

# A Grand Tale of the Greyfriars Staff Strike Inside!

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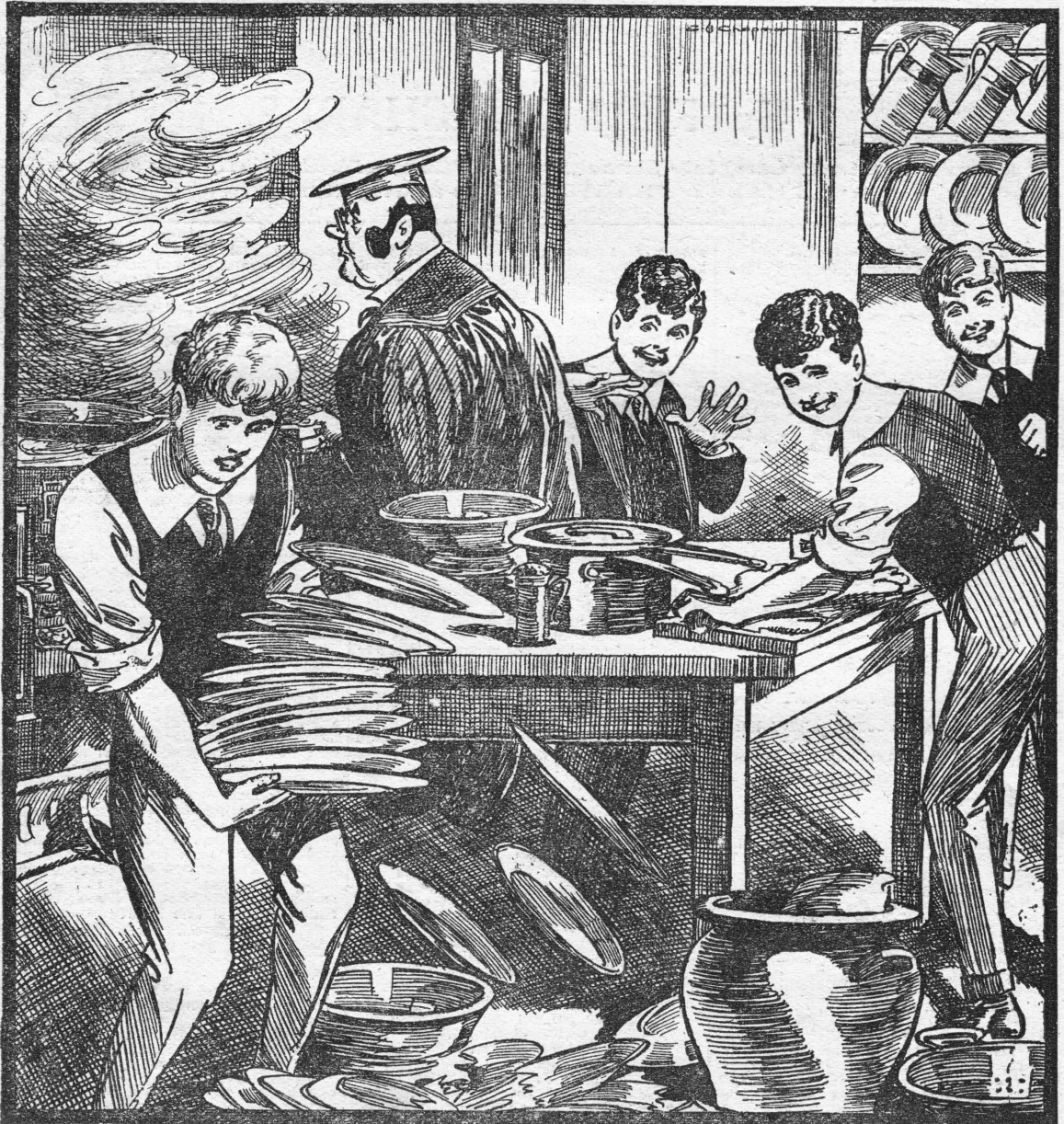
Greyfriars

# The POPULAR

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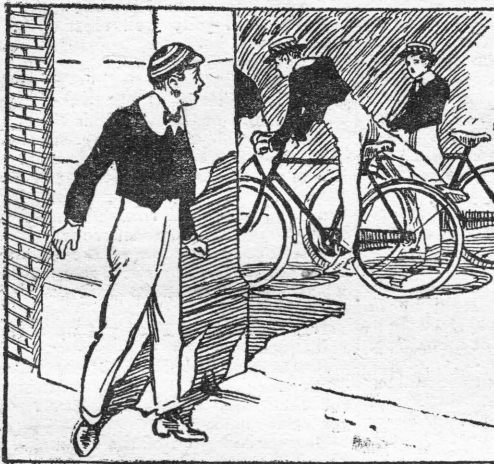
Stories, Jokes & Pictures  
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood St. Jims



## TROUBLE IN THE KITCHEN WITH THE AMATEUR COOKS!

(A Humorous Incident from the Long Complete Tale of Greyfriars in this issue.)



# A Bone of Contention

A Splendid Long Complete School Story of JIMMY SILVER & CO., the Chums of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Crisis!

AS the Prince of Denmark remarked long ago, that was the question! It was a pressing question, an important question—in fact, a burning question. It was a question that disturbed the serenity of the rival sides at Rookwood.

It is true that the excitement was confined to the Junior Forms. Bulkeley, the captain of the school, did not seem worried about it. Though he was head of the Classical side, he did not seem to care whether the Head's nephew became a Classical or a Modern. Indeed, he gave no sign of ever having heard of the Head's nephew. It was the same with Knowles of the Sixth, the captain of the Modern side. He went on his way regardless, so to speak.

It was among the juniors that the question burned. Possibly Jimmy Silver & Co., the Classical heroes, were not sorry to have one more reason for going on the war-path against their old rivals of the Modern side. Possibly Tommy Dodd, the great chief of the Modern juniors, welcomed another bone of contention.

Be that as it may, there was no doubt at all that Classicals and Moderns were quite excited about the matter, and the question was a burning one—so burning that it was almost a conflagration.

So matters stood when it became known that the Head's nephew was actually arriving the next day. Then the excitement was at fever-heat.

