

ASK FOR "THE GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY ANNUAL" NOW!

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Greyfriars

The POPULAR

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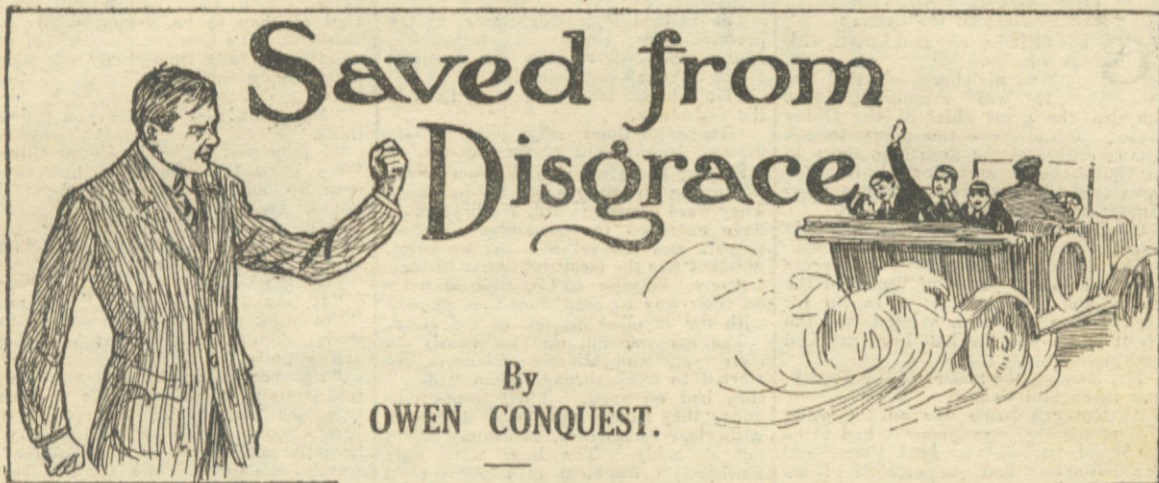
Stories, Jokes & Pictures
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood St. Jims



BILLY BUNTER, EDITOR, INTERVIEWS HIS READERS!

(See the Special Four-page Supplement in this Issue.)



Saved from Disgrace

By
OWEN CONQUEST.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Declined Without Thanks!

AN eyeglass gleamed in at the doorway of the end study.

Behind the eyeglass was the languid and somewhat vacant countenance of Adolphus Smythe, the ornament of the Shell Form at Rookwood.

Seldom did the great Adolphus, the dandy of the Shell, condescend to visit a Fourth Form study. It might have been expected, therefore, that the four Fourth-Formers in the study would have been duly impressed, and that they would have greeted the great Adolphus with marked respect.

But they weren't—and they didn't!

Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome, the Fistical Four of the Fourth, were deep in discussion.

That afternoon Jimmy Silver had received a fiver.

Fivers were remarkably uncommon in the Fourth Form, and a junior with a fiver was a remarkable and much-to-be-respected youth, so long as the fiver lasted.

It was a great and unique occasion. The Fistical Four were holding a "pow-wow" concerning the disposal of the fiver. It was, as Lovell remarked, a day worthy to be marked with a white stone!

Naturally, they had no time to waste upon Smythe when that elegant youth looked in and his monocle glittered condescendingly upon them.

"A car out for the afternoon," Raby was saying; "that's a good wheeze! Lucky it's a half-holiday."

"What price a first-rate picnic?" said Newcome.

"Or a run over to Northwood, and the cinema," said Lovell.

"Or all the blessed lot!" said Jimmy Silver lavishly. "We could stand the lot out of a fiver."

Whereupon his devoted chums ejaculated together:

"Hurrah!"

Adolphus Smythe sniffed.

"I want to speak to Silver," said Smythe. "It's rather important."

"He's heard of the fiver," said Lovell, in a stage-whisper; and there was a chuckle in the end study.

Smythe frowned.

"Well, you can go ahead," said Jimmy Silver. "We're rather busy, but we can give you a minute or two. Fire away, Smythe!"

"It's you I want to speak to; not these kids!" said Adolphus, with a disdainful glance at Jimmy Silver's chums. That was Adolphus' very tactful way.

"Why, you cheeky ass—" began Lovell warmly.

"You can speak to all of us, or you needn't speak at all, Smythe," said Jimmy Silver. "No blessed secrets in this study!"

"Well, I suppose those kids can be trusted not to blab," said Adolphus. "The fact is, Silver, we've got a little excursion on this afternoon, and we'd like you to come."

"Oh crumbs!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Howard and Tracey and I are going," resumed Adolphus. "We'd like you to make a fourth, if you'd care to come."

"By gum!"

Jimmy Silver had never been asked before to join in the little excursions of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood. As a matter of fact, and as he would have expressed it, he would not have been found dead in their select society. Still, it was a fact that he had never been asked, and Smythe's manner conveyed that he fully understood what an honour he was conferring upon Jimmy.

There was only one possible explanation. Adolphus had heard of the fiver.

"It will be rather interestin'," drawled Adolphus. "We're havin' a trap out—quite a good gee-gee and a kinky little trap—holds five quite well. I'm going to drive."

"We're going to have a really rippin' time, you know. And we're meetin' a chap—the chap who used to be in this study before he left Rookwood—Gunter, you know."

