

*Lovina Sanford R1*

**BOYS! HIT THE TRAIL WITH**

*The* **RIO KID!**

# *The* **POPULAR**



Week Ending  
MARCH 29th, 1920  
Issue Series No. 475

Complete  
Story Paper

**2d**

EVERY TUESDAY



**QUICK-ACTION**

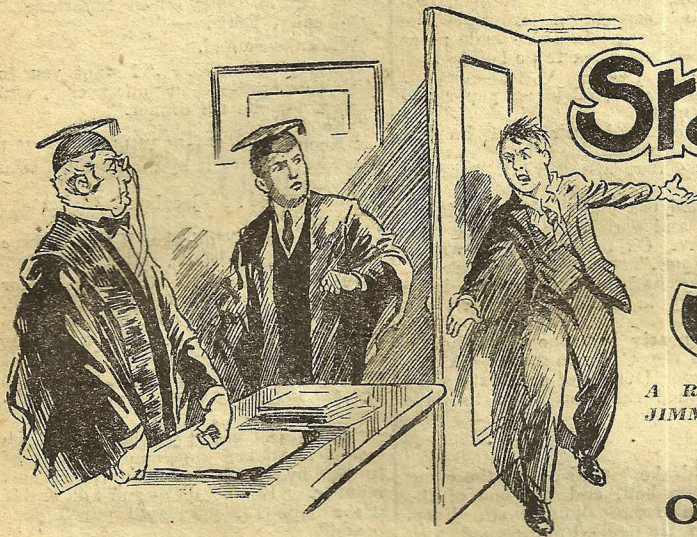
**WESTERN**

**YARN**

*Every Week!*

## PREFECT AND TYRANT!

Carthew, the bully of the Sixth, delights in stirring up trouble for Jimmy Silver and his chums. But he reaches the limit when he rides the high-horse over the whole of the Fourth Form!



# Standing Up For Justice!

A ROUSING LONG COMPLETE TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Trouble to Come!

"CARTHEW!" said Jimmy Silver. "Oh, rotten!"

Arthur Edward Lovell pronounced that it was "rotten," and all the Classical Fourth Form of Rookwood agreed with him.

"We're going to have a beastly afternoon!" growled Raby.

"Bless Carthew!" grunted Newcome. "We'll jolly well rag him!" said Putty Grace of the Fourth.

"Hear, hear!"

Putty's suggestion seemed to catch on. There was a perceptible brightening of faces among the juniors, who were discussing matters in the Fourth Form passage.

Jimmy Silver looked grave. "Uncle James" of Rookwood was, perhaps, a little more thoughtful than other fellows in his Form.

"Good!" said Arthur Edward Lovell heartily. "We'll jolly well make Carthew sorry he's butted into the Fourth!"

"Yes, rather!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head. He was no more pleased than the rest of the Fourth to hear that Carthew, a prefect of the Sixth, was to take the Form that afternoon, in the place of Mr. Dalton.

Mr. Dalton, master of the Fourth, was taking the Head's place in the Sixth Form room, the Head being otherwise occupied that day. Naturally, Mr. Dalton had to be replaced. The Head had assigned the task to Carthew of the Sixth.

Carthew should certainly have been equal to the task. He had little more to do than to keep order in the Form-room for a couple of hours, to give out some papers, and to collect them afterwards. But all the Fourth felt that there would be trouble if Carthew took charge of them. Carthew was a bully, and he was not likely to let slip an opportunity of making himself unpleasant, especially towards Jimmy Silver & Co., his old foes.

So, as there was bound to be trouble anyhow, the idea of beginning by ragging Carthew of the Sixth was quite popular. Only "Uncle James" shook his reflective head.

"Look here, Jimmy," bawled Lovell hotly, "you needn't shake your fat head, THE POPULAR.—No. 475.

because we're going to rag Carthew. See?"

"Not good enough, old bean," said Jimmy Silver decidedly. "If there's trouble, it can't be helped; but we're not going to ask for it. We're going to be good this afternoon."

"Good?" snorted Lovell.

"Jolly good!" said Jimmy Silver firmly. "Carthew will be looking for a chance to catch us out, and we're not going to be asses enough to play into his hands."

"Something in that," said Erroll.

"Lots in it!" said Jimmy. "If there's trouble, we don't want to be in the wrong. We can't back up against the Head and we don't want to. But we can disappoint Carthew by refusing to give him a chance at us."

"I'd rather rag him!" growled Lovell.

"That's because you're an ass, old chap!" Jimmy Silver explained kindly.

"Look here, Jimmy—"

"Silver's right!" said Valentine Mornington. "We don't want to ask for trouble. All the same, I'm pretty certain that there will be trouble. Carthew simply can't help bullying."

"Well, if he asks for it, we'll let him have it," said the captain of the Fourth.

"But we want to get through without a row if we can. The Head's seeing some distinguished visitors at Rookwood this afternoon, and we don't want a shindy in the Form-room while they're here."

"Oh, blow the visitors!" said Lovell.

"What do they want to come butting in for?"

"Jimmy's right!" said Erroll. "Let's keep the peace if we can. After all, perhaps Carthew won't ask for trouble."

"Look out! Here he comes!" whispered Raby.

