

IN QUEST OF GERMANY'S GREAT TREASURE!

See the Grand New Serial, "THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!" in this Issue.

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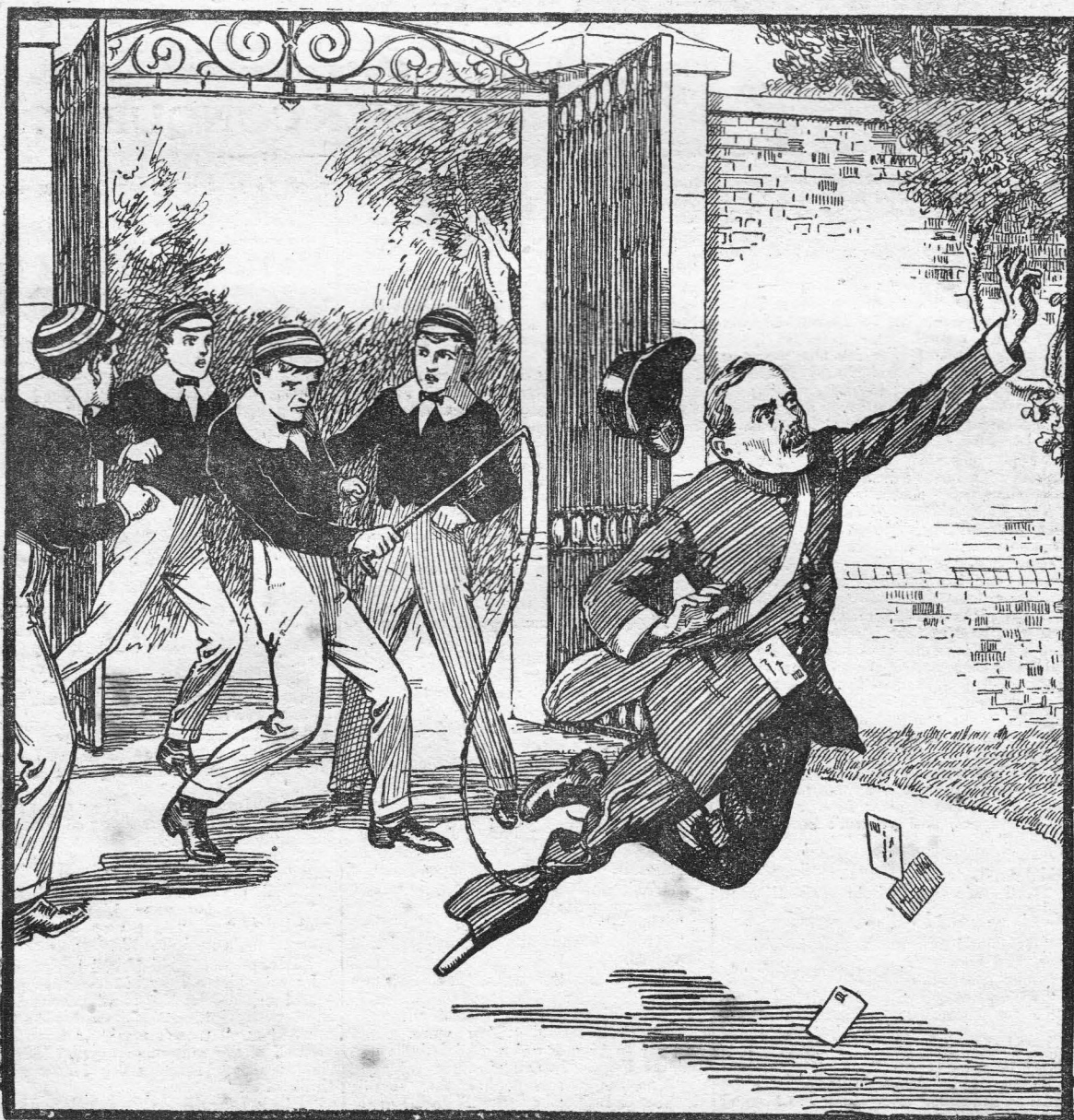
Greyfriars

The POPULAR

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Stories, Jokes & Pictures
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Rookwood St. Jims



"STUMPY" UP AGAINST THE AMAZING BOY FROM TEXAS!

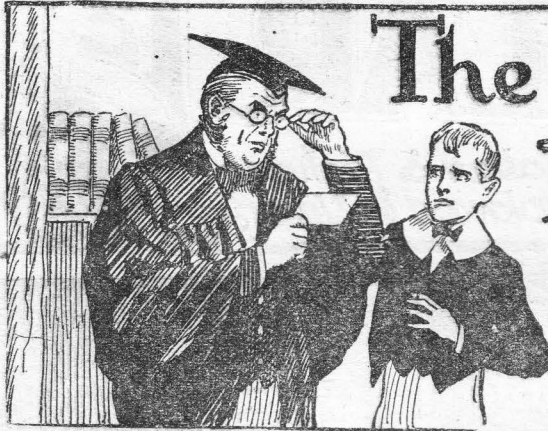
(An incident from the Long Complete Tale of Rookwood inside.)

