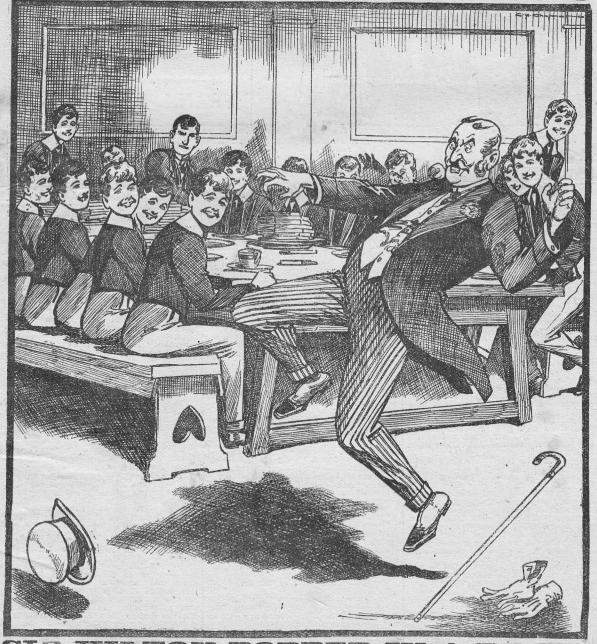
# THE PAPER FOR QUALITY AND QUANTITY!

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GRAND CINEMA SERIAL AND COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES.



SIR HILTON POPPER IN A RAGE:

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



THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Shock for the School.

"There goes the brekker-gong!" said Bob Cherry. "About time, too!" growled Johnny Bull.

Bull.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove had risen early on that spring morning, and they had been improving the shining hour by playing football in the Close.

The sound of the breakfast-gong was most inviting, and the juniors trooped into Hall with sharpened appetites.

"My only aunt!"

That startled exclamation burst from the rips of Dennis Carr as he seated himself at the Remove table.

Remove table.
Similar exclamations arose from the rest

Similar exclamations arose from the rest of the juniors.

And the commotion was not confined to the Remove table.

The fellows in the Sixth and the Fifth were exchanging glances of dismay and asking each other what it all meant. And from the fags' tables came a shrill uproar.

"This is the absolute giddy limit!" ejaculated Rob Charry.

"This is the absolute giddy limit!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.
"It makes a fellow wonder if he's properly awake," said Peter Todd.

For, instead of the usual eggs and bacon and toast and marmalade, the breakfast fare consisted of a peculiar and shapeless mass of what appeared to be dried fruits.

A portion of this unappetising food appeared on each plate. On each tellow's left was a hunk of dry bread, and on the right was a cup containing a curious liquid concoction.
"This beats the band!" exclaimed Soulff

"Try some yourself, and you'll be able to
"Try some yourself, and you'll be able to
"Yes," spint young, and you'll be able to
"Try some yourself, and you'll be able to

"My nat!"
"Try some yourself, and you'll be able to bear me out."
"On a stretcher?" inquired Bob.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"It's no lau hing matter!" said the captain of the Remove. "There's certainly something

jolly queer about this bread. You fellows sample it, and see!"

But the other fellows left the bread severely alone, with the exception of Bolsover major, who dissected his hunk, and was not satisfied with the look of the interior.

As for the dried fruits, mobody appeared to relish them. Even Billy Bunter, who was not usually particular what he ate, blinked at them in disgust.

Nobody had yet had the courage to taste the curious-looking liquid contained in the cups. Presently, however, Dennis Carr heroically raised his cup to his lips. The next moment he nearly choked, and probably would have done had not Johnny Bull thumped him on the back with great vigour.

"Bull!" rumbled Mr. Quelch, arriving on the scene at that moment. "How dare you!" Johnny Bull looked up.

"I was afraid Carr was going to choke, sir," he said.

Mr. Quelch trowned.

said

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"What is the matter with you, Carr?"

"Groo! I happened to swallow some of this horrible stuff, sir!"

The Form-master's frown deepened.

"It is not horrible stuff, Carr. It is Mildew's Malted Milk, an exceedingly nourishing and sustaining beverage!"

"My hat!"

"If there is any more unruly behaviour on your part, Bull, I shall award you an imposition."

sition."

So saying, Mr. Quelch scated himself at the head of the table. He picked up his fork and spoon, and started operations on the dried fruits. The Removites watched him curiously. They expected to see him pull a wry face and leave the dried fruits alone. Mr. Quelch, however, appeared to relish what was set before him. He had taken two or three mouthfuls, and was about to sample a piece of bread when Bob Cherry uttered a word of warning.

"Sir!"

word of warning.
"Sir!"
"Well, Cherry?"
"Don't touch that bread, sir! I believe it's poisoned."
"Boy! How dare you make such an in-

poisoned."

"Boy! How dare you make such an insinuation! This is the new Government bread, and its hygienic properties are beyond dispute."

"Oh crumbs!"

Mr. Quelch are some of the bread and showed no signs of distress.

The juniors, however, sat back from the table and glared at the food. Even Billy Bunter could not bring himself to tackle it, and Bunter was not fastidious.

Mr. Quelch glanced at the two rows of untouched plates.

touched plates.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "Why are you not eating, my boys?"
There was no answer.
"Bunter!"
'Yessir!"
"Why are you ignoring your breakfast?"
"It's too awful for words, sir!" replied the fat junior, with musual candour. "I wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole!"
"You are grumbling at good food, Bunter!"
"You are grumbling at good food, Bunter!"
This was quite a smart retort for Bunter, and there was a chuckle from the Removites.
"You will take a hundred lines, Bunter, tor impertinence!" rapped out Mr. Queich. "Sit up to the table properly, and cat your breakfast!"
The fat junior's face fell.

breakfast."

The fat junior's face fell.

"I don't mind doing the lines, sir," he said,
"but please let me off the other punishment!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors laughed irrepressibly, and a
stormy scene would doubtless have ensued
had not the Head come into the Hall at that
moment. moment.

Dr. Locke frowned when he caught sight of

moment.

Dr. Locke frowned when he caught sight of the untouched plates.

"I am sorry to see that the new food does not appear to be popular!" he remarked.

"I venture to think, sir," said Mr. Quelch, "that it will be popular in time. At present the boys have a prejudice towards it."

The Head nodded.

"My boys!" he exclaimed. "Doubtless you are wondering why this sudden change in the school fare has come about. I will tell you. At the last meeting of the Governors Sir Hilton Popper proposed the change."

Confound him!" muttered Johnny Bull. "He's always barging in like this!"

"Silence!" said the Head sharply. "Sir Bilton considered that the food which you have been having in the past was not sufficiently nourishing. He therefore suggested that it should be substituted by hygienic foods of highly nutritive value. I have no reason to doubt the wisdom of Sir Hilton's proposal, and neither had the Governors, for they were in cordial agreement with him. Did I hear somebody groan?"

There was no response, so Dr. Locke continued.

"Drastic changes of this kind are never well received at the outset. I have no

continued.

"Drastic changes of this kind are never well received at the outset. I have no doubt that many of you feel a certain amount of hostility towards the new innovation. But you must realise, my boys, that your health will benefit enormously. This new food produces bone and muscle, and is excellent in every way."

The fellows generally were not impressed by the Head's statements. They looked

sullen and defiant. It was just like Sir Hilton Popper, they reflected, to spring this sort of stunt on them.
"You must realise also," said the Head, "that it is the same for the masters as for the boys. I myself intend to partake of the same dishes; and what is good enough for your headmaster is surely good enough for you!"

Rats!"

"Rats!"
The Head glared.
"Which boy made use of that insolent and opprobrious expression?" he demanded.
"I did, sir!" said Bolsover major.
"Then you will visit me in my study after breakfast, Bolsover, and I will endeavour to make you regret your extreme rudeness."
The Head had nothing more to say concerning the new food. He turned and swept out of the Hall, leaving great consternation behind him.

hind him.

hind him.

In spite of Dr. Locke's assurance that the new food was excellent in every way, it was neglected by everybody save the masters. Mr. Prout seemed to enjoy it, and Mr. Hacker, the master of the Shell, made a positive orgy of it. As for the others—Messrs. Quelch, Twigg, and Capper—they ate it with zest and apparent enjoyment.

The fellows, however, were in a state bordering on mutiny.

bordering on mutiny.

It was bad enough to be served with an meatable breakfast, but there was worse to follow. They dared not conjecture what the dinner would be like. Moreover, they would be required to consume this new food day in and day out.

"It's good-bye to roast beef and Yorkshire!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"And there won't be any more steakpuddings!" groaned Billy Bunter.

"It's awful!"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"There appears to be a great deal of

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"There appears to be a great deal of muttering and dissontent at this table!" he exclaimed. "If any boy has a grievance, let him stand up and proclaim it!"

him stand up and proclaim it!"
But nobody stood up. It would have been useless to attempt to convince Mr. Quelch that the new food was unft for human consumption. Mr. Quelch had consumed it himself with avidity, and he was not likely to sympathise with the discontent which prevailed amongst his pupils.

Practically all Greyfriars went empty away that morning, and the keen appetites which the fellows had taken into Hall with them remained unsatisfied.

remained unsatisfied.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Shock Number Two!

LD Popper's a beast! "And a tyrant!"
"And an interfering old buffer!"
Harry Wharton & Co. felt very

"And a tyrant:
"And an interfering old buffer!"
Harry Wharton & Co. felt very
strongly on that point.
'Unfilled and unsatisfied, the juniors
streamed out into the Close, and the things
they said about Sir Hilton Popper would
have made that gentleman's ears tingle.
"Dried fruits and malted milk!" groaned
Bob Cherry. "Did you ever?"
"No, never!" said Johnny Bull solemnly.
"It's certainly the limit!" said Harry Wharton. "Let's go and see what Mrs. Kebble's
got to say about it."

Mrs. Kebble was the house dame, and the
school cooking was performed under her
supervision. The juniors found her in the
domestic regions.
"I say, Mrs. Kebble," said Vernon-Smith,
"this new grub's enough to kill us! Can't
you get it withdrawn?"
"Tm sorry. Master Smith, but I've already
seen Dr. Locke about it, and he won't budge.
"The Governors' orders must be strictly
obeyed, Mrs. Kebble,' he said."
"But it's simply awful, ma'am!" said Bob
Cherry. "We shall all be poisoned!"
"I can quite understand how you feel,
Master Cherry. We're just as indignant
about it down here. We like to see the
young gentlemen well-fed and well-nourished,
and this new food, to my mind, isn't substantial enough to keep body and soul
together. But orders are orders, and I'm
afraid we can do nothing."
"Why not go on strike, Mrs. Kebble?" suggested Nugent.

"Why not go on strike, Mrs. Kebble?" sug-

gested Nugent.
"That's exactly what cook advised before you came in, Master Nugent. I'm not in favour of a strike at present, but if this state of affairs continues we may have to think seriously about it."

The juniors nodded sympathetically to Mrs. Kebble, and went back into the Close, where they encountered Bolsover major.

The bully of the Remove was squeezing the palms of his hands together, and uttering deep lamentations. Had it hot, old chap?" inquired Johnny

Rull "Ow-yes! I thought the Head was never going to stop!"
"How many?" asked Peter Todd

Six on each hand.

I thought I was going to faint," said

"I thought Bolsover.
"That's because you hadn't had any brekker," said Wharton. "No fellow can take a lieking without flinching unless he has laid

a solid foundation."
"Let's go along to the tuckshop," said

Bob Cherry.

The juniors brightened up at once. In their indignation at the new food they had overlooked the existence of Mrs. Mimble's little establishment in the corner of the Close.

Breakfast in Hall had proved a ghastly failure, but the numerous aching voids could be filled at the school shop.

So the juniors thought, anyway. Bu was a nasty shock in store for them. But there

Harry Wharton led the way into the shop. "Good-morning, Mrs. Mimble!" he sai he said

"Good-morning, Master Wharton!"

"Good-morning, Master Wharton!"

"Can you feed about sixty starving souls?"
"It all depends," said the dame.
"Depends on what?"

"On what you want, Master Wharton."

"Well, a couple of rabbit-pies will suit us, for a start," said the captain of the Remove. Mrs. Mimble shook her head.

"Sorry, Master Wharton, but—"
"It doesn't matter about them being hot," said Wharton. "We'll have them cold."
"Yes, rather!"
"But—"

Rut.

"But—"
"Get a move on, Mrs. Mimble!" said Bob
Cherry. "We're simply famished!"
"The fact is," said the tuckshop dame,
"I haven't any rabbit-pies."
"Then why couldn't you have said so
before?" ejaculated Johnny Bull.
"Because Master Wharton never gave me a

"Well, it's a pity you haven't any pies," said Wharton. "We must set the ball rolling with something else, I suppose. Got any vealand-ham pattles?"
"No, Master Wharton."

"Sausage-rolls?

"No. I am extremely sorry, but—"
"You'll be saying you haven't any jam-tarts
next!" said Frank Nugent.
"Neither have I, Master Nugent."

"What!"

"No jam-tarts!" hooted Bolsover major.
"Are you pulling our legs, ma'am?"

"I am not in the habit of making false statements, Master Bolsover," replied Mrs. Mimble, with asperity.

For a moment the fellows in the tuckshop were silent. It was the silence of stupefaction.

"Do you seriously Mimble," gasped Wh "Do you seriously mean to say, Mrs. Mimble," gasped Wharton at length, "that you haven't any jam-tarts or pastries?"

Nothing at all in that line, Master Wharton."

"Then it's a wonder you haven't put up the shutters!"

have plenty of sweets," said Mrs.

"Sweets aren't much use when you're in advanced stage of starvation," grunted

an advanced stage of starvation," grunted Bob Cherry.

"Still, they're better than nothing," said Peter Todd. "Sixpenn'orth of bullseyes, please, Mrs. Mimble!"

The good dame was looking quite distressed by this time.

"I am sorry Mastar Total."

by this time.

"I am sorry, Master Todd—"
"More apologies!" gasped Nugent. "Better make it peardrops, Toddy."
Mrs. Mimble shook her head.

"My hat! Even peardrops are off the menu!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "I think I'll have a stick of chewing-gum, and try and imagine I'm eating roast chicken!"
"Ha ha ha"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was yet another apology forthcoming from Mrs. Mimble. She regretfully informed Johnny Bull that there was no chewing-gum.

"Well, I'm beat!" gasped Johnny.

"Instead of asking for things we can't have," said Dennis Capr, "supposing we get Mrs. Mimble to tell us what we can have?"

"Hear, hear!"

Mrs. Mimble brightened up a little.

"I have a plentiful supply of Government toffee, young gentlemen—" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Government toffee!" echoed Wharton.
"What the thump is that?"
"If it's anything like Government bread," said Bob Cherry, "I'll eat my Sunday topper before I buy any!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Mrs. Mimble-produced a large tin, from which she extracted a slab of toffee, which she proceeded to break up.
The juniors eyed the toffee doubtfully. There was a sickly, unhealthy look about it.
"H'm! Doesn't look very tempting," observed Wharton. "Still, I'll give it a trial." And he did.
After placing a rather large lump of the

And he did.

After placing a rather large lump of the toffee in his mouth, the captain of the Remove was obliged to quit the tuckshop in a hurry. When he came back a few moments later he looked quite ill.

proved fatal!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"It's anything but a joke," said Wharton.
"The manufacturers of that toffee ought to
be made to poison themselves with it."
"What else have a more than the said of the s

"What else have you got, Mrs. Mimble?" asked Dennis Carr.

"Some whipped-cream walnuts, Master

Carr." "Oh, good!" said Dennis. "Trot some

out!"

Mrs. Mimble passed a shillingsworth of whipped-cream walnuts over the counter.

Dennis Carr bit a substantial piece off one of them, and his complexion turned to a sickly yellow.

"Gerooogh!" he spluttered. And then, with a supreme effort, he managed to masticate and swallow the portion of walnut.

"Great pip!" he ejaculated. "I didn't think I should survive!"

"I trust there was nothing wrong, Master Carr?" said Mrs. Mimble anxiously.

"Nothing wrong!" hooted Dennis. "Why, my life hung by a thread when I was chewing that stuff! Those aren't the usual sort of whipped-cream walnuts, surely?"

"No, Master Carr."

"Well, all E've got to say is that the manufacturers ought to be whipped, as well as the cream-walnuts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Mimble had nothing tempting to offer the hungry mob that besieged her shop.

The honest British bullseye had disap-

The honest British bullseye had disappeared, and its place had been taken by the horrible concoction known as Government toffee. Peardrops, and acid-tablets, and peppermints had also disappeared.

"Would you like to try some hygienic caramels, young gentlemen?" inquired Mrs.

"Are they from the same firm that manufactured the whipped-cream walnuts?" asked Bolsover major.

Mrs. Mimble nodded.

"Then you can feed the kitchen cat with

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Despite their laughter, the juniors were highly indignant. They bitterly resented the high-handed action of the Governors in foisting the new food and the new sweets upon

Even Bunter, ravenous though he was, could make no headway with the Government toffee. He certainly sampled a couple of whipped-cream walnuts, but he solemnly vowed that he wouldn't touch a third. And

vowed that he wouldn't touch a third. And he didn't.

"I say, you fellows," said the fat junior,
"I'm simply starving!"

"Poor old porpoise!" said Bob Cherry sympathetically. "Do you mean to say you haven't a cake of any sort, Mrs. Mimble?"

There were a couple of biscuit-tins on the counter, bearing the name of a celebrated Reading firm. Mrs. Mimble opened one of them, and produced therefrom a hard, round object, which looked more like a door-knob than anything else.

"What on earth's that?" exclaimed Wharton.

"A hygienic bun, Master Wharton."
"My hat! Everything in the shop seems
to be hygienic."
Billy Bunter perched himself on a stool

at the counter.

"I think I'll have a shot at eating that bun," he said.
"Better make out your last will and testament first, Bunty!" said Squiff.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 62.

"Got any ginger-pop, Mrs. Mimble?" asked, and the Removites swarmed out into the

Bunter.
"No, Master Bunter."

"Any lemonade, or cream-soda, or lemon-squash?"

squash?"
"No minerals of any sort, Master Bunter."
"Oh, help! Then p'r'aps you'll oblige me with a glass of water?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Mrs. Mimble-who for once in a way felt really sorry for the fat junior-brought the glass of water, and Bunter started on his frugal meal. As he did so, the bell rang for marning leasons. morning lessons.

morning lessons.

The crowd in the tuckshop melted away as if by magic. They knew from past experience that Mr. Quelch was the soul of punctuality, and that he would come down heavily on them if they were late.