Lovell snorted again. He was not disposed to "look out" simply because Mark Carthew of the Sixth Form was coming. However, he ceased his tirade, which was just as well.

Carthew came up the staircase to the Fourth Form passage and looked over the group of juniors with a rather unpleasant glance. It was not yet quite time for class; apparently the bully of the Sixth was taking on his brief authority a little early.

"What are you fags hanging about here for?" he asked gruffly.

"Talkin' about you, old bean," said Mornington cheerily.

Carthew scowled.

"And what were you saying?"

"Discussin' what a nice chap you are, and how they must love you at home, and what a pity it is that they've not got you there now," answered Morny.

There was a chuckle among the juniors. Jimmy Silver frowned. This really was not the way to talk to a Sixth Form prefect; but Morny always was reckless. Certainly Jimmy liked Carthew even less than Morny did; nevertheless, there was a fitness of things that should have been observed.

Carthew fixed his eyes on Mornington.

"You will take two hundred lines, Mornington," he said.

"Thanks!"

"Three hundred!" snapped Carthew.

"Thanks again!"

"Five hundred!" roared Carthew.

"Aren't you a bit too generous?" asked Mornington. "Blest if I ever saw such an open-handed chap! Thanks once more!"

Fortunately, the bell for classes rang just then.

"Come on!" exclaimed Erroll, and he caught Morny's arm and rushed him away towards the staircase. The juniors scampered after them, leaving Carthew of the Sixth standing with a scowl upon his face.

"Hold on! I haven't finished talkin' to Carthew yet, Erroll!" exclaimed Mornington.

"Yes, you have!" answered Erroll, and he did not let go. Valentine Mornington went perforce down the stairs, and Erroll did not release his arm till they were in the Fourth Form room.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### Distinguished Visitors at Rookwood!

MR. RICHARD DALTON, the master of the Fourth, was in the Form-room when the juniors arrived there. As they had not expected their Form master to be present the juniors came in with a scampering rush. But at the sight of Mr. Dalton they calmed down at once and went quietly to their places. The young Form master was by no means severe, and he seldom inflicted

punishments; but he had his Form very well in hand. He was very popular in the Fourth. Jimmy Silver & Co. admired him greatly, and even slackers like Tubby Muffin, and outsiders like Peele and Gower, rather liked him. The fact that he was a boxer and a footballer added to his popularity. Many and many a time the Fourth had rolled up on Big Side to cheer "Dicky" Dalton when he was playing footer with the mighty men of the Sixth.

"Dicky's here, after all," murmured Lovell. "Perhaps—"

"Shurrup! He's speaking."

"My boys," said Mr. Dalton, in his quiet voice. "Carthew of the Sixth Form will be in charge here this afternoon. I rely upon you to show him the same respect and obedience that you are accustomed to show me."

There was a murmur in the Classical Fourth. It died away under Mr. Dalton's rather stern glance.

"I rely upon you especially, Silver, as head boy of the Form, to see that there is no disorder here," said the young master.

"Certainly, sir," said Jimmy.

Carthew came in, in time to hear what was said. He looked at Mr. Dalton with a veiled impertinence in his expression.

"No need for that, sir," he said coolly.

"What!"

"I'm quite capable of keeping the juniors in order, sir," said Carthew. "I don't require any assistance from Silver."

Mr. Dalton compressed his lips. It was not by his request that Mark Carthew had been assigned to take charge of his Form. The Head had issued his directions without consulting the Form master who certainly would have chosen Bulkeley, or Neville, or Lonsdale. It was a trifling matter, doubtless. It was in such trifling matters that the Head sometimes showed a slight lack of consideration for the members of his staff, which caused much murmured comment in masters' common-room.

Carthew looked at the young Form master coolly, waiting for him to answer. But Mr. Dalton did not answer. In the circumstances, it was in Carthew's power to "cheek" him, and he did not care to bandy words with the prefect. He glanced over his Form and addressed them.

"You will bear in mind what I have said, my boys," he observed quietly, and moved to the door, taking no further notice of Carthew, and indeed seeming unaware of his existence.

Carthew flushed slightly, feeling snubbed. And all the Fourth answered Mr. Dalton at once:

"Certainly, sir! Yes, sir."

The door closed behind Mr. Dalton. With some misgivings in his mind, he proceeded to the Sixth Form-room. He hoped that matters would go well in his own Form-room; but he could not help having some doubts. In the corridor he met the Head, and stopped to speak to him.

"The Sixth are, I believe, waiting for you, Mr. Dalton," said Dr. Chisholm, in rather an icy tone.

"I am going there now, sir. Would you have any objection to my sending Bulkeley to take charge of my Form during my absence?"

Dr. Chisholm raised his brows.

"Is not Carthew in charge of your Form?"

"Yes; but—"

"Carthew, has not, I suppose, expressed any unwillingness?" exclaimed the Head, bending his brows. "He

seemed to me to be very anxious to make himself useful."

"Not at all, sir; but—"

Dr. Chisholm glanced at his watch.

"I am afraid we are wasting time, Mr. Dalton. In fact, I think I hear a car on the drive at this moment."

And with the slightest inclination of his head, Dr. Chisholm rustled on, leaving Mr. Dalton to proceed to the Sixth Form-room with flushed cheeks. Dr. Chisholm was soon busy in greeting half a dozen distinguished visitors, and in that occupation he forgot the existence of Mr. Dalton, and of his Form.

