

START READING OUR GREAT ROBIN HOOD SERIAL TO-DAY!

Week Ending—  
May 5th  
1863.

New  
Series.

No.  
224.

Twenty-eight  
pages.

# The POPULAR 2<sup>D</sup>

The Story Book for Boys.

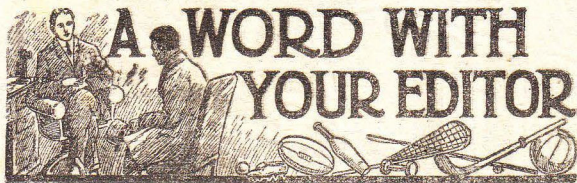
Money Price  
Every  
Week!



**DRIVEN INTO THE OUTLAWS' AMBUSH!**

(A Dramatic Episode from "The Outlaw King"—Our Wonderful New Adventure Serial inside.)

Your Editor puts you wise about next week's Bumper Feast of Fiction!



**A TOPPING NUMBER.**

It would be right on the nail if I quoted a paragraph or two from a letter I have just received from an enthusiastic supporter of the POPULAR, in South America. This correspondent says the good old POP. cannot be beaten. Just let him see the issue out next Tuesday. He will go a bit further in his commendation, if it be possible, but I am not so sure it is. Anyhow, in the coming number of the POPULAR—out on Tuesday next—there is a finer and more representative budget of first class stories than ever. The POPULAR links up all the famous schools. It gives each week splendid yarns of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Rookwood, and the celebrated Backwoods School at dear old Cedar Creek. Besides all that, you have a grand cricket competition; the irresistibly comic Supplement—otherwise Billy Bunter's Weekly; and a very special instalment of our magnificent serial, "The Outlaw King," the most fascinating romance of Robin Hood ever written. And that's that!

**"FISHY CORNERS TUCK!"**

Next week's Greyfriars tale out Fishers, Fisher, as it were. The cute American junior has the brilliant brain wave of the season. It might have made or marred him. You will see the result. Fisher lays his plans with the astuteness and the cunning of a Red Indian. He is taking no chances. Mrs. Mimble has packed up pro. ten., and retired from the commissariat field. Fisher has come to a businesslike arrangement with this popular lady. He can fix prices just as he thinks well—and Fisher does a rare lot of hard thinking. You will see the interesting dilemma in which the hungry chaps of Greyfriars are placed, and you will relish the manner in which the difficulty is tackled.

**"THE TRICK THAT FAILED!"**

Frank Richards & Co. are still up to their eyes in trouble at Cedar Creek. It is all the fault of Mr. Gunten. As we know that

shifty individual has a down on the popular Miss Meadows. The much-esteemed mistress of the school in the wilderness has determined to rid the establishment of young Gunten, and the school is placed in a right down perilous position as a result. In next week's yarn we find Frank Richards, Bob Lawless & Co. in a desperate situation, for Mr. Gunten is determined to win. You will see the way the campaign goes on next Tuesday. There are many happenings of a very peculiar, and highly exciting kind.

**"JIMMY WINS THROUGH!"**

The St. Jim's story for next week is an out and outer, and shows a master hand at describing a cricket match. The tale simply swings along, and is distinguished by the always welcome cricketing spirit one looks for in a yarn of summertime. But the pivot of a rattling narrative is the method of arrival of the captain. Look out for a graceful aeroplane which comes whirring into view with an extra important passenger on board. The cricketer in the car saves the day, but for the how, the why and the wherefore I cannot do better than refer you to the POPULAR for next week.

**"SHUNNED BY THE SCHOOL!"**

This story is the hit of the week—one of them, anyway, and you will be keen on the boundary hit, otherwise a swipe for four, which has a big influence on events. The part played in this story by Bob Kenrick, the marvellous boy cricketer, who is a bit of a mystery, is noteworthy. Talbot chums up with Bob. It is just what might be expected of a fellow like Talbot. He is one of the chaps who always pops in a good action when he can. There was ample scope for a generous deed in this case. Bob Kenrick is having a bit of a rough time. He gets in bad odour, and his motives are all misunderstood. Moreover, he receives a beating in a fight. The incidents in the coming tale dovetail in splendidly, and the upshot is of a most appealing kind.

**"THE OUTLAW KING!"**

Next week we shall have the most thrilling instalment yet of the great Robin Hood serial. You cannot help following the adventures of young Guy FitzHugh with breathless interest. The romance gives a vivid picture of the old days when King John Lackland sat on the throne he had stolen, and was fully prepared to barter away the old country for private gain. But John is not the only bad hat in this telling story, as you will see.

**OUR CRICKET COMPETITION.**

I must make special reference to next week's competition. It has heaps of claims on your attention. You will find all about the Surrey Cricket Club, and it offers an attractive test for any lover of the great game.

Your Editor.

**GRAND NEW CRICKET COMPETITION—BIG CASH PRIZES!**

Solve the Picture-Puzzle below and send in your Solution.

FIRST PRIZE £5 0 0: Second Prize £2 10 0: TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH!

The puzzle grid contains the following elements:

- Top row: "3 R C", "NEW PLAY OPENS NEXT WEEK", "thiiii", "SON", "LET", "GOS"
- Second row: "7 Days", "H", "aaa THE", "£10 in Prizes FOR CORRECT SOLUTION What place is this?", "GOS"
- Third row: "Aston Villa", "20 CWT", "The Arsenal", "The Spurs", "have", "SO REM", "ably", "2sA"
- Fourth row: "PU", "PLR", "y4 Editor", "S", "HOORAY I've won", "2sA"
- Fifth row: "T", "HA", "HA arranged", "2", "ry", "2240 LBS", "WITH"
- Sixth row: "THE", "Cornwall", "11 11", "3 R sa", "PRI ZES", "£5"
- Seventh row: "H W", "OFFE", "4", "3/4 R", "SOLUTI", "S"

**What You Have To Do.**

Here is a splendid Cricket competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a simple picture puzzle. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears below, pin it to your solution, and post it to "Cricket" Competition, POPULAR Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, May 16th, 1923.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all, or any, of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be regarded as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," "Magnet," and "Gem," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

I enter the POPULAR "CRICKET" Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

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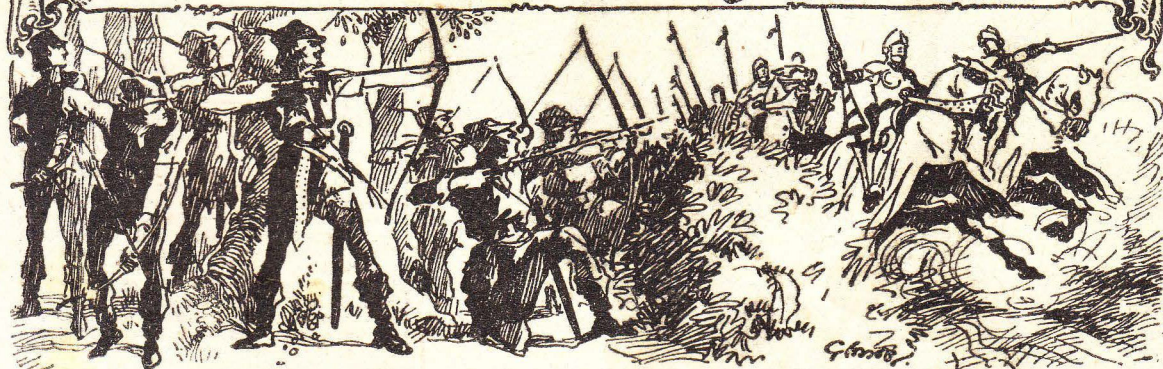
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WITH ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN!

KNIGHTS OF OLD!

Telling how GUY FITZHUGH, the daring young ward of KING RICHARD COEUR DE LION, falls in with the famous OUTLAW OF SHERWOOD FOREST, and meets with many exciting adventures!

# The Outlaw King! *By Morton Pike*



### The Characters in the Story.

- GUY FITZHUGH, the young ward of KING RICHARD COEUR DE LION, who has been placed under the guardianship of SIR HUMPHREY DE BRIONNE, a tyrannical Norman baron.
- ROBERT OF ROUEN, a gallant man-at-arms serving under the black banner of Sir Humphrey.
- ISOBEL and SWEYNE THE HARPER, wandering minstrels, Guy's first friends.

### The Road of Adventure.

Guy FitzHugh, unable to tolerate the tyranny of his guardian, Sir Humphrey, makes his escape from the grim Norman castle, and, hotly pursued by the baron's retainers and men-at-arms, flies into the forest of Sherwood. He outwits the pursuers, and wanders forth alone for adventure. And an adventure comes sooner than he anticipates. Riding through the forest, he comes upon a band of robbers who have in their clutches an old man and a pretty young girl. Without thought of personal danger, Guy gallantly dashes to the rescue. A fierce fight ensues, and pluck wins. Guy drives the robbers away into the woods. He then sees the old man and his daughter, whom he discovers are wandering minstrels, on their way, and then makes in the direction he hopes to fall in with the famous outlaw, ROBIN HOOD, of whom he has heard so much. Shortly after leaving the minstrels he is stopped on the banks of a stream, over which he is about to pass, by a fat monk, who challenges him to a bout with the quarter-staff. Guy quickly accepts, and jumps from his horse, crying: "You crow lustily, but I will soon ring another chime. Now have at thee!"

(Now Read On.)

### The Great Fight between Guy FitzHugh and the Famous Friar Tuck.

**T**HE stout friar stood stolidly on guard, and Guy, making a quick feint, suddenly brought his hands together, and smote a terrific blow at his adversary. The friar's broad, good-

humoured mouth widened into a smile, as, with a deft movement of his wrist, he raised the staff above his head and took the blow upon its middle.

Guy darted back, and took stock of him warily. The fat man evidently knew what he was about. And when the boy sprang at him again, quick as lightning, the friar's pole whistled within an inch of his ear, and he had only just time to ward it off. He retaliated with a circling sweep that took the friar on the thick of his brawny thigh, and a purple flush passed over his face, and the little eyes twinkled angrily.

Once the friar's staff, sliding along Guy's weapon, caught his hand and took the skin off his thumb; but Guy was warning to the work, and though his breath came thickly now, his face glowed with keen enjoyment, for a combat-at-arms was as the very breath of his nostrils to Guy FitzHugh, who had beaten Sir Humphrey's squires and every groom and horseboy in the castle until he was tired of it, and longed for a foe man worthy of his wood. He knew at the first stroke that he had found one now in this burly friar with purple face and the twinkling eyes.

"Thou art a good jackanapes," said the friar suddenly, "but I have had enough of it. Now look to it, sir!"

And, with a sudden bound, he came at Guy. Up went the huge quarter-staff to its full extent, and the arms that showed in the evening light, as the brown sleeves fell away from them, were like pillars of iron.

There was only one thing for it, and as the blow descended Guy dropped on to one knee, and received it full upon his own staff, which he held in both hands above his bare head. Of a surety he would have been killed had that iron tip fallen upon his skull; but, lo, and behold, with a terrific crash, Friar Tuck's quarter-staff broke in twain, and the iron-shod end, flying high into the air, fell with a splash into the brook behind him.

"How now, Sir Shaveling?" cried Guy, springing up. "Do you give me the better man?"

The friar made no reply, but, to Guy's great astonishment, turned, and with one bound cleared the stream, giving a loud whistle as he did so. The exclamation of

scorn that hovered on the boy's lips as he saw his adversary thus turn tail, died away, for out of the bushes, in response to the whistle, sprang six men, in short jackets and hose of Lincoln green, and, leaping over the rivulet, even as the friar had done, they surrounded Guy with a shout, and he found himself a prisoner.

"You had better come quietly, young sir. By the mass, I would Robin had seen this combat!" said one of the men, a tall, bearded fellow, with a long sword by his side. "Bring the horse, Rafo!"

And, seizing Guy in his arms as easily as lifting a child, he waded with him through the river, and set him down on his feet, where the friar stood with the broken staff in his hand, laughing lustily.

"A murrain on the rotten staff, and a curse on the tree that grew it!" said the friar, tossing the shattered shaft into the stream. "Now, boy, how do they call thee?"

"My name is Guy FitzHugh, father." "Ho, ho! A Norman whelp, and one whose fangs can bite hard! Well, Master Guy FitzHugh, I know not whither ye be going, or what your business is, but 'tis our pleasure that you come with us."

Guy had taken stock of the six men who had captured him, and found, in spite of a certain roughness of bearing, that they were by no means ill-looking.

"Come, lads, we have far to go!" said the friar, turning down the sleeves of his robe; and, turning towards the forest, now growing grey and gloomy, for the sun had set, they started off, one of the men leading Guy's horse in their wake.

"I have given you my name, father," said Guy; "give me yours in return."

"All in good time, boy," he replied, with a warning glance at the others. "First, I would know what brings you riding alone, and where are thy companions?"

"Companions I have none," said Guy bitterly; "no friends, either, except it be stout Robert of Rouen, whom I shall never see again, and maybe a wandering minstrel and his daughter, to whom I did some little service."

"Mean you old greybeard Sweyne and pretty Isobel?" said the friar.



The Abbot of Merly falls into Robin Hood's cleverly laid ambush.

## THE FIGHT BETWEEN GUY FITZHUGH AND FRIAR TUCK!



With a sudden bound Friar Tuck came at Guy. Up went the huge quarter-staff to its full extent. Guy dropped on one knee, and received it full on his own staff. There was a crash and Tuck's weapon broke in twain. (See page 3.)

"That do I," replied Guy. "Not long since, back on the road yonder, I found them beset by ruffians, and but for my coming it had gone hardly with them."

The friar took Guy's quarter-staff in his hand, and, examining it with a critical eye, pointed to a tuft of red hair adhering to it, where the iron shoe was riveted on to the wood.

"Methinks there is but one rogue in England, since Rufus died, who hath locks of so bright a scarlet. Gramercy, if thou hast truly slain him, then hast thou rid the world of a ruffian, and earned the friendship of one honest man, into whose presence we shall shortly bring you!"

Guy's heart suddenly began to throb violently.

"Know you aught of Robin Hood, sir?" he said.

"The man gave a low whistle; and the friar, who seemed to have ears as well as eyes for everything, turned quickly round and confronted Guy.

"What would you have with Robin Hood?" he said, more sternly than he had yet spoken. "Are you here to spy upon him?"

The other men had closed round, and so intense was the silence that Guy could almost hear the beating of his own heart as it thumped against his ribs.

He was conscious that the tall man had half drawn his sword from his sheath, and he realised that he was in great peril. Then he told them of his escape, and how he was even then seeking the great outlaw, with no other hope in life but to enrol himself in his band.

"By the mass," the friar cried, "yours is the true mantle that we want! I will answer for Robin Hood's word myself, when we tell him what we have seen with our own eyes."

"Twill not be long before we tell," said the tall man, whose sharp ear had heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

A peculiar whistle came from the gloom, for it was quite dark in the wood by this

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time; and as the friar flung back his head and laughed aloud, the approaching figure came striding through the fern, and Robin Hood stood before them.

#### How Guy spent His First Night in the Forest, and made Friends with the Merry Men of Sherwood!

"WE are well met, Friar Tuck," said Robin Hood; "but did I not counsel you to take no prisoners?"

"Nay, now, Robin," said Friar Tuck; "you speak like a man in the dark. We lay on the road beyond the brook all day, but the knives came not our way; only at set of sun this gallant lad here, whom I did think to trounce after my usual fashion, and yet who did come very nigh to trouncing me. Moreover, he met the knaves himself away back yonder on the common, and rendered such goodly account to them that we shall hear no more of their roguery—for the time, at least."

Guy could just make out the outline of a sturdy, broad-shouldered man rather above the common height. He carried a bow in his hand, and a long heron's feather stuck jauntily in his cap. When he spoke, his voice was very pleasant, though with a ring of command in it.

Friar Tuck told Robin of Guy's adventure with the robbers—how he had rescued Swayne the Harper and fair Isobel, and how he would fain join the outlaws and live under the greenwood. While the friar was speaking, Guy was all of a tremble. He felt that all his hopes depended on the outlaw's words. But the next moment his heart beat gladly.

"You are right welcome," said Robin, stretching out his strong hand. "It is ever my custom to try the mettle of such as wish to join us, but the good Friar has taken that trouble off my shoulders; and perhaps it is as well for my shoulders that he has done so, from what he tells us. By the rood,

Master Guy Fitzhugh, your name is not unlike my own, for I am Robin Fitzooth, as you may have heard!"

"And Earl of Huntingdon, if every man had his rights!" said a tall outlaw, who stood by, resting on his bow.

"Peace, Will Searlet—peace!" said Robin, laughing. "Perhaps the time will come when I shall claim my own. Meanwhile, I am content to be known as plain Robin Hood, and I have grown so accustomed to the free life of the forest that I doubt much if I would change it for the proudest hall in England, even if I could. And so you are King Richard's ward, Master Fitzhugh. Well, our King has done many foolish things—with all due respect be it spoken—but I marvel that he should have placed you under the guardianship of Humphrey de Brienne. Why, that man is one of the most rapacious of all the barons, and he and his brother, the Abbot of Merly, are far greater robbers than we. I greet you all the more heartily, Master Guy, that you have escaped from their persecution. Never did Robin Hood turn his back on the oppressed, and the time will be, when the names of these proud barons are forgotten, and that of Robin Hood shall be in every man's mouth, as the friend of the people. Come, let us return to our sylvan retreat, and show Master Fitzhugh that men can be happy under the blue sky of heaven, without stone walls around them and rafters to keep out God's sun. Ay, and live as royally as the King himself under the greenwood tree!"

"That should not be difficult," laughed Will Searlet, "since we have the King's deer for our meat!"

And then, following their leader, the party set out at a quick pace towards the centre of the forest.

Guy had an eye sharp as a hawk's, yet he marvelled at the skill with which they threaded their way among the dense oaks and twisted hornbeams, and all the tangle of undergrowth that covered the wet ground. The Forest was absolutely silent to Guy's ear, but he was about to receive a lesson in woodcraft before they had gone a short mile on the road.

It was Will Searlet who came to Robin's elbow and whispered in his ear.

"Ah," said the outlaw, without pausing in his walk, "art sure there is but one?"

"There is only one," replied Will Searlet, in a low voice. "Keep your way, and Right-hitting Brand and I will soon see who it may be."

"What does it mean?" whispered Guy to Friar Tuck.

"It means," said the Friar, "that someone is following us. If it be a friend, well and good, but if it prove a foe, then Heaven help him, for we are over rough with intruders!"

Marvelling how Will Searlet could have known of the presence of anyone in the silence and solitude of that dark forest, Guy went on in Robin's wake; but they had not gone far when their hero was startled by a loud yell some distance behind him, and, in response to a whistle from Robin, two answering notes came to their ears.

"They have him, whoever he be," said Robin. "Let us go back."

And, retracing their steps, they were soon aware of a fierce struggle going on, and of men rolling over each other among the bushes. The noise ceased as they quickened their pace and reached the spot, and the dark figures of Will Searlet and Right-hitting Brand rose from the fern, dragging a man to his feet between them.

"Who is he?" said Robin.

"By the bristles of his red beard and the snap of his teeth, I take it to be Barford, the Forest Reeve," replied Will Searlet.

"And thou art right, outlaw!" said an angry voice. "And thou shalt suffer for this insult to the King's officer!"

Robin Hood came to a stand before the prisoner.

"Well, Master Barford, you are up to your speaking tricks again. You are a bold man to tread so close upon our heels. I suppose, if we had not discovered you, our slumbers would have been rudely broken to-night by pikemen and bowmen, with the Sheriff of Nottingham at their head."

"You say truly, Robin Hood!" replied the Forest Reeve. "I thought I had run the foxes to earth this time!"

"Twill take a sharper nose than thine to follow our scent, Master Barford!" said

Will the Baron Arrive in Time to Rescue his Brother from the Outlaws?

Robin, laughing. "And now, since thou art so fond of the forest, thou shalt spend a night in it, with the owls for your companions! Tie him to the hornbeam, boys! He is too far from the road for his cries to be heard, and the wolves are not so bold as Master Barford at this season of the year."

In vain did the wretched forest-keeper struggle; in vain did he promise terrible vengeance to the outlaws. The sturdy fellows soon tied him hand and foot, and trussed him like a fowl to a tree, where they left him breathing maledictions upon them as they retraced their way.

When they had traversed some two miles or more, Robin raised a hunting-horn to his lips and blew a cheery note. It was answered at a little distance by another blast and a chorus of loud halloos, and in a few moments they entered on to an open space—a wide glade surrounded by giant trees, where the turf was soft as velvet, and where, by the light of a huge fire, Guy saw some forty or fifty men lying on the sward.

They sprang to their feet as the party approached, and several huge deerhounds came bounding forward, leaping and fawning on Robin.

"Ho, ho, my merry men!" he cried gaily. "We have a new comrade to-night, whose appetite I doubt not is as sharp as mine. Turn the spit there, for, by the rood, I smell that fat buck a-burning! Where is Maid Marian?"

"Here I am!" cried a silvery voice. "Never far away when Robin calls!"

And a buxom young woman, dressed like the rest of the band in Lincoln green, her brown hair braided under a cap of scarlet velvet, in which glittered a jewelled brooch, came from a bower of green twigs that had been set up under a spreading oak-tree.

On the way through the forest, Robin had gathered the boy's story from his own lips, frowning thoughtfully as he listened to the tale of wrong and tyranny; and now he presented him to his wife, saying:

"Sweet, here is a young gentleman whose claim to our comradeship is well made out, for he has suffered wrongs, and brings with him a sore heart and a strong arm."

"Then he is right welcome!" said Maid Marian, giving him her hand, over which Guy bent with a courtly bow.

"Companions all!" cried Robin, as the outlaws looked critically at our hero's sinewy frame and honest, open face. "Master Guy Fitz-Hugh hath made the Friar's ribs to tingle not long back, and he can bring no better recommendations than that to your friendship and goodwill."

They gave a loud shout of welcome, for Friar Tuck was one of the most redoubtable champions at quarter-staff in the whole of merry England, and that the blushing lad had planted a hit upon him was enough for the outlaws, who straightaway hurried him to the fire and sat him down on Robin's right hand, while some of them began to slice the roasting buck, and others handed round white bread and cups of wine.

Guy could not believe his good fortune. Here was the renowned Robin himself placing a slice of tender venison upon his platter with his own hands.

There was Friar Tuck, nodding pleasantly to him across the edge of his wine-cup. The very dogs, so keen to resent the approach of a stranger, came and lay down beside him and licked his hand. But, above all, he was free—free from the tyranny of Sir Humphrey de Brionne; free from the stern rule of that comfortless Norman castle, with its chill chambers, into which the summer sun so seldom found its way.

#### The Capture of the Abbot of Merly!

WE miss Sweyne's harp, and the voice of pretty Isobel which charmed us all yesternight," said Robin. "Ho, there, Little John! Have you no new song to sing us?"

The man whom they called Little John turned on his elbow and looked at Robin with a smile; but before he could speak there was a loud crash, as two figures sprang through the brushwood into the clearing and sped up to the fire.

"'Tis Much and Right-hitting Brand!" said Robin, springing to his feet. "How now, boys! Wherefore this haste?"

"And wherefore not," said one of the two newcomers, whose chests heaved as those of men who had run far—"and wherefore not,

when Abbot Anselm, of Merly, cometh with a goodly train on his way to York? He lieth for the night at White Mills, and to-morrow taketh his way through the forest."

A yell of delight went echoing through the trees.

"Now, this is news indeed!" Robin cried. "The Abbot of Merly is an old enemy of ours, and brother to Humphrey de Brionne. Verily, friend Guy, thou art come in the nick of time, and you shall see to to-morrow's sun how we handle a fat abbot!"

On Guy's right hand sat a tall youth, with a profusion of thick brown curls clustering about his square forehead. He was a merry fellow, and had kept Guy's platter well-filled during the feast.

His name was Allan-a-Dale, and already they had struck up some degree of friendship.

"I take it, from your face, Master Guy," said the young outlaw, "that you bear the Abbot of Merly little goodwill?"

"Of a truth," said Guy, smiling, "I like him not. I was for two years under his rule, learning to chant in Latin, and to make pictures on vellum, with great illuminated letters in gold and fine colours, which is work good enough for a shaven monk, but not for a gentleman who is born to arms."

"They say that the rule at Merly is none too severe, though," said Allan-a-Dale, smiling.

"That is it not," replied Guy, "for they think far more of feasting than of prayers; and it is whispered even among the monks that the abbot was concerned far more with matters of State than a Churchman should

be. He was always kind enough to me, though; but I have since heard things which make me think that his kindness had a motive, and that he and his brother, the Baron of Brionne, did but plot to get the lands and money into their hands which should be mine when I arrive at man's estate."

"Well, you shall see rare fun to-morrow!" said Allan-a-Dale. "And now curl yourself up, with your feet to the fire, and sleep. I can see, from Robin's eye, that he hath it in his mind to play a merry jest upon the abbot to-morrow. Never fear that you will miss it, for the horns will wake us in good time, I promise you."

Guy tried to take his new friend's advice, and stretched himself out on the soft turf, as the rest of the band did; but it was some time before his eyes closed in slumber, and he lay looking from the cheery glow of the huge fire to the stars that peeped through the branches overhead, and from the stars to the fire again, until at last his eyes closed, and he sank into a dreamless sleep, his head pillowing on one of the shaggy deerhounds that had lain down beside him.

