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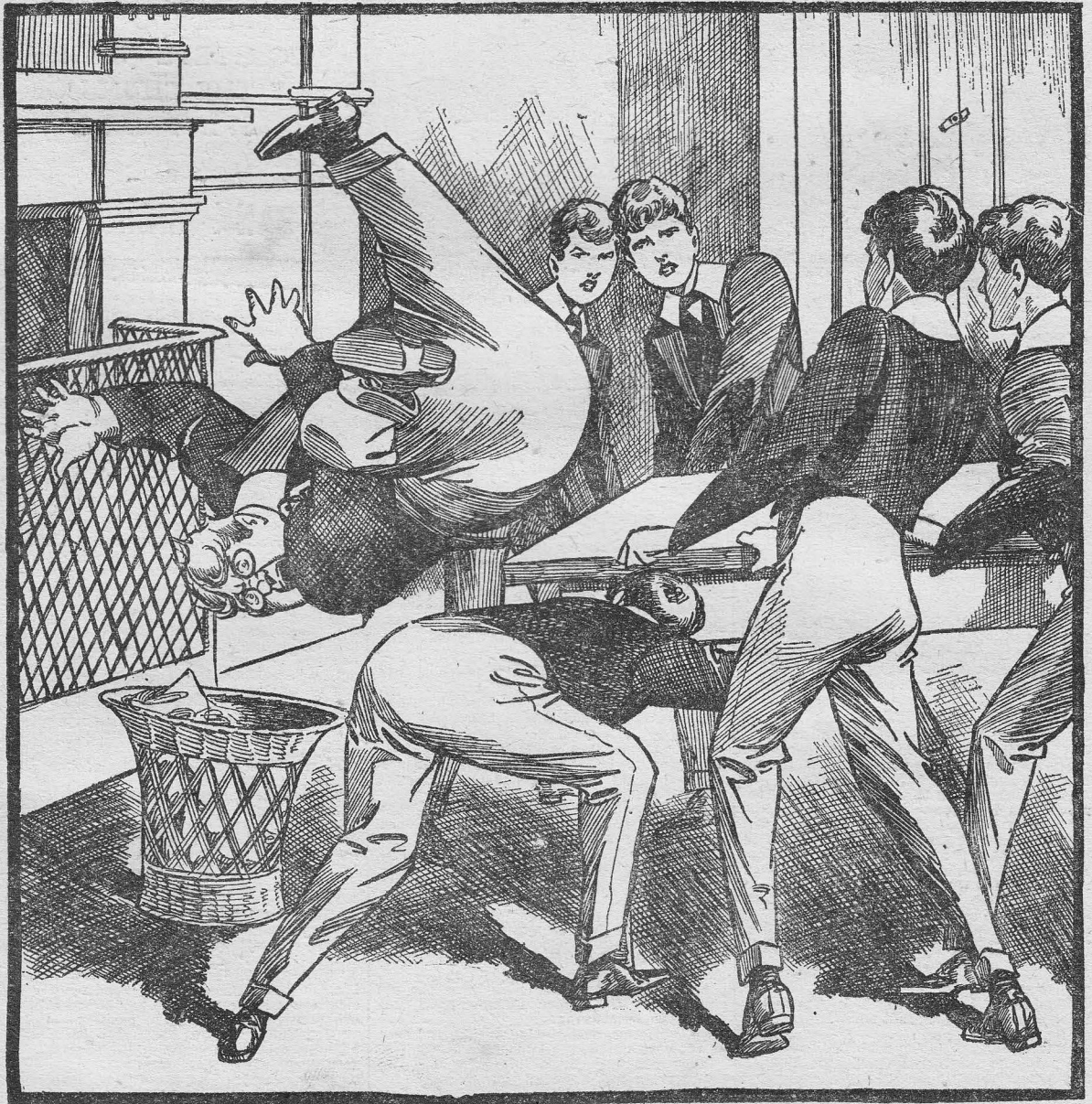
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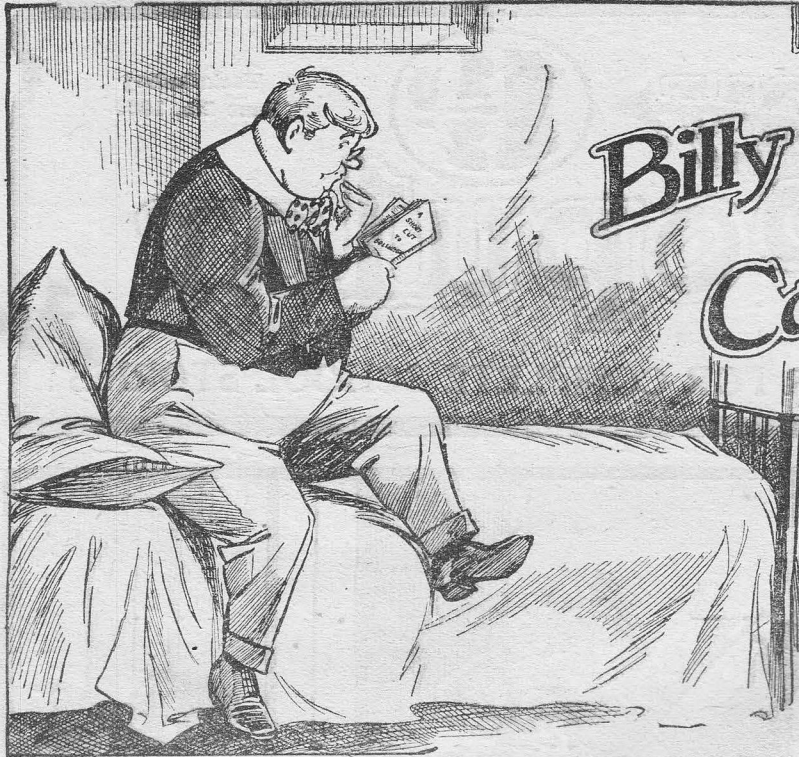
20 PAGES

THE BEST PAPER FOR COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES!



**UP-ENDING THE ORATOR!**

(An Amusing Incident in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



# Billy Bunter's Campaign!

A SPLENDID LONG,  
COMPLETE STORY  
OF THE CHUMS OF  
GREYFRIARS.

.. By ..

**FRANK RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Skinner's Little Joke!

"GOING to the meeting, Dennis?" asked Bob Cherry.

Dennis Carr stopped short in the Remove passage.

"Eh? What meeting?" he inquired.

"Haven't you seen the notice-board?"

Dennis shook his head.

"Go and have a look, then," said Bob, "and if you can keep yourself from going into hysterics, you're a giddy marvel!"

Dennis Carr chuckled, and hurried away. He found quite a crowd of fellows congregated round the notice-board in Hall, and the air was full of explosive chuckles.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is the very latest!"

"Did you ever see such handwriting?"

"And the spelling! It's enough to make the angels weep!"

Dennis Carr elbowed his way through the laughing throng, until he had a clear vision of the latest announcement which adorned—or, rather, disfigured—the notice-board.

The announcement ran as follows:

### "NOTISS!

"Their will be a Mass Meeting of members of the Remove Form to-nite, at 8 o'clock, in the jewiner kommen-room. William George Bunter, Eskwire, will take the chare.

"It is to be hoped that the Remove will be mustard in fool forse.

"William George Bunter, Eskwire, will delliver a rowing speech, and it is ferther to be hoped that the aforesaid William George Bunter, Eskwire, will be lissened to with respectfull attentunnn.

"To-nite's the nite! Don't forgett to tern up, and bring all your friends!"

"(Smed).

"WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER (ESKWIRE.)"

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Dennis Carr. "What awful nerve!"

"Dashed if I know which is worse—the nerve or the spelling!" said Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter believes in impressing his name on the public!" said Dick Russell. "It appears four times."

"What's he going to gas about, I wonder?" asked Ogilvy.

"Grub, you bet!" said Morgan.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The question is," said Tom Brown, "shall we go along and listen to the fat idiot, or

leave him to address an empty Common-room?"

"We'll go along," said Dennis Carr. "We shall get some fun out of it, if nothing else."

Practically the whole of the Remove decided to attend the meeting which Billy Bunter, in a moment of weakness, had convened.

Harry Wharton & Co. announced their intention of going along, and, of course, where the Famous Five led, others followed.

What Billy Bunter was going to talk about was a mystery. There were all sorts of conjectures on the subject.

The majority of the fellows concluded that the fat junior would deliver a lecture on grub, that being the be-all and the end-all of his existence. Or, as Peter Todd suggested, Bunter might attempt to hold a cookery class.

Curiosity was rife in the Remove, and the interest in Billy Bunter's meeting was considerably heightened when, an hour later, the following addition appeared to the announcement on the notice-board:

"Lite refreshments will be provided free of charje."

It was not generally known that Skinner of the Remove had added that statement.

Skinner was a born copyist—"forger" was perhaps too harsh a word to apply to him—and, carefully imitating Billy Bunter's spider-like scrawl, he had subjoined the statement referred to.

"Light refreshments!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "My hat! That's quite a new departure for Bunter!"

"I suppose the light refreshments will consist of a quarter of a bun apiece!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter remained in Study No. 7 until the time fixed for the meeting, and he was therefore blissfully unconscious of the fact that Skinner had tampered with his announcement.

When eight began to chime from the old clock-tower the junior Common-room was packed to overflowing.

On the forms, on the window-sills, and even on the coal-scuttle, the audience was perched.

When the last stroke of eight had died away there was quite an uproar.

"Where's Bunter?"

The Owl of the Remove failed to put in an appearance, and the juniors began to entertain the suspicion that the whole thing was a jape on Bunter's part—that he had no serious intention of addressing a meeting.

"The fat worm!" roared Peter Todd. "If this is a spoof, we'll flay him alive!"

"Fear, hear!"

There was fury in the faces of the fellows as they waited, with growing impatience, for William George Bunter, "Eskwire," to turn up.

At five minutes past eight a plump and breathless figure came dashing in at the door.

"Here he is!"

"Here's the merry chairman!"

"What about it, Bunter?"

The Owl of the Remove clambered breathlessly on to the table.

"Sorry I'm late, you fellows—" he began.

"Bless your sorrow!" growled Bolsover major. "You've wasted five precious minutes of our time!"

"I suppose he's been round to the tuckshop to see about the light refreshments!" said Monty Newland.

But Newland's supposition proved incorrect. Billy Bunter's pockets were bulging, certainly, but not with refreshments, either of the light or heavy variety.

"I'm late because I—I happen to be late, you know!" explained Bunter vaguely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The fact is, I had occasion to reprimand old Quelchy in the passage."

"What!"

There was a yell of astonishment from the amazed juniors.

"You've reprimanded Quelchy?" gasped Harry Wharton.

Bunter nodded.

"I told him I wasn't satisfied with the existing state of affairs at this school," he said.

"My only aunt!"

"And what did Quelchy say?" ejaculated Dennis Carr.

"He refused to listen to me—the beast! Dragged me along to his study by the collar, and licked me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll deal with Quelchy another time!" said the fat junior, whose little round eyes were gleaming with excitement. "Meanwhile, I will proceed to address the meeting—"

"You jolly well won't!" growled Squiff.

"You'll proceed to feed the meeting, in accordance with programme!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Trot out the light refreshments, Bunter!"

"Bring hither the foaming jam-tarts and the crisp ginger-pop!" said Bob Cherry, getting rather mixed.

Billy Bunter blinked in astonishment at the threatening crowd.

"The—the question of refreshments doesn't arise!" he stammered.

"Oh, yes, it does!" said Vernon-Smith. "You made a definite promise, in writing, that light refreshments would be provided free of charge."

"And we're waiting!" added Johnny Bull grudgingly.

"Oh crumbs!"

"No; we want something more substantial than crumbs!" said Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I don't know what you're talking about!" Billy Bunter's bewilderment was pitiful to behold. "I—I didn't make any promise—"

"Yes, you did!"

"Refreshments this way!" said Dennis Carr. But Bunter had no refreshments to offer.

From the outset the crowd had been out of hand. But it simply ran riot now.

About a dozen fellows made a combined rush at the table on which the would-be orator stood, and it was tilted over sideways.

Billy Bunter took a sensational nose-dive into the wastepaper-basket, which he succeeded in squashing out of all recognition.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" he moaned.

But the avengers were not satisfied.

The total absence of anything in the shape of light refreshments had goaded the crowd to exasperation.

"Bump the fat beast!" roared Johnny Bull. And the next moment an indignant body of sightseers witnessed the rapid rise and fall of Billy Bunter.

The fat junior descended to the floor of the Common-room with such violence that he nearly shared the fate of the wastepaper-basket.

Having dealt with Bunter to their satisfaction, Harry Wharton & Co. withdrew.

"Not going on with the meeting, Bunt?" inquired Skinner.

"Ow— Yes!"

"But you're not fit—"

"I know. I'm expiring, as a matter of fact. But with my last breath I'll tell you all about my campaign—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner remained in the Common-room to listen to what Bunter had to say.

Snoop and Stott lingered, too, and so did Bolsover major and Trevor and Hazeldene.

As soon as he had managed to sort himself out, Billy Bunter again took up his position on the table.

The fat junior had something to say, and he was determined that neither things present, nor things to come, nor principalities, nor powers should prevent him from saying it!

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Bunter the Reformer!**

"PILLE in, Bunter!"

"On the ball!"

Adjusting his spectacles on his snub nose, Billy Bunter surveyed his greatly-diminished audience.

"Gentlemen—" he began.

"Where?" asked Skinner, glancing about him in surprise. "I don't see any—barring myself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gentlemen!" repeated Bunter, glaring at the humorous Skinner. "I have summoned you together in order to give you—"

"Light refreshments?" inquired Hazeldene.

