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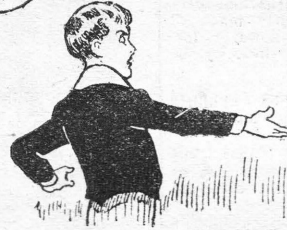
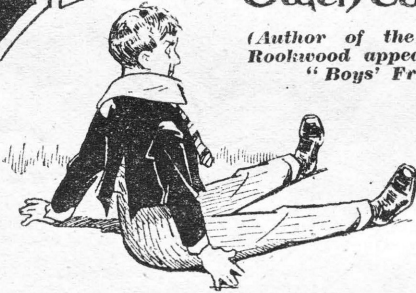
THE SCAMP OF THE THIRD AGAIN!

Teddy Lovell is in trouble again this week. ~~He~~ ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~see~~ ~~the~~ ~~error~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~ways~~, which are not the ways of the Rookwood fags. He has a lot to learn and the lesson will be ~~long~~. Time will show!

A Fag's Misfortunes.

By
Owen Conquest

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



A Dramatic, Long, Complete Story dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Fistical Four of the Fourth Form, Rookwood.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Teddy Too!

WHAT about Teddy?" Arthur Edward Lovell asked that question with a peculiar doggedness in his manner. Jimmy Silver suppressed a groan. Raby grunted, and Newcome whistled. And Arthur Edward's expression grew a little more dogged.

Teddy—otherwise Lovell minor—occupied a large space in the thoughts of Lovell major, which was very right and proper. He did not occupy so large a space in the thoughts of Lovell's chums.

In fact, in discussing what was to be done with that half-holiday, Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome had quite forgotten the existence of Lovell minor. They could not be expected to remember the existence of fags in the Third Form; and, moreover, they did not like Lovell minor. He was not an attractive young gentleman.

They were ready to be civil—as civil as possible—to Lovell minor, for his major's sake. But they were far from yearning for his company. In fact, the less they saw of the cheery youth the better they liked it.

"What about Teddy?" repeated Lovell, his tone growing resentful.

"Teddy's hardly up to a long tramp over Coombe Heath," remarked Raby, with an air of judicious consideration. "He'll lag."

"He'll get tired, poor little chap!" murmured Newcome.

"No need to walk as if it was a race," said Lovell. "I suppose we're not bound to cover miles and miles, walking on a half-holiday? Teddy hasn't seen much of the country round here yet."

Raby grunted.

Lovell's concern for his young brother, creditable as it was, had already caused soreness in the end study. Lovell's chums had recognised that it was possible to have too much of a good thing, even if Lovell minor was a good thing, which was doubtful.

"Oh, bring him, by all means!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Bring all the Third Form!" suggested Newcome, in a sarcastic vein. "Let's turn it into a school walk!"

"If you don't want my minor—" began Lovell, his voice rising.

THE POPULAR.—No. 251.

"Oh, we do—we does!" said Raby. "Bring him! Fetch him! We'll wait! We don't mind how long we wait! Anything for the pleasure of having your minor's company!"

"Look here, Raby—"

"Shut up all round!" said Jimmy Silver, in the authoritative tones of Uncle James of Rookwood. "Let the kid come. It may do him good. Let's go and rout him out."

Lovell snorted, and turned back into the quadrangle. His chums followed him meekly. They had already learned that it was no use arguing with Arthur Edward Lovell where his minor was concerned. But they were feeling very restive on the subject.

It was an unwritten law at Rookwood, as at most schools, that fellows in different Forms did not chum together much. They were of different ages; they had different interests—different ways of looking at things. More especially did that apply to fag Forms. Jimmy Silver had a cousin in the Third, for whom he had a real cousinly regard; but sometimes he hardly exchanged a word with him for weeks together. It was the natural order of things. It was not good for a fellow to hang about with fellows older than himself.

But Lovell was breaking the unwritten law in his affectionate regard for his young brother, the spoiled darling of the family circle at home. And, in the opinion of his chums, it was not likely to do Teddy Lovell much good.

Teddy had been about a week at Rookwood now, and he had not taken kindly to the discipline of school.

