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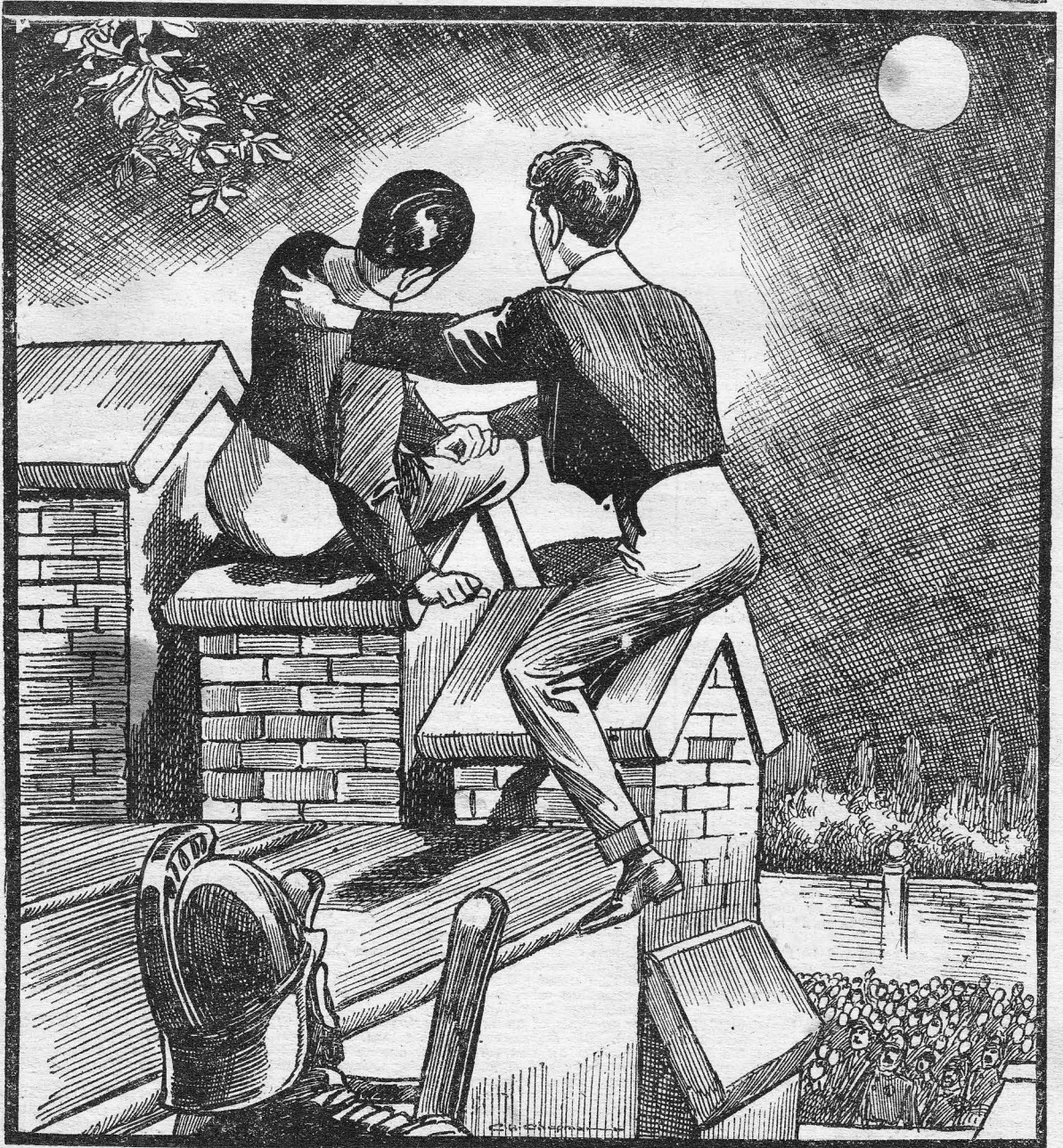
The  
**Penny**  $1\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>D</sup>  
**Popular**

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**COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES OF THE BEST.**



**DENNIS CARR RESCUES THE SLEEP-WALKER!**  
*(A Thrilling Incident in This Week's Splendid School Story).*



# “HAZELDENE’S HONOUR!”

A Magnificent,  
Long, Complete  
Story of  
HARRY  
WHARTON  
& CO.  
of Greyfriars.

.. By ..

**FRANK  
RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Wharton Makes a Discovery.

**T**HIS is too awful for words!” Harry Wharton sat up in his bed in the Remove Dormitory, with his hand pressed to his cheek. He had been awakened by a violent attack of toothache—an ailment from which Wharton very seldom suffered—and the pain was so intense that he knew he would be unable to get to sleep again unless he obtained relief of some sort.

“I’ll make a point of going to the dentist to-morrow,” muttered the captain of the Remove. “Meanwhile, how am I to keep this beastly molar from aching?”

Wharton then recollected that Johnny Bull kept some toothache balm in his study.

“I’ll nip down and get it,” murmured the sufferer.

Boom!

It was the first stroke of midnight sounding from the old clock-tower.

An excursion to Study No. 9 in the Remove passage at dead of night was anything but a pleasant prospect. But desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and it was quite probable that Johnny Bull’s toothache balm would bring instant relief. Wharton had heard Johnny speak of its wonderfully soothing properties.

Stepping out of bed, Wharton put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and hurried from the dormitory.

It was a moonlight night, and the junior had no difficulty in getting to his destination.

The toothache balm was on the mantel-piece in Johnny Bull’s study. Wharton rubbed some of the stuff into his cheek, according to the directions, and he was delighted to find that the pain was alleviated at once. It had practically disappeared by the time Wharton arrived back in the Remove dormitory.

And now, as he passed between the rows of beds, the junior noticed that one of them was unoccupied.

Wharton halted, and glanced at the empty bed with a frown.

“Hazeldene’s absent from the dorm!” he muttered. “The mad fool! This isn’t the first time he’s broken bounds, but it’s jolly well going to be the last! I’ll wait up for him and give him a piece of my mind when he comes in!”

So saying, Wharton seated himself on Hazeldene’s bed.

The captain of the Remove was annoyed and exasperated.

Some weeks before the foolish and weak-willed Hazeldene had broken bounds at night, and had indulged in a “little flutter” with Ponsoby & Co., the cads of Highcliffe.

Fortunately, the escapade had not been brought to the notice of the authorities, or Peter Hazeldene’s school career would have come to a sudden full-stop.

On that occasion Harry Wharton had exacted a solemn promise from Hazeldene that he would not break bounds again.

“The fellow’s promises aren’t worth that much!” growled the captain of the Remove, with a contemptuous flick of his fingers.

It was not for Hazeldene’s sake that Harry Wharton kept this midnight vigil waiting for the errant junior to come in. It was for the sake of Hazel’s sister Marjorie.

Wharton had promised Marjorie that he would endeavour to check any acts of folly and waywardness on her brother’s part.

It was a promise difficult of performance, for Wharton could scarcely be expected to keep an eye on Hazeldene by night as well as by day.

The junior for whom Wharton was waiting was a curious character. He was neither wholly black nor wholly white, but a dingy grey. He could scarcely be classed as an utter cad, like Skinner; at the same time, it would be a misnomer to call him a decent fellow. His decency was spasmodic. He would go straight for a time, only to break out again just as his school-fellows were beginning to hope that his reformation was complete.

Weak and easily led, Hazeldene had repeatedly got into the clutches of Ponsoby & Co. He did not like Cecil Ponsoby, but he was strangely fascinated by him. And there could be little doubt that he was in Ponsoby’s company at the present moment, smoking or gambling, or perhaps both.

Harry Wharton told himself grimly that Hazeldene must be forcibly dragged from the path of dishonour, for Marjorie’s sake.

The Cliff House girl would be deeply grieved—heartbroken almost—if her brother was expelled from Greyfriars.

For upwards of an hour Wharton sat and waited. But Hazeldene did not return.

The night air was very chilly, despite the time of year; and at length, feeling cramped in every limb, Wharton decided that he would get back to bed and await Hazeldene’s return under more comfortable conditions.

But, although he propped himself up on the pillows and tried hard to banish all thought of sleep from his mind, Wharton

dropped into a doze, and the doze developed into a sound slumber.

When the captain of the Remove awoke the rising-bell was clanging out its shrill summons.

“Out you get, Harry!” said Bob Cherry boisterously. “It’s a glorious morning!”

But the glory of the morning failed to interest Wharton at that moment. He glanced towards Hazeldene’s bed, and saw that Hazel was up and dressing.

There was nothing unusual in the junior’s manner. His colour was normal and healthy, and he certainly did not appear to have been indulging in anything approaching dissipation. He was humming a merry tune as he dressed.

Wharton frowned and stepped out of bed.

“Hazeldene!” he exclaimed.

“Hallo?”

“I want an explanation from you!”

Hazeldene looked genuinely astonished.

“You’re talking in riddles, Wharton,” he said. “What have I got to explain?”

“Where you went and what you did during the night.”

“My dear fellow,” said Hazeldene, “I haven’t budged from my bed until now!”

“Don’t tell lies!” said the captain of the Remove sternly.

Hazeldene flushed.

“You’ve no right to say that,” he said indignantly. “I stated a fact!”

“You might call it a fact. I prefer to call it a first-class fib!”

“What’s all the rumpus about, Wharton?” inquired Dennis Carr.

Wharton explained.

“I woke up in the middle of the night with toothache,” he said. “I went downstairs and borrowed Johnny Bull’s balm—”

There was a growl of protest from Johnny Bull.

“And when I got back to the dorm I noticed that Hazeldene’s bed was empty.”

“You noticed nothing of the sort!” said Hazeldene warmly. “You must have been dreaming, Wharton!”

“Don’t try and brazen it out!” said the captain of the Remove angrily. “I saw your bed empty in fact—not in imagination! I wonder you’ve got the cheek to deny that you were out of bounds!”

“Out of bounds!” repeated Hazeldene, in bewilderment.

“Yes.”

“But I tell you I haven’t budged!”

“Might as well admit that you’ve been out

the razzle, Hazel," said Frank Nugent. "There's no sense in telling whoppers!" "I'm not telling whoppers!" shouted Hazeldene in exasperation. "If I had broken bounds I shouldn't be afraid to admit it. I can't think why Wharton should trump up this charge against me. It's jolly unfair!"

"Rats!" "You know it's true, Hazeldene!" "And it's like your cheek to deny it!" Hazeldene seemed to have no backing amongst his Form-fellows. They appeared to believe Wharton's version absolutely.

"Who were you with last night?" chanted Skinner. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can make a jolly good guess whom he was with," said Johnny Bull. "He had an appointment with Ponsonby & Co., of Highcliffe."

Wharton nodded. "That's about it," he said. "He's been trying to paint the town red—or, rather, the village."

Hazeldene was almost beside himself with passion.

"It's not true!" he exclaimed. "Wharton must have seen another bed empty, and jumped to the conclusion that it was mine."

"Considering I sat down for over an hour on the bed in question," said the captain of the Remove, "I ought to know whose it was!"

"I'm surprised and shocked at you, Hazel!" said Billy Bunter. "You should take your cue from me, and always tell the plain, unvarnished truth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Talk about the pot calling the kettle black!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "I've only heard you tell the truth once, Buntie, and that was a pure fluke!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Harry Wharton moved a step nearer to Hazeldene.

"I shall take no action in the matter this time," he said. "But if you break bounds again you'll know what to expect. You'll be punished at the hands of the whole Form. I promised Marjorie I'd keep an eye on you and see that you didn't drift back into caddish, low-down ways, and I mean to keep my promise!"

"Look here—"

"I've nothing more to say," said Wharton. "But I have!" cried Hazeldene wrathfully. "You've no cause to bring this accusation against me. I've not broken bounds. I've not bugged from the dorm—"

"Draw it mild, Hazel!" said Vernon-Smith. "It's your word against Wharton's, and I think we know whose to take!"

"Yes, rather!" Hazeldene bit his lip, and was silent. And the majority of the fellows turned their backs upon him and continued to dress. There was no shadow of doubt in their minds as to Hazeldene's guilt.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Dennis Carr Investigates.

**H**AZELDENE of the Remove spent a melancholy morning. He ate no breakfast, and he was sullen and sulky during morning school lessons.

"Is anything the matter with you, Hazeldene?" demanded Mr. Quelch, who had glanced curiously at the junior on several occasions.

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"I'm fed-up!" growled Hazeldene.

"Boy! How dare you make use of such an opprobrious expression!"

"I'm sick to death of this show!" said Hazeldene. And the class marvelled at his audacity. "I wish my pater would take me away!"

"Hazeldene!"

"A fellow's never given a fair chance here, sir!"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"I do not know what your particular grievance is, Hazeldene," he said, "and I have no wish to know. I am of the opinion that it exists solely in your imagination. You have the same chances and opportunities as your schoolfellows, and you have absolutely no cause to represent yourself as hard done by."

"I'm always being blamed for other fellows' faults as well as my own, sir!"

"Be silent, Hazeldene! I refuse to listen to such foolish talk. Your behaviour this morning has been most impertinent. You ate no breakfast, and you have not been paying attention to the lesson."

"I—"

"If you utter another word, Hazeldene, I shall cane you!"

"Beastly tyrant!" muttered Hazeldene. Mr. Quelch gave a jump.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

The juniors expected Hazeldene to evade the question or to make a false reply. Instead of which he said:

"I called you a beastly tyrant, sir!"

A murmur of astonishment ran round the class.

Hazeldene was usually regarded as a hopeless funk; but there was nothing funky about his present attitude. Not many fellows would have dared to call Mr. Quelch a tyrant to his face.

The Remove-master's face grew very stern. He took a cane from his desk and beckoned to Hazeldene.

"Stand out before the class, sir! I will not tolerate such impudence!"

Hazeldene stepped out from his place.

"Hold out your hand!" snapped Mr. Quelch. Swish, swish, swish!

Hazeldene uttered no sound as the cane bit into his palm. And the class marvelled more and more. This was a new Hazeldene!

The victim received three stinging cuts on each hand, and was sent back to his place.

All through the morning Hazeldene was in a state of defiance, and he was very fortunate to escape a further castigation.

When lessons were over, however, the fit of defiance passed, and Hazeldene broke down completely. He sat down on one of the old benches under the elms, and buried his face in his hands.

Dennis Carr, on his way to the tuckshop for refreshment, caught sight of Hazeldene, and hurried towards him.

Dennis had known what it was to be down and out, and he could sympathise with a fellow-being who was in that plight.

"What's the trouble, Hazel?" he asked quietly.

Hazeldene looked up. There were tears in his eyes, and he seemed genuinely distressed.

"Leave me alone, Carr!" he muttered.

"There's no need to taunt me—"

"I'm not going to taunt you, you silly duffer! I want to help you, if I can!"

"You mean that?"

"Of course!"

Hazeldene looked grateful.

"That's jolly decent of you, Carr!" he said.

"But I don't see what you can do to get me out of this mess. I've got the whole Form against me—"

"Over last night's affair, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll give you a piece of sound advice. Make a clean breast of the fact that you broke bounds—"

"But I didn't!"

Dennis frowned.

"You mean to persist in that lie?"

"It isn't a lie. I didn't budge from the dorm last night. I swear it!"

Dennis Carr was impressed by the earnestness with which the denial was uttered.

"You give me your word of honour that you didn't break bounds?"

"I give you my word of honour!" said Hazeldene solemnly. And he met Dennis Carr's searching gaze unflinchingly.

"But Wharton said that your bed was empty; and he's not the sort of fellow to tell a deliberate whopper."

"He must have made a mistake."

Dennis shrugged his shoulders.

"I can hardly understand him making a mistake of that sort," he said. "Will you assure me positively that you didn't meet Ponsonby last night?"

Hazeldene promptly gave the assurance.

"You can go and ask Pon, if you like," he said.

"I think I will," said Dennis. "It's just possible that a mistake has been made. And if that's the case, it's only fair that you should be put right in the eyes of the Form."

"Quite melodramatic, isn't he?" chuckled Gadsby.

"Let's have your question, Carr," said Ponsonby, whose curiosity was roused.

"Was Hazeldene with you last night?"

"No."

"You didn't see anything of him?"

"Not even his shadow!" said Pon cheerfully. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he's been accused of going on the razzle with you."

"My dear fellow," said Ponsonby, "we haven't been on the razzle for weeks! Turned over a new leaf, haven't we, kidlets?"

"Absolutely!" said Vavasour.

"You didn't go out last night?" asked Dennis.

"We were tucked up in our little beds at ten o'clock," said Ponsonby, "and we remained there, blissfully sleepin', until risin' bell."

"Thanks!" said Dennis. "That's all I wanted to know."

And he remounted his machine and cycled back to Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. were standing by the school gateway when Dennis returned.

"Been for a spin, Carr?" asked Bob Cherry. Dennis nodded.

"I've been making inquiries," he said, "and it seems that you've made a mistake, Wharton. Hazeldene wasn't out of bounds last night."

"Rats! He was keeping company with Ponsonby right enough."

"But I've just met Pon and questioned him. And he denied seeing anything of Hazeldene."

"Of course he would!" said Nugent. "Pon and Hazel are hand-in-glove!"

"They've a mutual agreement to shield each other if any awkward questions are asked," said Johnny Bull.

"I've spoken to Hazel," said Dennis Carr, "and he gave me his word of honour that he didn't leave the dorm last night."

"What is his word of honour worth?" asked Wharton contemptuously.

"Exactly nix!" said Bob Cherry.

"I believe Hazel was telling the truth," said Dennis slowly.

"In other words," said Wharton, with a flash of anger, "you believe I was telling a lie?"

"Not at all. I simply think you made a mistake."

"But Hazel's bed was empty—"

"You probably mistook somebody else's bed for his."

"I did nothing of the sort! Hazeldene was out of bounds last night, and nothing will convince me that he wasn't!"

It was Dennis Carr's turn to get angry.

"You're doing the kid an injustice!" he exclaimed. "You've got him into bad odour with the Form—you're making his life a misery—and all the time he's innocent!"

"On his own showing, and on Ponsonby's," said Nugent.

"And both are telling lies!" said Johnny Bull, in his blunt way.

"It may suit you to pose as a champion of the oppressed, Carr," said Harry Wharton, "but I should find a more deserving case than Hazeldene, if I were you."

"The guiltfulness of the unworthy Hazel is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"And only a born idiot would dream of taking his part!" added Bob Cherry.

"I prefer to be a born idiot, then!" said Dennis Carr.

"You're backing up Hazel?" exclaimed Bob incredulously.

"Absolutely! Fair play's a jewel. Hazel isn't a plaster saint by long chalks, but he's innocent on this occasion. And I'm going to stand by him, and save him, if possible, from further persecution."

And, having made his intentions clear, Dennis Carr turned away.

Hazeldene met Dennis outside the bicycle-shed.

"Seen Pon?" he inquired.

"Yes. He tells me you weren't in his company last night."

"And you believe him?"

"I do."

Hazel's face glowed.

"I'm glad I've got somebody on my side," he said. "It makes life more bearable. A few minutes ago I was thinking of bolting—"

"Running away from school, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Perish the thought!" said Dennis Carr. "That would be the very worst thing you could possibly do. It would be regarded as

absolute proof of your guilt. Look here, Hazel. You must keep a stiff upper lip until this affair blows over. And you must promise me that you won't break bounds at night under any consideration."

"I promise," said Hazeldene eagerly. "Good! You can rely on me to back you up over this business. My support doesn't count for much, but you're welcome to it." "You're a brick, Carr!" said Hazel gratefully.

And it was with a much lighter heart that he contemplated the future.

With Dennis Carr on his side, life would be worth living, after all!

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Convicted!

THE news that the Famous Five had quarrelled with Dennis Carr spread swiftly through the Remove.

Everyone was of the opinion that Harry Wharton & Co. were in the right, and that Dennis Carr was hopelessly in the wrong.

