

Hoy

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Week Ending—
April 8th, 1922

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No. 168.

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GIVEN INSIDE!

A SPLENDID STORY TELLING HOW ALGY SILVER TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF AND SURPRISES THE NATIVES!

ALGY SILVER'S LATEST!



A Grand Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver and Co., The Chums of Rookwood School

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Stories of Rookwood, appearing in The "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Turning Over a New Leaf.

"JIMMY, old sport!" Algy Silver of the Third Form strolled into the end study at Rookwood, with his hands in his pockets.

His manner was cool and nonchalant, and did not indicate in the least that he was on the worst of terms with his Cousin Jimmy.

He nodded coolly to the juniors in the study—Lovell and Raby and Newcome—who looked at him rather grimly.

Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, looked as grim as his comrades.

"Well," he snapped.

"Well," repeated Algy, "ain't you glad to see me?"

Jimmy Silver looked at him.

He thawed a little.

Jimmy was very desirous of getting on better terms with his young cousin, whom he was supposed to be keeping an eye on at Rookwood.

Algy had angrily refused to be looked after.

Indeed, the more Jimmy looked after him the more determined Algy seemed to be to kick over the traces.

Quite recently Jimmy had come upon the sportive fag smoking, and conning over a racing paper, and had felt it his cousinly duty to give Algy a bumping, to help him back into the right path.

To judge by Algy's friendly manner, that cousinly bumping had not been wasted.

"You don't look over pleased," said Algy, eyeing Jimmy. "I've taken the trouble to come and see you. I can tell you the Third don't approve of a chap being chummy with Fourth-Formers. It's considered rather no-class in our Form."

Jimmy grinned.

"There, that's better!" commented the fag. "Put a smile on and keep it there! Any grub going?"

The Factical Four were at tea—a very fragrant tea.

But they were hospitable.

"Oh, sit down!" said Lovell.

"Thanks—I will!"

The cheerful young gentleman pulled a box to the table and sat down—chairs being limited in number.

Jimmy Silver was smiling now.

"Help yourself to the kippers, kid!" he said.

"Thanks!" said Algy. "Quite a pleasure to be enjoyin' your company, Jimmy! You were jawin' me the other day about my naughty ways. I've been thinkin' it over." "I'm glad of that."

"Banker in the study and smokes in the woodshed pall in the long run," the fag rattled on. "In fact, I'm gettin' a bit blase, and am a thinkin' of turnin' over a new leaf. My old pal De Vere, at High Coombe, would be shocked if he heard me say so. But there you are. I'm repentin'. I suppose

it's the atmosphere of Rookwood—much more elevatin' than that of my old school. Sendin' me here was really bookin' me to become a reformed character."

"You young ass!"

"You don't seem overjoyed at my reform, Jimmy."

"Oh, bosh!"

"I'm takin' up footer," said Algy in an injured tone. "You must have seen me at practice. Third Form footer isn't quite up to my mark. We played a much better game at High Coombe. Now, you're junior skipper, Jimmy, and I want you to give me a chance."

"Eh?"

"Put me in the junior team."

"Third Form kids are not up to the form of the junior eleven."

"I am," answered Algy coolly. "Let me practise a bit with the Fourth, and you'll see. If I'm not good enough you can turn me down. I'm not askin' to play in a school match, when you get your men from both sides of Rookwood. But a House match, Classical and Modern—no reason why I shouldn't play for the Classics, is there?"

"Well—"

"You haven't got such a crowd of first-rate men, you know, specially now Erroll's gone home with Mornington. Now, look here, Jimmy, stretch a point, and give me a chance. You'll be reformin' me, you know—snatchin' me like a brand from the burnin'. Isn't it worth while?"

Jimmy reflected.

It was true that Algy was a good footballer for his age, young rascal as he was.

Playing him in a school match was out of the question; but, after all, he might be given a chance against the Moderns, Jimmy reflected.

Jimmy had two places to fill in the team, and if Algy showed up well in practice—

"I can see you're goin' to say 'Yes,'" smiled Algy. "You're a good sort, Jimmy, though a bit of an old trump! You can expect me down to practice to-morrow and you can rely on seein' me stagger humanity."

"Cheeky little beast!" commented Lovell.

"Well, look here, Algy," said Jimmy Silver at last, "I can't promise anything, but I'll do my best for you, if you mean business. I suppose this means that you're done with Peele and Gower, and that set?"

"What do you think?" answered Algy. "Peele & Co. haven't been half so goey lately. I'm goin' to pay Peele the quid I owe him, and say good-bye to the dear boy."

"That's right."

"I suppose you could lend me the quid?"

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"Stony, you know," said Algy. "Peele would be willin' to play double or quits, but I'd rather get clear of the whole shoot. Of course, I'll let you have the quid next week, after my allowance comes."

Jimmy Silver regarded him very thoughtfully.

He could read the expression in the faces of his chums.

He knew what they thought, but he did not agree with them.

"Of course, if you haven't a quid—" sighed Algy.

"I had one from the pater this morning," said Jimmy.

"And I'll bet you Algy knew it!" growled Lovell.