What the Head's nephew was like, and whether he was the right sort or any other sort, nobody knew or cared. All they knew was that his name was Gunter, that his parents lived in a far Western State in America, and that he was being sent to England to complete his education. But such points were of no consequence. What really mattered was that it would be considered a leg-up to the side that received him, and a "whack in the eye" for the side that did not receive him.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were prepared to carry off the new-comer by main force, kidnap him into the end study, and persuade him with the poker and tongs until he swore to become a Classical.

The three Tommies and the other Modern heroes would willingly have headed him up in a barrel if there had been no other way of capturing him.

Those heroic methods certainly did not seem to be feasible; but on both sides the juniors were prepared to stick at nothing, or next to nothing. Somehow or other the youth from the Far West had to be bagged.

If that youth had known how highly he was prized, even before his arrival at the school, he might have felt extremely flattered. But there was really nothing for him to be flattered about. He was simply the bone of contention. If the Head's nephew had not existed at all, the Fistical Four and the three Tommies would have found some other reason for deadly warfare and raids and reprisals.

But, as it was, the Head's nephew filled the whole horizon, so to speak. After lessons the next day Jimmy Silver & Co. thought of nothing else. It was a half-holiday that day, and they had all their time to bestowing upon the important enterprise.

Jimmy Silver called a general meeting of the Classical Fourth in the end study after dinner. Juniors packed themselves into the room, and put their heads together, and added their voices to the buzz.

Many and various were the schemes suggested. Kidnapping was the favourite idea. The choice of sides was to be left to Gunter himself.

Flynn of the Fourth argued that Gunter could be persuaded to plump for the Classics, once he was in the end study, with the Classical Fourth there to argue with him. Jones minor said he would listen to reason if hot water were poured down his back. Hooker suggested sticking pen-nibs into his legs, while Higgs favoured the process of "bating."

But Jimmy Silver pointed out—that could not be denied—that persuasive as all those processes were, they would not make Gunter "enthus" for the Classic side. They were more likely to put his back up.

"Taking it that he's a sensible chap, he only needs to have the facts of the matter pointed out to him," said Jimmy Silver. "What we've got to do is to get at him before he reaches the school, and tell him how matters stand. He's bound to be grateful to us for taking so much trouble about him."

"It's an ungrateful world," said Lovell doubtfully.

"I've been making some inquiries," said Jimmy Silver. "He gets here by the four train at Coombe, and Mack has to take the trap to meet him."

"Might tip Mack to take us in the trap, and meet him at the station," suggested Hooker.

Jimmy Silver smiled pityingly. "Do you think the Modern cads haven't thought of that? Of course, a horde of the rotters will bike to the station."

"We can kick 'em out!"

"They might kick us out!"

"If you think we can't lick the Moderns, Jimmy Silver—" began several voices hotly.

Jimmy waved his hand.

"Peace, my infants! Of course we can lick 'em. But we don't want to be scrapping with a gang of Moderns when the new kid arrives. We've got to bag him, and we can lick the Moderns any day!"

"True, O King!" said Lovell.

"I've been thinking it out," resumed Jimmy Silver. "He gets to Coombe at four, and the Moderns are sure to be there. He's coming from London. But to get to Coombe from London you have to change at Latcham."

"That's a jolly long way from here," said Raby.

"All the better! The Modern cads are less likely to think of going there," said Jimmy Silver. "If we meet the kid at Latcham, and get into his carriage after he's changed trains, we can talk to him for nearly an hour without any Modern worms wriggling in to spoil it. In fact, we can help him to change trains, look after his baggage, and so on. Make ourselves obliging—carry his bags for him—"

"Catch me carrying bags for a new kid!" said Topham.

"Fathead!" We want to bag him, don't we? That will make a good impression on him, and show him what ripping chaps we are! Then we jaw to him in the train, and stand him tarts and things—we'll get some in Latcham. By the time we get to Coombe we'll all be sworn chums, and he will go straight to the Head and ask to be a Classical."

"Jolly good idea!" said Newcome.

"What about a train to Latcham?"

"Bike it," said Jimmy Silver. "No good throwing money away in these hard times. Besides, we shall want all our tin to stand treat to the kid. And we'd better get off pretty soon, or we shall be late at Latcham. Who's going?"

Topham yawned.

"I'll leave it to you chaps," he said. "I don't feel up to a bike ride of fourteen miles. It's that, if it's an inch."

"If it were an inch you wouldn't feel up to it, you slacker!" growled Jimmy Silver. "We four can do it; but all you fellows had better turn up at Coombe at four. It's quite possible those Modern worms may have some scheme for collaring the kid—they're mean enough for anything. Every chap in the Classical Fourth has got to be at the station at four. Better tie some knots in your handkerchiefs; you never see 'em again."  
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NEXT FRIDAY!

"FORESTALLED!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.



know what may be wanted. A stump or two might be handy, too. As for that bike ride, it's nothing to us, though it would knock out some of you."

"Swank!" grunted Townsend.

The council of war broke up, and the Fistical Four hurried away for their bikes. It was understood that the rest of the Classicals were to be at Coombe Station when Mack, the porter, went there with the trap.

But Jimmy Silver sincerely hoped that physical force would not be needed. Only in the very last resource would hot water be poured down the back of the Head's nephew or pen-nibs stuck into his legs.

The four Classicals wheeled out their machines. They passed the three Tommies as they made for the gates. The Modern chums stopped to stare at them, looking exceedingly suspicious.

"Whither bound?" called out Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, going for a spin, you know!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Like us to come?"

"Sorry! We're rather particular about the company we keep!"

And the four rushed their machines out, and mounted, and pedalled away. Tommy Dodd wrinkled his brows in deep thought. The Moderns were on their way to the bike-shed, too.

"Blessed if I don't smell a mouse!" said Tommy Dodd. "Where are they biking away to all of a sudden?"

"Latham!" said Cook, with conviction.

"Sure, they're after the new kid!" said Doyle. "They've thought of the same wheeze, Tommy darling! And if we go—"

"There'll be a scrap."

"Four against three, too!"

Tommy Dodd burst into a chuckle.

"They're off to Latham; not much doubt about that!" he agreed. "Four of them! Go and call Towle and Webb and Lacy and Wadsley, Cooney!"

"But what—"

"They're coming with us. Then we'll be seven to four, and if we don't knock those Classic duffers off, you can use my head for a footer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Cook rushed away, while Doyle and Dodd wheeled out seven bicycles. Five minutes later seven Modern juniors were riding gaily away from the gates of Rookwood—on the track of the four Classicals.

