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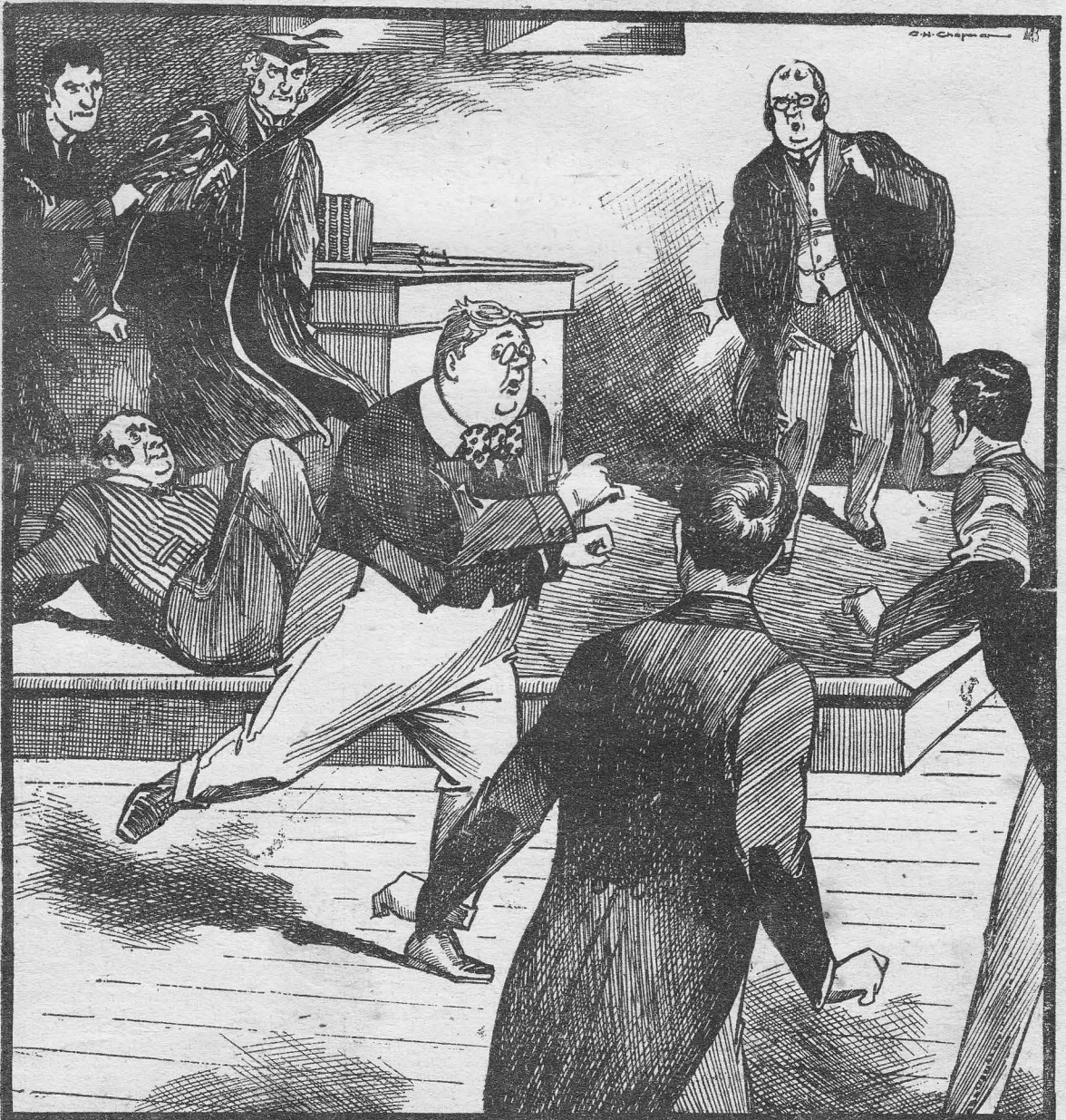
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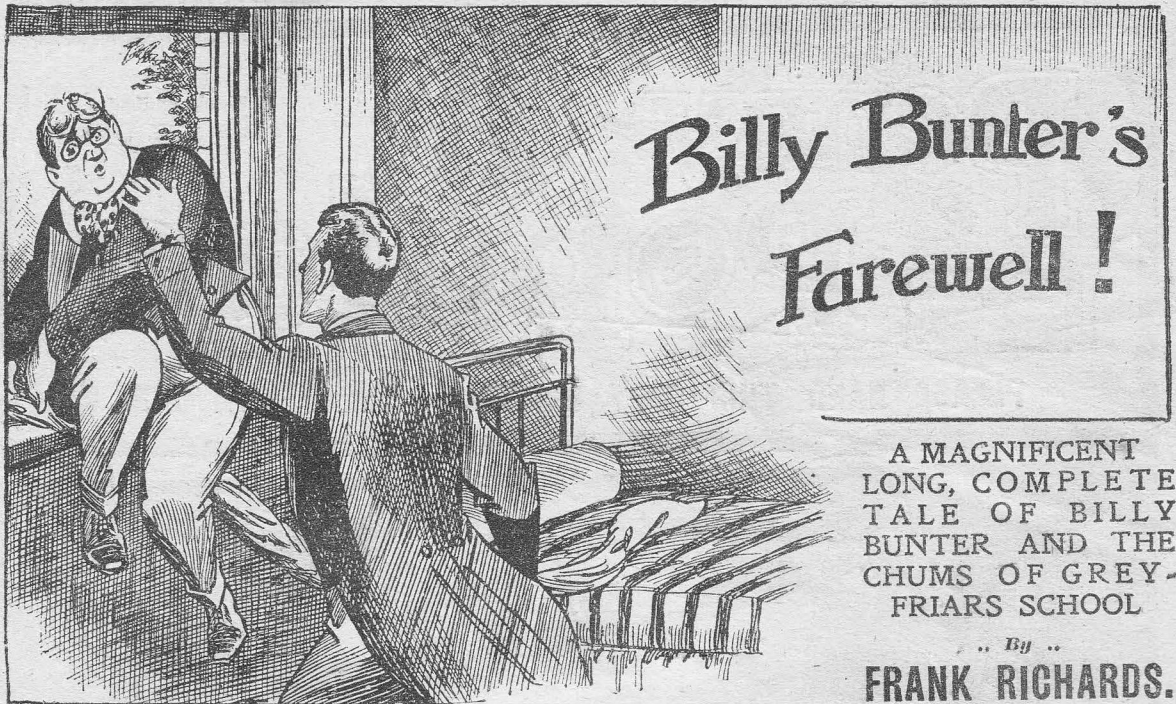
20 PAGES

PLEASE HAND THIS COPY ON TO A FRIEND.—EDITOR.



BILLY BUNTER'S BOLT FROM JUSTICE!

(An Amazing Scene in the Long Complete School Tale of Greyfriars in this Issue.)



Billy Bunter's Farewell!

A MAGNIFICENT
LONG, COMPLETE
TALE OF BILLY
BUNTER AND THE
CHUMS OF GREY-
FRIARS SCHOOL

.. By ..

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Price of Folly.

CLANG! Clang!
The notes of the school-bell echoed and re-echoed through the corridors at Greyfriars.

And the summons echoed even farther afield. It was heard by the members of the First Eleven, who were playing a practice match on Big Side. It was heard by Gosling, the porter, who came out of his lodge with shuffling steps. It was heard in the fags' Common-room, where Dicky Nugent & Co. were engaged in frying bloaters. In short, it was heard everywhere within a quarter-mile radius of the school.

It was Wednesday afternoon.
Dinner was over, and the usual half-holiday had commenced.

On hearing the school-bell, the fellows abandoned their various pursuits, and hurried away in the direction of Big Hall.

"Why is the blessed bell going on a half-holiday?" grumbled Coker of the Fifth, who, with the doubtful assistance of Potter and Greene, had been endeavouring to put his motor-cycle in running order.

"It's for a general assembly, I suppose," said Potter. "Goodness knows why!"
"D'ra's it's the sack for somebody!" suggested Greene.

"So long as the somebody isn't me. I don't mind," said Coker a trifle uneasily. "Hope the Head hasn't got to hear of that little mishap of mine the other day, when my motor-bike skidded, and bumped into Sir Hilton Popper's prize pig, which was being taken to market."

"Set your mind at rest," said Potter. "You'd hardly be sacked from the school for slaughtering a pig—even though it was a prize one!"

"No; but I might be ordered to make a public apology to old Popper, and that's almost as big an ordeal as being sacked. Popper said he was going to complain to the Head."

"My dear old chap," said Greene, "you've got nothing to worry about. I don't suppose for one minute that this assembly's being called for your benefit. Somebody's going to get it in the neck without a doubt, but it won't be you!"

Coker fervently hoped it wouldn't, as he accompanied his study-mates into the school building.

All sorts of conjectures were put forward as to the reason for the summons.

Some Dismal Jimmies gave it as their opinion that the half-holiday was going to be cancelled by the Head. Others, of a more optimistic nature, predicted that there was a joyful surprise in store for the school.

Temple of the Fourth even went so far as to suggest that the Head, in a burst of generosity, was about to treat the whole of the school to a magnificent repast.

The only fellows who knew the real facts of the case were the members of the Remove cricket eleven.

Harry Wharton & Co., who were in their flannels, were chatting in the Close when the bell rang.

"This is Bunter's funeral!" said Bob Cherry. "He's going to be flogged and expelled!"

"I can't honestly say that I shall shed any silent tears," said Dennis Carr. "It's not my way to hit a fellow when he's down; but I can't help saying that Bunter's about the worst specimen I've ever come into contact with. He's a fibber and a glutton and a rank outsider, and the marvel is that he wasn't fired out of Greyfriars ages ago!"

"Hear, hear!"
"He certainly deserves the order of the boot this time," said Harry Wharton. "Ever since he got hold of that 'Guide to Bolshevism' he's been absolutely out of hand. Quelch could do nothing with him, and he actually had the impudence to cheek the Head to his face!"

"He got up in the middle of the night, and dug trenches in our cricket-pitch," said Frank Nugent, "and a few minutes ago we caught him smashing up the furniture in the Head's study. I'm positive the fellow's off his rocker!"

"Same here," said Johnny Bull; "but Greyfriars isn't a lunatic asylum. Bunter will have to quit, and I, for one, sha'n't be sorry!"

"In the words of the poet Shakespeare," murmured Hurree Singh, "it's good riddance to bad rubbishfulness!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter, of the Remove, was about to pay the penalty for his recent misdeeds, and nobody felt sorry or sympathetic. Even Mark Linley, who was ever ready to make allowances, had to agree that Bunter's conduct had been altogether too thick. A fellow who played such low-down tricks as mutilating a cricket-pitch and wrecking the Head's study deserved all he got.

The Remove Eleven had a cricket fixture that afternoon with St. Jim's. They had, in fact, been on the point of going to the railway-station to meet Tom Merry & Co. when they had heard a disturbance in the Head's study. On going to investigate, they had found Billy Bunter running riot with a poker.

The fat junior had been promptly over-

powered, and shortly afterwards the Head had arrived on the scene; and Billy Bunter had been sent to the punishment-room to await his fate—a public flogging and expulsion.

"Hope the Head isn't too long-winded," remarked Peter Todd, as the juniors made their way in the direction of Big Hall. "We don't want to miss the match."

"No fear!"
Owing to the fact that the Remove's own playing-pitch had been damaged, arrangements had been made to play the big match at Highcliffe.

Harry Wharton & Co. were practically the last to arrive in Big Hall.

The scene was most impressive—awesome, in fact.

On the raised dais at the far end of the hall stood Dr. Locke, in gown and mortar-board. A formidable-looking birch lay within his reach.

All the masters were present, and they were looking very grave.

Mingled with Mr. Quelch's look of gravity was an expression of relief.

The Remove-master was not sorry that Billy Bunter was about to receive marching orders. The fat junior had been his most refractory pupil. His antics had almost turned Mr. Quelch's hair grey.

"I did my best for the wretched boy," Mr. Quelch confided to Mr. Prout, who stood next to him, "but he ignored my repeated injunctions to him to turn over a new leaf. Dr. Locke has no alternative but to expel him, and his departure will be regretted by few."

Mr. Prout nodded.
"Had I been in the doctor's place, I should have sent Bunter packing long ago!" he said.

There was quite a buzz of conversation in Big Hall.

Everybody knew by this time what was about to happen. The Removites whispered the news to the Upper Fourth, and Temple & Co. passed it on to the Fifth. The fags, by some mysterious means, found out the facts for themselves, and the Sixth-Formers, who sat in the front of the hall, had overheard the dialogue between Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout.

The Head raised his hand for silence, and the buzz of conversation dwindled, and finally died away altogether.

"Wingate!" exclaimed Dr. Locke. "Would you be good enough to fetch the wretched youth of whom I am about to make a public example?"

"Certainly, sir!" said the captain of Greyfriars.

And he strode out of Big Hall, leaving the school in a state of silence and suspense.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter's Ordeal.

"I'm fed up with this!"

Billy Bunter had uttered that phrase a dozen-times in the course of the past hour.

The punishment-room was a bleak and cheerless apartment, but not more bleak and cheerless than the condemned junior's frame of mind.