"Oh, chease 'it, old chap!"

Algy Silver wagged his forefinger at Lovell reprovingly.

"That's suspicious," he said. "Don't be suspicious, Lovell. It's rather no class."

"You cheeky little worm!" roared Lovell.

"Shush! That isn't the way to talk to a visitor."

Lovell seemed on the point of an explosion. Jimmy Silver struck in rather hastily.

"Here's the quid, Algy. Settle up with Peele, and have done with him. I'll expect you on Little Side to-morrow."

"Done!" said Algy.

He glanced over the table, which was bare, and rose.

He slipped the currency note carelessly into his pocket.

"Thanks, old sport! Ta-ta!"

And the fag strolled out of the study, whistling.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. A Surprise for the Nuts.

Three voices addressed that complimentary remark, in unison, to Jimmy Silver, as the Third-Former took his departure.

Jimmy Silver frowned uneasily.

"Oh, rats! What's the matter with you?" he said.

"I'm blest if I ever saw a chap whose leg was pulled so easily!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, in disgust. "The little beast came here for your quid, and pitched you a yarn to squeeze it out of you. Anybody but a born idiot would see that!"

"Oh, rot!"

"As for chucking up Peele, and banker in the study, that's all moonshine!" said Newcome. "He don't intend anything of the sort!"

"I believe he does!"

"That's because you're a born duffer, Jimmy!" remarked Raby kindly. "I don't blame you, old chap; you can't help it. It's a bad handicap!"

"Oh, rats!"

"And the cheeky young rascal, to think of pushing himself into the junior eleven!" exclaimed Lovell indignantly.

"I don't see it!" said Jimmy, with a touch of obstinacy. "I sha'n't play him unless he's up to the mark, you know that. As a matter of fact, I've had an eye on him, and his game is miles above the average Third Form game."

"Not up to our mark, I suppose?"

"Well, no. He couldn't play for the School, THE POPULAR.—No. 168.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"REPRIEVED!"

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but he might come in very useful in a match against the Modern side."

"Piffle!"

Jimmy grunted.

"Not that he means it, either," pursued Lovell. "He won't turn up at practice to-morrow. He was pulling your leg!"

"I believe he will."

"Well, you're a fathead!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Shut up, both of you!"

Jimmy Silver walked out of the study. His temper was rising.

Perhaps it was rather hope, than faith, that made Jimmy determined to believe in Algy's new leaf.

Probably that made his chums' disbelief all the more irritating.

Lovell-breathed hard.

"Of all the silly asses——" he growled.

"Never mind. Give him his head!" said Newcome. "Jimmy has to be given his head. Anybody can spoof him, and it can't be helped!"

"I'll bet you that young waster is laughing in his sleeve now, and that quid will go in banker in Peele's study!" snorted Lovell.

"I shouldn't wonder. But, after all, it's Jimmy's quid!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Jimmy will see that he was spoofing when he doesn't turn up at practice to-morrow," added Newcome soothingly.

"Well, yes, that's so."

But there was a surprise for the Co. on the morning when they went down to Little Side after morning lessons.

Jimmy Silver had called together his men for practice, and with them came Algy Silver of the Third.

The fog was on the ground before the Fistical Four, in fact.

Algy looked very bright, too.

"Hallo, he's there!" exclaimed Lovell, very much taken aback.

Jimmy Silver smiled.

"What are you doing here, young Silver?" demanded Lovell gruffly, as they came on the field.

Algy looked at him coolly.

"Practice!" he answered.

"Oh! That's it, is it?"

"That's it. I don't need it so much as you do, but here I am."

Lovell murmured something under his breath.

It was bright, spring-like weather, and the juniors joined up in the footer practice with great zest, Algy with the others. And even Lovell had to admit that the fog was in great form, considering his age.

He was as good a man as many fellows in the Fourth, though naturally not up to the level of the junior team.

But there was no doubt that, with his quickness and deftness, he might be made into a very useful forward.

Peele and Gower of the Fourth came down to look at the practice.

They were not footballers, and had very little interest in the game.

They grinned as they saw Algy among the footballers.

Smythe and Howard and Tracy strolled along and joined the Nuts of the Fourth, and Adolphus turned his eyes upon Algy in considerable surprise.

He jammed an eyelash into his eye, as if to assist him in realising the surprising sight.

"By gad!" said Adolphus.

Algy Silver, though only a fog, had the honour of being admitted into Smythe's select circle.

Being a sportive youth, with plenty of money, he was looked upon with a kindly eye by the great Adolphus.

"That young merchant playin' footer, by gad!" said Smythe.

"Rather a new departure, playin' with his esteemed cousin," said Howard, laughing.

"I understood they were at daggers drawn. Peele, old man, you'll lose your disciple, at this rate!"

Cyril Peele shrugged his shoulders.

"Not much loss!" he answered. "I'm not yearnin' for fog society."

"Good for you, Algy!" called out Jimmy Silver approvingly at that moment.

"On the best of terms, by gad!" said Adolphus, with a stare. "I suppose that means that Algy won't turn up for banker this evenin'."

The Rookwood Nuts waited till the footballers came off, and then Smythe called to the fog.

