

Day
Result of "Motor-Pics" Competition—114 Prizewinners!

(Inside.)

The POPULAR

EVERY
TUESDAY.

2d

Week Ending
January 18th, 1930.
No. 573 (New Series).



THE RIO KID AT BAY!

See this week's ACTION-THROUGHOUT WESTERN YARN!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. ARE HERE!



THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Unprecedented!

BUZZZZ!
Mr. Dalton gave quite a jump. The Classical Fourth jumped as one man.

English history was the order of the day in the Rookwood Fourth Form-room. Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, had a way of making history quite interesting to his pupils, and the Form master and the Form were getting on quite nicely, when that sudden buzz of an electric bell came as an amazing interruption.

It sounded like the buzz of a telephone-bell, and in a Rookwood master's study the sound would not have been surprising. In a Rookwood Form-room it was very surprising indeed—in fact, astounding.

Buzzzzz!
The sound was repeated, loud, and insistent. Then it suddenly stopped, and there was silence—a silence that might have been felt.

The Fourth Form fellows stared at one another.

Somebody, some practical joker of unusual nerve, was playing tricks in the Form-room during class, playing a practical joke and interrupting the lesson. The buzzing of the bell could mean nothing else. It was almost incredible—quite unnerving. Even Monsieur Monceau, the French master, could not be ragged in class to quite that extent. And Richard Dalton, the master of the Fourth, was about the last member of the Rookwood staff to be thus derided.

"My only hat!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell. "Some silly ass is asking for it. Look at Dicky's chivvy!"

Lovell was whispering that remark to his chums Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome. But in the deep, tense silence his whisper was heard all over the Form-room.

Richard Dalton, familiarly known as "Dicky" in his Form, turned his eyes on Lovell.

"Silence!" he rapped out.
"Oh! Yes, sir," gasped Lovell, turning very red.
"Someone has introduced an electric-

bell into the room," said Mr. Dalton. "The boy who has this bell in his possession will stand out at once!"

He picked up a cane from his desk. The Classical Fourth looked round them, scanning one another in search of the hapless delinquent.

A good many glances were turned on Putty of the Fourth.

Putty's propensities as a practical joker were pretty well known, and his recklessness when in pursuit of a jape was fairly well known, too.

"That ass Putty, of course!" whispered Peele to Gower.

And Gower nodded.
Mr. Dalton fixed his eyes on Teddy Grace. He knew Putty's humorous reputation as well as his Form did.

No one stood out from the class. The cane in Mr. Dalton's hand did not seem attractive perhaps to the practical joker, whoever he was.

"Grace!" rapped out Mr. Dalton.
"Sir," answered Putty.

"Have you an electric-bell in your pocket?"

"No, sir."
"Or in your desk?"
"No, sir."

Putty of the Fourth had an injured expression on his innocent face. His look implied that he considered it rather hard to be suspected in this way.

But Putty's looks did not go for very much. Putty of the Fourth generally looked as if butter would not melt in his mouth. Indeed, it was his soft and innocent looks that had given him his curious nickname when first he came to Rookwood School.

Still, Putty, though an irrepressible japer, was known to be a veracious fellow. His word was not to be doubted.

If he said that there was no electric-bell in his pocket or in his desk, it could be taken for granted that that was so.

Mr. Dalton's searching glance left him and passed along the class, and every face was rather uneasy under that penetrating look.

Cyril Peele shifted under it very uncomfortably.

Peele was not in his Form master's good books, and he had too many sins upon his conscience to care about meet-

THE PLOT THAT FAILED!

By Owen Conquest.

The Black Sheep of Rookwood is forced to see the error of his ways!

ing Mr. Dalton's clear and steady eyes at any time.

"Peele!"
"Yes, sir," mumbled Peele sullenly.

"Is that bell in your possession?"
"No, sir."

"Stand up and turn out your pockets, Peele!"

The black sheep of the Fourth sullenly obeyed.

This was not fair play, in Peele's opinion. Why couldn't Mr. Dalton take his word as he had taken Putty's? Peele did not remember, or did not choose to remember, that Mr. Dalton had caught him in untruthfulness times without number.

"It wasn't Peele," whispered Lovell to his chums "Peele's not got the nerve. Dicky's off-side this time."

"Lovell!"
"Oh! Yes, sir," stammered Arthur Edward, realising that his stage whisper had again caught the Form master's ears.

"Take a hundred lines for talking in class!"

"Oh! Yes, sir."
Arthur Edward Lovell did not talk any more.

All eyes were on Cyril Peele as he turned out his pockets. But nothing in the nature of an electric-bell came to light.

Mr. Dalton set his lips.
"You may sit down, Peele. We will now proceed with the lesson. We have wasted enough time."

They proceeded with the lesson. Apparently the incident was closed. Certainly, there would not have been much time left for English history had every fellow in the Fourth had to turn out his pockets for the Form master's inspection.

Once or twice, however, Mr. Dalton's glance turned on Putty.

But that humorous youth really seemed, like Cæsar's wife, to be above suspicion.

