

JIMMY SILVER'S BARRING-IN!

A MAGNIFICENT
LONG COMPLETE
TALE OF THE
FAMOUS CHUMS
OF ROOKWOOD.



By
**OWEN
CONQUEST.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Tyrant of Rookwood.

THERE was intense excitement in Rookwood School.

The sunshine of the summer morning streamed down into the old quadrangle, and it streamed upon excited groups of juniors deep in whispered discussion. Near the School House stood the Fistical Four of the Fourth—Jimmy Silver and Lovell, and Raby and Newcome. They were surrounded by a throng of juniors.

Something was evidently "up" at Rookwood.

It was not one of the incessant "rags" between Classics and Moderns, for it was to be observed that Classics and Moderns seemed on the best of terms.

Tommy Dodd & Co., the heroes of the Modern side, were in the group surrounding the Fistical Four, and buzzing applause to the remarks Jimmy Silver was making, which proved conclusively that something very unusual was in the wind.

Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, came out of the House with a grim and harassed expression on his good-natured face.

He beckoned to Jimmy Silver & Co. "It's time you were in Hall!" he called out.

Jimmy Silver and his comrades exchanged quick glances.

"I'm sorry for this, Silver," said Bulkeley, kindly enough. "But it's the Head's orders, and it can't be helped!"

"I rather think it can be helped, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver, in his quiet way.

Bulkeley frowned. "I hope you're not thinking of any rot, Silver. The school is in a ferment now. You had better take it quietly."

Jimmy shook his head.

"We can't take our flogging quietly, Bulkeley. We've sworn a solemn swear not to take it at all!"

"You young ass!"

"We're not standing it!" broke out Lovell hotly. "You know as well as we do, Bulkeley, that Scroop's in the wrong!"

"You must not speak of your headmaster as Scroop!" said Bulkeley sternly.

Lovell grunted.

"He isn't our headmaster! Dr. Chisholm's our headmaster!"

"Dr. Chisholm is away, and Mr. Scroop is in his place," said Bulkeley. "I hope it won't last long; I will say that myself. But while he is here you must obey him, the same as our old Head!"

"In reason, yes," said Jimmy Silver. "But there's a limit!"

"And Scroop's the limit," said Tommy Dodd emphatically. "We're all in this, Bulkeley. We're not taking the flogging!"

"Never!"

Bulkeley looked grimly at the juniors. They

were excited, and they were determined. Matters had been going from bad to worse ever since the new Head had come to Rookwood, and it really looked as if there was to be an outbreak at last.

Mr. Scroop, hard and cold and tyrannical, did not understand it; but Bulkeley could see it only too well.

The captain of Rookwood turned back into the House, leaving the juniors in excited discussion. Jimmy Silver was expounding his plans for the coming revolt, amid murmurs of applause from his comrades. The minds of the Rookwooders were made up.

Bulkeley proceeded slowly to the Head's study, and tapped at the door. The harsh voice of Mr. Scroop bade him enter.

The new Head of Rookwood gave the captain of the school an unpleasant look as he stepped into the study. He knew that Bulkeley disapproved of the new regime he had introduced in the old school.

"Are the boys assembled in Hall?" he asked.

"Not yet, sir."

"I gave Mr. Bootles distinct orders to assemble the school immediately after prayers!" snapped the Head.

"May I speak a word, sir?" asked Bulkeley quietly. "I'm afraid there is going to be trouble."

"Nonsense!"

"There are twenty juniors sentenced to flogging, sir. It is a thing that has never happened before at Rookwood!"

"It will happen again, and perhaps frequently, unless the boys learn respect for constituted authority!" snapped Mr. Scroop. "I shall bring them to their senses!"

"The boys do not consider the punishment deserved, sir."

"Does that mean that you share their inferior views, Bulkeley?"

"To some extent, sir, I sympathise with them," said the captain of Rookwood. "I feel it my duty to say so. The trouble arose from your interference in the concerns of the juniors—a thing Dr. Chisholm would never have done!"

"Bulkeley!"

"You have made a favourite of Mornington, the most unpopular boy in the Lower School, sir," went on Bulkeley. "The juniors naturally resent it. You deposed Silver from being junior cricket captain, and installed Mornington in his place. Such a thing is unheard-of! Now Silver and his friends are to be flogged because they disregard an order which was—I will speak plainly—unjust and indefensible!"

Mr. Scroop stared blankly at the captain of Rookwood. He had never listened to such plain speaking since his arrival at the school. "Bulkeley!" he gasped. "How dare you?"

"I feel bound to speak out, sir. Since you came here there have been punishments after punishments, interference after interference,

and the school is almost in a state of revolt. If the floggings to-day are persisted in, there will be an outbreak; I am convinced of that. I felt it my duty to warn you in time!"

Mr. Scroop's thin, hard face was almost purple with rage. He rose to his feet.

"Leave my study, Bulkeley! You are no longer a prefect! Another word and I will flog you!"

Bulkeley started.

"Flog me?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, you, head of the Sixth as you are!"

"You would not flog me," said Bulkeley coolly. "I should not allow you to do so, Mr. Scroop!"

"What—what!"

"You heard what I said!"

Mr. Scroop clenched his hands, and advanced towards Bulkeley as if he would attack the captain of Rookwood on the spot.

Bulkeley's hands involuntarily clenched also, and he stood firm, his eyes gleaming contempt. The headmaster paused.

Bulkeley's temper was rising, and the tyrant of Rookwood realised that it would not do. The big Sixth-Former could have knocked him across the study, and he was in a humour to do it.

Mr. Scroop pointed to the door.

"Leave my study!" he said thickly.

Bulkeley turned on his heel, and strode out of the study.

He had done his best, but he had not improved matters. Like most weak natures, Mr. Scroop was made only more obstinate by opposition.

He was determined to go on in his own way. But how he was to deal with the storm when he had raised it was a matter he did not pause to consider.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

On The Warpath.

HEAR, hear!" Jimmy Silver, mounted upon the steps of the fountain in the quad, was addressing Rookwood generally, and loud cheers punctuated his remarks.

Mornington, the Head's favourite, the cause of all the trouble, stood looking on from a distance, with his friends, the Rookwood Nuts. Townsend and Topham and the rest were looking a little alarmed.

Secure in the favour of the Head, Mornington & Co. had never doubted that they held the upper-hand, and that Jimmy Silver would have to "toe the line"; but they were uneasy now.