**TWO LONG
COMPLETE SCHOOL
TALES
EVERY WEEK.**



**"BILLY BUNTER'S
WEEKLY!"**

Grand Four-page Supplement.
Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE
BUNTER, of Greyfriars.



The Amazing New Boy

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Lovell's Little Mistake!**

"SISTER ANNE, Sister Anne, is the giddy postman coming?" Jimmy Silver asked the question.

The "Sister Anne" whom he addressed was Lovell of the Fourth, who was looking down the road from the gateway of Rookwood.

Lovell was watching for the postman. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were filling up the time by chipping old Mack, the school porter. They were energetic youths, and did not like wasting the precious minutes.

"No, he's not coming!" growled Lovell. "I believe he's always specially late when we're stony."

The Fistical Four of the Fourth were in a state not uncommon among school-boys—that troubled state known as "stony." But Lovell was expecting a letter from his uncle. Upon that letter and its contents depended Jimmy Silver & Co.'s plans for the afternoon. Lovell was almost sure that his avuncular relative would turn up trumps; but he was not quite sure, and so the Classical chums were waiting anxiously for the arrival of the postman. The question before the meeting was: "Was there to be tea in the end study that day, or wasn't there to be tea?"

"It's too bad," said Raby plaintively. "Here we are, on our uppers practically, and that fellow Gunter in our study is rolling in oof, and we can't borrow any of him."

"Can't borrow of a worm like that!" said Lovell.

"And he's got whole quids!" said Raby.

"Let him keep 'em!" "He'd lend us some if we asked him," remarked Newcome.

Lovell snorted. "We're not going to ask him. I don't quite see where he gets his quids, either. He's the Head's nephew, but the Head doesn't tip him quids, I know that. Hallo, here he comes!"

As he spoke another junior strolled down to the gates, and joined the Fistical Four there. It was their study mate, Gunter of the Fourth, the new boy who had lately arrived from Western America,

and had considerably astonished Rookwood by the manners and customs he had brought with him from that far-off land.

A new boy who smoked, chewed tobacco, and played cards, was a novelty at Rookwood. Naturally, the powers had come down on him, and the cigars, the tobacco, and the cards had been confiscated, and Gunter had had a tremendous flogging.

But the flogging did not seem to have made much difference to him. He was the same reckless young rascal after it as he had been before it.

He nodded coolly to the Fistical Four. The fact that that select circle strongly disapproved of him did not worry him in the least. He had been deaf to all hints and requests to change his study. The end study suited him, and he stuck. Whether it suited the original owners of the study for him to be there he did not care a Continental red cent, as he cheerfully assured them.

"Time that postman was hyar!" he remarked.

"Quite time!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "We're waiting for him."

"On the rocks?" asked Gunter. "If that means stony—yes."

Gunter rattled a handful of money in his trousers-pocket.

"I guess I'll lend you a dollar or two if you want it," he remarked. "I ain't mean. How much?"

"Ahem!" Jimmy Silver coughed. Raby looked another way, and Newcome regarded the beeches in the quad. Lovell grunted.

"Waal, don't all speak at once," said Gunter sarcastically.

"Ahem!" "We don't want any of your tin," said Lovell shortly.

"Thanks all the same," said Jimmy Silver.

Gunter shrugged his shoulders. "Please yourself. You were ready enough to give me the glad hand when I came here. You've changed some!"

"You see, we expected the Head's nephew to be pretty decent," said Lovell, who was quite a painfully plain speaker sometimes; "as you've turned out nothing of the kind, we'd prefer your

room to your company in our study. See?"

"I reckon I'm sticking to that study," said Gunter, with a grin, "and if you don't want to chum in with a galoot, I guess I can find somebody else. I've made some friends in Coombe already, a bit more goey than you fellows, anyway."

"The select company at the Bird-in-Hand!" sniffed Lovell. "We know all about it. We've seen you with them. Racing blackguards! If the Head knew you were backing horses—"

"You can tell him if you like!" yawned Gunter. "A galoot must do something to keep alive in this slow place. I haven't found a single chap in the school who knows how to play poker."

"And you're not likely to!" snapped Lovell. "Why can't you play footer?"

"Too slow."

"Too decent, you mean!"

"Peace, my infants!" said Jimmy Silver, for the argument was waxing warm. "Here comes the merry postman."

There was a rush to the gate as the postman appeared. The Fistical Four surrounded him.

"My letter!" said Lovell truculently.

"If you say you haven't got one for me, we'll have your other leg off; so look out!"

The postman grinned. He was a retired Tommy, who had left a leg in Flanders. He fumbled in his bag.

"Sorry, Master Lovell, there isn't one."

"Well, my hat!"

"So much for your blessed uncle!" growled Raby. "Nice way to bring up your uncle, you duffer!"