The outlook, so far as Billy Bunter was concerned, was anything but rosy.

The prospect of expulsion did not trouble the fat junior overmuch, though that was bad enough.

It was the thought of a public flogging which made Bunter cower and cringe. He was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and he would have given anything to be able to avoid that flogging.

Had Bunter refrained from wrecking the Head's study he would have been expelled privately. There would have been no dramatic scene in Big Hall; but the Head had altered his original decision, and he had decreed that the expulsion should be of a public nature, with a severe flogging thrown in.

Bunter had been awarded numerous floggings of late, but that did not increase his love for them.

Already, in apprehension, he could feel the birch lashing across his back.

"Groo!" murmured Bunter, with a shiver. "If only I could get out of this!"

He tried the door for the tenth time, but it refused to budge. It had been locked on the outside. Moreover, it was a stout oaken door, and Bunter possessed no implement which might serve to force it open.

There were two other means of exit from the punishment-room—the chimney and the window.

The chimney had to be ruled out of Bunter's calculations, since it would have been impossible for a fellow of his vast bulk to ascend it. And even if he could climb it, he would be no better off. He would find himself stranded on the roof above.

"Chimney's N.G.," muttered the fat junior. "The window's the only way."

But the window of the punishment-room was situated a good many feet above the ground level.

A very plucky and agile fellow, such as Bob Cherry or Dennis Carr, could probably have negotiated the drop. But Billy Bunter possessed neither pluck nor agility. He thrust his head out of the window and glanced down into the Close, and the distance between the window-sill and terra firma unnerived him.

"I—I can't do it!" he gasped. "It's hopeless."

It was at this stage that the school-bell commenced to clang.

The sound was like a death-knell to the unhappy Owl of the Remove. He did not need to ask himself why the bell was being rung. It was to summon the whole school into Big Hall, to witness the flogging and the subsequent expulsion.

The perspiration broke out in beads on Bunter's forehead.

"Oh crumbs!" he gasped. "I must get out of this somehow!"

But how? The door was locked, the chimney was impossible as a means of egress, and the window was too high up.

Withdrawing his head, Billy Bunter glanced wildly round the room.

In the corner was a camp-bedstead. The bed had not been made up, but on the mattress stood a little pile of sheets.

"Ha! The very thing!" Bunter exclaimed. He pounced on the sheets in a twinkling, and commenced to knot them together, with a view to lowering the improvised rope from the window, and thus making his escape.

The fat junior could have kicked himself for not having thought of this plan before. It was so beautifully simple. Other fellows had adopted this method in the past. The last person to put it into practice had been Dennis Carr, and he had been successful in getting away.

Billy Bunter remembered this, and the remembrance gave him fresh heart.

"I'll be out and away inside five minutes!" he muttered.

The improvised rope was soon formed, and Bunter secured one end of it to the bed-rail. The other end was then lowered from the window, until it dangled nearly to the ground.

"Ripping!" ehortled Bunter.

And he hastily clambered up on to the window-sill.

Even at that moment, however, there was the sound of a key grating in the lock. Then the door of the punishment-room was thrown open, and Wingate of the Sixth came in.

Billy Bunter clambered feverishly through on to the outer sill. But before he could commence his descent the captain of Greyfriars was upon him.

"No, you don't, you young rascal!" panted Wingate.

And, catching Bunter by the scruff of the neck, he hauled him back into the room.

"Leggo!" roared the fat junior.

But Wingate hung on grimly.

"You're coming with me!" he exclaimed. "I won't! I sha'n't! I refuse to be bullied!" Billy Bunter's voice rang almost to a scream. "Leggo, you beast, or I'll get my pater to give you a jolly good licking when he comes!"

Wingate was not intimidated by that wild threat. He marched his prisoner through the doorway and along the passage.

Billy Bunter's threats changed to earnest supplications.

"Let me go, Wingate," he pleaded, "and I'll get my pater to write you out a fat cheque—"

"Bribery and corruption—what!" said Wingate. "That sort of thing cuts no ice with me!"

"My pater's a millionaire—"

"If he were a millionaire fifty times over it wouldn't prevent me from doing my duty! Chuck this silly talk, and come on!"

"Yow! Leggo, Wingate, there's a good chap! If you take me along to Big Hall I shall be flogged—"

"Serve you jolly well right!"

"Don't be a heartless beast, Wingate! M-m-my constitution won't stand a flogging. I'm subject to fits, and—"

"That's enough!" said Wingate sternly.

They had reached the door of Big Hall by this time. Wingate opened the door with his disengaged hand, and marched his captive inside.

Billy Bunter's countenance turned a sickly yellow when he caught sight of the Head's birch. And the expression on Dr. Locke's face was flinty and uncompromising.

Wingate marched the fat junior up the raised dais, and left him to the tender mercies of the Head.

A hush fell upon the crowded assembly.

"My boys," began Dr. Locke, "some of you know the nature and extent of this misguided boy's conduct. Others are in ignorance of the matter, and for their benefit I will recount the facts."

The school was all attention.

"A few days ago," continued the Head, "Bunter came into possession of a dangerous pamphlet which advocated the doctrine of Bolshevism. The wretched boy allowed his mind to be influenced by the criminal instructions laid down in that pamphlet. He got completely out of hand. Mr. Quelch had occasion to punish him two or three times, and he eventually brought Bunter to me on a charge of repeated insubordination. As you know, a public flogging was administered, and I warned Bunter that if there was a recurrence of his conduct, he would be expelled."

Billy Bunter's knees were knocking together, and he looked the picture of dejection.

"Within a few hours of my warning," the Head went on, "Bunter wilfully and maliciously damaged the junior playing-pitch!"

"Ow! I—I didn't, sir!" quavered Bunter.

"Be silent, boy! There can be no possible doubt that you committed the outrage in question. In order to spare your feelings I said I would expel you privately, and I sent a telegram to your father, requesting him to come and take you away. Since that time, however, you have had the unparalleled effrontery to break into my study whilst I was at dinner, and inflict heavy damage to my possessions."

There was a murmur of astonishment from the majority of the fellows, who had not previously heard of Billy Bunter's latest exploit.

"For this crowning offence, Bunter," said the Head, "you shall pay the severe but just penalty of a public expulsion, coupled with a sound flogging!"

The Head then beckoned to Gosling, the porter, who was hovering near the door of Big Hall.

"Gosling, come forward and take this boy on your shoulders!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Gosling, who looked as if he relished the task.

Billy Bunter began to grovel at the Head's feet.

"Gimme another chance, sir!" he pleaded desperately. "I—I'm not responsible for my actions, sir. I'm subject to fits, and I—I believe I'm going to have one now!"

So saying, the fat junior tore frantically at his waistcoat. His eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets, and he choked and spluttered incoherently.

It was a very realistic imitation of a person in a fit. But the Head was not to be deceived.

"Gosling," he rapped out, "do your duty!"

"Yessir!"

The school porter stooped down for the purpose of taking Bunter on his shoulders. And then the fat junior essayed a dash for freedom. He charged into Gosling, completely bowling him over, and then he made a rush towards the door.

But he didn't get far.

Wingate and Gwynne, of the Sixth, intercepted the Owl of the Remove. They took an arm apiece, and dragged Billy Bunter back to the dais.

And at last, realising that he had no earthly chance of escape, the fat junior resigned himself to his fate. He submitted quietly whilst the two seniors hoisted him on to Gosling's shoulders, and then—

Swish, swish!

The birch rose and fell, to the accompaniment of wild screams of anguish.

Music had charms, but that particular variety of music set the fellows' teeth on edge.

"Reminds you of pig-killing, doesn't it?" murmured Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Wish the Head would buck up and get it over," he muttered. "I can't stick those un-earthly yells."

Swish, swish, swish!

"Yarooooh! Stoppit, sir—chuckit—stow it! I've had enough!"

"I am the better judge of that, Bunter!" panted the Head.

And again and again the birch descended upon Billy Bunter's plump anatomy.

The ordeal was over at last, and no one was sorry. The majority of the fellows had been stopping their ears. The victim's screams had been too piercing for words.

Billy Bunter slid down Gosling's back on to the floor.

"Get up!" commanded the Head, breathing hard.

Billy Bunter saw that Dr. Locke still grasped the birch, and he deemed it prudent to obey. He struggled to his feet, and the Head pointed dramatically to the door.

"Go!" he thundered. "Your inglorious career at this school terminates forthwith! You will pack your belongings and vacate these premises within an hour! If your father has not arrived by the expiration of that time, you will go without waiting for him! William George Bunter, you are expelled from Greyfriars!"

Billy Bunter was the cynosure of all eyes as he stumbled to the door. The glances of his schoolfellows were expressive of the deepest contempt.

Noody—not even the charitably-disposed Alonzo Todd—had a spark of pity for the fat junior, whose conduct had stamped him as the rankest of rank outsiders, and led up to his summary expulsion from the school.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Lively Scenes.

"THANK goodness!" said Dennis Carr, with a sigh of relief, as the fellows streamed out of Big Hall. "The Head's only kept us ten minutes, and I thought the job would last at least an hour!"

"The St. Jim's fellows haven't turned up yet," said Vernon-Smith.

"With a bit of luck, we shall still be in time to meet 'em at the station," said Bob Cherry.

With the exception of Johnny Bull, the cricketers moved off in the direction of the school gates. But Johnny turned back towards the building.

"Whither bound, old man?" called Nugent. "I'm going to see Bunter," explained Johnny Bull, looking back over his shoulder.

"What?"

There was a chorus of astonishment from the rest of the cricketers.

"You're not going to say good-bye to that unspeakable worm, surely?" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Of course not! But I've just remembered that last week, in a moment of weakness, I lent him half-a-crown!"

"Oh!"

"And I'm hoping to get it back before Bunter slings his hook!" said Johnny Bull grimly.

"Now I come to think of it," said Bob Cherry, "Bunter borrowed my penknife, and forgot to return it!"

"And he borrowed my Latin grammar——"

"And my stamp album——"

"And my roller-skates——"

"To say nothing of my cricket-bat, which he sneaked without permission!" said Mark Linley.

The juniors realised that their borrowed property must be recovered at once, or it would be too late. They promptly set off in the wake of Johnny Bull.

Other fellows, apart from the cricketers, were wending their way to Study No. 7 in the Remove passage.

Morgan and Micky Desmond and Monty Newland, Bulstrode and Russell, and Ogilvy, and Skinner and Stott and Bolsover major, were on the track of Billy Bunter, who had borrowed sundry articles from all of them at various times.

Billy Bunter was on his knees in Study No. 7, packing his things. It would be more correct to say that he was packing borrowed things. And he was packing them in a borrowed portmanteau.

When Bolsover major caught sight of that portmanteau, he gave a roar like that of an infuriated bull.

"You—you fat villain! You've lifted my portmanteau!"

"Oh, really, Bolsover——"

"Shy those things out of it—sharp!"

"But it's my portmanteau!"

"You—you——" spluttered the bully of the Remove. "Look at the initials on it——"

"P. B.!"

"I suppose the fat thief thinks that means Porpoise Bunter!" said Dennis Carr.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major did not join in the general laughter. He strode into the study, and emptied the portmanteau by the drastic method of turning it upside-down.

Then, leaving an accumulation of articles scattered on the study carpet, the bully of the Remove dragged his portmanteau out into the passage.

Billy Bunter blinked wildly around him.

"Oh crumbs!" he gasped. "I've got nowhere to put my things——"

"They're not your things!" hooted Ogilvy.

"That camera belongs to me!"

"And that's my Latin grammar——"

"And that's my stamp album——"

"Those roller-skates belong to me——"

"Hand over my cricket-bat——"

"Those pictures that you've taken down from the walls are my property!" roared Peter Todd.

Billy Bunter blinked in dismay at the clamorous crowd which thronged the doorway and the passage beyond.

"I—I say, you fellows——" he stammered feebly.

And then the chorus started again, with variations.

"Thief!"

"Looter!"

"Swindler!"

"What about my half-crown?"

"And my penknife?"

Billy Bunter promptly seated himself on a miscellaneous heap of articles.

"These things are mine!" he protested.

"Dashed if I know what you fellows are babbling about! Did you say this was your penknife, Cherry?"

"Yes, I did!" said Bob grimly.

"But you said I might keep it, if you remember!"

"'Afraid I've got a jolly short memory, then!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What about that half-crown I lent you last term?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I'm afraid you imagine these things. You've never lent me half-a-crown in your life. You're such a mean beast, you know!"

"If it wasn't for the fact that you've had a rough handling already I'd pulverise you!" growled the incensed Johnny.

Billy Bunter continued to sit on his ill-gotten gains. But he did not remain there long.

There was a combined rush on the part of the juniors, and Bunter was unceremoniously bowled over.

A wild scramble ensued. The scene was

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reminiscent of Pancake Day at a certain school. A Rugby scrum was nothing to it.

Presently Bob Cherry emerged from the struggling mass of humanity with his penknife clasped triumphantly in his hand.

Ogilvy rescued his camera and Mark Linley his cricket-bat; and the pile of articles rapidly diminished until there was practically nothing left.

Billy Bunter had intended to leave Greyfriars with a packed portmanteau. But his intentions had sadly missed fire.

The portmanteau had been reclaimed by its indignant owner, and so had the articles which had drifted, at various times, into Bunter's possession.