If there were an outbreak against the Head's authority, what then? The rebels would be risking floggings and expulsion; but if they were ready to run that risk, there was nothing to stop them. And, in that case,

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Mornington & Co. were likely to find themselves in very hot water.

"It's all gas!" said Mornington contemptuously. "They'll knuckle under fast enough!"

"I don't know," said Townsend dubiously. "Jimmy Silver was leader of a barring-out once, when old Manders was left in charge!"

"Scroop will bring him to his senses! What they want are floggings, and plenty of 'em!" said Mornington. "That's what they're going to get!"

"They say they won't be flogged," said Topham.

"Gas!" said Mornington scornfully.

But Mornington's friends did not share his views. Jimmy Silver was not given to "gas," and they were well aware of it.

The crowd round Jimmy was thickening. Not only the Fourth Form, Classics and Moderns, but the Shell, the Third, and the Second were well represented there. Even some of the Fifth, seniors as they were, had joined the throng.

The Sixth, certainly, were too lofty and dignified to join in anything of the kind. But it was well known that even the Sixth were restive under Mr. Scroop's rule, and that he had no sympathisers in the top Form, excepting among a few bullies like Knowles and Catesby.

Jimmy Silver had not acted without thinking. He knew that in case of a rebellion Mr. Scroop would be backed up only by the masters, whose position compelled them to uphold authority. And even the masters would be acting against the grain in supporting Mr. Scroop's tyranny.

There was hardly a fellow at Rookwood who had not some grievance against the new Head.

Lines and lickings had fallen like leaves in Vallambrosa ever since Mr. Scroop had come to Rookwood.

The new Head did not leave the Forms to their Form-masters. He was accustomed to constant interference, which made the masters resentful and the pupils furious.

Instead of the general supervision Dr. Chisholm had exercised, there was an incessant meddling, worrying interference, petty restrictions, and continual punishments. And—to put the lid on, so to speak—Mornington of the Fourth was exempted from all the unpleasantness that had fallen to the lot of the rest. Tyranny alone would have been bad enough; but tyranny and favouritism combined were the limit.

Twenty floggings ordered for one morning had fairly made Rookwood gasp. Everybody but Mr. Scroop could see that trouble was certain to follow.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, came out while Jimmy Silver's speech was in progress. With a worried brow, he came towards the group, frowning a little as he heard Jimmy's fiery words.

"Gentlemen and fellow-Rookwooders, we're not standing it. We want our own head-master back."

"Hear, hear!"

"Scroop is a meddling ass—"

"Bravo!"

"And a rotten tyrant, and a beastly Hun!"

Loud applause.

"Nobody's going to be flogged this morning. Nobody's going to be flogged again by Scroop. We all stand together in that."

"Shoulder to shoulder!" roared Flynn.

"We've stood enough from that Hun—"

"Too much!"

"And we're not standing any more. I look to all Rookwood to back me up in standing up for the rights of Rookwood."

Thunders of applause.

"Dear me!" murmured Mr. Bootles.

"Gentlemen, a select committee has been formed to carry on the war," said Jimmy Silver. "The Ginger Group of Rookwood—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The Ginger Group has laid its plans."

"A barring-out, bedad!" roared Flynn.

Jimmy shook his head.

"Not a barring-out—a barring-in," he replied.

"Phwat!"

"What the dickens—"

"A which!"

"The plans are laid, and will be carried out," said Jimmy Silver. "I won't go into particulars, as there are spies about." He made a gesture towards the group of Nuts. "But all's ready—quite ready. If Scroop keeps on as he's started, there's going to be trouble!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Boys!" Mr. Bootles strove to make his voice heard. "Boys! You have been directed

to assemble in Hall! Kindly go into Hall at once!"

There was a buzz among the juniors. But Jimmy Silver jumped down from the step of the fountain at once.

"Certainly, sir!" he said.

"I trust, Silver, that—that there will be no recklessness," said Mr. Bootles, eyeing the captain of the Fourth. "You must be aware that—that the discipline of the school must be maintained. Kindly be quite orderly."

"Yes, sir. Order, you fellows!"

Mr. Bootles, somewhat relieved, and judiciously affecting not to have heard Jimmy Silver's fiery remarks, went back into the House. The juniors followed him in a buzzing crowd.

"You're toting the line, after all!" remarked Mornington, with a sneering smile at the captain of the Fourth.

Jimmy gave him a scornful glance.

"We are obeying Mr. Bootles," he said. "Bootles has a right to be obeyed. We shall not obey Scroop."

"Gas!" said Mornington.

"Sure, I'm fed up with that spalpeen!" exclaimed Flynn. "Take him into Hall wid ye, boys—with the frog's-march for the howling rotter!"

"Hooray!"

Flynn's suggestion caught on at once. A dozen juniors laid hands upon Mornington.

He was whirled off his feet, and frog-marched into Hall, with loud yells from Mornington and shouts of laughter from the rest.

"There, you rotter!" said Lovell, as Mornington was sent sprawling in the middle of the Hall. "That's what we think of you!"

"Yaroorh!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, hurrying to the spot. "Order! My dear lads, I beg of you to keep order! The Head is about to enter!"

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy.

Mornington staggered to his feet, dishevelled and panting and furious.

"Go to your place, Mornington!" said Mr. Bootles coldly.

He had no liking for the Head's favourite.

"I—I—I—"

"Silence! Go to your place!"

Mornington savagely fell into the ranks of the Fourth.

All Rookwood was assembled in Hall, from the high-and-mighty Sixth down to the Second.

There was a buzz of anticipation. Mr. Bootles and Mr. Manders and the other masters did their best to obtain silence. But it was impossible. The Rookwood fellows were already out of hand.

The buzz increased as the upper door opened, and the new Head came in, with rustling gown and frowning face. Sergeant Kettle followed him in. The old sergeant's business was to "hoist" the offenders for the floggings, and he had an extensive task that morning—quite a shipping order, as Raby humorously remarked. The expression on the old sergeant's bronzed face did not seem to indicate that he had any relish for his task.

All eyes were fixed upon the Head.

"Silence!" rapped out Knowles of the Sixth.

"Go and eat coke, Knowles!" came a voice from the Fourth, followed by a laugh, and the Modern prefect turned pink.

"Silence—silence!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, in distress.

And there was something like silence at last.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. "Rebellion at Rookwood."

MR. SCROOP looked over the assembled school, with a glitter in his steely eyes.

There was no sign of yielding in his hard face.