"Hallo, Algy!"

"Hallo!" answered Algy carelessly.

"I'm expectin' you in my study this evenin'. Some of the fellows are comin'."

"Sorry; can't come."

And with that Algy walked on with Jimmy Silver, leaving the great Adolphus staring.

Jimmy Silver smiled, and even Lovell thawed a little.

It really did look as if Algy was in earnest, after all.

The fog went his own way, and Jimmy Silver went indoors with his chums. He was feeling very pleased.

"Are you going to play that kid, Jimmy?" asked Lovell, much less aggressively than might have been expected.

"You saw how he shined on the field," replied Jimmy Silver. "Why shouldn't I play him against the Moderns next Wednesday, especially as the Modern team will be weak? Tommy Doyle's laid up with a cold, and Lacy is crooked, and Towle is off colour. Tommy Dodd's team won't be up to sample, and it's a good chance for me to give the Third a look-in for once."

"Well, perhaps it won't do any harm," conceded Lovell.

And the next day, when Jimmy Silver wrote out the list for the forthcoming match, the name of Algy Silver of the Third was written down.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Morny's Little Joke.

"MORNY, by Jove!"

"And Erroll!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at footer practice after morning lessons on Tuesday when those exclamations from the fellows round Little Side drew all their attention away from football.

Jimmy Silver was just making a shot when he heard, and he looked round at once.

It was some time since Valentine Mornington of the Fourth had gone up to London, his chum going with him.

All Rookwood knew that the blind junior was to undergo an operation at the hands of a famous specialist, and there were few fellows at Rookwood who would not have given a very great deal to hear that Morny had recovered his sight.

Erroll's devotion to his chum had been unflinching. He had never felt his blind comrade as a burden.

Never for an hour had his care ceased, and the chums had hardly ever been seen without one another while the blind junior was at Rookwood.

It was known that there was hope for Morny.

That was all that was known so far.

There was considerable excitement among the juniors as Erroll was seen coming towards the football-ground, with Morny leaning on his arm.

Jimmy Silver's heart sank a little.

Mornington was walking with Erroll's guidance, as of old, and that did not look as if the hope of his recovery had been well-founded.

"Poor old Morny!" murmured Lovell.

The footballers moved off the field to meet Erroll and Mornington, and all the juniors gathered round them.

Morny's face was very grave and calm.

Kit Erroll was smiling a little. He seemed to be in unusually good spirits.

"Hallo, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Back again?"

"Yaas; back again," said Mornington.

"That you, Jimmy Silver?"

"Yes, here I am!" said Jimmy, his face a little shadowed.

The question was information enough as to the condition of Mornington.

"What did the specialist say after all?" asked Raby.

"Oh, he talked no end of jaw-crackin' words!" said Mornington.

"But did you have the operation?"

"Oh, yaas!"

"We hoped to see you come back all right, Morny," said Jimmy Silver.

"Thanks, old scout! I was hopin' to be able to play in the last footer match of the season," said Mornington. "Think you can lick the Moderns without me?"

"We'll try," said Jimmy, with a smile.

"It will take you all your time!" remarked Tommy Dodd, the great chief of the Modern juniors.

"Bow-wow!" said Mornington. "I'd undertake to beat any Modern, even as I am!"

"Oh, don't be funny, old chap!"

"Who's bettin' on it?" asked Mornington. "I'll beat the best man the Moderns can put into goal, an' chance it!"

"Ten to one!" chimed in Townsend of the Fourth, at once.

"Quids?" asked Morny.

"Yes, if you like."

"Done, then! Put your man in goal, Tommy Dodd!"

"What utter rot!" exclaimed Tommy.

Jimmy Silver was frowning.

But for the fact that Mornington was blind, Jimmy Silver would have come down on him sharp enough for making bets on the football-ground.

But Morny's affliction disarmed him.

Morny was supposed to have given up gambling and his other shady ways; but he was speaking quite like the old Morny now.

"Where's the ball?" continued Mornington.

Lovell had kicked the ball along as he came, and it was lying almost at Mornington's feet.

Newcome punted it closer to him, and Morny felt for it with his foot.

That helpless, groping movement touched the hearts of the juniors, though it made still more absurd Morny's offer to kick a goal against any defender Tommy Dodd chose to put between the posts.

"Put your man in, you Modern ass!" exclaimed Mornington.

"I tell you it's rot!"

"Let him have his way," whispered Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, all right!" said Tommy resignedly.

"Get into goal, Cook!"

Tommy Cook went grinning into goal.

Morny in his other days had been a hard man to stop, but Cook did not anticipate any difficulty in stopping him now.

Morny pushed the ball into the field with his toe.

"I say, is this a blessed game of blind man's buff?" demanded Algy Silver, with a sniff.

"Shut up, Algy!"

"Well, I call it dashed rot! Here, don't run into me!" howled Algy, as Morny, rushing blindly after the ball, cannoned him.

Algy went over on his back with a crash.

"You willy ass!" he yelled.

"Keep out of Morny's way, you young fool!" growled Lovell.

