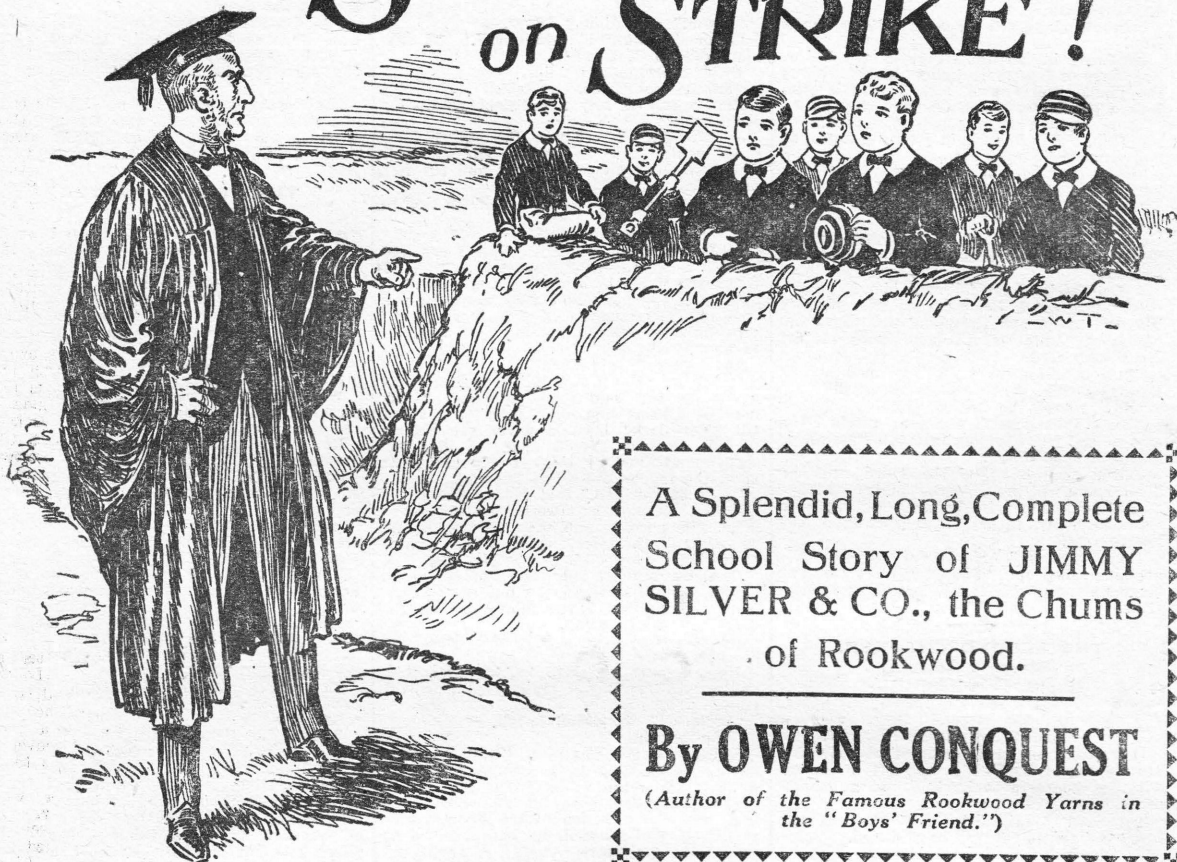


A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story of a Great School Rebellion!

# SCHOOLBOYS on STRIKE!



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

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Rookwood Yarns in  
the "Boys' Friend.")

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Schoolboy Rebels.

"HALLO, 'Erbert!"

"'Erbert—otherwise Mornington II. of the Second Form at Rookwood—came to a halt.

The fag was coming from the direction of the School House, with a letter in his hand, when Jimmy Silver hailed him.

It was a bright, clear, frosty morning. Most of the Forms at Rookwood were preparing to go into the Form-rooms. But the Fourth Form was an exception.

The Fourth Form were gathered in the entrenched camp on the school allotments, where the flag of revolt was waving—metaphorically, of course.

Round the camp ran a deep trench, four-square, and deeply dug, with the excavated earth piled up on both sides of it.

The rebels of Rookwood had "dug themselves in" with great effect.

Jimmy Silver stood on the inner parapet and waved his hand to the fag, who stared at him.

"Oh, Master Silver!" ejaculated 'Erbert. Jimmy was still "Master Silver" to him, as in the days when 'Erbert had been a little wail.

"Top of the morning, 'Erbert!" smiled Jimmy Silver. "How's the Head?"

"The 'Ead was looking rather waxy when he went into the Sixth Form room," said 'Erbert.

"I fancy he will be still more waxy by the time we get through," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell complacently.

"What-ho!" grinned Raby.

"Have you come to join up, kid?" asked Newcome, with a laugh. "No fags allowed in the ranks. You're not of military age yet."

NEXT  
FRIDAY!

"BREAKING UP THE FAMOUS FIVE!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, are you really barring-out the 'Ead?" asked 'Erbert, evidently in a state of great astonishment.

"We are—we is!"

"Oh crumbs!" said 'Erbert.

"Britons never shall be slaves!" remarked Conroy.

"Oh! Is Erroll there?" asked 'Erbert.

"Here I am!" answered Kit Erroll cheerily, jumping on the earthen parapet. "Anything wanted, 'Erbert?"

Mornington II. held up the letter.

"This 'ere's for you," he said.

"Oh, good!"

