

30 years  
E. J. 1931  
**TOO GOOD TO MISS**

6 "BOWMAN" STEAM ENGINES and  
50 "WARNEFORD" AEROPLANES!

See inside!

# The POPULAR

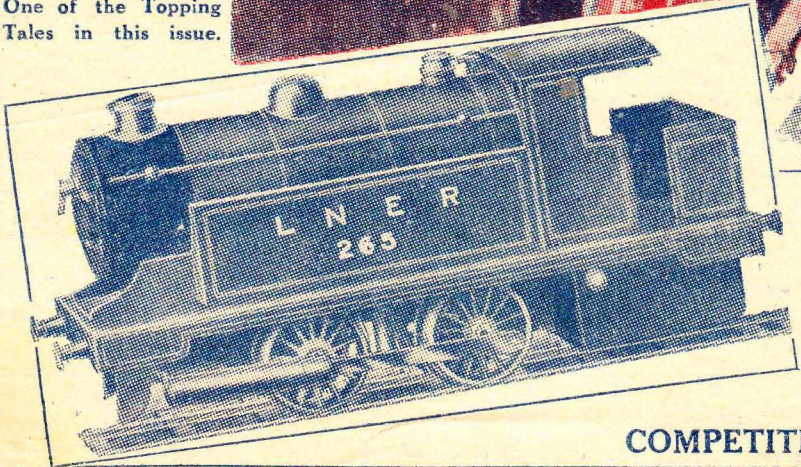
EVERY  
TUESDAY.

Week Ending  
November 30th, 1929.  
No. 566. (New Series.)

2d



"The Golden Idol!"  
One of the Topping  
Tales in this issue.



A "BOWMAN"  
STEAM ENGINE  
—ONE OF THE  
MANY TOPPING  
PRIZES OFFERED  
in the SIMPLE  
COMPETITION IN THIS ISSUE!



CLASSICAL CHUMS AND MODERN RIVALS COME INTO CONFLICT ONCE AGAIN WITH THE TYRANT MASTER OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Check!

"PUT me in!"

"Eh?"

Tommy Dodd, captain of the Modern Fourth at Rookwood School, was sitting at his study table, with a paper before him, a stump of pencil in his hand, and a thoughtful frown on his brow.

His chums, Cook and Doyle, were in the study, roasting chestnuts at the fire. But Tommy Dodd was not thinking of chestnuts. He was going over the list of Modern junior footballers for the House match with the Classics—an important matter that required all Tommy's attention.

It was Marcus Manders, the new fellow in the Modern Fourth at Rookwood, who interrupted his deep reflections.

Marcus Manders lounged into the study, with his hands in his pockets and his customary half-sneering expression on his meagre, ill-favoured countenance.

Tommy Dodd looked up as he spoke.

"Put you in!" he repeated.

"That's it."

"I'm not making up a list of sneaks and informers and toads and ticks," said Tommy Dodd politely. "This is a football list."

There was a chuckle from Cook and Doyle.

The nephew of Mr. Roger Manders was not "persona grata" in that study. The three Tommies had to tolerate him because Mr. Manders had placed him there. In such matters the Housemaster's word was law. But though they suffered him, they did not suffer him gladly. Sneaks were rare and not popular, at Rookwood, and young Manders lived and moved and had his being in tale-bearing.

Manders smiled unpleasantly.

"The list for the House match?" he asked.

THE POPULAR.—No. 566.

In all the history of Rookwood it has never been known for a Housemaster to interfere with junior football. Yet Mr. Manders, of the Modern House, causes sensation—and consternation when he attempts to force his good-for-nothing nephew into an important footer match!

# MARCUS MANDERS on the BALL!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

"Yes."

"On Wednesday?"

"Yes."

"Well, put me in."

Tommy Dodd laid down his pencil, and stared across the table at Marcus Manders, with a stare of contempt that might have penetrated the hide of a rhinoceros or the shell of a tortoise.

But it did not seem to produce any effect on Marcus Manders.

"Put you in," said Tommy Dodd, in measured tones—"put you into a football match! You can't play footer for toffee! I've tried you in practice, and tried you in a pick-up game, and you're a clumsy fozzler and a howling funk! Keep to something you understand, Manders. Go and play noughts and crosses with Cuffy!"

"I'm going to play in the House match."

"Are you?" said Tommy Dodd. "Does it occur to you that I'm skipper of the junior club in Manders' House."

"That's why I'm telling you."

"Telling me!" repeated Tommy Dodd blankly. "Not asking me? Telling me!"

"Yes."

