

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Down on Their Luck!

**G**ATED!" Jimmy Silver of the Fourth uttered that word in a tone of intense exasperation. And Lovell, Raby, and Newcome echoed in a sort of chorus:

"Gated, by gum!"  
And Tommy Dodd chimed in:  
"What the merry thunder is going to be done?"

That was a puzzle which exercised severely the brains of the chums of Rookwood School.

What, indeed, was going to be done? The cricket committee, meeting in the Common-room on the Classical side of Rookwood, tackled the question hopelessly. It really did not seem that there was anything to be done. Or, rather, as Tommy Dodd suggested, with a feeble attempt at humour, they themselves were going to be done.

It was the day before the date of the match with Rylcombe Grammar School. The Grammar School match was a new fixture for Rookwood juniors, and, naturally, it was a very important matter in their eyes.

Jimmy Silver had planned to take over eleven of the best, and begin that fixture by "mopping up" the Grammarians on their own ground.

The junior cricketers had looked forward to Wednesday afternoon with great keenness.

And now the fiat had gone forth—gated! Jimmy Silver & Co. were ordered to remain within gates for Wednesday. The match with the Grammar School was "off."

How the dickens was the matter to be explained to the Grammarians? That was one difficulty. Certainly they couldn't tell Gordon Gay & Co., of Rylcombe, that there was a new Head at Rookwood, that the new Head was a beast, that he had a favourite, Mornington of the Fourth, and that he was "down" on Jimmy Silver & Co. because they were "down" on Mornington.

For the credit of Rookwood they couldn't explain all that to the Grammar School fellows.

Some excuse, perhaps, might be thought of, and the match scratched or postponed. But that wasn't the only trouble. For the cricketers did not want to scratch or postpone the match. They wanted to play it.

That was the real difficulty. How was the match to be played at Rylcombe when the junior cricketers were gated at Rookwood?

It was a problem that was too much even for Jimmy Silver, who was generally quite equal to any emergency.

"Gated!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "It's the real limit! Of course, it's all through that cad Mornington!"

"All through old Scroop's rotten favouritism!" grunted Tommy Dodd.

"What right has even a headmaster to interfere in junior cricket?" demanded Lovell. "That's what I want to know!"

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"Echo answers none!" said Raby. "But old Scroop interferes, all the same. I wish Dr. Chisholm were back."

"No good wishing!" grunted Jimmy Silver. "The old Head's gone, and the new Head's come, and we've got to deal with him. Mornington's his favourite, and he does whatever Mornington wants. We've licked Morny, to bring him to reason, and the result is that we're all gated for Wednesday. Now, what's to be done?"

"Lick Mornington again!" suggested Lovell.

"Well, that would be some satisfaction; but it wouldn't make any difference to the gating."

"Oh, it's rotten!"

The door of the Common-room opened, and a very elegant junior stepped in. It was Mornington of the Fourth. Grim looks were cast upon him by the junior cricket committee. Mornington was the cause of all the trouble.

"Get out!" growled Jimmy Silver. "This meeting's private!"

Mornington did not get out. He sauntered cheerfully in.

"I've got something to say to you fellows," he remarked.

"We don't want to hear it!" snapped Lovell.

"You're in rather a fix," went on Mornington, unheeding. "The match is comin' off to-morrow, an' you're gated. You've asked for it, and you've got it. I can get you out of the fix if you like."

Lovell had risen to his feet, with the intention of kicking Mornington out of the Common-room. Now he sat down again. The cricketers looked at one another rather hopefully. They knew the extent of Mornington's influence with the Head, and they knew that he could undo the harm he had done if he chose.

"Well, you can run on," said Jimmy Silver. "Mr. Scroop will let you off if I ask him," pursued Mornington. "In fact, it was a hint from me that made him gate you."

"Gammon!" said Newcome.

"You can believe it or not, as you like," said Mornington, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You ought to know by this time that I can do anythin' I like with the Head."

"Pretty state of affairs in a school like Rookwood!" snorted Tommy Dodd.

"Well, that's how it is," said Mornington coolly. "Scroop, if you want to know, is a sort of dependent on my uncle, who's chairman of the governors, and my uncle got him the post here. My uncle backs me up in everythin', and Scroop hasn't much choice about the matter. Besides, he's not fool enough to quarrel with a rich fellow with influential connections."

The juniors stared at Mornington in utter disgust.

They knew that what he said was true enough. The new Head of Rookwood was a very different man from the former Head.

But that Mornington should boast openly

# IN REVOLT!

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

... By ...

OWEN CONQUEST.

of his influence over the Head—a thing that certainly did neither of them credit—jarrd on the nerves of Jimmy Silver & Co.

"I'm not going to stand that fellow's jaw," said Lovell, rising again. "He's a disgrace to Rookwood, and so is Scroop. I can punch this cad, if I can't punch Scroop."

Jimmy jerked him back into his chair. "Shut up a minute, Lovell! Go on, Mornington. When you've finished bragging, let's hear what you've got to say!"

"I wasn't braggin'—only explainin' how the matter stands," said Mornington coolly. "If I ask the Head to let you off, he'll do it."

"We don't want to be under an obligation to a sneaking worm!" howled Lovell.

"We want to play Rylcombe," said Jimmy Silver. "Let Mornington finish. Do you mean to say you're going to be decent for once, Mornington?"

"I'll get you off to-morrow, if you like."

"Well, we like, if that's all!"

"On conditions, of course!"

"Name them!" said Jimmy quietly.

"That I captain the team that goes to Rylcombe—"

"I'm going to smash him!" roared Lovell. "Let go my arm, Jimmy, you silly ass!"

"Hold on a minute! Anything else, Mornington?"

"And that three, at least, of my friends play in the eleven," said Mornington. "Say Townsend, Topham, and Smythe."

"Is that all?"

"Yaas. What do you say?"

"I've nothing to say, excepting that you're a bigger cad and worm than I took you for!" said Jimmy Silver. "But I leave it to the committee to decide. What do you fellows say?"

And with one voice the committee replied:

"Kick him out!"

Jimmy Silver released Lovell's arm, and Arthur Edward Lovell jumped up like a jack-in-the-box. He made a rush at Mornington.

"Now, you cad!"

"Hands off! I— Oh! Ah! Ugh!"

For about a minute there was a wild and whirling scene in the Common-room. Lovell and Mornington looked somewhat like a huge eatherine-wheel, chiefly composed of flying arms and legs.

Then there was a heavy bump in the passage, and a yell from Mornington as he landed on the floor.

Lovell slammed the door.

The deliberations of the junior cricket committee continued without any further interruption from Mornington.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER. In the Lion's Den!

**T**AP! It was a very respectful knock at the door of the Head's study.

Mr. Scroop, the new Head of Rookwood, looked up irritably.

The new Head was not a good-tempered gentleman. His reign at Rookwood had been signalled chiefly by heavy and continual punishments.

He had one favourite in the school—Mornington of the Fourth. Mornington did very much as he liked. His friends, too, found his protection very valuable; but the rest of the school knew Mr. Scroop as a hard and unfeeling tyrant.

All Rookwood had noted that favouritism, and resented it. But there was no help. The Head's word was law.

It was useless for the prefects to report Mornington, even for the most outrageous breaches of the rules.