"Nunno! Full details of my great campaign—"

"Oh!"

"A campaign which I have evolved out of my own brain—"

"Your what?" asked Bolsover major, in astonishment.

"My brain!"

"But you can't evolve something out of nothing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wish you fellows wouldn't keep making silly interruptions!" said Bunter peevishly. "This is a jolly serious occasion! I am not to be regarded in the light of a public entertainer, but of a public reformer!"

"My hat!"

"Who are you going to reform?" asked Trevor.

"I should advise you to start on Bolsover!" said Stott.

"In that case, he'd never finish!" chuckled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" began the bully of the Remove wrathfully.

"Silence for the prize porker!" said Snoop.

"If we don't let him get his great stunt off his chest we shall be here all night!"

Billy Bunter was at last able to get to business.

"I've come to the conclusion, you fellows," he said, "that Greyfriars stands in urgent need of reform. I'm not satisfied with the present scheme of things. This place is more like a reformatory than anything else. We are slaves—slaves to every whim of the masters and prefects. And that sort of thing's got to stop! The present state of affairs is—er—distolerable!"

"That's a good word!" said Skinner. "I'll back it both ways!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, Skinny! Now, you fellows must agree that the present routine is the absolute limit! No freedom, no pleasure, no leisure—no nothing! 'Britons never shall be slaves,' said the poet; and yet here we are, tied and bound by the chains of slavery! If we take an extra forty winks in the morning it's a crime. If we cheek a master or a prefect, we get it in the neck. If we do badly at lessons—I never do badly myself, of course, but I speak on behalf of others—we get lines and lickings laded out to us. The whole system, my friends, is rotten to the core! And I mean to alter it!"

"How?" asked Hazeldene.

"Yes, tell us how!" said Bolsover major, who was quite interested.

"There is one way, and one alone," said Billy Bunter eloquently.

"And that is—"

"Open defiance! Defiance of authority—defiance of rules and restrictions—defiance of everything that interferes with the happiness and well-being of the community!"

"I seem to have heard something like that before," said Skinner suspiciously. "Where did you get it from, Bunt?"

"Ahem! I—I was quoting from a little manual I picked up, called 'A Short Cut to Bolshevism.'"

"You ass!" said Bolsover major, in alarm.

"If one of the beaks finds you reading trash of that sort you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper!"

"I don't agree that it's trash!" said Bunter warmly. "It's perfectly true! And that's why I'm about to form the Giraffes—"

"The—the what?" gasped Skinner.

"The Giraffes," repeated Bunter. "That's what we're going to call ourselves."

"But why?"

"Oh, you're dense!" said the Owl of the Remove. "A Giraffe is a member of the Greyfriars Immediate Reformation And Fairness For Everybody Society."

"Oh, my hat! What a mouthful!"

Skinner & Co. looked curiously at Billy Bunter.

It seemed incredible that the fat junior could be in earnest. Yet it must be so. From Bunter's pocket protruded the Bolshevik manual; and in Bunter's little round eyes there was a gleam of determination.

"I appeal to you fellows to join the Giraffes!" said the Owl of the Remove.

"We haven't neck enough for that!" said Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I appeal to you, as true sons of freedom and lovers of liberty, to link hands with me against the tyrant and the oppressor!"

"Help!" gasped Hazeldene. "Are you still quoting from the manual?"

"Yes."

"I should advise you to get rid of that manual," said Trevor, "or Greyfriars will be getting rid of you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you chaps," said Billy Bunter persuasively, "are you going to join the Giraffes or not?"

Bolsover major was about to reply emphatically in the negative, when he caught Skinner's eye, and stopped.

"Oh, yes, we'll join!" said the cad of the Remove. "I was only rotting just now when I said we hadn't enough neck for it."

"Good!" said Bunter. "And you'll agree to elect me president?"

"Unanimously!" said Stott.

"That's ripping! Now, I'll tell you what I've got in my head—"

"Sawdust?" suggested Snoop.

"Don't be an ass! I suggest that we hurl defiance at the masters and prefects, and at the stupid rules and regulations by which we've been bound in the past!"

"I'm not much good at hurling defiance,"

said Bolsover major, "but I'm a pretty good shot with a peashooter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll make this school a place fit for heroes to live in!" said Bunter, with vague recollections of a political address he had seen in the papers. "If we stand together in this, shoulder to shoulder, my campaign's bound to be a success!"

"Hear, hear!"

Skinner & Co. had no serious intention of backing up Bunter in his wild scheme. But they proposed to join the Giraffes solely for the fun of the thing. And there was likely to be a great deal of fun for everybody but Bunter!

"I put it to you fellows as one gentleman to a number of the common herd," said Bunter. "Why shouldn't we lie in bed after rising-bed if we want to?"

"Yes, why shouldn't we?" said Snoop.

"And why shouldn't we clear out of the Form-room if we get fed up with lessons?"

"Echo answers 'Why?'" said Stott.

"And why shouldn't the masters and prefects be kept in their places? In a word, why shouldn't we do everything possible to further our own comfort? Schoolboys never shall be slaves—"

"Not while Bunter rules the waves!" said Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Owl of the Remove had warmed to such a pitch of eloquence by this time that the perspiration stood out in beads on his forehead. It was a pity, he reflected, that the majority of the fellows had not stayed to listen to him. He felt sure he could have converted the lot.

Still, he had several likely recruits, so he wouldn't grumble. Skinner & Co. had agreed to enrol under his banner as members of the Greyfriars Immediate Reformation And Fairness For Everybody Society. So far, so good. Doubtless, as time went on, the membership would expand. Bunter hoped so, anyway. Whether his hopes would be realised or not, remained to be seen.

"Are you fellows quite determined to back me up?" asked the fat junior.

"Oh, quite!" said Bolsover major.

"You support the views I have expounded?"

"Absolutely!" said Trevor.

"And you're willing to fight for our worthy cause?"

"Tooth and nail!" said Skinner. "We'll fight to the last ditch—and we'll go on scrapping after that, if necessary."

"Good!" said Bunter, stepping down from the table and producing a notebook and pencil. "Now, I want half-a-crown from each of you, please!"

Skinner & Co. gaped at their president in astonishment.

"Half-a-crown?" ejaculated Skinner.

"From each of us?" gasped Stott.

"Yes," said Bunter. "Pay up!"

"But—but what have we got to fork out half-a-crown apiece for?" demanded Hazeldene.

"Subscription of membership."

"Oh!"

There was no great rush on the part of Skinner & Co. to accede to Billy Bunter's impudent request.

Some of the fellows didn't possess half-a-crown; and those who boasted such a sum didn't see the fun of parting with it in order that Billy Bunter might enjoy a substantial feed at the school tuckshop.

"Sorry, Bunt," said Skinner. "I can't stump up at the moment. But I'm expecting a postal-order—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"From a titled relation—"

"Beast!" growled Bunter.

"And as soon as it comes to hand—in about five years' time, roughly—you shall have my subscription!"

A roar of laughter followed Skinner's generous speech. He had played Billy Bunter at his own game; and the fat junior's face was a study.

"What about you, Bolsover?"

"Sorry," said Bolsover briefly. "I'm stony!"

"Snoop, old chap—"

"Nothing doing," said Snoop. "I don't carry any pocket-money about with me now, as a protest against the high cost of living!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hazel—"

"I'm broke to the wide!" said Hazeldene dolorously. "This latest budget has hit me jolly hard. The price of cigars and wines is almost prohibitive!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter grew desperate. He turned appealingly to Stott.

"No good approaching me," said Stott. "I went bankrupt a couple of terms ago. My creditors are holding a meeting this afternoon in the wood-shed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trevor was Billy Bunter's only hope. But Trevor had, in the words of the parable, fallen on stony ground. So he said, anyway. And Trevor's statement, like the editor's decision, was final.

Bunter replaced his note-book in his pocket with a scowl.

"I've a good mind to make you fellows resign!" he said.

"Spare us!" said Skinner beseechingly. And the rest of the fellows crouched before their president in attitudes of supplication.

"All serene!" said Bunter. "I'll let you off this time. But I don't know how I shall go on without subscriptions. I was hoping to have a top-hole feed—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean, I was hoping the society would have a big fund from which we could draw in case of emergency."

"Never mind!" said Skinner. "It can't be helped. What are our instructions, Mighty Chief?"

"First of all," said Bunter, "you're to stay in bed after rising-bell's gone to-morrow morning. Will you promise me that?"

"We promise!" said Skinner & Co. in chorus.

"Ripping!" said the president. "That will be one of the short cuts to Bolshevism—I mean, to the reformation of Greyfriars. I'll tell you all about the other short cuts later. The meeting will now disperse."

And Billy Bunter rolled out of the Common-room, feeling more than satisfied with his first evening's work. He felt that he had opened his campaign in great style.

As for the rest of the Giraffes, they were almost in hysterics.

"Oh dear!" sobbed Skinner. "This is the funniest thing I've struck for ages! Bunter the reformer! Bunter—the liberator of humanity!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll pretend to humour him," said Hazeldene, "but, of course, it won't do to go too far. We'll stand in with the fat duffer up to a point, and then leave him to carry through his precious campaign single-handed."

"That's the idea!"

"Poor old Bunter!" said Bolsover major. "He'll be left absolutely in the soup!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the members of the Greyfriars Immediate Reformation, etc., Society staggered out of the Common-room, laughing uproariously as they went.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### In the Wars!

**B**UNTER, you chump—"

"Bunter, you imbecile—"

"Get to bed!"

These remarks were levelled at Billy Bunter in the Remove dormitory that evening.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in bed, waiting for Wingate of the Sixth to come in and extinguish the lights.

The rest of the Removites were in bed also—with the exception of Bunter. That plump and misguided youth was seated on his bed, fully dressed, reading.

"You mad fool!" said Dennis Carr. "Wingate will be along in a minute!"

Bunter looked up from his book.

"Wingate!" he repeated. "Who's he?"

"Our skipper, of course!"

"Bah! He's not fit to skipper a lunatic-asylum, or a home for incurables! Wingate's a tyrant and an upstart, and a conceited ass!"

A sudden hush fell upon the dormitory.

Unseen by Billy Bunter, who had his back to the door, Wingate himself had stepped into the dormitory.

"I don't care that much for Wingate!" said Bunter, with a contemptuous flick of the fingers. "Why, there's more wisdom in this"—the speaker held up a grimy finger for inspection—"than there is in Wingate's silly noodle! Fancy having to knuckle under to a clumsy yokel like that! If I had my own way—and I mean to have it before long—Wingate would be stripped of his authority. He would be sacked—fired out—finished!"

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There was a horrified gasp from the Removites.

As for the captain of Greyfriars, he stood paralysed on the threshold of the dormitory, unable to move or speak.

"Down with the tyrant!" said Bunter, who imagined, from the silence around him, that he had riveted the attention of his hearers. "Down with the oppressor! Down with the beastly slave-drivers—I refer to the masters and prefects—who stand between us and our rights! Down with the—Hellup!"

Billy Bunter broke off suddenly, as a heavy hand descended upon his shoulder.

Wingate had at last recovered the power of speech—and of action!

"You—you cheeky worm!" he roared. "Have you suddenly gone potty, or what? Do you realise what you've been saying?"

"Ow! Leggo! I never said a word—"

"What!"

"Not about you, anyway. I never discuss such unimportant people—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a chuckle from the Removites, but it melted away before Wingate's frown.

"You cheeky young rascal! You know very well you were talking about me!"

"I wasn't. I was saying what a beastly tyrant old Gwynne was!" protested Bunter.

The remark was unfortunate. Gwynne happened to be Wingate's special chum, and the captain of Greyfriars resented the term tyrant when used in connection with one of the best fellows breathing.

"It was of me you were speaking, not Gwynne," he said. "And you'll take a hundred lines for impertinence. You will take an additional hundred for not being in bed at the proper time. Why aren't you undressed?"

"I'll undress when I choose," said Bunter, determined to show the rest of the Giraffes that he meant what he said about hurling defiance in the teeth of authority.

Wingate looked grim.

"So that's the tone, is it?" he said. "You'll report to me after breakfast in the morning, Bunter, and I'll take you before your Form-master."

"Rats!"

"What!" gasped Wingate, who could scarcely credit the evidence of his ears. "You dare to say 'Rats!' to me!"

"More rats!"

The juniors fairly gasped.

This was open defiance, with a vengeance. Even the most daring fellows in the Form—fellows like Vernon-Smith and Dennis Carr—would scarcely have ventured to say "Rats!" to such a lofty and majestic person as George Wingate.

But Billy Bunter's daring was of the sort prompted by stupidity—plus the fact that he had been absorbing Bolshevistic literature.

Wingate's brow was thunderous. He felt sorely tempted to place Billy Bunter in a convenient position across the bed and to belabour him with a slipper. The only reason why he refrained from doing so was because he could not have trusted himself to moderate his blows. For Wingate was very angry—angrier, perhaps, than the juniors had ever seen him.

"You've altogether exceeded the limit, Bunter, in checking me like this!" he said. "I'll trouble you to come with me!"

"Sha'n't!"

"Do you hear me, Bunter?"

"I'm not deaf. But I refuse to go with you—unless it's to a free feed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate was at the end of his patience. He rebuked the laughing Removites, and then he proceeded to half-drag, half-carry Billy Bunter from the dormitory.

The fat junior turned the scale at something approaching thirteen stone, and Wingate's task was no light one. But his blood was up, and he succeeded in piloting the unwilling Bunter to Mr. Quelch's study.

The Remove-master was working at his typewriter when Wingate dragged the struggling Owl of the Remove through the doorway.