Peter Todd replaced the pictures on the walls of the study, and by the time all the loot had been restored to the rightful owners there was nothing left, with the exception of a few useless nick-nacks which Billy Bunter could get into his pockets with ease.

The only dissatisfied claimant was Johnny Bull.

"What about my half-crown?" he demanded again.

"Oh, really, Bull! If it's a fact that you lent me half-a-crown, I'll get my pater to refund it. My pater happens to be rolling in brass. You see, he's an outside broker on the Stock Exchange."

"Sure you don't mean a broke outsider?" said Monty Newland.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I want my half-crown here and now!" insisted Johnny Bull.

"'Afraid you'll be unlucky, Johnny!" said Bob Cherry. "Bunter's broke—as usual. He came to Greyfriars with six, and he leaves it in the same stony condition."

Johnny Bull glared at the expelled junior.

"Pay up!" he demanded.

"Oh, really, you know——"

"If you can't get your half-crown in cash, Johnny, you'd better take it in kind," advised Frank Nugent.

"How can I do that, fathead? The whole of Bunter's belongings are only worth about fourpence!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter turned appealingly to Harry Wharton.

"I say, Harry, old chap, you might lend me ten bob!"

"I might," said Wharton, "but I don't regard it as at all probable!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I haven't got a single cent!" said Bunter dolefully. "You wouldn't like me to tramp all the way to London, I suppose?"

"Walking's jolly good exercise," said Bob Cherry.

"And it reduces superfluous flesh," added Peter Todd. "You'll be a couple of stone lighter by the time you get to town, Bunter!"

"There's no question of Bunter having to walk," said Mark Linley. "His pater's coming to fetch him."

Bunter shook his head.

"My pater's not coming," he said, "or he would have turned up by now. I don't suppose the Head's wire reached him. It would have been sent to his private address, and he's been at the Stock Exchange all day. He doesn't know I've been sacked!"

"And when he does," said Dennis Carr, "he'll be as fierce as the bulls and bears he deals with on the Stock Exchange!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows, I'm broke! I haven't a bean——"

"Well, we can't oblige you," said Nugent.

"We're not jobbing gardeners!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I simply must have some brass——"

"We're not brass-founders, either!" said Bulstrode.

Bunter turned to Hurree Singh.

"You're a generous sort of chap, Inky. Will you advance me a temporary loan?"

Hurree Singh shook his dusky head.

"I am not an esteemed money-lender, my ludicrous barrel!"

"Better ask Squiff for a loan, Bunter," advised Dick Russell. "Take him aside, and whisper softly in his ear: 'Advance, Australia!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The only thing I'm prepared to advance," said Squiff, "is a thick ear!"

Billy Bunter began to blub, in the hope of kindling a spark of pity in the breasts of the juniors.

"I—I can't get home without money!" he wailed. "And the railway fare's ten bob. Don't be a set of mean beasts, and hit a fellow when he's down! You can easily raise ten bob, by having a whip-round."

"Oh, all right!" said Harry Wharton.

moved slightly to compassion at last. "You don't deserve a ha'porth of consideration after what you've done. But we won't let it be said that we were too stingy to help you. You shall have your fare to London—and not a penny more!"

Bunter's tears ceased as if by magic. He looked on with glistening eyes whilst Harry Wharton conducted the whip-round.

Ten of the juniors contributed a shilling a-piece, and the coins were dropped with a musical clink into Bunter's greedy palm.

"Thanks!" said Bunter. "And now, I suppose, I must say good-bye, you fellows. It's a painful task—it brings lumps to my throat—but I must see it through. Good-bye, all!"

The Removites did not seem to hear. They looked their last—as they thought—upon William George Bunter, and retired from the study. They had no word of farewell for the fellow who had put himself right outside the pale, and who was now in the unenviable position of having been expelled from Greyfriars!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Exit Bunter.

BILLY BUNTER lingered for some moments in Study No. 7, after his visitors had departed.

The expression on the fat junior's face was one of abject misery. He looked like a once-prosperous individual, who had been shorn of all his worldly possessions.

"I thought I should get away with quite a decent haul!" he muttered. "But those beasts came along and collared their stuff, and I've got nothing—absolutely nothing!"

The clothes which Billy Bunter stood up in constituted the whole of his apparel. He had had a reserve stock of clothing—fancy waistcoats and collars and neckties, which he had "borrowed" from time to time. But these had been reclaimed by their indignant owners.

His present apparel, and the ten shillings which jingled in his pocket—these were Bunter's sole possessions.

The fat junior abandoned himself to gloomy reflection. He lay back in the arm-chair, looking utterly woebegone.

But the fit of depression soon passed, and Billy Bunter rose to his feet and quitted the study.

"I'll go along and see if I can squeeze something out of Quelch!" he murmured.

The Remove-master was seated at his typewriter when the expelled junior came into his study.

"Bunter! What are you doing here? You were ordered to evacuate the premises within an hour!"

"Yes, I know, sir; but the time isn't up yet. I thought I'd come along to—to say good-bye, sir!"

Mr. Quelch rose rather stiffly to his feet. He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Bunter! I am sorry I have nothing of an encouraging nature to say to you on the occasion of your enforced departure. If your future life is in keeping with your school career, I can hold out very little hope for you. You have travelled by crooked ways, and it will require a very big effort on your part to reform, and keep to the path of honour. But I hope and trust you will make that effort, and atone, in some measure, for your outrageous conduct whilst at Greyfriars. You will write to me occasionally, telling me of your progress?"

"No, sir!" said Bunter.

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Quelch, compressing his lips. "I merely made the suggestion for your own benefit——"

"I sha'n't be able to write, sir."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"Because I shall be starving inside a week, sir!" said Bunter pathetically.

"Nonsense, boy! You have no reason for making such a dismal statement. You are going home to your father——"

"No, sir."

"What!"

"I can't get home, sir——"

"Why not?"

"Because I'm broke, and I sha'n't be able to pay my railway-fare."

"But I understand that your father is coming here to fetch you——"

"He wouldn't have got the Head's telegram, sir. You see, he works in the City all day, and the wire was sent to his private address."

Mr. Quelch looked hard at the fat junior. "You have no pocket-money, Bunter?"

"Not a cent, sir!"

The expression of distress and despair on



Aunt Prudence rapped the Head's desk so fiercely that her parasol broke in halves, and one of the pieces flew dangerously close to the Head's ear. "I must insist upon William being brought back at once!" she exclaimed. (See page 7.)

Billy Bunter's fat countenance was calculated to move a heart of stone.

"Are you suggesting, Bunter, that I should come to your assistance in this matter?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Nunno, sir—not at all! I simply stated the facts. Of course, if you feel you'd like to help me, I sha'n't offend you by refusing to accept the money—"

"How much is the fare to London?"

"Fifteen bob, sir!"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"The last time I travelled to London," he said, "the journey cost me eight shillings."

"Oh, yes, sir; I can quite believe that. But being a gentleman, I always make a point of travelling first-class."

"Are you insinuating, Bunter, that I am not a gentleman?"

"Not for a moment, sir. But it doesn't hurt a schoolmaster to rough it in a third-class carriage. In my case it's different. I don't like rubbing shoulders with the common herd—"

Mr. Quelch counted out eight shillings, and handed the amount to Bunter.

"I have no desire to prolong this conversation, Bunter," he said. "I scarcely know which is the more appalling—your impertinence or your self-conceit. Here is the amount of your fare—"

"Can't you make it fifteen bob, sir?"

"I have nothing more to say to you, Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch resumed his seat at the typewriter to signify that the interview was at an end.

Bunter took the hint.

"Good-bye, sir!" he said, adding, as the door closed behind him: "Mean beast!"

Out in the passage Billy Bunter encountered Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Prout. "You have not gone yet, Bunter?"

"Doesn't look like it, does it?" said the fat junior rudely.

Mr. Prout glared.

"How dare you address me in that disrespectful manner!" he thundered.

"Sorry, sir! I meant no disrespect! The fact is, I'm feeling awfully worried."

"I am not surprised!" said Mr. Prout drily. "With such a load of guilt on your conscience, Bunter, I wonder you are not distracted!"

"It isn't my conscience that's worrying me, sir," said Bunter, quite truthfully. "I—I can't think how I'm going to get home!"

"Your father—"

"My father's not coming to fetch me, sir, and I'm stranded! It looks as though I shall have to walk to London, and I sha'n't be able to get even a mouthful of refreshment on the way!"

Mr. Prout looked astonished.

"Why should you contemplate walking to London?" he asked.

Billy Bunter, with a dejected air, turned out his coat-pockets. They were empty.

"I'm broke to the wide, sir!" he exclaimed.

It was extremely fortunate for Bunter that Mr. Prout did not compel him to turn out his trousers-pockets, which contained the sum of eighteen shillings.

The master of the Fifth was a man easily moved to sympathy, and he was impressed.

"That is indeed a misfortune, Bunter," he observed. "Have you approached Mr. Quelch for financial assistance?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir! I shouldn't dream of it! Quelch—I mean, Mr. Quelch—is a stingy sort, and he'd never come to the rescue of anybody who was down. He's not nearly so generous as you, sir!"

Mr. Prout was flattered by this allusion to his liberality.

"You must not speak of Mr. Quelch in that way, Bunter!" he said.

"Sorry, sir; but I couldn't help contrasting him with such a generous master as you—"

"How much money do you need in order to get to London?"

"Two pounds, sir!" said Bunter promptly.

"What!"

"The railway-fares have gone up again, sir. And I shall need a margin for refreshments."

There was a pause, during which Billy Bunter threw an apprehensive glance at the door of Mr. Quelch's study. He did not want the Remove-master to put in an appearance at that moment for obvious reasons.

"I cannot see my way to assist you to that extent, Bunter," said Mr. Prout, at length.

"Two pounds is altogether too excessive a sum for your purpose, but I will give you one."

So saying, the master of the Fifth extracted a pound note from his wallet, and handed it to Bunter.

The fat junior promptly pocketed the note, and scuttled away without a word of thanks.

Mr. Prout gazed after Bunter's retreating figure in amazement and sadness. He was reminded of Shakespeare's lines about the blackness of man's ingratitude.

Having garnered the sum of thirty-eight shillings to help him on his way, Billy Bunter came to the conclusion that life was still worth living. Even expulsion had its consolations.

But Bunter was not yet satisfied. He made his way to the Head's study, in the hope of reaping a further harvest from that quarter.

Dr. Locke looked up in astonishment and wrath as the fat junior rolled into his study after a preliminary knock at the door.

The Head concluded that Bunter had come to lodge an appeal against the sentence which

had been passed. He therefore pointed to the door.

"Go, wretched boy!" he said sternly. "My decision is irrevocable!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Go!" repeated the Head, emphasising the command by smiting the desk with his clenched hand. "I am not prepared to rescind your punishment!"

"I haven't come about that, sir," said Bunter.

"Then what—"

"I—I happen to be in rather a fix, sir. My pater hasn't turned up, so he couldn't have got your telegram."

Dr. Locke frowned.

"You need not wait for your father!" he said. "Go at once!"

"But I shall be lame long before I get to London, sir."

"What!"

"You see, I've got to walk!"

"To—to walk?" gasped the Head.

"Yes, sir, unless, of course, you'd care to advance me my railway-fare."

"Am I to understand that you are without money, Bunter?"

"Absolutely, sir!" said Bunter, giving a guilty start as a suspicious jingle sounded from the region of his pockets.

Fortunately, the Head failed to hear that jingle.

"You have come to me for monetary assistance, Bunter?"

"Well, sir, I shouldn't say 'No' if you offered to pay my railway-fare."

"Have you, in addition to your other acts of folly, squandered your allowance of pocket-money?"

"I haven't had any to squander, sir," said Bunter dolorously.

"But your father—"

"He's as mean as they make 'em, sir!"

"Bunter, I am astonished that you should speak of your paternal relative in that way! You are a graceless young rascal! I will assist you to get home, not because I consider yours a deserving case, but because I am anxious that you shall not stay here a moment longer than necessary!"

The Head did not ask Bunter how much he wanted. He produced a ten-shilling note, and handed it to the fat junior.

Bunter blinked at the note as if he owed it a personal grudge.

"What's this, sir?"

"It is a ten-shilling note, Bunter," said Dr. Locke, by way of enlightenment.

"But this is no good to me, sir!"

"Then I will trouble you to hand it back!" said the Head, with asperity.

But Billy Bunter promptly slipped the note into his pocket.

"Pr'aps it'll help me to get part of the way home, sir," he said.

"Nonsense! It will more than cover the cost of your fare!"

The Head rose majestically to his feet.

"Go!" he thundered. "And if you have not vacated the school premises within the allotted time I will take steps to have you ejected by force!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Billy Bunter beat a hasty retreat from the Head's study. He had sense enough to see that he could expect no further help from that quarter.

Out in the Close the fat junior bumped into his minor.

Sammy eyed his major with disgust and reproach.

"You've fairly done it now, you champion duffer!" he said.

"Oh, really, Sammy—"

"You're sacked from the school, and you've covered yourself with disgrace—and me, too!"

"You?"

"Of course! Because we happen to be brothers, everybody's saying that we're tarred with the same brush!"

