their thoughts until tea-time, and they forgot all about him. But they were destined to be reminded of him.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### Flynn Loses His Temper.

MORNINGTON stood before Mr. Bootles' writing-table, gasping for breath. Mr. Bootles gazed at him across the table, very nearly gasping himself. Mr. Bootles knew some circumstances in the new boy's history with which the Rookwood juniors were unacquainted. He had not expected him to appear quite like an ordinary new boy; but he had never dreamed that he would be quite so unusual.

"Ahem—ahem!" said Mr. Bootles. "My dear Mornington—ahem! You are very dusty. What—what!"

"Are those boys going to be punished?" asked the new junior, his voice trembling with rage.

"It appears that you refused to accompany Silver here. I had directed him to bring you," said Mr. Bootles mildly. "Why did you refuse?"

"I did not choose."

THE PENNY POPULAR—No. 53.

"Ahem—ahem! Pray calm yourself, Mornington. Your guardian has very wisely decided to send you here, and you must learn discipline in this school. You must, first of all, address your master more respectfully."

"Are they to be punished? I ordered my servant to punish them, and they threw him into a puddle!"

Mr. Bootles jumped.

"You—ordered your servant to punish Rookwood boys?" he said.

"Yes, certainly!"

"You impertinent young rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, really angry now. "I am not surprised that Silver lost patience with you. You may go and make yourself tidy now, and I will speak to you later." Mr. Bootles rose, and opened the door. "Flynn!"

Mr. Bootles stepped back into his study, breathing hard. He could foresee a troublesome time for Mornington and for himself. Mornington had been allowed to run wild by a careless guardian for years, and the result was not pleasant. It was evident that the boy had always had his own way among his dependants, that he had grown up self-willed and passionate-tempered, utterly inconsiderate of others, and selfish to the last degree. The guardian, awakening to a sense of his responsibility at last, had washed his hands of him by sending him to Rookwood. It was, perhaps, the wisest step he could have taken; but Mornington had painful lessons to learn, and did not seem in the least in a mood for learning them.

Flynn looked at him very curiously. He had seen his arrival, and had been greatly tickled by it. But the Irish junior was good-natured, and prepared to look after the new fellow kindly enough.

"This way, kid," he said, and Mornington followed him to the Fourth-Form dormitory.

"You can get a wash here—and, faith, you need it!—and I'll find a clothes-brush to lend you."

Mornington threw his jacket on a bed. He waited for Flynn to pour the water into the basin, for that much-needed wash.

"And I'll take you to your study, if you'll buck up," said Flynn.

He sorted a clothes-brush out of his own box.

"Here you are."

"Brush me down," said Mornington.

"Oh, all right!"

The request might have been made more civilly; Flynn did not suspect that it was not a request, but an order. He good-naturedly brushed down the new boy's trousers.

"Now my boots; they are dusty."

"Sure I can't use me clothes-brush on your boots, intirely!"

"Nonsense!"

"Phwat!"

"My boots need brushin', and my servant it not here. Brush my jacket first, as it will make the brush dirty if you do the boots first."

Flynn looked steadily at the new-comer. He began to understand.

"Is it giving me orders ye are?" he asked. "Certainly!"

Flynn put his brush back into the box, and turned to the door. He had a quick temper, but he did not want to hammer a new "kid" so soon after his arrival.

"Where are you going?" shouted Mornington.

"Sure I'm going down."

"Stay here!"

Flynn grinned, and went out of the dormitory. Mornington's face flushed with rage, and he caught up a cake of soap from the washstand, and hurled it after the Irish junior with all the force of his arm.

The missile caught Flynn on the back of the head. Flynn uttered a yell, and spun round.

"Phwat—phwat was that? Yaroooh!"

"Now do as I tell you, you fool!" Patrick O'Donovan Flynn gave Mornington one look. Then he rushed at him. Right and left his hands came out, clenched hard, and the new boy was knocked sprawling over a bed.

"Now, thin, ye spalpeen," panted Flynn; "now get up and give me some more orders, begorra!"

Mornington scrambled off the bed. He did not seem to want for courage, of a wild-cat kind. He made a furious spring at Flynn, clutching at him savagely.

Biff!

Flynn's right caught the new boy on the chin, and he went with a crash to the floor.

There he lay, gasping. Flynn gave him a look, and walked out of the dormitory. As he descended the stairs he caught sight of a fat man in livery entering the House, with

a bull-pup under his arm. The man spoke to him very civilly as he came down into the lower hall.

"Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me if Mr. Mornington has arrived?"

Flynn grinned.

"Sure he has! And who may you be?"

"I am his valet, sir."

"Howly mother av Moses! A valet to a kid in the Fourth!" chorled Flynn. "Oh, this is too rich intirely! Ye'll find him in the dorm, nursing his chin. Come on; I'll show ye the way."

Flynn pointed out the Fourth-Form dormitory, and then hurried out to report, with many chuckles, to the Rookwood fellows that the new boy's valet had arrived.

Mr. Jenkins went into the dormitory, and found Mornington sitting on a bed and rubbing his chin, his brow black as thunder.

"So you've got here, you fool!" he snarled. "Yes, sir."

And Mr. Jenkins set to work brushing and renovating his master, encouraged by an incessant string of abuse from that estimable young gentleman.

#### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

##### Mornington Makes Himself at Home.

"GREAT Fisher!"

The Fistical Four uttered that exclamation in a kind of chorus.

Football was over, and the Classical chums had come in for tea. As they came down the passage towards the end study they were astounded. Outside the study stood a pile of furniture.

Most of the "household goods" of the Fistical Four were stacked there—the book-case, several boxes, the pictures, the desks, some of the chairs, and other articles.

"They could scarcely believe their eyes. 'A blessed Modern raid!' howled Lovell. 'We'll make Tommy Dodd sit up for this!'"

"There's somebody in the study now," said Raby.

"Caught in the act! Come on!"

The juniors rushed on, fully expecting to find Modern raiders in the study. But no Moderns were visible. It was not a raid from the rival party of Rookwood.

Mornington and Jenkins were in the study. Beauty, the bull-pup, was also there, reposing in the armchair. The "demonstration" was evidently the work of the new arrival.

"What does this mean?" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Mornington looked round.

"Get out!" he said.

"Get out!" repeated Jimmy dazedly. "Get out of my own study."

The new boy uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Was this your study?"

"Was it? It was—and is."

"I want it."

"He wants it!" said Lovell sulphurously. "He wants it! Did you ever hear such a cheeky cub?"

"It is the best study in the passage," said Mornington. "It has two windows; it is not so pokey as the others. I shall have it. I have turned out that rubbish, as I shall furnish the study to my own taste. I shall require another room for my servant."

"Do you think you'll be allowed to keep a servant here?" demanded Raby.

"I shall insist upon that."

"As soon as Bootles sees him, he'll be sent off with a flea in his ear," howled Newcome.

"Nonsense!"

Mornington turned his back on the Fistical Four.

"Take that glass down, Jenkins!" he said. "That is no use to me. Throw those wretched vases into the passage."

"Yes, sir."

"Lay a finger on that glass, and I'll squash you!" bellowed Lovell, striding furiously into the study.

Jenkins hesitated.

"Look here," said Mornington angrily. "I don't want any interference from you. I have taken this study, and shall keep it. I don't want you to give it up for nothing, however. How much do you want?"

"Eh? How much what?"

"Money, of course."

Mornington took out a purse and opened it. A wad of banknotes was revealed to the amazed eyes of the Rookwood juniors.

There were at least six or seven fivers, as well as a whole chunk of currency notes. The new boy did not want for ready cash. He had a good deal more money than all the rest of the Fourth-Form at Rookwood put together; and with such a supply he was



pretty certain to make friends in the school—of a sort. Jimmy Silver & Co. were not of that sort, however.

"Put your silly money away," said Jimmy contemptuously.

"How much do you want? I will give you five pounds."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Bah! Ten pounds, if you like," said Mornington arrogantly.

"Kick him out," said Lovell.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders, and put the purse back into his pocket.

"Very well, please yourselves," he said. "But I keep this study. Jenkins, throw those young ruffians into the passage."

"Throw us into the passage—out of our own study!" gasped Lovell. "Pinch me, somebody! I know I must be dreaming."

"Do you hear me, Jenkins, you confounded fool?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Jenkins.

"Then do as I tell you."

Jenkins blinked doubtfully at the Fistical Four. They settled the matter for him by taking him by the shoulders and spinning him out of the study. Jenkins collapsed in the passage, and lay there gasping.

"Now, you young cad," said Lovell, "put that furniture back into the room."

"Nonsense!"