It was the universal conviction that Hazeldene had broken bounds for the purpose of holding high revel with the cads of High-cliffe. It was also the universal conviction that he had lied about it, and attempted to brazen it out.

"Carr must be potty, to take the fellow's part!" declared Squiff.

"Stark, staring mad!" agreed Bolsover major.

"He's only doing it to put himself in the limelight," said Skinner. "That's Carr all over. He's never happy unless he's causing a sensation of some sort."

Dennis Carr's championship of Hazeldene was not half hearted. He backed him up with all his might, and, in consequence, he had quite a number of fights on his hands.

Most of the scraps were minor ones, but a really big affair took place in the Junior Common-room that evening.

When Dennis entered the room he found Hazeldene squirming in the grip of Tom Brown.

The New Zealand junior was anything but a bully, but on this occasion he was shaking Hazeldene like a rat, and urging him to own up.

"Chuck it!" panted Hazel, struggling vainly to free himself from Tom Brown's grasp. "I've nothing to own up to, I tell you! I didn't break bounds—"

"Liar!" said Tom Brown, with more emphasis than politeness.

Dennis Carr advanced swiftly towards the pair.

"Drop that, Brown!" he said sharply.

Tom Brown spun round, still retaining his grip on Hazeldene's collar.

"Mind your own business, Carr!" he growled.

"It's the business of every decent fellow to put down bullying!"

"Bullying!" echoed Tom Brown in amazement. "Are you suggesting that I'm a bully?"

"You're certainly acting like one!"

"My hat! I—I'll—"

"Pulverise him, Browney!" said Squiff.

"The fellow's going altogether too far, and he badly needs squashing!"

Tom Brown glared at Dennis Carr.

"I'll meet you in the gym—" he began.

"No, you won't. You'll meet me here and now!"

So saying, Dennis took off his coat.

A crowd collected at once, and there was great excitement as Tom Brown, in turn, removed his coat.

"Half a jiffy!" said Harry Wharton. "You fellows can't scrap here! Come along to the gym!"

But for once in a way the captain of the Remove was overruled. And before he could enforce his remarks Tom Brown and Dennis Carr were hammering fiercely at one another.

"Go it, Browney!"

"On the ball!"

"Make mincemeat of the interfering cad!"

Only one voice said, "Go it, Carr!" That voice was Hazeldene's.

Tom Brown and Dennis Carr were well matched, and for some time there was nothing to choose between them.

There was plenty of give and take, and both combatants were soon looking the worse for wear.

Buff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

Dennis Carr and his opponent tramped to and fro, breathing hard, and each intent upon flooring the other.

Ten minutes elapsed, however, before any-

one was floored. And then Tom Brown went down with a crash. A well-directed drive to the jaw had knocked him clean off his feet.

It had been a powerful blow, and the recipient of it was dazed and stunned. But he was still game, and there was a cheer as he scrambled to his feet.

"Hurrah!"

"You're not licked yet, Browney!" said Bob Cherry.

But it was only a matter of moments. Tom Brown lost his head, and hit out wildly. And Dennis Carr, who had fought coolly and methodically from the outset, now sailed in and finished the combat with a swift upper-cut. Tom Brown went reeling into the arms of Squiff.

"Going on?" inquired the latter.

"No. Afraid I'm done!"

The onlookers were silent. Dennis Carr's victory was not popular.

"If anybody else has got anything to say against Hazel," said Dennis, "I shall be pleased to reply to him—with my fists!"

Bolsover major was about to accept the challenge, but Harry Wharton intervened.

"Stand back, Bolsover!" he said. "Carr's not fit!"

"I'm fit enough to account for that precious lout!" retorted Dennis.

"My hat!" spluttered Bolsover. "Did you hear what he called me, you fellows? I—I'll pulverise him!"

But the pulverising of Dennis Carr had to be postponed indefinitely. For at that moment Wingate of the Sixth came in.

"Bed-time, you kids!" he said. "Hallo! Why have you got your coat off, Carr?"

"Ahem! It's a warm night, Wingate."

"Indeed! I suppose the warmth of the atmosphere accounts for the fact that your nose is swollen and your lip bleeding?" said Wingate, with crushing sarcasm.

"I—I—"

"It doesn't need the deductive powers of a Scotland Yard official to see that you've been scrapping with Brown," Wingate went on. "You will each take a hundred lines. And if there's any renewal of hostilities I shall report the pair of you to your Form-master!"

That threat had the desired effect. The Removites went quietly up to their dormitory, where the only conflict which took place was of a wordy nature.

Dennis Carr was glad to get to bed after the strenuous events of the day. Quite a number of fellows told him what they thought of him for backing up Hazeldene. But Dennis ignored them. He was firmly convinced of Hazel's innocence, and he had no intention of retracting from his present attitude.

The buzz of voices died away shortly after lights-out, and the occupants of the Remove dormitory settled down to slumber.

At midnight Harry Wharton awoke, as he had done the previous night. But he was not troubled with toothache on this occasion.

The captain of the Remove sat up in bed and consulted his watch. Then he glanced in the direction of Hazeldene's bed, and saw, with a start, that it was empty!

Wharton looked grim.

"This is the absolute giddy limit!" he murmured. "The fellow's actually had the nerve to break bounds again!"

Wharton waited a few moments. Then he decided to rouse his schoolfellows in order that they might see for themselves that Hazeldene was absent.

Before the captain of the Remove could put his plan into operation, however, he heard the stealthy shuffling of feet.

In the rays of the moonlight Wharton distinctly discerned the figure of Hazeldene. The junior was fully dressed, and it was only too apparent that he was returning from a nocturnal excursion.

Hazeldene came to a halt beside his bed, and started to undress. Harry Wharton spoke to him.

"Hazeldene!"

There was no reply.

"You're fairly bowled out this time, you cad! What have you got to say for yourself?"

Hazeldene apparently had nothing to say, for he remained silent. He continued to undress, laying his garments across the bed-rail in the usual way.

Nettled at receiving no reply to his remarks, Harry Wharton jumped out of bed.

Hazeldene was in his pyjamas by this time, and he got into bed as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual had happened.

Wharton advanced towards the junior, and shook him.

"You needn't pretend to be asleep!" he exclaimed. "I saw you come in, and I've watched you undress. You're not going to get off so lightly this time!"

Hazeldene opened his eyes.

"Gerraway!" he murmured drowsily.

"Tain't rising-bell yet!"

Wharton frowned.

"You'll have to think of a better dodge than that before you succeed in taking me in!" he said. "Where have you been?"

"Eh?"

"You've broken bounds again, and I mean to find out where you went!"

Hazeldene sat up in bed. He seemed wide-awake now, and he stared at Wharton in amazement. "I don't know what you're talking about!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, you do! It's no use your trying to pull the wool over my eyes. I'm going to get to the bottom of this business!"

"What's all this rumpus about, Harry inquired the drowsy voice of Bob Cherry.

"Hazeldene's broken bounds again. I spotted him coming in!"

"My hat!"

Bob Cherry lighted a candle, and other fellows were awakened by the sound of voices.

More candles were lighted, and there was a chorus of inquiry:

"What's up, Wharton?"

"What's it all about?"

"You've spoilt our beauty sleep with your confounded chatter!"

Harry Wharton explained the situation in a few words. And great was the indignation expressed at Hazeldene's conduct.

"The awful nerve!"

"Fancy breaking bounds again!"

"The bouncer deserves to be lynched!"

Hazeldene's voice rose angrily above the others.

"I haven't been out of bounds! Wharton's talking through his hat, and he knows it!"

"Wharton's made another mistake, I suppose?" said Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Yes."

"He would hardly be likely to make the same mistake two nights running," said Mark Linley. "Better make a clean breast of it, Hazel!"

Dennis Carr hurried to Hazeldene's bedside.

"You remember your promise to me, Hazel?" he said.

"Yes. And I've kept it! I haven't been out of bed, let alone out of the dorm!"

"You swear that?"

"I swear it!" said Hazeldene fervently.

"That's all right!" said Dennis. "Your word's quite good enough for me!"

"But it's not good enough for us!" said Bob Cherry.

"No, rather not!"

"There's no question that Hazeldene's been out of bounds," said Vernon-Smith. "Look at his boots!"

All eyes were turned upon the articles in question.

The boots were caked with mud, and this was regarded as conclusive proof of the fact that Hazeldene had been out.

"When we went to bed," said Squiff, "those boots were perfectly clean."

"That's so!" echoed half a dozen voices.

"What have you got to say to that, Carr?" said Bob Cherry.

Dennis Carr stuck to his guns.

"I can't account for Hazel's boots being plastered with mud," he said. "Unless," he added, as an afterthought, "some other fellow went out in them."

"What rot!" said Tom Brown. "Why should anybody want to wear Hazeldene's boots?"

"In order to get him into trouble!" said Dennis Carr promptly.

"Afraid you'll have to think out a better theory than that, Carr!" said Harry Wharton.

"You're doing your best to defend Hazeldene, but his guilt has been established up to the hilt!"

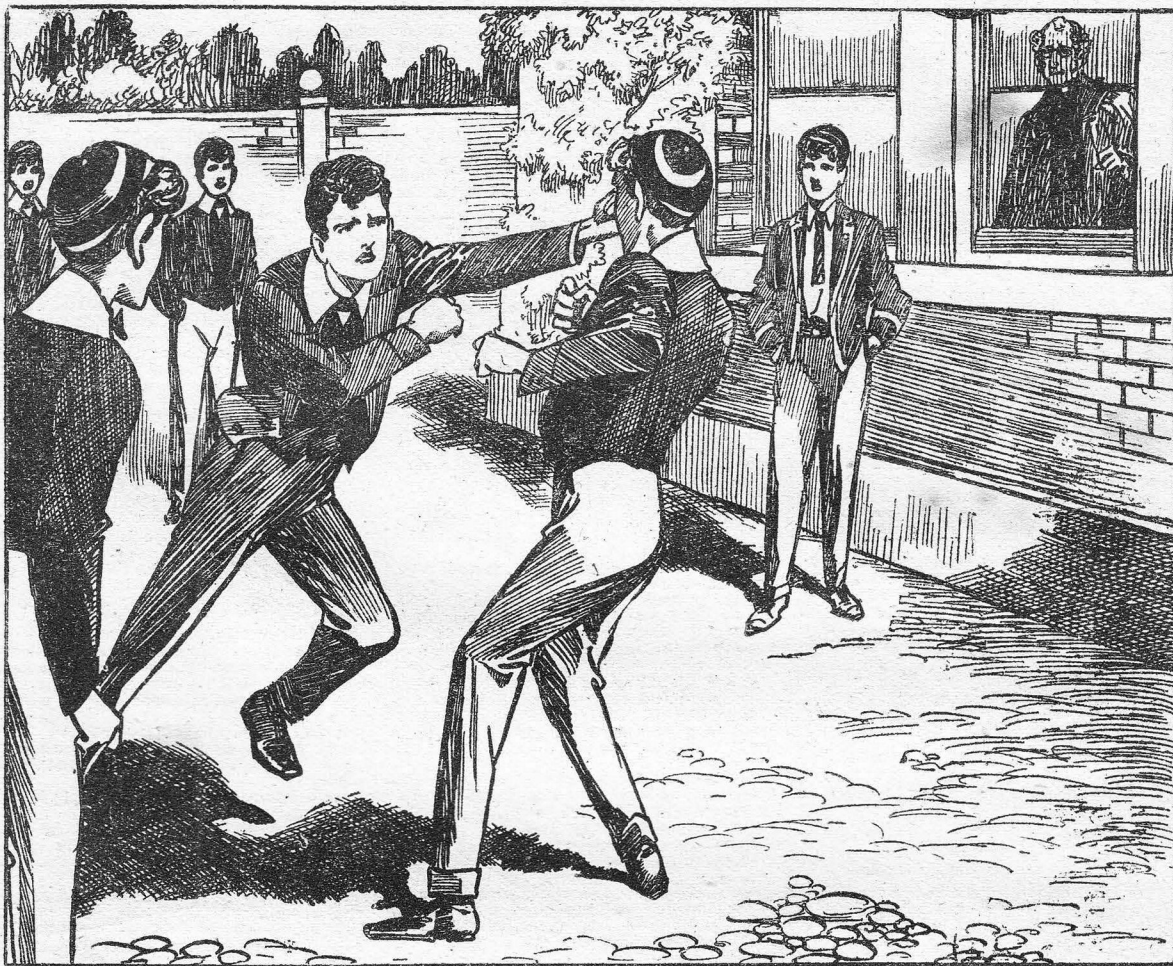
"Hear, hear!"

"We'll hold an emergency meeting at once," continued Wharton, "to decide what form his punishment shall take."

"That's the idea!"

And, with grim faces, the juniors—with the exception of Billy Bunter and Lord Maul-everer, who still slept soundly—turned out of bed in order to discuss ways and means of dealing with Peter Hazeldene.

LEND THIS COPY TO  
A FRIEND.



Wharton's fist shot out straight for his opponent's jaw. Just at that moment the Head appeared at the window. "Wharton! Carr!" he thundered. "How dare you brawl in this manner, beneath my very window!" (See page 7.)

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**The Loyalty of Dennis.**

**A**N emergency meeting of Removites in the middle of the night was a rare occurrence, and there was great excitement as Harry Wharton mounted his bed and addressed the Form. "Gentlemen—" began the captain of the Remove.

"Hurrah!"  
 "Pile in, Wharton!"  
 "A certain member of our Form—Peter Hazeldene, to wit—has brought discredit upon himself, and upon all of us, by breaking bounds two nights in succession. He has lied about it, and he has behaved all along like an out-and-out cad!"

"Three groans for Hazeldene!" said somebody.  
 And the groans reverberated through the dormitory.

"This meeting has been convened for the purpose of teaching Hazeldene a sharp lesson," went on Wharton. "We can't have the Remove Form disgraced—"

"No, no!" said Skinner, who had done more to disgrace it than anybody.  
 "And the prisoner at the bar must be severely punished!"

"Hear, hear!"  
 "Stow it, you silly asses," growled Dennis Carr, "and get back to bed!"

There was a howl of protest at once.  
 "Dry up, Carr!"  
 "You're just as bad as Hazeldene!"

"You know jolly well that the cad's been out of bounds," said Peter Todd, "and you're backing him up out of sheer obstinacy!"

"I'm backing him up," retorted Dennis, with heat, "because I know he's innocent! The more I think about it, the more convinced I am that somebody else has been out of bounds, and wore Hazel's boots!"

"Rats!"

Dennis Carr's deductions found no sympathy with the indignant Removites.

Harry Wharton had actually seen Hazeldene returning from a midnight jaunt; and Wharton's word was quite good enough for the majority of the fellows.

Feeling ran strongly against Hazeldene, and when Harry Wharton asked the question, "What form shall his punishment take?" there was quite a shower of suggestions.

"Bump him!"  
 "Give him a Form-licking!"  
 "Make him run the gauntlet!"

"The fellow who suggested a bumping," said Wharton, "evidently believes in the quality of mercy. Hazeldene's conduct merits a far more severe punishment than that!"

"Yes, rather!"  
 "He deserves to be flayed alive!" declared Bolsover major, who, if everyone got his deserts in this world, would have met with that fate himself.

"Those in favour of a Form-licking show their hands!" exclaimed Wharton.  
 A dozen hands went up.

"Now those in favour of Hazeldene running the gauntlet!"  
 Two dozen hands were shown this time.

"That settles it," said the captain of the Remove. "Line up, you fellows!"

The juniors proceeded to arm themselves with pillows and bolsters and slippers and knotted towels. Then they lined up in two rows.

Hazeldene's courage—of which he had not a great store at the best of times—oozed out at his finger-tips. That double row of fellows looked so grim and so menacing that Hazel's heart sank.

The wretched junior fervently hoped that a master or a prefect would arrive on the scene, and nip the arrangement in the bud. But a sentry had been posted outside on the landing, and so far no alarm had been given.

"Come on, Hazeldene!" said Harry Wharton sternly.

White-faced and trembling, Hazel made a last desperate appeal.

"I'm innocent!" he exclaimed. "I'll admit that it looks very black against me, but I appeal to you fellows to give me the benefit of the doubt!"

Hazeldene might just as well have appealed to a brick wall for all the effect his words had upon the assembly.

"He's in a blue funk!" said Squiff derisively. "He'd tell any amount of whoppers to wriggle out of this—but he's not going to!"

"No jolly fear!"

"Come on, Hazeldene!" repeated Harry Wharton; and his tone indicated that he refused to be kept waiting any longer.

Hazeldene turned, with a look of mute inquiry, to Dennis Carr.

"Afraid there's no way out," said Dennis. "I'd fight the whole Form if I thought it would get you off. But it wouldn't. The cads seem quite determined to put you through the mill. Keep a stiff upper-lip, and give them an object-lesson on how to take punishment!"

Hazeldene shuddered.  
 It was all very well for Dennis Carr to talk like that, he reflected. It wasn't Carr who had to pass through that double line of grin-faced fellows.

Hazel glanced towards the door, as if contemplating flight.

But the door was guarded by Dick Russell and Monty Newland, and escape was impossible.

Hazeldene nerved himself to face the ordeal. After all, it might not be too bad, he told himself. Most of the fellows had pillows and bolsters, and not much damage could be inflicted with those.

But the knotted towels and the sippers were a different proposition.

Hazel shivered, and hesitated. Then he pulled himself together, and advanced towards Harry Wharton, who stood at the end of the lines.

"Get ready, you fellows!" said the captain of the Remove.

And he gave Hazeldene a sudden push. The junior staggered along between the two rows of avengers.

"Run!" panted a voice behind him. "The quicker you move, the sooner it will be over!"

Hazeldene lowered his head and plunged forward.

Blows descended upon him as he ran, but to his surprise the blows were neither so numerous nor so heavy as he had anticipated.

Hazeldene happened to look up after a few seconds had passed, and to his unspeakable relief he saw that he was nearing the end of the lines. He almost laughed aloud as he ran. Why, they had hardly hurt him yet!

But at the end of the lines stood Bolsover major, who held a sheet in his hand. The sheet was bulky at one end, and Hazeldene guessed—correctly, as it happened—that a boot had been tied into it.

Hazel quickened his pace. At all costs, he reflected, he must avoid Bolsover major. A blow on the head with that boot would probably stun him.

And so, as he neared the end of the lines, Hazeldene gave a sudden spring, and successfully dodged the blow which the bully of the Remove aimed at him. Then he paused, panting and practically unhurt, and marvelling at the fact that he had got through so easily.

Hazel turned round. And as he did so, Dennis Carr came reeling into his arms.

The blow which Bolsover major had intended for Hazeldene had descended upon Dennis.

In a flash, Hazel realised what had happened.

Dennis Carr had been running close behind him, and he had taken the lion's share of Hazel's punishment! He had staved off quite a number of blows which would otherwise have found a billet on Hazeldene's body.

A queer lump rose in Hazel's throat.

Carr had endured the blows and the buffeting, the ordeal and the pain, for his—Hazel's—sake!

This was loyalty indeed!

Dennis slipped from Hazeldene's arms on to the floor. He was temporarily stunned.

Fierce anger surged up in Hazel's breast.

With a courage he would never have displayed in normal times—with a fury that was almost fanatical—he rushed at Bolsover major.

"Take that, you cowardly cad!" he exclaimed.

And with the words he dashed his fist full into Bolsover's leering face.

That blow, coming as it did from a totally unexpected quarter, took Bolsover completely by surprise. He threw up his hands, and went to the floor with a crash.

White and furious, Hazeldene stood over the bully of the Remove.

"Come on, you cad!" he cried passionately. "I haven't finished with you yet!"

With a roar like that of an angry bull, Bolsover scrambled to his feet. There was an expression of ferocity on his face which boded ill for Hazeldene, who would probably have received a very rough handling had not Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry seized Bolsover and swung him back.