Mornington felt for the ball again with his feet, and dribbled it away towards the goal where Cook was standing grinning.

Possibly, from old recollections of the football-ground, he took the right direction.

He did not lose the ball, as the watching juniors expected. When it went beyond his reach he recovered it again.

"By gad, he's keepin' the ball goin'!" said Townsend, in wonder.

All eyes were on the blind junior.

It was really wonderful how Mornington contrived to keep the ball at his feet, and bear down steadily on goal.

The juniors watched him in amazement.

Jimmy Silver was rather uneasy, fearing that the blind junior would run into a goal-post and hurt himself.

But Mornington showed no sign of doing so.

"Well, that beats the band!" exclaimed Conroy, in wonder. "Blessed if Morny couldn't almost play footer, at that rate."

"He won't get the goal!" grinned Townsend.

"Well, no; that's not possible."

"There he goes!" shouted Lovell. "Oh, my hat! Goal!"

"Goal!"

"Great Scott!"

It was a yell of amazement on the football-field.

Morny had dribbled the ball right down to goal, and kicked.

Tommy Cook, in goal, certainly wasn't much on his guard—he did not think there was anything to fear from a blind footballer.

But if he had been at his best he would have had difficulty in stopping that shot.

Mornington had seemed to be aiming right at him, but at the last moment he changed his foot, and kicked for the far corner of the net.

The ball lodged before Tommy Cook was aware it was coming there.

"Oh, my only hat!" gasped Cook.

"Bravo, Morny!"

"Well kicked, sir!"

The juniors gathered round Mornington, who was grinning.

Only Townsend of the Fourth looked very green. He owed Mornington ten "quids" for that shot.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

His Old Self!

"WELL done, Morny!"
 "Good man!"
 "Towny here?" smiled Mornington. "You owe me a tenner, Torny."
 "Oh, gad!" said Torny.
 "Morny!" murmured Erroll.
 "My dear Townsend," said Mornington, speaking in the celebrated solemn manner of Mr. Bootles, the Form-master, "let this be a warnin' to you. Do not indulge, my dear Townsend, in betting or gambling of any description; and, above all, avoid puttin' your money on dead certs."
 "Oh, rats!"
 "I trust, my dear Townsend, that this warnin' will not be lost on you."
 "Oh, don't be an ass!" said Townsend. "I'm goin' to pay up all right. You'll have to wait till next week for half of it, that's all."
 "Ha, ha! Fathend, I was only pullin' your leg!" chuckled Mornington. "The bet's off!"
 "It's not off!" snapped Torny. "I've lost, an' I'm goin' to pay!"
 Mornington burst into a roar of laughter.
 The juniors were staring at him blankly.
 A suspicion of the truth dawned upon Jimmy Silver's mind, and his face lighted up.
 "Morny!" he exclaimed breathlessly.
 "Guessin' it!" smiled Morny. "By gad, you look astonished, the lot of you!"
 "You—you—you can see how we look!" stammered Lovell. "How the merry thunder can you—"
 "Because I can see just as well as you can!" grinned Mornington. "I was only pulling your leg. I wanted to astonish the natives, that's all."
 "You can see!" shouted Lovell.
 "You bet!"
 "You knew it, Erroll, you spoofer!" exclaimed Raby. Kit Erroll laughed.
 "Yes, of course! Morny wanted to spring a surprise on you, so I played up!" he said. "The operation was a success—a ripping success! Morny's all right!"
 "Hurrah!"
 "Oh, how jolly good!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver heartily. "Why, you spoofer, you could see Cook all the time while you were kicking that goal!"
 "Ha, ha! Did you expect a blind chap to kick a goal?"
 Townsend's face was a study.
 "All serene, Torny!" chuckled Mornington. "I was only pullin' your nutty leg! It's no bet!"
 "Congratulations, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver. "I've never had such good news in my life."
 "Jolly good of you to say so," said Mornington.
 His dark eyes were shining, and it was evident that he was greatly elated.
 The little "spoofer" he had played on the juniors was quite in Morny's way, and they readily forgave him for it.
 There had been a time when Jimmy Silver and Morny were enemies, but Jimmy's pleasure was great at seeing the dandy of Rookwood well again.
 Algy Silver broke in sullenly.
 "You spoofer! rotter, you biffed me over on purpose, then?"
 "Exactly!" smiled Mornington. "I never saw a fag who wanted biffin' more than you do, young Silver!"
 "Serve you jolly well right!" growled

Lovell. "Shut up, Silver Two! Do you mind if I break your cousin's neck, Jimmy?"
 Jimmy laughed.
 "Come on, Morny!" he said. "Never mind footer now. Let's take him in, you fellows—shoulder-high!"
 "Hear, hear!"
 "Oh, gad!" ejaculated Mornington.
 With great heartiness, the Classical juniors collared Mornington, and he was borne away shoulder-high to the School House.
 Mornington went in to see the Head, walking as if on air.
 "Erbert of the Second rushed to him in the passage.
 He caught Morny's sleeve excitedly.
 "Morny, is it true?" he exclaimed breathlessly.
 Mornington smiled down on the fag.
 "Looks like it," he answered. "Are you pleased, Erbert?"
 Mornington secundus' face was beaming.
 "Oh, Morny!" he gasped. "Oh, Master Morny! I'm so jolly glad!"
 "Thanks, old kid!"
 Mornington went on to the Head's study.