"Are you going to do as you're told?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then you'll be licked until you do. Put him across the table, you fellows," said Lovell. "I'll teach the cub manners with a cricket-stump!"

"Hands off!" roared Mornington furiously.

Jimmy Silver and Raby grasped him, and threw him face downwards across the table, and held him there. They were fed up with his insolence, and they felt that it was time he had a lesson.

Lovell picked up a cricket-stump, and swung it in the air.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" shrieked Mornington, writhing and wriggling under the lashes. "Help! Jenkins, you fool, come here! Help!"

Jenkins blinked in at the doorway. Newcome flourished a stump under his fat nose, and Jenkins promptly retreated again.

Lovell went on with the castigation. It was probably the first thrashing Mornington had received in his life, though certainly not the first one he had needed.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

Wild yells proceeded from the wriggling new boy.

His yells rang along the passage, and brought other fellows to the spot. Most of the Classical Fourth were coming in to tea, and they gathered in a crowd outside the end study, and looked on, grinning.

"Now, will you put the furniture back?" asked Lovell, pausing to take breath.

"No!" shrieked Mornington.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Ow! Yow! Help!"

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Sure, it's a good carpet-bater ye'd make, Lovell," said Flynn. "Mind ye don't break the stump on him intirely."

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Now will you do as you're told, you cub?"

"No!" yelled Mornington.

"Cave!" called out Oswald. "Here comes Bulkeley!"

"Let him come!" growled Lovell, and he whacked away with the cricket-stump, to an accompaniment of fendish yells from his victim.

"What the thunder's all this row?" ex-

claimed Bulkeley of the Sixth, looking in angrily. "Lovell, what—"

"I'm thrashing a cub, Bulkeley," said Lovell, lowering the stump. "He's asked for it. It's all right."

"Let him go at once!" exclaimed the prefect. "Is that Mornington? How dare you treat a new boy like this?"

"He's shifted our furniture out of the study, and he won't put it back," growled Lovell.

Mornington slid off the table, and stood trembling in every limb, his eyes blazing with passion.

"Mornington, what have you interfered with this study for?" said Bulkeley.

"I have taken this study for myself."

"What! Did Mr. Bootles tell you to do so?"

"No."

"Then what do you mean?" demanded Bulkeley.

"I have chosen this study."

"Is the fellow mad?" exclaimed the captain of Rookwood, in amazement. "Do you suppose that you will be allowed to do anything of the sort, Mornington?"

"I shall please myself."

"You don't quite know whom you are talking to, I think," said Bulkeley very quietly.

"I don't know, by Jove, and I don't care!"

"I am the captain of the school, and head prefect."

"I don't care what you are."

"Don't you? I think you'll learn to care in time," said the Sixth-Former grimly.

"Put back the things you have moved out of this study at once!"

"I won't!"

"Shall I put them back, sir?" ventured Mr. Jenkins, peering over Bulkeley's broad shoulders into the study.

"No!" screamed Mornington.

"Who are you?" ejaculated Bulkeley, staring at the fat manservant.

"Mr. Mornington's valet, sir."

"You have brought a valet with you to school, Mornington!" exclaimed the Rookwood captain. "I think you must be out of your senses. The man must be sent away at once."

"I will not send him away."

"You will come with me," said Bulkeley, taking him by the collar. "You come, too, my man."

"I won't come!" yelled Mornington.

Bulkeley did not reply to that. With a grasp of iron on Mornington's collar, he swung him out of the study and marched him along the passage. Mr. Jenkins followed, with an impassive face.

Jimmy Silver whistled.

"Rather a surprise-package, that merchant," he remarked. "Looks as if we've got to do our moving job ourselves. Still, I don't think he'll shift our furniture any more after this."

The Fistical Four proceeded to put their study to rights. It was not likely, indeed, that Mornington would invade the end study again. The Fistical Four were rather too tough a nut for that youth to crack.

#### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Mornington Finds Friends.

**M**R. BOOTLES looked worried as Mornington was marched into his study with Bulkeley's grip on his collar, Mr. Jenkins bringing up the rear in solemn fashion.

"What is the matter, what-what?" said Mr. Bootles, laying down his pen.

"Mornington appears to have brought a manservant with him to school, sir," said the prefect drily. "I thought you had better deal with him."

"Bless my soul!"

Bulkeley released Mornington's collar, and the estimable youth gave him a glance of hatred.

"Mornington, is it possible that you have been so foolish?" exclaimed the master of the Fourth.