"Lemme get at him!" muttered Bolsover.

And he struggled strongly but unavailingly in the grasp of his captors.

"You brute!" panted Wharton. "You struck an unfair blow! What have you got in that sheet?"

"Nothing!" snarled Bolsover. "It's simply knotted at one end!"

"I don't believe you! It would take something more than a knot to stun Carr!"

With deft fingers, Frank Nugent untied the knot at the end of the sheet, and one of Bolsover's hefty boots was revealed.

A roar of indignation went up from the Removites.

"The cad!"

"It was his boot that flogged Carr!"

"Make him run the gauntlet!"

Bolsover quailed as these exclamations rang out. He protested that he had merely given Dennis Carr a gentle tap; but his protestations went unheeded.

Whilst Hazeldene, with the aid of Mark Linley, attended to Dennis Carr, Bolsover was made to run between the lines.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 68.

Whack, whack, whack!

The bully of the Remove staggered under that fierce bombardment of blows. But there was no escape for him. And when he reached the end of the lines he collapsed, squirming and groaning, on to the floor. "Serves you jolly well right!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Hear, hear!"

Bolsover major was an even more unpopular person than Hazeldene at that moment. Every decent-minded fellow in the Form condemned his brutal action.

Quite a crowd congregated around Dennis Carr, who recovered at length, and rose rather unsteadily to his feet.

"I'm sorry that this should have happened, Carr," said Harry Wharton; and he voiced the feelings of the majority of his school-fellows. "We didn't know that that cad had anything tied in his sheet until we saw you go down."

"It was a boot, wasn't it?" said Dennis.

Wharton nodded.

"Well, it was jolly lucky that it was my napper that got the benefit of it, and not Hazel! It was a cowardly, low-down trick!"

"We made Bolsover run the gauntlet!" said Bob Cherry. "He'll think twice before he does that sort of thing again! Are you all right, Carr?"

"Quite all right, thanks!" said Dennis.

But his looks belied the assertion. And he had to be assisted to his bed.

Dennis was not the only person who required assistance.

Bolsover major had to be helped back to bed by the Famous Five, who did their work thoroughly. They dumped the bully of the Remove on to his bed as if he had been a sack of coals.

As for Hazeldene, he had emerged practically unscathed from the proceedings—thanks to Dennis Carr. And it was with a heart overflowing with gratitude to Dennis that Hazel retired for the night, or, rather, what was left of it.

"Bunter and Mauly are still asleep!" said Peter Todd in wonder. "Did you ever?"

"They'd sleep through a blessed earthquake!" grunted Johnny Bull.

The candles were extinguished, and Harry Wharton & Co. returned to their beds. They were soon asleep; and when the early dawn came creeping in at the high windows only two sounds disturbed the tranquillity of the Remove dormitory—the booming snore of Billy Bunter, and the deep groans of Bolsover major.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### Sent to Coventry.

**D**ENNIS CARR lied to Mr. Quelch at the breakfast-table next morning. And it was extremely fortunate for Bolsover major that Dennis departed from the truth.

"Carr!" said the Remove-master. "How came that bump on your forehead?"

"Bump, sir?" said Dennis, trying to gain time in order that he might think of a plausible excuse.

"Yes. You appear to have been struck by something!"

"That's so, sir!"

"What was it that struck you?"

Bolsover major shuffled uneasily in his seat. He was terribly afraid lest Dennis should give him away. But his fears were allayed when Dennis replied:

"I was hit on the head with a cricket-ball, sir."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch, looking hard at the junior. "I regret to say that I cannot accept your explanation, Carr!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"I saw you shortly before bed-time last night, Carr, and there was no bump on your forehead then. You surely do not expect me to believe that you have been indulging in a game of cricket during the night?"

"Ahem! I—I—the fact is, I fell out of bed, sir!"

"If that is the case, you must have fallen with considerable force!" said Mr. Quelch drily.

"I did, sir! I came a terrific cropper!"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"It is my firm belief, Carr, that one of your schoolfellows deliberately struck you, and that you are lying to me in order to shield him!"

"Oh!"

"I will not press for details," continued Mr. Quelch, noting Dennis Carr's confusion.

"But I trust that your assailant feels heartily ashamed of himself!"

Bolsover major certainly looked remorseful.

To do him justice, he had not intended to strike Dennis Carr at all. The blow had been meant for Hazeldene, and at the time of its delivery the bully of the Remove had underestimated his own strength.

Dennis Carr was relieved to escape further cross-examination. But his relief was nothing by comparison with Bolsover's.

After breakfast the following announcement appeared on the notice-board in the junior Common-room:

#### "NOTICE.

"Whereas Hazeldene of the Remove has put himself outside the pale by behaving like an utter cad, he is hereby sentenced to be sent to Coventry for one week from this date.

"(Signed) HARRY WHARTON,  
"Captain of the Remove."

Dennis Carr was among the first to read that notice, and he waxed highly indignant.

"This is altogether too thick!" he exclaimed. "Hazel's already been punished—and unfairly at that! He was made to run the gauntlet. And it's horribly unjust that he should be sent to Coventry into the bargain!"

"Rats!" said Vernon-Smith. "Hazel didn't get his just deserts last night—thanks to you! You warded off most of the blows, and he got off practically scot-free!"

"That's so," said Bulstrode. "Under the circumstances, I think Wharton's done the right thing in sending the cad to Coventry!"

"No punishment is too stiff for a fellow who breaks bounds night after night, and lies about it!" said Tom Brown.

Dennis Carr clenched his hands.

"You're a set of cads!" he exclaimed. "You haven't given the kid a fair chance! He's innocent, I tell you!"

Carr's voice was drowned in the uproar which ensued.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, coming on the scene with another member of the Famous Five. "What's the trouble?"

Dennis Carr turned, and faced Harry Wharton.

"This is your doing, you cad!" he said hotly.

"What do you mean?"

"You've no right to send Hazeldene to Coventry!"

"I have every right," said Wharton quietly. "Hazeldene's disgraced himself, and he's not fit for any decent fellow to associate with."

"Hear, hear!"

Dennis Carr glared at the captain of the Remove.

"If you think I'm going to comply with that precious notice," he said, "you're hopelessly off the wicket! I shall speak to Hazel as much and as often as I like."

For answer, Harry Wharton stepped up to the notice-board, and underneath his previous announcement he wrote:

"Any fellow found in conversation with Hazeldene will get it in the neck."

"That," murmured Hurrence Singh, "is the stuff to presentfully give them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now that you've added that rider, Harry," said Frank Nugent, "Carr won't dare to speak to Hazeldene!"

But Dennis did dare. He encountered Hazel in the Close after morning lessons, and he was quick to sympathise with him.

"The cads have sent you to Coventry, Hazel," he said. "But keep your pecker up! It won't last long!"

Hazeldene threw a nervous glance over his shoulder.

"Mind your eye, Carr!" he muttered. "There will be an awful row if they find you jawing to me!"

"My dear old duffer, you don't suppose I'm going to swim with the stream, do you? If I thought you were guilty of breaking bounds, and all the rest of it, it would be another matter. But you happen to be innocent."

"You still believe that?"

"Yes!"

"In spite of the fact that there was mud on my boots last night?"

"In spite of everything!"

Hazeldene's face was working strangely.

"I shall never be able to repay you for standing by me like this, Carr," he said.

Dennis gave a snort.

"Don't go into heroics," he said. "If I'm convinced of your innocence—as I am—then it's my duty to stand by you. I say, Hazel, you're looking awfully queer!"

"Am I?" said Hazeldene wearily. "I sup-

pose this business is getting on my nerves. And I've been off-colour for a long time."

"Hadden't you better see the matron?"  
"Great Scott, no! I'm not a case for the sanny—not yet, at any rate. But I expect that's where I shall finish up if this beastly persecution goes on!"

"It's a rotten shame!" said Dennis warmly. "I only wish I could convince the fellows that you were innocent. But they're a set of wooden-headed dummies. They won't see reason. Because you happened to break bounds a month ago, they think you're still doing it. Of course, it's a great pity that you ever broke bounds at all. If you had always played with a straight, but you wouldn't be under suspicion now."

"That's true enough!" said Hazeldene remorsefully.

It was at this juncture that Harry Wharton & Co. appeared on the scene.

"Carr," exclaimed the captain of the Remove, "you're disobeying orders!"

Dennis went on talking to Hazel. He seemed to ignore Wharton's existence entirely.

"You're doing your level best to defy me," continued Wharton, "but it's no use. You're not merely up against me, you're up against the whole Form!"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent. "We can't have our skipper's command ignored like this. Come away, Carr!"

Dennis did not budge. He continued to chat to Hazeldene, and the Famous Five looked grim.

Then, at a signal from Harry Wharton, the juniors advanced towards Dennis Carr. They laid violent hands upon him, and dragged him away from his companion.

"Hold on!" panted Dennis. "Do you call this playing the game, you cads? You're five to one. I don't mind tackling you one at a time—"

"All serene!" said Wharton. "You can start with me!"

Dennis Carr took the captain of the Remove at his word.

A space was immediately cleared, and the next moment Harry Wharton and Dennis Carr were fighting like tigers.

Fellows came running up from all sides.

"A scrap, by Jove!" said Skinner excitedly. "Three to one on Wharton!"

"You'll have to lay bigger odds than that, Skinny!" said Stott, with a grin. "Wharton's all over Carr!"

Harry Wharton was certainly having the better of the opening exchanges.

Dennis Carr had not yet fully recovered from the effects of the blow he had received from Bolsover major's boot; consequently, he fought less confidently than usual. At the end of a minute he had received heavy punishment; at the end of two minutes he was down.

"Licked!" said Morgan dramatically. But he spoke too soon.

Dennis Carr was still game, and he bounded to his feet with the fixed intention of leveling matters up.

Before another blow was delivered, however, a window was thrown open close at hand, and a stern voice exclaimed:

"Wharton! Carr! How dare you brawl in this manner beneath my very window!"

The combatants dropped their hands to their sides, and a hush fell upon the spectators.

In the general excitement the close proximity of the Head's study window had escaped attention.

"This is disgraceful!" thundered Dr. Locke. "I am determined to put a stop to such beastly exhibitions! Wharton and Carr, you will each take five hundred lines, and will forfeit the next half-holiday. And if there is a renewal of this conduct I shall cane you both!"

So saying, the Head closed his window with a slam, and the crowd reluctantly dispersed.

The all-too-brief fight was over. And although Harry Wharton had had the best of it while it lasted, he was unable to prevent Dennis Carr from indulging in further conversation with Hazeldene. As a matter of fact, Dennis remained in Hazel's company for the remainder of the day, and his cheering remarks went far towards brightening the existence of the junior who had been sent to Coventry.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### A Night of Peril!

"WHO'S that out of bed?"

It was Bob Cherry who asked the question.

Bob had awakened shortly before midnight, and he was on the point of dozing off again when he distinctly heard

somebody moving about in the Remove dormitory.

"Who's that?" repeated Bob.

There was no response.

"Bet it's that bouncer Hazeldene!" reflected Bob Cherry.

And he sat up in bed in order to investigate.

A strong shaft of moonlight illuminated the room, and the watching junior could see at a glance what was happening.

Hazeldene was out of bed and was dressing rapidly.

Bob Cherry fairly gasped.

After his ordeal of the previous night it was amazing—indeed—that Hazeldene should again contemplate breaking bounds.

"Hazeldene!" rapped out Bob Cherry.

There was still no reply. Hazeldene was evidently feigning deafness. He put on his boots, and, being now fully dressed, hurried out of the dormitory.

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Of all the nerve—"

In a twinkling Bob was out of bed. He put on his trousers and jacket over his pyjamas, then he snatched up his slippers.

Bob was both clumsy and noisy in his movements, and two or three fellows stirred restlessly in their beds and awoke.

"What's the little game, Bob?" inquired Harry Wharton, catching sight of his chum.

"Hazeldene's breaking bounds again—this is the third running—and I'm going after him!"

"My hat!"

"Wait a jiffy," said Peter Todd. "we'll come with you."

"Can't wait," said Bob Cherry briefly. "or I shall lose track of the beggar. I shall have to hurry as it is!"

A moment later Bob was hastening down the stairs in Hazeldene's wake.

Creak!

Bob Cherry knew what that sound was. The box-room window was being opened.

The pursuing junior quickened his pace, and he raced up to the window just in time to see Hazeldene drop down on the other side.

"Come back, you rotter!" panted Bob.

But Hazeldene did not heed. He hurried across the moonlit Close.

Bob Cherry clambered through the window in record time and gave chase. He anticipated little difficulty in catching his quarry, who, curiously enough, was not running, but was going ahead with a swift stride.

But misfortune overtook Bob Cherry. His eyes were fixed on the figure in front; consequently, he failed to notice a big stone which lay in his path. He tipped over the stone and pitched forward on his face.

Bob was not badly hurt, but he was dazed, and a couple of precious moments elapsed before he was able to rise to his feet.

"Confound that beastly stone!" he muttered. "Hazeldene's got clear away by now!"

And so it proved.

Hazeldene had gone in the direction of the gymnasium. Bob Cherry took the same route, but he saw no sign of the midnight prowler, and after an intent search, which proved futile, he made a reluctant return to the Remove dormitory, consoling himself with the reflection that Hazeldene would have to come back sooner or later.

"And when he does show up he'll get the warmest reception he's ever had!" growled Bob.

On reaching the dormitory Bob Cherry found half a dozen juniors out of bed. They were congregated in a little group beneath one of the windows, and they were gazing upwards with alarm, if not actual terror, written on their faces.

Bob Cherry halted in amazement.

"What are you fellows star-gazing for?" he exclaimed.

"There's somebody on the roof!" said Wharton. "Look!"

"So there is, by Jove!" said Bob Cherry, following his chum's gaze. "Who on earth is it?"

"Ask me another," said the captain of the Remove.

"Might be a burglar," suggested Peter Todd.

But Dennis Carr, who was a member of the party, shook his head.

"It wouldn't be necessary for a burglar to perform acrobatic stunts on the roof," he said. "Why, the mad fool has actually started crawling along that ledge that runs from the roof of the gym to the roof of Big Hall!"

"He'll be killed, as sure as Fate!" muttered Frank Nugent, with chattering teeth.

Bob Cherry had forgotten all about Hazeldene by this time. And so had the others.

Everybody's attention was centred upon the figure that was perched at such a dizzy height. The ridge of masonry along which the figure was crawling could not have been more than a couple of feet wide.

On each side of the narrow ledge there was a sheer drop of forty feet. And it was obvious to all that the mysterious, roof-climber was in peril of his life.

And, whilst the juniors watched with startled eyes, a scream rang out from above, and the figure paused mid-way across the ledge.

The juniors turned away their faces.

That scream, ringing so piercingly through the night, had temporarily unnerved them.

It was Dennis Carr who broke the awful silence which followed.

"Something must be done, you fellows!" he said.

Harry Wharton wrung his hands helplessly.

"We can do nothing—nothing!" he said. "There isn't a ladder on the premises that will reach up to that ledge."

"But we can tie a couple of ladders together!" said Bob Cherry.

"That's so," said Dennis Carr. "I'm afraid we shall be too late to save the fellow, whoever he is, but we'll do our best! Come on!"

And Dennis Carr and Bob Cherry sped out of the dormitory.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton went to rouse Mr. Quelch; and he instructed Frank Nugent to go to the nearest telephone and ring up the Friar-dale Fire Brigade.

"A fireman's ladder will do the trick," he said.

"Provided the fellow can hang on long enough, which I doubt," said Johnny Bull.

And his companions shuddered.

Bob Cherry and Dennis Carr lost no time in getting to work. They realised that every second was of the utmost value—that a human life was at stake—and they uttered no word during their hurried operations.

Fortunately, there were two lengthy ladders on the premises—one in the gymnasium and the other outside the gate-keeper's lodge. These ladders were obtained at once, and were bound securely together with a coil of stout rope.

Then came the difficulty of hoisting the ladders; but this was soon surmounted when reinforcements arrived in the Close.

Half a dozen Removites hurried to the spot, and the ladders were heaved into position, so that the topmost one rested against the ledge on which the figure was crouched.

Yet another penetrating scream rang out from above.

It seemed impossible that the figure on the ledge could hold out much longer.

No sooner had the ladders been placed in position than Dennis Carr started to climb.

The rescue of the person up above seemed a hopeless task, for Dennis would never be able to convey him in safety to terra firma. It would require a bigger and stronger individual than the Removite to descend the ladder beneath the burden of a human body.

Realising this, several of the juniors urged Dennis Carr to abandon the attempt.

"Wait!" cried Frank Nugent. "The fire-brigade will be here soon! They've been phoned for. Come down, Carr!"

"Yes, come down!" echoed Peter Todd. But Dennis continued to climb.

The lower ladder seemed quite safe; but the upper one wobbled beneath the junior's weight.

"It will give way!" panted Bob Cherry.

And even as he spoke the ladder lurched sideways. It came away from the ledge, and went crashing down, and the paralysed juniors below expected to see Dennis come crashing down with it.

But Dennis had managed to grip the ledge just as the ladder collapsed. With a tremendous effort, which taxed his strength to the uttermost, he drew himself up on the ledge, and found himself face to face with Hazeldene of the Remove!

Hazel's face was white as chalk. His nerve had deserted him utterly. He would assuredly, have fallen had not Dennis Carr stretched out a ready hand to support him.

Each moment that followed was a separate nightmare, both to the two juniors above and to the rapidly-growing crowd below.

Dennis Carr felt that the end must come. He continued to support Hazeldene; but his own strength was falling fast.

Once—only once—he glanced down into the abyss below. And he knew that if he gave a second glance his nerve would be gone.

(Continued on page 12.)

THE PENNY POPULAR—No. 68.



# MICKY IN THE MOVIES!

Our Grand New Serial, dealing with the Adventures of a Young Acrobat who Rose to Fame and Fortune as a Cinema Star.

By STANTON HOPE.

## 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 he meets a slim, red-headed American, Alec P. Figg, and together they "jump" the "Chicago 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 Gaylord, the property-man in the great R. N. Broadworth's cinema company. The film company goes on location, where Floyd Unwin, the Broadworth star, is to perform a death-

defying feat before the cameras, but the opium habit, to which the star is addicted, has undermined his nerve that he is unable to do the stunt. He insults Mr. Broadworth, and is ignominiously fired out of the company. Seizing his opportunity, Micky leaps on the motor-cycle, and performs the stunt himself by dashing over the edge of the cliff into the sea. Later he is given a contract by Mr. Broadworth to appear in one production. Unwin joins forces with Alec P. Figg, and learning that Micky is to perform a daring film stunt among the Los Angeles' sky-scrapers, the two conceive a dastardly plot for his downfall. Through hastiness on the part of Figg the plot fails. By arrangement Micky and Chappie, accompanied by Reggie Eton, the film dude, go to take part in a two-reel comedy for Charlie Chaplin. Whilst at the Smiles Studios Reggie's pet aversion arrives on the lot in the shape of Congo the Chimpanzee, the great animal film actor!

(Now read on.)

### A Stunt by the Animal Actors.

AS Charlie Chaplin alighted from his automobile the attention of Micky and Reggie Eton was taken from Congo for a few moments.

The great comedian smiled broadly as he noted the make-up of the English lad, for a greater contrast than that presented by Micky as he stood in his tramp's rig-out near Reggie, the immaculate dude, would have been hard to imagine.

"I was passing here on my way to my studio," said the great film-star, as he shook hands with the two Broadworth actors, "so I thought I'd look in to see how you were getting on. You see, I'm dressed already for work. My word, Chappie looks very spruce to-day!"

Chaplin stooped and patted his namesake on the head, and Chappie denoted his pleasure with a few sharp, short wags of his stumpy tail.

But of a sudden the wiry coat of the little terrier bristled, his tail stopped wagging, and his ears went straight up.