The captain of the Modern Fourth drew a deep breath. He never saw Marcus Manders without wanting to punch him; and now he yearned more than ever to land a set of knuckles upon Manders' sharp nose. But he refrained. Punching young Manders did not mean a scrap, it meant being called upon the carpet by "old Manders." Tommy Dodd had already been caned in Mr. Manders' study for punching young Manders; and the experience had been exceedingly painful. Since then he had used no other, so to speak.

It required a good deal of self-restraint, but Tommy Dodd decided to ignore young Manders and his cheek. He picked up his pencil again and devoted his attention to the football list.

"Are you putting me in?" asked young Manders.

"No!" said Tommy Dodd, without looking up.

"I'm going to play in the House match," said Marcus Manders calmly. "I'm not going to be left out of games. I don't care for football—in fact I don't like it at all, but I choose to play for the House. You fellows are not going to have the limelight all to yourselves. As for football practice, I shall turn up when I choose."

"You'd better tell Knowles of the Sixth that."

Manders shrugged his shoulders.

"He knows it well enough without my telling him. Knowles of the Sixth knows better than to interfere with me."

The three Tommies were silent.

They were well aware that the House prefects, unwilling to get into their Housemaster's black books, were extremely easy-going with the young slacker. All the House knew it. But to hear the young rascal openly boasting of his surreptitious influence with the Housemaster was very irritating. Even had Marcus been a less unpleasant fellow, his uncle's system of favouritism would have made him unpopular.

"You'd better put me in," went on Marcus Manders. "I fancy Knowles will have something to say to you if you don't. I may as well tell you that I've spoken to Knowles on the subject."

"You can speak to Knowles till you're black in the face," said Tommy Dodd savagely. "But you'll have to change a lot before I play you for the House! Now shut up!"

"I tell you—"

"Shut up!" roared Tommy Dodd ferociously.

Marcus Manders shrugged his narrow shoulders again, and loafed out of the study. Tommy Dodd turned to his football list again with a very ruffled brow.

He was interrupted once more.

Towle of the Modern Fourth looked in.

"Knowles wants to speak to you in his study, Doddy," said Towle. "I say, is anything up? That sneaking toad young Manders has just been in to Knowles."

"No, nothing's up; but that unwashed tick wants to play for the House on Wednesday, from pure swank."

"Play for the House!" said Towle. "Might as well make Jimmy Silver a present of the match without playing it at all! The cheeky cad!"

Tommy Dodd left the study and went down the stairs to Knowles' study in the Sixth Form passage.

Knowles of the Sixth had an uneasy expression on his face, and he coloured a little as he met Tommy Dodd's eyes. Tommy waited grimly for him to speak. He was aware that Knowles disliked the Housemaster's nephew as much as the juniors did, but he was aware, too, that Knowles had no intention of risking his position as head prefect of the House. So long as Mr. Manders backed up his nephew through thick and thin Knowles of the Sixth was prepared to swallow his feelings and treat young

Manders with a consideration very rare from a Sixth Form prefect to a cheeky junior.

"I—I've just had a word with young Manders, Dodd," said Knowles, at last. "It seems that he's rather keen on football."

"That's news to me," said Dodd. "Well, he says so. He's been on playing in the House match to-morrow. I suppose you can find room for him."

"I could if he could play footer," said Tommy Dodd. "But he's no use. He plays like a dud; and he's such a howling funk that he wouldn't be any use even if he could play."

Knowles coughed. "Well, I told young Manders I would put in a word for him and see what could be done," he said. "I'm not giving you orders, Dodd. After all, Bulkeley is Head of the Games."

He paused. "Is that all, Knowles?" asked Dodd. Knowles shifted again uneasily.

"The fact is, Dodd, you'd better play him. As you say, Mr. Manders doesn't know or care much about games—and if his nephew's left out he may think it's some more of the general set against him; you know you sent him to Coventry in the Fourth till Mr. Manders interfered. If Mr. Manders takes the view that his nephew is being deliberately excluded, he may chip in. That's all!"

Tommy Dodd's lips set. "Mr. Manders can't interfere with junior football matches" he said. "There's a limit to what a Housemaster can do."

"Glad you think so," said Knowles. "Shut the door after you."

And Tommy Dodd left the study.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Roger Manders Butts In!

"KEEP smiling!" Jimmy Silver made that remark to Tommy Dodd, as he came across him in the quadrangle of Rookwood.

Dodd of the Modern Fourth seemed really to need the injunction.

He was tramping along with his hands driven deep in his pockets, kicking the fallen leaves on the path before him quite savagely; almost as if he fancied he was kicking some exceedingly-detested person. Possibly he was thinking of Marcus Manders.

"Smile, old bean," said Arthur Edward Lovell, who was sauntering under the beeches with Jimmy Silver. "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, you know, and put on a snigger."

