



GOOD-BYE TO DR. CHISHOLM.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Startling News!

MUFFIN of the Fourth burst into the Common-room on the Classical side at Rookwood breathless with excitement.

"Have you heard the news, you chaps?" gasped Muffin.
"An extra half-holiday?" yawned Jimmy Silver.

"Holiday be blowed!" said Muffin warmly. "Something rather more important than that. The Head's going!"

"What?"
"The Head!"
"Going!"

Muffin of the Fourth had succeeded in making a sensation. The Classical juniors gathered round him on all sides.

"He's going!" repeated Muffin. "I've just heard Mr. Bootles tell Bulkeley so. Bootles looked awfully bothered, and old Bulkeley looked quite down in the mouth, you know. The Head's going!"

"Resigned?" asked Lovell.
"No; sacked!"

Muffin of the Fourth liked to cause a sensation. He looked round triumphantly as he made that statement. There was no doubt that it caused a sensation. The idea that Dr. Chisholm, the revered Head of Rookwood, could possibly be "sacked" had never entered the minds of the Rookwood fellows. To them the Head had seemed a permanent institution.

"Sacked!" yelled Flynn.
"The Head sacked!" ejaculated Raby.
"Rats!"
"Spoo!"

"Bonnet him!" said Newcome. "He's pulling our leg! Bonnet him!"

"Here, I say, hold on!" exclaimed Muffin, in alarm. "It's true—honest Injun! Bootles told Bulkeley so!"

"Did he use the word 'sacked'?" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Well, not exactly that word," said Muffin cautiously. "But that's what he meant. He said that the governing board had requested the Head to resign, on account of having administered unjustifiably severe punishment to a certain Rookwood boy. You know Bootles puts in long words. But he meant 'sacked.'"

"Gammon!" said Oswald.

"Well, you'll jolly soon see!" said Muffin. "The Head's going this evening—soon, I think. Bootles is going to the station with him. The new Head's coming this evening, too, and the school will be handed over to him. Chap named Scroop, selected by the governors to take the Head's place. I wonder what he'll be like? The Head's rather a

beast in some things, but we might go farther and fare worse."

"We might," agreed Jimmy Silver. "This is jolly bad news, if it's true! The Head's a jolly good chap—for a headmaster!"

"But they wouldn't sack the Head for licking a chap," said Lovell. "It must be all rot! Besides, who's the chap?"

"Morrington! Morrington was flogged!" said Raby.

Jimmy Silver started a little.
"My hat!" he exclaimed. "You remember Morrington's gas when he was flogged. He said the Head would have to go. His uncle's chairman of the governors. Morrington's had a hand in this!"

"The uncle must be as big a cad as the nephew, in that case!" growled Lovell.

"Let's go and see Morrington. He may know all about it," said Oswald. "If he's had a hand in it, we'll scrag him!"
"Good egg!"

Morrington, the dandy of the Fourth, was not in the Common-room. There was a rush to his study in the Fourth Form passage.

The juniors had little doubt that Morrington knew something about the exciting event. His uncle, Sir Rupert Staepole, was chairman of the governing board, and the dandy of the Fourth had openly declared that the Head would have to go for administering that flogging. The juniors had grinned at the threat, but it really looked now as if Morrington had known what he was talking about.

Jimmy Silver tapped at his door, and opened it.

There was a haze of cigarette-smoke in the study.

Morny & Co. were enjoying themselves after their own fashion. Townsend and Topham of the Fourth, and Smythe and Howard of the Shell, were in the study. The Nuts of Rookwood were all smoking. They were also chatting and smiling, as if over something very entertaining. Morrington looked at the crowd of juniors in the doorway with an insolent smile.

"So you fellows have heard?" grinned Townsend.

And the Nuts chuckled in chorus. This example of the power of their pal "bucked" the Nuts very much. Morrington was a great man in the eyes of his pals that day.

"We've heard," said Jimmy Silver. "Muffin says the Head's going."

Morrington nodded.

"He's goin', right enough!"

"Do you know anything about it?"

"Yaas."

"Well, what do you know?" demanded Lovell.

"I know that Dr. Chisholm's sacked," said

Morrington coolly. "I told you so days ago. He's sacked for floggin' me!"

"You asked for that flogging," said Jimmy Silver.

Morrington shrugged his shoulders.
"Well, I said I'd make him sorry for it, and I have!" he retorted. "But you needn't mind; the next Head will be a change for the better. I know Scroop."

"Oh, you know him?"

"Old friend of mine," yawned Morrington.

"What a rippin' time we're goin' to have!" chortled Topham. "Morny's old friend won't come down heavy on Morny's pals."

"You can rely on that," said Morrington.

"Some cads who have been up against me can look out for squalls, though! I haven't forgotten!"

Jimmy Silver looked steadily at the dandy of the Fourth.

"I don't know whether you're gassing, or whether you're telling the truth for once," he said.

"But you're bragging of having got the Head sacked, and that's enough. Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows, I suggest showing these rotters what we think of them!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Collar the smoky beasts!" shouted Lovell.

"Hands off!" yelled Morrington, starting to his feet. "Mind, I'll have you flogged when Scroop comes! I'll have you sacked—yarroooh!"

He had no time for more.

The indignant juniors swarmed into the study, and the Giddy Goats of Rookwood were collared without ceremony. Townsend gave a dreadful gurgle as his cigarette went into his mouth. Morrington descended upon his expensive study carpet with a resounding bump. Smythe made a spring for the door, and tripped over Raby's foot and rolled over.

The next few minutes seemed to the unfortunate Nuts like a dozen earthquakes rolled into one.

When Jimmy Silver & Co. streamed out of the study they left five gasping and dishevelled fellows sprawling on the floor, amid overturned furniture and scattered cigarettes.

Morrington sat up and panted.

He had been looking forward to a great time under the reign of his old friend, the new Head of Rookwood. This was not a very promising beginning.

"Oh, gad!" groaned Adolphus Smythe, sitting up feebly. "Oh, gad! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Groogh!" moaned Townsend.

"Never mind!" said Morrington, between his teeth. "Wait till Scroop comes! They'll change their tune then! Let 'em wait!"

But the Nuts only groaned. Even the prospect of dire vengeance in the near future could not quite console them.

RULED BY A TYRANT!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Under a Cloud!

MR. BOOTLES, the master of the Fourth, wore a worried look as Jimmy Silver entered his study a little later. Jimmy noted it at once. The Form-master passed his hand over his brow, and looked inquiringly at the captain of the Fourth.

"Yes, yes, what is it, Silver—what, what?" said Mr. Bootles.