"It's from Master Morny," explained 'Erbert. "It was put in the rack this morning, and I saw it, and I thinks to myself I'll bring it to you. You wouldn't 'ave had it otherwise, you see. The 'Ead won't send the postman round 'ere."

"Ha, ha! I suppose not!"

"Pitch it across, kid!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Look out—there's Carthew!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

"Look out, 'Erbert!"

Carthew of the Sixth was running from the direction of the house.

Evidently the Rookwood bully had espied the fag in communication with the rebels.

'Erbert looked round quickly.

He threw the letter hurriedly towards Erroll across the trench, but the wind caught it and whirled it back again almost to his feet.

The next moment Carthew reached him and caught him by the ear.

'Erbert gave a loud yell.

"You young rascal!" exclaimed the prefect.

"You know the Head's orders—nobody is to come here and speak to those mutinous young scoundrels!"

"I didn't know! Yow-ow!"

"Well, you know now!" said Carthew grimly, twisting the fag's ear till the unfortunate 'Erbert yelled with pain.

Whiz!

A clod of damp clay came whizzing across the trench from Kit Erroll's hand.

It smote Carthew of the Sixth on the side of the head, and there was a terrific yell from Carthew.

The missile fairly bowled him over, and he released 'Erbert and sprawled on the ground.

There was a delighted roar from the camp of the Fourth.

"Well bowled!"

"Out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow!" gasped Carthew dazedly. "Oh—ah—yah!"

'Erbert rubbed his ear and grinned.

Carthew sat up breathlessly, clawing clay away from his face.

"The letter, 'Erbert!" shouted Oswald.

'Erbert made a dive at the letter.

Carthew grasped him again as he did so, and held on to him.

"Give me that letter!" he panted.

"It's Master Erroll's!"

"Give it to me, you young hooligan!"

"Quick!" muttered Jimmy Silver. "The plank!"

The long plank which was kept in readiness in the camp was run out across the trench.

The moment it rested on the opposite parapet, Jimmy Silver ran lightly across.

He had a mop in his hand.

He came down the sloping parapet with a run, with the mop at the charge, like an old-time lancer.

THE POPULAR—No. 162.

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

Crash!

The mop caught Carthew on the chin, and he sat down again, much more quickly than he had arisen.

Erroll was after Jimmy Silver in a twinkling, and he took the letter from 'Erbert's hand.

"Cut!" he muttered.

'Erbert did not need telling twice. He cut off in the direction of the school buildings, and vanished.

Carthew staggered up with a face like a Hun.

He fairly hurled himself at Jimmy Silver. But three or four more juniors had run along the plank, and Conroy met Carthew's rush with a garden-fork—and Carthew stopped.

There was no arguing with the prongs of the fork. The Australian junior grinned at him over the implement.

"Come on!" he said invitingly.

"Ha, ha! Come on, Carthew!"

"Chase him!" roared Lovell.

Whiz, whiz, whiz!

Clods and pellets of clay rained on the prefect. He fairly took to his heels at last and ran.

A roar of laughter followed him.

Jimmy Silver & Co. returned triumphantly into the camp, and the plank was drawn in. Carthew, from the distance, shook his fist and disappeared.

"This is where we smile!" grinned Arthur Edward Lovell. "Are we downhearted?"

"No!" roared the Rookwood rebels, with a terrific emphasis; and the roar reached the ears of the fellows going into the class-rooms in the School House.

And a good many of the Third, and the Shell, and perhaps even higher Forms, wished that they were in the rebel camp on the allotments, rather than grinding in the Form-rooms.

There was risk—plenty of risk—in the attitude taken up by Jimmy Silver & Co., but there was no doubt that it had its compensations.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Mornny's Appeal!

"A NY news from Mornny?"

Kit Erroll was reading his letter, for the second time, with a clouded and thoughtful brow.

It was one, the previous day that Valentine Mornnington of the Fourth had left Rookwood with his guardian to be taken to a London specialist.

There was a faint hope that the unhappy junior's sight might yet be restored.

Mornnington had gone reluctantly. He had known the plans of Jimmy Silver & Co.—to declare a barring-out in the Fourth until Lattrev, whose cruel act had blinded Mornnington, was expelled from the school.

Whatever motive the Head might have for allowing Lattrev to remain at Rookwood, the juniors did not profess to understand, but they understood that they were not going to stand it.

And the reckless scheme exactly appealed to Mornnington's nature, always reckless, and none the less so because he had lost his sight.

He would gladly have joined the rebels.

"Mornny must have written pretty soon after getting home," remarked Jimmy Silver, as Erroll looked up from the letter.

Erroll nodded.

"He wrote 't once," he said. "He wants to come back."

"He can't have seen the specialist yet," said Jimmy.

"No. But he wants to be in the fun, as he puts it. He didn't want Sir Rupert Stackpole to take him away yesterday."

"Well, I'm sorry he's not here, especially as the barring-out is all on his account," observed Jimmy Silver. "Can't be helped, though."

"Mornny thinks it can be helped," said Erroll, with a smile.

"Eh?"

"I'll read you the letter."

"Go ahead!"

The juniors gathered round curiously. It was written clearly enough, though the lines wandered on the page.

Here and there words ran over the margin. Mornnington had written without seeing what he wrote.

"Dear Kit,—I'm home now. But I don't  
THE POPULAR—No. 162.

NEXT  
FRIDAY!

"THE RAID OF THE REBELS!"

A GRAND STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

want to stick here and miss all the fun. I can't tell my guardian what's on; he wouldn't sympathise. But I want to come back. Come and fetch me, there's a good chap. I'm going to haunt the drive all day in case you come. I know you will. I can't come alone; you know why, hang it! But I must come back and take a hand.