But Tommy Dodd did not smile. "More Manders?" asked Jimmy sympathetically.

The Modern junior nodded. Since the arrival of his Housemaster's nephew at Rookwood, Tommy Dodd's brow had often been clouded. Manders had a depressing effect on him. Jimmy guessed at once that it was a case of "more Manders." Young Manders was a thorn in the side of all the Modern Fourth.

"I know!" said Lovell. "Sneaking again—and you can't kick him, because old Manders backs him up. Never mind—I'll kick him! I'll kick him hard! Classics can kick him, if Moderns can't."

Tommy Dodd grinned faintly. "It isn't that this time. I'm a bit worried. We're playing you men in the House match to-morrow, and naturally I was going to beat you. Young Manders wants to play in my team, and he's got Knowles, our House captain, to put in a word for him.

Knowles seems to think that old Manders may chip in. Now, of course, old Manders knows nothing about games, and football least of all—he never was a boy himself, or if he was, he's forgotten it years ago. He's quite likely to think that keeping his precious nephew out of a football eleven is much the same as keeping him out of a tea-party or a meeting of the debating society."

The Classics grinned. Really, that was quite the view that Mr. Roger Manders was likely to take.

"But even Manders—even old Manders—could he have the awful neck to butt into football matters?" said Tommy Dodd. "If he does, what can a fellow do? Can a chap tell his Housemaster to go and eat coke?"

"H'm! Hardly!" "What sort of a game are we going to play if I put in a dud and a funk?" said Tommy Dodd dismally. "I can't do it, of course. It isn't only that I don't like the fellow, though I loathe him. I play some fellows I don't like, naturally, if they're good for the game. But young Manders is a howling dud—you've seen him in a pick-up—"

"He never tries," said Lovell. "That's it! And he's afraid of his own shadow—I never saw such a screaming funk. He would hardly have the nerve to play marbles, in case one of the marbles bumped into him. I really believe he would sit down and blub if a fellow barged him over."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You'd beat us, of course," said Tommy Dodd gloomily. "Old Manders doesn't care! He doesn't even know that we keep a record of the House matches. He looks on football just as young Cuffy looks on noughts and crosses. I won't put that young rotter in and ask for a beating in a House match. But what am I to say to Manders?"

"Talk of angels!" murmured Lovell. "Here he comes!"

Tommy Dodd suppressed a groan. Mr. Manders was coming along the path under the beeches, with his usual quick, jerky stride, his long, sharp nose glowing red in the cold wind. He did not look amiable; but that was nothing new with Roger Manders. He signed to Tommy Dodd to stop, as the Modern junior was moving off the path; and Tommy Dodd waited for him to come up.

"Ah, Dodd," said Mr. Manders, in his rusty voice, "I have a few words to say to you, Dodd." Mr. Manders took no notice of the Classics. "I understand that you are playing a—or—a football match to-morrow. Is not that the case?"

"Yes, sir," mumbled Tommy Dodd. "A House match, sir, with the Classical side."

"H'm! Quite so," said Mr. Manders. "My nephew desires to play. You are, I believe, captain of the Modern side, Dodd?"

"Yes, sir!" "You—er—select the boys to play, do you not?"

"Well, sir, we have a committee, which has something to do with it, sir," murmured Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, quite quite but I understand that the decision rests with you, Dodd. I desire you to include my nephew in the—the eleven." Mr. Manders hesitated a moment over the word, as if not quite sure of the number of players in a Soccer game. "You will see to this, Dodd?"

"You—you see, sir—"

"You will carry out my wishes, Dodd?"

"I—I can't, sir!" said Dodd desperately.

"What—what?" "I'm bound to pick out men who can play the game, sir, in a House match," said Dodd. "In a pick-up it's different. But House matches count in our record, sir, and Manders isn't up to the game."

"Nonsense!" "I assure you, sir, I'd play him gladly if he could be of any use in the team. But he would only be a passenger."

Mr. Manders looked very sour. "Are you not attaching an undue importance to these frivolous amusements of your leisure hours, Dodd?"

"Oh!" "I am sorry to see that you desire to set yourself up against your Housemaster's wishes, Dodd."

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all. But—"

"Enough! My nephew will play in the—er—House match to-morrow," said Mr. Manders. "I shall myself take the trouble to witness the match in order to see that he is not excluded. I command you, Dodd, as your Housemaster, to carry out this instruction."

With that Mr. Manders walked on jerkily, evidently very much annoyed. He left Tommy Dodd quite dumbfounded. The worst had happened.