"The Head's nephew!" exclaimed Lovell.

"He's stayin' in Coombe now," pursued Adolphus, "and we've arranged to meet him. I dare say you'd like to see him again."

"Blest if I want to see a chap that's been sacked from the school for being a beastly blackguard!" said Jimmy Silver. "And what the deuce is he doing in Coombe? Old Bootles took

him to London, and handed him over to the chap who was to take him back to America."

"Well, he hasn't gone," said Smythe. "He doesn't choose to go. He was a bit of a bouncer here, I know, but he's sportin'—very sportin'. And we've fixed up the afternoon with him. It's goin' to be toppin'! The fact is, we're goin' to see somethin' rather entertainin'—Coombe Races."

Jimmy Silver jumped.

"You're going to the races?" he shouted.

"Yaas!"

"Well, you rotter!"

"You needn't do any bettin', you know," said Smythe, with a sneer. "You can sit in the trap and watch. It's worth seein', you know, and it's an experience. We should want you to pay your whack in the trap, that's all. It'll come rather expensive—your whack in the exes will come to a couple of quid. If you can shell out you can come. In fact, we'll be glad to have you! What do you say?"

"I say that if you don't clear off this minute I'll bung this cushion at you!" said Jimmy Silver, picking up a cushion from the armchair. "You precious blackguard! You'd get the sack if you were found out!"

"Now, look here, Silver— Yah! Oh!"

Swipe!

Jimmy Silver kept his word. The cushion flew with unerring aim, and it caught Adolphus under the chin. Smythe of the Shell went spinning back into the passage as if he had been shot from a catapult.

There was a loud bump in the passage.

"Yah! Ah! Wah!" stuttered Adolphus. "You cheeky young sweep—yoop! I'll thrash you—grooh!—with an inch of your—ow!—life! I'll— Yow! Leave off, you young scoundrel!"

Jimmy Silver fielded the cushion, but he did not take it back into the study; he used it as a duster on Adolphus.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Oh! Ah! Ow! Yowp!"

Smythe of the Shell scrambled away wildly, all his languid elegance vanishing. He fled for his life.

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"RIVALS FOR THE CAPTAINCY!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY FRIARS. 11 By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Mystery of the Letter!

"GUNTER back!" said Lovell, with a whistle.

And his chums whistled too. It was astonishing that Smythe, the great chief of the Giddy Goats, should have the nerve to ask Jimmy Silver of the Fourth to share in his questionable excursions. But the news that the nuts were going to meet Gunter was more astonishing still.

Gunter had been sacked from Rookwood.

The Head's nephew, who had come from the far-off plains of Texas to the old school, had created a record for rascally conduct, and, related to the Head as he was, he had been expelled with ignominy.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, had taken him away.

As Gunter's home was on the other side of the sea, arrangements had to be made for sending him back there, and Mr. Bootles had undertaken those arrangements.

The Rookwood fellows had supposed that Gunter by that time was on board ship on his way to the western continent.

The news that he was in Coombe, the little village near Rookwood, astounded them.

What was he doing there?

Gunter had been an extraordinary youth. He had marvellous nerve, and as much cheek as all the rest of Rookwood put together. He had been a blackguard of the first water. He had smoked and gambled and mixed with sporting characters of the lowest variety, and had even introduced his shady friends into the school. The chopper had come down, as was to be expected, and Gunter had gone.

Naturally, it had been a blow to Dr. Chisholm to expel his sister's son and send him back to the far-off land he had come from. But the Head had done his duty sternly. He had made many allowances for the boy's peculiar upbringing in a wild country, but the cup of Gunter's iniquity had overflowed at last.

Gunter had said that he wouldn't go back to the States, but the juniors had taken that simply as "gas." But it appeared now that Gunter had kept his word.

And it appeared, too, that he had retained some influence over the more reckless fellows, like Smythe & Co., whose tastes for questionable enjoyments was somewhat like his own.

Gunter had made a terrible scene at Rookwood before he went. The fellows had not yet forgotten it. And now he was near the school again, evidently engaged in pursuits as rascally as ever.

"The silly ass!" said Jimmy Silver, referring to Smythe. "Gunter will get him into trouble. Smythe is only a silly, timid blackguard, but Gunter is a regular scoundrel. It would be his idea of a joke to land Smythe with the sack, too!"

"Serve him right!" growled Lovell. "My hat! Suppose Bulkeley spotted him going to the races!"

"They've done it before," said Raby. "Smythe's thinks it's sporting—or sportin', as he calls it. Bulkeley never suspects anything. Well, 'tain't our business. What about our little run this afternoon?"

"We'll settle on the car," said Jimmy Silver.

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll run down and 'phone for the car from the prefects'-room—there'll be nobody in there now!" said Jimmy.

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NEXT FRIDAY:

"GOING FOR GUNTER!"

"Good!"

The Fistical Four went down to the prefects'-room, which was fortunately empty, and ordered the car, without asking anyone's permission.

Five minutes later they were back in the end study.

"There go those silly idiots!" said Jimmy, looking out of the window.

Smythe and Howard and Tracey were sauntering elegantly down to the gates. They were dressed to kill. Nothing could have exceeded the glossiness of their toppers and the set of their neck-ties, unless it was the beautiful crease in their trousers. Smythe & Co. disappeared—on their way to keep their appointment with the expelled nephew of the Head.