"It's rotten!" said Lovell indignantly. "I wrote him a long letter—three pages—and asked him about his rheumatism in a postscript. A fellow couldn't do more than that. He ought to have been pleased at my remembering that he's got rheumatism. 'Tain't every fellow who'd think of it."

"Black ingratitude!" growled Jimmy Silver. "It's enough to discourage the most affectionate nephew. Sure you put that in?"

"Yes, rather! I remembered at the last minute, and put it in the post-script. I asked him to tell me how it was—not that I care a brass button!" said Lovell, more in sorrow than in anger. "Catch me asking him about his rheumatism again! My hat!"

"Hallo! What's the matter now?" asked Jimmy Silver, as Lovell uttered that sudden ejaculation.

"Now I come to think of it, I can't quite remember whether it was rheumatism or lumbago!" said Lovell. "If I made a mistake, that would account for—"

"You ass!" shouted Raby. "You ought to have made a note of it! Now we sha'n't have any tea, because you can't remember whether your blessed uncle's got rheumatism or lumbago! Of all the fatheads—"

"Well, I knew it was something!" said Lovell apologetically. "Hallo! What's that, Tommy?"

"A postcard for you, sir," said the grinning postman.

"What the thump's the good of a postcard? You can't get a remittance in a postcard!"

"It won't come in time for tea, anyway!" said Raby morosely.

"Hallo! This is my uncle's fist!" said Lovell. "Oh crumbs! Read that, you fellows! What do you think of that?"

The chums of the Fourth read the postcard. It ran:

"Dear Edward,—Thank you for your letter. You will be pleased and relieved, I know, to hear that I have never suffered from rheumatism. My gout is, unfortunately, the same as usual.—Your affectionate uncle,

"E. A. LOVELL."

"Gout!" said Lovell. "It was gout, after all! I remember now!"

"Gout!" said Jimmy Silver, in measured tones. "Gout! And you couldn't remember whether it was rheumatism or lumbago, you ass! That postcard's sarcastic—sark from beginning to end! You fathead! Oh, bump him!"

"Here, I say! Hold on!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome did hold on—to Lovell. That unfortunate mistake of the affectionate nephew meant that there would be no tea in the end study, and they were naturally wrathful.

"Leggo!" roared Lovell. "I—I—"

Bump!

"Yarooop!"

Bump!

"Oh crumbs!"

"Give him another!" roared Raby. "We'll teach him to remember that it's gout!"

"Yow - ow! Yooop!" spluttered Lovell.

He tore himself away from his wrathful chums and fled. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome shook indignant fists after him. On another occasion Lovell was sure to remember that it was gout his uncle suffered from. It had been severely impressed upon him.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Letter from America!

"I GUESS there's one for me!"

"What name, sir?" asked the postman.

"Gunter!"

"Gunter," repeated the postman hesitatingly. "Yes, sir. Your letter will be delivered at the House, sir."

Gunter stared.

"You've got one for me, then?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Confound your 'buts'!" said Gunter rudely. "Give me my letter!"

The postman shook his head.

"Not allowed, sir."

"What do you mean?" demanded Gunter angrily. "You've just given that galoot his postcard!"

"Why can't you give Gunter his letter, Stumpy?" asked Jimmy Silver curiously.

Stumpy closed his bag.

"Dr. Chisholm's orders, sir. I've been told specially that all letters for Master Gunter are to be delivered at the House in the ordinary way. I can oblige you young gentlemen, but not Master Gunter."

Gunter turned red with anger. He had a heavy stockwhip under his arm—one of the belongings he had brought from Texas with him. He let it slip down into his hand, and his jaw protruded.

"Give me my letter, you skunk!" he roared.

"Against orders, sir."

"I guess I'm going to have it!" said Gunter. "You'll hand me that letter, or I'll take it off you!"

Gunter blocked the way of the postman. His eyes were gleaming with rage, and his hand clenched on the stockwhip till his knuckles showed white.

"Chuck it, Gunter!" said Jimmy Silver. "If it's the Head's orders you've got to stand it. You shouldn't have such queer correspondents. I suppose it's because you had a letter from a bookmaker, and it was found out. It's your own fault."

"I don't want any chin-music!" said Gunter savagely. "I want my letter!"

"Why can't you wait till it's delivered at the House?" demanded Raby. "Bootles will hand it out to you at once if there's no harm in it."

"Perhaps there is some harm in it," remarked Newcome drily.

Gunter gritted his teeth.

"It's a letter from America I'm expecting!" he said. "Has that letter got the American postmark on it, Stumpy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you can give it to me!"

"I'm bound to take it up to the House, sir. Please let me pass!"

"If you want this whip laid round you—" shouted Gunter, making the long lash crack in the air.

"Draw it mild!" interjected Jimmy Silver. "Let Stumpy pass, Gunter, or we'll jolly soon make you!"

"I guess he's not going to pass till I've got my letter, and I'll— Hands off, you galoot!"