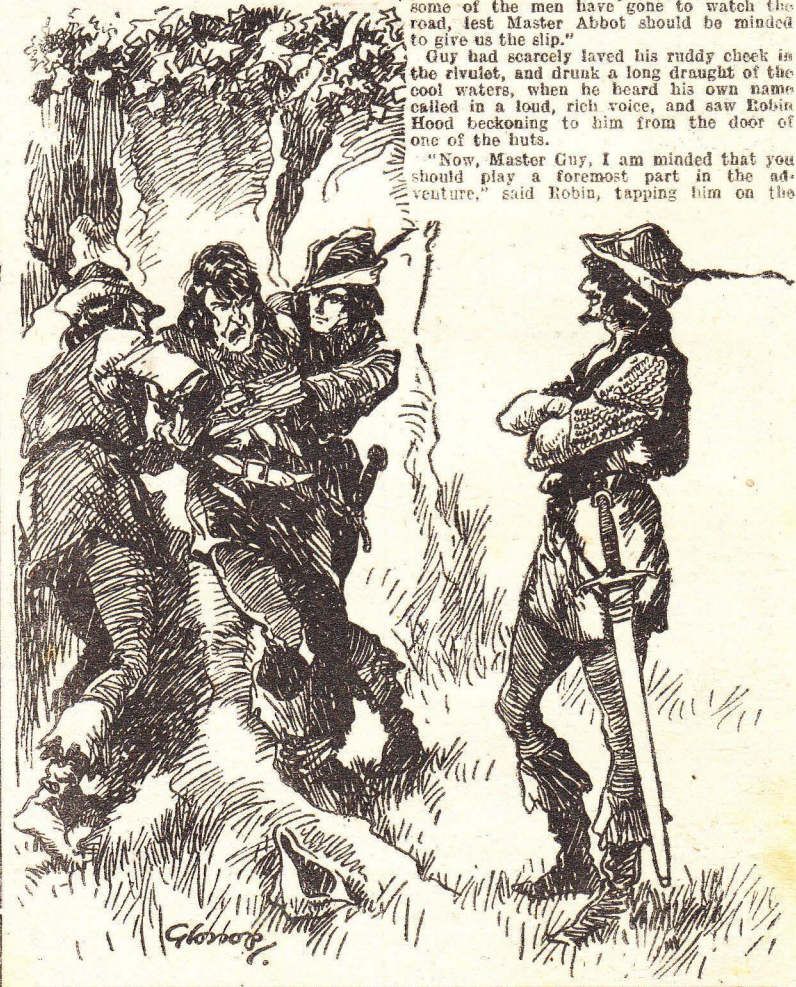
His eyes seemed hardly to have closed when Allan-a-Dale shook him by the shoulder, and he sat up to find the grey dawn struggling into the glade, and the foresters rousing themselves with mighty yawns on every side.

Never had he slept more soundly, and never had he wakened so refreshed.

"Come along, lad!" cried Allan-a-Dale. "A plunge of the head and hands in the stream yonder, and then we are ready for whatever is afoot. Robin has been up betimes, and some of the men have gone to watch the road, lest Master Abbot should be minded to give us the slip."

Guy had scarcely laved his ruddy cheek in the rivulet, and drunk a long draught of the cool waters, when he heard his own name called in a loud, rich voice, and saw Robin Hood beckoning to him from the door of one of the huts.

"Now, Master Guy, I am minded that you should play a foremost part in the adventure," said Robin, tapping him on the



"Since thou art so fond of the forest, thou shalt spend a night in it," said Robin Hood. "Twill take a sharper nose than thine to follow our scent, Master Barford!" Despite the gamekeeper's terrific struggles, the two outlaws bound him securely to a tree. (See page 5.)

shoulder. "Do as these merry men are doing—don that doublet of Lincoln green, and over it place a shepherd's smock. Myself and half a dozen of the lads will go disguised, and you shall go with us."

Guy was soon arrayed in his new garb, and when he and Little John, Will Scarlet, Much the Miller's son, and several others came out of the arbour of green boughs they found that fresh cakes had been baked, and each man taking a morsel and drinking a cup of mead, they strode across the glade and entered the forest, the band dividing into three.

Robin, who himself was disguised as a countryman, led the way silently for nearly half a league, and then stopped, with his hand raised.

"Now, Will Scarlet," said he, "go you forward into the dell among the fern. I warrant me you will find a fat deer crouching there, and when you have slain it sound a note upon your bugle."

Will Scarlet drew an arrow from his sheath, and stringing his bow, glided cautiously away through the oak-trees, the rest remaining where they were knee-deep in the dew-drenched undergrowth.

Scarlet had not been gone five minutes, when Little John said:

"Ah! There goes the twang of his bow-string—and there is his signal!"

A solitary note from the outlaw's horn came to their ears, and, setting out at a run, guided by a loud "Hallo!" from Will Scarlet, they soon came up with him, standing beside a fallow buck that lay in the bracken at his feet.

He stooped and drew forth the arrow with which he had pierced its head as it had made its first bound of alarm, and, wiping the barbed head on a handful of grass, he replaced the arrow in his quiver and unbent his bow.

"Ah, Will, your right hand has not lost its cunning!" said Robin merrily. "Now, lads, take up the deer, and we will to the roadside by which the abbot will surely pass when the sun is a little higher above the horizon. Marry, but he shall live to regret that he tarried so long abed!"

They cut a branch from a stout sapling, and tied the deer's feet together, and Allan-a-Dale and Much, shouldering it between them, the little party struck out in the wake of their leader, who soon brought them to the edge of the track.

"Now, up with him to yonder bough!" said Robin. "And while Will flays him let us make a fire here on this patch of smooth sward."

They busied themselves at once, some gathering armfuls of fallen twigs and dry brushwood, while Allan-a-Dale lay full length on the grass and tapped flint on steel until he had procured a light.

Then the red flame began to crackle, and leap higher and higher, and, having concealed their bows in the hollow of a neighbouring tree, they cut some collops from the deer and set them to broil.

"Now, pay no heed to any who may come," said Robin, "but leave me to do the talking; only look as much like ignorant churls as you can when the abbot approaches."

"Where are the rest of the band?" said Guy to Allan-a-Dale, who was holding a piece of venison on the end of a green withy.

Allan laughed.

"You will have to learn how to conceal yourself at the approach of the King's foresters," he said, pointing widely towards the forest. "Every man you saw is within earshot of Robin's horn. But, soft! I hear the sound of hoofs! And yonder, surely, is the glitter of armed men. Abbot Anselm comes well attended."

The spot Robin had chosen was where the track in those days did duty for a high road, and came winding across an open spot before it plunged into the denseness of the forest again on its way northward.

One side of the opening was in shadow, for the sun was barely above the tree-tops. On the other side, where the supposed shepherds sat in a circle round their fire, the sunlight warmed the grass, and flung long arms of yellow radiance among the oaks.

The birds were singing blithely, and there was the sweet morning scent of the woods in the air, mingling with the pungent smell

of the smoke of the fire that drifted away across the opening.

"Now be on your guard, lads," said Robin, in a low voice. "Remember, we are but dolts and churls for the present. And be sure to make obeisance to my lord abbot, whom I see yonder, mounted on a white mule."

Guy was all eyes for the approaching cavalcade, which now came in sight, headed by a dozen armed men, well mounted.

Behind them rode a stout man, with a grey hood drawn about his fat, red face; for in spite of the sunshine the morning was yet cool, and Guy's heart throbbed quickly as he recognised Abbot Anselm.

Beside him rode his almoner and the sub-prior, while half a dozen serving-men led a train of loaded mules in their rear, the tail of the cavalcade being brought up by ten more armed and mounted retainers, with steel caps, and lances in their hands.

"Keep your heads bent," whispered Robin, "and make pretence to eat as if you had not broken your fast for a long time."

The cavalcade had no sooner entered the open space than they spied the blue smoke of the fire, and round about it a handful of men in smocks and garments of hodge-grey.

One glance showed them that there were seven, and the abbot, who had laid his hand on the jingling bridle of his mule, made a sign to the men-at-arms to go forward without halting.

Very richly dressed was the Abbot of Merly, in a long riding-robe trimmed with fur and worked with gold thread.

His hands were covered with embroidered gloves, and his feet thrust into short cloth boots, with long toes. Except for a certain flabbiness of skin, and save that he had three chins instead of two, as a result of indolence and good living, Abbot Anselm might very easily have been mistaken for his brother, Sir Humphrey, or vice-versa, had the two exchanged garments.

He was a haughty, overbearing man, with a high nose, and black hair just beginning to grizzle a little.

"How now?" he said. "Yonder rogues seem to be making a mighty feast of it. And what is this I see—a fat buck, fresh killed, hanging there on the oak-tree? Now, by the mass, unless they can give good account of themselves they shall suffer for this!"

And he reined in his mule and came up to the party, who at sight of so eminent a personage, had risen respectfully to their feet, and stood with bared heads and faces bent down.

"What mean you by this, knaves? Do you dare to kill the King's venison to fill the vulgar emptiness of your common stomachs?"

"May it please you, reverend father," said Robin, "we are but poor shepherds, tired of mutton all the year round, and we thought it no harm to taste the food of our betters once in the year."

"Intolerable dog!" cried the Abbot of Merly, his eye flashing, and the blood of his high Norman lineage boiling furiously in his veins. "So ye thought it no harm, did ye? Then, marry, shall ye come along with me to receive your deserts! Out upon it! Is every foul churl in the land to do what he thinketh he will? Ho! Some of you, there, bind these rogues, and let them follow in the wake of the mules! I'll warrant me their appetites shall be sharp set ere they taste venison again in this world! And I have never heard whether," he continued, with a laugh to the sub-prior, "there are any deer in the next."

"And what, Father Abbot," said Robin, raising his head—"what if we say we have no wish to go with ye?"

Abbot Anselm bent forward in his comfortably-padded saddle and glared at the man in silent amazement, his red face flushing redder, and his open mouth refusing to utter a sound.

Then Robin threw back his head and gave a merry laugh, and, drawing from under his smock-frock a hunting-horn, placed it to his lips and blew a mighty blast.

It was answered from half a dozen places on the instant, and from every side of the clearing there came bounding men in Lincoln green while the seven churls sprang suddenly back from the fire, and, running to the hollow tree, before the men-at-arms could as much as lower their lances they also drew

their bows from their concealment, and in a few seconds fifty glistening arrow-heads menaced the cavalcade on every side. And the Abbot of Merly knew that he was in a trap.

Each forester as he arrived made a low bow to Robin Hood, and Little John, with a voice expressive of surprise and inquiry, said:

"What is the matter, master, that you blow so hastily?"

"The matter," said Robin, with an amused smile, "is this—that poor men must not eat by the roadside without fear that Abbot Anselm of Merly shall carry them away to be hanged!"

"Off with his head, master!" cried Little John, affecting great wrath. "We will bury him here by the wayside, as a warning to all proud rascals!"

The abbot's face had lost its colour, and his mouth twitched. He knew the man with whom he had to deal, for it was not the first time that he had seen Robin Hood.

"Come, Master Outlaw," he said, "you have carried your jest far enough. Bid your men stand aside and let us pass!"

"Nay, not so, Master Abbot!" said Robin, laughing. "You shall not go until you have broken your fast with us, and after that you shall pay the score. And, mark ye," he continued sternly, for he saw the sub-prior whisper to the abbot, "as sure as there is a blue sky above us, the first lance-point that is lowered shall be the signal for my men to shoot!"

The abbot bethought him of those sumpter mules laden with money and much plate of silver, which he carried with him for his own use. But there was no help for it, and, muttering savagely, he turned his mule's head towards the roadside, and beckoned Robin to approach.

"Now, ho, my merry men!" cried the outlaw. "We will conduct this gallant party to our camp-fire, for it shall never be said that Robin Hood took aught without giving something in return. If the abbot's purse be lighter when he leaves us, he himself shall be well lined with good fare."

### The Ransom and the Rescue!

THE men-at-arms looked sullen enough when, at Robin's orders, their weapons were taken away from them.

But there was no resisting those terrible cloth-yard shafts, which were the pride of England's bowmen and the terror of their enemies.

And then, surrounded by the laughing outlaws—who did not fail to make a rough jest at the expense of their captives—the cavalcade was escorted into the forest, and rode up hill and down dale in the direction of the outlaws' camp.

Escape was impossible. But Abbot Anselm was a wily man, and had not won his way to his present proud position without good reason. He turned in his saddle, glancing this way and that at the magnificent oak-trees through which they were passing, and then in a whisper to the sub-prior, who rode by his side, with a face expressive of the utmost dejection, he said in a low voice:

"Surely he who leads the foremost mule—the one, alas! so heavily laden with silver drinking-mugs and costly platters—is the man Tancred, who was once a novice in our house, until we found he had no vocation. If you can do so unobserved, bid him come to my side. I would have speech with him."

The sub-prior reined his mule back a little, and soon found an opportunity of conveying the abbot's message.

Tancred was a sturdy, low-browed young man of twenty-one, of whom, having failed to make a monk, he had given a post among the retainers of the abbey, and, taking advantage of the inequality of the ground, Tancred was soon beside his master, his ears very wide open, but apparently paying no heed to anything but the gnarled roots that twined and twisted about the path, threatening to trip up even the sure-footed mules.

"Thou hast not forgotten the Latin we were at such pains to teach thee, my son?" said the abbot, speaking in that language.

"I doubt not but that I shall understand your meaning, Reverend Father," replied Tancred, scarcely moving his lips.

"That is well," said the abbot. "If you can do so without risk, when we leave this wood and come among the thick undergrowth that I see in front of us, sink down, and lie still until everyone has passed you, and then away to the castle of my brother, Sir Humphrey, and bid him come with succour. You shall have my blessing and a piece of gold, my son, if you succeed.

And then, the abbot, looking straight in front of him, rode on without another word. Tancered fell back, and allowed himself to be overtaken by the man behind him.

"When you see me lift my left hand to my face," he said, "take the mule's bridle, and say nothing."

And the man nodded. When the cavalcade, with its escort of bold outlaws, descended into the dell it numbered twenty-six men, not including the abbot, the almoner, and the sub-prior. When it had plunged girth-deep into the green fern and the dense undergrowth that clothed its sides; it numbered only twenty-five, and Tancered, crouching among the roots of a thorn-bush, waited, with his knife in his hand, until the tramping of feet and the hum of voices had passed out of earshot; then, with the cunning of a serpent, he threaded his way back by the way they had come until he had reached the road, and sped away in the direction of the castle.

"Now, Father Abbot," cried Robin Hood, approaching his stirrup as the party drew rein in the glade where the fire still smouldered, "for the present you are my guest, and shall be treated with such rude courtesy as outlaws may bestow."

The abbot disdained his captor's assistance, and dismounted from his mule with more agility than one would have expected from a man of his bulk, and, taking him by the hand, Robin led him to a seat on the turf, and bade them serve dinner.

Then from some hidden larder were produced a goodly array of viands, for Maid Marian and her women had been busy against the return of the band.

There was venison broiled on the embers; there were capons done in gobbets, well peppered, a roast hen, basted with lard, and some trout cooked in wine-and-water, among the delicacies, which showed that the outlaws fared very well.

Several large jugs of excellent wine were brought from the cool of a neighbouring cave, and the men-at-arms had solace in ale and mead, of which there seemed to be no stint.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning—the hour at which folk dined in those days; but though, from force of habit and the promptings of an ever enormous appetite, the Abbot of Merly ate heartily and drank deep, his face was full of care and foreboding, for he knew that many hours must elapse before the messenger could reach the castle, and in the meantime he would have to pay a heavy reckoning for his banquet under the greenwood tree.

Once the sub-prior whispered in his ear, and his word deepened the shadow of the abbot's face.

"Mark ye, you knave with the auburn locks?" said the sub-prior. "He talketh now to a brown-haired man a little older in years. Unless my sight betrays me, 'tis no other than the King's ward, once a scholar in our house, and of late under Sir Humphrey's guardianship."

"The likeness is strong, but the thing is impossible," said the abbot. "And yet—"

"A second helping of the warden pie, Master Abbot?" cried Robin, breaking in upon his reverie. "No! But you will not refuse another cup of this red wine of Bordeaux? And then, Abbot of Merly, we will talk of the reckoning."

At these ominous words the abbot's face grew darker and darker. He had been hoping against hope that his messenger might have met some bold baron riding along the way, and brought him to their help. Such things had been, and why not again? But the anxious glance he cast across the glade showed him nothing but the tree-trunks standing sentinel all round, and already several of the outlaws were leading up sumpter-mules, who had been cropping the grass a little distance off.

Robin Hood smiled no longer, and he spoke harshly.

"Now, Master Abbot, I am going to teach thee a lesson," he said, "and ease you of

THE ALARM!



The warning from the forest was repeated, and a young forester, who had been left behind to watch, burst into the glade. "Beware, beware!" he cried. "Here comes Sir Humphrey de Brienne with half a hundred men at his back. You can see their headpieces through the trees even now!" (See this page.)

some of the ill-gotten gold that you have wrung from the poor."

Robin, although he did not appear to notice it, had marked how the sub-prior had whispered to his master and pointed to young FitzHugh, and Robin now called to Guy by name.

"Come, Guy, lay out the abbot's cloak on the sward here, while you others untie those packages and let us see what they contain."

The coverings were speedily torn off, and, spreading the furred mantle upon the grass, Guy helped to pour out the contents of the bales, the outlaws giving a cry of delight as they looked on. Gold and silver money poured out in a great shower, many a rich piece of plate, and carved rosaries of ebony and silver.

"'Twere easy to despoil you of it all, Abbot of Merly," Robin said, stirring the pile of coins with the end of his bow; "and 'tis right that you should smart for your sins. Tell out six hundred pounds in good money, Guy FitzHugh, and place the other back from whence it came."

The abbot crimsoned when he heard FitzHugh's name, and knew that the sub-prior had been correct in his surmise.

"Hi, now!" he cried, turning to Robin Hood. "Do ye, then, kidnap boys from their lawful guardians? Know ye not that that striping is the King's ward, and placed under the charge of Sir Humphrey de Brienne?"

"I know that the lad came to us of his own free will," said Robin, with a laugh. "He was tired of your brother's savage rule—tired of a great many things, abbot." And the outlaw looked him full in the eyes with a searching glance that made the abbot quail before him. "When Richard returns from the Crusades, your reckoning to-day will be light compared to that which Baron Humphrey will have to render. It is, indeed, common talk that both he and you have plotted with the usurper John, who now sits upon the throne of England. In short, Abbot of Merly, I have been in two minds this last half-hour whether I ought not to hang you to the

nearest tree as a traitor and a bad man." "Beware how you lay a finger upon me!" said the abbot, his face visibly paling.

"Nay, have no fear!" laughed the outlaw. "The spoils are good enough for me, and you shall keep your black heart in a whole skin a little longer. Hast told the money yet, boy?"

Guy looked up from his knees, and pointed to the coins, which he had piled up in rows. "There are fifty marks over," said Little John, glancing at his leader as though he felt it was a shame to let so much good money pass out of their hands.

"Give that back to the abbot," said Robin; "and, since we have no use for silver dishes and gawags of that sort, let his men pack them once more on the mules. And now, Abbot of Merly, thou art free to get thee gone!"

The abbot rose to his feet, and drew his gown about him.

"Think not, outlaw," he said, in a voice that trembled with passion—"think not that the matter shall end here!"

"Well spoken, my friend!" said Robin, leaning to his feet. "Strike up there, pipe and tabor—the abbot shall foot it in the dance before he goes!"

And, seizing his hand in an iron grip, Robin half led, half dragged, the infuriated ecclesiastic to a patch of greensward, where, amid the uproarious shouts of laughter from the outlaws, he compelled him to dance.

But while this merry-making was in full swing, the warning note of a bugle fell upon Robin's ears, and he stood still, lifting his hand, the smile dying from his face. The warning was repeated, and a young forester, who had been left behind to watch, burst into the glade.

"Beware—beware!" he cried. "Here comes Sir Humphrey de Brienne with half a hundred men at his back! You can see their headpieces through the trees even now!"

(Another exciting long instalment of our powerful serial will be found in next week's issue.)

THE SCHOOLBOY PROFESSIONAL!

Why has Bob Kenrick, the marvellous boy cricketer, refused to play for his form? That is the question which is puzzling Tom Merry & Co. There is something very mysterious about the new boy!

FORCED TO PLAY FOR ST. JIM'S!

# A TRAITOR TO HIS SIDE!

By Martin Clifford



Do you know Bob Kenrick? If not, meet him below. He's an amazing character, bright and breezy at times, but very mysterious in manner.

This story will Thrill you!

(By the author of the Topping Tales of the Chums of St. Jim's appearing in the "Gem.")

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Match with Greyfriars!

**T**OM MERRY, captain of junior cricket, tapped on the door of Study No. 9 in the Shell passage.

Tom Merry's brow was overcast, and his mood was not in tune with that sunny spring morning.

"Come in!" called a voice.

Tom Merry stepped into the study. Neither Talbot, Gore, nor Skimpole, its three regular occupants, was present.

But it was not in quest of any of these three that Tom Merry had come. He wanted a word with Bob Kenrick, the new boy—the fellow who had won for himself the proud distinction of being the best boy cricketer in Britain.

Kenrick was there. He was partially swallowed up in the armchair, and he was turning over the pages of "Wisden's."

The new boy looked up as Tom Merry came in. He could guess the nature of Tom's errand, and he flushed uncomfortably.

"I suppose you've looked in to see me about the cricket?" he said.

"Right on the wicket!" said Tom Merry. "We're playing Greyfriars this afternoon, as you know—the first match of the season. The other day, when I asked you about playing, you said you wouldn't."

"Well?"

"So I dropped in to see if you had changed your mind in the meantime."

Bob Kenrick shook his head.

"Sorry," he said, "but my decision is final."

The frown on Tom Merry's brow deepened.

"Look here, Kenrick," he said, "you're a wonderful cricketer—"

"So they say."

"And with truth," said Tom. "When you gave a display of batting in the quad the other day, it was like an exhibition of fireworks. You're far and away the best batsman I've ever seen."

"Thank you!"

"Then why won't you play?"

The new boy looked troubled.

"I can't explain—not in a way that you'd understand," he said. "The fact is, I can't play, and I'd rather you didn't press me for the why and the wherefore."

"But it's so jolly strange!" said Tom Merry. "You're a born cricketer. You'd be a real in a pickle for us this afternoon. The Friars have got some topping bowlers, but you'd knock spots off them. You belong to St. Jim's, and you're in the Shell, and yet you won't turn out for us. Frankly, I can't understand it. Come, be a sport, Kenrick, and play!"

Kenrick smiled faintly.

"You're the fourth fellow who has approached me this morning on the same

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subject," he said. "Talbot started it, but he soon gave it up when he saw I was firm. Then D'Arcy came in, and said he was a fellow of tact and judgment, and would easily be able to persuade me to play. But he couldn't. After that I was coaxed and entreated by Blake. And now you come along. I appreciate the compliment of having my services so eagerly sought after; but, once and for all, Merry, I can't play."

"Not ever?"

"No, not ever."

Tom Merry clenched his hands.

"If you're standing down from the team out of selfish motives, Kenrick, you're a cad!" he said hotly.

The new boy shrugged his shoulders. "My motives needn't trouble you," he said. "I can't play for St. Jim's, and there's an end of it."

"Oh, very well!" said Tom Merry. "I'm not going down on my bended knees to you. It strikes me very forcibly that you're a bit of a snob. You happen to be a first-class cricketer, and you imagine you're too good for our company. If Kildare asked you to turn out for the First Eleven, you'd accept like a shot!"

"You've no right to say that," said Kenrick, flushing. "You've already hinted that I am a cad, and now you say I am a snob. Names like that leave a nasty taste in the mouth. I'll trouble you not to repeat them."

"If the cap fits, wear it!" said Tom Merry. And he swung angrily out of the study.

Manners and Lowther were waiting in the passage.

"What luck, Tommy?" asked the former.

"It's no use," growled Tom Merry. "The fellow's as obstinate as a blessed mule. I pressed him to play, but he won't hear of it."

"What's he going to do this afternoon?" asked Monty Lowther. "Is he going fishing for tadpoles, or sitting in a meadow making daisy-chains, while we're playing cricket?"

"Ask me another!" said Tom Merry. "He hasn't discussed his plans with me. Seems to be a bit of a mystery about the fellow."

"Oh, well! Let him go his own way, and be hanged!" said Manners. "I expect we shall manage to lick Greyfriars without him."

The news that Bob Kenrick had definitely refused to play for his school caused quite a sensation.

The new boy, who had been received at St. Jim's with open arms, was now very unpopular. Most of the fellows he happened to pass that morning cut him dead. They had no use for a fellow who deliberately stood down from the cricket team at a time when his services were urgently wanted.

Greyfriars were bringing over a strong side, and the absence of Bob Kenrick from the St. Jim's team might make all the difference between victory and defeat.

Tom Merry & Co. changed into their

flannels directly after dinner. So did Kenrick.

A fleeting hope came into Tom Merry's mind that the new boy had decided to play for the school after all. But it vanished when Tom saw Kenrick going down to the gates, carrying his cricket-bag.

Tom Merry stared angrily after the new boy's retreating figure.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "I believe the fellow's going to play for some other team!"

"Rats! He'd never have the nerve," said Manners.

"But he wouldn't take his cricket-bag if he was just going for an ordinary stroll. And he wouldn't be wearing flannels, either. Great Scott! If I get proof that he's been playing for a team outside the school there will be ructions!"

Tom Merry spoke almost fiercely. The sight of Bob Kenrick, calmly strolling out of the school gates, maddened him. The fellow's services were needed at St. Jim's. Why, then, did he go off like this?

