

A POPULAR FEATURE—OUR ROARING WESTERN YARNS!

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**FACING DEATH
to SAVE ANOTHER!**

Thrilling Story of a Boy Outlaw's Heroism inside—

FORM MASTER AND HERO!

Can you imagine the pompous and majestic Mr. Greely, master of the Fifth, a hero? Certainly it would be difficult. But in this story Mr. Greely comes out in this new role, and fairly staggers Rookwood!

Greely the Gallant!



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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Mr. Greely Misunderstands!

SILVER!" Jimmy Silver was hurrying down to the gates; but he stopped at once as Dr. Chisholm, the headmaster of Rookwood, called to him.

"Yes, sir?"

Jimmy came up to his headmaster with respectful obedience, not allowing his face to express his feelings.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were loafing at the school gates, waiting for Jimmy, and Jimmy had already kept them waiting ten minutes or so, while Bulkeley of the Sixth spoke to him about cricket. When the captain of the school spoke to a Fourth Form fellow, it was that fellow's duty to listen patiently, and look as if he wanted more; which Jimmy Silver had dutifully done. And now that he was scudding down to the gates, the Head called to him. Really, it looked as if the chums of the Fourth never would get away for their half-holiday.

Dr. Chisholm's eyes were fixed upon a portly figure at a little distance—the figure of Mr. Greely, master of the Fifth—who was rolling down towards the gates like a galleon under full sail.

It was, apparently, the Fifth Form master who had evoked that deep frown upon the Head's majestic brow.

"Hem!" Jimmy Silver coughed. "You called me, sir?"

Jimmy was quite at his headmaster's service, of course. Still, time was passing, and a half-holiday was a half-holiday. He really did not want to keep his chums waiting while the Head

stared frowningly at the broad back of Mr. Greely in the distance.

"Ah, yes!" Dr. Chisholm took official note of Jimmy Silver's unimportant existence. "Yes, I called you, Silver! Kindly tell Mr. Greely that I wish to speak to him before he goes out!"

"Oh, certainly, sir!" said Jimmy, greatly relieved.

He cut off at once. His services were only required as a Mercury, after all, he had not been called "on the carpet." Quite brightly Jimmy scudded on the track of Horace Greely, master of the Fifth Form at Rookwood.

Mr. Greely had almost reached the gates when Jimmy Silver reached him.

"Excuse me, sir!" panted Jimmy.

Mr. Greely glanced down at the breathless junior without stopping his lofty progress. He frowned.

Mr. Greely's nose, injured a few days since in a punch-ball accident, glowed rosy red, and Mr. Greely was painfully conscious of that nose.

"If you please, sir—" said Jimmy, very meekly.

"Kindly do not address me, Silver!" snapped Mr. Greely.

"But, sir—"

"Not a word! You have been impertinent to me, Silver, and, in my opinion, your Form master did not punish you adequately. Any further impertinence I shall punish personally."

"But, sir—"

"Enough!"

Mr. Greely rolled on.

Jimmy followed. Touchy and annoyed as Mr. Greely was—irritably remembering a trifling incident which Jimmy had forgotten days ago—the junior had to deliver the Head's message. Whether

Mr. Greely wanted to be addressed or not, Jimmy had to address him.

"Mr. Greely—"

"Silver!"

"Oh dear! It's a message from the Head, sir!" gasped Jimmy.

"Oh!"

"Dr. Chisholm sent me, sir—"

Mr. Greely's plump face grew pink. He realised that he had been a little too previous, so to speak.

"You have a message for me from the headmaster, Silver?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then why did you not say so at once?" demanded Mr. Greely, rather unreasonably.

"I was trying to, sir, but you—"

"Nonsense! Deliver your message immediately, and do not add any Lower School impertinence to it!" snapped the Fifth Form master.

"Dr. Chisholm wishes to speak to you, sir, before you go out," said Jimmy Silver.

"Is that all?"

"That's all, sir."

"Huh!"

Mr. Greely grunted and swung round, and walked back the way he had come. Jimmy Silver, glad to have done with him, joined his chums outside the school gates. Raby and Newcome detached themselves from the wall they were leaning on. Arthur Edward Lovell gave Jimmy an accusing look.

"You've kept us waiting a jolly long time," he said.

"Bulkeley kept me jawing about the practice grounds. And then the Head gave me a message, and then that priceless ass, Greely—"

"Oh, cut it short, old man!" said Lovell. "You've kept us waiting, but there's no need to wait any longer while you go through a giddy catalogue. We shall be late for the pictures at Latcham at this rate."