It was quite an important band of visitors. There were a famous general and an admiral among them, and still more important, the famous general's wife and the admiral's wife. There was the famous general's son, chiefly distinguished by an eyeglass and flaxen hair nicely parted in the middle; and there was the admiral's daughter, a fashionable young lady who brought an atmosphere of Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix under the dusky old roof of Rookwood.

The Head wore the fixed, propitiatory smile he always wore on such occasions, not by the movement of a muscle indicating that he was mentally counting the minutes till his distinguished visitors should take their distinguished departure.

Naturally they made a round of the school, and looked into the Form-rooms, the fashionable young lady especially declaring that she should dearly love to see the dear boys at their lessons. They looked in on the Sixth and the Fifth, who rose to their feet and grinned sheepishly while they were looked at; they looked in on the Shell, much to the confusion of the Shell fellows, the young lady's bright glance making Adolphus Smythe of the Shell feel that he could kick himself for not having put on his latest waistcoat, and making Jobson, the sloven of the Form, try to squeeze out of sight behind Tracy. Then the Head, with the same fixed smile frozen on his severe face, led his flock towards the Fourth Form-room.

And as they approached that apartment, and had nearly reached the door, there came an unexpected sound from the room.

"Yaroooh!"

The Head stopped—his flock stopped. Crash! Bump!

"Yoooooouoooooop!"

Apparently something was "up" in the Fourth Form-room—something that was not calculated to make a desirable impression upon distinguished visitors to Rookwood!

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Carthew Asks For It!

T was Carthew's fault.

All the Classical Fourth could have sworn to that.

Jimmy Silver was determined to keep order if he could; and the Classical Fourth were, in point of fact, very good. They would have preferred to rag Carthew; but Jimmy's influence was strong. And to back up Jimmy's influence, there was the desire of the Form to avoid giving trouble to Dicky Dalton. Trouble in the Fourth probably meant that Dicky Dalton would be called over the coals afterwards by the Head, and his loyal Form, did not want that. So the Classical Fourth nobly repressed their keen desire to rag Carthew, and determined to be very good.

But it was a case of the wolf and the lamb over again. Even Mornington was pacific. But it was useless for one party to be pacific when the other party was bent on trouble.

Carthew, dressed in a little brief authority, was determined to make the Fourth realise that they were under his thumb. More than once his propensity to bullying had been checked by Mr. Dalton. But now the bully of the Sixth had matters in his own hands, and he meant to make the most of his opportunity.

The juniors filed past the high desk, where Carthew sat, and took their papers. Carthew eyed them as they passed, sharply, and especially he eyed Mornington. But Morny carefully avoided meeting his eyes, and Carthew had no opening. The juniors took their places.

"Mornington!" rapped out Carthew. Morny looked up.

"I shall expect your lines after tea."

"Yes, Carthew?" said Morny, with wonderful meekness.

"If they're late they will be doubled."

"Yes, Carthew!"

"Don't be cheeky, Mornington!"

"No, Carthew!"

Even the bully of the Sixth had to leave it at that.

A quarter of an hour passed in silence and peace. Carthew from the Form master's desk watching for a chance. But the juniors were resolved not to give him one, and they kept their heads bent over their papers, and their pens scribbled away busily. But in a case of the wolf and the lamb, the lamb really had no hope.

"Lovell!" rapped out Carthew at last.

"Yes, Carthew?" said Arthur Edward, as meekly as he could.

"Stop shuffling your feet."

"I wasn't shuffling my feet."

"Don't contradict me, Lovell!"

Hot words rose to Lovell's lips, but he did not utter them. He caught a warning look from Jimmy Silver in time. He was silent; but silence was of no use to Carthew.

"Do you hear me, Lovell?"

"Yes," breathed Arthur Edward.

"Take a hundred lines for telling a falsehood."

That was too much for Arthur Edward. Warning looks from Jimmy Silver did not stop him now. He jumped up.

"You rotter—"

"What!" roared Carthew.

"You sneaking cad!" Lovell roared back. "Do you think I would take the trouble to tell lies to a worm like you, even if I were a liar as you are? Go and eat coke!"

Carthew's eyes gleamed. His chance had come at last. He grasped Mr. Dalton's cane, and advanced towards the class.

"Stand out before the class, Lovell!"

"What for?"

"I am going to cane you!"

"You're not," said Lovell stubbornly.

"I order you, Lovell—"

"Go and eat coke!"

It was rebellion with a vengeance. Carthew came among the forms, and Lovell grabbed up the inkpot from his desk and stood on his defence. A dozen juniors were on their feet now as well as Lovell.

"Hold out your hand, Lovell!"

"Rats!"

"By gad!" breathed Carthew.

He made a jump at Arthur Edward Lovell, and caught him by the collar with his left hand. The cane swished

in his right, and came down across Lovell's shoulders with a mighty swipe.

Lovell yelled—the wild yell that greeted the Head and his distinguished visitors in the corridor. The next moment he had “buzzed” the inkpot at Carthew, and there was a howl from the bully of the Sixth.

“Back up!” panted Mornington.

“I—I say—” stammered Jimmy Silver, in deep dismay.

“What's the good? You can see Carthew is ben on it!” exclaimed Putty. “Pile in, you fellows!”