When Billy Bunter looked round, after taking one bite from the bun, he saw that the shop was deserted, save for himself and Roh Cherry.

the shop was deserted, save for limited and Bob Cherry.

"Buck up, Bunty!" said Bob. "You'll get it in the neck if you're late for lessons."

"I don't care! I'm jolly well going to finish this bun!"

"Unless it finishes you!" chuckled Bob

And he hurried out of the tuckshop, leaving Billy Bunter to renew his attack on the hygienic bun

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Passive Resistance.

ORNING lessons had been in progress fully five minutes, when Billy Bunter rolled into the Remove

Form-room The fat junior endeavoured to go to his place without being seen by Mr. Quelch. But

was unlucky.
The Form-master swung round suddenly The

The Form-master swung round suddenly from the blackboard.
"Bunter!" he thundered.
"Ow! You—you quite startled me, sir!" stammered the Owl of the Remove.
"I shall startle you still further, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly, "unless you can give me a satisfactory explanation of your belated original!" arrival!

"Ahem! The-the fact is, sir, I've only

"I am perfectly aware of that, Runter."
"Yee only just come round, sir!"

"Ten minutes ago, sir," said Bunter, "I happened to fall down in a faint in the

There was a chuckle from the class. Biliy Bunter's efforts to emulate Ananias were

rather amusing.

Mr. Quelch rapped on the desk with his

ointer.

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "Do not laugh at this wretched boy. His prevarication is a subject for tears rather than laughter! Do you seriously expect me to believe that you fainted, Bunter?"

"It's a fact, sir. I assure you—"

"If you fainted, as you say, who brought

you round?"
"I brought myself round, sir, with water from the fountain."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
The class could contain themselves no longer. They roared.

"You are a perverse and wicked boy, anter!" said Mr. Quelch, when the merrient had subsided. "1 sometimes wonder you are in your right senses! Hold out ur hand!" "You are Bunter!" sa

"Mum-mum-my hand, sir?"
"Yes-at once!"

Billy Bunter extended a flabby and grimy palm, and Mr. Quelch did great execution with the pointer.

Swish, swish, swish!
"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Now go to your place. Bunter, and let me have no more nonsense!"
"Ow! I assure you, sir," that I actually did faint, owing to lack of nourishment. "If you utter another word, Bunter, I shall take you before the headmaster."

The Owl of the Remove rolled dejectedly

to his place, and the lesson was usumed.

Mr. Quelch found his pupils extremely trying that morning. They were all feeling hungry, and hunger is not conductive to good

passage. Jove. I'm hungry!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Same here

"The pangfulness of the esteemed hunger is

"Let's hope we get something decent for dinner," said Squiff.

"My dear fellow," said Wharton, "the dinner will be like the brekker-a complete wash-out!"

wash-out!"
And so it proved.
Instead of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, the school dined on curious-looking omelettes. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that they failed to dine. For the flavour of those omelettes was anything

Wingate of the Sixth made a valiant attempt to eat a portion of his omelette; then he pushed his plate away from him in disgust.

The school took its cue from Wingate, with the result that none of the omelettes were eaten save those on the masters' plates; and even Mr. Quelch could only manage a small

even Mr. Quelch could only manage a small quantity.

The fellows seated at the Remove table writhed and chafed. And their expressed opinion of the new food would scarcely bear

repetition.

They still nursed a faint hope, however, that they would not leave the hall unsatisfied.

Forks and spoons had been laid for pudding; and it was just possible that the pudding, when it came, would prove delicious appetising.

and appetising.

When the pudding did arrive, however, Greyfriars received a rude shock.

It was not a suet-pudding; it was not a

When the pudding and arrive, and Greyfriars received a rude shock.

It was not a suet-pudding; it was not a milk-pudding. Indeed, it was difficult to say exactly what sort of pudding it was. It had a liquid rather than a solid appearance, and the taste was far from savoury.

Billy Bunter, fearful lest he should waste away to a skeleton, heroically wrestled with his allotted portion; but he did not enjoy it.

"My boys," said Mr. Quelch, glancing down the Remove table, "I am sorry to see you behaving so sulkily. I should strongly advise you to eat your pudding. You will get nothing more until tea-time. Why are you making those ridiculous faces, Todd?"

"Groo!" spluttered Peter. "I've just

"Groo!" spluttered Peter. "I've just tasted the pudding, sir!"
"Is it not to your liking?"
"I've never tasted anything so vile in my life, sir!" said Peter Todd, with delightful candour.

"You must not speak of the school fare in that manner, Todd! I have just tasted the pudding myself, and I find it most delicious. I am, in fact, contemplating a second helping."

second helping."
"Have mine, sir!" said Bolsover major,
pushing his plate towards the Form-master.
"And mine, sir!" echoed a dozen juniors,
all pushing their plates towards Mr. Quelch t the same time.
The Remove-master flushed.

The Remove-master fushed.

"This is studied insolence!" he exclaimed angrily. "Take your plates back, all of you, and conduct yourselves properly, or I shall severely punish the entire Form!"

Mr. Quelch's words had a sobering effect, and there were no more disturbances at the

Remove table.

For the second time that day the Grey-friars fellows quitted the hall feeling hungrier than when they went in.

Great indignation prevailed throughout the

The fellows had been urged by the masters to eat their dinner, but they had chosen the part of passive resisters.

Everybody hated the new food, and every-body determined to bring Sir Hilton Popper's new system of dieting to an untimely end. "I'm fed up!" growled Johnny Bull.

Wish to goodness I was!" said Peter Todd plaintively

plaintively.

"If old Popper were to turn up now," said
Bob Cherry, "I should feel inclined to brain
him with a brick!"

"Same here!"

"I really must have something to eat," said Dennis Carr, "or I shall expire! Where's

Here I am!" said the fat junior, in a

work.

Lines and lickings were the order of the day, and there was hardly a fellow in the Form who escaped unscathed.

Eventually, the word of dismissal came, The Penny Popular.—No. 62.

"Here I am!" said the fat junior, in a faint voice.

"You had a hygienic bun this morning,"

"It was as hard as it'like?"

"It was as hard as iron," said Billy Bunter.

"When I happened to drop it, it made a dent in the floor!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If this goes on much longer," said the Owl of the Remove. "then I shall go off!" "Run away, do you mean?" said Squiff. "That's it!"

"Then the sooner you sling your book the

"Ha, ha, ha!"

hetter

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"There's no sense in doing a silly-ass trick
like running away," said Harry Wharton.
"You know what Billy Shakespeare said:
Better to bear those ills we have than fee
to others that we know not of.'"

to others that we know not of.'"

"Blow Shakespeare!" grunted Tom Brown.
"Let's go along to the tuckshop and see if there's anything doing."

The juniors reached the school shop at a fortunate moment for Mrs. Mimble.
Coker, Potter, and Greene of the Fifth were standing at the counter, and they were subjecting the tuckshop dame to a good deal of bullying—verbally, of course.
"I'm pretty certain you've got some of the

"I'm pretty certain you've got some of the good old tuck stowed away somewhere, Mrs. Mimble," Coker was saying. "When all this new muck came in, what became of the stock you already had?"

"It was confiscated, Master Coker."

"Bosh! Tell that to the Marines!" said

Potter.

Mrs. Mimble drew herself up haughtily.

"I'm not in the habit of stating falsehoods,

"Of course you're not, ma'am!" chimed in Bob Cherry. "And every decent fellow

Potter spun round from the counter.

"Are you insinuating, you cheeky fag, that I'm not a decent fellow?". he demanded.

"Of course you're not!" said Bob. "How can any Fifth-Former possibly be a decent fellow?"

Coker & Co. did not laugh. With lowered heads they rushed at the Removites. They would have been wiser not to have done so, for the odds against them were overwhelming. "Chuck them out!" muttered " Wharton

There was a short, swift struggle, and the burly form of Horace Coker travelled through burly form of Horace Coker travelled through the doorway.

A moment's pause, and Potter followed.
Yet another moment's pause, and Greene lauded heavily on top of his study-mates.
Leaving the Fifth-Formers to sort them-selves out, the triumphant Removites re-turned to the counter.

"Got any hygienic buns left, Mrs. Mimble?"

asked Dennis Carr.
"Yes, Master Carr. They have been selling

"Yes, Master Carr. They have been selling very slowly."

"I'm not surprised," grunted Dennis. "Let ail these fellows have one each, please. It's my treat."

The buns were handed round, and the

my treat."

The buns were handed round, and the juniors fingered them with many misgivings.

"Excuse me, you fellows," said Bob Cherry,
"Pm going to borrow Gosling's pickaxe!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here goes!" said Dennis Carr.
And he valiantly munched his bun.

The rest of the fellows followed suit. They did not enjoy the buns. On the contrary

The rest of the fellows followed suit. They did not enjoy the buns. On the contrary, they voted them the most unpalatable things they had ever tasted. But they were extremely hungry, and they felt that they could never survive afternoon lessons unless they had something to eat beforehand.

Wingate of the Sixth came into the tuckshon whilst the junjors were eating.

shop whilst the juniors were eating.

The captain of Greyfriars was frowning arkly. He hated the new diet as much as darkly. anybody. decent to eat, Mrs.

"Got anything de Mimble?" he inquired.

"Try a slao of Government toffce, Wingate!" said Nugent.
"Rats! The whipped-cream walnuts are the best," said Dennis Carr. "I had one myself this morning, since when I have had no other!" no other!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you kids eating?" asked Wingate.

Hygienic buns," said Peter Todd.

"Are they all right?"
"Yes, rather!" said Peter. "They contain

body-building properties, you know. If you want to put on weight, try one. You'll put on a couple of stone right away!" Ha, ha ha!"

"Ha, ha ha!"
Wingate was misguided enough to sample one of the buns. It did not enhance his opinion of the new food. He managed to consume it after a dour struggle, but it was obvious that he had not found it enjoyable.

The juniors watched the captain of Greyfriars with grim smiles of amusement.



"Buck up, Bunty!" said Bob Cherry. "You'll be late for lessons." "I don't care," murmured Bunter. "I'm jolly well going to finish this bun!" Unless it finishes you!" chuckled Bob, hurrying out of the shop. (See page 4.)

"What are you going to do about this new grub, Wingate?" asked Harry Wharton.
"Nothing."
"You're going to take it lying down?"
Wingate nodded.
"These new food regulations are about the

most unpleasant thing we've had thrust upon us for whole terms," he said. "But orders must be obeyed."
"Personally, I feel like mutiny," said Johnny

Bull.

"I dare say you do," said Wingate. "But let me warn you that if there's anything in the nature of a rebellion I shall come down heavy. I hate this new grub as much as you do, but I mean to maintain discipline."

So saying, Wingate quitted the tuckshop. His words of warning had a sobering effect upon the Removites, who might otherwise have got seriously out of hand.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Shock Number Three.

OW for a first-rate feed!"

Bob Cherry made that remark
as the juniors streamed out of the
Form-room at the conclusion of afternoon lessons

"Sounds all right," grunted Johnny Bull.
"But where's your first-rate feed coming from?"
"We've got no grub in the study," said

"We've got no grub in the study, said Wharton.
"And the tuckshop's closed," added Nugent.
"But," said Bob Cherry, with the air of one who was about to play a nap hand, "there's the bunshop in the village!"
"Oh!"
"I'd quite forgotten the merry old bunshop," said Dennis Carr, "Let us wend our way thither."
"I say you fellows," said Billy Bunter, in

way thither."

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, in feeble tones, "I don't believe I can muster up sufficient strength to walk down to the willage."

village."
"Well, we're not going to carry you, if that's what you're driving at," said Squiff.
"Bunter's more fortunate than we are," said Mark Linley. "He's able to roll!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Linley!"

"Come on, you fellows," said Dennis Carr.
"The sooner we fill these aching voids of ours the better,"

"Hear, hear!"

The whole of the Remove Form, with one exception, set out for the village.

The exception was Lord Mauleverer. That languid aristocrat was feeling decidedly hungry; but he was feeling lazy as well, and he didn't see the fun of tramping down to the village.

he didn't see the run of viamping the village.

Friardale was enlivened a few moments later by the sight of forty famished juniors marching down the village street.

Harry Wharton called a halt outside the bunshop, and he and Bob Cherry stepped incide. "Tea for forty, please!" said the captain

of the Remove The proprietor smiled rather regretfully.

The proprietor smiled rather regretfully.

"I am sorry, Master Wharton—"
"If you haven't enough accommodation for forty," said Bob Cherry, "p'r'aps you'll take half that number? The remainder can go somewhere else."

The proprietor shook his head. His next words came as a bombshell.

"I am forbidden to serve any young gentlemen from the school," he said.

"Great Scott!"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry exchanged glances of dismay.

"Who on earth forbade you to serve us?" gasped the captain of the Remove at length.

"The headmaster."

"My hat!"

"The headmaster.
"My hat!"
"Can't you give us something to eat, just for this occasion?" asked Bob Cherry.
"I'm sorry, Master Cherry, but it wouldn't do. I don't want to get into bad odour with the school authorities."

From the crowd in the street came an

From the crowd in the street came an impatient murmur.

"Buck up, you two!"

"Haven't you fixed up the feed yet?"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry emerged from the bunshop looking very crestfallen.

"There's nothing doing, you fellows!" said the captain of the Remove. "What?"

"The proprietor has had orders from Head not to serve any fellows from Grey-friars." Oh, help!

"Oh, help!"
"Faith, an' if this is a leg-pullin' stunt, I should advise ye to go aisy, Wharton, darlint!" said Micky Desmond.
"I'm not leg-pulling," answered Wharton, rather huffily. "You can ask the proprietor

yourself."

"Sure, an' I will!" said Micky.
And he stepped into the bunshop.
The Irish junior reappeared almost immediately, looking very disconsolate.

"It's a fact that we can't be served, you fellows," he said.

"Of course, it's a fact!" snapped Wharton.
"The question is what are we going to do

"The question is what are we going to do

"Of course, it's a fact!" snapped Wharton.
"The question is what are we going to do now?"

"In my younger days," said Bob Cherry reminiscently, "I used to patronise a place in Courtfield known as the Elysian Cafe. They do you well there."

"They seem to do you everywhere these days!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter plaintively, "have we got to tramp all the way to Courtfield?"

"Yes—or go hungry!" said Nugent.

It was in a far from merry mood that the Removites continued their quest for tuck. The action of the Head in preventing the fellows from patronising the village bunshop was regarded as extremely high-handed, had the juniors looked more deeply into the matter, they would have realised that the Head was not to blame. He was merely an agent of the Governors. It was upon the Governors that the blame rested; and Sir Hilton Popper was the offender-in-chief.

The Removites reached Courtfield in various stages of exhaustion.

The sight of the Elysian Cafe cheered them up, just as an oasto cheers a parched traveller in the desert.

"Here we are!" said Peter Todd. "Let's hope the Head hasn't been giving instructions to the proprietor of this show!"
"If that's the case, it will be the last straw!" said Harry Wharton. "I'll pop in and make inquiries."

And the captain of the Remove disappeared into the cafe.

peared into the cafe.

The proprietor was a blonde man, with a foreign accent. He beamed affably at the Greyfriars junior, and assured him that he had received no order not to serve anybody from the school.

"Good!" said Wharton. "Then I can march my little army inside?"

"How many, m'sieur?"

"Forty-odd. Can you accommodate us?"
The proprietor nodded.

"That's ripping!"

Harry Wharton returned to his Form-fellows with a cheerful grin.

Harry Whatton returned to his Form-fellows with a cheerful grin.

"What luck?" asked Dennis Carr.

"It's quite all right. We can go in and have a jolly good feed."

"Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!"

In a more or less orderly procession, the Removites trooped into the cafe.

Harry Wharton waited until everyone had gone in, and he was about to enter himself, when Mr. Lascelles, the mathematics-master, stepped up to him.

"Might I inquire what this means, Wharton?"

Wharton?"

"We've come over here for a feed, sir," said the captain of the Remove frankly. "The new grub is so beastly that we simply had to get smething outside the school." Mr. Lascelles nodded.

"Although I ought not to say it," he remarked "I'm not overfood of the year feed."

"Although I ought not to say it," he remarked, "I'm not overfond of the new food myself. The other masters appear to enjoy it, but, personally, I can't say that I'm passionately devoted to it. However, the Governors have decided that the new fare will be beneficial to the boys, and we must abide by their decision."

"Quite so, sir," said Wharton. He liked Mr. Lascelles, who was the youngest of the Grey-friars masters, and a real pal to most of the

"I suppose it's all right for us to come here and feed, sir?" added the captain of the

"I am afraid it isn't, my boy. It has been decided to place all refreshment-houses out of bounds. I have, in fact, come over to Courtfield for the express purpose of instructing the proprietor of the Elysian Cafe not to serve any boys who belong to Greyfriars." wharton's face fell.

"Does that mean that the fellows must pack up and quit, sir?"

Mr. Lascelles hesitated Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he said:

"I think, Wharton, I will postpone the delivery of my message for half an hour."

"You're a brick, sir!" said Wharton heartily.

Mr. Lascelles smiled, and strolled away.

Mr. Lascelles smiled, and strolled away. And when, shortly afterwards, Harry Wharton explained matters to his schoolfellows, they one and all voted the mathematics-master a jolly good fellow.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. No Luck for Loder!

HE feed at the Elysian Cafe was a pronounced success.

The famished juniors attacked the good things with zest; and Billy Bunter, in particular, had the time of his

Bunter was "stony," as usual. But Harry Wharton & Co. good-naturedly undertook to pay for everything he consumed.
"Tell you what, you fellows," said Squiff, "we'll cram a lot of cakes and things into our pockets, and take them back with us."

"Good wheeze!"

"Good wheeze!"
"This is the home of good wheezes," said
Squiff, tapping his forehead. "All the best
brains come from Australia."
"Rats!"

"Rats!"
When everyone's inner man was satisfied, the juniors returned to Greyfriars, with contented smiles and bulging pockets.
The only grumbler was Billy Bunter, who complained that his pockets were not capacious enough. He explained that he had only been able to accommodate two dozen cakes in them.
On their return, the juniors were greeted by the following announcement, which was

by the following announcement, which was displayed on the school notice-board:
THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 62.

"NOTICE.

"It is to be clearly understood that all eating-houses in Courtfield and Friardale are

mg-nouses in Courtment and Frianciae account of bounds.

"Boys who wish to supplement the school fare are requested to patronise Mrs. Mimble's shop, where cakes, sweets, etc., of proved

hygenic value are on sale.

