

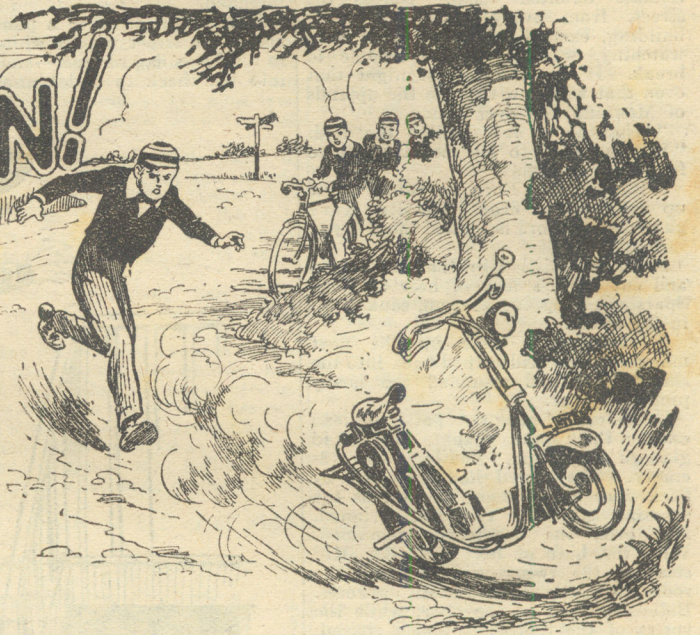
## LOVELL AGAIN!

*It's certainly asking for trouble to buy a motor-scooter, and attempt to ride it without a licence, especially without previous knowledge of a scooter's peculiarities. But Arthur Edward Lovell does do this in his usual fat-headed fashion!*

# LOVELL'S LESSON!

A ROLICKING LONG COMPLETE  
TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. OF  
ROOKWOOD.

By  
**OWEN CONQUEST.**



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Arthur Edward Knows Best!

"DIRT cheap!" said Lovell.  
"But—"  
"Nine pounds! What's that?"

Arthur Edward Lovell asked that question in quite a contemptuous tone. He might have been speaking of nine shillings, or ninepence.

But Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome looked serious and thoughtful. "What's that?" repeated Lovell.

"A hundred and eighty shillings," said Raby, "and a bob's a bob, especially in holiday time."

"I tell you it's dirt cheap! The man's practically giving away that motor-scooter. He told me it cost thirty guineas new," said Lovell impressively.

"And when was it new?" asked Newcome, a little sarcastically.

"Look here, Newcome—"

"The fact is—" said Jimmy Silver. Lovell interrupted. Arthur Edward Lovell always was liable to interrupt.

His views being so much wiser than those of any other fellow, it was always best for them to be heard at once—or so, at least, it seemed to Lovell.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I tell you it's all right. We've decided on a bike tour for the holidays, haven't we?"

"That's so!"

"So there's the question of baggage." "We needn't take much. And each of us can shove a light carrier on his bike."

"That's all very well; but a motor-scooter will carry all we want without feeling the weight. You can shove a decent-sized carrier on a motor-scooter and take blankets and things."

"Yes, but—"

"You needn't be afraid of accidents," said Lovell reassuringly. "I shall be riding the scooter!"

Lovell's chums gazed at him. They did not need telling that if, by combining their cash resources, they bought the secondhand motor-scooter to take on their summer holiday Lovell would ride it. But it was precisely because Lovell

would ride it that they anticipated accidents. Still, it was no use trying to explain that to Lovell.

"It's a handy little thing," said Lovell. "Runs as easily as a push-bike, and uses hardly any petrol. It wants cleaning up a bit, otherwise it's all right. Dirt cheap at nine pounds. We fix on a carrier, stack it, and there you are! Needn't load up you fellows' push-bikes. I'll carry all the stuff. Easy as falling off a form."

"Or a scooter!" murmured Raby.

"I suppose I can ride a scooter, Raby. I've had runs on my brother's motor-bike," said Lovell. "I took it out quite alone one day. There was a row afterwards about the dashed thing running into a tree—I remember that. But if I can ride a motor-bike I suppose I can ride a motor-scooter!"

"Into a tree?" asked Newcome.

"Oh, don't be an ass, Newcome! Look here, we want that scooter," said Lovell. "I've as good as told the man I'll take it. If you fellows don't want to whack out the cost, I'll buy it on my own—I can raise the wind by selling my push-bike."

Jimmy Silver & Co. reflected.

Really, it was not a bad idea.