“Rescue!” gasped Lovell.

Carthew, his face smothered with ink and his nose considerably hurt by the inkpot, was laying on the cane with savage recklessness. It was too much for Jimmy Silver & Co.—too much for the rest of the Fourth. Mornington led a scrambling rush at Carthew, but Jimmy was a good second.

“Collar him!”

“Boot the cad!”

A dozen hands grasped Carthew. His cane was torn away, and in the grasp of the juniors he went whirling out of the forms. He crashed against the Form master's desk, and then went to the floor with a heavy bump.

“Rag him!” yelled Putty.

“Kick him out!”

“Hurrah!”

Carthew was bumped on the floor of the Form-room, struggling and yelling wildly. Half a dozen inkpots were emptied over him, till he looked like a very dishevelled nigger minstrel. His collar and tie were gone, most of his buttons had followed as he struggled wildly in the clutches of the excited juniors. Then, in the grasp of eight or nine fellows, who grasped him wherever there was room to grasp, he was swept to the door. Putty of the Fourth threw the Form-room door open wide.

“Kick him out!”

“Hurrah!”

“Boot out the cad!”

“Gr-r-r-r-r!” came in strangled accents from Carthew of the Sixth.

“Outside!”

“Boot him!”

Right through the doorway went Carthew, flying. He crashed in the corridor and rolled over, followed by a roar of wrath and derision from the Fourth. Over rolled Carthew, and he sat up, spluttering—sat up at the feet of the Head and his distinguished visitors! They stared at Carthew, and Carthew blinked at them and spluttered. And for a moment or two the Head and his flock stood motionless, dumb, staring—just as if they were playing at “living pictures.”

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Horrid for the Head!

**D**R. CHISHOLM found his voice. “Carthew! Is—is—is that Carthew?”

“Grooogh!”

“Answer me!”

“Gug-gug!”

“What—”

“Oooooooooooh!”

“Go after the cad!” came a yell from the Form-room. “Boot him back to the Sixth!”

“Hurrah!”

Five or six juniors appeared in the doorway, and came face to face with the Head and his party. They halted, transfixed. There was a gasp of horror.

“The Head!”

Back into the Form-room they went, THE POPULAR.—No. 475.

helter-skelter. Somebody shut the door.

Dr. Chisholm controlled himself with an effort. Never in his career as a schoolmaster, probably, had the Head of Rookwood been in so deep and intense rage. It was not only the rebellion and the disorder—bad enough as they were—but in the presence of his distinguished visitors.

What were they thinking of it? What were they thinking of Rookwood? What would they think of the Head—and say?

But the Head controlled himself. There was deep silence in the Fourth Form-room now. Nobody there even ventured to whisper, with the Head just outside. Dr. Chisholm gave Carthew one word:

“Go!”

The hapless prefect scrambled up and vanished round the nearest corner. He was glad to go.

Dr. Chisholm turned to his visitors. He found that all six of them were gazing from the corridor window into the quadrangle, deeply, intensely interested in a view of the clock-tower. What they thought—and undoubtedly their thoughts must have been busy—they did not show in their faces. After the first moment or two of shocked amazement they had become elaborately unconscious of anything that was going on. The Head read nothing in their faces; but he could guess a great deal. It required an herculean effort to recall the mechanical smile to his lips.

“I regret this very much.” The Head's voice was calm. “A slight disorder in a junior Form—unprecedented, I am happy to say, in the annals of Rookwood. The oak carving in this corridor is extremely ancient, and is considered almost unique.”

And the disconcerted visitors turned with relief to the ancient oak carving in the corridor. In a few seconds the unhappy occurrence was apparently forgotten, as if it had never been. But the Head had not forgotten, and he knew that his visitors had not forgotten. He knew how the general and the admiral would discuss it at their club—he could guess what the general's wife and the admiral's wife would say—he had a faint perception of what the admiral's daughter was thinking, and he believed that he could detect a faint grin on the face of the general's son already. Distinguished visitors at Rookwood were always, of course, a bore and a worry to the Head; but this especial visit had become a real torture. The Head would have given a year's salary to see them go, and they, probably, would have given as much to depart; but social manners and customs had to be observed, and Dr. Chisholm had to smile mechanically through tea in the Head's house. Yet how much he felt like smiling his visitors may have surmised.

Meanwhile, the “row” in the Fourth was a whispered topic all through Rookwood.

The din and uproar had been heard in the Third and the Shell, and Third Form fags and Shell fellows whispered over it, in wonder and keen interest. The Fifth had heard it, and they wondered and whispered. Even to the quiet, scholastic precincts of the Sixth Form-room some echo had reached; but Mr. Dalton, with the Sixth, had not guessed what was taking place, and he penetrated deep into Greek roots with the seniors, in blissful ignorance of the state of his own Form, till Mr. Bohun looked in. Mr. Bohun, the master of the Third, had been a beholder of the scene in the Form-room passage from the door of his own room. He felt bound to apprise Mr. Dalton of what had happened.

The Sixth were rather interested to see Mr. Bohun enter their quarters and engage in a murmured colloquy with Mr. Dalton. They observed that Richard Dalton started and frowned, and looked deeply troubled. Mr. Bohun took his departure—he could not venture to leave the Third long to their own devices—and Mr. Dalton stood for a few moments in anxious thought. Carthew had been kicked out of the Fourth room, and the Fourth were left alone, uncontrolled, and apparently it was with the Fourth as it was of old when there was no king of Israel, and every man did what was right in his own eyes.