"Why—bless my soul! Wingate! What does this mean?" gasped Mr. Quelch, rising to his feet.

"It means, sir, that Bunter has behaved with unexampled insolence. I can't think what's come over him—unless it's a fit of insanity. He absolutely refuses to recognise my authority and to obey my orders, and I can do nothing with him. He has repeatedly insulted me to my face!"

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch, aghast. "Hallo!"

"How dare you say 'Hallo!' to me, boy! Have you taken leave of your senses?"

Before Bunter could reply, something fell out of his pocket on to the carpet. Wingate stooped and picked it up, and handed it to Mr. Quelch.

The Form-master's eyes nearly started from his head as he beheld a red-covered manual, entitled, "A Short Cut to Bolshevism."

"Good—good gracious!" he gasped. "How did you come into possession of this pernicious and baneful rubbish, Bunter?"

"It's jolly good stuff!" said Bunter, completely forgetting the respect due to a Form-master. "I agree with every word of it."

That Mr. Quelch did not share Bunter's view was obvious, for he tore the precious manual into fragments, which were scattered in a shower into the wastepaper-basket.

"You've no right to destroy my property!" said Bunter indignantly.

But before he could proceed any further Mr. Quelch picked up a cane and stepped towards him.

"I won't be licked!" declared Bunter. "I refuse to be crushed beneath the heel of a—"

Swish, swish, swish!

The cane lashed across the fat junior's shoulders, and he executed a sort of waltz on the Form-master's carpet.

"Yarooooh!"

Swish, swish, swish!

Billy Bunter dodged wildly round the study, and Mr. Quelch followed, doing great execution.

The Remove-master desisted at length, almost breathless from his exertions.

"Now go!" he panted. "And if there is any further show of defiance on your part, I will renew the castigation!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Billy Bunter had had enough—for one evening, at any rate. He had not abandoned his campaign—he was still as keen as ever on reforming Greyfriars—but he deemed it prudent not to transgress any more just then. Mr. Quelch was in one of his most aggressive moods.

"Wingate, would you be good enough to see that this wretched boy goes straight to bed and gives no further trouble?"

"Certainly, sir."

The captain of Greyfriars accompanied Billy Bunter to the Remove dormitory, and he stood over him like a grim sentinel whilst he undressed.

The Owl of the Remove was still uttering loud lamentations, but he took good care not to cheek Wingate.

As soon as Bunter had crawled limply into bed Wingate extinguished the lights, and withdrew.

When the senior's footsteps had died away on the stairs there was a chorus of inquiry.

"What happened, Bunt?"

"Have you been licked?"

"Ow—yes!" moaned the fat junior.

"Serve you jolly well right!" growled Johnny Bull. "You fairly asked for trouble!"

"Quelch's a brute and a tyrant!" groaned Bunter. "And he'll wish he'd never been born by the time I've finished with him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Bunter," said Harry Wharton seriously, "I should advise you to chuck all this rot about reforming Greyfriars."

"It isn't rot! It's a noble and courageous movement!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Harry Wharton said no more, and one by one the occupants of the Remove dormitory dropped off to sleep.

But it was a long time before sleep visited Billy Bunter's eyes that night.

The president of the Giraffes was aching from his recent castigation, and deep groans took the place of his usual trumpeting snore. He rolled from one side of the bed to the other in his anguish, and the burden of his plaint was:

"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

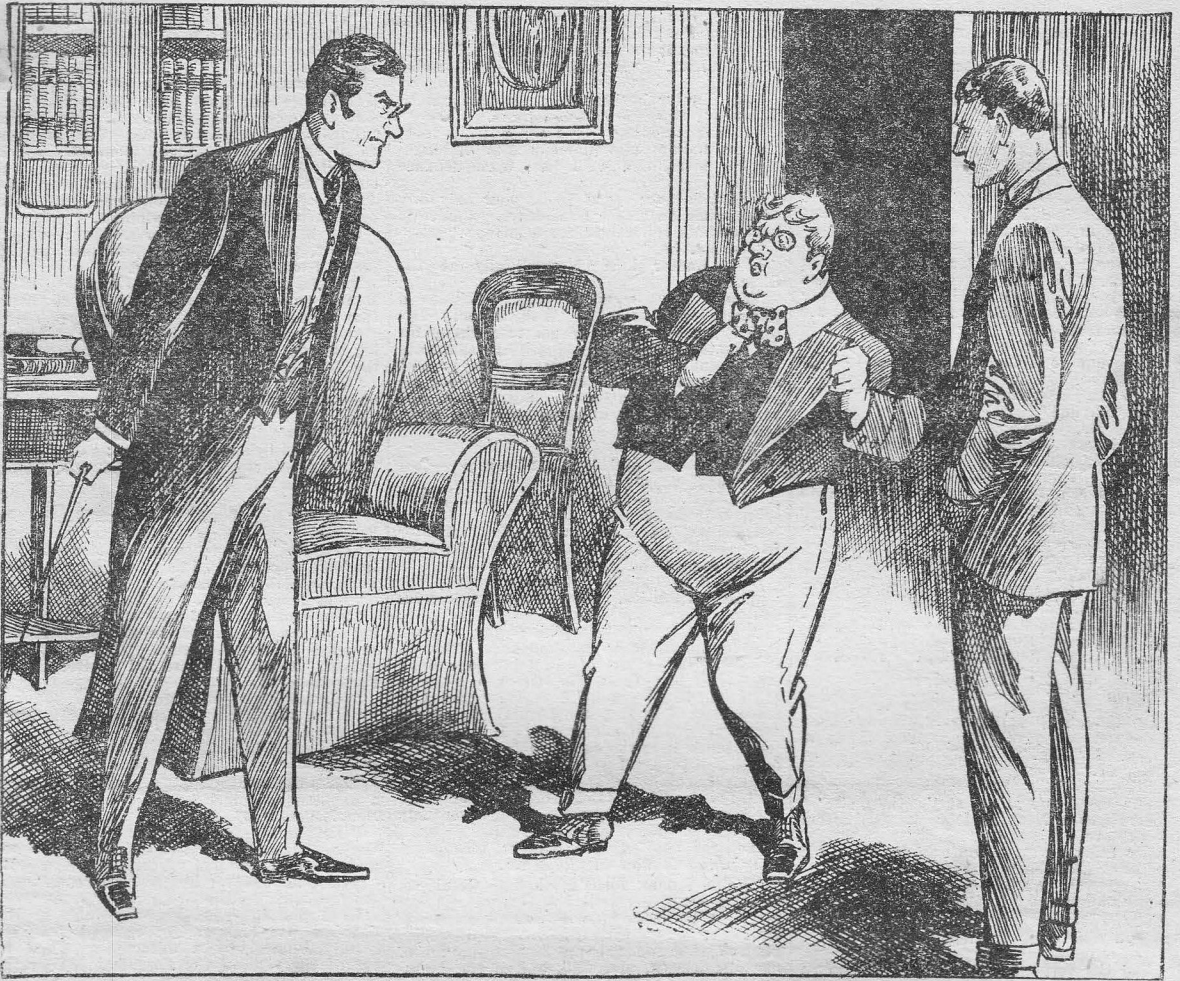
### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### The Traitors!

**C**LANG, clang!

The harsh notes of the rising-bell rang out on the morning air.

Seven juniors in the Remove dormitory did not seem to heed the summons. The seven were Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, Bolsover major, Hazeldene and Trevor—and Billy Bunter!



"You've no right to destroy my property!" protested Bunter. Mr. Quelch picked up his cane and stepped towards the fat junior. "I won't be licked!" declared Bunter. "I refuse to be crushed beneath the heel of a——" Bunter's expostulations ended in a yell as Mr. Quelch started in with the cane! (See chapter 3.)

No surprise was occasioned at first when the juniors failed to turn out. It was quite the usual thing for some fellows to remain in bed for a few minutes after rising-bell.

But as time went on, and the seven showed no signs of rising, their slothfulness was commented upon by the others.

"Time you fellows turned out!" said Dennis Carr.

"Rats!"  
"If you're late for brekker," said Harry Wharton, "Quechly will come down like a thousand of bricks!"

"Let him!" said Billy Bunter indifferently.

"You champion ass!" growled the captain of the Remove. "You're going the right way to be sacked from the school!"

The slackers seemed deaf to all warnings, so the others left them to their own devices.

Those who were up hurriedly performed their ablutions. They left the dormitory in twos and threes, and sped downstairs.

Soon the room was empty, save for the seven who lingered in bed.

Billy Bunter's eyes glistened with delight.

"It's awfully decent of you fellows to rally round like this!" he said.

"Not at all!" said Skinner.

"We'll stay here for another half-hour or so," said Bunter, "and then we'll go down and have brekker at our leisure."

"Oh, will we?" murmured Bolsover major, under his breath.

Billy Bunter was overjoyed to think that Skinner & Co. were taking an active part in his campaign.

This was indeed open defiance, for seven fellows to linger in bed long after all the others had gone down.

Bunter was touched by the loyalty of his followers. How decent of them, he reflected, to support him like this.

But the fat junior underwent a revulsion of feeling shortly afterwards.

The sound of the breakfast-gong boomed through the building, and, to the surprise and dismay of Billy Bunter, Skinner & Co. leapt out of bed on the instant.

To the amazement of the Owl of the Remove, his companions were fully dressed.

"What on earth——" began Bunter, in bewilderment.

Skinner explained the situation in a few words.

"We got up before rising-bell, washed and dressed, and then slipped back into bed again," he said. "Nobody noticed the fact that we had our togs on."

"But—but look here——"

"Ta-ta!" said Bolsover major, with a mock flourish of his hand.

"Don't run away!" pleaded Bunter.

"Sorry to have to tear ourselves away from such excellent company," said Skinner blandly, "but we mustn't miss our brekker, you know! Come along, you fellows!"

And the six juniors hurried from the dormitory, leaving Billy Bunter alone with his thoughts, which were the reverse of pleasant!

Skinner & Co. chuckled hugely as they clattered down the stairs.

"This is where our president gets left!" panted Trevor.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It'll take Bunter at least twenty minutes to wash and dress!" said Bolsover major.

"One minute to wash, and nineteen minutes to dress!" said Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The six practical jokers reached the dining-hall just in time. Mr. Quelch, who presided at the head of the table, frowned at the latest arrivals as they dropped into their seats.

"You have just saved yourselves from being awarded impositions!" he said. "Where is Bunter?"

"Taking another forty winks, sir," said Skinner.

The Form-master's frown deepened. "You will take a hundred lines, Skinner, for impertinence!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"When I require flippant and jocular replies to my questions, Skinner, I will not fail to let you know!" continued Mr. Quelch.

"Am I to understand that Bunter is still in bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless my soul! There seems to be no limit to the impertinence of that wretched boy! Wharton, go and fetch Bunter here at once!"

The captain of the Remove hurried out of the dining-hall. He went up the stairs three steps at a time, and burst into the dormitory.

Billy Bunter was in the act of dressing.

"You—you born idiot!" exclaimed Wharton.

"You've fairly done it now! Buck up! Quelch's waiting for you!"

The fat junior donned his coat with such a vicious movement that he burst the shoulder-seams.

"Those beasts have let me down!" he said savagely. "They promised to stay in bed with me, and defy Quelch. And they had their togs on all the time, and scooted as soon as the gong went!"

"They were japing you, you fat duffer!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Are you ready?"

"Yes. But I've a jolly good mind not to go down——"

"You mad idiot! There's been quite enough of this rot! Come on!"

And Wharton gripped the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and marched him from the dormitory.

"If you take my advice," he said, as they descended the stairs, "you won't check Quelch. If he were to haul you up before the Mead, you'd get into serious trouble!"

This warning seemed to subdue Bunter, for he returned quite respectful answers to Mr. Quelch's heated questions. Unfortunately, however, they were inaccurate, as well as respectful.

"Bunter!" rumbled the Form-master, glaring at the fat junior as he was escorted into the dining-hall by Harry Wharton. "What is the meaning of your belated appearance?"

"Ahem! I—I didn't hear the rising-bell go, sir—"

"What!"

"The—the fact is, I've developed a severe attack of deafness, sir, in both ears!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Quelch, smiting the table. "Do not snigger at this wretched boy! His conduct is a subject for tears rather than for boisterous hilarity! You say you are deaf, Bunter?"

"Yessir. As deaf as a doorpost!"

"Then how is it that you are able to hear my remarks?"

"I—I can't hear them, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even Mr. Quelch, stern disciplinarian though he was, could not check the laughter on this occasion.

"I shall burst a boiler in a minute!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Bunter's whoppers are simply killing!"

"Mr. Quelch bestowed the glare of a basilisk upon the fat junior.

"You are lying to me, Bunter!"

"Nunno, sir!"

"The statement that you are afflicted with deafness is ludicrous, on the face of it."

"The—the attack has passed off now, sir," said Bunter. "But at the rising-bell this morning it was simply awful! I couldn't hear a sound, sir!"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Even assuming that you are telling the truth—though that is a very remote possibility—you surely saw your schoolfellows in the act of rising?"

"No, sir."

"But—"

"You see, I was asleep at the time, sir!"

There was a fresh burst of laughter from the Remove.

Billy Bunter was so confused by this time that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

Mr. Quelch spared the fat junior the trouble of inventing further falsehoods.

"You will write a thousand lines, Bunter, and you will forfeit the next half-holiday."

"Oh crumbs!"

"And the very next time you give offence I shall report your conduct to Dr. Locke! Go to your place!"

"My bacon's cold, sir," said Billy Bunter, as he dropped heavily into his seat at the Remove table. "May I take it along to the kitchen and have it warmed up?"