That great idea of meeting the new boy at Latham had occurred to the fertile brain of Tommy Dodd as well as Jimmy Silver. The Classicals had started first, but on this occasion it was not an advantage to be first in the field. For the Moderns were following, with heavy odds on their side, and it was certain that there would be casualties when the rivals met at Latham.

#### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

##### A Battle Royal!

**J**IMMY SILVER & CO. put on good speed, and the miles vanished under the whizzing wheels of the Classical bikes.

It was a pleasant ride through leafy lanes and shady woods; but the Classical four had no eyes for scenery just then. They had important business on hand, and they only thought of putting on speed.

Dusty and crimson, they rode into the country town of Latham, and jumped off their machines outside the railway-station.

"London train in yet?"

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE AMAZING NEW BOY!"

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. By OWEN CONQUEST.

"Ten minutes, sir."

"Oh, good!"

"Ten minutes before the boulder arrives here!" panted Jimmy Silver, fanning himself with his straw hat. "Done to a 't.' We'll book the bikes for Coombe by rail—we can't leave 'em here. I'll do that while you get a bag of tarts and a cake, Lovell. Then we'll wait on the down platform, and greet him as he gets off the train."

"How shall we know him?" asked Raby. "Lots of people get down here. It's the junction."

"H'm!" Jimmy Silver hadn't thought of that so far. "H'm! Oh, we'll know him all right. He'll be in Etons most likely. Anyway, we shall spot him. He'll have a bag or a box, too, you know. Buck up!"

Lovell, duly provided with cash, started for the nearest confectioners. Silver and Raby and Newcome wheeled four bikes into the station, and duly booked them for Coombe. Then they came out to meet Lovell.

Lovell came back to the station with three large paper bags. The Fistical Four, still breathing hard after their ride, sampled a tart each from one of the bags. They were thus engaged when there was a clatter in the street, and seven cyclists stopped before the station.

"Modern cads!" ejaculated Lovell.

"My hat! Tommy Dodd!"

The Fistical Four stared blankly at their old foes. The Moderns had arrived, and their looks showed that they meant business. They hooked their bikes to the kerb, and came towards the Fistical Four at once.

"Fancy meeting you!" said Tommy Dodd genially, and the Moderns chortled with great glee.

"What do you want here?" demanded Jimmy wrathfully. "If you're thinking of bagging the new Classical chap—"

"We're not. We're thinking of bagging the new Modern chap," chuckled Tommy Dodd. "We don't want to hurt you innocent kids. But if you don't clear off instanter we're going to wipe up the pavement with you, shove you in the gutter, and rag you till you'll think the Huns have got hold of you. That's the programme."

"Look here—"

"Bow-wow! The train's due, and there's no time for talk. Are you going to clear off?"



*The Woman  
with the  
Tiger's Heart*

#### Thrilling New Story by SESSUE HAYAKAWA

This remarkably powerful story has been specially written for "Kinema Comic" by the famous Japanese Screen Actor, and should not be missed on any account. Start reading it TO-DAY. It is only one of the many good things appearing in this week's

THE  
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"No," yelled the Classical four. "We shall jolly well clear you off, then."

"You—you Prussians!"

"Nuff said! The train's signalled," said Tommy Dodd. "Shove these Classical goats out of the way, kids!"

"Line up!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"Give 'em socks!" shouted Cook.

The Moderns did not pause for a moment. There was no time to be lost, and they had come there on business. They rushed at the four.

The four were some of the best fighting-men in the Fourth Form at Rookwood. But seven to four were long odds.

But the Fistical Four put up a terrific resistance.

It was a record, the fight that ensued. Both sides were in deadly earnest, and the Rookwood heroes had never cared for hard knocks.

Porters came out of the station to look on. Cabmen gathered and passed cheery comments on the progress of the battle. Urchins appeared from all quarters, and formed a cheering ring. In the quiet old town of Latham the new and unlooked-for excitement seemed to be greatly appreciated by the natives.

But the porters, at least, had to leave the thrilling scene before the result was decided, for the London express came in. In that express was the Head's nephew—the unknown youth who had travelled from a distant State in the Far West, little dreaming of the commotion his coming was to cause in the Lower School at Rookwood. But the London express and the Head's nephew were totally forgotten by the juniors engaged in deadly strife.

Fistical as the four were, they were overmatched by odds. They were down at last, and the Moderns sat on them, and kept them there. Sprawling on the pavement, Jimmy Silver & Co. panted for breath, pinned down by the victorious Moderns.

"Had enough?" panted Tommy Dodd.

"No!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "I'll pulverise you! Hang on to 'em, kids, and they'll miss the train. Our fellows will catch the new kid at Coombe. Hang on these rotters!"

"What-ho!" panted Lovell. "Hang on!"

"Leggo, you Classical idiot! You're licked! What more do you want?"

"Leggo, be jabbers!"

The struggle went on on the ground. An old lady was shrieking for the police, imagining that the dusty and furious juniors were a dreadful gang of hoodlums, who ought to be arrested at once. Fortunately, the police force of Latham was not on the scene.

There was a shriek of a whistle, and the express rolled out of the station again. Tommy Dodd panted with wrath.

The local train for Coombe was timed to depart five minutes later. Probably the Head's nephew was already in it. Only a few minutes remained for the Moderns to join him in the local, and the Classicals, defeated as they were, were still hanging on!

It was distinctly exasperating. Like the man in the story, who was dead but would not lie down, the Classicals did not seem to understand that they were beaten.

"Will you leggo?" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "You're licked, ain't you?"

"Hang on!"

"Stick to the cads!"

"Bump their nappers!" shouted Tommy Dodd.

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

(Continued on page 13.)

**A Bone of Contention!**

(Continued from page 8.)

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"You fellows hold them while we nab the new kid!" added Tommy Dodd strategically. "Come on, Tommy!"

Towle and Lacy and Webb and Wadsley clung on to the four, and the three Tommies wrenched themselves away by main force. Tommy Dodd's collar was left in Jimmy Silver's grip, part of Cook's jacket remained to Lovell, and Raby retained a trophy in the shape of a necktie. But the three Tommies were free, and the Fistical Four were still pinned down and struggling.