The sentence was to be carried out—if Mr. Scroop could carry it out. It had not yet dawned upon him that perhaps he could not.

"Silence!" His voice was harsh and threatening. "Boys, you have been assembled to witness the punishment of a number of incorrigible offenders—"

"Rats!"

"What—what! Who said that?" shouted Mr. Scroop.

"Yah!"

There was a chuckle in the crowded Hall, and Mr. Scroop's face was thunderous.

"Mr. Bootles, it was a boy in your Form who called out!"

"Bless my soul!"

"Find that boy at once, and send him here!"

"Really, sir, I did not observe—"

"I expect a Form-master to use his eyes and his ears, Mr. Bootles!"

The Fourth Form master crimsoned to the very ears.

"Sir!"

"I repeat, Mr. Bootles, that I expect you to use your eyes and your ears! A boy in your Form has addressed disrespectful words to me! Send him to me at once!"

"Mr. Scroop!"

"You are wasting time, Mr. Bootles! I cannot help suspecting that you are deliberately shielding the offender!"

"I have not been accustomed to being addressed in this manner, Mr. Scroop!" exclaimed the Fourth Form master.

"You will become accustomed to it, sir, unless you maintain better discipline in your Form!" snapped the Head.

"Indeed! You are mistaken, sir!" gasped Mr. Bootles, his gentle nature roused to resistance at last. "I decline absolutely to submit to such intemperate language, sir!"

"Bravo!" sang out Lovell.

"You are encouraging these young rascals in insubordination!" exclaimed Mr. Scroop. "I shall hold you to account for this, Mr. Bootles!"

"You will do nothing of the sort, sir!" retorted Mr. Bootles, with spirit. "I resign my position here, sir, and refuse to take any further orders from you! As you are not satisfied, sir, with my management of my Form, I leave the Fourth Form in your hands, sir!"

And Mr. Bootles, with his eyes gleaming and his ears burning, marched directly out of Hall.

"Hooray!" roared the Fourth Form, with one voice, the thunderous roar following Mr. Bootles from the Hall.

"Silence!" shrieked Mr. Scroop.

"Hip-hip-hooray!"

"Bravo!"

"Hip-hip—"

Mr. Scroop shouted for silence in vain. Not for several minutes did the roar die away.

The new Head stood gesticulating, and almost purple in the face. His voice was heard again as the roar died away—chiefly for want of breath.

"How dare you! This insolence shall be severely punished! I will maintain order in this school, or I will know the reason why! Bulkeley, Neville, Knowles, I expect the prefects to keep junior boys in order!"

"I am no longer a prefect, sir!" said Bulkeley coolly. "For that reason—and others—I decline to interfere!"

"Silence, Bulkeley!"

"Very well, sir!"

"Knowles, kindly read out the list of names of boys sentenced to flogging, and send them forward!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Knowles read out the list.

It was a long list—Silver, Raby, Newcome, Lovell, Dodd, Cook, Doyle, Flynn, Oswald, Rawson, Towle, Hooker, Jones minor, Dickinson minor, and half a dozen others.

The reading of the list was punctuated with jeers from the Fourth-Formers, and some of the names could hardly be heard.

"The boys named will go forward!" said Knowles, as he finished.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver.

Twenty juniors marched up the Hall, with Jimmy Silver at their head.

They did not look like delinquents going to punishment, however.

They sauntered up the Hall, with their hands in their pockets, and smiles on their faces.

Discipline was evidently at an end.

If Mr. Scroop had had a little more perception, he would have observed it, and might yet have retreated from the position he had taken up. But no thought of retreat was in his mind so far.

The culprits stood in a crowd before the Head, meeting his steely glance with cool recklessness.

"You will be flogged first, Silver!" said Mr. Scroop. "Take him up, sergeant!"

"Yessir!" mumbled Sergeant Kettle.

"We're not going to be flogged, sir!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Take him up!" roared Mr. Scroop.

The sergeant advanced towards Jimmy Silver. He blinked hesitatingly at the captain of the Fourth.

"Now, Master Silver!" he said persuasively. Jimmy shook his head.

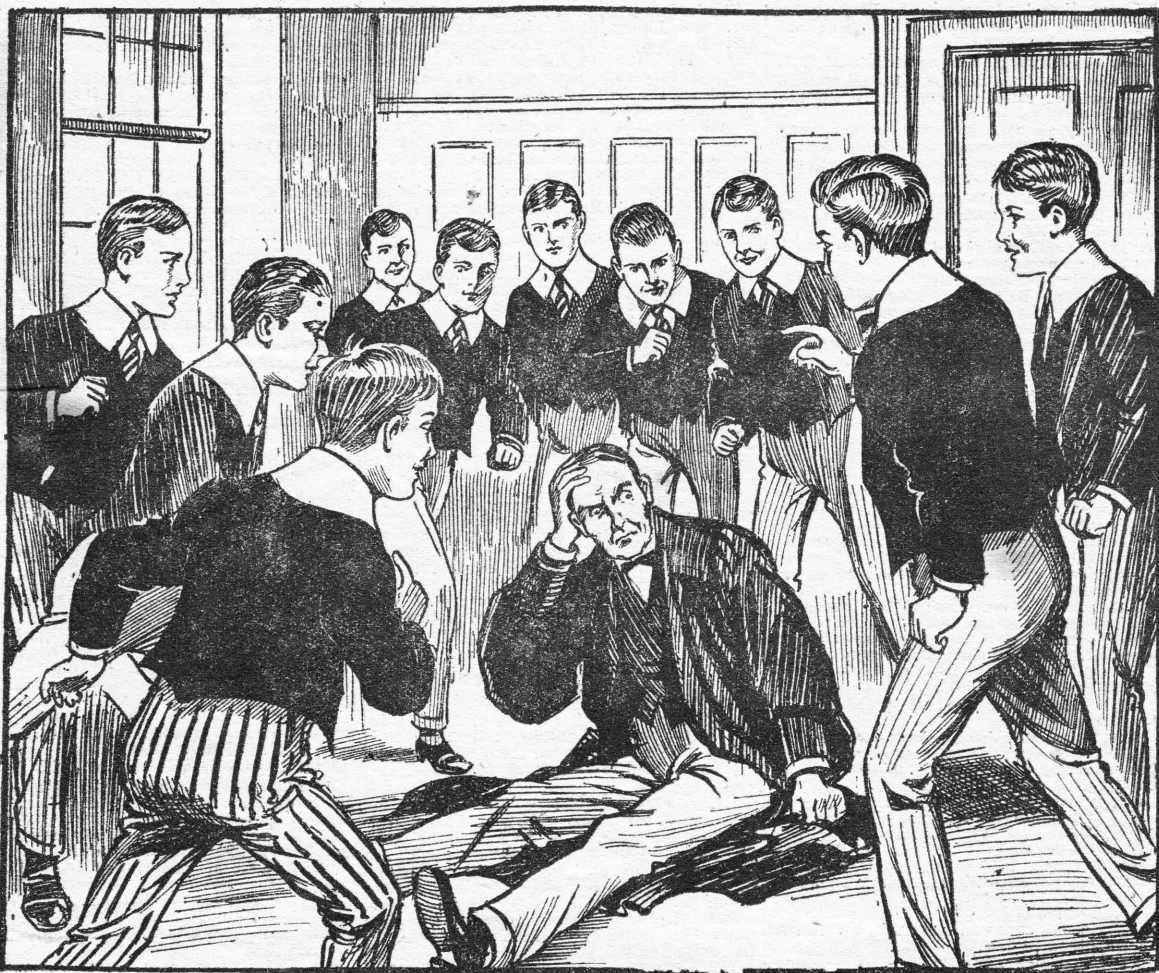
"Nothing doing, sergeant!" he said cheerily.