"I have certainly brought my servant here," said the new boy haughtily. "The man is a blockhead, but I need him. I suppose I am not expected to live here without a servant?"

"You cannot keep a servant here," said Mr. Bootles, with laborious patience. "He must be sent away at once. Is this the man? My man, you cannot remain at Rookwood. You must leave immediately."

"He cannot leave," said Mornington. "I require his services!"

"Hold your tongue, boy. My man, you will leave immediately, do you hear?"

"I will not allow it!" shouted Mornington.

"Mornington, if you utter another insolent word, I shall cane you!" said Mr. Bootles, out of patience at last.

"I will not have my servant sent away. I require him. Who is to brush my clothes if Jenkins is sent away?"

"Rookwood boys brush their clothes themselves, Mornington."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Bootles.

"I shall write to my guardian at once," said Mornington. "He is a governor of this school, and he will see that I am treated with proper respect here. I do not intend to endure any impertinence, even from masters."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bulkeley. "Mr. Bootles's face was a study."

"Bulkeley," said Mr. Bootles at last, "will you oblige me by seeing Mornington's servant out of the premises? You may leave this boy to me."

"Certainly, sir."

"Jenkins, you are not to go!" shouted Mornington.

"Sir—"

"I order you to stay here!"

"Get out, please!" said Bulkeley.

"My master says—"

"You get out, or I shall pitch you out!" said Bulkeley sharply. "I've no time to waste on you. Now, then!"

"Stay where you are, Jenkins. If he touches you, knock him down!"

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Bootles.

"If you please, sir, I can't knock him down!" said Mr. Jenkins submissively. "He could knock me down quite easily, sir. Perhaps I had better go, sir!"

"You cowardly fool! If you go, I discharge you without a character, and I will punish you somehow for disobeying my orders."

Mr. Jenkins looked oddly at his master. As a matter of fact, Mr. Jenkins realised very clearly that he could not remain at Rookwood, and that his well-paid though onerous service with Mornington was at an end.

It is said that even the worm will turn. Mr. Jenkins was undoubtedly a good deal of a worm, and he proceeded to turn, now that it was quite clear that his employe could be of no further use or profit to him.

"So I'm sacked, sir?" he said quietly.

"Yes, you fool!"

"But you will be kind enough to recommend me—"

"Nothing of the kind. You are a dishonest

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scoundrel, and I've let you rob me because I've found you useful. You may go on robbing me if you stay. If you go, I've done with you!"

"Bless my soul!" repeated Mr. Bootles faintly. This extraordinary new boy almost overcame him.

"Well, if you have done with me, I've done with you," said Mr. Jenkins. "And glad I'll be to see the last of such a rotten, ill-mannered, conceited, snobbish little cub!"

"What!"

"Which I've led my tongue a long time," said Mr. Jenkins. "But I've thought all the same, sir. If you was my son, I'd take the strap to you, and I'd thrash you within a lurch of your life, you miserable little bullying puppy!"

"Jenkins, you scoundrel, how dare you!"

"Why not, when I'm sacked?" grinned Mr. Jenkins. "And wot I think of you, sir, is wot everybody else thinks of you, though it don't pay some of 'em to say so. A more nasty, bullying, ill-mannered little tripehound I never did see. Good-bye, sir, and I 'ope you'll get thrashed into your senses!"

The worthy Jenkins turned away grinning. "By gad!" gasped Mornington at last. "By gad! The impertinent scoundrel!"

Bulkeley followed Jenkins, to see him out of the school.

"Mornington," said Mr. Bootles solemnly, "you should reflect upon what you have just heard from your servant. It should show you the esteem in which you are really held by persons who, from interested motives, submit for a time to your caprices and folly. I shall not punish you now, Mornington, but if there should be any repetition of your insolence towards me, your punishment will be severe. You may go."

Mornington left the study, gritting his teeth. Townsend and Topham were waiting for him in the passage. The Nuts of the Fourth had spotted him taken into the study by Bulkeley, and they were waiting for him to seize the opportunity of making his acquaintance.

"Glad to see you," said Townsend affably. "Gettin' ready for tea? Come with us, and have tea in our study."

"Oh, do!" said Topham. "Delighted!"

Mornington stared blankly at the two Classics. This overwhelming civility from two fellows he did not know surprised him, after his experience at Rookwood.

"By Jove!" he said at last.