The funds wouldn't run to a motor-car or a motor-bike. They would run to a motor-scooter, especially a second-hand one.

Undoubtedly the scooter would carry all the baggage that was needed for comfort. It would save a lot of weight on the push-bikes. The bill for petrol would be almost negligible.

"I can get across to Latcham before lock-up!" said Lovell. "Is it settled?"

"You see—" began Jimmy Silver.

"It's two-pounds-five each, if we whack it out," said Lovell. "That's not much, to get all the baggage carried through a holiday tour."

"We'll whack it out," said Jimmy. "But we'll all have a look at the bike before we buy it. Let's get out the jiggers and run across to Latcham. There's time before lock-up."

And so it was settled, and the Fistical Four left the end study to get out their machines.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Lovell in the Limelight!

ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL chatted cheerily as the four Rookwooders pedalled away on the road to Latcham. Lovell was greatly pleased with the bargain he had spotted at Latcham, and greatly pleased with his own perspicacity in discerning how useful it would be on the summer holiday trip. Also, he was looking forward to joy rides on the motor-scooter.

The Fistical Four arrived at Latcham and stopped at the cycle establishment. A chubby and rather greasy gentleman in overalls came out of a zinc garage to deal with them. Willingly he ran out the scooter for their inspection, and showed off its points to them.

It had seen its best days, and certainly needed some refurbishing. But it was in good condition, and the Rookwood juniors were rather taken with it. In construction it was simplicity itself. You poured petrol into a little tank, you pushed a little lever on the handle-bars to start, you sat in a roomy and comfortable saddle, and there you were! You stopped the scooter with two brakes, or simply by turning off the "gas," and you slowed down or speeded up according to the quantity of "juice" you turned on.

Undoubtedly it was simple, and after a little practice very easily handled. The gentleman in overalls ran it up and down the road with great ease to show off its points. Each of the juniors tried it in turn, with the man running alongside, and they liked it.

"We're having it—what?" said Lovell triumphantly.

"We're having it," agreed Jimmy Silver.

"I'll ride it back to Rookwood. We can put it up in the bike shed there till the hols."

The juniors had brought their available supply of cash with them. The price of the motor-scooter was whacked out, and the receipt duly stamped and signed and handed over. Then the scooter became the joint possession of the Fistical Four of Rookwood.

Lovell turned on the juice and wheeled

it away. As he pointed out to his chums, it was less trouble to wheel than a push-bike. It simply walked of its own accord, with a modicum of the juice to help it.

"How are you getting your own bike back to the school if you ride that?" demanded Newcome.

Snort from Lovell.

"I suppose one of you fellows can wheel it? Don't be lazy!"

"You know jolly well that you oughtn't to ride that thing without a licence, you ass!" said Raby tartly.

"I shall ride it every day without one till I get one," said Lovell coolly. "I want to get some practice with it. You have to apply at the county town for a form, and fill in the form and send your money, and then they send you a bit of paper. Lots of red tape, in fact. I'm not going to wait. I'll jump on here."

Outside the town, on the open, wide country road, Lovell was no longer to be restrained.

"Watch me start!" he said. "I'll show you how easy it is."

He pressed the lever a little to turn on more gas, intending to jump on at the same moment.

Unfortunately, he did not jump on quite quickly enough.

The buzzing scooter shot ahead, dragging Lovell after it at such a rate that he simply couldn't jump on.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

Lovell, running his hardest to keep pace with the tearing scooter, went along the road like a racer. He grabbed over at the throttle lever to turn off the juice a little. In his hurry and excitement he turned it further on instead of off.

The scooter leapt forward like a wild thing, dragged itself from Lovell's hands, and shot away.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Lovell.

He stood in dismay, panting, while the scooter ripped on. Unguided, it shot into a hedge a score of yards ahead, and stood plunging there, making frantic efforts to drive itself through the hedge, and buzzing at a terrific rate.

Lovell came up with it. He started dragging it up, and then, fortunately, remembered to turn off the petrol before he did so. After that the obstreperous scooter stood up quite submissively. Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived on the scene wheeling the bicycles.

"Damaged it?" asked Newcome.

Lovell glared at him.

"Certainly not, you ass!"

As a matter of fact, Lovell was not yet aware whether the scooter was damaged or not. Fortunately it was not damaged.

"Better wheel it back to Latcham and send it on by carrier," said Raby.

"That's the kind of piffle I expect from you," said Lovell. "Stand clear while I get on."

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Give us a rest!"

