

**"BANISHED FROM GREYFRIARS!"**

By FRANK RICHARDS.

A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE TALE OF  
HARRY WHARTON & CO.

**"IN REVOLT!"**

By OWEN CONQUEST.

A Grand Long School  
Story of JIMMY SILVER  
& CO. AT ROOKWOOD.

**"THE MYSTERY MAKERS!"**

By NAT FAIRBANKS.

A THRILLING CINEMA SERIAL OF  
DICK TULLIVER'S STRANGE  
ADVENTURES.

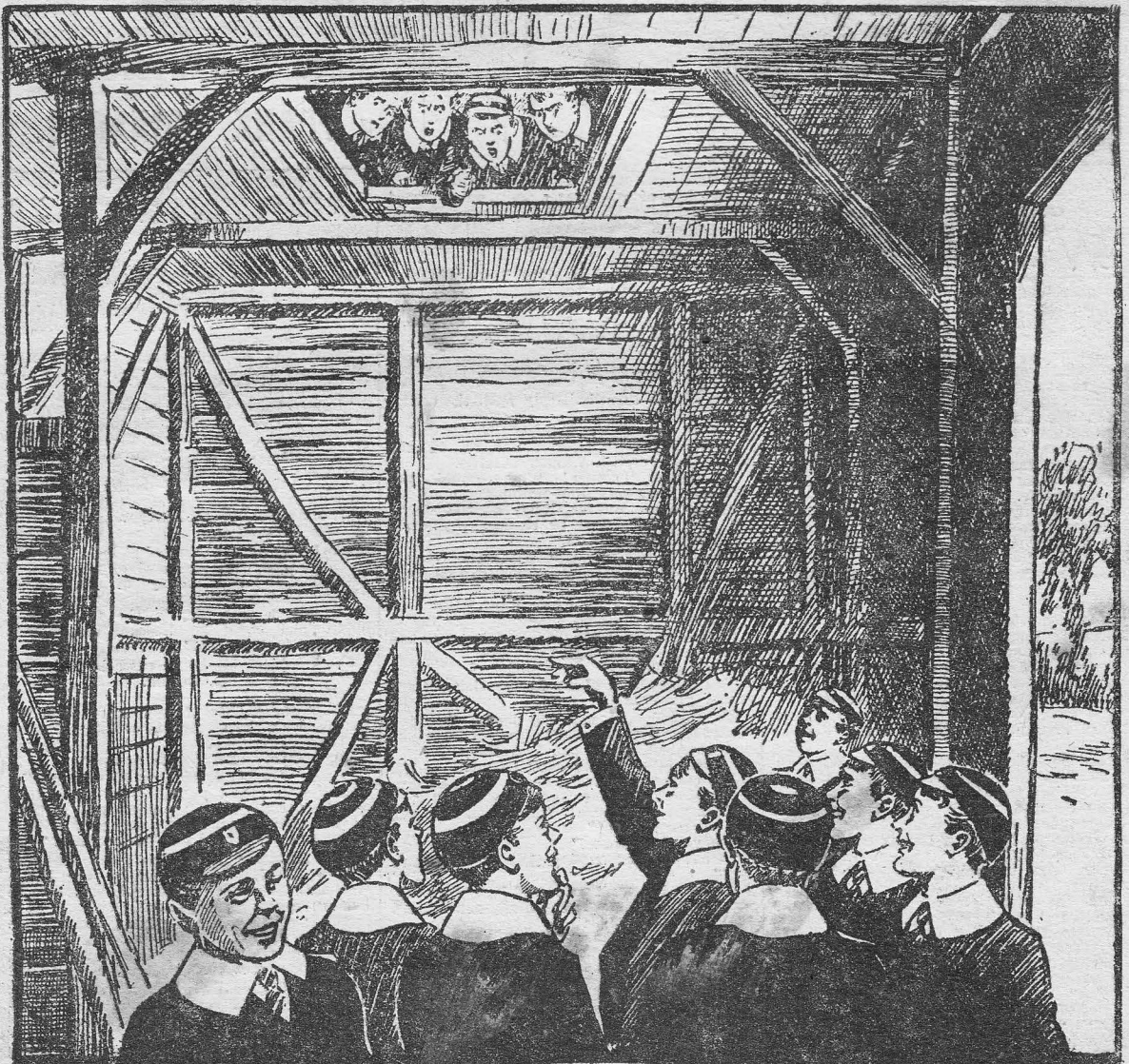
# The Penny **1½<sup>D</sup>** Popular

No. 73  
New Series.

20 PAGES

Week Ending  
June 12th, 1920.

**THE ALL-ROUND BOY'S FAVOURITE PAPER!**



**THE TRAPPED CRICKET ELEVEN!**

(An Extraordinary Situation in the Grand, Long Complete School Story in this Issue.)



# Banished from Greyfriars!

A SPLendid, LONG,  
COMPLETE STORY OF  
BILLY BUNTER AND THE  
CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Good Advice for Bunter!

"**W**HERE'S that fat duffer got to?" It was Dennis Carr who asked the question, as the Removites went into their Form-room for afternoon lessons.

When the familiar figure of Billy Bunter was missing from the Remove Form-room few could fail to notice the fact.

Bunter's plump form had come to be quite a landmark at Greyfriars. The Owl of the Remove was a prominent character, and lately he had come into prominence more than usual. He had organised a campaign for the reformation of Greyfriars. Not that the famous seat of learning needed reforming, but Bunter imagined it did, and he had taken steps to bring about drastic changes in the school routine.

It was Bunter's view that the fellows should be allowed to stay in bed in the morning as long as they liked, and get up at any old time. Further, he considered that lessons should be optional, and he even went so far as to suggest that masters and prefects should be stripped of their authority.

Of course, that was altogether too much! And Billy Bunter had come up against it, with a vengeance.

For repeated acts of insubordination the fat junior had just received a severe flogging in Big Hall, before the assembled school.

And now, when it was time for afternoon lessons to commence, Bunter was not to be seen.

"The mad idiot!" muttered Harry Wharton, as he went to his place. "He seems to be sickening for the sack!"

"He'll get it, right enough, if he goes on at this rate!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"Where is he?" asked Dennis Carr. "Anybody seen him?"

There was a shaking of heads in the negative.

Since the painful scene in Big Hall, nobody had set eyes on the Owl of the Remove.

"Surely the silly chump hasn't bolted?" ejaculated Peter Todd.

"Bolted!" gasped Wharton. "Do you mean run away from school?"

"Yes."

"Not likely!"

"Well, it's jolly queer that he hasn't turned up for lessons. He's not in Study No. 7."

"Then I suppose he's in the tuckshop."

"No. Mrs. Mimble has put up the shutters."

The disappearance of Billy Bunter caused a deal of comment.

All sorts of conjectures were put forward as to the whereabouts of the fat junior, and there was a buzz of excited chatter in the Form-room when Mr. Quelch swept in with rustling gown.

"Silence!" rapped out the Remove-master, and his eyes—which the juniors usually compared to gimlets on account of their penetrating powers—roved round the room.

"Where is Bunter?" he exclaimed, with a frown.

"Nobody knows—nobody cares!" murmured Skinner.

Mr. Quelch turned sharply upon the cad of the Remove.

"What did you say, Skinner?" he demanded.

"I said that Bunter might be on the stairs, sir!" replied Skinner blandly.

"Nonsense, Skinner! Why should you entertain that ridiculous notion?"

"I often see Bunter sitting on the stairs, sir, eating doughnuts or reading the latest news about Bolshevism."

"Be silent, Skinner!" said Mr. Quelch sharply. Then, addressing the class generally, he added:

"Does nobody know where Bunter is?" Nobody appeared to know.

"Wharton," said the Form-master, "go and see if you can find him."

"Very good, sir."

And the captain of the Remove hurried out of the Form-room.

The search did not last long. Wharton toured the Remove studies, and drew blank; and then, on going out into the Close, he observed Billy Bunter seated on one of the rustic seats under the elms.

Wharton hurried across to the fat junior.

"Bunter, you duffer! Didn't you hear the bell go for lessons?"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"What are you making that unearthly row for?"

"Groo! I haven't recovered from that licking I had just now in Big Hall, and I don't suppose I ever shall!"

"You burbling chump! You'll have another licking now for being late for lessons! Quelch has sent me out to find you."

Billy Bunter looked aggressive. His little round eyes were gleaming behind his spectacles.

"If Quelch starts bullying me," he said, in warlike tones, "I'll dot him one!"

"What!"

"I'll biff him on the *hoko*!"

"Look here, Billy," said Wharton earnestly, "don't you think it's about time you chucked that sort of rot? If you start squaring up to

Form-masters, you'll go out of Greyfriars on your neck, and you don't want that to happen, I suppose!"

"I shouldn't care!"

"Oh, yes, you would! It wouldn't be very nice, having to earn your own living behind the bar in your pater's pub!"

"My pater doesn't keep a pub!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "He runs a suite of offices in the City."

"Well, you wouldn't like to have to scrub over every morning, would you?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Pull yourself together!" said the captain of the Remove. "I shouldn't like to see you get the sack. Come along with me to the Form-room. It won't do to keep Quelch waiting."

"Oh, all right!" grunted the fat junior.

And he rose rather stiffly from the rustic seat, and accompanied Harry Wharton to the Remove Form-room.

"Ah! So you have arrived at last, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, as the Owl of the Remove entered in the company of his escort.

"Where have you been?"

"Having a rest, sir, in the Close. I—I didn't feel equal to lessons, after what happened in Big Hall."

"You did not intend to come in to lessons at all?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir."

There was a buzz of amazement from the Removites, who expected to see Billy Bunter go through the mill.

Mr. Quelch, however, took no action.

"Go to your place, Bunter," he said quietly.

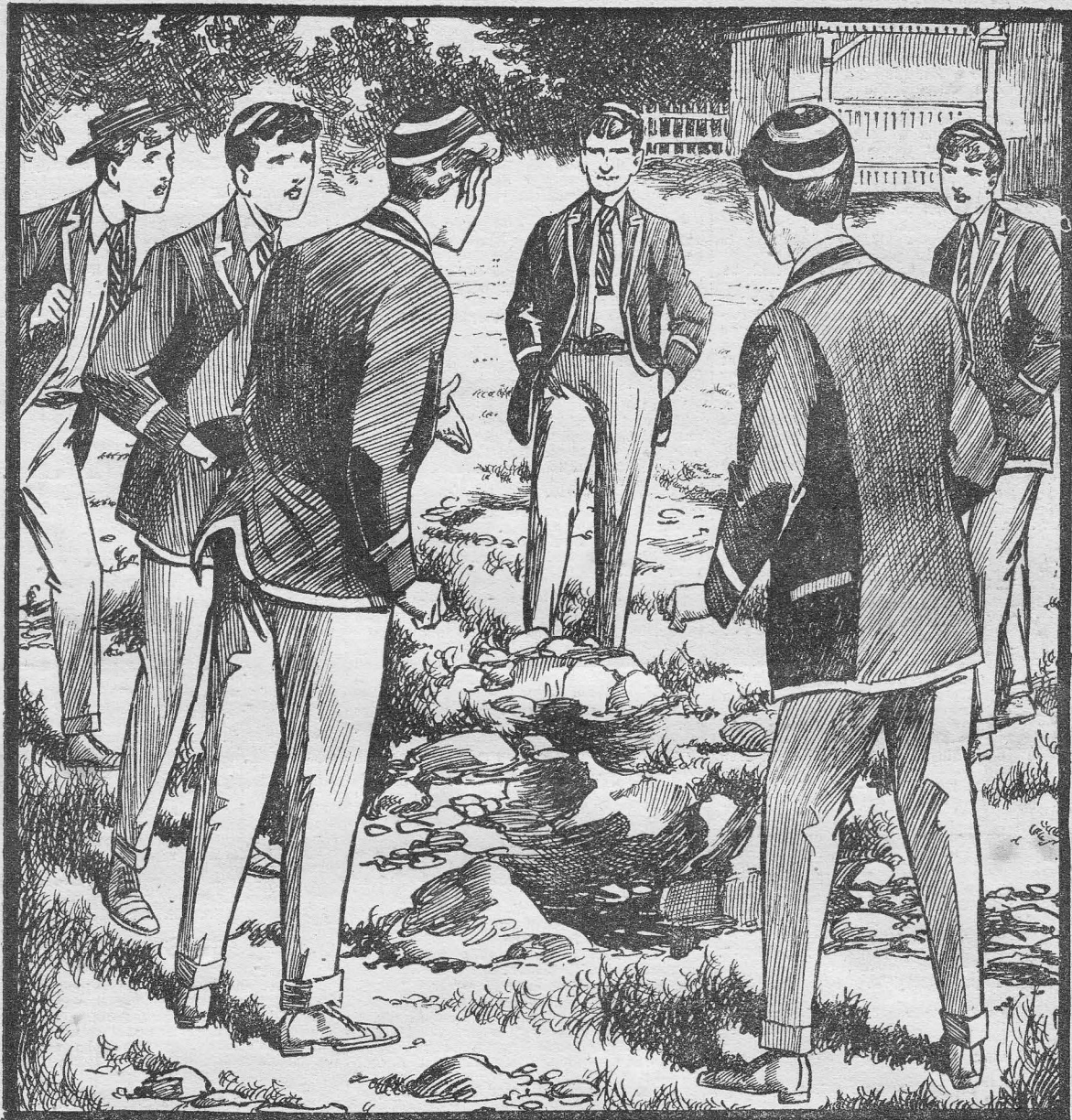
"After your recent painful experiences, I do not feel justified in punishing you further. At the same time, I may say that I have nothing but contempt for your conduct!"