"In future, boys will not be permitted to have tea in their studies. Tea will be pro-

"In luture, boys will how be permitted to have tea in their studies. Tea will be provided in Hall.

"Any boy or boys disregarding these rules will be severely punished, and strong disciplinary action will be taken against anyone who is discovered smuggling footstuffs into

who is discovered the school.

"These orders will take effect forthwith.

"(Signed) Herbert H. Locke,

"Headmaster."

"Phew!" ejaculated Bolsover major. "Is this really a public school, or is it a reformatory?"

"It's altogether too thick!" declared Skinner. "No more study feeds! Why, they're robbing us of our best privileges!" Shame!"

"Shame!" For once in a way, everybody was in agreement with the cads of the Remove.

If the school had been getting out of hand and giving the authorities trouble, the Head might have been justified in posting up such an announcement. But, in the circumstances, the new orders were most unreasonable.

cumstances, the new state reasonable.
"We've broken one of the rules already," observed Squiff.
"How's that?" asked Wharton.
"We've smuggled foodstuffs into the

"But that was before we saw this notice. We're entitled to eat the grub we've brought from Courtfield."

"Hear, hear!"

There was one person, however, who didn't seem to think so. That was Loder, of the

When the juniors went along to the Remove passage, they found an unpleasant scene in progress.

progress.

Loder was crushing Billy Bunter's flabby wrist in a cruel grip, and the fat jurior was uttering shrill yelps of anguish.

"Hold on, Loder!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"That's precisely what I mean to do!" said

the prefect, tightening his grip on Bunter's

What's the trouble?" asked Wharton. "This fat worm has broken one of the new regulations," said Loder. "He's been regulations," said Loder. "He's been smuggling food into the school, and I'm going to take him before Mr. Quelch."

"In that case," said Nugent, "you'll have to take a good many others as well. We've all brought tuck over from Courtfield." Loder's eyes gleamed.
"Then I shall take the whole lot of you before Mr. Quelch," he said.
"My hat!" gasped Johnny Bull. "That's a pretty tall order, Loder. There are forty of us!"

retty tall order, Loder. There are long of us!"
"Every boy concerned in this affair will come with me!" said the prefect.
"All serene!" said Harry Wharton. "This way, you fellows! Follow your leader!"
Loder was the leader, and a long procession of Removites followed him, falling into

imitating the prefect's stride. step, and The Sixth-Former congratulated himself upon having made a rich haul on this occa-

upon naving made a rich haul on this occa-sion. He could not parade forty juniors in-side Mr. Quelch's study, of course, so he ordered them to line up in the passage. Then he tapped on the door of the Remove-master's study, and Mr. Quelch's voice bade him onter. m enter.
"Well, Loder?" said Mr. Quelch, rather

snappily.

snapplly.

"I have a very serious matter to bring to your notice, sir," said the prefect. "In spite of the order which has been prominently displayed on the notice-board, forty members of your Form are guilty of smuggling food into the school, sir!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I been my soul!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I have made the culprits line up in the passage," Loder went on. "Wharton, sir, appears to be the ringleader."

"Very well! I will see Wharton."

Mr. Queloh looked sternly at the captain of the Remove when he came in.

"Is it correct, Wharton, that you and your Form-fellows have brought foodstuffs into school, in defiance of the headmaster's order?"

"Not quite, sir," said Wharton. "We brought the foodstuffs here all right, but we didn't know that we were breaking the rules.

We didn't see the Head's announcement until we got back to the school, sir."

"A very feeble excuse, sir—" began Loder.

"Silence, Loder! I see no reason to doubt the veracity of Wharton's statement. As he and his companions knew nothing of the order they cannot be blamed for their action. You may consume the food that is in your possession, Wharton, but on no account is food to be brought into the school in future. You may go!" You may go!

Loder scowled.

"Do you mean to say, sir," he exclaimed, "that you're not going to punish these young rascals?"

'I should advise you to be more careful. "I should advise you to be more careful. Loder, in your choice of expressions," said Mr. Quelch tartly. "You have no right to refer to my pupils as young rascals. Neither have they done anything which merits punishment."

punishment."
"But, sir—"
"You have already made yourself ridiculous, Loder. Do not add to your folly."
With a frowning brow the prefect followed Harry Wharton from the study.
And as Loder pushed his way through the throng of juniors in the passage, he was greeted by derisive chuckles on every side.
The cad of the Sixth had been baulked of his prev. his prey.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
The Fate of a Tyrant.

HAT evening the juniors held high revel in the Remove dormitory. That celebrated apartment resembled a land flowing with milk and honey. In the other dormitories at Greyfriars thero was much grumbling and lamentation. But so far as Harry Wharton & Co. were concerned, all was merry and bright.

Next day, however, the juniors relapsed once more into a state of despondency.

Breakfast in Hall proved an ordeal rather than a pleasure, and dinner was a bigger

than a pleasure, and dinner was a bigger ordeal still.

ordeal still.

A small portion of the food was found to be eatable, but the greater part of it was left severely alone.

Mrs. Mimble, in the school tuckshop, was without customers all day—a most singular state of affairs.

state of affairs.

The fact was the fellows had no liking for hygienic cakes, and still less for whipped-cream walnuts which tasted like tallow. As for the toffee, the mere mention of it made everybody shudder, and Bob Cherry suggested that it should be securely chained up.

It was a half-holiday, and the Remove had a football fixture with Higheliffe, on the latter's ground.

Harry Wharton & Co. played well at the outset, but they fell away sadly towards the finish, which did not say much for their stamina.

nnish, which did not say much for their stamina.

The new food was certainly having an effect, but it was a demoralising one.

After their defeat—for the Remove were beaten by three goals to one—the juniors tramped back to Greyfriars, feeling very hungry, and ripe for revolt.

"I suppose we'd better have tea in Halt," said Harry Wharton. "It isn't a very tempting prospect, but it's better than pining away through lack of nourishment."

"Perhaps they'll dish up something decent for tea," said Squiff hopefully.

But Squiff's hope was not realised.

Tea in Hall consisted of hygienic bread, hygienic cake, and margarine. The fellows marvelled that the margarine wasn't hygienic as well.

Instead of a steaming cup of tea, each fellow was provided with a cooling draught of Mildew's Malted Milk.

The masters were having tea in their own

quarters; consequently, no order was maintained in Hall, and a perfect Babel of voices arose. Everybody seemed to be talking at

once.
"This is simply awful!" said Dennis Carr, glaring at his hunk of hygienic bread as if he owed it a grudge.
"I guess it's the extreme outside edge!" growled Fisher T. Fish.
"I say, you fellows," interposed Billy Bunter, "it's high time something was done. If you fellows care to appoint me as your leader, I'll jolly soon alter this state of affairs!"
"Ha ha ha!"

affairs!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
The majority of the fellows made the best of a bad job, and tackled their bread and margarine. But they only did so, as Bob Cherry explained, in order to keep body and soul together.
There was a commotion at all the tables—

even at that occupied by the dignified members of the Sixth. But the fellows at the Remove table made more noise than the rest of the school put together.

the rest of the school put together.

"I shall write to my pater about this," declared Skinner, "and get him to withdraw me from Greyfriars and send me to a school which believes in fattening up its pupils."

"Hear, hear!" said Stott. "We can't possibly get fat on this beastly diet!"

"I can see Billy Bunter dwindling down to a skeleton shortly!" said Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows," protested the Owl of the Remove, "it's no laughing matter! I can feel all the symptoms of wasting disease already!"

"Dry "The porpojse!" growled Peter Todd:
"Dry "The porpojse!" growled Peter Todd:

already!"
"Dty up, porpoise!" growled Peter Todd.
"It's no worse for you than it is for us."
"The question is," said Dennis Carr, "how long are we going to stand this sort of thing?
The seniors don't seem to be taking any action, and I therefore consider that it's up to us to make the first move."

"But what can we do?" asked Wharton. helplessly. "We can't very well sling the Governors out on their necks and get a fresh set."

Ha, ha! No!

"It's Popper who is at the bottom of the whole business," said Bob Cherry. "We were very ratty with the Head yesterday, when we found that the bunshop was out of bounds; but it isn't the Head's fault. It's the fault of that silly old buffer, that interfering old treats." fering old tyrant-

A score of juniors shouted the name with fierce indignation. And as they did so, who should come striding into Hall but Sir Hilton Popper himself!

The baronet had paid a surprise visit to the school in order to see how it was flourishing under the new system which he had intro-

under the new system which he had introduced.

The crusty old gentleman had doubtless imagined that the new fare delighted the hearts of the boys. But he was rudely disillusioned when he entered the Hall and saw the scowling faces of the fellows, and heard a fierce shout of indignation.

Sir Hilton advanced a few paces, and then halted. His face was working convulsively.

"Young rascals!" he snorted, glaring in the direction of the Remove table. "How dare you titer my name in that disrespectful manner! How dare you, I repeat!"

"How dare we?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Be silent!" roared the baronet. "I think I may say, in all modesty, that I am one of the school's best benefactors. I have recently introduced a new and valuable system—"
Somebody started to groan. Instantly the groan was re-echoed on every side.

Then the fags, in order to introduce a little variety to the proceedings, started hissing.

Sir Hilton Popper clenched his hands and stamped and fumed as the mingled groans and hisses fell upon his ears.

"Stop it!" he roared. "Stop it, I say! duced.

stamped and fumed as the mingled groans and hisses fell upon his ears.

"Stop it!" he roared. "Stop it, I say! How dare you? Are you not aware of my identity? I am one of the—"

"Biggest tyrants who ever breathed!" shouted somebody.

"Hear, hear!"

"Yah!"

"Get out!"
The baronet's

"Yah!"
The baronet's face was livid with fury. Turning abruptly on his heel, Sir Hilton strode to the door, intending to acquaint the Head with the full facts of the outrage. The crowning incident occurred just as the baronet was about to open the door.

A lump of margarine, hurled with unerring aim by Bolsover major, smote Sir Hilton on the point of his rather prominent jaw.

There was a whoop of delight from the Removites and the fags. But the seniors looked grave. This, they reflected, was carrying things a bit too far.

"Who threw that?" spluttered Sir Hilton. "I missit upon knowing the name of the young rascal who has thus wantonly attacked me!"
There was no response.

"Very well," said the baronet. "I am aware from which direction the missile was thrown, and I will make the offender feel heartily sorry for himself."

And with this Parthian shot Sir Hilton Popper stamped out of the Hall.

Popper stamped out of the Hall.

Bob Cherry gave a low whistle.

"Things are warming up!" he ejaculated.

They certainly were.

The sequel to the events in Hall was not a pleasant one for the Remove.

Dr. Locke ordered the entire Form to be gated for a week, Sir Hilton Popper being positive that the lump of margarine had been hurled by one of the Removites,

Bolsover major volunteered to own up, but Harry Wharton & Co. would not hear of it. They knew that if Bolsover confessed he would probably be expelled from the school, for it was no light offence to pelt one of the Governors.

In the Remove studies that evening there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. Never before had feeling run so highly against Sir Hilton Popper.

"It's going to be war," said Dennis Carr.
"War to the knife, to put it melodramatically."

cally."
"The school versus the Governors!" said

"And the school's going to win!" declared Bob Cherry.
But that remained to be seen.

THE END

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "THE REBELS OF THE REMOVE!" Order your PENNY POPULAR early!)

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### Marian Ma TAGGLES IN TROUBLE

A Short Tale of St. Jim s. Ď+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++

ANG!

A loud report rang out on the quiet midnight air. Practically everyone at St. Jim's was fast asleep, but many started up suddenly in their beds, awakened by the sound.

"What was that, deah boys?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy quickly, as he sat up in the Fourth Form dormitory.

"Ask us another!" said Jack Blake, who, with Herries and Digby and several other Fourth-Formers, had been awakened by the report. ANG!

Fourth-Formers, and investigate!" ex-report.

"We'd better go and investigate!" ex-claimed Blake, slipping out of bed. "It's no good sitting up here and talking about it."

"It was an awful explosion—"

"My hat! There it is again!"
The Fourth-Formers stared at each other with startled faces as the second heavy

report rang out.

"Come on, chaps!" cried Jack Blake, hurrying towards the door.

The juniors had slipped their trousers and jackets over their pyjamas, and were soon hastening to the head of the stairs. There they met Tom Merry & Co. of the Shell and several other juniors.

As they all started downstairs two or three masters and several prefects appeared upon the scene, and a moment later Dr. Holmes, the Head, came hurrying along.

"What ever has happened, Lathom?" he asked quickly of the Fourth Form master.

"Really, I cannot imagine," answered Mr. Lathom nervously, "The—er—explosion seemed to be in the direction of Taggles' lodge."

lodge."
"Yes.

"Yes, yes," said the Head. "I do hope the man has not left the gas turned on in his careless manner, and now blown the place

his careless manner, and now blond the pieces."

"I don't think it's as bad as that, sir." said Mr. Linton quietly.
"I sincerely hope not," murmured Dr. Holmes. "Let us go and see at once."
The juniors were already well ahead, and when they got down to the quad they saw that a small light was glimmering in the porter's lodge.

"Anyway the house is still there!" said

orters lodge.

"Anyway, the house is still there!" said Jack Blake, with almost a sigh of relief.

"Yes, wather!" muttered Gussy.
The Shell and Fourth juniors hurried to the porter's door, and knocked sharply upon it. Almost immediately Taggles slithered along the little passage and opened the door a little way. He was carrying a lighted candle.

a little way. candle. "What's up, Taggy?" cried Tom Merry. "What I says is this 'ere! I've 'ad the fright 6' my life this night, I 'ave, an' no mistake!" mumbled the old porter tremblingly. And as he spoke he turned into the blingly. And as he spoke he turned into the house again.

At that moment the Head and the masters arrived upon the scene, and without any hesi-

arrived upon the seene, and without any hesitation Dr. Holmes walked into the lodge, and through to the kitchen. The masters and juniors followed, crowding in until the little place was packed.

Then a sight met their eyes which almost struck them dumb with astonishment.

Taggles was mopping up from the floor a strong-smelling brown liquid, which had spread nearly all over the kitchen.

"Intoxicatin' dwink, deah boys!" exclaimed Gussy at last.

"Intoxicatin' dwink, deah boys!" exclaimed Gussy at last.
"My only aunt!" exclaimed Jack Blake "A couple of bottles of beer gone off!" An angry frown appeared on the brow of Dr. Holmes.
"Taggles, I am sorry you find it necessary to keep this stuff in your house at all!" he exclaimed sternly. "If you must, however, you will have to keep it in a—er—anothce form. The whole school has been aroused and alarmed by these—er—bursting bottles, and I warn you that such a thing is not to occur again."
"Well, sir—" began Taggles.

occur again." began Taggles.

But the Head had gone.

The tension now relieved, the juniors burst into a hearty roar of laughter.

"Ever been had?" cried Jack Blake.

"Wathah, deah boys!" exclaimed Arthu

THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 62.



### THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Micky Denver, an orphan lad, is an acrobat in Beauman's Gigantic Circus. One night, in Liverpool, he is accused unjustly by the bullying proprietor of having stolen a gold watch. Micky is arrested, but escapes to the river-front and stows away on a tramp-steamer. In New York Harbour Micky gets through an open port and swims ashore. There he meets a slim, red-headed American, Alec P. Figg, who is also anxious to get out West. With him Micky "jumps" the "Cheage Flyer," and by stages they beat their way to Kansas City. Figg, known as Smart Alec, is one of the most expert cracksmen on the continent, and he attempts to crack the hotel safe. Micky frustrates him, and makes the rest of his way to Los Angeles alone. Once in the city he loses no time in trying to get taken on at the cinema studios, but without success. One

day he visits Santa Monica, on the coast, and there he rescues Mary Maidstone from the surf. In consequence, Micky is given a job as assistant to Buddy (Saylord, the property-man, in the great K. N. Broadworth's cinema company One daylord, receives an anonymous letter, warning him of impending trouble. Curry receives an anonymous letter, warning him of impending trouble. Curry new man of the sets off on the evening appointed for the address given in the new fig. 18 and only man of the presence of Aleo P. Figs. The crook attempts to blackmail him, and a general fight results. Reggie Eton, the "dude of the films," who has followed Micky to the place, comes to the lad's rescue. Together they fight their way out, taking with them Floyd Unwin, the Broadworth star, whom they find smoking opium in the den.

(Now read on.)

### A Journey to the Coast.

AY, Unwin is in an ugly mood this morning. You'd better keep clear o' him, Micky!"

It was Buddy Gaylord who tendered the advice as he and Micky were at work outside one of the store-sheds at the Broadworth crudisc.

work outside one of the store-sheds at the Broadworth studios.

Although Buddy knew it not—for both Reggle Eton and Micky had agreed to keep their own council about the adventure in Li Chang Foo's opium den on the previous night—Floyd Unwin, the daredevit star, was suffering rather more than usual from his spell of "hitting the pipe."

He had arrived early on the lot that morning, and seemed bent on making himself a general nuisance. It was not a good augury for the day's filming.

The programme for a portion of the company was an interesting one. They were to proceed by rail to a point on the coast opposite Santa Catalina Island—away to the south of Los Angeles—where two scenes for the great new production, "The Mysterious Pearl," were to be filmed.

In addition to Mary Maidstone, Floyd Unwin, Reggie Eton, the dude of the films, Jeff Romery, the chief director, and many others, the party was to be accompanied by the great K. N. Broadworth himself.

It was always an event when "K. N."—or the Big Noise, as he was sometimes called among the studio people—accompanied the cinema party. Each member of the company, was more than ever on his or her mettle, for the personality of the big man in the tortoiseshell spectacles dominated the whole proceedings and demanded the very best that each could give. each could give.

Micky, who by assiduous work was fast becoming Buddy's right-hand man, had been told off for duty with the company on loca-tion, and the genial little "Props" himself was going in charge of the numerous proper-ties which would be required.

was going in charge of the numerous properties which would be required.

Chapple, Micky's four-footed little friend, had been left that morning to the care of Ah Mee, the old Chinese servant of the Gaylords, for the day, much to the small dog's disgust, for he had been recently in the habit of accompanying his master to the studios.

When all was ready some of the first which we have the studios.

When all was ready, some of the fleet of motor-cars owned by the company conveyed the cinema party to the station, whence they made the rest of their journey to the coast by train.