The Head simply pooh-poohed the reports. Indeed, he had spoken very sharply to Bulkeley and Neville and the other prefects, and told them quite plainly that he was satisfied with Mornington's conduct, and did not wish to hear anything to his detriment.

Reports were not made after that, and Mornington did pretty much as he liked; though Bulkeley sometimes took the law into his own hands, and "licked" the unruly junior on occasion. But that was soon put a stop to.

The new Head interfered, and positively forbade the prefects to cane Mornington under any circumstances whatever.

All Rookwood—with the exception of Mornington & Co.—longed for the return of Dr. Chisholm, the former headmaster. But Mornington & Co. basked in the sunshine of Mr. Scroop's favour.

A good many fellows found it expedient to chum with Mornington, under the peculiar circumstances.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. were not of that kind.

They went on their way regardless, so to speak, and treated Mornington as of old—as a slacker, a cad, and a sneak, and did not take the trouble to disguise their opinion of him in the least.

"Come in!" snapped the Head.

Jimmy Silver opened the study door, and went in, followed by Lovell and Tommy Dodd.

The new Head knitted his brows as he looked at them.

All three of the juniors had come under his frown before. All three had shared in the severe punishments handed out by Mr. Scroop since his coming to Rookwood.

They went into the study somewhat nervously.

It was Jimmy's Silver's idea to go in a deputation to the Head; but his comrades could not help feeling that it was very much like venturing into the lion's den. It was a case of daring to be a Daniel.

The grim look of the new Head made them feel more uneasy still; but they faced him with all the firmness they could muster.

"Well?" said Mr. Scroop.

"May we speak to you, sir?" said Jimmy Silver. "We've come as a deputation from the Lower School."

"Nonsense!"

"It's about the cricket, sir."

"Nonsense!"

"Ahem! We're gated for to-morrow, sir, and we have to go to Rylcombe to play in a rather important match. The whole cricket club, sir, would be very grateful if you would allow us to go."

"Probably," said Mr. Scroop. "But you are not punished without reason. When you have learned a proper respect for your headmaster, then you may ask favours. Have you anything else to say?"

"We—we'd like to go, sir," faltered Tommy Dodd.

"Very good," said Mr. Scroop. "You know why you are punished. A set has been made against a very worthy lad—Mornington of your Form. This injustice I cannot permit!"

The juniors were silent.

It was impossible to argue with the Head, neither could they impart to him their true opinion of his favouritism. It was useless to explain to him that Mornington was a slacker, and no cricketer; he knew that already.

"If you choose to act more reasonably and justly, I may consider the matter," the Head went on. "It is the desire of Mornington's uncle, the chairman of the governors, that Mornington should take a prominent part in the school games. I see no reason to disappoint him."

"That depends on Mornington, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "We can't be expected to lose matches by playing a lazy slacker!"

"Don't argue with me, boy! Now, listen!

I will withdraw my order, and allow you to proceed to Rylcombe for the cricket-match to-morrow on condition that you play Mornington and at least three of his friends in the eleven."

The juniors did not answer. It was Mornington's proposition over again. They had answered Mornington in a way they could not venture to answer the Head.

Mr. Scroop's steely eyes glittered at them. "Well?" he snapped.

"We can't do that, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "What! You refuse?"

"It would simply mean throwing the match away, sir. We'd rather not play it than make ourselves look fools!"

"So you refuse? Very well. You will remain within gates to-morrow," said Mr. Scroop. "However, it is not my wish that the regular matches should fall through. I intend that the fixtures shall be met, for the sake of the school's playing record. I shall therefore entrust to Mornington the task of raising a junior eleven for this match!"

The juniors started.

"Mornington will select a team, and take it over to Rylcombe to-morrow afternoon," said Mr. Scroop. "The former junior eleven will remain within gates. You may go!"

The juniors went without a word. Their feelings were too deep for words.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Worm Turns!

"WHAT luck?"

A score of voices asked that question as the deputation came back into the junior Common-room.

The faces of the deputation were a sufficient indication of the result of their mission, however.

"N. G., of course!" said Rawson.

"N. blessed G.!" said Lovell.

"Sure, and we all knew it was no good," remarked Flynn. "The Head's a baste, and we're dished!"

"That isn't all," said Jimmy Silver, his voice quivering with anger. "The whole eleven's gated for to-morrow, and Mornington is going to take over a team to play Rylcombe—our fixture!"

"What!"

"Rats!"

"Great Scott!"

"That's the Head's decision!" said Jimmy savagely. "We're out of it—out of the cricket—and Mornington has bagged our fixture!"

"Oh, the rotten cur!" said Oswald.

"The match is a goner, of course. You know the way those slacking duffers play cricket! It will be an eleven like the old one, when Smythe of the Shell was skipper! The Grammar School fellows will simply howl!"

"Blessed if I don't wish we'd never made the fixture!" groaned Tommy Dodd.

"We won't stand it!" howled Raby.

"Something's got to be done!"

"Something is going to be done," said Jimmy Silver, his eyes gleaming. "The Head's gone too far. It's the limit!"

"What can we do?" said Oswald.

"Shut the door," said Jimmy. "Don't let any of Mornington's pals get on to it."

"You've got a wheeze?" asked Lovell.

"Yes."

"Hooray!"

Lovell closed the door. The juniors, Classical and Modern, gathered eagerly round Jimmy Silver. Classics and Moderns were at one now.

All minor differences were sunk. All junior Rookwood felt bound to stand shoulder to shoulder against the cad of the Fourth and the unjust headmaster.

"Well, go it, Jimmy!"

"Pile in, Uncle James!"

"It's got to be kept dark, of course," said Jimmy Silver. "If Mornington guessed, we should be dished in advance!"

"That's all right! Go it!"

"Well, my idea is to play the match all the same."

"Phew!"

"We shall have to break bounds. That will be justified under the circumstances."

"Quite! But it means trouble," said Tommy Cook doubtfully.

"I suppose you fellows are game to face the music afterwards?"

"Yes, rather!"

"We'll back you up, Jimmy!"

"But—but Mornington's taking an eleven

over to Rylcombe," said Tommy Doyle.

"Sure we can't send two elevens for one match!"

"That's the important point—Mornington's team of slacking duffers can't be allowed to represent Rookwood. We're not going to be disgraced because Mornington's a cad and the Head's a beast!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Mornington's eleven are going to be stopped on the road—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And the real eleven is going over instead!"

"Phew!"

"There'll be the dickens to pay afterwards," said Towle.

"That's understood," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "We've got to go through it, unless we can think of a dodge later. As a matter of fact, I'm a good deal inclined to back up against Scroop. We backed up against Manders once, and beat him. And Scroop's worse."

"I—I say, that's jolly serious!" said Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"This state of affairs can't last for ever," he said. "If there was real trouble in the school, it might make the governors let us have our Head back, instead of that rotter Scroop!"

"Hear, hear!"

"But never mind that now," said Jimmy Silver. "My idea is to see about the Rylcombe match first, and trust to luck afterwards. I further suggest that, after it's over, and the Head's down on us, we should all refuse to be flogged."

"Oh!"

"If it's lines, we'll do 'em. If it's an ordinary licking, we'll take it. If it's a flogging, we all stand together and refuse."

"Bravo!"

"Hear, hear!"