He had his book before him on the desk, and his hands held the book, and he had been sitting thus when the electric-bell had buzzed. Really, it seemed impossible that he could have been

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responsible for that startling buzz in the Form-room.

Putty, for once, was at the bottom of the class. He had deprived Tubby Muffin of his usual place in the last history lesson. Putty had attributed the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. to the fact that Henry was a dissolute monarch. This sample of Putty's humour had made the Fourth grin, but it made Mr. Dalton frown. Little jokes like this were quite out of place in the Form-room. So Putty had been sent to the bottom of the class, and he had remained there since. It was quite a pleasant change for Tubby Muffin not to be lowest in the class, and a change for Gunner not to be lowest but one.

Still, being at the bottom of the class had its compensations on a very cold day. It was not an honourable or distinguished position, but it was very close to the hot-water pipes. Tubby Muffin liked to lean his fat shoulders luxuriously back on the pipes, and he always looked hurt when his Form master told him not to lounge.

Buzzzzz!

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Lovell involuntarily.

It was the bell again.

Buzzzzz!

Mr. Dalton set his lips very hard.

Some of the juniors, meek as they looked, had hard work not to grin—their eyes glimmered, in spite of their meekness.

The situation was growing rather ridiculous.

Never had Richard Dalton been ragged in the Form-room like this before, and his expression showed that when the offender was discovered the results would be very discouraging for that offender.

Buzzzzz!

He looked grimly round the Form-room. It really seemed as if some unknown person must be concealed in the room, buzzing that obnoxious bell to interrupt English history.

Mr. Dalton strode across to a tall wall cupboard, where such things as easels and rolled maps were kept. He threw open the door and stared into the cupboard. The juniors watched him breathlessly. His grip was hard on the cane in his hand, and it looked as if he would betide any playful youth discovered hidden in the cupboard. But no one was there. An easel was leaning on the interior wall—two or three rolled maps were visible, and some dusts—merely those and nothing more. Like Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. Dalton found the cupboard was bare of what he sought.

He turned back, quite perplexed. There was no other recess in the Form-room where a practical joker could have been hidden from sight. And yet—

Buzzzzzzz!

It was the bell again.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Who—what—which—"

"It's that ass Putty, somehow," whispered Raby. "Look at him grinning like a Cheshire cat."

"He was waxy about Dicky putting him to the bottom of the Form," murmured Newcome. "He said he was going to make Dicky sit up for it. This is how he is doing it."

Buzzzzzzz!

Mr. Dalton almost spun round, as he heard that buzz behind him.

The Form master's eyes were glinting; his temper was growing very hot. His face was flushed, too; he had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and he realised that he was cutting a rather absurd figure in the eyes of his boys. Serious as the matter was, most of the

Classical Fourth found it difficult to suppress their grins.

"Some boy present is playing a foolish and disrespectful trick," said Mr. Dalton. "For the last time, I command him to stand out!"

No one stirred.

Buzzzzzzz!

Mr. Dalton strode away to the distant corner of the Form-room, following the sound, as it were. It was from that spot that the buzzing seemed to come, and he went to investigate. The juniors grinned as they watched him; it seemed to them impossible that the bell could be there. But there was one member of the Form who did not grin. That was Putty. His face became all at once extremely serious.

It was one of the Rookwood humorist's weaknesses that when he was on the trail of a jape, he never knew when to stop. He was always liable to carry a joke a little too far. And on this occasion, as on many others, Putty of the Fourth realised too late that he had jested not wisely but too well.

Mr. Dalton halted in the corner, and stooped his head over the joints of the hot-water pipes.

The expression on his face became absolutely terrific, as he stretched his hand behind the pipes and lifted a little electric bell.

There was a gasp from the Form.

"He's got it!" murmured Mornington.

A wire was attached to the bell; a double insulated wire. Cunningly it had been trailed behind the hot-water pipes, next to the wall, out of sight. Mr. Dalton drew out the wire slowly and carefully, and followed it up as he drew it out.

It led him back to his class.

Behind the Fourth—all looking round at him—went Mr. Dalton, and he stopped at last exactly behind the form where Putty sat.

Putty's face was gravity itself now. He was feeling like Damocles of old, when the pendulous sword swung over his head by a single hair.

Behind the pipes at this spot was a tiny dry battery, hidden from sight till Richard Dalton spotted it and hooked it out. The double wire ran down under the pipes to the floor, and from the wall it ran under Putty's form. It was pressed carefully into a crack between two of the old oak floorboards quite out of observation till Richard Dalton jerked it up.

"Grace!"

"Hem!"

"Stand aside!"

Putty of the Fourth reluctantly stood aside. From under one of his boots came into view the end of the wire, attached to a little flat disc. In the centre of that disc was the button which Putty had been pressing with his foot whenever he wanted the bell to ring in the distant corner.

It was all clear now.

Richard Dalton gathered up the electric bell and wire and battery and disc. His face was grim. He carried Putty's paraphernalia to his desk and laid them down.

"Grace! Stand out before the class."

"Oh dear!"

"It was you who played this disrespectful trick, Grace, wasting my time and the time of the Form."