The car was not due for nearly an hour yet, and Jimmy Silver & Co. started to work through some "lines" they had on hand. Their impositions done, they could enjoy the afternoon with clear consciences, as Jimmy Silver put it nobly. The lines were duly finished. A fragment of paper slipped out of Lovell's "Virgil" as he was closing it.

"What's that?" asked Jimmy Silver, his eye falling upon the paper, and noting some of the words written on it.

"My bookmark," said Lovell.

"What about it?"

"It's part of a letter."

"Yes; I picked it out of the waste-paper-basket weeks ago," said Lovell, with a stare. "No good, I suppose?"

Jimmy Silver picked up the slip. It was nearly half of a page of notepaper, and it was covered with writing in a sprawling, youthful hand. His three chums regarded him with surprise. Jimmy Silver's interest in that fragment of an old letter which Lovell had used as a bookmark astonished them.

"Have you looked at this, Lovell?" Jimmy asked.

"No. Why should I?"

"It's part of a letter—a letter to Gunter, I think," said Jimmy quietly. "Do you remember a short time before he left, he had a letter from America that upset him a lot? It was after that that he became such a thoroughly reckless rotter. He said something about a fellow going back on him after making an arrangement. Listen to this—"

Jimmy read out the fragment.

"I can't keep it up any longer, Sam, and that's the truth. I reckoned I should like it, but I don't. Besides, there's mopper and popper to be considered. It was a wild idea, and I reckon it won't do. You can expect me pretty soon after you get this, so it's no good writing. I guess—"

That was all.

"That letter can't be part of Gunter's letter," said Lovell. "Gunter's name isn't Sam."

"That letter came from America," said Jimmy quietly. "There's only one chap here gets letters from America, and that's Gunter."

"But how do you know?"

"It's written in the American language, my son. Mopper and popper are American for mater and pater."

"You ought to be a giddy detective," said Raby admiringly.

"Then there's 'guess,' too," said Jimmy. "English people don't guess, except in guessing competitions. Now, how is it that a chap writing to Robert Gunter addresses him as Sam?"

"Ask me another," said Lovell.

"Gunter said something about the game here being up after he got that

letter. You know he's a jolly queer kind of chap to be a nephew of Dr. Chisholm. It's been in the back of my mind for a long time there was something shady about it," said Jimmy Silver.

"My hat! You—you don't think—"

"I jolly well do," said Jimmy Silver. "We know that the Head had never seen his nephew, who was born in Texas. He had never been in England before. I can't help thinking that there has been a swindle—and it looks to me as if this letter proves it."

Lovell whistled.

"It sounds a bit thick," he said. "Not much good saying so outside this study, Jimmy. The fellows will think you're potty."

"I'm not going to say anything," said Jimmy, "because if it's as I suspect, the truth is bound to come out pretty soon. If it's as I think, it will be jolly good news for the Head, anyway. Let's go and look for that car."

The Fistical Four quitted the study, in a thoughtful mood. But the sight of a big car buzzing outside the school gates drove Gunter from their mind.

"Here it is," said Jimmy Silver. "Now we've got to get a bag of tuck, and we'll be off."

And a whole quid out of Jimmy Silver's siver was expended in Sergeant Kettle's little shop for tuck to pack into the motor-car. And the Fistical Four packed it in in great spirits.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Knowles Asks for It!

"STOP!" The Fistical Four were on the point of starting. The chauffeur had, in fact, started the engine already.

Knowles of the Sixth came hurriedly out of the gateway.

He waved his hand towards the car, and ran towards it. His face was excited. The Fistical Four eyed him.

Knowles, as a Modern fellow, had no right to interfere with Classics. Jimmy Silver & Co. had impressed that fact upon Knowles' mind more than once.

If there was one thing that put Classical backs up more than anything else, it was interference from the other side of the school. The Fistical Four were the very last fellows likely to stand it.

So they looked grimly at Knowles. If the bully of the Sixth had any idea of stopping their motor-run that afternoon, there was trouble to be expected. They would not have given it up for a dozen Knowles'.

"Lucky you're here," added Knowles—"very lucky! I want that car."

"What!" ejaculated the Fistical Four, in chorus.

"You must lend me that car," said Knowles.

"My hat!"

"I'll pay you what you've paid," he said. "It isn't a question of money. But I'm in a hurry."

"Well, that beats the band!" said Jimmy Silver. "For sheer, pure, unadulterated cheek, you take the cake, Knowles! If you want a car, ring up a taxi."

"You know it would take too long," said Knowles.

"Then order a car in advance, and wait for it, as we've done," said Lovell hotly. "What the thunder! You're not going to have our car."

(Continued on page 13.)

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

SAVED FROM DISGRACE!

(Continued from page 8.)

"Tell the shover to drive on," said Raby.

Knowles put his foot in at the door. Jimmy Silver hesitated to give that order to the "shover." If the car had started, Knowles would have had a bad fall; and, after all, he was a prefect of the Sixth, although a Modern one.

"Take your hoofs out, Knowles!" roared Lovell.

"Look here," said Knowles, in a voice of concentrated anger, "it's come to my knowledge that some young rascals have gone to the races this afternoon. I'm going after them to fetch them back. I've no time to waste, and I'm going to borrow this car. Now, get out of it!"