That was not a state in which the Fourth could be left, and yet Mr. Dalton could not very well desert the Sixth. He looked across at Bulkeley at last.

“Bulkeley, there has been some trouble in my Form-room, and it appears that Carthew is no longer in charge there. May I request you to take the Fourth until I am at liberty?”

“Certainly, sir,” answered Bulkeley at once.

And the captain of Rookwood quitted the Sixth, possibly not sorry to take the Fourth instead of continuing to penetrate into the mysteries of classic Greek.

Bulkeley arrived at the Fourth Form-room and found it as quiet as the tomb. He entered. There were fresh inkstains on the floor—all the ink that had been poured on Carthew had not landed on him. Otherwise, there was no sign of disturbance.

Jimmy Silver and his comrades were in their places, their papers on their desks before them, writing industriously.

Bulkeley looked at them in some surprise.

Mr. Dalton had told him that there had been trouble; but he could see nothing amiss.

As a matter of fact, the sight of the Head's deeply incensed face in the corridor had scared the juniors, and Jimmy Silver's influence was hardly needed to restore order. All the Fourth knew that there would be trouble—serious trouble—to follow the booting-out of the prefect who had been placed over them. That knowledge controlled any inclination to further rioting.

So Bulkeley found a model Form hard at work.

Bulkeley sat down at the Form master's desk, and the juniors went on with their papers. The papers were finished and collected, and Bulkeley proceeded to go over them. He was thus engaged when the buzz of a big car was heard on the drive outside the School House. The distinguished visitors were departing at last.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged glances. They realised that the visiting party had detained the Head all this time, which was why he had not looked in on them. Now it was time for the thunderbolt.

“Now for the jolly old fireworks!” murmured Mornington.

There was a step in the corridor. The Form-room door opened. Dr. Chisholm stepped in, followed by Mr. Dalton. And a thrill ran through all the members of the Classical Fourth.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### Head's Orders!

**D**R. CHISHOLM stood facing the Fourth, his brows bent and grim, his eyes glittering under them.

Carthew did not appear. Whether he had already given his version of the occurrence to the Head the juniors did not know.

There was nearly a minute of silence, while the boldest of the Fourth quailed

under the Head's glittering glance. Then Dr. Chisholm's deep voice rumbled like thunder.

"There has been a disgraceful scene in this Form-room this afternoon. The whole Form seems to have been engaged in it."

Silence.  
"A prefect, placed in charge by me, has been violently assaulted and hurled out of the Form-room."

cuts to each fellow, even for an athlete like Dicky Dalton. It was, as Putty of the Fourth murmured, a "shipping order."

And it was unjust.  
No doubt the occasion called for severity. But the Fourth had been condemned without inquiry, without being allowed to say a word in their own defence.

The Head was satisfied with what he had seen. Unfortunately, he had seen only a part of the affair. Had he seen also Carthew's petty persecution and bullying, his decision certainly would have been different. But he

him out, but Mr. Dalton motioned to them to be silent.

He heard Jimmy Silver to the end without interruption. Then he questioned a number of the juniors.

Possibly there were some excited exaggerations in the accounts he received. But Mr. Dalton was easily able to sift the exaggerations. His own knowledge of Carthew's character helped him to come to a right judgment.

That the Fourth had acted in an unruly way was clear, from the point of view of a Form master. That they had been driven into resistance by a bully, taking an unfair advantage of a temporary position of authority, was equally clear to Mr. Dalton.

His position was a very painful one.



**EXIT THE BULLY!** "Kick the cad out!" came the roar from the Fourth Form-room. Right through the doorway went Carthew, flying. He crashed in the corridor right at the feet of the Head of Rookwood and his distinguished guests! (See Chapter 3.)

The juniors kept their eyes on the floor. Dr. Chisholm turned to Mr. Richard Dalton.

"Mr. Dalton!"

"Sir!"

"You will be kind enough to inflict the most exemplary punishment on every member of the Fourth Form."

Mr. Dalton flushed.

"I will make an immediate inquiry into the circumstances, sir," he began.

Dr. Chisholm raised his hand, interrupting him.

"That is quite superfluous, Mr. Dalton. I was a witness to what occurred, and there is no occasion for inquiry."

"But, sir, the boys may have some explanation—"

"No explanation is possible, sir, of a disgraceful scene which has shamed and humiliated me in the presence of a number of visitors to the school. You will cane every boy in the Classical Fourth Form, administering not less than six cuts to each boy. That is all."

And without waiting for any rejoinder from Mr. Dalton, the Head swept from the Form-room.

He left a dead silence behind him.

The magnitude of the punishment rather took away the breath of the juniors. Canning a whole Form was not a light task, with an allowance of six

had not seen that, and he did not choose to be told about it.

This was, in fact, another sample of the Head's autocratic methods, which caused so much heart-burning in masters' Common-room.

There was a long, long silence in the Form-room. The rustle of the Head's gown had died away. Bulkeley of the Sixth had gone out quietly. Mr. Dalton was left alone, facing his Form.