"No, Bunter, you may not!" roared Mr. Quelch. "It is entirely your own fault that the rasher on your plate is cold and dry."

"If you please, sir—"

"Not another word, Bunter!"

The Owl of the Remove followed the example of his rasher, and dried up. The almost ferocious expression on Mr. Quelch's face warned him what he might expect if he spoke again.

In spite of his very belated arrival at the breakfast-table, Billy Bunter finished his meal before everybody else.

The president of the new society was feeling far from happy. Punishments had been showered upon him thick and fast since he had launched his campaign. But even now he had no intention of knuckling under, and a scheme was already working in his mind—another of the "open defiance" schemes by which he hoped to achieve the reformation of Greyfriars.

But it was more than probable that, before the reformation of Greyfriars came about, Greyfriars would take in hand the reformation of Bunter!

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. A Terrible Upheaval!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter rolled up to Skinner & Co. in the Close after breakfast.

"Well, porpoise?" said Bolsever major. "What is it?"

"It was jolly mean of you to let me down like that!" said Bunter. "I had to face the music all alone. Now, look here! As loyal and faithful members of the Giraffes, it's up to you to rally round your president. I had a brain-wave just now—a little wheeze for impressing upon Quelch that we're in deadly

earnest! Can I count on you fellows to help me carry the thing through?"

"All depends on the nature of the wheeze," said Skinner. "Expound it, my massive friend!"

Billy Bunter beckoned the Giraffes out of earshot of the rest of the fellows.

"This is the stunt," he said, in a low tone. "We're fed-up with Quelch and his high-handed ways, and we'll hurl open defiance at him!"

"Open defiance seems to be your only sort of ammunition," said Hazeldene. "Can't we hurl inkpots and rulers, for a change?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at the Giraffes.

"You fellows seem to regard this as a priceless joke," he said. "Well, it isn't! It's a serious matter. We've got to stick up for our rights—we've got to squash and spifficate the tyrant and the oppressor! The present system must go! A new and better routine must be drawn up by us. But before that comes about oceans of blood may have to be spilt—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm speaking diabolically, of course—"

"What?" gasped Skinner.

"Ha, ha! He—he means metaphorically!" spluttered Snoop.

And there was a fresh outburst of laughter from the Giraffes, who would have been more rightly named the Hyenas.

Billy Bunter waited impatiently for the laughter to subside. Then he plunged into his subject.

"I'm firmly of the opinion, you fellows, that lessons ought to be abolished. What on earth is the sense of swotting up dumb languages like Latin and Greek? Many a Latin and Greek scholar is starving to-day in the gutter. Can he put his knowledge to any practical use? Of course not! If he applies for a job is it anything in his favour that he can spout yards of Latin? Not a bit! The employer thinks he's potty! My friends, whilst we are swotting these dumb, deaf, dead, and defunct languages, we are wantonly wasting the golden hours of youth!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Skinner, amazed at Billy Bunter's flow of eloquence.

"We're fed-up with Latin and Greek—at least, I am!" declared the Owl of the Remove. "We're fed-up with lessons generally, and we're fed-up with Quelch. I therefore propose that we get up in the middle of morning lessons, and walk out of the Form-room."

"Oh!"

"My only aunt!"

There was a chorus of amazement from the Giraffes.

"Mad!" murmured Bolsever major, tapping his forehead significantly.

"Oh, absolutely!" said Trevor. "Stark, staring mad!"

It was amazing that Billy Bunter had not yet learnt that open defiance did not pay—that it was an impossible task to attempt to revise the Greyfriars routine. That routine had stood the test of generations; and a youth of Bunter's intellect—or, rather, lack of it—would never be able to bring about such amendments as optional lessons and the detronement of those in authority.

"Listen carefully, you fellows!" said the president of the Giraffes. "At a signal from me—I shall smite the desk with my clenched fist—you're to leave your places, march out to the front of the class, bowl the blackboard and easel over, put your tongues out at Quelch, and then clear off."

Skinner & Co. were simply thunderstruck at these amazing instructions. They began to think that Billy Bunter was really suffering from mental derangement.

"You understand?" said the fat junior.

"Pip-pip-perfectly, old chap!" stuttered Skinner.

"And you'll carry out those instructions to the letter?"

"Of course!"

"That's good! We'll give old Quelch the shock of his life!"

Skinner & Co. strolled away. They were too astonished to laugh.

"There isn't a shadow of doubt," said Hazeldene, "that Bunter's got bats in his belfry!"

"The sooner he's put in a padded cell the better!" said Snoop. "Poor beggar! I dare say there's insanity in the family."

"I can see myself putting my tongue out at Quelch—I don't think," said Skinner.

"Why, I wouldn't do it if I were offered fifty quid!"

"But Bunter will do it!" said Stoff. Skinner shook his head.

"I fancy his nerve will fail him when he comes to the push," he said.

"It'll come to the push all right," said Hazeldene—"the push from Greyfriars!"

It was generally agreed that if Billy Bunter carried out his preconceived plan of campaign he would be sacked from the school. The Head would not be likely to take a lenient view of the situation, for Bunter was an old offender. His record was besmirched by numerous previous convictions.

Had Skinner & Co. possessed a spark of decency, they would have dissuaded the fat junior from his rash purpose.

But the cads of the Remove intended to let Bunter go ahead—though they had no intention of taking part in the wild escapade.

Shortly afterwards the bell rang for morning lessons, and the Removites streamed into the Form-room.

"Quelch's on the war-path this morning!" murmured Bob Cherry, as he dropped into his seat.

"There's thunder on his manly brow, And lightning in his eye; And anyone who cheeks him now Will rue it by-and-by!"

murmured Dick Penfold, the laureate of the Remove.

"Penfold!" There was thunder in Mr. Quelch's voice, as well as on his brow. "You were muttering pleasantries to Cherry!"

"Was I, sir?"

"You cannot conceal your offence by assuming an expression of injured innocence!" snapped the Form-master. "You will write out fifty times, 'I must not mutter in the Form-room!'"

"Oh, help!" gasped Pen.

"Why, you are muttering again!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"I—I can't help it, sir! It's a little habit of mine—"

"Then the sooner you break yourself of such a dangerous habit the better! Your imposition is doubled!"

Dick Penfold set a seal on his lips after that. He did not wish to devote the remainder of his school career to writing out, "I must not mutter in the Form-room."

Mr. Quelch continued to be aggressive. Lines and lickings were the order of the day, and very few fellows escaped scot-free.

Billy Bunter, by a miracle, managed to escape the vials of the Form-master's wrath, but only for a time.

Midway through the morning Mr. Quelch pounced upon the Owl of the Remove.

"You are not paying attention, Bunter!"

There was no response.

"Are you ill, boy?"

Silence.

"Answer me, Bunter! It is inconceivable that you have really been smitten with deafness! Do you not hear me addressing you?"

Bunter was still silent, and the class fairly gasped.

Mr. Quelch picked up a pointer.

"This is studied insolence!" he exclaimed. "Stand out before the class, Bunter, and I will chastise you as you deserve!"

Billy Bunter sprang suddenly to his feet. He clenched his fist, and brought it down with a sounding impact on the desk in front of him.

"Now!" he rapped out.

And he noted, with great satisfaction, that Skinner & Co. had risen to their feet also.

Mr. Quelch stood petrified as Billy Bunter came charging towards the blackboard and easel like an infuriated bull.

The fat junior fondly imagined that the rest of the Giraffes were following behind. But they weren't. They had resumed their seats, leaving Bunter to carry out his misguided campaign single-handed.

Bang! Crash!

Billy Bunter pitted his full weight against the blackboard and easel.

An appalling scene of disaster followed. Mr. Quelch, realising that he was standing in the danger-zone, skipped hastily to one side. But he was not in time to avoid the avalanche.

A corner of the blackboard descended upon the Remove-master's head, causing his mortar-board to be bashed down over his forehead.

"Oh! Ah! Ow!"

Pointer in hand, Mr. Quelch danced to and fro in anguish. With his mortar-board flattened and his gown flapping around him, he looked like a freak at a fancy-dress ball.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked on dazedly. Nobody laughed. The situation was too serious for that. It really seemed as if Billy Bunter had become insane.

"He—he's off his rocker!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Absolutely!" murmured Johnny Bull. "Let's collar him," muttered Harry Wharton, "before he does any more damage!"

Billy Bunter, having completed the first part of his programme, rolled towards the door. Then he turned, with protruding tongue, and glared at Mr. Quelch.

How long Bunter would have remained in that disrespectful attitude it was impossible to tell, for at that moment the Famous Five left their seats and made a combined rush at the fat junior.

"Yaroooooh!" Billy Bunter descended to the boards with a bump and a roar. His legs were wildly fashing the air. One of his boots found a billet on Johnny Bull's chest, and Johnny went sprawling.

The Remove Form-room was in a state of the wildest upheaval. The fellows had left their seats, and Vernon-Smith asked Mr. Quelch for permission to ring up the Colney Hatch authorities on the telephone.

With the exception of the Form-master, everybody voted Bunter mad. But Mr. Quelch knew differently.

"Return to your places, all of you!" he commanded.

"But—but Bunter's not safe, sir!" protested Harry Wharton, who was seated astride the fat junior's chest.

"He ought not to be at large, sir!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"Nonsense, Nugent! Release that wretched boy at once!"

The Famous Five rose to their feet and returned to their places.

Breathless and dishevelled, Billy Bunter got up. Perhaps he realised for the first time the enormity of his conduct. Anyway, he did not care to face Mr. Quelch at that moment.

With a terrified expression on his fat face, the Owl of the Remove opened the door and darted out into the passage.

Mr. Quelch followed. Throwing his personal dignity to the winds, he chased Billy Bunter along the passage.

Fear lent the fat junior wings, and he fled at top speed. But Bunter's top speed was nothing brilliant. He was flabby and out of condition, and before he had proceeded many yards, the Form-master's hand descended upon his shoulder.

"Bunter!" panted Mr. Quelch. "Your insubordination has exceeded all limits! You appear to have been influenced by the pernicious trash which I found in your possession last evening. I am not disposed to give you another chance to redeem your outrageous conduct. You will come with me at once to Dr. Locke!"

Billy Bunter offered no resistance. He was utterly cowed and humiliated. He had counted upon Skinner & Co. to rally round and back him up in his rash enterprise, and they had again failed him. They were rank traitors, he reflected. They had never had any serious intention of supporting him. They had, in fact, been pulling his leg.

"Come, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch. The Owl of the Remove blinked appealingly at the Form-master.

"Let me off, sir!" he pleaded. "I—I won't do it again!"

"You will probably be dented the chance!" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

And he proceeded to escort the misguided Bunter in the direction of the Head's study.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Trial of a Reformer!

"B LESS my soul!" Dr. Locke looked up in astonishment as Mr. Quelch, stern of face and tight-of lip, piloted Billy Bunter into his study.

"I have a serious complaint to make regarding this boy, sir," said the Remove master. "He has behaved with unexampled impertinence! He has caused a scene of the wildest commotion in my Form-room! In a word, he is incorrigible!"

Billy Bunter's knees were fairly knocking together. He was quite unable to meet the Head's stern gaze.

"His sequence of misdemeanours, sir," continued Mr. Quelch, "commenced last night, when he insulted Wingate and refused to obey his express commands. Wingate brought him to my study for punish-

ment, and I, too, was grossly insulted! I found in Bunter's possession a pernicious pamphlet, entitled: 'A Short Cut to Bolshevism!'"

"Bless my soul!"

"The wretched boy has allowed his mind to be influenced by that dangerous doctrine to such an extent that he has committed the most glaring acts of defiance! This morning he remained in bed long after the rising-bell had sounded, and a few moments ago he had the effrontery to run riot in the Form-room. He knocked over the blackboard and easel, and I was fortunate to escape serious injury."

The Head looked very grave.

"Have you any explanation to offer, Bunter?" he said sternly.

"Yes, sir!"

"You admit having committed the outrages mentioned by Mr. Quelch?"

"Certainly, sir! But I—I wasn't responsible for my actions—"

"What?"

"You see, I—I'm subject to fits, sir!"

"Boy!"

"Terrible fits, sir!" said Bunter, drawing desperately on his imagination. "I sometimes get right out of hand, and nobody can do anything with me. I suppose I must have had one of the fits just now, sir. Anyway, I don't remember knocking the blackboard and easel over."

"You are prevaricating, Bunter!" thundered the Head.

"Nunno, sir!"

"If I thought that you were indeed subject to fits, I should make every allowance for your conduct. But you are in good health, and this is merely an endeavour to deceive me!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Now, tell me the truth—if it is not altogether beyond your powers!" said the Head scathingly. "What induced you to behave in such an abominable manner?"

"Ahem! I—I mean to reform Greyfriars, sir—"

"What?"

"I've been giving serious thought to the subject, sir, and I'm not at all satisfied with the existing state of affairs."

"Indeed!" said the Head drily.

"If I had my own way, sir, I'd abolish masters and prefects. Everybody at Greyfriars would stand on an equal footing. Oceans of blood—"

"Bunter!"

"Oceans of blood may have to be spilt before we attain the consummation of our desires!" said the fat junior.

"That very phrase, sir, occurred in the pamphlet which I mentioned to you just now," said Mr. Quelch. "There is no doubt that Bunter's mind has been inflamed by what he has read. He has conceived this ridiculous idea of reforming the school, and he should be made to abandon such a nonsensical notion!"

The Head nodded.

"I am satisfied, Bunter," he said, "that you have behaved in a most disgraceful manner. But for your crass stupidity, I should seriously consider the advisability of expelling you from the school. As it is, you will go to the punishment-room, and remain there until you are sent for."