Charlie Chaplin sprang back, and all looked round to discover the cause of Chappie's excitement. It was not far to seek, for, coming towards them, still smoking his fat cigar, and with his Homburg hat stuck at a rakish angle on his head, was Congo, the chimpanzee.

Congo was used to the one or two dogs which sometimes appeared in the Smiles productions, but Chappie was a stranger to him, and so he was anxious to see this newcomer at closer quarters.

Whether the monkey was friendly inclined or not, mattered not a jot to Chappie. The dog, although brought up in a circus, had never seen quite such an extraordinary figure as Congo presented in his life, and it was obvious that he was preparing to resent with all his power any further advance of the chimpanzee.

Micky stooped down and grasped his dog's collar, while Chappie bared his teeth and omitted loud growls as he struggled to disengage himself.

"Hi, you beat it, Congo!" ordered the director of the Smiles Company. "You ain't in this scene—see?"

Congo stopped, took a few puffs from his enormous cigar, and, removing his deep-set eyes from Chappie, examined the group of human beings.

Reginald Clarence Eton on the outskirts of the party at once caught his interest. Perhaps he remembered the English dude, but more likely it was Reggie's immaculate garments, and his purple orchid button-hole, his dazzling topper, patent-leather boots, and priceless monocle which arrested his eye.

Reggie was a brave man, but he hastily backed a few steps, at the same time removing his rimless monocle from his eye, and dropping it in the fancy pocket of his fancy vest, as though fearful that his last experience of Congo might be repeated.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 68.

"Weally, I must ask you to have the brute removed!" he informed the director. "I greatly feah he is contemplating an attack on my person, deah boy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Micky, looking up from his task of holding Chappie. "I expect Congo's only anxious to pick a few of those flowers from your priceless vest, Reggie!"

"Where's his keepah?" panted Reggie. "It's disgwaceful to allow such a vicious brute to woam at large!"

Congo's attendant strode across to the ape, but the animal film-actor had no intention of returning to his quarters without a closer acquaintance of the dude—that human being who was even more gloriously arrayed than Congo himself.

The keeper gave a sharp sprint, but he was too late. The human ape executed a smart flanking movement, and got round the group of men, and made a dead set for Reggie.

The film dude had little inclination to try conclusions with a "wascally monkey," and turned to dodge to a position of greater safety.

Then Congo made a mighty bound, and, alighting on Reggie's back, removed the Dude's shiny topper with one dexterous twist of his paw.

"Ow, my pviceless toppah!" howled Reggie. Chattering delightedly at securing the prize, Congo made off, followed by the threats of his attendant and the director, Chappie's loud barks, and the laughter of Charlie Chaplin, Micky, and the camera-men.

At a safe distance Congo removed his Homburg hat, and, carefully taking out the green feather with which it was adorned, stuck it into the band of Reggie's immaculate topper. He then set the silk hat at a rakish angle on his head, and replaced the fat cigar he had retained back into his mouth.

Even Reggie, angered as he was at losing his lustrous headgear, could not refrain from the general laughter at the bizarre appearance of the monkey.

But the triumph of Congo was short-lived. Chappie, who had been growing more impatient and restive every second, gave one final desperate squirm, and freed himself from Micky's grasp. With a loud war-whoop, in the form of a lusty bark, he sprang for the human monkey.

Congo, brave enough when he first arrived on the lot, was not proof against a charge of this sort, and, pulling Reggie's topper hard over his ears, he made off as fast as his legs would carry him, his blue coat-tails flying out behind him in the breeze.

"Call the dog off, Mr. Denver!" howled the Smiles director, in agony lest the prize ape should be injured in the scrap which seemed inevitable.

Micky dashed forward, shouting to Chappie at the top of his voice, but the little dog was too set on making a closer acquaintanceship with his curious quarry to take heed.

In his excitement Micky forgot he was

wearing the rig of a tramp, or "hobo," and, tripping on the end of his loose check trousers, he measured his length. Two of the studio hands who were joining in the chase descended on top of him, and the three piled in a squirming heap on the ground.

Meanwhile, Chappie got his teeth in the tails of Congo's beautiful blue coat. It was too much for the human ape, and he turned round and fastened his yellow teeth in Chappie's ear.

A loud howl of pain and astonishment went up from the little terrier, and he leaped backwards a full yard.

What would have happened next it is impossible to say, but at that moment an exciting diversion took place. A large rat came from under a heap of planks near at hand, and made with all speed towards the studios.

Chappie and Congo saw it at the same time, and each forgot the other at the sight of the scurrying rodent. The terrier gave vent to a resounding bark, Congo let out a wild, unearthly shriek, and the two animals darted after the rat.

The studio people roared with laughter, and went in hot pursuit—Charlie Chaplin well to the fore.

Apparently the rat had a home somewhere beneath the wooden wall of the studio building, but he was headed off by Chappie. Congo, clutching with one paw the dazzling topper from which gaily streamed the green feather, covered the ground at a remarkable pace by means of a series of agile bounds.

Seeing the impossibility of reaching the hole in the woodwork which was the entrance to his home, Mr. Rat made directly for a water-pipe leading to the roof. As he disappeared into it Chappie and Congo reached the entrance, and, stooping down with their heads to the ground, strove to look up the pipe for a sight of their quarry.

As they did so there was a squeal and a swish, and out of the pipe there descended the rat and a torrent of dirty water. The rodent had apparently dislodged some obstruction which had been keeping some collected water in the pipe.

The rat bowled the topper Congo was wearing clean from his head, while both the monkey and Chappie were drenched with the discoloured fluid.

Before either of them could recover from their surprise, Mr. Rat dashed madly home to his wife and family beneath the studio wall.

Congo's attendant, who was among the first of the studio people to arrive on the scene, secured the monkey actor, and led him away from further harm. Chappie, shaking the water in all directions from his wiry coat, allowed Micky to grasp his collar, this time with a firm grip.

Amid the general laughter, Reginald Clarence Eton rescued his battered topper from a pool of dirty water on the ground, and stood ruefully regarding it.





Suddenly a large rat scampered across Chappie and the chimpanzee saw it at the same time, and were off in pursuit before the laughing actors could stop them.

"My priceless toppah," he groaned—"silken-lined, cork-weighted, worth a fivah in Piccadilly—wined—absolutely wined!" "Never mind, Reggie," laughed Charlie Chaplin, "there's one consolation, you know." "Indeed?" snorted the injured dude. "And what is it, may I ask, deah boy?" "Why, one of those cute camera-men dashed to the handle of his machine and registered the whole scene. It will make a dandy film."

"A dandy film!" The dude's voice rose to a howl of anguish. "I absolutely wufuse to be sceened in any of your beastly two-wheelers! I wufuse, I say, to be wepresented chasing a beastly monkey without a toppah or a monocle! It's outrageous!"

"Really, Reggie," cried Chaplin, shaking with laughter, "you should give up your job as Dude of the Films with the Broadworth outfit, and join instead one of my comedy companies. You'd be great!"

Reggie was far too good-natured to maintain his somewhat natural annoyance for long at the loss of his immaculate hat, and he readily joined in the general laughter at his own expense.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Chaplin took his departure, and, with Congo well out of the way, Micky and Chappie were rehearsed in their parts. Chappie was by no means so spruce as he was when he first put in an appearance on the lot, but he looked considerably more comical, and the director was perfectly satisfied with his appearance.

The little dog performed his laughter-provoking waddle-walk with great spirit, and when the director was satisfied with the result of his instructions he handed Micky a small bundle of clothes and a tiny bowler hat. They were a miniature replica of the world-famous garb of Charlie Chaplin, and when Chappie, greatly to his disgust, was dressed in the loose trousers, the coat, and the hat, a gale of laughter greeted his appearance.

A delay took place until the little dog had got used to his strange habiliments, then a few lengths of film for the new two-reeler were "shot."

At the close of the afternoon's work the

director professed himself as being highly satisfied with the progress made, and arrangements were made with Micky to bring his four-footed friend to the Smiles studios on the afternoon of the following day.

Between his own work at the Broadworth studios, where some more interior scenes for "The Mysterious Pearl" were being filmed, and his visit to the Smiles Comedy Company, Micky found his time fully occupied. But he loved the work, and he was beginning to "coin" money, as his ever-swelling banking account showed.

His struggling, penniless days were over, and he began to find himself a power in the sunny land of his adoption.

But, for all his success, it was to Micky's credit that he remained loyal to the humble home of the genial Buddy and Mrs. Gaylord, who had been so good to him. Moreover, he was quite unspoiled by all the praise of which he found himself the recipient.

**A Dangerous Meeting!**

**B**UT while Micky was working hard in the new Broadworth production there were at least two persons in Los Angeles who were living in unhealthy idleness and envying the success of the young English film star. Of these Alec P. Figg was one, and Floyd Unwin, the ex-star of the Broadworth outfit, the other.

From the time of their last stormy meeting in the latter's flat, when they had perfected—as they thought—their vicious scheme for disposing of the lad they regarded as their enemy, they had neither met nor had any communication passed between them.

The failure of their dastardly plot for sending the young film star hurtling from the heights of the great Liberty building had been a bitter blow to both.

The arrest of Figg had prevented the crook from collecting the four thousand dollars to which he considered himself entitled, notwithstanding his failure, and when he was freed from custody he was too closely watched to dare risk a meeting with Unwin.

If, he argued, the police found him hob-

nobbing with a man who had as much cause for disliking the English lad as he had himself, it might again put them hot on his scent. Like Brer Rabbit, he decided to "Lay low, and say nuffing."

Unwin, for his part, was nursing considerable bitterness against the crook. He rightly guessed that Figg had been in such a desperate hurry to finish his murderous task that he had omitted to cut one of the wires which stretched between the skyscrapers with the oxy-acetylene flame. In consequence, Micky had escaped a terrible death, and Unwin had paid out a thousand dollars on account, a sum for which he had received no value. Unwin was not anxious to have any more truck with the unreliable crook.

But if Unwin was not anxious to see him, Alec P. Figg was bursting with impatience to visit the ex-film star. He was hard up, the police were shadowing him persistently, and he badly wanted those four thousand "bucks" he had fondly come to regard as his own.

Smart Alec was far too experienced a criminal to make the mistake of trusting a letter to the post, knowing only too well that such a course would prove fatal.

As the days flew by his impatience grew, until his nerves began to suffer in consequence. He devised all kinds of schemes for meeting Unwin, even considering the highly dangerous plan of visiting the ex-star at his private address.

Each day he read the Society reports in the Los Angeles papers, to keep in touch with the movements of Unwin, and by this means he learnt of a big dinner, given by one of the fashionable folk of the city, at which the ex-star was expected to attend as a guest.

That night Alec P. Figg left the low-class lodging-house at which he was staying, and, with his hands in his pockets and wearing a ragged cap pulled over his eyes, he strode forth into the street.

Without appearing to do so, he noticed he was being shadowed as usual by an agent of the police, who strolled in an innocent fashion some distance behind him.

The crook took a tortuous path through the city, turning sharply first to the right and then to the left, until a distance of two or three miles had been covered.

Once he stooped to adjust a bootlace, listening carefully the while. His shadower was still on his trail, as hurrying footsteps behind him amply testified.

"Gee, I've a good mind to sandbag that 'tee," muttered Smart Alec under his breath. "It would sure serve him right, but I guess I kin get rid of the boob easily enough."

By this time Smart Alec had almost reached the part of the town for which he had been heading, and he turned into a dark and narrow street containing only one block of houses.

Barely had he got round the corner than he whipped a slouch hat from his pocket. Hastily removing his ragged cap and a rather dirty muffler from his throat, he stuffed them in his coat. Then he donned the slouch hat, and his final swift acts were to fix a lank, black moustache already damp with spirit-gum to his upper-lip, and adjust a pair of spectacles over the bridge of his nose.

With leisurely steps Smart Alec retraced his path, and passed right under the very nose of the sleuthhound whose duty it was to keep the notorious crook in his sight. The detective gave Figg but a cursory glance as he passed him in the shadows of a high wall, and gave no more thought to the leisurely person in the high collar and spectacles. Instead, he discovered that his quarry was not in sight in the short street, so he hastened on under the belief that the crook had darted round the corner of the block.

Once clear of the man, Alec P. Figg gave a low chuckle, and made off with all speed. He knew he was safe for an hour or two at least, until the matter was reported to headquarters and his trail was picked up again. He determined to make the most of his period of freedom from the eyes of the law by meeting his friend, Floyd Unwin.

Not for many a day had Figg felt in such high good humour, and he boarded a trolley-car for the suburb in which Unwin resided as though setting out on some holiday jaunt. The clocks in the city were striking ten when he commenced his journey, and it must have been nearly eleven when he finally reached the pretentious block of flats in which Unwin resided.

Figg felt reasonably certain that Unwin had not arrived home yet, and so he determined to conceal himself for a time, in the hope of accosting the ex-star on his way into his flat. For this purpose the crook selected a clump of flowering-bushes in the beautiful garden which stretched before the mansion, and behind this he waited patiently for the appearance of his accomplice.

Fortune favoured the cracksmen, for the first automobile to roll up to the entrance of the block was Floyd Unwin's own beautiful car.

With feline steps Figg glided from his hiding-place, and reached the entrance just as Unwin dismissed his chauffeur with a few orders for the morning. The car glided silently away, and Unwin turned to enter the building. As he did so he came face to face with the cracksmen.

Without a word, Figg removed the lank, black moustache from his face, and made a low, sweeping bow.

Unwin sprang back as though he had been shot. He had been "hitting" the opium-pipe again, and his nerves were not in a condition to withstand shocks.

"Why, what the—what the blazes are you doing here?" he spluttered, recovering himself a little. "I—I thought you'd cleared out of town long ago."

Figg smiled sardonically. "Ah, that was where you made a li'l mistake, Mister Unwin!" he murmured. "I guess other places would kinder suit my health better, but I ain't got the necessary greenbacks to pay a fare to 'em, and I'm too honest by far to 'jump' trains, like some of those hobo guys. Now, maybe, if I had them four thousand 'bucks' what somebody owes me, I'd—"

"Get out of here!" hissed Unwin, pointing down the drive which led to the street.

"Exactly!" said the crook imperterbably. "That's jest what I'm going to do—when I've got them four thousand bucks!"

"You'll get no money from me, you skeered piker!" breathed Unwin. "You've got a yellow streak in you, that's clear from the way you gaved before you finished the job you agreed to do. Phsaw!"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 68.

Floyd Unwin swung round on his heel, and started to enter the mansion, but Figg laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"No you don't!" he muttered. "You listen to what I've got to say first! If you like I'll come up to your flat to say it, if not, I'll say it right here—loud enough for all your wealthy pals in the block to hear, for all I care!"

"See hyer, Figg," snarled Unwin, "you're not coming into my flat again, and if you've got anything on your chest you can get it off right hyer! But let me tell you this, if it's money you've come to cadge, there's nothing doing! D'you understand?"

"I want nothing that ain't due to me," said Figg. "All I want is them four thousand bucks you promised me for doing the job!"

"Waal, you didn't do it!"

"That wasn't my fault," whined the crook. "I guess there was something wrong with Red Herman's oxy-acetylene generator! Gee, I wish I'd had my own outfit, and then there wouldn't hev been any hitch!"

"What you wanted was a little more pluck!" sneered Unwin.

"Like what you had when you didn't ride that motor-bike over the cliffs, I suppose?" murmured Smart Alec.

Floyd Unwin flushed red under the electric light which shone in the entrance, and he gave a furious snort, and strode away towards the elevators.

With his face livid with rage Alec P. Figg dashed after him, and grasped his overcoat.

The touch of the crook's hand lashed the ex-star into an ungovernable fury. He swung round, and, grasping Figg round the waist, threw him with all his force down the steps to the motor-drive. Then he entered the self-working elevator, and shot up to the floor on which his flat was situated.

The opium-smoking habit may have sadly affected Floyd Unwin's nerves in some ways, but it had not apparently deteriorated his muscles to any great extent, judging from the force that Figg struck the gravel of the drive. The ear he landed on promised to be a sight worth looking at for many a day to come.

He sat up, and a string of foul oaths and threats left his lips. Lucky it was for Unwin that Figg had not his automatic-pistol on him, otherwise it is certain there would have been another "gunning" sensation for the morning papers.

The crook had given up the practice of walking "heeled" about the streets of Los Angeles, for he never knew when the police might descend on him, and he had no wish to be apprehended even for an offence like carrying concealed weapons.

Figg made his way homewards in a very different frame of mind from that in which he had set out for his visit. Owing to a pronounced limp he had developed as one of the results of his close acquaintanceship with the gravel motor-drive, he missed the last trolley-car back to town, and had to hobble all the way to his lodging-house.

Time and again he mentally repeated to himself that he would "get" Floyd Unwin, if he was sent to the electric chair for it!

#### Unwin the Firebrand!

**T**WICE whilst going up in the lift Unwin chuckled hoarsely to himself as the spectacle Figg had presented sliding down the steps to the gravel drive on his ear.

He guessed the crook would go all out to revenge himself for the assault, but Unwin was in a don't-care-a-rap-for-anything kind of mood, and so the matter didn't worry him.

Arriving in his flat, he dismissed his Japanese butler to bed, and took to pacing up and down in the smoking-room, lighting and consuming one gold-tipped cigarette after another.

His thoughts turned from Alec P. Figg, and dwelt upon the wrongs he considered he had sustained at the hands of Mr. Broadworth, Jeff Romery, and Micky Denver.

So intense became his passion that he ground his teeth together, and tore up two freshly-lighted cigarettes, as though destroying the objects of his hatred by so doing.

"Hang the whole Broadworth outfit!" he snarled. "I'd like to see their studios blown sky-high or burnt to the ground!"

With his vicious wish born of the hatred to which he had given so free a rein, the ex-star threw himself into an armchair. Next moment he sat bolt upright, the light of

madness and fierce desire burning in his hollow eyes.

"Why not?" he muttered to himself. "Figg has failed me, but I guess I can still get even with those Broadworth skunks!"

Slipping off his shoes, he tiptoed out into the hall, and listened. Having assured himself that the servants were all sleeping, he made for the kitchen. There, from a cupboard, he drew a can containing paraffin, and, selecting a large sauce-bottle which had been deposited among other refuse in a bin in the scullery, he filled it with the oil.

Cautiously he replaced the can, and grasping the bottle of oil, made his way to his bedroom. Without troubling to change from his immaculate evening dress, he slipped on a pair of heavy walking-boots. Finally, he obtained a small hypodermic syringe, and, puncturing his left arm, he injected a dose of an insidious drug into his veins.

Prior to the United States going "dry," Unwin had liked his glass of spirits, but now, as he was unable to satisfy a depraved liking for alcohol, he resorted to opium, or some other pernicious drug.

At the hallstand Unwin selected a light fawn-coloured overcoat, which he donned over his evening-dress, and a large-check cap, which he pulled well down over his eyes.

Thus garbed, and with the bottle of paraffin-oil, wrapped in a newspaper, reclining in his overcoat-pocket, he made his way out of the flat. Nobody was about, and he reached the street without being seen.

Keyed up with the drug which he had injected into his veins, and with the fierce fire of vengeance burning in his heart, he turned northward, and strode rapidly in the direction of the Broadworth studios.

The moon was hidden behind a bank of clouds, but the stars were shining brightly as Floyd Unwin reached the high fence which bordered the Broadworth lot. Knowing every inch of the ground now, he selected the best place for his effort, and quickly shinned over the fence.

For a few moments he crouched in the deep shadows before venturing farther. The men who had charge of the animals in the menagerie, and who slept on the premises, he did not fear, for it was not likely that they would be awake, but there were always a couple of night-watchmen on the prowl, and he had no wish to run into one of these.

Gliding like a snake through the grass, he made swiftly towards the store-sheds.

Only just in time, Unwin got behind the building as he saw a swaying light coming towards him. Almost immediately afterwards a light appeared coming from the opposite direction in which lay the animal cages.