He had found that the spoiled darling business was no use at Rookwood. He had learned, with intense indignation, that he could not always have his own way.

He could not even turn his nose up at a fellow who did not meet with his lordly approval, without risk of getting a forcible punch on the said nose.

Which was very surprising and painful to Teddy; but very good for him, all the same, in the long run.

But Arthur Edward was deeply concerned about it.

It was very decent of Arthur Edward. Some elder brothers would have resented the fuss that was made of Teddy at home, and would have felt bitter about being expected to play second-fiddle to Teddy on all occasions. There was not a trace of that about Lovell. In his eyes, as in his father's,

Teddy was a very important person indeed, and it was distressing if Teddy was not satisfied.

His chums liked him for it, though it was exasperating, and they bore with him as well as they could. The Co. were having lessons in the exercise of patience and forbearance in these days.

Lovell marched round the quadrangle, looking for Teddy, who was not visible. Then he headed for the Third Form room, from which the sound of voices proceeded. He threw open the door and looked in. There were a number of fags present—Grant and Pipkin and Stacey and Wegg and Teddy Lovell. And they were evidently not upon amicable terms. Teddy was standing, with a scowling brow, glaring at the other fags, and they were glaring at him with expressions of contempt and derision.

"Baby-face!" Wegg of the Third was observing, as the Fistical Four appeared in the doorway.

"Little cad!" said Pipkin.

"Scowling like a giddy demon in a pantomime!" said Grant. "Mustn't chuck a paper ball at his highness! Hands off his lordship, you know! Yah!"

"Let me pass, you rotters!" said Teddy savagely. "I'm going out."

"You'll go out when we choose!" retorted Wegg; not that Wegg cared twopence whether Teddy went out or stayed in, for that matter.

It was Teddy's tone and manner that Wegg did not like.

"I'm going out now!" roared Teddy.

"You try to pass!" said Wegg.

"Yes, do!" said Pipkin.

Teddy clenched his hands and glared. It was only too clear that if he tried to pass, the other fags intended to collar him. Once more it was borne in upon Teddy that his lofty will and pleasure was not the supreme law.

"You rotters!" he repeated.

"Nice names you're calling us, you young Hun!" said Stacey. "Blessed little hooligan!"

"Punch his nose!" suggested Pipkin.

"So I will!"

Arthur Edward Lovell strode into the room at that point. He was in time to save Teddy's nose from the threatened punch. The fags all turned their heads to stare at him.

"What do you Fourth Form cads want

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here?" demanded Wegg belligerently. "You get out of our Form-room!"

"Come along, Teddy!" said Lovell, unheeding.

He took his minor by the elbow, and walked him to the door. Teddy went willingly enough. He was beginning to dread what might happen in the Form-room. A yell of derision from the fags followed.

"I'll lick you presently, young Lovell!" howled Wegg.

"Yah!"

"Baby!"

Teddy's face was crimson with resentment and indignation as he went out into the quadrangle with the Fistical Four. Lovell was looking angry. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome preserved expressionless countenances. And the Fistical Four and Lovell minor turned out of the gates of Rookwood together—not in a merry humour.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Adolphus is Sorry He Spoke!

LOVELL minor halted about a dozen yards from the gates of Rookwood School. He looked back towards the school, and then at his companions.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"For a walk," answered his brother.

"I don't want to go for a walk!"

Jimmy Silver regarded the landscape with an interested eye. Raby and Newcome studied the pattern of the hootprints in the dusty road. It was left to Arthur Edward Lovell to settle the point with his minor. His chums only hoped he would be quick about it.

"We're going to have a ramble right across Coombe Heath, Teddy, old chap," said Lovell.

"Too jolly far for me to walk!" said Teddy. "I've not got a pair of dashed seven-league boots on."

"Oh, we needn't go so far as that, of course!" amended Lovell. "We'll take you to see the old quarries, Teddy."

"What rot!"

"Come on, kid!"

"You go on," said Teddy. "I'm not coming, thanks. I don't want to see any old quarries."

Lovell minor moved a little away. Now that his major had seen him clear of the hostile fags, he was evidently tired of his society.