Arriving at their destination, they were guided to the exact spot selected for the filming of the scenes by the "location hunter."

filming of the scenes by the "location nunter." This individual, who was an important member of the Broadworth staff, knew every inch of the great State of California—or, at least, he appeared to do so. His job was to find suitable locations for filming purposes, and he had a card-index system of The Penny Popular.—No. 62.

thousands of cites for almost every kind of scenery likely to be required for the cameras. If the scenario of a photo-play called for a scene showing seven cottonwood-trees on the crest of a loaf-shaped hillock, the location-hunter would know by reference to his index-cards where such a place scene could be found, whether it was on private property or not, how far it was from the studios, the best way of reaching the place, and a host of other carefully collected information about it.

of other carefully collected information about it.

The spot selected for the action of "The Mysterious Pearl" was a portion of the coast unrivalled for grandeur anywhere along the Pacific slope. The sun shining from a cloudless sky on the rocky headlands, the waving palms, grassy slopes, and great stretch of rolling ocean provided a picture of California at its very loveliest.

No wonder this land of the Far West, with its magnificent scenery and clarified air, so suitable to photographic requirements, should become the first home of the world's cinema industry.

become the first home of the world's cinema industry.

But whereas Micky drank in deep breaths of the salt-laden air, and felt his blood racing joyously through every vein, he had little time for admiring the scenery. Props had to be checked and re-checked and properly sorted for handing out to the various actors and actresses. It was all a tremendous bustle, for Jeff Romery was anxious to film one of the scenes of the photo-play before the sun reached its zenith.

Accordingly, make-up boxes were speedily

Accordingly, make-up boxes were speedily got out, and the actors and actresses made themselves ready for their work before the

All had come on location garbed in the modern costumes in which they were to be filmed; so all Buddy and Micky had to do for this particular scene was to hand out the "etceteras" in the form of masks, six-

shooters, a pearl pendant, and other props of like nature. Floyd Unwin had no part in this scene, and Mary Maidstone and Reggie Eton had the

Mary Maidstone and Reggie Eton had the bulk of the acting to do.

It was the first time that Micky had ever seen the famous dude of the screen at work before the cameras, and he mentally noted the wonderful ease and grace with which Reggie made every motion. It was ideal acting for the motion pictures, and the dude never failed to register convincingly on the films.

When the filming of the scene was finished,

When the filming of the scene was finished, the cinema company were called to a sumptuous luncheon which was spread beneath a shady clump of palm-frees.

As the film folk trooped gaily away, Reggie Eton, streaming perspiration over the yellow grease-paint on his cheeks, walked across to Micky, who was repacking those of the props which would not be needed again that day. "Hello, deah boy!" cried the dude. "I amsowy I did not have the opportunity of speaking to you before. How are you feel-

ing after last night's thwilling expe-wiences?"
"Not a bit the worse!" responded Micky heartily. "It's so topping out here that I had quite forgotten that rotten opium den." But if Micky had not given any thought to Li Chang Foo and the opium smokers, he had not forgotten the threat of Alee P. Figg,

had not forgotten the threat of Alec P. Figs, the cracksman.

The lad had not even told Reggie how the crook had attempted to blackmail him, for he felt that his friend, the cinema actor, could not have been able to help him any

way.

So even as he worked busily in the bright sunlight amidst the perfect scenery of the Californian coast, he was uneasy in his mind, and dreaded the revelations which the crook was sure to make sooner or later.

For Micky to raise a thousand dollars in a week was little short of an impossibility; yet this was the sum that Figg demanded for his silence.

silence.

yet this was the sum that Figg demanded for his silence.

Micky had no intention of paying even a penny to the unscrupulous crook, but he was greatly worried at the position of things.

Once or twice he debated in his mind the advisability of informing the police about smart Alec's blackmailing tactics; but this course, unfortunately, would necessitate his revealing the circumstances under which he—Micky—had left the Old Country.

This the lad had no desire to do, naturally, for whereas he knew himself to be innocent of the theft committed at the circus in Liverpool, the evidence had been black against him, and without doubt he was still "wanted" by the British police.

On the previous night Micky and Reggie Eton had been so busy discussing the police raid on the opium den and Floyd Unwin's folly in frequenting such a place that several questions the lad had wanted to put to the tilm dude had remained unasked.

Now, however, as Micky finished his job with the properties and "strolled off to uncheon with his friend, he took the opportunity presented."

uncheon with his friend, he took the opportunity presented.

"I say, Reggie," he said, "it was jolly lucky you butted in when you did last night! Things were going rather badly with me in that scrap with the Chinks, and I should have been outed for a dead cert by the bounders if you hadn't shown up when you did. I take it your arrival at Li Chang Foo's place was something more than a mere coincidence?"

"Wight, my deah boy," said Reggie. "I had an ideah you would be silly ass enough to stwoll down to No. 13, West Canton Stweet, on the stwength of that anonymous lettah you weceived, so I made it my business to be outside the beastly place to watch for you."

"So you saw me go in?"
"So you saw me go in?"
"Just so, deah boy! I thought there was some wotten game afoot when I wead the lettah, and I pwoven to be wight. Eh, what!" "Well, it was jolly decent of you to come

down to look after me," said Micky. "But when I saw that greasy sailor chap come slouching into the Chinese store I hadn't the foggiest notion it was you. By jingo, it was a corker of a surprise when you spoke to me! Ha, ha, ha!"

"An actor has to play many parts, Micky," said the film dude serenely, "and although pwofessionally I only appeah as a Society man-about-town or an English lord, I have had pweviously gweat expewience of othah charactahs, deah boy. By the way, that wottah, Figg, was not captured in the waid."

"Not captured?" echoed Micky. "Why, he was knocked out completely when we left, so how the dickens did he get away?"

"Weafly, I have no ideah," replied Reggie. "Howevah, his name did not appeah in the papah this morning with the west of the captured wascals."

"My aunt!" ejaculated Micky. "That crook's as slippery as an eel! I suppose, though, that Chink, Li Chang Foo, was caught, and will be put out of business?"

"He was caught all wight, deah boy," said the film dude, "and a gweat deal of opium-smoking appawatus was confiscated. He'll pwobably be fined heavily—as he has been before—and then will start his 'joint' again somewhere else. These Chinks are as slippewy as any American cwook who ever lived, and, in my opinion, the police will never be able to 'stop opium fwom being smuggled and smoked in the United States."

As the two approached the luncheon-party they saw Mary Maidstone, the young cinema star whom Micky had saved from the surf at Santa Monica beach, beckoning to them.

"Come and sit with us, Reggie," she called out, "and bring Micky along, too!"

Micky had been about to join Buddy Gaylord, who was enjoying himself among a group of camera men and actors some little distance away, but he flushed with pleasure at the invitation accorded him by the young cireas; and accompanied Reggie, despite the fact that he noticed the great K. N. Broadworth and Floyd Unwin lunching with her. Reggie Eton was as much at home with the famous film producer and with the company's daredevil star, Unwin

different reasons.

Mr. Broadworth greeted the two Englishmen with a pleasant word of welcome, and made room for them to sit down near the dainty outspread tablecloth. Floyd Unwin scowled savagely. He liked neither Micky nor Reggie Eton, and he was uncouth enough to take no pains to conceal the fact at any time.

"You two must be famished!" cried the young actress. "Let me serve you some of this lobster mayonnaise."
"I hope there'll be enough for you," said Mr. Broadworth anxiously. "I know you Englishmen are in the habit of demolishing a whole joint of roast beef at a sitting when you're peckish!"

you're peckish!"

Reggie and Micky laughed, and set to with a will on the good things provided. The idea that there should be insufficient for anyone was a standing joke among the members of the Broadworth outfit, for the "snacks"—as Mr. Broadworth himself called them—which were provided for the personnel on location were repasts of the most sumptuous character prepared by the cinema company's own expert, chefs.

were repasts of the most sumptuous character prepared by the cinema company's own expert chefs.

"Why, Floyd, you're hardly eating a thing!" said Mary Maidstone to Unwin, who was sulking over the advent of Reggie and Mieky. "You won't be fit for your big stunt if you starve yourself!"

After this the actor pulled himself together somewhat, and made a fair pretence to enjoying a good lunch, keeping his conversation, however, almost entirely for the girl or Mr. Broadworth. Broadworth.

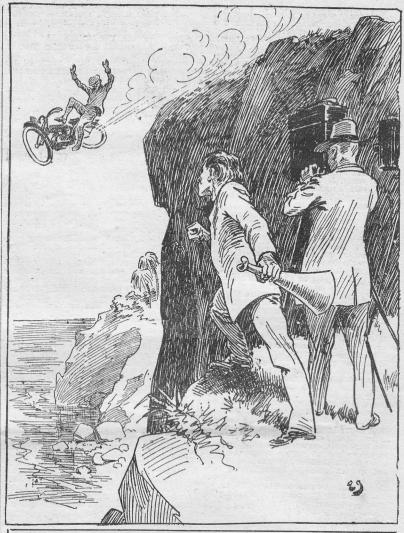
During the luncheon Micky heard for the first time the details of the astounding stunt that Floyd Unwin was to perform for the

no act in which a dummy could

This was no act in which a dummy could be substituted, but a daredevil feat, with more than an ordinary risk to life itself.

About a quarter of a mile from where the luncheon-party were sitting was a long, grassy slope leading right down to the edge of a rocky cliff. From the top of this cliff was a sheer fall of over a hundred feet to the rocks and sea below.

In the scenario of the new Broadworth production, "The Mysterious Pearl," the star actor was required to race to the sea-coast on a high-power motor-bicycle, chased by a posse of mea an automobile.



Like a shot from a gun the motor-cycle dashed over the edge of the cliff! As the machine heeled over, Micky gave a dexterous twist and shot clear of it. (See page 12.)

The actual race was to be filmed in various parts of the country on later dates—for scenes in a big production are seldom taken in their proper order—and on this afternoon the final dash when the pursuers were eluded was to be recorded.

was to be recorded.

Floyd Unwin, then, had the thrilling task of dashing on the motor-cycle down that grassy slope, and flying headlong over the edge of the precipious cliff.

Both the bike and the car had been brought

Both the bike and the car had been brought down from the studios by road, and were now on location, ready for the scene.

Directly after lunch Micky excused himself, and went across to Buddy Gaylord, who, with some mechanics, was overhauling the automobile and cycle.

"Get out all the props for the big stunt scene, Micky," said the property-man to his assistant, "and bring 'em across here. Jeff Romery will want to start 'shooting' almost immediately, I guess."

Micky darted away to his boxes, and by means of a list in his hand selected the various leather coats, goggles, gauntlets, revolvers, and other properties for the cinema scene. These things he took across to Buddy, ready to be handed out to Floyd Unwin and the other actors.

ready to be handed out to Floyd Unwin and the other actors.

It was noticeable that an increasing excitement was being manifested among the film people. Jeff Romery, who had secured his favourite megaphone, was engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Broadworth, and the gossip generally as the luncheon was cleared away was of the daring feat to be performed that afternoon for the sake of imparting greater excitement into a photo-play film.

The only person who seemed to be free from my tense feeling was the central figure any tense fee Floyd Unwin.

The Big Stunt!

EW of the cinema folk had any cause for liking the star actor, but none could help admiring the coolness with which he watched the preparations for the big stunt which might cost him

Unwin, in fact, was adopting his usual attitude before the performance of one of his daredevil feats—an air of utter boredom. He remained seated on the grass in the shade of a palm, calmly smoking a gold-tipped cigarette, without apparently noticing the excitement the forthcoming feat was creating in everyone else.

in everyone else.

Micky absolutely marvelled at the man who, after an evening spent in the nerve-wracking company of an opium-plpe in a foul Chanese "joint," could remain so cool and collected on the following morning in the face of a death-defying feat requiring the greatest courage and judgment for its successful accomplishment.

accomplishment.

He remembered again Buddy's opinion that the film star's nerve would give out on some desperate occasion owing to his "hitting the pipe," but he called to mind also that Unwin had not shrunk for a second from entering the den of lions when the filming of the last great Broadworth production was in progress

gress.

Would Unwin's nerve stand this fresh test?

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 62,

Under Buddy's directions Micky handed out, the necessary props to the four actors who were to play the parts of the pursuers in the motor-car in the big scene.

motor-car in the big scene.

When this job was over Buddy inserted a wafer of pepsin chewing-gum into his mouth and patted the motor-cycle affectionately.

"This is a good old prop, Micky," he said, "and I'm mighty sorry to know it's going West. It seems a tarnation shame to ride a bike like this over a cliff; but there, the movie fans demand thrills for their money, and producers like K. N. don't mind spending thousands o' bucks to give 'em what they want."

At this moment Jeff Romery, breaking off his conversation with the producer, hurried across to where Buddy and Micky were stand-

Are the motor-bike and the automobile dy?" he demanded.

"Are the motor-bike and the automobile ready?" he demanded.
"All ready, Jeff."
Jeff cast a critical eye over both the machines, and then he exploded in a torrent of reproof.
"D'you call this car ready, Buddy?" he

machines, and then he exploded in a torrent of reproof.

"D'you call this car ready, Buddy?" he fumed. "Look at this side which'll be turned towards the cameras! Some careless boob has been leaning against it and has wiped a patch o' the dust off with his coat. Now, would a car supposed to have travelled over a hundred miles be clean on one panel? Get a handful o' dust and make it look dirty again! You ought to know better than to have it in that clean state!"

Buddy had quite failed to notice the portion of the car's chassis which had been rubbed against, and it was with a tinge of red suffusing his ears that he gathered a handful of dirt to-remedy the incongruous effect.

It was not often Buddy could be hauled

of dirt to remedy the incongruous effect.

It was not often Buddy could be hauled over the coals by the chief director, and he felt the reproof keenly.

Jeff strode away, smiling hugely to himself at thus having caught the competent little property-man tripping for once, and set to work to instruct the actors who were to occupy the motor-car. Then he saw the camera man correctly placed to secure the best possible record of the dive over the cliff edge.

Returning, he made the actors climb into Returning, he made the actors climb into the automobile, and had three rehearsals of them chasing an imaginary motor-bike. When the actors had used their revolvers to his entire satisfaction, and knew exactly the right spot on which to bring the ear to a lait on the grassy slope leading to the cliff edge, he walked across to Floyd Unwin. The star actor immediately threw away his cigarette and came over to Micky.

"Now then, young Johnny Bull," he said, "quit standing about doing nothing, and jest give me a hand on with that leather coat and

give me a hand on with that leather coat and goggles. Come, get a move on!"

Micky took no notice of the surly manner in which the order was given, but set about to help the star to dress for the part he was to play in the great stunt scene.

"Now wheel that bike over to where K. N. is standing."

The motor-cycle was a heavy machine, but Micky's well-trained muscles made light work of the task of pushing it up the slope.

The automobile, with its four occupants, also took up its position at the point from which the start was to be made.

With the exception of the actual participants in the scene, Mr. Broadworth and Micky were the only two to remain at the starting point. Micky took no notice of the surly manner

Micky were the only two to remain at the starting point.

Jeff Romery joined the camera men at the bottom of the slope near the edge of the cliff at a spot a couple of hundred yards from the place from which Unwin was to make his daredevil dive.

The rest of the cinema folk, among whom were Miss Maidstone and Buddy Gaylord, fell back to a raised piece of ground, whence they could obtain a good view of the coming film thrill.

The cameras were so placed that the start

The cameras were so placed that the starting point was "out of the set," which meant that the start itself would not be recorded on the films.

When the pictures were finally shown on the cinema screens of the world, the motor-cele and car would appear coming into view

cycle and car would appear coming into view at full speed in continuation of other pictures of a mad ride through the countryside, the filming of which was to be undertaken later. Mr. Broadworth chatted cheerily to the cinema star for a few moments, and then Floyd Unwin togo over the motor-bike from Micky. As he did so, the lad noticed a curious tremor of the actor's hand on the handle-bar, which seemed to indicate that THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 62.

Unwin was not feeling quite so calm inwardly as his general outward appearance denoted. Then the producer and Micky stepped

"Are you ready, Floyd?"

Jeff Romery roared the question through his megaphone.

Unwin tinkered with the controls of his motor-cycle, glaneed round at the automobile, and waved a hand in assent.

A couple of seconds later a fresh volume of sound poured through the megaphone. "Action!"

Floyd Unwin ran his bike forward a few paces, threw his leg over the saddle, and the chugging of the engine sounded as he

the chugging of the engine sounded as he sped on his way.

Immediately Jeff turned to the camera men, "Shoot!" he cried.

But hardly had the motor-car started in pursuit when Unwin slowed up, and the chugging of the bike's engine died away.

Mr. Broadworth, Micky, and the mechanics hastened across to find Unwin internances nastened across to find Univiniting with the starting apparatus of the machine. His face was deadly pale, and his voice quivered strangely as he attempted an explanation.

an explanation.

"I—I think there's something wrong with the goldurned thing," he stammered. "The petrol wouldn't feed."

The motor mechanics made a careful examination of the machine, and looked up in surprise.

"The bike's in perfect order, sir," said one

of them.
"It—it must have been my fault, then, I opine," murmured Unwin weakly. "I'll—I'll

try again."
Mr. Broa Broadworth looked narrowly at the star Mr. Broadworth looked narrowly at the star through his tortoiseshell spectacles. He was about to say something, but he curbed the impulse, and walked back to the starting point in silence.

Micky had watched the mechanics test the

motor-cycle, and even he could see there was

no fault with the machine.

no fault with the machine.

Whilst, he was with Beauman's Gigantic Circus, Micky had had ample opportunity of learning a good deal about a motor-bike, for his acrobatic partner, Mike Megan, had owned an ancient specimen. Micky had been saddled with the job of keeping it clean and in order, and as he did the work for more kicks than ha pence, he sought to find amusement by learning its mechanism and occasionally going for spins on the old crock, without however, asking Mike's nermission.

sionally going for spins on the old crock, without, however, asking Mike's permission.

He now wheeled Unwin's mount back for a fresh start, with one big question in his mind: Was Floyd Unwin funking the issue?

Again the motor-cycle and car took up their positions. Again came the boom of the director's order through the megaphone.

This time there was no doubt about the engine of the bike running well. Unwin mounted the machine as it gathered way, and sped off at a rattling speed down the slope. When he reached a point opposite a pair of twin palm-trees the automobile dashed off

. Jeff Romery heaved a sigh of relief, and the camera men revolved the handles of their machines steadily. Micky and the rest of the spectators held their breath as they watched the daring actor speeding towards the cliff edge.

the cliff edge.

Another couple of hundred yards, and Unwin would fly into space. Then his safety would rest on his coolness in shooting clear of the motor-bike and diving far out beyond the jagged rocks into deep water.