"Hem!"

"You denied having an electric bell in your possession, Grace, when I questioned you."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Putty at once.

"What?"

"You asked me whether I had a bell in my pocket, sir, or in my desk, sir,"

said Putty meekly. "I hadn't, sir."

Mr. Dalton gazed at him.

"That is quite true, Grace," he said, after a pause. "I acquit you of having deceived me, but your answer came perilously near to prevarication."

"Oh, sir!"

"You have wasted a quarter of an hour of the lesson, Grace. It would be unjust to detain the rest of the Form this afternoon to make up for lost time. You, however, will be detained the whole afternoon."

"Oh!"

"And now, Grace, you will bend over that desk."

With every trace of humour banished from his face, Putty of the Fourth bent over the desk. The cane rose and fell, with a sound as if carpenter's were being beaten in the Fourth Form room.

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!

It was six, and every shot told, so to speak. Putty of the Fourth wriggled in anguish as the strokes descended. After the feast came the reckoning, and the reckoning was severe.

Mr. Dalton laid down the cane at last.

"You may go to your place."

Putty of the Fourth limped back to his place.

For the remainder of that morning no one would have guessed that Putty of the Fourth was an irrepressible humorist, by his looks. He looked as if he found life an extremely serious proposition.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Poor Putty!

"YOU asked for it, you know."

Thus said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver encouragingly.

"You asked for it, and you've got it," said Lovell. "What are you grouching about?"

Putty of the Fourth did not look grateful or comforted. It was correct that he had asked for it, but he was evidently not pleased at having got what he asked for.

It was a sunny, cold afternoon, and the Classical Fourth were playing the Modern Fourth at football that half-holiday. Putty had been down to play for the Classics. But the afternoon's detention knocked that on the head. Putty had to put in his half-holiday in the Form-room doing exercises.

For which reason he was grouching. Grouching did not make matters any better, but Putty seemed to find a solace in it.

"It's rotten!" he said. "Why, it was no end of a jape! Dicky Dalton ought really to have laughed."

"Form masters don't like japes in a giddy Form-room," chuckled Raby. "You were a silly ass to try it on."

"Fathead!" answered Putty ungratefully.

The Fistical Four walked away to change for the football match, leaving Putty of the Fourth looking like anything but his usual cheery self. Although not, perhaps, so keen a footballer as Jimmy Silver & Co., he naturally wanted to play; and very much indeed he did not want to be detained.

Putty drifted rather dismally into the deserted Form-room.

There he had to remain while the rest of Rookwood was at leisure. Mr. Dalton came in and set him a detention task which was to last him till four o'clock.

Putty sat down to it glumly.

"You may leave the Form-room at

four if your task is done, Grace," said the master of the Fourth.

"Thank you, sir!"
 "I am sorry that I have been compelled to detain you."
 "So am I, sir!" murmured Putty demurely.

Mr. Dalton frowned and left the Form-room.

Putty found it difficult to concentrate on his task, and went to the window.

He caught sight of Mr. Dalton, in hat and coat, walking down to the gates, apparently going for a stroll.

Putty returned to his desk, grunting; but his detentive task did not tempt him. It occurred to him that as Mr. Dalton had gone out there was an opportunity of recapturing his electrical gadgets from the Form master's study.

The detained junior looked out of the Form-room; the corridor was deserted.

He left the Form-room and walked away quickly to Masters' corridor. In a couple of minutes he was in Mr. Dalton's study, and had closed the door after him.

The gadgets were not to be seen. Putty glanced round the study, and looked in the bookcase and the table drawer. But the electric bell, the battery, and the coil of wire did not meet his eyes.

"Blow!" murmured Putty. It was exasperating.

Mr. Dalton might return soon, and

Putty did not want to be caught in his study, especially when he was supposed to be in the Form-room working at Latin irregular verbs. He really did not want any more trouble with Mr. Dalton that day. But he wanted his electrical gadgets.

As he stood hesitating, there was a sound in the passage and a footstep outside the door.

Putty jumped. Acting upon instinct, not upon thought, Putty of the Fourth backed behind a Chinese screen near the study window, and was out of sight when the door opened.

The footsteps came on into the study; the door closed.

Putty, out of sight behind the screen, scarcely breathed.

He heard the footsteps cross quickly to the telephone, and heard the receiver taken off the hooks. He breathed more freely then. Apparently Mr. Dalton had come into his study to use the telephone, and it was quite possible that he would go when he had telephoned.

"Latham 101."

Putty jumped, behind the screen. So far it had not crossed his mind that the person who had entered the study was not Mr. Dalton.

But the voice he now heard asking for a number was not that of Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth. It was the voice of Cyril Peele!

Putty peered round a corner of the screen. Cyril Peele was standing at the telephone, the receiver to his ear, his back to Putty. And Putty of the Fourth grinned cheerily at Peele's back. It was only Peele—only a junior who had taken advantage of the Form master's absence to use the telephone! But as he heard Peele's voice over the transmitter, and caught on to what the cad of the Fourth was saying, the grin vanished from Putty's face and he grew grave.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Trick on the Telephone!