Lovell major glanced hastily at his chums, colouring; but they did not catch his eye; they took care not to catch it.

"Teddy!" exclaimed Arthur Edward, troubled and worried.

"So-long!" said Teddy.

"I thought you'd like a walk with us, Teddy."

"Well, I don't, thanks!"

"Look here, where are you off to, Teddy?" exclaimed Lovell suspiciously, and beginning to get a little angry at last. "You're not on friendly terms with the fags, and you're not going to mooch about by yourself. What are you up to this afternoon?"

"I'm going out with a chap."

"What chap?"

"Oh, a chap!" said Teddy vaguely. "Good-bye! Get on with your walk!"

He started off again, but this time Lovell caught him by the shoulder and stopped him.

Teddy looked at him with a gleam in his eyes.

"Let go!" he snapped.

"Whom are you going out with?" asked Lovell.

"I sha'n't tell you!"

"Is it Peele of the Fourth, or Lattrey—the cads who gave you cigarettes the first day you came?"

"Find out!"

"I'm going to find out!" said Lovell grimly. "The pater's left you in my charge, Teddy, and I'm not going to see you disgrace yourself."

"Will you let me go, you bully?" said Lovell minor, between his teeth.

"Not unless you tell me whom you're going with!"

Teddy panted.

"Let me alone, you beast!" he shouted furiously. "I'm going to the Bird-in-Hand to be introduced to some chaps there! So put that in your pipe and smoke it! Now let me go!"

Lovell's grip tightened.

"Come on!" he said.

"I'm not coming!" shrieked Teddy.

"You are!"

And Teddy came! With Lovell's grip like iron on his shoulder, he had no choice about the matter.

Lovell was really angry now. It was partly his affection and concern for Teddy himself that made him angry. But that he was angry there was no doubt at all.

The fag walked with him some paces, apparently too much surprised to resist. Lovell called to his comrades.

"Come on, you fellows!"

"All serene!" said Jimmy Silver shortly.

The three juniors followed Lovell in silence. That pleasant afternoon's ramble was not very attractive now. The chums of the Fourth did not exactly want to be turned into policemen to look after a recalcitrant fag, and after the first few minutes of surprise, Teddy began to struggle.

Lovell changed his grasp from the fag's shoulder to his collar, and his grasp was very businesslike. Teddy was marched on.

"Help!" yelled Teddy suddenly, as two or three Rookwood fellows came in sight on the road. They were Smythe & Co. of the Shell.

"Shut up, you little fool!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Let me go, then!"

"You're coming with me!"

"Help!" roared Teddy. "Help!"

Smythe & Co., who were strolling on ahead at a leisurely pace, stopped and looked round, in astonishment. They stared blankly at the Fistical Four and their prisoner.

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Adolphus Smythe.

"What's this game?" grinned Tracy.

"Bullyin' your minor, Lovell—what?"

"Looks like it!" remarked Howard.

"Shut up, you silly goats!" was Lovell's polite reply. "Go and eat coke!"

"Help me, you fellows!" yelled Teddy.

"Why don't you let the kid go?" demanded Smythe warmly. "You're a rotten bully, Lovell!"

Smack!

Lovell's left hand came across Adolphus Smythe's face in a sounding smack. Poor Lovell's temper was excited, and if he could be patient with the exasperating Teddy, he could not display the same patience towards the dandy of the Shell.

Smythe gave a howl, and staggered back as he was smitten.

"Oh! Ow! Why, you ruffian—"

"You asked for that, Smythe," said Raby. "Why can't you mind your own bizney?"

Adolphus Smythe breathed wrath and vengeance. He was not a fighting man, when he could help it; but even the elegant Adolphus could not submit to having his noble face smacked with impunity. He pushed back his cuffs and rushed at Arthur Edward.

Lovell had to release Teddy to put up his hands.

He met Smythe's rush savagely, hitting out with right and left, and following up the blows with a vigour that quite dazzled and confused the nut of the Shell.

Adolphus gave ground hastily, feebly defending himself from the onslaught.

It was a relief to the worried and irritated Lovell to punch somebody; and Smythe of the Shell had the benefit of it.