Headless of their dusty and rumpled appearance, the three Tommies sped into the station. They rushed for the local platform. There was just time to take tickets for Coombe, and dash for the train.

Tommy Dodd looked wildly up and down the train. The Head's nephew must be in one of the carriages—but which? There was no time to seek him. But, fortunately, Tommy Dodd spotted a boy in Etons, with a silk hat, looking out of a carriage window.

"That's him!" gasped Tommy Dodd, breathlessly and ungrammatically.

The three Moderns rushed at the carriage, and tore the door open.

"Stand back!" yelled the guard.

The three Tommies would not have stood back if the Prussian Guard had been rushing at them, instead of a railway-guard. They bolted headlong into the carriage. They bolted, naturally, into the boy who already occupied the carriage, and knocked him flying. There was no time to think of trifles like that. They bundled in anyhow, sprawling over him and one another, and the guard—murmuring something very emphatic—slammed the door after them. The train was on the move.

Just as it vanished down the line, four hatless and breathless juniors dashed on to the platform. Jimmy Silver & Co., left one to one with their foes, had hurled the Moderns off at last, and dashed after their rivals, hoping against hope that they would be in time—to see the local train vanishing down the line.

They gazed after it dumbly for some moments, pumping in breath. Jimmy Silver was the first to speak.

"Done!" he gasped.

"Fairly diddled!" groaned Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Licked to the wide, and by Modern rotters!" snorted Raby.

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed.

"We're not licked yet. Come and get the bikes. We'll beat that crawling local to Coombe. All the fellows are there. We'll have the chap, if we have to yank him away by the hair of his head! Come on!"

They panted their way from the station. Outside, four Modern fellows looked at them lugubriously with discoloured eyes. Towle and the rest were not feeling chirpy after that terrific combat. But they brightened up at the sight of the Classics' downcast faces. They realised that the three Tommies had bagged the prize.

"Hurrah for us!" chortled Towle.

"Yah! Licked hollow! Go home!"

Manfully resisting the desire to give the Moderns another "whopping"—there was no time to waste in whopping Moderns—the Fistical Four wheeled out

their bikes, and departed. They pedalled away determinedly. If hard riding could save the day, the Classics would not slack. But could it?

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Catching a Tartar!**

**Y**OU thundering idiots!" A boy with a crumpled topper and a rumpled collar sat up on the floor of the carriage, gasped for breath, and glared ferociously at Tommy Dodd and Doyle and Cook.

The Modern three staggered to their feet.

In their haste in entering the railway-carriage they had not had time to worry about what they bumped into. They had barely landed as it was. They stared at the stranger, and gasped for breath—they were a little hurt themselves. But it came back to Tommy Dodd's mind that it was necessary to be very nice to the Head's nephew, if this was the Head's nephew.

But was it?

Seeing a fellow in Etons and topper at the carriage window, Tommy Dodd had concluded that this was the fellow. But now he asked himself whether it was or not.

The boy, being in Etons, was doubtless a schoolboy. But he did not look much like what they expected of the Head's nephew.

Of course, they had never seen that highly-prized young gentleman. But they had dimly pictured a nice, neatly-dressed, quiet and soft-spoken fellow, perhaps a little namby-pamby. A headmaster's nephew might naturally be expected to be something like that.

But this especial individual was not nice, or slim, or soft-spoken, and most decidedly not namby-pamby.

He was no older than Tommy Dodd, but he was bigger, much more heavily built, and evidently had no end of muscle and sinew. His skin was darkly sunburnt, and his eyes deeply-set and gleaming hard. His features were large and irregular, his jaw very square and strong. His hands and feet were big, like the rest of him, only more so. His Etons did not fit him very well, and they were not of the cut that was expected of a Rookwood fellow. They were rather particular about their clothes at Rookwood. This chap didn't seem particular at all.

His voice was loud and sharp. His temper was not angelic—not in the least what the temper of a headmaster's nephew ought to have been. His dark face was reddened with anger.

Tommy Dodd concluded that he had, so to speak, awakened the young passenger, and he decided not to waste any undue civility on the stranger.

"You blithering guys!" the stranger was going on. "What the thunder do you bump into a pilgrim in that way for—eh?"

"Couldn't help it," said Tommy Dodd coolly. "In a hurry, you know; looking for a chap in this train. And not so much of your cheek! We don't allow saucy kids to slang us at Rookwood!"

"Rookwood!" repeated the stranger. "You guys belong to Rookwood?"

Tommy Dodd changed his opinion again. The way the stranger caught at the name of the school was a pretty clear indication that he was going there.

"You going to Rookwood?" asked Tommy, more amicably.

"I guess so!"

The "guess" did it. The Moderns knew all about the Head's nephew having lived all his life, so far, in Western America. This was the chap, un-

doubtedly. They would have heard of it if a Yankee had been coming to the school.

The three Tommies exchanged glances, and smiled their sweetest smiles. The young stranger certainly hadn't made a good impression upon them. But they were prepared to take him to their hearts if he was the Head's nephew.

"Your name's Gunter?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"Correct."

"You're our headmaster's nephew?"

"You've got it."

Tommy Dodd held out his hand. "Give us your fist!" he said. "You're the chap we've come to meet."

"Oh, I am, am I?" said Gunter, somewhat surlily. However, he took Tommy Dodd's hand and gave him a grip.

Tommy Dodd's face wore an extraordinary expression as that grip closed on his hand. It was like the grip of a vice. "Ow!" he gasped. "How—how do you do?"

"Top of the afternoon to yet!" said Doyle.

"Yow!"

"What's the matter with you?" asked Gunter, still gripping Tommy Dodd's unfortunate hand.

"Ow! Leggo! You're breaking my fingers!" wailed Tommy Dodd.

"You galoots are pretty soft, I should say," replied Gunter, with a snort. "That's how we give a grip in Texas."

He compressed his grip as he spoke, and Tommy Dodd fairly curled up.

"Ow, ow, ow!" Yow Oooooo! Leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the new boy, as he released Tommy's hand at last. He sat down and roared with laughter. Apparently the anguish he had inflicted upon Tommy Dodd was his idea of a joke. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear!" Tommy Dodd collapsed upon the seat, and nursed his hands. "Oh my hat! Oh scissors!"

Cook and Doyle did not offer to shake hands with the new junior. They looked as friendly as they could, but they drew the line at that. Tommy Dodd was looking quite pale and worn.

