

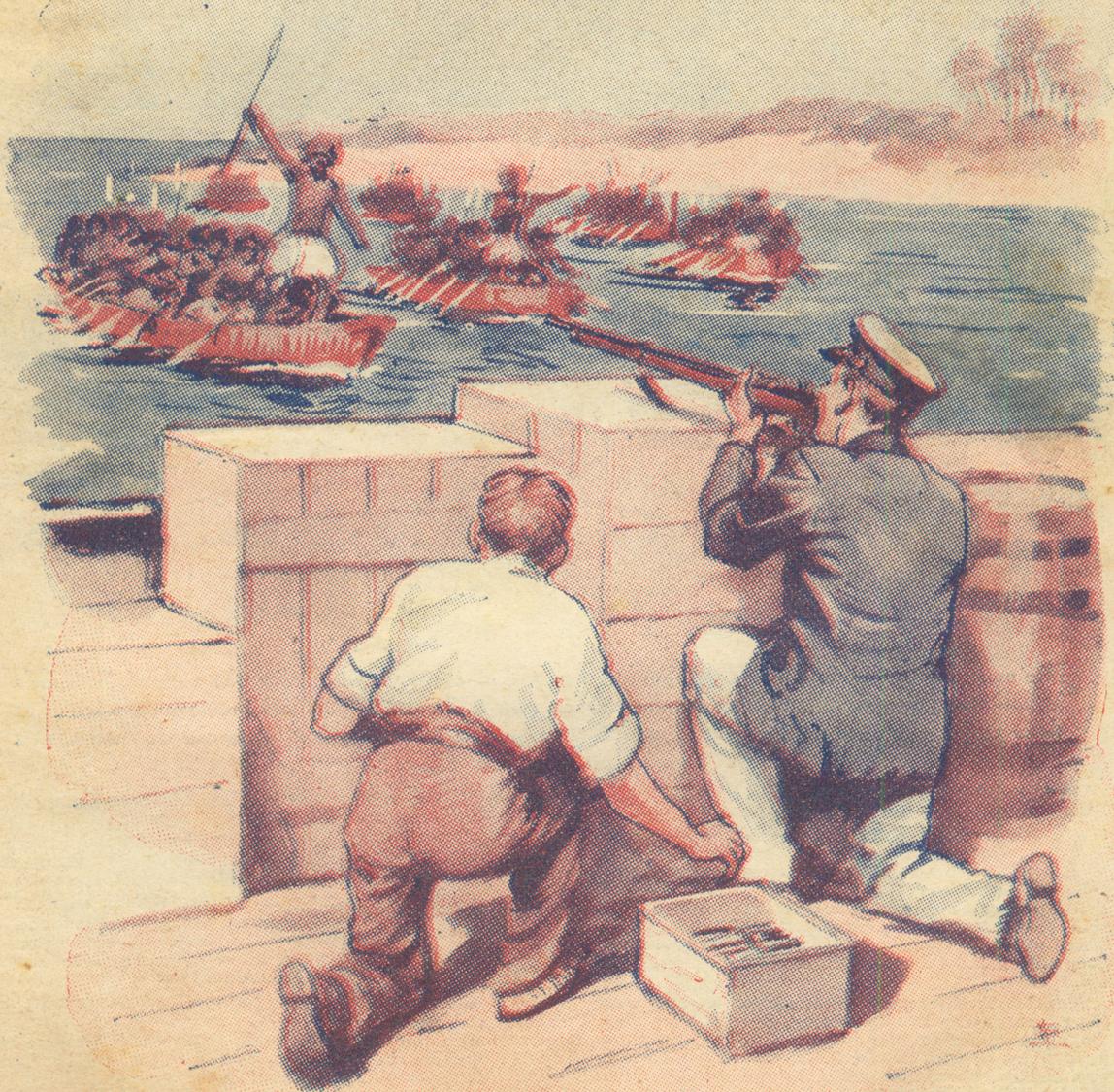
Hands Up FOR THE RIO KID! YOU'LL MEET HIM INSIDE!

The POPULAR

Week Ending
July 6th,
1929.
New Series.
No. 545.

EVERY
TUESDAY.

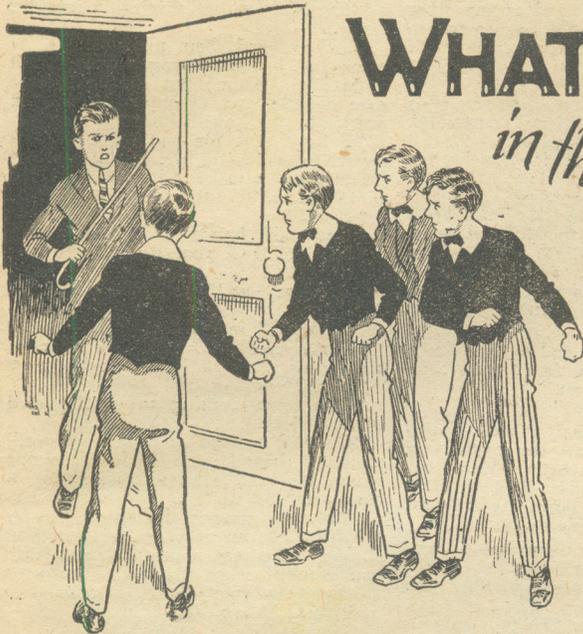
2¢



ATTACKED *by* CANNIBALS!