"Your pal,

"MORNNY."

"Phew!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Poor old Mornny!" said Lovell. "I say, you can't do it, Erroll!"

Erroll compressed his lips.

"Mornny's asked me," he said.

That was evidently a sufficient reason for Kit Erroll.

Jimmy Silver looked very thoughtful.

He could well understand Mornnington's desire to share the excitement and the risk of the barring-out.

But it was not so easy for his desire to be carried out.

"I—I suppose you could try, old scout," said Jimmy Silver at last. "But I'm afraid there's a watch being kept on us here. I fancy you won't be allowed to pass out."

"And if you get nailed they won't let you come back," remarked Lovell. "You'll be put in the punishment-room, or perhaps taken home."

"Or flogged!" said Newcome.

"I know. But I'm going to try. Mornny wants me to," said Erroll simply. "Look here, if I bring him back, we'll hang about till after dark; I could never get him in in the daylight. You'll hear me give the scout-signal then. I think I can get clear now; the fellows are all at lessons."

"Just as you like," said Jimmy Silver.

Erroll's preparations were soon made.

The plank was pushed over the trench, and he crossed to terra firma. The juniors crowded the parapet to watch him go.

He did not go towards the school-buildings, beyond which lay the gates, but towards the wall which bounded the allotments on the other side of the camp.

He passed through a belt of beeches and disappeared.

Jimmy Silver was still looking after him anxiously, when Erroll reappeared from the trees, running.

"Stopped!" ejaculated Lovell.

"The sergeant!"

Sergeant Kettle was after Erroll, who was speeding back towards the camp. The Rookwood rebels watched him anxiously.

The Head had been unable, so far, to deal with the rebellion of the Fourth, but, as Jimmy had guessed, he had resolved to isolate the mutineers.

The prefects had orders to see that none of the rest of Rookwood approached the trenches or communicated with the Fourth, and the sergeant, and probably others, kept watch to "nail" any stragglers from the camp.

"Let's get out and help him!" exclaimed Raby.

Jimmy shook his head.

"Can't risk getting cut off from out base," he answered. "Besides, I think Erroll can dodge him."

"He's slowing down."

"By gad! Old Kettle will have him!" exclaimed Townsend.

Erroll was losing speed, running as if with difficulty, and the sergeant was rapidly overhauling him.

The junior fell on his knees at last, as if quite exhausted. The next moment the sergeant's heavy hand was on his shoulder.

"Got you, by gum!" grinned Sergeant Kettle.

He dragged Erroll to his feet.

Erroll leaned on him, gasping.

"Now then, stand up!" grunted the sergeant. "Oh crumbs! Yoop!"

The apparently exhausted junior had suddenly awakened to new life.

With a violent shove, he sent the burly sergeant sprawling, and so sudden and unexpected was that shove that the sergeant reeled backwards and sat down before he knew what was happening.

"Yoop! Yah! Ow!" gasped the sergeant dazedly. "Oh, you young limb! Ow!"

Erroll was speeding away again with the fleetness of a deer towards the beeches.

Jimmy Silver burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! Spoofer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

Sergeant Kettle staggered to his feet, panting for breath.

The good old sergeant's brain worked

slowly, but he realised that Erroll had fooled him in order to take him by surprise and get clear away.

He blinked round in search of the elusive junior; but Kit Erroll had already vanished through the beeches, and was climbing the further wall.

Far from the distance, sharp and clear, came a signal whistle from Erroll, and it reached the ears of the rebels, and told them that he was clear.

"Good man!" grinned Lovell. "He's gone! He'll be back to-night with Mornny!"

"Hallo, sergeant!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "Let's see you do that again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The worthy sergeant did not let them see him sit down again. He was aching enough already. He shook a knucky fist at the grinning juniors and stamped away.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### The Last Word!

HERE was much suppressed excitement in Rookwood School that morning.

All Forms but the Fourth had turned up to lessons, but they had not settled down to work with the usual steadiness. The knowledge that the Fourth were holding a barring-out had its effect on the whole school—even on the great men of the Sixth.

What the end was going to be was a mystery, and all Rookwood wondered what the Head would do.

He could scarcely yield to the rebels demands.

Certainly all the school considered that he ought to have expelled Lattrev, in the first place.

But having refused to do so, he could scarcely rescind his decision at the dictation of a junior Form.

Yet it was pretty clear that the junior Form did not intend to give in until he did so.

Moreover, if the rebellion continued, it was certain to lead to a general spirit of insubordination in the school, especially in the lower Forms.

The rebels had to be brought to heel somehow.

But how?

Was it the Head's intention to leave the rebels alone, for the rebellion to die a natural death?

His intention had been to leave them to be brought to their senses by hunger.

But since then he had received the report of Sergeant Kettle, and knew that Jimmy Silver & Co. had raided the school shop overnight, and that the camp was well provisioned.

Whatever the Head might be thinking he showed no sign.

Mr. Bootles was rather at a loss that morning. Of all his Form, only Lattrev and Tubby Muffin remained in the School House.

The Fourth Form master did not feel disposed to hold a class of two, and he set the two juniors tasks in their studies, and left them alone.

The Fourth Form room remained empty and silent.

Mr. Bootles shook his head very seriously over the state of affairs.

It could not last, that was certain. But how it was to be brought to an end was a puzzle.

The Head had taken certain steps.

Sergeant Kettle was posted to keep an eye on the camp, to see that the rebels did not communicate with the rest of the school.