Arthur Edward Lovell wheeled his steed into the middle of the road again. This time he was very careful. He started gently and sat in the roomy saddle and moved on with ease and grace. Jimmy Silver & Co. mounted their machines and kept pace with him.

Lovell was handling the petrol-bike easily enough now. In fact, it was easy enough to handle, unless from inexperience the rider forgot the use of some of the gadgets, or in haste used the wrong ones. Arthur Edward smiled at his chums. There was a rise in the road towards a hill, and the cyclists had to grind hard at the pedals. Lovell was going up the slope without an effort.

"All serene, you see," said Lovell. "But, I say, there's no need for me to crawl like this!"

"I don't call it crawling!" growled Raby. "We're putting on a good speed up a dashed hill!"

"A good speed for a push-bike," agreed Lovell airily. "But it's crawling for me. I'll get on to Rookwood, and have tea ready for you fellows in the study when you come in—what?"

Lovell put it on. The motor-scooter leaped ahead with him and fairly walked away from the push-bikes. Lovell sailed on merrily and grew smaller and smaller in the distance ahead. His chums, following on behind, saw him making peculiar motions, and they wondered whether he was trying to slow down and had forgotten how to do so.

At all events, he did not slow down. At a spanking rate Arthur Edward Lovell went over the crest of the hill and vanished from the sight of his comrades.

When the cyclists had laboured up the rise to the crest Lovell was out of sight.

"Well, I suppose he's all right," said Jimmy Silver, with a breath of relief. "Blessed if I didn't half expect to find him lying about here somewhere! He must be more than half-way to Rookwood by this time. We'd better take the short cut by the footpath."

And the three juniors turned from the road and cycled by the footpath through Coombe Wood to the Coombe road and home to Rookwood.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### What Happened to Lovell!

**M**ORNINGTON of the Fourth was in the bike-shed when Jimmy Silver & Co. wheeled in four machines.

"Seen Lovell?" asked Jimmy. "No. Wasn't he with you?" asked Morny.

"Hasn't he come in on a motor-scooter?" exclaimed Raby.

"Haven't seen anythin' of it. Is Lovell ridin' a petrol-bike?" yawned Mornington. "Poor old Lovell! We'll have a whip-round in the Fourth for the funeral expenses."

Jimmy Silver & Co. put up their machines and walked away to the House in a rather uneasy frame of mind.

On the petrol-bike Lovell should have reached the school at least half an hour before his comrades, allowing for the time they had saved on the short cut through the woods. Apparently he hadn't arrived, however; certainly the scooter was not in the bike-shed.

It was close on time for evening Roll, but Jimmy ran up to the end study in the hope of finding Lovell there. But the end study in the

Fourth was drawn blank. Jimmy came downstairs again feeling more uneasy than ever.

That Lovell had not arrived at Rookwood was soon placed beyond doubt. Mr. Dalton, taking the Roll in Big Hall, called the name of Lovell without receiving the usual "Sum!" in reply.

The Fourth Form master glanced at the ranks of the Fourth and repeated the name.

"Lovell!"

But there was no answer, and Arthur Edward Lovell was marked down as absent from Roll.

It was not a very unusual circumstance for a junior to be late for lock-up on a summer's afternoon, and Mr. Dalton did not attach very much importance to it, besides making a note of Lovell's name for "lines." But it had a serious aspect to Lovell's chums.

"Where the thump is he?" said Jimmy, as the Classical Fourth came out of Hall. "What's happened to him?"

"Of course he fell off!" said Raby. "He would, you know!"

Jimmy looked deeply worried. He would have been angry with Lovell, but anger was swallowed up in anxiety. Was Lovell at that moment lying injured on the Latcham road—with a broken leg or arm, perhaps? The bare possibility banished anger.

"We ought to tell Mr. Dalton," said Newcome. "If Lovell's had an accident, the sooner he's looked for the better."

"I know! But if he hasn't—"

"Then what can be keeping him?"

"Goodness knows! But if he hasn't had an accident we don't want to tell Mr. Dalton that he's riding a petrol bike without a licence. It would mean a row for him."

"By Jove, it would! Still—"

"Better wait a bit," said Jimmy.

They tried to tackle their prep as usual, but had little heart for it. It was after eight o'clock when there was a heavy tread in the passage outside the end study.

"Hallo! That sounds like Lovell's hoof!" said Raby.

The door of the end study was thrown open. Arthur Edward Lovell, dusty and weary, tramped in and threw himself into a chair. He looked tired, and he looked decidedly cross.