Billy Bunter rolled to his place. He was not in the least impressed by the Form-master's remarks. Contempt, says the Eastern proverb, will pierce the shell of a tortoise; but it quite failed to penetrate the hide of a porpoise.

Afternoon lessons proceeded as usual, and Billy Bunter was very inattentive—as usual!

Mr. Quelch dealt leniently with the fat junior. He could scarcely have done otherwise. It was impossible to cane Bunter, in view of the heavy flogging he had recently received. It was equally impossible to award him an imposition, since the Owl of the Remove had already received sufficient imposts to occupy him till the end of the term.

Neither could Mr. Quelch cancel the next half-holiday, so far as Bunter was concerned,



On the cricket-pitch the juniors halted in alarm and astonishment. "The pitch is absolutely ruined!" gasped Nugent. "Some priceless maniac—some wooden-headed candidate for Colney Hatch—has been digging it up!" (See page 6.)

for the fat junior had had it cancelled already!

When the word of dismissal had been given, and the juniors were streaming out of the Form-room, Mr. Quelch beckoned to Billy Bunter.

"I wish to speak to you, my boy," he said, and his tone was unusually kind.

The fat junior rolled up to the Form-master's desk.

"I will not detain you a moment, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "I simply wish to advise you, for your own good, to abandon, once and for all, your notion that Greyfriars stands in need of reform. It appears that your mind has been inflamed by pernicious Bolshevik propaganda, and you have come to regard your masters and prefects at this school in the light of tyrants and oppressors. Is not that so?"

"Yes, sir," said Bunter.

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"I can assure you, Bunter, that we have no desire to be tyrannical," he said.

"I really think you ought to be abolished, sir—"

"What!"

"I don't mean you especially, sir. I mean the whole of the beaks!"

"You utterly stupid boy! Do you not realise that if there were no masters and no prefects, discipline would be at a discount? If everybody here stood on the same footing, and enjoyed the same privileges, there would be nothing but chaos and disorder."

"I don't see it, sir—"

"Then your vision is sadly befogged," said Mr. Quelch drily. "It is useless, as well as dangerous, to rebel against those in authority."

"I consider that all the idiotic rules and regulations governing this school should be withdrawn, sir," said Bunter.

Mr. Quelch frowned. "You are sorely trying my patience, Bunter," he said. "It is not for you to criticise the rules of the school. And nothing could be more absurd than to characterise them as idiotic. They have been drawn up for the benefit of the community."

"Why shouldn't we be allowed to stay in bed as long as we like, sir, and to eat as much grub as we like?" said Bunter.

"I am not prepared to prolong this argument, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "You seem

blind and deaf to all reason. I strongly urge you to turn over a new leaf—to sweep your mind clear of these ridiculous notions which have invaded it, and to become a credit to Greyfriars, instead of doing your best to bring the school into disrepute. If there is anything here which needs reforming it is your own character. Now, promise me, Bunter"—Mr. Quelch laid his hand on the fat junior's shoulder—"promise me that you will renounce this senseless folly—that you will work hard and play hard, and endeavour to be a credit to your parents and your school!"

Any other fellow but Billy Bunter would have been impressed by the Remove-master's earnest appeal. But Bunter seemed scarcely to have heard it. The only phrase which had stuck in his mind was "Work hard and play hard."

"Did you say 'Play hard,' sir?" he asked.

"Yes."

"But how can I do that, sir, when Whar-

ton won't have me in the cricket eleven?"

"Your cricketing abilities at present are doubtless poor—" began Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, really, sir! I'm the best player in

the Form, bar none. And my grandfather played for Gloucestershire—

"I am not prepared to discuss the doubtful achievements of your ancestors, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "Suffice it to say that your own ability is weak—otherwise Wharton, who is quite a fair-minded boy, would have given you a place in the team. You must make up your mind to practise hard and often. By so doing there is every possibility that you will win a place in the eleven before the present season is ended."

A gleam came into Billy Bunter's eyes. "Do you mean that, sir?" "Most emphatically!" "You—you're not pulling my leg?" Mr. Quelch frowned.

"I am not in the habit of indulging in such practices!" he said tartly. "You really think, sir, that I shall be able to bag a place in the eleven?"

"Yes, provided you exert yourself sufficiently. At present you are a good-for-nothing, lazy boy! Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to see you distinguish yourself on the playing-fields. I regret that I have long ago given up hope of your ever winning distinction in the Form-room."

"Thanks very much for your good advice, sir," said Bunter, though his thanks did not appear to be very sincere.

"I hope, Bunter, that you will turn it to good account," said Mr. Quelch. "That is all. You may go."

And Billy Bunter rolled out of the Form-room, with a thoughtful expression on his far from beautiful countenance.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### False Pretences!

"I SAY, Wharton, old chap—"  
The captain of the Remove, who was rather particular who addressed him as "old chap," was at tea in Study No. 1, with the other members of the Famous Five, when Billy Bunter hailed him from the doorway.

"Buzz off, porpoise!" growled Johnny Bull. "Seat!" said Nugent.

And Hurree Singh's dusky hand closed over a cushion.

"Oh, really, you fellows—"  
"No grub here!" said Bob Cherry. "Nothing but a prehistoric sardine, that was speared in the time of the Ancient Britons."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"I didn't come here in the hope of getting any grub, Cherry," said Billy Bunter. "I'm not like you—always thinking about my inner man!"

"You—you cheeky, fat toad—"  
"I came along to speak to my pal Harry," said the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter's pal Harry did not look best pleased.

"I'm Wharton to you!" he said sharply.

"Oh, all right. Don't get your wool off," Wharton frowned.

"Say what you've got to say, and get out!"

"I've brought you a message from Quelch to tell—"

"Eh?"

"I've just been having a chummy conversation with him, you know, on the subject of cricket."

"My hat!"

"Quelch thinks I'm a tophole cricketer," explained Bunter. "He says I'm a budding Jack Hobbs. 'The way you treat the bowling, Bunter,' he said, 'is enough to—'"

"Make a cat laugh?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! It was enough to evoke a storm of applause, Quelch said."

"You fat fibber!" growled Johnny Bull in disgust.

"Quelch asked me why I didn't turn out for the Remove, and I told him I was a bit too good for that class of cricketers."

"Never mind, my boy," he said, "it will be a bit of practice for you. And I should like to see you make a century against St. Jim's on Wednesday."

The Famous Five simply gasped.

There seemed to be no limit to Billy Bunter's fabrications. Once he turned on the tap, so to speak, Ananias and Baron Munchausen were hopelessly outclassed.

"If you go on at this rate, Bunter," said Frank Nugent, "you'll finish up at Dartmoor!"

"Pickfully unwinding the esteemed and

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 73.

ludicrous oakum!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at the quintette through his big spectacles.

"You—you don't believe me?" he demanded.

"No!" roared the Famous Five, in unison.

"You think I'm telling whoppers?"

"We don't think—we know!" said Harry Wharton.

Billy Bunter wagged an admonishing forefinger at the captain of the Remove.

"Quelch says you've got to give me a place in the team on Wednesday!" he exclaimed. "And if you don't carry out his commands there will be ructions."

"Rats!"

"Even if you were a hot-stuff cricketer—and you're anything but that—you wouldn't be able to turn out for the Remove on Wednesday," said Johnny Bull. "It's a half-holiday, and you've been ordered to spend it in the Form-room."

"Quelch's cancelled that order—"

"I don't believe you!"

"Look here—"

"Door or window, porpoise?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Beast! I—"

Whiz!

The cushion which Hurree Singh had been nursing throughout the conversation now flew from his hand. It smote Billy Bunter in the middle regions, and bowled him over like a ninepin.

And then, before the fat junior could scramble to his feet, five boots "toed" him through the open doorway.

Billy Bunter's exit was even more sudden than his entry had been. And it was far more painful!

Crash!

The door of Study No. 1 slammed in the fat junior's face, and the Famous Five returned to their tea, and to the task of compiling the eleven which was to do duty against Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's.

"How many names have you got down, Harry?" inquired Nugent.

"Ten. It's the eleventh man that puzzles me. There are so many promising players that I don't know which to choose."

"Who are the ten you've got already?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Dennis Carr, Smithy, Mark Linley, Toddy, Dick Penfold, and ourselves."

"I suggest Squiff for the eleventh place," said Bob.

"And I suggest Tom Brown!" said Nugent.

"Tom Redwing!" urged Johnny Bull.

"The esteemed Bulstrode!" said Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton looked thoughtful.

"Dick Russell's good enough for a place, and so is Dick Rake," he said. "Dashed if I know which to select. We seem to be swamped out with talent!"

It was indeed a poser. All the juniors mentioned had played on occasion for the Remove Eleven, and each had claims which could not lightly be swept aside.

"I say, Harry," said Nugent, "do you think there was a grain of truth in what Bunter said just now?"

"About the message from Quelch, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Of course not! It was one of Bunter's fairy tales!"

"But I can't help thinking that there might be something in it. Quelch was jawing to Bunter right enough. He beckoned him aside after lessons."

"That's so," said Johnny Bull. "Quelch doesn't understand much about cricket, and he might have got the idea into his noddle that Bunter's a good player."

"Better go and ask Quelch, to be on the safe side," suggested Bob Cherry.

Wharton nodded. Laying the list of players still incomplete, he went along to the Form-master's study.

"Well, Wharton?" said Mr. Quelch, as the captain of the Remove entered.

"I understand from Bunter, sir, that you wish me to give him a place in the eleven on Wednesday?"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Mr. Quelch.

"You didn't say he was to play, sir?"

"Indeed, I did not! Bunter has grossly misrepresented the facts. I certainly urged him to practise constantly, with a view to obtaining a place in the Remove Eleven at some distant date. But I said nothing to the effect that he was to play on Wednesday. You are the captain of the Form Eleven, Wharton, and it is not my place to dictate to you whom you shall include in the side."

"Thank you, sir!" said Wharton. "I just wanted to make certain."

And the captain of the Remove returned to Study No. 1.

"Well?" said Bob Cherry.

"Bunter was romancing."

"Thought as much!"

"What about the eleventh man?" asked Nugent. "Have you decided on him yet?"

"No. Let's go out and watch the practice. Then we might be able to make a selection."

The Famous Five adjourned to the playing-fields.

A number of juniors were practising at the nets.

Dick Rake was batting, and he was in great form. He punished the bowling without mercy, and his hits were timed to perfection.

"They can't shift that beggar for toffee!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"Inky's bowling will do the trick," said Johnny Bull. "Send him down a few, Inky!"

Hurree Singh took off his coat, and joined the players. He was a deadly bowler, with a habit of spinning himself round like a Catherine-wheel before making his delivery. For five minutes he bombarded Dick Rake, sending down every sort of ball he knew. But Rake's defence was perfect. On present form he was equal to such stalwarts as Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

"Time somebody else had a knock," remarked Dick Rake, at length.

And he handed the bat to Squiff.

The Australian junior shaped well, but was soon disposed of. And the batsmen who followed on—Tom Redwing, Dick Russell, Bulstrode, and Tom Brown—gave very little trouble.

"Rake's the man!" said Bob Cherry.

Wharton nodded.

"After a display like that," he said, "it would be an act of lunacy to leave him out of the eleven."

And so Dick Rake's name went down on the list.

On their way back to the building, the Famous Five encountered Billy Bunter.

"You fat spoofer!" exclaimed Wharton. "Quelch didn't say you were to play on Wednesday!"

"He did!"

"But I've just asked him!"

"Oh crumbs! Then all I can say is that he's got a jolly short memory!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Am I playing, Wharton, or not?"

"Not!" said the captain of the Remove promptly.

A glimmer came into Billy Bunter's eyes.

"I warn you," he said, "that if I'm left out of the team there will be trouble!"

"Bow-wow!"

"So you can jolly well look out for squalls!"

"B-r-r-r!"

The Famous Five paid little heed to Billy Bunter's threat at the time it was uttered. They did not realise that the fat junior was in earnest, that he was still saturated with Bolshevistic ideas, and that he meant to avenge his exclusion from the Remove Eleven.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Deeds of Darkness!

THE match with St. Jim's, Billy Bunter stole out into the Close.

Like Moses of old, he looked this way and that way, and there was no man.

"Good!" muttered the fat junior. "The coast is clear!"

And he rolled away in the direction of the woodshed.

The place was in darkness. And as he groped his way through the doorway, Billy Bunter tripped over a pile of whitewash.

The fat junior pitched forward on his face, and the whitewash splashed in a snowy avalanche over his trousers.