The Terrible Three were not the only fellows who saw Bob Kenrick depart. There were a dozen juniors strolling about the quad, and when they saw the new boy proceeding out of gates they yelled after him:

"Traitor!"

"Come back!"

The colour mounted to Bob Kenrick's cheek. But he took no heed of the clamorous cries.

Tightening his grip on the handle of his cricket-bag, the best boy cricketer in Britain disappeared along the dusty road.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Talbot's Gallant Effort.

"**H**ALLO, hallo, hallo!" That cheery greeting emanated from Bob Cherry, of Greyfriars.

The visiting eleven had arrived, cheerful and confident, and in the pink of condition.

Tom Merry shook hands cordially with Harry Wharton, the Greyfriars skipper.

"Here's to a good tussle!" he said.

Tom Merry & Co. escorted their rivals to the cricket pavilion.

It was a glorious afternoon, and the sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky.

When the Greyfriars fellows were ready, Tom Merry joined Harry Wharton on the pavilion steps, and spun a coin.

"Tails!" said Wharton.

Tails it was.

"You'll put us in first, of course?" said Tom Merry.

"Do you see any green in my eye?" chuckled Wharton. "It's a good wicket, and we'll make the most of it. Get your pads on, Smitty. You're coming in first with me."

Kildare and Rushden, the two umpires,

If the School House Lose the Match there will be a Terrible Reckoning for Kenrick!



stroled leisurely on to the greensward. The St. Jim's eleven followed them.

Fatty Wynn and Levison were detailed to bowl, and they indulged in some preliminary practice whilst waiting for the batsmen to come out.

When Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith, padded and gloved, and looking capable of mighty things, came down the pavilion steps, there was a cheer.

The first match of the season was about to start.

Fatty Wynn bowled the first ball. And he very nearly captured a wicket with it. Wharton went forward to meet it with a straight bat, but the ball broke in suddenly, eluded the bat, and just shaved the leg-stump.

"Phew! Narrow squeak, that!" said Harry Noble, who was keeping wicket.

The batsman nodded.

"That fat conjuror of yours wants watching," he said. "I'm not going to take any risks with him."

And Wharton didn't, with the result that Fatty Wynn had a maiden over.

Vernon-Smith scored the first run of the match. He nicked a single off Levison.

The latter was a cunning and sometimes a deadly bowler; but every now and again he sent down a loose one, and the batsmen did not hesitate to bang the ball to the boundary when this happened.

Figures began to appear on the telegraph-board. First ten went up, then after a long interval, twenty. A still longer interval, and thirty appeared. And the Greyfriars opening pair were still together, and apparently well set.

But at last the first wicket fell.

A wonderful left-hand catch, low in the slips, by Talbot, disposed of Harry Wharton. And Tom Merry began to brighten up, and to hope that Greyfriars might be got rid of fairly cheaply, after all.

Alas for Tom Merry's hopes!

Bob Cherry was the next man in, and he laid about him with vigour. Bob was not such a stylish cricketer as Wharton, but he had a very good idea where the boundary was situated. His batting might have been of the rustic order, but it was good to watch.

With the score at 50 for one wicket, Tom Merry changed the bowlers. He told Figgins and Blake to see what they could do. But Figgins and Blake were impotent. They had not yet got into form, and the batsmen made merry.

It was to be a single innings match. And the St. Jim's juniors, fielding in the brilliant sunshine, wondered if they would ever get an innings that day.

After a long rest Fatty Wynn returned to the attack. And at last the wickets began to fall fairly frequently. But Greyfriars had run up a score of 175 before their last man was disposed of. Bob Cherry had contributed 72 not out.

"We're up against something this time, and no error!" said Dick Redfern. "It's up to you to make a century, Merry."

"I shall feel more like doing that when I've had some tea," said Tom.

Tea was served on tables set out under the green trees. The Greyfriars fellows ate heartily, as if they were already celebrating a victory. But the only hearty eater in the St. Jim's eleven was Fatty Wynn. It took a good deal to upset Fatty's appetite.

After tea, St. Jim's started on their formidable task. They started badly, too.

Tom Merry's wicket was taken before a run had been scored. A brilliant running catch at cover-point sent Tom back to the pavilion. And while the captain of the Shell retraced his steps, Monty Lowther whistled "The Death of Nelson."

Figgins went in to join Talbot, and together they put a better complexion on things.

The Greyfriars bowling was moderate, but the fielding was dazzling. Many a match has been won by good fielding—a fact which every man in the Greyfriars team seemed to realise.

With the score at 40, Figgins attempted to steal a run. Sharp sprinter though Figgys was, the wicket was put down before he could get to the crease. It was a wonderfully smart throw-in, for which Tom Brown was responsible.

Jack Blake came in next, hit up a lively twenty, and was clean bowled. Harry Noble followed, and played careful cricket. He had made fifteen, and seemed to be well set,

when Bob Cherry, leaping high in the air, brought off a brilliant one-handed catch.

All this time Talbot had been collecting runs. He had well over fifty to his credit.

This was not the first time Talbot had come to the rescue of his side when it was in a bad way. He was determined to pull the game out of the fire, if possible. And when Dick Redfern joined him at the wicket there was some lively hitting.

The hundred went up amid thunders of applause.

"There's just the chance that we shall pull it off yet," said Tom Merry, looking on from the pavilion. "If only old Talbot can get somebody to stay with him for any length of time—"

"Bob Kenrick's the man we want," said Manners.

Tom Merry frowned.

"Only too true," he said. "If Kenrick and Talbot were together, I'm positive they'd pull it off. Redfern's not playing badly, but he's taking too many risks. Look at that!"

Even as Tom Merry spoke, Dick Redfern ran nearly half the length of the pitch to meet a slow, innocent-looking lob. Reddy had hopes of sending the ball on to the roof of the pavilion, but, to his horror, he missed it altogether.

The ball was wide of the wicket. But before Redfern could get back to his crease he was smartly stumped.

"A hundred for five," said Manners, glancing at the telegraph-board.

"Your turn now," said Tom Merry. "Go and knock spots off the bowling."

But Manners, after making a few singles, put his leg in front of a straight one, and was given i.b.w.

Batsmen came, and batsmen went; but still Talbot went on hitting. He had thoroughly mastered the Greyfriars bowling, and when he scored three successive boundaries there was a positive howl of delight.

"Good old Talbot!"

"Keep it up!"

But Talbot, alone and unaided, could not work miracles. His partners failed lamentably. Monty Lowther, D'Arcy, Fatty Wynn,

and Kerr were treated as "rabbits" by the Greyfriars bowlers.

The end came with Talbot still undefeated, and the St. Jim's total at 135. Talbot had made 88 not out; but, notwithstanding this mighty feat, St. Jim's had been beaten by 40 runs.

Tom Merry took the defeat in a sportsmanlike spirit. But there was one thought that he could not drive out of his mind.

How different it might have been had Bob Kenrick played!

It was safe to say that if the marvellous new boy had given his services, St. Jim's would have won. Kenrick would have helped himself to boundaries galore off the Greyfriars bowling.

Harry Wharton & Co. were delighted at their success. It was a big feather in their cap to have won the first match of the season. They went back rejoicing to Greyfriars.

But there was no rejoicing in the St. Jim's camp.

Tom Merry, like Rachel of old, mourned, and would not be comforted. It had been a disastrous afternoon for the captain of the Shell. He had made an inglorious "duck's egg," and he had looked on at the defeat of his team—a defeat which would not have come about had Bob Kenrick been loyal to his school.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

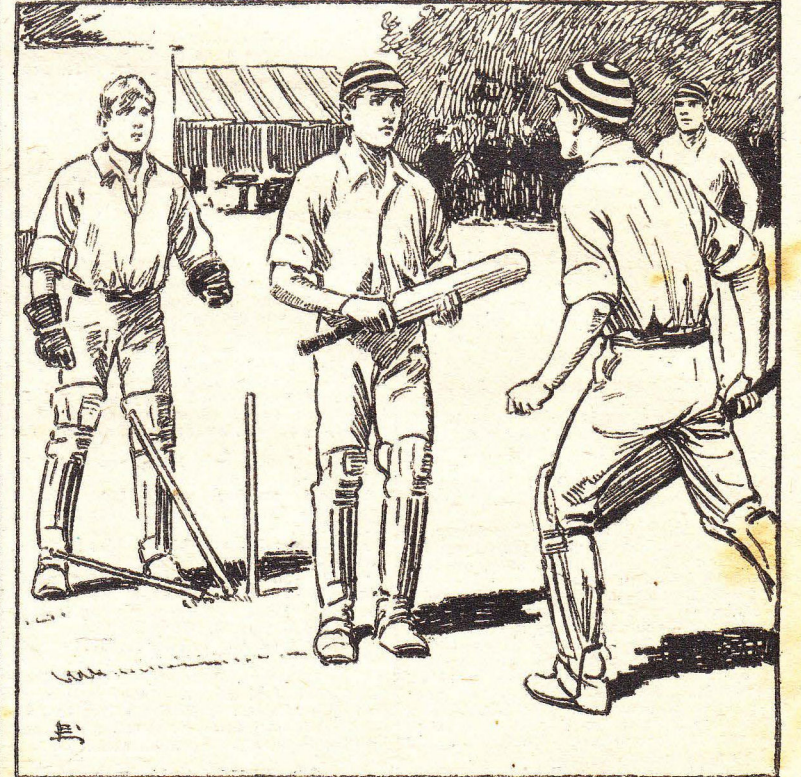
Forced to Play!

TOM MERRY & CO., seated at their study window, waited and watched for the new boy.

Dusk began to fall over the silent quadrangle. But Kenrick had not come in. "The mad duffer will be late for locking-up, if he's not careful!" growled Manners. "He won't escape a jolly good telling-off, whatever time he turns up," said Tom Merry grimly.

"I say, you fellows—"

The Terrible Three turned their heads. Baggy Trimble hailed them from the



ACCIDENT OR DESIGN? There was a crash, and Kenrick's stumps were spread-eagled. "Out!" Tom Merry went striding up towards Kenrick. "You didn't try to play that ball, you cad!" he said fiercely. "You deliberately allowed yourself to be bowled first ball, in revenge for being forced to play!" Kenrick was white to the lips. (See Chapter 3.)

doorway. Baggy had an evening paper in his hand, and his eyes were gleaming with excitement.

"Buzz off, barrel!" said Monty Lowther.

"But I've brought you the evening paper—"

"Take it away and bury it!" growled Manners.

"Oh, very well!" said Trimble loftily. "If you don't want to read about Kenrick—"

"Eh? Kenrick's name in the papers again?" said Tom Merry. "What's it all about this time? Haven't they finished making a tin god of him?"

Baggy Trimble handed Tom Merry the paper. It was open at the sports page.

The Terrible Three scanned the paper together. And the following paragraph greeted their gaze:

**"BRITAIN'S BEST BOY CRICKETER.  
BRILLIANT DISPLAY FOR WAYLAND  
WANDERERS.**

"Wayland Wanderers, one of the newly-formed professional clubs, won their opening match of the season to-day, against Burchester. Their success was largely due to a brilliant display of batting by R. Kenrick, the marvellous boy cricketer, who has been so much in the public eye of late. Going in to bat at a critical time, Kenrick gave a masterly exhibition of hitting, and his 70 not out enabled Wayland to snatch a narrow victory. The scores are appended."

"Great pip!" gasped Manners, when he had finished reading. "The fellow's been playing cricket this afternoon!"

"And for a professional team!" said Tom Merry, aghast. "He—he's been playing cricket for money!"

In the eyes of the St. Jim's juniors that was a heinous offence. They had nothing but praise for the professionals who played in county cricket. That was their living. They earned their money with bat and ball, just as a clerk earned his salary on an office stool. They played for money because they were compelled to. Only the wealthy could afford to play as amateurs in county cricket.

But when it came to a public school boy playing cricket for money, it was a very different thing.

Bob Kenrick's duty was to his school. He had no right to go off and play for a professional team.

Tom Merry's lip curled contemptuously.

"The fellow's a rank outsider!" he exclaimed. "I can see now why he didn't play for us. There was no money in it. If I'd offered him half-a-quad to turn out for St. Jim's he would have done it. But as there was nothing to be got out of it, he didn't see the fun of assisting his own school."

"The cad!" said Manners hotly.

"He deserves to be boiled in oil!" said Monty Lowther.

Tom Merry turned to Baggy Trimble.

"Finished with this paper, Baggy?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll stick this page on the notice-board, for all the school to see. And Kenrick will get a hot reception when he turns up."

St. Jim's was shocked when they saw the news.

Bob Kenrick's conduct came in for severe and scathing criticism.

Only one fellow was disposed to make any allowances for Bob Kenrick's behaviour.

That fellow was Talbot, the new boy's study-mate.

"It's hardly fair to sit in judgment on Kenrick until we know all the facts," he said quietly.

"But we know them!" said Tom Merry.

"We know that Kenrick played cricket for money. But, for all we know, he may have been forced to do it."

"Rats! He's a mean, money-grabbing cad!" said Manners. "I can give you some good examples of his meanness. In the first place, he walked all the way from Winchester to St. Jim's simply to save his railway fare. Secondly, he broke one of Taggles' windows, and wouldn't offer to pay for a new pane of glass. And now we find him playing cricket for a professional team so that he can rake in the dollars. What have you got to say to that, Talbot?"

Talbot's face wore a troubled look. It was not easy to find excuses for Bob Kenrick. Certainly his recent conduct showed him up as a traitor and a money-grabber. And yet Talbot felt drawn to the fellow. Kenrick had many pleasant ways and a certain charm

of manner. Yet it was difficult to clear him of the present charge.

"Better wait till Kenrick comes in, and give him a chance to explain," said Talbot.

The words were scarcely out of Talbot's mouth, when Bob Kenrick came into the hall. He glanced curiously at the group of fellows assembled in front of the notice-board.

The new boy's face was flushed—the result of an afternoon in the open air. He looked very handsome in his well-fitting flannels. His blazer was rather shabby, but it suited him well.

Bob Kenrick halted. Suddenly there was a shout from the assembled throng.

"Here he is!"

"Here's the traitor!"

The colour ebbed from the new boy's cheeks. This was not the first time he had been called a traitor that day, and the name stung.

Tom Merry stepped forward, his glance fixed accusingly on Bob Kenrick.

"We've heard all about your gallant exploits this afternoon, Kenrick," said the captain of the Shell scornfully. "Seventy not out was a ripping score. Pity you didn't make it for your school, instead of a professional team!"

Kenrick stood silent.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Nothing."

"You don't deny that you've been playing cricket for money, I suppose?"

"No. Why should I?"

There was a roar.

"Bump the cad!"

"He's being brazen about it!"

Tom Merry continued to glare at the new boy.

"You belong to St. Jim's, Kenrick," he said, "and it's for St. Jim's that you ought to play."

Kenrick stood his ground fearlessly.

"There's no law against a fellow playing for an outside team that I'm aware of," he said.

"No written law, it's true. But there's an unwritten law. It's a question of being loyal to one's school. What do you suppose would happen if Kildare of the Sixth went off and played for a professional team?"

"He'd become pretty unpopular, I should say. And that's what I am, it seems. But unpopularity doesn't worry me. It won't cause me any sleepless nights."

Kenrick's attitude nettled the crowd. The new boy would have received a very rough handling if Tom Merry had not kept his schoolfellows back.

"Have you signed on for Wayland Wanderers for the season?" demanded Tom.

"Yes."

"Well, you're not going to play for them any more."

"Who says so?"

"I do," said Tom Merry emphatically.

"Your duty is towards your school, and the sooner you wake up to that fact, the better."

Kenrick's jaw was firmly set.

"I shall go on playing for Wayland, unless ordered to do otherwise by the Head," he said. "I take my orders from the Head—not from a fellow in my own Form."

Tom Merry clenched his hands, and he looked as if he was about to hurl himself at the new boy. But he restrained himself with an effort.

"I'll deal with you later, you cad!" he said.

Without another word, Bob Kenrick passed on through the hall, carrying his cricket-bag.

A loud hiss followed him—a hiss in which everybody joined save Talbot.

"Well, you certainly spoke your mind, Tommy," said Manners, when the new boy had gone. "But how are you going to stop the rotter playing for Wayland?"

"I shall force him to play for us!"

"My hat!"

"The House match comes off on Wednesday," said Tom Merry. "We shall want Kenrick's services. I shall ask him to turn out, and if he refuses, we'll collar him, and hustle him on to the ground, and force him to play."

"A somewhat Hunnish method, Tommy lad," said Monty Lowther. "Still, it's the only way. No use appealing to Kenrick's better nature. He doesn't seem to possess one. If he won't play on Wednesday of his own accord, he must be made to."

During the next few days, Bob Kenrick

kept very much to himself. He was cold-shouldered by everybody except Talbot.

Talbot was decent to him. Talbot, wiser than most fellows of his years, saw beneath the surface of things. Somehow he could not believe that Bob Kenrick was a willing traitor to his school. There was something behind it all; but it was not Talbot's way to start "pumping" a fellow, and he kept his thoughts to himself.

Wednesday came at length—the day of the House match.

Tom Merry pinned the list of School House players on the notice-board. Kenrick's name appeared on the list. The new boy saw it there, and wrote against it, "Services not available."

This annoyed Tom Merry intensely. He was quite resolved now to enforce Bob Kenrick to play in the House match.

After dinner the new boy donned his flannels and proceeded out of the gates with his cricket-bag, as before. But he didn't get very far. A horde of School House fellows pursued him, and called him back.

Kenrick halted in the roadway.

"Come along, you cad!" panted Tom Merry. "We're going to make you play for your House!"

"But I can't possible manage it!" said Kenrick. "I'm engaged to play at Wayland."

"Better wire them that you're wanted here!" said Tom Merry curtly.

"Look here—"

"Are you coming quietly, or do you want to be hustled along by the scruff of your neck?"

Bob Kenrick saw the futility of offering resistance. The odds against him were at least twenty to one. He would have been overpowered in a twinkling. So he yielded.

"I'll go quietly," he said. "But—but you've made things jolly awkward for me, Merry."

He turned without another word, and followed his schoolfellows to the cricket-ground.

Tom Merry picked up a couple of bats, and offered one to Kenrick.

"Here, take this bat," he said. "We're keeping the New House fellows waiting."

"Half a minute!" said Kenrick. "This bat's no use to me. I want my own. It only means opening my bag—it won't take two ticks—"

Tom Merry was in no mood to be temporised with. He fairly thrust the bat into his companion's hand, and hustled him on to the playing-pitch.

"You'll take first knock," he said.

Kenrick went to the wicket, and took his guard. Fatty Wynn, embracing the ball with a chubby hand, prepared to bowl.

The spectators looked on eagerly. They had seen the sort of cricket that Kenrick could serve up, and they expected to find a few files missing from the pavilion roof by the time Kenrick's innings was over.

"Play!" said the umpire.

Fatty Wynn took his run. His arm swept round, and the ball whizzed along the green turf.

"Now mind your heads!" muttered Monty Lowther.

There was a crash, and Kenrick's stumps were spreddeagled.

"Out!"

"Oh, my giddy aunt!"

Tom Merry went striding up the pitch towards Kenrick.

"You didn't try to play that ball, you cad!" he said fiercely.

"I did—"

"I say you didn't! You deliberately allowed yourself to be bowled first ball, in revenge for being forced to play!"

Kenrick was white to the lips.

"I've had enough of your rotten accusations!" he said, no less angry than Tom Merry. "I'll meet you in the gym after the match—or anywhere you like."

"Very well!" said Tom Merry grimly.

Bob Kenrick walked back to the pavilion, amid a chorus of booing and hissing. He found himself at war with his schoolfellows—scorned and derided on every side. If the School House lost this match, there would be a terrible reckoning, which Bob Kenrick knew in his heart he would not deserve.

The outlook was black in the extreme for the boy who was believed to be a traitor to his side!

THE END.

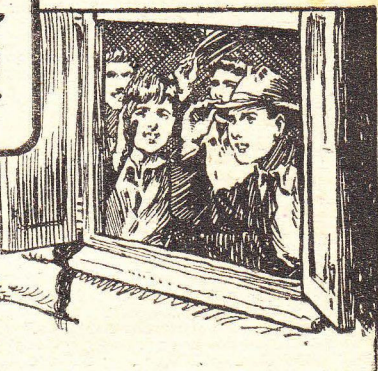
(Full particulars of next week's great tale will be found on page 2.)

**THE REBELS STILL HOLD OUT!**

The amazing situation at Cedar Creek School is growing very serious for all parties concerned. Mr. Gunten is still held at bay—but how long can the schoolboys keep back the invaders?

**TOPPING BACKWOODS TALE!**

# No Surrender!



A Topping story of the Rebellion at Cedar Creek School, introducing Frank Richards & Co.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Still Holding Out!**

**"MISS MEADOWS!"**  
"By gum!"  
There was a buzz of excited voices in the lumber schoolhouse at Cedar Creek.

Miss Meadows, the Canadian schoolmistress, had dismounted from her pony at the gates, and, with the rein over her arm, she walked towards the schoolhouse.

Frank Richards & Co. crowded at the windows.

Miss Meadows' face was very grave.

It was evident that she knew of the peculiar state of affairs ruling at Cedar Creek.

Frank Richards glanced rather dubiously at his chums, Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc.

The lumber school was "on strike" as a protest against the dismissal of Miss Meadows, but it was very doubtful whether the Canadian girl would approve of her cause being championed in that way.

In fact, it was pretty certain that she would not.

Certainly her expression, as she came towards the schoolhouse, could not be construed as approved or satisfied.

"I say, this is too bad!" said Bob Lawless, with a comical expression of dismay. "We're standing up for Miss Meadows, and she looks as if she's come to rag us!"

"I guess it's going to be a jaw!" remarked Chunky Todgers.

"And we can't answer Miss Meadows as we did Mr. Gunten," said Vere Beauclerc, with a smile.

"No fear!"

Miss Meadows caught sight of Frank Richards & Co. at the window nearest the barricaded door of the schoolhouse, and she stopped under the window.

The schoolboys saluted her politely.

"Good-morning, Miss Meadows!"

"So glad to see you again, ma'am!"

"Very kind of you to give us a look-in, Miss Meadows."

Apparently the schoolboys of Cedar Creek were trying the efficacy of the "soft answer" in turning away wrath.

But the schoolmistress' face did not relax.

She eyed the rebels of Cedar Creek very sternly.

"Richards!"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"What does all this mean?"

"Ahem!"

"I have been informed by Mr. Gunten of the state of affairs here," said Miss Meadows.

"It is shocking, Richards!"

"Ahem!"

"It appears that the whole school is in revolt!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "Mr. Gunten, the chairman of the board of trustees, has been driven away—"

"Mr. Peckover, the new headmaster, appointed by the board, has been turned out, and refused admittance to the school!"

"Ahem!"

"And all this has been done in my name, Mr. Gunten tells me!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Ahem!"

"Richards, Lawless, I hope this will cease at once!" said the Canadian schoolmistress.

"The—the fact is, ma'am—" began Frank Richards—"the fact is, we're on strike at Cedar Creek."

"Absurd!"

"It's on your account, ma'am."

"That is very wrong of you."

"Oh!"

"The fact is, we mean business!" said Bob Lawless resolutely. "Old Man Gunten had no right to dismiss our schoolmistress to put in a friend of his own, especially a pesky coyote like that galoot Peckover."

Miss Meadows coloured a little.

Her sudden and unjust dismissal from her post at Cedar Creek had been a bitter blow to the schoolmistress.

"My dismissal, Lawless, is my affair, not yours," she said.

"Ours, too, ma'am!" said Bob. "We don't want to lose you, you know. And it wasn't fair play. And we stand up for fair play at Cedar Creek."

"Hear, hear!"

"We won't have the new man, Peckover, at any price!" said Bob quietly. "We won't let Old Man Gunten run the school on his own. We're keeping up the strike till our schoolmistress comes back. If you've come now to take your place here as headmistress, Miss Meadows, you've only to say the word, and the strike's over this minute!"

"I—I have not! It is not that," said Miss Meadows hastily.

"But Mr. Gunten called on me and asked me to use my influence to restore order here."

"Cheeky old rascal!" exclaimed Frank Richards indignantly.

"Richards!"

"Well, so he is, ma'am! He has no right to ask you to interfere, after dismissing you. It's like his nerve!"

"I should jolly well think so!" exclaimed Beauclerc warmly. "Let his new headmaster restore order, if he can!"

"I guess he can't work the oracle," grinned Eben Hacke.

"No takee any!" remarked Yen Chin.

"My dear boys," said Miss Meadows, "I—I am very grateful to you for the interest you appear to take in my affairs. But I cannot allow this. You must not act lawlessly in my name."

"But we're not, ma'am," said Frank Richards. "We're acting in our own name. We won't allow our schoolmistress to be sent away. That's the point."

"This state of affairs is very distressing to me."

"Not so distressing as it is to Old Man

Gunten, ma'am," said Bob. "He'll come round in the long run, and do the right thing, I guess."

"But if he does not do what you call the right thing, Lawless—"

"Then we keep on strike!"

"Yes, rather!"

"This cannot continue," said Miss Meadows. "I entreat you, my boys, to cease these proceedings at once and admit Mr. Peckover to authority here."

"Do you tell us as our schoolmistress, ma'am?" asked Frank.

"I cannot do that, as I am no longer your schoolmistress, Richards."

"Then we're not bound to obey you, ma'am; and it can't be done. But there's an easy way of settling the matter. Tell Mr. Gunten that if you come back as headmistress of Cedar Creek order will be restored at once, and there won't be any more trouble."