Read the Thrilling Yarn of the Pacific Ocean in this issue!

A FULL-OF-ACTION COMPLETE STORY OF
JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE HEROES OF ROOKWOOD!



WHAT HAPPENED *in the* WOODSHED!

By
OWEN CONQUEST

Mark Carthew, the bully of the Sixth, is never so happy as when he can drop on a junior for a transgression, however big or small it may be. But his unfair methods of meting out punishment to the delinquents he has caught more often than not results in drastic punishment for himself.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bend Over!

BEND over!" Carthew, of the Sixth Form, rapped out the order.

He stood in the doorway of the end study in the Classical Fourth passage at Rookwood, the official ashplant in his hand.

Jimmy Silver and Raby, Lovell and Newcome were standing in the study, their eyes on Mark Carthew.

They heard his command; but, like the celebrated Dying Gladiator, they heard it, but they heeded not.

"Bend over!" repeated Carthew. "Do you hear me, Lovell?"

Arthur Edward Lovell nodded.

"I'm not deaf!" he remarked.

"Bend over, then!"

Carthew twirled the ashplant, evidently anxious to get to work with it.

Still Arthur Edward Lovell, the member of the Fistical Four upon whose devoted head Carthew's wrath had fallen, made no movement to obey.

No doubt Lovell was wrong.

Carthew, as a prefect of the Sixth Form, was invested with the power of the ashplant. At his command to bend over, a Lower School fellow was supposed to bend and to be caught bending. And, indeed, an order from Bulkeley or Neville or any other prefect of Rookwood never was disputed. But with Carthew it was different.

True it was that he was a Sixth Form prefect. True it was that Arthur Edward Lovell had descended the staircase an hour ago, not by the stairs according to rule, but by the banisters, with arms and legs wildly flying, to the imminent risk of the said arms and legs if not of his valuable neck. True it was that any junior doing the same was liable to a prefect's licking.

In fact, it is much to be regretted that Arthur Edward Lovell was in the wrong all along the line.

Still, there were extenuating circumstances.

Carthew had been hanging about in his silent, spying, stealthy-footed way, and Lovell had not seen him till too late, so he felt that he had been unfairly caught out. And Carthew had an old grudge against the end study, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were all quite

assured that he had seized upon that trivial incident as an excuse for administering punishment there.

So Arthur Edward Lovell, instead of bending over, gave Mark Carthew a glare of truculent defiance. And there was a long pause.

"Lovell!" rapped out Carthew at last. "I've ordered you to bend over!"

"You've ordered me!" agreed Lovell. "Are you going to do it?"

"Not this afternoon!" said Lovell pleasantly. "Call another day, and we'll see what we can do for you."

And the Fistical Four grinned.

"That's enough!" said Carthew; and he strode at Arthur Edward Lovell and grasped him by the collar with his left hand, the ashplant flourishing in his right.

Whack!

"Whoooooop!"

There was one hefty whack from the ashplant, one formidable roar from Arthur Edward Lovell as he struggled.

Then the Fistical Four closed on Mark Carthew as one man, and the bully of the Sixth was collared and swept over.

"Hand's off!" yelled Carthew.

"Outside!" gasped Raby.

"Chuck him out!"

Crash!

Carthew went flying.

He landed on his back in the Fourth Form passage, and lay there spluttering, almost foaming with rage.

"Oh!" gasped Carthew.

"Come back and have another?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What price dribblin' him along to the stairs?" said Valentine Mornington, who had rushed up with a crowd of the Fourth. "Let's make a job of it!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Erroll. "Don't be an ass, Morny!"

"Bosh! Let's boot him out!"

"After all, he's a prefect," said Peele.

"It means a frightful row with the Head! I wouldn't care to be in Jimmy Silver's shoes!"

Carthew staggered to his feet.

He gripped his ashplant and seemed for a moment about to make a fierce rush into the end study. The juniors watched him breathlessly.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stood firm in their doorway, grimly defiant. They were ready to handle Carthew again if he came. Precisely for that reason he did not come.

"I shall report this to your Form master!" he gasped.

"Report and be blown!" said Lovell.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Rats!"

"Get out!"

Almost choking with rage, the discomfited prefect swung away towards the stairs. He had to pass through a grinning crowd of the Fourth. Certainly the prefect's report meant serious trouble for the end study; but Carthew himself was defeated and discomfited, and his defeat and discomfiture caused gleeful rejoicing in the Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carthew paused as he passed Mornington and caught the mocking grin on Morny's face.

Smack!

"Oh!" gasped Morny.

He reeled away from a savage box on the ear, and went sprawling along the floor.

Carthew strode on to the stairs, rather quickening his pace. He disappeared down the staircase as Mornington staggered up, his face convulsed with rage.

Morny was speeding towards the stairs, when Erroll caught him by the arm.

"Let me go, you fool!" shouted Mornington.

"Stop!"

"I tell you—"

"Stop," said Erroll quietly.

And, almost by force, Erroll led his excited chum into Study No. 4 and slammed the door.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

For It!

WELL, this does it!" Raby made that remark in the end study.

His chums nodded rather gloomy assent.

It did; there was no mistake about that.

Even Arthur Edward Lovell was beginning to doubt whether he would not have done well, after all, to bend over at the prefect's command.