No wonder the heart of each onlooker beat hard with excitement and apprehension!

The motor-car drew up at the spot appointed. The occupants alighted and ran down the slope, firing blank from their revolvers at the motor-cyclist with realistic effect. It was a great picture scene!

But suddenly a cry of surprise escaped the throats of the spectators. The motor-cycle was slowing up!

Even then it looked as though it must

was slowing up; Even then it looked as though it must assuredly topple over the edge of the cliff, But Unwin swerved just in time, and rolled from the machine on to the grass.

Jeff Romery gave the sharp order to the camera men, and, saying things under his breath to relieve his feelings, bastened up the slope to the cinema actor.

Mr. Broadworth remained at the starting point, slowly walking up and down, with his hands interlocked behind his back. Again Micky and the two motor mechanics went along to render any assistance they could.

Floyd Unwin picked himself up and stood

Floyd Unwin picked himself up and stood ruefully regarding the fallen machine. "What the blazes is wrong, Floyd?" demanded Jeff Romery as he arrived on the scene. "Had a puncture, or something?" "N-no," growled the film star. "I—I ran into a small rock, or something, and it put me off!" "Well, for goodness' sake get on with it again!" snapped Romery. "There's a couple o' thousand feet o' good film gone west already!"

With that remark Jeff stumped away back to his cameras.

to his cameras.

Finding there was nothing wrong with the machine, the two mechanics also walked back to their former post, and Micky again had the task of pushing the heavy bike back

had the task of pushing the heavy blue back to the starting point.

The great K. N. Broadworth said not a word as the little party arrived and made ready for the stunt once more,

As soon as Jeff, standing down by the cameras, saw that all was prepared, he again roared his order to the actors through the megaphone.

"Action!"
Floyd Unwin ran a few paces with the bike and stopped short. The machine fell from his grasp and dropped to the ground. With livid face, he turned towards the great filmproducer.

producer.

"It—it's no use, sir!" he panted. "I can't do it! F—I'm not well!"

The actor was trembling from head to foot; his nerve had completely deserted him. Micky turned away from the pitiable sight He had never been treated well by Unwin, but the lad was of a generous and forgiving nature, and now he felt nothing but pity for this famous film star who had undermined his courage by his own folly in resorting to an insidious and deadly drug.

Mr. Broadworth gazed steadily through his

Mr. Broadworth gazed steadily through his large tortoiseshell spectacles at the actor as through searching the very heart of the man.

through searching the very heart of the man. Then he beckened Unwin aside.
"It is not often I make a mistake, as you'll admit, Unwin," he said; "but I made one about you this morning. I happen to know you were smoking opium last evening; in fact, I learned for the first time this morning that you have been addicted to the vialous habit for some time? vicious habit for some time."

vicious habit for some time."

Floyd Unwin started and clenched his hands. He dropped his eyes from the producer's gaze and furtively glanced round at Micky who was standing some short distance away out of earshot. The expression on the actor's face plainly showed that he believed the English lad had had some hand in conveying the information to the head of the cinema-company.

Mr. Broadworth noticed the look, and replied to Unwin's unspoken thought.

"Nobody connected with the company has breathed a word to me about your opium-

"Nobody connected with the company has breathed a word to me about your opium-smoking habit, Unwin," he said. "A police detective who has several times visited a certain Chinese 'joint,' in disguise, sent me the information. I had two minds about allowing you to come on location to-day, but I had no idea to what an extent your nerve had been undermined."

"I—I'm not well, I tell you!" growled the cinema star.

"I—I'm not well, I tell you!" growled the cinema star.

"I can see that," went on Mr. Broadworth, "and I can see clearly also that I should not have permitted you to attempt a feat to-day. Nothing is worse than opium-smoking for destroying a man's nerve, and it's a wonder to me you haven't broken your neck before." Anisosal" That's my business!"

That's my business!"
The uppish change in Unwin's attitude was his undoing. It is probable that Mr. Broadworth would have contented himself with telling him to rest a while, and have given him another chance. Now the film-producer odersted a conversation. adopted a sterner attitude.

adopted a sterner attitude.

"You haven't been playing the game, Unwin," he said. "You are employed by this company for the purpose of performing daring athletic feats, and your duty is to keep fit. Your failure to do so is my business. The abandonment of the filming today, for instance, will cost me some thousands of dollars. For your previous services with the outfit I'll see you receive a handsome bonus, but I can guarantee you no further employment."

"What!" roared Unwin, his face livid with rage. "D'you mean to say you're firing me, you blamed four-flusher?"

rage. "D'you mean to say you're firing me, you blamed four-flusher?"

Mr. Broadworth remained as cool as an

iceberg under the insult.
"You can take the first train back to Los

Angeles, Unwin," he said. "If you report at my office at the studios at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I will settle all obligations with you."

For a moment Floyd Unwin looked as though he were about to strike the film-producer, but apparently he thought better of the inclination. He tore off his leather coat and motor-gogles, and threw them to the ground. Then, with a hiss like a wounded rattlesnake, he turned on his heel and strode off in the direction of the rail-way-station.

way-station.
Only Micky had heard the actual words shouted by Unwin and knew that the star actor of the great Broadworth Company had been ignominiously fired.
The remainder of the company could not understand the situation at all. Even the four actors in the motor-car remained in their seats awaiting developments.
Mr. Broadworth, lost in thought, walked away in the direction of his chief director,

Jeff Romery, who was still standing by his

cameras.

Micky stooped to gather up the leather

Micky stooped to gather up the leather coat and the motor-goggles thrown down by Unwin, and as he did so a startling idea took possession of his mind.

The cameras were ready to film the big scene—the pursuing motor-car was waiting—Unwin had been fired. Why shouldn't he do the great dive over the cliff? It was the chance of his life!

His blood raced with excitement at the very thought.

very thought.

It would not matter for filming purposes who should do the big stunt. Unwin would not appear in any more of the scenes for "The Mysterious Pearl," and even had he been going to, it would make no difference as the cameras were too far away to register any personal details of the performer of the stunt.

With trempling fingers, Misky denied the

With trembling fingers, Micky donned the leather coat, adjusted the goggles over his

eyes, and ruffled his hair as he had seen Unwin do.

Unwin do.

A loud exclamation from Buddy drew the attention of Mr. Broadworth and others of the cinema-company to the strange antics of the English lad.

"What the smoke is the kid up to?"
Micky hastily yanked the motor-cycle from the ground, and waved to the actors in the automobile.

"Carry on with the stunt!" he shouted.

"I'm going to do the dive!"

"I'm going to do the dive!"

Mr. Broadworth, Buddy, and several other men started to run towards the lad, though they were hardly able to credit that he was really going to attempt the wild ride over the cliff edge.

"Stop! Stop!" roared the film-producer. "D'you want to break your neck, you crazy young galoot?"

But Micky was already running the motorbike forward, and as the engine started he swung into the saddle.

The Greatest Sporting Story Ever Written! A Famous Author's Masterpiece-

# RODNEY STONE!



IN THE NICK OF TIME! It wanted but twenty seconds to the hour, when there was a sudden swirl in the crowd, a shout, and high up in the air there spun an old black hat, floating over the heads of the ring-siders and flickering down within the ropes. "I rather fancy," said Sir Charles calmly, "that this must be my man!"

IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF

THE BOYS' FRII

Now on Sale Everywhere!

Price Three-Halfpence.

"Shoot!" he roared to Jeff Romery and

the camera-men.

the camera-men.

Almost mechanically the camera men obeyed the familiar order, and the clicking of the machines announced that the daring stunt of the young English lad was being recorded for the films.

As Micky shot forward, the driver of the automobile started his car in pursuit. He and his fellow-actors had reloaded their revolvers with blank, under the impression that Floyd Unwin was going to make another attempt at the feat. It mattered not to them if the young property-man's assistant chose to break his neck—they were perfectly willing to carry out their part in the big scene.

chose to break his neck—they were perieculy willing to carry out their part in the big scene.

Mr. Broadworth and Buddy, seeing it was hopeless to stop the foolhardy lad, halted and stood open-mouthed like the rest of the cinema-folk, watching Micky as he careered down the grassy slope.

The lad's heart bounded with excitement as he opened the controls and felt the motorcycle shoot forward faster and faster. He heard the crack, crack of the revolvers behind him, and so realistic was the effect that he could hardly credit that this wild ride was only for the pictures.

Through his goggles he could discern the portion of the cliff edge to which Floyd Unwin had made as presenting the best take-off for the flying leap.

Micky opened his controls to the full extent; the motor-cycle bounded forward at breakneck speed. The green grass disappeared from his view, and the deep blue of the ocean, dotted with black patches of rock, showed far beneath.

Like a shot from a gun the motor-cycle dashed over the edge of the cliff!

showed far beneath.

Like a shot from a gun the motor-cycle
dashed over the edge of the cliff!

As the machine heeled over, Micky gave a
dexterous twist and shot clear of it. The
bike went one way, the daring lad the other,
hurtling over and over, down to the sea and
rock; beneath!

ANOTHE LONG INSTALMENT OF THIS MACNIFICENT SERIAL STORY OF THE CINEMA WILL APPEAR IN NEXT FRIDAY'S" PENNY POPULAR."

### READERS' NOTICES.

J. Leberter, 101, Priory Road, Gedling. Notts, with readers who are pit workers.

R. Cunningham, 58, Rosebank Street, Dundee, Scotland, with a French reader, R. Cochrane, Wardrope Terrace, How-wood, Renfrewshire, Scotland, with

Colonial readers. W. Barr, Ayrshire, Normanby Street, South Oakleigh, Victoria, Australia, with

readers anywhere.
Miss F. Madden, Ocean Street, Botany,
New South Wales, Australia, with readers overseas.

Miss M. Bones, 509, Riley Street, Surry Hills, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, with readers overseas. Miss D. Lucas, 25, Randle Street,

Tranmere, Birkenhead, with

readers anywhere.
E. T. Smith, 343, Hereford Street,
Christchurch, New Zealand, with readers anywhere.

Miss A. Dickinson, Castletown, Caith-

ness, with readers living in India.
Clifford Hall, High Street, Nassingham, Lincoln, with readers anywhere.
H. Burton, 361, Essex Road, Islington, with readers living in South Africa,

America, or Canada.

Would you like to exchange corre-Would you like to exchange correspondence, picture postcards, stamps, coins, curios, books, moths, butterflies, war posters, trophies, etc., with persons living in all parts of the world? If so, write, Secretary of B.U.C.A., 33, Radstock Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.

Miss D. Morgan, Commercial Bank, Orange, New South Wales, Australia, with readers anywhere.

with readers anywhere.

E. A. Heller, P.O. Box 86, Oudtshoorn,
South Africa, with readers anywhere.

The Penny Popular.—No. 62.



A FEW REQUESTS.

A FEW REQUESTS.

Douglas Henry, of Liverpool, wants a drawing of Greyfriars. He must wait until the new "Holiday Annual" happens along.

A cheery correspondent in Roma, Queensland—143 miles from the nearest railhead—is down on all liverish grumblers. He wants to have Bunter in his part to get some of the fat off the porpoise. The stories are prime, though the boys do not go riding and shooting, "But I suppose they can't do everything," adds my chum. True!

Colin Edwards, of Southwark, Australia, need not bother his head about typewriters while his fist is so clear; but he has his eye on Bunter's Typing Agency.

M. Jonas, of Broken Hill, is keen on sporting articles, and I stall try to oblige him. Much obliged for all he says.

B. B. writes from Finsbury Park, and gives my portrait, which, as a lightning sketch, does her credit. This reader wants Peter Todd to get busy about Herlock Sholmes. She has her own notions concerning the English language, and she thinks the stories are splendid; so does her father, a very wise and learned man. Thanks!

Thanks!
A loyal supporter in the North of London is chagrined because Curly Gibson and Joe Frayne were described as Wally's inseparable chums, when, as she thinks, Frank is Wally's closest friend. I feel at a loss in dealing with this correspondent. She considers the Levisons have been left out in the cold. The characters of Ernest, Frank, and Doris are very real to her, and she insists on Franky being captain of the Third when he goes to Greyfriars. She also wants to know why Vernon-Smith should have all the limelight when he used to be the biggest cad at Greyfriars.

Now, to come to generalities, as one must do. Such a letter as the one before me is something to make an author most particularly proud. My friend and supporter knows more about the characters than anybody, and what I should like to think is just this—namely, that in the busy and difficult life which I know she lives she will for the future find pleasure in the yarns and no cause for worry. But she must take things to some extent as they come. She is unfair to herself when she worries over some fancied grievance of somebody who lives in the tales. Let me assure her that I do take into full consideration her splendid support, her deep interest, and real insight. Now, to come to generalities, as one must do

### A BONZA LETTER.

I want to ask Miss Minnie James, of Redfern, Sydney, why she should cherish gloomy forebodings? She thinks her last letter to me may be the final one. No reason why this should be so. I trust there will be many more such communications from this "live" supporter. They are wanted. I must quote a few lines.

ines:

"Oh, Editor, if you could only see the boys stumbling along to work with their heads buried in one of the Companion Papers!"

Well, I can't see the picture, though I am endeavouring to glimpse it. I would rather catch sight of all those cheery chaps reading the yarns comfortably after work was done. Miss Minnie wants me to persuade Messrs. Richards, Clifford, and Conquest to write her a little note each. (Please don't think her cheeky! N.B.—I do not.)

Now, I would manage this trio of letters if it were possible; but there is nothing doing, for several reasons, though I mean one of these days, when the office-boy has ceased from troubling and the master printer is at rest.

these days, when the office-boy has ceased from troubling and the master printer is at rest, to send my girl chum a letter myself. I should like to hear more about that famous Australian authoress, Ethel Turner; also a description of the bush would be welcome, Miss Turner writes of things she knows, and that kind of thing always makes for success.

### "FAIR DINKUM STUFF"!

"An Aussie," of Albion, Brisbane, takes me to task for a reference to the Australian aborigines. He prefaces his remarks with a

grand tribute to the stories; but why should Skinner be described as "lower than an Australian aboriginal"? This was a big error, so my generous-hearted chum says. I will take his word for it.

A chance remark is made at times without enough thought of what its meaning carries. Of late one has heard a good deal of the patience and faithfulness of the native

patience and faithfulness of the native Australians. "Some of the niggers are rotters," says my correspondent, "but 95 per cent. of them are faithful beings."

### WORK FOR THE POLICE.

"Look at the work," I read, "the Abo trackers have done for the police! Why, half the criminals that have been caught would not have been but for the black tracker. No human trackers in the world can compare with them, for they are subdued creatures, and there is nothing wrong with them."

Needless to say, information of this sort is welcome. I am indebted to "An Aussie" and his friends. He gives the names of fourteen of his chums who think with him. I can assure these staunch supporters that another simile will be found for Skinner next time. Quite needless in these days to emphasise the Quite needless in these days to emphasise the fact that pigment is secondary. There are white men of all colours. 'Nuff said.

### RATHER DIFFICULT.

A lonely reader in Govan asks me to let it be known that he wishes for correspondents, aged 15-16, in any part of England. And he has forgotten to put his name and address. So it can't be done. It would be only giving the postman brain-fag, and lead to nothing.

### HOLIDAY TASKS

Everybody is planning holidays these times—that is, nearly everybody. Some folks say they must have a change. They are feeling run down. You have heard of such people. They resemble the lady in the poem:

"Mrs. Gill is very ill, And nothing can improve her, Except to see the Tuileries, And waddle through the Louvre."

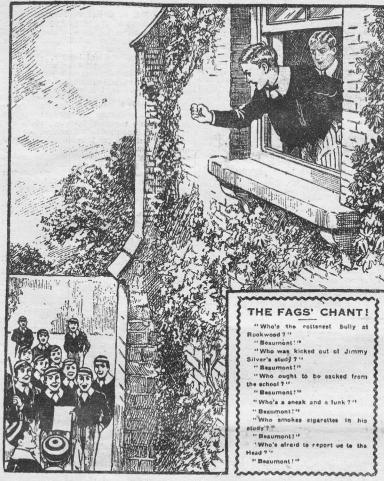
But some of the wise individuals take their holidays at home. They paper the bath-room or the stairs or the kitchen, and fill in the time in the garden.

There are worse holidays. A lot of tired workers, I feel convinced, overdo the strenuous holiday. They really want rest—and put in some hundreds of miles travelling to get it. Of course, they return to work a bit fagged. They would have done better to have stopped in bed the best part of the time. The old-time writer who, did a new version of "Never Give Up," and altered the "give" to "get," had some right on his side. This is how he phrased it: phrased it:

Never get up! 'Tis the secret of glory. Nothing so true can philosophy teach. Think of the names that are famous in story. Never get up is the lesson they teach."

Yes; but this would be overdoing it. The point is that, by not getting up where there is no real necessity, the victim of "that tired feeling" does himself a world of good. Instead of being whirled to the coast to sniff the briny, you lie for a few hours longer and think things out. The great Dumas always said he, wrote his best work between the sheets—that is, he caught hold of the elusive ideas ideas.





### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Chucked Out!

70W! Leggo!" Jimmy silver heard that yell as he came upstairs. It came from the other end of the passage from

the other end of the passage from the end study.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Leggo, you rotter!"

It was Newcome's voice. Jimmy Silver's brow darkened. He hurried up the passage towards the end study. Newcome was his chum, and if Newcome was in trouble it was time for Jimmy to appear on the scene.

Mornington and Townsend and Peele of the Fourth were in the passage, and they were grinning. Mornington & Co. apparently found something entertaining in the wild yells that were proceeding from the end study. They grinned more than ever at the sight of Jimmy Silver.

"Better chip in, Silver," chuckled Morn-

"Better chip in, Silver," chuckled Mornington. "Newcome's gettin' it in the neck.
Beaumont's got him."
"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Townsend and Peele.
"Shut up, you rotters!" growled Jimmy

"Shut up, you restrict the fourth were in his way, and Jimmy Silver shoved savagely through them, and hurried on. He sent Townsend reeling against a wall, and Mornington through a study doorway, and Peele sat down on the floor with a bump. Without even a bump. Without even a bump. Without even a bump. on the floor with a bump. Without even a glance at the scattered Nuts, Jimmy Silver ran on to his study.

The door was closed, and Jimmy flung it open and rushed in.

