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A BIKE OR MODEL SPEED BOAT

## Lovell Puts Things Right!



BY OWEN CONQUEST.

Realisation comes at last to Lovell that he has been making a hash of things as skipper of the Fourth!

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Up to Lovell !

OOK here, Lovell t" The door of the end study, in the Classical Fourth passage at Rookwood, was suddenly hurled open.

The fat face and ample figure of Tubby Muffin appeared in the doorway. Jimmy Silver & Co. were at tea; the

four juniors were seated amicably round the study table, discussing poached eggs and muffins. They jumped as the study door was hurled open.

"What the thump!" ejaculated
Jimmy. "Muffin—you ass—"

"You cheeky duffer!" exclaimed

Raby indignantly. Newcome reached for a cushion.

seemed to him a moment for action, not for words.
Whiz!
"Oh!" roared Muffin.

There was a chuckle in the end study as the fat Classical sat down in the doorway.

"Now, roll out!" said Arthur Edward Lovell severely. "I give you one second before I begin on you with my boot!" Tubby Muffin scrambled to his feet.

But he did not roll out.

The plump and usually placid Muffin was in a state of great excitement. It was not uncommon for Reginald Muffin to butt into a study at tea-time. But on this occasion it did not appear that Reginald had asked himself to tea.

"Look here, Lovell-" he roared.

"Look nete,
"Oh, scat!"
"You call yourself junior captain of
Rookwood?" bawled Muffin.
"Eh?"

"What sort of captain do you call yourself?" went on Muffin. Arthur Edward Lovell reddened,

Arthur Edward Loven recidence, while his three comrades smiled.
As a matter of absolute fact, it could not be said that Arthur Edward Lovell, since he had become junior captain of

Rookwood, had been a conspicuous success.

Even Arthur Edward himself was beginning to have some lurking doubts

on the subject.
"You fat duffer!" he exclaimed.
"What do you mean?"
"The Fifth never tried on fagging us

when Jimmy Silver was skipper!" roared Muffin. "And now-"

"Cut that out, fathead!" said Jimmy

Silver. "Rats!" hooted Muffin. "I tell you I've been fagging for Hansom of the Fifth! I tell you he ran me into his study by the neck and told me to make toast for him! I tell you—"
"You should have refused!" said

Lovell sternly.

"With Hansom and Lumsden and Talboys there!" hooted Muffin. "Lot of good refusing! Hansom had a fives bat ready."
"That makes no difference!"

"Doesn't it?" shrieked Muffin. "I think it makes a jolly lot of difference! I tell you I've been fagged by the Fifth, and they never tried it on when Jimmy

Silver—"
"Cheese that!" said Jimmy.
Tubby Muffin pointed a fat forefinger

at Lovell.
"It's up to you!" he bawled. "Are the Fifth going to fag us now that you're captain? Yah!"

"They're jolly well not," said Lovell hotly. "I'll jolly soon bring Hansom to his senses."
"Hear, hear!" said Newcome.
"Jimmy Silver wouldn't have stood it when he was captain—"

"Shut up!" roared Jimmy.

"Well, you knew you wouldn't!" howled Tubby Muffin. "I tell you I was run into Hansom's study by the eollar-"
"You should have hacked his shins!"

said Raby.
"I did," snorted Muffin; "and he

knocked my head on the door. I saw

knocked my head on the door. I saw stars, I can tell you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you fagged for him, did you?"
demanded Lovell, with a frown.

"I tell you he had a fives bat—"
Lovell crossed to the study cupboard, opened it, and proceeded to rummage therein.

He turned round with a fives bat in

his hand.
"You say Hansom of the Fifth had a fives bat, Muffin?" he asked.
"Yes, you ass!"
"And you fagged for him because he

was going to give you the fives bat if you didn't?"
"Yes, you chump!"

"Well, you ought to have remembered that I have a fives bat, too-

"And that I should give it to you for letting down the Fourth by fagging for Hansom." for Hansom.
"Look here-

"Bend over that chair!"
"What?" roared Muffin.

Lovell pointed to a chair with the fives bat, having interposed between

Muffin and the door.

The fat Classical stared at him as if he could scarcely believe his eyes or

"You've let down the Form!" said Lovell. "I'm junior captain, and I don't allow a fellow to let down the Form. I'm going to bat you for fagging for Hansom."

"Ha, ha, ha "roared Jimmy Silver & Co., greatly entertained by the expression on Tubby Muffin's face.
"Why, you-you—you—" gasped

Muffin.
"I'm waiting!" said Lovell.
I tell y

"Why, you—you— I tell you, Hansom wouldn't have dared to fag a Fourth Form man if we had anybody but a silly nincompoop for a captain!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 584.