"He's gone to Dalton, of course," said Newcome.

"Of course."
"That means being up before Mr. Dalton or the Head," said Jimmy Silver. "Well, it can't be helped! Keep smiling!"

"He's a beastly bully!" said Lovell. "He is—he are!"

"He didn't care a rap about my sliding down the banisters! He wouldn't have seen me, anyhow, if he hadn't been sneaking about like a cat! 'Tain't a prefect's bizny to spy on fellows!"

"True, O king!"
"We can explain to Mr. Dalton——" Lovell paused.

As a matter of fact, there was nothing to explain, and he realised it. Mr. Dalton, master of the Fourth Form, had more than once checked Carthew's bullying proclivities, especially in the direction of the end study. He held the scales of justice with a firm and impartial hand. Had Mark Carthew been bullying as usual, his report to the master of the Fourth would not have mattered very much.

But in this case it could not be denied that Carthew had been within his rights

and duties. He had acted as any other Rookwood prefect would have acted in the same circumstances; even "old Bulkeley" himself.

There was the rub.
Jimmy Silver & Co. realised that they were "for it," and that, practically, they hadn't a leg to stand on.

They had only to wait for the chopper to come down.

It was not long in coming.
The chortling in the Classical Fourth passage died away as the stalwart figure of Bulkeley of the Sixth came along. The captain of Rookwood School had a very grave and serious face, and his look showed that the end study were up against it.

He looked into the end study grimly. "Come along, you four!" he said. "Mr. Dalton wants you."
"Right-ho, Bulkeley!"

In a rather dismal mood Jimmy Silver & Co. followed the captain of the school. Sympathetic glances followed them along the Fourth Form passage. They went down the staircase and on to Mr. Dalton's study.

In that apartment they found their Form master and Carthew.

Mr. Richard Dalton was looking very stern

He fixed his eyes on the four culprits

as they came rather sheepishly into his study.

Carthew eyed them malevolently. As a rule, he had little sympathy to expect from Mr. Dalton; but in the present case he was sure of support from the master of the Fourth Form.

"I have sent for you on Carthew's report to me!" said Mr. Dalton sternly. "You have attacked a prefect of the Sixth Form."

"Hem!"
"You laid hands on Carthew and ejected him from your study?"

"Hem!"
"Yes or no!" snapped Richard Dalton.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "What excuse have you to offer—if any?"

"Hem!"
"You have nothing to say?" asked Mr. Dalton.

"Carthew was going to lick me, sir," mumbled Lovell. "He's down on our study, sir, and always looking for a chance against us."

"In the present instance, Lovell, Carthew informs me that he saw you sliding down the banisters, and that you ran off when he called to you. He came to your study later to deal with you. Do you deny this?"

"No, sir."
"Then why did you resist punishment, which you know very well was just?"

Lovell hung his head.

He had nothing to say, except that Carthew was a bully, and that he, Arthur Edward Lovell, disliked him, and was, personally, a rather hot-headed and unreflecting fellow. But it was not of much use saying that. So Arthur Edward was silent.

"It comes to this, then," said Mr. Dalton, taking up his cane. "That Lovell disobeyed a prefect who was exercising his proper authority, and that you others helped him in assaulting Carthew."

"Hem!"
It came to that, really, though that was not exactly how the Fistical Four looked at it.

"I doubt whether I ought not to report this matter to Dr. Chisholm, and leave the Head to deal with it!" said Mr. Dalton sternly. "If, however, you apologise to Carthew at once I will deal with the matter myself. You will, of course, be severely punished in any case."

"Oh!"
Carthew's eyes gleamed.

He was hardly sorry by this time that he had been "chucked" out of the end study. He had his old enemies now just where he wanted them, as it were.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged dismal glances.

Apologising to the bully of the Sixth was a bitter pill to swallow, even though they realised that for once they had been in the wrong in their contest with their old enemy.

"You hear me?" snapped Mr. Dalton. He was very angry, and it dawned upon the juniors that he was annoyed not only at their lawless action, but at having to admit that the bully of the Sixth had just cause for complaint against the boys in his Form. They had, in fact, placed their Form master in a very uncomfortable position.

"Very well, sir," said Jimmy Silver, with an effort. "We were in the wrong, I suppose."

"I am glad you can see that, at all events," said Mr. Dalton dryly.

Jimmy looked at the prefect. "Sorry, Carthew!" he gasped. "Sorry, Carthew!" stammered Raby and Newcome, with visible efforts.

THIS WEEK'S LIST OF BIRTHDAY DATES!

Readers who were registered in the POPULAR Birthday Gift Club before June 29th, 1929, may claim one of the following gifts:

- Fountain Pen.
- Penknife.
- Table Tennis Set.
- Combined Compass and Magnifying Glass.
- Conjuring Outfit.
- Drawing Set.
- Electric Torch and Battery.
- Leather Pocket Wallet.
- Hobby Annual.

—if the date of their birth is the same as a date in the following list—

- January 7th, 1920.
- February 3rd, 1911.
- March 12th, 1908.
- April 9th, 1916.
- May 10th, 1917.
- June 1st, 1913.
- July 5th, 1914.
- August 10th, 1918.
- September 29th, 1915.
- October 16th, 1917.
- November 16th, 1914.
- December 1st, 1912.
- March 24th, 1914.