"If you please, sir, we've heard some very surprising news," said Jimmy Silver respectfully. "Is it true that the Head is going?"

"Yes, Silver. The whole school will know it shortly," said Mr. Bootles, with a sigh. "You must not suppose, however, that any blame attaches to Dr. Chisholm. Neither is his resignation permanent, I trust and believe. The fact is, there is a misapprehension on the part of the governors."

"Is that all, sir?" asked Jimmy, relieved.

"It is, however, of a somewhat serious nature," said Mr. Bootles. "It appears that Mornington, who was flogged recently, complained to his guardian, and paid him a visit shortly afterwards to repeat his complaints. Sir Robert Stacpoole took a serious view of the matter, and called a meeting of the governors. I understand that there was a prolonged discussion, and the result was that the Head was called upon to resign his post here while an inquiry is held. Meanwhile, a temporary headmaster will take his place. I hope and believe that the matter will be settled in a satisfactory way. Meanwhile, the Head is leaving."

"To-day, sir?"

"Yes; very shortly. The new headmaster arrives to-day," said Mr. Bootles. "You may acquaint your Form-fellows with these details, Silver."

And Mr. Bootles made a gesture of dismissal.

Jimmy Silver left the study, with knitted brows.

It was clear now that the departure of the Head was Mornington's work; that he had been successful in carrying out his threat.

Jimmy knew that several members of the governing board were absent. It was probable that the few who remained, and who had constituted the meeting, were friends of the chairman, and under his influence. Doubtless the most had been made of Mornington's flogging; which had certainly been severe, though not a whit more severe than he had deserved.

Jimmy could understand the pain and humiliation the governors' decision must have caused to the Head. True, his resignation was only temporary, and the chances were that he would be reinstated in all honour. But he was going now, under a cloud, after many years of good service at the old school.

The juniors, naturally, did not come much in contact with the Head, and he was a somewhat awful personage in their eyes. They knew him as a just, if somewhat severe, master. The bare idea of his being "sacked" by the influence of the cad of Rookwood made them boil with indignation.

A crowd of fellows were waiting Jimmy at the end of the passage, eager for news.

"Well, what does Bootles say?" asked a dozen voices.

"It's true," said Jimmy. And he explained what the Fourth-Form master had told him.

"It's rotten!" said Lovell. "So it was that cad that's done it! We'll make him sit up for it!"

"He's more likely to make us sit up, if a friend of his is going to be headmaster," said Rawson.

"That's swank, most likely."

"More likely true. His uncle's appointed the man, most likely. And it's clear that Mornington knows him."

"It's a rotten shame!"

"Who's coming to the station to see the Head off?" asked Jimmy Silver. "I think it's up to us to let him know we're sorry he's going."

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll give him three cheers on the platform," said Jimmy. "Then he'll know that we're sorry to lose him."

"Good egg!"

Jimmy's idea was acted upon at once. Jimmy cut over to the Modern side to apprise Tommy Dodd & Co. of the idea. The Modern juniors entered into it heartily.

Quite an army of Rookwood juniors marched out of the gates. The car had come round to the Head's house to take him to the station, and it was clear that his departure would not be long delayed.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 72.

There were fifty or sixty juniors in the crowd that marched into Coombe, and took up a position outside the little station.

The Nuts of Rookwood were not among them. But Mornington and his friends were in a very small minority.

The buzz of a motor-car was heard in the old village street.

"Here he comes!" said Jimmy Silver. "Now, you cheer when I raise my hand. All together, mind!"

"Right-ho!"

The car stopped outside the station. Jimmy Silver ran forward to open the door, and the Head stepped out.

Dr. Chisholm was looking a little pale and harassed. He seemed surprised at the sight of the crowd of Rookwood juniors.

"What does this mean?" he said. Mr. Bootles, who followed him from the car, blinked at the juniors in astonishment.

"It's a—send-off, sir," said Jimmy Silver, hesitating a little. "We're all sorry you're going, sir. We hope you'll soon come back."

The Head smiled slightly.

"Thank you, Silver! Thank you all, my boys!"

He passed into the station with Mr. Bootles.

Jimmy raised his hand.

A thunderous cheer broke forth, awaking every echo of the old street.

Dr. Chisholm started, and frowned a little. Then he smiled, and raised his hat to the Rookwood crowd, and disappeared into the station. And another tremendous cheer followed him in.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The New Head.

"WHAT is all this?"

A man had stepped from the station entrance as the Rookwood juniors delivered their last salvo of cheering.

The Rookwooders had not noticed him until he spoke.

He was a tall, thin man, with a silk hat and a buttoned black coat that made him look taller and thinner. His face was hard and cold, with small eyes like points of steel, and a very square jaw.

He looked over the Rookwood crowd with a frowning brow.

Jimmy Silver stared at him.

The question, from a perfect stranger, seemed to savour of impertinence.

"Did you speak to me?" he asked.

"To all of you. You are Rookwood boys, I presume?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then what does this unseemly crowd and disturbance mean?"

"I don't quite see what it matters to you, sir," said Jimmy Silver, puzzled and annoyed.

"What!"

"What the dickens business is it of yours?" demanded Lovell, more bluntly.

"I am your headmaster!" thundered the stranger.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Great Scott!"

"You—you are Mr. Scroop!" exclaimed Raby.

"I am Mr. Scroop!"

"I—I beg your pardon, sir!" stammered Jimmy. "Of course, I didn't know you."

Jimmy was dismayed.

The hard, cold face and metallic eyes of the new headmaster were not reassuring. Mr. Scroop looked as if he would have made a first-rate slave-driver. But he was not very prepossessing as a headmaster for Rookwood.

Evidently he had arrived in the train which was to bear away the former headmaster.

The two gentlemen had not encountered, however. Dr. Chisholm had not cared to remain to hand over the school to his successor. He had left that task to Mr. Manders, the senior master.

Mr. Bootles came out of the station, looking decidedly glum.

He, too, was unaware so far of the arrival of the new Head. He did not glance at Mr. Scroop till that gentleman's loud and disagreeable voice drew his attention.

"If this is an example of the manners of Rookwood, I can see that I shall have much to alter there," said Mr. Scroop. "What do you mean by gathering in a disorderly crowd in the street, and making that disturbance?"

"We weren't making a disturbance, sir," said Jimmy Silver.

"Then what were you doing?"

"Seeing our headmaster off, sir."

"Indeed! That is no excuse for disorderly

behaviour. Every boy here will take a hundred lines."

"Oh!"

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Bootles, approaching the stranger. "Am I to understand—"

Mr. Scroop looked at him sharply.

"Are you a Rookwood master?"