The new boy grinned at them, and took a case from his pocket. The three watched him with interest as he opened it and selected a black-looking cheroot. Evidently the Head's nephew was a smoker. There were giddy goats at Rookwood who smoked cigarettes when they were safe from a master's eye, but even the doggish Smythe of the Shell never ventured upon cigars. Gunter put the cheroot between his teeth, which were considerably yellow in hue, and lighted it. He blew out a cloud of thick and pungent smoke that made the three Tommies cough violently.

"Gerroooh! Goooooh!"

"What's the matter with you now, you galoots?"

"I—I say, fellows ain't allowed to smoke!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"Eh? This is a smoking-carriage, ain't it?" demanded Gunter.

"I—I didn't notice it was. Yes, it is. But I mean, Rookwood chaps ain't allowed to smoke."

"I guess I shall start the fashion there, then!" remarked Gunter, still puffing away.

"You—you smoke those things!" murmured Doyle, with an awestricken glance at the black and strong cheroot.

"Yep. I don't smoke much. This is only the fourth since I left London."

"Only the fourth! My only aunt!"

One of those terrible-looking smokers would have turned Tommy Dodd inside

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY!

**"FORESTALLED!"**

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



out like a glove. The Head's nephew had smoked four of them on his journey! Truly, he had learned marvellous manners on the plains of Texas.

The chums of Rookwood sat and regarded him. This was the Head's nephew—this rough and raucous young ruffian! They had heard that he had lived in a remote district in a Western State, but they had never dreamed of a fellow like this. They were pretty certain that the Head had never dreamed of it, either. Dr. Chisholm had never seen his nephew yet, and he was likely to have an electric-shock when he did see him.

Still, such as he was, he was the Head's nephew, and the Moderns had vowed to bag him from their rivals. After a long and thoughtful hesitation, Tommy Dodd broached the subject. The Head's nephew had astounded them, but they came up smiling, as it were.

"Quite new to Rookwood, of course?" remarked Tommy Dodd casually.

"I guess so, as I've never been in this hyer country before. And I guess I don't think much of it now I'm in it!"

"But you are English?" hinted Tommy Dodd.

"I was raised in Texas."

Tommy Dodd guessed that "raised" was American for brought up. The new boy had his native language to learn at Rookwood, among other things.

"I suppose you're glad to see the Old Country—what?"

"Not particularly. Texas could lay over anything I've seen on this side so far."

"Oh! You know, perhaps, that we have two sides at Rookwood—Classical side and Modern side?"

"I didn't know."

"We're Moderns," said Tommy Dodd.

Gunter stared at him.

"Are you? Don't say much for the Modern side, does it?"

Tommy Dodd swallowed his wrath with difficulty. He was not there to give the Head's nephew a whopping, but never had he felt so keen a desire to whop a new boy.

"That's why we came to meet you," said Doyle, taking up the tale. "Sure, we want you to join the Modern side."

"Why?"

"Oh, we want you, you know!" said Cook. "We like you."

"Gammon!"

"Yaroooh!" yelled Tommy Cook, as the new boy, taking the cheroot from his mouth, dropped the lighted end on his hand. "Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter.

"You—you blithering owl!" shrieked Cook, sucking at his scorched hand.

"What did you do that for? Yow!"

"Ha, ha! To make you hop," grinned Gunter. "And, by gum, you hopped!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cook clenched his fist and rose to his feet. The new boy evidently had a peculiar sense of humour, and Cook meant to nip it in the bud.

But Tommy Dodd dragged him back to his seat.

"Chuck it!" he whispered. "Grin!"

"Eh? What is there to grin about?"

"Good joke! Ha, ha, ha!" said Tommy Dodd, keeping hold of the infuriated Cook. "You are a funny chap, Gunter! Ha, ha—Yooop!" he finished, as Gunter tapped him on the neck with the burning end of the cheroot. "Yah—h-h-h-h!"

"You burbling idiot—"

Gunter threw the end of the cheroot out of the window, and curled up with laughter in his corner seat. The three Tommies gazed at him speechlessly.

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NEXT  
FRIDAY:

"THE AMAZING NEW BOY!"

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

They had beaten Jimmy Silver & Co., and secured that railway-journey with the new boy. They were beginning to think it would have been a greater triumph if they had let Jimmy Silver beat them.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Not Wanted!

GUNTER continued to chuckle, and the three juniors of Rookwood continued to stare at him. How they were to be nice to the new boy was a puzzle. Certainly, their tempers were getting into a dangerous state. In less than half an hour the Head's nephew had succeeded in making them detest him and long to scalp him. They had met him with the friendliest intentions in the world, and already they were breathing slaughter. They had caught the highly-prized new boy—and caught a tartar. How on earth were they to stand the fellow if they succeeded in getting him on the Modern side?

Gunter's next proceedings interested them. He opened a huge jack-knife—big enough, as Tommy Dodd said afterwards, to kill a Hun with, and took out a plug of black, strong tobacco from a smelly pouch. They gazed at him as if mesmerised while he cut himself a "quid." The "quid" disappeared into his mouth, and he chewed with evident satisfaction. They wondered whether he had an indiarubber interior.

"You—you—your chew tobacco!" gasped Tommy Dodd at last.

Gunter stared at him.

"Don't you?" he asked.

"Oh, my hat! No! I—I've heard that sailors do sometimes," murmured Tommy. "I—I've never seen a boy do it."

"We all do it out there," grunted Gunter. "I guess I chewed tobacco before I could ride, and I could ride before I could walk."

"Do you—do you like it?"

"I reckon I shouldn't do it if I didn't like it."

"Isn't it bad for the teeth?" asked Cook.

"I guess so. I calculate I can do as I like with my own teeth."

He continued to chew, and the three juniors continued to watch him, fascinated. The local train, stopping at every station, crawled on through the leafy countryside. The four boys had the carriage to themselves, however. Tommy Dodd was glad of it. He would not have liked anybody to see a Rookwood fellow chewing tobacco.

Whoosh!

A stream of tobacco-juice was suddenly ejected from the new boy's mouth. It whizzed across the carriage, and streaked over the cushions at the back of the seat. Tommy Dodd jumped aside in horror. He had had a narrow escape.