"Oh, help!" gasped Bunter, scrambling to his feet. "My bags are ruined!"

But that, after all, was a minor detail.

Billy Bunter had resolved that something else should be ruined; hence his visit to the woodshed at that hour.

Striking a match, the Owl of the Remove peered around him, and discovered what he sought—a spade and a lantern. He stooped to collect them, and then, emulating Arabs in a poem, he silently stole away.

The spade and lantern were conveyed into the school building and smuggled into the Remove dormitory. Billy Bunter stowed them beneath the mattress on his bed.

Shortly afterwards Bunter's Form-fellows came up to bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob



Bunter arrived at the playing-pitch, put down his lantern, and commenced to dig. Ugly holes began to appear in the surface of the pitch—holes which rapidly became larger and deeper. (See page 6.)

Cherry. "Turning in early to-night, porpoise?"  
Bunter made no reply. He started to undress.

"Looks as if there's somebody in your bed, Bunter!" said Dennis Carr. "It's got a sort of bulging appearance."

"Ahem! I—I arranged with the matron to send me up a hot-water bottle—"

"A hot-water bottle—in June!" gasped Dennis. "That's the latest!"

"I'm not well," explained Bunter. "I've got a chill on the knees!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to cackle at, you fellows! The matron said that if I didn't turn in early I should develop a temperament."

"A—a what?"

"Bunter means a temperature," explained Bob Cherry, with a grin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I hope your knees will be better in the morning, Bunty," said Peter Todd. "I've noticed for a long time that you've been weak at the knees!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter vouchsafed no further remarks. He continued to undress rapidly, and he was in bed before his schoolfellows had thought about it.

The fat junior's feet were resting, not against a hot-water bottle, but against a spade and lantern.

Fortunately for Bunter, nobody questioned his statement concerning the hot-water bottle.

Had investigations been carried out, the result would have been decidedly painful for the Owl of the Remove.

In due course Wingate of the Sixth came into the dormitory to see lights out.

The captain of Greyfriars detected nothing unusual.

"Good-night, kids!" he said.

"Good-night, Wingate!"

The usual buzz of conversation followed Wingate's departure. But the voices of the juniors soon became drowsy, and in twenty minutes all was silent, save for the guttural snore of Bolsover major.

Billy Bunter was usually the first fellow in the dormitory to go to sleep, and the last to wake.

On this particular night, however, the fat junior showed no sign of slumber. He propped himself up on the pillows, and resolutely remained awake. His brain—such as it was—was far too active to permit of sleep.

Boom!

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

Billy Bunter slipped cautiously out of bed. "You fellows awake?" he murmured.

There was no response.

The Owl of the Remove dressed quietly in the darkness. Then, arming himself with the spade and the lantern, he quitted the dormitory on tiptoe.

Billy Bunter was too stupid to realise the enormity of the offence he was about to commit; nor did he pause to weigh the consequences.

One thought was uppermost in his mind.

Harry Wharton had refused to give him a place in the eleven; and Billy Bunter, therefore, determined to make Wharton—and Wharton's friends—sit up.

Out on the landing, the fat junior lighted the lantern. He felt glad he had the lantern with him. The staircase seemed very dark and uninviting; and the lantern afforded a sense of security.

Carrying the spade in one hand, and the lantern in the other, Billy Bunter made his way down the stairs and along the passage to

the box-room. Resting the lantern on the floor, he opened the window.

It was very dark outside, and the rustling of the elm-branches in the Close sounded eerie and uncanny.

Bunter's nerve almost failed him. But he realised that he would not get another chance to carry out his mission. He pulled himself together, and decided to go through with it.

The Owl of the Remove picked up the lantern, and proceeded to clamber through the box-room window.

It was only a short drop on to the flagstones of the Close. Bunter descended rather clumsily, and the spade fell with a clatter to the ground.

The fat junior glanced round fearfully, apprehensive lest he had been seen or heard.

But no one was stirring. The last lights had been extinguished, and even such studious-minded folk as the Head and Mr. Quelch had retired for the night.

"Now for it!" muttered Bunter.

And, picking up the spade, he rolled away in the direction of the playing-fields.

The pitch on which the Greyfriars Remove were to play their match with St. Jim's had been beautifully rolled; and all was in readiness for the encounter on the morrow.

It was Bunter's intention to mutilate that nicely-mown pitch—to dig trenches thereon, and to render it totally unsuitable for cricket.

Had the Owl of the Remove stopped to give the matter serious thought, he would have abandoned his base and underhand scheme.

But Bunter was not given to serious thought on any subject. Wharton had omitted him from the cricket eleven, and Wharton should suffer. That was the way he looked at it.

Having arrived at the playing-pitch, Billy Bunter commenced to dig by the light of the lantern.

The fat junior loathed exertion, in any shape or form. Manual labour was an abomination to him. But on this occasion he wielded the spade with zest and vigour. Lumps of turf were scattered in all directions. Ugly holes began to appear in the surface of the pitch—holes which rapidly became larger and deeper.

At the end of half an hour Billy Bunter paused, and surveyed his handiwork.

The perspiration was coursing down his flabby cheeks. But he was not finished yet. He intended to do the job thoroughly.

Not until midnight had sounded did the fat junior desist from his labours. He chuckled as he took a final survey of the playing-pitch, which was in a deplorable state.

"I should like to see Wharton's face when he spots the damage!" murmured Bunter. "It will be worth a guinea a box! He, he, he!"

As he moved away from the scene of his activities, the Owl of the Remove caught his foot in a hole, and went sprawling. His spectacles were broken, and every bone in his body was shaken. It was, in a way, poetic justice that he should have stumbled in a hole which he had dug himself.

"Ow-ow-ow!" moaned Bunter. "I—I believe I've fractured my spinal column!"

But he had obviously done nothing of the sort, for he found that he could walk all right.

Having returned the spade and lantern to the wood-shed, Billy Bunter groped his way back to the Remove dormitory.

A voice—the voice of Harry Wharton—hailed him as he tiptoed towards his bed: "Who's that?"

"Me!" said Bunter.

"Who's 'me'?"

"Er—Bob Cherry!"

"Why, you fat spoofer, you're Bunter! What are you doing out of bed?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Have you broken bounds, you fat rascal?"

"I've broken nothing—except my glasses!" was the doleful reply.

Wharton sat up in bed, and peered through the gloom at the Owl of the Remove.

"Where have you been, Bunter?" he demanded.

"Find out!"

"I mean to!" said Wharton grimly. "Too much fog to deal with you to-night, but I'll drag an explanation from you in the morning!"

"There's nothing to explain—"

"Oh, yes, there is! You've broken out of the dorm at night, and I mean to discover why!"

Harry Wharton was destined to make the discovery sooner than he anticipated!

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Called Over the Coals!

**T**UMBLE out, Harry!"

Bob Cherry aroused the captain of the Remove by the simple but effective method of tweaking his nose as he lay there.

"Yaroooh!" roared Wharton, starting up in bed like a Jack-in-the-box. "Bob, you imbecile! What are you waking me up in the middle of the night for?"

"It isn't the middle of the night. It's five o'clock!"

"Same thing!"

"Tumble out!" repeated Bob.

"What on earth for?"

"Cricket-practice, of course!"

"You—you—"

Harry Wharton was a keen cricketer, but his keenness did not make him relish the prospect of turning out at that early hour. Nevertheless, he had no alternative but to get up. Bob Cherry would continue to tweak his nose until he did. Bob was nothing if not persistent. And he believed in keeping his chums up to the mark.

Wharton turned out, with a grunt. He called Bob Cherry a variety of names, but that youth merely grinned, and proceeded to rouse the others.

Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh, Frank Nugent and Dennis Carr, Vernon-Smith and Mark Linley, were roused in turn. They abused Bob Cherry with great vigour and heartiness; but Bob didn't seem to mind.

"Early rising," he said, "is the secret of success in cricket. Frank Courtenay, of Highcliffe, was telling me that they won their last match by getting up at midnight, and practising by moonlight."

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 73.

"Blow Courtenay—and blow his moonlight stunts!" growled Vernon-Smith.

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull. "We shall be feeling fagged out by this afternoon, and St. Jim's will knock spots off us!"

"You always were a cheerful sort of cove, Johnny," said Bob Cherry. "Going to be an undertaker when you grow up?"

"Br-r-r!"

The cricketers donned their flannels, and went down into the early-morning sunshine.

"A couple of hours at the nets," said Bob Cherry, "and we shall be in form for brekker, and for licking St. Jim's into the bargain!"

When the party of juniors came in sight of the cricket-ground they halted in alarm and astonishment.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What's wrong with the pitch?"

"Looks as if there's been a stampede of buffaloes in the night!" exclaimed Dennis Carr.

"The pitch is absolutely ruined!" gasped Nugent. "Some priceless maniac—some wooden-headed candidate for Colney Hatch—has been digging it up!"

"Great Scott!"

The party of juniors moved on again, and as they drew near to the playing-pitch they gave vent to exclamations of amazement and consternation.

"This is the absolute limit!" declared Mark Linley.

"The extreme outside edge!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Somebody's been trying his hand at trench-digging!" said Dennis Carr. "No cricket for us to-day, my sons! If we were playing at soldiers this pitch would be top-hole; but it's no use for cricket!"

Harry Wharton's brow grew dark.

"I think I know who is responsible for this!" he said.

There was a chorus of inquiry at once.

"Who is it, Harry?"

"Name the cad!"

"We'll simply pulverise him!"

Wharton savagely kicked a lump of turf.

"This is Bunter's doing!" he exclaimed.

"What!"

"I happened to wake up in the night, and I saw Bunter come into the dorm. He refused to tell me where he'd been. Now I know!"

"We'll go and see what the fat worm has to say for himself," said Johnny Bull.

And the juniors, with a final glance at the appalling devastation, went back into the building.

"You'll have to wire to Tom Merry, and tell him the match is off, Wharton," said Dennis Carr.

"No need to do that," said Frank Nugent. "We can arrange to play the fixture on Highcliffe's ground."

"Good wheeze!"

"But it's a thundering shame about our own pitch!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Yes, rather!"

"Fancy Bunter having the nerve to do such a thing!" gasped Bob Cherry. "It beats me altogether."

"The fat idiot seems to have gone completely off his rocker lately!" said Wharton. "I suppose he was rattled because I wouldn't give him a place in the team, and this is his idea of revenge."

"You remember Bunter's hot-water bottle, you fellows?" said Dennis Carr excitedly.

"What about it?" said Vernon-Smith.

"It wasn't a hot-water bottle at all!"

"Eh?"

"It must have been a spade."

"My hat!"

"Bunter must have smuggled it into the dorm before bed-time."

"The rotter!"

"We'll give him beans for this!"

"We'll flay him alive!"

"We'll put him through the hoopfulness!"

There was fury in the faces of the juniors as they ascended the stairs to the Remove dormitory.

The match with St. Jim's would not be abandoned. It could take place on the Highcliffe ground. But that fact did not lessen the wrath of the Remove cricketers. They were determined to teach Billy Bunter a sharp lesson.

The Owl of the Remove was fast asleep. A beatific smile hovered on his features, but it didn't remain there long.

Bob Cherry seized the fat junior by the shoulders and shook him violently.

"Beast! Gerraway!" mumbled Bunter.

"Tain't rising-bell yet!"

The bedclothes were thrown back, and Bunter was hauled out on to the floor. He

looked a ridiculous figure, with his gaudily-striped suit of pyjamas and his tousled hair.

"Who—what—" he gasped, blinking at the stern-faced juniors.

"You fat cad!" exclaimed Harry Wharton angrily. "I know now why you went out in the middle of the night. You've mutilated our playing-pitch!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I don't know what you're talking about. I admit going out during the night, but—"

"What did you go out for?" demanded Dennis Carr.

"Ahem! To—to see what sort of a night it was!"

At any other time the juniors might have laughed at such an ingenuous remark. But they did not laugh now. The feelings they entertained towards William George Bunter were almost homicidal.

"It's no use attempting to deny that you mucked up the pitch," said Harry Wharton. "Your boots are the chief witnesses against you. Just look at them; they're simply plastered with mud."

"I—I happened to fall in a ditch—"

"That's enough!" said Wharton sternly. "We're not prepared to listen to any more of your rotten lies. You might rouse all the fellows, Bob."

"Certainly!" said Bob Cherry.

And he made a round of the beds, and aroused the slumbering occupants.

"Faith, an' what's the matter?" inquired Micky Desmond drowsily. "Is the school on fire?"

"Turn out, everybody!"

Harry Wharton's voice rang through the dormitory.

And then, as the Removites stepped wonderingly from their beds, Wharton explained what had happened.

A loud murmur of indignation arose—a murmur which developed into a perfect howl.

Billy Bunter's midnight outrage met with the strongest disapproval.

"The awful cad!"

"Fancy mucking up our pitch!"

"What are you going to do about it, Wharton?"

The captain of the Remove addressed the excited, clamorous throng.

"This is really too serious a matter for us to handle, you fellows," he said. "Bunter ought to be reported to the Head; but if we do that he'll be sacked instanter!"