Silver collared the junior from Texas, and unceremoniously sent him spinning out of Stumpy's way. The one-legged postman stumped on up the drive. Gunter reeled against the gate, and for a moment seemed about to make an attack upon Jimmy Silver, but he refrained. He turned and darted after the postman. The long whip sang in the air.

Slash!

Stumpy gave a yell as the thong of the stockwhip curled round his wooden leg and jerked it away. The postman came heavily to the ground.

"Ow! Oh! Ah!" he gasped, dazed by the sudden fall.

"Now gimme my letter, or—"

Three juniors with Modern colours in their caps were close at hand—Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle. The three Tommies rushed forward as if moved by the same spring, and grasped Gunter.

"Leggo! I'll smash you—"

"Collar the rotten cad!" said Tommy Doyle. "We'll teach him to play rotten tricks on an old soldier! Yank him away!"

Tommy Dodd wrenched the stockwhip from Gunter's hand and tossed it away. Cook and Doyle swept the struggling junior off his feet and pitched him on to the ground. They did not handle him gently.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome came racing up.

"The rotten cad!" panted Jimmy Silver. "Are you hurt, Stumpy?"

"Ow—ow—ow! Yes, I'm 'urt!" he panted. "Elp me up, will you? 'Tain't so easy to get up with only one leg!"

Jimmy Silver dragged Stumpy to his feet. The postman plodded on to the House, and the juniors, Moderns and Classics, gathered round Gunter.

Gunter staggered up, looking furious. But he could not pursue the postman. The six juniors were round him in a circle.

"Classical cad!" snorted Tommy Dodd. "Is that how you treat old soldiers on your side, Jimmy Silver?"

"Modern fathead!" retorted Jimmy Silver. "We can't help that cad being a Classic, as he was planted on us! But we'll jolly well teach him manners!"

"Where's my whip?" panted Gunter.

"We'll give it to you!" said Jimmy Silver. "Bring that whip here! It's just what he wants! Now, you cad—"

"I guess—"

"Do you know that Stumpy lost his leg in Flanders, fighting the Huns?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"I guess I don't care a cent!"

"Then we'll make you care! Hold on to his ears while I give him his blessed whip!"

Jimmy Silver grasped the big stockwhip with a business-like manner. The other fellows held on to Gunter.

Lash!

The heavy thong curled round Gunter's legs, and as they were not wooden legs he felt that lash very keenly. He gave a wild yell.

"Yow! You galoot! Stoppit!"

"How do you like it, you worm?" asked Jimmy Silver. "That's one for the one you gave Stumpy!"

"Yow! I guess—"

Lash!

"And that's one for yourself!"

"Yaroooh!"

"As for this whip, I'll take care of it," went on Jimmy Silver. "I'm going to confiscate it for good!"

"Gimme my whip!" yelled Gunter.

"Oh, you want some more, do you? Here you are!"

Lash!

"Oh, Jumping Jehosaphat!" shrieked Gunter. "Let-up!"

"Is that enough?"

"Yow! Yep!"

"Let the cad go, you fellows. I'll take this whip to the wood-shed and chop it up. He's played his last rotten trick with it!"

Gunter ground his teeth, but he did not make any attempt to regain possession of the stockwhip. The juniors carried it off, and Gunter dashed away towards the House. He was still anxious about his letter.

In the wood-shed the big stockwhip was duly chopped. The fragments were left on the floor for Gunter to gather up if he chose. As Jimmy Silver said, the junior from Texas had played his last trick with that whip.

But Gunter was not thinking about the stockwhip just then. His letter was occupying all his thoughts. The postman had disappeared into the House. Gunter hurried to the study of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth. On the Form-master's table lay a letter with American stamps and the American postmark.

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"Ah," said Mr. Bootles, "there is a letter for you, Gunter!"

"May I have it, sir?" said Gunter eagerly.

"The Head has requested me to exercise supervision over your correspondence, Gunter," said Mr. Bootles severely. "Owing to the extremely undesirable acquaintances you have formed—"

"But that letter's from home, sir—from Texas," said Gunter. "You can see the postmark, sir. Only family matters."

Mr. Bootles turned his glasses upon the letter.

"Yes, I see that it is as you state, Gunter. As the letter is from your home you may have it unopened."

"Thank you, sir!"

Gunter caught up the letter and fairly bolted from the study. He gasped as he closed Mr. Bootle's door.

"By gum, what an escape!" he muttered. "Might have been fairly treed, by gum!"

The new junior hurried away to the end study with the letter, where he opened it. It was written in a boyish hand.

Gunter uttered a sudden fierce exclamation as he read it. His dark face became darker, and his eyes gleamed savagely.

"Waal, I swow!" he exclaimed. "The game's up!"

"Hallo!" said a cheery voice at the door, as Jimmy Silver looked in. "Has the favourite geegee come in eleventh, Gunter?"

Gunter crushed the letter in his hand. "You spying hound!" he shouted. "Did you hear—?"

Jimmy Silver jumped.

"Better language, please!" he said sharply. "Do you think I care twopence about your dirty betting?"