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Oh, all right," said Arthur Edward in his most exasperating tone of patient resignation. "If we're going to hang about here all the afternoon—"

"Come on!" said Raby pacifically. "We can catch the train all right by taking the short cut through the wood. Trot!"

And the Fistical Four trotted.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Not to be Tolerated!

DR. CHISHOLM waited. He might have been a statue of bronze as he stood on the gravel path by the Masters' Studies, and waited for Mr. Greely to join him. He did not look at the Fifth Form master as that gentleman came ponderously up; but without looking at him, he saw, all the same, and noted with growing disapproval the purple glow of his damaged nose.

Mr. Greely's nose, in its natural state, was rather prominent; red and swollen, it was, so to speak a sight for gods, and men, and little fishes. It seemed quite to flame in the bright spring sunshine, and it seemed singularly inappropriate to the grave countenance of a senior master of Rookwood School.

"Sir!" Mr Greely spoke in a deep, fruity voice. "Sir! Silver informed me that you desired to speak to me."

"That is the case, Mr. Greely."
"I am at your service, sir," said Mr. Greely, with immense dignity. The Head was looking at him now, and his icy glance lingered on Mr. Greely's nose. The most casual glance at his nose, in its present state, was sufficient to move Mr. Greely's ire.

"You were, I think, going out of gates, Mr. Greely?"

"Quite so, sir."

"Far be it from me, sir, to interfere with the liberty of action of any member of my staff in his leisure hours," said the headmaster, "but in the present circumstances, Mr. Greely—hem!"

"I do not follow, sir," said Mr. Greely. "I do not follow your meaning, sir."

"I allude, Mr. Greely, to your present disfigurement," said the Head tartly.

"Sir!"
"An accident—I quite understand. Perfectly so!"

"A rebounding punch-ball, sir—"
"Quite so! Quite so!" The Head made a gesture. "Details matter little. I regret the accident. I repeat that I do not desire to interfere with your liberty of movement. But in the present circumstances, does it not seem to you more—hem—judicious to confine your walks within the precincts of Rookwood? You are well known, sir, in the vicinity, as a Form master in this school, and exceedingly disagreeable comment might be excited. You follow me, I presume?"

Mr. Greely seemed to breathe with difficulty. That he looked as if his nose had been punched, and punched hard, he knew.

But surely no inhabitant of that part of Hampshire, meeting so majestic a gentleman as Horace Greely in his walks abroad could, or would, imagine for a moment that Mr. Greely had been engaged in a bout of fisticuffs!

The Head seemed to fear so. Such a fear seemed absurd to Mr. Greely.

"Sir!" he gasped.
"You will please yourself, of course!" said the Head coldly. "I have stated my opinion."

He made a movement to go. Mr. Greely almost choked. Was he to be "gated" like a schoolboy because his nose had been damaged by a rebounding punch-ball? It seemed to him

sheer tyranny, under cover of an overstrained regard for appearances.

"One moment, sir!" he exclaimed. "I was not going out merely for a walk. I am meeting a gentleman coming from the station."

"Indeed!"
"Sir George Hansom, sir, the father of a boy in my Form, is coming to Rookwood to-day," said Mr. Greely. "I have the honour, sir, of being in terms of personal friendship with Sir George. It was my privilege, sir, to be his tutor in his University days, and Sir George has kindly expressed a wish that I should—"

The Head's face grew colder. Possibly he was not pleased at all to hear that Mr. Greely, one of his subordinates, was on terms of personal friendship with the baronet, who was the father of Hansom of the Fifth. Possibly, too, he thought that Mr. Greely exaggerated the extent of the friendship. And undoubtedly Dr. Chisholm disliked being opposed or argued with.

He interrupted the Fifth Form master.

"No doubt Sir George Hansom will excuse you in the circumstances," he said in a voice like ice. "He will quite understand why you did not meet him at the station when he sees you, Mr. Greely."

"Nevertheless, sir—"

"I do not desire to pursue the subject," said the Head. "I have made a suggestion, Mr. Greely. You will act upon it or not, as you think fit. You are absolutely your own master in the matter."

With that, Dr. Chisholm gave Mr. Greely the curtest inclination of the head and walked back to the house.

Mr. Greely stood quite still. His wrath was great.

Many and many a time, like most members of the Rookwood staff, he had felt that the Head was too overbearing to be borne with. Many a time had he almost resolved to resign his position in the school—almost, but not quite.

This was really the limit. The Head had only made a "suggestion," but obviously he expected his subordinate, though absolutely his own master, to act on that suggestion.

Mr. Greely was powerfully inclined to walk out at the gates, regardless of the headmaster's suggestion that he should confine his perambulations to the confines of Rookwood.