Mr. Manders had "buted in," quite unconscious of the fact that he was shoving an awkward hoof into a matter he did not even begin to understand. "So that's that!" said Tommy Dodd, at last, with a dismal look at the Classics. "What's a fellow to do with a Housemaster like that?"

Lovell gave a snort. "He can't order you to play a man in football. He thinks he can, but he can't. Speak to Bulkeley. He's Head of the Games, and he's bound to stand by you. Bulkeley will talk to him."

Tommy Dodd brightened a little. "Something in that," he assented. And he walked over to the Classical side with Jimmy Silver and Lovell to call on the captain of Rookwood.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Blow for Blow!

TAP! Marcus Manders was sitting in his uncle's armchair, warming his toes at his uncle's fire, when the tap came at the door of Mr. Manders' study.

"Come in!" called out young Manders.

It was Bulkeley of the Sixth who entered the study. Young Manders did not rise to his feet; he glanced coolly and impudently at the captain of Rookwood. Bulkeley looked round.

"Isn't Mr. Manders here?" he asked. "No," answered Marcus. "He may be back any minute; he's gone over to see Dalton."

Bulkeley looked at him. "Do you mean Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth?" he asked.

"Yes." "If you mean Mr. Dalton, you'd better say Mr. Dalton," said Bulkeley. "Don't call him Dalton in speaking to a prefect."

"What rot!" said Marcus. "Eh?" "Rot!"

Bulkeley knitted his brows. "Do you want me to take Mr. Manders' cane and give you the licking of your life, you cheeky little rascal!" he asked. "Another word, and I'll do it! Hold your tongue!"

"I fancy my uncle would have something to say, if he found you 'icking me in his study," sneered Marcus.



"I told you I would lick you if you said another word," answered Bulkeley quietly. "I'm sorry to have to do it in your uncle's study, but you've asked for it."

He stepped up to Mr. Manders' table, and picked up a cane that lay there.

"Get out of that chair!" he said.

Marcus Manders eyed him a good deal like a rat. He was quite accustomed to "cheeking" the Modern prefects, but he realised now that he had gone a little too far in giving his impudence to a Classical prefect. He had no courage to back up his impudence; it needed only a firm hand to reduce him to craven submission.

He was lifting himself reluctantly from the chair, with a savage, malicious face, when there was a step in the corridor, and Mr. Manders came jerking into the study. Marcus dropped back into the chair at once with a sneering grin. He felt safe in the presence of his uncle. Mr. Manders stared at Bulkeley, and the cane in his hand.

"What does this mean?" he snapped. Bulkeley coloured, and laid the cane on the table again.

"Manders was impertinent, sir, and I was about to cane him," he said. "I will leave the matter in your hands now."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Manders testily. "I never allow Classical prefects to interfere in matters in my House, Bulkeley, as you are well aware. I am surprised at this—very much surprised. You take too much upon yourself, Bulkeley."

"The captain of the school is empowered to punish any junior, sir, Classical or Modern," said Bulkeley quietly. "I have not exceeded my authority."

"I shall certainly not permit you to exercise any authority in this House!" snapped Mr. Manders. "Why are you here?"

"I came to speak to you, sir, and—"

"If you have anything to say to me, Bulkeley, kindly be brief. My time is of value."

Bulkeley breathed hard. The question of caning Marcus Manders was tacitly dropped. Bulkeley turned his back on the impudent young rascal grinning in the armchair.

"It's a matter connected with the junior games, sir," he said. "May I speak to you in private?"

"There is no need for my nephew to go, if such a very unimportant topic is to be discussed," said Mr. Manders coldly. "Kindly come to the point."

"Dodd has spoken to me, sir, about the junior House match to-morrow," said the captain of Rookwood. "He is very much distressed."

"Indeed! I see no occasion for Dodd's distress."

"He has made up his team for the match, sir, and it appears that you have ordered him to make an alteration in it."

"I have ordered him to include my nephew, Marcus Manders, in his team, as you call it. I do not see how the matter affects you, Bulkeley."

"I am Head of the Games, sir, and junior football is under my official supervision," said Bulkeley mildly.

"Indeed!" sneered Mr. Manders.

"In such matters as football matches, sir, masters are not expected to intervene. Such matters are under the control of the Head of the Games. I am bound to support Dodd in exercising his right to choose the players for his eleven. His belief is that Manders is not a suitable player, and from my own

observation of him I quite concur. I hope, sir, that you will withdraw the order you have given Dodd, in the circumstances."

"This is nonsense, Bulkeley," said the Modern master. "Much too much time is given to games at Rookwood, in my opinion, and much too much importance attached to them. I have given my order to Dodd, and I decline to allow my authority to be interfered with. The matter is closed."

"I am sorry to have to speak plainly, sir, but in this matter the authority is in my hands."