Miss Meadows smiled slightly.

"I cannot give Mr. Gunten that message, Richards."

"Very well, ma'am; the strike goes on."

"But, my dear boys," said the distressed schoolmistress, "you are laying up for yourselves severe punishment!"

"I guess not!" said Bob confidently.

"We've been here some days now, and we've got the best of it so far. Old Man Gunten put the sheriff on to us, but the sheriff didn't cut any ice with us, ma'am. Then the old fox—"

"Lawless!"

"I mean, the old galoot brought the Red Dog gang along from Thompson, and they tried it on," said Bob. "Fancy that for a school trustee! They tried to smoke us out like badgers; but the cowboys came along from the ranch, and the Red Dog gang were glad to light out. I guess they won't come back again, either. Now, Old Man Gunten is at the end of his tether, and he's asked you to chip in. Like his cheek!"

"I guess it shows he's weakening," remarked Chunky Todgers. "He's afraid of the authorities hearing what's on here, and inquiring into the matter. He wouldn't stay on the board of trustees long if they knew about his setting the Red Dog crowd on us!"

"I guess not!" said Bob.

"But—but—" said Miss Meadows. "Your parents—"

"There's the rub!" said Bob. "We started here twenty strong, but some of the chaps' fathers have humped along and called off some of us. But there's still a dozen here, and we'll hold Cedar Creek against all comers!"

"Your father, Lawless—"

"My poppa won't interfere, Miss Meadows. Old Man Gunten started the trouble, and he's leaving it to Old Man Gunten to end it."

Miss Meadows sighed.

"Then you will not cease this?" she asked. "Can't be done, ma'am, till Old Man Gunten sees reason."

"Then I have wasted my time coming here," said Miss Meadows.

"Sorry, ma'am," said Frank Richards respectfully. "But we feel that we're in the right, and we're bound to hold out."

Miss Meadows said no more. With a clouded face she turned away and mounted her pony, and rode out of the gates of Cedar Creek.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Chunky is Too Hungry!

**F**RANK RICHARDS wrinkled his brows a little as he looked after the graceful form of the Canadian school-mistress, disappearing on the Thompson trail.

"All serene, Franky," said Bob Lawless. "It was a thundering cheek of old Gunten to ask Miss Meadows to chip in after sacking her for nothing. I wonder she consented."

"That old galoot's mean enough for anything," said Chunky Todgers. "We're not giving in!"

"It shows he's at the end of his tether," said Beauclerc. "He simply must come round in the long run. He can't touch us here."

"And the authorities will be down on him sooner or later," said Hacke. "This can't go on much longer without a lot of talk."

Frank Richards nodded. "We're holding out!" he said. "Yes, rather!"

"Dinner-time!" remarked Chunky Todgers, and he led the way to the dining-room.

The rebels of Cedar Creek were cheery enough as they assembled for dinner.

They had had an exciting time, but so far they had succeeded in holding the fort, and they did not doubt their ability to continue to do so.

The schoolboy garrison had had a narrow escape when Old Man Gunten called in the Red Dog crowd to deal with them, but they had survived it.

And the fact that the Swiss storekeeper had been driven to ask Miss Meadows' assistance showed that he was getting desperate.

For three or four days now the revolt had continued.

The garrison had been reduced in number, for the reason that some of the boys' parents had taken a serious view of the matter, and had ridden over to the school to call their sons out of the barricaded schoolhouse.

But Frank Richards & Co. were still there, and they had had enough supporters to enable them to bid defiance to Gunten.

There was a strong feeling in the section on the subject of Miss Meadows' dismissal, and some of the boys' fathers took the same view as Rancher Lawless, that Old Man Gunten had started the trouble, and could end it without any assistance from them.

For two or three days now the rebels had been left alone, Mr. Gunten perhaps hoping that they would get tired of the adventure, and disperse of their own accord.

But they were not getting tired of it, by any means.

Chunky Todgers, indeed, averred that striking was ever so much better than lessons: and, really, there was something to be said from that point of view.

There was one cloud on the horizon, however.

As many of the Cedar Creek scholars took their midday meal at the school, there was a good supply of provisions on hand, which had been very fortunate for the schoolboy rebels; but feeding the garrison all day long had made a very serious inroad upon the supply.

And Chunky Todgers, whose appetite was of gargantuan proportions, had made some terrific raids upon the supplies, till a severe application of Bob's trail-ropes had warned him off.

The schoolboys turned out after dinner to take exercise in the playground.

Doors and windows of the schoolhouse were still securely barricaded, but one window was left open for egress and ingress.

A sentry was posted at the gate to give warning, in case of the approach of the enemy, in which case the rebels were to retreat into their stronghold at once.

THE POPULAR.—No. 224.

Chunky Todgers did not leave by the window, however.

He waited till the rest of the garrison were out of doors, and then he scudded into the kitchen where the provisions were kept.

Chunky did not mean to "play it low-down" on his comrades, by any means; he really did not stop to think.

All he thought of was that he was still hungry, and that there were some eatables within his reach.

That was enough for Chunky, and, throwing all other considerations to the winds, he proceeded to "scoff" the supplies in the larder.

Fortunately, Bob Lawless had his suspicions.

Chunky was devouring stale bread, the last of the butter, and making huge inroads upon the final cheese, when Bob Lawless came back with a trail-ropes in his hand.

He did not stop to speak. The coiled rope descended upon Chunky's fat person with a terrific swish, and Chunky jumped with a wild yell.

"Yah! Grooogh! Grooooch!"

In the sudden shock the cheese had gone the wrong way, Chunky's mouth being a little too full.

Swish, swish!

"You greedy gopher!" roared Bob Lawless, as he laid on the trail-ropes. "Take that—and that!"

"Gerrooogh!" spluttered Chunky. "Yoooch! Stoppit! I'm chok-chok-choking! Yaaaaa-munch!"

Swish, swish!

"Groogh-hooh-yooogh!"

Spluttering wildly, Chunky Todgers bolted for his life, with Bob behind, still making rapid play with the rope.

Chunky went head-first out of the open window, and landed on his fat hands and knees, roaring.

"Hallo! What's the row?" called out Frank Richards.

"Scoffing the grub!" shouted Bob. "Collar him! I want to give him some more!"

He clambered out of the window, but Chunky was up before he could be collared and streaking across the playground.

"After him!"

"Rope him!" yelled Eben Hacke.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Chunky ran like a hare, in spite of the weight he had to carry, with all the garrison of the lumber school whooping in pursuit.

The unfortunate glutton dodged round the outbuildings and the wood-pile, and then round the schoolhouse, with the chase close at his heels.

At last he clambered on the roof of Mr. Stumney's cabin, where he was allowed to rest, palpitating.

Bob Lawless shook a wrathful fist up at him.

"I—I say, Bob—" spluttered Chunky.

"You come down again, and I'll make an example of you!" roared Bob.

"I—I say—"

"Rats!"

And Chunky remained there, and it was not till dusk that he ventured back into the schoolhouse, when the garrison were all indoors again.

And that evening Chunky Todgers had no supper, as a warning to him, and his sufferings, as he watched the other fellows at supper, were so acute that he almost resolved to "light out" for home, at the risk of having to work on the farm while the school remained shut.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER. Caught!

**"S**OMETHING'S got to be done!" remarked Bob Lawless.

It was after supper, and most of the fellows were playing leap-frog by lamplight in the big school-room.

Chunky Todgers sat on a form, with a lugubrious look that might have melted a heart of stone.

Chunky was not feeling inclined to join in the game.

He had eaten only enough for two or three that day, and, consequently, he was feeling famished.

Missing supper was the last straw.

But his comrades were inexorable, and Chunky Todgers was in the depths of woe.

Frank Richards & Co. were discussing the situation, which was their business as leaders; and Frank and Beauclerc agreed with Bob that "something had to be done."

"I guess Old Man Gunten knows the grub must give out, and very likely he's counting on that," went on Bob. "The fact is, we can't live without grub. I've got a good appetite myself."

"Same here!" said Frank, laughing.

"If Chunky gets at the grub again we'll boot him out!" said Bob decidedly. "But that won't undo what he's done already, the fat jay. But apart from Chunky spreading himself, it wouldn't have lasted much longer."

"Well, what's the programme?" asked Frank.

"When a fortress is running out of provisions it has to be provisioned," said Bob oracularly. "We've got some dust, anyway. The question is, how to spend it on grub and get the grub here."

Frank whistled.

"What's the answer to that question, old chap?" he asked.

"It's got to be did!" said Bob. "Look here, we're free to come and go, as you like. Suppose two of us clear off now it's dark, and try it on?"

"We couldn't go to Thompson," said Beauclerc. "Old Man Gunten would very likely spot us, and we might be collared. He lives there."

Bob Lawless nodded.

"Thompson isn't the only town in the valley," he answered. "Of course, we shall have to hoof it, as our horses are not here now. We had to send them home to the ranch to be fed. But we can hoof it. A few miles won't hurt us. We can get down to Cedar Camp, buy the grub, and carry it back before dawn."

"I don't see why not," said Frank Richards thoughtfully. "It's risky, but—well, something's got to be done, or we shall be starved out in the long run."

"That's the point."

"We three had better go."

"Nope!" said Bob. "One of us will have to stay here in command. The Cherub will come with me, Franky, and you can stay here."

"All serene!" said Frank. "I—I suppose it's not likely that Old Man Gunten will be up to such a move?"

"We've got to chance that, I guess."

Bob Lawless and Beauclerc proceeded to make their preparations for the expedition.

There was a collection of cash, to be expended in the store at Cedar Camp, and the chums took two large haversacks to convey the provisions to the school when purchased.

They dropped quietly from the window to the playground.

The night was fine and clear, with myriad stars spangling the deep blue of the sky.

Frank Richards went with them as far as the gates.

Outside the gates, the rough trail to Thompson lay shadowy under the trees, and no sound was to be heard from the timber.

Frank had had a lurking suspicion that a watch might be kept on the school.

Old Man Gunten, certainly, was likely to be too busy in his store at Thompson to have any time for lingering about Cedar Creek; but Mr. Peckover, the new master, was without occupation so far, and the rough crowd who had helped Mr. Gunten before might be still in his pay.

True, the cowboys from the Lawless Ranch had cleared off the Red Dog crowd and taught them a severe lesson.

Still, Frank could not quite believe that Old Man Gunten was taking the present state of affairs "lying down."

He looked up and down the trail suspiciously and listened; but there was no sign of danger.

"All O.K., Franky!" said Bob reassuringly. "We'll mosey off now, and you get back to the schoolhouse and keep watch for us to-night."

"Right-ho!" answered Frank.

Bob Lawless and Beauclerc disappeared into the shadows of the trail, Frank standing at the gates to watch them till the last glimpse of his friends was lost.

For a dozen yards or so the two schoolboys went along the trail towards Thompson, where they had to turn off to take a shorter cut through the forest in the direction of Cedar Camp.

It was dark under the trees, and they slowed down where the trail forked, looking well about them.

(Continued on page 16.)



Supplement No. 121.

Week Ending May 5th, 1923.

## IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

My Dear Readers,—In the course of my duties as editor of the finest schoolboy journal in the world, I get lots of visitors. People are constantly dropping in, as the man said when he found some fellows skating on thin ice.

My visitors are of many types. Some I am delighted to see; others make me shake like a table jelly in sheer terror. Some clap me on the back, and say, "Your 'Weekly' is the finest paper in the world, bar nun!" Others throw mud at my wonderful production.

I thought it would tickle your pallets if I published a special number dealing with interviews. My sub-editors at St. Jim's and Rookwood also receive visitors and they describe some of their eggperiences in this issue.

Even the Head drops in now and again to ask how my "Weekly" is getting on. He looked in just now. "What-ho, Buntty!" said he. (This is his unofficial manner.) "How goes the merry game?" "First-rate, sir!" I replied. "I say, old bean, when are you going to write me an article?" The Head yawned. "Too much fag, Buntty, old top," said he. "Ask me another time, when I'm not busy. Got any cake in the cupboard?" I answered in the infirmative. "Trot it out, then!" said the Head. And he was soon digging his teeth in a slice of Mrs. Mimbles' best currant cake.

The Head's quite a decent old buffer in private life, and we are grate pals. Quelchy and Prout often drop in for a friendly jaw, too. Surprising how pally I am with the masters!

I trusted you will enjoy this Special Interview Number. Don't forget to write and tell me what you think of it.

Next week I have a wonderful number for you all—it is a Grand Cricket issue, and it will score a great hit. I have packed it full of the very best—you watch out, chums.

I must ring off now. Quelchy's just looked in to challenge me to a game of dommy-nose! Yours sincerely,

YOUR EDITOR.

## People I Have Interviewed!

By  
THE HEADMASTER OF ROOKWOOD.

All sorts and conditions of people have interviewed me since I took up my appointment as headmaster of Rookwood. Some have been welcome guests; others have been quite the reverse!

The happiest interviews I have are with old college chums of mine whom I have not seen for a number of years. One of these—now a brigadier-general—came in the other day. We revived happy recollections of our schooldays, nearly fifty years ago, and we played golf and took tea together.

I have also had happy interviews with the parents of some of my pupils. I well remember one benevolent old gentleman tottering into my study, and greeting me almost with affection. In fact, I thought he was going to embrace me!

"This is a splendid school, Dr. Chisholm!" he croaked. "And you, sir, are a perfect paragon of a headmaster. I am ever so glad I sent my grandson, Benjamin Bartholomew Baraduff Binks to be educated at this seat of learning. Will you take a cigar, sir?"

I took one, for the sake of sociability, and it nearly choked me. Never in my life have I smoked such a vile weed. Its nauseating aroma haunts me yet!

How I got rid of the effusive grandparent I hardly know. He planted himself in my best armchair and flatly refused to budge for three hours. Hints as to my time being precious were utterly wasted on him. I believe I had to be rude to him in the end.

I have referred to this as a happy interview. Well, it certainly was happy compared with an interview I once had with one of the boys' aunts.

This good lady was furious with me because I had had occasion to flog her erring nephew—her "darling Algernon," I think she called him.

"You are a tyrant, sir!" she snapped, flourishing her parasol dangerously near to my head. "You are a despot! My little Algernon tells me that you chastised him unmercifully with a birch rod."

"I certainly flogged him, madam, and he richly deserved it!" I said, with some heat.

"I will not tolerate such barbarism!" stormed the incensed lady. "Corporal punishment is repellant to me! If my darling Algernon transgressed in any way—and he is too much of an angel to do that—you should have given him a talking to."

"Words would have been wasted on such a little scamp," I said.

At this the lady became so aggressive that I was obliged to retreat round my study, while she pursued me with her parasol. Fortunately, a couple of masters happened to come in, and they succeeded in calming her down. I then told her that if she was not satisfied with the treatment meted out to her darling Algernon, she had better remove him from the school. She, however, did not take this step. She took her departure instead, and I was very relieved to see the last of her.

On another occasion I had expelled a boy for a gross breach of discipline, and his father—a military colonel—called on me in a towering rage. I want to forget that interview as soon as possible. The gentleman lost his head completely, and danced to and fro, hurling epithets at my head. I am glad he did not hurt anything more substantial! He said that only my grey hairs protected me from personal violence. So even grey hairs have their advantages!

Another interviewer I dislike to see is the tax collector. But I am not alone in that respect! These individuals are never welcome; and when the local collector calls it is superfluous to state that I do not produce sherry and cake for the occasion!

**'BILLY BUNTER'S  
WEEKLY' MAKES  
ANOTHER  
BOUNDARY HIT  
NEXT WEEK!**

## MY WORST INTERVIEW!



Contributed by Various Celebrities at St. Jim's.

### ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY:

The worst interview I ever had was with my pater, after I had run up a bill for over twenty pounds with my London tailor. I had bought half a dozen brand-new toppers and some fancy waistcoats, and my pater gave me a long lecture on extravagance. He lashed me with his tongue so severely that I'd rather have had a public flogging in Hall! I am now not allowed to spend more than a thousand a year on dress.

### TOM MERRY:

I think the most painful—certainly the most weird—interview I ever had was with the Ghost of St. Jim's. I was strolling through the Cloisters one evening when a spectral figure of a knight in armour suddenly loomed up before me. It remained perfectly motionless for a couple of minutes, and then vanished as quickly as it had appeared. When I told my chums of the apparition, they laughed incredulously. "Why, you duffer, it was simply an optical illusion!" said Monty Lowther. "There are no such things as ghosts." And Manners said that my imagination had been playing me tricks. Other fellows declared that a practical joker had been at work. But a practical joker cannot suddenly dissolve into thin air. That brief interview, at which no word was spoken, will always fill me with a sense of wonder and mystery.

### FATTY WYNN:

I have had so many painful interviews—chiefly with old Ratty—that I cannot recollect which was the worst. The thirteenth of last month was one of the worst, anyway. Ratty ran riot with his cane, and chased me round his study, and then through the doorway and down the passage. Owing to my embonpoint, as the French would call it, I can't sprint very fast, and Ratty had me at his mercy. He lashed me freely with his cane, and I felt very "cut up" about it!

### REGINALD TALBOT:

My worst interview was a very sad one indeed. It was in the old dark days of my career, when the Head was led to believe that I had stolen a number of valuables from the school. The interview took place late at night, and it resulted in a midnight expulsion—the only midnight expulsion, I think, in the school's history. In the end I was vindicated, and brought back to the school. But the memory of that painful interview will always be before me. The extreme gravity of the Head's manner on that occasion made a lasting impression upon me.

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## AN INTERVIEWER'S DIARY!

By Tubby Muffin.  
(Sub-Editor.)

**MONDAY.**—Being the special Rookwood representative of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," I have to do quite a lot of interviewing. To-day I had to interview Bulkeley of the Sixth, and get his views on modern cricket. It so happened that Bulkeley got a duck's-egg on Saturday, and he was still feeling very soar about it. So the mere mention of cricket was like a red rag to a bull. "Get out!" he said, flinging open the door and booting me forth into the passage.

**TUESDAY.**—More trouble! Billy Bunter rang me up on the tellyphone, and said: "I want you to go and interview the Head, and ask him to write a Redskin serial for my 'Weekly.'" Tell him to pack it with incident, and I'll give him a tanner a kollum if it's good stuff." So I went along to the Head, and I happened to catch him in one of his black yewmers. "Pleese, sir," I said, beginning to tremble at the knees, "will you do a Redskin yarn for 'Billy Bunter's Weekly'?" Pack it with thrills, and put in lots of gory fights, and all that sort of thing. Bunter pays jenuerously for contributions, and if you deliver the goods he'll give you a tanner a kollum." Then the Head himself became a "tanner." He tanned me so effectively that I couldn't sit down for the rest of the day!

**WEDNESDAY.**—More interviewing! I had to go and get a page article out of Tommy Dodd. But the only thing I got out of Tommy was a thick ear. He declared that "Billy Bunter's Weekly" was an impossibul rag, and that I was an impossibul fellow. And he towed me along the passidge with his boot—or, rather, toed me!

**THURSDAY.**—I got a bad cold, so I had to go and interview the matron. She sent me to bed in the sanny, with hot-water bottles for my chest and feet, and she gave me some horrible fizzick to drink. Then she took my temperament, and said: "You are ninety-nine." "Pardon me, ma'am," I replied, "but I'm only fourteen!" And then the matron rebuked me for what she called insubordipertinence.

**FRIDAY.**—Another paneful interview to-day—with the doctor this time. He sounded my chest with his telescope, and he punched and prodded me all over, until he reduced me to a fizzical wreck. "You'll have to stay in bed over the week-end, my boy," he said.

**SATURDAY.**—More interviews, and they happened to be really happy ones. The fellows have been awfully decent. Jimmy Silver brought me up some books, and Teddy Grace, bless his hart, smuggled some tuck up to the sanny for me. So everything in the garden is lovely, and interviewing has its bright side, after all!

## My Worst Interview!

(Continued from col. 1.)

### WALLY D'ARCY:

My most paneful interview was with a farmer chap who caught me in the act of scrumping apples in his orchard. He had a hunting-crop with him, and I was fairly cornered. I was in the branches of an apple-tree, and the farmer waited underneath. Prezently the branch broke, and I came crashing down. "Got yer!" said the old broot. And he started to lash me with the hunting-crop till I wonder my jacket wasn't torn to ribbons. I don't know how I got back to St. Jim's without an ambulance, but I manniged it somehow.

## A PROFESSOR— and A BULLDOG!



By Sammy Bunter.  
(Sub-Editor.)

"Now, Sammy, my boy," said Billy, in toans of orthority, "I want you to take a notebook and pencil, and go over to Courtfield and interview Professor Highbrow."

"What for?" I asked.

"I want you to get his views on the discovery of King Tooting-common," said Billy. "Tell him you're the special reporter on the staff of my 'Weekly' and he'll fall on your neck and hug you. It will be ripping to have an article by Professor Highbrow in my paper. Besides, he won't want any payment for it. These other contributors insist on being paid at the rate of a tanner a kollum. Now pop over to Courtfield at once. You can borrow my bike, if you like—the bike I borrowed from Johnny Bull."

I went over to Courtfield on the borrowed bike, and prosseeded to the residence of Professor Highbrow. It was a big mansion, standing in umpteen acres of ground.

The professor himself came to the door. He was a young man of about ninety summers, clad in a dressing-gown and carpet slippers. He eyed me with suspicion.

"What do you want hear?" he asked.

"Please, sir," I said, "I'm the special reporter of 'Billy Bunter's Weekly,' and I've come to get your views on the eggs cavation of King Tooting-common."

I then notissed, for the first time, that a feersome-looking bulldog was at the professor's heels.

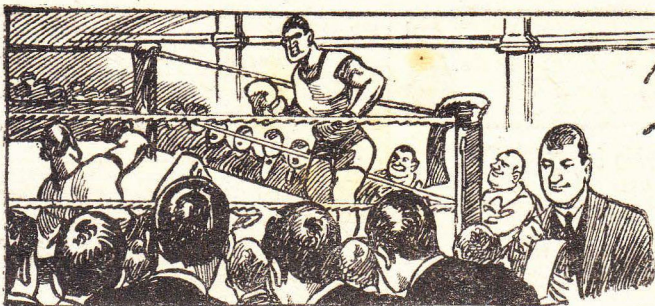
"See him off, Seizer!" said the professor.

The grate broot bared its fangs, and rushed at me. I fled down the drive, leaving a large portion of trowsering in the bulldog's mouth. Jove, how I ran! You couldn't see me for dust!

When I got back to Greyfriars Billy said I had bungled things, as usual. And he is going over to see Professor Highbrow himself. I have advised him to wear a pair of tin trowsers!

[Supplement II.]

**"Billy Bunter's Weekly" Sends You Into Roars of Laughter Every Week!**



# Bunter and the Pugilist!

By DICK RUSSELL  
(of *The Remove, Greyfriars*.)

**I** SAY, Bolsover!" Billy Bunter rolled up to the bully of the Remove in the Close. Bolsover waved him away.

"I've nothing to lend!" he said tersely.

"Oh, really, Bolsover—I wasn't going to ask for a loan. Look here, there's a big fight over at Courtfield to-night, between Smasher Steve and a fellow called Percy Pugsley. It's for the heavy-weight championship of Courtfield."

"I know all about that," said Bolsover.

"Are you going to see the scrap?"

"Yes."

"Then I wish you'd report it for my 'Weekly.' Being a bit of a prize-fighter yourself, you'll do the job better than anyone else could. I shall want a column."

"And how much will you pay me for the article?" asked Bolsover.

"Ahem! I—I'm afraid I can't pay you anything. But you'll have the satisfaction of seeing your name in print, you know. I shall be doing you an awfully good turn in publishing your article. It might be the beginning of a successful journalistic career for you."

Bolsover shook his head decidedly.

"Nothing doing," he said. "If I write the article, I shall want payment for it."

"How much would you accept?" asked Billy Bunter.

"Well, I shouldn't say no to a couple of guineas," said Bolsover.

"I don't suppose you would. But you're not going to get a couple of guineas out of me. Coming down to things of earth, I'm prepared to pay you half-a-crown."

Beyond that figure Bunter flatly refused to go. And at last Bolsover closed with the offer. He was going to see the fight in any case, and it wouldn't be much trouble to jot down a brief description of it.

"Let me have your article as soon as you get back from Courtfield," said Bunter. "We go to press to-morrow."

"All serene, porpoise."

Bolsover major duly carried out his part of the compact. In rather crude language, he described the "dust-up" between Smasher Steve and Percy Pugsley.

Smasher Steve won the fight, and Bolsover spoke of him as "six foot of muscular energy," and lauded him to the skies. But he was very hard on Percy Pugsley, the loser. He said that Pugsley couldn't fight for toffee. "Even the editor of 'Billy Bunter's Weekly,'" wrote Bolsover, "would be able to knock out the feeble Pugsley!"

Bolsover's report was duly printed. Payment for same, however, was not so prompt. Billy Bunter made lots of excuses, to the effect that funds were low, and that a certain postal-order had miscarried in the post.

But Bolsover proved a very insistent creditor. He called on Billy Bunter, and said he wouldn't leave the editorial sanctum until the half-crown was handed over. Finally, with a lot of growling and grumbling, Bunter produced that sum from the funds of the "Weekly," and Bolsover departed.

That might have been expected to close the incident of the fight between Smasher Steve and Percy Pugsley. But it didn't.

By an unlucky chance—unlucky for Bunter, at any rate—a copy of the "Weekly" got into the hands of Percy Pugsley. The prize-fighter read Bolsover's article and all the uncomplimentary things that had been written about him, and he vowed vengeance.