He grew wrathier and wrathier as he brooded on his wrongs.

Finally he made up his mind.

He was no slave; he was no schoolboy to be detained. The Head had not given a command, he had made a suggestion. Well, Horace Greely was not going to act on that suggestion!

With a firm stride Mr. Greely made for the gates.

He was aware without looking that the Head was at his study window—that the Head saw him go.

That gave him satisfaction.

The Head would realise, no doubt, that he was not a slave; that he was not a schoolboy to be detained.

With head erect, Mr. Greely marched out of gates. He was too late now to meet Sir George at the station, but he was in ample time to meet the eminent and wealthy gentleman on his way to Rookwood; doubtless Sir George would walk through the wood, as arranged, and Mr. Greely would meet him on the way. That the Head would be angry in a cold, contained way Mr. Greely knew, and he did not care.

He marched on.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Lovell Knows Best!

THAT'S Hansom's pater!" Arthur Edward Lovell made that remark.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had trotted through the wood by the footpath, and they came out into the road again near Coombe.

A rather tall and florid gentleman in a silk hat was turning from the road into the footpath, and the juniors glanced at him. They had seen him before; it was the father of Hansom of the Fifth—a youth with whom the Fistical Four had had many an encounter in the past.

Remembering their manners, the juniors capped Sir George respectfully as he passed, and the baronet gave them a glance and a kind nod. He was a rather pleasant-looking gentleman, and the juniors knew—as Hansom of the Fifth let everybody at Rookwood know—that he was a gentleman of great wealth. Recently Sir George had acquired a large property in the neighbourhood of Rookwood School, and during negotiations he had been seen a good many times at Rookwood.

The baronet disappeared among the trees along the footpath, and Jimmy Silver looked at his watch.

"Lots of time for the Latham train," he said.

"No good wasting time, you know," remarked Lovell. Lovell generally had something to say in the way of opposition.

Whereupon Jimmy Silver sat down on a tree-stump. That seemed an appropriate answer to make to Lovell's remark. Raby and Newcome grinned, and leaned on a fence.

"If we're going to hang about and lose the train—" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Why not give your chin a rest, old chap?" suggested Newcome.

"Good idea!" said Raby heartily. "Look what a lot of exercise it gets!"

"Look here, you duffers—"

"Hallo! What do these chaps want?" said Jimmy Silver, as there was a sound of running feet in the lane.

Towards the village the road made a bend, and round the bend two men came running rather fast. They stopped as they saw the four juniors of Rookwood, and glanced about them as if in search of someone else.

Jimmy Silver & Co. eyed them rather curiously.

They were rather flashily-dressed fellows, with hard faces, and shifty, suspicious eyes. They looked like a couple of racing roughs—the kind of sporting hooligans whom the juniors had sometimes seen hanging about Latham on race days.

One of them came across to the juniors, after a sharp look up and down the road.

"Seen a friend of ours pass here?" he asked.

"What was he like?" asked Jimmy Silver civilly enough. It came into his mind that if these fellows were following Sir George Hansom, the less information he gave them the better. Nobody else had passed the juniors on the road; and the wealthy baronet certainly was not likely to be a friend of these flashy rowdies.

"Rather a tall chap, in a silk hat, with an eyeglass," said the man, still staring about him as he questioned Jimmy.

"He must have gone into the wood, Smithy," said the other man. "Let's get on!"

"Hold on a minute! These kids must have seen him, Tadger. He can't have dropped through the blinking ground!" growled Smithy.

"Did you see him?" repeated Smithy, addressing Jimmy Silver impatiently.

Jimmy made no answer. But Arthur Edward Lovell chimed in cheerily: "Yes, he came along here a few minutes ago; he's gone by the footpath. You'll catch him all right if you hurry up."

"Thanks!" said Smithy. "Come on, Tadger!"

The two men disappeared into the wood by the footpath at a run.

Jimmy looked at Lovell expressively. "You ass!" he said.

"Same to you!" said Lovell. "Why the thump couldn't you answer a civil question? It was old Hansom they wanted."

"I know it was; and I don't suppose they're after any good," said Jimmy. "They look to me like fellows who pinch watches at the races."

"Oh, rot!" said Lovell.

"That's what they jolly well are, too!" said Raby. "If they pinch old

Hansom's watch it will be up to you to buy him a new one!"

"Ass!" snorted Lovell. "If old Hansom is fathead enough to let them pinch his watch, serve him jolly well right. Not that I suppose anything of the kind. They said they were looking for a friend of theirs. You heard them."