"Great pig!" he yelled. "Mind what you're doing, you filthy pig!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sure, it's a disgusting baste ye are!" shouted Doyle. "And if you come on the Modern side at Rookwood we'll scrag ye!"

Whoosh!

"Groo! Mind what you're at!" shrieked Cook, dodging aside.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The peculiar new boy roared.

"I guess you've no call to get on your hind legs," he chuckled. "I wasn't going to spot you. Bless your little hearts, I can aim to a fraction of an inch. I meant to miss you."

"You—you—you"—stuttered Tommy Dodd, utterly aghast—"you—you've practised squirting tobacco-juice?"

"Sure!"

"W-w-whhat for?"

"Why, it's a regular game out there," said Gunter. "I've seen a man on our ranch doing it, making rings round a galoot without touching him. I could catch you in the eye across the carriage if you'd like to see it done."

"No, thanks," said Tommy Dodd hastily.

The three Tommies drew to the farthest side of the carriage. Gunter was not an agreeable person to be near. Tommy Dodd's eyes were gleaming.

"If that filthy cad comes on the Modern side," murmured Cook, "we'll scrag him and boil him in oil!"

"We couldn't stand him," gasped Doyle. "Tare and 'ounds! I could stand almost anything to beat the Classical spalpeens—but not that! It can't be did."

Tommy Dodd nodded, his eyes glimmering. He had come to the same conclusion as his chums.

"I've been thinking of that," he whispered. "We couldn't have that horrible rotter on our side, if he were a dozen times the Head's nephew. Silver wouldn't want him, if he knew."

"No jolly fear!"

"I've got an idea. Those Classical cads will be at Coombe, ready to get him away if they can."

"Our fellows will be there, too, and we'll beat them hollow."

"No, we won't. We'll let them beat us," whispered Tommy Dodd, grinning.

"Don't you see? Let them bag him. Then the filthy cad will be planted on them, and we sha'n't have the horrid worm stuck on our side. He'll be a howling disgrace to whichever side he joins. We don't want him at any price. We'll put up a show of trying to keep him, and let them run him off."

Cook and Doyle burst into a chuckle at the idea.

They had planned and schemed to bag the Head's nephew, and they had him in their hands. But their feelings had changed right round. Now that they knew Gunter, they were only anxious about one thing—to make absolutely certain that he wouldn't be put into the Modern side at Rookwood. To get that raucous, unpleasant blackguard planted on Jimmy Silver & Co. would be the joke of the season. The Fistical Four were welcome to the Head's nephew.

"What's the cackle about?" broke in the raucous voice of the new boy.

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions," said Tommy Dodd blandly. "Why—ah!—oh!—you horrid rotter!"

Whoosh!

A stream of tobacco-juice caught Tommy Dodd fairly on the chin. It splashed brown all over his face.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Gunter. "Take that for your sauce!"

His laughter was cut suddenly short. Tommy Dodd was upon him with the spring of a tiger.

There was no farther need to conciliate the Head's nephew. The three Tommies had quite changed their minds about that. Tommy Dodd's long, pent-up wrath found full vent now.

He clutched the young rascal and dragged him from his seat, and got his head into chancery, and pommelled him furiously.

"There, you cad! There, you benighted heathen!" roared Tommy Dodd. "You disgusting Prussian, take that! You—you Hun, take that! There, you worm!"

"Yow—wow—ow! I guess— Yop! Yah! Oh!"

Disgusting the new boy certainly was, but he had plenty of pluck. He grappled with Tommy Dodd, and hit out

furiously. They rolled on the floor of the carriage, collecting up dust, and struggling and hitting ferociously.

Doyle and Cook looked on. They had full confidence in their leader—and fair play was a jewel.

"Go it, Tommy!"  
"Bump—crash—yell! It was a terrific struggle, and Tommy Dodd found that he had his hands full with the new boy.

The whistle shrieked, and the train slowed down once more.

"Coombe!" shouted Tommy Cook. "Chuck it, you cripples! We're there!"

The train stopped. Tommy Dodd and Gunter separated, and staggered up. They were both dusty and panting and rumped. Which of them had had the best of it was a puzzle. They both looked as if they had had the worst of it.

"Is this the station?" gasped Gunter, grabbing down his bag from the rack.

"Yes, you get out here for Rookwood, and then you can go and eat coke!"

And the three Tommies jumped from the train, without bestowing any further attention upon the Head's nephew, whom they had travelled so far to capture.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
Victory?

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were riding hard that afternoon.

To beat the local train they needed to ride hard. They knew that it was a slow train, and stopped at half a dozen stations before it reached Coombe. There was a chance of beating it, and they did their best.

They had already ridden hard. Now they rode hard again. Only one of the four cracked up on the ride. It was Newcome. He dropped behind, calling out to his chums that he would see them at Rookwood. Silver and Lovell and Raby did not stop. There was not a minute to lose.

They came into Coombe village dusty, perspiring, crimson, and fagged out. But they were in time. When they jumped off their machines outside the little village station their legs almost refused to support them. They held on to their bikes and gasped.

Hooker and Topham and Jones minor were chatting there. Other Classical juniors were inside and outside the station. They had obeyed their instructions; they were on the spot. It was close on four. They stared blankly at the Classical trio as they arrived.

"Missed him?" exclaimed Hooker.

"Gang of Moderns at Latcham—done in!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "The local's not in yet."

"Not yet! I say, you must be duffers to—"

"Cheese it! Three Modern cads will be with the Head's nephew when he gets in. He's got to be got away from them!" snapped Jimmy Silver. "Pass the word round—mind they don't get him away."

"Right—ho!"

The trap from Rookwood was already outside the station. Old Mack had disappeared into the Rookwood Arms. Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed as he noted it.

"Get to the geegee, Lovell, and hold him ready," he muttered. "Mack's gone for a drink, and you know he takes long drinks. We'll borrow the trap, and take the new kid up to the school. Raby can stay here and tip Mack, so that he won't cut up rusty."

"You bet!" said Lovell.

Raby nodded, and strolled across to the Rookwood Arms to be ready to intercept Mack if he came out. He was prepared

to tip Mack, or to trip him up, as occasion demanded. It was no time for half measures.

Jimmy Silver, with a crowd of eager Classics entered the station prepared for anything. Gunter was to be got away from the Moderns—that was all they thought or cared about. And the train had come in.

Jimmy Silver slipped a shilling into the porter's hand, and let his flock on to the platform as the train stopped.