If you were BORN on any of these dates, fill in the CLAIMS COUPON provided on this page and send it to:

The Editor,
POPULAR Birthday Gift Club,
5, Carmelite Street,
London, E.C.4.,

so as to reach this address not later than July 11th, 1929. GIFTS WILL BE DISPATCHED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER THIS DATE. Please write the word "CLAIM" in the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

No reader may claim a Gift unless he or she has already been registered as a member of our Birthday Gift Club.

A published date must be exactly the same in day, month, and year as that given on your registration coupon.

You CANNOT claim and register AT THE SAME TIME. Should your birth date happen to be published in this list, and you are NOT already registered, YOU WILL NOT BE ELIGIBLE FOR A GIFT.

ANOTHER LIST OF BIRTHDAY DATES WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

BIRTHDAY GIFT CLAIM COUPON

(For the use of REGISTERED READERS ONLY.)

Name.....

Full Address (please write plain y).....

I declare myself to have registered in your Birthday Gift Club, before Saturday, June 29th, 1929, and as the date given above (here state date).....

is the date of my birth, I wish to claim a (state name of gift you would like)

..... in accordance with the rules of the club.

THIS COUPON IS ONLY AVAILABLE UNTIL JULY 11th, 1929.

POPULAR.

JULY 6th.

Arthur Edward Lovell gulped. "Lovell!" said Mr. Dalton, in an ominous voice.

"I—I—" "I am waiting!" "Sorry, Carthew!" spluttered Lovell, with a face crimson with rage. "Very good!" said Mr. Dalton. "Take this cane, Carthew, and cane these boys in my presence!" "Certainly, sir!" said Carthew, unable to restrain a grin of triumph. He gripped the cane. "Bend over!" he rapped out. This time the order was not disobeyed. Under the keen, grim eye of Mr. Dalton there was no question of disobedience. Four hapless juniors bent over in turn, and each of them received six from the

again as if the seat of the chair were red-hot.

"Ow!" "Oh dear!" Sympathetic Fourth-Formers looked into the study. They made sympathetic remarks. But sympathy, though doubtless grateful and comforting in its way, did not help the suffering four very much.

They groaned and grunted and wriggled dolorously. "We'll make Carthew sit up for this!" gasped Lovell at last. "We'll jolly well scrag him!"

Jimmy Silver groaned. "Oh, chuck it!" he said. "Yes, chuck it, for goodness' sake!" mumbled Raby. "I'm fed-up with

Valentine Mornington joined the Fistical Four as the Fourth came out of their Form-room and walked out into the quadrangle with them. Morny's face was dark, and there was a glint in his eyes.

He had been rather troublesome in class that morning, being in one of his bitter tempers, and Mr. Dalton had given him lines. Mr. Dalton, however, was not the object of Morny's wrath. All the Fourth knew what was the matter with Morny; it was the box on the ear he had received from Carthew the previous day.

The box on the ear had hurt Morny, especially in his pride. He had been savage and sulky ever since, even with Erroll his best chum. Erroll had pre-



AT THE JUNIORS' MERCY! Cold and thick and clammy, the tar was daubed on Carthew's face. He shuddered and wriggled. There was a suppressed chuckle, and several matches were struck one after another. No doubt Carthew's face, blackened under the tar, afforded entertainment to the young rascals who were tarring him. (See Chapter 4.)

cane, well laid on by Carthew. The whacks of the cane rang through Mr. Dalton's study.

Carthew, perhaps, was a believer in the saying of that ancient king, that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. Certainly he ran no risk of spoiling Jimmy Silver & Co. by sparing the rod. He laid it on with all the force of his arm, and it was fortunate for them that he was not an athlete like Bulkeley.

It was over at last. Four juniors stood wriggling with anguish, their faces quite pale. Mr. Dalton made a gesture of dismissal. "You may go!"

They went. They wriggled out of the study, they wriggled along the passage, they wriggled up the stairs, they wriggled to the end study. They seemed unable to do anything but wriggle.

In the end study Lovell threw himself into the armchair. He jumped up

Carthew! We played the goat and asked for this."

"Look here—" "Chuck it!" growled Newcome.

"Ow! Do you think we want any more of this, you silly owl? We asked for it and got it. We're not going to ask for any more. Wow!"

"I think—" "No, you don't! You can't! If you were able to think, you wouldn't have landed us in this! Wow!"

"Look here—" "Chuck it!" howled the three in chorus.

And Arthur Edward Lovell snorted and chuckled it.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Toeing the Line!

WHAT are you fellows going to do?"

"Nothing!"

It was the following day, after morning class.

vented him seeking instant vengeance on the bully of the Sixth, rightly judging that "punching a prefect" was rather too risky a proceeding for a junior of the Fourth Form. Besides, Morny had given provocation. He had grinned mockingly at the discomfited prefect, which was not respectful, and was very irritating to Carthew. Really, he had no reason to be surprised that Carthew had smacked his head on that occasion. But, undoubtedly, he was deeply incensed and vengeful.

Morny's lip curled sardonically as Jimmy answered his question. The Fistical Four had recovered from their licking now and were in their usual cheery spirits. They were thinking chiefly of cricket and not at all of vengeance, which certainly was a much healthier frame of mind than Morny's.

"So you're taking it lyin' down?" asked Mornington.

"We took it bending over!" grinned Newcome.