"What? What? Do you mean to say, Bulkeley, that you will venture to intervene between me and a boy belonging to my House?" exclaimed Mr. Manders.

"In football matters certainly, sir," said Bulkeley, whose temper was rising a little. "The Head himself would not dream of interfering in such a matter, sir."

"Indeed! It seems that I have something yet to learn," sneered Mr. Manders. "So it seems that, although I have ordered Dodd to play my nephew in the football match to-morrow, you have authority to exclude him."

"Certainly, sir."

"This is news to me," said Mr. Manders. "When Dr. Chisholm appointed you Head of the Games, he empowered you to ignore the wishes of a Housemaster?"

"In football matters, certainly, as I've said. Games are a matter outside a master's jurisdiction, sir."

Mr. Manders gave him a bitter look.

"I shall inquire—I shall inquire, Bulkeley, and if the matter stands as you say I shall certainly not interfere with any just authority exercised by you," he said, biting his lip. "You may tell Dodd so, since he has chosen to appeal to you, from his Housemaster. If Dodd, in this matter, is independent of my authority—if he can appeal from me to a Sixth Form boy in another House—I shall withdraw my order to him. I shall undoubtedly withdraw it."

"Thank you, sir."

"You need not thank me, Bulkeley. I have no desire or intention to exceed my just authority!" said Mr. Manders bitterly. "You may go, Bulkeley."

The captain of Rookwood quietly left the study.

He walked back to the Classical side, and found Tommy Dodd waiting for him in his study in the Head's house.

He gave the anxious junior a reassuring nod.

"Is it all right, Bulkeley?" asked Tommy Dodd eagerly.

"Yes. Mr. Manders will withdraw his order to you, Dodd," said Bulkeley. "I've explained to him how matters stand."

"I say, you're awfully good, Bulkeley!" said Tommy Dodd in deep relief. "I'm ever so much obliged!"

And Tommy Dodd quitted the study as if he were walking on air, and walked back across the quad.

His joyful satisfaction lasted until he entered his own House and found a crowd of Modern juniors gathered before the notice-board, staring blankly at a notice recently placed there.

"Seen this, Dobby?" asked Tommy Cook dismally.

"No—what is it?"

"The kybosh for the House match?" groaned Tommy Doyle.

Tommy Dodd stared at the notice, on which the ink was scarcely dry. It was in the crabbed hand of Mr. Manders, and it ran:

"A chemistry class will be held in the laboratory from 2.30 to 4 on Wednesday afternoon. All members of the Modern IVth Form will attend."

"R. MANDERS."

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Asking for it!

**T**HERE was wrath, not loud but deep, in the Fourth Form at Rookwood School.

Classicals were as wrathful as Moderns. Mr. Manders' last move put the "kybosh," as Tommy Doyle called it, on the junior House match.

It was an unwritten law at Rookwood that extra classes, or even detentions, should never be allowed to interfere with games fixtures. A man under detention on the date of a fixture had only, as a rule, to mention the circumstance to his Form master, and if he really was wanted in the fixture his detention would be postponed as a matter of course. Seldom had that unwritten law been disregarded.

Still, it was only an unwritten law. A Housemaster had the power to disregard it if he chose. It was possible to imagine some serious occasion upon which any master might have disregarded it. But the present occasion was not serious. No deep offence had been given, no serious fault committed. So an extra class fixed for a half-holiday, which happened also to be the date of a House match, was nothing short of an outrage.

Some of the fellows wildly proposed an appeal to the Head.

Certainly Dr. Chisholm would have been very likely to speak to Mr. Manders, or to rescind the extra class, by order. The Head understood the school's point of view on such matters. Had he known all the circumstances, there was little doubt that he would have disapproved of Mr. Manders' action.

"The Beak would squash Manders, if he knew!" Tommy Cook declared. "Let's appeal to the Beak! It's our right!"

"And what would life be worth afterwards in Manders' House?" said Tommy Dodd gloomily. "Who ever heard of a fellow appealing to the Head against his Housemaster? Manders would make us sorry for it if we did—especially if the Head came down on him."

"Let's risk it!" said Doyle.

"It isn't a risk, it's a cert. Manders would have his back up. He might have to let us play this match—and without his precious nephew—but we should jolly well find a crop of detentions on every other match day till we break up for Christmas!" groaned Tommy Dodd. "It is N. G.—a chap can't back up against his Housemaster."

This fact was so evident that there was found no one to gainsay it, and it was left to Jimmy Silver, on the Classical Side, to find a way out of the difficulty.

He stopped Tommy Dodd after morning school on Wednesday, as the Moderns were leaving the class-room to return to their house.