"MR. SPINDLES!"
 "Mr. Spindles speaking."
 Peele grinned.
 Putty of the Fourth, behind the screen, was no longer grinning. He knew the name of the Latham moneylender, whose prominent advertisements appeared every week in the "Latham Times."
 "Good-afternoon, Mr. Spindles!" said Peele, in a deep voice. "Mr. Dalton speaking."
 "Good-afternoon, Mr. Dalton! May I ask—"
 "I have seen your advertisement in the 'Latham Times,' Mr. Spindles. I am in need of some temporary accommodation."
 "Oh, quite, quite!"

IS YOUR NAME BELOW?

The Result of Our "MOTOR-PICS" Competition! 114 PRIZE WINNERS!

In this competition no competitor submitted a correct solution to the three sets of puzzle-car-names. THE SIX "BOWMAN" MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVES have therefore been awarded to the following competitors whose efforts, each containing two errors, came nearest to correct:

- H. J. Ash, 5, Lindsay Cottages, Burnt Oak, Edgware.
- John Burges, 88, Osborne Road, Portiswood, Southampton.
- H. Couchman, 133, Barnsole Road, Gillingham, Kent.
- Gwilym Edwards, 10, Pleasant Street, Craig-y-Don, Llandudno.
- V. N. Luke, 27, Briarwood Crescent, Walkerville, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

J. W. R. White, Highfield, Shoreham, Sevenoaks, Kent.

So many competitors qualified for the second grade of prizes, that we have more than doubled the number of "WARNEFORD" DEMON MODEL AEROPLANES originally offered. These aeroplanes have been awarded to the following one hundred and eight competitors whose solutions each contained three errors:

- J. D. Adam, 29, Melville Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow; H. H. Adams, 2, King Street, Sudbury, Suffolk; N. Albones, 86, Watlington Street, Reading; J. Allman, Park Head, Hawarden, near Chester; F. Atherton, 50, Hardwick Road E., Manton, Worksop, Notts.; M. Baird, 5, Transy Place, Dunfermline, Fife; H. Baldwin, 130, Murray Road, Rugby, Warks.; H. Barnes, 35, New England Street, St. Albans, Herts.; A. Beadell, 2, Haddo Street, Greenwich, S.E.10; E. Beckett, Brook Farm, Ty-Broughton, Whitechurch, Salop; M. Bell, 21, Hazel Avenue, Darlington; G. E. Blanchard, Willow House, Barkers Lane, Ashton-on-Mersey, Manchester; V. G. Bush, 248, Katherine Road, Forest Gate, E.7; R. Butler, Caseta, West Barnes Lane, New Malden; T. Byrne, 21, Grey Street, North Shields; R. Calfin, 60, Esplanade, Scarborough; J. Carmichael, Calderpark, Anderson Terrace, Ardrossan; D. A. Collins, 31, Grove Road, Wanstead, E.11; N. F. Cookson, 76, New Street, Brierley Hill, Staffs.; C. H. Cox, 22, Cavendish Street, Bedford; J. Crisp, 52, Silver Street, Edmonton, N.18; E. Crowe, 18, Colleshill Road, Sutton Coldfield; W. E. Davies, 22, Barn Street, Haverfordwest, Pem.; J. J. Denny, Firs Farm, Houghley, Stowmarket; L. T. Demott, 74, Brintons Road, Southampton; J. D. Devine, Marshall Place, Innelan, Argyll; J. E. Dexter, Mawsdale Dairy, Redbourne, Herts.; L. J. Dockerill, Homelands, Babraham Road, Sawston, Cambridge; J. Dodd, 72, Wordsworth Road, Camels Head, Devonport; J. Dorman, High Street, Sunninghill, Ascot, Berks.; A. W. Durdin, 79, Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, N.W.4; E. G. Dowty, 10, Trent Gardens, Old Southgate, N.14; R. Dyer, 20, Drummond Road, Bermondsey, S.E.16; H. Fairbrother, 7, Deryent Street, Long Eaton, Notts.; M. Fardell, 5, Garrick Road, Greenford Park, Middlesex; J. A. Farrow, The Homestead, Uppminster Road, Rainham, Essex; E. A. Fry, 68, Dallinger Road, Lee, S.E.12; W. C. Glenister, Rose Cottage, Coochham Dean, Berks.; J. N. Greenwood, 9, Hugeshead Grove, Garston, Liverpool; H. Hale, 50, Kingsley Road, Northampton; C. H. Hands, Mill Lane, Heather, Leicester; N. Harris, 3, Allerton Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool; E. Harrison, 8, Md. Qrs., R.A.F., Northolt Junction, Ruislip; J. G. Hartridge, Woodgarth, Meadowcroft Road, Leicester; P. A. Hatcher, 23, Mill Street, Wincanton, Som.; P. A. Haynes, 92, Norbiton Avenue, Norbiton, Surrey; L. Hendry, 96, Roberts Street, Grimsby; B. L. C. Henry, Kilerath, Erpingham Road, Bournemouth; Miss E. M. Hicks, 11, Felix Square, Felix Road, Ipswich; R. M. Hill, 44, Gibbon Road, Kingston-on-Thames; L. H. Hobbs, 104,