Jimmy Silver understood. Smythe & Co. had not been quite so secret as they had supposed. They could pull the wool over old Bulkeley's unsuspecting eyes. But Knowles was as keen as a razor, and he was "on" to the little game.

The expression on Jimmy's face as this thought flashed into his mind brought a sneering smile to Knowles' thin lips.

"Now you understand," he said, "so get out."

"It's no business of ours if some of your Modern cads have gone out playing the giddy goat," said Jimmy.

Knowles sneered again. "They're not Moderns," he said. "We keep the fags on our side in order. They're Classics. Most of the blackguards are on your side of the school."

"Not the biggest one!" said Lovell, with a snort.

"Classicals, are they?" said Jimmy Silver. "Well, then, what business is it of yours, Knowles? You're not the Classical prefect. It's Bulkeley's business, not yours."

"I'm a Rookwood prefect, anyway, and I'm going to see into it, as Bulkeley seems to be too busy!" snapped out Knowles angrily.

Jimmy Silver wagged an irritating forefinger at Knowles.

"My advice to you is to mind your own business," he said. "No good comes of meddling in other people's affairs, you know."

"You cheeky little rascal!" roared Knowles.

"Shush! You can't expect us to help you do old Bulkeley's business for him. Go and tell Bulkeley about it."

"I'm not asking you for advice!" said Knowles, breathing hard through his nose. "I'm telling you to get out of that car and hand it over to me!"

"Bow-wow!" Knowles' greenish eyes glittered with rage.

"Silver! I—"

"You're not going to have our car!" said Jimmy coolly. "It's like your cheek to ask! Take your hoof away!"

"Get out of that car, or I'll pitch you out!" roared Knowles.

"Rats!"

"And many of 'em!" snorted Lovell.

Knowles, gritting his teeth, made a leap into the car.

The Fistical Four rose as one man to deal with him.

The Modern prefect's high-handed proceedings would have exasperated more mild and patient fellows than

Jimmy Silver & Co., and they were not celebrated for mildness or patience.

To have their car taken forcibly away by a Modern prefect for the purpose of hunting down Classical fellows was a little too much.

They breathed wrath as they tackled Knowles.

Four pairs of hands fastened upon him at the same moment.

"Out you go!" panted Lovell.

Knowles struggled furiously.

He was a powerful fellow, but four juniors at once were a little too much for him. And the juniors were reckless and determined.

Knowles wasn't going to have their car, prefect or no prefect. He was going out of that car if they could put him out. And it looked as if they could.

Knowles clung to the door, and struggled, but his grasp was loosened, and he went whirling through the door. There was a loud bump in the road as Knowles landed there.

"Drive on!" shouted Jimmy Silver breathlessly.

The car started.

Knowles lay for some moments, completely winded. He sat up at last, blinking and panting with rage. The car was gliding away.

Knowles staggered breathlessly to his feet and limped in pursuit.

"Stop!" he yelled.

"Good-bye, little yellow bird!" shrieked Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop, you young rascals! Stop, I tell you!" raved Knowles. "I'll skin you! I'll—I'll—"

The prefect halted, in a cloud of dust and a reek of petrol, behind the car. He could not overtake it.

Jimmy Silver waved his hand in farewell, and Knowles ground his teeth with rage. The car buzzed on merrily down the dusty road, and vanished round the bend. Knowles, trembling with rage, limped back to the gates.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

At the Races!

JIMMY SILVER did not speak as the car buzzed on down the long white road.

His brow was wrinkled in thought.

Everything seemed to be going first-rate for the Classical chums, and that thoughtful wrinkle in their leader's brow puzzled the Co. Lovell demanded the reason at last.

"What are you looking like a boiled owl about?" he demanded.

"Eh?"

"Thinking of the row when we get home?" asked Raby. "Knowles won't make a fuss. He knows Bulkeley wouldn't back him up in trying to collar our car, especially considering what he wanted it for."

"We're all right," said Lovell.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that!" said Jimmy.

"Then what's the trouble? We've got the grub all right—lots!"

"Blow the grub!"

"You haven't lost your fiver?" ejaculated Lovell, in alarm.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"No, ass! I changed it in the tuck-shop, and I've got four quids quite safe. 'Tain't that!"

"Then what is it?" demanded the Co. with one voice.

Jimmy paused.

"Are you fellows specially set on the run, and the cinema, and the picnic?" he asked hesitatingly.

"That's what we've come out for, isn't it?" said Raby.

"Yes, but—"

"You don't mean to say that you're getting stingy in your old age?" said Lovell.

Jimmy flushed.

"You silly ass! It isn't that. The fiver belongs to the whole study."

"Well, I knew it wasn't that. I was only pulling your fathended leg!" chuckled Lovell. "But what do you want to give up the excursion for?"

"I don't want to," said Jimmy; "but—"

but I've got a feeling that we ought to. That idiot Smythe has gone to the races—that cad Gunter's got him to go. Knowles has spied it out, and he's after him. He'll 'phone for a taxi, or something. Anyway, he'll get after Smythe."

"Let him!"

"I know Smythe's doing wrong," said Jimmy, colouring. "I don't make any excuses for him. He's more of a fool than a rascal, though, you know that. And we don't want a Classical chap caught out and sacked from the school because of a prying and meddling Modern worm!"