Townsend of the Fourth opened the door and looked in, wondering what was on. A cushion promptly smote him on the nose, and hurled him forth again, and he disappeared with a wild yell.

The excited juniors were not in a mood for gentle measures with the followers of Mornington. Raby closed the door again.

"Well, it's agreed?" asked Jimmy, looking round.

"Nem. con.," said Lovell.

"Hear, hear!"

"But what's the programme?" asked Newcome.

"We shall have to think out the programme. But the point that's settled is that Mornington's eleven won't be allowed to go to Rylcombe, and that the real eleven will go in its place."

"Hear, hear!"

And with that the meeting broke up.

The Fistical Four retired to the end study with the three Tommies from the Modern side to discuss ways and means.

The minds of the juniors were made up.

Injustice could be carried to a certain point; but beyond the limit there was certain to be resistance. And the limit had been reached.

Meanwhile, Mornington and his merry men were rejoicing.

Mornington had already selected his team.

It was such a team as had represented Rookwood in the days when Adolphus Smythe of the Shell was junior skipper.

It consisted of Mornington himself, Townsend and Topham and Geale of the Fourth, and Smythe, Tracy, Howard, Selwyn, Chesney, Beaufort of the Shell, and Lacy from the Modern side. All but Lacy were Classics, and members of the select society known as the Giddy Goats.

As "giddy goats" they were perhaps quite up to the mark; but as cricketers they left very much to be desired.

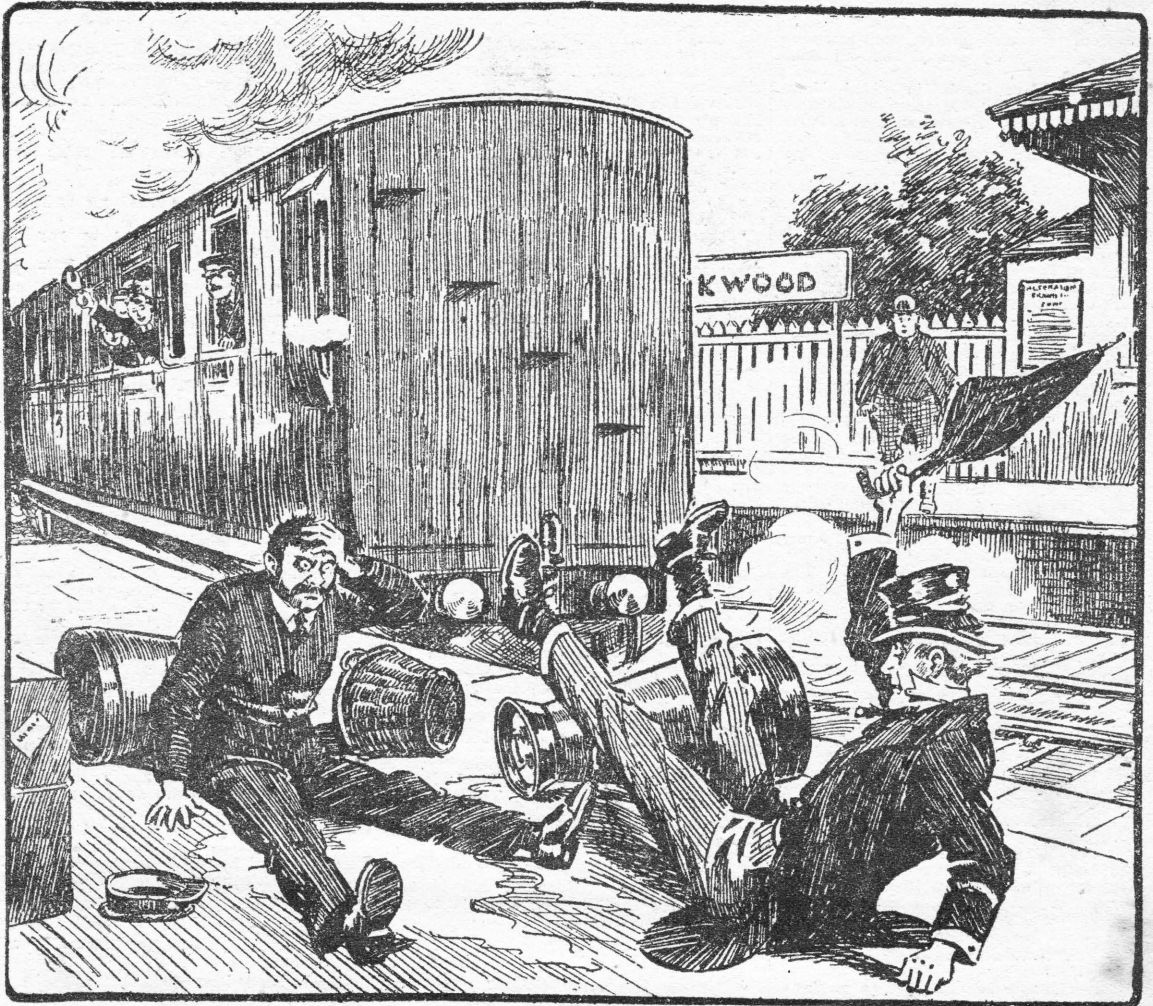
Some of the old eleven watched them at practice on Little Side, and grinned as they watched them.

Duffers at the wicket, duffers at bowling, and duffers in the field—such was the verdict on Mornington's eleven. But what they lacked in knowledge of the game they made up to their own satisfaction, at least—in swagger.

The new eleven were quite satisfied of their ability to uphold the colours of Rookwood on the cricket-field at Rylcombe Grammar School.

But—if Jimmy Silver's little scheme was a success—the nuts of Rookwood were not likely to get nearly so far as Rylcombe on the morrow. But that was a dead secret, so far.

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"Stand back there!" roared the porter. Looking through the windows, the juniors saw the porter and the new Head collapse together on the platform. Then the train rushed on and the station vanished behind. (See page 46.)

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Jimmy Silver Takes the Law into His Own Hands.

THERE were a round score of Rookwood juniors under detention on the following afternoon.

But the detained "juniors" did not look so "glum" as it was usual for fellows under detention to look.

There was, on the other hand, a great deal of suppressed excitement, and Jimmy Silver & Co., in fact, were looking forward to a very exciting afternoon.

Immediately after dinner three or four fellows who were not detained, but who were in the scheme, left Rookwood with the cricket-bags belonging to the team. Jimmy Silver & Co. waited.

Mornington and his men made their preparation in great spirits, with many grins and chuckles directed towards the old eleven—which the cricketers took with unexpected quietness.

"Sorry you're not comin', Silver, dear boy," Smythe of the Shell remarked to Jimmy. "If you weren't detained, by gad, you could come over with us and see some real cricket!"

"Yes, hard lines, isn't it?" said Jimmy pleasantly. "It would be as good as going to the cinema to see you play cricket, Smythey! When are you starting?"

"Two!" said Smythe, with a sniff. "Train, I suppose?"

"Nothin' of the sort," said Adolphus loftily. "We're havin' out a car."

"Quite in your style, Smythey," said Jimmy Silver affably. "But it's quicker by train than by car, as a matter of fact, you know."

"More cosy in a car, dear boy, and we're

startin' early," said Adolphus. "Sorry you can't come—you will be a cheeky little beast, you know!"