The hapless Adolphus was knocked right and left. In the satisfaction he derived from punching Adolphus, Lovell forgot Teddy for the moment.

And Teddy, the moment he was released, had scudded off in the direction of the school.

Jimmy Silver made a movement to follow him, but stopped. It was no business of his to collar Lovell's minor. And the absurdity of starting on a walk, dragging a fag along by the collar, was apparent to Lovell's comrades, if not to Lovell.

Teddy vanished round the bend of the lane, while his major was still hammering the unhappy Adolphus.

Tracy and Howard looked on grimly. They could not interfere with Jimmy Silver & Co. on the spot to see fair play. Adolphus Smythe was driven back to the ditch beside the lane, and a right-hander that landed on his chest, sent him spinning backwards into it.

Fortunately the ditch was dry. But there were beds of nettles in it. The dandy of the Shell reposed in a bed that he found far from comfortable, and he yelled dismally.

"That's enough for you!" growled Lovell.

"Yow-ow-ow! I'm stung!" wailed Adolphus.

"Help me out, Tracy, you ass! Howard, you fool—"

Tracy and Howard ran to his aid, and

Lovell turned back to his comrades. Then he noted that his minor had vanished.

"Where's Teddy?" he exclaimed.

"He cut off—"

"Why didn't you stop him?" roared Lovell.

"Which way did he go?"

"To Rookwood," said Newcome. "Look here, Lovell—"

Lovell did not wait for him to finish. He started running up the road in pursuit of the vanished Teddy. Jimmy Silver & Co. stared after him, and then at one another.

"Well, here's a go!" said Jimmy. "Are we going back, too?"

Raby gave a snort.

"I'm not going back!" he said. "If Lovell likes to play the fool on a half-holiday, let him! I'm not going to!"

"Same here!" said Newcome.

"Well, I suppose we can't go chasing a cheeky fag all over Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver. "Let's get on. If Lovell wants to come, he knows where to find us."

The three Fourth-Formers walked on, leaving Smythe sitting on the grass by the road, bemoaning his injuries, Tracy and Howard looking as sympathetic as they could.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Ragged by the Third!

TEDDY LOVELL looked round him cautiously, as he came up to the School House at Rookwood, after a breathless run home.

He had an appointment with Peele & Co. that afternoon. The black sheep of the Fourth had "taken up" Teddy, chiefly because that proceeding was annoying to the end study. They found Teddy an apt pupil. He found it very entertaining to play nap in the black sheep's study, all the more because it proved his independence of his elder brother's counsels. But nap in the study was risky, for Arthur Edward Lovell had taken a hand once, and the features of Peele & Co. still showed traces of it. That afternoon Teddy was going out with the Giddy Goats, but the delay in the Form-room where he had fallen foul of the Third, and then his start with Jimmy Silver & Co. had made him very late.

He was wondering whether he would find Peele & Co. still indoors, as he hurried to Study No. 1 in the Classical Fourth.

He found the study empty.

Peele & Co. had long been gone. They had not waited long for their fag comrade.

Teddy Lovell looked round the empty study with lowering brows. His afternoon's excursion was spoiled, all through his interfering major, he considered.

"Oh, it's rotten!" he muttered, as he turned out of the study again, in a dismal mood.

He had been looking forward with great excitement to that afternoon's adventure. There was little real harm in the foolish fag. It was chiefly the desire of adventure and excitement that caused him to fall in with the plans of Peele & Co. The fact that his brother had interfered between him and his new friends only roused his willful obstinacy.

He loafed about in the deserted passage for some minutes, thinking.

He knew where Peele & Co. had gone, but he hesitated to follow them there alone. And it was possible that he would fall in with his brother, who would collar him again. But hanging about Rookwood by himself was not agreeable, especially with the fear of falling in with his Form fellows.

He grunted angrily as he came down the stairs at last.

In the lower passage, as luck would have it, he came upon Wegg & Co. The fags were evidently going out, but at the sight of Lovell minor they changed their intention at once.

"My hat! Here he is!" exclaimed Wegg. "Here's Baby Face!" grinned Pipkin.