"Come along, dear boy!" said Townsend. "Sorry you've had such a rotten time with those cads, Silver and the rest. They're rank outsiders, you know—really decent chaps don't speak to them!"

"You'll find plenty of fellows like yourself here," said Topham. "Those outsiders are barred by our set."

Mornington thawed considerably. He had come to Rookwood expecting the world, as it were, to bow down and worship him and his money. He had received nothing but painful shocks so far. But this was a taste of the sycophancy he had longed for. With a cheerful look he accompanied Townsend and Topham to their study. It was past tea-time, and he was hungry. Rawson of the Fourth was in the study. The scholarship junior had the doubtful honour of sharing that study with the Nuts of the Fourth.

Rawson glanced at Mornington and nodded to him pleasantly enough. The new boy stared at him. Rawson passed out of the study, being due in the end study for tea with the Fistical Four.

"Who's that shabby bouncer?" asked Mornington, with a curling lip.

"A scholarship cad!" said Townsend. "They had the cheek to shove him into this study. We don't speak to him."

"His father's a carpenter," said Topham.

"By Jove!"

"He's gone out to tea, so he won't bother you," said Townsend. "Sit down, old chap, and we'll soon have a spread ready, and a smoke afterwards, if you like."

"Oh, good!"

Mornington sat down, and lighted a cigarette, while the Nuts of the Fourth prepared the spread. Townsend and Topham were in a state of great delight. They had bagged the rich new boy, forestalling Smythe of the Shell in that noble object. It was easy to see that he was a fellow of their own tastes; the cigarette indicated as much.

Peele of the Fourth came in, and was duly presented to the new boy, who condescended to give him two fingers. Two fingers of a millionaire, however, were worth more than the whole fist of any other person to Peele.

THE PENNY POPULAR—No. 53.

"Here's your chair, Mornington," said Townsend, when tea was ready. "I think you'll find the toast all right. Do you care for shrimps?"

"Shrimps?"

"Yes."

"What are shrimps?"

"Oh, by gad!" murmured Townsend, somewhat dismayed.

Mornington sat down at the table. The door opened while tea was in progress, and Jimmy Silver looked in, with a bulge in his arms.

"Hallo! I heard you were here!" said Jimmy, as cheerily as if nothing had happened between the new boy and himself. "I've brought your dog. You left him in our study."

Jimmy set down Beauty on the carpet. Mornington put his hand in his pocket, fished out a half-crown, and tossed it across the table.

"Take that for your trouble," he said. Jimmy Silver looked at him.

"That for me?" he asked.

"Yes. Take it, and get out!"

Townsend & Co. grinned.

The captain of the Fourth picked up the half-crown, and came round the table. He seized Mornington by the hair, and twisted his head forward, and shoved the half-crown down his back.

Mornington gave a roar. Then he was spun sprawling across the carpet, and Jimmy Silver walked out of the study, whistling cheerily.

Townsend & Co. rushed to help their guest. Mornington was stuttering with rage.

"Groo!" That dashed thing is down my back! Yow!"

"Lemme fish it out, old chap," said Peele.

"Bah! Don't bother, you ass!"

"Oh!"

Mornington shook himself till the half-crown slid down into his boot. Then, with a very ruffled look, he sat down to tea again.

Tea over, Townsend, with a glance at his companions, proposed a little game. Mornington was only too keen for a little game, and the table was rapidly cleared, and cards and cigarettes produced.

Towny's new chum was evidently a fellow after Towny's own heart. Undoubtedly the new junior was a worthy addition to the noble circle of the Giddy Goats.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Rawson Puts his Foot Down.

RAWSON was having tea in the end study. The scholarship junior was often a guest there. The nutty atmosphere of his own study was not nearly so agreeable to him.

Tea over, Jimmy Silver & Co. had to think of their prep, and Rawson took his leave. The burly junior left the end study, and went along the passage to his own. Jimmy Silver exchanged a wink with his chums.

"Listen for the sound of giddy warfare," he remarked. "There's a Nutty party in Rawson's study, and you know how Rawson likes baccy."

The Fistical Four grinned. Rawson had reached his study, and opened the door. Then he coughed.

The study was thick with tobacco-smoke. Townsend and Topham, Peele and Mornington were seated round the table, cigarettes in their mouths, cards in their hands. Cigarette-ends littered the floor, and coins and currency notes the table. Mornington had been losing, and the Nuts of the Fourth were in a state of great satisfaction.