Adolphus walked away with his nose in the air, and Jimmy Silver smiled. Five minutes later a score of detained juniors were walking calmly down to the gates. Old Mack, the porter, came hurriedly out of the lodge.

"Master Silver! Master Silver!"

"Hallo!" said Jimmy.

"You ain't to go out of gates," said Mack.

"Ead's orders!"

"Sorry!" said Jimmy politely. "We've got rather an important appointment. See you later, Mack."

"Look 'ere—"

"Ta-ta!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Which I shall 'ave to report yer."

"Right-ho!"

And the juniors sauntered on, leaving old Mack scratching his nose. However, he ambled away to the Head's house to report, as in duty bound. But by the time that report was made Jimmy Silver & Co. were far out of sight of Rookwood. They were out of the reach of Mr. Scroop until they returned to the school—and many things were to happen before then.

"Well, what's the programme now?" asked Cook, as Jimmy called a halt in the road.

"Halt!" said Jimmy. "We wait here for the car."

"And stop it?" asked Lovell.

"Of course!"

"And then—"

"Then we collar the cricketers."

"Good egg!"

"And shut 'em up in the barn," said Tommy Dodd, with a chuckle. "You Classical bounders remember how we shut you up there once—"

"Never mind that," said Jimmy Silver. "It's Mornington & Co. who are going to be shut up now. Half a dozen chaps will stay with them to look after them there, and see that they don't get away." Rather a dull job, but it can't be helped.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Jones minor. "I'm on, for one."

"It's all in the game," said Lovell. "The eleven have to go on to Rylcombe. What price bagging the car?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"Can't be did! This isn't a jape—it's serious bizney! And the chauffeur would have to be argued with. We take the train to Rylcombe."

"How are we going to stop the car?"

"Easy enough. We're going to wheel that old cart out of the field into the middle of the road. The car will have to stop. We can't block the road yet, though. One of you shin up a tree, and give the word when Mornington's crowd are coming."

"Good!"

Newcome "shinned" up a tree to a high branch, and kept watch in the direction of Rookwood. Jimmy Silver & Co. seized the old cart, and wheeled it with some difficulty as far as the hedge, ready to be run out into the road.

Then they waited.

A quarter of an hour later there was a whistle from Newcome from the leafy tree overhead.

"Here they come!" called out Newcome.

Jimmy Silver jumped up from the grassy bank.

"Pile in!" he said.

The juniors seized the cart, and ran it out into the road through a big gap in the

ledge—not without some damage to the hedge. That could not be helped, however.

The car was in sight now, buzzing along gaily from the direction of the school, crowded with the slackers' eleven.

The chauffeur slowed down at the sight of the cart standing in the middle of the road. Jimmy Silver & Co. were in cover so far.

Mornington rose in the car.

"What are you stoppin' for, Williams?" he snapped.

"Road's blocked, sir," said the chauffeur.

"By gad! What silly ass left that cart in the road?" growled Mornington. "Get down and shift it, Williams."

"Yes, sir."

The chauffeur descended from his seat, and stepped towards the cart.

There was a shout from Jimmy Silver.

"Pile in!"

Twenty Rookwood juniors rushed out from behind the hedges.

Mornington and his companions stared at them blankly as they surrounded the motor-car.

"What the dickens—" ejaculated Mornington.

"Look here, no larks!" exclaimed Smythe, in alarm.

"Get out!"

"By gad! What?"

"Get out of the car!"

"We won't!" yelled Mornington furiously.

"Turn them out!" said Jimmy concisely.

The Rookwood juniors swarmed into the big car. Mornington struck out furiously, and Lovell caught his knuckles with his nose. Lovell gave a roar of wrath, and Mornington went spinning into the road.

Smythe and Townsend and the rest were bundled after them, yelling.

The odds were heavily on Jimmy Silver's side, but they were hardly needed. The slackers of Rookwood were not famous as fighting-men.

With the exception of Mornington, they hardly resisted the overwhelming attack.

Mornington picked himself up in the road, and charged back at the car. He was collared by Tommy Dodd and Newcome, and held a prisoner.

The rest of the party were collared, and they gasped for breath in the grasp of the Rookwood cricketers.

"What does this mean?" shrieked Mornington. "What's your little game?"

"By gad, you know!" gasped Adolphus.

"You'll be licked for this, you know!"

"We're chancing that," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "At present you're coming for a little walk with us."

"I won't!" yelled Mornington.

"We'll see! Chauffeur!"

"Yessir!" gasped the chauffeur, who had looked on at the scene in utter amazement.

"Take that car back; it's not wanted!"

"Don't go, Williams," yelled Mornington.

The chauffeur hesitated.

"Sorry if we have hurt you, chauffeur," said Jimmy Silver politely. "But you've got to take that car back. I give you one minute before we duck you in the ditch!"

"I—I say—" stammered the unfortunate Williams.

"Don't go!" yelled Mornington. "I order you—Yaroooh—groogh—cooogh!"

Mornington's remarks were brought to a sudden close by Lovell, who jammed some turf into his mouth. Mornington gasped and gurgled, but he was incapable of speech.

"Time's up, chauffeur!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Collar him, you chaps!"

Half a dozen determined juniors gathered round the chauffeur.

"Old on!" exclaimed Williams. "I'm goin'!"

"Buck up, then! We begin throwing clods in half a minute!" said Jimmy.

"Give a man a chance!" gasped the chauffeur.

He fairly jumped into the driving-seat, and backed the car, and turned in the road. The big car whirled round, and the chauffeur fairly made it fly as the juniors stooped for clods.

The motor-car disappeared in a cloud of dust towards Rookwood.

"By gad!" murmured Adolphus Smythe feebly. "By gad! Cheeky young scoundrels! Oh, dear!"

"You'll get into trouble for this!" murmured Townsend.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver, without taking notice of the remarks of the Nuts of Rookwood. "Shove that cart back, some of you; and the rest bring that gang of rotters along!"

Half a dozen of the juniors shoved the cart back into the field to clear the road. The

Nuts of Rookwood each with an iron grip on his arm or his collar, were marched away across the fields.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Prisoners of War!

MORNINGTON spat out the fragments of the turf, and gasped for breath. Lovell and Tommy Dodd had hold of his arms, and he had no choice about accompanying them. He struggled every now and then, and his arms were promptly twisted till he ceased. There was no time to stand upon ceremony with Mornington.

The rest of the Nuts went quietly in a dazed state of astonishment. A few minutes ago they had been rejoicing in their triumph over Jimmy Silver & Co. The tables were turned now with a vengeance.

True, a condign punishment doubtless awaited the raiders—later. But that prospect, satisfactory as it was in its way, was of no use to the captured Nuts now.

They crossed the field, and were led by a footpath through the wood.

"Where the dickens are you takin' us, you silly asses?" mumbled Adolphus Smythe at last.

"Where you will be safe!" said Jimmy Silver.

"I'll make you sorry for this!" hissed Mornington. "You'll be flogged all round for this!"

"Go hon!"

The party proceeded by a solitary footpath through the wood, and emerged on the further side into another field, where the old barn stood. It was a spot the juniors knew well—the Fistical Four had once been shut up there by the Moderns on a celebrated occasion. On that occasion they had escaped; but Jimmy Silver & Co. did not mean to leave Mornington a chance of escape.