"Lend me your ears, old bean!" said Jimmy Silver amiably. And he proceeded to explain in low tones.

The three Tommies stared at first. Then there was a chuckle from the three. Tommy Dodd gave Jimmy a slap on the shoulder that made him stagger.

"Good man!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Ripping!" exclaimed Tommy Cook.

(Continued at foot of opposite page.)



# "WIPERS!"



HERE IS ANOTHER VIVID ARTICLE of the Great War, describing the heroic battles that took place round Hill 60 and the town of Ypres.

USUALLY it is out of affection that a nickname is bestowed. With the little, terrible town of Ypres, in Belgium, it was most decidedly otherwise. Because of the "look" of the name, our troops in the Great War dubbed that place of death and agony and supreme heroism, "Wipers." And Wipers for all time it will remain.

And whilst there is left living on earth a soldier who fought and suffered there, the word will be synonymous with poison gas. For it was at Wipers that the Germans let loose death-spreading clouds of poisonous vapour.

Hitherto, war had been mainly a matter of bullets and shells and bayonets. This new horror, which crept silently over no-man's-land in the dark, was something which no British soldier could fight against. It found its way into a man's lungs—into his eyes—into his nostrils.

It had previously been tried out at the battle of Hill 60, when the enemy asphyxiated many of our troops by hurling cylinders of that gas with the aid of steel catapults.

After Hill 60 came the German advance on Wipers. The Canadians were there, defending the remnants of that once prosperous and peaceful industrial town, and the Germans planned to rush them from one side and from the rear. The enemy had already gassed the troops holding the French trenches, and the Germans found it easy work to push through the lines now occupied only by French soldiers in all stages of blinded agony.

But there was such a wholesome respect for our Canadian troops in the hearts of the German command that once again gas was to be resorted to. You see, those Colonials were such devils with the bullet and the bayonet. Especially the bayonet.

Nothing could stop them—except perhaps those appalling poison fumes.

So the Germans turned the gas, in the darkness, towards the Canadian trenches. No sound betrayed their inhuman work. Only a sudden smarting in the eyes and a choking sensation in the throat. Presently the Canadians realised what was afoot. They knew by then, too, that the French line, forming a continuation of their own trenches, had given way to the Germans.

They discovered, also, that the Germans were trying to surround their position. So they dug their trenches, hastily, as only men staring into the eyes of the Dread Messenger can dig, farther to the westward, and back to back, prepared to give the enemy beans.

Reinforcements came to them from billets a little way behind the line—more Canadians, each with 400 rounds of ammunition. Without water or food, the Canadians then prepared to clear the ground with the bayonet—to recapture the position lost by the French.

Part of that ground was covered by a wood, and in that wood were seven thousand of the enemy, ensconced in numerous sand-bag forts with plenty of machine-guns ready to mow the Canadians down in swathes. Some of the Canadian guns and some French ones were in that wood, too—and the Canadians determined to sweep the wood clean and get back all the guns, at any cost.

So the two thousand charged—over five hundred yards of ground. Not until they got within two hundred yards of the wood did the enemy open fire. Then it rained bullets, from rifles and machine-guns. It was a hurricane of lead, before which the Canadians dropped in scores.

But an unwounded Canadian with a bayonet, and with thoughts of treacherous poison gas to urge him on, cannot be stopped except by death. On they swept, rushing over the prostrate bodies of fallen comrades, bayonets wavering in a line of eager steel. Into the strongly held and fortified wood they rushed, and then followed hand-to-hand fighting the like of which the enemy had never dreamed.

Machine-gun "nests" were demolished like houses of card, and the onslaught was so terrific that the enemy was presently on the run. The Canadians got back their guns and those of the French.

Then they dug themselves in, while shrieking shrapnel poured hissing over them from German batteries. For two days and nights they "stuck it" without food or water. Nothing the enemy could do could dislodge them, and those hefty heroes hung on to the hard-won ground until eventually fresh troops moved up and relieved them.

(Continued from previous page.)

"Top-hole!" said Doyle heartily. "You'll have to speak to Bulkeley, as he's referee. But Bulkeley will help us all he can; he doesn't like old Manders interfering with football matches, and he's as fed-up with young Manders as everybody else at Rockwood."

"Try it on, anyhow!" said Jimmy cheerily.

"You bet!"

Marcus Manders was slouching off to his House, and Tommy Dodd hurried after him. Young Manders gave him a sour look and a sneer.

"Thought better of it?" he asked mockingly. "I'll speak to my uncle and get you off the chemistry class, if you choose to play me in the football match."

"Done!" said Tommy Dodd unexpectedly.

"Oh!" said Marcus Manders, rather taken aback. "You mean it?"