- Guildhall Street, Folkestone; G. R. Hope, 1711, London Road, Tollcross, Glasgow, E.2; E. A. Howell, 53, Sir Evelyn Road, Borsal, Rochester, Kent; F. G. Howland, 11, Lambton Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20; D. Johnson, Fourth Road, Little Downham, near Ely, Cambs.; F. Johnson, 36, North Down Gardens, Plymouth; A. Johnstone, 170, Marrowbrook Lane, Cove, Farnborough, Hants.; G. Jolley, 2, Glyn Cottages, Gordon Avenue, Stanmore, Middlesex; K. H. Jolly, 74, Lyttelton Road, Stechford, Birmingham; D. Kacirek, 6, Ovington Street, Chelsea, S.W.3; F. Y. D. Kerr, Academy House, Fordyce, Banff; J. Livesey, 15, Hovingham Terrace, Harehills, Leeds; R. Long, c/o Westminster Bank, 130 High Street, Whitechapel, E.1; V. Margrave, Brynheilog, Colman Road, Eaton Park, Norwich; P. Martin, 69, Haydock Street, Earlestown, Lancs.; W. Martindale, 4, Gladstone Road, Garston, Liverpool; I. Matthews, 135, Green Lane, New Eltham, S.E.9; H. May, 45, Chryssell Road, Brixton, S.W.9; J. Mead, Kisingbury, Northampton; G. Miles, Farnadine, Penn Close, Kenton, Middlesex; T. Moran, 18, Bridge Street, West Bromwich, Staffs.; V. Morgan, 19, Egham Road, Plaistow, E.13; G. Murray, 196, London Road, Leicester; E. Newnham, 30, Kenninghall Road, Clapton, E.5; C. Norman, 141, Lr. Brook Street, Basingsstoke, Hants.; G. Oakley, 14, Barton Street, West Bromwich; M. Owen, 5, Brampton Grove, Cheetham, Manchester; D. Phillips, 26, Hardwick Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield; R. Pickering, Cleveland Road, Trentham Road, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent; S. Preston, 9, Fraser Street, Burnley; E. J. Pridgeon, Sunny Bank, Offerton Lane, Offerton, near Stockport; L. G. Pyner, 105, Lichfield Road, East Ham, E.8; W. G. Raby, 4, The Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds; A. M. Rayner, 51, Ethelbert Gardens, Hford; W. Reed, Buckston Browne Home, Newland Orphan Homes, Hull; L. Reynolds, Cromwell Nurseries, Vange, Essex; M. L. Richardson, The Orchard House, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham; H. Rimmer, 34, Bowles Street, Bootle, Liverpool; J. Riseborough, Church Road, Catfield, near Gt. Yarmouth; K. Robey, Rowick, Albury Road, Merstham, Surrey; T. Roche, 59, Tritonville Road, Sandymount, Dublin; L. Rose, 8, Conway Road, Stn. Tottenham, N.15; F. Ruggles, 36, Poplar Mount, Belvedere, Kent; G. Rundell, 15, Kings Avenue, New Malden, Surrey; H. W. Ryan, 301, High Street, Lewisham, S.E.13; G. E. S. Schwab, Leeds Road, Newton, Wakefield; L. Selby, 48, Tottenham Street, Footing, S.W.17; R. F. Shore, 15, Church Road, Northolt, Middlesex; J. Slorer, 13, Hulbert Street, Easton Road, Bristol; W. H. Smith, 3, Stratford Terrace, Bolton Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; P. Stewart, 35, Stanley Road, Brighton; T. Sumption, Glen Cottage, Harrow Road, Sudbury, Wemley; H. Tennant, 101, Liscard Road, Wallasey, Ches.; B. H. Turtle, 404, Mawneys Road, Romford, Essex; R. C. Weston, 6, Rees Street, Ebbw Vale, Mon.; J. Whitaker, 33, Kipling Street, Nr. Broughton, Manchester; P. C. T. Wildash, 9, The Ride, Brentford; L. Winterbottom, 12, Milton Road, Rotherham, Yorks.

The correct car names were:

- | | | |
|-----------------|--------------|--------------------|
| 1. Rolls Royce. | 9. Bean. | 17. Studebaker. |
| 2. Napier. | 10. Packard. | 18. Morris Cowley. |
| 3. Essex. | 11. Ford. | 19. Dodge. |
| 4. Singer. | 12. Oakland. | 20. Humber. |
| 5. Lancia. | 13. Triumph. | 21. Crossley. |
| 6. Star. | 14. Moon. | 22. Carfield. |
| 7. Minerva. | 15. Austin. | 23. Carrier. |
| 8. Fiat. | 16. Rally. | 24. Guy. |

All the Prizes were despatched before Christmas as promised.

"I am speaking from Rookwood School. I am master of the Fourth Form here."

"Quite so."

"My position, I take it, is a sufficient guarantee, Mr. Spindles. I require a loan of one hundred pounds. Can you possibly give me a call this afternoon to discuss the matter?"