The captured cricketers were marched into the barn. It was an ancient and disused building, seldom or never visited.

"You're not goin' to keep us here!" hissed Mornington.

"Your mistake!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"We are!"

"We are—we is!" chuckled Lovell.

Jimmy pointed to the ladder that led into the old loft.

"Up you go!" he said.

"Look here, we—"

"Kick them up!" said Jimmy.

It would probably have been difficult to kick the slackers of Rookwood up an almost perpendicular ladder. But a few kicks, as it happened, were sufficient. Adolphus Smythe no sooner felt Lovell's heavy boot clumping upon him than he made a rush for the ladder and bolted into the loft.

His comrades followed him fast, only a few kicks behind being required to accelerate their movements.

Mornington was the last, and he refused to mount the ladder. Lovell exercised his boots upon him in vain. Mornington was obstinate.

"Blessed mule!" said Lovell, gasping. "You take a turn, Dodd! Your boots are bigger than mine!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him the frog's-march!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Say when, Morny!"

It did not take Mornington long to "say when," after the frog's-march had started.

"Let me go!" he shrieked. "I'll go up!"

"Up you go, then!"

Mornington bounded to the ladder, and clambered up.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell grasped the ladder after he had joined the rest of the party in the loft, and dragged it away. From the opening above a dozen savage faces looked down on them. But black looks did not affect the cheery Jimmy.

"Now, you're going to stay here, Hooker, and three or four more; and see that they don't get out!"

"Right you are!"

"Oh, you rotters!" howled Mornington from the loft.

Jimmy waved his hand to him.

"Tat-ta, dear boy! We're going to be Rylcombe! That's ever so much better than you going there collecting up lickings, isn't it?"

Mornington almost choked.

"You're going to Rylcombe!" he stuttered.

"Certainly! It's our fixture, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—yon—you—"

Words failed Mornington, and he shook his fist furiously from the loft.

Jimmy Silver & Co. laughed, and walked out of the barn. Hooker and Jones minor and several more juniors remained, to keep an eye on the prisoners above, not that there was much chance of the Nuts escaping.

The Rookwood cricketers, in high spirits, made their way to Coombe Station. The consequences of their action were dismissed from their minds for the time. Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof.

Dickinson minor was waiting at the station with the cricket bags, as previously arranged.

The cricketers had ten minutes to wait for a train.

That ten minutes was rather an anxious period. They knew that their breaking detention must be known to Mr. Scroop long since.

But it was extremely unlikely that he would guess the astounding "wheeze" Jimmy Silver had planned for the afternoon, and so he was not at all likely to look for them at the railway station.

Dickinson minor, however, kept watch at the station entrance, ready to give warning if the tyrant of Rookwood should come in sight.

"Here's the train!" said Jimmy Silver at last, with a sigh of relief.

The train rolled in, and stopped. At the same moment Dickinson minor's scared face was seen staring through the gate on to the platform.

"Cave!" he gasped. "Scroop!"

"Oh, my hat!"

There was a momentary hesitation on the part of the cricketers. But Jimmy Silver did not hesitate. He rushed for the train.

"Pile in!" he shouted.

Doors flew open, and passengers tumbled out and cricketers tumbled in. Cricketers and cricket-bags vanished into the train.

Doors slammed, and the guard waved his flag.

The engine snorted. With the first snort of the engine came rushing feet on the platform. Mr. Scroop had arrived.

Probably he had caught a glimpse of the cricketing party as he ran for the platform, wildly waving an umbrella.

"Stop! Stop! Come back!" he shouted.

Some of the juniors looked a little scared. Jimmy Silver grinned. The train was already in motion, and it was scarcely possible to obey, even if the juniors had wanted to.

"Stop!" shrieked the new Head furiously.

"Stand back there!" roared the guard.

The train was gathering speed.

The Head rushed forward, apparently to attempt to hurl himself into the train.

The porter caught him by the shoulder and swung him back.

Looking from the train windows, the juniors saw the porter and the Head collapse together on the platform. Then the train rushed on, and the station vanished behind.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Grammarian Match!

RYLCOMBE!

Jimmy Silver & Co. collected up their bags and alighted from the train in the old-fashioned Sussex railway-station.

The journey had been rapid, and the cricketers had arrived. They were in high spirits, in spite of their narrow escape at Coombe.

They had no fear of Mr. Scroop following them. The Head knew nothing of the capture of Mornington's team, and so he could not possibly have any idea that the juniors were going to the Grammar School to play the match. He undoubtedly regarded their escapade simply as ordinary breaking bounds. But, as Jimmy remarked, even in the unlikely event of the Head tumbling, there wasn't another train for an hour.

The Rookwood cricketers poured out of the station, a merry party of fourteen in all.

Outside, a brake was waiting, with Gordon Gay and Wootton major of the Grammar School waiting in it.

"Hallo! Here you are!" exclaimed Gordon Gay, as he shook hands with Jimmy Silver. "I thought you were coming by an earlier train!"

"Sorry if we've kept you waiting, Gay!"

"Oh, not at all! Lots of time!"

The cricketers clambered into the brake, and the driver started for the Grammar School. The latter was not far from Rylcombe, and the party soon arrived.

The cricket-ground at Rylcombe Grammar School was pretty well crowded when Jimmy Silver & Co. appeared on the scene. The Rookwood match excited a good deal of interest in the school. There were, also several fellows over from St. Jim's to see the match—old acquaintances of the Rook-

wooders. Tom Merry and Blake of St. Jim's were there, with Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. D'Arcy especially told Jimmy Silver that he was "vevy glad" to see him again, and hoped to see some "wippin' cheerlet."

"So you will," said Jimmy cheerily. "Though he came mighty near seeing some jolly bad cricket," grinned Lovell, "if Mornington & Co. had come—what!"

And the Rookwood cricketers chuckled. "Mind, we've got to beat Rylcombe," said Jimmy Silver. "Perhaps the Head will look over it if we tell him that we've won a tremendous victory."

"Perhaps!" grinned Lovell. "I don't think!"

"Anyway, it will be a consolation for the licking we're going to get," remarked Tommy Dodd.

Stumps were already pitched, and the Grammarians were ready. Jimmy Silver tossed for innings with Gordon Gay, and the latter won the toss. The Grammarians went in to bat, and Jimmy led his team into the field.

Gordon Gay opened the innings with Frank Monk. Jimmy Silver took the first over for Rookwood.

Jimmy's bowling was something of a surprise to the Grammar School. Jimmy was the champion junior bowler of Rookwood, and never had his hand seemed so cunning. The contract between Jimmy's bowling and what Mornington's bowlers would have put up made the Rookwooders chuckle to think of it. They felt more than justified in the drastic measures they had adopted.

Gordon Gay's wicket went down for 3, and Frank Monk was dismissed for 2. In the second over Tommy Dodd accounted for Wootton minor's wicket.

It was a good beginning for Rookwood. "Bai Jove!" D'Arcy remarked to Tom Merry and Blake. "Bai Jove, you know, I should wealdy find it wathah hard to play that bowlin' myself!"

And D'Arcy's chums grinned and agreed that he would.

But the Grammarian batsmen were good stuff, and though the wickets continued to fall at a good rate, runs did not fail to pile up.

The innings closed for 50. As Tommy Dodd remarked, it wouldn't have closed at all if the Grammarians had been playing Mornington and his egregious eleven.