The rebellion was not to spread, if it could be helped. The sergeant also had orders to march in any straggler from the camp.

After morning lessons the Head retired to his study, and Mr. Bootles sought him there.

The Fourth Form master looked worried and flustered as he met the cold, steely glance of the headmaster.

"My Form have remained out this morning, sir!" said Mr. Bootles.

"I am aware of that."

"It is an unprecedented state of affairs, sir!"

"Quite!"

Mr. Bootles coughed.

"Well, sir, is this state of affairs to continue? Surely the Fourth Form cannot remain in a state of riot!"

"I am about to take measures, Mr. Bootles," replied Dr. Chisholm coldly. "If the boys refuse to return to their duty, I

shall take drastic means of enforcing their obedience."

"Very well, sir!"

Mr. Bootles retired, wondering what the "drastic means" were going to be.

A little later Dr. Chisholm left the School House and made his way with stately dignity to the schoolboy camp.

A myriad eyes watched him go and there were many suppressed chuckles.

The fags, at least, were enjoying the situation.

Jimmy Silver was a tremendous hero in the eyes of all the fags.

Even Algy Silver, who was on rather bad terms with his Cousin Jimmy, was loud in his admiration of the captain of the Fourth for once.

Algy would willingly have joined the rebels.

Some of the more daring fags followed the Head at a distance to look on, ready to dodge if he should glance round.

Dr. Chisholm arrived at the camp, and found its occupants hard at work with spade and fork and pick.

They rested on their labours as the word passed round that the Head was there.

Jimmy took off his cap very respectfully to his headmaster.

Jimmy wanted it to be quite clear that the rebels were only standing up for right and justice, and that anything like "cheek" did not enter into the matter at all.

Impertinence to the Head was bad form, and Jimmy frowned upon it very severely.

Dr. Chisholm fixed his eyes upon the ruddy face of the rebel leader

"Silver!"

"Yes, sir?" said Jimmy.

"I have given you time to think over this matter. Have you decided to return to your duty?"

"We are doing our duty here, sir."

The doctor's eyes glistened.

"We're ready to come back, sir, as soon as Lattrey is turned out of Rookwood!" chimed in Lovell

"I am not here to discuss that matter, or any other matter, with you!" said the Head icily. "I am here to order you back to your duty!"

No answer.

"It appears," continued the Head, "that you have provided against losing your meals by robbing the school-shop overnight."

Jimmy Silver flushed.

"We have not robbed the shop!" he exclaimed hotly. "We have a list of all the sergeant's goods, and they will be paid for to the last penny!"

"The bill will be sent in to you, sir!" said Conroy.

"What!"

"We think you ought to pay it, sir," said Jimmy Silver; "but if you do not we shall. The sergeant shall lose nothing."

There was a long silence.

The juniors waited for the Head to speak again.

It was a strange situation enough.

The Head, accustomed to seeing juniors tremble at his frown, could not get used to having his direct orders disregarded by those same juniors. It was because he had placed himself in the wrong, but he was not likely to admit that, even to himself.

The headmaster spoke again at last.

"You must be aware, Silver, that this state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue," he said.

"I hope you will do what we have asked, sir. We only want that ruffian Lattrey turned out of the school."

"Kindly refrain from impertinence, Silver. It is my duty to re-establish authority over this rebellious Form. Since you will heed no argument but force, force will be used."

Jimmy Silver smiled involuntarily, remembering the ignominious defeat of the Sixth-Form prefects the previous day.

Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips.

"You understand me, Silver? Force will be used, and I fear that some of your misguided dupes may be hurt. There is still time for you all to submit to just authority, and save me from this painful alternative."

"If you will agree, sir—"

"Enough!"

Dr. Chisholm turned and strode away, and there was a scattering of fags who had been staring on from a distance.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders.

"The Head means bizney!" remarked Van Ryn.

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Dr. Chisholm turned and strode away, and there was a scattering of fags who had been staring on from a distance.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders.

"The Head means bizney!" remarked Van Ryn.

Jimmy took off his cap very respectfully to his headmaster.

Jimmy wanted it to be quite clear that the rebels were only standing up for right and justice, and that anything like "cheek" did not enter into the matter at all.

Impertinence to the Head was bad form, and Jimmy frowned upon it very severely.

Dr. Chisholm fixed his eyes upon the ruddy face of the rebel leader

"Silver!"

"Yes, sir?" said Jimmy.

"I have given you time to think over this matter. Have you decided to return to your duty?"

"We are doing our duty here, sir."

The doctor's eyes glistened.

"We're ready to come back, sir, as soon as Lattrey is turned out of Rookwood!" chimed in Lovell

"I am not here to discuss that matter, or any other matter, with you!" said the Head icily. "I am here to order you back to your duty!"

No answer.

"It appears," continued the Head, "that you have provided against losing your meals by robbing the school-shop overnight."

Jimmy Silver flushed.

"We have not robbed the shop!" he exclaimed hotly. "We have a list of all the sergeant's goods, and they will be paid for to the last penny!"

"The bill will be sent in to you, sir!" said Conroy.

"What!"

"We think you ought to pay it, sir," said Jimmy Silver; "but if you do not we shall. The sergeant shall lose nothing."

There was a long silence.

The juniors waited for the Head to speak again.

It was a strange situation enough.

The Head, accustomed to seeing juniors tremble at his frown, could not get used to having his direct orders disregarded by those same juniors. It was because he had placed himself in the wrong, but he was not likely to admit that, even to himself.

The headmaster spoke again at last.