"Look here—"

"I'm fed up with you!" said Sammy wrathfully. "I disown you! You've got into a pretty mess, and no mistake! And I hope the pater gives you a jolly good lamming with a hunting-crop as soon as you get home!"

Billy Bunter grinned faintly.

"The pater won't get the chance to do that," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not going home!"

"My hat! Where are you going, then?"

"Don't know yet. And if I did, I shouldn't tell you! You're an unsympathetic little beast, and if you weren't my brother I'd wipe up the ground with you!"

"You—you—"

"You—you—"

"You—you—"

"You—you—"

"You—you—"

"You—you—"

Billy Bunter turned on his heel, and rolled away in the direction of the school gates.

"Going?" called Sammy.

"Yes."

"Well, jolly good riddance!"

Such was the affectionate manner in which the two Bunters parted company. Billy Bunter's face was irradiated by a cheerful grin.

This was probably the first instance on record where an expelled junior had quitted the school with a beaming countenance.

The fact was Bunter was not thinking of his expulsion just then. He was congratulating himself on having been cunning enough to raise the sum of forty-eight shillings prior to his departure.

Gosling, the porter, was lounging in the doorway of his lodge. He scowled at Billy Bunter as the fat junior rolled past.

"Get hout!" he said savagely.

"Oh, really, Gossy—"

"Wet I says is this ere—you ought to 'ave bin sacked hages an' hages ago! Which I'll go further than that, an' say that you ought to 'ave bin drowned at birth! You would 'ave saved yer parents a lot of sorer!"

Billy Bunter blinked affably through his big spectacles at the indignant porter.

"Ta-ta, Gossy!" he said, with a flourish of his hand.

Gosling's reply was unintelligible.

Billy Bunter passed through the old gateway, and set off along the dusty road.

He paused once, and looked back at the massive building of Greyfriars, towering up against the summer sky.

But no lump rose in Billy Bunter's throat, no mist gathered before his eyes. He had no love of Alma Mater, and it was with an unemotional countenance that he tramped on his way, cast out in disgrace from Greyfriars School!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Visitor for the Head.

AWFULLY sowsy we're late, deah boys, but we missed the twain."

It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of St. Jim's who spoke.

Harry Wharton & Co. had been waiting for close on an hour on the little platform of Friardale Station. Their patience had been sorely tried, but now that the visiting eleven had turned up, they forgot the weary period of waiting.

"We intended to come on by the earlier train, of course," said Tom Merry, "but Gussy took such a dickens of a time to change into his flannels that we clean missed the train, and had to wait for the next."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"When Gussy gets busy on his toilet," said Monty Lowther, "he never finishes. He took hours to decide which blazer he should wear, and at last he decided on the pink and purple one, with the pale-blue border."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you've got here, and that's all that matters," said Harry Wharton. "Buck up! Brake's waiting outside."

As the rival elevens clambered up into the vehicle, Wharton instructed the driver to proceed to Highcliffe.

"Highcliffe!" ejaculated Tom Merry, in astonishment. "Not changed your school, have you?"

"No, but we've changed our cricket-pitch," said Dennis Carr.

"Why's that?"

"Our own has been ruined."

"Great Scott! Who by?"

"Bunter. He turned Bolshevik, and dug trenches all over the pitch."

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, in great indignation. "I'll have a few words with Buntah, an' tell him what I think of his wotten conduct!"

"Too late!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Bunter's no more!"

"My hat! Do you mean to say, deah boy, that—that—"

"No; Bunter hasn't expired," said Frank Nugent, "but his innings at Greyfriars has."

"He's been sacked?" gasped Tom Merry.

"Yes."

"For damaging the pitch?"

"Yes; and for smashing up the Head's study, and a few more atrocities of that sort."

"Phew!"

The St. Jim's fellows were astounded at the news.

"I suppose he really has gone?" said Jack Blake. "The Head won't relent and have him brought back?"

"Not likely," said Dennis Carr.

"Bunter's only got himself to blame," said Harry Wharton. "It's impossible to feel sorry for him!"

"In fact, we feel so bucked at having got rid of him," said Vernon-Smith, "that we shall play the game of our lives this afternoon!"

"Hear, hear!"

"You'll need to!" said Tom Merry grimly.

A quarter of an hour later the match was commenced on the Highcliffe ground, before an enthusiastic crowd.

Some very good cricket was witnessed, but the finish was disappointing.

St. Jim's batted first, and made 140, thanks to a brilliant innings by Tabbot, who scored over half the runs off his own bat.

The Greyfriars Remove were confronted with a big task, but Harry Wharton and Dennis Carr opened in great style.

Owing to the late start, however, there was not sufficient time to get the required number of runs.

The Friars hit up 90 for the loss of five wickets, and then stumps had to be drawn.

"A draw, by Jove!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"If only you St. Jim's fellows had turned up earlier we should have won hands down!"

To which Tom Merry & Co. replied in unison:

"Rats!"

"It is wathah an unsatisfactory finish, deah boys," remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Nevah mind! We must hope for bettah luck next time."

"You'll want oceans of luck to be able to lick the Remove!" said Johnny Bull.

"Hear, hear!"

"It was a good game as far as it went," said Frank Courtenay of Highcliffe. "Will you fellows do us the honour of staying to tea?"

"Thanks very much, but we must be getting back," said Tom Merry. "Our train goes in a quarter of an hour."

The St. Jim's cricketers clambered up into the waiting brake, and took their departure. A cheer followed them as they went.

Harry Wharton & Co. accepted Frank Courtenay's invitation, and stayed to tea at Highcliffe. It was an excellent repast, served in the junior Common-room.

An hour later, feeling like giants refreshed, the Greyfriars juniors departed on foot to their own school. And as they tramped along the lane, in the cool of the summer evening, their conversation turned upon Billy Bunter.

"Greyfriars won't be the same without our prize poker," said Peter Todd.

"No; it will be a much cleaner and healthier place!" said Harry Wharton. "It seems too good to be true almost that Bunter's been fired!"

"It's true enough," said Bob Cherry. "The Head's sentence was like the editor's decision—final and binding. He's not likely to relent."

Nobody felt a vestige of sympathy for the expelled junior.

Billy Bunter had kicked over the traces; he had done things which no decent fellow would have dreamed of doing, and now he had paid the penalty.

But his going would leave a big gap at Greyfriars.

No longer would a fat face, adorned by a pair of spectacles, appear in the various study doorways.

No longer would the Removites be bombarded with requests for loans, to be repaid as soon as a certain postal-order arrived.

And no longer would the contents of study cupboards mysteriously disappear as if by some spiritual agency.

Billy Bunter had gone, and his going was deplored by none.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as the cricketers came in sight of the school gateway. "Who's that blotting out the horizon?"

Standing outside the school gates was a very plump female. She did not exactly blot out the horizon—that was stretching it a little too much—but she certainly obstructed a large portion of the roadway.

This massive lady, who was attired in old-fashioned garments belonging to an old-fashioned era, glared at Harry Wharton & Co. as they came up. In her hand a parasol was tightly clenched.

"Children!" she exclaimed shrilly.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"I cannot get these gates open! It appears that the porter is asleep!"

"Probably the result of too much porter!" murmured Dennis Carr.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I must insist upon the wretched man being roused! I have urgent business to transact with the headmaster."

"Mum-mum-mum—" stammered Wharton.

The plump lady fixed the captain of the Remove with a fierce glare.

"Misguided infant! How dare you address me as 'Mum'!" she exclaimed.
 "I—I didn't!" gasped Wharton. "I was saying, 'Mum-mum-mum—'"
 "I know you were, and I dislike your familiarity intensely!"
 "Mum-mum-might I inquire who you are?" said Wharton, completing his sentence at last.
 "I am the aunt of the captain of the Remove Form!" said the stout lady, with dignity.

Harry Wharton nearly fell down.
 "Indeed, you're not, ma'am!" he stammered indignantly.

"Pardon me, child, but I am!"
 There was a chuckle from the cricketers.
 Harry Wharton's cheeks were burning.
 "I happen to be the captain of the Remove, ma'am, and I'm positive you're not my aunt!" he exclaimed.

The plump lady stared.
 "You—captain of the Remove?" she said incredulously.

Wharton nodded.
 "Then I suppose my nephew William has been deposed from that position?"

"You—your nephew William?" stammered Wharton.

"Yes—William Bunter. I am his Aunt Prudence!"

"Oh!"
 "And when he last wrote to me he informed me that he had been unanimously elected captain of the Remove Form!"

The juniors grinned. It was characteristic of Billy Bunter to pitch fairy-tales to his relatives.

"Your nephew was—ahem!—departing slightly from the truth, ma'am!" said Bob Cherry. "Wharton skips the Remove."

Aunt Prudence was momentarily taken aback. She made no further reference to the subject of the captaincy.

"Tell me, children," she said, "is it correct that my nephew is under sentence of expulsion?"

"Quite correct, ma'am," said Johnny Bull. "Matter of fact, he's already gone."

"Gone!"
 The expression on Aunt Prudence's countenance was truly terrifying.

"I must see the headmaster at once!" she cried, with a flourish of her parasol.

"Poor old Head!" murmured Bob Cherry. "He's booked for a thin time!"

"Yes, rather!"
 Dennis Carr picked up a small pebble, and hurled it against the window of the porter's lodge.

Gosling appeared on the scene almost immediately.

Aunt Prudence brandished her parasol at Gosling through the bars of the gate.

"Slothful creature!" she said sternly.
 "Eh—wot?" gasped Gosling.

"It is high time you awoke to a sense of duty! Unlock these gates at once!"

"Which it's gorn lockin'-up time," said the porter, "an' you young rips—"

"It's all right, Gossy!" said Peter Todd cheerfully. "We've got late passes from Wingate!"

Gosling unlocked the gates with a grunt, and swung them open.

"Which I ain't admittin' no females to this 'ere school!" he said firmly.

Aunt Prudence became very excited. She literally charged through the gateway, and her expression was so warlike that Gosling promptly took to his heels and bolted into his lodge.

"Put a jerk in it, Gossy!" sang out Frank Nugent. "She's after you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Gosling hurriedly slammed the door of his lodge, and fled in terror to the kitchen.

But Aunt Prudence did not pursue him. She had other worlds to conquer.

"Conduct me, child, to the headmaster's study!" she commanded, turning to Wharton.

"Certainly, ma'am!" said the captain of

the Remove.
 And he led the way across the Close.
 Aunt Prudence followed, and a group of grinning cricketers brought up the rear.
 "Now look out for squalls and cataracts!" murmured Bob Cherry.
 And the juniors, in spite of their laughter, felt extremely sorry for the headmaster of Greyfriars.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
The Storm Bursts!

DR. LOCKE was studiously employed in his study when he was amazed and startled to see his door thrown open and the point of a parasol appear through the aperture.

The parasol was followed into the study by its plump owner.

The Head rose politely to his feet. Alarm was mingled with his politeness.

"Madam," he began, "I have not the pleasure—"

In a few curt words Aunt Prudence explained her identity. Then she opened her handbag and produced a telegram, which she flourished in the Head's face.

"Are you responsible for dispatching this telegram to Mr. Bunter?" she demanded.

The Head nodded.
 "If you will be good enough to take a seat, madam—" he began.

Aunt Prudence made an impatient gesture. "I have not come here for the purpose of exchanging formalities, Dr. Locke!" she exclaimed.

"I have called with reference to this monstrous injustice which you have seen fit to impose upon my nephew William! Mr. Bunter was unable to come; he is confined to his bed with a severe attack of whooping-cough, and I have come in his stead."

"I fear you are too late, madam," said the Head. "Your nephew has already gone. He vacated the premises several hours since."

"Then it is a fact that you have expelled him? This telegram is not a practical joke?"

"I am not in the habit of indulging in practical jokes, madam!" replied the Head stiffly.

"What I want to know," said Aunt Prudence, continuing to fan the Head's face vigorously with the telegram, "is this: What right have you to expel my nephew?"

"I have every right. It is my duty, as headmaster, to remove from the school any boy who, by his base and shameful conduct, alienates himself from masters and boys alike. I—"

"Shameful conduct, sir!" interposed Aunt Prudence. "How dare you use such an expression in connection with my nephew William!"

The Head felt far from comfortable. Billy Bunter's aunt seemed to tower before him like a gigantic dragon.

At the same time, Dr. Locke was not to be intimidated.

"I regret to say, madam, that your nephew has behaved abominably! Time and again I overlooked his follies and his failings. Repeatedly in the past I have refrained from expelling him on account of his inherent stupidity. But my patience is at last exhausted. Your nephew has recently committed a series of misdeeds I could not possibly pardon."

"Name them!" snapped Aunt Prudence.

"In the first place, he was guilty of gross impertinence to his Form-master, Mr. Quelch—"

"Bah!"

"Secondly, he wantonly and maliciously damaged the junior cricket-pitch—"

"I refuse to believe that he did anything of the sort!"

"And, finally," went on the Head, unheeding, "he broke out of the detention-room and came here and wrecked my study. You have only to look around you to see the

extent of the damage caused by your nephew's barbarity!"
 Aunt Prudence did not appear in the least shocked.

"The outbreak in question, sir," she said, "was probably the result of your own tyranny! William, like all his ancestors, has a hatred of tyranny and injustice. I consider that he was perfectly justified in acting as he did."