"I'll call on the editor of this rag, an' give him fits!" declared Percy.

Snorting with fury, he proceeded to Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in the Close when Mr. Pugsley arrived. They beheld a big, burly, battle-scarred man, who had such a big bridge to his nose that Bob Cherry referred to it as the "Bridge of Size."

Mr. Pugsley bore down upon the juniors.

"I want to see the editor of 'Grunter's Weekly'!" he said.

"You mean 'Bunter's Weekly,'" said Harry Wharton. "That's the cheeky young cub what runs it?"

"Fall in and follow us!" said Bob Cherry. And Mr. Pugsley was led away to Study No. 7, where Billy Bunter was at work on his "Weekly."

The fat junior was not expecting visitors. As soon as he caught sight of Mr. Pugsley he knew that there was trouble brewing.

Bunter jumped to his feet in alarm. He interposed the table between himself and his visitor.

"Gug-gug-good-afternoon!" he stammered.

Mr. Pugsley produced, with a flourish, his copy of the "Weekly."

"You the editor of this 'ere?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, my name's Pugsley. And you've been an' took my name in vain!"

"Oh, really, Mr. Pugsley—I assure you it wasn't me that wrote that report."

"But you publicated it," said Mr. Pugsley, whose knowledge of words was somewhat faulty. "An' I've come 'ere to give you a good hidin', an' to teach you to respect your betters!"

"Oh crumbs!"

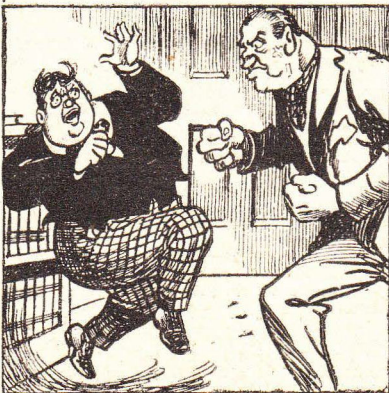
"You call me feeble!" hooted the pugilist, taking a stride towards Bunter, who started to dodge round the table. "Only one man ever called me that, an' he's still in 'ospital. Feeble, indeed! I'll mighty soon show you whether I'm feeble or not!"

Mr. Pugsley meant business. He had pushed back his cuffs, and was chasing Billy Bunter round the table with surprising agility.

It was a wild and whirling chase, but Bunter was cornered at last. Sheer lack of breath caused him to collapse. He reeled against the bookcase, and his pursuer descended upon him.

Biff! Thud! Plonk!

It seemed to Bunter that an earthquake



Billy Bunter reeled against the bookcase and his pursuer descended upon him. Biff! Thud! Plonk!

was in progress. But it was merely Percy Pugsley using him as a punching-ball.

The pugilist did not hit his hardest, or Bunter would have been an ambulance case. But he hit quite hard enough.

Having punched and pommelled Bunter till the fat junior howled for mercy, Mr. Pugsley picked up his victim—a really remarkable weight-lifting feat—and bore him to the open window. He pushed the window up still higher, and thrust Billy Bunter through the aperture, holding him by the collar in a vice-like grip.

It was a comical sight to the onlookers in the Close.

Billy Bunter was dangling in the air, his fat little legs thrashing against the wall. He was screaming "Help!" "Fire!" and "Murder!" at the top of his voice.

"Now I'm going to drop you!" said Mr. Pugsley.

"Leggo! I mean, hold on!" yelled the terrified Bunter. "If I break my neck, I'll sue you for it afterwards!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was not a very big drop. And when Mr. Pugsley did let go, a couple of juniors were waiting beneath to break Bunter's fall. Billy collapsed in their arms in a moaning heap, and he declared that he wouldn't have any more fights reported in his paper.

## A PAINFUL INTERVIEW!

By Dick Penfold.

It was a summer evening, Old Gosling's work was done; And before his ancient door Was sitting in the sun.

"Penfold!" he cried. "The 'Ead wants you; 'Twill be a painful interview!"

"Why does he want me, Gossy dear?" I faltered in dismay. "I haven't played a jape, you know, For many a long, long day." But Gosling more mysterious grew: "'Twill be a painful interview!"

"Come, tell me what it's all about!" Impatiently I said. Old Gosling sadly puffed his pipe, And sadly shook his head. "The 'Ead is in a fearful stew; 'Twill be a painful interview!"

With heavy heart and heavy tread, I dragged myself away To that apartment, dread and grim, Where the stern Head holds sway. And Gosling's gloomy words came true: It was a painful interview!

"Ah, come in, Penfold!" said the Head. "You wrote some foolish verse In which you basely libelled me— Called me 'old fool,' and worse! Your punishment is overdue." It was a painful interview!

I had to bend and touch my toes, The cane came swishing down. "Don't dare to libel me again!" The Head cried, with a frown. "Yow-ow! Yaropski! Groo! Yarooooo!" It was a painful interview!

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## "No Surrender!"

(Continued from page 12.)



A rustle in the thickets started Bob Lawless, and he stopped suddenly.

As he did so there was a rush of feet. "Look out, Cherub!" exclaimed Bob.

But there was little time to look out. Three burly, shadowy figures loomed up in the darkness, and the two schoolboys were seized by as many pairs of hands.

They struggled fiercely with their half-seen assailants.

"I guess we've got this lot, anyway!" It was the hoarse, husky voice of Four Kings, the leader of the Red Dog crowd. "Show a glim, Dick!"

Euchre Dick turned on a dark lantern.

It revealed the two breathless schoolboys in the powerful grasp of Four Kings and Dave Dunn.

There was no one else to be seen.

Apparently, the three members of the Red Dog crowd were there without their comrades.

"Lawless—Bob Lawless!" grinned Four Kings. "I know you, my buck! And young Beaulerc—the remittance-man's son—hay? Well, you're roped in!"

"Let us go!" panted Bob.

Four Kings chuckled.

"I guess not!" he answered. "I reckon Old Man Gunten's paying us for this hyer job, and he'll be dancing when he sees that we've got you, the ringleaders of the whole crowd! Any more of you out of doors—hay?"

Bob gritted his teeth.

The two boys were helpless in the powerful hands of the ruffians; and Bob dreaded that Frank Richards, alone at the gate, might be caught defenceless.

"You hear me, yaup?" growled Four Kings, shaking the rancher's son roughly. "Aire there any more of you out?"

Bob's reply was a yell of warning to Frank Richards, who, as he guessed, was still at the gates a dozen yards away.

"Look out, Franky! Don't come this way get back to the schoolhouse!"

Bob's voice rang sharply through the night. It reached the ears of Frank Richards.

Frank had been looking after his chums on the dark trail, still somewhat uneasy in his mind; but he had been about to turn back to the schoolhouse, when he caught the glimmer of Euchre Dick's lantern under the trees.

The sudden light startled him, and he ran out of the gates, and then Bob's yell of warning fell upon his ears.

Beaulerc shouted, too.

"Cut it, Frank—cut it!"

Four Kings rapped out an oath.

"That's another of them out, then!" he exclaimed. "Mosey after him, Euchre Dick! Rope him in!"

Euchre Dick set down the lantern and ran up the trail to the school gates.

If he could have reached Frank Richards, he had no doubt of adding him to the "bag" of prisoners.

Frank heard his heavy footsteps and ran back into the school enclosure.

His first impulse had been to rush to the aid of his chums; but second thoughts were wiser.

He dashed back to the lumber school at top speed.

After him came Euchre Dick, stumbling in the darkness and muttering oaths.

Frank reached the open window, where Hacke and Yen Chin and several other fellows were waiting for him.

"Quick!" he panted.

"What's the trouble?"

"They've got Bob and Beau; and there's one after me! Help—quick!"

Frank Richards had no time for more; Euchre Dick had reached him.

He spun round as he felt the ruffian's grasp upon his shoulder.

"Help!" he panted.

The next moment he was fighting fiercely with the ruffian.

But out of the window, with a jump, came

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Eben Hacke, and he fastened on Euchre Dick at once; and after him a crowd, all piling desperately on the ruffian.

Only one fellow remained in the lumber schoolhouse.

That was Chunky Todgers.

Chunky Todgers was no funk, and he felt the impulse to take his part in the fray. But another impulse was stronger still, and instead of dashing after his comrades the worthy Chunky dashed away to the kitchen.

He was soon quite as busy indoors as Frank Richards & Co. were without.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### A Narrow Escape!

FOUR KINGS grinned at Bob Lawless and Beaulerc in the light of the lantern glimmering in the green, damp grass.

The two schoolboys were securely held by the ruffians, and Four Kings was fastening Bob's wrists with a rope, in spite of his resistance.

Bob was almost pale with rage.

Frank Richards' misgivings had not been groundless after all.

Old Man Gunten was not likely to haunt the vicinity of the lumber school himself—he was too busy elsewhere—but he had retained the services of Four Kings & Co. for that purpose.

It had not been difficult for him to foresee that sooner or later some of the garrison would venture outside the school fence; and the three ruffians had been posted to watch.

Bob and Beaulerc had fairly walked into their hands. But it was too late to think of that now.

They were prisoners.

"Take it smiling!" grinned Four Kings. "You've had a run for your money, you know. You was bound to get downed in the long run. I guess we're earning Old Man Gunten's dollars easy, as it turns out. My eye! He will lay into you with a rope when we tote you along!"

Bob Lawless breathed hard.

"You'll be hid and sent off home!" grinned Four Kings. "I guess this is the end of a school strike for you, young Lawless; and I reckon the others will soon cave in without you. You was the head of it all. Yank that other young rascal hyer, Dave, and I'll rope him to Lawless."

Beaulerc resisted fiercely; but the ruffians were too strong for him, and they proceeded to tie him to Bob Lawless.

When the two schoolboys were roped together Four Kings stepped out into the trail and started towards the school.

"Time Euchre Dick was hyer with the other varmint!" he muttered. "I reckon I'll see what he's doing. You keep an eye on those critters, Dave."

"You bet!"

Four Kings tramped up the trail towards the school.

Euchre Dick, as a matter of fact, had caught Frank Richards; but he had made the painful discovery that he had caught a Tartar.

The swarm of Cedar Creek fellows piling on him were too much for the ruffian, sinewy as he was.

He rolled over on the ground, with Frank still in his grasp; but five or six fellows had hold of him, and he was soon helpless under their weight.

Frank dragged himself free.

"Hold him!" he panted.

"I guess we've got him!" gasped Eben Hacke.

"Me gottee!" chuckled Yen Chin. "You lendee me knifee, and me killee!"

"Yoop!" roared Euchre Dick. "Keep that heathen off! I give in! Let up, gents! I give in, honest Injun!"

"Hold him, some of you!" gasped Frank. "The rest come with me. We've got to help Bob and Beau out of this!"

"I'll sit on him," said Eben Hacke. "Hook it!"

Hacke and Yen Chin and another fellow planted themselves on Euchre Dick, pinning him to the ground.

The rest followed Frank Richards.

Frank was dashing to the gates in so great a hurry that he did not see a shadowy figure before him till he rushed into it at full speed in the gateway.

There was a gasping howl from Four Kings:

"Euchre Dick, you jay!"

For a moment the ruffian supposed that it was his confederate who had rushed into him in the dark. He was soon undeceived.

"Back up!" panted Frank Richards.

He grasped the ruffian, and, in the sudden surprise of the attack, bore him backwards.

Four Kings stumbled, and almost fell.

He recovered, however, and his fierce grasp closed on Frank, who would have fared badly but for the prompt assistance of his followers.

But the odds were on his side, as Four Kings soon found.

From the shadows five or six active fellows swarmed on the ruffian as he grasped Frank, and he was dragged to the ground with a crash.

His head smote the ground with a heavy concussion, and he uttered a howl of anguish.

As he lay dazed Frank's knee was planted on his chest.

"Pile on him!" panted Frank.

But his followers did not need telling.

Four Kings was down, and they realised that it was judicious to keep him there, and they were swarming on him.

Three or four knees were planted on the ruffian, and his wrists were grasped and firmly held.

Four Kings struggled in vain under the swarm.

Frank Richards rose, breathless.

The struggle had been brief, and Four Kings was held down helpless by Frank's comrades.

Frank was thinking of his chums in the timber.

"Keep him safe!" he panted.

"We've got him!"

Frank tore off his belt, and buckled it on the wrists of the ruffian securely, and Four Kings was a helpless prisoner.

Leaving him writhing on the ground, pouring out a string of oaths, Frank Richards dashed out of gates with his comrades.

The lantern was glimmering in the wood, and from the distance they could see Bob Lawless and Vere Beaulerc, tied together, with Dave Dunn keeping guard over them.

Dunn had stepped out into the trail, staring through the shadows towards the school, and wondering what was happening there.

Frank Richards & Co. came up with a rush.

At the sight of six or seven shadowy forms rushing on him the ruffian sprang back in alarm.

"Oh Jerusalem!" he gasped.

Crash!

Frank hurled himself at the ruffian, and Dunn went spinning.

"Good man!" roared Bob Lawless.

Frank ran to him, dragging out his knife as he did so.

In a moment the sharp blade was sawing through the cords that fastened Vere Beaulerc and the rancher's son.

There was nothing to fear from Dave Dunn. He had picked himself up and fled.

Even for Old Man Gunten's dollars he was not prepared to deal with the whole Cedar Creek crowd.

"Good man!" said Bob, as his hands came free. "I guessed we were gone coons, Franky. Good man!"

Beaulerc picked up the lantern.

"Let's get back," he said. "We sha'n't get to Cedar Camp to-night, Bob."

"I guess not. Come on!"

The schoolboys ran back in a crowd towards Cedar Creek.

It was evident that the expedition had to be given up for that night at least, now that they knew a watch was being kept on the school.

A dim form loomed up in the trail—that of Four Kings, with his hands fastened in front of him by Frank Richards' belt.

Bob Lawless stopped.

"We'll give that critter a lesson!" he exclaimed. "We'll run him down to the creek and duck him!"



Four Kings made a desperate rush into the timber, and went tramping desperately through the thickets.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Well, he won't find it a nice walk home with his hands tied. Let him go."

The rebels of Cedar Creek hurried back to the school.

It was possible that the enemy had reinforcements in the neighbourhood, and they were anxious to be inside their fortress again.

They reached the schoolhouse, where Eben Hacke and his companions were still sitting on Euchre Dick, keeping him prisoner.

The ruffian was pleading to be released, and his position was far from comfortable, with Hacke's bony person planted on his stomach, another fellow standing on his legs, and the Chinnee sitting on his face.

"Hallo! You've got back, you jays!" exclaimed Hacke. "All O. K.! What are we going to do with this rustler?"

"Kick him out!" answered Frank Richards. "You lendee me knife, and me killee!" suggested Yen Chin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Euchre Dick was allowed to rise, and six or seven boots impressed upon him that it would be wise to depart at once; and he departed at a run.

Frank Richards & Co. clambered in at the window again, glad to find themselves safe within walls once more.

Bob Lawless closed the shutter and barred it.

"All O. K. now!" he said. "I reckon Old Man Gunten came very near scoring this time. But a miss is as good as a mile."

"Are we all here?" asked Vere Beauclerc. "I'll call the roll," said Bob.

The names were called over at once, and all answered excepting Chunky Todgers.

"My hat! Chunky's still outside!" exclaimed Frank, in alarm.

"I guess I didn't see him," said Hacke. "More likely—"

Bob Lawless gave a yell. "He's after the grub again!"

And he rushed away in great wrath to the kitchen.

Chunky Todgers was there!

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**Awful for Chunky!**

**C**HUNKY was enjoying himself! Never since the siege of Cedar Creek had started had Chunky Todgers revelled in such plenty.

He was not thinking any harm—in fact, he was not thinking at all; he was simply feeding.

And his feed was a record one.

He had done wonders already, but although the cargo he had taken aboard was extensive, he was still "going it," with a happy smile on his fat face, when his wrathful comrades burst into the kitchen.

Then Chunky ceased suddenly, and he remained transfixed, as it were, with his fork half-way to his mouth.

He realised that after the feast came the reckoning.

"You—you—you—" stuttered Bob Lawless. "I—I say, I—I was bound to have my supper, you know!" stammered Chunky.

"Have—have—have! you brought the grub, Bob, old chap?"

"No, you fat villain!"

"Hadh't—hadn't you better go for it at once?"

"I—I—I'll scalp you!" shrieked Bob. "Why, you've cleared out nearly everything we had left!"

"Lynch him!" roared Eben Hacke. "Squash him!"

Chunky jumped up in alarm. "I—I—I—I say!" he stuttered. "I—I was hungry, you know! I—I— Yaroooh! Hands off, you jays! Oh crumbs!"

The schoolboy rebels surrounded Chunky with grim looks.

He had lost no time; and the diminished provisions of Cedar Creek had almost reached vanishing-point.

"What are we going to do with him?" gasped Frank Richards.

"Lynch him!"

"Jump on him!"

"Killee fat Chunkee!"

Bob Lawless raised his hand.

"Hold on! There's only one thing can



**CHUNKY IS FIRED OUT!** Spluttering wildly, Chunky Todgers bolted for his life with Bob Lawless behind, still making rapid play with the trail-rope. Chunky went head-first out of the window, and landed on his hands and knees outside. "I'll teach you to scoff our provisions!" roared Bob. (See Chapter 2.)

be done. Chunky's scoffed all the grub—or nearly all. We can't get in supplies, and we can't starve. I thought it would come to this, anyhow. Chunky's got to go!"

"Eh?"

"He's fat," said Bob. "He will last us a week at least."

"You—you rotter, I know you're only joking!" howled Chunky.

"But who's going to polish him off?" asked Frank Richards gravely, catching Bob's idea at once. "I don't care for the job."

"Me killee!"

"Good! Yen Chin can do the trick," said Beauclerc. "He's a heathen, and he won't mind."

"No mindce—me killee and cookee nicey fat Chunkee! You tinkee nicee labbit stew!" said Yen Chin.

"Done!" said Eben Hacke. "I'm sorry for this, Chunky, but you've brought it on yourself."

"I—I say, you're joking, you beast!" gasped Chunky, his fat face growing almost green. He gave a wild howl as Yen Chin picked up a carving-knife, with a blood-thirsty look. "Keep him off! Yaroooh!"

"Not yet, Yen Chin," said Bob. "We don't want him till to-morrow. You can have what's left of the grub if you like, Chunky. The fatter you are to-morrow the better!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Yes, go it!" said Frank. "Here's a bit of cake, Chunky!"

"I—I—I'm not hungry!" wailed Chunky. "I say, old chaps—"

"You can go to bed, Chunky," said Bob. "Try to sleep, or you may get feverish, and that will make you tough."

"Yaroooh!"

Chunky Todgers almost staggered to his mattress.

He stole several glances at the schoolboys when they were turning in, but every face was grim and relentless.

There was no sleep for Chunky Todgers that night.

In the middle of the night Chunky

crept to the window, but he found Frank Richards on guard there, and rolled back to his mattress with a groan.

Chunky paid for all his sins that sleepless night.

When morning dawned upon Cedar Creek School, and the rebels turned out, Chunky sought the faces of his comrades with agonised looks.

Yen Chin went into the kitchen, where he was soon heard sharpening a knife.

The sound sent a chill of horror to Chunky's heart.

"Bob, old fellow—" he moaned. "Ready, Chunky?"

"I—I know you're only joking!"

"Go into the kitchen, Chunky," said Frank sadly. "I don't want to see it done. You ready, Yen Chin?"

"Me leady! Killee velly quicke! Where Chunkee?"

"Yaroooh! I—I say—"

"Let him have a trot round the playground first," said Bob considerably. "Keep an eye on him, though."

Chunky Todgers gasped. Once he was out in the playground he was not likely to be rounded up again.

He could scarcely believe his good luck as he dropped from the window.

"Come back!" roared Bob Lawless, as Chunky streaked for the gates. But Chunky did not heed; he was running for his life.

"Bring me a gun, Franky!" roared Bob. "I can pot him from the window!"

Chunky Todgers vanished out of the gates. There was a roar of laughter in the lumber school, but Chunky, streaking for home, did not hear it. The garrison of Cedar Creek had lost one of its members, and while Frank Richards & Co. held the fort at Cedar Creek, Chunky was sadly at work on the Todgers' farm.

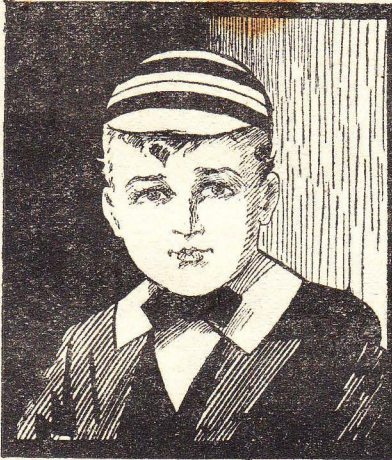
THE END.

(There will be another long, complete story of Frank Richards & Co., entitled: "The Trick That Failed!" next week.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 224.

**GREAT FIRE AT ROOKWOOD!**

Many strange things have happened at Rookwood of late. The HEAD OF ROOKWOOD and the SCHOOL have been at hammer and tongs with each other over the fall of the mighty George Bulkeley. But there is a time when all things must come to an end. The unexpected happens, which completely alters the amazing state of affairs at the School!

**BULKELEY'S CHANCE!****BACK TO HIS OWN!**

A Splendid, Long, Complete Tale  
of The Famous Chums of Rook-  
wood School:—

**By OWEN CONQUEST**

(Author of the Stories of Jimmy Silver & Co., appearing in the "Boy's Friend").

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.****Nice for Raby!**

**R**ABY'S the man!"

"Yes, rather!"

George Raby of the Classical Fourth looked doubtful.

"You—you see—" he began.

"You're the man!" said Jimmy Silver decidedly. "It will be all right, Raby. We shall be there to back you up."

"Yes. But—"

"The Head won't eat you!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovett.

"I know he won't; but he may jolly well give me a licking," said Raby. "I don't want to be licked!"

"My dear chap," said Newcome, in a tone of patient remonstrance, "your personal wishes don't count at a time like this!"

"Ass!" said Raby.

"Now, look here, old chap—" began Jimmy Silver & Co. in chorus.

The Fistical Four had been in council in the end study, and they had come to a decision—at least, three of them had. Raby did not seem enthusiastic.

"I think it's up to Jimmy, as captain of the Fourth!" said Raby. "I shouldn't mind, of course—ahem!—but I really think that!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"I'd take the lead, like anything," he said. "But you're the man, you see!"

"I don't see!"

The door of the end study opened, and Mornington of the Fourth looked in.

"You fellows ready for the giddy deputation to the Head?" he asked.

"Nearly," said Jimmy Silver. "We're talking to Raby. He doesn't want to be spokesman, for some reason."

"Jolly good reason, I should think!" hooted Raby. "Suppose the Head cuts up rusty—"

"Likely enough!" remarked Mornington.

"Well then, the spokesman is likely to get it in the neck, isn't he?"

"I shouldn't wonder!"

"I say, Morny can be spokesman," said Raby. "Morny's the man! I resign in his favour!"

"I'm ready!" said Mornington at once.

"Only—" snorted Raby. "I knew there'd be an 'only' or a 'but.'"

"Morny's no good," said Jimmy Silver. "It's up to you, Raby. It was on your account that the Head came down on old Bulkeley, and pushed him out of the captaincy, and stopped his being a prefect. It was your fault—"

"How was it my fault?" hooted Raby.

"Well, it was because Bulkeley gave you a thumping licking, and the Head thought he'd laid it on too thick."

"You—you silly ass! Did I ask Bulkeley to give me a thumping licking?"

THE POPULAR.—No. 224.

"You wander from the point, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver soothingly. "Whether you asked for it or not, you got it, and the Head caught Bulkeley at it, and was down on him. That was the beginning of the trouble."

"I know it was. But—"

"And it's up to us to stop it," said Jimmy. "All the prefects have gone on strike in support of Bulkeley, and things are going from bad to worse. Of course, prefects don't matter to us. But the fags of the Second and Third want keeping in order."

"Hear, hear!"

"Now, if a deputation of the juniors goes to the Head, and asks for Bulkeley to be reinstated, the Head may take it as cheek—"

"He will!" growled Raby.

"The Head means well," said Jimmy. "He thought he was standing up for justice, and so forth, when he downed Bulkeley—owing to you getting that thumping licking on Putty's account. Bulkeley was a bit too previous, and he was to blame; but not so much as the Head thought. Now, you were the injured party, Raby—"

"I was!" said Raby reminiscently. "Jolly injured!"

"So, you see, as the injured party, you place yourself at the head of the deputation to ask for Bulkeley to be reinstated. That will show the Head that he's made a mistake—see? If the injured party himself speaks up for Bulkeley, that ought to make it all right. I believe the Head's getting tired of affairs as they are now, and it may give him the excuse he wants to put Bulkeley up again, and let the matter drop."

"It may give him an excuse for laying into me with his cane, more likely!"

"You'll have to risk that. We'll be there, too, and we shall get some of the cane. But I think the Head may be reasonable if you put it to him nicely, in a few well-chosen words."

"I shall feel like choosing my words—I don't think—with the Head's gimlet eyes on me!" groaned Raby. "I shall feel more like bolting out of the study!"

"I'll see that you don't!" said Jimmy Silver reassuringly.

Erroll and Conroy looked in over Mornington's shoulder.

"Ready?" asked Conroy.

"Yes; we're coming. Got all the fellows together?"

"Nearly all the Fourth—Modern and Classical," answered the Australian junior.