"I have every wish to oblige you, Mr. Dalton. We do everything we can to oblige our clients," answered Mr. Spindles. "As a rule, however, business is conducted here in my office."

"I quite understand. But the circumstances are a little unusual," said Peele, still in the deep, base voice. "In my position, I cannot possibly take the risk of calling at your office. You are, perhaps, acquainted with the name of Dr. Chisholm, headmaster of Rookwood?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! A very admirable gentleman, sir."

"Very, but extremely severe in his judgments, Mr. Spindles. To be brief, I cannot take the risk of allowing Dr. Chisholm to learn that I am obtaining temporary accommodation from a moneylender. I will be frank, and admit that it would cost me my position here."

Peele grinned over the telephone as he made that statement.

He could guess the effect that it would produce upon the Latcham moneylender.

Mr. Spindles was the kind of usurious gentleman who liked to meet "clients" who dared not allow their dealings with him to become known. He was known in Latcham as a "Shylock" and a very hard case, though at a first interview with a client Mr. Spindles could be as sweet as honey.

Behind the screen, Putty of the Fourth was as still as a mouse. He quite understood Peele's little scheme now.

It was a development of Peele's previous scheme, which had led to a ragging for the cad of the Fourth. Indeed, Putty guessed now that Peele had "planted" that moneylender's advertisement on Mr. Dalton, with a view to this further development—a personal call from Mr. Spindles on the master of the Fourth! Peele's preliminary scheme had ended disastrously for him; but in his second move he seemed likely to be more successful. For Mr. Spindles' reply showed how very keen he was to get a gentleman in Mr. Dalton's position into his usurious clutches.

"My dear sir—my dear sir, I comprehend!" said the smooth voice of Mr. Spindles over the wires, some of the words coming to Putty's ears as he stood behind the screen. "I shall be glad to call upon you, if you so desire, after office hours. My office closes at four. If five o'clock would suit you, I—"

"Perfectly, Mr. Spindles!"

"Then I will be with you, sir, at five o'clock," said the moneylender. "I shall be very happy to oblige you, Mr. Dalton. You will find my terms extremely reasonable, I hope, but we can arrange details when I call."

"Thank you, Mr. Spindles. Ask for Mr. Dalton, and you will be shown to my study. I shall expect you at five, and I am very much obliged."

"Not at all, sir—not at all!"

Peele rang off.

He did not linger. The moment the receiver was back on the books, Peele darted across the study to the door, and disappeared into the corridor, closing the door after him.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Putty.

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Putty of the Fourth emerged from behind the screen.

"The awful rotter! The awful tick!" ejaculated Putty. "Great pip! If Spindles comes here to see Dicky Dalton—why, a dozen Rookwood men know him by sight—that fat old rascal! Why, it's enough to get Dicky the push!"

Putty was not much given to reflection, but he did some hard thinking now.

The outcome of his reflections was that he crossed to the telephone and rang up Mr. Spindles' office number at Latcham.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Looking after Dicky!

AS Putty of the Fourth walked away from the Form master's study he came on Cyril Peele.

Peele was loafing at the corner of the passage, with his hands in his pockets.

Putty grinned.

Evidently the cad of the Fourth was keeping one eye on Mr. Dalton's study. He did not mean to run any risk of missing the visit of the fat gentleman from Latcham.

"Waiting for somebody, old bean?" asked Putty.

"Find out!" replied Peele politely.

Putty smiled and walked on. He repaired to the Classical Fourth passage. The junior football match was over, and the Fistical Four had come into the end study to tea.

They smiled cheerily at Putty of the Fourth as he looked in.

"It's all right!" announced Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Is it?" asked Putty.

"Yes—we beat them."

"Eh? Beat whom?" Putty, in his interest in other matters, had quite forgotten the House match with the Moderns.

Arthur Edward glared.

"You silly owl! The Moderns, of course! We beat them by two goals to one!"

"It would have been three if I'd been there," said Putty. "But never mind that. I didn't come here to talk footer."

"Did you come to tea?" asked Jimmy, smiling. "Take a pew, old man, and take the cake!"

Putty sat down.

"I'll take a snack," he said. "I've got something to say to you chaps. It's rather important."

"More important than House matches?" asked Lovell sarcastically.

"Lots!"

"Well, you cheeky ass—"

"It's about Dicky Dalton—"

"Oh, can it!" interrupted Lovell. "I keep on telling you that you jolly well asked for what you got, and it serves you right! If you're thinking of another jape on Dicky, throw it away, or you'll get a ragging from this study! That's a tip!"

"Dear man, give your chin a rest for a few minutes—there isn't much time now before five o'clock."

"Anything happening at five o'clock?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yes; and I want you to help."

"Go it!"

"Is it a jape?" demanded Lovell.

"Just that."

"Then cut it out! This study isn't japing Dicky Dalton; and my opinion is that the more he licks you the better it will be."

"Thanks for your opinion! Now dry up and let a chap get in a word," said Putty imperturbably.