"You must be aware, Silver, that this state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue," he said.

"I hope you will do what we have asked, sir. We only want that ruffian Lattrey turned out of the school."

"Kindly refrain from impertinence, Silver. It is my duty to re-establish authority over this rebellious Form. Since you will heed no argument but force, force will be used."

Jimmy Silver smiled involuntarily, remembering the ignominious defeat of the Sixth-Form prefects the previous day.

Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips.

"You understand me, Silver? Force will be used, and I fear that some of your misguided dupes may be hurt. There is still time for you all to submit to just authority, and save me from this painful alternative."

"If you will agree, sir—"

"Enough!"

Dr. Chisholm turned and strode away, and there was a scattering of fags who had been staring on from a distance.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders.

"The Head means bizney!" remarked Van Ryn.

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Dr. Chisholm fixed his eyes upon the ruddy face of the rebel leader

"Silver!"

"Yes, sir?" said Jimmy.

The sergeant suppressed his feelings. He was purple with wrath, but the independent Coombe labourers did not care twopence for the wrath of any sergeant in the three kingdoms.

So the sergeant had to consume his own smoke, so to speak.

"Come on!" he rapped out at last.

"Well, you lead the way, bein' a military man!" jeered Mr. Hodge. "Show us 'ow it's done! We'll foller arter!"

Sergeant Kettle had a nasty temper, but he had the courage of a lion.

He had rushed Boer trenches in South Africa in his time, and he was not likely to think much of a schoolboy trench.

He strode on haughtily, quite ready to show these "dashed civilians" the way.

And the grinning yokels followed him, evidently regarding the matter as a huge joke, and an extremely easy way of earning ten shillings apiece that afternoon.

But it was not to turn out such a joke as they anticipated.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### Britons Strike Home!

"BUCK up!" commanded Jimmy Silver.

"You bet!"

"Come on, sergeant! I've got this mop ready for you!"

Sergeant Kettle did not heed. He clambered manfully over the outer parapet, and, on top of it, paused for breath.

Before him lay a trench nearly a dozen feet wide at the top, as the inner parapet sloped back.

And from the top of the banked-up earthen parapet to the bottom of the trench was a drop of nine feet.

Sergeant Kettle plunged down into the trench, and the agricultural gentlemen plunged after him.

"Fire!" shouted Jimmy Silver

Whiz, whiz, whiz!

Clods of earth and clay rained on the heads below, and there were yells of pain and angry protests.

"Yaroo! Stoppit!"

"You young limbs!"

"Oh, my 'ead!"

"Gerrroogh!"

"Yow-ow! Stoppit! Yooop!"

But the juniors did not stop. The enemy had chosen to attack, and they had to take the consequences.

To allow the position to be captured for fear of hurting the enemy was not an idea that Jimmy Silver & Co. were likely to entertain.

Sergeant Kettle clambered desperately up the inner parapet.

His followers attempted to do the same.

But above them mops and sticks smote and smote and smote again. There were fiendish yells from the assailants.

The sergeant clambered on regardless of blows.

Lovell grasped him by the hair as his flushed and furious face rose over the parapet, and Raby laid hold on his ears.

The sergeant roared like a bull. He had not much hair left, and he felt as if he were losing what he had.

"Leggo!" he raved.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Kettle clambered on desperately.

With a mighty heave the juniors sent him spinning back, and he rolled in the bottom of the trench.

Three or four of his followers had a hold on the parapet, and were clinging on, and hitting out angrily. Tempers were up on all sides now.

But the defenders did not stand on ceremony.

"Give 'em socks!" roared Lovell, laying about him recklessly with a cricket-stump.

"Yaroo!"

"Oh! 'Elp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The scramble at the parapet was soon over. The position was far too strong to be taken if the defenders were resolute—and they were resolute enough.

The assailants rolled and tumbled down into the trench, most of them aching from doughty whacks, and plentifully adorned with lumps and bruises.

Whiz, whiz, whiz!

The party were now scrambling frantically out of the trench.

They had had enough. And as clods of

earth rained on him the sergeant clambered out, too.

Whizzing clods followed them, and Mr Hodge & Co. fairly fled. But the sergeant, disdainful to flee, marched off as if on parade, like a sulky British lion.

And the victorious juniors, respecting pluck, forbore to whiz any clods after Mr. Kettle.

"This looks like a win for us!" chortled Lovell. "I wonder what the Head will think when he sees that crew?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There he is!" grinned Newcome.

In the distance the Head could be seen. He met the fleeing villagers as they came round the School House.

He looked at them, and he looked at the camp, and then he disappeared.

The Head of Rookwood was finding that his Fourth was a tougher proposition than he had ever dreamed.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### Caught!

"HERE we are, Morny!"

It was Kit Erroll who spoke. The winter dusk was thick upon

Rookwood as the two juniors came along Coombe Lane towards the school.

Erroll had succeeded easily enough in his task.

He had found Mornington waiting for him on the drive at Sir Rupert Stacpoole's home, and a note had been left with the lodgekeeper for Morny's guardian; and they had departed together.

Mornington, blind as he was, was in great spirits.

He was looking forward keenly to joining in the barring-out.

"We shall have to be a bit careful in getting in," went on Erroll. "They may be on the look-out. I suppose they know that I got out this morning, and I may be looked for. This way."

"If they hail us, you cut and run," said Mornington, with a laugh. "They won't hurt me—poor afflicted youth, you know. By gad, I'm lookin' forward to takin' a hand, though!"

"Come on, old chap!"

By devious ways the two juniors reached the old stone wall that bordered the school allotments.