"I am master of the Fourth Form."

"I am your new headmaster. Are any of the boys of your Form in this disorderly crowd?"

Mr. Bootles seemed almost "floored" by the grim and uncompromising manner of the new Head.

"Ye-es," he said feebly. "A large number of my Form are here, Mr. Scroop."

"Then I cannot compliment you on the state of discipline in your Form."

"Indeed!"

"No, sir. Your name—"

"I am Mr. Bootles."

"Very well, Mr. Bootles, I shall expect a change in the behaviour of the Fourth Form."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Bootles again, more drily than before.

"Yes, indeed. I understand that Dr. Chisholm has gone?"

"He has just left by train."

"A most extraordinary proceeding!" snapped Mr. Scroop. "I should have expected him to remain at the school until I arrived!"

"Indeed!"

"Mr. Bootles, kindly see that these boys return to the school at once, and that they perform the tasks I have already set them!"

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Scroop turned away, and a deep groan from the crowd of juniors followed him. He swung back with a frowning brow.

"What—what is this? Who made that sound?"

Silence.

"So this is how the boys of your Form are instructed to treat their headmaster, Mr. Bootles?"

"Really, sir—"

"I shall make a change," said the new Head grimly. "Every boy here has his imposition doubled. Now go!"

The juniors went.

They marched home to Rookwood in a Hunnish frame of mind.

They had not expected the new Head to equal their old headmaster, but he had come as a most unpleasant surprise to them.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had certainly done no harm in seeing their headmaster off at the station, but they returned to Rookwood the richer by two hundred lines each.

No wonder there were dark looks among them, and a considerable amount of growling.

Mr. Bootles walked with the juniors, with a very unhappy expression on his face.

The Fourth Form-master had been on agreeable terms of friendship with the Head of Rookwood. That pleasant relationship was evidently at an end.

There was not likely to be anything agreeable in his connection with the new headmaster.

The party arrived at Rookwood, and Mr. Bootles went at once into his study. The juniors gathered in groups to discuss the new situation.

Mornington and his friends were lounging in the doorway of the School House. In spite of the recent ragging, Mornington seemed to be in great spirits.

Jimmy Silver looked at him darkly.

Mornington was there to await the arrival of the new headmaster. The story of what had happened at the station soon spread through the school, and fellows gathered round to see the new Head when he came in.

Mr. Scroop came in the car which had taken Dr. Chisholm to the station.

The car stopped outside the School House and all eyes were fixed upon the tall, thin figure of the new Head as he alighted.

"Oh, my hat! What a chivvy!" murmured Dickinson minor.

"Blessed gargoyle!" muttered Hooker.

Those remarks were not loud enough for the new Head to hear, however. The juniors "capped" him very respectfully as he came up the steps.

The frown that seemed habitual to Mr. Scroop's brow was still lingering there.

It cleared a little, however, at the sight of Mornington.

Mornington approached the new Head with a confident smile.

"Ah, it is you, Mornington!" said Mr. Scroop, shaking hands with the junior. "I am glad to see you!"

He passed on into the house without so much as a nod to anyone else.

Mornington looked triumphantly at his friends.

"What was I tellin' you?" he remarked.

"Hooray for us!" grinned Smythe of the Shell.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked disgusted.

Mornington's boast that the new Head was his old friend was evidently not "swank," after all.

The dandy of the Fourth was looking forward to a "good time." Doubtless his expectation was well founded.

"We're goin' to celebrate this!" grinned Mornington. "Nothin' to be afraid of now, my infants!"

The Fistical Four went to the end study to write their lines in a mood of dismay. They could foresee that a change was to come over the old school under the rule of Mornington's old friend, Mr. Scroop. And they were right.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Caught in the Act!**

BEFORE the new headmaster had been a couple of days at Rookwood the chums of the Fourth found all their forebodings fulfilled.

Matters had changed under the new Head with a vengeance.

Lovell remarked that Mr. Scroop ought to have been born a Prussian, and that he must have been born in England by mistake.

Nothing, certainly, could have been more Prussian than the methods of the new Head.

The Rookwooders were not long in discovering that Mr. Scroop was a tyrant, who delighted in the exercise of tyranny.

He had his own ideas about school discipline, and his ideas were worthy of a Prussian pedagogue.

At Rookwood canings were not common, and floggings were of a very rare occurrence; but Mr. Scroop had changed all that.

On his second day at the school there was a flogging, the victim being Flynn of the Fourth, who had unfortunately landed a cricket-ball through the Head's study window.

Certainly, Dr. Chisholm would have administered punishment in such a case, but a flogging was out of all proportion to the fault.

The Rookwood fellows realised that it behoved them to be very careful indeed, and to give no excuse to the tyrant, who was evidently on the look-out for excuses to administer severe punishment.

On more than one occasion the new Head stepped into the Form-rooms and took the management of the class out of the hands of the Form-masters. On such occasions faults were certain to be found, and punishments to be administered.

The masters chafed under this interference as much as the pupils did.

Mr. Manders, of the Modern side, was the only master who appeared to pull well with the new Head. He was a man after Mr. Scroop's own heart.

While Jimmy Silver & Co. were "minding their p's and q's" with unusual care, it was curious that Mornington was more reckless than ever.

The cad of the Fourth had always been reckless, and under Dr. Chisholm's rule his recklessness had brought him some severe punishments. But whatever restraint the fear of punishment had exercised was gone now.

The little smoking-parties in his study had been held "under the rose"; but now the dandy of the Fourth seemed quite careless of discovery.

His friends, relying upon his influence with the Head, became almost as reckless as himself.

Jimmy Silver & Co. observed it, and wondered what would come of it.

Although Mornington was the Head's favourite, it hardly seemed possible that Mr. Scroop could allow him to defy the rules of the school with impunity.

It was on the third day after the new Head's arrival that the matter was put to the test.

A select party of the Giddy Goats were celebrating in Mornington's study. They were "keeping it up" in unusual style, and the smell of tobacco penetrated from the study into the passage. Voices could be heard from the study, making such remarks as "Your deal!" or "Nap!"

"Those silly asses will find themselves in trouble if a prefect happens to come along!"

grunted Lovell, as he passed the door with Jimmy Silver.

"I wonder!" said Jimmy.

"Suppose Bulkeley came up——"

"Mornington knows he might," said Jimmy Silver. "He's counting on the Head protecting him!"

"Scroop couldn't be such a rotter!"

"I don't know."

"My hat!" murmured Lovell, looking back as they reached the end study. "Blessed if Bulkeley isn't there!"

"Phew!"