"And serve him jolly well right!" growled Bolsover major.

"Hear, hear!"

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!"

"Bunter has put himself quite outside the pale by doing this," said Wharton. "All the same, I don't like to see any fellow sacked from the school. I think, therefore, we will take the law into our own hands, and punish the fat villain!"

There were mingled cries of "Hear, hear!" and "No, no!"

"Put it to the vote, Harry!" said Frank Nugent.

"Right!" said Wharton. "Those in favour of Bunter being reported to the Head show their hands!"

Quite a forest of hands went up, and Billy Bunter's countenance assumed a sickly pallor.

"That's twenty!" said Wharton, completing the count. "Now, who's in favour of Bunter being dealt with here and now—by ourselves?"

There was a further show of hands, and Billy Bunter's fate hung in the balance.

"Nineteen!" said the captain of the Remove.

But even as Wharton spoke two more hands went up, turning the tide in favour of Bunter being punished by the Form.

A discussion then ensued as to what form the punishment should take, and by a large majority it was decided that the fat junior should be made to run the gauntlet.

"Line up, you fellows!" commanded Wharton.

Billy Bunter backed away in alarm as he saw his Form-fellows knotting their towels, and making other preparations of a warlike nature.

"I—I say, you fellows, I feel quite ill—"

"You'll feel a jolly sight worse by the time we've finished with you!" said Bob Cherry grimly.

"I—I assure you I didn't do any damage to the cricket-pitch! It must have been rats—"

"Rats!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As the fellows began to line up along the gangway between the two rows of beds Billy

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

From Bad to Worse!

**B**REAKFAST over, Billy Bunter duly reported himself to Wingate of the Sixth.

Wingate took the fat junior before Mr. Quelch, who brought him, in turn, before the Head.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Dr. Locke, as master and junior entered his study. "Has this wretched boy been transgressing again, Quelch?"

"Yes, sir. In spite of repeated warnings—in spite of the fact that I went out of my way to give him good advice—he has again given his Bolshevistic tendencies free play. It appears that he got up in the middle of the night, and mutilated the junior playing-pitch to such an extent as to render it useless. It was a dastardly action, the more so because Bunter has repeatedly denied it."

The Head compressed his lips. The look which he bestowed upon the Owl of the Remove made that junior wish that the floor would open and swallow him up.

"Have you anything to say, Bunter?"

Dr. Locke's tone was frigid in the extreme. "Nothing, sir—except that it wasn't me, sir!"

"There is ample evidence to the contrary, sir," interposed Mr. Quelch. "Bunter's guilt is established beyond dispute."

"Very well," said the Head grimly.

"Yesterday, Bunter, when I had occasion to flog you for previous misdemeanours, I warned you that if there was a recurrence of such conduct I should expel you from Greyfriars. I have been very patient with you—I have given you every opportunity to make amends—but you have made no effort to pull yourself together and rectify the numerous defects in your behaviour. I am therefore compelled—I confess, with reluctance—to keep my word, and send you home to your parents."

Billy Bunter's antics on hearing this stern sentence pronounced were extraordinary. He grovelled on the Head's carpet, and burst into a torrent of pleadings.

"Let me off, sir! I won't do it again, sir—honest Injun! I only did it this time for a joke, sir! Don't sack me, sir! I—I can't face my pater! He's an awful old tyrant—something like you, sir, only more so—and he'll give me a terrible lamming if I'm sent home in disgrace! Spare me, sir! Give me one more chance, and I'll redeem the past in about two ticks, sir!"

The fat junior was so agitated that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

"Get up, wretched boy!" rumbled the Head. "It is too late to talk of redeeming the past. You have, as I say, been given every opportunity to reform your character, and you have made no effort to do so. Your long sequence of misdemeanours will terminate here and now! I will spare you the ignominy of a public expulsion, and will wire to your father, requesting him to call at the school at the earliest possible moment in order to take you home."

Billy Bunter turned appealingly to Mr. Quelch.

"Say a good word for me, sir!" he pleaded. "Try and persuade the Head to think better of it! You know I've always been one of your favourite pupils—"

"I regret to say, Bunter, that you are the most refractory pupil it has ever been my misfortune to preside over—I will not say control, because latterly you have been absolutely out of control! I am in complete agreement with Dr. Locke's decision. The marvel is that you have escaped expulsion so long!"

Billy Bunter burst into tears. They were of the crocodile variety—turned on order.

The fat junior hoped that his sobs would cause the Head to relent. But Dr. Locke was adamant.

The flat had gone forth, and the Head's decree was as inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

"You will go to the detention-room, Bunter, and remain there until your father arrives to take you away!"

Realising that his tears made no impression on the Head, Billy Bunter suddenly changed his tactics. He tried the foolish and dangerous policy of "cheeking" the Head, in the hope that the latter would be intimidated thereby.

"I don't care tuppence for you and your decisions!" he said shrilly. "Matter of fact, I shall be only too glad to get out of this beastly place!"

"Boy!"

"But, mind you, I'm not going to take it

lying down!" Bunter went on. "I shall write to the 'Chimes' about it! I'm innocent! I only mucked up the cricket pitch for a lark—I mean, I didn't muck it up at all! And if you sack me, there will be the very dickens to pay!"

"How dare you address me in that grossly disrespectful manner!" thundered the Head. "I can only conclude that you have taken leave of your senses!"

"I'm every bit as sane as you are—" began Bunter.

But he got no farther.

The Head made a sign to Mr. Quelch, who grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and marched him out of the study.

"Leggo!" hooted Bunter. "I won't be dragged about like this! I protest—"

But the fat junior's protestations went unheeded.

Mr. Quelch did not relax his grip until the detention-room was reached.

The Remove-master pushed the condemned junior none too gently into the desolate apartment, and then, without a word, he went out, shutting and locking the door behind him.

Billy Bunter blinked around him like a fat rat in a trap. This particular trap—the punishment-room—was quite familiar to him by this time. Often, in the past, he had been a prisoner in the cheerless, depressing place. But this would be his last sojourn there.

It was an appalling thought.

For the first time Billy Bunter realised what expulsion would mean to him. He had always pretended that he was unhappy at Greyfriars. He had been prominent among the grouse and grumblers. But in reality he had been anything but unhappy. He had made no friends—only a lunatic would have chummed up with Bunter—but there had been times when he had enjoyed himself to the full. Free feeds, and delightful excursions which he had attended without invitation—these things had brightened Bunter's life in the past.

But they would brighten it no longer!

Soon—in a few hours, perhaps—his father would arrive, to take him away from Greyfriars.

And what then?

The future presented an appalling prospect. Billy Bunter had visions of a horse-whipping when he got home—of being sent to work in his father's office—of being compelled to live, not on the fat of the land, but on a very sparse diet—for the Bunter household was economical to the verge of meanness.

Amid all these reflections, Billy Bunter did not pause to consider that he had only himself to blame for what had happened. He had travelled by crooked ways—he was a liar and a sneak, a tale-bearer, and a rank outsider. But he hadn't the gift of seeing himself as others saw him. He imagined, in his blindness, that he was being harshly dealt with. He told himself that he had done nothing to merit expulsion. And his little round eyes glittered with anger and hate.

"They're all tyrants," he muttered, "every blessed one of them! And the Head's the biggest tyrant of the whole bunch! My hat, I—I'll make them sit up for this!"

Exactly how he was going to make the headmaster of Greyfriars sit up was not quite clear to Bunter. But at the end of an hour's captivity, during which time he had been nursing his imaginary grievances, an idea occurred to him.

He would wreck the Head's study!

Yes; that would be a sure method of making the Head sit up. It would, moreover, be a fitting climax to Billy Bunter's school career.

"I'll smash everything to smithereens!" declared the fat junior, in his foolish frenzy.

And then a big difficulty presented itself.

How was he to get to the Head's study, when the door of the punishment-room was locked on the outside?

Bunter had no implement which he could use for the purpose of forcing open the door, and he could not drop from the window into the Close without risk of breaking his neck.

"Alraid it's no go—not at present, anyway!" murmured the Owl of the Remove.

But an opportunity presented itself a couple of hours later.

The key grated in the lock, and the door of the punishment-room was thrown open, admitting Gosling, the porter.

Gosling carried a tray, on which was a plate of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and a dish of vegetables.

"Which I've 'ad horders to bring your dinner along, you young raskil!" said Gosling.

"Wot I says is this 'ere—you deserves to 'ave nothink but bread-an'-water!"

Bunter made a wild dash towards the door. But there was no escape for the transgressor.

Dennis Carr was standing with his back to the door, and it would have been easier for the Owl of the Remove to pass through the eye of a needle than to dislodge Dennis.

"Back you go, you beauty!"

"Oh, really, Carr! Let me pass, there's a good chap. I want to go round to the sanny."

"You'll go to the sanny afterwards—on an ambulance!" promised Dennis.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The avengers were all lined up by this time.

Harry Wharton beckoned to the Owl of the Remove.

"Run!" he commanded tersely.

"Ow! I kik-kik-can't!"

"Then I shall have to make you!"

So saying, Wharton gave the fat junior a shove which sent him reeling.

Whack, whack, whack!

Pillows and bolsters and knotted towels descended upon Billy Bunter as he stumbled forward.

Most of the fellows were intent upon getting in more than one blow, and a good many of them succeeded.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yarooohoo! Stoppit! Chuckit! Help! Fire! Murder!"

Billy Bunter's agonising yells might have been heard all over Greyfriars. They were certainly heard by Wingate of the Sixth, who lost no time in slipping on his clothes and getting to the Remove dormitory.

But Wingate was not in time to save Bunter.

The fat junior had reached the end of the lines when the captain of Greyfriars arrived on the scene.

"What does this mean?" demanded Wingate.

"Yow-ow-ow! I—I'm dying!" screamed Bunter.

"Well, I wish you'd make a little less noise about it!"

"These bullying beasts have lammed me till I'm black and blue!" wailed Bunter.

"And I believe several bones are broken!"

Wingate turned to Harry Wharton.

"What's it all about?" he inquired.

Wharton hesitated, reluctant to give Bunter away. But Bolsover major had no such scruples.

"That fat worm broke out in the middle of the night, and dug trenches all over our cricket pitch!" said Bolsover.

Wingate looked very grave.

"Is Bolsover's statement correct, Wharton?" he inquired.

"Yes, Wingate."

"In that case, you deserve to be fired out of Greyfriars, you young rascal!" said the Sixth-Former, glaring at the squirming Bunter.

"I—I didn't muck up the pitch, Wingate!" quavered the fat junior. "There must have been an earthquake, or something, during the night!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is no laughing matter, you kids!" said Wingate. "You will report to me after breakfast, Bunter."

"Oh crumbs! Dud-dud-don't you think I've been punished enough, Wingate?"

"No, I don't!" was the frank reply. "I intend to report you to Mr. Quelch, who will probably take you before the Head. The school will be well rid of such a low-down specimen as you!"

"But—but I haven't done anything!" protested Bunter wildly. "I haven't been within a mile of the beastly cricket pitch!"

Wingate did not seem to hear that remark. He turned on his heel, and strode out of the dormitory.

"Afraid it's the sack for you this time, my pippin!" said Peter Todd, turning to Bunter.

"Well, I'm not sorry. When you've gone, we shall have more elbow-room in Study No. 7."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" growled Billy Bunter. "They can't sack me for nothing!"

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Bob Cherry. "He's still denying that he damaged the cricket pitch!"

"His denial will cut no ice with the Head," said Harry Wharton.

And that was the general opinion.

Dr. Locke was not likely to take a lenient view of Billy Bunter's outrageous conduct, and the shadow of expulsion seemed already to hang over the head of the misguided Owl of the Remove.

Bunter's eyes glistened at the sight of the food. He was ravenously hungry, as usual.

"This is a jolly small helping!" he grumbled. "I suppose I can have a few more?"

"Not another morsel!" said Gosling firmly. "Oh, really, Gossy! What about some pudding?"

"The likes o' you, Master Bunter, don't deserve no puddin', an', wot's more, you ain't going to get none!"

"Look here—"

"Which it's a good thing for Greyfriars that you've bin given marchin' orders!" said Gosling. "I only 'opes as 'ow your father will give you a good beltin' when you gets 'ome!"

And having delivered himself of his good wishes, the porter shuffled out of the punishment-room.

But he omitted to lock the door after him. As soon as Gosling had gone, Billy Bunter bolted his dinner at record speed. Then he slipped out of his place of captivity, and made his way in the direction of the Head's study.

The corridors were deserted. Everybody was at dinner in Hall. Bunter surmised that the Head's study would be deserted also.

The fat junior did not encounter a soul on the way to his destination.

When he reached the Head's study he cautiously opened the door a couple of inches, and peeped within.

The apartment was empty.

"This is where I commence operations!" murmured Bunter.

And he walked boldly into the study and gazed around him.

There were so many things he wanted to wreck and destroy that he scarcely knew where to begin.

Although he was not insane, Billy Bunter was certainly nearer to madness than he had ever been. Had he stopped to reflect—to count the cost and weigh the consequences of his rash escapade—he would have retired from the Head's study there and then.