Teddy would have hurried on, but the fags surrounded him in a moment. They closed round him, and hurried him into the junior Common-room, deserted just then.

Teddy made one or two dives to escape, but he was headed off, and hustled into the room, Pipkin closing the door when they were all inside, and setting his back to it.

The new junior stood panting, with flushed face, glaring at his tormentors.

"Nice-looking kid—what!" grinned Grant.

"Nice manners! Nice, pleasant, agreeable countenance!"

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"Nonsense! What is the matter, Wegg? Tell me at once!"

"My shin's been hacked, sir," said Wegg, with affected reluctance.

"Show it me!"

James Wegg pulled back his trouser-leg, and displayed the injury. It was a very ugly-looking bruise, and the Form-master's brow darkened as he looked at it.

"Good heavens! You have been kicked very brutally, Wegg! Who did this?"

"Oh, sir, I—I'd rather not say!"

"I shall certainly insist upon knowing, Wegg. However, let that remain for a moment. I sent for you all because Lovell minor states that he was set upon, and used roughly, in the Common-room."

The fags gave Teddy glances of utter disgust and scorn, which made the new junior's ears tingle, in spite of himself. Grant shook a fist at him behind Wegg's back.

"You were all concerned in this," continued Mr. Bohun. "I require to know the reason of this unmannerly usage of a new boy."

"Hasn't Lovell minor told you, sir?" asked Wegg craftily.

"He has told me he was attacked."

"Well, he knows why, sir!" said Wegg, and he put on a really artistic stammer, in order to draw attention to his injury once more.

Then Mr. Bohun understood.

"Lovell, minor!" he rapped out. "Was it you who caused that injury to Wegg?"

"I kicked him," said Teddy sulkily.

"Was that before the ragging?"

Teddy Lovell did not reply, but the Third Form fags answered in a sort of chorus:

"Oh, yes, sir! That was why."

"I think I understand," said Mr. Bohun. "Lovell minor, what explanation have you to give of this brutal action?"

Teddy's eyes began to gleam. Quite unexpectedly, he found himself in the position of accused, instead of accuser.

"He was punching me, sir!" he grunted.

"Do you mean that you were fighting?"

"Ye-es, sir!"

"And you kicked a boy you were fighting with?" exclaimed Mr. Bohun, raising his voice.

"I didn't want to fight him," said Teddy sulkily. "He made me!"

"Sneak!" came in a hiss from the Third-Formers.

"Silence! Wegg, if you forced him—"

"He called me names, sir," said Wegg; "and I wasn't hurting him—not much. He called me names!"

"It appears," said Mr. Bohun, in a deep voice, "that you quarrelled with your Form-fellows, Lovell minor; that you fought with Wegg, and that you kicked him in a brutal and cowardly manner. I am not surprised that the other boys ragged you, as you call it. You have been guilty of a detestable action!"

The fags grinned at one another. "Old Bohun" evidently wasn't such a bad sort after all, they considered.

Teddy stared at his Form master, almost speechless with rage and dismay. He had not expected this. He had come there to demand punishment on all who had ventured to lay hands on his lordly person. And now—

"Ragging," continued Mr. Bohun, "cannot be allowed. You will take fifty lines each."

"Yes, sir!" murmured the fags.

They did not mind fifty lines very much.

"And you, Lovell minor, will be caned," said Mr. Bohun. "You have acted disgracefully. Wegg, go to the matron at once and show her your bruise, and request her, in my name, to do what she can for the injury. You others may go. Lovell minor, hold out your hand!"

Mr. Bohun picked up his cane.

Quite a joyous gang of fags streamed out of the study. Teddy Lovell stared at his master. He could not quite realise the situation.

"Do you hear me, Lovell minor?" snapped out Mr. Bohun.

"I—I—" stuttered Teddy.

"Hold out your hand at once!"

It was on Teddy's lips to refuse; but, fortunately for himself, he did not utter the refusal. His hand came out slowly, but it came.

Swish!

"Now the other hand!"

"I—I—"

"Obey me, boy!"

Swish!

Mr. Bohun laid down the cane.

"Now you may go," he said. "Remember,

Lovell minor, that if you allow yourself to act like a hooligan again, your punishment will be more severe!"