"You lettin' Carthew have the best of it?"

"Oh, rot!" said Jimmy Silver. "What's the good of that sort of talk, Morny? We played the goat, and got what we asked for. Carthew happened to be in the right for once."

"You're lettin' it drop, then?"

"We've let it drop—or, rather, there's nothing to let drop," said Jimmy Silver impatiently. "Talk about something else, or don't talk at all!"

Valentine Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Go an' eat coke!" he said politely; and he walked away.

Lovell looked rather rebellious.

"That's all very well, Jimmy Silver!" he said.

"Of course it is," said Jimmy.

"But I think—"

"Don't begin thinking, old chap; you're not used to it, and goodness knows what might happen!"

"I think," roared Lovell—"I tell you, Jimmy Silver, I think it's up to us to make Carthew sit up."

"What's that?"

It was Carthew's voice. He stepped out from behind a big beech as the Fistical Four came along. They had not seen him there. Carthew had a way of appearing silently and unexpectedly.

"Well, what are you young rascals plotting?" he asked.

Jimmy compressed his lips.

"Nothing!" he answered.

"What did you say, Lovell?"

"You heard what I said!" retorted Lovell. "You were listening!"

"So you are going to make me sit up, are you?"

Lovell did not answer.

"Is that the way to speak of a prefect, Lovell?"

No reply.

"You will take a hundred lines, Lovell!" said Carthew. "I'm going to teach you cheeky fags manners, or know the reason why. I shall expect those lines by tea-time."

Lovell gasped with rage.

"You can expect!"

"If they're not handed in I shall look in at your study and bring my ashplant with me!" smiled Carthew.

He walked away airily.

"Do you think I'm going to stand this?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, in a suppressed voice, glaring at his comrades.

"Don't be a goat!" said Jimmy Silver crossly. "You keep on putting us in the wrong. Any prefect would give you lines for talking like that!"

"Any other prefect wouldn't listen without letting a fellow see that he was there."

"I know that! But that doesn't alter the case. If you don't do the lines, you get a licking; if you don't take the licking, it means another row with Dicky Dalton. We've got to wait till Carthew puts himself in the wrong before we go for him."

"I'm not going to do the lines!"

"Oh, rats!"

There was rather a rift in the lute among the Fistical Four that day.

The hot-headed Lovell was determined not to do the lines, reckless of consequences. Jimmy Silver took quite a different view, and impressed it on Lovell without being heeded. Lovell was in the wrong again, and it was useless to let the matter go before Mr. Dalton. But Arthur Edward declined to listen to reason, and, instead of settling down to write his lines before

THE POPULAR.—No. 545.

tea, he picked up his bat in the end study to go down to the nets.

Whereupon Jimmy Silver put his back to the study door.

"You haven't done your lines, Lovell!"

"I'm not going to do them!"

"Now, don't be an ass!" urged Raby.

"What's the good of telling Lovell that?" sighed Newcome. "Can he help it?"

"I'm not knuckling under to that cad Carthew!" roared Lovell. "You fellows can knuckle under if you like. I'm going down to the cricket."

"Not till you've done your lines," said Jimmy cheerily. "Put it to the vote of the study, if you like."

"Oh, rats!"

"Now, look here, Lovell, don't be a silly ass! We don't want another row with Mr. Dalton, and we jolly well don't want another licking! Get your lines done before tea!"

"Bosh!"

"Then it's a study ragging for you!" said Jimmy.

Arthur Edward Lovell breathed wrathfully. He looked extremely belligerent; but, fortunately, he decided to yield to the voice of the majority. With a very bad grace, he sat down to his lines. Even upon Arthur Edward's unreflecting mind it dawned that the end study's feud with Carthew would not prosper if they placed themselves in the wrong all the time.

The lines were duly written, and Lovell, with suppressed feelings, went to Carthew's study with them.

Carthew grinned as they were handed in to him.

"Thought better of it—what?" he asked pleasantly.

Lovell did not answer; he could not trust himself to speak. He backed out of the prefect's study, leaving Carthew grinning.

"Lovell!" shouted Carthew.

"Yes?" gasped Lovell.

"Come back and shut the door!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were waiting for Lovell in the passage, sagely keeping an eye on their irate chum. Lovell gritted his teeth; but the whispered urging of his comrades influenced him, and he went back and shut Carthew's door.

"Now for the cricket!" said Jimmy cheerily.

"I shall land that jeering cad in the eye one of these days!" hissed Lovell.

"Oh, never mind him! Let's get some cricket."

And the Fistical Four walked away to Little Side and soon forgot Carthew of the Sixth and all his works.

Carthew was feeling quite pleased with himself.

He had a bitter dislike of the end study, formed chiefly upon the cheery independence of Jimmy Silver & Co. He flattered himself that he was bringing the cheeky young sweeps to heel at last. He was quite prepared for some reckless attempt at vengeance on their part, and prepared to make the most of it to their detriment if it happened.

But he was not quite prepared for what was to happen to him, all the same.

Carthew of the Sixth crossed over to Mr. Manders' House that evening for a visit to his friend Frampton there. When he came back the quadrangle was dark; the Houses were closed for all, except masters and prefects. It was a dark night; scarcely a glimmer of stars in the sky. In the distance, as Carthew walked along under the beeches, there was a glimmer of lighted windows in the House.