Erroll climbed first, and gave his chum a hand, and drew him to the top.

He lowered Mornington down gently on the inside of the wall, and joined him.

He stood silent for a minute or two, gazing about him in the thick gloom.

"All serene?" asked Mornington

"I think so."

They moved on through the beeches. Erroll with his guiding hand on the blind junior's arm.

As they came out from the trees Morny suddenly halted.

"Somebody's comin'!" he whispered.

"I can't see—"

"But I can hear!" Morny laughed softly.

"I'm usin' my ears so much that I can hear a pin drop, Kit. Listen!"

Erroll bent his head to listen. But he could hear nothing save the sough of the branches in the wind.

"I think you're mistaken this time, Morny."

"I'm not. Listen! There!"

"By Jove, you're right!"

Erroll could hear a footstep now. A light flashed out in the gloom.

"Collar them!" shouted a voice.

It was Cartthew of the Sixth.

The sergeant was with him, and they made a rush together at the two juniors. Erroll could have eluded them, but the blind junior was helpless to run.

He pushed Erroll away from him.

"Cut!" he whispered shrilly.

"I'm sticking to you, Morny," said Erroll quietly.

"Cut, you ass. You'll get flogged, and I sha'n't!"

"Got the young rascals!" exclaimed Cartthew, as his grip fell on Morny's shoulder.

"Take the other, sergeant! Two of them, at least! Hallo, it's Mornington!"

"Come along, Master Erroll! 'Ead's orders!" said the sergeant, taking Kit Erroll by the shoulder.

Erroll set his teeth.

He had succeeded in conducting Mornington to Rookwood, and they were on the point of joining the rebels in the camp when this stroke of ill-luck fell.

Erroll understood that the Head was anxious to separate the rebels, if possible, and any straggler from the schoolboy camp would be prevented from returning to the fold.

The sergeant marched him away, taking good care that the junior did not escape him as he had escaped in the morning; and the prefect followed with Mornington.

In the darkness there was a faint glow from the shed in the camp on the allotments.

The stove was burning there, and candles and bike lamps were lighted.

There was a glimmer of light, too, from the lanterns where Jimmy Silver's followers were still at work on the dug-out.

The captured juniors were marched on, passing within a dozen yards of the camp as they were taken across to the House.

At the nearest point Erroll suddenly uttered a sharp, clear whistle. It was the agreed signal with the mutineers.

The whistle was answered from the camp at once, and Jimmy Silver leaped on the parapet.

"Rescue!" shouted Erroll.

"Hallo!"

"That you, Erroll?"

"Come on, you young sweeps!" muttered Cartthew angrily. "Hurry on, sergeant, or we shall have those young rascals round us like horns!"

But the stolid sergeant did not hurry. He was not going to run from junior schoolboys, not if he knew it!

"Rescue!" shouted Erroll again. "Morny's here! We're taken!"

"Rescue, the Fourth!" roared Mornington. Cartthew dragged him on.

"Shut up, you young cad! Oh!"

Cartthew yelled as Mornington's fist swung round and struck him in the face. He released the blind junior for a moment.

"Oh! Ah! I—I'll smash you!" he yelled

The bully of the Sixth grasped Mornington and struck him savagely

Erroll, with a tremendous effort, tore him self loose from the sergeant and sprang on Cartthew like a tiger.

The prefect had to defend himself as Erroll attacked him, but so fierce was the junior's attack that the Sixth-Former staggered back, barely able to hold his own.

Mornington groped round him blindly. Never had he felt so bitterly his affliction.

He gritted his teeth with helpless rage.

"Oh, you young villain!" panted Cartthew, closing with Erroll at last. "I'll smash you!"

Erroll curled round him like a cat, still hitting out fiercely and savagely.

There was a shout from the camp, and a rush of feet. Jimmy Silver & Co. were coming to the rescue.

Knowles of the Sixth loomed up in the gloom.

"What's the row? Cartthew—Hallo!"

"Lend me a hand with this young fiend!" panted Cartthew.

The Modern prefect seized Erroll.

The junior resisted fiercely, but in the grasp of the two Sixth-Formers he was helpless.

They rushed him away towards the School House, half-carrying and half-dragging him.

Before the sergeant could follow with Mornington the rescuers had arrived.

Sergeant Kettle was hustled away without ceremony, and he stalked off the scene with as much dignity as he could muster. Jimmy Silver clapped Mornington on the shoulder

"Morny, old scout—"

"Where's Erroll?" exclaimed Raby.

"They've got him!" shouted Mornington.

"Cartthew and Knowles—they've got him! Oh, if a chap could only see—"

He broke off with a gasp of rage.

Jimmy set his teeth.

"We'll have him back! Get Morny into the camp, some of you!"

"Never mind me—get on!" exclaimed Mornington impatiently. "Erroll will be flogged and stuck in the punishment-room if they get him to the House. Get a move on, for goodness' sake!"

But Jimmy Silver & Co. were already getting a move on. They dashed away in the dusk after Erroll and the two prefects.

Dick Oswald slipped his arm through Mornington's.

"This way, Morny," he said.

He led Mornington, chafing, to the parapet, and helped him over the plank laid across the trench.

A dozen juniors had followed Jimmy Silver

to the rescue, the rest were on guard in the camp.

Mornington walked across the plank without hesitation, blind as he was.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver & Co. were hot in pursuit.

But Knowles and Carthew had a good start, and they had reached the School House, with Kit Erroll still in their grasp.