"Well, no. But—"

"I tried to give Smythe a tip before he started, but he wouldn't listen. But—but I think we ought to warn him," said Jimmy. "Knowles may be along any time looking for him, and he'll find him as sure as a gun. Well, suppose we run in the car to where he is and tell him Knowles is after him?"

"To the races?" yelled Newcome.

Jimmy nodded.

"Why, it means a flogging or the sack if we're found out," said Lovell, aghast. "You know how down the Head is on such things, and if he found that a Rookwood chap had gone—well—"

Lovell finished with a whistle.

"I know," said Jimmy grimly. "It's a risk—a big risk. But we don't want a Classical chap sacked—even a rotter like Smythe. 'Tain't only that, either. It will be up against old Bulkeley if a Modern prefect does his work for him. If it was Bulkeley after Smythe, we couldn't very well interfere. But a Modern prefect has no right to chip in. And we know that Knowles bets on horses himself. He's only doing this to get a score over old Bulkeley, and I think it's up to us to stop him if we can."

"Bulkeley is a bit sleepy," said Raby.

"I wouldn't own it to Tommy Dodd, but the old chap is a trifle too unsuspecting."

"No reason why Knowles should score over him."

"Oh, no. I'm game if the others are."

Lovell shrugged his shoulders.

"Jimmy means to have his way, anyway," he said. "In for a penny, in for a pound. Let's chance it."

"I don't want to drag you chaps into the risk, though," said Jimmy Silver anxiously. "If you'd like to drop out—"

"Rats!"

"I'd do it alone, and join you afterwards."

"Shut up!" roared Lovell.

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"All serene! I'll speak to the shover, then."

Jimmy put his head over, and talked to the chauffeur. That gentleman looked rather serious when his destination was indicated to him.

Jimmy Silver understood his thoughts, and hastened to reassure him.

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A taxicab came whirring up the road. Knowles, who was seated inside, jumped up at the sight of the crowd of panting juniors. Jimmy Silver raised his cap with great politeness. "Hullo, Knowlessey!" he said. "Going to the races? Naughty! Naughty!" (See Chapter 5.)

"It's all right," he said. "We're not going on the razzle, sonny. We're going to fetch back some of our chaps who are playing the giddy ox, and we're going to give them a hiding for giving us the trouble. We want to find a trap with four young rotters in it—one slovenly cad, and three idiots dressed up like tailors' dummies."

"Yes, sir," said the grinning chauffeur.

The car buzzed on again, taking a new direction for the racecourse, that lay about six miles from Coombe.

The Fistical Four were serious enough now.

They were running a big risk to save Smythe & Co. from the consequences of their own folly, and they knew it. Their intentions were excellent; but their excellent intentions would not have saved them from condign punishment if their escapade had come to Dr. Chisholm's knowledge.

The car was presently in the midst of a stream of vehicles all travelling in one direction, and crowds of pedestrians.

The crowded heath, with its shouting crowds and swarming stands, came in sight at last.

There the four juniors left the car. Jimmy Silver directed the chauffeur to wait for their return, and the Fistical Four plunged into the rowdy crowd in search of the trap that had taken Smythe & Co. there.

A loud roar announced the result of a race; the first "event" of the afternoon was over.

Lovell gave a shout.

"There they are!"

Jimmy Silver followed his pointing finger. In the ranked vehicles the trap

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NEXT FRIDAY:

"GOING FOR GUNTER!"

was to be seen with three fellows in it—Smythe and Tracy and Howard of the Shell.

The three young rascals had put on raincoats to conceal their Etons, but anyone could have seen that they were schoolboys.

They were standing up, straining their eyes to watch the next race, which was starting. Smythe was using a pair of silver-mounted field-glasses.

"Come on!" said Jimmy.

The Classical chums wormed their way through the crowd, and came up behind the trap, from which the horse had been taken. The three nuts of the Shell were too busy to notice them. They heard Smythe's voice as they came near. Gunter was not to be seen, and Jimmy wondered whether the nuts had joined him, after all.

"By gad, there he is!" Smythe was saying. "Three to one on Bonny Boy, Tracy!"

"Not takin' any deah boy!" said Tracy. "Bonny Boy's goin' to win!"

"Well, I've got three quid on him with Hook!" chuckled Smythe. "Hook didn't think he was a winner, with a stranger riding."

"What would the Head say if he could see his giddy nephew now?" said Howard.

The three nuts chuckled in chorus.

They were staring at the little bunch of starters, and the Classical Four, puzzled by their remarks, stared in the same direction. Then Jimmy Silver uttered almost a yell.

"Gunter!"

There he was—Gunter, once of the Fourth, sacked from Rookwood—Gunter, the nephew of the Head—in silver-and-

blue, sticking almost on the neck of a horse—among the other jockeys. Gunter was riding in the race!

"Gunter!" gasped Lovell. "Riding! Oh, my hat!"

There was a roar; the horses were "off." Smythe's field-glasses followed them anxiously. He had backed Gunter's horse to win. But the field-glasses left his eyes, and fell into the trap with a crash as he was suddenly jerked by the leg. He spun round, and sat down on Tracy.

"What the merry dickens!" stammered Smythe. "Oh! Jimmy Silver! Ha, ha, ha! So the good and spotless models of Rookwood have come to the races! Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've come to find you, you howling idiot!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Knowles—"

Smythe suddenly left off grinning.