"Betting!" said Gunter. "This ain't betting! Oh, by gum!"

The dismay in his face struck Jimmy Silver, and the anger died out of his look. "Not bad news from home?" he said.

"If so, I'm sorry!"

Gunter laughed harshly.

"Bad news from home!" he repeated.

"Ha, ha, ha! Suppose a white-livered galoot started to play a game, and lost his nerve and went back on you? Suppose he planted you fairly in it, up to the neck, and then weakened and decided to give you away, what would you do?"

"Blest if I know what you're talking about!" said Jimmy Silver, mystified.

"I'd lynch him if I could!" muttered Gunter. "Let him come, then! I'll make it hot for him!"

"Eh? Who?"

"Don't ask any questions, and I'll tell you no lies!" sneered Gunter. "It looks like a short life and a merry one for me here. Well, it's going to be merry, anyway. I'll make the fur fly while it lasts."

He crumpled the letter in his hand and stamped out of the study, banging the door after him. Jimmy Silver stared at the door, rooted to the floor in blank astonishment.

The Head's nephew had astonished the end study in many ways. He had been utterly unlike everything the fellows had expected of the nephew of the grave and reverend headmaster of Rookwood. But now, for the first time, it came into Jimmy Silver's mind that there was something much more shady about the Head's nephew than he had suspected. What did that letter from America and Gunter's anxiety about it mean? Who was it that was coming, and why did Gunter evidently fear his coming?

Jimmy Silver could find no answer to THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

those questions. But he was puzzled and strangely suspicious. There was more in the Head's nephew than met the eye, and Jimmy felt instinctively that the mystery was one which would not bear the light.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

There's Many a Slip!

"TEA in Hall, I suppose!" grunted Raby.

The Fistical Four were in a morose temper.

Lovell's uncle having failed them—owing to Lovell's little mistake about the gout—the Classical chums were still stony. They had made several attempts to raise the wind—looking for old debtors and asking them to settle. But debts seemed very difficult to collect that afternoon, and the net result had been the sum of threepence, which Jones minor had advanced as an instalment upon a half-crown that he owed Newcome.

Threepence was not a sufficient sum to provide a study feed for four. The Classical chums were good managers, and they knew how to be economical. But a feed for four on threepence was beyond their powers. There was nothing for it but tea in Hall—the last resource of hard-up fellows.

Tea in Hall was not a plentiful meal. Bread-and-butter—which the juniors alluded to as doorsteps—and tea which was almost too weak to come out of the pot, according to Raby's description. Other comestibles the fellows were at liberty to provide for themselves if they wanted to. But in the present state of the money market the Fistical Four couldn't provide anything.

"Tea in Hall, and threepenceworth of bloater-paste!" said Jimmy Silver. "And it's all Lovell's fault!"

"Well, I forgot the old boy had gout," said Lovell. "I knew it was something, but I forgot what it was."

"You fellows ready for tea?"

Oswald of the Fourth came up cheerily with that inspiring question. The Fistical Four brightened up.

"Corn in Egypt!" murmured Raby.

"I've heard you're stony," grinned Oswald. "Hooker told me you'd been trying to screw a bob out of him."

"It wasn't much use," said Jimmy Silver. "Are you rolling in tin, Oswald?"

"I've had a remittance, and laid it out. I've taken the tuck into your study, and I've been looking for you," said Oswald. "I'm standing it this time, so if you're ready for tea—"

"If!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four fell upon Dick Oswald and hugged him. Oswald's kind hospitality came like corn in Egypt in one of the lean years.

"Well, if you're ready—" said Oswald, laughing.

"Lead on, Macduff!" said Jimmy Silver.

In high spirits the five juniors proceeded to the end study.

"Gunter's gone out," Oswald remarked. "He was there when I took the tuck in, but he said he was going out to tea."

"Good egg!" said the four together. They were pleased to hear that their peculiar study-mate was out.

Jimmy Silver threw open the door of the end study.

Then he gave a yell of wrath.

"My hat! Look there!"

"The rotters!" yelled Lovell.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Modern cads!"

The chums of the Fourth stared into the study in a fury.

The famous apartment was a wreck. Evidently a raider had been there. The

table was turned upside down, and the chairs were stacked on it, and the study carpet, torn up by the roots, so to speak, was draped over the pile.

Books and papers and inkpots had been added, and the pictures from the walls, and the fender and the fire-irons. The crockeryware was there, too—most of it in a very damaged state.

Worst of all, the tuck had been added to the pile. A broken jam-pot lay on the floor, and the jam was trailing over the carpet. Jam-tarts had been squashed, ginger-pop opened and allowed to run to waste, and a big cake was dripping with ink. Sardines, also in an inky state, were scattered among the furniture.

The Fistical Four gazed on the scene of ruin with anguish. Oswald's mouth opened wide, and he stood with it open in a state of utter dismay.

He had brought his friends there to feed, and this was what greeted them. The eatables in the study were not exactly in an eatable state now.