Billy Bunter rolled out of the Head's study feeling much brighter in spirits. It did not occur to his obtuse mind that he was booked for a public flogging, otherwise, the grin which now illuminated his features would have been absent.

Mr. Quelch followed behind the fat junior in order to make sure that he went direct to the punishment-room.

It was a bleak and cheerless apartment, and Bunter hoped, as he seated himself on one of the hard chairs, that he would not have to remain long in his place of detention.

His hopes were realised, for shortly afterwards, when morning lessons were over, Wingate of the Sixth arrived on the scene.

"Come along, Bunter!" he said grimly.

"Eh? Come long where?"

"To Big Hall!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Bunter turned quite pale.

"I—I say, Wingate! I'm not going to be licked, am I?"

"Yes, you are, and it serves you jolly well right!"

Billy Bunter slipped out of his chair on to the floor.

"What are you grovelling down there for?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars.

"Ow! I—I feel quite ill!" groaned Bunter. "I—I'm going along to the sanny

"Your mistake," said Wingate drily. "You're coming with me—at once!"

"Is—is the school assembled?"

"Yes."

"Well, you—you might tell the Head I'll be along in a few minutes—"

For answer, Wingate seized the Owl of the Remove by the scruff of the neck, and dragged him away in the direction of Big Hall.

Bunter protested loudly as he went, but his protestations passed unheeded.

All the Greyfriars fellows were in their places. On the raised dais at the end of the hall stood the Head, looking very stern.

The members of the Remove Form could guess why the school had been assembled, and Skinner & Co. looked very uneasy. They were apprehensive lest Billy Bunter should implicate them in some way.

Wingate led the fat junior up the centre of the hall, and halted him in front of the dais.

"I have called you together, my boys," began the Head, "in order to make a public example of Bunter major, who has behaved outrageously!"

Billy Bunter's knees were fairly knocking together.

"This boy," continued Dr. Locke, "has allowed his mind to be swayed by Bolshevistic doctrines. He had the audacity to inform me that he contemplated reforming Greyfriars. Never, in my long career as headmaster, have I heard of such astounding impudence! Bunter's conduct during the past twenty-four hours has been unpardonable. It is impossible for me to take a lenient view of it. I will not expel Bunter—I have already pointed out to him that only his inherent stupidity has saved him from that fate—but it is my intention to administer a severe flogging! Gosling!"

"Yessir?" said the school porter, who was lounging in the doorway.

"Come forward, and do your duty!"

Gosling's duty was to hoist Billy Bunter on to his broad shoulders. But as he stooped to receive the victim the fat junior turned to the Head.

"I'm not the only fellow who's keen on reforming Greyfriars, sir!" he said. "There are seven of us altogether. And I don't see why I should have to face the music alone!"

The Head frowned.

"If, as you say, there are other misguided boys who share your peculiar views, Bunter, I shall be glad to know their names!"

"There's Skinner and Snoop and Stott, and Bolsover major and Hazeldene and Trevor, sir!" said Bunter.

"Very well! The boys in question will stand forward!"

Skinner & Co., looking decidedly sheepish, left their places and advanced towards the dais. The Head surveyed them sternly.

"Am I to understand that you boys are in sympathy with Bunter's views?" he demanded.

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Not at all, sir!"

"We shouldn't dream of associating ourselves with such a cad, sir!" said Skinner piously.

Billy Bunter glared at the speaker through his spectacles.

"You know jolly well that you all agreed to join the Giraffes!" he exclaimed.

"The—the Giraffes!" stammered the Head.

"Yessir—the Greyfriars Immediate Reformation and Fairness For Everybody Society, sir!" explained Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Head raised his hand, enjoining silence.

"Have these boys expressed themselves as being in favour of your absurd campaign, Bunter?"

"Yessir! They agreed to back me up, but at the critical moment they left me in the lurch!"

"I rather think, sir," interposed Mr. Quelch, "that Bunter is speaking the truth, remarkable though it may seem. I recollect seeing these boys jump to their feet when Bunter committed the recent outrage in the Form-room; but they resumed their seats almost immediately. They were pretending to be loyal to Bunter. I have no doubt that they promised him their support; and it was this promise of support which led the foolish boy to commit his unpardonable actions."

The Head compressed his lips. He was quite satisfied that Skinner & Co. were

(Continued on page 10.)

START READING THIS GRAND CINEMA SERIAL TO-DAY!

**THE OPENING CHAPTERS.**

The story opens with Mr. Tulliver and his wife being abruptly awakened one night by the extraordinary actions of their nephew, Dick Tulliver, who, though very young, has remarkable acting abilities.

It appears that he had been rehearsing a thrilling cinema stunt scene in his bedroom with Mike Flaherty, a friend of his, prior to going to the studios in Dorminster, where he hopes to obtain a start in the career he is mad to follow.

But his uncle has other ideas for the boy's future.

Much to his disgust, he arranges for him to be apprenticed to Wibbleswick & Co., a local drapery firm. On the last day of his freedom Dick goes to Dorminster. Passing by a lake in an old park he unconsciously takes a part in a film scene by acting as the hero in the place of Archie Deen, who has mysteriously disappeared.

The Western Super Film Co. are on location in the Wildfell Estate, and the old ruined country seat, the Grange, is used by the actors. The place has the reputation of being haunted.

Harry Trent, Dick's friend, belongs to the company, and through his influence and persuasion he secures Dick a place in it. Later the same day the missing actor's favourite dog is found dead. This startling news is communicated to Dick by Biglow, one of the members of the company.

(Now read on.)

**Enter the Dwarf.**

**B**IGLOW'S news caused a thrill of excitement to pass down Dick Tulliver's spine. He instantly grasped the significance of this announcement. The dog, from all accounts, was the only one in the whole company that possessed any information concerning the mysterious disappearance of the man Deen.

And now the dog was dead. It struck Dick that it was highly probable that the two events were very closely connected. If Deen had met with foul play, it would certainly be to the interests of those responsible to remove the dog at all costs.

"It's a queer business," said Harry Trent—"a jolly queer business! Do you know what the governor thinks about it?"

Biglow struck one of his "film" attitudes, signifying huge contempt.

"The gov'nor only thinks of one thing, and that's his pocket!" he scoffed. "I haven't seen him, but two to one he'll try to make out there's nothing in it. He's got this place cheap, and he'll hang on to it like grim death! There's not the slightest doubt in my mind that poor old Deen has been kidnapped, perhaps worse. The dog knew it, and because the dog knew it they did him in. Very well; who's going to be the next victim, Harry?"

"Half a minute!" said Harry. "Who do you mean by 'they,' Biglow?"

Biglow shook his head.

"I have no more idea than—than those sausages!" he confessed.

"I say," blurted out Dick, "this is a precious awkward affair for me!"

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"How so, laddie?" inquired Biglow.

Biglow had been so intent on the news he had brought that it had never occurred to him to ask who Dick was, or what he was doing here.

"I don't think you've been introduced to my friend, Dick Tulliver," said Harry. "He's an old school-fellow of mine. He's joined the crowd under rather extraordinary circumstances. Tell old Biglow what happened down at the lake, Dick."

Dick once more recounted the adventures that had crowded his day.

"You see," he concluded, "I seem to be the only chap who has benefited by the disappearance of this chap Deen. For instance, if a detective was put on the job, the first thing he'd do would be to find out all about me."

"But you can account for your movements easily enough, since leaving home," said Harry.

"Oh, of course! As far as Deen's disappearance is concerned, I can prove my innocence all right. It's the people at home I'm thinking about. As uncle's my guardian, I believe he can force me to return. I'm not of age, you know. As it is, they'll probably advertise for me amongst the lost, stolen, or strayed. If I have to tell people who I am and where I come from, the whole story will come out, and back I'll have to go to Harrowsfield."

"Jove, you're right!" cried Harry. "However, there's no likelihood of anyone accusing you of making-away with Deen. What I always say is: 'Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you!' Now, then, Biglow, what about the sausages? Young Dick, here, is a first-rate hand at cooking. Between you, we ought to have a feast fit for the gods!"

"I don't feel as though I could touch a morsel!" said Biglow, with a sigh.

"All the more for us!" laughed Harry. "There's six altogether. I vote we cook the lot, and have half for supper, and keep the other half to have cold for breakfast."

"Very well!" sighed Biglow.

He got out the frying-pan, and held it out at arm's length for Dick to inspect. Dick expressing approval, they took the sausages out of the paper, and placed them reverently in the pan.

They had been on the stove about a minute, and were beginning to sizzle, when suddenly Dick's brow was observed to pucker up in deep thought. He darted to the stove, and snatched the frying-pan away.

"Hallo! What's up?" asked Biglow. "They can't be done yet."

"Done!" exclaimed Dick. "They were nearly done for. Funny thing I should forget. We never greased the pan, and we never pricked the sausages with a fork. If you don't grease the pan with butter or margarine they stick to it, and you have to knock them off with a hammer. Then, if you don't prick them, they're liable to explode like a bomb."

"I told you Dick knew all about cooking," said Harry.

Biglow was greatly impressed by this undoubted evidence of Dick's culinary knowledge.

"You'd better take over this department," he said. "I can see you're hot stuff!"

Dick said he was quite agreeable, so Biglow stretched himself in the one armchair the room possessed, and proceeded to evolve various theories of the probable fate that had overtaken Deen.

From this he quickly passed to his eerie experience of last night, when, he declared, he had seen the shadowy form of Sir George Gaston pass by his bedside, and vanish into space.

Biglow appeared to take a gloomy delight in harping on the subject. He described every detail with minute exactness, added one or two facts which he had omitted to mention previously—the spectre was now eight feet high, and had a deep wound in its left breast—and gave Dick and Harry to understand that it was entirely due to his intellectual attainments that the ghost had honoured him with a view of itself.

"At any rate," chafed Harry, "you were in a mortal funk this afternoon. How about pegging out? I thought you said that always happened when anyone saw a ghost!"

"I was wrong about that," said Biglow. "I remember now that it is only when the next-of-kin sees the spook. So I'm all right. Now, if Sir Gaston would only come out in the daytime, I wouldn't mind exchanging a few words with him. The cold, keen light that shines out of his eyes would not be so awful then. It's a most peculiar light—"

Dick interrupted these remarks by announcing that he thought the sausages were done. Instantly everything else was forgotten in the excitement of getting them out of the pan. After some little difficulty it was done, and they were arranged in picturesque precision on the plate, and Dick, Harry, and Biglow stood back to admire the effect.

Then they gathered round the table, and proceeded to do justice to Dick's cooking.

"It would be just as well, Dick," said Harry presently, "if we told you something about the picture old Halibut's producing."

"I wish you would!" answered Dick eagerly. "It's a bit of a thriller, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. We're on the move most of the time," said Harry. "First of all, the title of the show is 'Glistening Gold.' The action takes place somewhere in South America. The chief characters are two old men, both very rich, and both deadly enemies. One of them has a lovely daughter—"

"That's me," cut in Biglow. "I don't mean that I play the part of the lovely daughter—I mean, I play the father. Maisie Hope is the lovely daughter."

"That's the girl I met in the lake, isn't it?" asked Dick.

Harry nodded.

"Her father's name is Mowbray—she's Gwendoline Mowbray," Harry continued. "They live in a very ancient manor house, very similar to this place. That's why Mr. Halibut decided to come here. Well, the other old man, William Darrel, by name, owns a large factory some ten miles away. He has an only son—that's me! I am in love with the fair Gwendoline. Our respective fathers being, as I say, deadly enemies, would never consent to our marriage. Consequently our attachment is secret."

"But you get married in the end?" said Dick.

"Oh, of course. But a tremendous lot of



Things happen before that takes place. Darrel's workpeople are on strike, for one thing. Then there is a fearful villain, in the person of a dwarf, in the employ of old Mowbray. He stirs up trouble all round."

"Who takes that part?" inquired Dick. Harry Trent glanced at Biglow for a moment.

"Old Halibut has got a little hunchback chap to play the dwarf," he said. "He's a newcomer in the film world. Name of Bernard Grimshaw. We haven't seen much of him so far, but the little we have seen hasn't impressed us much."

"If you want my opinion on the subject," growled Biglow, "I think the little chap's a beast. Go on with the story, Harry."

Harry proceeded to do so. He confessed he could only give the bare outlines of the plot, and he wasn't any too confident that he could give these correctly. It appeared that Mr. Halibut came

"I wish it was fiddlesticks—" he began. Suddenly he broke off and listened.

"Hark! What was that?" he breathed.

"What was what?" inquired Harry and Dick in unison.

Biglow stiffened in every limb. One could almost hear him listening.

"My hat!" he groaned presently. "This is an awful show. I swear I heard a sound in the passage outside. No, you stop where you are! I must get used to this sort of thing."

"Dick," said Harry, "just open that door, and convince old Biglow that he's making a fool of himself."

Before Dick could do so, the door kindly obliged by opening itself, and they saw a quaint little figure standing there.

It was that of a diminutive-looking fellow, diminutive, that is to say, as far as height went, but his shoulders were fairly broad and square, and his arms were very long—

Harry pushed the three sausages forward. The dwarf sat down next to Dick, and one of the sausages quickly disappeared into his mouth in large-sized pieces.

For some minutes silence reigned. The dwarf in the meanwhile made heavy inroads on the plate of bread-and-butter. He also started on a second sausage.

"Had no dinner, I suppose?" said Biglow, by way of pleasantly opening up a conversation.

The dwarf reached out for another piece of bread-and-butter.

"Oh, yes, I had some," he replied thoughtfully. "But it's rather important I should feed up. I'm delicate, you know. I have to be very careful of myself. I don't suppose I shall live to a great age. Still, while there's life there's hope."