"Knowles!" he stammered.

"Yes, Knowles. He's spied it out somehow that you're here—"

"You young cad, you've sneaked about us!" shouted Smythe furiously.

Jimmy gave him a contemptuous look.

"That's not the truth!" he said. "We know about it because Knowles wanted to take our car. If we'd let him have it, he'd have been here by now, and you'd have been spotted!"

"Oh, by gad!" mumbled Adolphus.

"As it is, he's coming just as fast as he can, and he may happen along any minute," said Jimmy Silver. "If you want to be caught here, and marched back to Rookwood by the scruff of your neck, and expelled in the morning, just stay where you are. We came to give you the tip—not that you deserve it, you blackguard! Come on, you chaps—let's get off. We don't want Knowles to see us here."

"I—I say, hold on!" panted Adolphus.

Howard and Tracy were pale with terror now. The mere thought of being discovered there by a Rookwood prefect was more than enough to knock all the airy assurance out of the Giddy Goats.

Jimmy Silver took pity on the wretched nuts.

"Jump down, and come with us," he said. "We've got a car on the road, and we'll give you a run."

Smythe & Co fairly jumped at that generous offer. Hardly staying to snatch up his silver-mounted field-glasses, Smythe bundled out of the trap, and Tracy and Howard bundled after him. Keeping close to the Fistical Four, they squirmed a way through the crowd. As they left the heath, there was a roar—the race was over. A raucous yell announced that Bonny Boy had won. Gunter had ridden the winner. But Smythe did not dream of seeking Mr. Hook, and claiming his three quids and his winnings. He almost babbled with joy as the car was reached, and the juniors crowded in to it.

"Let her rip!" he gasped.

And the car buzzed away.

Smythe & Co fairly jumped at that generous offer. Hardly staying to snatch up his silver-mounted field-glasses, Smythe bundled out of the trap, and Tracy and Howard bundled after him. Keeping close to the Fistical Four, they squirmed a way through the crowd. As they left the heath, there was a roar—the race was over. A raucous yell announced that Bonny Boy had won. Gunter had ridden the winner. But Smythe did not dream of seeking Mr. Hook, and claiming his three quids and his winnings. He almost babbled with joy as the car was reached, and the juniors crowded in to it.

"Let her rip!" he gasped.

And the car buzzed away.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Licking for Three!

"HALT!" sang out Jimmy Silver.

The racecourse had been left miles behind, and Smythe & Co. were recovering their nerve. They had not been spotted.

Doubtless Knowles was on his way to the Coombe races, but Jimmy Silver had been in good time. He had saved the nuts of Rookwood. And as soon as the danger was over it was quite in accordance with Smythe's nature that he should assume a lofty and patronising air towards the juniors who had saved him.

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

"Dashed crowd in this car," the lofty Adolphus had remarked. "Do keep your boots away from my trousers, Newcome. You kids have such dusty boots."

"Shouldn't wonder if it was a false alarm, after all," growled Tracy. "Those cheeky fags may only have been pullin' our leg."

It was then that Jimmy Silver called "Halt!"

The car stopped outside a roadside inn with a tea-garden. Jimmy Silver intended to have tea there. He also intended to rid himself of the egregious Smythe. He was quite fed up with Adolphus.

"Hallo! What are you stopping for?" asked Smythe. "This ain't Rookwood."

"Get out!" said Jimmy. "Yans; we can get a lift home from here," remarked Smythe. "I don't like being crowded with fags, anyway."

The nuts stepped out. The Fistical Four followed them, looking grim.

"And now," said Jimmy Silver, tersely, "put up your hands."

Smythe jammed his eyeglass into his eye, and stared at him.

"What!" he ejaculated.

"You've acted the giddy goat and the rotten blackguard, and we've risked getting the sack to yank you out of the scrape," said Jimmy Silver. "Now we're going to give you a lesson. Put up your paws!"

"By gad!"

If there was one thing the nuts of Rookwood didn't want to do, it was to put up their "paws" to the Fistical heroes of the Fourth. But they had no choice about the matter.

Jimmy Silver tackled Smythe, Lovell decided on Howard, and Raby started operations on Tracy. Newcome looked on; fair play was a jewel in the opinion of the Fistical Four, and they would not give the cads of the Shell anything else.

"Leave off!" roared Smythe. "Keep off, you young rotter! Oh gad! My nose! I'll smash you—yaroo! Oh dear! Yowp!"

Biff, biff, biff!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were in deadly earnest. The risk they had run owing to Adolphus' rascality made them angry, and the nuts had to go through it.

Finding that there was no help for it, the Giddy Goats put up a fight.

They did their best.

But the three elegant slackers of the Shell had no chance. They were knocked right and left.

In three minutes Smythe and Howard and Tracy were on the ground, and they refused for any consideration whatever to get off it.

"Wow-wow!" mumbled Adolphus.

"Hallo!" roared Raby. "Knowles, by thunder!"

A taxicab came whirring up the road. Knowles of the Sixth was seated in it, evidently on his way to the races. Knowles jumped as he caught sight of the juniors in the road before the inn.

Jimmy Silver raised his cap politely to the Modern prefect.

"Hallo, Knowles! Going to the races?" he asked pleasantly. "Naughty! Naughty!"