"Pardon me, madam!" said the Head, flushing. "I have many faults, but no one can truthfully tax me with tyranny. I have been most lenient with your nephew. Again and again I have overlooked his misdeemeanours. But it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and your nephew applied the last straw when he committed these recent acts of hooliganism! In summarily expelling him from this school, I consider I have performed a painful but necessary duty."

Aunt Prudence had grown weary by this time of flourishing the telegram in the Head's face. She hurled it into the fireplace, and rapped on the Head's desk with her parasol by way of a change.

"I must insist upon William being brought back!" she exclaimed.

The Head frowned.
 "I fear your insistence will be of little use, madam," he said. "I am not prepared to go back on my decision."

Aunt Prudence rapped on the desk so fiercely that her parasol broke in halves. One of the pieces flew dangerously close to the Head's ear.

"My—my dear madam—" gasped Dr. Locke in alarm.

"I am not your dear madam, sir! I regard you as a tyrant—a monster—the living embodiment of injustice! My nephew shall come back! I will complain to the board of governors! I will denounce you in the public Press—"

The Head crossed to the door and opened it.

"It is useless to prolong this interview, madam," he said. "Might I request you to take your leave?"

"Very well!" fumed Billy Bunter's aunt, collecting the pieces of her parasol, and sweeping haughtily to the door. "I go, but I have no intention of submitting calmly to this injustice! I shall vindicate my nephew, and bring about his reinstatement. I shall also make a special point, sir, of exposing your tyrannical methods. I am a determined woman, Dr. Locke, as you shall discover anon!"

And with this Parthian shot Aunt Prudence whisked out of the study.

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed after Billy Bunter's aunt as she stamped down to the school gates.

"The fiery-dragon has had no luck!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Doesn't look like it," said Dennis Carr.
 "I shouldn't care to have been in the Head's shoes, though," remarked Vernon-Smith.

"No jolly fear!"
 Aunt Prudence had failed in her mission. She had probably hoped to terrorise the Head—to force his hand, and get him to reinstate Billy Bunter.

But Dr. Locke had remained firm. He had stubbornly refused to reverse his decision.

Billy Bunter had received marceling orders, and the Head had no intention of recalling him.

Even the terrifying Aunt Prudence could not shake Dr. Locke's resolve to be rid of William George Bunter once and for all.

The Owl of the Remove had been expelled in disgrace. And Harry Wharton & Co. imagined that he had gone out of their lives and that they would never again set eyes on the plump form of Billy Bunter!

THE END.

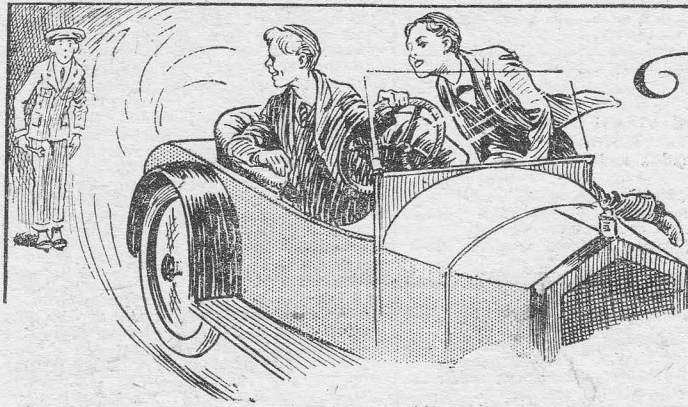
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THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Dick Tulliver, to escape being apprenticed to Wibbleswick & Co., a firm of drapers, by his uncle, makes his way to the country town of Dorninster. 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. Halibut, 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. Later, Dick has the misfortune to make a dangerous enemy of a hunchback dwarf, named Bernard Grimshaw, whose room he shares. It is found that Grimshaw is subject to fits. But Dick has reasons to believe that he is shamming. Dick acts his first scene with a pretty young actress, Maisie Hope. Whilst they are riding on horseback over the Downs Maisie's horse takes fright near the chalk pits. Her companion makes a plucky attempt to save her. (Now read on.)

More Trouble for Dick.

URING the big horse close to the mare, Dick Tulliver, with his right hand, seized the bridle which Maisie Hope was vainly pulling, and with his other hand he turned his own horse sharp to the left. The impetus and weight of Dick's mount forced the mare out of her course. She could not resist the strain. She swerved, and the next minute they skirted the chalk pits safely.

But only by a couple of yards! The mare did not run much farther. She was quite spent, and after slackening her pace came to a dead-stop.

Now that the danger was over, the girl was all of a tremble. Dick assisted her out of the saddle, and led her to a mound of grass.

"You've had a jolly narrow squeak!" said Dick. "Sit down here a minute, and get your breath back."

Maisie glanced over her shoulder in the direction of the pits, and shuddered.

"There wouldn't be much left of you now if you'd have gone over there," said Dick grimly. "I thought you were a goner!"

"So I should have been if it hadn't been for you—" she began gratefully.

"Don't thank me, thank my horse," cut in Dick quickly.

He was horribly afraid she would start praising him for his bravery, and all that sort of thing. Dick was a modest youth, and the last person in the world who desired to pose as a hero.

"I know who to thank," returned the girl. "Oh, well," said Dick awkwardly. "The big horse is a flyer, there's no doubt about that. I never expected he'd lick the mare. When you've rested, we'll get back. I reckon neither of the horses are keen on doing any more exercise."

In a few minutes Maisie got up and said she had quite recovered. By easy stages they made their way to where Mr. Halibut's car stood.

"Laddie," said the manager, coming up to Dick and patting him on the shoulder, "that was a jolly plucky thing to do! He saved your life, Maisie—there's no doubt about that!"

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"I've been trying to tell him so," she replied, hovering between laughter and tears. "But, he won't let me."

"I'm only thankful he was up in the saddle, and not Grimshaw," said Mr. Halibut.

Dick looked about for the dwarf, but that person was nowhere to be seen. He wondered where he could have gone to.

Mr. Halibut, however, said nothing on the subject, and a minute later they got into the car and started to drive back to Wildfell Grange.

Half-way there they passed the dwarf trudging along on foot.

"Come on, Grimshaw!" Mr. Halibut called out. "Get in!"

The dwarf shook his head.

"Thanks, I'd sooner walk!" he snapped.

"Oh, all right," returned Mr. Halibut. "Just as you like. He's got the black dog on his back besides his hump," he observed, as they drove away. "That's the worst of those deformed chaps; they always have such beastly peppery tempers!"

"But why should he be upset?" inquired Maisie.

Very likely she knew, but apparently it suited her to appear as if she didn't.

"Jealousy," grunted Mr. Halibut, who had had long experience of the performer's temperament. "A lot of people are like that. They wish to be the only pebble on the beach. He wanted to shine his hump," he missed his chance, and he's wild in consequence. Don't you worry, young Tulliver, I'll smooth Grimshaw over. Still, under the circumstances it might be as well if you didn't pass another night in his room."

"Did you sleep in the same room as Grimshaw?" cried Maisie, in surprise. "Why was that?"

Before Dick could reply, Mr. Halibut intervened.

"No room anywhere else," he said. "It'll be all right to-night. Look at those hills over there. Don't they look fine with the sun on them! Splendid background for a scene! I must make a note of it."

Dick understood by this rapid change of conversation that Mr. Halibut desired that Maisie Hope, like the rest of the company, should remain in ignorance of what had happened the previous evening.

Still, Dick wasn't at all sorry to hear he was no longer required to keep an eye on the dwarf. The fellow had been "funny" last night. He'd probably be "funnier" still to-night if he had the chance.

Dick had not said a word to anyone—not even to Harry Trent—of his experiences in the dwarf's room. He wanted to learn a little more of Bernard Grimshaw's ways before he started talking about him. So when at dinner-time Biglow desired to know "all about everything," as he expressed it, Dick returned evasive answers. He did not even mention this morning's incidents, except to say that he believed he'd passed the riding test satisfactorily.

"Very likely you'll play the messenger's part," said Biglow.

"What does he have to do?" asked Dick.

"It's somewhere in the middle of the picture," said Biglow. "A lot of us are standing outside a sort of inn, and a messenger has to dash up on horseback, roll out of the saddle, exhausted, and give me a package of great importance. I read it, throw up my arms, and sink to the ground in a swoon. Fearfully thrilling incident! Here—"

Biglow suddenly broke off and looked at Dick.

"This'll be precious awkward for you!" he ejaculated.

"How?" asked Dick. "I dare say with a little practice I shall be able to roll out of a saddle."

"Oh, no doubt! I wasn't thinking of that. It's where we're going to be photographed that I was thinking of. You know the Red Lion at Harrowsfield Market Place, of course?"

Know it! Dick should rather think he did! It was directly facing the celebrated Emporium, owned by the equally celebrated Mr. Wibbleswick.

"Is that where you're having it?" cried Dick. "My word, you're right! It will be awkward for me. If my uncle or old Wibbleswick spot me I'm done!"

"There's one thing," said Biglow hopefully. "You can put a lot of make-up on. Perhaps Halibut will let you wear a beard to play the part in."

"Hope so," returned Dick. "I wish, though, he'd chosen some other place than the Red Lion!"

Biglow's announcement was certainly disquieting. Dick had visions of himself snatched away at the very moment the film was being taken by his uncle and old Wibbleswick, aided by the fiercest members of the Harrowsfield Police Force.

Full of these forebodings, Dick wandered upstairs after dinner, with the intention of shifting his bed and things back to the quarters shared by Harry and Biglow.

He reached the landing and proceeded towards the dwarf's room. Just before he got to the door he became aware that the passage was littered with various articles. There were a couple of rugs, a mattress, a pillow, and a brush and comb.

Dick stooped and picked up the comb. He recognised it at once as the one Harry had given him the previous day. A closer examination showed him that the rugs, the pillow, and the mattress were also his.

But what were they doing here?

The explanation flashed on him at once. This was Grimshaw's work!

War to the Knife.

IN the ordinary way Dick Tulliver kept a tight hand over his temper, but there are some things that flesh and blood can't stand.

This was one of them.

"If Grimshaw has done this—" thought Dick. He paused, too full for words.

Without a moment's hesitation, Dick snatched at the handle of the door and flung himself into the room.

The dwarf was lying on his bed reading.

"Did you do this?" demanded Dick, going at once to the point, without any beating about the bush.

"It's usual to knock before coming into a private room!" answered the dwarf calmly.

"Never mind about that!" said Dick fiercely. "Did you throw my things out into the passage?"

"Be careful, my dashing young Nimrod!" returned the dwarf, sitting up with a jerk. "If you talk to me like that something else will be thrown out of the window, and jolly quickly, too!"

"Then you did do it?"

"Do it? Of course I did! I'm not going

to have my place lumbered up with your rubbish! Now, are you satisfied? Very well. Clear out!"

As he spoke, he sprang from the bed and advanced on Dick.

Dick stood his ground.

"You will have it then!" hissed the dwarf.

As he uttered these words, he suddenly shot out his left. Dick was ready, and, quick as lightning, countered the blow. He followed things up with a couple of blows like a postman's double knock upon the dwarf's face.

Grimshaw was more surprised than hurt.

"Oh!" he snapped. "So you think you can tackle me! Very well—"

With a spring like a cat, the dwarf got under Dick's guard and closed with him.

A tremendous struggle followed.

saw Grimshaw lying motionless and apparently insensible. He bent over him, fearing that some terrible catastrophe had happened.

But he was alive—very much alive, as his muttered oaths testified.

As a matter of fact, his peculiar formation of neck and backbone saved him. His neck was as big round as the lower portion of a man's thigh, and so short that his head seemed to spring directly from his shoulders.

He had had a bad shaking, but nothing worse.

"I hope you'll be more careful with other people's things in future," said Dick, gazing down at his prostrate opponent.

The dwarf slowly got to his feet.

"I've licked him once, and I can lick him again!" returned Dick confidently.

"Oh, yes; I've no doubt you can in a straight fight. But will it be a straight fight? If I'm a judge of character, Grimshaw will try crooked means. That's what you'll have to be on guard against."

"We shall all have to be on our guard," chimed in Biglow. "You see, Dick, as we're friends of yours he'll have his knife into us as well. 'Pon my word, I think it would be as well if we mounted some sort of guard in the night-time. Say two hours each."

"Rubbish!" scoffed Harry.

However, Biglow thought differently, and the idea that the dwarf would attempt some outrage upon them so preyed upon his mind that when bed-time came he found his brain far too active to sleep.



Dick, still in his cowboy's costume, went over to the bills which were being posted up. He gave a gasp of amazement as he caught sight of his own name. It gave him little thrills down his spine as he read the description of himself on the poster! (See page 10.)

It looked certain that the long, powerful arms of the dwarf, as they closed round Dick's hips, would be too much for his opponent. The short stature of the dwarf enabled him to get on a tremendous purchase.

At times, however, the unexpected happens.

It happened in this instance, and, as far as Grimshaw was concerned, it was very unexpected. What exactly occurred he was not quite sure, but in another minute he found himself flying through the air, and came down heavily on the floor.

Dick stepped back. His face was a trifle flushed, and he was panting slightly with the exertion he had used, but he was in no sense "blown."