"Now, you know—"

"Take him up, sergeant! Do you hear?"

"Werry well, sir!" The sergeant came on.

"I shall 'ave to use force, Master Silver!"



The new Head still sat on the floor. A dozen juniors were dancing a triumphant war-dance round him, and he was blinking at them—breathless, enraged, and astounded! (See this page.)

"Better not!" advised Jimmy. "We don't want to hurt you, sergeant. You're a good old sort, you know. But we're not taking any!"

Sergeant Kettle laid his hands on Jimmy. The next moment five or six pairs of hands were laid on him, and he was whirled away from Jimmy Silver, and bumped on the floor. "Ow-wow!" gasped the sergeant.

The Head stood rooted to the floor. Evidently he had not expected this, though everyone else in Big Hall had looked for it. "What!" he gasped. "Bulkeley—Neville—Knowles—assist the sergeant!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth looked at the Head, and then, without speaking, walked out of the hall. Neville, after a moment's hesitation, followed him. The rest of the Sixth looked uneasily, but none offered to interfere. Even Knowles did not come forward. He realised that it would not do.

"Will you obey me?" thundered the Head. "Knowles, help the sergeant at once—Catesby—Frampton—I order you!"

The three Modern prefects, thus called on by name, came reluctantly forward.

Sergeant Kettle staggered up. He was not much hurt, but he was winded. He gasped and blinked at the young rebels, in a state of great uncertainty.

"Now, look here—" began Knowles. "Oh, cheese it!" said Jimmy Silver. "We don't want to hurt you, Knowles, but you'd better mind your own business."

"You cheeky young sweep—" "Dry up, Knowles!" "Shut up!" "Go and eat coke!" "Kick him out of Hall!" roared Lovell. "Hurray!" "Back up, Fourth!"

There was a rush for Knowles. He was unpopular, and his unpopularity stood him in very ill stead now. He was collared by a

dozen pairs of hands, and, struggling furiously, he was rushed out of the hall, and pitched out of the big doorway.

Catesby and Frampton promptly retreated into the ranks of the Sixth. They did not want any.

Mr. Scroop seemed petrified. "Boys!" he thundered. "How dare you! Every boy taking part in this shall be severely flogged!"

Mr. Scroop's mind was still running on punishments. He could not realise that the time of punishments was past.

"Rats!" "Bosh!" "Go and eat coke!" "Yah!" Such were the replies of the Fourth-formers.

Almost beside himself with rage, Mr. Scroop made a rush at the juniors, brandishing the birch. His blows fell right and left, and there was a chorus of wild yells.

But the rebels were quite out of hand now. "Collar him!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "Bump him!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Catesby, aghast. "Bump the Head! I'm getting out of this!" The Head was struggling and lashing amid a wild crowd of juniors. He disappeared from sight among them. His birch was dragged away, his gown rent into rags. He rolled on the floor utterly breathless. It was such a scene as had never before been enacted in the old Hall of Rookwood.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Barred in!

"GROOOGH!" Mr. Scroop sprawled on the floor, and spluttered and gasped. Some of the Sixth ran forward—not sympathising with Mr. Scroop in the least

—but feeling that they were called upon to interfere. Some of them walked out of the hall, feeling that it was no business of theirs.

"Stop this!" exclaimed Frampton. "Don't touch the Head! How dare you! Yaroooh—leggo—yooop!"

Frampton went spinning. The blood of the rebels was up now, and they did not stand on ceremony with seniors who "chipped in."

"Clear the hall!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "Seniors and masters outside!"

"Hurray!" "Boys!" shrieked Mr. Manders. "Boys! Let go my gown, Lovell! Release me at once, Rawson! Goodness gracious! Oh, dear! Yah!"

There was a wild and whirling scene in Big Hall.

A hundred fellows at least were backing up Jimmy Silver & Co., and they held possession of the hall.

Mornington and his friends had already cleared off. Most of the seniors had slipped out. They were powerless to stop the riot, and they did not mean to join in. Mr. Scroop had raised the hurricane, and it was left to him to rule it if he could. Apparently he couldn't.

The new Head still sat on the floor. A dozen juniors were dancing a triumphant war-dance round him, and the new Head was blinking at them—breathless, enraged, and astounded.

Mr. Manders was rushed out of Hall, and the other masters followed him—hustled a little, and rather hurriedly. The rebels were in possession, and they were not to be gained.

In a very few minutes the hall was cleared of all but Jimmy Silver's partisans. The ancient oak rafters rang with triumphant cheers.

It was time for lessons in the Form-rooms. But nothing was less likely than lessons that morning at Rookwood.

Mr. Scroop staggered to his feet at last. His hard face had become pale. He realised that he had raised a storm he could not quell.

His only thought now was to get away from the raging crowd of revolted school-boys, leaving the riot to deal with itself.

But he was not to escape so easily.

As he made a stumbling rush for the upper door, he was surrounded by the rebels, and hustled back.

"Let me pass!" shrieked Mr. Scroop.

"Stand where you are!"

"Silver! How dare you!"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Jimmy Silver.