His three chums stared at him. Their first feeling was one of great relief; Lovell was safe and sound. Naturally, relief passed very quickly into exasperation. If he was safe and sound, why hadn't he come in before? Why had he given them so much anxiety for nothing?

"So you haven't smashed yourself up?" said Newcome.

"Silly ass!" was Lovell's reply.

"We've been thinking you'd had an accident, Lovell," said Jimmy.

"What rot!"

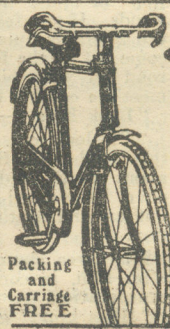
"Well, what the thump do you mean by staying out like this?" exclaimed Jimmy indignantly. "You were going to get in first and have tea ready. We've been in over an hour."

"Nearly two hours!" snapped Raby.

"Where's the scooter?"

"I've put it up a Bundy's, in the

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village. Mr. Bundy let me garage it in his shed," grunted Lovell. "It will be easy to get at there, and no questions asked. Mr. Dalton would be sure to ask me about the licence if he saw it."

"It hasn't taken you two hours to garage the scooter in Bundy's shed, I suppose?" asked Raby sarcastically.

"Oh, don't be a goat!"

"You've been joy-riding, then, and letting us think that you'd got busted up in an accident."

"You shouldn't have thought so. I suppose I'm not likely to have an accident with a petrol-bike. You fellows might. But I haven't been joy-riding, of course. I've got two hundred lines from Dicky Dalton for cutting Roll and coming in late."

"But why were you late?" demanded Jimmy, mystified.

"I had to wheel the jigger nearly four miles."

"Couldn't ride it, after all?" asked Newcome.

"You silly owl!"

"Something gone wrong with the works?" grinned Raby. "Well, it needn't have taken you all that time to wheel it, especially as it gets along by itself with a little juice turned on."

"I couldn't turn on the juice when there wasn't any."

"Eh?"

"It's that man at Latcham's fault," snorted Lovell. "Naturally, I never thought of looking in the petrol-tank. I supposed it was filled. But it seems that the silly owl only put in a little to show us the bike working. Didn't want to waste his petrol, I suppose—blow him!—though it's cheap enough. It ran out half-way home."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Of course, I didn't know what was wrong at first; I kept on trying to start the blessed thing, and it would not start—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" roared Lovell, greatly incensed. "Nothing funny in wheeling a heavy bike up hill and down dale for miles and miles, I suppose? I had a jolly good mind more than once to leave it by the road."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the three.

"You cackling asses! One of you might have thought of the petrol when we started. But trust you to forget everything!"

And Lovell threw himself back in the armchair to rest and scowl. It was not until nearly bed-time that he recovered his good humour, and then he would not have recovered it had not his chums, with great forbearance, been extremely careful not to smile any more.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.  
A Lesson for Lovell.**

**"B**LOW cricket!"

It really was not like Arthur Edward Lovell to make that remark. In the summer, as a rule, Arthur Edward worshipped the great game, and he was always emphatically down on slackers like Peele and Leggett and Gower, who dodged games practice when they could.

But on this especial Wednesday afternoon Arthur Edward Lovell was thinking of other matters. The joys of a motorist banished those of a cricketer. Lovell wanted to get down to Coombe and call for his motor-scooter at Mr. Bundy's and take it out for a long, long run. This time, probably, he would not forget the petrol.

"It's not much of a match to-day," went on Lovell. "Only a Form match with the Shell. You fellows can beat Smythe and his crowd without me."

THE POPULAR.—No. 49.

"Easily!" assented Jimmy Silver. "But—"

"I want to get some practice with the jigger," said Lovell. "I shall have to take charge of it during our holiday tour. It's simple enough, but a fellow wants to be well up in its gadgets. We don't want it to break down on the march. As I've got to take charge of it I'd better put in some time getting into the way of it."

The new possession being the joint property of the Fistical Four, there really was no reason why Lovell should specially appropriate it in this way. As a matter of fact each of the owners fully intended to take his fair share in the ownership. Lovell did not mean to be selfish at all. He thought he was being very unselfish. There was a certain amount of trouble and responsibility in taking charge of the jigger. Lovell was prepared to take it—being the only member of the Co. who had sense enough to manage a petrol-bike. That was how Lovell looked at it, and he regarded it as rather a sacrifice on his part.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"What about the licence?" he asked.

"Blow the licence!"

"Look here, Lovell," said Jimmy seriously, "we're all going to ride that jigger, and we're all going to buy drivers' licences for the job. But it can't be ridden without a licence; that's trouble to come."