Lovell snorted, but he "dried" up at last, and Putty of the Fourth proceeded to explain. And the eyes of the Fistical Four grew wide with amazement as they listened.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Awful for Peele!

CYRIL PEELE started a little. Five strokes boomed out from the clock-tower of Rookwood.

Peele's heart beat a little faster.

At any moment now Mr. Spindles, or Latcham, might arrive at Rookwood, and ask to be admitted to Mr. Dalton's study. There was no doubt that the moneylender would keep the appointment—the arrangement had been explicit. And the moment the fat gentleman from Latcham appeared, Peele would spread the news that Spindles, the moneylender, had called on Mr. Dalton—and that news was certain to cause great excitement in the Fourth. While the astonished Form master was trying to make out why his visitor had called, Rookwood would be buzzing with the amazing news that the moneylender was there.

Mr. Dalton could give any explanation he liked; but facts were facts! It seemed to the cad of the Fourth that he could not fail to score. At the very least, Mr. Dalton's name would become a byword in the school—at the best, from Peele's point of view, he would be called over the coals by the Head.

It seemed to Peele that he had guarded every point, and that he could not fail to score; and, at all events, he was safe—no one could ever guess his complicity in the affair.

Yet he felt a little uneasy, and his heart beat faster as he heard the strokes of five from the clock-tower. The best-laid schemes of mice and men—"gang aft agley," and Peele's cunning schemes did not always prosper—in fact, they seldom prospered. Still, this time he really did not see what was to go wrong.

There was a step in the passage, and Tupper, the House page, came along. Peele's eyes glinted.

He had no doubt that Tupper was going to Mr. Dalton's study to announce the arrival of a visitor. It did not occur to him that he was the person for whom Tupper was looking; he knew nothing of an interview between Tupper and Putty of the Fourth, and of a tip of a half-crown that had changed hands.

"Somebody called, Tupper?" asked Peele—he could not restrain his eagerness for news.

"Yessir," said Tupper. "In the visitors' room now, sir."

"Waiting there, is he?" grinned Peele.

"Yessir."

"What name did he give, Tupper? You can tell me, you know."

"Certainly, sir," said Tupper. "Name of Spindles was what he give me, sir."

Peele grinned.

"Spindles, eh? I think I've heard that name before."

"I've seen it, sir, in the advertisements in the Latcham paper, sir," said Tupper. "Moneylender's name, sir."

"Oh, yes—I remember now," said Peele carelessly. "Well, you'd better get on and tell Mr. Dalton."

Tupper stared.

"Tell Mr. Dalton?" he repeated.

"Yes; he wants to see Mr. Dalton, doesn't he?" asked Peele, staring in his turn.

"No, sir; he asked to see you."

"What?"

"Master Peele, sir—that's what he

asked for, sir, and I come looking for you, sir—Master Grace said I should find you 'ere, sir.”

Peele staggered.
“What—what—what do you mean, you fool!” he exclaimed shrilly. “You—you mean to tell me that Spindles asked for me?”

“Jest so, sir; and the gent's waiting in the visitors'-room, sir,” said Tupper. And the page walked away, having delivered his message to Cyril Peele.

Peele leaned on the wall, gasping for breath.

He wondered if he was dreaming. Certainly, it was he who had telephone to Mr. Spindles, and made that appointment for five o'clock at Rookwood. But he had used Mr. Dalton's name—he had imitated a man's voice. He was certain that the moneylender had been deceived on that point.

“What could it mean?”
“Peele!” Arthur Edward Lovell came along the passage, with a very grave face. “Peele, you awful ass, what have you been up to? Do you think you can have moneylenders coming to see you at the school? If you've got any sense you'll get rid of that giddy visitor before he's seen.”

Peele gasped.
“I haven't any visitor—I haven't—I didn't—I never—” he stammered incoherently.

“He's waiting for you.”
“But I never—” stuttered Peele. Lovell shrugged his shoulders.

“My advice to you is to shear him off as sharp as you can,” he said. “Some fellows have seen him already.” And Lovell stalked away.

Cyril Peele passed his hand over his forehead.

What did it mean—what could it mean? Spindles, the moneylender, had called to see him—him—instead of Richard Dalton! How could his cunning scheme have gone wrong to this extent? Had he, in some moment of mental aberration, given his own name on the telephone, instead of Mr. Dalton's? If not, how could this possibly have happened?

Peele suppressed a groan. Something had gone wrong—frightfully wrong—that was clear. The only thing that remained for him to do was to get rid of that awful visitor at the earliest possible moment, hoping and trusting that Mr. Spindles would get clear of Rookwood without being noticed or recognised.

Peele tottered away, feeling as if his limbs would hardly support him. But he was almost running when he reached the visitors'-room. Raby and Newcome were near the door of that apartment. They gave the cad of the Fourth expressive looks.

“You've done it now, Peele!” remarked Raby.

“Fairly done it!” said Newcome.

Peele did not heed them. He opened the door of the visitors'-room and entered, closing the door quickly behind him.

It was deep dusk in the quad, and the light had not been turned on in the room. But Peele saw a figure standing at the window—a fat figure in an overcoat, holding a bowler hat in his hand.