The lanterns were borne by the two night-watchmen employed by the Broadworth Company, and the two men met at a point within ten yards of where the ex-star pressed against the weather-boards of the store-shed.

"Hallo, Bill!" said one, lighting up his pipe—a proceeding strictly against orders.

"Is all serene round that part o' the lot?"

"You bet!" was the reply. "But that new grizzly b'ar what K. N. bought for the big production, is kinder restless in his strange quarters."

The man drew out his pipe also, with the intention of joining his fellow-worker in a quiet smoke.

"That's only nat'ral," said the first night-watchman. "B'ars is like a good many human beings—they've gotter get used to a new bed afore they kin sleep proper. Hark at him now!"

A low, rumbling growl echoed over the Broadworth lot as the big grizzly recorded his protest against his new quarters. He had been purchased for the company's menagerie some time before by Mr. Broadworth himself, but arrangements for his reception had but recently been completed, and he had arrived only that morning.

"I hev jest been lookin' at that b'ar," said the night-watchman, who had strolled up from the direction of the menagerie, "and it struck me the bars o' his cage ain't none too strong-lookin'!"

The first man laughed.

"Gee!" he said. "You don't think those keeper guys would be sech pinheads as to put him in a cage he could get out of, do you?"

"I ain't sayin' so, Ginger. But there ain't no man livin', I opine, who knows the real strength o' a grizzly b'ar. When I was stayin' in China Valley, British Columbia, last fall, I saw my brother pump thirteen 'forty-four' bullets into o' a Winchester

repeatin' gun into one, and the brute kept on his pins. We both had to beat it mighty swift, I kin tell you. That b'ar only died o' loss o' blood, and we examined him afterwards, and found that every one o' those bullets had punctured him in a vital spot like his heart or head!"

"Well, our grizzly b'ar don't want'er get out, anyway," said Ginger, with a laugh. "It's years since he saw his home in the Rockies, and I guess he likes his cushey job o' posin' afore the film-cameras too much to want'er go roamin' around again. What was that?"

Both night-watchmen swung round.

Floyd Unwin, getting a trifle cramped, had shifted the position of his feet, and in doing so had cracked a dry twig. With his heart pounding like a hammer against his ribs, he pressed closer against the wall of the store-shed, breathing a silent hope that the two men would not investigate the cause of the sound.

To his relief, the night-watchman, Bill, gave a laugh.

"That row?" he said. "Guess your nerves must be kinder jumpy to-night. Y'oughter know there're dozens o' rats round these sheds and under that pile o' hay between h'er and the animal-cages. Ain't you ever seen that il' dawg o' Mister Denver's layin' 'em out?"

Apparently the other was reassured, for he did not refer to the subject again. Instead, he suggested that, as everything was quiet, they might adjourn to the little lodge at the entrance to the studio premises for another pipe.

To this proposal the other readily agreed, and, to Unwin's intense relief, the two not very conscientious employees of the film company strolled off together.

The lodge by the gateway suggested by the night-watchman as being a convenient place for another "smoko," was situated several hundred yards from the store-sheds, and the ex-star waited a sufficient length of time to permit of the two men ensconcing themselves comfortably within its walls.

When he moved it was with lightning rapidity. He drew the bottle of paraffin from his pocket, and flushed the oil against the wall of the nearest shed.

Then he dropped the bottle on the ground.

Stepping down, he struck a match, and, shielding the flare with his hands, applied it to the soaked woodwork.

Immediately a great hissing, yellow flame leaped up, licking the wall of the store-shed.

With a gloating chuckle of triumph, Floyd Unwin turned away. As he did so, he noticed the big pile of hay a few yards distant between the store-sheds and the animal-cages.

With the mad lust for destruction in his mind, he halted for one brief second to strike another match and toss it into the dry hay.

Running strongly, he dashed towards the fence over which he had climbed to gain access to the lot.

"I guess that fire'll sweep over the whole of the buildings before the hoses can be rigged!" he breathed to himself. "Gee! I'd like to see the faces of Jeff, the Big Noise, and that young Britisher pup when they next see their precious studios!"

The glow from the fire lighted up his path, and he dashed madly onward, in fear of being seen in the illumination.

Distant shouts assailed his ears, and then he heard a louder yell away to his left. From a shanty one of the men employed for tending the animals came dashing at top-speed. He was garbed only in his pjamas, and was running along by the high wooden fence.

With a gasp of dismay, the ex-star swerved at right-angles from his course. To skirt the animal-cages and scale the fence at a spot farther along was now his object.

Another loud yell from the keeper announced to Unwin that he had been seen. But fear lent the ex-star wings, and the chances of the man who had become his pursuer were small of overtaking him or even of getting near enough to recognise him.

By this time one of the store-sheds was well alight, and the stack of hay was roaring into a fierce blaze. But, with a curse, Unwin noticed that the sparks and lighted pieces of hay, instead of being blown over the other studio buildings, were drifting down towards the animal-cages.

The police records show that almost every criminal makes one mistake, big or little,

in the commission of his crime, and it is this fallibility of human nature which is responsible for such a large proportion of wrongdoers being brought to book.

Floyd Unwin recognised that he had been no exception to the rule. Whilst waiting in the shadow of the store-sheds for the night-watchmen to take their departure, he had not taken into consideration the direction of the mild breeze that was blowing.

Had the wind been laying in the opposite direction, the store-sheds, the dressing-rooms, and probably the main studio itself, would have been ablaze.

But the breeze which was holding up the rapid spread of the fire from the rest of the premises was causing no little consternation among the four-footed residents of the menagerie, as their grunts, howls, and roars amply testified.

Terrible to hear especially were the deep-throated roars of the lions as they reverberated through the night, but even they had not the note of savagery possessed by the rumbling growls of that new-comer to the Broadworth menagerie, the grizzly-bear.

From pacing restlessly up and down in his cage, he commenced at the outbreak of the fire to run round and round at a loping trot. Then, with the first shower of sparks which came flying into his cage, he hurled his massive frame at against the iron bars.

The bar which received the bulk of his weight, burst with a rending crash from the floor of the cage. Even then the grizzly could not get clear from his prison, but another shower of sparks caused him to wedge his great body through the aperture with such mad fury that two other bars bent slightly beneath the strain.

The fears of the night-watchman had been well-grounded, for the next moment the mighty grizzly dropped to the ground, and made off across the lot away from the fire.

Unwin, running madly, saw a huge dark shape loom up before him, and with a shriek of terror he attempted to dodge.

The grizzly aimed a blow at him which, had it landed properly, would have broken the man's neck like a match-stick. As it was, one of the animal's claws ripped his face and shoulder open and sent him reeling to the ground.

It was fortunate for the ex-star that fight was the bear's sole idea, and the beast looped off with incredible swiftness to that part of the lot farthest away from the conflagration.

Unwin staggered to his feet, the right side of his face and his overcoat gleaming crimson in the light of the fire, and made off just in time to avoid the keeper. Never in his best stunts before the film-cameras had he ever performed such a fine athletic feat as he did in his wounded condition that night.

Spurred by the fear of the dread consequences if he was recognised, he fairly flew over the intervening ground to the fence which bordered the lot. The high fence itself he vaulted by a superhuman effort, and then ran at top speed across the field he found himself in, until he reached the shelter of a hedgerow.

At the other side of the hedge he stopped, panting for breath. The keeper had apparently abandoned the chase, for, although Unwin peered through the bushes, he could see nobody in the field he had just traversed. This was a relief, but he found no source of satisfaction in the appearance of the fire.

The flames were lighting the countryside, but the showers of sparks which ascended heavenward in sudden bursts showed that it was the stack of hay which was suffering chiefly and providing the bulk of the illumination. Moreover, a loud hissing sound revealed that the night-watchman or others had rigged the fire-hoses and were busily playing water on to the outbreak.

Cursing under his breath, the ex-star turned away. He had a long way to go home, and his torn face and shoulder pained abominably. Keeping in the shadow of the hedges, he set off at a steady trot.

Micky Denver in his dreams was just in the act of refusing an offer of five million dollars for one appearance before a film-camera operated by Floyd Unwin and Smart Alec, when a loud knocking rudely awakened him from his slumbers. Next moment the voice of Ah Mee, the old Chinese servant, sounded from outside his bedroom door.

"Hi, hi, hi!" it squeaked. "Heap big file burnee!"

"Fire!"

Micky sprang out of bed in a flash, and threw open the door of his room.

"Fire!" he repeated. "Where's the fire, Ah Mee? Downstairs?"

The old Chinaman, trembling with excitement, waved his hand towards the back of the house.

"No, here! No here!" he cried. "Me tinkee somebody's flimee studios catches light."

"Film studio?"

With sudden apprehension tugging at his heart-strings, Micky dashed back into his room, and, drawing the blind aside, gazed out of the window. Ah Mee was right. There was a fire somewhere, as a dull red glow testified.

"My aunt!" muttered Micky. "And it's in the direction of the Broadworth studios, too!"

He hastily threw on some clothes, and while he was doing so he heard the voice of Buddy demanding of Ah Mee what the trouble was about.

When he was dressed, Micky went along to the door of Buddy's room, and told the little property man that he proposed going out to discover the actual site of the fire.

"Wait a moment," replied the voice of Buddy, "and I'll come along with you."

In less than two minutes the young film star and the little property man were outside the house and on their way to the scene of the conflagration.

"Let's take the short cut across the fields," suggested Buddy, "and make straight for the Broadworth lot. It sartnly looks as though the fire was in that direction. Gee, but I'm right glad to see it's beginning to die down quite a bit!"

With that remark Buddy lapsed into silence. He found he needed all his breath for keeping up with Micky's athletic stride.

Walking at a great pace with the little Props punting along at his side, Micky turned off the road and took the short cut across the fields.

Suddenly the shriek of a siren woke the echoes of the night, and this was followed a few moments later by the whirring roar of automobiles travelling at high speed. Cinema City was rousing itself, and motor-engines were hastening to the scene of the outbreak.

Micky increased his pace, and Buddy responded gallantly for a time. His one desire was to reach the Broadworth premises as soon as possible and satisfy himself that no harm had come to his beloved properties.

But Buddy's round little body was not built for speed, and the property-man soon had "bellows to mend." The two had just entered a gate into another field when Buddy stopped dead.

"Phew!" he puffed. "I'm through! You—phew!—beat it alone, Micky!"

"That's all right, Buddy," said Micky. "You'll be fit again after a short breather, and then—"

He broke off short and gripped Buddy's arm.

"What's that?" he muttered.

His eyes strove to pierce the darkness as he faintly discerned a vague shape approaching swiftly towards them in the shadows of the long hedgerow that bordered the field. Remaining perfectly motionless, he was soon able to see that it was a man—a man approaching from the direction of the fire in so furtive a fashion that Micky's suspicions were thoroughly aroused.

To get out of the field the mysterious individual would have to approach within a few feet of where he and Buddy were standing, and so he waited until the man had almost reached the gate before pouncing out.

"Who goes there?"

The man let out a fierce snarl like a frightened beast, and swerved from his path. Like a flash Micky's foot shot out and tripped him up. With commendable presence of mind Buddy whipped out a pocket electric torch and switched it on.

The white ray lighted up the face of the mysterious stranger as he sprawled on the ground. The face was disfigured, with a terrible wound on the right cheek, but with both Micky and Buddy recognition was instantaneous.

"Floyd Unwin!"

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

## HAZELDENE'S HONOUR!

(Continued from page 7.)

And so he hung on, bidding Hazeldene be of good cheer, and assuring him that help would come soon.

But it seemed that a slow-moving cycle of years had passed before help did come. Then a clanging of bells, accompanied by a cheer from below, announced that the fire-brigade had arrived.

The rest was simple. The top of a fireman's ladder became visible to the two juniors seated astride the ledge. Then followed the helmet, and then the head and shoulders of a stalwart fireman.

"Thank Heaven!" muttered Dennis Carr fervently.

Hazeldene fainted at this juncture, thus rendering the fireman's task far more simple than it would otherwise have been.

The man slung Hazel across his shoulder as if the junior had been a baby. Then he descended the ladder, returning a moment later for Dennis Carr.

And when Dennis was safe and sound on terra firma, and the crisis was past, cheer after cheer rang out from the assembled throng. Cheer after cheer—and they rang like music in the ears of the junior who had risked his life for another!

The fireman was loudly applauded, too. He had played his part well.

But it was to Dennis Carr that Hazeldene owed his life. For if Dennis had not supported him during those vitally anxious moments on the ledge he would undoubtedly have come crashing down to destruction.

The Head and the masters had been witnesses of the final scene, and they were quick to show their appreciation of Dennis Carr's gallantry.

As for the Removites, they seemed to have gone mad; and their enthusiasm and excitement rose to such a pitch that Dennis Carr was fortunate to escape being torn limb from limb.

Hazeldene soon came round; but he was still in a weak and exhausted condition. He was conveyed to the sanatorium, and the doctor was summoned.

Meanwhile, Dennis Carr was borne in triumph to the Remove dormitory on the shoulders of Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry. And a cheering, clamorous crowd followed behind.

The Head and the masters made no attempt to check the demonstration. And they smiled as the time-honoured refrain was borne to them on the night air:

"For he's a jolly good fellow!"

The morning brought important revelations.

According to the medical man who attended Hazeldene, that junior had been in the habit of walking in his sleep for some time past. His nerves had been in an overwrought condition; and this fact accounted for his extraordinary actions. The Head decided that the junior should go home for a month in order that he might obtain complete rest and change.

Harry Wharton & Co. were amazed when they heard this information; and they felt very sick with themselves for their harsh treatment of Hazeldene and Dennis Carr.

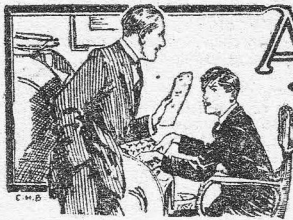
Before Hazel left Greyfriars they tendered him a handsome apology, and they resolved to be exceptionally decent to him on his return. They scarcely dared to expect Hazel's forgiveness—or Dennis Carr's either, for that matter. But both Hazel and Dennis readily decided to let bygones be bygones. They were only too happy to think that events had terminated so satisfactorily.

But none of the Greyfriars fellows will ever forget that night of terror, which terminated in the complete vindication of Hazeldene's Honour!

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "THE BEST MAN WINS!" by Frank Richards. Avoid disappointment by ordering your PENNY POPULAR early.)

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 63.



## A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASSED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "PENNY POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

## THE CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

After much consideration I have come to the conclusion that a small charge must for the future be made for inserting notices in the Correspondence Column. The feature has been very popular, and has done good service in the past. It will, I feel sure, do even better in the future, and the decision to make a charge of sixpence for the insertion of a notice so as to cover some part of the expense entailed by printing these advertisements will, I am convinced, meet with the approval of all who have the welfare of the Companion Papers at heart.

## "THE BEST MAN WINS."

By Frank Richards.

is the title of the next Greyfriars story, which provides fine reading for all my readers who are fond of school sport.

Mauleverer's uncle presents a fine silver cup to be competed for by the juniors of the four great schools—Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Rookwood, and Highcliffe.

Dennis Carr holds a very prominent place in the Greyfriars team, and it falls on him to uphold the banner for his school.

I am sure that when you read

## "THE BEST MAN WINS."

you will vote it as being one of Mr. Frank Richards' best yarns.

## "MICK OF THE MOVIES."

By Stanton Hope.

This is another instalment of the powerful film serial of Mr. Hope's. Announcements will be made in the Editor's Chat about the new serial which is starting soon. See that you do not miss it.

## "MORNINGTON'S CHALLENGE!"

By Owen Conquest.

Although Smythe has failed to beat Jimmy Silver's cricket team in "Tricking the Tricksters," it does not stop Mornington having a try at doing so. But whether he succeeds in this venture will be told in

## "MORNINGTON'S CHALLENGE!"

## INVENTORS.

Readers of the PENNY POPULAR also as a rule read the "Gem," and they know all about Bernard Glyn and his many and wonderful inventions. There was a story appeared some couple of months since about Glyn's marvellous specific for making hair grow on bald heads, and you remember how the doughty fellow tried it on Herr Schneider, the German master, with results which were positively disastrous.

That does not matter. Of course Baggy Trimble chipped in, and just as much, of course, the fat chap made matters far worse, for the moustache that grew on the Trimble upper-lip was put there by Baggy—a borrowed moustache from Tom Merry's make-up box.

But Glyn played trumps, and his imitation of a French barber was really great—French included. One is inclined to think there is not very much Glyn does not happen to know, and, after all, his mix-up of smelly ingredients might have stirred the reluctant hair roots of Herr Schneider. You never can tell.

Come to think of it, though—and this is my point—an inventor has as a rule a terribly thin time. Nobody believes in him. On the other hand, everybody laughs at him. He gets in trouble for making what is called a mess. We all know that. Now, no inventor worth his salt ever invented anything without causing some amount of trouble. He is bound to upset things and spill concoctions on the furniture. If folks grumble

that is their fault really, for they should see to it that the clever, brainy fellow has a nice comfortable room in which he can invent at will without being plagued by complaints from people who always want to dust the furniture, and who get cross and over-anxious when white paint or paraffin or turps are dropped on the floor. If this were done all would be well.

All my life I have felt a deep sympathy for the patient, long-suffering inventor who always got interfered with. He is out to do good to his fellow-creatures, just like Bernard Glyn. He likes to potter. Most individuals hate chaps who potter. But pottering has brought about most of the big things. A scientist is out searching for something, and he potters along down the stony road of learning, and then quite accidentally comes upon the elucidation of some other mystery which he was not in the least expecting to find. So long life to the potterer, and few worries and much success!

## BEING SENSITIVE.

It is not easy to suggest a cure for sensitiveness; and this is what a chum of mine wants. He says he is nervous in company and touchy in speech. He also feels dissatisfied with everything, fed up with life in general, although he is only young. Now, there are remedies for this kind of thing, and the complaint is far commoner than many suppose.

But being fed up generally, usually shows there has been a lot too much thought of self. You do need to keep your own self in its proper place. You need to make it do a lot of work and to watch it carefully, seeing to it that it does not get out of hand and become either morbid and depressed or unpleasant and swanky. There is nothing so difficult as the business of looking after this self. It is always trying to go wrong, to take some path which would not suit it, or to make itself disagreeable.

Sensitiveness and nervousness are just inevitable with heaps of people. The fellow who feels he is sensitive is hardly to be pitied. He has a temperament which is receptive to all the best, and for that reason he might well be congratulated. But he has to fight with the quality, or else it will get exaggerated.

He starts by imagining that some friend has slighted him. In most cases the friend in question has never dreamed of doing so, and he is at a dead loss next time the two meet, for he sees something is wrong, and cannot for the life of him think what it is.

The fellow who is on the qui vive for snubs will have a bad time. He is always passing through spells of fear—dread lest he has said something he should not, or lest some action of his has been misinterpreted. This is a case where the reform must come from the victim. He must wrestle with the defect, and thereby save himself no end of misery.

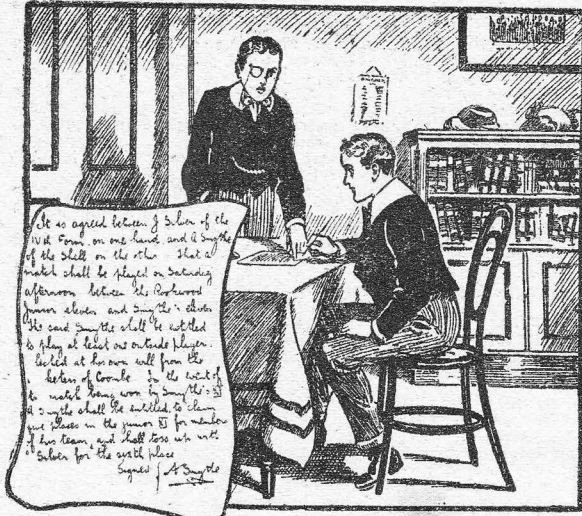
Some chaps cannot stand a joke. They are too much engrossed with the deadly serious side of life. This is a huge mistake. But the shrinking, sensitive phase can be conquered. Behind it is a brain which will stand the owner in real good stead and bring him to the top. You want to take each day as something which is full of splendour—chock-full of chances to do good work and help others. That is the only way. Do you know, I rather envy the sensitive fellow. He is a thinker, and he is naturally modest. He makes better company than the over-confident, conceited chap who fancies he knows all about everything, and who starts telling his seniors what they should do, and so forth.