"I'm not going to waste time."

"We've applied for the giddy forms, and now we've only got to wait till the licences come," said Jimmy. "Wait till then, and don't play the goat, Lovell!"

"When I want advice from a fellow who has as much brains in his head as I have in my little finger I'll ask for it," said Lovell. "You fellows get on with the cricket. I'm going round by Latcham and Rookham, and back by way of the Redmayne woods. If you fellows beat the Shell in time you can come out on the Redmayne road on your bikes and meet me coming back."

"Look here—"

"I'll look out for you this side of Redmayne about five," said Lovell; and he walked away to put an end to the discussion.

His three chums looked after him, in considerable exasperation.

"Bless him!" growled Jimmy Silver "I couldn't hold on to his ears all the afternoon." "I've a jolly good mind to take him by the ears and hold him in. But I suppose



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"Not quite!" grinned Raby. "All the

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understand it. Mr. Dalton would stop him fast enough, if he knew."

"Fancy the Head's face, if a bobby came here about it!" said Newcome. "A flogging for Lovell, at the very least."

Jimmy Silver nodded, with a troubled and thoughtful brow.

Valentine Mornington came out of the House, with a bat under his arm.

"You fellows comin' down?"

Jimmy Silver had been thinking, as he stared after Arthur Edward Lovell's figure disappearing out of the gateway of Rookwood. He shook his head in reply to Mornny's question.

"I'm thinking of asking you to captain the side this afternoon, Mornny," he said. "You can make up a team to beat Smythe and his lot."

"Easily," said Mornington. "I'll take it on, if you like. You fellows cutting the cricket, then?"

Raby and Newcome looked at Jimmy. They did not want to cut the cricket. But Uncle James of Rookwood was unquestioned leader in the end study, so far as two of his chums were concerned, at least. Raby and Newcome left it to Uncle James.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "We've got something else on this time. Mind you beat the Shell, Mornny."

"What-ho!" said Mornington. And he walked away cheerily to take up his new duties.

"Well, what's the game, Jimmy?" asked Raby, rather restively. "We don't want to waste the half-holiday."

"We're not going to waste it, old man. We're going to look after Lovell."

"Why, you silly ass!" exclaimed Raby indignantly. "Do you want to go butting after that silly ass—"

"S'hush!" said Jimmy. "Lovell's riding without a licence. He will get into trouble soon. Well, the sooner he gets into it the better for him—it will teach him a lesson. I suppose you know he needs a lesson."

"He does, the ass! But—"

"He's coming back by Redmayne Lane," said Jimmy. "Well, there will be a police-trap in Redmayne Lane—"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Lovell will be stopped by a bobby!" explained Jimmy Silver. "It will be a warning to him."

Raby and Newcome stared blankly at the captain of the Fourth. They simply could not believe their ears.

"Are you potty?" ejaculated Newcome, at last. "You can't be thinking of informing against a pal? Are you off your rocker?"

"Ass!" said Jimmy Silver politely. "Lend me your ears—they're big enough—and I'll explain!"

Jimmy Silver proceeded to explain; and his chums listened, in blank amazement at first, and then with loud chuckles.

"If it works!" gasped Raby.

"It will work! Let's get out the bikes and ride over to Rookham for the things."

"Right-ho!"

When Adolphus Smythe & Co. of the Shell came down to Little Side to play the Fourth that afternoon, four prominent members of the Fourth Form were conspicuous by their absence.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were far out of gates; Lovell, mounted upon the petrol-jigger, riding it unlicensed; and Jimmy Silver, Raby, and Newcome very differently engaged.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### In the Grip of the Law!

ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL had enjoyed his joy-ride.

The jigger played up well.

It was a fine sunny afternoon, and just the weather for enjoying a joy-ride. The jigger was in good order, and Lovell was able to handle it easily enough now, and he had taken care to have a supply of petrol with him. If something "went" and running repairs were required, probably Lovell would find himself up against it—but fortunately, on that fine afternoon, nothing "went."

So far, he had had no difficulties on the score of his licence. He had passed numbers of gentlemen in blue; but evidently it had not occurred to them that the schoolboy mounted on the motor-scooter was defying the laws of the land by motoring unlicensed.

Lovell was not really a lawless fellow—his licence was applied for, and it was only a question of time. Strongly indeed would he have disapproved of any other fellow motoring without a licence—doing what he was doing, in fact.

Somehow, when he did a thing himself, it seemed right enough, if perhaps a little irregular. If another fellow did it, Lovell could see the irregularity without the rightness.