Lovell minor did not answer. He quitted the study, squeezing his hands, his heart full to bursting with rage and bitterness.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
The Order of the Boot!**

"HERE'S old Lovell!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. were rambling among the quarries on Coombe Heath, when Arthur

Edward Lovell was sighted in the distance. Lovell was striding along, with his hands

driven deep into his pockets and a moody frown on his brow. Jimmy Silver whistled shrilly, and Lovell glanced up and caught sight of his chums. He joined them, with a nod.

"You've come, after all," said Newcome.

"Yes," said Lovell curtly.

The Co. did not ask any questions about Teddy. Lovell's look was enough to tell them that there had been unpleasant happenings at Rookwood, and that he did not wish to talk on the subject.

The Fistical Four rambled on the heath, more or less cheerily; Lovell's glum mood cast its shadow over his chums. The sun was sinking beyond the hills when they turned their steps in the direction of Rookwood.

The juniors were following a footpath across the fields from the wood towards Coombe Lane, which brought them within view of the garden gate of the Bird-in-Hand, at the back of the inn, when three figures slipped quietly from the gate, and hurried up the path. They were Peele, Lattrey, and Gower, of the Classical Fourth, sneaking away from the inn after their surreptitious visit there. Lovell's eyes glittered as he saw them.

"Those cads!" he said. "They were going to take my minor there this afternoon. I suppose he was late—"

"Well, he didn't go, after all," said Jimmy Silver.

"They were going to take him, though!" Lovell quickened his steps.

"What are you up to?" asked Raby.

"Look here, we want to get in to tea. We're late already."

"Get in to tea, then! I'm going to punch those cads! I told them I would if they didn't leave my minor alone!"

"Oh, bother!" grunted Raby.

But Lovell's chums hurried on with him to overtake Peele & Co.

The three black sheep looked round with rather startled expressions as they heard hurrying footsteps behind them. They were relieved to find that the pursuers were only their Form-fellows. Their guilty consciences had pictured a prefect or a master.

"Hallo, you chaps!" said Lattrey.

"You've been to the Bird-in-Hand—out of bounds!" said Lovell.

"Have they made you a prefect, by any chance?" drawled Peele.

"You were going to take my minor there!"

"Take him!" sneered Lattrey. "We were going to let him come! He didn't want much takin'. Oh, you rotter!"

Bump!

Lattrey went down in the grass heavily, as Arthur Edward Lovell hit out. He stayed there.

"Now, you two!" said Lovell, who was evidently on the war-path, and not disposed to count odds.

Peele and Gower backed away in alarm.

"Look here, you fool—" stuttered Peele. Lovell rushed on.

The two slackers of the Fourth tackled him together, as there was no help for it. But they did not fare very well. In a couple of minutes they were on the ground, and Lovell was glaring down at them.

"You so much as speak to my minor again!" said Lovell, breathing hard. "Look out, if you do! Every time I hear of it, I'll go for you—like that! You'll get tired of it in the long run!"

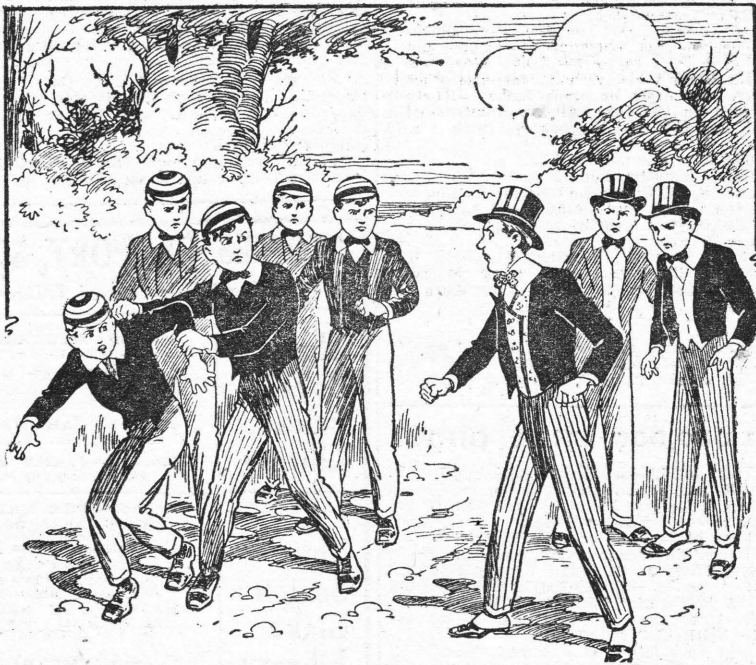
"Hang your minor!" gasped Lattrey. "Keep the sneaking little scoundrel away from our study! Speak to him! He's not fit for a decent chap to speak to!"

