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The POPULAR

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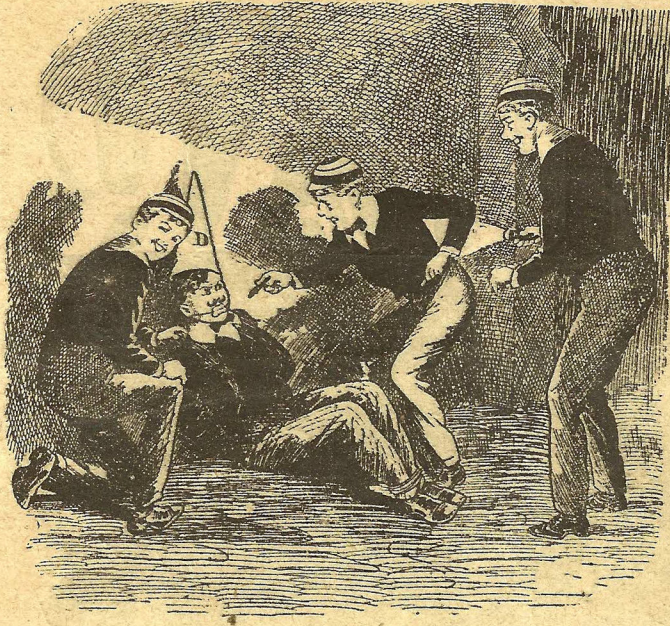
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"The RIVAL GUYS!"
Special 'Bonfire-night' Tale of the Chums of Rookwood

FEATURING THE FAMOUS HEROES OF ROOKWOOD—JIMMY SILVER & CO. I



THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Mimicking Mr. Manders!

“WHAT’S that?”
“Manders!”
“What!”

“Manders!” repeated Arthur Edward Lovell. “Mr. Manders! Roger Manders! Mr. Roger Manders, head of Manders’ House, chief beak on the Modern Side at Rookwood! Is that explicit enough?”

Lovell’s explanation was sufficiently explicit. But Jimmy Silver, Raby and Newcombe stared, all the same.

They had come up to the end study in the Classical Fourth, and found Lovell very busy there.

Lovell had been shut up in the study for some time. His comrades had missed him, and supposed that he was at his accounts; Lovell, being secretary and treasurer of the junior football club, was often deep in accounts.

On such occasions his comrades preferred his room to his company—accounts having a deteriorating effect on Arthur Edward’s temper and manners.

But they had come up at last; and now they found that Lovell’s occupation was not accounts.

He was grinning cheerfully over it; which he never did over his accounts.

Arithmetic worried Lovell a little. If he cast up a column of figures from the bottom, and calculated it a second time from the top, he found that he produced two entirely different results. That was enough to worry any fellow with accounts to keep.

His present occupation seemed much more congenial.

But it was extraordinary.

The study table had been pushed aside, and in the middle of the room was a strange figure.

Had not Lovell been at work upon it the chums of the Fourth might have supposed that some practical joker had annexed a scarecrow from a field and introduced it into the end study by way of a jest.

A rusty old black frock coat was stuffed out with shavings, a pair of long,

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thin trousers flapped round two sticks, elastic-sided boots adorned the lower ends of the sticks. Above the frock-coat was a collar, and above that a head formed of a toy balloon with paper pasted over it. Two glaring eyes were painted on, with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles over them. A wide mouth was painted also—very wide.

Lovell was in the act of attaching a long, thin nose, red at the tip, when his amazed chums stared into the study.

Lovell stepped back, with the nose still in his hand, and grinned at his chums, and then surveyed the weird figure with great pride.

“Something like—what?” he asked.

“Like—like Manders?” ejaculated Raby.

“Yes.”

“Oh, my hat!”

“Of course, it’s not a speaking likeness,” said Lovell. “But every chap at Rookwood will know those barnacles and those boots! Manders is the only man at Rookwood who creaks about in elastic-sided boots. I dare say it’s corns. They may be good for corns. I dare say he’s got corns—look at his temper! Anyhow, he creaks in that kind of foot-gear—you can hear him creaking yards away! The fellows will know him.”

“But what on earth’s the game?” demanded Jimmy Silver. “Are you making an effigy of Mr. Manders?”

“Just that!”

“What on earth for?” demanded Newcome.

“Please to remember the Fifth of November, the Gunpowder Treason and Plot!” chanted Lovell. “I see no reason why gunpowder treason should ever be forgot.”