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**

**Erroll's Sentence!**

**W**HAT—what—  
Mr. Bootles had heard the shouting, and he was looking out of the School House doorway when the two prefects arrived with Kit Erroll.

The breathless junior was bundled into the House.

Mr. Bootles blinked at him over his spectacles.

"Bless my soul! It is Erroll!"

"We've caught one of the young black-guards, sir!" panted Carthew.

"What—what! Kindly do not use such expressions to me, Carthew!" snapped Mr. Bootles.

"Well, the Head ordered us—" began Carthew sullenly.

There was a rustle as the Head came on the scene. His eyes glinted at Erroll.

"You have done very well, Carthew," he said. "This boy is one of the most blame-worthy, I am assured."

Erroll stood erect as the prefect released him, taking care to keep between him and the door, in case he should attempt to bolt.

Dr. Chisholm looked at him grimly.

"We found him with Mornington, sir," said Carthew.

The Head started.

"Mornington! He is at his guardian's home, Carthew!"

"Erroll seems to have brought him back. We found them together."

"Is that correct, Erroll?"

"Yes, sir," said Erroll quietly.

"You have brought Mornington here!" exclaimed the Head, in astonishment. "Without asking his guardian's permission, I presume?"

Erroll smiled slightly.

"I don't think Sir Rupert would have been likely to give permission, sir," he answered.

"I presume not. However, Mornington will be sent away again. Where is he now, Carthew?"

"With the rest of the Fourth, sir, I think," said Carthew.

"Oh!" said the Head. He paused a moment. "Erroll, I understand that you are one of the leaders of this outrageous outbreak of the Fourth Form."

"I am as much responsible as anyone, sir, certainly," replied Erroll. "We are all in it together, though."

"You will not be together much longer," said the Head grimly. "It is my intention to flog the ringleaders of this mutiny, and expel them from the school. You will be the first, and I trust that your punishment will be a warning to the rest."

Erroll did not answer. He had expected it, and he did not flinch.

The Head looked at his watch.

"There is time for a train this evening," he said coldly. "Carthew, may I request you to take charge of this junior and conduct him to his home? I cannot trust him to make the journey alone. I should take it as a favour, Carthew."

"Certainly, sir!" said Carthew at once.

Erroll's handsome face grew a shade paler. He was thinking of his father. Captain Erroll, almost recovered now from the wound he had received early in the war, was making preparations to rejoin his old regiment.

What would he think when Erroll came suddenly home, without warning, and with such an explanation as the Head was likely to send?

Yet he could not feel sorry that he had answered Mornington's appeal, though it had brought him to this—condemned, alone, to disgraceful expulsion, far from the help of his comrades.

He cast a hopeless look round. Knowles and Carthew were at hand, watching him, and there was no chance to bolt.

From the staircase a lag was looking down at him, with a rather sarcastic grin. It was Algy Silver of the Third Form. Erroll glanced at him, but only for a moment.

He did not expect any sympathy from the young rascal of the Third.

**NEXT FRIDAY!**

**"BREAKING UP THE FAMOUS FIVE!"**

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

"Wait here, Carthew, while I write a letter for you to take," he said. "See that that boy does not escape."  
"Very well, sir."  
And the Head rustled away to his study.

**THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.**

**All Serene!**

**D**ISHED!" growled Jimmy Silver. The rescuers halted at a little distance from the School House. The big door had closed, and Kit Erroll was on the inner side of that door. Jimmy Silver's eyes were gleaming with wrath.

"They've got him!" muttered Tommy Dodd disconsolately.

"Poor old Erroll!" said Lovell. "He'll get it fairly in the neck! I—I suppose we can't rush the place?"

"Fathhead!" said Conroy. "If we even show ourselves we shall be cut off from the camp, and it will be all U P!"

There was a footstep in the gloom, and the juniors hushed their voices. A diminutive figure loomed up.

"Only little me!" came the voice of Silver II. of the Third; and a chuckle followed.

"Algy!" exclaimed Jimmy.

He looked rather grimly at his cousin as the fag joined them. Algy was grinning.

"I reckoned I should find you hanging about," he remarked. "I'd have come round to the camp otherwise."

"Have you seen Erroll?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes; they've got him!" Algy Silver jerked his head towards the School House.

"He's sacked, and he's going to be taken home by a prefect, with a letter from the Head!"

"Oh!" muttered Jimmy.

"That's why I came," grinned Algy.

"You've got time, if you like."

"What?" Jimmy Silver caught his arm.

"What do you mean, Algy?"

"Carthew's going to take him, to catch the next train from Coombe," said the fag coolly. "It's pretty dark round the gates, if you wait for them there. Catch on?"

"My hat!" said Conroy. "The kid's right! You're a little brick, Algy!"

"Thank you for nothin'!" answered Algy carelessly.

"Well, thank you for something, Algy!" said Jimmy Silver. "It's jolly good of you to come and tell us this. I never expected it of you."

"You never know what to expect, do you?" remarked Algy sarcastically. And he walked away, whistling.

"I suppose the little beast isn't spoofing us?" observed Lovell doubtfully.

Jimmy shook his head.

"I'm not sure. Come on! There's a chance yet! They won't get Erroll out of Rookwood if we can stop them!"

"What-ho!"

The juniors hurried away through the darkness to the gates.

The gates were closed and locked, and old Mack was in his lodge, from which a faint glimmer of light proceeded.

It was dark enough by the gates, and it was easy for Jimmy Silver & Co. to take cover there.

They waited and watched breathlessly.

There was a glimmer of light at last from the direction of the School House as the big door was opened.