Lovell drew back his boot, and Jimmy Silver caught his arm, and hurried him on.

The Fistical Four tramped on to Rookwood, Peele & Co. following more slowly, dabbing their noses as they followed.

Lovell's drastic measures were rather effective. It was highly probable that the black sheep of the Fourth would drop the acquaintance of Lovell minor. Encounters like this were rather too high a price to pay for the doubtful pleasure of Teddy's society.

Teddy Lovell was hanging about the Fourth Form passage when Jimmy Silver & Co. came in. He gave the Fistical Four a dark look, and turned away to avoid his brother. Lovell tramped on up the passage doggedly, with his chums. He, on his side, was not



A BIG HANDFUL FOR THE CO.! Smythe & Co. turned round and looked at the Fistical Four and their yelling prisoner in amazement. "Oh gad! What's this game?" asked Tracy. "Bullying your minor, Lovell—what?" "Help me, you fellows!" yelled Teddy Lovell. (See Chapter 2.)

pecially desirous of speaking to Teddy just then.

"Waiting for the merry sportsmen—what?" giggled Tubby Muffin, as he passed the fag. "Banker in the study—what?—Mind a prefect doesn't catch you! He, he, he!"

"Hadn't you better cut off, young fellow?" said Kit Erroll good-naturedly.

Teddy grunted, and went into Study No. 1, to wait for his Fourth Form friends there.

The Giddy Goats came in at last. Teddy had not ventured to light the gas.

The study was deeply dusky, and the black sheep of the Fourth did not observe him at first. Peele was muttering an oath, as he felt for the matches and lighted the gas.

Then the Fourth-Formers saw their visitor.

Teddy looked at them rather timidly. The three juniors were showing signs of the trouble with Arthur Edward Lovell, though Teddy did not guess, then, what had happened. And the trio were in a vile temper.

"You!" ejaculated Peele savagely.

"I—I was late this afternoon," faltered Teddy. "My brother kept me. I'm sorry I missed you chaps, but—"

"Hang your brother, and you, too!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Get out of this!" growled Gower, rubbing his nose.

Teddy blinked at them. This was a change, with a vengeance.

"I—I—" he began.

"Kick him out!" muttered Gower. "That bullying brute, Lovell, may look in any minute, and if he finds him here—"

"I don't care if he does!" said Teddy.

"Don't you?" sneered Gower. "Well, we do! We're not going to fight your confounded brother regularly every day on your account, I can tell you!"

"Have—have you been fighting him?" faltered Teddy.

"You scrubby little cad!" said Cyril Peele, in concentrated tones. "We only took you up to make your brother wild! Do you think we want sneaking little fags in this study? Out you go!"

Teddy jumped back as Peele made a stride towards him.

The change of front in the Giddy Goats' study almost dazed the hapless fag.

Peele followed him up, and grasped him by the collar, spinning him round towards the door.

Peele had made up his mind that Lovell minor had to be dropped—lest worse should befall him. And, having made up his mind to that, he had no reason to hide, further, the contempt and dislike he felt for Lovell's brother.

He spun Teddy, yelling, to the door.

"Let go, you bully!" yelled Teddy. "I'll kick your shins! I'll—"

"Will you?" said Peele grimly.

He dropped Teddy on his feet in the doorway, and drew back his foot.

His boot landed on the fag, and Lovell minor went spinning out into the passage, with a wild howl.

The door slammed on him.