Inky inscriptions on the walls told only too plainly to whom the raid was to be ascribed:

"CLASSICAL CADS!"

"DOWN WITH THE CLASSICS!"

"KIND REGARDS FROM
TOMMY DODD!"

"GO AND EAT COKE!"

There were many such inscriptions on the walls, on the looking-glass, and on the floor. The supply of ink in the study had been used lavishly.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

"The awful rotters!" gasped Jimmy. "This is rather more than a rag! We never damage their props like this when we raid them!"

"Beastly cads!" hooted Lovell. "Let's go over to their side and scrag them!"

"We'll—we'll smash them for this!" howled Raby. "Tain't a joke, it's blessed hoodiganism! Everything mucked up! Look at my Latin grammar, swimming in jam and ink!"

"Look at the tuck!" groaned Newcome. "And I'm hungry!"

"It's too bad!" said Oswald. "Let's go over and smash 'em!"

"Yes, rather!" Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered with the light of battle. "We'll give Tommy Dodd the walling of his life for this! Come on!"

Tea in the study was evidently out of the question. Vengeance was the next best thing, and the Fistical Four wanted vengeance, and wanted it badly. Jimmy Silver led the way with a rush, and the rest rushed after him.

They rushed out into the quadrangle, prepared to immolate the three Tommies on the spot.

But the three Tommies were not out of doors.

"We've got to tackle the cads in their own quarters," said Jimmy Silver. "Come on!"

Brimming with just wrath, the five juniors rushed across to the Modern side. They slackened down, and assumed as innocent an appearance as possible as they came on Mr. Manders, the senior master on the Modern side of Rookwood. But when Mr. Manders was safely out of sight, they rushed on again, and arrived breathless outside Tommy Dodd's study.

There was a sound of clinking teacups and cheery voices in that study.

The three Tommies were at tea, and

apparently thinking of anything but danger.

"Don't waste time on 'em!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Go for 'em and scrag 'em before some beastly Modern perfect comes and chips in."

"You bet!" Jimmy Silver hurled open the door, and the Classical juniors rushed pell-mell into the study.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Looking for the Culprit!

THE three Tommies were seated round the study table enjoying their tea. The sudden rush of the Classics took them by surprise. Indeed, the rush was so sudden that the charging invaders crashed into the study table, and sent it flying.

The table went into the fender, and tea and tea-things went into the grate, and the three Modern youths were hurled right and left.

Before they could recover from their astonishment, Jimmy Silver & Co. were collaring them.

Two pairs of hands were laid upon each of the Modern juniors, and they were rolled over and bumped and squashed, amid wild and weird howls and yells.

If an earthquake had suddenly struck Tommy Dodd's study the surprise and the havoc could not have been more complete.

"Go for 'em!" panted Jimmy Silver. "Bump the cads!"

"Wreck the study!"

"We'll give 'em kind regards, the Modern worms!"

"Bump! Bump! Crash! Bang! Yell! Shriek!"

"Rescue, Moderns!" screamed Tommy Dodd. "Yaroooh! You lunatics, wharrer marrer? Great pip! Ow! Help!"

"Yurruuogh!" gurgled Tommy Doyle. "Oh, howly Moses! It's dotty they are intoirly!"

"Yow! Help!"

"Bump! Bump! Crash!"

"Sit on 'em!"

"Pin 'em down!"

"Hold 'em while I scrape some soot out of the chimney!" yelled Jimmy Silver, seizing the fire-shovel.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd struggled desperately. "Hold on!" he roared. "Yah! Classical cads! Two to one! Funks! Yah!"

"This isn't a fight," said Jimmy Silver sternly, as he scraped down soot; "this is a punishment—a case of making the punishment fit the crime! We're going to make this study a bit worse than you've made ours!"

"Buck up, or there will be a crowd of the cads in!" said Lovell.

"Shove his head this way! Here's the soot!"

"Hold hard!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "You silly ass, we haven't done anything to your silly study!"

"Rats!"

"You've wrecked it, you rotter!" "And mucked up our feed! We're going to make an example of you! You've got to learn to draw the line somewhere!"

"I tell you—grooh!—we haven't!" yelled Tommy Dodd, struggling in the grasp of Lovell and Oswald, and eyeing with horror and apprehension the shovel of soot. "Chuck it—I mean, don't chuck it, you idiot! We haven't been in your rotten study—ow!—wouldn't be found dead in it! Yooop!"

Jimmy Silver held his hand—just in time.

"Honour bright?" he demanded.

"Yes, you idiot!"

"Then it was some of your Modern cads," said Raby. "Our study's a wreck!"

"Serve you jolly well right—yow—but we didn't do it, you silly asses!" roared Tommy Cook. "Leggo!"

"Let 'em have the soot!" said Lovell. "Somebody did it, if they didn't, and somebody's got to squirm for it! Give 'em the soot!"