The captain of Rookwood was coming along the passage. He stopped as he was passing the door of Mornington's study. Mornington's voice came floating from within:

"Let's make it poker! I'm tired of nap—a kid's game!"

Bulkeley seemed rooted to the floor.

He sniffed.

"By jingo!" he exclaimed.

"Now look out for the fireworks," murmured Lovell.

Bulkeley seized the door-handle and flung

Mornington struggled fiercely in the doorway and the passage. Bulkeley uttered a sharp exclamation as a heel hacked his shin.

"By Jove!"

He shook the junior like a rat, till his teeth almost rattled. Then, with a grip like iron on his collar, he marched him forcibly away to Mr. Bootles' study, followed by Townsend and Topham.

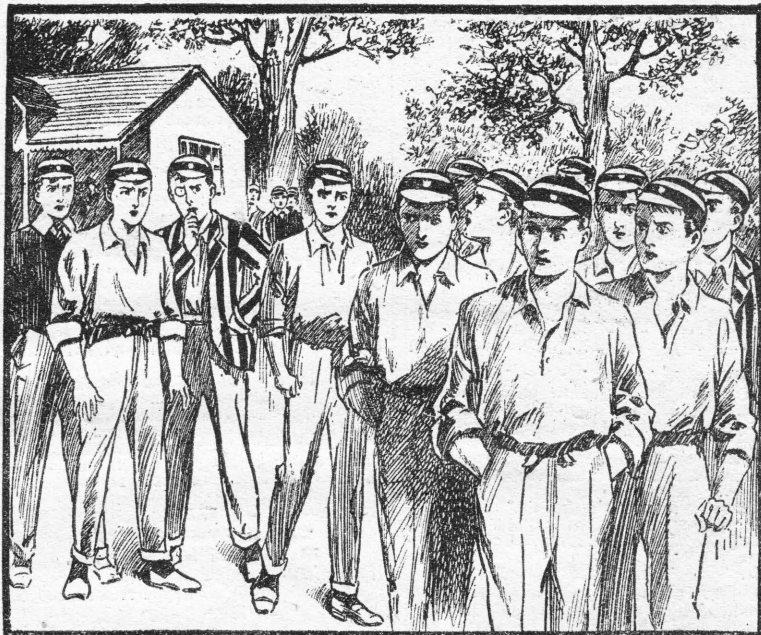
**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Before the Head!**

MR. BOOTLES started to his feet as the breathless, furious junior was bundled into his study. Bulkeley released him there, and Mornington stood panting.

"Bless my soul! What is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

"I thought I had better bring this young rascal to you, sir," said the prefect. "I have found him gambling and smoking in his study."

"Goodness gracious!"



The whole team walked off the field in a body. Mornington looked non-plussed for the moment. Not a single member of the Classical Team was willing to play under his lead! (See Chapter 6.)

the door open, and strode into the study. The room was hazy with smoke.

Mornington and Townsend and Topham were seated round the table, with cigarettes in their lips and cards in their hands.

Townsend and Topham dropped the cards as if they had become suddenly red-hot at the sight of the captain of the school.

Mornington went on dealing with perfect calmness.

Rascal as he was, the dandy of the Fourth had an iron nerve.

Bulkeley stared grimly at the three juniors.

"Card-playing," he ejaculated, "and smoking! Well!"

"Take a hand?" asked Mornington affably.

"What!"

"Give Bulkeley a chair, Towny."

Townsend did not move.

Bulkeley's face became crimson with anger. He strode towards Mornington, grasped him by the collar, and whipped him out of his chair.

"Hands off!" shouted Mornington.

"You'll come with me," said Bulkeley. "I'll take you to your Form-master. You two young rascals follow me."

"Yes, Bulkeley!" gasped Topham.

"Let go!" yelled Mornington. "I'll kick your shins, Bulkeley!"

"Will you?" said the Rookwood captain grimly.

He jerked the Fourth-Former out of the study.

"If—if you please, sir—it—it was only a lark!" stammered Townsend.

"We—we're sorry, sir!" mumbled Topham.

Towny and Topy found that they lacked the nerve to go through the ordeal now that the test had come. But Mornington was not troubled with want of nerve. He met Mr. Bootles' horrified eyes coolly.

"Mornington!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "This is—is—is outrageous—infamous! What have you to say, you wretched boy?"

"I appeal to the Head!"

"What!"

"I appeal to the Head!"

Mr. Bootles blinked at him.

Any fellow had a right to appeal to the Head if he liked, though, as it generally meant a severer punishment, it was a right not often exercised. But Mornington knew what he was doing.

"You appeal to the Head!" repeated Mr. Bootles. "Very well! Bulkeley, will you take this wretched boy to Mr. Scroop's study?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Bulkeley. "Come with me, Mornington!"

"I'll come!" said Mornington coolly. "But you can keep your paws off me. I won't stand that!"

The captain of Rookwood did not reply, but he fastened a grip on Mornington's collar again.

"Come!" he said briefly.

Mornington was marched out of the study.

and Townsend and Topham brought up the rear again. A hundred pairs of eyes watched them on the way to the Head's study.

"They've done it this time!" remarked Rawson.

"Fairly done it!" said Flynn. "Sure, the haste flogged me for breakin' his window! They're booked!"

"Another flogging!" grunted Oswald. "We shall be getting one every day at this rate."

"Sure, they've asked for it!"

"They've asked for it, but they won't get it," said Jimmy Silver. "Mornington knew what he was about when he appealed to the Head."

"But the Head can't let him off!" exclaimed Oswald.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders. "We shall see what we shall see!" he remarked oracularly.

Bulkeley arrived at the Head's study, watched from a distance by an interested crowd.

"Wait here!" he said.

He tapped at the door and entered, leaving the three delinquents waiting in the passage. Townsend and Topham were pale with fright.

"We're in for it!" groaned Townsend.

"Flogged, by gad!" groaned Topham. "You've got us into this, Mornington, you fool!"

Mornington laughed contemptuously. "It will be all serene," he said. "You've simply got to deny everything."

"The Head won't take our word against a prefect's."

"Ten to one he does, in quids!" said Mornington.

"But—but he can't!"

"But he will!" said Mornington coolly. "Keep a stiff upper lip, and lie like a Prussian, and you're all right."

Bulkeley had entered the study, and the Head greeted him with a cold look. There was no love lost between the tyrant of Rookwood and the captain of the school.

"What is it, Bulkeley?" asked Mr. Scroop icily.

Bulkeley had not handed in sufficient reports for punishment to please the new Head. The Sixth-Former had no intention whatever of lending his aid to the tyrant in that way. On this occasion, however, he had no choice about the matter; he was bound to make his report when the matter was serious.