Certainly no thought of danger

crossed Carthew's mind, but the danger was close at hand. There was a sudden rush of footsteps in the darkness and a whisper.

"Down him!"

And in the darkness hands closed suddenly and fiercely upon the bully of the Sixth, and he went with a crash to the ground.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Carthew Catches It!

CARTHEW of the Sixth lay and gurgled.

He was taken utterly by surprise, and the crash on the hard earth dazed him a little. His unseen and unexpected captors were not handling him ceremoniously.

"Groogh! Oh! Ooooooh!"

Smack!

A hand came sharply over his mouth and closed there hard. Carthew was only spluttering for breath, but the unseen owner of the hand was taking precautions against a yell for help.

A knee was planted on Carthew's chest, pinning him down; another hand was added to that over his mouth, effectually silencing him; and his wrists were strongly grasped, in a right hand and a left. Someone was trampling on his struggling legs at the same time.

Four of them—Carthew could feel four separate assailants—and he had no doubt about the identity of the four, though he could see hardly an inch from his nose in the thick darkness under the wide-spreading branches of the beech-trees.

The four chums of the end study, of course—Jimmy Silver and Lovell, Raby and Newcome! Carthew had not a doubt of it. This was the revenge of the Fistical Four—this was their retaliation, which he had been expecting more or less, though certainly not in this style.

He lay gasping, half-choking, under the grasp of the unseen juniors. The hands over his mouth gripped hard; he was unable to utter a cry.

Suddenly the hands were withdrawn; but before Carthew could yell a cloth took their place, and it was wound round his face and head, not only gagging him, but blindfolding him as well.

He gasped helplessly.

Evidently his assailants had come prepared. This was no chance attack, due to the juniors happening to see their opportunity. It was plain that he had been watched leaving the House, and that these young ruffians had watched and waited for him to return from Manders' House. It was an ambush that Carthew had blindly walked into.

But what did they mean? What did they intend to do with him?

He lay quivering and gurgling, by this time in a state of something like terror. What was their game?

His wrists were drawn together, and a cord was tied round them. The cord was securely knotted.

Then his ankles were tied together.

After that another cord was wound about the cloth that circled his face, and tied over his mouth.

His assailants were leaving nothing to chance.

All the time, not a word had been spoken; the unseen enemy worked in a silence that had something terrifying in it. Since the two whispered words that had preluded the rush he had heard no word spoken, even in a whisper. They did not want him to hear their voices, doubtless. As if he was in any doubt of their identity, whether he heard their voices or not!

His heart was throbbing with rage and fear as he felt himself lifted from the ground.

The four were moving away with him in the darkness. Whither? He gasped under the gagging cloth as his head knocked on the trunk of a tree.

"Careful!"

It was a whisper, but he heard it, though it was impossible to recognise the whispering voice. But, assured as he was that he was in the hands of the Fistical Four, he was quite certain it was the voice of one of the Co., and he thought it was Jimmy Silver's.

He was swung on—whither he could not even guess, but he knew that it must be in a direction away from the House. They would never dare to carry him near the lighted windows.

A door opened; he heard the creak of a hinge. Then he was dumped down.

There was a sound of falling faggots, and two or three from the displaced heap knocked against him; and by that he knew that he was in the wood-shed. The wood-shed was locked up at night; apparently these young rascals had forced the padlock.

Carthew palpitated.

Why had they brought him there?

The cloth was drawn from his face. He opened his mouth for a yell, though it was very doubtful whether anyone was near enough to the wood-shed at that hour to hear him yell. But a crumpled handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth as it opened—his own handkerchief, taken from his pocket. It effectually gagged him, jammed between his open jaws, and unseen hands ran the cord round it and secured it there. He glared about him in the darkness of the interior of the wood-shed, but he could see nothing. He wondered savagely why his face had been uncovered. He was soon to learn.

The cloth—by its chalky smell he guessed that it was a duster annexed from a Form-room—was bandaged across his eyes. Then he heard a match strike, but still he could see nothing.

A familiar scent greeted his nostrils—the scent of tar. It reminded him of the fact that old Mack kept his tar-bucket in the wood-shed.

Carthew shuddered.

He knew now what was coming, and

he wriggled furiously in his bonds; but he wriggled in vain.

Cold, and thick, and clammy, the tar was daubed on his face.

He shuddered and wriggled.

There was a suppressed chuckle, and several matches were struck, one after another. No doubt Carthew's face, blackening under the tar, afforded entertainment to the young rascals who were tarring him.

Thicker and thicker the tar was daubed on.

It was daubed on Carthew's hair, on the bandage over his eyes, on the stuffed handkerchief in his mouth, it oozed round his ears and down his neck.

And still it was daubed on thicker and thicker.

The chuckling was incessant, but no word was spoken. The tar-brush was stuck back into the bucket at last.

There was a rustling sound as the juniors groped away. Carthew heard them leaving the wood-shed; he heard the door close; he heard the clink of the padlock chain as it was replaced.

Carthew was left alone, wriggling in
(Continued overleaf.)

THE POPULAR BIRTHDAY GIFT CLUB!



RULES AND REGULATIONS.