Newcome of the Fourth was wriggling in the grasp of Beaumont, the bully of the Sixth

Beaumont's face was dark with anger .. Beaumont's face was dark with anger. He had gripped the junior's collar with his left hand, and with his right he was wielding his ashplant. The blows were simply raining on the wriggling, struggling, kicking Fourth-Former. Beaumont, as a prefect of the Sixth, had the right of wielding the ashplant, but certainly not in the way he was doing it

Jimmy did not stop to ask questions.

He ran at Beaumont, hitting out. Prefect, or no prefect, Jimmy did not intend to see his chum used in that way.

His fist caught Beaumont on the side of the chin, and it caught him like a hammer. The senior uttered a howl, and staggered, releasing Newcome.

Newcome promptly jumped away.

Beaumont reeled against the mantelpiece, and swung round on the captain of the Fourth.

For a moment he scarcely seemed able to realise that it was a junior of the Fourth who had struck him.

Jimmy Silver was not in the least dismayed at what he had done. He faced the Sixth-Former, with his fists clenched and his eyes

glittering.

"You bullying cad!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Newcome: "I didn't put the jam in the beast's slippers. I wish I had, but I didn't."

Beaumont panted.

"Silver! You—you dare! You have struck me, a prefect!" he gasped.

me, a prefect!" he gasped.

"I'll do it again fast enough if you don't clear!" said Jimmy Silver savagely. "Back me up, Newcome, old chap. We can handle the cad between us!"

"What-ho!" said Newcome promptly.

Beaumont made a furious stride at the two juniors. There was a rush of feet in the passage, and Lovell and Raby came hurrying in. They had heard of the row.

The Fistical Four always stood together.

The Fistical Four always stood together, and they were evidently prepared to "mop up" the study with Beaumont, prefect as he

Come on, you rotter!" said Lovell. "We're

ready!?

"Pile in!" said Raby.

Beaumont gritted his teeth.

"Silver, you've struck a prefect! Come with
me to the Head! I'll have you flogged for it!"

"Oh, I'll come fast enough!" said Jimmy
disdainfully. "You come, too, Newcome, and
let Dr. Chisholm see how the bullying cad

# FOUND GUILTY!

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

## - By -OWEN CONQUEST.

was licking you. I don't think Beaumont will be a prefect much longer!"
Again the senior paused.
He knew that Newcome's back and shoulders must be deeply marked by the brutal blows he had rained on him, and he dared not let the Head see those marks. "Come on!" said Jimmy Silver invitingly. "We're waiting to go to the Head, you rotten bully!"

"I-I won't take you to the Head now!"
muttered Beaumont. "But look out, Jimmy
Silver-look out, you cheeky young scoundrel!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Jimmy uncere-moniously. "You dare not take Newcome before the Head, and you know it. you cad! I've a jolly good mind to march him in and tell the Head, anyway!"

"The—the young rotter put jam in my slippers," stammered Beaumont.
"I didn't!" said Newcome. "But I will, I promise you that!"
"I was told you did—"

"And you came here and acted like a rotten Hun, because of what some sneak told you!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Collar the you!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

cad!"

Beaumont started back.
"Don't you dare!" he panted.
"You can take us to the Head if you like," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "Suit yourself about that. You're going to be chucked out of this study on your neck!"
"You—you— Hands off!" roared Beaumont, flourishing the ashplant.
The prefect was in an awkward position. He simply dared not let his brutality come to the Head's knowledge, and so his authority was gone. And the Fistical Four of the Fourth meant business.
"Put down that stick!" commanded Jimmy

"Put down that stick!" commanded Jimmy

He caught up the poker from the fender and advanced on Beaumont.

"You use that stick, and I'll use this, poker!" said Jimmy determinedly. "Now, collar him, you chaps!"

Beaumont backed away, the Fistical Four following him up.

following him up.

He aimed a fierce blow at Jimmy Silver, and Jimmy neatly parried it with the poker. Then the poker fell on Beaumont's arm, and the senior uttered a howl of anguish, and dropped the ashplant

"I warned you," said Jimmy coolly, "Collar him!"

Beaumont was in the grasp of the juniors the next moment.

His arm was numbed, and he could not put up much of a fight, big Sixth-Former as he was, in the grasp of the four. He was swept off his feet in the grip of four pairs of hands, and whirled to the door-

way.

THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 62.

Outside in the passage a crowd of the

There was a buzz of amazement and consternation at the sight of a prefect of the Sixth struggling valuey in the grasp of Jimmy

Sixth struggling vainly in the grasp of Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Stand cleart" shouted Jimmy Silver. The juniors, gasping, crowded back. Beaumont came hurtling from the study doorway, hurled fairly into the passage by the chums of the Fourth.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Rawson. "Oh,

"Oh, my hat! ejaculated kansa."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Beaumont rolled along the passage, and sat up, quite dazed. He gave the four juniors a glare that a Hun might have envied. The Fourth-Formers looked on blankly. They had never seen a Sixth Form prefect handled like, that before, and it really seemed time for the sky to fall. They expected to see Beaumont charge back at the juniors like a mad bull. But he didn't. He picked himself up, gasping for breath, and, with a deadly glance at the Fistical Four, he limped painfully away down the passage.

"Oh, my hat!" said Oswald of the Fourth.
"You take the cake, Jimmy Silver! You might be sacked for it, you know!"

"I don't think Beaumont will take it any further," said Jimmy. "If he does, we're ready." Now I'm going to burn his ashplant."

ready. Now I'm going to burn his ashplant."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
And in a few minutes the symbol of authority was crackling away merrily in the

grate in the end study.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Morny's Programme. Morny's Programme.

ENNY for 'em, Morny!"

Mornington of the Fourth was wearing a thoughtful took. Peele and Gower, his study-mates, regarded him curiously. Tea was just finished in Study No. 4, and Mornington had lighted a cigarette—his usual custom.

He looked at Peele, as he spoke, through a cloud of cigarette-smoke. There was a strange gleam in Mornington's dark, deep-set eyes.

eyes.
"I've been thinkin'," he remarked.
"You've been lookin' like a boiled owl for an hour or more," said Peele. "What's the row? Somethin' gone wrong with the geegees?"
"I'm not thinkin' about gee-gees," said Mornington. "I'm thinkin' about Jimmy

"Cheeky cad!" said Gower. "Fancy his handlin' Beaumont like that this afternoon! And Beaumont's lettin' the matter drop, it

"Well, he hasn'b much choice," said Peele, "well, he hasn't much choice," said reeie, with a grin. "The Head would come down on him like a hundred of bricks if he knew what a rotten bully he was. I wonder Newcome doesn't tell about him. I would."

And it wasn't Newcome put the jam in his slippers," grinned Gower. "I wonder who

did it?

"Somebody told Beaumont it was Newcome.

"I told him," said Mornington,
"By gad! You did?"
Mornington nodded calmly,

"I-I say, that was rather thick, Morny," said Peele uneasily. "The fellows would be awfully down on you for sneakin' if they brow." knew.

You can tell them if you like," said Morn-

ngton, with a sneer.
"I sha'n't do that, of course. But it was rather thick."

"I shall to that, of course. But it was rather thick."

"Beaumont's always been down on that study," said Mornington. "They're too cheeky for him. But I wanted to make him bitter—and, by gad, it's turned out better than I expected! He can't forgive them for bootin' him out of the study, with half the Fourth Form lookin' on. The fags are cacklin' over it no end, and Beaumont hardly dare show his face in public."

"But "—Peele looked very uncomfortable—"sneakin' is a bit thick. An' that chap Newcome Isn't such a bad sort, in his way. What are you down on him for?"

"I'm down on anybody who backs up Jimmy Silver. But I don't care twopence about Newcome. It was to get Beaumont more down than ever on Jimmy Silver that I did it. I know that cheeky cad would chip in!"

"But I don't see—"

it. I kno "But I

"But I don't see—"
"I've told you before that there isn't room at Rookwood for Jimmy Silver and me," said The Penny Popular.—No. 62.

Mornington between his set teeth. "One of Mornington between his set teeth. "One of us has got to go!"
"Yes, you've said so, but it's all rot. Jimmy Silver won't go to please you, I suppose,"
"I'm goin' to make him!"
"Make him leave Rookwood!" said Gower,

with a stare.

"Yes."
"You can't do it. He wouldn't leave Rookwood unless he had to; and he won't have to
unless he's sacked!"
"He's goin' to be sacked."
"Jimmy Silver—sacked!"
"You"

"You're talkin' out of your hat," said Peele. "Why should he be sacked? Come to that, you're more likely to be sacked than he is. If the Head knew you smoked, an' gambled, an' betted with bookmakers, an'

broke bounds-"The Head doesn't know, an' he won't know," said Mornington. "I know Jimmy Silver won't do anythin' to be sacked for. But it can be worked, an' I'm goin' to work

"Morny!"

"Shocked, I suppose?" sneered Mornington.
"I suppose you'd be as glad as I to see the
cad go? He's down on our set. We can't cad go? He's down on our set. We can't have a quiet game in the study—we can't get up a Form sweepstake—we can't do anythin' we want, so long as that prig is captain of the Fourth. A lot of fellows who would join our set are kept back by Jimmy Silver. He's down on smokin' an' card-playin', and havin' a good time generally. He keeps me out of the footer. An' he's captain of the Fourth.—an' I'm goin' to be captain of the Fourth.—I can't while he's here."

"But you can't do it," said Peele, who was rather pale now. "What rotten scheme have you got in your head now, Morny?"

"But you can't do it," said Peele, who was rather pale now. "What rotten scheme have you got in your head now, Morny?"
"Beaumont's goin' to help."
"Oh! That's why you've been suckin' up to Beaumont all this time."
"He's been suckin' up to me, you mean!" said Mornington scornfully. "He bets on geegees, an' he's got into scrapes, an' I've helped him out. He owes me more than ten quid."
"Beaumont does!" ejaculated, Peele. "You mean to say that a Sixth Form prefect borrows of you—a Fourth-Former!"
Mornington laughed mockingly.
"Beaumont would have borrowed of the

Mornington laughed mockingly.

"Beaumont would have borrowed of the Gentleman in Black himself to get out of his scrape," he said. "I knew from Joev Hook the fix he was in, an' I offered to lend him the money. He jumped at it. He's under my thumb now. If it came out that a prefect borrowed money in the Fourth, it would be bad for Beaumont."

would be bad for Beaumont."

"I fancy he would deny it," said Peele, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"He couldn't deny his signature on the I O U he gave me," said Mornington coolly.

"I didn't part with the money without his acknowledgment, of course. I can do what I like with Beaumont."

"But—but," Peele stammered, "Beaumont wouldn't join you in—in anythin' rotten against Silver!"

"Not after what's happened this afternoon?" sneered Mornington. "I fancy he'll jump at it. But he's got to, anyway."

jump at it. But he's got to, anyway,

Oh, Morny! "Oh, Morny!"
"I'm not goin' to tell you anythin' about
it," said Mornington, with a sneer. "You
needn't be afraid; you don't stand to risk
anythin'. But it's come to a finish between
Jimmy Silver and me. One of us has got
to go under—and it won't be me!"

The dandy of the Fourth threw his cigarette into the grate, and lounged out of the study.

Peele and Gower looked at one another, with almost scared faces.

"He means it!" muttered Gower.

with almost scared laces.

"He means it!" muttered Gower.
Peele drew a deep breath.

"I'd be glad to see Silver sacked!" he said.

"We've never had a show since the interferin' cad came to Rookwood! But—but I'm not goin' to have a hand in anythin' of the kind, I know that."

"Same here," said Gower. "I wish Morny luck; but he can leave me out. I'm not goin' to know anythin' about it."

Morny's pals were quite determined on that point. And, glad as they would have been to see their pal in Jimmy Silver's place as captain of the Rookwood Fourth, they could not help feeling anxious and uneasy. Well they knew Mørnington's reckless and unscrupulous character; but they knew Jimmy Silver, too, and they could not help feeling that it was probable that Jimmy would not, after all, get the worst of the contest.

A Precious Pair.

B EAUMONT of the Sixth looked up with a scowl as his door opened with a scowl as his door opened without a knock, and Mornington of the Fourth came in.

Beaumont was in a bad temper.

It was no light thing for a prefect of the Sixth to be "chucked" out of a junior study, and to let the matter drop. Beaumont dared not take it farther, lest worse should befall him, but he felt the humiliation keenly. All the juniors had heard of it, and were grinning over it. Bulkeley, the head-prefect, had spoken to him about it in rather plain language. And Beaumont had several troublesome aches and pains as souvenirs of his ensome aches and pains as souvenirs of his en-

some acres and pains as souvenirs of his en-counter with the Fistical Four. Altogether, he was in a Hunnish mood, and he scowled savagely at Mornington. "You cheeky fag, can't you knock at a

por?" he snapped. Mornington shrugged his shoulders, and

closed the door.

He did not stand on ceremony with Beaumont

Though one was in the Sixth and the other in the Fourth, there was a great deal in common between the two.

Both had manners and customs that they

did their best to keep strictly secret, and for which they would have been expelled if the Head of Rookwood had known them

better.

Beaumont was a "sportsman," as he called it, and an arrant blackguard, though probably not quite such a black sheep as the dandy of the Fourth.

There was this difference—that Mornington had more money than he ever wanted, and could afford to lose it, while Beaumont was sometimes in difficulties owing to unlucky speculations. And the prefect had more than once put his pride in his pocket, and accepted loans from the wealthy junior.

The obligation was an irksome one to him, and it did not make him feel grateful or affectionate towards Mornington,

But he was careful to keep civil, as a rule.

affectionate towards Mornington,
But he was careful to keep civil, as a rule,
It was in the power of the Sixth-Form prefect to help the rascully junior in many
ways—in giving him passes out of gates after
locking-up, and other ways. Beaumont did
that, and other things, with as good a grace
as he could. He disliked Mornington, and
feared him a little, junior as he was.
But the prefect was in so savage a temper
at the present moment that he forgot the
necessity of being civil to his creditor.
"You cheeky rat!" he exclaimed, starting
up. "Have you come here for a licking?
You've come to the right place."

He caught up a cane from his table.
Mornington looked at him with cool inso-

Mornington looked at him with cool inso-

"You can keep that for Jimmy Silver," he said. said. "Don't play the giddy goat, Beaumont. It won't pay with me!"
"You insolent young cad—"

"You insolent young cad—"
"Better language, please!" said Mornington, with a glitter in his eyes.
"By gad! Pil—"
"You'll put that cane down!" said Mornington. "I've come here on business. Per haps it would be convenient to settle up, Reaumort?" Beaumont?"

Beaumont flung the cane on the table.
"It wouldn't!" he growled. "Are you holding that over my head, you blackmailing
little scoundrel?"

Mornington laughed.

"The Sixth would have somethin' to say if

"The Sixth would have somethin' to say if they knew you raised loans among the fags," he remarked.
"You pressed your filthy money on me, and I was in a hole!" muttered Beaumont. "I was a fool to touch it. I know that now."
"You hadn't any choice. Joey Hook wouldn't have waited any longer for what you ewed him."
"Ho might I."

you owed him."

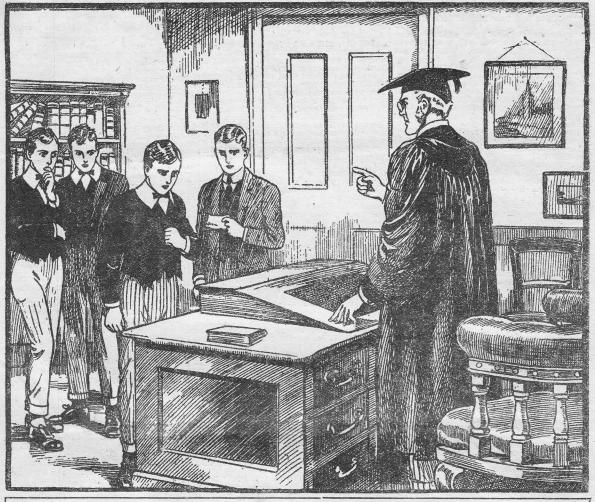
"He might. I—"

"He wouldn't. And he won't wait much longer for what you owe him still," said Mornington coolly—"not unless I ask him to. He won't do anythin' unless I ask him to. He won't do 'anythin' I don't want."

"I suppose he makes a good bit out of you?" sneered Beaumont, scating himself again. He realised that it would not do to allow himself the pleasure of licking the cad of the Fourth.

allow himself the pleasure of nexing the can of the Fourth.

"I dare say he does. I never count my money," said Mornington, with a touch of his usual purse-proud arrogance. "I can afford to pay up when I lose. You'd be in a hole again if Hook started worrying you for the money."



"Silver, I am inexpressibly shocked!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles' deep voice. "Wretched boy, you have ruined your-self and disgraced your school! Remain here until you are sent for by the Head to receive your sentence of expulsion from Rookwood!" (See page 18.)

I know that."

"I know that."
"I've asked him to go easy."
Beaumont bit his lip. He knew that he owed a respite to Mornington's good offices, but the humiliation made him writhe. There was anything but gratitude in the glance he gave the junior.
"Thank you!" he muttered. "About your money, I hope to be able to raise it in a week or two."
"You needn't trouble. I don't believe you

"You needn't trouble. I don't believe you

"You needn't trouble. I don't believe you could, anyway."
"Did you lend me the money thinking that I couldn't repay it?" sneered Beaumont. Mornington nodded.
"Certainly! I knew that you couldn't pay it. It suited me to be friendly." Beaumont gritted his teeth. Friendliness from a junior in the Fourth was a bitter pill for the Sixth-Former to swallow.
"It naid you to have a prefect to help

for the Sixth-Former to swallow.

"It paid you to have a prefect to help you in your rotten scrapes, you mean." he growled. "Well, I've done that. If you haven't come for your money, get out!"

"Never mind the money," said Mornington. "A tenner doesn't make any difference to me—or half-a-dozen tenners, for that matter. I could lend you the money to square right up with Joey Hook if I liked without missin' it."

"I know you're rollin' in it!" moved Bear.

"I know you're rollin' in it!" sneered Beaumont. "All Rookwood knows that. You let them hear enough about your money."

"Some of them are glad to get their fingers on it, anyway," said Mornington composedly. "You among the rest." "Look here—"
"But I haven't come here about that. It's about Jimmy Silver!"
Beaumont's eyes blazed.
"Hang Jimmy Silver! Don't talk to me

about the young hound!" he broke out furiously. "I'll make him suffer yet for his

"That's what I mean."

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Makin' Jimmy Silver suffer," said Mornington, with a gleam in his eyes.

"If you've come here sneaking, you can go somewhere else. You told lies about Newcome."