But the fat junior's mind was still inflamed by the Bolshevistic doctrines he had devoured. He was fired by one wild impulse—to wreck and annihilate, to batter and destroy.

"The Head's had his innings," he reflected, "and now I'll have mine!"

On Dr. Locke's mantelpiece was a clock—a massive clock, which was one of the Head's most treasured possessions.

For a full minute Billy Bunter hesitated. And then he commenced his work of destruction.

Taking the clock in both hands, he swung it above his head, and hurled it full-tilt against the glass panel of the bookcase!

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Last Outburst.

**B**ANG!

Crash!  
There was a loud report in the Head's study.

The clock crashed into the panel of the bookcase, and a shower of splintered glass scattered on to the carpet.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in amazement. "What's going on?"

The members of the Remove Eleven, having finished their dinner, had just emerged into the Close. They were about to start off for the station to meet the St. Jim's players and escort them to Highcliffe for the match, when the sound of the commotion greeted their ears.

"Where on earth did that crash come from?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"From the Head's study," said Dennis Carr, with a chuckle. "And I think I know what it was."

"What?" cried the others in chorus.

"The Head's been trying to ring somebody up on the telephone, and the operator has given him the wrong number, so he's got into a paddy and shied the telephone at the bookcase. If that's not the correct theory, I'm a Dutchman!"

"But the Head's at dinner!" protested Mark Linley.

"Then there's somebody letting off steam in his study. Listen!"

A further series of crashes came to the juniors' ears.

"Come on!" muttered Wharton. "Let's see what it's all about!"

And the members of the Remove Eleven hurried along to the Head's study.

Bob Cherry got there first. He threw open

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 73.

the door, and stopped short with an exclamation of amazement.

"Bunter!"

The Head's study had been wrecked—not thoroughly and completely, but quite enough to make the damage visible to the naked eye.

And in the midst of the wreckage, with the perspiration streaming down his fat face, stood Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows," said the fat junior, "don't interrupt. I'm busy!"

Bob Cherry stood tongue-tied. And the rest of the cricketers, who crowded behind Bob in the doorway, were too thunderstruck to say anything—just then, at any rate.

The study was in an appalling state. Chunks of broken glass littered the carpet; the Head's private papers were scattered in wild confusion; the mantelpiece had been swept clear, and a number of ornaments lay broken in the fireplace, and a poker was clamped in Billy Bunter's right hand.

Harry Wharton was the first of the on-lookers to find his voice.

"There's no further doubt about it, you chaps," he said. "Bunter's potty!"

"Clean off his rocker!"

"Collar him before he does any more damage!" exclaimed Dennis Carr.

The juniors made a combined rush at Billy Bunter, and the fat junior went sprawling. The poker was wrenched from his grasp, and half a dozen sturdy cricketers pinned him to the floor.

The victim made no protest, for the simple reason that he had no breath. Bob Cherry was sprawling across his chest, and Johnny Bull was on top of Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter went purple in the face, and he would have stood a very good chance of being suffocated had not the Head arrived on the scene at that moment.

Dr. Locke gazed around him with horror-stricken eyes. Never before had his sacred apartment been invaded and violated in this way.

For a few seconds the Head was speechless. And when he did manage to find his voice, it seemed as if a thunderstorm was in progress.

"Wharton! Cherry! Carr! Bull! Nugent! How dare you! How dare you, I repeat! You shall pay dearly for this! You have converted my study into a bear-garden! You are brawling under my very nose! Get up! Get up at once!"

Harry Wharton & Co. rose to their feet, and for the first time the Head caught sight of Billy Bunter. The fat junior had been completely obliterated from view before.

"Boy! Bunter!" rumbled the Head. "Why have you vacated the punishment-room?"

Bunter made no reply. He was busily engaged in pumping in breath.

"He's mad, sir," explained Peter Todd. "Stark, staring mad! We found him here with a poker in his hand, smashing up your furniture!"

"And we collared him before he could do any more damage, sir!" chimed in Vernon Smith.

The Head looked utterly flabbergasted. "Bunter!" he exclaimed.

"Yessir?" said the fat junior, finding his voice at last, and scrambling to his feet.

"Am I to understand, Bunter, that you broke out of the punishment-room and came here with the express object of committing these acts of violence?"

Billy Bunter gave a defiant snort.

"Yes, I did, sir!" he exclaimed. "You've been unjust to me—you've sacked me from the school without cause—so I thought I'd get a bit of my own back before I went!"

The Head fairly gasped.

"You have done colossal damage—"

"Not so much as I should like to have done!"

"What!"

"If these interfering beasts hadn't come along I should have smashed up the happy home absolutely!"

Harry Wharton & Co. could scarcely believe their ears. Had anybody told them that Billy Bunter would have had the nerve to "check" the Head to his face in this way they would have flatly refused to believe it. They were quite convinced now that the fat junior was mentally deranged.

But the Head did not share their opinion. He knew that this was not madness, but spite. Bunter was under sentence of expulsion, and he therefore thought that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. That was why he had committed this appalling outrage, in the comfortable belief that his punishment could not be increased. But Bunter's belief was rudely shattered by the Head's next words.

"I had intended to expel you privately,

Bunter, to spare you the ignominy of a public expulsion. But this act of barbarity has caused me to reconsider my decision. You shall be publicly flogged and expelled!"

Billy Bunter's jaw dropped. He had not expected this. The possibility of a public flogging had not even occurred to him. He began to tremble and quake, and his attitude of defiance changed to one of contrition.

"I'm—I'm awfully sorry, sir! I—I didn't mean to do all this damage! As I told you before, I'm subject to fits. And for that very reason it wouldn't be safe to flog me, sir. I—I should go into convulsions, and—"

The Head raised his hand.

"Enough!" he said sternly. "Wharton! Cherry! Nugent! Take this wretched boy back to the punishment-room, and see that it is impossible for him to escape!"

The juniors addressed promptly obeyed. They marched the covering Bunter out of the Head's study and along the corridor, and the rest of the cricketers brought up the rear.

Billy Bunter struggled and protested, but in vain. He was hustled into the place of detention, and the door was slammed in his face.

A moment later the key grated in the lock, and the footsteps of the Remove cricketers died away along the passage. They had no word of sympathy or condolence to offer to the rash and misguided junior who was shortly to be banished from Greyfriars!

THE END.

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

## GOOD STORIES.

### Wrinkles for Writers.

John Augustus Scribble wearily opened the envelope that brought back from its twentieth journey his "Ode on a Crushed Catepillar."

There dropped on the floor this letter from the regretful editor:

"Hint 1. Borrow half-a-crown's worth of stamps.

"Hint 2. Don't begin to write till you feel you must. Such an attack is heralded by dizziness, listlessness, and pains in the back.

"Hint 3. Then write down just enough words to relieve your pent-up emotions.

"Hint 4. Erase every second word.

"Hint 5. Carefully erase all the remaining words.

"Hint 6. Sell the stamps."

### Butter and Button.

He was Mrs. Duem Brown's only lodger, and his butter seemed to melt away, though the weather wasn't hot. Mrs. Brown hinted darkly at the morals of the cat and the canary, but the first-floor-back heard her as if he heard her not.

A regimental button had come into his possession, and the bright idea came to him of stamping the button on the end of the butter after each meal.

As if by magic the cat and the canary seemed to lose their appetite for butter, and his weekly bill began to show a welcome decrease.

But one fine morning, alas! the lodger observed that once again his butter had begun to shrink, in spite of the fact that there was the mark of a button on the end of it as usual. Then there was a hurried scrutiny, a gasp, and a clutch at the bell-pull.

"Mrs. Brown," he muttered, as his landlady entered, "this is not my butter!"

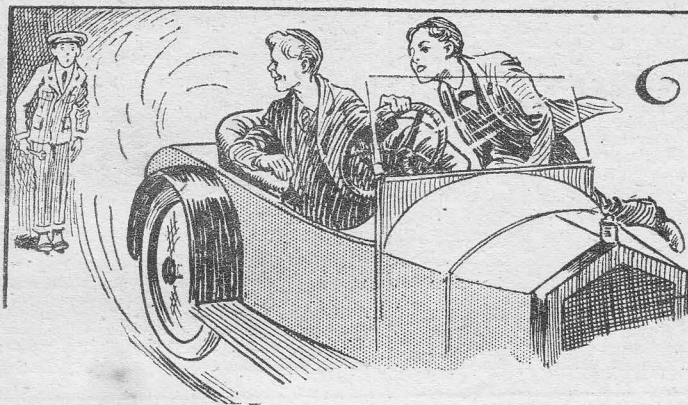
"It is!" she said. "Look at the button-mark!"

"Just so, Mrs. Brown," he answered; "but this button belongs from a different regiment from mine. Your button is a dragon; mine is a lancer!"

Advertisement: "First-floor back-room to let."



START READING THIS GRAND NEW CINEMA SERIAL TO-DAY!



# The MYSTERY MAKERS.

A Thrilling New Story of a  
Boy's Amazing Adventures with  
a Cinema Company.

By NAT FAIRBANKS.

## THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Dick Tulliver, to escape being apprenticed to Wibbleswick & Co., a firm of drapers, by his uncle, makes his way to the country town of Dorminster. There he comes across the Western Super-Film Company, who are located in a ruined manor house, known as Wildfell Grange, which is reputed to be haunted. By a piece of luck, Dick is able to be of service to Mr. Halbut, the producer. Through the good offices of a friend named Harry Trent, who is working for the company, Dick is taken on in place of Archie Deen, the star actor, who has mysteriously disappeared. He is introduced to an actor-friend of Trent's, named Biglow. One night the two chums are awakened from their sleep by mysterious noises coming from the next room, which is occupied by a dwarf named Grimshaw, and on going to investigate, they find the deformed actor lying on his bed-room floor unconscious.

(Now read on.)

### Dick Mounts Guard.

FOR the moment Dick feared the worst. A brief examination, however, showed them that the dwarf was only unconscious. Indeed, almost at the same moment that they touched him he showed signs of coming to.

The dwarf struggled into a sitting position, and gazed wildly from one to the other.

"I've had a bad time!" he mumbled.

"Are you feeling better now?" asked Mr. Halbut anxiously.

"Yes—I suppose it was a dream. I thought someone came in and touched me when I was asleep. I got up—or dreamt I got up—and ran—"

The dwarf paused, and passed his hand wearily over his eyes. "If you have suffered from an acute form of nightmare," he went on, "you know you often stop in the middle of it and tell yourself it's only a dream. You think to yourself: 'I'll wake up in a few minutes; well, that is what happened to me. I say that I dreamt that I ran out of the room, pursued by something, and yet it was horribly real. I suppose, as a matter of fact, I only got out of bed.'"

"Trent here will tell you a different story," said Mr. Halbut. "He found you wandering about in the passage. Then you rushed away, and we've been searching for you ever since. Look here, Grimshaw, I'm not going to risk having you laid-up. Someone will have to sleep with you in future."

The dwarf sat up with a jerk.

"Oh, there's no need for that," he said, with a decided change in his voice.

"Oh, yes, there is!" snapped Mr. Halbut.

"If anything goes wrong with you, where am I going to get another hunch—er—that is, anyone to take your place? No, no, my dear fellow, I'm going to guard you as the apple of my eye!"

"It's too absurd!" retorted the dwarf.

"I'm not afraid of ghosts—"

"That's nothing to do with it," blustered Mr. Halbut. "It's my business to see that you keep yourself fit. Here, young Tulliver, you've got no particular sleeping-quarters. Make up a bed here right now."

"Very well, sir," said Dick.

"I tell you I don't want him in here!" said the dwarf angrily.

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Halbut. "I order it, and that's good enough for you. Run off, Tulliver, and get your things. Be as quick as you can!"

"I'll help you, old chap!" said Harry.

They left Mr. Halbut still arguing the point with the dwarf.

"Look here," said Harry, when they were outside, "you'd better let me take your place. That hunchback chap's a tough customer!"

"I'm not afraid of him," replied Dick. "Besides, I can't back out now. Old Halbut would think I faked it. I want to keep the right side of the old man at all costs."

"Yes, I know," argued Harry; "but if Grimshaw starts having convulsions, what then?"

Dick shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall have convulsions, too," he said.

They had some difficulty in getting into their room, as Biglow had barricaded the door, and required a lot of convincing as to their identity before he would allow them to enter.

Harry gave him a brief outline of what had occurred whilst they were shifting Dick's belongings.

"My sainted aunt!" ejaculated Biglow. "I wouldn't have your job now for a couple of months' screw, Tulliver! At any rate, I should have some water close at hand. Directly he shows the slightest aversion to it, you'll know then that he's preparing an extra special brand of 'fit.' The gov'nor ought to sack him. He isn't safe. What price me, when he and I do that stunt together for 'Glittering Gold,' when he's supposed to strangle me? I can see it being a trifle too realistic for my taste, if he's taken queer in the middle of it."

However, when they returned to the dwarf's room things seemed to have quieted down a good bit.