"I have a report to make, sir," said Bulkeley. "Three juniors smoking and gambling in a study. Mr. Bootles has referred the matter to you."

Mr. Scroop's hard face relaxed a little.

"Quite right, Bulkeley—quite right. I have thought you were somewhat lax in these matters, but I am glad to see that I was mistaken. Undoubtedly this is a matter for me to deal with. Call them in!"

The new Head selected a cane. Bulkeley stepped to the door.

"You may come in," he said.

The three juniors entered—Mornington cool and self-possessed, and Townsend and Topham with their knees knocking together.

Mr. Scroop started a little at the sight of Mornington, and laid the cane on the desk.

"Are these the boys, Bulkeley?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir—Mornington, Townsend, and Topham."

"What have you to say, Mornington?" asked Mr. Scroop, in his kindest tone.

"Bulkeley is mistaken, sir," said Mornington calmly.

"Mistaken!" exclaimed Bulkeley. "Why, your impudent young rascal, I found you with the cards in your hand—"

"Kindly allow Mornington to finish, Bulkeley."

The prefect bit his lip.

"Now, Mornington—"

"As a matter of fact, sir," said Mornington calmly, "we were playing a game for—"

"For nuts. Sort of Christmas game, sir. Topsy and Toppo will bear me out."

Townsend and Topham gasped. On the table in Morny's study, the money they had been playing for was still lying.

A falsehood that could immediately be discovered did not seem much use to the two juniors. But they followed Mornington's lead.

"Yes, sir," said Topham.

"Just so, sir," faltered Townsend.

Mr. Scroop frowned, but his frown was directed towards the astonished captain of Rookwood.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 72.

"You appear to have made a very serious mistake, Bulkeley," he said coldly.

"I, sir!" exclaimed Bulkeley. "These juniors were gambling and smoking."

"They deny it."

"Is their denial to be taken against my word, sir?" exclaimed Bulkeley.

"I intend to be perfectly just, if that is what you mean. There is no harm in a game for nuts."

"They were playing for money. The money is still there, if you would care to step as far as their study, sir."

"It seems to me hardly worth while. I have great faith in Mornington."

"They were smoking, too!" said Bulkeley.

"Is that the case, Mornington?"

"Not at all, sir. Bulkeley is mistaken."

"Really, Bulkeley—"

"How could I be mistaken in such a matter?" exclaimed the amazed prefect.

"Besides, they smell of tobacco now, and their fingers are stained."

"We've been doing some chemistry, sir," said Mornington calmly. "That's where the stains came from."

Topsy and Toppo blinked at one another. What use there was in a palpable falsehood of that kind, they could not see. But they saw soon. Mr. Scroop was determined to believe what he had already intended to believe. It was evident that Mornington's influence with the new Head was unbounded.

"I accept your assurance, Mornington," said Mr. Scroop. "You may go. Bulkeley, I trust you will be more careful on another occasion."

Bulkeley gasped.

"If you do not choose to punish them, sir, I have no more to say," he stammered.

"It is in your hands, of course."

"Exactly. You may go."

Bulkeley went without another word. The three nuts grinned as he strode away down the passage with knitted brows.

"Well, what did I tell you?" smiled Mornington.

Townsend and Topham, completely reassured now, chuckled gleefully. Mornington looked vauntingly at Jimmy Silver & Co. as he passed them.

"Not licked, you see," he remarked.

"I see," said Jimmy grimly.

The three nuts went on their way rejoicing. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

"Well, my hat!" said Lovell. "Looks to me as if we'd better all pal on with Morny, and then we can do as we like! My word!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Mornington Has His Way.

THE Head, by Jove!" Lovell exclaimed the remark in tones of surprise.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and the Rookwood juniors were crowding Little Side. The Classics and Moderns were to meet on the cricket-field, and stumps were already pitched. Mornington and his friends were standing in a group before the pavilion, looking on.

The Nuts of Rookwood were not represented in either team. There was no room for slackers in either the Classical or Modern Eleven.

The juniors were surprised to see the new Head coming down to the cricket-field. Mr. Scroop had shown no sign, so far, of being interested in the great game.

"My hat!" said Jimmy Silver. "Coming to watch the match! More sense than I gave him credit for, by George!"

"Well, it's rather a compliment to junior teams," remarked Oswald. "Dr. Chisholm didn't often honour our matches."

"Faith, and he's right!" said Flynn. "More likely he's going to chip in, though, and worry us. More like him intirely!"

"Well, our consciences are clear for once!" said Jimmy, laughing. "Even the Head can't have anything against us this afternoon. Ready, Tommy?"

"Quite!" said Tommy Dodd, producing a penny.

The juniors "capped" the new Head as he arrived on the scene. It was necessary to show respect, even if they did not feel very much. They could see that Mr. Scroop had something to say to them, and they wondered what it was. Mornington and the Nuts were exchanging glances and smiles.

"Ah, you are playing cricket this afternoon!" said the Head, in a more genial tone than the juniors were accustomed to hear from him.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver.

"You are playing, Mornington?"

"No, sir," said Mornington. "I'm not in the team."

The Head frowned.

"Really, Mornington, I am surprised at this! Your guardian is specially desirous that you should take a share in outdoor sports."

"It isn't my fault, sir. I'm not allowed in the team."

"Nonsense! Who is captain here?"

"I am, sir," said Jimmy Silver, very quietly.

"Put Mornington into the team. Why have you left him out?"

"He is no good, sir," said Jimmy. "Chap can't play for the side unless he keeps to practice and gets into form."

"Don't be impertinent, Silver! You will play Mornington, by my order!" said the Head.

Jimmy's lips set obstinately.

This was a barefaced invasion of his rights, and Jimmy was not disposed to surrender his rights to anyone, even the headmaster himself.

The favouritism the new Head had shown to Mornington could not have been carried further. It seemed to Jimmy Silver that the limit had been reached.

"You hear me, Silver?" said Mr. Scroop, as the captain of the Fourth did not reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, do as I tell you."

"Excuse me, sir, I can't play Mornington."

"What!"

"It's impossible, sir! He's a rotten cricketer, and I can't throw the match away."

Jimmy's tone was very quiet and very determined. The cricketers looked on in silence.

Mr. Scroop flushed deeply.

"Do you mean that you disobey me, Silver?"

"Nunno, sir. Only a cricket captain has the right to select his own eleven. I'd put Mornington in if he were any good. But he's no good at all."

Mr. Scroop pointed to the School House.

"Go indoors at once, Silver! You will take five hundred lines of Virgil, and write them out before tea."