Grimshaw staggered to his feet. He did not seem very much hurt by his fall, but his rage was terrible to see.

He flew at Dick.

A wild scrimmage followed, in the midst of which, the dwarf butted in with his head down like an infuriated bull. Dick anticipated the idea, and as the dwarf came on he raised his knee at the exact moment, and caught Grimshaw's face a fearful smasher.

So tremendous was the collision that the dwarf turned a complete somersault, and came down flop on his head. Dick shuddered as he heard the dull thud on the boards, and

Dick got ready for further trouble, but Grimshaw apparently had had enough.

"Oh, yes!" mumbled Grimshaw. "I'll be careful—very careful indeed!"

He crouched by the bed, snarling and showing his teeth like a dog.

"Now, look here, Grimshaw!" said Dick bluntly. "Is this the end of the row? Are you going to shake hands and be friends, or are we to be enemies during the whole time we are here together. Let's know which it is, and have done with it!"

"If it takes me all my life I'll get even with you!" snarled the dwarf.

"Just as you like!" returned Dick calmly. "Then it's war. All right, so long as I know. If you start having bad dreams again to-night, don't expect me to come along and do things for you."

The dwarf made no reply. He painfully crawled back to his bed, and, taking up the book he had been reading, he apparently became at once absorbed in its pages.

Dick wasted no more time on him. He collected his belongings that were scattered about in the corridor, and once more pitched his tent in the room occupied by Harry Trent and Biglow.

Harry Trent looked serious when he heard of the encounter.

"You'll have to watch out, young Dick. He'll move heaven and earth to get his own-back on you," he said.

The hours went by. Slumber refused to visit his pillow.

"Bother it!" grunted Biglow.

He took out his watch. It was far too dark to see the hands, so Biglow hopped out of bed, and, going to the window, pulled back the curtains. The moon was shining brightly, and his watch told him that it was ten minutes to two.

Biglow next took a peep into the grounds below, and thought how calm and peaceful it looked. The tall elm-trees gently swayed in the breeze, patches of moonlight fell on the grass, and—

Then Biglow felt his hair go on end. Did his eyes deceive him, or was that a shadowy figure creeping up the broad path towards the house? He looked again. At that moment the moon drifted behind a cloud, and everything was plunged in darkness.

It is no exaggeration to say that Biglow was in a mortal funk. What should he do? Alarm the house? All very well, but suppose he had made a mistake. After all, the moonlight was very tricky—

The moon at this point shot out from behind the clouds, and once more the scene was illuminated.

Biglow, with a sudden influx of courage, softly opened the window and took another look. Of course, he had made a mistake, no one was there—

Stay! What was that shadowy object apparently creeping up the side of the house? In a dazed manner Biglow tried to reason that this was impossible. There was nothing but bare brickwork—no ivy—not even a drain-pipe. How could anyone therefore secure a foothold? Yet something was slowly but very surely ascending towards the window where he stood.

For a while Biglow remained rooted to the spot. Then at last he found his voice.

"Harry—Harry, Dick, wake up!" he shouted, closing the window with a bang. "Ghosts!" he roared at the top of his voice.

Dick and Harry tumbled out of bed in a second.

"What's up?" demanded Harry. "Why are you kicking up such a row?"

"Look!" breathed Biglow, pointing to the window.

They looked, but declared they could see nothing.

"What are we to look at?" asked Dick.

Biglow's statement was received with a good deal of incredulity.

"My dear old idiot, you must have imagined it!" cried Harry. "You tell us you saw someone climbing up outside, which, if you'll excuse my saying so, is impossible. No human being could do such a thing without a rope or ladder."

"I agree," stammered Biglow. "No human being could, but was this a human being? I doubt it."

"Oh, rot!" scoffed Harry. "Your mind has been dwelling so much on the supernatural that you're in a condition to imagine any old thing."

"All very well," grumbled Biglow. "That's a very easy way in which to explain matters; but, for all that, I did see something climbing up the wall."

Ten Pounds Reward!

ACTING on the policy of letting sleeping dogs lie, Dick kept out of the dwarf's way as much as possible. Luckily, the scenes that Dick had to rehearse the dwarf did not appear in. The dwarf on his part, however, did not seem disposed to resume hostilities; but Dick refused to be lulled into a sense of false security. He knew well enough that Grimshaw was only quiet because at present there was no opportunity to show his teeth.

Affairs generally at the Grange were more normal. For the moment there was no renewal of the night alarms, and the uncanny manifestations seemed to have ceased entirely. Consequently, Mr. Halbut began to lose that worried look, and things became more pleasant for all concerned.

Yet the mysterious disappearance of Archie Deen still formed a background of uneasiness. Rumour had it that Mr. Halbut had placed the matter in the hands of the police, and some said that a detective was already in their midst pursuing his investigations.

Dick wondered if this was so or not. He had a vague idea that he was being shadowed; it may have been only his imagination, yet the feeling was there. There was always the disturbing sensation that when he took his walks abroad he was being watched.

He naturally suspected the dwarf; but, on the other hand, it might be an emissary of the police.

However, his mind soon became too occupied with his new job to worry much about anything else. When not actually working at his particular scene he was attending the other rehearsals, so as to pick up as many wrinkles as possible. It was fascinating work, and the more he had to do with it the more he liked it.

Every morning, mounted on the big-bay horse, Dick took part in the scene wherein he had to gallop up, roll out of the saddle in an exhausted state, and then, crawling up to Biglow—in the character of the old man, Mowbray—on his hands and knees, deliver a sealed package. These sort of incidents look simple enough when projected on the scene, but they take a tremendous lot of rehearsing, as Dick soon found out.

However, he didn't mind that. He was getting on. He was referred to as "that promising kid." Better still, Mr. Halbut was easily induced to draw up a contract on most favourable terms. So the Fates for the moment smiled on Dick Tulliver, as they ought to do on any one who tries by hard work and honest means to get on in the world.

But there is always some fly in the best of ointments. The particular fly at the

moment was the scene they were filming in Harrowsfield.

"It's precious awkward," reflected Dick.

He felt considerably relieved when he heard that the affair was to take place at six in the morning. There was very little likelihood of either his uncle or Mr. Wibbleswick being about at that hour.

Wednesday was the day fixed for the filming, and soon after five those engaged in the scene were packed into three cars and driven off to the place of action.

Arriving at the Red Lion they discovered that the whole establishment was up to view the proceedings. There was also a sprinkling of townfolk, some of whom Dick knew quite well by sight. But he felt fairly secure in his Wild West make-up. His broad-brimmed hat pulled well over his forehead, his trimmings and wrappings and big jack-boots, to say nothing of the paint on his face, made it extremely improbable that anyone would recognise him.

To be on the safe side, however, he kept in the background as much as possible.

"Now, then!" shouted Mr. Halbut, waving his megaphone excitedly over his head. "Are we all here? Where is Biglow? Where's Biglow, I say? Where is he? Where— Oh, there you are! My dear boy, do speak when you're spoken to. It saves so much trouble."

"That's all very well, but you don't give a fellow time!" growled Biglow.

"There, there, don't argue!" fumed Mr. Halbut. "We haven't got a moment to waste. Maisie Hope? Where's Miss Hope? Now, now, Maisie, put down that glass of milk! Don't forget to put some punch into that part where you rush forward and open the packet with trembling fingers. Make great play with the eyes. Hold the expression—don't lose your grip of it. How's the horse, young Tulliver?"

"Both him shouting out my name like that!" growled Dick to himself.

However, none of the spectators seemed to have heard.

"As quiet as a lamb, sir," he replied.

"Quiet!" snorted Mr. Halbut. "But, lad, he must be wild! Wild, I say! You have just come ten miles at top speed. For gracious sake, do enter into the spirit of the thing! Have you got the package? Very well! You will station yourself by that small turning over there. At the given signal you will dash forth, swaying in the saddle all the time. When you eventually do pull up in front of Biglow, you will fall rather than get off the horse, and with tottering knees—just as I showed you yesterday—you will stagger to him!"

"I know," said Dick confidently.

"I sincerely hope you do know," grunted Mr. Halbut. "You supporting members of the cast, don't forget the order of your expressions. First you show indifference; then the action of listening. When the package is delivered, each face must depict tremendous curiosity, and, finally, when Biglow swoons— Biglow, I don't like that beard you're wearing!"

"What's wrong with it, sir?" demanded Biglow.

"It's too long. You look like Rip Van Winkle. Maisie, just run inside and see if you can borrow a pair of scissors. Now, all the rest of you, get busy!"

When Mr. Halbut had the bustling mood on him he went the whole hog.

The show started. Mr. Halbut speedily worked himself into a profuse state of perspiration. At first nothing seemed to go right, and several times the producer declared that he would turn up the show and "sack the lot."

However, things settled down at last, and when the camera finally got going the scene went with the smoothness of clockwork.

It was just at the point when Mr. Halbut lowered the megaphone for the last time that Dick, his part in the performance being over, noticed a figure shuffling along the pavement towards the large hoarding that marked the site of an empty house next door to the Emporium.

He knew that figure. It was Pottiberry, the local billsticker.

He saw Pottiberry go up to the hoarding, fish out a number of bills from a bag that he carried over his shoulder, and rapidly paste up half a dozen on a blank space.

Some hidden force compelled Dick to go and see what these bills announced. He had one of those curious intuitions which everyone has at times that they concerned him.

Nor was he mistaken.

This is what the bills set forth:

"£10 REWARD!
MISSING
Since June the 10th!
RICHARD TULLIVER,

Age 16. Medium height. Fresh Coloured Complexion, Light Brown Hair, Dark Eyes. When last seen was wearing blue suit and cap, with the Harrowsfield Grammar School badge on it. Anyone bringing information to Mr. Jasper Tulliver, the Grove House, Harrowsfield, will receive the above reward."

Dick read it through twice. It gave him little thrills down his spine to read this description of himself. Ten pounds! He wasn't valued very highly. Uncle Jasper might have made it twenty!

Dick wondered if the police were on his track. It was more than likely that they were, and in that case his stay with Mr. Halbut would be short and sweet.

"I must find out exactly what is happening," thought Dick.

But how? The only person whom it would be safe to tackle was Michael O'Flatherty. Dick forthwith cast about in his mind for the best way to get into touch with Mike.

He went back to the Red Lion, and discovered the entire company assembled in the dining-room awaiting the advent of the sumptuous breakfast that Mr. Halbut had ordered.

"Biglow," said Dick, in a whisper, "I want a word with you in private. It's rather important."

"Certainly, laddie!" replied Biglow. "Come out in the back. No one's likely to overhear us there. The company won't leave this room while there's the smell of breakfast-knocking around. Jove, I'm hungry! Aren't you?"

"Yes," said Dick. "But I've got to put off breakfast for the minute—"

"Laddie!" protested Biglow.

"I've got something else on," returned Dick. "They're advertising for me!"

"Who—your uncle?"

"Rather! Bills pasted all over the town. Ten pounds reward, too! Now, I want to find out how far things have gone. I think I noticed you brought a mackintosh with you?"

"I did," said Biglow.

"Also a trilby hat?"

"Quite correct! Do you want to borrow them?"

"That's exactly what I do want to do," said Dick. "I'm going out on a bit of scout work, but I can't do it in this Wild West rig-out. Run off and get the mack and the hat, will you? There's a good chap!"

Whilst Biglow was gone Dick retired into a quiet corner, and quickly divested himself of the more striking articles of his apparel. Then, with the aid of a match, he started to work on the paint that covered his face. By the time Biglow had returned Dick had made some startling alterations. By means of lines round the eyes and mouth, he had succeeded in adding nearly twenty years to his appearance.

"Good!" chuckled Biglow. "I tumble to your idea. I bet no one will recognise you. Still, we may as well do the thing thoroughly while we are about it."

Biglow dived into one of his pockets, and brought out a handful of hair. It was the end of his false beard that Mr. Halbut had insisted should be cut off. Biglow rolled them between his fingers, and then, producing a small bottle of gum-arabic, started to adorn Dick's upper-lip with quite a respectable moustache. He then brought out a small powder-puff and dabbed a little powder on the hair growing on the temples.

He stood back to admire his handiwork.

"Excellent!" he murmured.

"Hope so," said Dick. "Make some sort of an excuse if Mr. Halbut asks where I've got to. Tell him that I've gone to see some friends, and that I'll be back by lunch-time. I ought to be able to get back by then, if everything goes right. Do you mind taking these togs back with you?"

Biglow picked up the cowboy's costume and rolled it in a bundle.

"Mind you don't get caught!" he warned Dick. "You look all right at a distance, but it won't do for people to look too closely. Luckily, there seems to be a mist coming up from the downs. That's all in your favour, you know."

Dick nodded.

"So-long!" he said, and, with a cautious look round, he vanished out of the yard.

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A SPECIAL COMPLETE STORY OF ST. JIM'S!

HIS BROTHER'S BURDEN!

A Splendid Complete Story of ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY and His Brother WALLY at St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Noblesse Oblige!

"W HAT shall we do to-morrow? We've no cricket match; we'd better think of some stunt to while away the afternoon, hadn't we, chaps? It looks like being a topping day!"