Still, he had escaped scot-free so far, and he came scooting through the village of Redmayne in great spirits and entered on the shaded lane through the woods towards the school. He wondered whether his chums would come out to meet him on that road, and whether the cricket match was over yet. There was no sign in the long, shady lane of the Rookwood juniors, and no sign of anyone else. It was a lonely road.

All of a sudden a figure stepped from the trees by the roadside. It was well ahead of Lovell, and his eyes fell on it at once. He saw the familiar blue coat and helmet of the Police Force, and thought he had never seen a more podgy and stumpy policeman in his life. The constable, who had appeared from the trees, was certainly not tall, though his helmet added to his height. He was stout, however; his belt was buckled round a considerable circumference. His face was red in complexion, he wore a short, reddish beard, and his eyebrows were reddish in colour and very thick and bushy.

Lovell glanced at him carelessly at

same, he ought to be stopped. He's going to break the law, though he doesn't seem to have sense enough to

First; it was the sixth or seventh constable he had passed that afternoon, and he supposed that he was going to pass this one like the others. But on that point he was mistaken. The stumpy constable stepped into the middle of the lane and held up his hand.

Lovell's heart beat a little.

He "honked" emphatically on his horn as a hint to the man to get aside, but the representative of the law did not stir. In the middle of the road, with raised hand of command, stood the representative of the law, and Lovell had to jam on his brakes.

He jumped from the saddle as the jigger stopped.

"Look here," he exclaimed hotly, "what are you stopping me for?" "I've 'eard about you, I 'ave!" said the policeman, in a deep, husky voice. "You're the young rip what rides without a licence!"

Lovell stared at him. He had never had any great admiration for the perspicacity of the police. But, really, this seemed like magic. His lawless proceedings, apparently, were already known.

"I—I say—" he gasped.

"Where's your licence?"

"Can't you see it sticking on the machine?" snapped Lovell.

"I'm speaking of your driver's licence."

Lovell paused.

Many a fellow would have said that he had left it at home, but Lovell was not a fibber. He looked at the policeman and slid his hand into his pocket.

"The fact is—" he said slowly.

"Well, where is it? I've got to see it!"

"The—the fact is, I haven't received it yet!" stammered Lovell. "I've applied for it and paid for it, but it hasn't come along yet!"

"I've 'eard that story afore!" said the policeman, with a nod.

"It's true!" exclaimed Lovell indignantly.

"I dessay. That ain't my business.

My business is to take you into custody for breaking the lor!"

Lovell shuddered.

"I—I suppose that will make it all right?" he murmured.

And he tried to slip a couple of half-crowns into the official hand.

The official hand was jerked back.

"The police can't be bribed, young man!" said the plump constable, with a great deal of dignity. "I'm sorry, but I shall have to report this!"

"For goodness' sake!" gasped Lovell.

"I—I— This will get me into a fearful row at my school! Go easy!"

"I can't 'elp that!"

"Look here, I'll make it a pound!" said Lovell desperately. "And—and I'll promise not to ride the jigger again till my licence comes!"

The policeman took out a pocket-book and wetted a stump of pencil.

"Offered me two 'arf-crowns, and then increased the bribe to a pound!" he murmured, as he scribbled.

"Oh dear!"

Arthur Edward Lovell fairly shivered. He had made matters worse instead of better.

"You come alonger me!"

"You've no right to take me into custody!" snapped Lovell. "I'm jolly certain of that! You can take my name and address!"

"Not arter you tried to bribe me!" said the policeman stolidly. "I shall 'ave to take you to the station now!"

"Look here—"

"Nuff said! You wheel that there bike along, and come alonger me!"

Lovell glared at the impassive man in blue.

"Wheel it yourself, if you want to!" he growled.

The constable stepped to the scooter. He turned on sufficient gas to move it at a walking pace and started. Lovell walked on the other side of the scooter, a prey to deeply troubled thoughts.

The constable did not speak a word as he tramped on.

Lovell's steps lagged.

What was going to happen to him?

At the station he would have to give his name and address—Arthur Edward Lovell of the Fourth Form at Rookwood School. The charge would be motoring without a driver's licence and attempting to bribe the police. It would not be called "tipping a bobby," it would be called bribing the police—a very serious matter. What was the penalty? A fine—perhaps a heavy fine. Surely it couldn't be chokey! Lovell shuddered. After all, he was only a schoolboy and a first offender. No, it couldn't possibly be chokey. But the Head of Rookwood, of course, would be referred to. A constable would call at the school; and Lovell fairly shuddered as he thought of the interview with the Head afterwards.