But Knowles was staring at the nuts, who sat up and stared back at him. Much as they had suffered at the Fourth-Former's hands, Smythe & Co. were devoutly thankful that they were there, and not on the racecourse. They could almost forgive the licking as they realised what they had been saved from.

"Smythe!" stammered Knowles. "Tracy! Howard! I—I thought—"

"Oh, by gad!" stammered Smythe. "G-g-good-afternoon, Knowles!"

"Have you been to the races?" shouted Knowles.

"Races!" said Smythe. "What races?"

"The Coombe races."

"Do they have races at Coombe?" asked Smythe innocently.

Knowles almost choked. He felt that his prying into Classical affairs had led him astray for once. He was en route for the races, to catch the Giddy Goats in the act—and, lo and behold, here they were, "scrapping" with Jimmy Silver, five miles at least from the racecourse! Knowles felt that he was beaten. This time, at least, he would not score over the captain of Rookwood.

He scowled savagely at the juniors, and muttered something to his driver, and the taxi swung round, and whirred back the way it had come. The meeting outside the inn had saved Knowles a journey; but he was not grateful. He was grinding his teeth as the taxi drove away.

Jimmy Silver chuckled gleefully.

"What a disappointment for Knowles!" he remarked. "Life is full of giddy disappointments, my sons! 'Do they have races at Coombe?' Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha! Do they?" roared Lovell.

Adolphus Smythe grinned as he dabbed his streaming nose.

The others rubbed their eyes, they mopped their noses, and they caressed their ears, and they scowled.

The Fistical Four watched them cheerfully. They were ready to give Adolphus & Co. some more, if Adolphus & Co. wanted any more.

But Adolphus & Co. didn't. They had had enough.

"Let's get out of this, you fellows," said Adolphus. "Let's get away from

these young hooligans, for goodness' sake!"

And the nuts tramped away on the road to the village.

"Now for tea!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "'Tain't been such a rotten afternoon, after all. Knowles has been done in the eye, and Smythe's had a lesson. Let's hope it will do him good. Now for a feed!"

The Fistical Four, in a cheerful mood, sat down to tea on the grassy bank beside the road, with fresh tea from the inn, and an endless supply of tuck from the basket in the car. The afternoon's excursion was, after all, a success.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Gunter's Little Game!

CLATTER, clatter, clatter! "Hallo! Somebody in a hurry!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had finished tea, and were discussing their next move, when that sudden clatter was heard on the hard ground.

The Classical chums glanced along the dusty highway.

A trap, with a handsome horse between the shafts, was dashing at a reckless speed along the road. The juniors recognised Adolphus Smythe's "turn-out," which the nuts had abandoned in their hasty departure from the racecourse, and they recognised the lad who was driving. It was Gunter!

He came up to the inn with a terrific clatter, and dragged in the almost foaming horse as he caught sight of the Classical chums.

"Whoa!" yelled Gunter. "Hallo, you galoots!"

"Hallo, you bounder!" said Jimmy Silver.

He looked curiously at Gunter. It was the first time he had seen the Head's nephew since the latter had been expelled from Rookwood.

"Fancy meetin' you!" grinned Gunter, holding in the snorting horse and looking down on the Rookwood juniors. "What a happy meetin'! How are you getting on at Rookwood? Same old slow and sleepy shebang—what!"

"Well, we're not mourning for you, anyway!" snapped Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha! I guess I was glad to get out; the place would have bored me to death if I'd stuck it out much longer," said Gunter. "It was a game while it lasted, but I guess I couldn't have stood it much longer. I reckon I'm on to something better now—just a few!"

"Riding in races," said Raby, with a curl of the lip.

"You've seen me!" grinned Gunter.

(Continued on the next page.)

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"So you've been there—you, the spotless and immaculate models of Rookwood! Ha, ha, ha! Did you see anything of my pals, Smythe and his set? I've lost them."

"We saw you," said Jimmy Silver. "And we got Smythe & Co. to clear off. They've gone home to Rookwood. There was a prefect after them."

Gunter roared. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I'm fixed in Coombe," he said. "I've got friends there—the merry galoots at the Bird-in-Hand. We have a roaring time, you bet. I guess I'm there to make my beloved uncle squint—see? He kicked me out of Rookwood. But I calculate I'm not going back to the States—not much. I'm going to stick in Coombe, and paint the town red, and make his name and mine the talk of the neighbourhood."

The Fistical Four glared at Gunter. They had guessed that this was his motive in "planting" himself near the school—revenge upon the Head for sacking him, and upon Rookwood generally by bringing disgrace on the school.

The expressions upon the faces seemed to amuse Gunter. He roared with merriment.

"You can put that in your pipe and smoke it!" he chuckled. "You don't get rid of me so easily. I'm a sticker!"

Jimmy Silver looked at him steadily. The thought was in his mind of the fragment of the letter from America, which had turned up in the waste-paper basket in the end study.

"You may get shifted," he said quietly.

Gunter laughed.

"Who's goin' to shift me?" he demanded.

"The police, perhaps."

Gunter stared at him.

"Oh, come off!" he ejaculated. "I guess they can't touch me. I rather reckon I'm too cute to give them the chance."

"Suppose," said Jimmy Silver deliberately—"suppose they found out that your front name is Sam, and not Robert at—"

Gunter started violently.