Thus Jack Blake, of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's. It was a warm evening, and prep was finished, and Blake and his three chums, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy, were sitting in Study No. 6 waiting for bed-time.

"What about a river picnic?" said Digby. "Just the weather for it, you know." "Not a bad idea," said Blake thoughtfully. "Any other suggestions?"

"Yaas, wathah! I——" "Or a run over to Wayland," said Herries. "We could hire a car, if funds will run to it."

"They won't!" said Blake sorrowfully. "I say, deah boys——" "I think a river picnic's the thing," said Digby. "We will get Tom Merry & Co. to come along, and——"

"Pway listen to me a moment, Digby——" "Right-ho! A river picnic it is," said Jack Blake, taking no notice of the repeated efforts of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy to make himself heard. "That's settled, then! You're game, Herries?"

"Rather!" "But——" It was D'Arcy's voice again. "You're on, I suppose, Gussy? Not going to raise any objection to a river picnic, are you?"

"Yaas, wathah! I have been twyin' to make myself heard——" "Go hon!"

"I have got a much bettah ideah than that, deah boys!" Arthur Augustus spoke decisively.

Blake grunted. "Well, what is it, fathead?" "Weally, Blake——" "Let's hear it, can't you, Gussy?" said Digby. "Don't be all night about it!"

"I have been twying to get a word in for the last five minutes!" said Arthur Augustus indignantly. "You fellahs won't listen to a fellah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "My ideah is this," pursued Gussy. "You know my young bwathah Wally has got up a team of Third Form fags to play the Wylcombe Gwammah School Under Fifteen Eleven."

"Well?" grunted Blake.

"Well, I pwopose that we go ovah to Wylcombe to watch the match, deah boys, and back the fags up, you know. What do you think?"

"Rotten!" said Blake. "Mouldy!" said Herries. "Nothing doing!" said Digby. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy screwed his eyeglass into his eye, and regarded his unenthusiastic chums indignantly.

"Weally, deah boys! That is not a vevy polite way of weceivin' my suggestion!" "Do you think we want to spend the afternoon watching a lot of fags trying to play cricket?" snorted Blake. "No jolly fear!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy dropped his eyeglass to the end of its cord, and rose to his feet. There was an unaccustomed note of firmness in his voice when he spoke.

"I do not look at it in that light at all, Blake," he said decisively. "The fags are wepvesentin' St. Jim's in this match, and I think it is up to us to do the decent thing by lendin' them our support. Wally will be no end bucked up to see his eldahs takin' an intwest in fag cwicket, and, anyway, we should see our fwienchs Gordon Gay & Co. ovah at the Gwammah School."

Jack Blake gave a groan. He knew by experience that when his chum spoke in that lofty tone he could be very determined.

"Oh, lor, Gussy! Don't say that it's a case of noblesse oblige!"

"That's just what I was goin' to say, Blake! Seein' that a D'Arcy is leadin' the St. Jim's team, you know, I wegard it as our duty to back him up!"

"Oh, rats!" said Herries. Herries was a blunt and practical youth, and it did not seem particularly important to him to back up a cricket team because it was led by a scion of the noble house of D'Arcy.

Arthur Augustus looked at his chum severely.

"As a mattah of fact, I may as well mention that I have pwactically pwomised my young brothah that we shall be there," he said atrily. "Wally was so feahfully keen, you know."

"Just like your cheek to promise without asking us!" growled Digby.

Arthur Augustus jammed his monocle into his eye with a dignified gesture.

"I am sowwy you have weceived my suggestion like this, deah boys!" he said quietly. "Of course, I weally had no wight to pwomise for you. I will explain to Wally that you will not be able to come. I am afwaid the kid will be feahfully disappointed."

There was an awkward pause. "What about you, then, Gussy?" said Blake.

"I shall go, of course!" Blake looked at his chums.

"After all," he said slowly, "we can go for a river picnic some other day. Gussy is an ass, of course——"

"Hear, hear!" "Weally——" "But I think perbaps we will back him up on this occasion, after all! I'll go, anyway!"

"Same here!" said Digby; and Herries nodded.

"We'll get Tom Merry & Co. to come, too," continued Blake. "If we're in for it, there's no reason why they should escape, especially as a D'Arcy is leading the fag team!" he finished solemnly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy beamed round upon his three chums through his celebrated eyeglass.

"That's wippin' of you, chaps!" he said. "Weally wippin', you know! We'll take our tea ovah there, and have a jollay good spwead. I'll stand the wacket!"

"Now you're talkin'!" said Blake heartily. "But come on, chaps! Bed-time!" And the chums of Study No. 6 retired to bed in excellent humour.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Wally's Dilemma!

IT was after morning school the next day that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sought out his minor, in order to give him a renewed assurance that he would receive the support of a number of grave and reverend seigneurs of the Shell and Fourth Forms in his great match that afternoon.

With measured tread D'Arcy made his way to the Third Form room, which was crowded, as usual, with noisy and inky fags.

As he approached it, Arthur Augustus thought that there was rather more noise than usual going on. But when he opened the door, and walked across to where a crowd of fags were gathered round a desk there was a sudden silence.

"Where's Wally——" he began; and then he stopped.

For the crowd of fags parted silently, and D'Arcy saw that his brother Wally was sitting at the desk in the centre of the crowd. It was the look on Wally's face that silenced Arthur Augustus.

Wally D'Arcy was usually the cheeriest and most impudent Third-Former at St. Jim's, and the inkiest and most untidy into the bargain. Arthur Augustus not infrequently had to remonstrate with him with elder-brotherly severity, and, incidentally, without the slightest effect!

But the look on Wally's face now—a look of set, white-faced misery—smote Arthur Augustus to the heart. He took a quick step forward.

"What is it, Wally?" Wally looked at him without replying. There was a quiver on his lips, and traces of tears in his eyes.

Arthur Augustus felt genuinely alarmed. It was not like Wally to take his troubles, whatever they were, lying down.

"What is it, old man?" "It's that—old—best Selby!" burst out

Jameson, one of Wally's closest pals. "He's down on Wally, and he's detained him this afternoon, and it's the match, you know!"

"Bai Jove!"
"He canded Wally, too, the old beast! It's a rotten shame!" shouted Curly Gibson.
"Selby wants boiling!"
"Hear, hear!"
"The old brute!"
"Down with Selby!"

There was a roar of indignant voices. It is probable that if Mr. Selby, master of the Third, had come into the room then there would have been more trouble in the Third.

Arthur Augustus took in the situation at once. He knew how desperately keen Wally was on this match, and he did not like the look on his minor's face.

"Come on, old chap!" he said, drawing Wally's arm through his. "Things may not be so hopeless as they look. Let's talk it over quietly."

He led his brother from the room and out into the sunny quadrangle. Bit by bit he heard the fag's story. He had been so busy and excited arranging about his team that his preparation the previous evening had suffered somewhat. Mr. Selby, a sour-tempered, severe man, with no love for Wally, had made a set at him that morning, and had "turned" all his lessons, ordered him into detention that afternoon, and canded him into the bargain. Wally had pleaded with him, explained about the match—had even asked for another caning instead of the detention; but Mr. Selby was adamant. He would admit no excuse.

"Any other afternoon but this!" said Wally hopelessly. "He's got me, and he knows it, the beastly tyrant! I'd give anything—anything to play this afternoon, but it's hopeless!"

Poor Wally was quite crushed. Arthur Augustus had never seen him like this before. He thought rapidly. It was of little use to appeal to the Head in a case of this sort. Dr. Holmes was a just man, and a kind, but in a matter of discipline of this sort he would be bound to uphold Mr. Selby. For Wally had undoubtedly neglected his preparation. D'Arcy could see only one way out. He did not take long to decide.

"You leave this mattah in my hands, Wally," he said firmly. "I'll see you through, if you do what I tell you."

"But I can't play—"
"You can play, dear boy!"
"What!" Wally gazed at his major with hope dawning in his troubled eyes. "But Selby—"

"You leave Selby to me!" said Arthur Augustus, with his most fatherly air. "I'll explain everything to him, I p'promise you."

"But, Gussy—"
"Directly aftah dinner you must take your flannels in a parcel, and bolt out of gates and ova to Wylcombe. Leave Jameson to bring the team on latah, and meet them theah!"

"Selby'll fetch me back! He'll know I've gone!"

"Wats! I shall explain mattahs to Selby."

"He'll get me expelled!" said poor Wally, in a fever of hope and fear combined. "You don't know Selby!"

"I shall know him vewy well aftah this aftahnoon!" said Arthur Augustus, with a chuckle. "You do as I tell you, Wally, and leave ewerything else to me. Will you p'promise?"

"I—I don't like to, Gus. You'll get in an awful row."

"Wats! If you don't p'promise I shall have to give you a feafuh thwashin', Wally!"

"Eh?"
"I shall thwash you till you do p'promise!" said Arthur Augustus simply. "You can't help yourself, dear boy! Youah eldah bwotahh ordahs you to do it!"

Wally grinned feebly.

"It's awfully good of you, Gus! But—"
Arthur Augustus proceeded to turn up his coat-cuffs, to Wally's amusement.

"Will you p'promise, you young wascal?"
"Well, yes, if you will have it!" said Wally at last. "I'll do it, and blow the consequences!"

Arthur Augustus beamed.
"That's wight, Wally! You leave ewerythin' to me. You may get a lickin' when you get back."

"I don't mind that—I've had so many!" grinned Wally. "As long as I can play in the match—"

"That'll be as wight as wain, dear boy! What have you got to do duwin' your detention?"

"My Latin construe over again, and my English composition. And I've got to write out, a hundred and fifty times, 'I must not neglect my preparation in favour of cricket.'"

"Wight-ho! That'll be all wight!"
"Selby said he should come and see me himself in the Lower Class-room during the afternoon."

"Let him come! I shall be weady for him!"

"You're a jolly good old sort, Gussy!" said Wally, his face very bright.

"You are jollay lucky, to have an eldah bwotahh like me at St. Jim's, young shavah!" said Gussy solemnly. "There's the dinnah-bell! Off you go!"

The brothers went in to Hall for dinner separately as usual, each with his own Form.

After dinner Arthur Augustus calmly announced to his chums that he was not going over to the Grammar School that afternoon, after all. Blake & Co., naturally protested vigorously. They raved, in fact. But Gussy was adamant. He vouchsafed no explanation. They were to go, as per arrangement, to back up Wally's team. He was unavoidably prevented from going. In the end they bumped Gussy soundly on the floor of Study No. 6, and went, somewhat relieved in their feelings, but quite mystified.

And Tom Merry & Co. went with them. Arthur Augustus had already seen his minor bolt out of the school gates, according to plan.

He dusted himself down after his bumping, and rearranged his tie and his hair. Then he selected certain books, numerous sheets of impot paper and a pen, and repaired to the Lower Class-room.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. D'Arcy's Way Out!

AT three o'clock punctually the door of the Lower Class-room opened, and Mr. Selby, master of the Third, walked in, with a stern frown upon his brow, and a cane under his arm.

At the sight of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, sitting demurely at a desk and writing away industriously, Mr. Selby started, and the frown on his brow grew more severe.

"D'Arcy," he rapped out, "what are you doing here? Where is your brother?"

Arthur Augustus looked up.

"He's not heah, sir."

Mr. Selby's brow grew black as thunder.

"I can see that, boy! Where is he?"

"I—I am heah in his place, sir."

Arthur Augustus rose, and faced the angry master without flinching. He felt a certain amount of inward trepidation, it is true; but he was in for it now, and he felt quite determined to carry it through.

Mr. Selby took a quick step forward, and his angry eyes darted fire from behind his spectacles. He seemed hardly able to believe his ears.

"What—what!" he almost choked.

"Explain yourself, D'Arcy!"

"I am takin' the liberty of doin' my young bwotahh's detention and impositions for him, sir," said D'Arcy respectfully. "I—I hope you don't mind, sir?"

"Mind!" Mr. Selby snorted. "I—I never heard of such a thing! I can scarcely believe it! Are you out of your senses, D'Arcy?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Then—then do I understand that D'Arcy minor has had the unparalleled effrontery to absent himself, after I have ordered him detention?"

"I am afwaid so, sir! You see, I ordahed him to do it, as his eldah bwotahh, sir!"

"D'Arcy!"

"I thought pewwaps you would ovahook it, sir, as long as you had someone to rag—ahem!—to punish, sir!"

Mr. Selby seemed quite nonplussed.

"Good gracious! Is it possible?" he gasped out at last.

"Yaas, wathah—I mean, yaas, sir!"

Mr. Selby pulled himself together. He was face to face with a situation without precedent within his knowledge. He did not know quite how to handle it as yet. When he spoke it was in a calmer tone, but he had a dangerous gleam in his eyes.

"So you thought I would overlook this—this outrageous piece of trickery, D'Arcy! I am afraid you will be disappointed in that! If you think because you happen to be the son of Lord Eastwood—"

"I assuah you that has nothin' whatevah to do with the mattah, sir!" said Arthur Augustus, with dignity, and flushing.

"Quite so, D'Arcy!" said Mr. Selby viciously. "In a serious matter of discipline such as this that fact does not entitle you or your brother to any better treatment—"

"Or any worse treatment, sir!" said D'Arcy quietly.