He lagged still more.

The policeman did not seem to observe it. Perhaps it had not occurred to him that the owner of the scooter might think of abandoning his jigger. But that was, in fact, exactly what Lovell was thinking of.

He worked it out in his excited mind. Nine pounds had been paid for the scooter. But the fine might be more than that—ten guineas, perhaps. It would be cheaper to lose the scooter than to pay the fine. And if he could get clear that awful scene with the Head at Rookwood could be escaped.

Evidently Lovell's best move was to escape if he could, leaving the scooter in the hands of the policeman.

Lovell dropped quite behind, his heart beating fast. At the station he would have to give his name and address. But so far he was unknown. This man could not even know that he belonged to Rookwood at all. Now was his time.

The policeman glanced round.

"Keep moving," he said. "You're wasting time. Ere, you come back! Where are you going? My eye! Stop!"

Lovell did not stop.

He had turned from the road, and was tearing up one of the little paths into the wood.

"Stop!" roared the policeman.

Lovell vanished into the wood.

## "THE RIO KID!"

(Continued from page 11.)

of all eyes. The roughest gunman in the cow town made respectful way for him; men who lived on trouble wanted no trouble with the puncher who had faced the Sparshott bunch and beaten them to it.

But the Kid's manner was mild and inoffensive; he wanted no trouble with any man, though the walnut-butted guns were ready if trouble came. Day by day he sauntered in the street of Wildcat or rode the black-muzzled mustang, or watched by the bedside of the cowman; and McCane, who was hobbling about on a crutch, treated him with the deepest respect.

The town doc pronounced at last that Kent could leave his bed, and the Montana cowman was glad enough to climb into the saddle again and to ride the trails without fear of a bullet from behind a rock or a clump of mesquite.

And a day or two later Kent had news for the Kid—news to which the Kid listened with an air of surprise.

"I've got that mortgage!" the Montana cowman told him.

"Sho!" ejaculated the Kid. "I'll tell a man!"

"It's a cinch!" said Kent, with a bright face. "Lawyer Dunke came to see me, and he allows he's fixed it up

with a client of his to lend me five thousand dollars on the ranch."

"Search me!" said the Kid.

"It's sure the biggest lump of luck that ever came my way!" said Kent.

"Mind, I sure figure that I shall pull through easy and pay off that mortgage, now that I can get to work without them pesky Sparshotts gunning after me. But it's sure a heap of luck, all the same, and I guess I'd be glad to know who's behind Lawyer Dunke in this hyer deal!"

"Ain't he told you?" asked the Kid innocently.

"Nope! Not that it matters; the galoot won't lose his money, whoever he is. Look here, Kid Carfax, I guess I'm going to make a fresh start, and I want to take you in as partner, and we'll raise beef together on the Loring ranch. What about it?"

But the Kid shook his head.

"I guess I've got a call to hit the trail, feller," he said, "but I'll sure see you fixed before I ride."

"When you're through with riding the trails come back to Wildcat and put in at the Loring ranch," said Kent.

"I sure will!" agreed the Kid, with a smile.

And for a couple of weeks longer the Rio Kid stayed on in the Wildcat country, and saw a new ranch-house rise on the Loring ranch on the ashes of the old building burnt out by the Sparshotts. And when at last he mounted the mustang to hit the trail, he left

the Montana cowman working with a busy outfit on a prosperous ranch.

The Rio Kid's face was thoughtful as he rode. He stopped by a mountain creek to draw a legal document from his pocket, and, after a glance at it and a smile, to tear it into fragments and scatter the fragments in the stream. He sat his mustang and watched the scraps of paper float away and vanish. Kent Loring was never likely to be called upon to pay off that mortgage.

Then the Kid rode on again with his face set to the south.

"Old hoss," he said, speaking to the black-muzzled mustang, as he often did on his solitary trail-ridings—"old hoss, we sure vamoosed out of Texas to dodge trouble, and we've sure woke up trouble every time since we pulled out across the Staked Plain. There's a country south of this, old hoss, where they raise sheep instead of cows, and where they don't pack guns, and we're sure hitting the trail for that country. You and me are hitting the sheep country, old hoss, where they don't pack guns!"

And the Rio Kid rode on, by mountain trail and grassy plain, heading for the sheep country—perhaps to have done with trouble, and perhaps to find there that trouble dogged his steps as of old.

THE END.