The Rookwood innings began, and Gordon Gay & Co. soon showed that they, too, knew something about bowling. After an hour's play, Rookwood were all down for 60.

There was a pause for ginger-beer and cake, during which Jimmy Silver cast several anxious glances towards the school gates.

If Mr. Scroop guessed the object of the escapade of that afternoon, there was ample time for him to have reached the Grammar School at Rylcombe.

But he did not appear, and Jimmy was relieved. He had had a lingering doubt, but it was gone now. Mornington & Co. were still safe in the barn, guarded by Hooker and his comrades; and doubtless the Head had gone back to Rookwood, to fume and wait for the delinquents to turn up. Probably he was planning drastic punishment for the whole party.

But that did not worry the Rookwooders at present. The business in hand was to beat the Grammarians, and they devoted all their thoughts to that object.

In the second innings the Grammarians went ahead.

Gordon Gay proved impregnable at the wicket, in spite of Jimmy Silver's best bowling. He was second man in, and he was not out at the finish, with 40 runs to his own score. The total for the innings was 90.

"You'll have to buck up, deah boys," Arthur Augustus D'Arcy remarked to Jimmy Silver.

The sun was sinking towards the west now, but there was ample time to finish. Jimmy Silver opened the second innings with Tommy Dodd.

Then bad luck befell the Rookwooders. Gordon Gay was at the top of his form with the ball. Tommy Dodd was dismissed, and Tommy Cook followed him, and then Lovell, all within the limits of a single over.

There were loud cheers from the Grammar-School crowd to greet the hat-trick. "Looks wathah wocky foah Wookwood," remarked D'Arcy. "I am wathah sowvy I can't go on and give them a hand and level things up a bit. This is where one of my centuwies would come in useful—what!"

"But what price one of your duck's-eggs?" asked Tom Merry.

To which Arthur Augustus D'Arcy replied with disdainful emphasis:

"Wats!"

The Rookwooders were certainly down on their luck. As in the case of the celebrated Raven's unhappy master, misfortune followed fast and followed faster. Jimmy Silver held his fortress, but at the other end there were falling wickets galore. Dick Oswald was dismissed for 3, and Flynn scored only 2. Five wickets were down when the score was at 12.

The Grammarians exchanged smiles. Jimmy Silver was looking grim.

"At this rate," he said to himself, "Mornington might as well have come."

Rookwood wanted 80 in the second innings to tie with Rylcombe, and it certainly looked as if they would never get them. It looked still less like getting them when two duck's-eggs were scored in succession. Seven down for 12.

"Oh, bai Jove!" said D'Arcy.

Then Tommy Doyle came in. The Modern junior did better. The two batsmen accounted for 15 runs between them before Tommy was out to a catch by Gordon Gay. Towle was next man in.

Then Jimmy Silver made the running, and the figure leaped to 40. Towle added 5 before he was stumped by Wootton minor. Then the word passed round:

"Last man in!"

Tom Rawson was last man.

Rawson was not a brilliant cricketer, but he was a solid, steady player, who could always be depended on to keep his end up. Rawson was a scholarship fellow, and poor, and Mornington would never have dreamed of playing him. But Jimmy Silver was decidedly glad to have Rawson at the other end for a last attempt to pull the game out of the fire.

He gave Rawson almost an imploring look as he passed him on his way in.

"Stick it, old chap, for goodness' sake!" Rawson nodded.

"Right-ho, Jimmy! I know what's wanted. Rely on me!"

And he went to his wicket.

The over was not yet finished, and Gay was bowling. He finished the over to Rawson. No runs came from it, but the wicket remained intact.

Rawson knew what he could do, and what he was wanted to do. What was wanted was steady stone-walling to give Jimmy Silver a chance to make the running. And Rawson provided what was wanted.

The bowling came to Jimmy Silver again from Wootton major. Jimmy let himself go at it, knocking it far and wide. 12 for the over brought the Rookwood figure up to 57.

"Bai Jove!" said D'Arcy sagely. "The boundahs may dwag the game out of the fiab, aftah all, you know. Lucky for them I'm not bowlin'—what?"

"Jolly lucky—for Rylcombe!" agreed Blake.

"Wats!"

In the next over Rawson stole a single run and gave the bowling to Jimmy Silver again. Jimmy was in great form, and his hitting powers had never been so displayed.

Two 4's, and then a 3, and then Rawson stonewalled again with quiet imperturbability. Lovell rubbed his hands.

"Eleven more to tie!" he grinned. "We'll do it yet! Isn't Rawson a giddy treasure! If he tried to make the running we should be booked!"

"But he won't!" said Tommy Dodd. "And it looks as if Jimmy will make all the running we want! Good old Jimmy!"

Again 4, when the ball came to Jimmy Silver, and then a 3. 76—and Rawson like a tower of strength receiving the bowling; 4 more to tie!

But the most tempting ball did not tempt Rawson to hit out. He knew what he could do, and he did it.

Down came the ball again to Jimmy Silver, and clack went the willow on the leather, and the leather flew. Rawson made a motion to run, but Jimmy Silver waved him back. There was no need to run. And a yell from the Rookwood fellows announced that the scores had tied.

"Bai Jove! It's a dwaw, anyway!" remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Draw be blowed!" said Lovell. "It's a win!"

And Lovell was right.

Jimmy Silver smiled as he hooked away the next ball. The batsmen ran a single, and there was a roar.

"Well done, Jimmy!"

Gordon Gay clapped Jimmy Silver on the shoulder as the field came off.

"Jolly near thing!" he said heartily; "but you've done it. Congrats!"

Jimmy Silver had indeed "done it," and his comrades almost hugged him as he came back to the pavilion, looking a little flushed, but still fresh.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Facing the Music!

GORDON GAY & Co. and the St. Jim's fellows saw the Rookwood party off at the station.

They parted in great spirits. But in the train, as it bore them homeward to Coombe, the Rookwood cricketers looked rather graver.

The match had been won—they had done their duty to the Rookwood Junior Cricket Club. Looking at the matter most impartially, they could not blame themselves, not in the least. But the time had come now to pay the piper. And the thought of the cold, hard face of the new Head was not pleasant.

"Perhaps we've been rather asses, after all!" Towle remarked.

"Rot!" said Tommy Dodd.

"I wonder what the Grammarians would have thought if they'd known what we were going home to?" remarked Lovell.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"It was best not to tell them. No need to worry anybody else with our troubles. We've agreed on the programme. If it's lines or a caning, we take it quietly; but we won't be flogged."

"N-no!" said Towle, rather dubiously.

"We've got to stand together," said Jimmy quietly. "It was bound to come to a row with Scroop sooner or later. As well sooner as later."

"Ahem! Ye-e-es!"

"Anyway, it can't be helped now," said Jimmy. "Keep smiling!"

And Jimmy Silver, at least, did keep smiling.

But the party looked decidedly serious by the time they arrived at Coombe and alighted from the train.

In the dusk of the summer evening they walked to the old barn, at the door of which they found Hooker and Jones minor and the rest waiting for them.

"All serene?" asked Jimmy.

"Right as rain!" said Hooker. "The bounders are still in the loft, raging! They've been saying things!"

"Emphatic things!" grinned Jones minor.