He did not turn towards his desk for the cane. He stood silent and troubled, his handsome face a little pale.

Lovell nudged Jimmy Silver.

"Put it to Dicky!" he whispered.

"Look here, we're going through a thumping licking for nothing."

"Silence, please!" It was Mr. Dalton's quiet voice, and Lovell's fierce whisper was silenced at once. "Silver!"

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly give me a full account of what took place here in my absence."

"Certainly, sir!"

"Go it, Jimmy!" came several encouraging whispers.

Jimmy Silver went it. He gave Mr. Dalton a description of the trouble in the Fourth Form, and he tried to give it in the principle of Othello, "nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice."

A dozen fellows chimed in to help

He had the direct command of the headmaster to punish the whole Form with severity. And his own sense of justice rebelled against the command. Whatever punishment might be handed out to the Fourth, certainly a more severe punishment should have been handed out to Carthew of the Sixth. And evidently Carthew was not to be punished at all, or even to have his conduct inquired into.

The Fourth eyed Mr. Dalton breathlessly.

He was their Form master—a master they admired and respected. They looked to him instinctively for justice. But they vaguely understood the difficulty of his position, and they wondered what was going to happen.

There was a long silence.

Had Mr. Dalton, with a view to his own interests and a quiet life, intended to carry out the Head's orders without question, it would have been judicious to do so without making any inquiry at all. Now he had made the inquiry.

He spoke at last.

"For the present, the Form is dismissed," he said.

The punishment had not been administered. In silence the Fourth filed out of their Form-room.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

## What Next?

"GOOD old Dicky!"

"Isn't he a jolly old brick?"

"Good man!"

Most of the Fourth had gathered in the junior Common-room, where there was breathless discussion of the afternoon's happenings.

"Dicky" Dalton's popularity in his Form had always been great, now it was greater than ever.

The Fourth were jubilant.

"Dicky's the man!" said Arthur Edward Lovell with great satisfaction.

"Dicky's going to see us through! I knew he jolly well wouldn't lick us all round because that cad Carthew bullied us."

"Hear, hear!"

"Good old Dicky!"

"But the Head's orders!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Blow the Head!"

"Bless his orders!"

"Dicky will explain to him, and bring him round," said Raby. "Dicky's bound to see justice done. Dash it all, the Head's no right to treat him as if he were an executioner."

"No fear!"

"I say!" Tubby Muffin put a fat and excited face into the doorway.

"Dicky's gone to the Head's study."

"Gone to talk to the Head," said Lovell, with a nod. "I hope he'll put it plain to the old boy."

"Gone to ask for the sack, more likely," sneered Peele.

"The what?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Order of the boot," grinned Peele.

"The Head isn't a man to be argued with. It's the boot for Dalton."

"Rot!"

"Rats!"

"The Head wouldn't!" exclaimed half a dozen fellows breathlessly.

"He jolly well would!" said Peele.

"Dalton's got to obey orders or go. You can get ready for that licking. Dalton won't give up a good job to save our bacon. Jobs ain't so easy to get in these days. Schoolmasters are a drug on the market."

"Oh, shut up, Peele!"

"What do you think, Jimmy?" asked Lovell anxiously. His exuberant satisfaction was very considerably diminished at the bare idea of Dicky Dalton getting the "boot" from Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver looked deeply worried.

"I'm afraid it's trouble for Dicky," he answered. "And I know I'd rather take the licking, or a dozen lickings, rather than see old Dicky leave Rookwood."

"Yes, rather!"

"But he can't leave! He shan't leave!" roared Lovell indignantly.

"Why, we'll jolly well rag the Head if he does!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bother it!" said Putty. "I—I wish Dicky had just laded it out and said nothing. We can stand a licking."

"He wouldn't when he knew it wasn't just," said Jimmy Silver moodily. "Old Dicky's too good a man for that—he's a sportsman. But the Head isn't a man to listen to reason."

"It's that cad Carthew's fault," said Lovell savagely. "Why couldn't he behave decently for once? Let's go and rag Carthew."

"Ass! That would only make things worse for Dicky."

"Here comes the cad!" growled Rawson.

Carthew of the Sixth looked into the junior Common-room. His face was pale and bitter. He was still feeling

the effects of his rough handling by the Fourth.

Silence fell on the juniors, and they stared at Mark Carthew with deep animosity.

"Silver! Mornington!" rapped out Carthew.

"Adsum!" said Morny.

Jimmy did not answer.

"You will bring your lines to my study immediately after tea."

"Go and eat coke," said Mornington politely.

"Get out, Carthew!" shouted Lovell.

"Kick the cad out!" yelled Flynn.

From somewhere at the back of the room a cushion whizzed. It caught Carthew fairly in the face, and he staggered and sat down in the doorway.

There was a roar.

"Bump him!"

"Boot him!"

"Rag the cad!"

A mob of excited fellows rushed at Carthew as he staggered up. He had brought his ashplant with him, and he lashed out with it as the Fourth-Formers rushed on him.

There were wild howls as the cane landed. But it was only for a moment or two that Carthew wielded the cane.

Then he was rushed over, and the ashplant was torn away from his grasp.

He went down with a crash.

"Let me get at him!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell, brandishing the captured ashplant.

"Go it!"

"Hurrah!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Carthew yelled as the lashes landed.