Peele did not venture to switch on the light. Juniors were not allowed to use the visitors'-room without special permission, and the lighted windows might have caused attention to be drawn to the spot. Attention was about the last thing in the world that Peele desired at that moment.

Only one thought was in his mind—to get Mr. Spindles to go to explain as quickly as he could that it was all a

mistake, and to get him to go, only to get him to go—at once! If someone should come to the visitors'-room and find him there with the moneylender! The bare thought of it made the cad of the Fourth sick with terror.

“Mr. Spindles!” he gasped.

The fat, overcoated figure turned from the window. But the face was deeply in the shade, and Peele saw it very dimly, little more than a large beard.

“Master Peele?” asked a sharp, high-pitched voice.

“Yes, yes—it's all a mistake—”

“I do not understand you, Master Peele. I am here to keep my appointment with you—”

“I—I made no appointment—”

“What? I repeat that I do not understand you, Master Peele! Did you not telephone to my office at three o'clock this afternoon?”

“Yes—no, I mean—” articulated Peele.

“You made the appointment for five

made Cyril Peele jump. “And serve you right if you did, you worm!”

Peele gazed at him open-mouthed. He was too dazed to try to understand how it was that Mr. Spindles, of Latcham, was speaking with the voice of Putty of the Fourth.

The door opened, and Jimmy Silver stepped in. The light was switched on, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome followed Jimmy in. Peele glanced at them, and then his dizzy eyes fixed on Mr. Spindles. In the light he could see that gentleman quite clearly now—and he could see that the face was the face of Teddy Grace, with a large beard—one of the “props” of the Classical Dramatic Society—fastened to his chin.

Peele stared at him dizzily.
Putty of the Fourth cheerfully took off the beard and slipped it into a pocket. Then he peeled off the big overcoat, and revealed the fact that his plump appearance had been caused by a padding of several cushions. He grinned brightly at Peele.

“Yes, I think it might mean the sack for you, old bean, if the Head knew, or if Dicky Dalton knew,” he remarked cheerily. “It's rather lucky for you that the genuine Spindles hasn't turned up, what?”

Peele could only gasp. He felt as if his head was turning round and round.

“You horrid worm!” said Jimmy Silver. “Putty spotted you telephoning to Mr. Spindles' office this afternoon, in Dicky Dalton's name. Do you understand now, you rotter?”

“Oh!” gasped Peele.

Putty chuckled.
“The Spindles man isn't coming, old bean,” he said. “After you'd cleared out of Dicky's study I rang him up and told him it was a trick and that he wasn't wanted at Rookwood.”

“Oh!” gasped Peele again.

“He was quite cross,” grinned Putty; “but he's not coming, old scout—which is rather lucky for you.”

Peele pulled himself together.
“You—you rotter!” he muttered.

“So—so you were there—you heard me tele—”

He backed away to the door, but the sturdy form of Arthur Edward interposed.

“Not yet!” grinned Lovell.

“Look here!” muttered Peele. “It—it was only a jape—”

“That kind of jape is barred at Rookwood,” said Jimmy Silver. “You'd be jolly well sacked if the Head knew, but we're letting you off with a flogging.”

“Wha-a-at?”

“You've got the cane, Lovell?”

“Yes; I borrowed it from Bulkeley's study.”

“Bend over that chair, Peele!”

Peele panted.

“I—I won't! I—I—”

“Then you'll come to Mr. Dalton!” said Jimmy Silver grimly. “You can take your choice, Peele!”

Peele's choice was quickly made. And for several minutes afterwards anyone passing the door of the visitors'-room would have been surprised to hear a sound of steady whacking, as if someone was beating a carpet in that apartment.

Mr. Dalton never knew.
Jimmy Silver & Co. were satisfied to do good by stealth, as it were. And there was no doubt that they had done good, for there was a sudden end of Cyril Peele's scheming and plotting.

“*TUBBY PUTS THE SCREW ON!*” is the title of next week's *Rousing Tale of the Chums of Rookwood!*

THE END.
THE POPULAR.—No. 573.

**A DANDY
MOTOR-
BIKE**

and

**50 WARNEFORD
MODEL
AEROPLANES**

**MUST BE
WON!**

See page 26 of this issue.

o'clock, after office hours. I am here. Now you tell me that it is a mistake! Does that mean that you do not desire to do business with me, Master Peele?”

“Yes—no, I mean— Oh dear!” gasped Peele. “It's a mistake. I never telephoned—I—”

“Do you mean that some trick has been played on me?”

“Yes, yes, yes!”

“Then I had better see the headmaster.”

“Wha-a-at!”

“Kindly tell me where to find Dr. Chisholm!”

Peele gave a gasp of sheer terror.

“If a trick has been played, wasting a busy man's time, it is for the headmaster of this school to inquire into it. You see that, Master Peele?”

“For mercy's sake don't do anything of the kind!” howled Peele, his knees knocking together with fright. “I should get into no end of a row—it might be the sack for me! I—I—I—”

“It jolly well might!” said Mr. Spindles, in a changed voice, which