"Then they might suspect that your surname isn't Gunter!" said Jimmy Silver. "You might be lagged as an impostor."

"By gum!" said Gunter, staring blankly at Jimmy. "By hokey! I guess—" He broke off with a reckless laugh. "But you're bluffing. You don't know anything; you're only bluffing! You can't scare me worth a cent."

The next instant the whip fell across the horse, and the animal started with a leap, and the trap clattered away down the road, Gunter brandishing the whip and yelling with laughter.

"So he's staying in Coombe!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered.

"He's not going to be allowed to keep on!" he said. "The Head can't deal with him, but it's up to us, my infants. Gunter is going to have the whopping of his life, and he's going to be turned out of Coombe!"

It certainly sounded like a big order. But the Co. did not argue; Jimmy Silver had made up his mind. And when the Fistical Four came home to Rookwood there was a solemn and serious "pow-wow" in the end study to discuss the plan of campaign. It was Jimmy Silver against Gunter, and it remained to be seen which would have the upper hand.

THE END.

(For particulars of next week's story see "Chat" page.)

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KARL VON KREIGLER, a mysterious professor, who has great power in Germany, and who holds the secret of Germany's great treasure-chest. Ferrers Lord has ferreted out one or two of the professor's secrets, and Von Kreigler realises that Lord is a very dangerous man. After this attack, Ferrers Lord despatches Rupert Thurston, with Honour and Ching Lung, with a message to Kreigler.

They are detained, but escape, after many exciting adventures. In the underground passages of the Schloss Schwartzburg, where they have been imprisoned, they discover a great treasure which Von Kreigler has been hiding from the Allies.

Thurston & Co. return to the yacht, where Ferrers Lord has been waiting for them.

The yacht returns to England again, and Ferrers Lord & Co. set about building a new aeroplane.

Von Kreigler holds a council at the general's house, and arranges a ball to bide his movements. But Ferrers Lord discovers the plot, and with Ching Lung, Honour, and Thurston pays the Supreme Council a surprise visit, clothed in their invisible robes. At Lord's sudden entry into the chamber, the council are speechless with amazement.

(Now read on.)

Kidnapped!

FERRERS LORD'S eyebrows narrowed. One of the shadowy figures extended an open cigarette-case to the millionaire, but he shook his head and pushed the case aside.

"It was not my intention to deal very harshly with you three," he said, after a pause. "I am quite aware that you were not at Schloss Schwartzburg, but you are arrant liars if you say that you do not know the true facts, if you tell me that your only information of the crime comes from the document sent to the British commanding officer, which is a tissue of plausible and cunning lies. Perhaps his Excellency has something to tell me. Come, professor, and your tongue!"

"It was not our fault," said the professor slowly. "When your friends broke out of their prison we offered them an honourable surrender. They refused, and attacked the soldiers we sent in pursuit. We were very patient. It was your friends who set fire to the Schloss, and by doing so exploded the magazine."

"In that case, I seem to be greatly in the wrong," said Ferrers Lord. "I admit that when in a corner my poor friends were perfectly capable of doing desperate things. But I have something against you, my dear professor. Whether my emissaries lived or died made no difference there. By Mr. Rupert Thurston I sent you a certain letter. That you duly received, and read the instructions it contained. They were definite and unmistakable. Instead of carrying them out, you threatened to shoot three men who were perfectly innocent of everything in the world, except that they were doing my bidding. Why were those instructions not carried out?"

"Ach, because you demanded the impossible!" said Von Kreigler wearily. "The terms of the Allies are impossible; but do

not deceive yourself, Herr Ferrers Lord, yours were beyond that; they were preposterous and ridiculous!"

"So preposterous and so ridiculous that they cost three valuable lives. Do men murder them for something that is only preposterous and ridiculous?"

Professor Karl von Kreigler flinched his dry lips. He seemed to have grown years older in a few minutes.

"Ach, must I repeat till I am weary that it was an accident?" he said.

"Then the document you sent to British Headquarters is true to the letter!"

"Ach, yes—true to the letter! It was not our fault, and we regret it. Your friends came to the Schloss uninvited. They brought it upon themselves."

"And it is also true that you could not follow out the terms of my letter?" said Ferrers Lord, in an icy voice. "Think well before you answer, Excellency."

"A mad letter—a preposterous demand!" said Von Kreigler, clenching his hands. "You might just as well ask a beggar to fill your pockets with gold. I am not foolish enough to tell you that we are not doing the best for ourselves to obtain easier terms from the Allies. We would not do so? I do not deny that we might pay more than we are offering. Every man tries to do the best for himself, and with nations it is the same. But you asked an absurdity."

The millionaire laughed. "I am not at all convinced that the death of my friends was due to accident," he said, after a pause. "I am going to assume, cruel and brutal though you may think it, that they were murdered at Schloss Schwartzburg. Even the most callous assassin will not commit murder for an absurdity, my dear professor. If they were murdered, it was from some motive. The murderers were taking great risks. An elaborate scheme had to be devised to hide the crime, and at devising schemes, professor, you have few equals. I am quite sure you are not in favour of murder, but one takes desperate chances in desperate cases. What was the motive? What had you to hide? What is the secret of Schloss Schwartzburg? What had my friends seen there that was of such tragic

(Continued on page 18.)

ANSWERS
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