Jimmy Silver gave a yell.

“You frightful ass! Is that a guy for Bonfire Day?”

“Right first time!” assented Lovell.

“You—you—you frabjous cuckoo!” yelled Raby. “If you guy Mr. Manders he will report you to the Head. It will be a flogging!”

“Rats! It’s one up against the

Here’s a yarn of schoolboy adventure and intrigue, of fearsome effigies, and, finally, of a wild and thrilling bonfire night celebration, in which the rival chums at Rookwood outdo all previous occasions!

The
**RIVAL
GUYS!**
by
OWEN CONQUEST

Modern side if we guy their beak,” said Lovell. “Tommy Dodd will be quite wild. Of course, he would like to lynch Manders, personally. But Manders is a Modern man, and the Moderns will be frightfully wild if we guy their House like this. See?”

“Hasn’t it occurred to you that Mr. Manders will be wild, too?” demanded Jimmy Silver.

Lovell grinned.

“That’s a’l right! I’m not a fool! I’m not going to put a label on him—‘This is Roger!’ I’m simply going to put on a long nose and horn-rimmed specs and elastic-sided boots and leave the fellows to guess. They’ll guess all right.”

“So will Manders when he hears of it, ass!”

“Let him! If he thinks this guy is like him, and says so, it will be the cream of the joke! Cap fit cap wear, you know!”

Jimmy Silver stared at the weird figure, and burst into a laugh.

Certainly if Roger Manders, of the Modern side, claimed that that fearsome object was a caricature of himself, and professed to recognise even the remotest resemblance, it would set Rookwood in a roar.

“It’s all right,” said Lovell confidently. “Manders will hear of it, and he will come out of his House to spy on it. You know his way—always spying and prying. But he can’t say anything! I shan’t call the thing Manders! I shan’t say anything! There’s no law against putting elastic-sided boots and specs on a guy, is there?”

“No; but—”

Lovell proceeded to affix the long nose to the weird face.

His chums chuckled as they watched him.

Inhuman as the horrid-looking figure was, there was some reminiscence of Mr. Roger Manders’ features about it. That long nose was modelled after Mr. Manders’ own—it was the longest nose at Rookwood. According to Mornington

this could be explained on the theory of evolution; Mr. Manders' nose had grown longer and longer through being continually poked into other people's business.

An extremely long nose, with horn-rimmed spectacles perched over it, undoubtedly suggested Mr. Manders. The elastic-sided boots more than suggested him.

Still there was, as Lovell said, no law against such adornments for a guy. On the Fifth of November the Rookwood fellows were allowed to light a bonfire, to let off fireworks to their heart's content, to parade an effigy around, and finally consign it to the flames, in celebration of Mr. Fawkes' ancient attempt to cut short the flow of Parliamentary eloquence in the House of Lords. The adornments of the "guy" were a matter for the fellows themselves to settle; certainly there was no rule laid down that the effigy should not wear elastic-sided boots or horn-rimmed spectacles.

"It's risky, all the same," said Raby. "Bosh!" said Lovell.

"Anyhow, the Moderns will be wild," said Newccme. "They don't like Manders, but they will be wild at having the head of their House guyed."

"Just what we want!" said Lovell. "It's no end of a jest on the Modern cads!"

"Yes," assented Jimmy Silver. "But—"

"Old man, you're as full of 'but's' as a billygoat," said Lovell. "Leave off butting, and get tea while I'm finishing this guy. There's a lot of work in it."

"Oh, all right!" And Lovell proceeded with his task. Perhaps Lovell had had some slight doubts himself of the prudence of his wonderful jape. If so, Jimmy Silver's doubts quite dispelled them. Lovell only required a little opposition to make him determined. Once his comrades began to argue with him Arthur Edward was adamant. The matter was settled now; as fixed and immutable as the laws of the Modes and Persians.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Wrathy!

WRATHY was not the word. Lovell had opined that the Modern fellows would be wrathy.

But the word was too mild.

The Modern fellows raged.

On the following day, when the news had spread all over Manders' house, the denizens of that establishment were furious.

Mr. Manders noticed a good deal of excitement among the junior members of his House. He attributed it to the arrival of the great anniversary, when there always was excitement in the school. He little dreamed that he had any personal connection with it.

Indeed, it would have surprised Roger Manders had he known how furious his House was, and what was the cause of its fury.