Jimmy did not move for a moment. But resistance was hopeless, and he turned on his heel and walked away towards the House.

Lovell & Co. exchanged furious looks.

The Moderns looked on in grim silence. Mr. Scroop gave the juniors a sour glance, and spoke to Mornington again:

"Mornington, you will take Silver's place in the eleven, and act as captain."

"Yes, sir," said Mornington.

"Then I jolly well won't play, for one!" broke out Lovell hotly.

"I shall make a few changes in the team," grinned Mornington, as the Head moved away and sat down in a cane chair before the pavilion.

"Lovell and Raby and Newcome can clear off. They won't be wanted. You, too, Oswald."

"We should, anyway!" said Raby disdainfully.

"Yes, rather!" said Oswald emphatically.

"You've got no choice about it," sneered Mornington. "Topsy, I shall want you, and Toppo and Peete and Smythe and Howard. The rest of the team will do."

"Sure, and ye can make another change!" growled Flynn. "I'm not playin' for ye, ye swankin' spalpeen!"

"Same here!" said Jones minor. "Put in another silly idiot like yourself, Mornington. I'm sticking to Jimmy Silver!"

"And I!"

"Me, too!"

"Come on, all of you!" exclaimed Lovell.

And the whole team walked off the field in a body.

Mornington looked nonplussed for a moment. Not a single member of the Classical Eleven was willing to play under his lead. But he shrugged his shoulders.

"Let them go," said Townsend. "You can easily make up a team from your own friends, Morny."

"You bet!" said Mornington. "I'll do it, too! Tracy and Selwyn and Chesney and Beaufort and Muffin."

"We're on!" grinned Tracy.

"Now we'll toss, Dodd," said Mornington.

Tommy Dodd put the penny back into his pocket, looking the junior up and down with a glance of contempt that made even Mornington flush a little.

"Do you think we're going to waste an afternoon playing such a team of fumbling duffers?" said Tommy Dodd. "Not much!"

"The game's off," said Tommy Cook.

"Come on!" said Tommy Doyle. "Let's get out on the river. We'll play Jimmy Silver's team another time."

The Modern Eleven walked off. Mornington stood rooted to the ground, his face crimson with anger.

The Head's interference had effectually "quashed" Jimmy Silver & Co. But that was not of much benefit if there was to be no match at all.

But Tommy Dodd had counted without the Head.

Mr. Scroop had not heard all that had passed, but he could see, and he rose to his feet as the Moderns walked away.

"Dodd!" he called out.

The Modern captain halted, and turned round.

"Yes, sir?"

"Where are you going?"

"We're going on the river this afternoon, sir."

"You came here to play cricket?"

"Yes; but—"

"You will play the match as arranged, Dodd. Not a word! I think I have made you understand that I brook no impertinence."

Mornington smiled.

The Moderns came back slowly. There was fierce rebellion in their breasts, but direct disobedience to the Head's commands was not to be thought of—not yet, at all events.

The habit of discipline was strong, and the Rookwood fellows had not yet reached the breaking-point.

In silence, but with bitter anger in his face, Tommy Dodd tossed for innings with Mornington. Only the presence of the Head prevented him from planting his fist full in the mocking face of the cad of the Fourth.

"You bat first, said Mornington.

Tommy Dodd nodded without speaking. Mornington and his precious eleven went into the field. Tommy Dodd's face cleared as he exchanged a few whispered words with his men.

Then there was an outbreak of grinning among the Modern cricketers.

The Moderns were forced to play in the match. But there is an old proverb that it is possible to take a horse to water, but not to make him drink.

The match had to be played, but Tommy Dodd had his own ideas as to how it was to be played.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Very Entertaining Cricket!

TOMMY DODD opened the innings with Doyle.

The Head remained in his seat before the pavilion. Apparently he intended to watch the cricket. Tommy Dodd & Co. were inwardly resolved that he should see some cricket worth watching.

Mornington went on to bowl the first over. The fellows round the field, wondering how that curious match would turn out, looked on with keen interest. There was not a bowler in Mornington's team capable of taking Tommy Dodd's wicket, and the two

Tommys could have remained at the wickets all the afternoon if they had so chosen. As it happened, they did not choose.

Mornington sent down the ball, and it missed Tommy's wicket by a foot. But the wicket went down—floored by Tommy Dodd's bat.

"Hit wicket!" ejaculated Jobson of the Fifth. "Clumsy young ass! Out!"

Jobson was umpire at the other end. Tommy Dodd smiled at him, and went to the pavilion. Tommy Cook took his place, exchanging a grin with him as he came in.

Townsend fielded the ball, and Mornington bowled again.

This time the ball came nearer the mark, and knocked out the leg stump. Tommy Cook watched it do so with an air of polite interest. He did not make a movement with the bat.

"How's that?" called out Mornington.

"Out!" said Jobson.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Tommy Cook. Tommy Doyle, at the other end of the pitch, gave a chortle.

Cook took away his bat, and Lacy came in. Mornington sent the ball whizzing down again. It was a ball that a fag in the Second Form could have played with ease. But Lacy did not play it. He held his bat well out of the way, and watched his wicket go down with a cheery smile.

"Out!"

"My hat!" said Lacy, laughing.

He returned to the pavilion. Towle of the Fourth yawned, and came in next.

Mornington's eyes were glittering now.

He had been delighted at taking Tommy Dodd's wicket so easily. His pleasure had been mixed with doubt when Cook's wicket fell. But there was no more doubt in the case of Lacy's wicket. He understood that the Moderns were simply pulling his leg. He had insisted upon playing the match against their will. The Head's authority compelled them to play. But nothing could compel them to play seriously.

Mornington gritted his teeth, and bowled to Towle. He had already performed the hat-trick; but he was not pleased with it, and the crowd were laughing instead of cheering. All the Rookwood fellows understood the Moderns' little game by this time.

Crash! Towle's wicket went down, without Towle making the slightest effort to defend it. Towle blinked at Jobson.

"Is that out, Jobby?" he asked.

"Ha, ha! Yes!" chortled Jobson.

Towle walked off the pitch. Four wickets had fallen in five minutes, and the bowler ought to have been distinctly pleased. But he wasn't! His face was crimson with rage. The shouts of laughter from the onlookers added to his fury.

Price of the Fourth came in next, grinning. Mornington shouted to him along the pitch: "Keep your wicket up! Don't play the giddy goat, Price!"

Price looked at him coolly.

"Are you batting or bowling?" he asked.

"Bowling, you fathead!"

"Well, keep to your bowling, and leave me to bat my own way!" said Price, and he clumped down his bat a yard off the crease.