"You thumping idiot!" roared Tommy Dodd. "I tell you—"

But Jimmy Silver paused. Certainly the three Tommies were Moderns, anyway, and as such deserved to be sooted—from a Classical point of view. But Jimmy Silver resolved to be just before he was generous—with the soot.

"Hold on!" he said. "If they didn't do it, we've got to find out who did. It was some awful cad. Look here, Doddy,

"Then you won't get loose in a hurry!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Peace at any price, you chaps. Bump them till they make it pax!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pax!" shrieked the three Moderns in chorus.

"Good egg!" Jimmy deposited the soot in the fire-grate. "Sorry for this little mistake, Doddy, but your name was up in the study, you know."

"Some cad did that, knowing you were silly enough to be taken in!" hooted Tommy Dodd. "If I hadn't made it pax, I'd—I'd—"

"But who did it?" demanded Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Oswald, with a jump. "Gunter!"

"Gunter!" yelled the Fistical Four.

"Yes, Gunter!" exclaimed Oswald ex-



In the midst of an excited crowd of juniors, Tadger & Co. were hustled out of the House. Then they took to their heels and ran, Jimmy Silver & Co. following, yelling, in their rear. "They won't come back again in a hurry!" panted the captain of the Fourth. (See Chapter 5.)

your name was scrawled on the wall, with kind regards!"

"That shows it was Dodd," said Newcome.

"Shows it was somebody taking you in, you fatheads!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Smythe of the Shell, perhaps. Just one of his mean tricks. Isn't my word good enough for you, you Classical fat-heads?"

"Well, yes," said Jimmy Silver. "If you didn't do it, you needn't have the soot. We take back that ragging. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you—"

"But who did it, then?" howled Lovell.

"Somebody did, and it must have been a Modern cad, or Dodd's name wouldn't have been put there."

"Pax!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Sure, I'll smash yez whin I get loose!" howled Doyle.

citedly. "He was in the study when I took the tuck in, and I noticed he was grinning like a hyena. It's just like one of his dirty tricks, too!"

"Gunter!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "Well, you were a duffer not to think of that before!"

"Well, you didn't think of it!"

"Oh, don't jaw, Oswald! Of course it was Gunter. He wanted to make us go for old Doddy, to pay us all out for handling him this afternoon." Jimmy Silver saw it all now—a little late.

"Doddy, we're sorry!"

"If you don't clear out of my study I'll make you sorrier!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "If you hadn't made it pax—"

"You see—"

Tommy Dodd jumped for a hockey-

stick.

"Buzz off, you Classical maniac! I THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

give you three seconds, and then, pax or no pax, I'll—"

The stick was brandished in the air, and Jimmy Silver & Co. retired hurriedly from the study. It was very much to Tommy Dodd's credit, under the circumstances, that he did not break the solemn compact of "pax." Never had he been so strongly tempted to play the Prussian.

The din in the study had brought a number of Modern fellows along, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had to scuttle hastily out of the passage. An orange followed them, and squashed behind Oswald's ear.

In the quad they paused, breathing hard after their great exertions, and in a towering rage.

"It was Gunter, of course!" said Jimmy Silver between his teeth. "When I come to think of it, Doddy wouldn't muck up our things like that. We'll find Gunter and scratch him bald-headed!"

"He's gone out," said Raby.
 "Then we'll go after him! Come on!"
 "Yow!" said Oswald. "I'm going to wash this orange off! It's squashed down my neck! Grooh!"

"What about tea?" asked Raby.
 Jimmy Silver snorted.
 "Hang tea! We're going to scrag Gunter!"

Jimmy Silver's word was law. The Fistical Four marched off—on the war-path. It was too late now for tea in Hall, and tea in the study was completely mucked up, and the Fistical Four hunted for Gunter with deadly intent. There was likely to be a high old time for the Head's nephew when they found him.

They hunted high and low, searching the school and its precincts thoroughly.
 "Must be out of gates!" growled Jimmy Silver at the end of half an hour.
 "The rotter's probably lying up on Coombe Heath somewhere smoking his filthy cigars! Let's go out and look for him!"

"Come on!" said Lovell savagely.
 The Fistical Four carried the search far out of gates, but their luck was out. It was dusk before they gave up the fruitless hunt, and arrived back at Rookwood in a more furiously-exasperated state of mind than ever.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Gunter's Little Party!

THERE was a crowd in the Fourth Form passage when Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived there.

Oswald met them with a startled, almost scared face.

"Jolly glad you fellows have come in!" he gasped. "You may be able to do something with him."

"Him! Gunter?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yes. He's in the end study—"

"Good!"
 "He's got a gang of awful rascals with him; he brought them in," said Oswald. "They're smoking and drinking—"

"We'll see to him!" said Jimmy Silver grimly. "Come on, you chaps!"

The Fistical Four marched on to the end study, with a crowd of the Fourth and the Shell at their heels.

Jimmy Silver flung the door open.