"Even Tubby Muffin has joined up! Who's spokesman?"

"Raby! As the injured party—"

"I think Conroy ought to be spokesman," said Raby. "As a Colonial, he's suitable to take the lead."

"I'm your man, if you like!" said Conroy at once.

"Oh, are you?" said Raby. "Well, if you could do it, I suppose I could do it—and I will! I don't like the job, though."

"We have to do a lot of jobs we don't like in this world," said Jimmy Silver.

"Think of Nelson—"

"Blow Nelson!"

"And Oliver Cromwell—"

"For goodness' sake, let's get going!" exclaimed Raby. "I'd rather face the Head's cane than Jimmy's chin! Come on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the heroes of the Fourth started from the end study. In the passage outside there was a large assembly—nearly all the Fourth Form and a sprinkling of the Shell and the Third. Bulkeley, the fallen captain of Rookwood, was popular with nearly all the juniors, and fellows had joined up on all sides to support Jimmy Silver's scheme of a deputation to the Head.

The army of juniors marched down the big staircase, with the Fistical Four in the lead.

Raby was not looking happy.

He was quite as much concerned about "old Bulkeley" as any other fellow at Rookwood; but he had great misgivings when he thought of facing the Head and talking to him on the subject. He felt that he was not likely to put it into a "few well-chosen words," as Jimmy Silver suggested. His words were only too likely to be ill-chosen, under the sharp eyes of Dr. Chisholm—with the cane handy.

But he had made up his mind to do it now.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.****Not a Success!**

**C**OME in!"

Jimmy Silver had tapped at the Head's door, and the deep voice from within did not, somehow, sound reassuring in the ears of the juniors.

Some of them showed a disposition to execute a strategic movement towards the rear. Tubby Muffin disappeared round a corner.

But Jimmy Silver did not falter.

"Come on!" he said. "You six come in with me—and the rest of you stay in the passage, and cheer when you hear Bulkeley's name mentioned. That will impress the Head."

"Right-ho!" said Oswald.

"I—I say—" murmured Raby.

"Keep smiling!" answered Jimmy Silver. He opened the study door and marched boldly in, followed by Lovell and Raby, and Newcome and Mornington, and Erroll and Conroy. The seven juniors formed the deputation; the rest of the army remained without—somewhat to their satisfaction. All the

An Amazing Cricket Match in Next Week's Tale of Rookwood!

fellows were ready to cheer when Bulkeley's name was mentioned; but they really preferred doing it not under the eye of Dr. Chisholm.

Dr. Chisholm was in conversation with Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, in the study, and he was not looking amiable. The "strike" of the prefects had caused the Head a great deal of worry, and the appointment of prefects from the Fifth Form had proved a hopeless failure. The Head was probably not in a mood to be trifled with just now, and his eyes glittered a little as they were turned on the junior deputation.

"What is this?" he exclaimed sharply. "What does this mean? What do you want here, Silver?"

Mr. Bootles blinked at the juniors over his glasses. He was as puzzled as the Head.

"If you please, sir—" began Jimmy Silver meekly.

"Kindly state what you have come here for, Silver."

"We—we're a deputation, sir."

"What!" ejaculated the Head.

"A—A deputation from the Lower School, sir."

"Is this impertinence, Silver?"

"Nunno! Not at all!" Jimmy pinched Raby's arm. "Go it, you 'duffer!' he whispered.

Raby gasped.

"If—if—if you please, sir—" he began.

"What nonsense is this?"

"We—we're a deputation, sir," gasped Raby.

"Nonsense!"

"We've come to—ask you, sir, to reinstate Bulkeley as head prefect and captain of the school—"

"What!" thundered the Head.

"Hurray!" came from the passage. Bulkeley's name had been mentioned, and the juniors outside had chimed in, to do their bit, as it were. Dr. Chisholm jumped as he heard the roar. The cheer was, perhaps, a little premature.

"We—we—we—" stammered Raby.

"Raby!"

"As the injured party," whispered Jimmy.

"As the injured party, sir—" mumbled Raby.

"It being on my account that Bulkeley was dismissed—"

"It being on my account that Bulkeley was dismissed!" gasped the unhappy spokesman.

"Hurray!" from the passage.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head.

"I feel it my duty to come here as spokesman of the deputation—" whispered Jimmy in Raby's ear.

"I—I feel it my duty to come here as spokeshave—I—mean spokesman of a—a—"

"What, Jimmy?"

"Deputation, fathead!" whispered Jimmy.

"Deputation, fathead!" gasped Raby.

"Oh, my hat!"

"What—what did you say?" stammered the Head.

"What—what—what expression did you apply to me, Raby?"

"Oh dear! N-u-nothing, sir! Jimmy, you see—"

"Oh, you duffer!" groaned Jimmy.

"The fact is, sir—" began Mornington, as Raby stammered helplessly.

"That will do, Mornington!" exclaimed the Head. "Boys—"

"Go it, Raby!" hissed Lovell, pinching his unfortunate chum's arm.

"Yow-ow!"

"Raby! How dare you—"

"We—we—we've come here as a deputation, sir," stammered Raby. "As the injured Bulkeley—"

"Hurray!"

"I—I mean, as the injured party, sir. I feel it my deputation—I mean, my duty, to—to come here as—as an injured party!" floundered Raby.

"Oh crumbs!"

"And as—as an injured party, sir," gasped Raby, "we, the Fourth Form at Rookwood, request you to—to—to—"

"Reinstate!" whispered Jimmy.

"To reinstate Bulkeley—"

"Hurray!"

"As prefect of Rookwood—I mean, as captain of prefect—that is, I mean, as prefect of the school—"

"Oh, you ass!"

"I—I mean—that is, as Bulkeley is an injured party—"

"Hurray!"

"I mean, as I am an injured party, I

feel it my duty to reinstate Bulkeley as a deputation."

"Hurray!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered the Head, rising to his feet in great wrath. "I repeat, silence! If there is another sound from the corridor, I shall immediately cane every boy there and—"

There was another sound from the corridor at once; but it was a sound of scampering feet.

It was followed by the silence of the tomb.

Dr. Chisholm picked up his cane.

"How dare you come to my study, to enact this scene of absurdity?" he exclaimed.

"Raby—"

"Oh, sir! As—as an injured deputa-

tion—"

"Silence! Hold out your hand!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"But, sir—" began Jimmy Silver, in dismay.

"Silence! I shall cane every boy in the study," said the Head. "This absurd impertinence must be put down with a severe hand!"

"Oh!"

"Oh dear!" mumbled Raby.

"Hold out your hand, Raby!"

He held out his hand. There was nothing else to be done. It was only too clear that the Head was not in a mood to listen to words even well-chosen ones.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

For some minutes there was a steady sound of swishing in the Head's study, as the hapless deputation "went through it."

When the infliction was finished, Dr. Chisholm pointed to the door with his cane.

"Leave my study!" he said.

"But, —sir—" began Jimmy Silver, as he rubbed his hands.

"Do you desire a further caning, Silver?" thundered the Head.

"Nunno, sir!"

"Then leave my study at once!"

And Jimmy Silver left.

In the passage, as the door closed upon them, the deputation looked at one another, and rubbed their hands, with feelings almost too deep for words.

"Ow!" murmured Lovell.

"You ass, Raby!" said Jimmy Silver wretchedly. "You mucked it all up!"

"It didn't want mucking up; it was all rot from the beginning, like all your stunts!" groaned Raby. "Ow! My hands! You're a silly ass, Jimmy Silver! Ow! You're a burbling idiot! Wow!"

"Yow-ow!" murmured Newcome.

"You ass, Raby!"

"You thumping ass, Jimmy!"

Slowly and sadly the deputation meandered away. Even Jimmy Silver could not claim that it had been a success. And as he rubbed his hands, the captain of the Fourth found it hard to live up to his own maxim, and "keep smiling."

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Slowly and sadly the deputation meandered away. Even Jimmy Silver could not claim that it had been a success. And as he rubbed his hands, the captain of the Fourth found it hard to live up to his own maxim, and "keep smiling."

"Ow!" murmured Lovell.

"You ass, Raby!" said Jimmy Silver wretchedly. "You mucked it all up!"

"It didn't want mucking up; it was all rot from the beginning, like all your stunts!" groaned Raby. "Ow! My hands! You're a burbling idiot! Wow!"

"Yow-ow!" murmured Newcome.

"You ass, Raby!"

"You thumping ass, Jimmy!"

Carthew, the only prefect who refused to join in the strike, was "cut" by the rest of the Sixth, and very considerably "checked" by the juniors.

The Fistical Four, indeed, were at open war with Carthew, who, prefect as he was, found it rather too difficult to deal with Jimmy Silver & Co., having no support from the other seniors. Even fags of the Third would take the liberty of yelling opprobrious epithets through Carthew's door and bolting.

Tubby Muffin squeezed his fat hands and blinked at the Fistical Four reproachfully, evidently in expectation of sympathy.

"I've had a fearful licking, Jimmy," he said pathetically.

"I dare say you wanted one," answered Jimmy.

"It was that beast Carthew!" groaned Tubby Muffin. "I simply went to his study to take him lines—he'd given me lines, the beast! He was smoking—"

"Nice prefect!" grunted Lovell.

"I suppose he was waxy at a fellow catching him smoking!" groaned Tubby. "He pitched into me. Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

"Dash it all, that's too thick!" he said.

"Carthew's a beastly bully; and he's no right to smoke. As a prefect, he ought to be setting us a good example."

"Catch him!" snorted Lovell.

"Sure he was smoking, Tubby?" asked Jimmy.

"He had a cigarette in his mouth, and there was no end of smoke in the study," said Tubby. "I saw fag-ends in the grate, too. The beast smokes no end. Yow-ow! And he pitched into me just because I saw him!"

"Smoke in the study?" repeated Jimmy.

"Yes, lots!"

Jimmy Silver's eyes glistened.

"What have you got in your noddle, fat-head?" asked Raby. "A rag on Carthew?"

"Well, not exactly a rag," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "If there's smoke in Carthew's study, it looks as if the study must be on fire."

"Tubby says he was smoking."

"But we have a right to suppose that a prefect of the Sixth wouldn't smoke," said Jimmy Silver calmly. "Taking it for granted that Carthew is incapable of breaking the rule—as we've a right to do—it stands to reason that his study must be on fire, if it's full of smoke."

"What the thump—"

"If Carthew's study is on fire, we're bound to roll up at once, and put out the conflagration," said Jimmy Silver. "Carthew is a beast, but I suppose you wouldn't leave even Carthew to be burned to death. Come on!"

"Where?" howled Lovell.

"To Carthew's study."

"What for?"

"To put out the fire."

"But there isn't a fire."

"My dear man, we're going to put it out, whether there is or not. If Carthew is not satisfied, he can explain to the Head how there came to be smoke in his study."

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "I see!"

"Time you did, old chap."

"He, he, he!" cackled Tubby Muffin.

Jimmy Silver & Co. proceeded downstairs to the Sixth Form quarters, to act as an amateur fire-brigade. As Jimmy declared, they had a right to suppose that Carthew's study was on fire, if it was thick with smoke. They were going to exercise that right.

"But—but there'll be a row if we swamp Carthew's study with water," murmured Raby.

"Rot! It's our duty. Carthew won't complain to the Head."

"But the other prefects—"

"There aren't any other prefects now."

"My hat! I forgot that!" grinned Raby.

"There's some advantage in having no prefects," observed Jimmy Silver. "The Sixth can't interfere with us. This way!"

The Fistical Four scudded along the Sixth Form passage to the row of little red fire-buckets. There was a tap round the corner, and the chums of the Fourth filled the buckets.

Then four juniors, each bearing a bucket of water, moved along to Carthew's study.

Jimmy Silver turned the handle, and threw the door open suddenly.

There was an angry exclamation within

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the study. Mark Carthew was there, sprawling in his armchair, with his feet on the table, and a cigarette between his lips.

The bully of the Sixth was taking his ease in his study; and he had certainly smoked a good many cigarettes, for the atmosphere of the study was quite hazy.

"What—" he began angrily.

"Go it!" shouted Jimmy.

Carthew leaped to his feet as the Fiscal Four rushed in with swamping fire-buckets.

"Swooooosh!  
"Yoooooop!"

A flood of water deluged the Sixth-Former from head to foot. It swamped upon him from four buckets at once, choking him and blinding him.

Carthew staggered back, spluttering wildly, and sat down in the fender with a crash.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shall we get some more water, Carthew?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"Garrrrrrgh!"

Carthew scrambled to his feet. He gogged the water from his eyes, and stood pissing, dripping, and furious.

"You—you—you young scoundrels! I'll report you to the Head! I'll have you flogged! I'll—"

"Have us flogged for putting out the fire in your study!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, in pained surprise.

"You young rascal, there's no fire here, and you know it—"

"Where does the smoke come from, then?"

"Wha-a-ah!"

Carthew had seized his ashplant, and was striding towards the juniors, when Jimmy asked that question. He stopped suddenly.

"The—the smoke!" he repeated.

"Don't you notice the smoke?" asked Jimmy Silver sweetly. "It's quite thick, Carthew."

"You—you—you—"

"Bulkeley!" Jimmy called to the captain of Rookwood, who was coming along to his study. "Will you look in here, Bulkeley?"

"What's the matter?"

"We want you as a witness," said Jimmy. "We've been putting out a fire in Carthew's study—"

"What?"

"And he's going to complain to the Head. We want a witness that the study really was full of smoke."

Bulkeley sniffed the smoke, and frowned.

"That's tobacco-smoke, you young ass!" he said.

"Impossible!" said Jimmy Silver. "A prefect of Rookwood wouldn't smoke in his study. He wouldn't dare to tell the Head so, anyhow! Come away, you fellows—the fire seems to be out. You needn't thank us, Carthew—you're quite welcome!"

Carthew stood rooted to the floor, ashplant in hand. As the juniors were well aware, he dared not let the matter come before the Head. Jimmy Silver & Co. sauntered away, and hung up the fire-buckets. Bulkeley remained standing in the doorway of the study, looking at Carthew with a very expressive look.

"So you're smoking here?" he said.

"Mind your own business!" snapped Carthew. "Those young villains didn't think the study was on fire, and you know it."

"They know you can't take them before the Head, as you're breaking the rules of the school yourself," said Bulkeley contemptuously. "You've asked for this, Carthew, and it serves you right!"

"Oh, get out!"

"If I were still a prefect, I should report you myself."

"Well, you're not!" sneered Carthew.

"I'm a prefect, and you're not, Bulkeley, and you're under my orders! Get out of my study!"

Bulkeley clenched his hand for a moment; but he turned quietly and walked away. Carthew kicked the door shut savagely after him. And for a long time afterwards the "blade" of the Sixth was busy with towels—what time he murmured anathemas, both loud and deep, upon the Fiscal Four of the Fourth.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Carthew Looks In.

"BEDTIME, my boys!" said Mr. Bootles mildly. The master of the Fourth blinked into the Common-room. In the days of the prefects it had been a prefect's THE POPULAR.—No. 224.

duty to shepherd the juniors to their dormitories; but that was one of the many duties that now fell to the staff.

The Classical Fourth obediently marched out, and little Mr. Bootles walked after them with a sigh. Mr. Bootles did not like the stairs. Carthew of the Sixth was coming downstairs, and he bestowed a dark scowl upon Jimmy Silver & Co.

Jimmy bestowed a sweet smile upon him in return.

A soft answer is said to turn away wrath; but Jimmy's sweet smile certainly failed to have that effect.

Carthew strode on, scowling, to his study, and slammed the door savagely.

There he threw himself into his armchair and lighted a cigarette by way of solace.

Since Bulkeley's fall Carthew had been a good deal more free and easy in this respect than of old. He had nothing to fear, as it was not likely that a master would drop into his study. His example was followed by the "doggiash" youths among the juniors, such as Smythe & Co. of the Shell, and Topsy and Poppy, Lattray and Peele and Gower of the Fourth. Those amiable youths found life much more free and easy without any prefects "nosin' around," as Adolphus Smythe expressed it.

Carthew took a pink paper from his pocket and began to scan it, with corrugated brow. His little speculations on "zee-gees" had not been fortunate of late. He glanced occasionally at the clock over his mantelpiece. He was waiting. The amateur firemen who had performed in his study that day were not to escape scot-free, if Carthew could help it; and as soon as the coast was quite clear the prefect intended to visit them in the Fourth Form dormitory.

It would be easy to explain afterwards that he had heard a disturbance there—Carthew not being a stickler for the truth. He intended to take a cane with him, and by the time he had finished with the cane it was probable that Jimmy Silver & Co. would be sorry that they had extinguished that non-existent fire in his study.

He crumpled the pink paper in his hand, and threw it angrily upon the hearthrug. Then he smoked a couple more cigarettes, while the clock-hand crawled round the dial.

When it indicated ten o'clock, Carthew threw away a half-smoked cigarette and rose to his feet, picking up his ashplant.

He turned out the light and quitted the study, and went quietly towards the staircase.

The room remained in darkness, save for a tiny red glow—the still burning end of the cigarette. Carthew had not noticed where the cigarette had fallen, in his carelessness; but it had fallen on the crumpled paper, and the paper was dry and inflammable.

The tiny red glow did not go out; it was increasing as it scorched the edge of the paper, which began to glow, too.

It was an even chance whether the red ember died out or whether it burst into flame, and a draught from the door, which Carthew had left open, decided the matter.

There was a brighter glow in the darkened room as a little tongue of flame rose and flicked along the edge of the paper.

A few moments more, and the paper was ablaze.

It flared up, and the fluffly rug on which it lay flared up, too, fanned by the draught from the corridor through the open doorway.

The flames licked round the armchair, and caught the tablecover. The study was full of dancing light and shadow now, and thickening with smoke. Even then it was time for the growing fire to be stamped out if Carthew had returned. But Carthew did not return. Little dreaming of what was happening in the study he had left, the bully of the Sixth had reached the dormitory of the Classical Fourth, and turned the handle of the door. He switched on the light and strode in, ashplant in hand.

Jimmy Silver started out of slumber and rubbed his eyes, startled by the light in the dormitory.

"What the thump—" began Jimmy drowsily.

Then he jumped as he saw Carthew striding towards his bed.

"Carthew! What—, Yaroooh!"

The ashplant came down on Jimmy Silver with a sounding whack. His yell rang

through the dormitory, and awakened every other fellow there.

Jimmy rolled out of bed, but as he did so Carthew grasped him by the back of the neck.

"Now, then, you young rascal!" said the Sixth-Former, between his teeth.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Rescue!" yelled Jimmy.

Lovell was out of bed with a bound, grasping his pillow. Raby and Newcome were only a second after him, and Mornington was next. They rushed at Carthew, brandishing pillows and bolsters.

"Stand back!" exclaimed Carthew fiercely.

"Sock it to him!" yelled Mornington.

Carthew, attacked by half a dozen swiping pillows, defended himself with his cane, letting Jimmy Silver go. Jimmy grasped his pillow at once, and joined in the attack.

"Down him!" shouted Conroy.

"Stand back!" yelled Carthew furiously.

Once more the bully of the Sixth had succeeded in awakening a hornets'-nest. Nearly all the Classical Fourth were out of bed now, and scrambling over one another to swipe him with pillow or bolster. By that time Mark Carthew probably regretted that he had made the venture.

He made a rush for the door; but it was too late. A crowd of juniors were round him, and the swiping pillows sent him spinning to the floor.

"Hurrah! He's down!" gasped Lovell.

"Keep off! You young villains— Oh, my hat! Yow-wow!" howled Carthew, as the Fourth-Formers piled on him.

"Collar him!" panted Jimmy Silver.

"We've got him!"

"Stretch him on a bed, and I'll give him his own ashplant!"

"Hurrah!"

Carthew—quite repentant now—struggled furiously, but in vain. In the grasp of a dozen hands, he was dragged to the nearest bed, and plumped upon it, face down. Then Jimmy wheeled the ashplant.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Yaroooh! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Go it, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver "went it" with vigour.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### Fire!

"NEVILLE, old chap!" Bulkeley of the Sixth was leaning back in his chair, his hands driven deep into his pockets, and a deep line in his brow. He had been silent for some time, and Neville, who had dropped in for a chat after prep, was silent, too. He looked up as Bulkeley spoke.

"Well, old fellow?"

"This won't do," said Bulkeley.

"The prefects' strike, you mean?"

Bulkeley nodded.

"It won't do!" he repeated. "It's a rotten state of affairs for Rookwood. I'm grateful, of course, for the fellows backing me up as they've done, but—I'd rather it came to an end. There must be a captain of the school, Neville—especially with the matches coming on soon. The Head's down on me—and I was partly to blame, as I've admitted. Well, if the Head won't alter his mind—and he won't do—"

"Sooner or later—" began Neville.

"He won't, Neville. I'd rather not let it go on. I'm not keen on being captain of Rookwood, excepting that I think I can do pretty well for the school. But you—"

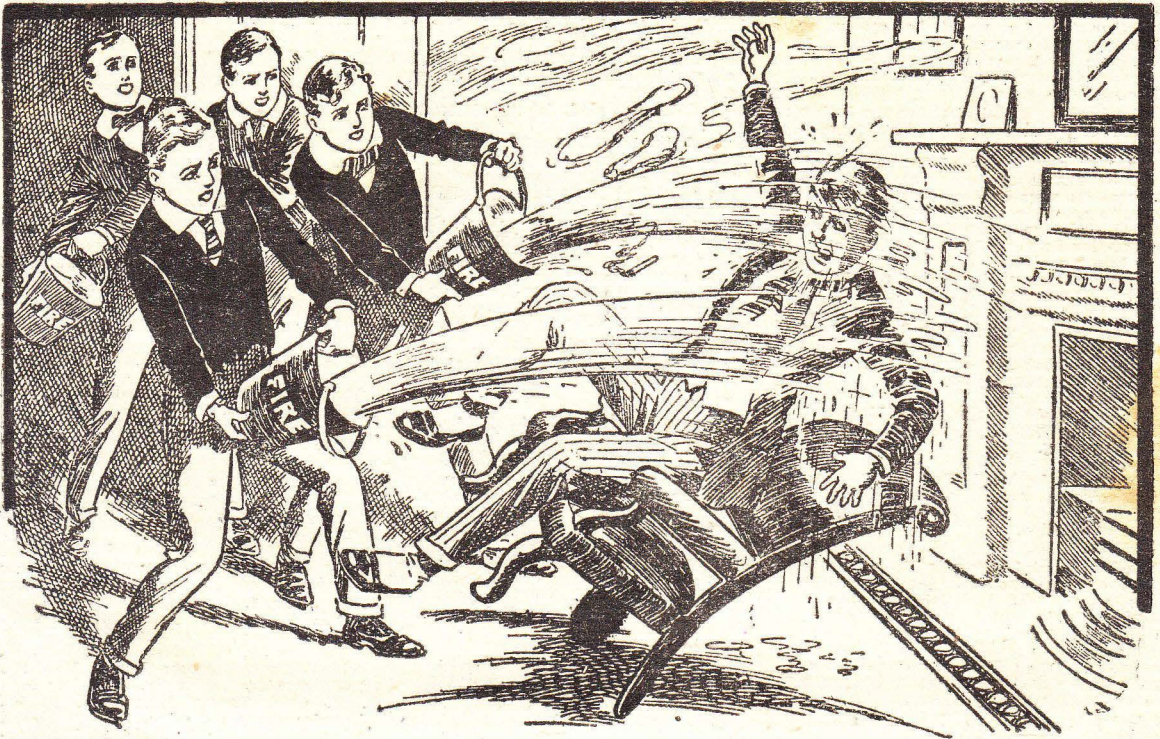
"I'm not bagging your job," said Neville decidedly. "You've suggested that before. Nothing doing!"

"It's for the sake of the school," urged Bulkeley. "This can't go on!"

"It's jolly well going on till the Head sees reason!" Neville shook his head. "It's no good, Bulkeley—whether you like it or not, the Sixth are going to back you up to the last shot in the locker! The Head knows very well that he's made a mistake; but he won't admit it. Well, he will have to admit it, sooner or later. That's settled."

Bulkeley did not answer; but the line in his brow deepened.

He was worried and distressed by the state of affairs; all the more because it was on his account. It was hard for him to find fault with the loyalty of the fellows who were backing him up; but he wished deeply that they would let him be set aside, and let affairs at Rookwood take their normal course once more.



**WHERE'S THE FIRE?** Jimmy Silver threw open the door of Carthew's study. The prefect leaped to his feet as the juniors rushed in with swamping fire-buckets. Swoosh! "Yoooop!" A flood of water deluged the Sixth-Former from head to foot, choking and blinding him. "Ha, ha, ha! Shall we get some more water, Carthew?" inquired Jimmy Silver. (See Chapter 3.)

There was silence in the study again. Neville broke it. He had sniffed once or twice, and now he rose to his feet. "Something's burning somewhere," he said. "Do you notice it?"

Bulkeley started. "Yes—now you mention it. I don't think there's any fires going this evening," he said. "Some ass has dropped a match on something. Look in the passage!"

Neville threw the door open and started back, with an exclamation. A volume of smoke was rolling down the corridor.

"What the dickens! It's a study on fire!" he exclaimed. "My hat! It's Carthew's study—"

He ran along the passage with Bulkeley at his heels. A rush of smoke, mingled with flame, from the study doorway drove them back.

Carthew's study was a mass of blaze. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Bulkeley. "What—what—"

"Fire!" shouted Neville. Doors opened on all sides, and voices called. Half a dozen of the Sixth came dashing out into the passage.