"Dear man," said Jimmy Silver. "I suppose they wouldn't be likely to say they were looking for a man to pick his pocket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rubbish!" growled Lovell. "Look here, are we going to the pictures at Latcham, or are we not going to the pictures at Latcham? If we are, we'd better get a move on to catch the train."

Raby and Newcome detached themselves from the fence. Jimmy Silver rose from the tree-stump, with a thoughtful expression on his face. He looked into the leafy wood, and seemed to hesitate.

Smithy and Tadger had long vanished, and there was no sight or sound of them. Jimmy was feeling uneasy.

Obviously, those two outsiders had

followed Sir George Hansom from the station, and now they were following him through a lonely wood. It was absurd to suppose that they could have any business of an above-board character with that eminent and wealthy gentleman, and it seemed to the captain of the Rookwood Fourth extremely probable that they had business with him of a lawless kind.

Arthur Edward Lovell eyed his chum impatiently.

"Are you coming, or not?" he bawled.

"I'm going back!" said Jimmy decidedly. "Those two roughs are following old Hansom for no good, I tell you. You keep on to Latcham, if you like."

Jimmy settled the matter by turning back into the footpath. Raby and Newcome followed him at once.

"Fatheads!" hooted Lovell.

Then Lovell followed on. He did not want to keep on to Latcham on his own.

"It's all rot!" said Lovell, about fifteen or sixteen times, as the Fistical Four walked along the leafy footpath.

"Utter rot, I tell you!"

"Shouldn't wonder," agreed Jimmy.

"All the same—"

"Bosh, old man! I've told you before that you're an ass. Now I tell you again. Old Hansom is probably through the wood by this time, and as for those chaps, I've not the slightest doubt that they're quite harmless, and—"

Lovell was suddenly interrupted.

From the distance, in the bosom of the wood, came a loud cry—a cry that rang and echoed among the trees and bushes.

The juniors started, and looked at one another.

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell.

Jimmy Silver broke into a run, and dashed at top speed along the footpath, with his comrades at his heels.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Mr. Greely Going Strong!

"UPON my word!" said Mr. Greely.

He stopped in sheer astonishment.

Having made up his mind to walk out, in spite of the Head's opinion. Mr. Greely had lost no time.

It was quite a warm spring day, and Mr. Greely felt very warm indeed, as he rolled along at an unusually rapid pace.

He was glad to enter into the shade of the trees in Coombe Wood.

He kept on the footpath, keeping his eyes well ahead, to sight Sir George Hansom at the earliest possible moment. And so it was that a sudden, startling scene dawned upon Mr. Greely's amazed eyes.

A tall figure in a shining silk hat met his gaze in the distance. It was Sir George Hansom. He had stopped on the path, and as Mr. Greely sighted him Sir George took off his silk topper and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Apparently he, like Mr. Greely, felt the warmth of the spring afternoon.

He was facing the Rookwood master as he stood, but did not see him, being busy wiping his forehead, which was bedewed with perspiration. That, of course, was not what startled Mr. Greely. What startled him was the view of two flashy-looking men on the footpath behind Sir George, creeping on him stealthily.

The baronet was obviously quite unconscious that there was anyone near him. He mopped the perspiration from his broad, bald forehead, at peace with himself and all the world. And the two

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racing roughs, tiptoeing on the grassy path, approached him from behind without a sound—their eyes fixed on their intended victim, and not dreaming that, in the distance, a Rookwood Form master's eyes were fixed on them.

Mr. Greely fairly gasped.

One of the roughs had a short length of lead piping in his hand, obviously for use as a weapon. An attack was about to take place—an attack by a couple of footpads on that eminent and wealthy gentleman, Sir George Hansom, in a lonely spot far from all help—had not Mr. Greely been at hand!

But Mr. Greely was there!

For a few moments he stood dumbfounded at what he saw, taken so aback that he simply stood and gazed. Mr. Greely's brain did not, perhaps, work very quickly.

But as he realised what was happening, he started forward, and gave a hoarse shout.

Sir George glanced up.

At the same moment Smithy and Tadger reached him, and Tadger's arm was flung round the baronet's neck from behind. Before he knew what was happening, Sir George Hansom was down on his back in the grass, and Smithy was brandishing the lead piping over his head.

Mr. Greely bounded towards the spot.

His face was aflame, his eyes glinting. He did not hear what was said, but he knew that a threat was uttered and disregarded. He saw the baronet strive to tear himself loose, and saw the ruffian's weapon descend, stretching the unfortunate gentleman in the grass, shrieking as he fell. Mr. Greely panted and bounded on.