"You're up against Jimmy Silver," said Mornington, "so am I. I like him no more than you do."

than you do."
"I'm not up against a kid in the Fourth!"
said Beaumont, with an attempt at dignity.
"Don't talk cheeky rot!"
"You hate him," said Mornington calmly.
"Don't mount the high horse with me, Beaumont. It's no use, you know. Well, I'm up against him. He's been against me ever since I've heen here."

against him. He's been against me ever since I've been here—"
"Yes, I've heard about it. He's down on your rotten tricks!" snarled Beaumont.
"How would you like Jimmy Silver to be kieked out of Rookwood?" asked Mornington,

"I'd give a term's pocket-money to see it.
No chance of that, though."

'That's what's goin' to happen."

Beaumont bent forward, his eyes glistening.

"Do you mean to say that you know some-thing about Silver that he could be sacked for?" he muttered breathlessly. "By gad! Do you?"

"He's never done anythin' to be sacked for. He can't be made to. I've thought of that, and it's N.G. But somethin' could be put on him.'
"What rot!"

"And you're goin' to do it." . "What!"

"As a prefect, you're the man," said Mornington, with deadly coolness. "Jimmy Silver kicked you out of his study—"

"Hold your tongue, confound you!"

"And you can get level by havin' him kicked out of Rookwood," smiled Mornington.
"One good turn deserves another."

"I'd do it if I could, I suppose. But it's not possible. What silly rot have you got in your head?"

"I've thought it out. Suppose you had a five-pound note stolen from your study—"

"I haven't a five-pound note, you fool, and if I had, do you think Jimmy Silver would steal it, you idiot? You might!"

"I could find the fiver easily enough."

"Are you dotty?" said Beaumont savagely.
"You know well enough that Silver wouldn't touch it if I shoved it right under his nose! He's a cheeky cub, but he's not a thief."

"I know that. But if the fiver were found hidden in the linin' of his jacket, after you'd raised Cain about it bein' stolen, all Rookwood would believe that he was, a thief,"

Beaumont started violently.
"You confounded young scoundre!" he ex-

wood would believe that he was a thief,"
Beaumont started violently.
"You confounded young scoundrel!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "You dare to come and propose such a thing to me—a prefect, too!"
"Keep your week at "

prefect, too! "

"Keep your wool on!" said Mornington, unmoved. "I'm proposin' it to a gamblin' outsider, who'd be booted out of Rookwood himself if the Head knew what I could tell him. Don't put on virtuous airs with me. They won't go down. Keep your temper, unless you want your IOU to be pinned upon the wall of the Common-room for all Rookwood to see."

"You blackmailing young hound!" muttered Beaumont.

tered Beaumont.

Mornington laughed.

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"Did you enjoy bein' kicked out of Silver's udy?" he asked. study?" he asked.
"Will you hold your tongue?" hissed Beau-

mt.
"I'm only remindin' you what you owe
mmy Silver. You can pay your debt to
m, or your debt to me. Which do you

min, or your deet to me. Which do you prefer?"

"You know I can't pay you!"

"Exactly! But you can pay Jimmy Silver. Dash it all, you want to see the last of the meddlin' cad! You'll never hear the end of bein' kicked out of his study. The fags are eacklin' over it now. Tommy Dodd is makin' up a song about it, an' they're goin' to chant it under your window."

The prefect ground his teeth.

"You're not popular, you know," said Mornington calmly, "Twistin' fags' ears an' pinchin' their arms doesn't make you popular. They know you daren't take this matter before the Head, because he'd see how you used Newcome, and they're goin' to make the most of it—

My hat! There they are!"

Beaumont turned hastily to the window. In the quadrangle outside a crowd of juniors had gathered, and a buzz of voices floated

into the study.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Nice for Beaumont!

EAUMONT stared savagely from the BEAUMONT stared savagely from the study window.

A dozen or more juniors had gathered there—both Moderns and Classicals—of the Fourth and the Third. Prominent among them was Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth, with his chums, Tommiy Cook and Tommy Doyle. The three Tommies were grinning over a paper Dodd held in his band.

his hand,
"Now, all together when I give the signal!"

"Now, all together when I give the said Tommy Dodd, raising his hand.
"Beaumont's at home!" chuckle "There he is at the window!"
The juniors gave a yell.
"Yah! Bully!" chuckled Doyle.

The juniors gave a yell.

"Yah! Bully!"

Beaumont glared out at the crowd. At any other time he would have sallied forth with a cane. But the hapless bully was only anxious now for the affair to drop and be forgotten. He almost trembled at the thought of the Head's wrath if Dr. Chisholm should see the marks he had left on Newcome's back. The juniors had the upper hand for once, and they meant to let the bully of the Sixth understand it, Beaumont understood it only too well.

"Clear off, you fags!" he called from the window.

"Yah!"

Yah!" "Bully!"

"Rotter!"

"Rotter!"
"Go and eat coke!"
Moraington, keeping out of sight in the
study, grinned. Tommy Dodd's little demonstration could not have happened better for

stration count not have target in the purpose.

"Order!" rapped out Tommy Dodd. "We've come here to give Beaumont a serenade, not to yell. Now, then!"

"Will you clear off?" howled Beaumont.

"No fear!"

Vah!"

"Don't you like serenades, chuckled Oswald. "Go it!" And the fags began to chant: serenades. Beaumont?'

"Who's the rottenest bully in Rookwood?"
"Beaumont!" "Who was kicked out of Jimmy Silver's

Beaumont!"

"Who ought to be sacked from the school?"
"Beaumont!"

"Who's a sneak and a funk?"
"Beaumont!"

"Who smokes cigarettes in his study?"
"Beaumont!" Who's afraid to report us to the Head?"

"Beaumont!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Beaumont's face was white with rage. The Beaumont's face was white with rage. The merry fags were warming to their work, and their united voices rang across the quadrangle. Beaumont was in momentary dread of a master coming on the scene.

Fortunately for him, Bulkeley of the Sixth was in his study, and he threw up the window and looked out, frowning.

"Silence there!" he called out.

"Oh, really, Bulkeley, we're only serenading Beaumont!" sald Tommy Dedd, in an injured tone.

"Cut off at once!" said the captain of Rookwood, frowning. "Do you hear? I'll be out with a cane in two jiffies!".

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"I say, Bulkeley—"
"Cut off!" roared Bulkeley.
The juniors, greatly disappointed, cleared
ff. There was no gainsaying the captain of Rookwood.

Bulkeley, with a dark frown, slammed down bis window. Beaumont's humiliation was shared to some extent by all the Sixth, and the Rookwood captain felt it keenly.

Beaumont turned from his window, almost

Beaumont turned from his window, almost choking with rage. Mornington regarded him with a cynical grin.

"You've got a lot of that to expect till it blows over, or till Newcome's back gets well," he remarked. "Jimmy Silver's at the bottom of it, of course. You know, they'd never dare to back up like this without him."

Beaumont clenched his hands convulsively.

"I'll make the young hound suffer for it!" he muttered thickly.

"I'm showin' you the way!"

"Hang you!"

"It's as easy as rollin' off a form," said

"Hang you!"

"It's as easy as rollin' off a form," said Mornington. "You'll have to wait a few days till this blows over, that's all, and be a bit civil' to Jimmy Silver for a day or two, so there'll be no suspicion. Then you can be down on him before he gets up to some new trick against you."

"I can't do it. It—it's too risky!" muttered Beaumont.
"No risk for you."

"No risk for you."
"But—but about the banknote; if it's to be put somewhere-

Beaumont's scruples had evidently vanished, and he was thinking only of the possibilities and the risk.

and the risk.

"You won't have to do that," said Mornington, sinking his voice. "You'll simply miss the banknote—after takin' the number. There'll be a search, an' it will be found hidden about Jimmy Silver somewhere. You won't know how it got there."

"You mean, you will—"
"Never mind that. I guarnatee that the fiver turns up where it's wanted and when its wanted. That's enough for you."

"I shouldn't really know whether he'd stolen it or not, if it's like that," the Sixth-Former muttered.

stolen it or not, if it's like that," the Sixth-Former muttered.

"Of course you wouldn't," said Mornington, his lip curling. "In fact, you'd not know he had stolen it, unless he could explain, It's welcome to. He'll have a fair inquiry and strict justice."

"I—I'll think about it," muttered the prefect, passing his hand over his damp forehead.

head.
"Do!" said Mornington, rising. "Better think at the same time where you're goin' to get ten pound from to settle with me if you don't do as I suggest. And think, at the same time, how you're goin' to deal with Joey Hook when he puts the screw on, as he will at a tip from me."
"Get out of my study, you—you criminal!" said Beaumont hoarsely.
Mornington laughed, and lounged out of the study.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Missing Money.

LEST if I can catch on!" said Jimmy Silver. The captain

of the Rookwood

The captain of the kookwood Fourth was puzzled.

It was three or four days after the affair in the end study, and Beaumont of the Sixth had been reminded of that affair again and again till he was weary of the subject—

The Fistical Four had expected the prefect obe "down" on them with a more terrific down" than ever

To their amazement Beaumont had pulled in his horns, so to speak, in the most remark-

More surprising than all, he had told New-come that he was sorry he had licked him so

Beaumont's civility was amazing.

It really looked as if he had received good from the lesson the Co. had given him, and

from the lesson the Co. had given him, and had resolved to turn over a new leaf.

That was a possible explanation; but Jimmy Silver admitted that it was unlikely. Beaumont was too confirmed a bully to change his habits all of a sudden. Yet he had changed them—at least, so far as the Fistical Four were concerned.

And Jimmy Silver confessed that he did not earteh on.

catch on. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were puzzled,

"Well, if the cad's turning over a new leaf." remarked it will give our study a rest," ren Lovell. "Let's get down to the footer." remarked

"Beaumont asked me to fag at goal-prac-ce with him," said Jimmy. "Oh, my bat!" tice with him,

"Oh, my bat!"

"It he holds out the giddy olive-branch, I don't see why we need be rusty," said Newcome. "Better do as he asks."

"It's jolly good practice kicking goals against a Sixth Form player," said Jimmy. "Beaumont is a good goalle, too. He knows I'd like it But it beats me! The giddy lion has turned into a lamb, and no mistake!"
The juniors walked down to the football-ground. While Lovell & Co. went to Little Side, for practice with the juniors, Jimmy Silver crossed over to Big Side.

Beaumont was there, and he greeted him with a nod.

Beaumont was there, and he seeked with a nod.
"I'm ready, Beaumont, if you are," said Jimmy civilly.
Jimmy was not at all the sort of fellow to bear malice, and he was quite willing to forget old troubles.
"Thanks!" said Beaumont. "You're a very "Thinks!" said Beaumont. I think you'll

"Thanks!" said Beaumont. "You're a very smart kick at goal, Silver, and I think you'll be useful. Still, you're not my fag, and if you don't want—"

"I don't mind a bit; in fact, I'd like it." said Jimmy.
"Then run up to my study for my ball,"

'Right-ho!'

"Right-no!"
Jimmy cut off to the House, and Beaumont
threw off his coat and went into goal. Beaumont was hoping to keep goal for the first
eleven in the next match, and he was keen

eleven in the next match, and he was keen on practice.

Jimmy Silver played centre-half in the junior eleven, but he could play forward with distinction, and he was a deadly kick at goal. Even for a senior player it was good enough practice stopping Jimmy's shots. Still, it was an honour from a Sixth-Former and a member of the First Eleven, and it was very surpising from Jimmy's old enemy.

surpising from Jimmy's old enemy.

Jimmy returned with Beaumont's footer in a few minutes, and the practice began. Beaumont found that it was not easy to keep the leather out of goal, though he had only one player to defend against. Jimmy had a trick of changing his foot suddenly in the most unexpected way, which puzzled the goalkeeper. Bulkeley and Neville and Knowles paused to look on, and they grinned when the leather passed between the posts in spite of Beaumont's efforts.

Beaumont gave Jimmy a dark look.

Jimmy was doing his best; in his innocence he supposed that Beaumont would be glad of some really hard work in goal. But Beaumont was not at all pleased for the captain of Rookwood to see that he could not keep his citadel intact against a junior.

"That'll do!" said Beaumont curtly. "Take the ball to my study, Silver."

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy cheerily.

"You can't play Beaumont in goal, Bulkeley," Knowles was remarking as Jimmy Silver walked away with the ball. "Frampton's your man. I suppose you're not bent on putting in a Classical?" added Knowles, with a slight sneer.

"I shall put in the best goalkeeper, you can depend on that." answered Bulkeley, in Jimmy returned with Beaumont's footer in

a slight sneer.

"I shall put in the best goalkeeper, you can depend on that," answered Bulkeley, in his cheery way, apparently not noticing the Modern prefect's sneer. "Beaumont, old man, you'll have to buck up a bit if you're going to keep goal for the First. I should hardly have thought you'd let a fag beat you in goal."

Beaumont gritted his teeth. Beaumont gritted his teeth.

'It was really an accident, of course," he

"It was reary said."

"Oh, rot!" said Bulkeley. "Silver is a tricky little beggar; he beat you fair and square, and you oughtn't to have let him. You'll have to grind a bit at practice."

Beaumont walked away without replying,

Beaumont walked away without replying, his brow very dark.

He returned to his study.

His football lay there, where Jimmy Silver had replaced it. Beaumont closed the door, and paced to and fro in the study.

"He's been here, and nobody else with him," he muttered. "He can't deny that. And—and the banknote—when I say it's missing—". He wiped his brow with his hand-kerchief. "Hang him! Hang him! He's done me out of my chance for the First Eleven very likely! Hang him!"

Neville of the Sixth came into the study a little later, and found Beaumont at work

a little later, and found Beaumont at work at his table. "Busy?" asked Neville. "I was going to

remind you that you haven't paid your

sub."
"I told you this morning I hadn't any change," said Beaumont, without looking up.

"Unless you can change a fiver for me, I

"Unless you can change a fiver for me, I can't pay up."

"Just what I can do. I've brought the club funds along to change your giddy fiver!" grinned Neville. "Shell out, dear boy!"

"Right you are!"

Reaumont rose, and opened the table drawer. He fumbled in it, and then, with a startled looked, made a careful examination

a startled looked, made a careful examination in the drawer.
"That's queer," he said at last.
"What's queer?" asked Neville grimly.
"The—the fiver doesn't seem to be here."
"I thought that perhaps it mightn't be," said Neville drily. "Look here, Beaumont, if you can't pay up, I suppose I shall have to give you time; but don't spin me any fairy-tales, you know!" tales, you know!

Beaumont flushed.

"I don't know what you mean," he said hotly. "I had a fiver from my uncle, and it was in this drawer. I put it under a book for safety." safety.

for safety."

"Better have locked it up, I should think."

"I don't see why I should lock my money up. I suppose there isn't a thief at Rookwood, is there?"

"I hope not," smiled Neville. "Well, have another look, and let's see the merry fiver. I'm rather curious to see it."

Beaumont drew the drawer bodily out of the table, and turned it unside down. Then

Beaumont drew the drawer bodily out of the table, and turned it upside down. Then he went over the contents methodically, ex-amining each article separately. Neville watched him with growing impatience. The club secretary's opinion was that Beaumont was stony, and was going through a little comedy for his benefit.

"Well, can you find it?" he asked.

"It's not hara!"

"Well, can you find it?" he asked.

"It's not here!"

"Well, let me have your sub as soon as you can," said Neville, turning to the door.

"It isn't easy to keep accounts with fellows keeping their subs back half through the football season!"

"Hold on!" said Beaumont. "Look here, Neville, this is rather a serious matter. I left that banknote in the drawer. It was there when I went down to the footer this afternoon."

Neville turned back, and looked at him

Neville turned Dack, and solve sharply.

"Look here, Beaumont, did you really have a fiver, or is it some more of your blessed swank?" he asked bluntly.

"I tell you I had it from my uncle!" said Beaumont savagely. "I've got the number here in my pocket-book if you want to see it."

see it."

Neville appeared convinced.

"Well, if you had it, it must be here somewhere," he said briskly. "Better have a good look for it."

"It isn't here."

"It isn't here."
"Look in your pockets."
I left it in the drawer," said Beaumont.
"I looked at it before I went out to the footer. I was thinking of putting it in my pocket, but I decided not to. It was there

Neville's face became very grave.

"Do you mean to say that it's been taken,
Beaumont?"

"Isn't, it, plain

Beaumont?"

"Isn't it plain enough?" said Beaumont tartly. "It was here, and it isn't here now."

"That's jolly serious. You'd better have a pretty thorough search before you tell anybody you've missed money. I'll help you."

The two seniors made a search of the study. Beaumont turned out all his pockets

very carefully. But the banknote was not

"You say you had the number?" said Neville at last. "Here it is, in my pocket-book—0002468," said Beaumont.

said Beaumont.
"Better come with me and see Bulkeley about it. It's a rotten affair!"
Beaumont nodded, and, with a flushed face. followed Neville down the passage to the Rookwood captain's study.

# THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Under Suspicion.

ULKELEY heard the story with a grim brow.

"You could be story with a grim brow."

ULKELEY heard the story with a grim brow.

"You ought to have put your banknote in a safe place!" he growled when Beaumont had finished.

"The place was safe enough!" said Beaumont sullenly. "Nobody goes to that drawer but myself; and it was put under a book, too. Somebody must have heard me speaking to Neville about it, and must have taken it while I was on the footer-ground."

"Do you know whether anybody went to your study? Your fag—"

"My fag hasn't been there that I know of. He doesn't go there till tea-time."

"Anybody else?"

"I sent Silver of the Fourth there, to fetch my ball. He went there again to take it back after I'd finished."

Bulkeley started.

"Jimmy Silver?"

"Yes."

"He couldn't have touched it. I couldn't

"He couldn't have touched it. I couldn't believe that for a moment—I know the kid

Beaumont shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm not suggestin' anythin' of the sort!
You asked me whether anybody had been to

"Nobody."

"Nobody."

"A do and fro fi

"Nobody."

Bulkeley paced to and fro for some moments, his brow deeply contracted. The affair was bitterly annoying to the captain of Rookwood. The honour of the school was very dear to him, and the discovery that there was a thief at Rookwood came to him entre was a thief at Rookwood came to him as a great shock.

"And you're certain it was there?" he asked at last.

"I saw it just before I went down to the footer."

"To be quite plain, Beaumont, did you have a fiver at all? I don't want to offend you, but you're a bit given to swanking, and if you say you've lost a five-pound note, you'll be called upon to prove that you ever had one."

had one."