"If we are free to play this afternoon, I'll put you in," said Tommy Dodd. "Mind, I warn you that we play hard in House matches, and that you'll get fed-up long before we're through."

"If I get fed-up, I shall chuck it," said Manders coolly.

"You'll chuck up a match before the finish if you get fed?"

"Yes, if I choose."

"Oh! All serene!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "I won't argue with you! You're too great a gun to be argued with. Let's see whether you can get that extra class out of us, or whether it's only gas."

"I'll soon show you about that," said Manders sneeringly.

And he soon did, for ten minutes later Tommy Dodd was called into Mr. Manders' study. The Modern master looked at him severely over his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"My nephew has spoken to me, Dodd," he said, in his rasping tones. "It seems that you have thought better of the matter, and have decided to treat my nephew with proper consideration and courtesy."

"Yes, sir," murmured Tommy Dodd.

"Very good!" said Mr. Manders sourly. "I am glad to see this change of spirit on your part, Dodd—very

glad indeed. I am prepared to make concessions to an obedient boy. I shall rescind the extra class arranged for this afternoon, and will place a notice on the board to that effect. You may go."

Tommy Dodd went. He did not smile until he was outside his Housemaster's study. Then he smiled broadly.

After dinner that day the Modern Fourth read, with great satisfaction, a new notice in Mr. Manders' hand on the notice-board. Chemistry that afternoon was "off"—by order. The Modern footballers were free to play the fixture with the Classics.

But the Modern fellows were less pleased when they heard that Marcus Manders was to be a member of the team.

That, evidently, was the price Tommy Dodd had had to pay for playing the match at all; but it was not a price the juniors had expected him to agree to pay. There was not a member of the Modern Eleven who would not have preferred to scratch the fixture—especially Towle, whose name was left



out of the list to make room for the new man's.

Influriated Modern footballers sought Tommy Dodd for an explanation. But when the explanation was given, in low tones, with chuckles and winks, they seemed to be satisfied. Even Towle was satisfied; and it might have been noted that when a crowd of Modern fellows went down to Little Side for the match Towle went in football shorts and jersey, with an overcoat on—just as if he were going to play.

Every face in the Modern junior eleven, in fact, wore a smile—mirrored in the faces of the Classical footballers.

Marcus Manders could not quite understand it.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Playing Manders!

**J**IMMY SILVER greeted Tommy Dodd & Co. with a cheery grin.

"Here we are again!" he said. "I see you've got a new recruit." "Oh, no end of a man!" said Tommy Dodd. "He's told me that he's not going to exert himself, and that if he gets fed-up he will chuck the game at any stage that suits his fancy. Some footballer!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth, referee in the junior House match, gave Marcus Manders a rather curious look, and smiled slightly.

Jimmy Silver won the toss, and the sides lined up, Marcus Manders loafing to his place with his hands in the pockets of his footer shorts.

He seemed to find a perverse pleasure in demonstrating to the Modern fellows how little he cared for the game that was so important in their eyes.

The whistle went, and the ball rolled. Marcus Manders had claimed the place of centre-forward in the Modern team, and Tommy Dodd had given it to him without the slightest demur. In fact, he had told Manders that he could choose any place he jolly well liked. Really, Manders began to believe that Tommy Dodd had been so tamed that he would feed from his hand, as it were.

He chose the place of centre-forward, fancying himself in that position; and perhaps he nourished some vague hope of silencing his detractors by kicking a goal.

And at the start it looked as if that wild hope might be realised. Manders got away with the ball, and dribbled it down towards the Classical goal, leaving his fellow-forwards well behind. It did not occur to him that they were staying behind of their own accord.

He took the ball down the field, and got through halves and backs with wonderful ease, without suspecting that the grinning Classics were letting him through.

Rawson, in the Classical goal, grinned at him serenely. Manders kicked the ball for goal, and it rebounded from a post. He kicked again, and it rebounded from Rawson's fist. Again he kicked, and Rawson headed it out. Again and again Manders sent it in, but his shots could have been stopped by a fag of the Second Form, and it was child's play to Rawson.

All this time the Classical backs looked on without interfering, and Manders' fellow-Moderns hung off, apparently content to leave the goal-getting to their Housemaster's nephew.

Bulkeley was laughing. From the spectators round Little Side came roar after roar of laughter.

THE POPULAR.—No. 566.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Manders!"

"Manders is the man!"

"Pick it up and carry it in, Manders."

"Take it on your shoulders, old bean."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Perhaps a suspicion flashed into Marcus Manders' mind that he was being "rotted." He gave a glance round at the Modern players.

Jimmy Silver made a sign to his men.