Rawson coughed, and glared into the study.

"You horrid beasts!" he shouted.

"By gad!" said Mornington, looking up. "There's that shabby cad come back! Get out, you cad!"

"I've come to do my prep!" exclaimed Rawson angrily. "What do you mean by turning my study into a tap-room?"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Townsend unceremoniously. "Look here, Rawson, do your prep in Silver's study for once. We're busy."

Rawson did not reply.

He grasped at the table and upended it, and cards, money, cigarettes, and ash-trays rolled on the carpet.

Mornington, crimson with rage, rushed at Rawson, clutching at him savagely.

The sturdy scholarship junior grasped him

(Continued on page 20.)

## The Ecksploshon!

BY BAGLEY TRIMBLE.

(Unedited.)

EVERYBODY at St. Jim's knows Skimpole; and a good many people outside. He's wun of those fellers who thinks he's verry kleyver, tho in reality he's a loonatick. He's orlways reading the werks of Professor Barmykrumpet, but he duzzent seem to get a bit beter.

Ennyway, to get to my story. The other day Skimmy came up to me and asked me if I woz willing to assist him in a verry important experriment.

"What's it orl about?" I asked korsbusly.

"Oh, just a little experriment with 2 gasses!" replide Skimmy kasually.

"2 gasses!" I repeated. "What sort of gasses—that's the kwestion?"

Then the silly chump started rapping out a lot of thoz potty krackjore werds of his.

"Look here," i sed, "if you want enny help from me just tork plain English, or I'll wost my hands of the whole bizness!"

The little beest actually started getting cheezy then, and sed my hands looked as tho they kood do with woshing.

"There wont be enny harm at orl in my experriment," he went on; "and I shoob be much obliged if you wood hum to tea with me arterwards."

"Of korse, I koodent verry well refewse then. I can't bear to think of a chap being lonly at me!-times, and I woz absolutely tutcht to the kwik."

"Orl rite," I replide, and there woz emoshon in my voyce; "I will help you with the experriment, and I will kepe you kumpany at tea-time!"

"Trooly you are a friend," sed Skimmy, as we went up to the study together.

The table woz kuvered with glarse tewbs and sillinders, and orl sorts of weerd-looking things; but Skimmy seemt to understand them orl perfectly.

"Now," sed he, "I just make the 2 gasses in these seperet tewbs, and then put them together in this big sillinder. Then I want 2 put a lited taper inside, and we'll see what happens."

"Something seryus mite happen," I remarked; "if you're not shore what's going to happen, I'd rather have nothing to do with it."

I wozent thinking about myself, of korse; I woz afraid that something mite happen to Skimmy, or even the skool itself.

"O, it's serten to be orl rite!" exclaimed Skimmy. "There will probably be a bloo flaim, but nothing wese."

"Verry well, then," I replide; "so long as it's only a bloo flaim, orl serene, but if I get killed, I'll brake yore nek!"

So Skimmy got on with the job of making the gasses, and then wun by wun he put them in the big sillinder.

"That's rite," he sed at larst; "I beleave this is going to be a verry moving experriment; in fact, I shoob ned be at orl surprised if it shakes the world."

It verry nerely did, when the time came, tho not in the way he ment.

"I hope it won't," I replide; "bekorse the world's kwite orl rite without you messing it about."

He did not take enny notis of my witty remark about the world, but handed the sillinder to me to hold.

"Kepe it kwite steady," he sed.

Then he lit the taper, and, removing the slide, just poked it in the sillinder.

Bang!

There woz a most terrifik ecksploshon, and the whole place shook, and I knew no more.

When I rekuvered konschusness agane there were several fellers bending over me, and another lot bending over that fathead Skimpole at the other side of the room.

Forchternately I wozent mutch hert, and it terned out that he wozent ither, tho it wood have served him rite if he had bene. He'll get heft when I get at him.

I kan't think for the life of me the naima of thoz 2 gasses, but enny chump mite have known they wood ecksplode!





# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

## OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL.

By the time this issue of the PENNY POPULAR, containing the second instalment of our splendid new serial, "Mick o' the Movies," is in the hands of my readers the verdict of thousands of my chums on the new "make-up" of our paper will also be in my hands, and I have no doubt at all that their verdict—your verdict—will be an overwhelmingly favourable one. The opportunity of securing this wonderful story of the adventures of the boy film-artist for the PENNY POP was too good a one to be lost, and the changes that have been made in order to make room in the paper for a serial story have, by general consent, the effect of brightening it up, and adding new interest to it. It is, of course, not my intention to let the famous characters of the boys of St. Jim's fade into the background, and more space will be devoted to them as opportunity offers: I am sure all the thousands of my chums who have written to me in the last few months to ask for a rousing serial story to find a place in their favourite paper will thoroughly appreciate that in "Mick o' the Movies" they have just what they have been longing for. The story grows still more vividly interesting with the arrival of Mick in California, the home of the great American film-stars, with many of whom he comes into personal contact in the course of his plucky fight for fame and fortune.

## STORIES THAT "IMPROVE."

You see, I have to quote the word. Inverted commas prevent any number of mistakes. But please don't imagine I am thinking of printing—where there are so very, very few errors these days. I was dealing with the things one hears from extremely wise folks about the necessity of a tale having an improving tendency. You heard that. There is always something about the very tone of those two smug words which sets one's back up. When they work together, the two words are simply deadly. Individuals who speak in this style would require to know whether the yarns in this number of the PENNY POPULAR were calculated to lead the mind on to higher planes, et cetera, et cetera. Now, the stories in the "P. P.," as in all the Companion Papers, do have that trend upwards, though they don't make a song of the fact. Nothing to write home about, as it were. Any honest yarn that is true to the fascinating life of mazy ups and downs in this quaint, queer, topsy-turvy, many-sided contradictory world—it isn't a real world, but no odds!—any good yarn, I say, which is so true to itself, has a most distinctly upward grade in its composition. But what we do not want is to be "improved." Imagine the indignation of a fellow in the train or anywhere being watched as he read his favourite fiction by some interfering, would-be benevolent, didactic-cum-mealy-mouthed critic who was kind enough to "approve" of the stories the chap happened to be devouring!

## IMAGINATION CAN NO FARTHER GO.

Well, imagination, if you give the spirit of said imagination a fair run, can go a long way—and no mistake; but it seems to me we have quite passed beyond the period when the superior imaginings of the ultra-austere, lecturing-minded folks are welcome. Besides, so many of these people do not know what they are talking about, and if there is anything truly exasperating, it is to have to listen to hoity-toity folks or any others talking about what they do not understand. I have heard such parties describe a pillow-fight rag in a big school

as blood and thunder. The man or woman who would say a thing like that would call a haystack a piece of cheese and an orange a banana, and be just as untrustworthy as the wight who frankly admitted at a guessing competition that he did not know the difference between an elephant and a cucumber. And a rare bad bargain he would be as a shopper. He could no more be trusted out to do the string-bag Saturday-night business with the week's wages than a keg of gunpowder could be relied on to behave in a seemly fashion at a bonfire party. He would come back with a load of coke for the dinner!

But that was not a bit my subject. I was thinking of some of the so-called moral yarns of years back. They were pretty deadly. Of course, the rhymes which came into my head were for the young, though I am not so sure. That, for example, which starts:

"Oh, I've got a plum-cake,  
And a rare feast I'll make.  
I'll eat, and I'll stuff, and I'll cram."

Well, it is positively rank. Bunter himself would not err in such a way. He would "surround" the cake if it came his way; but it would be simply to ward off his raging pangs of hunger. Nothing more. But the old-time writer—who is approved even now—laid the lesson on thick—like the margarine, because it is cheap. The fellow who devoured the cake suffered intense agony and was sorry. Then there is the fellow who went fishing—had far better luck than he deserved, jumped for a dish on a cupboard to place his catch in security, and was waylaid chinwise by a meat-hook which nobody ought to have left hanging handy. Result, object lesson. The victim kicked and howled, as well he might, and swore—no, wait, he only swore he would not fish again—or vowed it—same thing. And there you have a moral story. How terribly the business was overdone to be sure! The boy who went to the cookhouse for his dinner, dropped the whole giddy lot in the gutter, grabbed the knuckle of mutton—what a mess!—and so on. No, it won't do. There is reason in all things. Fellows want the higher note. I take off my hat to them for this. They know what is what—what life is and may be; but when they read stories, they want stories, not lectures.

It is quite seldom these days the Companion Papers are called over the black diamonds—three pounds per ton!—because people are finding out that a story about school life does not turn the reader to thoughts of burglary and highway business. Bunter never taught anybody yet how to be greedy, and unthinking of the comfort of others. All the porpoise shows is how not to do it.