"You're not looking after your wicket!" shouted Mornington, almost beside himself with anger and chagrin.

"Whose wicket is it?" demanded Price. "I suppose I can do as I like with my own wicket, can't I?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington bowled, with a scowl. As Price's bat was nowhere in the way, the wicket went down, the balls scattered.

"Out!" chortled Jobson. "Ha, ha!"

"Awful luck—what!" said Price, with a grin. "That bowler's a terror, isn't he? Did you ever see wickets go down like that before? They ought to put Morny in the First Eleven, they ought really."

Another batsman came in, and Mornington's last ball knocked his balls off. The bowler had taken six wickets for the over. But he did not look pleased. The field did not look pleased, either. As the match was reduced to a farce, there was not much satisfaction in playing it out.

The field crossed over, however, and Townsend took up the bowling from the other end. At the first ball, Tommy Doyle's wicket went into pieces, and Tommy came off with a broad grin.

"Sure, it's a terror ye are intiroire," he called to Townsend, as he passed. "Ye're as deadly a bowler as Morny, bedad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Man in!" chortled Tommy Dodd.

The Head was looking on, puzzled. He did not know much about cricket, but he knew

that this was a very odd cricket-match. The shouts of laughter from the crowd round the field would have told him as much.

Man after man went in, each of them going out in turn to the first ball. The Modern Eleven were all down for nothing in the space of fifteen minutes. As it was a single-innings match, the rival team had not much to do to secure a victory. But they were not looking happy about it. It was no great pleasure to be "gayed" in this manner by the merry Moderns.

"Come on," said Tommy Dodd. "We field now. We shall have to buck up awfully hard if we're not going to be beaten hollow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Moderns went into the field.

"Dash it all, it's no good batten'!" growled Townsend. "They're only foolin' us, and the whole school's cacklin'!"

Mornington ground his teeth.

"I'll make them sorry for it, somehow!" he muttered.

"Field's waiting, Mornington!" called out Jobson of the Fifth.

Mornington grunted, and came in with Smythe. Mornington took the bowling from the pavilion end. Tommy Dodd went on to bowl, and trundled the ball down under-arm in the easiest possible manner. Mornington sulkily cut it away, and the batsmen ran.

The ball had been knocked fairly to Tommy Cook's feet at mid-wicket. He picked it up in a leisurely way. The batsmen were crossing the pitch, and either wicket was at Cook's mercy. He calculated carefully, and threw in the ball, missing the batsman's wicket by a couple of yards. The batsmen made good, and the run was secured amid a howl of laughter.

"Congratulations, Morny!" yawned Tommy Dodd. "You've beaten us to the wide. All in twenty minutes, too! Wonderful performance!"

"Marvelous!" said Tommy Cook solemnly. "Winning a match with all the wickets in hand like that—marvelously!"

"You spoofin' cads!" hissed Mornington.

Tommy Dodd looked surprised and pained.

"My dear chap, what do you want? You've beaten us at cricket, and you've still got the afternoon before you to smoke and play nap. What more do you want?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington snapped his teeth, and stepped suddenly towards Tommy Dodd, and struck him full in the face.

Tommy staggered back for a moment.

But it was only for a moment. The next, his right hand shot out straight from the shoulder, and Mornington, with a yell, rolled over in the grass.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Roland for an Oliver!

"DODD!"

Tommy Dodd had forgotten the Head. He remembered him as the harsh, angry voice thundered out:

"Dodd! How dare you?"

Mornington sat up stupidly, blinking and rubbing his nose. Tommy Dodd faced the new Head coolly.

"You saw what he did, sir," he said quietly. "Don't bandy words with me!" said Mr. Scroop harshly. "Follow me at once!"

He strode away towards the School House. Tommy Dodd hesitated.

He understood that he was going to be caned severely. If Mornington had been caned also, Tommy would have had nothing to complain of. But Mornington evidently was to go unpunished. Tommy was to take the punishment for the two. He clenched his hands, and stood where he was.

"Better go," whispered Cook, with rather a scared look.

Tommy Dodd paused a long pause. Then, with slow and reluctant steps, he followed Mr. Scroop to the House.

The juniors watched him go, with grim faces. Mornington staggered to his feet, dabbing his nose with his handkerchief. His nose was streaming red.

Tommy Dodd's friends waited for him to emerge from the Head's study. They heard the swishing of a cane from that dreaded apartment, but no sound from Tommy. When the junior came out at last his face was pale and his lips tightly set.

"Had it bad?" said Tommy Doyle sympathetically.

Dodd nodded without speaking.

He went away to his study; he wanted to be alone after that licking. Tough as Tommy

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Dodd was, he had had as much as he could stand.

There were black looks among the juniors that afternoon. Tommy Dodd was shut up in his study, and Jimmy Silver was grinding out lines in the Fourth Form-room. Mornington was in his study with his friends, and with a swollen nose. The Nuts of Rookwood were enjoying themselves in their own peculiar way, and the atmosphere of the study resembled that of a tap-room.

Jimmy Silver came into the end study at tea-time, looking tired and gloomy. His chums had tea ready for him.

"Nice afternoon!" groaned Jimmy.

"Oh, ripping!" said Lovell dismally. "I say, we sha'n't be able to stand this, you know!"

"How did the match go?"

Lovell & Co. grinned, and Jimmy Silver laughed when he heard the story of the cricket-match. Tommy Dodd came into the study while the Fistical Four were having their tea. He was still looking pale.

"Hallo, you Modern boulder!" said Jimmy Silver.

"I want to speak to you fellows," said Tommy Dodd. "We're not going to stand this much longer! The cricket's mucked up for the season if that brute is going to interfere with the matches!"

"Looks like it!" growled Raby.

"I've been licked for knocking Mornington down, though he punched me first! It's rotten favouritism, of course! If this goes on, something will have to go!"

"Can't back up against the Head," said Newcome doubtfully.

"We backed up against Manders once," said Jimmy Silver. "And the Head is worse than Manders—ten times worse! Mornington's got influence with him, and he's using it like a cad! But we can put a stop to that!"

"How?"

"By making an example of Mornington."

"The Head may chip in again."

"Let him! Tommy had a licking on Mornington's account. That's got to be squared. Mornington's going to have a licking for every one he gets for other chaps!"

"Hear, hear!"

"That may stop him," said Jimmy Silver. "If it doesn't, we'll try something else. If

you fellows have finished tea we'll go and see him. Bring a stump."

"Good egg!" said Tommy Dodd. "I'm on."

Most of the Fourth Form were on when they heard what was toward.