He was not popular in his House. He had never been under the delusion that any fellow in his House liked him any more than Classical fellows did. So he would have been greatly surprised to know that his House raged as one man because he was being caricatured on the Classical side, and was going to be held up to general ridicule on Bonfire Day.

The plain fact was that the Modern juniors did not care two straws about Mr. Manders, except as the official representative of his House. On that score alone he was important in their eyes.

Manders could not be ridiculed without Manders' House sharing the ridicule. If Manders was guyed, Manders' House was guyed. It was not pleasant to Manders' men to know that they had a Housemaster of whom they could not be proud. But to have a Housemaster who was to be held up to general mockery was the last straw. Men were bound to stand by their house, and, in consequence, by its official head.

"If Manders were ten times the tick he is, they shouldn't guy him!" Tommy Dodd declared vehemently to his bosom pals, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle. "If he were a born Hun, they shouldn't pull his silly old leg like this! If he wore spats over his elastic-sided boots, they shouldn't make fun of it! Not if we could stop them!"

"Hear, hear!" said Cook and Doyle loyally.

The three Tommies were quite in agreement on that, and the rest of the Moderns were in full agreement with all three. Third and Fourth and Shell, on the Modern side, agreed with wonderful unanimity that Roger Manders was not going to be guyed by Classical "ticks."

But how they were going to stop it was another question.

Wild proposals of "rushing" the Classicals, of knocking the Classicals into a cocked hat, and seizing upon the guy and destroying it, were mooted, but had to be dropped. For the Classical side at Rookwood was a more numerous side than the Modern; the Head's House outnumbered Mr. Manders' House by almost two to one. To knock double their number of fellows into a cocked hat was a large order—too extensive to be executed, in fact. In a general affray between Classicals and Moderns, the cocked hat was likely to fall to the Modern's share.

"But we're going to put the stopper on!" said Tommy Dodd determinedly.

"We are!" said Towle of the Fourth. "But how?"

"Somehow!" said Tommy. And there it rested, for a time. Somehow, it was going to be done; but the "how" had not yet transpired.

Meanwhile, the episode gave an added edge to the perpetual warfare that raged between Classicals and Moderns at Rookwood. In morning "quarter" that day, a record number of noses were punched on both sides.

At afternoon class Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, glanced over his Form in surprise. Never had he seen so many signs of combat among the heroes of the Fourth, Classical, and Modern.

Even in class, there were fierce whippers. Had the Fourth been dismissed in a body after class, probably there would have been a general engagement in the corridors. Fortunately, the Modern Fourth had to go before last lesson, having an engagement with Mr. Manders in the laboratory. They were all off the scene by the time the Classicals came out.

Meanwhile, Manders II, as the Classicals called the guy, remained safely locked up in the end study. And the Fistical Four kept a watchful eye on that study. Lovell came up before tea and found Lacy of the Modern Fourth prowling in the passage, and Lacy of the Modern Fourth fled before Lovell's vigorous boot with loud howls.

"A giddy burglar, you know," said Lovell, at tea in the end study. "Looking for a chance to burgle the study! Greedy, you know—he's got Manders I.

on the Modern side he can leave us Manders II."

And Lovell's comrades chuckled. "If the door hadn't been locked that cad Lacy would have got at the guy," went on Lovell. "There wouldn't have been much of it left for us, then. Lucky I thought of locking the door."

"Hem!" "At least, you suggested it, Jimmy, but I did it, and I had the key in my pocket. And I'm keeping it there."

"They can't get through the keyhole," grinned Raby. "Our Manders is all right! They'll have to be satisfied with their own Manders."

"Ha, ha, ha!" After tea Jimmy Silver & Co. had an engagement in the gym. The study door was carefully locked when they left it, and Arthur Edward Lovell put the key in his pocket again.

There was no doubt that the enraged Moderns would have hesitated at little to get at that offensive guy. But a thick, oak door and a strong lock formed rather too hefty an obstacle to be got over, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were satisfied that Manders II was safe in the end study.

About half an hour later Tubby Muffin looked in at the gym and noted the Fistical Four, busily occupied there. Reginald Muffin grinned a fat grin and rolled back to the House.

He arrived at the door of the end study and turned the handle.

Reginald Muffin was not specially interested in the guy. But he was deeply interested in a cake that had arrived that day for Jimmy Silver from home.