Teddy Lovell collapsed against the opposite wall. There was no welcome for him now in the Giddy Goats' study, and to the end study he was angrily resolved not to go, and downstairs he knew what kind of welcome awaited him among the Third.

The fury in his breast died away in utter wretchedness, as he limped away down the stairs.

THE END.

(You simply must not miss next week's splendid Rookwood story. The title is "The Sneak of the Third!" Tell your pals!)

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THE POPULAR.—No. 251.

MAULY—SWOT!

(Continued from page 7.)

"I'm not going!" he howled frantically. "I'm not going!"

But he went, all the same. He couldn't help himself! The Famous Five and Todd rushed the yelling Bunter along the passages to the Head's study. They burst in like an avalanche, and Bunter sat on the Head's floor with a bump.

Mauleverer was in the study with his uncle. Wingate was there, too, and Mr. Quelch. The Head sprang to his feet.

"Good gracious, what is the meaning of this disgraceful—"

"It's all right, sir!" panted Harry Wharton. "We've brought Bunter here!"

"Wharton, how dare you!"

"Bunter opened that letter of Wingate's, sir!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "He's admitted it!"

"I haven't!" roared Bunter.

Wingate strode forward, a black frown on his brow. He yanked Billy Bunter to his feet with a jerk.

"No lies, Bunter!" he said sharply. "Did you open that letter?"

"I—I—"

"Did you open it?" thundered Wingate.

"Ye-es, Wingate!" gasped Bunter weakly.

"I didn't see anything, though! I thought that if— I only undid the flap and took something out! Then North came along!"

Dr. Locke sprang forward.

"What is that?" he exclaimed. "You admit that you opened the letter, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And North came along the next moment?"

"Yes, sir," said Bunter faintly.

"Then Mauleverer couldn't possibly have seen the exam papers," said Wingate. "By Jove, I'm glad! So you were telling the truth all along, Mauleverer! I'm awfully sorry I doubted you!"

"Begad, that's all right, Wingate!" said Mauleverer easily, as lighthearted as a sandboy now that his troubles had disappeared. "The evidence was black against me. It was all my fault, though, begad, for forgetting to give you the letter!"

"I'm glad, Mauleverer," said the Head quietly. "You may go just as soon as you like, and I must deal with Bunter as he deserves."

Bunter shivered. "I shall give him a sound thrashing, which, I trust, will make him think carefully before

he opens other people's letters another time," said the Head grimly.

"Begad, you're a good 'un, Toddy!" exclaimed Mauleverer. "These chaps are all good 'uns, nunky! They've saved me!"

They left the Head's study, and soon a series of anguished howls arose. They were quite audible where the Famous Five, Todd, Mauleverer, and his uncle were standing.

"Did I tell you, my dear fellows," asked Lord Mauleverer, "I'm not a pauper, after all, you know? That was all some silly jape!"

Peter Todd grinned—he guessed that the truth was out.

"And I think I can lay hands on the culprit," chuckled Sir Reginald Brooke.

"Yes; I wrote that letter, Mauly," said Todd easily. "At least, I had it typed. And Reggie Coker signed it, so that it was all above board. We didn't say that you were a pauper, you know—we only said that it would be awful if you did find yourself to be one!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad, I feel so relieved that I forgive you, Toddy!" drawled Mauleverer.

"I've proved my contention, anyhow," said Todd. "You can work when you like, Mauly—so when we want anything done in a hurry, we'll come to you!"

"Begad!"

Lord Mauleverer felt himself again with twenty pounds in his pocket. His furniture was restored to its original place the very next day, and Mauly took care that he didn't do the work himself.

Without any delay he had resumed his old place as slacker of the Remove. And the rest of the juniors rather liked him better in that capacity. He seemed more like the old Mauly.

And that night his lordship stood a magnificent feed to a select circle of friends; and Billy Bunter had the nerve to seek an invitation. Needless to say, he was at once barred.

Mauleverer had had enough of Bunter to last him quite a long time.

THE END.

(The great investigator, Ferrers Locke, at Greyfriars School next Tuesday. You must turn to page 2 and read the particulars of the coming story of Harry Wharton & Co.)

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