"Mornington offered us a quid each to let them out," said Hooker. "After about an hour he raised it to a fiver. I don't know whether he'd have kept to it. We didn't give him a chance, anyway."


"There's some things even bloated millionaires can't do," said Jones. "Morny's still in the loft—fivers and all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How did the match go?"

"Won, of course!"

"Well, that's lucky! Morny would have chucked it away



**Bunter the Farmer**

A Long Complete Tale of The Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

Billy Bunter at his best! A rollicking school story without a dull line. Do not fail to read it in to-day's issue of

**Magnet** 1<sup>st</sup> 1/2

The Famous School Story Paper.

Jimmy Silver & Co. entered the barn. Mornington's furious face looked down at him from the opening above. Mornington had not spent a happy afternoon.

The ladder was reared up to the opening. "You can come down!" called out Jimmy Silver.

Mornington was the first down. The rest of the Nuts followed him. They looked rather a dusty crew after their sojourn in the old loft. It was not the cleanest of retreats.

Mornington shook his fist savagely in Jimmy Silver's smiling face. His voice was husky with rage as he spoke.

"You hound, I'll make you smart for this!"

Jimmy smiled cheerily.

"Like to take your jacket off and lick me here and now?" he asked.

"You're going to be flogged!"

"Perhaps!" said Jimmy.

"I'll have you expelled!" hissed Mornington. "A flogging all round for the rest, and expulsion for you, Jimmy Silver!"

"Thanks awfully!"

"You—you hound! Yow-ow!"

"Better language, please!" said Jimmy, taking Mornington by the ear. "Out you go! You're in a hurry to sneak, I can see!"

And the powerful propulsion of Jimmy Silver's boot helped Mornington out of the barn.

Smythe & Co. followed him out without speaking. They did not like the looks of the cricketers. But they were looking forward to vengeance.

They had spent that fine summer's afternoon cooped up in the dusty loft. And their only consolation was the flogging that was to be awarded to the raiders.

They hurried away to Rookwood, muttering vengeance, followed at a more leisurely pace by Jimmy Silver & Co.

Mornington broke into a run, anxious to arrive at Rookwood and lay his tale of wrongs and grievances before the Head.

Jimmy Silver & Co. sauntered down the leafy lane, and arrived at Rookwood a few minutes before old Mack came out to close the gates. The Rookwood porter looked at them grimly.

"I'm afraid there's trouble for you, Master Silver," he said, not unsympathetically. Even the crusty old porter liked Jimmy Silver. "You're all to report yourselves to the 'Ead at once."

"We've been looking forward to that pleasure, Mack, old chap!" said Jimmy affably.

The school porter shook his head, and closed the gates. The juniors, with grave faces, crossed to the School House.

"Now to face the giddy music!" said Tommy Dodd.

"I—I suppose he can't flog the lot of us!" muttered Towle.

"He's not going to flog any of us!" said Jimmy Silver quietly. "We've stood up for our rights, and done nothing to be flogged for."

"H'm!"

"All serene, Jimmy, we're backing you up!" said Lovell. "March on, you beggars, and keep your peckers up!"

The juniors entered the House. Bulkeley of the Sixth met them in the Hall, and gave them a curious glance.

"You're wanted in the Head's study," he said.

"We're going there, Bulkeley."

"Where have you been?" asked the captain of Rookwood.

"Rycombe. We had a fixture there, you know."

Bulkeley stared.

"I understood Mornington was going there with a team—"

"We decided we had better go, for the credit of Rookwood, you know."

"Then—then what became of Mornington?" exclaimed Bulkeley.

"He had a fancy for staying in a loft over a barn for the afternoon," said Jimmy Silver calmly. "No accounting for tastes, you know."

"My hat!" ejaculated Bulkeley. "I'm afraid there's going to be trouble for you, Silver. Mornington is with the Head now. I'm sorry!"

Jimmy Silver nodded, and led his flock on to the Head's study. Bulkeley was sorry for the delinquents, and probably did not blame them very much; but he was powerless to help them.

(Continued on page 20.)

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

# SAVING THE SITUATION!

**B**UCK up, Tommy!" Thus Monty Lowther of the Shell at St. Jim's, as he halted outside Study No. 10 in company with Manners.

"Coming, old scout!" replied the voice of Tom Merry from within the study. "Keep your wool on!"

It was a half-holiday, and the Terrible Three had planned a tramp across the moors. The sun, streaming down over the old school, gave promise of a brilliant afternoon, and Lowther and Manners were impatient to be off.

"The silly ass is always late!" grumbled Lowther, looking at his watch.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the "silly ass" in question appeared, and Lowther's grumblings ceased.

"Ready?" asked Tom Merry.

"My hat, what cheek!" exclaimed Manners. "We've been waiting for you this last half-hour, and yet you've got the nerve to ask us if we're ready!"

"Oh, ring off!" said Tom Merry, grinning. "Let's get out!"

And the chums of the Shell sauntered down to the gates and took the road to Wayland Moor. Their spirits soared under the pleasant heat of the sun as they tramped along, admiring the beauties of Nature, and Manners called a halt several times to take a snap of some interesting view. In the distance could be seen the deserted woodman's hut, and the juniors decided to pay it a visit. As they drew nearer the sound of voices was distinctly audible to them. Evidently the deserted hut was a deserted hut no longer.

"I wonder who's in there?" queried Tom Merry.

"Might be some of the fags," suggested Manners. "You know they often come over here for a picnic."

"Let's have a look in," said Monty Lowther.

That point agreed on, the three juniors walked up to the rickety old door. Tom Merry was about to fling it open when voices floated to his ears from within, and the conversation, such as it was, caused the junior captain to put a warning finger to his lips.

"Don't make a row!" he cautioned. "There are two men inside, and they seem a precious pair of scoundrels! Listen!"

"It will be quite O.K.," came the gruff tones of one in the hut. "I've fixed it up with the constable on duty. He thinks we are a movy-picture company. I told him that the scene would take place at half-past four—"

The voice died away, and, although the listening juniors strained their ears, nothing more could be distinguished from their conversation. Tom Merry made a sign to his chums to retreat, which they did, silently and stealthily. Behind cover of a gorse-bush they stopped, and held a hurried consultation.

"What do you make of it?" asked Tom Merry.

"Blest if I know!" said Manners.

"It's something jolly shady," said Monty Lowther, after a few moments of silence.

"They appear to have concocted some yarn to spoof the constable—P.-c. Crump, no doubt."

"I vote for following them!" said Tom Merry.

"Hear, hear!" agreed Monty Lowther. "You heard one of the rotters say that the scene was fixed for half-past four?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll be on the scene at half-past four!" chuckled Lowther.

"That's the idea! Look out!" The warning came from Tom Merry, who had seen the door of the old hut open and two figures emerge into the daylight. The juniors crouched behind the gorse-bush, and Manners brought his camera into play. There was a click as the shutter moved, and the picture of the two rascals was taken.

The taller of the two rascals turned on hearing the sound of Manners' camera shutter being released; but his companion took him by the arm, and they marched off in the direction of Rycombe.

Five minutes later Tom Merry & Co. crept from their hiding-place and followed in the track of the pair.

It wanted but fifteen minutes to half-past four when five other men joined the late

visitors at the hut. One of them was carrying a film camera, and as Monty Lowther noticed this he clutched Tom Merry excitedly by the arm.