There were several Modern juniors there already, and they gave the Classics hostile looks. Jimmy Silver did not heed them. He looked along the train for the enemy.

"There they are!"

The three Tommies were alighting. After them came a fellow in Etons, evidently the Head's nephew. His looks certainly weren't what Jimmy Silver expected; but he had no doubt of the junior's identity, as he had travelled with the three Moderns.

"Back up, Classics!" shouted Jimmy. There was a rush towards the carriage. Jimmy Silver shouldered Tommy Dodd aside—with remarkable ease, as he noted afterwards—and caught the new boy by the shoulder.

"You're Gunter?"  
Gunter stared at him.

"I guess so."

"We've come to rescue you from these Modern cads," said Jimmy Silver hurriedly. "They're rotters—awful rotters! You stick to us! Come on!"

"But I say—"  
"This way!"

Jimmy Silver seized one of Gunter's arms and Hooker the other, and Jones minor relieved him of his bag. The astounded new boy was rushed away to the exit.

"Back up, Moderns!" shouted Tommy Dodd.

"Rally round, Classics!"  
The Classics closed round the prize in a crowd, and Gunter was rushed out.

Jimmy Silver rushed Gunter out of the station breathlessly. He was surprised at the ease with which he had robbed the Moderns of him. On the station platform the three Tommies doubled up with laughter as the Classics disappeared with the prize.

Leggett rushed up to Tommy Dodd excitedly.

"They've got him!" he yelled. "Let 'em keep him!" chuckled Tommy Dodd.

"What!"  
"We don't want him! We've found out that he's a low blackguard—a regular disgraceful beast! We couldn't have such a blighter on the Modern side. We're planting him on the Classics! See?"

"Oh, scissors!"

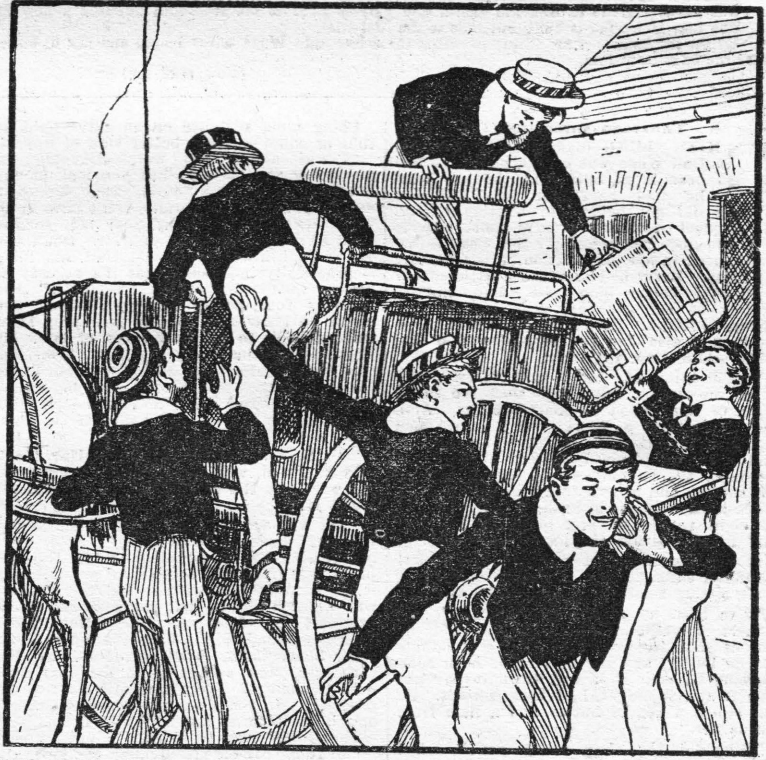
Jimmy Silver & Co. had rushed Gunter to the trap. They tossed his bag in, and helped Gunter in. The Head's nephew hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels, but in the trap he recovered his breath.

"What's the game?" he asked.

"We're rescuing you from those cads," stammered Jimmy Silver. "We'll explain afterwards. Hurry up! Look after those bikes, Hooker!"

Jimmy Silver and Lovell jumped in. Jimmy took the reins, and the trap dashed away. The Moderns came streaming out of the station, yelling. Old Mack appeared in the doorway of the inn, shaking his fist. But Jimmy Silver did not heed. He drove on, and

(Continued on page 18.)



Jimmy Silver & Co. rushed Gunter out to the trap. They tossed his bag in and helped the Head's nephew in front. "What's the game?" asked Gunter. "We're rescuing you from those cads—the Moderns," said Jimmy Silver. "We'll explain afterwards!" (See Chapter 5.)



**THE SCHOOLBOY DOMESTICS!**

(Continued from page 6.)

darkening angrily. "Pray explain yourself, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton rapidly told the Head how Trotter had come to the school the previous night to tell him of his suspicions, and how they had laid the trap for Bunter. The Head was very angry, but, at the same time, a feeling of infinite relief instantly took possession of him.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed at last. "It is through this wretched boy, then, that the whole misunderstanding has arisen? It was you, Bunter, who went into the store-room on Tuesday night. You imitated Dibbs' voice to escape the consequences of your own dishonourable act?"

"I—I didn't, sir!" faltered Bunter. "I—I wasn't in the store-room at all! I only went there to look for my handkerchief. I mean, I didn't go there—"

"Silence!" said the Head wrathfully. "You are contradicting yourself at every point, Bunter. I think it is fairly positive that you are the culprit. In fact, there is no doubt whatever on the matter. You deliberately pilfered food from the store-room, and then laid the blame on to Dibbs! Wretched boy, I have half a mind to expel you immediately!"

Billy Bunter nearly fainted.

"Oh, sir," he gasped wildly, "you won't do that! I confess everything, sir! It was I who was in the store-room, and I did imitate Dibbs' voice! I only did it, sir, because I was afraid of what would happen! I never dreamed that Dibbs would get into trouble, and that it would end in the servants backing him up! I—I'd made up my mind to come to you, sir, and confess it all this morning!"

"Lies will not help you, Bunter!" said the Head sternly.

"But you're not going to expel me, sir?" panted Bunter breathlessly.

"No, Bunter; I shall not do that," said the Head thoughtfully. "But I shall give you one of the soundest floggings you ever received in your life! I am of opinion that it will do you more good than expulsion! I know your character, and to a boy who has such a fondness for food as you have the offence is not so serious. I have no doubt that having found the trapdoor, it proved too great an attraction for you. You had not sufficient will-power to resist the temptation."