"What! What! You dare address me—your headmaster—"

"You're not our Head!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "We don't recognise you as the Head of Rookwood."

"You—you insolent—"

"Dr. Chisholm's our Head," said Lovell.

"Lovell! I— Let me pass!" shrieked Mr. Scroop.

"You won't pass!" said Jimmy Silver determinedly. "We don't want to handle you, Mr. Scroop. But you'll get handled if you don't keep where you are, and that's flat!"

Mr. Scroop made a furious rush.

He was hustled back and plumped on the floor. This time he stayed there.

"Keep an eye on him!" said Jimmy Silver. "You bet!"

The Fistical Four, leaving Mr. Scroop to gasp, proceeded to the upper door, which was closed. Jimmy Silver produced a screwdriver, a gimlet, and a number of long screws.

Taking turns with the screwdriver, the juniors screwed up the door.

Mr. Scroop watched that proceeding in blank amazement.

The upper door having been secured, the Fistical Four returned. Jimmy's voice called the rebels together, and they marched out of Hall.

Mr. Scroop rushed after them.

The big oaken door at the lower end of the hall slammed in his face.

The rebels crowded outside it. Two or three of them held it shut, while Jimmy Silver bored deep holes with the gimlet, and Lovell drove in screws.

The wood was hard, and the screws were long, and it was not an easy task; but it was accomplished at last.

Both doors of Big Hall were securely screwed up now, and Mr. Scroop, the new Head of Rookwood, was a helpless prisoner—screwed in.

His voice could be heard raging on the inner side of the heavy door.

"That job's done," said Jimmy Silver, in a tone of satisfaction.

"But—but what's the little game?" exclaimed Tommy Cook.

"A barring-in," said Jimmy coolly.

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's rather better than a barring-out in this case," said Jimmy. "We had a barring-out once, against old Manders. We were prisoners while we were barring him out. This time the giddy tyrant is a prisoner, and we're barring him in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Thump, thump, thump!

Mr. Scroop was beating furiously on the door.

"Let me out!" he shrieked. "Do you hear me? Let me out!"

Jimmy stooped to the keyhole.

"Hallo, Scroop!" he called through.

"What—what!"

"You're barred in. You won't be let out till you come to terms," said Jimmy Silver, with perfect coolness.

"You young scoundrel—"

"Better language, please!"

"I—I—I will— You shall be flogged—expelled! I—I—" Mr. Scroop stammered with fury.

"I'll talk to you when you're calmer," said Jimmy Silver. "When you want to discuss terms, you can show a white flag from the window."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A howl of rage from the imprisoned headmaster was the only response.

"Oh, my hat!" chuckled Tommy Dodd.

"What a wheeze! A barring-out is nothing to this! Now we're monarchs of all we survey."

"Hurrah!"

"Good-bye, Scroopey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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The juniors trooped off, laughing and cheering. But Jimmy Silver's work was not done yet. He posted fellows to watch the windows lest the imprisoned Head should attempt to escape that way. It was not likely, as the hall windows were very high from the ground. But the captain of the Fourth left nothing to chance. Then the ladder was borrowed from the wood-shed, and the rebels made a round of the hall windows, putting a screw into each.

Mr. Scroop's face appeared at a window as they finished. He had dragged a table to the window, and mounted on it. His face was flattened against the glass, and he looked out. The juniors burst into a laugh at the sight of him. The new Head had fallen from his high estate with a vengeance.

Jimmy Silver waved his hand to him.

"Coming to terms yet?" he called out.

Crash! Mr. Scroop's elbow smashed through a pane of glass. Then his voice could be heard.

"Let me out instantly!"

"Rats!"

"You shall all be expelled for this!"

"The whole giddy school!" grinned Lovell.

"There won't be any Rookwood left if we're all expelled, cocky!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you—I—I— Let me out at once! I—I will send for the police!"

"You can't," said Jimmy Silver coolly;

"and it wouldn't be any use if you could. Rookwood fellows never shall be slaves!"

"Hurrah!"

And the triumphant rebels marched off, leaving the new Head to rave and gesticulate at the window.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Mornington Has Bad Luck!

IT was an eventful morning at Rookwood.

Lessons were not to be thought of.

The rebels paraded the quadrangle, or adjourned to the playing-fields, at their own sweet will.

Mr. Bootles remained in his study, in a very perturbed frame of mind. As he had resigned his position as a master, he had no right to interfere. Neither would his interference have been allowed. Bulkeley was equally nonplussed. As captain of Rookwood, he felt that it was up to him to do something. But Mr. Scroop himself had deposed him from his position as a prefect. His authority was gone.

The Sixth generally looked to Bulkeley for guidance, and Bulkeley gave no lead. He was, as a matter of fact, as fed up with Mr. Scroop as the juniors were. The new Head's reckless tyranny had brought about this state of affairs, and it was for the Head to put an end to it if he could.

Bulkeley simply went into the Sixth Form room as usual, and the rest followed him. The Fifth also went in to lessons. But the juniors held high holiday. They were in a reckless mood, and quite prepared to measure strength with the seniors, if the latter chipped in. But civil war at Rookwood was averted by Bulkeley's taking the matter quietly.

Mr. Manders, the Modern master, made one attempt to release the Head. But he was hustled away unceremoniously, and after that he felt it best to keep on the Modern side.

It was a curious state of affairs, and it was certain that it could not last, though how it was to end was a puzzle to Jimmy Silver himself.

What was quite certain was that Jimmy Silver & Co. would never give in. They were done with the new Head.

"The governors will have to take a hand in the game," said Tommy Dodd sagely. "Somebody will let them know. And they'll have sense enough to see that our old Head will have to come back. It's the finish for Scroop, anyway."

"Hallo, here's Bootles!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Give him a cheer!"

Mr. Bootles was seen crossing the quad towards the gates in his hat and coat. The Rookwood rebels gave him a ringing cheer, which made Mr. Bootles' ears turn pink, but of which he took no notice. He walked out of the gates.

"Gone for the peelers," suggested Towle.

"Rats! Gone to wire to the Head more likely."

"Blow the peelers!" said Jimmy Silver independently. "They can't interfere with us in the school. We're all right."

"Right as rain!" agreed Lovell. "Who says dinner?"

The juniors went into the dining-hall to

dinner. It was served as usual. The seniors were at their tables, and some of them looked very queerly at the young rebels. Bulkeley made no sign.