Tubby's eye—he had a special eye for cakes—had noticed that it was a very large cake; and he considered it extremely probable that a good portion of it was left over from tea. It was very likely that the chums of the Fourth intended the remainder for supper. That intention was to be carried out now, only the cake was to form Tubby's supper.

Reginald Muffin was quite unaware that the study door was locked. Study doors never were locked in the Fourth.

He was in rather a hurry to get in, as he did not want to be seen raiding the study by any fellows who might look out of another room.

So he turned the handle, shoved at the door, and made a forward movement to enter, all at once.

Had the door been unlocked, all would have been well.

But as the door remained fast the outcome was that Reginald Muffin drove his fat little nose against the panels with a heavy smite.

"Ow!" Muffin released the door-handle and clasped his nose with both fat hands.

"Ow-ow!"

For a minute or more Reginald Muffin stood in anguish, with his hands clasped to his nose. That organ felt as if it had been pushed back suddenly into his head.

Fortunately, it was not so bad as that. But it was very painful.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Muffin. "Ow! Wow! Oh, my nose! Wow! Awful beast, locking the door! Just as if they suspected that a fellow might be after their measly cake! Wow!"

And Reginald Muffin leaned wearily on the locked door and caressed his damaged nose.

Suddenly he gave a start. The door was locked and the study was dark; its owners were in the gym. Yet a sound came to Muffin's ears from

the study. It was the sound of a window opening.

Tubby Muffin started and jumped.

The thought of burglars flashed into his fat mind. But really burglars seemed rather improbable, so early in the evening, with lights in the windows of both Houses. Tubby's second thought was nearer the facts. Somebody was entering Jimmy Silver's study by the window, and it dawned on Tubby that that "somebody" was a Modern junior—after the effigy of Mr. Manders. Certainly, nobody was likely to get a ladder to a study window for the purpose of annexing a cake—even Reginald Muffin would not have gone to that length.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Muffin.

He listened breathlessly.

He could hear quite plainly the window being pushed up, and then came a muttering voice:

"Careful!"

Tubby Muffin grinned. Faint as the whisper was when it reached his ears, he recognised the voice of Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth.

A moment more and Reginald Muffin was scudding away for the gym as fast as his fat little legs could carry him.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Caught in the Act!

"**C**AREFUL!"

"Ow!"

"What's the trouble, ass?"

"Knocked my blessed head on the window-sash! Ow!"

"Well, don't knock your silly head again, for goodness' sake!"

"I'll jolly well knock your silly head, Cook, if you don't look out!"

"Shut up, both of you!" snapped Tommy Dodd.

Tommy Dodd, captain of the Modern Fourth, stood inside the end study. Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle were clambering in at the window. It was very dark—they did not venture to show a light.

A ladder, borrowed—without leave—from Sergeant Kettle, was reared against the window-sill. The window had not been fastened; Jimmy Silver & Co. had thought only of securing the door. They had never dreamed of burglarious expedients like this. But the three Tommies of Manders' House were in deadly earnest. They were going to make an end of that disrespectful effigy or perish in the attempt.

Tommy Dodd groped round the study as Cook and Doyle dropped within, and Doyle stood rubbing his head. Inside the study was very dark; the fire was out.

"Turn on a light now," said Cook. "Nobody will notice a light specially from a study window."

"That's so," assented Tommy Dodd.

He lighted up the study. The effigy was spotted then, standing in a corner of the room, looking horribly lifelike, and hideously reminiscent of Mr. Manders.

"There it is!" said Tommy Doyle. "We can't get it away. We'll smash it up into little pieces, and leave them for those duffers to find when they come in."

Tommy Dodd chuckled.

"Better than that. We'll drop it out of the study window. It will smash on the ground. They can hunt for it to-night, and find it in the morning."

"Good egg!"

"Lift it over!" said Dodd.

Manders II was lifted across the study window. There was a deep drop below;

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and it was quite certain that if Manders II smote the ground after a fall from that height, Manders II would separate into more pieces than could be counted.

"Heave-ho!" grinned Cook.

"Out he goes!"

Head and shoulders of the figure were shoved through the window. Then, all of a sudden, Tommy Dodd jumped.

"The ladder?" he exclaimed.

The ladder was moving.

It had been planted safely enough against the window-sill, and the three Tommies had mounted by it. But it was swaying away now, and in horrified alarm the Modern juniors saw it swing back from the sill. Tommy Dodd made a frantic clutch at it in vain.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated.