He leaped up, glared at the mob of juniors for a moment, and then bolted down the passage. Certainly Carthew

was the only prefect at Rookwood who would have run from unruly fags, and the sight of it encouraged the Fourth.

They burst into pursuit at once.

"After him!"

"Fank!"

"Rag him!"

A wild mob raged at the heels of Mark Carthew, and the ashplant, in Lovell's grip, thrashed upon his shoulders as he ran.

"Give him jip!" roared Newcome.

"Collar him!"

"Lick him!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Carthew, in a state of terror now at the storm he had raised, bolted for his life. He turned the corner into Head's corridor, and rushed on towards Dr. Chisholm's study.

There the most reckless of the juniors paused.

"Hold on!" gasped Lovell.

"By gad, we've done it this time!" murmured Mornington.

And the juniors surged back to their own quarters, feeling that they had indeed "done it."

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

## The Casting of the Die!

MR. DALTON was in the Head's study.

He was feeling extremely uncomfortable, and perhaps a little apprehensive, but he had his duty to do, and he was going to do it.

It was no light matter to face the Head of Rookwood, and argue with him, instead of carrying out his commands. The Head was, in the main, a just man, but he was impatient of contradiction. The mere hint of opposition brought into his eyes a steady, steely look which was hard to meet. And at the present moment he was very angry. Mr. Dalton would have preferred to give the stubborn old

gentleman time to calm down; but evidently matters would have become worse had the Head learned in the interval that his orders had not been carried out. So there was nothing for it but to beard the lion in his den.

"Mr. Dalton"—the Head's glance rested grimly on the young man as he entered—"there has been, I trust, no further insubordination in your Form?"

"None, sir."

"I am glad to hear it. The punishment you have administered will doubtless be a warning to these unruly Lower boys."

Mr. Dalton shifted uncomfortably.

"That is what I wish to speak to you about, sir. The—the punishment is not yet administered."

Dr. Chisholm raised his brows.

"Did I not make my meaning clear, Mr. Dalton?"

"Quite clear, sir. But I felt it my duty, as master of the Form, to inquire into the matter before administering punishment."

"Indeed!"

"The juniors have explained the matter to me. Certainly they acted in a riotous manner; but it is clear to my mind that they were provoked into resistance—"

"Mr. Dalton!"

"I am sorry to say, sir, that Carthew did not carry out his duties as you would have wished. He seems to have taken the opportunity to wreak old grudges upon boys he dislikes in my Form."

"The juniors have told you so?"

"They have not exactly told me so; but I have made a careful inquiry, and—"

"And you have not carried out my directions?"

"So far, no, sir. I trust you will allow me—"

"I will allow you, Mr. Dalton, to remember that you are a subordinate member of my staff, and that I am headmaster of Rookwood!" said Dr. Chisholm, in freezing tones. "I am not accustomed to having my judgments set aside by subordinates, especially by the youngest subordinate on my staff."

Mr. Dalton drew a deep breath. The Head turned aside, and picked up a paper that lay on his desk.

"Kindly report to me when the punishment has been administered to your Form, Mr. Dalton," he said curtly over his shoulder.

The young master's cheeks reddened. He knew how much was at stake, but he did not hesitate.

"I cannot do that, sir."

"Cannot?"

"No, sir. In the circumstances, I am bound to refuse to administer a punishment which I cannot regard as just."

There was a deep silence. The Head stared at Mr. Dalton as if he could scarcely believe his ears. Indeed, he could scarcely believe them for a moment or two. This was mutiny!

In the pause there came a rush of footsteps outside the study, and the door burst suddenly open. Carthew of the Sixth, rumpled and breathless, bolted in.

The Head's grim glance turned on him.

"Carthew, how dare you! What does this mean, sir?"

"I—I—I—" Carthew spluttered

"They—they're after me!"

"What!"

"The—the Fourth—the juniors—the—" Carthew stammered.

The Head's brow darkened.

"Do you mean that there is a fresh

(Continued on page 23.)

**"STANDING UP FOR JUSTICE!"**

(Continued from page 26.)

outbreak of rebellion in the Fourth Form, and that they have attacked you again?" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Carthew. "I asked Silver for his lines, and the whole mob of them set on me. They—they mobbed me, sir, I— They're after me now, I think."

Mr. Dalton, with contempt in his face, stepped to the door.

"There is no one in the corridor, Dr. Chisholm," he said quietly.

"I—I—" stammered Carthew. "You may go, Carthew!" said the Head icily.

Carthew, crimson, backed out of the study. He looked up and down the corridor very uneasily before he limped away. Mr. Dalton closed the door after him, and then met the Head's glance.

"So this is the state of your Form, Mr. Dalton!"

"I am convinced, sir, that Carthew has provoked this outbreak, as he provoked the other," said Mr. Dalton firmly. "There was no trouble in my Form while Bulkeley was in control."

"Is it possible, Mr. Dalton, that you desire this fresh outbreak to be passed over?"

"I will inquire."

Dr. Chisholm waved his hand. "It is not a question of inquiry. I am satisfied on the subject, and this fresh occurrence confirms my opinion. The Fourth Form is in an unruly and insubordinate state. The events of this afternoon call for severe measures of discipline. You will be kind enough to say no more on the subject, but to carry out my orders."