He was a plump gentleman, he was a middle-aged gentleman, and he was rather short of wind. But he was not short of courage, and he did not pause for an instant to reflect that he was rushing upon two dangerous ruffians, likely to turn upon him like wild beasts if interrupted in their work of robbery. Like a fat Paladin Horace Greely rushed into the fray.

"Look out, Smithy!" panted Tadger.

Smithy, with an oath, spun round towards the newcomer, the lead-piping grasped in his hand. It was fortunate for Mr. Greely that the rascal stumbled over a trailing root in his haste.

Before he recovered the Rookwood master was upon him.

Crash!

A fist that was like a leg of mutton crashed on Smithy, and sent him spinning. His weapon flew into the bushes, and Smithy crashed on the ground, yelling.

Tadger was coming at Mr. Greely the next moment like a wildcat.

The Fifth Form master faced him gallantly.

His plump fists went up, and he met the rough with left and right in great style. Mr. Greely was glad now of the regular punch-ball exercise in which he indulged of a morning. Certainly he was not exactly in form for a rough-



LOVELL TRIES PERSUASION! "Get a move on!" said Jimmy Silver. "I ain't moving a step!" snarled Smithy. Lovell flourished a lead-pipe, of which he had taken possession. "Think again!" he suggested. "If you don't stir your stumps, I shall help you with a tap on the napper—like that!" Rap! "Yar-ooop!" yelled Smithy. "I'm going, ain't I?" and he went. (See Chapter 5.)

and-tumble scrap; that was not to be expected of a gentleman of his years. But he was in remarkably good form, considering his age and avoirdupois.

He held his own gallantly against Tadger, giving and receiving punishment in great style.

But Smithy was on his feet again now, with a face like a demon. He stared round savagely for his weapon, but it was lost in the thick bushes, and he rushed at Horace Greely with his fists up.

Mr. Greely, following up the retreating Tadger, had to retreat again, his hands more than full. Both the roughs pressed him fiercely.

Sir George Hansom sat up dazedly, with his hand to his head. He strove to rise, but sank back again against a tree, groaning. With dazed eyes and a swimming brain he watched the unequal combat in which he could not intervene. "Out 'im!" muttered Tadger.

Mr. Greely was almost exhausted, and the two roughs were pressing him harder, with savage blows, which he was no longer able to guard or to return. He went down heavily at last. "Rescue, Rookwood!"

It was a shout on the footpath as the Fifth Form master fell. Four juniors came tearing up at racing speed.

Smithy's knee was on Mr. Greely's chest—Tadger had gripped him by the throat. They stared round savagely at the shout of the Rookwood juniors, and jumped up from their victim.

"Go for 'em!" roared Lovell.

"Thank Heaven!" gasped Mr. Greely.

Mr. Greely forgot at that moment that he did not like the chums of the Fourth. Never had he been so glad in his life to see Rookwood faces.

The rush of the four brought them upon the two ruffians, and there was a wild and whirling melee.

Mr. Greely staggered to his feet.

Rescue had arrived in the nick of time; and the Fifth Form master was not done yet.

As the two roughs struggled and fought with the four juniors, Mr. Greely piled in again with renewed energy.

The odds were too heavily against the two footpads now.

They realised that it was time to go, and they were thinking now only of getting loose and getting away. But Mr. Greely's heavy fist stretched Smithy in the grass, as he struggled with Raby and Lovell, and the rascal went down with the two juniors clinging to him like wild cats. Once on the ground he had no chance of rising again; the Rookwooders took care of that.

Tadger was reeling to and fro in the grasp of Jimmy Silver and Newcome. He went down, and they sprawled over him, and Jimmy planted a knee on his chest.

"Hold them!" panted Mr. Greely.

"We've got 'em, sir!"

"Right as rain!" grinned Lovell.

"We can handle the cads, sir!" Mr. Greely leaned against a tree and panted. And the Fistical Four of the Fourth held the two footpads securely, until the Fifth Form master got his second wind.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Horace Greely—Hero!

"MR. GREELY!"

"Sir George!"

Mr. Greely, having recovered his wind, helped the baronet to his feet. The two damaged gentlemen shook hands.

Smithy and Tadger wriggled in the grass, with a stream of unpleasant remarks. But they could not get loose. Four sturdy Rookwood juniors were quite equal to the task of holding them down. And as Smithy became too emphatic Lovell grasped his ears and jammed his head on the ground, as a warning to be quiet—and Smithy howled and gave in.

Sir George and Mr. Greely looked at one another.

The baronet had a big bruise on his head, and as for the Fifth Form master, his face was so bruised that it was really not easy to recognise him.

Both of them gasped painfully, and looked dazed and dizzy. Jimmy Silver & Co. were not much the worse for the scrap, hot as it had been; but, naturally, middle-aged gentlemen felt its effects more severely.