Any room for a chap about my size on Wednesday, Jimmy Silver?"
 Jimmy looked grave.
 "Well, I've made up the team," he said. "I didn't know you and Erroll would be back, and I've given my young cousin a chance. I—I'll speak to Algy—"
 "Oh, don't!" said Mornington at once. "All serene! I shall want some practice first, anyway. Give me a chance later."
 "I'll put you into the Bagshot match on Saturday," said Jimmy at once.
 "Right you are!"
 "Algy must be coming on, to be played for the junior eleven," remarked Erroll.
 "I'm giving him a chance," explained Jimmy. "He's stickin' to footer, and he's dropped some of his old games, so—"
 "I dare say he's all the better for not knowin' Lattrey any more," remarked Mornington. "By the way, how's Lattrey?"
 "He's still in sanny," said Jimmy Silver.
 "Mendin', I hope?"
 "Oh, yes; but he won't be about again for some time."



THE WINNING GOAL!—Like a flash Algy Silver leaped forward and headed the ball into the net before Tommy Cook could realise the danger. There was a howl round the field. "Goal! Goal! Fag's goal!" "Bravo, Algy, you've saved the match!" (See Chapter 6.)

When he came out, with a happy and elated face, Bulkeley of the Sixth met him and shook hands with him, with a word of congratulation.
 It was no wonder that Morny was in great spirits that day.
 He had been plunged into cruel darkness by the act of Lattrey of the Fourth. He had known almost the greatest misfortune that could have fallen upon him.
 He had borne it with steady courage.
 But now the blessed light of day was restored to him, and he rejoiced.
 And almost as pleasing was the unaffected delight with which his recovery was greeted by the whole school.
 When the Fourth Form came in to lessons that afternoon, Mornington came in with them, to receive more congratulations from Classicals and Moderns alike.
 It was strange enough to see Mornington sauntering along unguided, with a smile on his handsome face, and his dark eyes bright and cheery.
 There was a celebration in the end study at tea-time, and Mornington and Erroll were distinguished guests.
 "What about the footer?" Morny asked, over tea. "I'm dyin' for a game of footer."

"An' when he gets well he's goin', I suppose?"
 "I suppose so," said Jimmy.
 "I've been thinkin' about that," said Mornington. "It was Lattrey doused my gilm, and he ought to have been sacked for it, an' he was at the finish. But—but it was Lattrey helped me out of the railway smash, an'—and I'm not bearin' any malice, after that. If it depended on me, I'd say give the fellow another chance, and let him stay at Rookwood."
 "I don't suppose the Head would let him," said Jimmy, shaking his head. "Still, I must say I don't feel so down on Lattrey now, for one. He did a jolly plucky thing that nobody would have expected of him."
 "But he did it," said Mornington. "I'd like him to get some benefit from it. He got all the benefit of the bad things he did."
 Jimmy laughed.
 "It depends on the Head," he remarked. "I don't suppose the Head will ask us for advice."
 "Ha, ha! No!"
 And then the talk ran on the football prospects for the wind-up of the season—a rather more congenial subject than Lattrey of the Fourth.

NEXT TUESDAY!

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Dark Suspicions.

CYRIL PEELE was waiting in Morny's study when he came there with Erroll after tea.

Morny glanced at him, and nodded carelessly. But he looked round the study with great satisfaction. It was a pleasure to him to be in his old quarters again.

"Jolly glad to see you back, Morny!" said Peele.

"Thanks!" "I looked in to speak to you."

"Get on, Peele," said Mornington, with a grin. "Have the dear boys guessed that I've come back from my uncle's with a handsome tip in my pocket? An' is there a game of banker goin' in Smythe's study this evenin'?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Peele irritably. "I suppose you know there's a Classical-Modern match to-morrow?"

"I do—I does!" I hear that your merry young disciple, Algy of the Third, is playin' for the Classicals."

"He's not my disciple!" snapped Peele. "I never have anythin' to do with him now!"

Morny laughed. "Jimmy Silver thinks he's turned over a new leaf," he remarked. "I did not think there was anythin' in it."

"Well, I'm done with him, anyway." "What a stroke of luck for Algy!"

"Oh, cheese it! I'm not here to jaw about a silly fag!" growled Peele. "I'm layin' money against the Classicals, and if you choose to put a quid or two on—"

Mornington roared. "Well, what are you cacklin' at now?" demanded Peele savagely.

"Ha, ha, ha! Has your dear young pal got into the team to let the Moderns through?"

"I tell you, he's not my pal!" "Then why are you layin' money against the Classicals? Tommy Dodd's team isn't up to strength, and Classicals are bound to win."

"I don't think so," said Peele. "I've got the money—don't you fear about that; I happen to be well-heeled just now. Smythe's holdin' the stakes. What do you say?"

"My dear man, I've given up bettin'," said Mornington, laughing. "But if I were still a bettin' chap I wouldn't back a team that had a friend of yours in the ranks. Not quite good enough."