The figure of Manders II was dropped on the study floor. The raiders from Mander's house were not thinking of the effigy now; they were thinking that with the ladder gone their escape from the study was cut-off; the door was locked, the key gone, and there was no means of descent from the window.

"Somebody's down there!" exclaimed Doyle, peering down from the window.

"My hat! It's those Classical cads!"

"Oh! They've moved the ladder!"

"That's it! We're done in the eye."

There was a sound of a laugh below.

The three Tommies, peering down in the gloom, dimly made out a half a dozen upturned faces.

"They're still there!" came Tubby Muffin's fat voice. "I heard them, you know—I spotted the cads! We've got them now! He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell. "We've got you, you Modern rotters!"

"Fairly trapped!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Classics roared. The light in the study showed the dismayed looks of the Modern trio at the window.

"Look here, you Classical rotters!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "Shove that ladder back here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Chuck the guy down on their nappers!" exclaimed Tommy Cook.

"Hold on!" called out Jimmy Silver. "We've got you fair and square. If you damage that guy we'll take the ladder back to the sergeant's yard and leave you there for the night!"

"Yes, rather!" chortled Lovell. "You touch a giddy hair of its head and you're landed till morning!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three Tommies had lifted the effigy, with the intention of hurling it out. But they stopped now and looked at one another.

"Sure, they won't dare to leave us here!" muttered Doyle.

"There'll be a frightful row if we're not back in our house for lock-up," said Cook uneasily.

"We're jolly well going to smash this guy!"

"Hold on!" said Tommy Dodd. "Look here, you Classical cads—"

"Is it a go?" asked Jimmy Silver cheerily. "You let our guy alone and we'll let you out. Otherwise, we walk off with the ladder, and we don't come back."

"And you can amuse yourselves by singing 'We won't be home till morning'" chortled Lovell.

"We're going to smash it!" roared Tommy Doyle.

"Good-bye, then!"

The Classical juniors lifted the long ladder to their shoulders and started. Tommy Dodd & Co. stared after them blankly. They realised that the Classics were in earnest; that it had

to be give and take. To remain locked up in a study in the Head's house was impossible. They were fighting the battle of Mr. Manders; but they knew what they had to expect from Mr. Manders if they were out of their House when the doors were locked.

"We've got to toe the line!" muttered Tommy Dodd.

"Chuck the blinking thing out and chance it!" said Doyle.

"Fathead! They mean business! Jimmy Silver!" shouted Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy turned his head.

"Bring that ladder back, you rotter!"

"You're letting that guy alone?"

"Yes," said Tommy Dodd reluctantly.

"Honour bright!"

"Honour bright!" growled Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"All serene, then! Back she goes!"

The grinning Classics bore the ladder back and raised it up to the study window. Tommy Dodd & Co. heard it clump against the window-sill with deep relief.

"Roll down!" chortled Lovell.

One after another the three Tommies descended the ladder with frowning faces. They were greeted with laughter by the Classics as they stepped to the ground.

"Now bump them for their cheek!" said Lovell.

"No; let them out," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "Run away while you're safe, Tommy! And don't try burgling again. Next time we'll make an example of you!"

"Rats!" growled Tommy Dodd.

The three Tommies returned to Mr. Manders' house with feelings too deep for words.

"We're done!" growled Tommy Dodd.

"We shan't have another chance at that blessed guy. They'll make game of our Housemaster in their giddy procession on the Fifth, but we're going to get our own back somehow or other. We've got to turn the tables on those Classical cads—and especially on that howling chump, Lovell!"

Tommy Dodd gave that important matter a good deal of deep thinking. He was still thinking it over after lights out in the Modern Fourth dormitory. Apparently his deep thinking produced some results, for suddenly a loud chuckle broke the silence of the dormitory.

"I say, Cook, old man!"

"Mmmmmmmmm!"

"Doyle, old chap!"

"Mmmmmmm!"

"I've got it, you fellows!"

"Mmmmmmm!"

"Keep it!" mumbled Cook sleepily.

"Look here!"

"Mmmmm!"

Tommy Dodd gave it up.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Another Guy!

"PLEASE to remember the Fifth of November!" chortled Arthur Edward Lovell, as he came across Tommy Dodd & Co. in the afternoon of that celebrated date. You fellows coming to the show!"

The Three Tommies smiled.

"Oh, we shall turn up!" said Tommy Dodd. "We're whacking out the bonfire, you know! We shall have a guy of our own."