"Are those—those men safe?" gasped the baronet.

"Quite, sir," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "We've got them all right!"

"Hold them securely," said Mr. Greely. "They shall be handed over to the police."

"Certainly," said Sir George.

"I was coming to meet you, sir," went on the Fifth Form master. "Owing to—hem!—a certain delay, I was too late to reach the station in time. But fortunately—"

Sir George grasped his hand again. "Mr. Greely, you have behaved splendidly, sir! You have acted like a hero, sir!"

"My dear sir—" purred Mr. Greely.

"Splendidly—heroically!" said Sir George. "Those scoundrels must have followed me to rob me. I remember having seen them in the train on my way down. I should have been robbed—probably severely injured—but for your gallantry, Mr. Greely. I shall never be able sufficiently to express my obligation, sir!"

"Not at all, Sir George—not at all!" murmured Mr. Greely, wishing from the bottom of his heart that the Head of Rookwood could have been present to hear this.

"I shall never forget it, sir—never!" said Sir George impressively. "We have always been friends, Mr. Greely, since you were my tutor at Oxford. I have always respected you, but never so much as now."

"Oh, Sir George!"

"Where do we come in?" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell to Jimmy Silver.

Certainly, Mr. Greely's conduct had been admirable, and the baronet was right to be grateful. But equally certainly, the chums of the Fourth had turned to tide of battle, so to speak; both the elderly gentlemen would have been seriously damaged had not the Fistical Four arrived on the scene. But they seemed quite overlooked, all the same.

"But you are injured, Sir George," went on Mr. Greely. "You must get medical attention at once."

"And you, Mr. Greely?"

"Merely a few bruises, sir," said Mr. Greely airily, though he winced as he spoke. He was hurt, and he knew that he was going to have a pair of black eyes—an alarming prospect for a Form master in a public school. But it could not be helped, and even Dr. Chisholm could scarcely complain when he learned how the Fifth Form master had received his honourable scars.

"It's not very far to Dr. Bolton's house, through the wood, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "We can show you the way."

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"Thank you, my boy," said Sir George, becoming aware, as it were, of the Fistical Four's existence. "You are Rookwood boys, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have acted very courageously—quite in accordance with the traditions of your school," said the baronet graciously. "I shall certainly mention this to your headmaster. Mr. Greely, we had better, I think, proceed to the doctor's at once. I am feeling very, very upset, and doubtless you are feeling the same."

"I must confess that I am, sir," said Mr. Greely. "I keep myself fit, sir, but age will tell—age will tell. I have to remember that I am not an undergraduate now."

"Quite so," assented Sir George. "But those rascals—"

"We'll take care of these blighters, sir," said Lovell. "We'll tie up their paws and take them to the police station."

"Let a bloke go!" whined Tadger.

"We had better remain while the boys secure these scoundrels, Mr. Greely."

"Certainly!"

It did not take Jimmy Silver & Co. long to secure the two footpads.

They were rolled over in the grass, and their hands bound behind their backs with their own handkerchiefs securely knotted round their wrists. Then they were allowed to rise.

"You can leave them to us now, sir," said Raby.

"You show Mr. Greely the short cut through to the doctor's, Raby, while we look after these brutes," said Jimmy Silver.

"Right-ho!"

"Take no risks with the rascals," said Sir George. "One of them had a weapon, with which he struck me. It should be found and taken to the police."

"A length of lead piping, I think," said Mr. Greely.

"We'll find it, sir."

Smithy's weapon was looked for, and retrieved from the bushes. Then Raby led the way through the wood, and the two gentlemen followed him, very anxious to get to Dr. Bolton's at the earliest possible moment. Jimmy Silver and Newcome and Lovell remained in charge of the two footpads, and they started them along the footpath towards Coombe Lane.

As soon as Mr. Greely and the baronet were out of sight and hearing, Smithy and Tadger stopped dead.

"Now, you let a cove go!" said Smithy savagely, between his teeth. "You hear me? Let my 'ands loose and let me go, or it will be the worse for you, my young rips!"

"Get a move on!" said Jimmy.

"I ain't moving a step!" snarled Smithy.

Arthur Edward Lovell flourished the lead pipe, of which he had taken possession.

"Think again!" he suggested.

"You young 'ound!" said Smithy, eyeing him savagely.

"Are you going?"

"No!" snarled Smithy.

"If you don't stir your stumps, old bean," said Lovell cheerfully, "I shall help you—with a tap on the napper, like that!"

Rap!

"Yaroooh!"

"And another—like that—"

"Ow!"