It was Mr. Selby's turn to flush. His severe treatment of Wally D'Arcy had already caused serious trouble on one occasion, when the fag, driven to desperation, had run away.

In the inquiry that naturally followed, Mr. Selby had shown up in a far from favourable light. He had not forgotten it—and neither had D'Arcy. Unjust as it was, Mr. Selby had since lost no opportunity of being "down" on D'Arcy minor. Arthur Augustus, however, was shrewd enough to realise that Mr. Selby would not be too anxious to run the risk of a further inquiry of that nature.

"You are aware, D'Arcy," began Mr. Selby again, in a cold voice, "that this is a very serious matter, which should properly be brought to the notice of the Head—a matter, in fact, which may involve expulsion for one or both of you?"

"I hope not, sir!"

"But it is. Have you any further explanation to offer, before I lay the matter before Dr. Holmes?"

"I must when you have heard what I have to say that you may decide to deal with the mattah yourself, sir."

"We shall see," said Mr. Selby briefly.

"You may proceed, D'Arcy!"

"I heard the whole story fwom my young bwotahh this mornin', sir. He had neglected his p'pewpawation—he admitted that—and you canded him. In addition, you set him his work to do ova again, also an imposition, and ordahed him into detention for this aftahnoon."

"I did!"

"In my judgment, sir, this was an excessive punishment—"

"D'Arcy!"

"Yaas, sir! And I found my bwotahh in a state of depewssion—almost of despewation, sir!"

Mr. Selby made a gesture, but Arthur Augustus held on firmly.

"I was afwaid of what the kid might do, sir. He might have wun away again, or—or anythin'!"

"Nonsense, D'Arcy!"

"It's twue, sir! He was despewately keen on playin' in his match against the Gwammah School juniahs, sir. If he had been detained—"

"He deserved to be detained!"

"Pewwaps, sir! But undah the cires I ordahed him to play, under pain of a feafuh thwashin' fwom me, sir!"

Mr. Selby looked queerly at D'Arcy.

"That was rather a serious responsibility for you to assume, was it not, D'Arcy?"

"Yaas, wathah, sir! I wish to be held responsible. I have done my minah's imposition, sir, and w'tten out, 'I must not neglect my p'pewpawation in favah of cwicket' one hundred and fifty times—"

"D'Arcy!"

"I hope you will accept this fwom me instead of fwom my bwotahh, sir. I have mugged up his Latin, too, sir, and was about to start on his English composition when you came in."

(Continued on page 18.)

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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 Warpatin.

"**H**EAR, 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,

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 Calesby.

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 Lovell.

"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, head!" 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

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 74.

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—there will be no recklessness," said Mr. Bootles, eyeing the captain of the Fourth. "You must be aware 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 toing 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's-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.

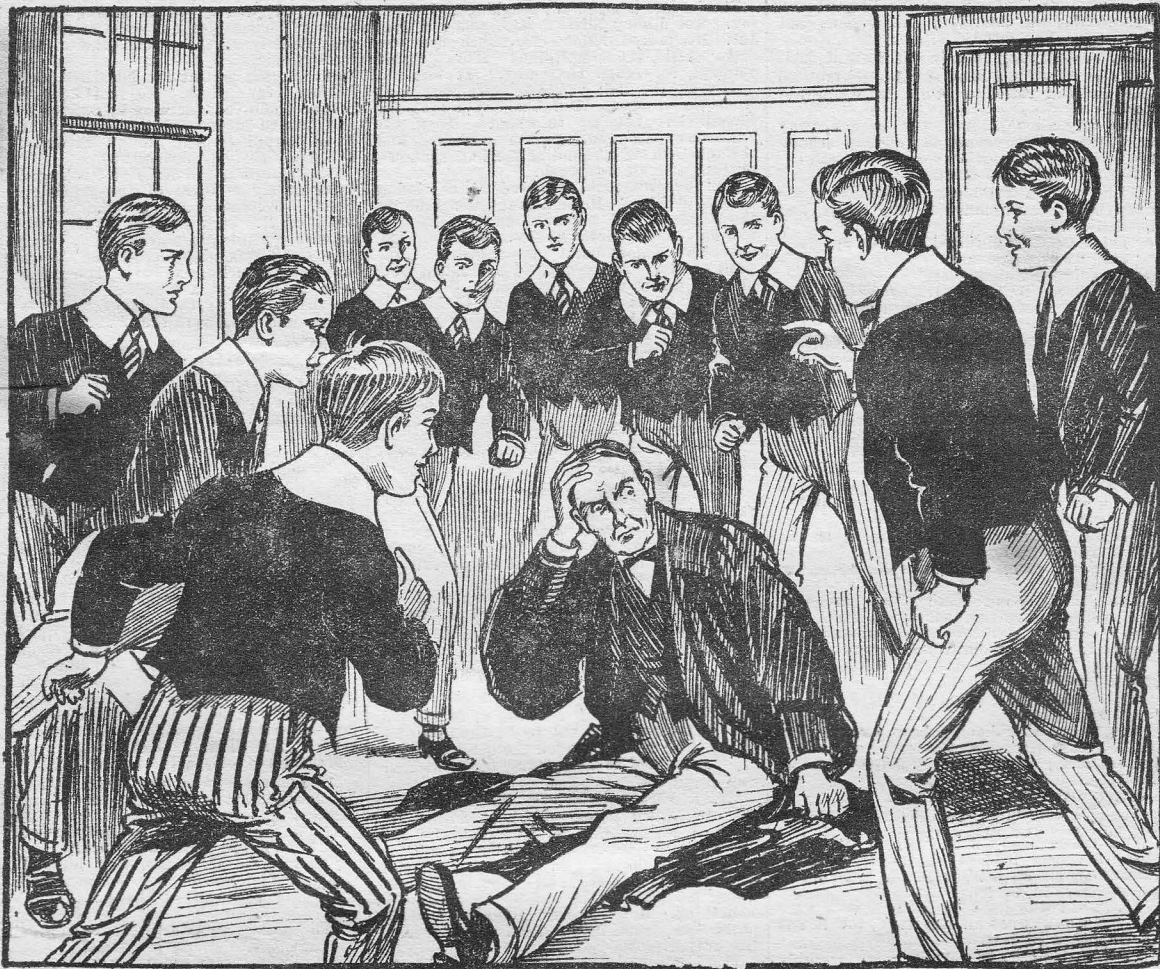
The sergeant advanced towards Jimmy Silver. He blinked hesitatingly at the captain of the Fourth.

"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.

Barged 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—yoop!"

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 gaineid.

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. Scoop 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. Scoop.

"Stand where you are!"

"Silver! How dare you!"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Jimmy Silver.

"What! What! You dare address me—you 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. Scoop.

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

Mr. Scoop 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. Scoop 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. Scoop 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. Scoop 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. Scoop, 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. Scoop was beating furiously on the door.

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

Jimmy stooped to the keyhole. "Hallo, Scoop!" 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—I will— You shall be flogged— expelled! I—I—" Mr. Scoop stuttered 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, Scoopsey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 74

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. Scoop'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. Scoop'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. Scoop 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. Scoop 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 Scoop, 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've 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. Scoop would obtain his liberty and regain his authority. But without help that did not seem likely. All the morning Mr. Scoop 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. Scoop 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. Scoop, 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. Scoop.

"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. Scoop 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. Scoop 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. Scoop. "Break away the rest of the glass."

"They'll hear it—"

"Do as I tell you!" snapped Mr. Scoop.

"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.

"Yaroh!" 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 Staepoole 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 Staepoole.

"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 Staepoole 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 Staepoole 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 goin'?" 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 heartily. "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. Railton—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 unruffled 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 mattach 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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NEXT FRIDAY'S ATTRACTIONS!

"THE HEAD'S PARDON!" By Frank Richards.

Under this title, our splendid complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars for next week tells of the further amazing adventures of Billy Bunter, the late Owl of the Remove.

Expelled from the school, instead of going home, as he should have done, he obtains a situation on the outskirts of Wayland in a physical-training school. This story is intensely interesting, and every "Pop" reader should take particular care that he does not miss.

"THE HEAD'S PARDON!"

To follow this will be another thrilling, long instalment of

"THE MYSTERY MAKERS!" By Nat Fairbanks.

In this story, Dick Tulliver visits Harrows-eld with the company to act a scene in the old market-place very near his old home, and he has an awkward time in trying to conceal his identity from the inquisitive village-folk.

Then Owen Conquest adds to the programme a splendid long story of the popular boys of Rookwood School, entitled:

"THE ROOKWOOD DETECTIVES!"

The rivalry between the Moderns and the Classics breaks out in a fresh place when Flynn, the Irish star, loses a five-pound note. Jimmy Silver & Co., and Tommy Dodd & Co., both keen to show their respective abilities, take the case in hand. The amazing clues which are found and followed up by the rivals provides amusing and interesting reading.

THE RIGHT SORT.

There is a cheery little note about Harry Wharton in a letter from Colin Edwards, 20, Holland Street, Southwark, South Australia. H. W. is appreciated in the other South-

wark, across the blue. So is Dennis Carr.—H. G. Clarke is a chum in New Zealand, and lives at 400, Selwyn Street, Christchurch. He always appreciates Bunter.—D. J. Jones, c.o. Mrs. Beynon, 30, Station Terrace, Dowlais, wants to hear something about Ifracombe.—With regard to a correspondent's complaint about the Gallery, I can tell him there will be further biographies soon.—Pte. W. Mistoe, c.o. Officers' Mess, 2nd Batt., Gloucester Regiment, Ahmednagar, India, says he would like to hear from other readers. He thinks the Companion Papers are admirable. By the way, his first shoot came off the other day, and he bagged a buck.—I have a request for correspondence from Norman McBride, Waiti Road, Timaru, Canterbury, New Zealand.—A Guernsey reader wants a true Guernseyite in the Remove.—Frank Dockey, 503, Brunswick Street, North Fitzroy, Melbourne, who used to live near the Crystal Palace, wants correspondents, also competitions for overseas readers.—Ernest King, c.o. Mrs. Woosley, Riverend, Wellington Road, East Brisbane, wants maps of Kent showing Greyfriars. But he will have to wait. There is no Greyfriars in the map. By the way, he would like to hear from a Kentish farmer's son.—Miss M. Nightingale and Miss Edith Cory, of Dallington Avenue, Northampton, would like to hear from girl readers.—Postcard-collectors who want views of Canada should write to Edwin Button, 11, Edinburgh Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. He is eager to hear from readers of the C. P.'s.—C. Smith, Birdwood Street, New Lambton, Newcastle, N.S.W., Australia, and his club, would like to hear from fellow-readers.

ALWAYS WITTY.

There was an amusing fellow who lived in a fairy-tale, who always did jobs by the half-dozen at the time. He was a tailor by persuasion, and one sees him tossing the completed articles into the basket—a perfect cloud of them in the air simultaneously. But there is no fairy-tale about a charming Finsbury correspondent, who sends me

letters of the sprightliest now and again. "I have," she writes, "gained twenty-two new readers for the Companion Papers. I feel very proud of myself, I can tell you. I took copies to school, and twenty-two of the twenty-six in our Form have become supporters." Well done, Finsbury!

OUT WITH THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

A ripping account of his experiences with the B. B. is sent in by William Monies, 39, Jamieson Street, Govanhill, Glasgow, but the report is too long to publish. To read it makes one wonder why all fellows do not respond to the "Fall In!" By the way, this chum wants to be an author, the same as a correspondent who wrote the other day to the Companion Papers: "By reading the Editor's Chat, week by week I know you to be a chip of the old block." So runs the letter. Thanks!

THE SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

"Ethel," of Montreal, wants to hear about the schools of the Old Country. "Our schools here," she writes, "are so different, and we have no schools where we can study and live at, excepting boarding-schools, and they are just like day-school."

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DRAUGHTS.

No, I mean the game, not the currents of air which give folks the flu. A correspondent of mine—i.e., George Butler, 20, Britannia Row, Islington, London, N.—wants to hear from draught-playing readers, so please someone hold up his hand. Draughts is a good game, even if you do get huffed now and then.

FACT AND FICTION.

"How often," writes an esteemed correspondent from Hastings, "it is difficult to realise that the stories are fiction and not fact. I have caught myself wondering how such and such a boy is getting on when he has fallen on evil days, like the Bounder, Carr, and sometimes, even Wharton. I firmly believe there are no periodicals to equal the Companion Papers, and I recommend them strongly whenever I get an opportunity. Lately I have appreciated them more than ever, having been shut in owing to a bad fall last-October."

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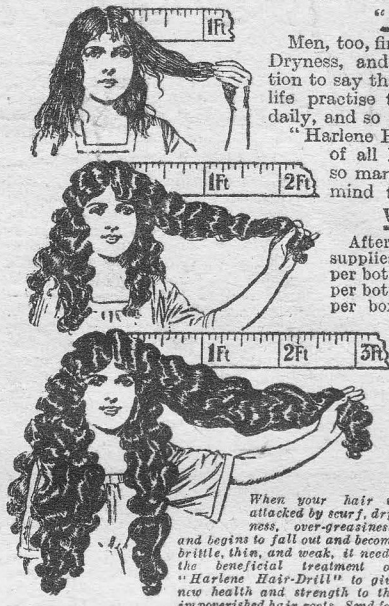
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