"Anything like ours?" grinned Lovell. "Look here, I'll give you fellows a tip. Catch Manders napping."

"What?"

"We had to make our Manders," said Arthur Edward. "You've got your Manders ready-made. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky ass!" exclaimed Cook.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Tommy Dodd, unperturbed. "We're going to have a Classical guy. There's one fellow on the Classical side who was born for the job, and our guy will be his giddy likeness!"

"Who's that?" asked Arthur Edward.

"His name's Lovell!"

"Why, you — you — you —" spluttered the owner of that name.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three Tommies walked away laughing, leaving Arthur Edward Lovell glaring after them in great wrath.

Lovell was a humorous fellow in his way, but, like many humorous fellows, he failed to grasp a joke against himself. It seemed to him no end of a jest to mimic the Modern Housemaster in the form of a guy. But to be guyed himself in the same way did not appeal to his sense of humour in the least.

He strode away to the field adjoining the kitchen gardens, where a crowd of fellows were already busy stacking up combustible materials for the bonfire.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were busy there; but they had to suspend their busy preparations to listen to Lovell.

In deep indignation Arthur Edward explained, and his indignation was intensified when his comrades chuckled.

"Do you think it's funny?" hooted Lovell.

"Keep smiling, old chap," said Jimmy Silver soothingly. "It's only Modern gas. They can't do it. We can imitate Manders with a guy, because he was designed by nature for the part. You're not—not quite, anyhow!"

"Thanks!" said Lovell sarcastically.

"If they get up a guy dressed like a Fouth Form fellow it won't look like you, any more than like any other fellow. They can put the Classical colours on it; but that's all. It will look as much like me as like you," said Jimmy. "How the dickens are they going to catch a chap's likeness? It can't be done!"

"Well, I suppose that's so," said Lovell.

"It could be done in waxwork, but they haven't any wax or any artistic powers in that line!" said Jimmy, laughing. "If you had a nose like Manders, or horn-rimmed glasses; but you haven't! It's gammon!"

And Lovell was comforted.

Really, it seemed impossible that Lovell could be mimicked as Mr. Manders was being mimicked. He was quite an ordinary fellow to look at. He rather fancied that he had a bit of a distinctive air, certainly; but certainly there was nothing to offer an opening to a rough-and-ready caricaturist, as in the case of Mr. Manders.

So Lovell dismissed the matter from his mind as absurd "gas" on the part of the Moderns, and lent his aid in stacking up the bonfire.



VERY UPSETTING! Crash! A faggot, suddenly hurled by a Modern junior, caught Mr. Manders II on the chest, and the effigy went to the ground with a crash. There was a roar of wrath from the Classicals. (See Chapter 5.)

But, oddly enough, the story of Tommy Dodd's intention was soon being talked among the fellows, and it began to reach Lovell's ears from different sides.

Moderns as well as Classicals were helping in the preparations for the bonfire, as it was an affair in which all the Lower School shared; and all the Moderns seemed to know about Tommy's wheeze, and they told the Classicals. Lovell had no doubt that it was all "gas"—a silly story invented to pull his leg, in return for his caricature of the Modern Housemaster.

Nevertheless, his ears burned as he heard whispers and chuckles on the subject. He was extremely annoyed, and he began to think of looking for Tommy Dodd and punching his Modern nose, as a preliminary to the evening's entertainment.

"It will be just like him," he heard Towle of the Modern Fourth remark to Dickinson minor.

Lovell knew to what Towle was alluding, and he swung round angrily on the Modern fellow.

"You blithering ass!" he exclaimed.

"Hallo! What's biting you?" asked Towle.

"If that crass ass, Dodd, tries to make a guy, which he couldn't do for nuts, how is he going to make it like me?" demanded Lovell.

Towle grinned.

"Suppose he makes it jolly ugly?" he said.

"Well?" snorted Lovell.

"Well, then, if it's ugly enough, it's bound to be like you, old chap!"

Dickinson minor chuckled; but Lovell

made a rush at Towle, and the two of them rolled on the ground in deadly combat.

Jimmy Silver rushed up and dragged them apart, with the help of Raby and Newcome and Mornington.

"For goodness' sake, Lovell, keep your temper!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "What's the good of ragging?"

"Who's losing his temper?" roared Lovell.

"You are, fathead! Keep smiling!" "You're jolly well going to thrash Tommy Dodd before we start the procession!" bawled Lovell. "I'm fed-up with his cheek."