(Yes, the Rio Kid will sure give you a thrill in next week's roaring Western yarn.)

He thought he heard steps behind him. Once, indeed, he thought he heard a sound of laughter. But that, he supposed, must be imaginary. He ran on and on desperately into the very heart of the wood. He did not stop until he was quite breathless.

After that, secure now from pursuit and capture, Arthur Edward Lovell picked his way by devious paths to the school. And never had he been so glad to get safe within the gates of Rookwood.

A motor-scooter stopped at Mr. Boodle's little shop in Rookham, and a large bundle was handed over to Mr. Boodle, the village barber, by Jimmy Silver. In that bundle were contained the helmet and the uniform of the policeman who had stopped Lovell, as well as his eyebrows, his beard, and his moustache. His complexion had been washed off in a stream.

And Jimmy Silver, with a smiling face, remounted the scooter and scooted out of Rookham and rejoined Raby and Newcome on the Redmayne road, and three chuckling juniors took their way to Rookwood School.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**  
**A Surprise for Lovell!**

**A**RTHUR EDWARD LOVELL tramped rather wearily into the House and up to the end study.

He was home much later than he had intended; his dodgings and windings in the wood had taken time, and he had had a long walk back.

The cricket match was long over—not that Lovell gave it a thought. He was wondering dismally how he was going to explain to his chums. He expected to find them in the study—and there they were, gathered round the table at tea. Three smiling faces were turned towards Lovell as he came wearily in.

"Had a good time?" asked Jimmy Silver affably.

Lovell grunted and dropped into the armchair.

"Oh, yes! Fine!" he said.

"Where's the scooter?"

"The—the scooter?"

"Brought it to the school?"

"N-n-no!"

The three smiling faces were inquiring now.

"Well, where is it, then?" asked Newcome.

"Had an accident?"

"Of course not!"

"What's happened?" smiled Jimmy.

"I've lost the scooter."

"Lost it?"

"I—I had to let it go!" Lovell breathed hard.

"Fact is, I—I was stopped and asked to show my licence."

"My hat!"

"Where did that happen?" asked Raby gravely.

"On the Redmayne road, as I was coming back. I—I tried to tip the beast, but it was N.G. I—I thought I'd better clear and let the dashed jigger go. Of course, I shall refund what you fellows paid on it—that's understood," said Lovell hastily.

"Oh, never mind about that!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"That's all right. Perhaps it would have been better to wait for your licence, after all, old man."

"I—I wish I had! But who'd have thought it?" groaned Lovell.

"Look here, don't you begin saying, 'I told you so,' or there will be a row in this study."

"Well, I like that!" said Raby.

"You ride without a licence, against our advice, and you lose our scooter, and—"

"Jolly lucky we've found it, isn't it?" said Jimmy Silver affably.

Lovell jumped out of the chair.

"You've got the scooter?"

"Yes. It's in the bike-shed now—and it's going to stay there till the licences come along!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

Lovell stared blankly at his chums.

"You—you—you've got the scooter?" he gasped. "You—you—you're pulling my leg! You—I—I—"

"It was easy enough—easy as motor-ing without a licence, or easier," said Jimmy Silver. "You see, we knew that policeman."

"You—you knew him?"

"Yes. He's a pal of ours!" grinned Raby.

Arthur Edward Lovell stared at his chums in utter perplexity. His brain did not work quickly; indeed, there were fellows in the Rookwood Fourth who declared that it did not work at all.

"Shut up cackling!" he howled at last. "Tell me how it happened! How did you get that scooter back? How did you know anything about it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see," gasped Jimmy Silver, "that policeman was a Rookwood chap—"

"What?"

"The bobby's uniform and whiskers came from Boodle's, and the bobby himself came from this study."

Lovell jumped.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Little me!" explained Jimmy Silver.

"Just to give you a lesson, old fellow! Catch on?"

Even then it was a full minute before Arthur Edward Lovell caught on.

And when he caught on he rushed at Jimmy Silver, hitting out right and left.

Whereupon his chums collared him promptly and bumped him on the study carpet, and bumped him till Arthur Edward reluctantly consented to make it "pax"—and peace was restored in the end study.

And even then his chums received no thanks for the lesson they had so kindly given him!

THE END.

*(The Rookwood chums commence their holidays next week. Don't miss: "THE ROOKWOOD RAMBLERS!" in Tuesday's bumper issue.)*

**THIS WEEK'S LIST OF BIRTHDAY DATES!**

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- JULY 2nd, 1914.
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ANOTHER LIST OF BIRTHDAY DATES WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

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