Mornington was at the Fourth Form table, looking very grim. He had been ragged several times that morning by excited juniors, and ducked in the fountain once. With the Head barred in, the Head's favourite was not likely to find much mercy.

His comrades, the Nuts of Rookwood, had come in for a share of the juniors' attentions. Townsend and Smythe & Co. were tired of it. They showed a very different manner towards Mornington now. While the new Head was all-powerful and Mornington was his favourite, Morny's friendship had been a boon and a blessing. But now that his friendship exposed his friends to raggings and hustlings the matter was quite changed.

The Nuts of Rookwood looked very coldly on their former leader, and Mornington found himself generally avoided.

Avoided by his former friends, and scorned and disliked by the rebels, he found himself in an exceedingly uncomfortable position. He evidently did not enjoy it in the least.

His hope was that Mr. Scroop would obtain his liberty and regain his authority. But without help that did not seem likely. All the morning Mr. Scroop had raged in the screwed-up Hall like a lion in his den. Only Mr. Manders had made an attempt to help him, and Mr. Manders had failed.

The juniors were still busy with their dinner when Mornington left the table and strolled out of the dining-hall. He sauntered carelessly down the passage, but he quickened his pace as soon as he was in the quad, and ran towards the windows of the Hall.

Mr. Scroop was looking out through the broken pane, with a face that was white with rage and chagrin. He had been surveying the deserted quad, and his face brightened at the sight of Mornington.

Mornington placed his finger to his lips.

He ran across the quad, and disappeared in the direction of the wood-shed. In a few minutes he came back bearing the ladder.

The ladder was reared against the window, and Mornington mounted quickly.

"They're all at dinner, sir," he said hurriedly. "You can get out before they know. Then you can call in the police and deal with the rotters."

"The police!" muttered Mr. Scroop, with a haggard look.

He was doubtful whether police assistance would be any use to him. But of one thing he was quite assured—that a headmaster who required the help of the police to keep order in the school had not long to remain at Rookwood.

"Get out of the window, sir."

"How can I get out?" growled Mr. Scroop.

"The window is screwed fast!"

"That pane's big enough—"

"I shall cut myself!"

"Isn't it worth risking, to get out before those young villains come back?" exclaimed Mornington impatiently. "You can't stick in there all day, I suppose?"

Mornington's manner to his headmaster was far from respectful. But Mr. Scroop did not seem to resent it.

"I—I will try," he muttered.

It was not easy for a large, middle-aged gentleman to squeeze himself through the space of a pane of glass, even a large pane. And the jagged edges of the glass did not look inviting.

Mr. Scroop put his head through, and drew it back again.

"Quick!" exclaimed Mornington. "They may be out any minute!"

"The glass—"

"Chance it, sir!"

"I do not intend to cut myself to pieces!" snarled Mr. Scroop. "Break away the rest of the glass!"

"They'll hear it—"

"Do as I tell you!" snapped Mr. Scroop. "I will not have my orders disputed by you, at all events, Mornington!"

Mornington gritted his teeth, but he obeyed. He ran down the ladder and picked up a stone, and hastily ascended again. With blows from the stone he smashed out the remainder of the large pane, to leave a clear space for the headmaster to crawl through.

Smash, smash, smash!

"Hallo!" Jimmy Silver looked out of the House, and in a moment he was dashing towards the spot. "Come on, you fellows!"

The rebels swarmed after him. They thronged round the ladder, and Mornington glared down at them furiously.

"So that's the little game!" grinned Jimmy Silver, swarming up the ladder after Mornington.

"I'll brain you if you come near me!" hissed Mornington, gripping the stone hard. Jimmy Silver caught his wrist.

"Let go that stone!"

"I won't!"

Jimmy compressed his grip, and the stone dropped to the ground, with a howl of pain from Mornington.

"Now get in at that window!" said Jimmy. "What?"

"You can keep him company!" said Jimmy. "You're so fond of your precious Head, Silver coolly. Tumble in!"

"I won't!" yelled Mornington.

"You will—and sharp!" said Jimmy. "In you go!"

Mornington grappled with him and struggled furiously, reckless of the height of the ladder. But he was no match for Jimmy Silver.

His head and shoulders were forced through the opening by main strength, and Jimmy seized his thrashing legs.

"In you go!"

There was a shout of laughter from below. The rebels of Rookwood were watching the scene with great enjoyment.

"Yaroo!" roared Mornington, as he went in headfirst. "Hold on! Leggo! Oh, my hat! I shall fall! Catch me, Mr. Scroop! Oh, crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington clutched hold desperately of the Head, standing on the table within. His legs slid in at the window, and his weight dragged Mr. Scroop over, and he sat down violently on the table, with Mornington sprawling over him. His clenched hand struck savagely at Mornington, and the junior rolled on to the floor with a howl.

Jimmy Silver grinned and slid down the ladder.

"The dear friends are falling out!" he remarked. "Get this ladder back to the woodshed and lock it up. They can keep each other company for a bit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The ladder was rushed away. Mornington's face appeared at the window after a few minutes convulsed with rage. He shook his fist at the juniors below, and a roar of laughter answered him.

Mornington's attempt at rescue had been a failure, and the only result was that he was barred in as well as Mr. Scroop!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
No Surrender!

JIMMY SILVER & Co. arrived under the window of Mr. Scroop's prison, and Jimmy tossed up a stone to draw attention.

The savage face of Mr. Scroop looked out. "What do you want?" he said, between his teeth. "This ridiculous situation has lasted long enough. I—I will pardon you if—"

The juniors grinned. Mr. Scroop was climbing down with a vengeance. Not that the rebels believed that he would keep his word, if he could help it.

"Sorry, sir, that isn't enough," said Jimmy Silver politely. "We want our Head back."

"That is nothing to do with me."

"It's a lot to do with us," said Jimmy cheerfully. "We're not giving in till our Head comes back. You're barred in, sir, till you're prepared to clear out of Rookwood for good. In for a penny, in for a pound, you know."

"What!"

"You see, we tried to stand you, and you wouldn't let us. Now you've got to go!"

"Hear, hear!"

Mr. Scroop shook a furious fist at the juniors, and disappeared from the window again.

"My only hat!" murmured Tommy Dodd. "How is this going to end?"

"Look after the present, and let the future take care of itself," said Jimmy Silver, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Our Head will have to come back, that's all. We're not standing that outsider. Hallo! Who's that?"

"Great Scott! It's the chairman of the governors!"

"Morny's uncle, by gum!"