"Give the alarm directly he shows any sign of a relapse," were Mr. Halbut's final words to Dick.

Neither Dick Tulliver or Bernard Grimshaw spoke for some time. Dick had pitched his "kip"—as Army men term their bed—in a corner near the door. He watched the dwarf out of the corner of his eye. Grimshaw, however, seemed to have dozed off. At any rate, he appeared to be quite calm and placid. He had pulled the clothes over his head, and his face could not be seen.

"Are you asleep, Grimshaw?" asked Dick. A mumble was the only reply.

Dick did not repeat the question. In about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour his deep, regular breathing seemed to indicate that he, too, was fast asleep.

Presently some distant clock faintly chimed the hour of three. As the last stroke died away there was a movement in the dwarf's bed, the clothes were thrown back, and Grimshaw sat up.

He directed a keen glance at his companion. The window of the apartment admitted the pale rays of the moon, and the light was sufficient to see by. Very softly the dwarf crawled out of bed, and tiptoed over to where Dick lay. He bent over him, and listened.

Grimshaw seemed uncertain.

"Better make sure!" he muttered.

He crept across the room to where his coat hung, felt in one of the pockets, took something out, and then once more approached the slumbering Dick.

He knelt down behind Dick's head, and made a motion of passing his hand across the other's nostrils. As he did so, Dick opened his eyes and blinked.

"What's the matter?" he yawned. "He looked round. No sooner did he realise that the dwarf was out of bed than he sat up.

"Hallo!" he cried. "Are you queer again, Grimshaw?"

The dwarf did not answer for a minute. He seemed to be struggling with his emotions.

"No—no," he returned, breathing hard. "but I can't sleep. I'm frightened. You dream such terrible dreams in this room. I had to get out of bed and walk about. Don't you feel as though there were some unseen presence hovering about? I do."

"There's only our two selves here," Dick reassured him.

The dwarf shivered.

"Some people are more susceptible to spirits than others," he muttered. "I hope I haven't alarmed you, Tulliver. You seem to be a wonderfully cool chap, and I wish I had your nerves. But there, I suppose it is because I am delicate, and have a highly strung temperament."

"That's about it," said Dick. "You get back to bed, old chap, and I'll sit by your side."

"Thanks," said Grimshaw. "You're really awfully kind. Perhaps I might get a bit of rest if you did that. At any rate, we'll try."

The dwarf once more got between the sheets, and Dick pushed a chair to his bedside, and sat down.

It would be difficult to say what were Dick's precise thoughts at that moment. They had certainly nothing to do with sleep. As a matter of fact, sleep had played no part in Dick's programme since the moment he first entered the room. In other words, his apparently deep slumber had been make-believe for the special benefit of the dwarf.

He wondered how far Grimshaw's strange seizure was genuine, and he had accordingly slept with "one eye open." Even now he was undecided on the point.

So there Dick sat, with every nerve on the alert, throughout the night, until the early dawn sent little pencils of light stealing through the cracked blinds that had been fixed across the bottom half of the window.

One of the pencils of light fell athwart of the upturned face of the dwarf. He was sound asleep now. He lay so still and his breathing was so imperceptible that but for his colour he might have been taken for a corpse.

One arm was thrown above his head, and the night-shirt, falling back, disclosed a wonderfully developed bicep.

Dick ruminated over the sight. For a delicate person the dwarf possessed extraordinary muscular power.

### Up in the Saddle.

AMONGST the members of the Western Super-Film Company the following morning the one topic of conversation was the extraordinary happenings of the previous night. As hardly any of them had precise information of what had really occurred, they had to rely mostly on rumours, and these rumours growing apace, all sorts of exaggerated accounts went the rounds.

First of all, it was an outrage.

An hour later it was a horrible outrage.

Before breakfast was over it was a fearful outrage.

By lunch time truth and fiction had got so terribly mixed up that it was a matter of impossibility to find out what had really happened.

By this it will be seen that the principals concerned in the affair had kept their mouths

shut. An early morning call on the part of Mr. Halibut ensured this.

"Well, Tulliver," he said to Dick, "you had a fairly peaceful night, I hear. I've just been in to see how Grimshaw is. He seems decidedly more normal. Quite recovered, in fact."

Mr. Halibut rubbed his hands. He continued in the oiliest of voices:

"Of course, the least said about the affair the better. You all quite understand that. I can rely upon you, I hope?"

He glanced at Harry and Biglow.

Harry nodded. Biglow, however, desired to have a little matter cleared up first.

"Sir," he began, in his deepest bass, "in the last scene but one of your drama Grimshaw has to strangle me. In view of the latter's conduct last night, I respectfully decline to take part in that affair."

"But, my dear Biglow, there's not the slightest risk," protested Mr. Halibut. "It'll be all right. Surely you're not afraid that a little chap like Grimshaw will do you any harm?"

Did Dick know Windbury Downs! Hadn't he and O'Flatherty galloped over the downs a score of times on all sorts and conditions of mounts? It was here that Dick had learnt to ride, although it was scarcely a case of learning with him. He was one of those born Nimrods who take to a horse's back as a duck takes to water.

However, he said nothing of this to Mr. Halibut. He naturally wasn't too keen on the manager knowing his private affairs.

Harry and Biglow being due for a rehearsal of their great scene, wherein Harry, in the character of "Young Darrell," defies old Mowbray—otherwise Biglow—and ends up by pitching him into a chest and sitting on the lid, they went off to the banqueting-hall, leaving Dick to his own devices.

He had quite an hour on his hands before he was due to meet Mr. Halibut, and after getting his clothes from Mrs. Scotton, who had thoroughly dried them, he decided that he couldn't spend the rest of the time in a better way than by writing to Mike O'Flatherty. As for writing to his uncle, he

"shine" for the special benefit of Maisie. Mr. Halibut, being apparently deep in the evolving of plots and situations for the cinema dramas, took little part in the conversation. As for Dick, having never journeyed outside Harrowsfield, he was quite put in the shade by the dwarf's flow of conversation. Consequently, Grimshaw practically monopolised the talk.

Presently the road began a gentle ascent. The hedges on either side grew smaller and smaller, until at last they died away into nothing, and all that the eye could see was a broad expanse of green, with a few sheep here and there to break the monotony.

This was Windbury Downs.

The car proceeded along the ridge of the downs for about a mile.

"There's Tim and the 'osses," said the chauffeur, pointing in the direction of a small clump of bushes on their left.

"Good!" returned Mr. Halibut.

They pulled up and got out.

The man called Tim led the horses up for Mr. Halibut's inspection.



Maisie heard a shout behind her, and the thudding of a horse's hoofs, then the great bay, ridden by Dick, came flashing by her. By this time they were almost on the chalk pits. (See page 11.)

"I'm not so sure," grunted Biglow. "He may be a little chap, but he's powerful. How old do you suppose he is?"

"How old? Oh, about twenty or so."

"Pooh! I doubt if he'll ever see thirty again," said Biglow.

"There, there, Biglow, please don't argue!" snapped Mr. Halibut. "Grimshaw's an experienced cinema actor, and is absolutely to be trusted. But, returning to what I was saying just now. We must keep last night's affair to ourselves. Grimshaw does not desire it to be mentioned, and the company generally seems to be in such a nervous state that they're liable to break out in a panic at almost anything. I only wish I could have kept that affair of Deen's a secret. If I hear nothing to-day I shall have to—"

Mr. Halibut broke off into vague mutterings.

"We're trying the horses this morning," he went on. "You said you could ride, I believe, Tulliver?"

"Yes, sir," said Dick.

"Ah, you'd better come along with us. Be outside the main entrance at eleven sharp. The horses are coming over from Harrowsfield, and we shall try them on the downs. Do you know Windbury Downs?"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 73.

came to the conclusion that that would only be asking for trouble.

No; if Uncle Jasper wanted him, let him come and find him.

So Dick set to and filled up six pages of exciting matter for O'Flatherty, and then went downstairs to keep his appointment with Mr. Halibut.

He discovered a large car waiting outside the entrance. At present it was only occupied by the chauffeur.

"Are you one of the riding party?" asked the man.

Dick nodded, and got inside.

A few minutes later Mr. Halibut appeared. With him was the girl they called Maisie Hope, and the dwarf.

The latter eyed Dick curiously.

"You on this stunt, too?" he asked.

Dick thought he caught a faint note of antagonism in the question. He noticed as well that the dwarf took particular care to sit beside the fair Maisie, and during the drive appeared to go out of his way to make himself agreeable.

The dwarf had evidently travelled a good deal. He told many interesting anecdotes of foreign parts, and told them well. It struck Dick that he was doing his best to

"Hullo!" cried that gentleman. "You've got a stranger there, Tim!"

The "stranger" was a big bay horse, enormously strong, and more remarkable for his size than his symmetry of form.

"Ay, sir," returned Tim. "He was a bargain, too! A bit of a temper, I reckon. The owner wasn't sorry to part with him."

Dick ran his eye over the massive form of the animal, and he could see at once that the brute was capable of tremendous work if it could be got to do it. But therein, no doubt, lay the difficulty. Few riders would be able to manage him when he was not in the mood to be managed.

"Ah," said Mr. Halibut, "there's a real test for you two fellows," addressing Dick and the dwarf. "I would like to see if you can master him."

Grimshaw pushed his way forward.

"I've mastered worse than that brute," he said confidently.

"Take care of his heels, sir!" called out Tim. "He's a rare one at kicking!"

The horse was shifting his legs recklessly, and tossing up his big head as though expressing indignation. There was a decidedly spiteful look in his eye.

The dwarf approached cautiously. Dick

noticed that he purred up his lips, as though he didn't like the job.

"Come here, you devil!" he grunted in his harsh voice.

The horse started, sent his heels up in the air, then backed angrily.

"Don't shout at him!" cried Dick. "He's all right, if you treat him properly."

Of course, Dick had no right to interfere in this manner, and Grimshaw was quick to remind him of the fact.

"You jolly well mind your own business, young Tulliver!" he snapped. "I rode a horse before you were born. If you think you know how to manage him, perhaps you'd like to have first shot."

The dwarf was cunning. He had come to the conclusion that the horse had taken a dislike to him, and, consequently, there was a good deal of risk in tacking him. He had no desire to be made to look foolish in the eyes of Maisie Hope. On the other hand, it wouldn't do this youngster any harm to be taken down a peg or two. If he was anxious to show off, let him show off, and probably get hurt in the bargain. So thought Grimshaw.

He turned to Dick, and once more invited him to give an exhibition of what he could do.

It may have been his imagination, but Dick, happening to catch the girl's eye, thought he detected a look which seemed to signify that she would not be altogether disappointed if he succeeded where Grimshaw had failed.

"I'll try," he said quietly.

"Gallant youth!" sneered the dwarf. Dick took no notice of Grimshaw's jeers. He went fearlessly up to the horse, patted its neck, and spoke to it. The horse remained perfectly quiet.

No one knows why certain people have power over fierce animals. The people who have that power probably cannot explain it themselves. But the fact remains.

"The horse isn't naturally bad-tempered," said Dick. "He's been treated the wrong way. He's as nervous as a cat."

As a matter of fact, standing as he did close to the animal, he could feel the heart beating and see the nerves quivering about the working nostrils. He spoke to it again soothingly, and the restlessness seemed to be less.

"Wonderful!" roared the dwarf, his little beady eyes flashing fire.

"You may well say that!" broke in Tim. "This lad's got something that all the

teachers in the world couldn't learn him. He's got the eye, he has, and the touch that animals know."

Without the slightest protest the horse allowed Dick to mount. He remained perfectly still and obedient.

Dick walked the horse a few yards and then broke into a canter, the horse's great limbs moving with the regularity of a machine.

Now that he was in motion, the horse looked really handsome, and Tim for once was loud in his admiration.

"Good lad!" he cried. "He's got him well in hand, he has. Now, what do you think of that, mister?"

He addressed this remark to the dwarf, and as the dwarf only mumbled a reply, apparently he did not know what to think of it.

"Now, young miss," said Tim, turning to Maisie Hope, "here's Nancy, all ready for a bit of a run. Up you get and show 'em the pace of the fastest mare this side of the county."

Maisie looked a delightful figure as she cantered away after Dick on his big bay mount. The dwarf ground his teeth in impotent fury.

"I'll smash that kid into pulp!" he muttered, as he saw the horses galloping over the downs.

"This is splendid!" cried Maisie, riding up beside Dick. "I say, you do know how to ride. I could see Mr. Halibut was awfully pleased."

"That's more than Grimshaw was," said Dick.

The girl flashed a glance at him. "I should think he would be a bad enemy to make," she remarked.

"So far as I know, there's no need for us to be enemies," said Dick. "But, then," he added, "there's not much need to be friends. I suppose you have to be one or the other with people."

Maisie nodded. "You are one of the company now, aren't you?" she inquired.

"Hope so. I'm on a week's trial, but, all the same, I believe Mr. Halibut intends to give me an engagement. My friend Trent is going to fix things up for me."

"It was a wonderful piece of luck turning up at the lake as you did," she said. "I was never more surprised in my life than when I discovered that you weren't Archie Deen. You couldn't have timed it better if you had arranged it all beforehand."