Beaumont bit his lip hard.

"I've got the number here," he said. "I always take the numbers of notes in case of accidents. And the note can't be found. It isn't much more than an hour since it was taken, and the thief can hardly have got rid of it yet. If Silver took it, he must still have it about him, I should think, unless he's gone cutt."

he's gone out."

Neville pointed to the window.

The Fistical Four were passing, going down towards the gates. Football practice was over, and the chums of the Fourth were going out.

Bulkeley hastily raised the window and

"Silver!"

"Hallo?" said Jimmy, turning round.

"Hallo?" said Jimmy, turning round.
"Come here."
"Yes, Bulkeley!"
Jimmy Silver & Ço. came up to the study window. Bulkeley's eyes searched the honest, frank face of the captain of the Fourth. It was not easy to fancy that that frank, cheery schoolboy could be guilty of theft.
"You were going out?" asked Bulkeley.
"Yes; down to Coombe. Anything I can do for you there?"
"Have you been out since you were fag-

do for you there?"
"Have you been out since you were fagging for Beaumont on Big Side?" "No; I've been at practice with the

"What are you going out for?" asked

"What are you going Bulkeley."

"Going down to Mrs. Wicks', in Coembe."
said Jimmy Silver. "We're going to have rather a spread in the study at tea this

time."
"Oh!" said Bulkeley. "You're go have a spread, are you?"
"Yes, I'm in funds."
Bulkeley started, and Beaumon Neville exchanged a quick glance.
"In funds?" repeated Bulkeley.
"Yes, rather; rolling in merry oof!"
"Where did you get it?"
Jimmy stared.
"Little boys standar!" eak energia. "You're going to

Beaumont, and

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions, you know!" said Jimmy, secure in the fact that he was outside and Bulkeley inside. "Still, I don't mind telling you, as you're a good boy. I've had a postal-order from my pater."

"Show me the postal-order, Silver," said Bulkelev.

"Certainly!" said Jimmy, in great wonder. He extracted a ten-shilling postal-order from his pocket, and held it out for inspection.

"All serene!" said Bulkeley, greatly re-eved. "You haven't any money beside lieved.

this?"
"Yes, rather! One-and-a-tanner!" said
Jimmy. "If you're on the rocks, Bulkeley,
the tanner's at your service."
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.
The idea of the high-and-mighty captain
of Rookwood borrowing sixpence from a
Fourth-Former tickled them.

"Bourth-Former teckled them.
"Bon't be a cheeky young asst" said Bulkeley, with a smile. "There's something rather serious happened, Silver; that's why I'm asking you questions. Don't rum away with the idea that I suspect you—I don't."
"Suspect me!" ejaculated Jimmy.
"Beaumont has missed money from his study."

study."
"Wha-a-a-at!"

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"And as you went there, I'm bound to question you. That's all."

Jimmy Silver drew a 'deep breath.

"That's all right. Bulkeley! Fire away with your questions!" he said. "I know you wouldn't be rotter enough to think I'd touched Beaumont's money."

Bulkeley coughed.

"Did you go to Beaumont's table drawer?"

"Did you go to Beaumont's table drawer?"
"Of course I didn't."
"Did you know he had a five-pound note there?

"No!"
"Did you know he had a five-pound note at all?"
"I dare say I did, if I'd thought of it," said Jimmy. "I heard Beaumont speaking to Neville about it this morning in the pas-



# "The Hooded Wan!" New Tales of Robin Hood. A Grand, Complete Story Paper. The Penny Popular.—No. 62.

THE PENNY POPULAR .-

that drawer?"

"Not at all. Never knew anything about his money, and never cared twopence for it, or for Beaumont either!"

Beaumont gritted his teeth at that remark. Bulkeley paused. Jimmy Silver had answered his questions freely and frankly, and it seemed absolutely impossible to suspend the seemed absolutely impossible the seemed absolutely impossible the seemed absolu

and it seemed absolutely impossible to suspect him.

"Well, you'd better not go out, Silver," said Bulkeley at last. "You see, it wouldn't do till this is cleared up. Go to your study and wait till I come. I must speak to Mr Bootles about what's to be done."

"Hold on!" broke in Beaumont. "I don't say Silver had the note—I don't even suggest it. But if he has it, he's got it about him, and was going out to change it, I should say. Let somebody go with him to his study, and see that he doesn't get rid of it."

"You can all come if you like,' said Jimmy Silver disdainfully. "I'll eat all the banknotes you find about me!"

"It's just, as well," said Bulkeley. "Don't think you're suspected, Silver; you're not. But you can see for yourself that we've got to go into the matter."

"Oh, yes; that's all right, Bulkeley! 1

to go into the matter."

"Oh, yes; that's all right, Bulkeley! I don't want to get out of your sight. One of you can escort me home!" grinned Jimmy.
"Will you jump out of the window, or shall I jump in? Any old thing!"

Bulkeley laughed.
"You jump in!" he said.
"Right-ho!"

"Right-ho!

Jimmy Silver clambered in lightly at the udy window.

Jimmy Silver clambered in lightly at the study window.

"Take him to his study, Neville, will you, and stay with him a bit till Mr. Bootles comes," said Bulkeley.

"Come on, Silver!" said Neville.

"I'm your man!" said Jimmy Silver cheerful.

And he followed Neville from the study.
And Bulkeley and Beaumont proceeded to seek the master of the Fourth.

### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Quilty !

IMMY SILVER'S chums joined him in

The end study,
Neville of the Sixth sat down on the table, very quiet and grave. But the chums of the Fourth were not very grave.
They did not take the matter seriously at

They did not take the matter seriously at all.

Indeed, the only trouble they had just them was that they were hungry after footer practice, and that this affair meant putting off tea indefinitely.

There were footsteps in the passage, and Mr. Bootles entered the study, followed by Bulkeley and Beaumont.

"Ahem! Silver," he said, "this is a most unpleasant occurrence—most unpleasant by the horsened.

"Anem! Silver," he said, "this is a most unpleasant occurrence—most unpleasant! What—what! It appears that a banknote has been taken from a drawer in Beaumont's study, and nobody but yourself is known to have entered the room during his absence. I cannot suspect for a single moment that you are guilty of theft, Silver."

"Thank you, sir!" said Jimmy.

"Thank you, sir!" said Jimmy.

"But Beaumont thinks—and I think—that as you were in the study alone about the time the note disappeared, it would be judicious to deal with you first of all. Bear in mind, Silver, that it is for your own sake."

"I understand that, sir."

"You have no objection, then, to being searched, Silver?" asked Mr. Bootles, blinking of him.

ing at him.

Jimmy flushed a little.

"Not at all, sir, if you think it best," he

said.

"For your own sake, Silver, it should be established as quickly as possible that the banknote is not in your possession. This can only be done by a search."

"Very well, sir."

"Bulkeley, may I request you make a search of Silver's person? A most unpleasant duty, Bulkeley—most unpleasant. Ahem! But we are all called upon to perform unpleasant duties at times."

"I will do as you ask, sir," said Bulkeley reluctantly.

I will do as you ask, sit, said Bulkeley, reluctantly.

It was, as the Form-master remarked, an unpleasant task, but it had to be done, and Bulkeley stepped forward. He ran his hands through Jimmy Silver's pockets.

"The lining is split in your pocket, Silver,"

he said. e said.
"Is it?" said Jimmy. "These things will
THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 62.

sage. I couldnt help it, as he spoke right, happen, you know, Bulkeley. I dare say you under my nose."

"Did you know Beaumont kept money in that drawer?"

"Not at all. Never knew anything about its result and the spoke right, as he spoke right, happen, you know, Bulkeley. I dare say you had gammy pockets sometimes when you were in the Fourth."

"Ahem! Ahem!" said Mr. Bootles.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bulkeley sud-

dcnly.

A crisp rustling had caught his ear, faint but unmistakable, as he felt methodically over the jacket to make sure that nothing was concealed under the lining.

He groped carefully, and his fingers closed upon rustling paper. His face was quite pale with the shock.

Jimmy Silver started. The expression on Bulkeley's face startled and scared him.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "You haven't found anything in my jacket—I

haven't jacketfound anything in my know that!

"Bulkeley," panted Lovell, "what are you looking like that for? What's the matter?"
Raby and Newcome stood as if frozen.
There was only one possible significance in Bulkeley's strange look.
The Rookwood captain's hand came into view from the lining of the jacket. In the fingers was a rustling banknote.

Jimmy Silver gazed at it, speechless. His chums gazed at it, scarcely believing their eves.

that five

"Is—is—is that a five pound note, Bulkeley?" stuttered Mr. Bootles.

"Yes, sir."

"Silver, you did not tell me that you had a banknote of your own——"
"I—I hadn't!" stammered Jimmy. "I—I

never had five-pound notes. That—that note isn't mine."

isn't mine."
"Oh, Jimmy!" groaned Lovell.
"The number will settle it, sir," said Beaumont. "This is a shock to me. I have the number of my note here."
"Read it out, Beaumont," said Mr. Bootles, in a shaken voice.
The prefect read it out in a voice that was

not steady: "0002468."

ood2468." "And the number on that note, Bulkeley?"
Bulkeley looked at it.
"0002468," he said.
"Then it is Beaumont's note," said Mr.
ootles, "You may give it to him, Bootles

Bulkeley." The captain of Rookwood silently passed the note to Beaumont.

There was a dreadful silence in the study.

There was a dreadful silence in the study. All eyes were fixed upon Jimmy Silver. Jimmy stood white as death, his eyes almost wild. He had caught at the edge of the table to steady himself.

His brain was reeling. He staggered against the table, panting, as he read the grim condemnation in the faces around him. He came to himself, out of a mist, as it were, to hear Mr. Bootles' deep voice:

"Silver, I am inexpressibly shocked! I have been deceived in vou—grossly deceived!

"Silver, I am inexpressibly shocked! I have been deceived in you—grossly deceived! Wretched, wretched boy! What possessed you to do this? And to maintain an appearance of innocence—of unconcern? Good heavens, is it possible that such baseness and duplicity can exist in one so young? Wretched boy, you have ruined yourself and disgraced your school! Remain here till you are sent for by the Head to receive your sentence of expulsion from Rookwood!"

Jimmy's voice came, broken and unnatural, through his dry lips.

"Mr. Bootles, I never did—— I don't know———I——"

With a contemptuous gesture the Form-master swept from the study. Beaumont fol-lowed him quietly. "Bulkeley!" Jimmy Silver's voice was almost a shrick. "Bulkeley, you don't be-lieve—"

Bulkeley left the study with Neville. He

Bulkeley left the study with Nevine. He did not answer.
Jimmy Silver groaned. Bulkeley, who had always been kind to him, believed him guilty. What else could he believe?
But his chums—his own chums!
Jimmy Silver turned his eyes on them in vague terror. Would they believe him?
"Lovell—" he said hüskily.
"The Jimmy!"

"Lovell—" he said huskily.

"Oh, Jimmy!"
Lovell could say no more. Raby groaned, and Newcome fairly broke down.

Jimmy Silver looked at them, and was dumb. For at that moment the iron entered into his very soul. His chums—his own loyal chums—believed him guilty; and in that terrible moment the very sun of heaven was blotted out to Jimmy Silver.

"THE END.

(Another splendid, long, complete story of the chums of Rookwood will appear in next Friday's Penny Popular. Order your copy at lonce.)

# Figgins Pulls It Off! A SHORT STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

"Go it, New House!" Get a move

on!"
There was a crowd of St. Jim's juniors on Little Side, intently watching a keenly-contested game of football. The game was rather a special one; it was a match between the School House juniors, led by Tom Merry of the Shell, and the New House juniors, led by George Figgins of the Fourth. It was the last junior match of the term, and interest in it ran high.

In it ran high, Suddenly there was a roar. Tom Merry received the ball by a neat pass from Jack Blake, and was off like a flash. He was through the halves, and then, just as Kerr, the sturdy New House back, was about to tackle him, he passed out to D'Arcy on the

tackle num, no wing, "Bai Jove!" gasped D'Arcy.

He raced down the wing, put in a beautiful centre, and Tom Merry banged it into the nct, giving Fatty Wynn in goal no chance at all.

"Goal!"

"Goad old Tommy!"

" Hurrah!

Monty Lowther patted his captain on the

back.
"Good man, Tommy! That puts us two

"Good man, Tommy! That puts us two up!"
"It was Gussy's goal as much as mine!" panted Tom Merry. "We're all over 'em, Monty, though! It'll be half-time in about five minutes, and then we shall be playing with the wind, and we're two goals to nil now!" "We've got 'em set this time, I think!"
replied Lowther, chortling.
Figgins & Co. looked very downcast as they
lined up for the kick-off.

"Blest if I know what's the matter with us!" murmured the lanky chief of the New House juniors to his chum, Kerr. "We look like getting a record licking!" "Buck up, old man, for goodness' sake!" admonished Kerr anxiously.

Figgins, who certainly was not playing up to his usual form, kicked off, to the accom-paniment of derisive shouts from the touch-

paniment of derisive shouts from the touch-line.
"You're no good, Figgy!"
"Better give up footer, old man!"
"School House wins!"
Half-time came, with no addition to the score, in spite of the efforts of the New House forwards.

Figgins and his men were looking very glum as they crossed over to face the wind for the second half, with a score of two goals against

"I wathah think we are pwovin' too much "I wathan think we are pwovin' too much for you this journay, Figgay!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with much satisfaction, as he crossed the field. "What you want to do is to buck up, you know, deah boy!"

"A few kind words from a fellow of tact and judgment!" murmured Lowther, with a

grin. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Oh, rats!" muttered Figgins. "We'll give you a tussle this half, anyway!"
"Wind's with us," said Herries of the Fourth, who was a member of the School House team, with a shake of the head. "You can't do it, Figgy!" repeated Figgins crossly.

"Oh, rats!" repeated Figgins crossly.

"What's up?" said Herries.
"By Jove! There—there's cousin Ethel!"
"Cousin Ethel!"

"Cousin Ethel!" There was a general exclamation from the players, and all heads were turned in the direction of Figgy's glance.

The figure of Mrs. Locke, the headmaster's wife, was seen walking towards the touchline from the direction of the Head's house, and with her was the slight, girlish figure of Ethel Cleveland, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's pretty cousin.

She was a great favourite with all the best of the St. Jim's juniors, by whom she was universally known as "Cousin Ethel." They all envied D'Arcy the possession of such a cousin, and most envious of all was George Figgins.

Figgy's rugged face went quite pink for some reason as he gazed towards her across the footer-field. "Bai Jove!" remarked Arthur Augustus

D'Arcy. "There's Cousin Ethel! She has just wun down to see me for the aftahnoon, I expect. I had no ideah she was comin'!"

"We must get her into the study for tea after the match," said Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah! We'll eelebwate our victowy ovalt the New House, you know!"

"Ha, ha! Yes, that's a good idea, Gussy!"
Figgins looked glum.

"And if we win, she can go to our study, to celebrate our victory, I suppose?" he asked casually.

"Weally, Figgins, you're hardlay likely to win this match, deah boy!"

"But if we do?" persisted Figgins.

"But if we do?" persisted Figgins.
"If you do, you can ask her, of course—she will come!" grinned Arthur Augustus.

Pheep!
The whistle blew, and the teams lined up ofor the kick-off.

The New House team were facing great odds. They were two goals down, and had the wind against them. But one at least of their team faced the odds like a giant refreshed. The presence of Cousin Ethel on the touchline somehow seemed to make a great difference to George Figgins.

And Figgy, when he was really in form, was a factor to be reckoned with on the football-field.

football-field.

He played now like one possessed. A change came o'er the spirit of the New House team's football.

Figgins, from his place at centre-forward, spurred his men on to almost superhuman efforts. Within two minutes of the start of the second half he got a chance, dashed forward, dribbled cleverly past Herries at back, and banged the leather into the net.

"Good old Figgy!"

"New House for ever!"

"New House for ever!"

Perhaps it was the delighted shouts of the New House fellows on the touchline that brought a flush to Figgy's rugged countenance as he trotted back to the centre of the field. Or perhaps the cry of "Well played, Figgins!" that came to his quick ears in Cousin Ethel's clear tones had something to do with it to do with it

At any rate, after the kick-off Figgins redoubled his efforts. As Kerr said afterwards, he worked like a Trojan, ran like a hare, and passed like an angel. So it was not surprising that the combination of these remarkable qualities proved irresistible.

markable qualities proved irresistible.

The fact remains, however, that before another quarter of an hour had passed the lanky captain of the New House juniors had scored two more goals for his side!

The cheers of the New House juniors woke the ceboes, and it was the turn of Tom Merry & Co. to look grim.

"It's quite time we got another goal!" said Tom Merry decidedly to Monty Lowther, as he prepared to kick off again. "And watch that lanky New House bounder! Blessed if I know what's come over him this half! He's dangerous!" But Figgy had taken counsel with his long-

But Figgy had taken counsel with his long-headed Scottish chum.

"Defence, my son!" said the delighted Kerr, clapping his leader on the back. "We must play a defensive game now for all we're worth!"

And the word passed round the New House team; and right nobly did they respond.

Tom Merry & Co. played up like herges. Time after time they ran the ball up the field towards the New House citadel. Half a dozen times Fatty Wynn, the stout Welsh

custodian, was called upon to defend his goal. But he proved equal to every demand made upon him. The attacks of the School House forwards, hot as they were, were staved off by the stout defence of the New House backs. And when the final whistle went the score was unchanged. New House, 3; School House, 2.

Figgins had pulled it off!

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Tom Merry, as the players streamed off the field after the hard-fought game. "That was a corker! I thought we had the match in hand at half-time, I must say!"

"It was Figgy did it. Blessed if I know what came over him!" said Lowther.

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who seemed much mystified, as well as a little crestfallen. "He played up like a blessed Trofan aftah half-time!"
"After your Cousin Ethel came on the scene!" said Tom Merry,

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, what has that to do with the mattah?" inquired Arthur Augustus in surprise.

But in reply Tom Merry only grunted.

But in reply Tom Merry only grunted. Figgins, radiant, lost no time in claiming Cousin Ethel as his guest to tea in his study, to celebrate the great New Heuse victory. Somewhat to D'Arcy's surprise, Cousin Ethel seemed loth to accept Figgy's )invitation. But as Figgins, in the generosity of his heart, asked Arthur Augustus and his chums, as well as Tom Merry & Co., to be his guests also, complete harmony was restored, and it was a very merry party that sat down to tea in Figgy's study, with Cousin Ethel as the guest of honour.

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