A tall, white-whiskered gentleman, in an eyeglass, alighted from a car at the gates of Rookwood. He strode towards the School House with a frowning brow. The juniors, some of whom knew him by sight, watched him stride up. They could guess now that Mornington had somehow communicated with

his uncle that morning before he was imprisoned in Big Hall with the Head. But the frowns of Sir Rupert Stacpoole did not terrify the rebels of Rookwood.

"Ha!" exclaimed the baronet. "Where is my nephew?"

"In the boot-room, sir," said Jimmy Silver.

"In the boot-room!" exclaimed Sir Rupert. "My nephew?"

"Yes. I suppose you're the bootboy's uncle, sir," said Jimmy Silver, with polite innocence.

"I am Mornington's uncle!" thundered the baronet.

"My mistake!" said Jimmy. "Morny's in Hall! Screwed in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Screwed in!" gasped Sir Rupert.

"Exactly! Would you like to speak to him? Morny!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "Show a leg, you lubber! Here's nunky!"

Mornington's face appeared at the window. It lighted up at the sight of Sir Rupert Stacpoole.

"I'm glad you've come, uncle!" he exclaimed.

"I ordered the car immediately I received your wire!" gasped the baronet. "What does this state of affairs mean?"

Mornington gave Jimmy Silver & Co. a venomous look. He felt that he had the upper hand at last.

"There's a rebellion here, uncle. The Head is screwed in here with me. Jimmy Silver is responsible for it."

"Good heavens!" stuttered Sir Rupert.

"We're all responsible, sir," said Lovell coolly. "And we're sticking together, too!"

DR. CHISHOLM,



THE OLD HEAD, BACK AGAIN AT ROOKWOOD.

"Release Mr. Scroop and my nephew at once!" shouted Sir Rupert.

"Bow-wow!"

"What!" shrieked Sir Rupert.

"B-O-W-W-O-W!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Bow-wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The baronet gazed speechlessly at Jimmy Silver. He grasped his cane, and raised it in the air. Tommy Dodd jerked it away from him, and sent it spinning across the quad.

Then the juniors walked away, leaving Sir Rupert Stacpoole gasping. Mornington and Mr. Scroop looked out of the window, gasping too.

"Great Scott!" stuttered Sir Rupert, at last. "Mr. Scroop, is this the way you keep order and discipline in the school? I recommended you for the post, sir, supposing that you were fit for it, by gad! I come here, and find the place like a den of wild beasts, sir! I am treated with disrespect—I, by gad! If this is the way you manage Rookwood, Mr. Scroop, the sooner you go the better!"

"I have been assaulted—screwed in this room—"

"Bah! Dr. Chisholm was never assaulted and screwed in a room!" snorted the baronet. "The young rascals want flogging—"

"Twenty floggings were ordered for this morning, and then—"

"Twenty!" shouted Sir Rupert. "By gad, is that the way you manage a school? I'll warrant that Dr. Chisholm has never administered twenty floggings one day in his life, sir, but Rookwood was never out of hand while he was here. By gad, it's a good thing, I think, that the governors have decided to send him back, though I opposed it. A good thing, by gad, from what I see!"

Mornington jumped.

"Is Dr. Chisholm coming back?" he shouted.

"Yes."

"But—but you—" stammered Mornington, in dismay.

His uncle cut him short.

"The governors have investigated the matter, and Dr. Chisholm has satisfied them. It appears that he flogged you, my boy, where many a headmaster would have expelled you into the bargain. I stood by you, but it was a meeting of the whole body of governors, and the majority were for retaining Dr. Chisholm's services. I have resigned the chairmanship."

"Oh gad!" muttered Mornington.

"And I am dashed if I am sorry now!" fumed Sir Rupert. "A pretty state to find Rookwood in, upon my word! Mr. Scroop, I made a mistake in sending you here, I can see that. Do you mean to tell me that these young rascals would have dared to screw Dr. Chisholm in his Hall. You know they would not. You cannot manage boys, sir, and the sooner you understand it the better!"

Mr. Scroop did not speak. Perhaps his feelings were too deep to find expression in words. Mornington's face was the picture of rage and dismay. The Head of Rookwood was coming back, and Mornington's day was done. He had been the new Head's favourite; but he knew how the old Head regarded him.

Sir Rupert Stacpoole fumed under the window. Apparently he had come to Rookwood to restore order by the terror of his glance, so to speak; but he found that the task was beyond his powers. Bulkeley of the Sixth came out of the House, and the baronet called to him:

"Is that you, Bulkeley? Come here, sir! I understand that you are head prefect! Why have you allowed this riot to go on?"

"I am no longer a prefect, sir," said Bulkeley quietly. "Mr. Scroop decided that I should be a prefect no longer."

"By gad! Why?"

"Because I could not approve of cruelty and injustice, sir," said Bulkeley. "The juniors are out of hand now, but I shall explain to Dr. Chisholm when he returns that they were driven to it by tyranny. It will be my duty to do so."

"Good gad!" muttered the baronet.

"Uncle, you are not gone?" called out Mornington, as the baronet turned away.

Sir Rupert gave a snort.

"I can do no good here," he said. "Dr. Chisholm is, I believe, on his way. I can do nothing with these rebellious young rascals! If you do not choose to remain at Rookwood you can come with me."

Mornington hesitated.

"Come, make up your mind!" snapped his uncle. "If you choose to come, you can come, and you will be sent to another school. Mind, I am beginning to think that you were in the wrong all along the line, and not in the right, as I supposed. But I give you your choice in the matter. Come if you choose."

"I'll come!" said Mornington.

He dropped from the window. There was a buzz from the juniors in the quad as Mornington was seen walking to the gates beside his uncle.

"Going, by gum!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Hurrah!"

"Good-bye, Morny!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "Shall I say good-bye for you at the Bird-in-Hand?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington scowled, and stepped into the car beside his uncle. A minute more, and he was gone.

"Good riddance!" said Jimmy Silver feebly. "We ought to give the old sport three cheers for that!"

And the rebels of Rookwood laughed, and cheered lustily.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

All Serene!

"HERE'S Bootles!"

"My hat! And the Head!"

A taxi-cab turned in at the gates of Rookwood, with the two gentlemen seated in it. It rolled up the drive to the School House.

There was a loud cheer in the quadrangle. Dr. Chisholm had returned!