Mr. Bootles' voice was heard, high-pitched and excited.

"What—what—what—"

"Fire!"

"Bless my soul! The boys—the boys—"

"That fool Carthew!" said Bulkeley, between his teeth. "How has he done that? Where is he?"

"Fire!"

There was a roar of voices now. Bulkeley's clear tones rang above the din.

"The fire-buckets! This way! Neville, cut off and call the sergeant—the hose will be wanted! You fellows help me!"

Neville scudded away.

Bulkeley's voice calmed the confusion. The Sixth-Formers, as one man, backed him up. Buckets were filled and rushed along the passage, and the water hurled into the blazing study.

But the fire had gained a strong hold, and the water hissed and spluttered, with little effect. Furniture and floor were ablaze now, and a rush of flame drove the Rookwooders back from the doorway. Flames were creeping along the walls from the door-

way, and shooting across the passage. Loud shouts from above announced that the fire had burst through the ceiling into the room over Carthew's study.

The alarm-bell was ringing now. Into every corner of the great school the alarm had penetrated, and Rookwood, from end to end, rang with the cry:

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Reconciliation.

"SILVER, let me go! I—I—I'll—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" While the rest of the juniors of Rookwood were asleep in bed, there was very wide wakefulness in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth.

Carthew of the Sixth was sprawling on the floor, his wrists tied to the leg of Jimmy Silver's bed.

The unhappy prefect had been in that uncomfortable position for some time, the chuckling juniors paying no heed to his threats.

"My dear chap, you can stay there!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "You came here to please yourself. You can stay to please us!"

"Let me go!" shrieked Carthew.

"All in good time, my pippin! You've got to beg the pardon of the Fourth Form on your bended knees first!" said Jimmy Silver coolly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I won't! I—I'll—I'll—"

"Then you can spend the night there!" chuckled Jimmy. "You shouldn't have come, you know. You weren't invited into this dormitory."

"Fire!"

That sudden shout from below silenced the chortling in the dormitory. Jimmy Silver spun round towards the door.

"Hallo! What's that?" he exclaimed.

"Fire! Fire!"

"My only hat!"

Lovell ran to the door and threw it open. A din of voices came from below, and a smell of burning and air acid taste of smoke.

"It's fire right enough!" gasped Lovell.

"The school's on fire! My only hat!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Tubby Muffin. "Help!"

"Shut up, Tubby!"

"Let me go!" shrieked Carthew.

Jimmy Silver hastily cut the prefect loose. Carthew staggered to his feet. The fire was below, and, as yet, nowhere near the dormitory; and it certainly was Carthew's duty, as a prefect of the Sixth, to think of the safety of the juniors. But he didn't! He made a rush for the door, and dashed out.

Carthew vanished from sight in a moment. But the sound of a collision came from the passage, and Bulkeley's voice:

"Carthew—"

"Let me pass, you fool!" shrieked Carthew.

"The juniors have got to be got out!"

"Let me pass!"

"You rotten funk! Get out, then, and good riddance to you!" roared Bulkeley.

Pattering footsteps died away down the passage and the stairs. The next moment Bulkeley looked into the Classical Fourth dormitory upon a sea of scared and startled faces.

"Order!" he rapped out, as two or three juniors rushed for the door. "Get into your clothes—quick! There's plenty of time to get into the quadrangle. Don't lose your heads!"

"All serene, Bulkeley!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Yarooop! Help!" came from Tubby Muffin.

"Quiet, you fat idiot!"

The Fourth-Formers dressed themselves quickly—or half-dressed. Under Bulkeley's eye, they marched out of the dormitory in order.

Down the big staircase they went, amid flying smoke. On the staircase was Neville, keeping order. Lonsdale, Jones major, and Scott were shepherding out the Shell, the Third, and the Second.

The prefects of Rookwood had taken charge, under Bulkeley's order.

Outside, in the quadrangle, the hose, handled by Sergeant Kettle, was hissing streams of water in at the window of Carthew's study.

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Enter for our Simple Cricket Competition To-day!

# "The Tenderfeet Make Good!" A Gripping Story—

Whether the fire would be got under before it spread over the building was still a question; but it was evidently wise to get the boys out into the safety of the quad while there was time.

Under Bulkeley's cool direction the juniors marched out, and stragglers were rounded up.

In a very short space of time nearly all Rookwood was in the quadrangle, and the Form-masters were calling the roll of their Forms, to ascertain that all were there.

Dr. Chisholm, with a pale but calm face, was standing by the sergeant, as he flooded water into the blaze.

Smoke, mingled with sparks, rolled skyward in dense volumes, obscuring the stars. The fire was going under at last.

The promptness with which it had been tackled had prevented a catastrophe that bade fair to rival that of the air-raid that had taken place during the war.

"Bulkeley!"  
The Head spoke quietly, as a blackened, smoke-begrimed figure passed him. Bulkeley stopped, gasping.

"Yes, sir."

"Are all the boys out, Bulkeley?"

"I'm going the rounds, sir, to make sure."

"Very good! Please let me know as quickly as possible."

"Yes, sir."

Bulkeley hurried away with a rather curious expression on his face under the smoke grime. He had laboured like a Hercules, and he had been the last out of the building. The Head had not spoken to him hitherto; but probably he had observed. His tone was very quiet, but very cordial, as he addressed Bulkeley, as if there had never been any trouble between them.

Bulkeley returned to him in a few minutes.

"All out, sir!"

"Thank goodness!" said the Head.

Dr. Chisholm hesitated a moment, and Bulkeley, seeing that he had something more to say, waited, wondering what it was. There was a brief struggle in Dr. Chisholm's breast, but the obstinate pride of the old gentleman was vanquished at last.

"Bulkeley, I have observed you during this unfortunate affair, and—and I thank you, my boy. But for your promptness and coolness, I do not like to think what might have happened. If the boys had not been got out before the smoke filled the house—"  
The Head paused a moment. "Bulkeley, I think you may have saved many lives this night."

"At least, none have been lost, sir, thank goodness!" said Bulkeley cheerily.

"I think that is owing to you, my boy." There was another pause, and the Head watched the last spluttering flames that sank under the hissing streams of water. He turned to Bulkeley again, and held out his hand frankly. "My dear boy, there has been

a misunderstanding between us. It is over, and I am sorry that it ever occurred. Tomorrow, Bulkeley, I request you to resume your old position in the school. You will not refuse, I am sure."

"I—I shall be glad, sir!" stammered Bulkeley.

He shook hands with the Head mechanically. Never for a moment had he expected this concession from the lofty old gentleman. But the Head had made it, and Bulkeley's heart was lighter.

"By gad! There's the Head shakin' hands with Bulkeley!" murmured Mornington, in the ranks of the Fourth. "Does that mean that the trouble's over?"

"Let's hope so!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "The Head's not a bad old sort; and surely he must have seen to-night that Bulkeley's the man to be captain of Rookwood!"

The rift in the lute was healed at last. Rookwood School had its old captain back once more.

The next day a considerable part of the Sixth Form passage in the School House was a charred mass of ruins. Apart from the damage done by smoke, however, the rest of the building had escaped. Rookwood was able to "carry on" as usual while the workmen were busy on the burnt-out structures.

The origin of the fire was not discovered—luckily for Carthew of the Sixth. It was known that it had started in Carthew's study, and that was all. Carthew professed ignorance of the cause; and if he remembered the cigarette he had thrown carelessly down, he took great care not to mention it.

The fire had been an exciting episode; and it was fortunate that matters had turned out no worse. In the opinion of most of the Rookwood fellows, they had turned out very well, in fact. For the reinstatement of Bulkeley as head prefect and captain was followed by the return of the other prefects to duty; the "strike" was ended and done with, and nothing more was said on that subject.

Carthew of the Sixth was probably the only fellow who was not satisfied. But, as Jimmy Silver remarked, Carthew did not matter. And the rest of the school rejoiced that the Prefects' Strike was over, and that "Old Bulkeley" had once more come Back to His Own!

THE END.

(Next week's tale of Rookwood will take some beating. It is called: "Jimmy Wins Through!" and is packed full of breathless adventures and exciting situations.)

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**POETS PLEASE NOTE.**  
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## THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION!

FIRST PRIZE £1 1s.

And many other Prizes.

Full particulars of this topping Competition will be found in this week's issue of the "MAGNET."

### "MAGNET" LIMERICK COUPON, No. 4.

When Bolsover shot out his right,  
In the course of a hurricane fight,  
His opponent went down,  
And remarked, with a frown:

THIS EXAMPLE WILL HELP YOU.

"Thought stars only shone in the night!"

£10! £10! £10!

## RESULT OF WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS PICTURE PUZZLE COMPETITION!

In this competition three competitors sent in correct solutions. The first prize of £5 has therefore been divided among the following:

Leonard Grayson, Coal Aston, Sheffield.

Mary H. Williams, 43, Glamour Road, Llanely, S. Wales.

Teddy Ogden, 41, Nugget Street, Oldham.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following fifteen competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

S. Moorhouse, 41, Nugget Street, Oldham; K. Coverer, 41, Nugget Street, Oldham; E. Carpenter, 1, Dene Street Gardens, Dorking; A. Burrows, 2, Broadheath Terrace, Ditton, Widnes; James Williams, 31, Marine Street, Llanely, S. Wales; W. E. Way, 19, Elmhurst Road, Gosport; Thomas Williams, 43, Glamour Road, Llanely, S. Wales; Mrs. A. T. Cole, Thorpe Moreaux, Bury St. Edmunds; Frances Morton, 7, Eyre Street, Pallion, Sunderland; C. Veale, 37, Whittington Street, Plymouth; B. Ashworth, 756, Oldham Road, Failsforth, Manchester; John Miller, 108, King Street, Stratford, Manchester; N. Cross, 111, Moorhey Street, Oldham; L. Bachelor, 19, Kettering Road, Levenshulme, Manchester; H. H. Mattick, Church Hill, Writhlington, Somerset.

Twenty-nine competitors, with two errors each, divide the ten prizes of 5s. each. The names and addresses of these prize-winners can be obtained on application at this office.

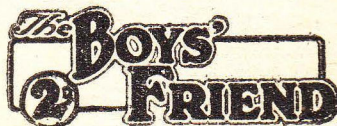
### SOLUTION.

Wolverhampton Wanderers rank as one of the noted clubs in football history. Their connection with the First Division lasted for a long time, and they have twice won the English Cup. Since 1908 the Wanderers have not been lucky enough to get higher than the Second League.

**JIMMY SILVER & Co.**  
Out West!



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THE POPULAR.—No. 224.

Next Week's Rookwood Yarn—"Jimmy Wins Through!"

**ROUGH ON THE FAMOUS FIVE!**

*Percy Bolsover sets out for Live Oaks to enjoy a charming week-end under the name of Lord Mauleverer—but forgets the old saying "The best laid plans of mice and men"*



# Bolsover's Impersonation!

A grand story of the Chums of Greyfriars, and their adventures on a week-end holiday. There's fun and drama here!

By Frank Richards

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**Something Like a Surprise.**

"HERE'S the giddy station! Hop out, my sons!"

Bob Cherry of the Remove Form at Greyfriars was very cheerful as he made that remark. He was one of Lord Mauleverer's party for a week-end at his cousin's cottage, Live Oaks, and everything pointed to their having a really good time.

Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh, with Lord Mauleverer himself, formed the party who jumped up in their seats as Bob Cherry cheerily announced their arrival at the station for Live Oaks.

"Better late than never!" said Frank Nugent, tossing his bag to the platform. "There's only one thing wrong, you chaps. We ought to have found Skinner."

"We did!" assented the others grimly. Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove, had laped the Co. pretty thoroughly just before the time for their departure. He had locked them in the box-room, and disappeared.

He had every reason to disappear. In the first place, Harry Wharton & Co. would have been wrathful, to put it mildly, when they got out of the box-room. Secondly, and perhaps more important still, Percy Bolsover and Billy Bunter were waiting for him at the station—waiting for him to proceed with them to Lord Mauleverer's cottage.

Mauly and the Famous Five were quite unaware of the fact when they got out at the station.

There was no car to meet them, although it had been promised. But they were late—thanks to Skinner, so they decided to walk.

"Here we are!" said Bob Cherry, as he read the name on the gate. "Live Oaks! Looks a jolly place, so far as one can see."

"The jolliness is terrific!"

"Yaas, here we are!"

And they walked up the drive to the house. Bob Cherry rang the bell, and the door was opened by a man who answered to the name of James. He regarded them inquiringly.

"Trooper here?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him I want him."

James hesitated.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Lord Mauleverer, of course, begad!"

James almost fell down.

"Excuse me!" he said. "Wha-a-at name?"

"Mauleverer, of course," said his lordship, puzzled. "Begad! Didn't that fat bouncer send my telegram, after all? Doesn't seem as if we're expected, begad! Call Trooper here, anyway."

James closed the door in their faces while he called Mr. Trooper. He did not mean to run any risks with a fellow who claimed to be Lord Mauleverer.

"Jolly cautious, I must say," remarked Nugent. "Even if they haven't had your wire, there's nothing surprising in your coming, Mauly, is there?"

"No. Mackenzie must have told them I should be coming some time," said Lord Mauleverer, puzzled. "Blessed if I catch on!"

The door opened again, and Mr. Trooper appeared, majestic, with James behind him. The light streamed out on the group of juniors in the porch. Mr. Trooper surveyed them with lofty scorn.

"And what may you young gentlemen require?" he asked.

"We've come down for the week-end," explained Lord Mauleverer. "Are you Slooper?"

"My name is Trooper."

"Yaas, my mistake. Didn't you get my telegram?"

"I received Lord Mauleverer's telegram," said Mr. Trooper, with dignity; "and Lord Mauleverer has arrived with his two friends."

"Wha-a-at!"

"Arrived!" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"My hat!"

The schoolboy earl looked amazed.

"But I'm Lord Mauleverer!" he ejaculated.

Mr. Trooper smiled knowingly.

"Ah, you young gentlemen are from Greyfriars?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"We know all about you," said Mr. Trooper.

"Begad! Is that so? Then let us in, Slooper."

"I shall certainly not let you in without his lordship's permission; and his lordship is absent at this moment," said Mr. Trooper severely. "One of the young gentlemen warned me that some boys from Greyfriars were following them down, with the intention of playing some trick on them."

"Great Scott!"

"Do you mean to say that somebody has come here claiming to be Lord Mauleverer?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I mean to say that Lord Mauleverer

arrived by the afternoon train, as stated in his telegram," said Mr. Trooper, "and his two friends with him—Master Wharton and Master Nugent."

"What? I'm Wharton!"

"And I'm Nugent!" yelled Frank.

Mr. Trooper smiled indulgently.

"What were they like?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"This is some jape, you chaps. Skinner's got something to do with this."

"Look here, this is Lord Mauleverer!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Trooper. "Ah, here is his lordship himself!"

There were steps on the gravel path. Bolsover and Skinner and Billy Bunter came into view. They entered the porch coolly, the chums of the Remove staring at them blankly.

"Bolsover!"

"Skinner!"

"Bunter!"

"Begad! What does this mean, you sweeps?"

Bolsover regarded them with cool insolence. He was perfectly self-possessed, and Skinner was as cool as an iceberg. Bunter was grinning. The three young rascals had everything in their hands; it was evident that Mr. Trooper and James did not take the slightest stock in the story of the late arrivals.

"Oh, here they are, are they?" said Bolsover calmly. "It's all right, Trooper; these are some kids from Greyfriars. They've followed us down to make a row, because I declined to ask them for the week-end. Send them away!"

"Yes, my lord!"

The three impostors walked into the house. Harry Wharton & Co. stood dumbfounded. When Bolsover was addressed as "my lord" they understood, and they simply gasped.

"Begad," murmured Lord Mauleverer, "the cheeky beast is calling himself by my name! Begad, this beats everything!"

"You rotters!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Trooper, my man, those fellows are impostors," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm Mauleverer, you know. That fellow's name is Bolsover, begad!"

"Send them away!" said Bolsover loftily. "Don't let them make a row here, Trooper. I shall report this conduct to their head-master on Monday."

And Bolsover & Co. went into the dining-room and shut the door.

Trooper was about to close the house door

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**Fishy Gets Another Great Brain-Wave Next Week!**

when Bob Cherry jammed his foot in the way. Ascending as it was, Lord Mauleverer and his friends were to be shut out. Shut out they would have been but for Bob Cherry's prompt action.

"No, you don't," said Bob; "we're coming in."

"Yaas, begad!"

"Come, come, young gentlemen," urged Mr. Trooper. "don't make a disturbance here! You heard what his lordship said."

"His lordship! My only sainted aunt!"

"This is Lord Mauleverer!" howled Johnny Bull.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Trooper sharply. "If you do not go away quietly, I warn you that you will be removed by force!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"The crumfulness is terrific."

"Now, are you going?" asked Mr. Trooper.

"Not!" roared the juniors.

"Then I am sorry, but we shall be compelled to eject you," said the butler. "You heard his lordship's orders."

"Listen to me—"

"Look here—"

"I tell you—"

"Yaas, begad—"

Mr. Trooper did not listen. He was fed up. He pushed Bob Cherry out of the doorway. Bob doubled his fists, but Wharton pulled him back in time.

"Hold on, Bob! We've got to think this out! Those rotters have taken them in. No good getting wrathful about it."

"But look here—"

"Begad, you know, we can't be shut out!" said Lord Mauleverer dazedly. "I never heard of such a thing, you know, begad!"

"Sham!"

The door closed. The Co. were shut out, and they stood in a dismayed crowd in the porch, utterly flabbergasted by the unexpected turn affairs had taken.

"Well, my only hat!" ejaculated Nugent. "This takes the cake! Fancy that bounder having the cheek to call himself Lord Mauleverer!"

"That's why Skinner shut us up in the box-room!" gasped Johnny Bull. "I'll bet they've got our bags with them, too, the rotters!"

"Oh, crumbs! This looks like being a ripping week-end, I don't think!"

The door opened an inch. Mr. Trooper peered out.

"His lordship says that if you do not leave the premises, I am to telephone for the police!" he rapped out. And the door closed again.

The chums of the Remove retired from the porch with feelings too deep for words. They gathered upon the drive to hold a council of war.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### By Force of Arms!

**B**EAGAD! Who'd have thought it?" Evidently Harry Wharton & Co. would not have thought it. They were utterly flabbergasted.

That Bolsover major should have the astounding cheek to call himself Lord Mauleverer, and Skinner Wharton, and Bunter Nugent, passed all their calculations. The servants at Live Oaks had been taken in; and there was no one there or in the village who knew Mauleverer by sight. The other juniors, of course, were total strangers in the place. The imposture had been perfectly easy, and Bolsover & Co. were installed in the country cottage for the week-end, and Harry Wharton & Co. were left out in the cold! And it was not easy to see how the impostors were to be displaced. They were in possession, and possession was nine points of the law.

"Well, it's a tiptop jape, I suppose?" said Bob Cherry, at last lugubriously. "Must seem very funny to those bounders in there."

"Begad, it's rather more than a jape! I'm hungry!" said Lord Mauleverer plaintively.

"Same here," said Johnny Bull. "What about rushing the place?"

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"No go. There are two manservants, and the chauffeur, as well as those chaps. And you heard what Trooper said about telephoning for the bobbies."

"But we can't be shut out here!" exclaimed Johnny Bull wrathfully. "We can't go back to Greymans. It's too late. There's no train."

"How are those rotters going to get back, I wonder?" Nugent remarked.

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"They're not going back. They're going to make a week-end of it, that's a cert."

"But they haven't got leave."

"They've taken French leave—unless they've got some dodge for making an excuse to Quelch; I shouldn't wonder," said Wharton.

"Skinner's deep enough for anything. They wouldn't risk taking a week-end away from school without some stunning big whopper to excuse themselves. And now they're in, and we're out."

"What are we going to do?"

"That's the question," said Wharton ruefully.

"The questionfulness is terrific," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a sad shake of the head. "We can do nothing. We have been done, our esteemed and honoured selves."

"You see, they've proved their dashed identity—I mean, our identity—to Trooper and the rest!" said Wharton. "They've got our bags, for a cert, and our names are on them, and they're calling themselves by our names. Mauly's bag, especially, splashed all over with crests and things—that's enough to prove that Bolsover is Mauly."

"Begad!"

"Look here, we're not going to take it lying down!" Johnny Bull exclaimed excitedly. "It would be some satisfaction to give them a jolly good kicking, anyway!"

"Yaas, that's so." Even the lamb-like Lord Mauleverer was feeling wrathful. "Let's wade in and give them a good hiding!"

"We can't get in," said Nugent.

"Yaas, there are French windows on the veranda," said Mauleverer. "We can shove our way in, and lick them till they own up."

"What about the bobbies they'll telephone for?"

"Blow the bobbies! We've a right in the house! Don't it belong to my relation, old Mackenzie?" demanded Lord Mauleverer.

"Begad, they've no right to keep us out of our own place. They're scoffing our week-end, begad!"

"Lovely week-end it's going to be, by the look of things!" groaned Bob Cherry. "I'm famished, you know!"

"And I'm tired," said Lord Mauleverer. "Not too tired to give them a wallopin', though. Let's clear off a bit to let them quiet down, and then rush the room there under the veranda."

The juniors were all keen to be on the warpath. Lord Mauleverer's suggestion was adopted with unanimous assent.

"Besides, there won't be more than one bobby in a little place like Gunthorpe," Nugent remarked, "and it will take him some time to get here, if they phone for him. And I fancy Bolsover would stop short of that."

The juniors walked out of the gate, and three pairs of eyes that were watching them in the gloom from a window exchanged glances of satisfaction.

"I say, you fellows, they're gone!" Billy Bunter remarked.

"They've given it up as a bad job!" chuckled Skinner. "There never was a cleaner take-in than this, by George! They're done brown—utterly and thoroughly brown!"

"What ho!" said Bolsover. "Now we'll ring for supper, and have a smoke afterwards. We'll have the car out to-morrow, and have a ripping time."

Trooper and James served supper. It was a handsome and plentiful supper, and it made Billy Bunter's mouth water as he looked at it.

"Haw! Those young rascals gone, Trooper?" asked Bolsover major.

"Yes, my lord!"

"Quite cleared off the premises, I hope?"

"Yes, my lord!"

"Very good! Have the gate locked, Trooper. I don't want them to come bothering again."

"Yes, my lord!"

"And you needn't wait, Trooper. We'll look after ourselves. Put the cigarettes out and the matches. Thanks! You can go, Trooper!"

"Very good, my lord!"

The door closed behind Trooper's portly form. The three juniors felt relieved when he was gone. They were more comfortable enjoying a feed "on their own," without the stately assistance of the butler.

"You'll have to give that old Johnny a whacking tip when we leave, Bolsover,"

Skinner remarked, with a grin, as he attacked the supper.

"Rot!" said Bolsover. "I'll leave that to Mauly. When we're finished here, Mauly can take possession, and he can tip the servants. I haven't got any blessed quids to waste on them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, pass that pie!" said Bunter. "Don't keep it all, Skinner. I say, you fellows, they do you jolly well down here. I'm sorry those bounders won't have any supper. He, he, he!"

"Serve 'em right!"

"Quelch's got our wire by now," Skinner remarked. "I wonder whether he will get his hair off? Lucky there isn't another train down here to-night, or he might feel inclined to come and see. But he can't get down here, and when he gets the medical gent's letter it's bound to make it all right."

"Well, he ought to be satisfied with professional medical opinion."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wonder what those rotters are doing now?"

"Gone to the inn for some tommy, most likely!" grinned Bolsover. "They must be hungry after their journey; it was longer than ours!"

And the three impostors laughed again.

"Hallo, what's that?" asked Skinner, a little later, as he caught a sound outside one of the high French windows that looked on the veranda.

"Wharton, by thunder!" exclaimed Bolsover, springing to his feet.

A face was pressed to the glass of the window as Bolsover drew the curtain back. He stared through the glass at the captain of the Remove. Behind Wharton five other forms loomed up out of the shadows.

Wharton was feeling the handle of the window. But the windows were fastened on the inside, and refused to open. Bolsover major, relieved, grinned at his Form captain through the glass.

"Don't you wish you could get in?" he sang out mockingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner. "Try again!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

Crash!

Lord Mauleverer's elbow came crashing through the pane, and fragments of glass were scattered in all directions. The trio of impostors uttered a shout of alarm. They had not anticipated a desperate step like that. Through the opening in the smashed pane Wharton thrust his hand, and caught the catch of the door and dragged it open. The French window swung back.

"Come on!" shouted Wharton.

Skinner made a rush for the bell. Bolsover major faced the invaders with his fists up. Billy Bunter sat petrified, his laden fork half-way to his mouth.

Harry Wharton rushed right at Bolsover, and they grasped one another, and in a moment were rolling on the polished floor.

Bob Cherry collared Skinner, who stood with his thumb pressed upon the electric-bell, which was ringing incessantly. Nugent dashed to the door and locked it. Johnny Bull grasped Bunter, and yanked him backwards over his chair, sprawling him on the floor. Hurree Janset Ram Singh reclosed the French window, and fastened it, and dragged a table and half a dozen chairs against it as a barricade, in case the servants should go round by that way.

It all passed in a few seconds. Bunter and Skinner did not give much trouble, but Bolsover major was fighting desperately, and yelling for help.

But Harry Wharton was uppermost, and he sat panting on his enemy's chest, pinning him down on the floor.

"Got the door locked?" he gasped.

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Nugent.

The handle of the door was already being tried from without. Mr. Trooper had come in answer to the bell, but he could not get in. He knocked on the door.