"I've booked bets already." "Must be a born lunatic, then," said Mornington dryly. "Why, your game's as plain as daylight."

"I've booked bets with Tracy of the Shell." "Gammon!"

"You can ask him." Mornington stared at Peele. Tracy of the Shell was a member of

Adolphus Smythe's select circle, but he had much more brains than Adolphus.

He was, in fact, a much more shady fellow than Adolphus, and much keener. Of all the Rookwood juniors he was the most like Lattrey, late of the Fourth.

If Tracy had booked such bets, it was a "facer" for Morny, for Tracy of the Shell certainly knew what he was about, if anybody did.

It was impossible that Morny's suspicion should not have occurred also to Tracy's keen mind.

"How much have you booked?" asked Morny at last.

"Five quids, even betting." "And Tracy's laid his money on Classicals?"

"Yes, Smythe's holding the stakes." "Well, I always thought Tracy was more rogue than fool!" commented Mornington. "He seems to be more fool than rogue, after all. You can tell him that, with my kind regards. Ta-ta!"

"Then you're not bettin'?" "Thanks, no! You shock me by the suggestion, dear boy!"

"Oh, rats!" said Peele crossly, and he quitted the study, and slammed the door after him.

Mornington looked very curiously at his chum. "That's a queer bizney, Kit," he remarked. "Very queer," said Erroll. "I'm glad you had nothing to do with his blackguardly rot."

"Oh, I've chucked it all up long ago, but if I was a bettin' chap I shouldn't be taken in quite so easily as that. It beats me how Tracy's been hoodwinked. I wonder—"

Morny chuckled. "I wonder if Jimmy Silver knows why his precious cousin has squeezed into the team, after all?"

"He ought to know, if it's true," said Erroll, with an angry frown. "Of course, a chap can't say anything without proof."

"No fear." But Jimmy Silver was not long in hearing talk on the subject, though no word came from Mornington's study.

The fact that Peele was trying to book bets against the Classical team in the morrow's match was soon the talk of the Fourth.

Jimmy Silver was angry enough when he heard it.

The shady blackguardism of Peele & Co. was no business of his, certainly, but it irritated him.

And it brought into his mind the same suspicion that had occurred to Mornington.

In fact, that suspicion was pretty widely held in the Fourth.

Peele's five quid bet with Tracy major was his only one, and how Tracy came to be assigned to make it beat Tracy's friends.

Tracy's nutty pals reconstituted with him, but in vain; not that Peele would have consented to call the bet off.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Tricked!

THE next day Jimmy Silver was in a thoughtful and uncomfortable mood. Some of the fellows said nothing, from a regard for his feelings, for the young rascal of the Third was his cousin.

Some were painfully candid. But Jimmy Silver went on his own way, and Algy's name remained in the footer list.

Early in the afternoon the footballers gathered on Little Side, and Algy Silver was there in the Classical colours.

All the Classical players gave him grim looks, excepting his Cousin Jimmy. Algy did not seem to mind.

He sauntered on the field with the air of a fellow who owned the ground. He nearly exasperated Lovell into assault and battery by the cool nod he gave him.

There had been so much talk about the match that there was an unusually large attendance round the ropes.

Mornington and Erroll were early on the ground to watch the game. Mornington smiled sarcastically as he saw Algy among the Classical footballers.

Jimmy Silver did not look so cheerful as was his habit on such occasions as he led his men into the field.

The feeling in his team worried him, as well as his own secret and unconfessed misgivings.

Jobson of the Fifth was referee. He blew the whistle, and the game started. "Now look out for Algy!" murmured Mornington.

Tommy Dodd & Co. started with a rush into the Classical ground. Two of Tommy's best men—Doyle and Towle—were off the list, but otherwise the Moderns were in great form.

But so were the Classicals, as they soon proved. Algy Silver was in the front line, and very nearly all eyes round the field were fixed upon him.

Certainly at the start he showed up well enough. He displayed great cleverness in eluding charges from heavier Moderns, and he was remarkably quick and nimble upon his feet.

His passing was really first-class, and when Dick Oswald scored the first goal it was from a very neat pass given him by Algy.

Jimmy, at centre-half, had his eyes on his cousin a good deal of the time, and he was greatly relieved by the way Algy played up.

Oswald's goal was the first in the match, and the Classicals round the field cheered vociferously.

"Bravo!" shouted Tracy of the Shell. "Well kicked! And well passed, by gad!" "Well passed, young 'un!"

Mornington, utterly puzzled, glanced at Peele.

The latter's face was a study. It was easy to see that Cyril Peele had not been expecting good play on the part of his "disciple."

Tommy Dodd & Co. fought hard to equalise, but at the end of the first half the score remained unchanged—one up for the Classicals.

Jimmy Silver clapped his cousin on the shoulder when the whistle went for half-time. "Good for you, young 'un!" he said, pleased and relieved.

Jimmy's faint suspicion was quite dispersed now. He was ashamed, in fact, that he had ever allowed it to creep into his mind. Algy grinned at him. "Well, didn't I tell you I was goin' to play the game of my life?" he asked. "Have I helped the Moderns through, as Lovell expected?"