Dick looked at her.

"But I didn't," he said.

"Oh, I believe you," she replied.

"Now, I wonder if you really do?" thought Dick.

She said no more, for at that moment all her attention was concentrated on the mare.

This morning apparently Nancy was not in one of her best tempers, and this was very unusual, for it was very rarely she gave any trouble. She was a thoroughbred, and therefore at times her nerves were highly strung.

The cool breezes sweeping over the downs, the velvety, springy turf, somewhat restored her temper. Maisie put the mare along at the top of her speed, and left Dick and his mount far behind.

The mare seemed to feel a little better, but she was not quite herself even now, and when a sheep suddenly darted from a clump of bushes and made across her path she started off in a fright.

In vain the girl tugged her hardest. It only seemed to make the mare go faster. In a couple of minutes she had lost all control, and the only thing she could let the horse do was to have her fling and tire herself out.

Like an arrow from a bow, she made off in an oblique direction for the top of the downs.

In a flash Dick grasped the situation. His knowledge of the locality told him that the mare was making straight for some chalk-pits. Maisie was probably unaware of her peril.

Unless the mare's head was turned, or she stopped, both rider and horse were bound for certain death.

Maisie heard a shout behind her, and once more tugged at the bridle. A minute later she became aware of a sullen thunder of horse's hoofs in the rear.

It was the bay horse, ridden by Dick, which, big as he was, was creeping up to the mare foot by foot.

Another second, and he was at her heels; another, and he was nearly level with her saddle; another, and they were going stride for stride.

But the chalk-pits were perilously near.

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

## LUCKY FOR FIGGINS!

A SHORT STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

"MIND your wickets, Figgys!" Figgins, of the New House at St. Jim's, was chatting to his chum Kerr on the School House side of the old quadrangle. He was leaning on a cricket-bat as he talked.

At the sound of Tom Merry's voice he looked up.

The junior cricket captain had a ball in his hand. He made a playful pass with it, as if about to send down a "scorcher" at Figgins' imaginary wicket.

Figgins grinned, and shifted his grip on his bat.

"Bowl away!" he said.

Tom Merry, from a distance of about ten yards, lobbed the ball down to him. Figgins, with a grin on his face, gave a swipe, and there was a click, and then a loud crash!

Figgins had swiped the ball clean through a window, and, to his dismay, moreover, he saw that it was the window of Mr. Raitlon's study.

"My hat!" exclaimed Figgins, in dismay, the smile fading from his rugged face. "That's done it!"

Tom Merry whistled. "Phew! You ass, you—"  
"Figgins!"

It was Mr. Raitlon's voice, as the master himself appeared at the shattered window.

"Yes, sir! I'm awfully sorry, sir!"

"Come into my study at once!"

Mr. Raitlon's voice was sharp—not unnaturally—and poor Figgins' face lengthened.

"Certainly, sir!"

He handed his bat to Kerr, and walked off to the entrance of the School House.

"Poor old Figgys!" exclaimed Tom Merry,

looking after him with a face full of concern. "He's in for it!"

"Rotten luck!" growled Kerr. "It was quite an accident, too!"

"Yes; but we aren't supposed to knock about in the quad when there are nets to play in," said Tom Merry. "Raitlon will be down on him, I'm afraid. And it was partly my fault, too."

"Oh, that's rot!" said Kerr. "It's up to Figgys, but it's rotten luck, all the same."

Figgins knocked at the door of Mr. Raitlon's study, and entered.

Inside were two gentlemen, and Figgins' long face lengthened as he saw them. For, in addition to Mr. Raitlon, the stern but pleasant-faced and popular School House master, the master of the New House, Mr. Ratcliffe, was also there. Mr. Ratcliffe was a harsh and sour-faced man, and particularly "down" on Figgins.

"Ah, there you are, Figgins!" he exclaimed, in his thin, unpleasant voice. "I must say I am not surprised to find that you are the author of this outrageous piece of behaviour. But you will be taught, sir, that you cannot do this sort of thing with impunity."

Mr. Ratcliffe's acid voice had a ring of malicious triumph in it, and he rubbed his thin hands together. It was by no means displeasing to him to find a legitimate excuse for punishing the boy he disliked.

"More than ever Figgins felt that he was 'in for it.' But he looked at his House-master without flinching.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said quietly. "It was quite an accident."

"Ha! So you say, of course!" said Mr. Ratcliffe, with a sneer. "That is only to be expected!"

"I should not say so unless it was true," said Figgins. He spoke very quietly, but there was an ominous gleam in his eyes. It was just like Ratty, thought Figgins, to be spiteful about it. Why couldn't he punish him and be done with it, instead of playing with him, like a cat with a mouse?

"Silence, boy!" cried Mr. Ratcliffe angrily.

"Do not add insolence to your already outrageous conduct. I shall now proceed to—"

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Ratcliffe!" It was Mr. Raitlon's quiet voice. He did not approve of Mr. Ratcliffe's bullying methods any more than the juniors did.

"As this—er—incident has occurred in my House, and it is my study that has suffered damage, would it be too much to ask that the punishment of the delinquent be left in my hands?" He spoke suavely, but there was a note of firmness in his voice.

Mr. Ratcliffe coughed and frowned.

"The boy is in my House, Mr. Raitlon—"  
"Quite so; but I am, as it were, the injured party," said Mr. Raitlon. "I am sure you will not refuse to accede to my request, Mr. Ratcliffe."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Ratcliffe, with somewhat bad grace; "deal with him yourself. I recommend a severe caning and an imposition—and of course you will confiscate the ball!"

Mr. Raitlon smiled.

"That remains to be seen. Have you any explanation, Figgins?"

Figgys explained. He was awfully sorry. He wished to pay for the window. As for the ball, it was not his. The whole thing was an accident.

Mr. Raitlon listened quietly.

"I believe your explanation, Figgins," he said at the end of Figgys' halting statement.

"You were careless, and I shall accept your offer to pay for the broken window. Here is the ball; you may go!"

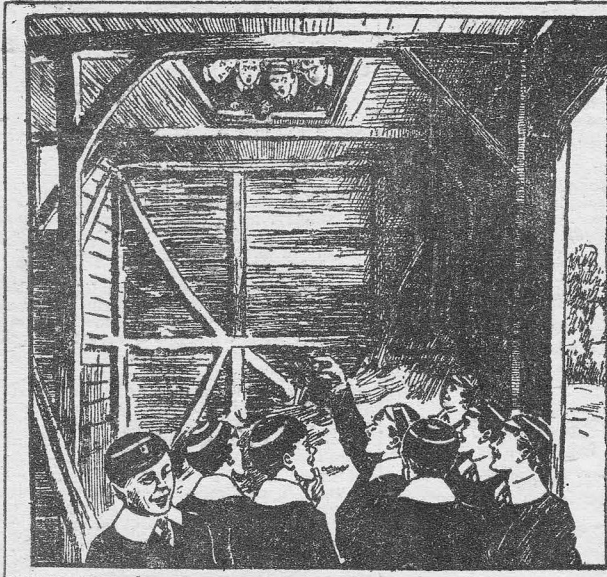
"Thank you, sir!" said Figgins gratefully.

"Really, Raitlon, this is preposterous!" burst out Mr. Ratcliffe, with rage and chagrin in his face. "I protest against—"  
"You remember, Mr. Ratcliffe, that you were kind enough to leave this little matter to me," said Mr. Raitlon firmly. "As far as I am concerned, the matter is ended. Kindly go, Figgins!"

And Figgins went.

THE END.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 73.



# IN REVOLT!

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

... By ...  
**OWEN CONQUEST.**

## 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 flat 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!"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 73.

"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

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 catherine-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**RAP! 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 pooch-pooched 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. Classicals 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'll 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 Smythia of the Shell was junior skipper.

It consisted of Mornington himself, Townsend and Topham and Peele of the Fourth, and Smythe, Tracy, Howard, Selwyn, Chesney, Beaufort of the Shell, and Lacy from the Modern side. All but Lacy were Classicals, 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.

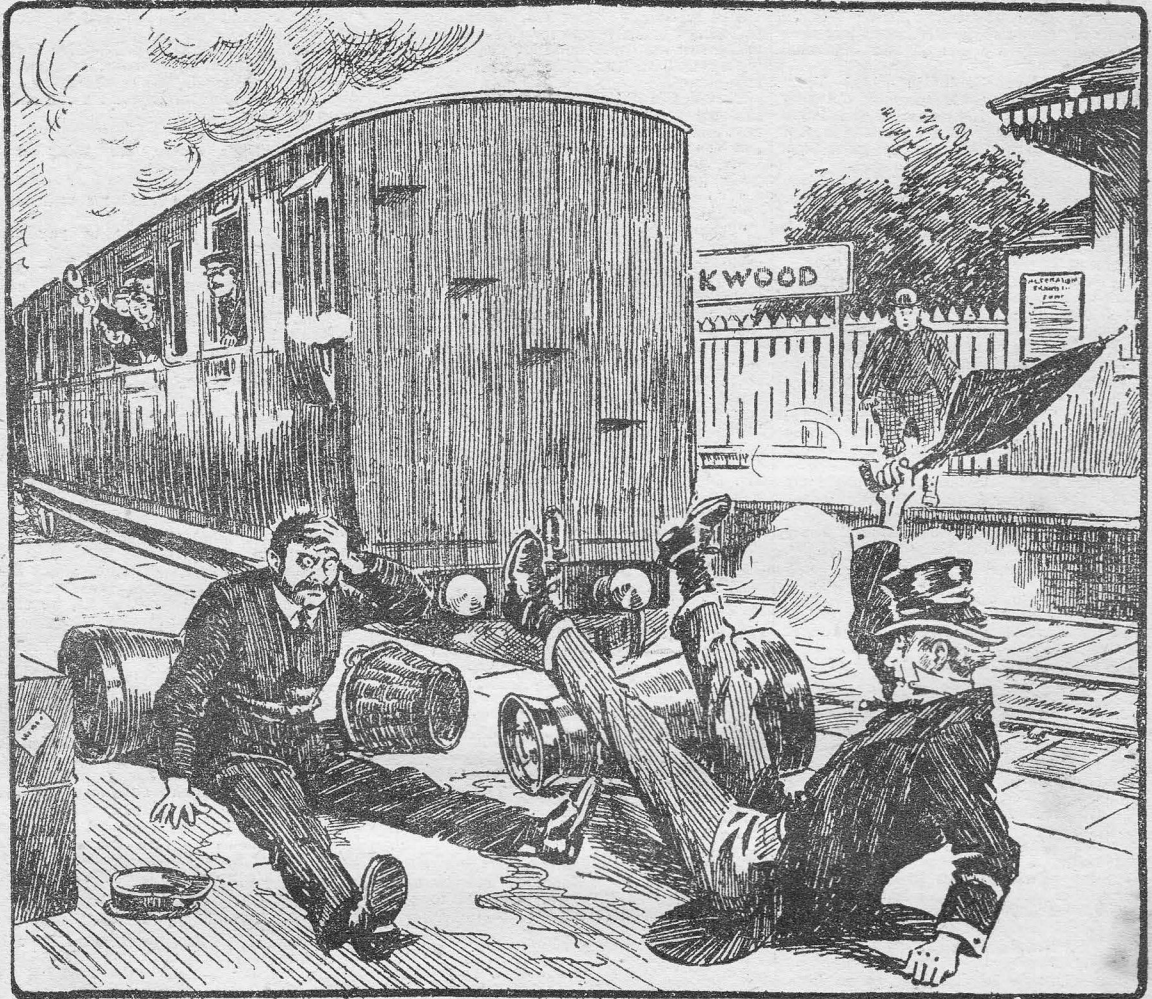
Some of the old eleven watched them at practice on Little Side, and grinned as they watched them.

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.

THE PENNY POPELAR.—No. 73.



"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.

HERE 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 bizny! 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

hedge—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—grooogh—oooogh!"

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 Rylecombe! That's ever so much better than you going there collecting up lickings, isn't it?"

Mornington almost choked.

"You're going to Rylecombe!" he stuttered. "Certainly! It's our fixture, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—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!

R 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 Rylecombe, and the party soon arrived.

The cricket-ground at Rylecombe 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 "very glad" to see him again, and hoped to see some "wippin' cwicket."

"So you will," said Jimmy cheerily. "Though he came mighty near scoring 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 weally 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 sowwy 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 fiah, afaah 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 fogged."

"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-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 1½**

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.

"Rylcombe. 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 movie-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 had 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 Rylcombe.

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 pleased 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.



# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

## NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS:

Next Friday again brings forth a splendid number packed with many fine features. To start with, there will be a grand, long story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled:

### "BILLY BUNTER'S FAREWELL!"

By Frank Richards.

As the title suggests, the most prominent figure in the story is Bunter. And it is certainly a case of farewell for the reckless Owl of the Remove, as you will undoubtedly find out when you read next Friday's story.