After tea nearly all the Fourth Form presented themselves at Mornington's study door. Jimmy Silver kicked the door open and marched in.

"Dodd's been licked, Mornington," he said abruptly.

Mornington smiled.

"He'll get licked again if he's cheeky!" he remarked. "And so will the rest of you. The sooner you understand that you've got to toe the line the better it will be for you!"

"Yes, rather!" chortled Townsend.

"Dodd's licking is going to be passed on to you, Mornington," said Jimmy. "That's going to happen every time. See?"

"If you touch me—"

"Collar him!"

Mornington jumped up, and was immediately collared and flung across the table. There was a crash of crockeryware, and loud exclamations from Townsend and Topham and Peele as they crowded back out of the way.

"Help!" yelled Mornington. "Rescue!"

"Look here—" began Townsend.

"Kick those rotters out!" said Jimmy Silver.

The three Nuts were promptly bundled into the passage, and kicked along to the stairs, where they were glad to take to their heels.

Mornington did not escape so easily.

Half a dozen pairs of hands pinned him down, face downwards, across the table, and Jimmy Silver grasped the cricket-stump.

"How many did the Head give you, Duddy?" he asked.

"Eight!"

"Then there's eight for Morny."

"Let me go!" shrieked Mornington. "If you dare—"

"Whack!"

"Yow-ow! Help!"

"Whack, whack, whack!"

Mornington struggled and kicked furiously. But he was held fast, and the cricket-stump rose and fell with mathematical precision.

Whack, whack, whack!

The strokes were well laid on. A flogging would not have been much more severe than the strokes of the cricket-stump wielded by Jimmy Silver's powerful arm.

"That's the lot," said Jimmy cheerily. "Now, Mornington, you've had a licking for Tommy Dodd's. Now you're going to have five hundred lines, to make up for mine. See?"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the delighted juniors.

Mornington rolled off the table, white with rage.

"I won't!" he shrieked.

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders. "You'll be given two hours," he said. "We'll come back then, and if the lines are not written you'll have a flogging—same as would have happened to me if I hadn't done my lines. I give you my word on that! Come on, you fellows!"

The juniors left the study, Jimmy locking the door on the outside and taking away the key.

For two hours the dandy of the Fourth remained locked in his study. When that space of time had elapsed the Fistical Four returned. Whether Mornington had written his imposition—imposed by Jimmy Silver—they did not know, but they knew what he would get if he hadn't!

He knew it, too!

On the table lay sheets and sheets of imput-paper, covered with scrawling lines.

Mornington gave Jimmy Silver & Co. a look of bitter hatred.

Jimmy counted the pages.

"Not quite done," he said—"twenty more lines, Mornington! You must finish them!"

"Hang you!"

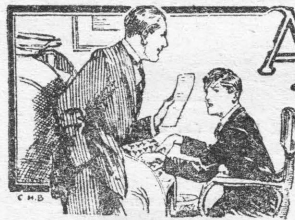
And finish them Mornington did.

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver, taking up the pages. "This will do to light the study fire with. And remember, my pippin, that every time you sneak to the Head you're going to get as good as you give—imput for imput, licking for licking!"

And Mornington was left to himself.

THE END.

(Another grand story of Jimmy Silver & Co. next week, entitled: "IN REVOLT!" Avoid disappointment by ordering your copy early.)



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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NEXT FRIDAY'S PROGRAMME.

Our next long, complete story of the famous chums of Greyfriars is one that will strongly appeal to all my chums. It is entitled:

"BANISHED FROM GREYFRIARS."

By Frank Richards,

and will afford you a half-hour of solid enjoyment. The next grand instalment of our splendid new serial,

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deepens the mystery which surrounds the ill-conditioned dwarf, Grimshaw, and also affords Dick Tulliver an opportunity of showing the stuff he is made of. Our other splendid long complete school story deals, of course, with the exploits of Jimmy Silver & Co., at Rookwood School. It is a story of sensational action, as will be gathered from the title, which is:

"IN REVOLT!"

By Owen Conquest.

PLENTY OF FRESH AIR.

A chum in Newport, Mon., tells me he suffers from nervousness and deafness, and he must have plenty of fresh air, and no reading. The fresh air part of the cure is sound enough, but I own to feeling sceptical about the rest. The fellow who cuts himself
THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 72.

off altogether from his amusements will very likely find his health falling him just the same. The mind must have occupation. My correspondent has been overdoing study. He wants to break away from his books for a part of the day and take up some light exercise. Luckily fresh air is cheap, and, as a rule, easily obtainable. A fit of nerves is often cured by a tramp across country.

FROM N. Y. C.

A cheery communication from New York, all about the Companion Papers, shows once again what a word in season will accomplish. Of course, you have to be sure you have the right season. "I have always been a staunch and faithful reader of the stories," writes my correspondent, "and have always done my best to further the sale of the Companion Papers. I have also tried to convince people who judge books by their covers that your books are not trash. I have made readers of people who laugh at your books at first until I give them one to read, and then they sing a different tune." This is just the way of the world all the time. You have to convince some folks. It is all right afterwards, of course, though you would have thought it might have occurred to anybody that it is not the cover that makes the book.

NAMES OF VILLAGES.

A capital suggestion was offered by H.R.H. Prince Albert the other day. The notion concerned village signs. The careless, jumbled-up world knows little of the small towns and villages. Folks who travel about

the country pass through hamlets without having the remotest idea of what the names of such places may be. Why should not the designation be painted up so that everybody can see it? Of course, Sloshton-on-the-Mud thinks that the world ought to know its name, but the world does not. It is just so.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Gussy has bought an overall, and intends to wear it. (N.B.—This intelligence has not yet been verified.) Bunter has a new pair of specs, and can tell the difference between a bun and a cheese-cake at half a mile range. Bulkeley is recovering. Alonzo Todd has discovered a teacup which bears the initial "W." and Todd says it was part of the teabasket belonging to William the Conqueror.

MANCHESTER CAN GIVE UP.

There are heavier rainfalls than those credited to dear old Cottonopolis. My correspondent, Tom J. Ellison, of Zeehan, Tasmania, tells me that his district would be hard to beat for rain. It is a first-rate place to live in, none the less. The Zeehanites are well ahead with things, and they have a system of cadet training which will give points to most countries. The Companion Papers are tremendously popular in this part of the world, and the writer of the letter I have received speaks in terms of highest praise of all the tales.

CHEERFULNESS.

There are people with faces like V-shaped depressions, as the weather experts would say. It is terrible to see them. If they only knew the hideous and devastating effect they had on others who have to look at them, these wearers of Ingubrious countenances would smile—and smile.

Your Editor