"Ahem!" murmured Lovell. "Have I got into the way of your merry forwards, an' bumped into the halves, an' made things easy for the Moderns?" grinned Algy. "Bless your little hearts, all of you, I knew what you were expectin'! I've heard quite a lot concernin' myself these last few days. The chaps haven't cared if I've heard their remarks or not! Jimmy, old scout, do you think I ought to apologise for disappointin' your team?"

"You young ass!" said Jimmy, laughing. "I don't understand it!" growled Lovell. "Lots of things you don't understand," remarked Algy. "It's your brain, you know. Sorry you can't get a new one."

Lovell controlled his feelings with difficulty. A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

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Now on Sale. Buy one TO-DAY! THE POPULAR.—No. 166. NEXT TUESDAY!

"REPRIEVED!"

But, really, he had to admit that Algy was playing "up to sample," so to speak.

The whistle went again. Algy was the centre of attention—a great honour for a fag player in a match above his weight.

Many fellows expected him to begin fumbling tactics, suspecting that he had merely been keeping up appearances so far.

But nothing of the kind happened. Algy was playing up remarkably.

Tommy Dodd & Co. got through at last and scored, but it was impossible to attribute any blame to Algy for that.

The score remained level till close on the finish, the Classics pressing hard, and the Moderns struggling to defend their goal.

The ball went in from Pons, and Cook, in the Modern goal, fisted it out.

Like a flash Algy Silver leaped forward, and headed the ball into the net before Tommy Cook could realise the danger.

There was a howl round the field.

"Goal! Goal!"

"Fag's goal! My hat! Goal! Goal!"

"Bravo, Algy!"

Jimmy Silver almost hugged his cousin. Algy had taken the winning goal—after so much black suspicion!

For it was the winning goal—there were only three minutes to go, and they were drawn blank.

Lovell & Co. wore very curious expressions as they came off the field—victorious.

Lovell, after an inward effort, clapped the fag on the shoulder.

"Sorry, Algy!" he said.

"Don't mench," yawned Algy. "You can't help being an ass, old chap."

"By gad, I wish I'd taken Peele's bets now," said Adolphus Smythe, in great wonder. "You've won, Tracy."

"Looks like it," said Tracy, with a grin.

"Here's Peele's five—it's yours."

Tracy of the Shell pocketed that five with great satisfaction.

He sauntered away, giving Peele a nod and a smile as he passed him.

Peele gave him a look in return that was almost homicidal.

"You rotter!" he panted.

Tracy looked surprised.

"What's the row?" he asked. "Haven't I won square?"

Cyril Peele trembled with rage.

"Do you think I can't see it?" he hissed.

"That young villain was foolin' me—he'd fixed it up with you beforehand to bag my five, and you're goin' halves with him."

Tracy of the Shell raised his eyebrows.

"Mean to say that you fixed it with Algy to lose the match?" he smiled.

"You—you know I did!" Peele panted. "I wondered you never guessed, when the other fellows did—an'an—you knew all along—you were in the game with the young hound to take me in!"

"My dear chap, I shouldn't speak too loudly," said Tracy calmly. "If Jimmy Silver knew you'd made such an arrangement with his cousin, I fancy you'd get the hidin' of your life."

Peele choked with rage as the Shell fellow sauntered away.

"Hard, cheese!" It was Morny's voice, and Peele started and stared at him blackly. "I fancy I can see the little game now—delightful youth, Algy! You're lucky that I didn't take your bet, old scout."

Peele drove his hands deep into his pockets, and tramped away without replying.

A little later he saw Algy come out of Tracy's study, smiling.

Algy eyed him warily as he came savagely up.

"Got your half?" hissed Peele.

"What are you burblin' about?" smiled Algy. "Feel rather a lame duck? Serve you right for askin' a stainless youth like me to play false in a footer match. And next time we play nap, old chap, don't have a card up your sleeve, as you did last time—I always get my own back in the long run."

And Algy sauntered away, leaving Peele speechless.

It was fortunate for Algy that Jimmy Silver did not know the facts of the matter; very fortunate indeed that Peele dared not tell him.

But Jimmy was destined to be enlightened, in more ways than one, on the subject of his cousin Algy of the Third.

THE END.

(Another grand complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. next Tuesday, entitled "Reprieved!" by Owen Conquest. Make sure of a copy of the POPULAR by ordering in advance.)

NEXT TUESDAY!

THE EXPULSION OF HARRY WHARTON!

(Continued from page 10.)

enmity, scorn, hatred! His face went paler.

"Here he is!"

"Have him out!"

Wharton pulled himself together. A bitter smile came upon his lips as he looked over the surging crowd. With a firm step he descended into the Close.

Crash, crash, crash!

It was the first blare of the savage music! The drumming-out had begun!

"You cads—you rotters!" howled Bob Cherry, springing to his chum's side.

"Let him alone! He's going—isn't that enough?"

"Stand back, Cherry!"

"I won't!"

"Then we'll jolly soon make you!" growled Coker of the Fifth.