"I am sorry, sir, but—"

"That is enough, Mr. Dalton." The Head glanced at his watch. "It is now five o'clock. By half-past five I shall expect you to report to me that you have carried out my instructions, and that the Fourth Form have been

severely punished. If I have not received that report from you by half past five—Mr. Dalton, you are dismissed!"

The Fourth Form master breathed hard.

"Very well, sir," he said quietly. With that he left the study.

Jimmy Silver & Co., in the junior Common-room, were discussing the situation with bated breath, wondering what would happen. Mr. Dalton, in his study, was pacing to and fro, thinking, with deep and gloomy trouble in his face. It was the ruin of his career that the young man was facing in those dark moments.

Jimmy Silver & Co., in their quarters, heard the half-hour chime from the clock-tower; without guessing what it portended.

The die was cast!

THE END.

(There will be another stirring story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, next week, chums. Don't miss it!)

**FREE MYSTERY PARCEL!!**

A huge gift which is sure to please every collector! Stamps galore—and good ones, all of them! USEFUL ACCESSORIES of many kinds. A REAL MYSTERY PARCEL WHICH IS FULL OF GOOD THINGS. Write a postcard to-day and you will have THE MYSTERY PARCEL BY RETURN! If you send 2d. A SPLENDID MAGNIFYING GLASS WILL BE SENT AS WELL. Ask for Approvals. VICTOR BANCROFT, Matlock.



**HEIGHT COUNTS**

in winning success. Height increased—health and physique improved. Wonderful results. Send for particulars and our £100 guarantee, to—GIRVAN SYSTEM (A.M.P.), 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.4.

**HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS**

Machines from 5/- to £10. Lighting Sets, Rewinders, Spools and all accessories. Films all lengths & subjects. Sample Film 1/- post free.



**ILLUSTRATED FREE PRICE LISTS**

Agents for "Campro" Cine. Camera-Projector.

FORD'S (Dept. A.P.), 13, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.1.

Entrance: Dane Street.



Delivered to your door for 2/6 DOWN

14 DAYS FREE TRIAL without obligation to buy. JUNO CYCLES are British throughout and sent straight to you direct from our factory. Wonderful EASY TERMS.

Superb quality and easy running. Guaranteed for ever. Don't delay. Write for Free Art Catalogue. CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE FOR CYCLE ACCESSORIES.

JUNO

JUNO CYCLE CO. (Dept. U.2), 168, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

**STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT FREE!!**

Duplicate Stamp Album, 60 different Stamps (25 unused), Perforation Gauge and Case, Stamp Mounts, British Colonials, etc. A wonderful opportunity! Send notice and request Approvals. LISBURN & TOWNSEND, LONDON ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

**HEIGHT INCREASED 5/- Complete Course**

3-5 inches In ONE MONTH.

Without appliances—drugs or dieting. THE FAMOUS GYLFE SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Complete Course 5/-, P.O. post free, or further parties, stamp. P. A. CLIVE Harrow House, COLWYN BAY, North Wales.



**BLUSHING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, SHYNESS, TIMIDITY,**

Simple 7-day Permanent Home Cure for either sex. No Auto suggestion, drill, etc. Write at once, mention "P.R." and get full particulars quite FREE privately. U.J.D., 12, All Saints Road, ST. ANNES-ON-SEA.

**MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument, Invisible, Imitate Birds.**

Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-. T. W. Harrison, £39, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

**STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Par-**

ticulars Free. FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

**FILMS**

from 5/6—1,000 ft.—110 ft. Sample, 9d. post 3d. Lists free. NAYLOR, 46, Reginald Road, FOREST GATE, LONDON, E.7.



**2/6 NOW AND THE BIKE IS YOURS**

I supply the finest Coventry built cycles ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of a small deposit. Lowest cash prices, or easy payment terms. Write for Free Bargain Lists NOW. E. O'Brien, THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, 128 COVENTRY.

**DON'T BE BULLIED**

Send Four Penny Stamps for TWO SPLENDID LESSONS in JUIJITSU and Handcuff Photo-Plate of Jap Champions. The Wonderful Japanese Self-Defence without weapons. Take care of yourself under ALL circumstances, fear no man. You can have MONSTER Illustrated Portion for P.O. 3/9. SEND NOW to "YAWARA" (Dept. A.P.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Middlesex. Practical Tuition, Richmond and London Schools Daily.

**POST FREE 1/2**

There is no better pea pistol than the TRIUMPH 17-shot Repeater. Fires 17 peas in rapid succession with force and precision. Black finish, 6 1/2 ins. long, in box with ammunition, post free 1/2. Famous 50 shot Automatic, post free, 2/6—R. DILNOT (Dept. T.), 125, Chiswick High Road, London, W.4.



**FREE!** to all asking to see Approvals—Magnificent Unused Set of 25 Different FRENCH COLONIALS (worth 1/6). Many other Free Sets.—W. A. WHITE, Engle Lane, LYE, Stourbridge.

**YOU WANT TO BE TALLER!**

Increase your height by following the course prescribed by the most experienced and successful Physical Culture Expert in the world. Illustrated Book sent FREE of charge by return post. Enclose 2d. stamp. Sent privately. CARNE INSTITUTE, Lincoln Street, GARDIFY.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.