To follow this will come a fine story of Rookwood School. This needs no recommendation. It would be idle for me to heap praise on the worthy head of Owen Conquest, the British boys' favourite author. Judging from their letters, my chums are only too willing to admit that Jimmy Silver & Co. rank among the finest schoolboy characters in fiction.

With the new Head, who is voted as the biggest tyrant that ever darkened the historical doors of Rookwood, still at the school, you can expect some lively and exciting things to happen. Don't miss

### "JIMMY SILVER'S BARRING-IN!"

By Owen Conquest.

The next rattling instalment of

### "THE MYSTERY MAKERS!"

By Nat Fairbanks,

brings the actors of the Western Super-Film Company deeper into the uncanny mystery, which is so swiftly spreading its invisible wings over the old Wildfell Estate.

Nat Fairbanks tells me that he has a whole chain of thrilling adventures to come, so those of you who are expecting great things for the next number will not be disappointed. You will be held in the grip of excitement and expectation from cover to cover.

Don't forget, boys, that Friday is the great day of the week, so be sure you are amongst the first comers at the newsagents' on that day!

## THE DAILY CHEER-UP!

This is the suggestion of a really brainy fellow. He writes to say that most papers deal with grumbles and criticism. Why not have a periodical which only touches on the bright side? No grouseurs need apply. Individuals who felt pleased with the world and the way things were going could write and say so. No others need apply. It is a great notion. There is far too much of this grouching. But the real point is that we have the PENNY POPULAR all ready for the job. You never heard the "P.P." complain!

## THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

You will excuse me referring to three new features which the "Greyfriars Herald" is running—namely, a school series, in which the school is quartered on an old battleship, and goes exploring to the Orinoco and other fascinating places; also fresh yarns of Herlock Sholmes, the renowned detective. And last, but not least, a serial, "The Crimson Arrow," which will delight all scouts—to say nothing of others.

## TOZER.

It was not only about Police-constable Tozer that a Dublin reader writes me. This correspondent thinks that when Tozer was rolled in the mud, and otherwise given a bad time by the Remove strikers, there should have been a charge of assault. Perhaps so,

but, anyway, Tozer did not insist. He is a sportsman. And then as to raising as much as forty-eight pounds in a school? Is that possible? Of course it is! There are times when what seems impossible is quite simple. My Irish chum is uneasy about Dutton. Does he use a megaphone, and how about hearing things in class? There is no need to be uneasy. Dutton hears quite plenty. When a critic says that some things do not happen in real life what he means is that he has not come across such events in his limited experience. Nothing more, I assure you. And pretty nearly everybody does have only a limited experience of the world.

## VERY SLIM.

I think the cheery little anecdote of George Lyon, of Upholland, was sent to me to publish. A well-informed correspondent from Wigan tells me what happened, and his letter was admirable. The yarn has its points. George Lyon happened to be the last man in England to be hanged for stealing. This is not the best way of being famous, but, anyhow, Lyon has his place in history. He seems to have been a smart thief, and when he was about nothing was really safe. He was chatting affably with a baker one day, and the baker felt no suspicions, although he had some bread in the oven. But what the baker did not know was this: While he was talking with Lyon, the back of the oven was being removed by Lyon's accomplices. They did not stop short there, but removed the bread. The baker felt certain of George's innocence, but he was mistaken. Lyon had the loaves sut enough. But Upholland is famous for many noble and interesting things which have nothing to do with the misdeeds of a rogue.

## AN AMERICAN FRIEND.

I have received the following from F. Frank Dahm, 1408, Norwood Street, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.: "Let me congratulate you on your splendid magazines, the 'Gem,' the 'Magnet,' and the 'Boys' Friend,' which are the only three weeklies I can get over here. The 'Boys' Friend Library,' which I can also get, and I particularly enjoyed No. 798, 'Sent to Coventry,' by Henry St. John. I have been a constant reader of the 'Gem' since last July, when I saw my first copy. The 'Magnet' and the 'Boys' Friend' I also buy, but I cannot get the PENNY POPULAR, 'Chuckles,' or the 'Greyfriars Herald.' Will you please insert a notice that I am anxious for correspondence, particularly with fellows interested in amateur magazines and journalism, also that I would like to get 'Gems' 571, 572, 574, 576, 580, 616, 617, 619, 621, 624, 'Magnets' 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 625, 626, 627, also 'Boys' Friends' 963 to 976 inclusive. I will make a good offer to the fellows who write me, rest assured of that."

## JACK BLAKE.

A Glasgow reader, who writes on behalf of seventeen of his chums, says that a little information about Jack Blake would be much appreciated. So here goes. Blake lives in Yorkshire. He would be captain of the Fourth, if there were a captain. He was the central figure of the first Martin Clifford stories ever written—the yarns that appeared in the old "Pluck," of 1906. Blake's people have not so far come into the tales. We may hear something of them later on.

## TRAVELLING BY BARGE.

It is slow, though it is slow. I met a fellow the other day who told me he had been spending a most enjoyable holiday on

a barge. The charm of it all was that it made England seem so much bigger than it really is. It takes weeks to go comparatively short distances by a barge or a monkey-boat. My chum came to terms with the skipper of one of these interesting craft, and his voyage proved delightful. He never realised before what a wonderful system is represented by the canals which link up with one another and thread their way north and south, east and west. Some of the routes are in a bad state. The canal has been despoiled, but as a means of transit for goods it is cheap and sure. But in this special case the point was taking a holiday by this means. If the chance comes along it is worth taking. You see parts of the country you would never set eyes on otherwise. The barge-folk, too, are delightful to meet, and they have different, and often quaint views of life. From all accounts a holiday on a barge is a most restful and pleasurable experience.

## A NATURE LOVER.

A letter of complaint to hand is not so much about farm stuff as the hobby of the writer, and the obstacles he finds in his path, put there by the unthinking. "I am running a poultry-yard," he says. "I have five laying-hens, and their names are Plantagenet, Rosamond, Queen Eleanor, Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee. It might have been thought that as these all lay well, and supply the house with fresh eggs every day, my business would be popular." Yes, it might. But life is full of difficulties. Those hens are too popular seemingly. They prefer to wander about the house instead of clucking peacably in the yard. This causes trouble. Moreover, my chum admits he has pails of water dotted about with tadpoles and other specimens living in them. It looks to me as though if he carries on in the same style much more he will be driving his own folks out of house and home. You can have too much of a good thing. And, there, if I was not forgetting another of the pets, a large rabbit bearing the excellent name of Jock. Jock treats the whole place as if it belonged to him, and I am told it is pretty to see him in full cry after the chickens across the lawn. I hope the enthusiasm shown here—no reference to Jock—will find an outlet without upsetting the nerves of the seniors.

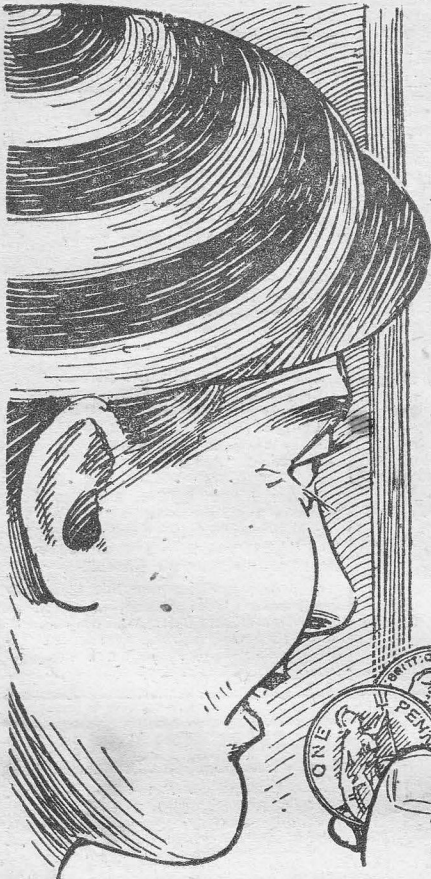
## AN OLD FLAG.

A very ancient flag was sold the other day, and it is good to know that Scotland will retain possession of the relic. It was the Jacobite flag borne at the Battle of Culloden, and it was bought for £750 at Glasgow by Mr. John Henderson Stewart, of Fingask Castle, who means to present the trophy to the City of Dundee. American buyers wanted the flag, but it belongs to Caledonia, sure enough.

## THE POSTMAN.

We should hardly know the genial postman if he discarded his uniform. He would, as a rule, be just as welcome, but there will be some amount of regret felt at the statement that it is proposed to abolish the uniform of the letter-delivery official. Anything that brings variety to the scene is welcome—that is, anything in the way of a dash of bright colour, and everybody likes the postman and his garb.

Your Editor



If you've only  
got threepence-

# WRIGLEY'S

is the biggest & best threepennorth  
in the shop!

"Just the very ticket. Only three 'Brownies' left. Here goes for a 3d. Packet of WRIGLEY'S, which will keep me going till Pocket-Money Pay-Day on Saturday.

"Gee! I guess I'm glad I saw WRIGLEY'S in the Old Tuck-shop!

"And I'm in training, too, and the Old Drill Sergeant says it's just the stuff to train on—keeps your wind right, doesn't upset the tummy, makes you eat like a horse and so builds up muscle.

"I'll have some more of that

## WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT

—it's simply great—just like digging your teeth into jolly ripe fruit."

**ALL GOOD TUCK-SHOPS SELL WRIGLEY'S.**

*Wrigley's Ltd., 235, Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E. 1.*

**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 grinding voice.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver respectfully. "Where have you been?"

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

"And—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 lit 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?**

If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver E. F. 3 inches; Mr. Batcliffe 4 inches; Miss Davies 3 1/2 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Mr. Kestley 4 inches; Miss Ledell 4 inches. This system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and 2100 Guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. 4.



**BOYS, BE YOUR OWN PRINTERS**

and make extra pocket-money by using the Petit "Plex" Duplicator. Makes pleasing numerous copies of Newspaper Headings, Business Cards, Sports Fixture Cards, Scoring Cards, Plans, School Publications, Drawings, Maps, Music, Shorthand, Programmes, Notices, etc., in a variety of pretty colours. SEND FOR ONE TO-DAY. Price 6/6, complete with all supplies. Foreign orders, 1/6 extra.—B. P. ODMORE & Co., Desk P.P., Southport. And at 67-69, Chancery Lane, London, W. C. 2.

**BE TALL**

**MY HEIGHT IS 6 FT. 3 INS.**  
Increase YOUR height by the ROSS SYSTEM, price 7/6, complete. Particulars 2d, stamps. P. ROSS, 16, Langdale Road, Scarborough.

**Catalogue Post Free.**

Raincoats, Trenchcoats, Boots, Shoes, Cutlery, Costumes, Rings, Watches, etc., on easy terms. 30/- worth, 5/- monthly; 60/- worth, 10/- monthly, etc. Write for Free Catalogue and Order Form. Foreign orders cash only. **MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Stores, RYE.** (Estd, 1869.)

**IF YOU SUFFER**

from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration, or feel awkward in the presence of others, send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mesto-Nerve Strengthening Treatment.—**GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.**

**CUT THIS OUT**

\*The Penny Popular,\* **PEN COUPON** Value 2d.

Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C. 4. In return you will receive (post free) 2 splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 12 coupons and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the PENNY POPULAR readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. **Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.**



**FACTORY TORIDER**

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Fifteen Days' Free Trial. **LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.** Prompt delivery. Save Dealers' Profits. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write for Monster Size **Free Lists** and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle. **MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorpd., Dept. C, 607 BIRMINGHAM.**

**NERVOUSNESS**

Get Nerve Control, and Don't be Laughed at.

Think what a position Nervousness, Bashfulness, and Blushing, and all sorts of wit and sarcasm induced in at your expense. You can't go on like that. Cure your Nervousness and Blushing, and turn the laugh against your tormentors by proving your power to win success. My System of Treatment will cure you in a week—quite privately at home. It will bring to you the priceless gift of self-confidence, build up your Will Power, and develop in you that splendid Nerve Control that makes you master of yourself in every circumstance. Don't neglect this opportunity. Write to me now, mentioning PENNY POPULAR, that I may send you my little book, full particulars, quite free in plain envelope.—Specialist, 12, All Saints Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

**PHOTO POSTCARDS.** 1/3 doz., 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 8d. **ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL, CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.** HACKETT'S, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

**"CURLY HAIR!"** "My bristles were made curly in a few days." Writes R. Welch. "GURLIT" curls straightest hair. 1/3, 2/6. (14d stamps accepted.)—**SUMMERS (Dept. A. P.), 31, UPPER RUSSELL STREET, BRIGHTON.**

**MAGIC TRICKS.** Illusions, etc.—Parcels 2/6, 5/6, and 10/6. Sample Trick, 1/—**T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N.1.**

**SHORT MEN AND WOMEN**

are often ignored and looked down upon. Tall people receive favourable consideration and attention in every walk of life. By my easy, scientific, and safe method you can grow several inches taller. Many people have added 1 1/2 in. to 4 in. to their height by My System. Write at once for FREE particulars, mentioning Penny Popular.

Address: Inquiry "N" Dept., 51, Church Street, South Shore, Blackpool.

All Applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Department, **UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.**