"Here they come!" murmured Raby.

Footsteps were heard in the gloom.

Keeping close in the shadow of the old stone gateway, the juniors watched eagerly.

Two dim forms loomed up, and stopped at the door of the porter's lodge.

They could see that between the two was a smaller figure, and they did not need telling that it was Erroll, in charge of a couple of prefects.

Knowles was with Carthew, who, on second thoughts, probably doubted whether he was quite equal to getting Erroll to his home unaided.

Carthew knocked at the lodge.

"There they are!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "They want Mack to come and let them out. I fancy they're not going out in a hurry!"

There was a breathless chuckle.

"Come on!"

Silently the juniors ran out of the shadow of the gateway for the lodge. Just as old

(Continued on page 28.)

**THE FIRST VICTIM!**  
(Continued from page 10.)

"Yes, yes! But—"  
"He's a troublesome young cub, but mother—you understand? Keep an eye on him, and don't let the Bounder make a rotter of him like Hazel."  
"Frank, you sha'n't go! I'll see the Head! I'll explain."

Nugent caught his arm.  
"Useless, Harry! I've explained all I can. You can't alter the fact that I went out after I was gated, and they caught me hanging round that pub."

"Nugent," said Mr. Quelch's hard voice, "pack your box at once! You have to leave Greyfriars in half an hour to catch the train. I shall take you to the station!"

"Yes, sir," said Frank lully.

"Mr. Quelch," exclaimed Harry, "Nugent is innocent!"

"The matter is closed, Wharton. The Head has decided!"

Mr. Quelch swung away. The chums of the Remove, white and miserable, went with Frank to the dormitory, and helped him pack his box. There was no help for it. They might hope in the future; in the present there was no hope.

The fiat had gone forth, and Frank Nugent had to leave Greyfriars!

Dicky Nugent, looking very white and scared, crept into the dormitory. Frank looked round him, with a bitter smile.

"Frank," gasped Dicky, "is it—  
is it true—you're sacked?"

"Yes."  
"Great Scott! What will they say at home?" gasped Dicky. "Frank, I'm awfully sorry!"

"You've caused it," said Frank. "I went to the Cross Keys to see if you were there—"

Dicky began to blubber.  
"B-b-but I've never been there, Frank!" he said. "Honour bright, I've never!"

Nugent nodded.

"I take your word for it, Dicky, now! The Bounder has played me for a duffer all along. He knew how anxious I was, and played on it. He's too deep for me. I've been beaten all along the line. Don't blub, Dicky! It's not your fault; it's my own as much as anybody's. Don't blub, kid!"

Mr. Quelch looked into the dormitory.

"Are you ready, Nugent?"

"Yes, sir!"

It seemed like some evil dream to Harry Wharton & Co. The last goodbye was said, there was a sound of hoofs, a grinding of wheels, on the gravel path.

Frank Nugent was gone!  
Harry Wharton went up to his study—so lonely now without his chum!

Frank Nugent was gone—expelled—sacked! He could scarcely believe it yet. But realisation forced itself into his mind, and he sat, staring into the dying fire, the tears welled up into his eyes, seldom so wetted—tears for the staunch chum who had always been faithful, loyal, and true, and who was now sacked from the school!

**THE END.**

(Frank Nugent is the first of the Bounder's victims. So far Vernon-Smith is successful in his campaign against Harry Wharton & Co. Who will be the next to go? See next week's grand story of Greyfriars, entitled "Breaking Up the Famous Five!")

THE POPULAR—No. 162.

**SCHOOLBOYS ON STRIKE!**

(Continued from page 23.)

Mack opened his door, and the light streamed out. Jimmy Silver & Co. reached it. "Rush them!" shouted Jimmy. The two prefects spun round in amazement. Erroll's eyes danced. "Jimmy!" he panted. "Hands off!" roared Knowles. "You—you— Ah! Ooooop!" The juniors were rushing on, and the two Sixth-Formers were fairly bowled over in the twinkling of an eye. They sprawled right and left, and Jimmy Silver caught Erroll by the arm.

"Hook it!" he panted. And they ran. Knowles and Carthew sat up dazedly. Before the prefects could gain their feet, Jimmy Silver & Co. had disappeared in the darkness, Erroll in their midst. They did not lose a second in reaching the rebel camp. There was a shout from the parapet as they came panting up. "Hallo! Who goes there?" It was Dick Oswald's voice. "Buck up with the plank!" shouted Jimmy. "Right-ho!" Jimmy Silver & Co. hurried across the plank, and it was drawn back after them. Erroll squeezed Mornington's arm. "Safe as houses, old fellow!" "Hallo! Here's dear old Carthew!" chortled Lovell. Carthew and Knowles came racing up after the plank was gone. A shower of clods greeted them, and they disappeared, yelling, into the darkness.

And a loud and triumphant cheer rang out from the schoolboy camp.

Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips when he received the prefects' report that Kit Erroll was in the rebel camp once more with his comrades, and he dismissed them with scarcely a word.

For a long time the Head paced his study in deep and troubled thought.

He sat down at last to write a letter, and that letter was addressed to Mr. Lattrey, the father of the outcast of the Fourth. And if Jimmy Silver & Co. could have known what was written in that letter they would have felt that they were near to victory.

THE END.

(There will be another long, complete tale of the Great School Rebellion at Rookwood in next Friday's issue of the POPULAR.)



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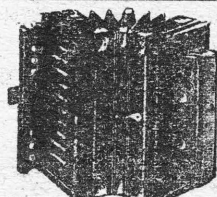
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