Exactly what the Head would think of the rebellion at Rookwood, and the barring-in, Jimmy Silver & Co. could not guess. But they meant to make it clear that their old and revered headmaster was welcome. Thun-

JIMMY SILVER'S BARRING-IN!

(Continued from page 17.)

derous cheers followed the taxi as it rolled on.

Dr. Chisholm smiled slightly. He had left Rookwood under a cloud, but the decision of the governing board had fully vindicated him. He had returned in all honour. Mr. Bootles' hurried visit and his explanation of the state of affairs at Rookwood School had hastened his return. And certainly the Head had come at the right moment.

He alighted at the School House door, where Bulkeley met him.

"We're all very glad to see you back, sir," said the captain of Rookwood.

"I am glad to be back, Bulkeley," said Dr. Chisholm, shaking hands with the Sixth-Former. "I was sorry to hear from Mr. Bootles that there has been disorder during my absence."

"It's very unfortunate, sir."

"Surely you, Bulkeley, should have exerted your influence—"

Bulkeley coloured. "I could do nothing, sir. The juniors are to blame, of course, but not very much to blame. Twenty floggings in one morning could not be expected to pass quietly, especially when the whole school knew they were undeserved!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head. "Twenty! I am afraid that Mr. Scroop has been—ahem!—somewhat injudicious. Where is he now?"

"In Hall, sir," said Bulkeley, rather awkwardly.

"I—ahem!—think the doors are fastened," murmured Mr. Bootles, "and—and that Mr. Scroop is, in fact—ahem!—a sort of prisoner, sir."

Dr. Chisholm frowned. "Dear me! That is very serious! Will you see that he is released at once, Bulkeley?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Can I lend you a screwdriver, Bulkeley?" asked Jimmy Silver sweetly. "I happen to have one in my pocket."

"Thanks!" said Bulkeley, grinning.

Dr. Chisholm looked severely at the crowd of juniors.

"Lessons are not yet over!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch. "What are you juniors doing out of the Form-rooms?"

"Ahem!"

"You—you see, sir—"

"Things are rather upset to-day, sir," ventured Jimmy Silver. "Shall we go in to lessons, sir?"

"Certainly! At once!"

"Very good, sir!"

With wonderful obedience, the juniors marched into the School House. Order was restored. The rebellion had been against Mr. Scroop and his Hunnish methods, and with the return of the Head it died a natural death.

Mr. Bootles looked rather oddly at his class as he came into the Fourth Form room to take them for the last lesson.

After what had happened during the day the Fourth Form master expected to find his class in a restive state.

But he was agreeably disappointed.

The Fourth Form, Classical and Modern, were as good as gold, and as meek as little lambs. Jimmy Silver knew what he was about, and his influence was all on the side of the restoration of order. The rebels of Rookwood wanted to make it clear that they had been in the right, and they were very careful not to place themselves in the wrong.

Last lesson in the Form-rooms went off like clockwork, much to the relief of the masters.

Before the lesson concluded Mr. Scroop had been released, and he had driven away in the taxi in which Dr. Chisholm had arrived. When the juniors came out of the Form-rooms the tyrant of Rookwood was gone.

Dr. Chisholm resumed his old place at Rookwood, and for several days the juniors were on their very best behaviour. It was understood that there was to be an inquiry into the outbreak, and that justice would be done. But the Head was a judicious gentleman, and he knew when it was wisest to forget, and apparently the whole matter passed from his memory; and as the rebels of Rookwood were not called to account, justice was indeed done. Jimmy Silver & Co. were quite satisfied on that point.

THE END.

HIS BROTHER'S BURDEN!

(Continued from page 12.)

"You ridiculous boy!"

"Not at all, sir!" said Gussy, jamming his eyeglass into his eye. "If you are determined to inflict further punishment, sir, I am prepped to take it in place of my brother's."

Mr. Selby's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"If I refrain from bringing the headmaster into this matter, D'Arcy, and decide to deal with it myself, do I understand that you are ready to be punished by me?"

"If necessary, sir—provided you let my minah off. It was not his fault."

Mr. Selby gripped his cane.

"I certainly consider it necessary that someone should be severely punished for this outrageous defiance of my orders!" he said savagely. "You are not in my form, D'Arcy, but you have voluntarily put yourself in my hands. I shall give you a sound thrashing!"

Arthur Augustus started, and his eyeglass dropped from his eye. Under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Selby, as the master of the Third, would have no authority to thrash him. He would have to report him to his Form-master—Mr. Raiton—for punishment. D'Arcy realised that if he decided to appeal even now to Mr. Bailton, or even to the

Head, he would probably escape the thrashing. But in that case there would be further trouble for D'Arcy minor. He squared his shoulders. He had voluntarily taken his brother's troubles upon his own shoulders—and he was in for it.

"I'm weady, sir!" he said quietly.

"Then bend over that desk!" rapped out Mr. Selby.

The thrashing the Third Form master proceeded to administer was perhaps the severest D'Arcy had ever had. But he did not utter a sound. Mr. Selby desisted at last, panting.

"There!" he gasped. "That should be a lesson to you, D'Arcy! You may go!"

In silence, and with clenched teeth, D'Arcy gathered up his books, and almost tottered from the room. He was white-faced, faint, and sore from his brutal punishment, but in spirit he was a victor.

He tottered into Study No. 6, and flung his books on the table, and himself into the armchair.

"Bai Jove!" he gasped. "That was wotten! But I've made it all wight for young Wally!"

Late in the evening the fag cricketers and their supporters returned in high spirits. The Rylcombe Grammar School Eleven had been well beaten, and Wally D'Arcy had played the game of his life.

Arthur Augustus strolled across the quad to meet them, smiling and unruflled as ever, with his famous monocle gleaming in his eye. "Well, deah boys, we won, I hope?"

"Jolly good game, but young Wally's team pulled it off in fine style," said Blake. "Why didn't you come over, Gussy, you slacker?"

"Oh, I had a little mattah to attend to heah, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus, with a smile. "I'm glad we won—it's wippin'!"

Wally hurried up to his brother, with an anxious face.

"How did you get on with Selby, Gus?" he whispered. "Is it all right?"

"Wight as wain, old son!" rejoined Arthur Augustus cheerily. "You won't heah anythin' more about it, Wally. I fixed everythin' up with old Selby!"

"I say, you are a brick, Gussy," said Wally, with a radiant face. "Blessed if I know how you did it, though!"

And Wally never did know how nobly that afternoon Arthur Augustus had shouldered His Brother's Burden.

THE END.

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