"And that—"

"Stop it!" yelled Smithy. "I'm going, ain't I?"

"I thought you'd change your mind,

old thing!" smiled Lovell. "Always ready to help you if you change it again."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Smithy and Tadger tramped on savagely, with the three Rookwood juniors. The party came out into the road, and walked on towards the village, heading for the cottage of Police-constable Boggs, which was the substitute for a police station in Coombe. They were near the village when they came on three Fifth-Formers of Rookwood—Hansom, Talboys, and Lumsden. The trio stopped to stare at the odd-looking party.

"Well, what the thump's this game?" asked Hansom of the Fifth.

"We've arrested these footpads," said Arthur Edward Lovell loftily. "We're taking them to the police station."

"Rot!" said Hansom.

"Fact, old man," smiled Jimmy Silver. "They went for your pater in the wood, and old Greely—ahem!—I mean, Mr. Greely—came up and did heroic stunts—regular old Bersorker. Of course, we had to weigh in and deal with the situation. I really hardly know how Rookwood would get on at all without the Classical Fourth."

The juniors chuckled.

"What rot!" said Talboys.

"I say, though, my pater was coming down to the school this afternoon," said Hansom. "I've got to get in in time to see him. Look here, Silver, if you're pulling my leg—"

"Honest Injun!" said Jimmy. "You'll find your pater at Dr. Bolton's by this time, and Greely is with him, with a face like a Turkey carpet. Get on, you chaps—we've got to deliver the goods."

And the juniors marched their prisoners on, leaving Hansom & Co. staring after them blankly.

Two scowling roughs, with their hands tied, and three cheery Rookwood juniors in charge of them, attracted considerable attention in the village street. By the time the Co. had arrived at Mr. Boggs' residence, all the rising generation of Coombe seemed to be following them, and quite an army arrived with them.

Mr. Boggs received them in great astonishment.

"I've jest had a telephone call from Dr. Bolton's," he said. "My eye! Are these the blokes?"

"These are the blokes!" answered Jimmy Silver. "We hand them over to you, Boggy. And remember that anything you may say will be taken down in writing and may be used in evidence against you."

And, with that playful remark, the captain of the Rookwood Fourth handed over Smithy and Tadger into the official charge of Mr. Boggs.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Dismissed:

HORACE GREELY, master of the Fifth, arrived at the gates of Rookwood in the sunset.

He was feeling satisfied, in one way; but considerably upset in other ways. He had acted gallantly, and he had won the gratitude of his old friend and patron, Sir George Hansom. That was satisfactory. But he had a nose like a beetroot newly boiled, and two black eyes, and dark bruises all over his face, and a general feeling as if he had been under a motor-lorry. These details were not so satisfactory.

He had left the baronet at Dr. Bolton's. Sir George Hansom was feeling the effects of Smithy's blow

(Continued on page 23.)

Standing By Digby!

(Continued from page 17.)

"You'll go back to St. Ormond's and face the music, the same as you would have made Digby do!" cut in Tom Merry. "We'll take you along to see the Head now, and we'll tell him everything! Drag him up, kids!"

Barker was hustled to his feet, and, held firmly between Tom Merry and Blake, was taken out of the vaults and across to the School House.

They walked up the steps and into the Hall.

The first person they saw in there was the Head of St. Jim's. He looked in amazement at Frank Digby and Barker.

"Dear me! Who are these lads? What are they doing here, Merry?" he asked.

"This is Digby's cousin, sir," said Tom, indicating the runaway.

"Bless my soul! The boy who is under sentence of expulsion from St. Ormond's School for robbery and violence!"

"Yes, sir," said Tom. "And this is Barker—the real culprit! He is also the one who broke in last night and left his plunder on your study table."

Dr. Holmes was frankly amazed.

"Merry, you astound me! Kindly explain!"

Tom Merry, in a calm, even voice,

explained everything. Seniors and juniors alike crowded round and listened eagerly to the Shell captain's words. Tom Merry did not dwell on the part that Racke & Co. had played in the affair—much to the relief of those three young rascals, who had hung on anxiously to Tom's every word.

Dr. Holmes drew a deep breath.

"Well, Merry, this is a most astonishing affair!" he exclaimed. "I am thankful that the truth has come to light, and that an innocent lad is now free to return to his school without a stain on his character. This also clears Digby here. As for this miserable youth"—indicating Barker—"I think he had better be put into the punishment-room, and be kept there until somebody comes from St. Ormond's to fetch him."

Robert Digby was released from the punishment-room, and Barker took his place.