"Did you ring, my lord?"

"Help!" roared Bolsover. "Those villains have got in the windows! Help! Break in the door! Send for the police! Yaroo!"

"The last exclamation was uttered as Wharton bumped his head on the floor.

"Shut up!" said Harry.

"Owl Yaroo! Help!"

"I say, you fellows—"

There was a loud knocking on the door.



Mr. Trooper and James were there in a state of intense surprise and indignation.

"Come round by the windows!" yelled Bolsover. "Yaroo!"

"Stand by to repel boarders!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Trooper and James were heard hurrying away. The invaders were to be attacked from the veranda. There was no time to lose.

"Fasten up these chaps!" said Harry Wharton. "The serviettes will do. Tear them into strips. Can't help the damage, Mauly."

"Begad, that doesn't matter!" "Sharp's the word!"

Bolsover major, struggling desperately, was held down while Bob Cherry and Nugent tied his wrists and ankles together with strips of table napkins. Then the burly Removite lay helpless and panting on the floor. Johnny Bull and Mauleverer did the same for Skinner at the same time. Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh tackled Bunter, who was an easy victim. Bunter was not a fighting-man. He grinned feebly at Inky as the Nabob of Bhanipur tied him up.

"I say, Inky, old man, it was only a j-joke, you know!" he murmured. "Lemme have one hand free, you know, so that I can go on with my supper!"

But Inky did not listen to the pleading voice. He tied Bunter up securely, and rolled him under the table. Bunter blinked out mournfully.

"I say, Inky, let me have the pie, anyway!" "Certainly, my fat, ludicrous Bunter!" said Inky. And he lifted the pie down and overturned it upon Bunter's fat face. There was a spluttering roar from Bunter:

"Yaroo! Gogogogh!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here come the enemy!" shouted Bob Cherry. There were footsteps on the veranda, and the portly form of Mr. Trooper appeared at the shattered window.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
The Order of the Boot!**

**M**R. TROOPER looked in at the lighted room from the darkness of the veranda, and gasped. The pseudo Lord Mauleverer and his two friends lay on the floor, wriggling, bound hand and foot with strips of serviettes. They were out of the combat. And Harry Wharton & Co. were lined up inside the French windows, ready to do battle.

James was behind Mr. Trooper, and Thompson, the chauffeur, was also there, called upon for active service, so to speak. They were in a state of the blankest amazement. Such an attack upon the country cottage was a thing outside their wildest dreams.

Trooper put his hand through the gap in the window to push away the furniture Inky had piled there. Bob Cherry picked up the poker, and made a dramatic slash at Mr. Trooper's fat hand, and the hand disappeared as if by magic.

"No entrance here!" said Bob. "Young gentlemen," said Mr. Trooper, "this is past a joke. Unless you release his lordship instantly and leave the house I shall have to call in the police. That would be very painful, as you young gentlemen belong to his lordship's school."

"Come in and turn 'em out!" roared Bolsover major, struggling desperately with his bonds.

"Ahem!"

"You fat idiot, why don't you come in?" Mr. Trooper flushed with indignation. He was certainly fat, but he was a most respectable, middle-aged manservant, and he did not like being called an idiot, even by a lord.

"Your lordship will excuse me," he said. "I do not see how I am to get in. If your lordship's schoolfellows will act in this extraordinary way—"

"Bust in the window!"

"I do not know whether I am entitled to damage Mr. Mackenzie's property in that manner, my lord."

"I order you to! I'm Lord Mauleverer, and you've got to obey my orders, haven't you?" howled Bolsover. "Bust in the window, I tell you!"

"Begad, we sha'n't let you in here!" said

Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "You can run away and play, Choooper, my boy. We're going to have supper now. If you try to get in you will get hurt—what?"

"The hurtfulness will be terrific, my esteemed Trooperful friend," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Bursting in the French windows and tackling six sturdy, determined juniors seemed, apparently, rather a large order to the three men outside. They naturally hesitated to undertake the task. Trooper looked in through the broken window again.

"I shall call the police," he said. "There is nothing else to be done. Your lordship wishes me to call in the police? As these young gentlemen are schoolfellows of your lordship's, perhaps—"

Bolsover major hesitated. Calling in the police was carrying the matter rather further than a joke.

"Look here, you chaps, I'll make it pax if you like," he said. "I'll let you stay here for the week-end if you make it pax."

"You'll own up that you're not Lord Mauleverer?"

"No, you ass!" "Then there won't be any pax," said Harry Wharton.

"And I won't have you here for the week-end, anyway," said Mauleverer. "I won't allow a bounder to assume my name, begad!"

"Shall I call in the police, my lord?" "Yes!" said Bolsover desperately.

"Very well, my lord."

And Trooper & Co. faded away from the veranda.

"Keep an eye open," said Harry Wharton. "It may be a dodge to rush us suddenly. I say, Bolsover, you've got a splendid feed here, and we're hungry."

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent, sitting down in Bunter's chair. "We can't ring for fresh plates very well; but we can help ourselves somehow. I'll wipe the knives and forks on Skinner."

"Look here, don't you spoil my clothes!" howled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove sat down to supper in a row, facing the window, to keep their eyes open for a possible assault. But there was no assault. Trooper was evidently gone for the police, or to telephone for them.

The three prisoners lay on their backs on the floor, regarding the feasting juniors with malevolent eyes.

It was an ample supper, and there was plenty for all of them. Bolsover & Co. had by no means finished when the interruption came.

"You'll get into trouble when the bobbies come!" said Bolsover threateningly. "I suppose you know you'll be taken to the lock-up."

Harry Wharton laughed. "I don't think you'll let it go as far as that, Bolsover," he remarked. "It will mean pretty bad trouble for you if you do."

"You'll see!" growled Bolsover major. "Begad, you can't expect to be allowed to rope in our week-end and our cottage!" said Lord Mauleverer. "It's too thick, begad!"

"Pass the chicken," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We'll deal with the giddy police-force when it arrives!"

Bolsover & Co.'s feelings were almost too deep for words as they watched the six hungry juniors clearing the supper-table. The supper was finished to the last morsel, and then Bob Cherry rose and looked out of the window. The moon was glimmering over the garden and the river.

"Not here yet," said Bob.

The juniors waited for the arrival of the enemy. There was a tramp of feet on the veranda at last, and a helmeted head looked in at the broken window. Under it was a podgy face. It was the village constable—all the police-force that Gunthorpe possessed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "Who are you, my pippin?"

The podgy face frowned.

"Come in, constable!" called out Bolsover major. "I'm Lord Mauleverer. I want these rotters arrested!"



**THE FAMOUS FIVE GET LEFT.** There was a sound outside the French windows, and Bolsover sprang to his feet. "Wharton, by thunder!" he exclaimed. The face of Harry Wharton was pressed to the glass, and behind him five forms loomed up out of the shadows. (See Chapter 2.)

"Hopen this 'ere window!"  
"Rats!"  
"Ave I your orders, my lord, to use force?"

"Yes, rather!" howled Bolsover.  
"Then bring me a 'ammer or something," said the village policeman, looking round at Mr. Trooper and James, who were behind him.

"Yes, Mr. Podge."  
James departed, and came back with a heavy hammer, which he handed to P.-c. Podge.

"Afore I come in," said Mr. Podge solemnly, "I warns you young gents that this 'ere will be a serious matter for you."  
"Thanks!"

"If they go quietly now, I'll let them off," said Bolsover major magnanimously. "They are schoolfellows of mine, constable, and they are doing this for a lark."

"You 'ear what his lordship says?"  
"He's telling whoppers, my dear man," said Lord Mauleverer. "He's taken my blessed name, begad. I'm Lord Mauleverer."

"You can't fool me, young man," said P.-c. Podge severely. "Now, are you going to open this 'ere door?"  
"Not this evening!"

"Then, with his lordship's permission, I shall bust it in."

Crash! Crash! Crash!  
The French window flew open, and the table and chairs tumbled away in all directions. P.-c. Podge marched in with a heavy tread, and after him came Mr. Trooper and James and the chauffeur.

Harry Wharton & Co. drew together. Mr. Trooper scooped over Bolsover major to release him, the others intervening to keep the juniors back. Bolsover jumped to his feet, grinning with triumph.

"Now, you rotters!" he exclaimed.  
"Shall I take them into custody, my lord?" asked Mr. Podge majestically. Exactly how he was going to take six sturdy juniors into custody did not occur to the worthy constable.

Bolsover appeared to relent. He slipped a five-shilling piece into the fat hand of Mr. Podge.

"No; I don't want to be hard on them," he said. "They're doing this for a lark. Just see them safe off the premises, please!"

"Werry well, my lord! Now, you young gents, clear off!" said Mr. Podge. "His lordship has let you off very lightly."

The Co. looked at one another. To resist the majesty of the law was a serious matter, although they had right on their side. But to be turned out of the country cottage was more serious still. They stood shoulder to shoulder.

"We're not goin', begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "This cottage was lent me by my friend Mackenzie for the giddy week-end."

"Now, you take my advice and go," said Mr. Podge, wagging a fat forefinger at them. "If there's trouble, I shall be bound to take you in charge. You go, when his lordship is willing to let you off!"

"I tell you I'm his lordship, you fat deffer!"

Mr. Podge turned purple with wrath.

"You get hoff, you young rascal!" he exclaimed.  
"Pile in, all of you, and chuck them out!" exclaimed Bolsover. "I'll help. Come on, Skinner!" He had already loosened Skinner.

"Pile in, I say!"  
"Hands off!" shouted Wharton. "I tell you—"

"Kick him out!" shouted Skinner.  
The next minute there was a wild and warring struggle in progress. The two parties were evenly matched in numbers, but there were four grown men on one side, and that made all the difference. But the Co. put up a good fight. One by one they were dragged to the door and shot forth upon the veranda. Wharton was the last to go, but he went, and rolled over Johnny Bull.

Mr. Podge put his helmet straight. It had received some damage in the tussle.

"Young rascals!" he panted. "Only say the word, my lord, and I'll take the whole gang to the lock-up."

"No; we'll see them off the premises," said Bolsover major gleefully.

The six breathless juniors were rushed off the veranda. Mr. Trooper & Co. had lost their tempers now, and they were decidedly

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rough in their methods. Bolsover and Skinner piled in for all they were worth, and even Billy Bunter lent a hand. Lord Mauleverer and the Famous Five were ejected ignominiously from the gates, and left sprawling in the road. Mr. Trooper locked the gate after them.

"Good egg!" chortled Skinner. "We win!"  
"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

"Never 'eard of such impudence!" exclaimed Mr. Podge, mopping his heated brow. "Only say the word, my lord, and I'll lock 'em up."

"No; that's all right," said Bolsover, inwardly wondering what would happen to himself if he should cause Lord Mauleverer to be put into the village lock-up.

"Makes a man thirsty, this 'ere," added Mr. Podge.

Bolsover understood.  
"Take Mr. Podge in and give him some refreshment, Trooper," he said. "I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Podge."

"Not at all, my lord; only dooty!" said Mr. Podge.

And he cheerfully accompanied Mr. Trooper and James. Bolsover & Co. returned to the dining-room; and they were careful to close the wooden shutters to the French windows and secure them. Bolsover sat down, lighted a cigarette, and grinned.

"We've done them—brown!" he remarked.  
"Yes, rather," chuckled Skinner. "Blessed if I thought they'd bust in on us like that; but we've downed them! Give me a cigarette."

And the rascals of the Remove celebrated their triumph in their own peculiar way.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Too Previous!

"O W!" groaned Bob Cherry. "I feel as if I'd been through a mangle."  
"The manglefulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh, sitting up dazedly in the dust. "I have great and extreme painfulness."

"Oh, begad!"

Harry Wharton scrambled to his feet and dusted down his clothes. The Co. had been defeated, there wasn't the slightest doubt about that. Their warlike tactics had won them a supper, but the defeat had been crushing. The enemy were still in possession of the cottage, and they were thrown out in the cold—on their necks!

"My only hat!" said Nugent. "It looks to me as if we're quite done. We can't stop in the road all night; we'd better make for the inn."

There was evidently nothing else to be done. The six juniors limped away painfully towards the distant village.

"What a giddy week-end!" groaned Bob.  
"Oh, it's rotten!" said Harry crossly. "We must manage to prove our identity to those asses somehow! Only Bolsover's got all the proof on his side, hang him! But if we let them spoof us out of our week-end, we shall be laughed to death when we get back to Greyfriars!"

The juniors grunted dismally at the prospect. To put up at the village inn for the week-end, and leave Bolsover & Co. in possession of the field, was not to be thought of. The Remove would howl with laughter when they heard the story. It would be the standing joke of the school for a long time.

"Isn't there anybody who knows you, and could identify you, Mauly, you ass?" asked Wharton.

"Not here, dear boy."

"What about the chap the cottage belongs to—Mackenzie?"

"I don't know where he is—somewhere motorin', I believe. Gone abroad, for all I know," said Lord Mauleverer dismally.

"Didn't you write to tell him you were coming down to the cottage?"

"Yaas."

"Well, where did you write, fathead?"

"His club in London, for the letter to be sent on."

"Oh rats! That's no good, then!"  
"He may be hundreds of miles away!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. "I say, you chaps, I'm awfully sorry it's turned out like this! I meant to give you a good time down here!"

"That's all right, Mauly; it isn't your fault," said Bob comfortingly. "We've got to think of a way of dislodging those rotters somehow!"

The Co. tried to think of a way all the time they were tramping back to Gunthorpe;

but the way did not occur to them. There seemed to be no way out of the difficulty. They reached the village inn, and secured rooms for the night, and that was all they could do. Bolsover & Co. had to be left in possession.

"Never mind; we'll drop on them to-morrow," said Bob Cherry. "They can't spend the week-end indoors, that's one comfort, and when they come out we'll massacre them!"

And, somewhat comforted by that reflection, the tired juniors turned in and went to sleep.

It was late on the following morning when they rose. They made their toilet with some difficulty, for their bags were not at hand. The bags had been sent on from the station to Live Oaks, according to their instructions, and had been taken in there. The tussle of the previous evening had considerably rumpled shirts and collars and clothes; but they made themselves as respectable as they could, and went down to breakfast.

Over brekker they discussed the plan of campaign. To leave the enemy in peaceful possession of the disputed cottage was impossible; they did not think of that for a moment.

"We'll wait for them, and collar the rotters when they come out!" said Harry Wharton. "Then we'll make them own up to the jape!"

"How?" asked Nugent doubtfully.  
"Bump them till they do!"

"Good! That will do for Bunter, anyway," said Bob Cherry. "We'll make the fat rotter tell Trooper the facts, and that will settle it!"

"Yaas, begad!"

And after breakfast the juniors settled their bill and left the inn, and took the road to Live Oaks once more to renew the campaign.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here come the enemy!"

It was Mr. Trooper. He was making for the village by a cross-cut across the fields; but as he sighted the juniors on the road he altered his course, and bore down upon them. They stopped in the road.

The butler was running, and his fat face was red and excited. The Removites exchanged grim looks.

"He hasn't had enough!" grinned Bob Cherry. "The cheeky ass, he's going to go for us! Making straight for us, by Jove!"

"We'll give him all he wants!" grinned Wharton. "Collar him as soon as he gets into the road, and bump him—hard!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That Mr. Trooper was intending war could hardly be doubted. He had changed his course so as to head for the spot where the juniors stood; and what could be his intentions, if not hostile? The Removites had not a doubt about it. They waited for Mr. Trooper to come up, with grim looks.

The portly butler was clambering over a stile into the road, when Wharton gave the signal, and they rushed upon him.

Six pairs of hands closed at the same moment upon Mr. Trooper's portly person, and he came down off the stile with a bump.

"Ow-w-w-w!" he gasped. "Grooooh!"

"Bump him!"

"Young gentlemen—Yaroooh! Help! Grooh! Oh!"

Bump!

The concussion on the hard, unympathetic road knocked out all the breath that was left in Mr. Trooper's portly person. He could only gasp like a newly-landed fish, his eyes rolling wildly.

"Give him another!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump, bump!

"Young gentlemen—my lord—Ow—ow!" spluttered the unfortunate Mr. Trooper. "P-p-please do not bump me! Really—ow—"

Bump!

"Oh! Ow! Help! Leggo!" shrieked Mr. Trooper. "I tell you, my lord—all a mistake! I came to tell you—know you now! Ow! Grooooh!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The juniors released Mr. Trooper as if he had suddenly become red-hot. They understood now the reason of the butler's haste, and why he had borne down upon them as soon as he sighted them. The mistake had been discovered, and Mr. Trooper was coming to tell them so. The juniors had certainly been a little too previous with that bumping.

"Begad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer. "Why didn't you say so before, Shooper?"

"We didn't give him much chance!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Never mind, old son; no harm done—only a button or two burst off. Get your breath!"

Mr. Trooper gasped. He was trying to.

"How did you find out?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"Groot! Mr. Mackenzie—come back!" spluttered Mr. Trooper. "Sent me to find you! Groot! Oh dear! Oh!"

"Oh, what a little bit of luck!" sang Bob Cherry. "Come on, you chaps! All is calm and bright again. Let me lend you my arm, Trooper, my boy; you seem to be a little short of breath. You don't take enough exercise!"

Mr. Trooper grinned faintly; and, with Bob Cherry lending the breathless butler the aid of his stalwart arm, they hurried on to Live Oaks.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**  
**All's Well that Ends Well!**

**B**OLSOVER MAJOR had met with a surprise that morning.

The three impostors had gone to bed perfectly satisfied with themselves and with things generally. They were in possession of the cottage, they were going to have the week-end, and they had a bowling joke to relate to the fellows when they returned to Greyfriars on Monday morning. No wonder they were satisfied!

They came down in the morning, and demolished a substantial breakfast.

"We'll have a run in the car this morning," Bolsover remarked, as he rose from the breakfast-table. "That medical Johnny is calling this morning, and we may as well be out when he comes; it will save trouble. He's written the giddy letter to Quelchy, and that's all we wanted of him. I'll go and see to the car!"

"Better order a lunch to put in the car, in case of accidents," was Billy Bunter's valuable suggestion.

Bolsover walked out to the garage, and ordered Thompson to get the car ready, and then strolled about the grounds.

By this time Bolsover major was feeling as if he were really Lord Mauleverer, and monarch of all he surveyed. He felt quite indignant when a gentleman in a Norfolk jacket came up the path by the river, opened the garden gate, and calmly walked into the garden.

"Hallo! What do you want here?" called out Bolsover major.

The stranger stared at him.

"Hallo!" he said.

"This is private ground!" said Bolsover loftily. "You can't come in here!"

The stranger stared harder.

"I can't come in here?" he repeated.

"Certainly not!"

The man in the Norfolk jacket smiled.

"Well, I should like to know who has a better right here than I have!" he remarked.

"Who may you happen to be?" demanded Bolsover.

"My name is Mackenzie."

"Eh?" said Bolsover, remembering to have heard that name somewhere. "Well, you're trespassing here, anyway. Buzz off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover began to get angry. He did not understand the stranger at all.

"Look here, what are you cackling at?" he demanded gruffly.

"It's all right," said the stranger. "I suppose you are one of Lord Mauleverer's young friends—what?"

"I'm Lord Mauleverer himself!" said Bolsover major, in his statelyst manner.

The man in the Norfolk jacket jumped.

"You—you're who—what?" he ejaculated.

"Lord Mauleverer!"

"Oh, you're Lord Mauleverer! My word!" Bolsover felt a twinge of uneasiness. If this was somebody who knew Lord Mauleverer by sight, he had to brazen it out.

"I'll thank you to get out of this garden!" he said, as loftily as he could.

The stranger looked at him with a twinkle in his eyes.

"You are quite sure you are Lord Mauleverer!" he asked.

"Quite sure. What do you mean?" blustered Bolsover major.

"Well, I thought you might have made some mistake."

"Look here, you cheeky bounder—"

"You see, Lord Mauleverer happens to be my second cousin," explained the stranger quietly.

"Oh!"

"And I happen to be the owner of this cottage, which I have lent to Mauleverer for the week-end!"

"OH!"

Bolsover felt on the point of collapse.

"And now, as you're certainly not Lord Mauleverer, and you're apparently not one of his friends, perhaps you'll kindly explain what you are doing here?" the agreeable stranger continued politely.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"It surely isn't possible that you have palmed yourself off on Trooper as Lord Mauleverer? If so—"

The chauffeur came round the house, and touched his cap to Bolsover major.

"The car's ready, my lord! Why, Mr. Mackenzie, I didn't see you, sir." And he touched his cap again.

"Who is that fellow?" asked Mr. Mackenzie, pointing to Bolsover, who stood with open mouth, unable to speak.

Thompson stared.

"That's Lord Mauleverer, sir."

"Indeed! He's no more Lord Mauleverer than I am! It looks to me as if there has been some kind of swindling here," said Mr. Mackenzie, with a frown. "See that he doesn't get away, Thompson, while I speak to Trooper."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Mackenzie went on to the house. Bolsover major made a step towards the gate, but the chauffeur took hold of his arm.

"Let me go, confound you!" exclaimed Bolsover.

The chauffeur grinned.

"Not just yet, Mr. Swindler! You heard what Mr. Mackenzie said. You're going to stay here, my lord."

Mr. Mackenzie looked out of the porch in a few minutes.

"Bring that fellow here, Thompson!"

"Yes, sir!"

Bolsover major was marched into the porch. Skinner and Billy Bunter were there, both looking dismayed, and Mr. Trooper and James, both looking fierce. Trooper had explained what had happened the previous evening, and he was shuddering inwardly and outwardly at the dreadful knowledge that he had laid sacrilegious hands upon a lord. It was only too evident now that the party that had been ejected by force were the genuine week-enders.

"Now," said Mr. Mackenzie, raising his finger. "I give you youngsters a chance to explain what this means, before I send for the police."

"It was all a j-i-joke!" stuttered Billy Bunter. "I—I was against it all the time. I—I was led into it—"

"Shut up, you fat cad!" growled Bolsover. "It was a jape, sir. We did it for a lark on Mauly and the others, that's all."

The owner of Live Oaks nodded.

"We'll see what Mauly has to say about it," he remarked. "Trooper, you say they went to the village last night. You'd better fetch them as quick as you can."

"Yes, sir," stuttered Trooper. And he departed, as fast as his portly person could travel.

"P-p-please m-m-may we go, sir?" mumbled Billy Bunter.

Mr. Mackenzie shook his head. He sat down on the seat in the porch, and lighted a cigar.

"Not till Lord Mauleverer comes," he replied. "I'm not sure whether I sha'n't have you locked up."

"Oh dear!" wailed Bunter. "I—I say, you fellows, you'll bear me out that I hadn't anything to do with it. I was really forced into this, you know. I say, Bolsover— You-ow-ow-ow!"

Bunter sat down violently. The Owl of the Remove was scared almost out of his wits, but Bolsover and Skinner waited coolly enough for the arrival of Harry Wharton & Co.

They knew they had nothing to fear worse than a ragging.

"Here they come!" said Skinner, at last.

Mr. Trooper came panting into the porch.

"Here is his lordship, sir!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had arrived. Bolsover gave them a glare of defiance. There was a wall from Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows— Wharton, old chap, you know I hadn't anything to do with it!"

"Shut up!" growled Bob Cherry.

Lord Mauleverer shook hands with his cousin.

"Jolly lucky you came, begad!" he remarked. "Jolly lucky for us! These rotters had possession of the place, and wouldn't let us in, begad, don't you know?"

"I got your letter last night, and came down to see if you were comfortable here."

Mr. Mackenzie explained. "This fellow met me with the statement that he was Lord Mauleverer. Who are they?"

Lord Mauleverer chuckled.

"Three bounders from Greyfriars," he said. "They knew I wasn't known here personally, begad, so they dropped in and called themselves us, and took in those duffers of yours."

"My lord, I'm sure I beg your lordship's pardon!" murmured Mr. Trooper. "If I had known that lordship was your lordship—"

"Begad! Not so much lordship!" said Mauleverer. "It's all right, Snooper. It wasn't your fault. Don't blame Crooper, Mac. These rotters took him in. It was only a jape, and I'll forgive them. Kick them out, and let them slide!"

Mr. Trooper and James and the chauffeur promptly kicked Bolsover & Co. out with much energy. And the three japers "slid." They picked themselves up in the dusty road, and exchanged rueful glances.

"Well, we did them!" growled Bolsover. "It can't be helped! Let's clear!"

Lord Mauleverer and the Co. looked at them from the gateway, and grinned. Bolsover scowled back at them. Skinner and Bunter looked pathetic. Lord Mauleverer waved his hand.

"Don't be in a hurry, you fellows!" he called out.

Bolsover major stopped.

"I've had you kicked out because you deserved it, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer calmly. "But if you like to come back, you can stay for the week-end. It was a jolly good jape, though it was up against me. Don't make faces, but come in, and we'll have the car out, and get a run."

The three practical jokers brightened up wonderfully. But they cast rather doubtful glances at the Famous Five.

"It's all right," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Take Mauly at his word! We'll be glad if you stay."

"The gladfulness will be terrific, my worthy and rascally Bolsover!"

Bolsover grinned.

"Right-ho!" he said. "Mauly, old man, you're a good sort, a really ripping good sort! If you really mean it—"

"Of course I do, begad!"

"Then we'll stay, and thanks!"

And they stayed, and for that week-end, at least, the Famous Five and Bolsover & Co. were on the best of terms, having mutually agreed to bury the hatchet.

(Next week's story of Greyfriars is entitled: "Fishy Corners Tuck!" Don't miss this great treat!)

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