In order to become a member of our FREE BIRTHDAY GIFT CLUB you must, first of all, fill in ALL the particulars required on the special REGISTRATION COUPON printed below. When you have done this, post the coupon to:

The Editor,
The "Popular" Birthday Gift Club,
5, Carmelite Street,
London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Providing your registration coupon is filled up correctly you will then be enrolled as a member of our Birthday Club, and

may consider yourself as such, unless you are notified by us to the contrary.

Then watch carefully the list of birthday dates, which are published in this paper week by week. Should the date of YOUR BIRTH be the same as one of the published dates, you will be able to claim one of the splendid gifts in the list printed here. You can choose your own present!

Once readers are enrolled as members of our Birthday Gift Club they have no need to re-register, as their original registration holds good, providing they continue to purchase regularly the POPULAR, and also one other of the following papers—the "Magnet," "Gem," "Nelson Lee," or

"Modern Boy"—as stated on their registration coupon.

Take every care that the DATE OF BIRTH which you give on your registration coupon is absolutely correct in every particular, for this date, once it is accepted for registration, can in no circumstances be altered afterwards.

Please remember that the only method of joining our Birthday Club is by filling up one of the printed registration coupons published in this paper. No other form of registration can be recognised.

The Editor's decision upon all points arising out of this scheme must be accepted as final and legally binding. This is an express condition of registration.

Only ONE registration coupon need be filled in and sent to the given address. This should be received on or before the date stated on the registration coupon.

READERS OVERSEAS!

All Overseas readers are eligible to participate in our Free Birthday Gift Club, as special time extensions are allowed in the case of readers living elsewhere than in the British Isles.

This week's list of birthday dates and special claims coupon appear on page 8.

YOU CAN CHOOSE ANY OF THESE GIFTS:

Fountain Pen—Table Tennis Set—Drawing Set—Hobby Annual—Magnifying Glass and Compass Combined—Pocket Wallet—Conjuring Outfit—Electric Torch and Battery—Penknife.

REGISTRATION COUPON.

BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

(Please write very plainly.)

Name Date of Birth: Day Month Year

Full Address

I declare that I am a reader of "THE POPULAR" and purchase BOTH THESE PAPERS regularly from my newsagent. I have carefully read the rules of your Birthday Club Scheme, and I agree to abide by them in every particular. Will you please enrol me as a member of your FREE BIRTHDAY GIFT CLUB?

Newsagent's Name

Address

THIS COUPON IS ONLY AVAILABLE UNTIL JULY 13th, 1929.
POPULAR. JULY 6th, 1929.

his bonds, clammy with the tar and mad with rage.

How long was he to remain there?

He felt a chill of horror at the thought that he might not be missed, and might have to remain as he was till Mack, or someone, came along to the wood-shed in the morning.

It was an unnerving thought. He struggled furiously in his bonds, but only succeeded in abrading his wrists and ankles. He was tied too securely to get loose. Then he concentrated on the handkerchief stuffed in his mouth, and bit and chewed at it, almost choking over the tar that oozed into his mouth as he did so. But it was a long, long time before he succeeded in getting partially rid of the gag, and was able to yell.

Then he yelled, huskily and frantically, for help.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Accused!

HORACE GREELY jumped.

It was enough to make any man jump, even a heavy-weight like Horace Greely, master of the Rookwood Fifth.

Mr. Greely was taking a little walk and smoking a cigar in the pleasant summer evening. The night was soft and still and dark. Only a whisper of a breeze stirred the leaves of the old beeches. And suddenly, from the silence, came a hoarse, husky howl.

"Help!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Greely.

"Help! Help!"

"Upon my word!"

The Fifth-Form master removed the cigar from his mouth and stared about him. The husky shout was repeated again and again, and then Mr. Greely got his bearings.

He rolled off towards the woodshed, whence the husky shouting proceeded. Something had happened to somebody there, that was certain. Mr. Greely had a vague idea that perhaps old Mack had had a fall, perhaps, with a stack of logs tumbling over him, or something of the sort. Anyhow, Horace Greely was prepared to render first aid.

He reached the wood-shed and struck a match. It was very dark. The padlock appeared to be in order, and he was puzzled. But from the interior of the building came the husky shouting.

"Bless my soul! Who is calling?"

exclaimed Mr. Greely.

"Help! It's me—I—Carthew!"

"Carthew of the Sixth Form?" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Greely.

"Ow! Yes!"

"Bless my soul! Are you hurt?"

"Groogh! I'm tied up. Help!"

"Tied up?" repeated Mr. Greely.

"How can you be tied up in the wood-shed, Carthew? This is absurd!"

"Wow! Help!"

"I am quite unable to enter, Carthew, as the door is padlocked. I will call Mack."

"It isn't locked!" howled Carthew.

"It appears to be locked."

"It isn't!" yelled Carthew. "It can't be, as those young scoundrels brought me in here. Try it!"

"I will try it, Carthew. But it certainly appears to be locked," said Mr. Greely.

He struck another match and examined the padlock. He discerned now, what had escaped his first glance, that the lock had been forced, and replaced to give it an appearance of being fastened. It was, however, easy to jerk

open, and Mr. Greely jerked it open and threw back the door.

"Where are you, Carthew?"

"Here," hissed Carthew, wriggling painfully. "I'm tied hand and foot."

"Absurd! Who could have tied you hand and foot, Carthew?"

Carthew spluttered with rage. He recognised Mr. Greely's fruity voice, and he would have been glad to tell Mr. Greely what he thought of him. Obviously, however, it was not a judicious moment for doing so.