As a matter of fact, the Head was so relieved at finding the trying situation at a sudden end that he took a more lenient view of the case than he otherwise would have done.

"My boys," he said to Harry Wharton & Co., "I have to thank you for bringing the truth to light. Needless to say, I am intensely grieved that I have been, indirectly, the cause of the servants striking! They may have been insulting in their excitement; but, under the circumstances, I am prepared to overlook that. It is a great relief to know that everything is all right!"

"Rather, sir!" agreed the juniors. "But it was Trotter who found out the truth!"

"So it was," said the Head—"so it was! Trotter, my boy, I am very pleased with you—so pleased, in fact, that I shall give you double wages at the end of this week!"

Exactly an hour later all the servants trooped in at the gates of Greyfriars.

"Here they are!" shouted Bulstrode, as a crowd of Removites rushed across the Close.

"How do you feel, Gossy?"

"Wot I says is this 'ere!" said Gosling. "I knowed half a long that Dibbs was innocent! Still, the 'Ead's a gent! I slanted 'im suthin' cruel 'un 'er's a real good 'un to let matters slip into their usual places agin. It's glad enough I am to be back 'ere, an' I reckon heverbody else his of the same opinion!"

And everybody else was. In two days' time the servants had quite settled down again, as though nothing had happened. Mrs. Mimble had reopened her little tuckshop, and the ordinary routine of work was resumed at Greyfriars. And the occasion is never likely to arise again when the Head will find it necessary to enlist the services of the schoolboy domestics!

THE END.

(There will be another long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next week.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 148.

NEXT FRIDAY!

**"THE AMAZING NEW BOY!"**

**A Bone of Contention!**

(Continued from page 15.)

the trap fairly whizzed through the old High Street of Coombe.

Jimmy Silver slacked down when they reached the lane.

"Safe as houses!" he said breathlessly. "All serene, Gunter, old chap! We've only rescued you, you know. Like to drive?"

"Sure." Gunter took the ribbons. He gave the horse a lash with the whip. It was a cruel lash, and it made the Rookwood juniors stare. The horse leaped forward as if he had been electrified.

"Here, draw it mild!" said Lovell, aghast.

"I guess I know how to handle a gee!"

"Look out! You'll have the trap over!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was the new boy's peculiar sense of humour again—Jimmy's first experience of it. He lashed the horse, and cracked the whip, and they raced down the lane at a speed that was dangerous, especially to anyone they might chance to meet.

The trap dashed on furiously. Rookwood appeared in sight in an incredibly short space of time. Gunter turned the horse in at the gates, and brought it, foaming, to a halt before the porter's lodge, and jumped down.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell followed him, panting. Their hearts had been in their mouths. They stared at the new boy. The Head's nephew was a surprise to them.

"I guess I scared you—what!" chuckled Gunter.

"You didn't scare us, and you were a brute to hit the horse like that!" said Lovell indignantly.

Jimmy squeezed his chum's arm warningly.

"Come in with us, dear boy," he said. "Nearly tea-time. Come on!"

And Gunter was marched triumphantly into the School House.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had won the prize. They rejoiced at first.

But the hilarity and apparent contentment with which the Moderns took their defeat made them suspicious a little later.

Gunter had promised them to become a Classical over tea, and that promise made them indulgent to the fact that he spat on the floor and picked his teeth with a fork.

They had succeeded; the Moderns were beaten to the wide. It was later that it dawned upon Jimmy Silver & Co. that that easy victory at Coombe had been "planted" on them, and that Tommy Dodd had been only too anxious to see them bag the Head's nephew.

They had bagged him! When they came into the end study again, and found the new boy there, with his feet on the table, a cigar in his mouth, and the study walls newly decorated with tobacco-juice, they gave each other sickly looks. They had done Tommy Dodd, but not quite so much as Tommy Dodd had done them.

The Head's nephew was a Classical! The Classics had succeeded in catching a Tartar!

THE END.

(There will be another grand tale of Rookwood next week.)

**A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR.**

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

**FOR NEXT FRIDAY!**

There will be another long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, entitled

**"FORESTALLED!"**

By Frank Richards,

and a grand tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., under the title of

**"THE AMAZING NEW BOY!"**

By Owen Conquest,

which will deal with further exploits of the Head's nephew from the far-off, rocky land of Texas. To follow this will be the usual four-page Supplement, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," which will be a Special "Sanny" Number.

A further instalment of our splendid adventure serial, "The Invisible Raider," will also be included in the programme, and last, though not least, will be "Poplets" Competition No. 43, in which I am again offering a Grand Match Football and Ten Five-Shilling Prizes.

**"POPLETS" COMPETITION NO. 42.**

FIRST PRIZE: Grand Match Football.

TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

Examples for this week:

Getting rid of.	In Borrowed Plumes.
A Sudden End.	Townsend's Little
Catching a Tartar.	Game.
Waiting for Friday.	Studying for Exam.
Winter.	A Humorous
Football in Snow.	Situation.
Putting Up With.	Not Always There.

Select two of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE of the words in your sentence must commence with one of the letters in the example.

1. All "Poplets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poplets" can be sent in by one reader each week.
2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 42, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.
3. No correspondence may be entered into in connection with "Poplets."
4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.
5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD, and that it is received on or before November 24th.

**RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION NO. 34.**

The Grand Match Football has been awarded to:

Arthur Kimber,

13, Harford Street,

St. James, Bristol,

and the ten prizes of five shillings each have been sent to the following readers:

Arthur Williams, 11, Portland Street, Leamington Spa; George Mitofsky, 25, Heytesbury Street, Dublin; H. Knighton, 46, Wellington Road, Northampton; L. M. E. Nash, 22, Farnsby Street, Swindon, Wilts; Edward Mitchell, 5, North Shore Street, Cambeltown, N.B.; E. Arthur, 20, High Street, Dorking, Surrey; Albert Head, Victoria Road, Coleford; Ernest W. Huntington, 47, Southfield Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham; Stanley Huntley, Glenholme, 41, Severn Avenue, Weston-Super-Mare, Somerset; W. Purvis, 28, Warton Street, Bootle, Liverpool.

Your Editor.

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.