Harry threw himself back in his chair. "I don't want to cast a gloom over this fearfully mirthful gathering," he said, "but



Mr. Halibut staggered into the arms of Dick. Then before they could disengage themselves, something black and shapeless rushed by them. (See page 10.)

down with a fresh stunt every day, which considerably complicated matters, so much so that the company were getting utterly bewildered as to what was going to happen.

"It's always like that," said Harry. "The author thinks out a story, and everything is plain and straightforward until they start to produce it. Then they find that this scene isn't strong enough, and that scene wants altering, and then there's not enough for the comic man to do, and so on, until the original story is altered out of all recognition. I know they're fixed on the water business, where the heroine falls out of a canoe; and there's an exciting chase on horseback, and a big prairie fire, and a house that collapses, and buries the villain. I believe there's a railroad accident, too."

"No," said Biglow; "that's been altered to a collision between three motor-cars. Old Halibut told me so yesterday. Anyway, I've still got to die somewhere towards the end; they haven't altered that. Well, I expect it'll be a case of 'Coming events casting their shadows before them,'" he added gloomily. "First Deen, and then—" "Fiddlesticks!" scoffed Harry Trent. Biglow shook his head.

far too long to be in proportion to his short, stumpy legs. He was pigeon-chested in front, and carried a hump on his back. As for his face, it was as twisted as his body. His features at the moment were contorted into what was meant for a smile, and Dick could not help wondering what degree of ugliness a frown would produce.

This person was evidently Bernard Grimshaw.

"I hope you chaps don't mind me coming in," he began, in a deep, harsh voice. "You see, I don't know anyone in the company, and it's a bit lonely here. Mr. Halibut suggested I might look you up. He said Trent and Biglow were your names—"

"That's right. I'm Trent, and this is Biglow."

The dwarf nodded. "My name is Grimshaw," he said. He sidled into the room, and sat down on Biglow's bed. They saw him eye the sausages that were to be reserved for breakfast.

"Would you like something to eat?" inquired Harry, after a pause.

"Well," said the dwarf, "if you've got a sausage to spare, I wouldn't mind."

that remark of yours about not living suggests to me that you and Biglow would do rather well to chum up together."

"How's that?" asked the dwarf.

"Excuse me, Harry," said Biglow sharply; "my case is quite different to his."

"Quite so," murmured the dwarf. "My case is unique."

There was a packet of cigarettes belonging to Harry Trent lying on the table, and the dwarf coolly appropriated one.

"Have any of you fellows noticed anything queer about this place?" he asked.

"Depends what you mean by 'queer,'" said Harry. "You're the queerest thing I've seen so far," he added to himself.

"Well, ghosts, for instance."

"Biglow," said Harry, "this is your department. I'm sure you'd be delighted to have a talk with Grimshaw on the subject of the supernatural. Dick, you and I will clear up and get your bed down."

They glanced at the dwarf to see if he would take this hint and retire.

Nothing of the sort. Instead, he immediately tackled Biglow, and soon had that individual deep in conversation concerning matters of the other world.

"Dick," whispered Harry, "that chap's up to some game or other. Ever since he's joined us he's been as sulky as a bear with a sore head, and kept himself to himself without as much as a 'how-do-you-do' to anyone. Why is he so beastly friendly all at once?"

Naturally, Dick couldn't explain the inner workings of Bernard Grimshaw's mind.

A quarter of an hour later, however, the dwarf offered a possible explanation himself.

"I'm glad I've got to know you fellows," he said. "My room's on this floor, and if anything happened in the night I could come along here. As I said before, I'm delicate, and excitement is bad for me. Well, I'd better be toddling. Good-night!"

"He's in a mortal funk," announced Biglow, when the dwarf had retired. "He pretended to be calm, but I could see he was trembling all the time."

"Humph!" grunted Harry. "If you ask me, Biglow, he pretends to be a lot of things that he isn't."

"Oh, I don't know—" began Biglow.

"Exactly!" cut in Harry. "You don't know."

### Strange Happenings!

THE trio retired to their beds—in Dick's case it was an old mattress laid on the floor, with a couple of blankets—that night in a not altogether calm frame of mind. A week ago Dick would have hailed a ghostly experience of this sort with huge delight, but now that he was actually plunged into the middle of one he felt there were drawbacks.

Biglow's discovery that there was no key to their door did not improve matters.

"How about shifting one of the beds across the door?" he suggested.

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Harry Trent. "I want to get to sleep. Besides, from your own account it won't make the slightest difference if the door's locked or not. The thing will simply glide through it."

This theory was so alarming that Biglow flatly refused to go to bed at all.

"I shall pass the night in the armchair," he said. "All the fellows I've read about in ghost stories do that. They always have a loaded dog or a revolver—er—I mean the other way round—and when the spectre appears they talk poetry to it."

"Just as you like," returned Harry, yawning. "But you won't enjoy it."

"Besides," added Dick, "the candle will only last about an hour, and I don't fancy it'll be nice sitting there in the dark. If you use up the whole candle we shall be in a hole. Suppose there's an alarm in the middle of the night, and we have no light?"

Biglow acknowledged that this would be awkward, and as he was already getting decidedly chilly he followed the example of Dick and Harry, and undressed. Then in double quick time he hopped into bed, blew the candle out, and, drawing the clothes over his head, tried to settle down to slumber.

Dick, on his part, now he was in bed, felt especially wide awake—so wide awake, in fact, that the slightest sound in the distance broke upon his ears as loud as thunder. Outside a slight breeze had risen, and it moaned fitfully about the house, whistled dolefully down the chimney, and caused mysterious rattles and other noises to arise.

Therefore, what with the fact that he was sleeping—or, rather, not sleeping—in strange quarters, quite an hour passed before his eyelids closed, and even then it was only in a fitful doze, punctuated with dreams of a singularly disturbing nature.

It must have been about two o'clock when Dick was roused by a terrible dig in the ribs.

"What's up?" he grunted.

He opened his eyes, and saw the tall figure of Biglow standing by his side. The candle was alight, and amongst other things it showed that Harry Trent's bed was empty.

"Get up!" breathed Biglow. "The house might fall down before some of you fellows wake! Didn't you hear it?"

"I've heard nothing," said Dick. "Where's Harry gone to?"

"Gone to see what's the matter," answered Biglow. "The shouting woke him up first, so it wasn't my imagination this time. You just get up and keep me company."

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Dick was thoroughly awake by this time. He snatched at his trousers, dived into them, slipped on a pair of boots, and, without troubling to lace them up, made for the door.

"Here, where are you off to?" cried Biglow. "I don't know," answered Dick. "The same place as Harry's gone to, I hope."

The next minute he had vanished.

Outside, Dick paused to consider what he should do. It was pitch-dark, he was totally unacquainted with his surroundings, and there was no one about. But somewhere, not far off, were voices. He made towards this direction. In a few seconds he discovered the staircase was close at hand. All at once he saw a faint light spring up. It rose above the level of the floor from the direction of the stairs. It slid up the wall, inch by inch.

As this patch of light approached, a black shadow cut into it—a vaguely defined shadow, distorted out of all proportion of a man's head. Slowly the head itself appeared, then the shoulders, and then the complete figure stood out for a brief instant on the landing. He carried a dark lantern. Dick recognised him at once, it was Mr. Halbut.

Dick stood still. Mr. Halbut stood still. The latter seemed uncertain what course to pursue. Dick could see him peering to the right and left as if looking for something. He drew nearer to Dick, all unconscious of his presence.

Suddenly from the far end of the passage came the rapid patter of footsteps.

Mr. Halbut jumped, and staggered into the arms of Dick!

It is rather difficult to describe what followed. Mr. Halbut clutched at Dick, Dick clutched at Mr. Halbut. Before they could disengage themselves something rushed by them.

Mr. Halbut dropped the dark lantern with a crash.

"It's all right, sir!" breathed Dick. "It's only me—Dick Tulliver! You remember you engaged me to-day? I'm a friend of Harry Trent's!"

Before the astonished and rather terrified Mr. Halbut could reply they were suddenly joined by Harry himself.

"Is that you, Dick?" he inquired breathlessly. "I thought I recognised your voice. Mr. Halbut, too! I say, did you see him go by here?"

"I've seen nothing—that is, nothing that I was able to recognise!" gasped Mr. Halbut. "In the name of all that's wonderful, Trent, what does it mean? Five minutes ago we heard a noise up here—"

"I know," cut in Harry. "It woke me up. I've been investigating. It's the hunchback fellow, Bernard Grimshaw. I found him in a sort of convulsion outside his room. Before I could tackle him he made off. I chased him, but I lost him in the maze of passages and corridors. I think he came this way."

"He did," said Dick. "That must have been him, who flew by us just now, Mr. Halbut."

Mr. Halbut hurriedly picked up the dark lantern.

"Was ever a man so plagued?" he groaned. "First Deen disappears, and now my new star starts having convulsions! Trent, we must find him at once! Come on, both of you! Oh dear, hark at those people downstairs! One of you run down and tell them that it is—er—all right, no cause for alarm! Tell them anything!"

"If you walk to the end of the passage," said Harry, "you can tell them so yourself. I expect they're all assembled in the banquet-hall, and there's a gallery just here that looks down on to it."

Mr. Halbut requested to be taken there at once.

His sudden appearance in the gallery over the banquet-hall, where most of his company were assembled nearly caused a stampede. For a moment they took him for a visitant from the other world.

In a few brief words Mr. Halbut attempted to reassure them.

"There's really nothing to be alarmed about, ladies and gentlemen!" he roared. "One of the members of our company has met with a slight mishap—that is all, I assure you! Please all go back to your rooms!"

He waited until he saw them slowly disperse, and then turned to Harry.

"That's that!" he said, mopping his forehead. "Now to find Grimshaw!"

They proceeded to search.

What a queer old house it was! The rooms seemed numberless, and it had all sorts of out-of-the-way staircases, leading to unexpected apartments. There were mysterious, unsuspected cupboards on the landings. Hardly a trace of their doors could be seen in the dark oak wainscoting, and when they were opened they were, to all appearances, dark chasms, suggesting trap-doors and pitfalls.

After twenty minutes of exploration Mr. Halbut announced that he had had enough. "He isn't anywhere about here," he said. "Are you sure, Trent, you didn't dream it all?"

Harry said he was positive he hadn't. "It was the hunchback, all right!" he declared. "No one could mistake his figure!"

"Perhaps he's gone back to his room," suggested Dick.

"We'll look in on our way back," said Mr. Halbut.

They proceeded once more upstairs, and, arriving outside the dwarf's door, paused and listened. All was silent.

Taking his courage in both his hands, Mr. Halbut gently turned the door handle, and popped his head inside, flashing his lantern across the room. For a second or so he remained in this position. Then he turned round and beckoned Dick and Harry to approach, too.

"There's something lying on the floor," he whispered.

"Better go in and see what it is," said Harry.

"Oh, yes, of course!" muttered Mr. Halbut. "I—I'm going to! Who said I wasn't?"

He advanced cautiously, closely followed by Dick and Harry.

There, stretched out on the floor, was the dwarf!

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

## BILLY BUNTER'S CAMPAIGN!

(Continued from page 7.)

largely responsible for Bunter's conduct; and he intended to deal with them according to their deserts.

But Billy Bunter, being the prime offender, came first. At the Head's direction he was hoisted on to Gosling's shoulders, and he received six telling-strokes with the birch.

The yells of the victim rang through Big Hall, and, indeed, through the whole building.

"Now, Skinner!" panted the Head. "Me, sir?" said the cad of the Remove, forgetting his grammar in his alarm.

"Yes! Your conduct, though not so heinous as Bunter's, has left much to be desired, and it is my intention to flog you!"

Skimmer and his companions each received three strokes with the birch.

Although their punishment was fifty per cent. less severe than Billy Bunter's had been, they awakened the echoes with their yells.

The ordeal was over at last, and the Head laid aside the birch.

"I warn you, Bunter," he said, addressing the squirming Owl of the Remove, "that if you persist in this sort of conduct—if you attempt to defy those in authority over you—I shall not hesitate to expel you with ignominy from the school!"

Billy Bunter paid a good deal of heed to this grave threat at the time that it was uttered.

But the fat junior's memory was proverbially short, and it was more than probable that the Head's warning would soon be forgotten and he would break out again.

Skimmer & Co., as they went squirming to their places, made up their minds to have nothing more to do with the President of the Giraffes.

But the plump president himself was not yet wholly subdued, as future events will show!

THE END.

(Another grand, long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "BANISHED FROM GREYFRIARS!" by Frank Richards. Make a point of ordering your copy of the PENNY POPULAR early.)

# In Training!

An Amusing Complete Story of the Chums of St. Jim's. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## Figgins and Kerr Decide.

"WHAT you ought to do, my lad, is to go into training at once!" said Figgins.

"And the first thing to do is to cut down your food consumption by at least half!" added Kerr severely.

Fatty Wynn, of the New House at St. Jim's, to whom these remarks were addressed, gazed at his two chums with a woe-begone expression on his plump face.

"Oh, I say!" he protested. "Steady on! Why should I do that?"

"Why, to get fit to bowl in the match against Greyfriars, of course, ass!" said Figgins warmly. "You know we're relying on you to bowl Wharton & Co.'s wickets down like ninepins!"

"Yes, but—"

"It's for the good of the team, you know, Fatty," said Kerr impressively.

"But I can bowl all right without going into training, I tell you!" howled Fatty Wynn. "I'll bowl 'em out. I can bowl all day if you want me to!"

"That won't wash, Fatty!" said Figgins chidingly. "You know your wind won't last out for a long afternoon's bowling. You're too fat."