"Oh, rats! We're all ready now."

"I'm going to lick that Modern cad first!"

"Well, we're going in for the guy now," said Raby. "If you're not on the scene you'll miss the procession."

"Hallo!" Tommy Dodd came up. "Lovell there?"

"Here I am!" snorted Lovell angrily. "Sure it's you?" asked Tommy Dodd, as if in doubt. "You're not my guy that's got out and started wandering, are you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell did not answer the question. He rushed at Tommy Dodd.

"Stop it!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

But, to the surprise of the Classical fellows, instead of closing combat with the enraged Lovell, as Towle had done, Tommy Dodd took to his heels and ran.

Lovell was surprised himself. Tommy Dodd was the greatest fighting-man on the Modern side; yet he was running

like a frightened fag. Lovell whooped after him in pursuit.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "Who'd have thought that Diddy would show the white feather like that?"

"It's a lark!" said Mornington. "He's goin' to give that hot-headed ass a run round the school. Let's go in for the guy, and let him run."

"Let's!" agreed Raby.

And the Classicals marched in to bring out the guy that still reposed in the end study behind a locked door. Meanwhile, the wrathful Arthur Edward was chasing on the track of Tommy Dodd. That cheery youth looked round and saw the Classical junior rushing on only a few paces behind.

He stopped suddenly—so suddenly that Lovell rushed right into his back. It was a totally unexpected shock; Tommy Dodd stood like a brick wall, and Lovell crashed on him and staggered.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

He bounded on again in flight. Lovell had been thinking of dropping the pursuit, but that playful little incident spurred him on. He fairly hurled himself after the elusive Modern.

Tommy Dodd dashed into the archway into Little Quad, and Lovell rushed after him.

As he rushed into the dark arch two dim figures detached themselves from the shadows and grasped him.

Before he knew what was happening Arthur Edward Lovell was on his back on the ground, with Tommy Cook sitting on his chest and Tommy Doyle grasping his wrists.

Tommy Dodd stopped his headlong flight and turned back, with a breathless chuckle.

"Got him!" he gasped.

And his grasp was added. Arthur Edward Lovell began to struggle, but the three of them were too many for him.

To his utter amazement, Lovell found himself tied up—his ankles bound together and his wrists tied behind his back. He would have yelled for help, in the hope that some Classical might be within hearing; but the moment he opened his mouth for that purpose a crumpled duster was crammed into it.

"That's all right," said Tommy Dodd. "Got the stuff here, of course?"

"What-ho!"

"Sit him against the wall."

Lovell was sat against the wall. Cook held an electric torch to light the proceedings; Doyle fastened a paper fool's cap on Lovell's head; Tommy Dodd decorated his face with coloured crayons. A charcoal moustache, red circles round his eyes, and green ears gave Lovell a wild and unearthly aspect. The three Moderns chortled as they looked at him.

Lovell could not speak. He chewed desperately at the gag, but he could not utter a word to tell the Moderns what he thought of them.

He became aware that other Modern fellows were arriving in the archway, gathering round in a chuckling crowd. Towle and Lacy arrived carrying an ancient chair, evidently sorted out of a lumber-room. Lovell was lifted into the chair and tied there with ample cords. A ragged old coat was draped round him from head to foot; an ancient boot and an equally ancient shoe were shoved on his feet over his own shoes. Festoons of coloured paper were pinned to him. His aspect, with his eyes rolling with fury, was so amazing and extraordinary that the Moderns almost wept with merriment.

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Even yet it did not dawn upon Lovell what the game was.

"I think that will do," said Tommy Dodd at last. "Take him up!"

Four Modern fellows lifted the chair with Lovell in it.

"Now we're ready!" said Tommy Dodd. "My belief is that our guy will knock their guy into a cocked hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell wriggled convulsively as the Modern crowd marched forth. He understood at last. They were making a guy of him!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Like Lovell!

"HERE'S another guy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Classical procession had reached the field in which the bonfire blazed.

Manders II, carried on an old wicker chair on the shoulders of the Classicals, swayed above the crowd.

Roars of laughter from the Classicals and cat-calls from the Moderns greeted the appearance of the imitation of Mr. Manders.

In the glare of the great bonfire the weird figure showed up with a ghastly sort of hideous resemblance to the Modern Housemaster. Probably Mr. Manders would not have seen any resemblance had he been present. Still, perhaps it was fortunate that the Modern master despised all such celebrations and came nowhere near the scene.