The atmosphere in the study was thick with smoke. Four fellows sat round the table. One of them was Gunter. The Head's nephew had a cigar between his yellow teeth, and a glass in his hand. There were bottles and glasses and cards and cigar-ash on the table. The room was still a wreck, from Gunter's late THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

doings there, but the festive party did not seem to mind.

Gunter's companions were such as had never been seen in Rookwood before. They were all young fellows, though some years older than Gunter—worthless characters, who haunted the public-houses in Coombe and the neighbouring market-town. And all three of them were under the influence of drink.

Gunter started as he saw the Fistical Four at the door. His face was flushed; he had been drinking, too. The room reeked with the odour of spirits.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "So you're here!"

"Yes," said Jimmy Silver; "we're here!"

"Come in and join the merry party," said Gunter. "Take a hand at nap. Make room for my study-mates, Bulger!"

"Ye gods!" murmured Lovell. "And that's the Head's nephew!"

Jimmy Silver looked hard at the young blackguard in the study. He remembered the letter from America, and the strange remarks that Gunter had made concerning it. A dim, half-formed suspicion was in the back of his mind. Was it possible that there was some trick—some swindle—and that this hardened young rascal was not what he seemed?

"Oh, trot in!" said Gunter. "Pass the rosy, Tadger!"

Tadger passed the whisky-bottle. Jimmy Silver strode into the study, and knocked the bottle out of his hand, and it smashed on the floor.

"Stop this!" he said savagely.
 Gunter sprang up.

"Get out of this study, Jimmy Silver!" he shouted.

"You're getting out, and your precious friends, too!" said Jimmy Silver, his voice trembling with rage. "You'll never set foot in this study again, you cad! We've stood you long enough because of the Head. We're not standing any more of it. Get out, the whole gang of you!"

"I guess I'm sticking!" grinned Gunter. "I'm the Head's nephew—ha, ha, ha!—and you can't turn me out! Stand by me, partners!"

"Kick them out!" roared Lovell furiously.

Smash—smash—smash! Bottles and glasses were hurled to the floor by the angry juniors. Gunter gave a yell of rage, and sprang upon Jimmy Silver. His tipsy friends backed him up at once, and

the Co. joined in, and Oswald and several more of the Fourth rushed into the fray.

Tadger was the first to go. He spun into the passage, and crashed down there.

Bulger followed him, roaring, and rolled over Tadger. Then Gunter, fighting like a tiger, was dragged to the door and pitched out. The last of the gang, in the grasp of the Fistical Four, was whirled through the doorway, and sent sprawling over Gunter.

"Hurrah!" chorused the juniors in the passage.

"By gad!" said Smythe. "Here comes Bootles!"

Mr. Bootles rushed up the passage, his face aflame. He seemed petrified as he saw Gunter & Co. sprawling on the floor.

"Who—who—who are these persons?" he ejaculated faintly.

"Gunter's friend, sir!" chirruped Smythe.

"Gunter, how dare you introduce such persons into the school! Gunter, you have been smoking and—and drinking!" Mr. Bootles looked for a moment as if he would faint. "Gunter! Good heavens!"

"I guess there'll be a row now," said Gunter, as he scrambled up. "A short life and a merry one! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gunter," said Mr. Bootles faintly—"Gunter! You wretched, wicked boy! Follow me to the Head at once!"

"Oh, come off!" said Gunter. "I guess I'm not going to see the old boy now!"

"The—the what! The—the old boy!" stuttered Mr. Bootles. "Bless my soul! Are you mad, Gunter? Bulkeley—Neville, seize that wicked boy, and bring him to the Head's study!"

The two prefects, who had followed Mr. Bootles up the passage, promptly laid their grasp on Gunter. They marched him off, struggling.

"As for these disreputable characters," thundered Mr. Bootles, "tell the sergeant to come and see them off the premises at once, my boys!"

And Mr. Bootles rustled away after Gunter and the prefects.

"We needn't trouble Sergeant Kettle," grinned Lovell. "We'll see the bouncers off the premises ourselves!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Pile in!"

The juniors seized upon Messrs. Tadger & Co. The three blackguards were rushed, struggling and yelling, down the passage.

In the midst of an excited crowd they were hustled across the quad, and hurled out of the gates. There they took to their heels, and ran. It was likely to be a long time before any of Gunter's peculiar friends accepted another invitation from Gunter to a celebration inside the walls of Rookwood.

"That's the last of them, at any rate," panted Jimmy Silver, "and I should think it would be the last of Gunter, too!"

"The Head can't overlook it, nephew or not," said Lovell. "He'll have to go. And a jolly good riddance for Rookwood!"

The juniors waited anxiously for news. What effect the report of his nephew's proceedings would have upon the Head they could hardly imagine. The news was not long in coming.

Gunter was in the punishment-room, confined there by order of the Head. The rascal of Rookwood had reached the end of his tether at last. On the morrow he was to be expelled from the school.

And Jimmy Silver & Co., though they bore no malice, could not help feeling comforted by the news.

THE END.

(See the "Chat" for particulars of next Friday's stories.)

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