Marcus Manders had had the goal-mouth all to himself so far, only the grinning Rawson lazily knocking away the ball as fast as he sent it in. Now there came a change. There was a rush of the Classics to clear. The ball went up the field, and Marcus Manders went down on his back, with Arthur Edward Lovell sprawling over him. Over Lovell sprawled Conroy, and over both of them sprawled five or six other fellows.

At the bottom of the heap Marcus Manders gasped and spluttered. He had a feeling as if he was being turned into a pancake.

"On the ball!" roared Jimmy Silver. Marcus Manders suddenly found himself free. He staggered to his feet, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels. He tottered helplessly to and fro. Before he quite knew where he was there came a rush of the Moderns down the field—and the Classics set them pass with ease. Right into Marcus Manders, and right over him, went the rush of the Modern footballers, and Manders sprawled breathlessly on the ground, in a dazed and dizzy condition.

He sat up when the rush had passed. What was happening was not clear to him; but it was clear that if this was House-match style of play, he did not want to play in House matches. But before even that thought could take definite shape in his dizzy mind there was another rush, and four or five fellows tumbled over him as he sat, and he was flattened down again.

"On the ball!" roared Tommy Dodd. "Play up, Moderns! Pull yourself together, young Manders!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Play up, Manders! Manders is the man! Give them jip, Manders!"

Marcus Manders staggered up. He made a blind rush to get off the field. But he was not getting off so easily as all that. He had asked for it, and now he received what he had asked for, in full measure.

He was nowhere near the touch-line, when he was rushed over again by Modern forwards, who passed over him, to leave him howling and squirming in the midst of Classics. He struggled and yelled and scrambled to escape; and got free at last and rushed blindly away.

"Good man, Manders! That's the style!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "Back up, Manders! You men follow him home!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Moderns backed up Manders to such an extent that he found himself sprawling again, with muddy boots passing over him.

After that he lay and gasped, too hopelessly winded even to make an attempt to escape from that dreadful football field. But he was not left even to gasp in peace; footballer after footballer, Classical and Modern, stumbled over him, where he sprawled, and came down on him, hard.

It was like a frightful nightmare to Marcus Manders.

Deeply did he repent of having butted into the House match. Certainly he had not expected anything like this. He had expected to be able to walk off the field, at least, if he did not like it. But now he was unable even to crawl off. He was able to sprawl and gasp, and nothing more. And when he staggered up at last, and limped away towards the lines of laughing faces on the touch-line, a rush of the footballers cut him off again, and he went whirling back to mid-field in the midst of a surging mob. Rookwooders, in swarms, were crowding round the touch-line, roaring with laughter at the extraordinary spectacle of two junior football teams, playing—not Soccer, but Manders!

More by luck than design, Marcus Manders found himself at last close to Bulkeley of the Sixth. He clutched at the referee, like a drowning man clutching at a plank.

"Get me out of this!" he screamed.

"Eh, what?"

"I want to get off!" shrieked Manders.

Tommy Dodd ran up.

"What's that, young Manders? You can't desert your side in the middle of a match. You can't leave us a man short."

Manders glared at him ferociously.

"I'm going off!" he howled.

"But—"

"I'm going off, hang you! Finish without me, blow you! Hang your rotten House match—I'm fed-up with it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulkeley gave the staggering, gasping Manders a helping hand to the touch-line, and pushed him among the grinning spectators. Marcus Manders did not linger there.

Full of aches and pains, and empty of breath, feeling as if he had been through earthquakes and air-raids and motor-car accidents without number, the wretched Manders limped and crawled away; and finally collapsed in his study in Manders' House—collapsed on the carpet, and did not stir for a good hour. And that hour was punctuated with moans and groans and mumbles and gasps.

Marcus Manders had played for his House—for the first time, and the last!

And as soon as Marcus Manders had vanished in the direction of Manders' House Tommy Dodd called out to Jimmy Silver:

"Now let's begin!"

"Let's!" assented Jimmy cheerily.

And they began.

That had been Jimmy Silver's wheeze; and it had worked like a charm! Having "rotted" the hapless Manders to the top of his bent, the Rookwood footballers turned to serious business—and the House match started—a quarter of an hour later than scheduled time. It had taken fifteen minutes to "feed up" the unspeakable Manders—though undoubtedly Manders would have been satisfied with less.

Towle came on and lined up with the Moderns; Bulkeley blew the whistle for the kick-off; and the game began. And the House match was played out to the end, what time Marcus Manders was groaning and wheezing and gasping and spluttering on the floor of his study in Manders' House.

THE END.

(Next Tuesday's POPULAR contains another lively complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled: "KICKED OUT OF ROOKWOOD!" Make sure you read it by ordering your copy in advance!)