Frank Digby was assigned a bed in the Fourth Form dormitory for that night, and he kept the Fourth amused for nearly two hours after official "lights out" by his tales of the japes and pranks of his schoolfellows at St. Ormond's.

The following day a car drove up to St. Jim's, and Mr. Rathbone stepped out in front of the School House and went hurriedly inside. He was a very much subdued Rathbone now.

Five minutes later he reappeared with Barker and Frank Digby.

As the trio came down the steps a crowd of juniors came forward, and Frank Digby found himself the centre of a forest of hands, all waiting to shake his.

"Good-bye, old man!" called out Tom Merry. "Sorry you're going so soon! But come again, won't you?"

Digby's face was bright. "Thanks awfully, Merry!" he said. "I cannot say how grateful I am for all you have done for me!"

He shook hands with Tom Merry & Co., and then with his cousin.

"Good-bye, old man!" said Digby of the Fourth huskily. "I wish you were staying here, but you must go back and let St. Ormond's know the truth. Don't let Barker escape, whatever you do."

"Trust me!" replied his cousin.

The car turned out of the gates of St. Jim's and disappeared.

Tom Merry & Co. turned to each other, grinning.

"Well, that's that!" said Blake. "I'm jolly glad your cousin's name is cleared, Dig! We all like him. He's one of the best!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

And that was the general impression left behind him by the Refugee of St. Jim's.

THE END.

(You'll all enjoy reading "DOWN ON HIS LUCK!"—next Tuesday's topping long story of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's.)

Greely the Gallant!

(Continued from page 22.)

severely, and it had been arranged for him to remain at the doctor's house for the night. His son had arrived there, and was remaining with the baronet till lock-up at Rookwood.

Sir George's grateful praises still echoed in Mr. Greely's ears, with a very pleasant echo. But he wished, he deeply wished, that he had not borne away so many honourable scars from the combat.

Dr. Chisholm was standing at his study window gazing pensively at the rich sunset, when Mr. Greely dawned upon him.

The Head's eyes fixed on Mr. Greely's disfigured face. His gaze seemed to be frozen there. His brow was like thunder.

He had accepted Mr. Greely's explanation of a punch-ball accident. He had been bound to accept it, but he had been annoyed and shocked. What was he to think now?

The man had been fighting this time. That was indubitable. Fighting. And a Rookwood Form master! No explanation, no feeble story about a punch-ball, could account for this. Olympian wrath gathered on the Head's brow.

Mr. Greely tramped into the House. Bukeley of the Sixth met him at the doorway and fairly jumped.

Mr. Greely was going up the staircase when Tupper, the page, hurried up to him.

"Skuse me, sir! Dr. Chisholm wishes to see you in his study, sir, pertickler!" gasped Tupper, with a mesmerised stare at Mr. Greely's startling features.

Mr. Greely swung round and started for the Head's study. He would have wished to postpone the interview, but he was bound to explain to the Head sooner or later.

He entered the Head's study.

A steely glance almost transfixed him as he entered. Dr. Chisholm stood facing him, still, stony, steely. Mr. Greely opened his lips, but an imperious gesture from the Head stopped him.

"Mr. Greely, this is disgraceful!"

"Sir!"

"Your present state, sir, can only be accounted for by the fact that you have been engaged in a fight, a personal encounter with some person."

"Quite so, sir! I—"

"Kindly do not interrupt me, Mr. Greely. For several days you have presented an aspect utterly unbecoming in a Rookwood master. I accepted your story of an accident. Now, sir, I find that you have been fighting again. This is too much, Mr. Greely."

"Sir, I will explain."

"No explanation is necessary or adequate. You may have your own reasons for this extraordinary conduct. I do not dispute it. I only say that such proceedings cannot be tolerated at Rookwood. I shall be glad to receive your resignation, Mr. Greely."

"Sir!"

"On the spot!" said the Head grudgingly.

"Sir," Mr. Greely spluttered, "I refuse to resign! I refuse! I will explain. I protest. I—I—" He grew incoherent.

"Then you are dismissed, sir," said the Head icily. "Not a word, sir! There is no occasion for words, and I decline to enter into a dispute. You are dismissed, Mr. Greely."

Mr. Greely almost staggered to the door. At the door he turned like a lion—a very plump lion—at bay. His indignation was too great.

"Sir, I refuse to accept dismissal at your hands! I resign, sir! I resign my position here! I fling my resignation, sir, in your teeth—in your teeth, sir!" bawled Mr. Greely.

And with that the Fifth Form master strode from the study, closing the door after him with a slam that rang through Rookwood like a cannon-shot.

THE END.

("RUCTIONS AT ROOKWOOD!" is the title of next week's rousing long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co.)



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