"Don't you see it, Tommy?" he said. "The rotters are going to rob the post-office or the bank under cover of a film company."

"My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "I believe you're right! They're starting now!"

Following Tom Merry's outstretched finger, Manners and Lowther saw four men wearing masks enter the bank. Each gripped a revolver in his hand. A few feet away from them another man was turning the handle of the film camera.

"Come on, you chaps!" yelled the leader of the Terrible Three. "This is where we chip in! See if there are any other St. Jim's chaps in the tuckshop, Manners! I'm going to get help from the police-station!"

The three juniors set off in different directions as fast as their legs could carry them. In a couple of minutes Tom Merry arrived at the police-station, and unfolded his tale. At first the inspector laughed derisively; but he was so struck by the junior's earnestness that he enlisted the services of half a dozen men, provided them with truncheons, and set off at the double.

Tom Merry panted along with them, and Manners and Monty Lowther could be seen a few yards away, returning to the scene of action with a couple of seniors and a swarm of juniors, who had been pressed into service. From the tuckshop close at hand another swarm of juniors poured, eager to see whether Manners' tale was correct.

As the three parties raced to the bank the individual operating the camera took to his heels and bolted. Immediately a group of juniors gave chase.

The inspector of police walked over to P.-c. Crump, who was looking startled and dismayed, and reprimanded him in severe tones for allowing daylight robbery to be carried out under his eyes. Then his attention was turned to the bank entrance, where he had posted the remainder of his squad.

Four men were backing out of the doorway, with their revolvers levelled at the astonished group of bank-clerks, who were holding their hands above their heads. So intent were the rascals on keeping their victims covered that they did not see the squad of amateur constables who were waiting for them at the foot of the steps.

But as they turned the whole band was upon them, backed up by the crowd of St. Jim's juniors, who fell upon them and tackled them in true Rugby fashion.

A terrific tussle ensued, and a few shots were loosed off by the rascals, none taking effect, however. One of the party managed to free himself, and, bolting towards a car that had been held in readiness, scrambled in. Shaking off the juniors who swarmed over the car, he opened the throttle wide, and disappeared down the road like a whirlwind. His escape was compensated for by the return of the operator, who had bolted. He was jostled along by a dozen juniors, who triumphantly handed him over to the inspector, where he was made secure by a pair of handcuffs snapping over his wrists.

The bank-clerks swarmed out, and a terrific buzz of conversation went the round. It appeared that they were about to leave the bank for the day when the four-masked men held them up at the point of the revolver, whilst one of them collected the rolls of notes that were piled up ready to be put away in the safe.

The bank-manager, looking very excited, fussed around, and poured his thanks to the juniors and the amateur police, and it was quite half an hour before the High Street resumed its normal, quiet aspect.

By means of the picture Manners had taken of the two rascals—the raider who had escaped in the motor-car was traced two days later and handed over to the police. When the trial came off the Terrible Three were called in as witnesses, and the magistrate warmly commended them for their presence of mind. Each of the raiders received three years' hard labour.

Of P.-c. Crump, it must be mentioned he was severely reprimanded for his stupidity, but that was all. Tom Merry pleaded on his behalf, and the inspector eventually consented to let the matter drop.

The next day a handsome cheque arrived for the Terrible Three from the manager at the bank; but Tom Merry, with the consent of Lowther and Manners, despatched it to the local charity fund for helping disabled soldiers.

## IN REVOLT!

(Continued from page 17.)

Jimmy Silver tapped at the Head's door. "Come in!"

It was a sharp, snapping voice within. The captain of the Fourth entered, followed by nearly a score of juniors, all quiet and grave. They all felt that a crisis was at hand.

Mr. Scroop was seated at the Head's desk. Mornington stood before the desk, his face flushed, and his eyes gleaming. Evidently he had just made his report to Mr. Scroop of the events of the afternoon.

The new Head's glance turned upon the juniors with a glitter like cold steel in his eyes.

"So you have returned," he said, in a grating voice.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver respectfully.

"Where have you been?"

"We felt that we couldn't fail Rylcombe, sir, after arranging a fixture," said Jimmy Silver. "So we've played the match."

"And—won it, sir," murmured Towle.

"You have been to Rylcombe?"

"Yes, sir."

"You confined Mornington and his friends in a building, and kept them prisoner there, after my orders to you, and prevented them from going to Rylcombe to play in the match?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy. "We felt that we couldn't let Mornington take the fixture out of our hands, as—"

"Enough!"

Jimmy Silver was silent. It was useless to speak. From the Head's point of view, the delinquents were in the wrong; and nothing they could have said would have persuaded him to look at the matter from their point of view.

"You have nothing to say?" said Mr. Scroop.

"Only that we—we don't think we have done wrong, sir, under the circumstances," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

The Head smiled grimly.

"I do not agree with you upon that point, Silver. You have disobeyed my commands, and you have treated Mornington, the nephew of a governor of the school, in the most outrageous manner—"

"It was his own fault, sir."

"He asked for it!" growled Lovell. Mornington looked at the Co. with gleaming eyes. It was his turn now.

"Don't bandy words with me, Silver!" said the Head harshly. "I shall make an example of you—all of you! Every boy who broke bounds this afternoon will be severely flogged—severely and publicly!"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

It had come!

The Rookwood juniors all looked at Jimmy. It was for their leader to lead. And the captain of the Fourth was not found wanting.

"If you please, sir," said Jimmy, very quietly. "If you gave us lines—"

"You have heard my decision, Silver."

"If you decided to cane us, sir—"

"You will be flogged!" said the Head, in a voice of thunder.

Jimmy Silver's lips set.

"We don't think we deserve to be flogged, sir," he said.

Mr. Scroop started to his feet.

"Leave my study at once!"

"Very well, sir!" Jimmy paused a moment, and his comrades hung on his words. "I think it only right to tell you, sir, that we don't think we ought to be flogged, and—"

"Leave my study this instant!" thundered the Head.

"We shall not be flogged, sir."

"What!"

"We shall refuse to be flogged."

Mr. Scroop sank back in his chair, staring blankly at the juniors. Before he could recover from his astonishment Jimmy Silver & Co. crowded out of the study.

Mornington followed them out, a sneer upon his lips.

"You're booked now!" he said, between his teeth. "You— Oh!"

Jimmy Silver hit out, without a word, and Mornington rolled on the floor. Without a glance at him, Jimmy Silver walked on. The juniors returned to their own quarters. In the Common-room, they looked at one another grimly.

Jimmy Silver broke the silence.

"It's war now!" he said.

"War, and no mistake!" said Lovell.

"Well, we backed up against Manders. We can back up against Scroop. Shoulder to shoulder!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. went to bed that night in a grim mood.

On the morrow the tug-of-war was to come. And how it was to end there was no one at Rookwood who could foretell.

(Another exciting complete story of Rookwood School next Friday, in which matters come to a climax between Jimmy Silver & Co. and the new Head. It is entitled "Jimmy Silver's Barring-In!" by Owen Conquest. Be sure you don't miss it!)

## ARE YOU SHORT?

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Printed and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. Advertisement offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. Subscription rates: Inland, 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Abroad, 14s. 10d. per annum; 4s. 5d. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ltd. Saturday, June 12th, 1920. D