"I tell you—"

"It's settled. You must go into training, Fatty," said Kerr decisively. "You don't want to let the team down, I suppose, by being an over-fed porker!"

"I ain't an over-fed porker!" howled poor Fatty.

"Well, you will be if you don't start going into training!" said Kerr firmly. "It's no use, Fatty—it must be done! You'll have to start to-morrow."

"But I don't want to!" exclaimed the stout Welshman dolefully.

"Can't be helped, Fatty! It must be done, and it's up to us to see that you do it!" said Figgins cheerily. "We'll do the right thing by you—won't we, Kerr?"

"What-ho!" said Kerr heartily. "Hallo! It's bed-time! We'll start your training to-morrow morning, Fatty, first thing! Come on!"

Fatty Wynn groaned deeply, and rolled off to bed with his two chums.

Fatty was the demon bowler of the St. Jim's juniors, and was a perfect terror to the average schoolboy batsman. When in good form, he had frequently been known to dislodge the bails of lordly First Eleven batsmen in practice at the nets. So he was a great man among the junior cricketers at St. Jim's. But, as he was now discovering, that enviable position possessed disadvantages of its own, for Wynn was a comfortable sort of fellow, of leisurely habits, and his appetite was proverbial among the juniors. The idea of going into strict training for the Greyfriars match did not appeal to Fatty Wynn one little bit. But his chums were adamant on that point, and, as he rolled into bed, Fatty Wynn was thinking deeply.

## Fatty Wynn Starts Work.

"WAKE up, Kerr, you slacker! Time to turn out!"

Kerr, of the New House, grunted, rolled over in bed, and opened his eyes.

Fatty Wynn was standing over him, dressed in shorts and sweater.

"What's up, Fatty?" mumbled Kerr sleepily.

"Gerrup, you lazy bounder, and come for a run with me! My training begins to-day, you know," said Fatty, shaking him by the shoulder.

Kerr gave a grunt.

"What's the time?"

"Half-past five!"

"What!" Kerr sat up in bed with a jerk.

"What's the game, you ass? You don't want to get up at half-past five!"

"Rats!" said Fatty promptly. "The earlier, the better—you said so yourself last night. Get up, and come for a run."

"But—but what's come over you?" asked the bewildered Kerr.

"Keeness, I suppose—keeness to get into training," said Fatty Wynn solemnly. "Now, don't be a slacker, Kerr!"

Kerr groaned. There seemed no help for it, after the way he and Figgins had impressed Fatty overnight with the necessity for training.

It went much against the grain to rise at that unearthly hour, but he felt bound to do it. Grumbling, he got out of bed, and began to don similar garments to those Fatty was wearing.

Fatty Wynn immediately proceeded to arouse Figgins, whom, with the aid of a large sponge, he persuaded at length to get up. Figgins had more to say even than Kerr upon the subject of getting up at such an unearthly hour, but Fatty Wynn was firm, and in ten minutes the three were ambling across the silent quad at a jog-trot. Under the influence of the cheerful sunny morning, Figgins and Kerr soon recovered their spirits, while Fatty Wynn's were buoyant. On and on they ran, across Rycombe Common, back through the village, and past the Grammar School. Fatty Wynn pounded along at a great pace, the perspiration streaming down his fat face, which bore a look of grim determination. Kerr and Figgins exchanged glances. They were both good runners, especially the long-legged Figgy, but they felt it was quite time to call a halt.

"Ain't you going to have a rest?" gasped Figgins, at last.

"Rest!" exclaimed Fatty, in apparent surprise. "What for?"

"Well, we've come a good way, you know," said Figgins mildly.

Fatty grunted.

"Don't be a blessed slacker, Figgy! Come on!"

"Oh, very well!" said Figgins, nettled.

"I don't mind, of course!"

The three juniors panted on. They reached St. Jim's at last, and gained the Fourth Form dormitory in the New House. Figgins and Kerr changed and bathed in silence, wondering at the marvellous change that had come over Fatty Wynn. It was true that they had strongly urged him to train himself for the big match, but they had never dreamed that he would take the matter up so seriously and with so much energy. It was amazing!

They got down to breakfast just in time, feeling, as Figgins whispered to Kerr, "like a wet rag." The surprising thing was that Fatty Wynn was, or, at any rate, pretended to be, quite unaffected by his long run. He ate his breakfast with his usual excellent appetite, and rolled out into the quad after with a broad smile on his fat face.

"You're a jiddy marvel, Fatty!" said Figgins, slapping him on the back. "Blest if I thought you had so much energy!"

"Oh, I can do it, if I make up my mind to it!" said Fatty airily. "It's a bit of trouble, but I don't mind that, if it's for the good of the team, you know!"

Figgins looked hard at his chum for a moment, but Fatty Wynn was looking quite serious.

"No use over-doing it, of course," he said.

"Oh, that's all right—I'm pretty strong, you know. There's time for a run round the quad now before lessons! Come on!"

"Haven't you had enough running for one day?" said Figgins.

Fatty Wynn glared at him.

"Look here, are you helping me to train or not?" he demanded warmly. "You were keen enough on it yesterday!"

"Of course, Fatty! But—"

"Then come on!"

Fatty Wynn started off round the quad at a good round pace, and Figgins, with a look of hopeless amazement on his face, followed him.

Round they went, and round again. The fellows stared at them in amazement.

They scrambled into lessons at the last moment, panting and breathless. Mr.

Latham, the master of the Fourth, glanced at them in mild surprise.

"You two boys are very much out of breath," he remarked.

"We've just had a run round the quad, sir—we're training for the Greyfriars match, sir, that's all," said Fatty Wynn promptly.

Mr. Latham nodded, and turned his attention to the lesson in hand.

Kerr, however, looked at his chums with a puzzled frown. What on earth they had been running round the quad for, after their terrific run before breakfast, was more than he could fathom.

When the usual break in morning lessons arrived, Kerr laid his hand on Fatty's shoulder.

"No cream-puffs to-day, mind, Fatty!" he said warningly.

Fatty turned and regarded him with a lofty stare.

"I'm not likely to go and stuff myself with cream-puffs when I'm in training, I suppose, am I?" he said scornfully.

"Nunno, I suppose not; that is, of course not, Fatty!" said Kerr hastily.

As a matter of fact, it was Fatty's custom to treat himself to those particular delicacies with great regularity in the ordinary course of events, but Kerr did not dare to mention that fact.

"The next time I eat a cream-puff will be when you or Figgy offer me some!" said Fatty Wynn impressively.

Kerr coughed.

"I'm sorry, Fatty! I'll remember that, of course!"

Fatty grunted, and the chums made their way over to the New House, and entered their study.

Figgins was already in there, writing.

"I've got fifty lines to do for Knox. I sha'n't be long!" he remarked.

"Right-ho, old man!" said Kerr.

Fatty Wynn went over to the cupboard, and turned round with a pair of large dumb-bells in his hands.

"You chaps don't mind if I practise with these a bit?" he remarked casually.

Figgins looked up with an expression of alarm on his rugged face.

"You aren't going to swing those things about in here, Fatty?"

"Certainly! Why not?"

"But I— Look out!"

Crash! Crash!

There was a roar from Figgins as the end of one of the dumb-bells crashed against the table, and sent the inkpot flying.

Figgins gave a hoot, and rushed to save his imposition from instant destruction.

"You ass, Fatty!"

"Mind your eye!" roared Kerr.

There was another crash as one of the whirling dumb-bells swept the teapot off the mantelpiece, to break into a thousand pieces on the fender.

Fatty Wynn, still whirling the dumb-bells as if for a wager, looked over his shoulder, and moved forward a couple of steps. This move brought Figgins into the danger-zone. He saw this, and sprang back, but too late!

One of the whirling 'bells caught him a terrific crack on the point of his shoulder, and literally felled him to earth!

With a loud roar, Figgins was hurled with great force against Kerr, and the two of them crashed to the floor of the study with a heavy bump.

"Ow! Yow!"

"Yow! Yarrowh!"

Fatty Wynn lowered his dumb-bells at last, and gazed with an expression of surprise at his two chums, who were rolling on the floor, yelling.

"Sorry!" he exclaimed apologetically.

"What did you two chaps want to get in the way for? Awfully sorry!"

"You frabjous ass!"

"You burbling chump!"

(Continued on next page.)

—THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 72.

Figgins and Kerr sat upon the floor, rubbing their heads and growling.

"My dear chaps—" "You—you maniac, you're dangerous! Take those murdering dumb-bells away!"

Fatty Wynn looked injured. "But I must get into training, you know, and—"

"Not in the study, dummy!" hooted Figgins.

"But where else can I go? I've got a pair of Indian clubs, too—"

"What!" roared Figgins and Kerr, in a breath.

"I've borrowed Reilly's Indian clubs, and I was just going to have a little practice—"

Figgins and Kerr scrambled to their feet as if actuated by the same spring.

"Not in here, you aren't!" said Figgins firmly. "Not at any price!"

Fatty Wynn threw down the dumb-bells with a snort of disgust.

"Blest if I understand you chaps!" he exclaimed. "First you say I must go into training, and then you kick up a row when I start doing it! I've got to diet myself and go without proper food, I must take a lot of exercise. I've not had a thing to eat since breakfast, and I must do dumb-bells or Indian clubs or something to keep myself up!"

Figgins looked at Kerr, and Kerr looked at Figgins.

"And what, may I ask, do you propose to do after dinner?" Figgins said, in a restrained voice.

Fatty Wynn reflected.

"Well, I thought we might have another run round for half an hour, and then have a bit of boxing. I could take you on, Figg, for twenty minutes, say, and then Kerr for twenty minutes."

"And then?" queried Figgins, with dangerous calm.

"Oh, then I might have a little cricket practice, if you two will come down to the nets with me!" said Fatty.

"Anything else?"

"Then we might have a good, hard spin on our bikes, if you and Kerr will pace me alternately."

"That's all, I suppose?" said Kerr.

"Not at all! Another spin round the quad, after tea, and then a good run down to Rylcombe in the evening, followed by a little work in the gym before bed!"

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Figgins feebly.

"Why, don't you like my programme?" asked Fatty Wynn warmly.

"Not quite!" said Kerr, with a faint smile.

"A bit too strenuous, isn't it, Fatty?" "Not at all. I'm a strong chap, and I like to do things properly. If I'm in training, I'm in training! No half measures for me!"

Figgins took a deep breath.

"Now, listen here, Fatty!" he said, in measured tones. "At this rate, whether you are in training or not by the date of the Greyfriars match don't matter a bit to Kerr or myself. We shall be dead! You're as strong as an ox, I know, but we aren't. Your idea of training—"

"It was your idea, old man, not mine."

"In any case, we're quite fed up with the idea!" burst out Figgins. "Aren't we, Kerr?"

"We are, we is!" said Kerr heartily.

A suspicion of a smile lurked for a moment on Fatty Wynn's fat face.

"Then you don't think I really need go into training, after all?" he asked innocently.

"We do not!" said Figgins emphatically.

"We did not know your ideas of training were quite so—so violent!"

"Then—"

There was a gleam of triumph in Fatty Wynn's eye.

"It's off!" said Figgins firmly. "You're to go out of training at once, Fatty! We shall have to rely on you to bowl the Greyfriars men out as you are!"

"Hear, hear!" said Kerr.

"Just as you like, of course," said Fatty. "If you really think it's not necessary—"

"We do, we does!"

"It was your idea, you know—"

"Oh, give that a rest, Fatty, for goodness' sake!" said Figgins, taking his plump chum by one arm. "Let's go down to the tuck-shop—"

"And have some cream-buns!" added Kerr, taking Fatty's other arm.

And Fatty Wynn winked the other eye!



## Raising the Wind!

### A Short Story of St. Jim's.

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"HALLO, Gus! You're just the chap I want to see!"

This Master Walter D'Arcy, of the Third Form at St. Jim's, to his elegant major, the noble Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who was strolling down to the school gates with his three chums, Blake, Herries, and Digby, of the Fourth.

Arthur Augustus jammed his famous monocle into his eye, and looked his cheerful minor up and down with a somewhat disparaging air.

"Weally, Wally, I wish you would be more careful of your personal appearance!" he said. "You are so gubby and untidy that I hardly like to be seen speakin' to you!"

"Oh, rats!" said Wally cheerfully. "Don't begin on that, for goodness' sake!"

"Ashamed of his brother!" murmured Jameson, who was there with Curly Gibson, Wally's two Third Form chums.

"Weally, Wally, you are a disrespeckful young wascal!"

"Oh, scat! What I want is some tin, Gus!" said Wally. "Now you've finished cackling, perhaps you'll shell out! I want ten bob, please!"

Arthur Augustus turned a freezing look upon his hopeful minor, while his chums' grins became broader.

"Weally, Wally, I cannot possibly considah—"

"Oh, yes you can, Gus!" said Wally reassuringly. "You see, Curly and Jimmy and I had planned to go over to Wayland to tea this afternoon, as it's a half-holiday."

"I'm afwaid—"

"Curly had a remittance yesterday, but the young ass has blued the lot on some white mice and a guinea pig, so you're our only hope! Shell out, old bean!"

"I have no intention of shellin' out, Wally," he said severely. "I gave you ten shillings only the othah day, and you have an ample allowance for a Third Formah! You are an extwavgant young wascal!"

Wally sniffed.

"Cheese it, Gus! What about yourself?"

"I wegard it as my duty to check your weckless expendituh, Wally!" he said loftily. "I wegret that I cannot oblige you with a loan."

"Oh, come on, Gus!" said Blake. "You've been jawing here long enough! Let's get down to Rylcombe now that you've done the heavy elder brother act on young Wally!"

Blake took Gussy by the arm, and marched him through the gates, his chums following.