## CRITICS AND OTHERS.

Still, there were always the snarlyows, as the fault-finders are called. They serve their turn, and provide a lot of amusement, but one would have thought they would have discovered their mistake by now. In these days we like stories which show readers the scenery of life, as it were, the character of fellows, what they are thinking about. The rest comes naturally. People want to see things, and they like to draw their own conclusions. If in a yarn you find yourself dumped down in the middle of a playground, you prefer to find out for yourself what kind of chaps they are by whom you are surrounded, and you can do this by observing what goes on. In some of the old, crude tales the author, to save himself trouble, merely labelled his figures—"This fellow is a cad,"

and so on, and it was most unconvincing, for there was no reason why the party concerned should be a cad. The new method is far more interesting. There is something to bite at, as it were, something to analyse.

## OLD STORIES.

There is one point about the disparagers of much of the fiction of the life that runs now which always strikes me at once. They seem to have stopped some thirty years back. Then the clock ran round, and nobody bothered to wind the thing up again. Say a story was published years since revealing the nasty mind of an unscrupulous rapsallion, who went in for burglary and murder on a large, in fact, wholesale scale. This storybook had pictures on the cover—that is to say, they were not so much pictures as bad outbreaks of pen and ink with serious symptoms, calculated to make a doctor feel anxious. Well, it is surmised from this fact that any book with a picture on the cover may be dangerous. Think of it! Still, we are growing out of old-fashioned prejudices at last.

## ANY OLD THING.

Practically, there is nothing which comes foreign-like and unwelcome to a chat column—that is just so long as it does not bore my chums. That I would bar. An old Fleet Street journalist, who could write of anything from stickjaw-pudding to the skill in fancy-work shown by the South Sea Islanders, was often caught and plumped down in his chair and told to write an article. "Just any old thing," was what he was ordered to write, and the article came out all right, safe as houses. That penman was a real chat merchant, and the ancient worthy who strolls about the classics by the name of Antolyceus would have made another.

Now, I should like to say something more here about the fame of the "P. P.," about the new serial which is going ahead like a locomotive which has shaken off the suburban lines. Mick has already made himself welcome, likewise his "dawg." Dogs are welcome in yarns. The first dog I ever met lived in a tedious copybook. How I hated that copybook! And every day one had to write out the words "The dog is the companion of man." It was all very well in its way, but a dog would have laughed had it read the line. So stiff! The real dog with its sense of humour, its unflinching friendliness, and dislike of greasy humbug, knows he is something subtler and deeper than a companion, or anything else you can put into cold type. I say the real dog. I am thinking of the cheery, no-special-swank-about-breed sort, with a quaint old stump of a tail, and a look in his eye which suggests that he sees good things, and will see better.

Mick and Chappie are doing well. Good luck to the inseparables! And then, of course, the man who loves a dog, just the same as the fellow who loves his garden, shows himself to be all right. You would lend him your money, if you had any, and he happened to want it, and the point indicates one of those useful truths which help the world.

Your Editor

**THE ARRIVAL OF MORNINGTON!**

(Continued from page 18.)

at once. A red streak showed on his cheek where Mornington had clawed him. But the new boy had no chance to do further damage. Rawson swung him to the door.  
 "Back me up!" yelled Mornington.  
 The three Nuts, taking their courage in both hands, as it were, rushed to the rescue. There was a terrific, but brief, struggle in the study.

Then Peele went whirling out, sprawling across Mornington in the passage, and Topham went after him, flying. Townsend made a spring to escape, and Rawson's boot caught him behind, and fairly lifted him. Townsend flew through the doorway, and landed on his fallen friends.

Rawson caught up the cards, the money, and the cigarettes, and pelted the struggling Nuts with them till all their property lay round them in the passage, amid yells of merriment from the Fourth.

Then he slammed the study door and locked it, and sat down to his work.

Mornington staggered up.  
 "Grooh!" gasped Townsend. "The awful beast! Grooh! N-n-never mind, Morny! Come with us to Smythe's study! Grooh!"  
 Mornington shook his fist at Townsend, and strode away furiously. The merry little party in Towny's study had ended—not merrily. And as the new boy strode furiously away howls of laughter from the Classical Fourth followed him.

THE END  
 (Another grand story of the chums of Rookwood School next week. Order your copy of the PENNY POPULAR early.)

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