Your Editor

# TRICKING THE TRICKSTERS!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.



It is agreed between J. Silver of the 'W' & Flynn, on one hand, and A. Smythe of the Shell on the other, that a match shall be played on Saturday afternoon between the Rookwood Junior Eleven and Smythe's Eleven. The said Smythe shall be entitled to play at least one outside player. Selected at his own will from the list of Coombe. In the event of a match being won by Smythe's Eleven, the shell shall be entitled to claim five places in the Junior Eleven for members of his team, and shall toss up with J. Silver for the sixth place.  
Signed J. Silver  
Signed A. Smythe

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Sporting Offer!

**J**IMMY SILVER was busy with a pencil and paper when Adolphus Smythe of the Shell lounged into the end study. Jimmy's youthful brow was corrugated with thought, and he was jotting down names on the paper. He did not take the trouble to look up as Smythe's elegant form paused in the doorway. He was busy.

"Silver, dear boy!"

"Tommy Dodd," murmured Jimmy Silver, "and Cook, and Doyle. Must put those three Modern bounders in."

"Jimmy Silver!"

"Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome—that makes six."

"I'm talkin' to you, Silver!"

"And Flynn—Flynn can bowl. That's seven—eight with me," murmured Jimmy Silver, apparently oblivious of the elegant Adolphus.

"Rawson can bat—he goes in. That's nine."

"Do you hear me, Silver?"

"Oswald ought to go in," pursued Jimmy meditatively. "That's ten. I suppose the other one had better be a Modern. Lemme see! Yes—young Towle. That's four Moderns in the eleven. Too many really, but a skipper must do the fair thing."

"Jimmy Silver!" bawled Smythe, growing red in the face.

"The captain of the Fourth looked up at last.

"Hallo! Is that you, Smythe?" he said affably.

"You cheeky young rotter!" snapped Adolphus. "You know jolly well I've been here five minutes!"

"Don't make it six, then. Good-bye!"

"I've come to speak to you about the cricket."

"Cricket!" said Jimmy Silver, with an air of astonishment. "What do you know about cricket?"

"You cheeky young sweep! I was captain of the Junior Eleven before you wedged into the school!" howled Adolphus indignantly.

"There were giants in those days, weren't there?" smiled Jimmy Silver.

"You're making up the eleven for the first match, I understand?"

"Just so!"

"Are you putting me in?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you cheeky fag?"

"Ha, ha! You're such a humorous chap, Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver. "No, dear boy; I'm not putting you in. I'm going to put you in the hop-scotch eleven."

"How many of the Shell are you puttin' in?"

"None."

"Do you think we're going to let the Junior Eleven become a wholly Fourth-Form team?" demanded Adolphus.

"You'll have to, unless you Shell-fish buck up and stop slacking," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "I'm not putting slackers into the Junior Eleven. You got us a record of lickings when you were skipper. History isn't going to repeat itself if I can help it. No chap gets his cap for the Junior Eleven while I'm skipper unless he can play cricket—with

the accent on the play. Swanking with an eye-glass isn't quite sufficient to win matches."

"Well, we're not standin' it, and I've come to tell you so," said Adolphus. "If we don't get fair play we shall break off with the club and form a new club on our own and set up a rival eleven."

"Go ahead!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "You're welcome, my son! I'll come down and watch you playing instead of taking 'Chuckles.' It will be just as funny, and save three-halfpence!"

Smythe of the Shell breathed hard through his nose. It was very exasperating to the dandy of the Shell, the great chief of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood, to be talked to like this—very exasperating indeed. He felt a great inclination to seize Jimmy Silver by the scruff of the neck and "mop up" the study with him. Only one consideration restrained him—the unfortunate certainty that it would be himself—Adolphus Smythe—who would in that case get the "mopping."

"So we're all left out," said Smythe. "You're beginning the cricket season with a Fourth Form team, leavin' only their elders. You can't expect the Shell to put up with it. There'll be trouble."

"My dear kid, this study thrives on trouble," said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, I'm goin' to make you a sportin' offer!" said Smythe.

"Pile in! Jolly glad to see you do anything sporting!" said the captain of the Fourth cordially. "The change may do you good!"

"I'm going to make up an eleven in the Shell, and play your precious fag team," said Smythe.

"We'll play you," said Jimmy. "The matches don't begin just yet, and we'll play your team of slackers and duffers for practice."

"And we're goin' to lick you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, here's my offer," said Smythe. "We're goin' to play you, and if we lick you we demand to have a certain number of us played in the Junior Eleven."

"You'd be entitled to if you licked us," said Jimmy Silver. "You wouldn't have to ask. I'd put in any chap who was better than a chap whose name I've got down, and you know it—if it were my own name, too. But as your team couldn't beat the fags of the Third, what's the good of talking rot, Smythe?"

"Is it a go?" said Smythe. "We've talked it over in my study, an' we're willin' to make a sportin' offer, as I said. I make up an eleven and play you. If we beat you we claim half the places in the Junior Eleven for the Shell."

"That'll be five and a half chaps for you to play," remarked Jimmy Silver. "I don't know how you'll work it."

"Oh, don't be funny! We'll toss up for the odd man," said Smythe.

"If you beat us!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Yes; that's understood."

"Well, if that merry prospect will make you buck up and stop slacking, I agree," said Jimmy. "You couldn't beat half of us, but

you're welcome to try—and more power to your elbow, as old Flynn says

"Let's have it plain," said Smythe, with a glitter in his somewhat shifty eyes. "I don't want any crawlin' out of the agreement afterwards."

"Do you want to go out of this study on your neck?" asked Jimmy Silver pleasantly.

"If you do, you've only got to repeat that remark."

"Let's have it in black and white," said Smythe, unheeding. "I can take your word. But if you mean business, there's no harm in putting it down plain."

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"I don't mind."

"Another point. I mayn't be able to make up a whole eleven in the Shell—some of the chaps don't play cricket. I suppose there'd be no objection to my playing a Coombe chap?"

"None at all! The village team can play, and they'd lend you a man better than any you could find among your own slackers," said Jimmy Silver, with a nod. "You can borrow two or three from them if you like."

"I don't want two or three; but I was thinkin' I might have to fill one place," said Smythe. "Of course, I sha'n't be able to pick an' choose. I suppose any chap from the village would be allowed?"

"Certainly!"

"Even if he were a bit older—they're mostly older?"

"Oh, that wouldn't matter!" said Jimmy Silver. "If you mean business, Smythe, and you're really going to take up cricket, you can depend on me to give you fair play all round."

"Thanks! Put it down in writin', then," said Smythe.

Jimmy Silver, with a smiling face, drew a sheet of impot paper towards him, and dipped his pen in the ink.

"I'll write it, and you can sign it," said Smythe.

"All serene!"

And Adolphus wrote:

"It is agreed between J. Silver of the Fourth Form on one hand, and A. Smythe of the Shell on the other, that a match shall be played on Saturday afternoon between the Rookwood Junior Eleven and Smythe's Eleven. The said Smythe shall be entitled to play at least one outside player, selected at his own will from the cricketers of Coombe. In the event of the match being won by Smythe's Eleven A. Smythe shall be entitled to claim five places in the Junior Eleven for members of his team, and shall toss up with J. Silver for the sixth place.

"(Signed) A. SMYTHE."

"Now, put your fist there," said Adolphus. Jimmy Silver read through the agreement, laughed, and signed his name. Smythe of the Shell carefully blotted the paper, folded it, and placed it in his pocket.

"That's settled!" he said. "Now look out for a lickin', Jimmy Silver!"

"And when you've licked us you can use

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 68.

my head for a football!" smiled Jimmy Silver.

And Adolphus sniffed and withdrew. Jimmy Silver chuckled. Smythe & Co. had not the remotest chance of beating the junior eleven, who were certain to have half a dozen wickets in hand at the finish. But Jimmy was quite willing to encourage the slackers of Rookwood to "buck up," and take outdoor games a little more seriously. It was a standing humiliation to the Classical side at Rookwood that it included so many slackers in its ranks. On the terms laid down in that agreement Smythe had no more chance of getting into the Junior Eleven than of getting into the Life Guards!

But Smythe was grinning gleefully as he came back into his own study. Howard and Tracy of the Shell were waiting for him there.

"Well?" they asked simultaneously.

"Quite a success, dear boys!" drawled Adolphus. "I fancy I've spoofed the cheeky young cad, and I've got it in black and white. Look at that!"

The Nuts of the Shell looked at the signed agreement, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"That rather settles it, doesn't it?" grinned Smythe. "Jimmy Silver will have to keep his written word!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And now," smiled Adolphus, "we'll take a little trot down to Coombe, and interview Bobby Box. He'll play for us for a quid. I know that—and it's worth a quid to get an old county player in the eleven—what! I fancy there's a surprise in store for Jimmy Silver!"

And the plotters chuckled with great glee.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### Tommy Dodd is Shown Out!

LOVELL and Raby and Newcome found Jimmy Silver grinning when they came in to tea. They grinned, too, when he told them of Smythe's sporting offer and of the agreement.

"The silly ass!" commented Lovell. "Why, those slackers couldn't beat the Third! And to think of beating us!"

"It may encourage them to buck up," remarked Raby. "But they'd have to buck up a long time before they got anywhere near our form!"

"Blessed if I quite understand it!" said Newcome. "Smythe knows very well that he can't touch us at cricket, and there isn't much time before Saturday for him to get his slackers into form!"

Jimmy shook his head.

"It's only some more of Smythe's swank," he said. "He never will understand that he can't play cricket. But if he thinks he has a chance of getting back into the Junior Eleven, it may make him buck up. It's sickening to have such a gang of slackers on the Classical side! The Moderns chip us to death about them! I'd like to see them chuck smoking and rotting, and play up!"

"Catch them!" said Lovell, with a sniff.

"Still, it won't hurt us to mop up the pitch with them on Saturday. We were going to fix up a practice match, anyway!"

"And we'll give them some leather-hunting, and make 'em wish they'd gone a little easier on the cigarettes," chuckled Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! What's the merry joke?" asked a cheery voice at the door, as Tommy Dodd of the Modern side looked in. "No, I haven't come to tea. What about practice on Saturday, Jimmy Silver? May as well make up a Modern and Classical team!"

"That's settled already," said Jimmy, with a grin. "There's a new eleven come to life, and we're going to play it, and put the extinguisher on it!"

"A new eleven!" said Tommy Dodd, puzzled.

"Yes; Smythe's raising a new eleven to beat us bald-headed!"

"I've signed this giddy agreement to encourage him," said Jimmy, pushing a sheet of impot paper across the tea-table.

It was a copy of the agreement with Smythe.

Tommy Dodd read it through, smiling; but he ceased to smile as he finished it, and looked very thoughtful.

"You've agreed to all that?" he asked.

"Yes; no harm in agreeing to it," said Jimmy.

"But suppose those duffers should pull it off?"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 68

"They can't."

"But suppose they did?" persisted Tommy Dodd.

"No good supposing impossibilities. But if they did, it would show that they were better players, and they'd be entitled to places in the eleven. If they're better than us, they're going to have justice, of course!" Tommy Dodd wrinkled his brows in deep thought.

"I don't trust Smythe," he said. "He's a downy bird. It looks to me as if there's some trick in this!"

"What rot!"

"Well, Smythe is a fumbling ass at cricket, and so are all his friends. They all know they can't touch the Junior Eleven. It looks to me as if there's some trick intended. Who's this extra player they're getting from Coombe?"

"One of the village eleven."

"What's his name?"

"Oh, anybody!" said Jimmy Silver. "One of the village team, I take it. I suppose Smythe won't be playing the village grocer, or the landlord of the Coombe Arms!"

"I suppose he won't, fathead; but I'd rather know who his giddy recruit is! It looks to me as if he's got his eye on somebody special—some crack player!"

"Bosh! We've beaten the village team easily enough; they can't hold a candle to us. Smythe can pick out their best man if he likes."

"This agreement doesn't say one of the village team; it says one of the cricketers of Coombe," said Tommy Dodd, with a shake of the head.

"Well, that's the same thing, isn't it?" demanded Lovell.

"May be—and may be not. It looks to me like a trick."

"Oh, rats!"

"You Classical duffers have been taken in—that's my opinion," said Tommy Dodd. "There may be some whacking cricketer in Coombe that you've never heard of, and Smythe's going to spring him on you!"

"Piffle!"

"The fact is, you Classical duffers aren't up to dealing with Smythe; he's too deep for you. You innocent lambs—"

"Look here, you Modern ass—"

"You'd better cancel that agreement with Smythe!"

"Can't be did. I'm not going back on my word. Besides, you're talking silly rot, Tommy Dodd, and you know it!" growled Jimmy Silver. "Smythe's rather a worm, but he's a classical. Classicals don't play mean tricks!"

"We leave that to the Moderns," said Newcome.

"You silly, frabjous duffers!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "I tell you you've been taken in, because you're Classical dummies, and Smythe is a Classical rotter—"

Tommy Dodd got no further. The Fistical Four jumped up from the tea-table, and laid violent hands on him.

The Modern junior was swept off his feet, in the grasp of four pairs of hands.

"Yarocoh! Leggo!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"Modern duffers mustn't come here and cheek their superiors," said Jimmy Silver severely. "Give him the frog's-march to the stairs!"

"Hear, hear!"

Tommy Dodd went out of the end study with a rush, in the grasp of the Fistical Four, his arms and legs flying wildly in the air.

Bump, bump, bump!

Down the passage to the stairs went Tommy Dodd, bumping on the floor at every step, and roaring like an enraged bull.

"Yow-ow! Leggo! You Classical rotters! Yarocoh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yooop! Help! Rescue, Moderns! Yarocoh!"

"What's all this thundering row?" shouted a deep voice, as Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, came on the scene.

Bulkeley had a cane in his hand, and a frown on his face.

"Hook it!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Dodd was dropped as if he had become suddenly red-hot, and the Fistical Four bolted for their study like rabbits for their burrows.

The Modern junior rolled on the floor, gasping, at Bulkeley's feet. The captain of Rookwood looked down grimly on him.

"Well?" he said.

"Groooough!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"Well?"

Tommy Dodd staggered up.

"All—all right, Bulkeley! No harm done! Groooough!"

"Cut off, you young ass!" growled Bulkeley. And Tommy Dodd, panting, cut off willingly enough.

The Fistical Four, safely back in their study, sat down to tea. There was a silence there for some minutes, which was broken at last by Newcome.

"I—I say," said Newcome.

"Well?"

"I—I suppose there wasn't anything in what Doddy was suggesting? If Smythe's pulled the wool over your eyes, Jimmy—"

Jimmy Silver gave his chin a freezing look.

"Do you think a dummy like Smythe could pull the wool over the eyes of your Uncle James?" he demanded.

"Well, you see—"

"Yes, I see a silly ass!" said Jimmy Silver. "Pass the tea-cake, and dry up, old chap!"

Newcome passed the tea-cake and dried up; but inwardly he had his doubts. And, as a matter of absolute fact, Jimmy Silver himself was beginning to have his doubts.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Dark Horse.

THE next day Jimmy Silver was unusually thoughtful.

It was Friday, and on the morrow the match was to be played between the Junior Eleven, representing Rookwood, and the new eleven, representing Smythe & Co.

After school that day Smythe & Co. came down to the nets for some practice, and Jimmy Silver looked on. Smythe's eleven was composed of his friends and followers, such as had at one time represented Rookwood as the Junior Eleven in the days when Smythe had been captain of the junior club. There were Tracy and Howard and Selwyn and Cresney of the Shell, and Townsend and Topham and Peale of the Fourth, and Smythe himself, and a couple more—ten in all. The eleventh man was not visible, and Jimmy guessed that the eleventh place would be filled by Smythe's unknown recruit from the village.

Smythe at the wicket was, as Jimmy Silver remarked to Lovell, a sight for gods and men and little fishes. But as only Townsend of the Fourth was bowling to him, his wicket did not fall, Townsend's bowling being just a little worse than Adolphus's batting.

"Like me to send you down a few, Smythey?" Jimmy Silver called out.

"Oh, you can try, if you like!" drawled Adolphus.

Jimmy Silver took the ball. Jimmy was the champion bowler of the Lower School, and was often called upon to fag at bowling for Bulkeley and the mighty men of the Sixth when they were at practice.

The Co. grinned as Jimmy bowled to Adolphus. Smythe's bat swept about a yard from the ball, and the middle-stump was whipped out of the ground.

"Queer fluke, that!" said Smythe calmly.

"What a fellow you are for flukes, Silver!"

"Ain't I?" grinned Jimmy. "Field that ball, somebody, and let me give Smythey another fluke."

Lovell felded the ball, and there was another fluke—the leg-stump this time. Then Smythe came off the pitch, yawning, not in the least disconcerted.

"Looks ripping for you to-morrow, Smythey, don't it?" grinned Lovell.

Smythe shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, we shall beat you to-morrow!" he said.

"I'm open to give you two to one on it in quids!"

"You can keep your quids!" said Jimmy Silver. "But what do you mean by saying you'll beat the Junior Eleven with that team and that batting?"

"Well, we shall see what we shall see!"

"Who's your recruit from the village?"

"You'll see him to-morrow."

"He will have to be a tremendous player, if he's going to make your team any good against ours," said Jimmy suspiciously.

Adolphus smiled.

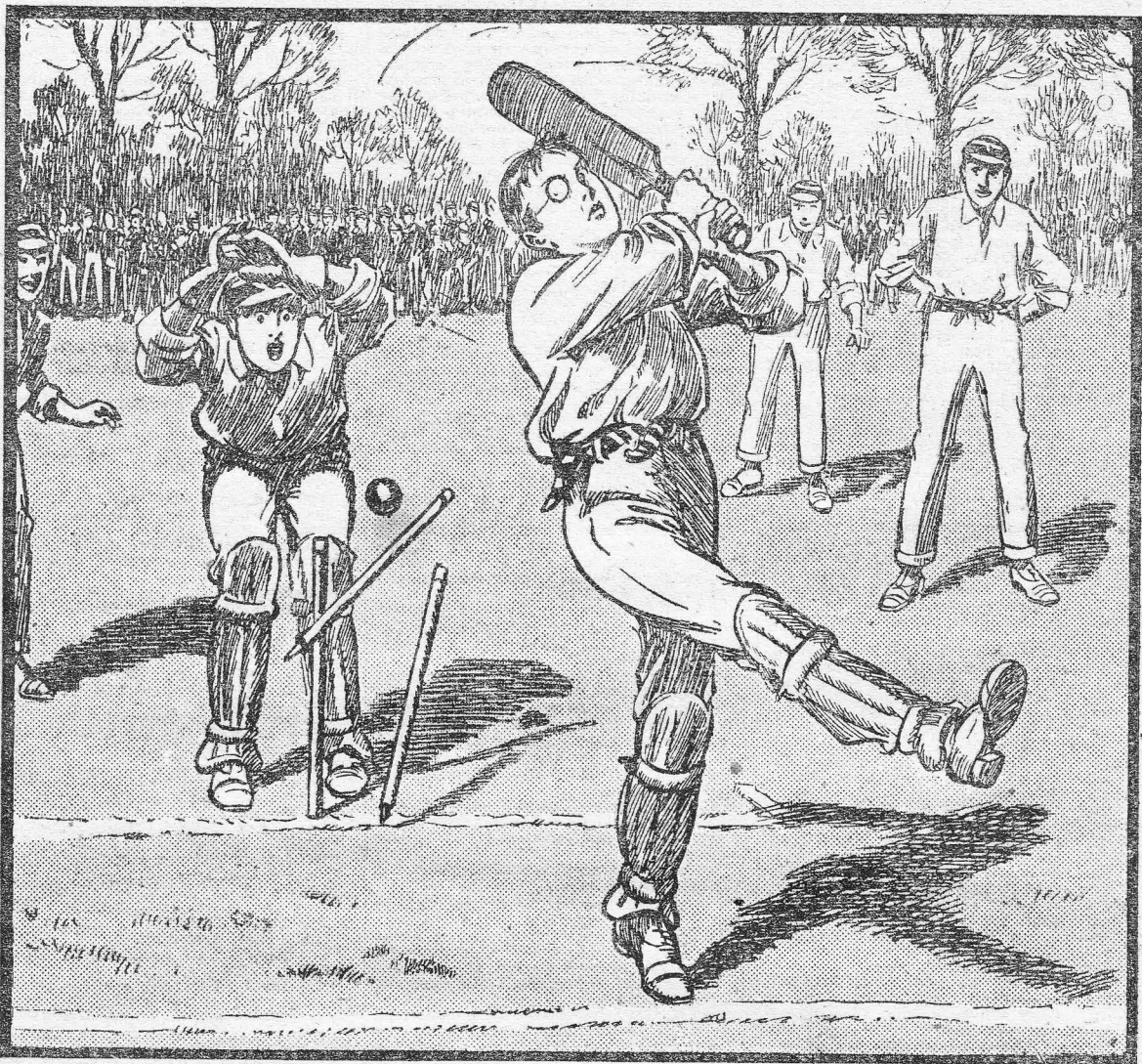
"Well, he is rather a good player, you know."