"Where's Lovell?" called out Jimmy Silver. "Anybody seen Lovell?"

Nobody seemed to have seen Lovell. But the field was crowded now with Rookwooders, Classical and Modern, and he might have been there. As a matter of fact, he was not there; but he was coming.

Two or three dozen Modern juniors marched into the field, with a chair held aloft, in which sat a weird-looking personage with a black charcoal moustache, red-rimmed eyes, and green ears, wrapped in a ragged coat, with an odd boot and shoe on its feet.

Tommy Dodd & Co.'s guy was heralded by a roar.

"Hurrah! Here's another guy!"

The two processions, marching round the field from opposite directions, met at last. The two guys swayed face to face.

"My hat! Is that your giddy guy, Diddy?" asked Jimmy Silver, staring at the strange figure in the chair.

"That's it!" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "Isn't it a bit like Lovell?"

"By Jove, you do seem to have caught a likeness!" said the captain of the Fourth, in amazement.

"Where's Lovell?" exclaimed Raby. "I say, Lovell would be waxy if he were here! Where's he got to?"

"March!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "Here's another guy! Get out of the way, you Classical chumps!"

Crash!

A faggot, suddenly hurled by a Modern junior, caught Mr. Manders II on the chest, and the effigy went to the ground with a crash. There was a roar of wrath from the Classicals.

"Up with it!" shouted Jimmy Silver. Manders II was lifted up. But the crash on the ground had had much the same effect on the effigy as Humpty-Dumpty's celebrated fall.

"It's done for!" exclaimed Mornington. "Cheeky rotters! Collar their guy and smash it up!"

"Yes, rather!"

The Classicals rushed at the Modern procession. Their effigy was a wreck, only to be placed piecemeal on the bon-

fire. They were determined that the Modern effigy should share the same fate.

"Hands off, you dummies!" yelled Tommy Dodd, in alarm. "Keep off! Oh, you chumps! I tell you—Yaroooh!"

Tommy Dodd went down under the rush of the excited Classicals. He was strewn in the grass, and Cook and Doyle were strewn over him. Towle and Lacy were hurled right and left.

The chair came to the ground and rolled sideways. The Moderns, outnumbered and hurled aside by the Classical rush, were swept away.

"Smash it up!" roared Gunner.

A gurgling sound came from the guy, but in the general din it was unheard. Many hands were laid on the Modern guy.

Jimmy Silver gave a sudden horrified yell, and jumped back.

"Ow! It's alive!"

"What!"

"Don't touch it! Great gad, it's alive!" yelled Jimmy. "I saw its eyes move!"

"Rot! You're dreaming!"

"Great pip! Look at it!" howled Oswald.

The Classicals stared blankly at the guy that so resembled Lovell. The glare of the bonfire was on its weird face, and in the light its eyes were seen to roll horribly.

Jimmy Silver approached the amazing guy again. It was only too clear now that the figure was alive; that it was, in fact, a Rookwood fellow got up as a guy. The lower part of its face seemed to be wrapped up, and Jimmy understood now that the hapless guy was gagged. He dragged the cord and the duster away.

"Who—what—"

"You silly idiots!" yelled the guy. "Let a fellow loose!"

"Lovell!"

"Oh, great gad!" yelled Mornington. "Lovell!"

Arthur Edward Lovell was released. He wriggled out of the chair amid roars of laughter. His aspect, with his painted face, in the light of the bonfire, made the Rookwooders shriek, Classicals and Moderns alike.

"Oh, Lovell!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha! So that was Tommy Dodd's wheeze—you were the guy! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fooling chumps—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell gave it up.

It was a merry celebration, after the remnants of Manders II had been consigned to the bonfire. Classicals and Moderns fraternised in letting off fireworks, shouting, and generally kicking up a tremendous shindy, till the powers that were decided that it was enough, and the prefects came on the scene and shepherded the hilarious juniors back to their Houses.

All the fellows agreed that the celebration had been unusually ripping, with one exception—the exception being Arthur Edward Lovell. Lovell had not been pleased by his part in the performance. For days and days after the Fifth any fellow who wished to excite Arthur Edward Lovell to frenzy had only to whisper as he passed "Here's another guy!"

THE END.

(There'll be another complete story of the Chums of Rookwood in next Tuesday's issue. Order your copy early.)