"A gang of fags—Silver and his friends. I was rushed in the dark and brought here, tied up!" he gasped.

"Bless my soul!"

"Let me loose!"

"Certainly—certainly!"

Mr. Greely struck another match and blinked round for Carthew. He gave a jump as a black face stared at him, the eyes blindfolded.

"Who—who is that?" The match burned his fingers, and he dropped it with a sharp exclamation. "Ow! Oh! Oh dear! What—what is that? Is—is there a negro here, Carthew?"

"No!" shrieked Carthew.

"I—I saw a black face—a hideous black face!"

"They've tarred my face."

"Oh!"

Another match gleamed out, and the Fifth Form master stooped over Mark Carthew. He stooped over him very gingerly. In his present state, with clammy tar oozing all over him, the bully of the Sixth was not nice to touch.

"There's a cord knotted round my wrists and another round my ankles!" gasped Carthew. "Take this rag off my eyes and let me see."

Mr. Greely removed the tarry duster, and Carthew's glaring eyes glowed at him. The ferocity in Carthew's glare quite startled Mr. Greely.

"You've got a penknife, sir?" gasped Carthew.

"Yes, I—I certainly have a penknife, Carthew. But I really do not see how I can touch you without becoming unpleasantly tarry, Carthew. You are—hem—in a disgusting state!"

"Please cut the cords, sir!"

Mr. Greely eyed him very dubiously in the light of a match.

As a matter of fact, he was strongly disinclined to touch Carthew. He was rather a particular gentleman about his hands and his clothes, and Carthew reeked with tar. The proverb declares that one cannot touch pitch without being defiled, and it was absolutely impossible to release Mark Carthew without becoming tarry. Mr. Greely backed off.

"I will call Mack, Carthew," he said.

"I say, sir, don't go!"

"I will tell Mack to come quickly."

"I—I say—"

No answer.

Mr. Greely was gone. Carthew really was too tarry for a particular gentleman to touch.

Carthew of the Sixth lay, gritting his teeth, for long minutes. Mr. Greely had promised to send Mack quickly, but old Mack was a leisurely man in his movements. It seemed to the hapless Carthew an age before the glimmer of a lantern broke into the darkness of the wood-shed.

Old Mack came in grunting.

"Cut me loose, Mack!" howled Carthew, glaring at him.

"Mr. Greely, he says—"

"Will you cut me loose?"

"Just what I've come here for, sir," said old Mack stolidly. "You ain't nice to touch, sir, but 'ere goes."

Mack set down the lantern and, with maddening slowness, opened an old horn-handled pocket-knife. Carthew looked at him as if he could bite him the while. But at last old Mack began to saw the cords.

He did not get on very fast, and perhaps by accident he sawed the hapless Carthew several times in the process.

But Carthew was released at last.

He squirmed to his feet, panting for breath, giving Mack a glare of rage in return for the grin that wrinkled old Mack's ancient countenance.

Then he rushed out of the wood-shed. Black and tarry, dishevelled and breathless, he rushed for the House. The door had been left ajar by Mr. Greely, and Carthew hurled it open and rushed in. There was a yell from Neville of the Sixth as he sighted him.

"Who—what—what—who's that?"

"Who's that dashed nigger?" yelled Hansom of the Fifth. A dozen senior fellows stared at Carthew blankly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carthew cast a tarry glare of fury round him. Mr. Dalton came quickly out of his study with a startled face.

"Who is that? What—what—Is it possible that that is a Rookwood boy? What does this mean?"

"I'm Carthew!" shrieked the tarry object. "I'm going to the Head. Your boys have done this. Mr. Dalton. Silver and Lovell and that lot. I'm going to the Head!"

"Carthew, you accuse—"

"I've been kidnapped tied up, tarred!" Carthew choked with rage. "They'll jolly well be bunked for this! Grooogh! I'm going to the Head!"

"You had better not go to the Head in that state, Carthew."

"I'm going!"

Carthew rushed on. Mr. Dalton stared after him, and then quietly ascended the staircase to the Fourth Form dormitory, to call the accused juniors. The Classical Fourth had gone to bed, but this was a matter that would not wait.

"Well, Carthew got it this time!" chuckled Hansom of the Fifth. "He's a beastly bully, anyhow. I dare say he asked for it."

"But it's the sack for the johnnies who did it, all the same!" remarked Talbays.

"Oh, no doubt about that! It's the sack for Silver of the Fourth and his pals!" agreed Hansom. And that remark greeted Jimmy Silver & Co. as they came down the staircase at the heels of Mr. Dalton.

Jimmy Silver started.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"The jolly old sack for you!" grinned Hansom. "I suppose you knew what to expect when you handled Carthew like that?"

"What do you mean? We haven't touched Carthew."

"He says you have, and he seems to know!" chuckled Hansom.

"Follow me, my boys!" broke in Mr. Dalton sternly. "Carthew is with Dr. Chisholm now, and you must see the Head at once."

"But, sir—" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Follow me!"

And in a surprised and extremely unquiet frame of mind, Jimmy Silver & Co. followed Mr. Dalton to the Head's study.

THE END.

(Jimmy Silver & Co. are in a very unpleasant situation. Will they be able to clear themselves? See next week's Rousing Story: "MORNY PULLS THE STRINGS!")