"Is he in the village eleven?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then who is he?"

"Lemme see—who is he?" said Smythe reflectively. "Oh, a cricketer I've picked up in Coombe, you know. It's in our agreement. I'm open to play any cricketer of Coombe."



The ball came down, and Smythe's bat missed it by a foot, and there was a crash as the middle stump was whipped out of the ground. "What price ducks' eggs?" yelled a dozen voices. (See page 17).

"I understood you meant one of the village eleven."

"Did you, really?" said Smythe, with an air of polite interest.

"Yes, I did," said Jimmy Silver warmly; "and I'd like to know who it is you're going to spring on us."

"Oh, a Coombe chap, you know!"

"There's some rotten trick on!" growled Lovell. "Tommy Dodd was right, after all. Look here, Smythe, we want to know who your man is."

Smythe yawned.

"Otherwise, Jimmy had better call the match off," said Raby.

"Can't be did!" said Smythe calmly. "Silver can't break his word, after puttin' it down in black and white. Of course, if you fellows admit that you were only swankin' in agreein' to play my team, and want to crawl out of the match, you're open to do it."

"Why, you silly fathead——" began Lovell wrathfully.

"Oh, cheese it!" growled Jimmy Silver. "We're in for it now, trick or no trick. We're going to meet Smythe's team, and beat them."

"You're welcome to beat us, if you've got it in you!" yawned Adolphus.

And he walked away, smiling.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked expressively at their chief. They had no further doubt that Smythe of the Shell had trapped Jimmy Silver—that he had some tremendous player to "spring" on the Rookwood Junior

Eleven. For once their Uncle James had-been caught napping.

"Well," said Lovell ominously, "you've had the wool pulled over your eyes, Jimmy, just as Tommy told you!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Jimmy crossly.

He was realising it himself now.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Adolphus' Recruit!

"STUMPS pitched at half-past two. I think, dear boy?" Smythe remarked to Jimmy Silver, after dinner on Saturday.

Jimmy nodded shortly.

"Right-ho!" said Adolphus. "I'm goin' down to Coombe now to fetch my man."

"You'll see him soon, and be put out of your misery!" grinned Tracy.

"What rotten trick are you playing?" growled Jimmy Silver.

Adolphus raised his eyebrows.

"Trick!" he repeated, in a tone of pained surprise.

"Yes, you spoofer!"

"I don't quite understand you, Silver. Isn't it in the agreement for me to play any cricketer of Coombe that I care to select?"

"Yes. But——"

"I'm stickin' to the agreement," said Smythe. "If I depart from the agreement, don't fail to remind me, dear boy. On your side, don't you depart from it. In fact, we're holdin' you to that agreement."

"We are—we is!" chuckled Tracy.

"I shall stick to it," said Jimmy quietly. "But I can't help thinking that you've swindled me."

"In what way, my dear fellow?" Smythe looked puzzled. "If my man isn't a Coombe cricketer, you can object to his playin' for me, can't you? If he is a Coombe cricketer you can't object, on your own showin'."

And the Nuts strolled away, chuckling, leaving the junior captain of Rookwood in an unenviable frame of mind. Bulkeley of the Sixth came out with his bat under his arm, and paused, and tapped Jimmy on the shoulder, with a smile.

"What's the matter with you, young 'un. You're looking down in the mouth."

Jimmy smiled ruefully.

"I believe I've been spoofered, Bulkeley. I've landed my eleven in a blessed fix, and I don't quite see how to get them out of it. They'll be ready to scalp me, and it will serve me right."

Bulkeley laughed.

"Perhaps I can give you some advice," he remarked. "What's the trouble?"

"Of course, I don't want you to interfere," said Jimmy hastily. "If you won't interfere as a prefect, Bulkeley, I'd be jolly glad to tell you and ask your advice."

"That's understand. Go ahead!"

Jimmy Silver explained.

The captain of Rookwood listened curiously.

"From what I've seen of Smyth's Eleven you'll walk over them," he said. "But if they turn out some good players, you'll

want them in the junior team. I don't quite see the trouble."

"It's about that fellow Smythe's fetching from Coombe. My agreement with him lets him play any fellow he likes from Coombe, you see. I thought he meant one of the village team, but—but—"

"Surely Smythe wouldn't play a trick by springing some grown-up player on you!" said Bulkeley, frowning.

"I hope he won't," said Jimmy. "But—but that's what I'm afraid of, Bulkeley. I can't refuse to play, either, so long as he keeps to the terms of our agreement. I was an ass to be taken in, but there you are!"

"You don't want me to interfere?"

"Oh, no! Smythe would crow me end!" said Jimmy hastily. "It would look—You know how that would look, Bulkeley."

The Rookwood captain nodded. "I know; and I shall not chip in. Perhaps Smythe isn't thinking of tricking you, after all; I hope not. I was going to ask you to bowl to me at the nets, but if you've got a match on—"

"That's all right; we don't begin yet," said Jimmy. "I'll be glad to, to get my hand in."

"I'll keep an eye open," said Bulkeley.

"If Smythe is really springing some first-rate cricketer on you, I may be able to help you out. We'll see."

Jimmy followed Bulkeley to Big Side, and did some bowling. His bowling was very good, and even the great Bulkeley had plenty to do to deal with it. Jimmy was in great form: quite up to performing the double hat-trick on Smythe's team of slackers, if it came to that. When he had finished bowling to Bulkeley, he strolled away to Little Side, where the Junior Eleven were already gathering.

"Smythe's not here yet," said Tommy Dodd. "I hear he's gone down to Coombe for his extra man."

"That's so," said Jimmy.

"Found out yet who it is?"

"Not yet."

"It's a trick, or Smythe wouldn't be keeping it dark like this," said Tommy Cook.

"You've landed yourself this time, Jimmy Silver, and us, too."

"Sure, and you have," Tommy Doyle remarked. "And sure, if Smythe claims half the places in the eleven after bating us by a trick, he won't get them!"

"I've promised!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"You ought to have had more sense, then. You're not going to muck up the Junior Eleven because you've made a fool promise."

"No jolly fear!" said Lovell, in full concord with the Moderns for once.

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

"You're right," he said. "If Smythe's Eleven win on their merits it would be all right. If they win on a trick I shall have to resign the captaincy."

"Resign?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Yes," grunted Jimmy. "I've given my word, and I've got to keep it. If Smythe & Co. win the match I shall put them in the Junior Eleven. Then the sooner the club kicks me out, and Smythe & Co. after me, the better!"

Lovell drew a deep breath.

"Oh, the deep rotter!" he exclaimed. "Smythe must have had that in his mind all the time. Either he gets the places in the eleven, or you get the order of the boot, Jimmy. He scores either way. He'd be as pleased at seeing you booted out of the captaincy as at getting the places in the team."

"Well, a cricket-captain who's taken in like a baby isn't much good!" commented Tommy Dodd. "The eleven will do better with a Modern skipper."

"Oh, cheese it, you Modern ass!"

Oswald of the Fourth came scudding over the gates.

"They're coming!" he called out.

"Smythe?"

"Yes," gasped Oswald: "and a chap with him—a chap from Coombe—a chap you know—the chap who's going to play for him, I suppose!"

"Who is it?" shouted all the cricketers together.

Oswald made a grimace.

"Bobby Box!"

"Oh, my hat!" Jimmy Silver fairly gasped.

"Bobby Box, the pro! That puts the giddy lid on!"

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Smythe's Little Game!

SMYTHE & CO. came sauntering down to Little Side, with Bobby Box in their midst.

Robert Box was not unknown to the Rookwood juniors.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 65.

He was a native of Coombe, and had been a cricketer all his life. He had played for the county as a professional cricketer, and was now about twenty-six. He kept a little shop in Coombe, and sold sporting paraphernalia—footballs, rods, bats, and so on—and also coached the village players. Probably he had been glad enough to earn a "quid" by an afternoon's cricket at Rookwood, and, of course, he knew nothing of the trickery on the part of Adolphus Smythe, which had caused him to be engaged for the match.

He came along to Little Side, towering over the heads of the smiling Nuts of Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at him blankly. "So that's your man, Smythe?" said Jimmy.

Adolphus nodded, and smiled affably. "Yaas—a Coombe cricketer, you know."

The Nuts chuckled jocosely. Mr. Box looked a little puzzled.

"It's a rotten trick!" exclaimed Lovell hotly. "You've no right to play a county player in a Junior School match, and you know it!"

"I think it's provided for in my agreement with Silver," said Adolphus calmly. "I suppose Silver is not goin' back on his word?"

"It's a rotten spoof!"

"Can't be helped," said Jimmy Silver. "It's a dirty trick, Smythe—you were taking me in. But I shall keep my word."

"I don't see that I was takin' you in," said Adolphus. "I told you I'd play a Coombe cricketer, and here he is. I warned you specially he would be older than the rest of the team. So he is!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you can raise any reasonable objection to my man, under the agreement, Silver, you're open to do it."

Jimmy Silver did not answer. Under that precious agreement he couldn't. He had been taken in; but the letter of the compact, if not its spirit, was on Smythe's side.

Mr. Box was looking somewhat uncomfortable. He began to understand the "true inwardness" of his engagement by the elegant Adolphus.

But he had engaged himself for the match, and had been paid his money in advance, and it was too late for retreat so far as he was concerned.

"Well, we're ready!" remarked Tracy.

Jimmy did not move.

He was wondering how he was to extricate himself and his eleven from this awful fix.

He had been caught, there was no doubt about that. Jimmy's wits were generally equal to any emergency. But he could not see how he was to turn the tables upon the cunning Adolphus.

Good players as the Rookwood Juniors were, they knew they had no chance against a team that included the professional cricketer.

Even Jimmy Silver's bowling was not likely to touch his wicket.

He would be the first man in, and not out at the finish, and the Nuts would be careful to give him all the running possible before all their wickets fell. On those terms, Smythe's innings was certain to total up a goodly number of runs, without any good cricket for the Nuts themselves. They had simply to devote themselves to stonewalling, and leave the game to Bobby Box.

And Bobby Box, too, was a terrible bowler—the best bats of the Rookwood eleven were not likely to stand up long against him. They would be bowled mercilessly. The Rookwood First could have dealt with him doubtless; but the Rookwood Juniors would be like so many skittles set up for him to bowl down.

Adolphus had scored with a vengeance. The match was as good as a walk-over for the Nuts of Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver's followers gave him expressive looks. But Jimmy did not need their looks to make him inclined to kick himself.

He knew that he ought to have been more on his guard—that he ought to have known Adolphus of the Shell better.

It was too late to think of that now! Jimmy cast about desperately in his mind for some way out of the fix.

There seemed no way.

"Well, the stumps are pitched," growled Lovell. "We may as well get on with the washing. Precious ass, ain't you, Jimmy to land us into this?"

"Don't hurry yourselves," said Smythe satirically. "I admit I had a feelin' all along that you fags wouldn't really come up to the scratch. You're rather given to braggin' more than to doin', in my opinion."

"Oh, shut up, you worm!" growled Lovell.

"Nice manners they have in the Fourth,

haven't they?" murmured Adolphus, quite imperturbable.

Jimmy Silver gave a sudden start. An idea had flashed into his mind. His eyes lighted up.

Bulkeley had said he would help him out if he could. Bulkeley was over on Big Side, knocking about some bowling from Jobson of the Fifth.

"Eureka!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Are you ready?" chorried Howard.

"Wait a minute, you chaps!"

"Where are you off to?" exclaimed Lovell, as Jimmy Silver darted away.

Jimmy did not reply. Leaving the group of cricketers staring, he bolted away to Big Side. His active brain had evolved an idea, and if it worked—he grinned at the thought—if it worked, Adolphus Smythe, with all his cunning, would be foiled at the finish!

#### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Jimmy Silver's Recruit!

**B**ULKELEY!" Jimmy Silver came up panting. Bulkeley of the Sixth had just cut the ball away, when Jimmy Silver had arrived. He nodded quite good-humouredly to the junior.

"Well, Silver?"

"You said you'd help me out, Bulkeley."

"So I will!" said Bulkeley. "What's happened?"

"Smythe's brought Bobby Box to play us—you know Box, the professional and cricket coach."

Bulkeley frowned.

"You're entitled to refuse to play, Silver!" he said.

"I—I know; but I can't. It wouldn't do, Bulkeley. Smythe's got me in a cleft stick."

"Well, you've got no chance," said Bulkeley. "The eleven of you all together couldn't touch Box."

"I know! But if you—you—"

Jimmy hesitated. It was a terrific cheek what he was going to ask of the captain of Rookwood; in spite of his nerve, of which he generally had plenty, his courage failed.

"If I what?" said Bulkeley. "Can I help you in any way?"

"Yes, yes, if you would, Bulkeley."

"Well—"

"If—if you'd play for us!" gasped Jimmy. It was out at last.

Bulkeley stared, as well he might!

"Play for you?" he ejaculated. "Play for the Fourth Form?"

Jimmy Silver crimsoned.

"I—I know it's an awful cheek!" he murmured.

"By Jove! I should say it is!" said Bulkeley. "I always noticed you were a cheeky young rascal, Silver, but I never thought you had so much nerve as that."

Jimmy Silver looked rueful.

"Of course you won't do it!" he said. "But—but I thought I'd ask you! That'd put the lid on Smythe. You could stand up to Bobby Box. You could knock his bowling sky-high!"

Bulkeley burst into a laugh.

"Well, you're a cheeky young rascal!" he said, good-humouredly. "You ought never to have got into such a fix. But I'll help you out of it if I can."

The captain of the Fourth brightened up.

"Oh, Bulkeley! You—you'll—"

Bulkeley nodded.

"Yes, I'll play for you, you young sweep!"

"Hurrah!" yelled Jimmy, in delight.

"Come on, Bulkeley! Of course, you'll captain the team. I'll stand down!"

"Not at all," said Bulkeley. "I play as a recruit—if a chap will stand out of the eleven to make room for me."

"I say, Bulkeley, it's awfully good of you!" gasped Jimmy. "I know it's a fearful cheek to ask you."

"Well, I'm glad you realise that. Come on!"

"Oh, what a facer for Adolphus!" chorried Jimmy. "Come on, Bulkeley! I want to see Smythe's face!"

Bulkeley grinned as he followed Jimmy Silver to Little Side.

"Bulkeley goin' to umpire?" asked Smythe.

"Oh, no!" said Jimmy calmly. "Bulkeley's going to play!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Flynn, old chap, you'll have to stand down. Bulkeley's playing for us this afternoon."

"Sure, and it's delighted I am!" grinned Flynn. "Ye're as welcome as the flowers in May, Bulkeley darling!"

"Hurrah!" yelled Lovell, almost capering with delight.

"Hurroo!" roared Tommy Doyle.

Adolphus Smythe's face was a study.



"I—I say," he stammered, "this—this is a junior match, you know. Seniors don't play in junior matches."

"What about your Box?" chortled Lovell. "He's about ten or twelve years older than our giddy recruit."

"Oh, by gad!" muttered Tracy. "Done! We're done, Smythe! Fancy Bulkeley playing for those fags! Couldn't he foresee that?"

"Might have foreseen anythin' dealin' with that beast Silver!" mumbled Townsend.

The Nuts were dismayed. Good as their Coombe recruit undoubtedly was, he was no better than Bulkeley, of Rookwood, the best cricketer the old school had ever produced. Certainly not better, perhaps even not quite so good.

But even if he were as good, then two mighty players would, so to speak, cancel one another, and the two juniors elevens would be on equal terms again—Smythe's slackers against Jimmy Silver & Co.

The junior cricketers were delighted at the prospect. With Bulkeley to take Bobby Box off their hands, they had no doubt about the way they would deal with Smythe & Co. Smythe & Co. hadn't much doubt about it either; hence their dismay.

But, there was no help for it. If Smythe had a right to play Bobby Box, Jimmy Silver had a right to play Bulkeley; there was nothing in the precious agreement to prevent that. There was no help for it; and Adolphus' only consolation was a lingering hope that perhaps, after all, the old professional might prove better than even Bulkeley of the Sixth. With that faint hope to encourage him, the dismayed Adolphus tossed for innings, and the cricketers proceeded to the field.

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**  
**Foiled at the Finish!**

**A** DOLPHUS SMYTHE won the toss and elected to bat first. It was a single-innings match; that had been arranged. Smythe of the Shell opened the innings himself with Box. It was upon the athletic Bobby that he pinned his faith. Bobby was to have piled up heaps of runs, while the Nuts stonewalled at the other end; that was the programme. But Adolphus had not counted upon a bowler like old Bulkeley entering the lists against the redoubtable Bobby. Smythe's "dead cert" had developed into a deadly uncertainty.

Jimmy Silver put his men into the field, and gave Bulkeley the ball to bowl the first over to Bobby Box. Bulkeley took it with a grin. It was Bulkeley's first experience at playing cricket under a captain in the Fourth Form.

The news of that remarkable match had spread like wildfire, and nearly all Rookwood had come to look on. They stared at the sight of the mighty Bulkeley in the ranks of the Fourth. Knowles, of the Sixth, the Modern prefect, sneered aside to Catesby, and remarked that Bulkeley had no idea of the dignity of the Sixth Form, and Catesby nodded assent. But the general opinion was that Bulkeley was doing a good-natured thing, and he was cheered loudly by the whole crowd as he went on to bowl.

Smythe's little scheme, though eminently satisfactory to himself, was regarded by the Rookwood fellows as a mean trick, as indeed it was. The trick was now, of course, palpable to everyone; and the remarks that were made about it might have caused Adolphus to blush, if he had been given to blushing—

which was not the case. The way Jimmy Silver had "nobbled" the trickster by getting old Bulkeley to play for him made the juniors chortle. It was just like Jimmy!

Jimmy Silver & Co. stood grinning in the field, quite satisfied now with their prospects in the match.

Bulkeley delivered the first over to Bobby Box. Somewhat to the disappointment of the Co., he did not "down" Box in the first over. Even Bulkeley could not perform miracles. The over gave Bobby Box eight runs, and then the bowling came to Adolphus Smythe; and Jimmy Silver took the ball, the smiling Bulkeley dropping back into Jimmy's place in the field.