"Hands off!"

"Rats!"

Five or six pairs of hands were laid upon Bob Cherry. He struggled desperately, but he was hurled away.

Hurree Singh dashed to his aid, and was pitched aside. Wharton clenched his fists; the crowd closed round him, and he was hurried on. Back towards the School House Bob Cherry and Inky were hustled, still struggling in vain. Harry Wharton, surrounded by a crowd, hissing and groaning, was hurried towards the gates.

"Hands off the cad!" shouted Bolsover major. "He's not fit to touch! And we don't want the prefects interfering!"

And the juniors gave Wharton room.

Round him the crowd surged, and the drumming-out had begun in earnest now.

"Cad!"

"Rotter!"

"Get out!"

Wharton strode on steadily, his face pale as death, his brows contracted, his lips set in a tight line. He looked neither to the right nor to the left.

But that march to the school gates was agony to him.

The gates were reached at last; they were open, and Gosling stood there—and even the crusty old face of the school porter was scornful, contemptuous, like all the rest.

Crash, crash, crash!

Wharton strode through the gateway. The gates clanged shut behind him.

Back in the Close, Bob Cherry struggled free from his assailants; but he was not fighting now. The nabob leaned exhausted against the wall. Bob Cherry panted for breath, and there was a sob in his throat.

"You fools, fools, fools!" he panted.

"I tell you he's innocent!"

"Shut up!"

"Ring off!"

"I tell you—"

But the roar drowned Bob Cherry's husky voice.

From the gates came a blare of noise. It died away. The drumming-out was over!

Harry Wharton was gone!

Out in the road, pale, worn, with shame in his face, despair in his heart, the deserted junior tramped on wearily to the railway-station, guiltless but condemned—and Drummed Out of Greyfriars!

THE END.

(You must not miss next week's splendid long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, entitled "Fighting For His Chums!" By Frank Richards.)

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of Our Free Plate.

THE ATLANTIC LOCOMOTIVES

OF OUR

MONOPOLISTIC RAILWAY!

By a RAILWAY EXPERT.

BRITONS do not like monopolies, but its monopolist railway—the North Eastern—is not unpopular.

From York, where its headquarters are, the North Eastern Railway has the whole of England, northward to the Scottish border, to itself. This monopoly extends not only to the district from the centre of the country to the N.E. Coast, but embraces parts west of the centre line. South of York, also, the N.E.R. extends its tentacles, and although the trains of other railways are admitted into the important York station of the N.E.R., the lines of no other railway approach within several miles of the headquarters of the N.E.R.

In actual mileage, the N.E.R., with its 1,700 miles of line, is exceeded only by the G.W. and L. & N.W. Railways. To people living in populous places, such as Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, Leeds, York, Scarborough, and the many important coast towns in the Tees, Wear, and Tyne districts, the N.E.R. is most important; but the importance of this railway to most other people lies in the circumstance that the N.E.R. forms the central link in the East Coast route to Scotland. Those who journey from King's Cross to Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, etc., although they probably imagine they are travelling to Scotland by the G.N.R., in fact reach the end of that system "in a ploughed field four miles north of Doncaster," and although the G.N. engine hauls them to York, they have been on N.E. metals since passing Shaftholme (end-on) Junction, 28 miles south. At York a N.E.R. iron horse replaces the G.N.R. engine. The "exchange is no robbery," for the N.E.R.'s passenger locomotives can hold their own with most others. The express trains are hauled by big engines of the "Atlantic" type, one of which, No. 2183, is illustrated in facsimile colours in the plate presented with this issue.

A feature that adds additional interest to the N.E.R., and to its engines in particular, is that these locomotives run right through to Edinburgh. By right of territory they should be changed at the border town of Berwick, but after much litigation the N.E.R. established its right to haul the East Coast Anglo-Scottish trains for 57½ miles over the N.E.R. to the Waverley Station, Edinburgh.

In pre-war days the 205 miles from York were covered in 4 hours, including a stop at Newcastle, 80 miles from York. The speed, including the stop, was therefore over 50 miles an hour—distinctly good.

That the engines of design similar to No. 2183 are extremely powerful will be allowed when the liberal dimensions of the working parts are considered.

Water is picked up on the 124½ miles long non-stop runs between Newcastle and Edinburgh.

For once we are able to record an advance on pre-war achievements. In 1914 there were only 8 of these runs daily, but in 1921 the number had been increased to 10 a day.

Apart from the important part played in the East Coast Anglo-Scottish services by N.E.R. locomotives, these engines in pre-war days held first place for the quickest start to stop run in the world. True, it was but a short one (44½ miles between Darlington and York), but it was covered in 43 minutes, or at the rate of 61.7 miles an hour.

The best in the way of speed the N.E.R. can now show is 54.8 miles an hour, over the same course from York to Darlington.

Its backers amongst railwayists are looking for the return of the N.E.R. to top place in the speed list. They may be disappointed, but all Yorkshire is enthusiastic at holiday times over the N.E.R. fine services of fast expresses from Leeds and similar populous places to Scarborough, Bridlington, etc.

THE POPULAR.—No. 168.