Wally gazed wretchedly after the Fourth-Formers, as they strolled, laughing, down the road towards Rylcombe.

"Blessed if I know how we're to raise the tin!" he growled. "I thought I should get it from that duffer Gussy, but he got on to the high horse!"

"We shall have to chuck the idea of tea at Wayland, that's all!" said Curly Gibson.

"Oh, rats!" said Wally impatiently. "Hallo, who's this old sportsman?"

The "old sportsman" referred to was a shabby gentleman, wearing an old bowler hat and smoking a clay pipe, who pushed in front of him a barrow, piled high with an extraordinary collection of odds and ends. He was proceeding along the dusty road in the direction of Rylcombe, but at sight of the three juniors at the gates he halted.

"Good afternoon, young gents!" he remarked, removing his ancient bowler, and wiping his heated brow. "Hany old iron, old clo'es, bones, bottles, or rags yer want ter get rid on?"

The Third-Formers stared at him with great interest and some surprise.

"Fraid not!" said Jameson, with a grin.

"Nothin' doin', old bean!"

"Werry well, sir," said the man, preparing to move along again. "No 'arm in askin', I suppose!"

"None at all!" said Wally eagerly. "Look here, mister, hold on a minute, will you?"

"Suttinly, sir!"

Jameson and Curly Gibson looked inquiringly at their chum.

Wally winked at them.

"What do you give for old clothes, old son?" said Wally to the shabby gentleman.

"That's accordin'," said that worthy

cautiously. "What manner of barticles are they?"

"Well, top-hats, say, and—and fancy waistcoats, and things!" said Wally, grinning.

Jameson and Curly gazed at Wally open-mouthed. Then they burst into a roar. The mention of those articles of attire showed them at once what the young rascal was driving at.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The man looked at them in surprise.

"Not pullin' my leg, are you, guv'nor?" he asked suspiciously.

"Not at all!" said Wally hastily. "The fact is, there are a few old toppers and fancy waistcoats that want clearing out. Can you take 'em?"

"Fetch 'em along!" said the old-clothes man promptly. "I'm your man!"

"Right-ho! Wait here half a jiffy!" said Wally. "Come along, Curly! You wait here, Jimmy, in case old Taggles tries to move our friend along before we've done the deal!"

"Right-ho!" grinned Jameson.

Wally and Curly raced off across the quad, and dashed in at the door of the School House.

Five minutes later they appeared, laden with an assortment of articles of apparel of the style affected by the elegant Arthur Augustus D'Arcy!

Wally was wearing a rather battered topper, and carrying two more in his hand, while a number of gorgeous, if shabby, fancy waistcoats were slung over his arm. Curly Gibson was burdened with an assortment of ties and socks of startling hues. Both the young rascals were grinning broadly.

"Here we are!" grinned Wally. "How much for this lot, old top?"

The man grinned, and scratched his head, as he looked at that peculiar collection of garments.

"Well, sir, this here stuff's a bit out of the ordinary for my line, you know."

"Yes, but look at these three magnificent toppers!" grinned Wally. "They—they're toppers, and Gussy's got eight more, all better than this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And these ties—Gussy's got three drawer-fuls left still!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And these waistcoats—all the colours of the rainbow! There's at least two dozen left still, and Gussy has the nerve to tell me not to be extravagant!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The man grinned as he surveyed the miscellaneous collection of highly coloured garments. He picked them over with a practised hand. Most of them were somewhat the worse for wear, but quite serviceable, for all that. Arthur Augustus was notoriously reluctant to part with his highly coloured favourites, although he was always buying new ones.

The shabby gentleman picked out four or five of the quietest of the waistcoats, half a dozen pairs of socks, and a dozen ties. Then he added the three battered toppers to the pile.

"I'll give you twelve-and-six for that lot!" he said. "The others ain't much good for my line of business—a bit too gaudy, what!"

"Ha, ha! Very well!" said Wally. "That's a bargain! Twelve-and-six will do us proud!"

"Then here you are, sir."

The man fished a soiled ten-shilling note from his pocket, and added a half-crown, and handed the money to Wally.

"Good egg!" grinned Wally. "What price tea at Wayland now, chaps?"

"What-ho!"

"Which I'll wish you good afternoon, sir," said the shabby gentleman, adding his purchases to the miscellaneous load on his barrow.

"Cheerio, old bean, and thanks very much! You're a friend in need!"

The fags, chuckling, watched the "friend in need" pushing his barrow off in the direction of Rylcombe.

"Gussy'll get a shock if he meets that merchant!" said Wally. "Serve him right for being so stingy! We'll tell him about it when we get back. As a matter of fact, he'll never miss the things unless we do tell him; he's got so many! He ought to be grateful to us for getting rid of some of 'em!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll buzz back with these," continued Wally, collecting up the remainder of the garments, "and then what-ho for Wayland, and a jolly good tea!"

And Jameson and Curly Gibson chuckled, and replied in chorus:

"What-ho!"

THE END.

THE END.



GOOD-BYE TO DR. CHISHOLM.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**Starting News!**

**M**UFFIN 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!"

"Spoof!"

"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?"

"Mornington! Mornington was flogged!" said Raby.

Jimmy Silver started a little.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "You remember Mornington's gas when he was flogged. He said the Head would have to go. His uncle's chairman of the governors. Mornington'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 Mornington. He may know all about it," said Oswald. "If he's had a hand in it, we'll scrag him!"  
"Good egg!"

Mornington, 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 Mornington knew something about the exciting event. His uncle, Sir Rupert Staepoole, 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 Mornington 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. Mornington 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. Mornington was a great man in the eyes of his pals that day.

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

Mornington 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

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BY A  
**TYRANT!**  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

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

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

Mornington 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 Mornington.

"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 Mornington. "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 Mornington, starting to his feet. "Mind, I'll have you flogged when Scroop comes! I'll have you sacked—yaroooooh!"

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. Mornington 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.

Mornington 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 Mornington, 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.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Under a Cloud!

**M**R. 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 awaiting 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—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 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!**

**B**EFORE 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 pokers! 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.**

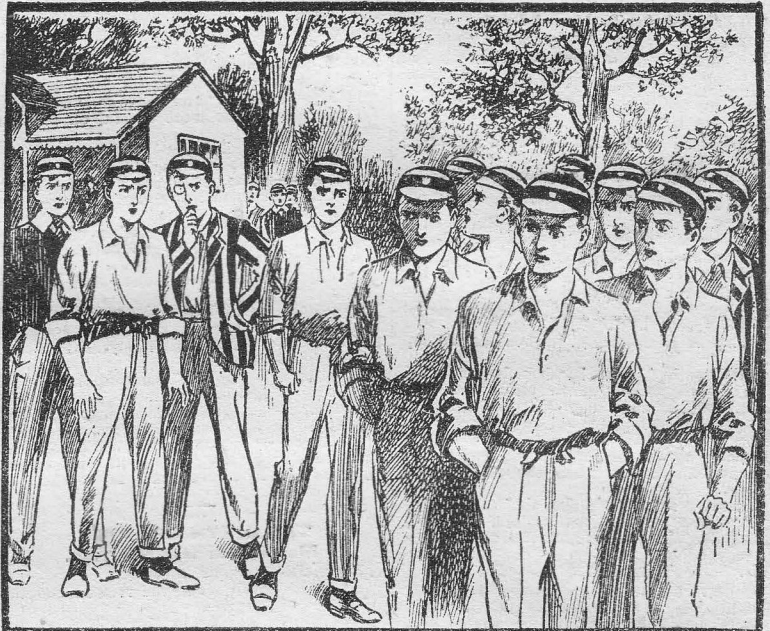
**Before the Head!**

**M**R. 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 nonplussed 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—infernal! 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 baste 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, you 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 Topham 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."

Towny and Topham 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 made 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 ye're right!" said Flynn.

"More likely he's going to chip in, though, and worry us. More like him intoirally!"

"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. "Towny, I shall want you, and Tophy and Peele 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! Traty and Selwyn and Chesney and Beaufort and Muffin."

"We're on!" grinned Tracy.

"Now we'll foss, 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!**

**T**OMMY 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

Tommies 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 intirely," 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 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 battin'," growled Townsend. "They're only foolin' us, and the whole school's cracklin'!"

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!"

"Marvellous!" 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!**

**"D**ODD!"

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 shan'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 cat! 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 forward.

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 Topnam 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, 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:

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#### "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 lugubrious countenances would smile—and smile.

Your Editor

# TOM MERRY'S WINDFALL!

## A SHORT STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

"WALK up, ladies and gents!" Tom Merry & Co. turned and confronted the speaker, who was mounted on a soap-box outside the giant circus which had taken up its position on Wayland Heath.

"Walk in, young gents, and see Hawkes' famous circus! Finest show in England! Only a shilling!" bawled the showman.

"Shall we have a bob's-worth?" asked Tom Merry. "I've just got three shillings left!"

Monty Lowther and Manners nodded cheerfully in agreement. It was a half-holiday, and the Terrible Three were in a state commonly known as stony. Manners and Lowther's sole wealth amounted to a French halfpenny and a threepenny-piece with a hole in it! Tom Merry was the richest of the party with three shillings in his pocket.

The circus looked very attractive from the outside as the juniors halted, undecided whether to pass it by or to spend their last "bean," and join the happy throng under the huge marquee.

"Don't hesitate, young gents!" broke in the showman. "You'll get your money's-worth!"

That decided the juniors, and Tom Merry exchanged his three shillings for three tickets, which entitled the bearers to enter the marquee.

"Well, it's done now, chaps," said Tom Merry. "We're broke to the wide!"

"Never mind!" grinned Lowther. "Something's sure to turn up sooner or later!"

"Later! No doubt!" replied the junior captain laconically.

They were ushered into their seats by an attendant, and were very soon laughing uproariously at the antics of a clown. One hour and a half passed very swiftly.

"Jolly good show!" exclaimed Lowther, as a couple of trapeze performers concluded their daring turn.

An impressive figure, wearing a top-hat and long circus coat, made his appearance in the centre of the ring, and held up his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he began. "I have now a sporting offer to make you! The

celebrated mule, Springback, is considered to be a bundle of springs, and I will be pleased to award any person present the sum of five pounds who can ride this animal for five minutes!"

A hush fell upon the assembly as a wicked-looking mule was driven into the ring. With its back rippling with muscle, it certainly earned its name. Teeth bared and ears laid back, it looked a perfect "savage."

"Wicked-looking brute!" muttered Manners. "I shouldn't like to try to ride it for five seconds, let alone five minutes!"

"H'm!" ejaculated Tom Merry. A plan had formulated in his mind whereby his pockets might be filled with a five-pound note. There was a strange light in his eyes as he turned to his chums.

"I'm going to try it!" he exclaimed.

"What!" roared Manners and Lowther, in unison.

"I'm going after that five!" said the junior, with finality in his tones.

"But it's a savage! Look!"

Merry and Manners followed the gaze of Lowther in time to see one of the village lads, who had been tempted by the five, thrown over the head of the mule the moment the three attendants had taken off the ropes which held it.

The lad scrambled to his feet, feeling himself over gingerly, and, with a sheepish grin disappeared into the thick of the audience. Another aspirant to wealth took his place, only to meet with the same fate.

Tom Merry started to his feet, and, throwing off the detaining grasp of his chums, leaped the rail, and walked over to the ring-master.

"I want to try my luck!" he said.

The ringmaster laughed genially, as a series of hand-clapping greeted the St. Jim's junior's appearance as a competitor.

The attendants caught the mule, which kicked out viciously, and finally brought it alongside Tom Merry.

Waiting a favourable opportunity, the junior captain leaped upon its back, to be shaken up the next moment like a cork in a bottle.

With tight, set lips and firm hold, Tom Merry careered round the ring. The mule was bucking and rearing alternately, but the junior clung on like grim death, although every bone in his body began to ache. Round and round again the mule galloped, resorting to every cunning trick of its wild nature to upset its rider. Three minutes went by, and the audience, now thoroughly interested, were on their feet and shouting encouragement.

A shrill squeal of rage, and Springback dashed against the barrier, intending to crush the junior's leg against the wall.

Tom Merry saw his peril even as the crowd shouted a warning cry. Judging the time to a nicety, the junior took his left from the stirrup, and rode past the danger with a white face. The dangerous barrier passed, he dropped his foot back into the stirrup. A bad gash was revealed on the flank of the mule where it had crushed against the barrier.

It wanted but half a minute to the stipulated time, and the junior's heart gave a bound as a vision of victory dangled before his eyes.

The mule had exhausted itself, and, with drooping head, obeyed every movement Tom Merry called upon it to perform by pressure of bridle and knee.

"Five minutes is up!" yelled Monty Lowther excitedly. "Good old Tommy!"

"Hurrah, good youngster!"

The appreciative crowd yelled themselves hoarse as the junior dismounted in front of the ringmaster, leading the mule like a dog.

"I congratulate you, sir," began the showman, "on a very creditable performance! 'Tis the first time anyone out of the audience has ridden that animal for five years!"

So saying, he drew a wallet from his pocket, and, extracting five crisp pound-notes, handed them to the junior.

"Thank you!" said Tom Merry, pocketing the notes.

And, with crimson face, he made his way over to his chums, whilst the audience cheered again and again.

"Simply topping!" exclaimed Manners. "Don't be an ass!" replied Tom Merry.

"Let's get out!"

And the Terrible Three made their exit as quietly as they could, Tom Merry the richer by five pounds.

It was the talk of the town for many a long day the manner in which the St. Jim's junior had ridden the untamed mule, and the junior captain celebrated his achievement by a spread in the study on the strength of the five pounds.

THE END.

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