Jimmy Silver went on to bowl with a determined brow.

Smythe faced the bowling without much hope. He was still "swanking," but deep down in his heart he knew how much his batting was worth against Jimmy Silver's bowling.

The ball came down, and Smythe's bat missed by a foot. There was a crash, and a chuckle from the crowd.

"What price ducks' eggs, Smythe?" yelled a dozen voices.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Adolphus Smythe carried out his bat, with a brow of thunder. He sent Selwyn in in his place.

Selwyn was a better bat than Smythe, and he was very much on his guard. He stopped the next ball, and then by luck stole a single. That brought Bobby Box to the batting end for the rest of the over.

Bobby Box smiled. Jimmy did his best, but the county player was miles above junior form. There were three balls left for the over, and they gave Bobby Box four, and four again, and then three, and the odd run at the finish brought him to the batting end for the next over.

Jimmy Silver tossed the ball to Bulkeley. Bulkeley was the only man who could be expected to touch the county player. He went on to bowl again.

The fieldsmen looked on keenly, anxious for chances. Bulkeley sent down a slow ball, and Bobby Box drove it away for two. Another slow, and four came off it. Still another, and two more runs. Then a fast ball, as quick as lightning, and Bobby Box was caught napping. There was a clatter of falling balls, and Rookwood yelled itself almost hoarse.

"Well bowied!" "Hurrah!" " Bravo, Bulkeley!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth had bowled the county man! Bulkeley was doubly a hero to Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly chortled with delight. The faces of Adolphus and Company were correspondingly elongated. Their champion gone—and they could guess how the remainder of the match would go!

The score at twenty-eight for Smythe & Co.—twenty-seven of them taken by the redoubtable Bobby. Jimmy Silver registered an inward vow that the score of the Giddy Goats should remain where it was.

Howard came in in the county man's place, but Bulkeley had mercy on him. It was understood that Bulkeley was playing Bobby Box; Jimmy Silver & Co. were quite equal to dealing with the Nuts themselves. The rest of the over was drawn blank. Then Jimmy Silver took the ball against Selwyn.

Selwyn was very wary, but his wariness did not save him. His wicket went down to the first ball. Townsend took his place, and succeeded in swiping away the next ball, but,

unfortunately for him, swiped it fairly to Tommy Dodd's hand, and the Modern junior caught it and held it.

Chesney was the next man in. He stayed in for one ball, and left his wicket spraddled when he departed, the richer by a duck's egg.

"Well bowied!" shrieked the juniors. "Good old Jimmy! Ducks' eggs are cheap to-day! Make it the double bat-trick!"

Topham was the next victim. He survived one ball, but the fifth of the over knocked his off-stump down, and Topham departed sadly. Then came Peele, who stopped the last ball.

The Rookwooders were grinning joyously now.

How much chance the Nuts had against Jimmy Silver & Co. was only too apparent now that Bulkeley had put the extinguisher on their champion.

Bulkeley, however, did no more bowling. Jimmy Silver wanted it to be quite clear that his team was beating the Nuts, and that Bulkeley was only beating Bobby Box. Tommy Dodd and Oswald divided the rest of the bowling.

Wickets did not survive long, and not a single run came to solace the unhappy Nuts during the sad procession to and from the pavilion.

Jimmy Silver chuckled when the tenth wicket went down.

Beaumont was "not out," for the excellent reason that he had not received a ball.

"All down for twenty-eight!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "One for the Nuts, and twenty-seven for the chap from Coombe! And those fellows think they can play cricket!"

"What price ducks' eggs, Smythe?" grinned Tommy Dodd.

And Adolphus only scowled savagely instead of replying to that question. He drew Bobby Box aside, and spoke to him in a low, furious voice.

"I want you to take Bulkeley's wicket in their innings, Box," he muttered. "Get Bulkeley out, and we'll walk over them yet. You can easily take the rest; only Bulkeley can get runs against your bowling."

"If his batting's anything like his bowling, sir, I can't answer for it," said Mr. Box, very dubiously. "He's a cough-drop, he is!"

"Take his wicket, and I'll make it another quid," said Smythe.

Mr. Box grunted. "I've been paid already for my services, sir, and I don't want paying over again," he said. "I'm going to do my best, and no man can do more than that."

And Adolphus Smythe grunted discontentedly. Mr. Box was going to do his best, but Adolphus had his doubts as to what Mr. Box's best would be worth. Bulkeley of Rookwood was a mighty batsman.

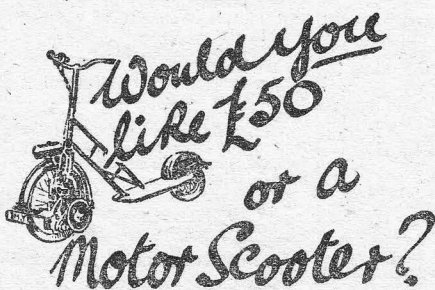
Jimmy Silver & Co. were in high spirits, but they realised that they were not yet out of the wood.

They wanted twenty-nine to win, but if Bulkeley's wicket should fall early in the innings, they knew it was extremely doubtful whether they would get twenty-nine, with Mr. Box bowling. The fate of the remarkable match still depended on Bulkeley.

"I'm opening the innings with you, Bulkeley," said Jimmy. "You'll take the first over, if you don't mind."

Bulkeley nodded and smiled.

Bobby Box went on to bowl against the captain of Rookwood, Smythe placing his men deep in the field. The Rookwood crowd looked on with breathless interest. They knew what a batsman Bulkeley was, but they



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knew, too, that Bobby Box had bowled for his county the previous season, and that his hand had not lost its cunning. It was a contest of the giants, and tensely interesting to the watching crowd.

Bulkeley stopped the first ball dead, and then the second, and then the third. He was feeling his way. But the fourth ball he knocked away for two, and the fifth for three. Five runs for Rookwood, and Silver facing the Coombe bowler for the last ball!

Smythe gritted his teeth as he looked on. "That rotter's wicket will go down, at any rate!" he muttered.

But he was mistaken. Jimmy did not seek to score off the county man's bowling; he was content to save his wicket—and he saved it. The ball dropped on the crease.

Smythe breathed hard through his nose. Bulkeley was at the batting end for the next over, and Smythe knew how he could treat the bowling if he liked.

He put Tracy on to bowl, anathematising the laws of cricket, which did not allow him to put Box off again.

To his amazement and relief, Bulkeley did not pile up runs on the bowling. He was not there to play the Nuts.

Adolphus breathed again. That tacit agreement on the part of Jimmy Silver and Bulkeley gave him a chance again. Bobby Box was put on for the third over against Jimmy Silver's wicket.

Jimmy stood up manfully to the bowling. He stopped the first ball and the second, but the third knocked his bails flying. Lovell came in to take his place, and was sent out by a duck's egg. Tommy Dodd was next man in. He played one ball very cautiously, but the last of the over he ventured to cut away through the slips. Tommy Dodd and Bulkeley ran, and the ball came in seconds too late.

And now Tommy Dodd was at the batting end, and Box had to retire for the next over. Smythe put Townsend on.

Tommy Dodd grinned joyously. Townsend did his best. Tommy Dodd waited for the ball, and swiped it away, taking care to give Bobby Box's part of the field a wide berth.

He did not run, however; there was no need to run. It was a boundary hit.

Chesney fagged in with the ball, and Townsend bowled again. This time the batsman ran—twice, three, four times. And the ball came in too late. Smythe made a hurried rearrangement of his field in the hope that Bobby Box would get a catch. But Tommy Dodd had his eye on the field. The next ball sailed over Smythe's own head, and sped on to the boundary.

"Twelve for Tommy Dodd!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "Good old Modern worm! At this rate, we shall finish in this over!"

"There goes the ball again! Another giddy boundary!"

A boundary it was. And it was followed by another. Jimmy Silver grinned as the figures went up. Twenty runs for Tommy Dodd—a total of twenty-six for the side. Two more wanted to tie, and three to win.

Smythe tossed the ball to Bobby Box for the next over.

"Get Bulkeley out, and there's a chance yet!" he said, almost tearfully.

Bobby Box went on to bowl. The captain of Rookwood stopped the first ball, but he let out at the second, and it fairly flew.

The batsmen raced across the pitch, while the panting Nuts fagged after the ball—once, twice, thrice! Then there was a roar!

"Hurrah!"

Jimmy Silver executed a war-dance in front of the pavilion.

Smythe of the Shell clenched his hands hard. Jimmy Silver's eleven had won by a run and nearly all their wickets.

Bulkeley came off the pitch grinning. The juniors gave him an enthusiastic cheer.

"Good old Bulkeley! Bravo!"

Bulkeley laughed and walked away. Bobby Box was grinning as he took his departure. He had done his best for Smythe, as in duty bound; but he was not sorry for the way the match had ended now that he fully understood the motives of the superb Adolphus.

Smythe & Co. retired from the field with black looks, followed by loud laughter, which was very exasperating to such superb persons. And in the end study a joyful party merrily celebrated the victory which had extricated Uncle James from his scrape and and "put the lid" on Smythe's scheme.

(Next Friday's grand story of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled "Mornington's Challenge," by Owen Conquest. Order your PENNY POPULAR in advance.)

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 68.

## Cussy's Escapade!

A SHORT STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

"**B**AI Jove! I wegard that as a jolly good wheeze!"

Thus Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's College.

Arthur Augustus was seated in Study No. 6, in the Fourth Form passage, with his elegantly-booted feet resting on the table. He was studying a newspaper several weeks old with great interest. His three chums were variously occupied. Blake was deeply immersed in a book, and Herries and Digby were concentrating on a game of chess. An unusual air of quietude pervaded the study.

"A jolly good wheeze!" repeated Arthur Augustus. "A weally wippin' wag, deah boys, don't you think so?"

"Shurrup!" grunted Blake.

"Weally, Blake! I wegard this as a weally sportin' effort, you know!"

Blake looked up from his book with a glare. "What the dickens are you mumbling about, dummy? Why can't you be quiet, fathead?"

"I wufuse to be called a fathead!"

"Oh, scat!"

Blake resumed his book impatiently, and Arthur Augustus complacently continued his remarks:

"I weally think it's up to us, you know, to show them that a St. Jim's boy can do somethin' of the sort, too—don't you, Blake?"

"Grrr!"—from Blake.

"This school—I've heard of it befoah, of course—"

Blake slammed down his book. "What school?" he hooted. "What on earth are you babbling about?"

"I object to my wemarks bein' characterized as babblin'!"

"Oh, you—you—"

"Please don't get excited, Blake! I was just weading about a boy at a school called Eton. I've heard of that school befoah, you know!"

"Go hon!"

"Yaas, wathah! Quite a good school, too, I believe; but not a patch on St. Jim's, of course!"

"Oh, get on with the washing, do!"

"Well, one of the fellahs there climbed up the towah of one of the buildin's, and fastened an umbrella to the weathah-cock!"

Blake grinned.

"Yes, I remember reading about that at the time—a jolly risky thing to do!"

"Yaas, wathah, but vewy sportin'," said Arthur Augustus. "It gave pictures of the umbwella fastened to the spiah, too, in some of the illustwated papahs."

"Well, what about it?"

"I was just thinkin'," said Arthur Augustus calmly, laying down the paper and polishing his eyeglass with his handkerchief, "that it would be a good wheeze to do somethin' like that at St. Jim's."

"What?"

Blake was evidently startled.

"I wegard it as bein' up to St. Jim's, you see. I am thinkin' of climbin' up the old tower and puttin' something on the top of the flagstaff."

Blake sat up with a jerk.

"You—you ass! Don't let me catch you trying anything of the sort!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"You'd break your silly neck long before you got to the top of the tower, you dummy! You can cut your precious idea right out!"

"Certainly not!" said Gussy firmly. "I wegard you as an ass, Blake! It will have to be done at night, of course—"

"At night? My hat, you're potty!"

"Not at all, deah boy! I should have to do it at night, like the fellah at Eton did, to prevent any silly ass interierwin' with me!"

"Well, I'm jiggered!"

Blake seemed quite flabbergasted by the latest idea of his elegant chum.

"It will surprise the fellahs to see my toppah resin' on top of the flagstaff on the old towah one fine mornin'!" said Arthur Augustus, with a chuckle. "I wegard it as a wippin' wheeze!"

"Oh, rippin'!" said Blake sarcastically. "It would be a rippin' wheeze to have a funeral at St. Jim's, too, wouldn't it—your funeral, I mean? We should probably get a half-

holiday for it, anyway—so that's something to look forward to!"

Arthur Augustus got up, and strolled elegantly to the door.

"Wats!" he replied tersely, and left the study.

He left Jack Blake pondering. Herries and Digby were still engrossed in their game of chess. It was doubtful if they had heard a word of what had passed between Blake and D'Arcy, and Blake felt that it was useless to try to explain the matter to them until they had finished their game.

So Blake wrinkled his brows in thought. He knew his chum D'Arcy, and he knew that he would be almost certain to make an attempt to carry out his precious scheme, dangerous and foolish though it was. Arthur Augustus, in spite of his dandified ways, was full of pluck, and, if he regarded the matter as being "up to St. Jim's," he would undoubtedly carry it through if it were at all possible.

The old tower at St. Jim's had a rain-water pipe running up its side to the battlemented roof, and Blake had no doubt that Arthur Augustus was relying on this to help him climb the tower to the flagstaff on the top.

Blake chuckled for an instant as he reflected that there was an old stone staircase in the interior of the tower, leading to the leads, otherwise, of course, the flagstaff would be ungetatable. Arthur Augustus had evidently forgotten that fact in his enthusiasm to emulate the Eton boy's feat by climbing laboriously up the outside of the tower!

After a little more thought, Jack Blake evidently had an idea, for he chuckled several times.

Then he left the study and went to interview Taggles, the school porter.

Taggles received him rather rustily, and listened with some impatience while Jack Blake, in persuasive accents, explained what he wanted.

"Wot! A ladder and pallful of tar? My heye, Master Blake, wot are you up to now?"

"Never your mind, Taggy! If you will lend 'em to me this evening for half an hour—"

Taggles snorted.

"Not if I knows it, Master Blake! Young rips, that's wot you boys are! Wot I says is—"

"I was going to offer you half-a-crown, Taggy, but, of course, if it's no go—"

Blake paused, and Taggles softened visibly.

"Of course, Master Blake, if you're not up to 'arm I might 'eraps—"

"Good! Here's the half-crown!" said Blake. "That's a do then, Taggy!"

And, thrusting the coin into the porter's hand, Blake walked off.

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

But Blake was too far away to hear exactly what it was that Taggles said.

Before bed-time that evening Blake, Herries, and Digby—for by now Blake had confided his plan to his two chums—might have been seen very busy in the dusk, with a ladder propped up against the old tower.

After half an hour's work, they ran the ladder, and sundry other articles they had been using, round to Taggles' shed, and then returned to the study.

Streaming into the Fourth Form dormitory with the crowd at bed-time, Jack Blake tapped Arthur Augustus on the shoulder.

"To-night's the night, Gus!" he whispered. D'Arcy stared at him.

"Shush! Not a word!" said Blake, in a thrilling whisper. "When the clock strikes eleven we will go forth—"

"Weally, Blake!"

"Well, ain't you going to do the Eton stunt, then?" said Blake, dropping into his ordinary tones. "Oh, Gus! After your heroic words this afternoon, Dig and Herries and I were prepared to escort you to the old tower at eleven o'clock to-night, to witness the noble deed!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Are you going to disappoint us—to let Eton crow over St. Jim's?" said Blake solemnly.

Arthur Augustus, only too pleased to find that Blake, for some reason, was prepared to back him up in his risky escapade, smiled expansively.

"Certainly not, deah boy! Wely on me!"

"At eleven o'clock, then?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Good!"

Jack Blake grinned, and hurried to his bed.

All the four members of the Co. undressed only partially, and when the clock struck eleven, and the rest of the dormitory was sound asleep, they got up quietly.

"Are you ready, Gus?" whispered Blake.

"In a minute, deah boy!"  
 "What on earth are you doing?"  
 "I find it difficult to tie my tie pwoerlay in the dark, Blake! Pway don't huvwyy me!"  
 Blake snorted.  
 "You ass! What on earth does your tie matter?"  
 "I should wufuse to climb up the towah weawin' a wottenly-tied tie!"  
 Blake suppressed his feelings, and in due time Arthur Augustus announced himself ready for the great adventure.  
 "Got the topper, Gus?" asked Blake.  
 "Yaas, wathah!"  
 "Then come on!"

Accompanied by Herries and Digby, they left the dormitory, and, dropping one after the other out of the passage window, gained the quadrangle.

There was a faint moon, and the four juniors kept in the shadows as they hurried to the foot of the old tower. They did not want to be spotted by a late-sitting master or an extra alert prefect.

Arthur Augustus walked straight up the rain-water pipe, and Blake gave Digby a delighted nudge.

"My ideah is to climb up this wain-watah pipe, deah boys!" said Gussy, with great satisfaction. "When I get to the guttah—Bai Jove!"

He broke off suddenly, with dismay in his voice.

"What's up now?" said Blake.  
 "How am I to climb up the pipe with this toppah in my hand?" exclaimed D'Arcy blankly.

"Shove it on your head, chump!"  
 "Oh, good! I nevah thought of that, you know!"

D'Arcy grasped the pipe, and hauled him-

self up off the ground. He climbed a couple of feet—and then stopped.

The waiting Co. heard an exclamation:  
 "Bai Jove!"

"What's up now?" called Blake.  
 "Bai Jove!" gasped D'Arcy, in utter dismay. "The pipe's all stickay—it's covahed with some feahful stuff!"

"Tar, perhaps—or paint?" suggested Blake cheerfully.

"Good gwacious, how feahful! My clobber—"

"What!" gasped Blake.  
 "My best bags! They'll be wuined!"

"You don't mean to say you've got your best togs on for this job?" almost shrieked Blake.

"Yaas, wathah! I'm comin' down, deah boys! I can't stand this! I'm smothahed with tah!"

And Arthur Augustus promptly slipped to the ground.

The Co. were almost suffocating with laughter. Blake's little scheme had been entirely successful. He knew his fastidious chum like a book. No thought of danger would deter the noble Gussy from his hare-brained scheme for a moment, but a little tar on the pipe—that was quite another matter! The idea of climbing the tower was now off—quite off for him!

"I'm goin' back, deah boys!" he said firmly. "I'm fed up! It will take me hours and hours to get this howwid tah off! Let's get back!"

And the Co., suppressing their laughter as well as they could, followed Arthur Augustus back to the dormitory the way they came.

Arrived there, the agitated Gussy lit a

candle, and surveyed him by the dim light with exclamations of horror.

"Bai Jove, how disgustin'! This is weally wotten!"

Blake & Co. looked at him, and roared!  
 They couldn't help it.

His hands were smothered with tar, and there were tarry patches on his elegant Etons and his beautifully-creased trousers. Even his noble countenance was decorated with a large smear of the same sticky substance.

"I shall nevah get the feahful stuff off, and my twousahs are wuined!" groaned the unfortunate swell of St. Jim's.

"Never mind, Gussy! We'll help to scrub it off you!" gasped Blake. "Your bags will do for second-best when they're cleaned, so don't worry!"

"Wats! I wegahd it as wotten!" said Arthur Augustus dismally. "I wegahd the whole thing as wotten! That chap at Eton was an ass!"

"Hear, hear!"

"But it was wotten luck, findin' the wain-water pipe fweshly tared!" went on Arthur Augustus, scrubbing away at his tarry hands.

"It must have been done to-day, you know. That chump Taggles, I suppose!"

"Taggles always was a chump!" murmured Blake.

"Yaas, wathah! That will do now, I think, deah boys! I'm going to turn in. Good-night!"

"Night-night, Gussy!"

And the chums of the Fourth, still chuckling under their breath, turned in.

And that was the inglorious finish to Gussy's Escapade!

THE END.

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