Muffin.

"You fag for the Fifth any more and I'll give you six next time!" said the junior captain of Rookwood.

"I-I-"
"Cut!" snapped Lovell.

And he pushed Reginald Muffin out of the study and slammed the door after

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. The High Hand!

RTHUR EDWARD LOVELL resumed his place at the teatable in the end study with a heightened colour.

Tubby Muffin's howis had died away down the passage, but a buzz of voices could be heard Evidently the other fellows in the Classical Fourth were listening to the tale of woe. Lovell frowned as he bestowed his

attention upon his tea again.
"I'm going to take this up, of course," he said

'Of course," assented Jimmy Silver. "I shall joly well speak plainly to Hansom of the Fifth," said Lovell. "I'll jolly well show him that he can't fag the Fourth as it he were a Sixth Form man.

Hear, hear!" said Raby.

"It's rather a new departure for the Fifth," said Newcome. "Jevver hear of such cheek? The Fifth are getting. eir ears up too much!"
"I'll take 'em down a peg," said

Lovell finished his tea and left the end study. As he walked down the passage

good many curious glances were turned on him by the Fourth Form fellows there. Valentine Mornington called out to him:

"It's up to you, Lovel!!"
"I know that!" snapped Arthur Edward. "I'm jolly well not going to let the Fifth do as they like!"
And Lovel! strode away to the Fifth

Form passage.

He arrived at Hansom's study, and, without troubling to knock he turned the handle of the door and hurled it open.

Hansom and Lumsd n and Talboys of the Fifth were in the room, and they

"Hallo! Where did you pick up your manners?" asked Hansom. "Is that the way they teach you to enter a study

in the Fourth?"
"You've been fagging Mussin of my
Form!" said Lovell without answering

Hansom winked at his comrades. "Guilty, my lord!" he answered. "Well, what do you mean by it?" demanded Lovell.

demanded Lovell.

Hansom elevated his eyebrows.

"Mean?" he repeated. "Why, I mean that I wanted my toast made and I wanted a fag to make it."

"So you think you can fag the Fourth, THE POPULAR.—No. 584.

"Oh, my hat!"
"Mind, that's a tip!" said Lovell.
"Any more of this sort of cheek, and we'll raid your study and give you a jolly good hiding—see?"

And Lovell turned to the door.

Hansom of the Fifth made a sign to his grinning comrades, and before Lovell could reach the door he suddenly found himself in the grasp of three pairs of hands.

He etwaceled funiously

He struggled furiously.
"You'll raid my study—what?" smiled
Hansom. "You'll bat me, the captain
of the Fifth! My hat! I don't know what Rookwood is coming to when fags out that fives bat, Lummy!"

"Here you are!" grinned Lumsden.

"Rescue!" bawled Lovell.

Hansom kicked the study door shut. "Put him across the table!" he sai he said. Edward Lovell, resisting des-Arthur erately but in vain, was laid across the study table, face down, Lumsden holding his head and Talboys his feet. Then Edward Hansom commenced down, Lumsden

commenced operations with the fives bat.

Whack, whack, whack!
"You're going to raid my study and bat me, are you?" asked Hansom agree-

Whack, whack, whack!
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lumsden and

"Now chuck him out!" said Hansom. Lovell was swung to the door. Han-som opened the door, and as Lovell staggered in the doorway the captain of the Fifth let out his boot. " Ow !"

Lovell staggered into the passage. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now cut off before we come out and kick you along the passage!" chortled

Hansom.
"You—you wait a bit!" gasped Lovell, and he tramped away in a tower-

ing rage. "That's the way to handle cheeky facs!" said Hansom complacently. "I fancy Lovell will think twice, if not three times, before he raids this study

"Ha. ha! Yes, rather!" chuckled Lumsden.

Hansom looked at his watch.
"Let's get out," he said.
expecting Greely."

Mr. Greelv, the master of the Fifth

at Rookwood, was Hansom's Form master His chums stared at him. "Expecting Greely?" repeated Lums-

den.

"Ves. He said he would drop in for a chat," said Hansom. "I've got a jolly bad memory, you know, and I'm going to forget that he mentioned it. You know Greely—he does all the chatting when he chats, and he never chucks it under half an hour. Let's cut."

And Hansom & Co. "cut."

"You see, as Greely does all the talking, it really doesn't matter whether. I'm there or not while he has a chat!"

argued Hansom, as they went down the

roared Muffin. "He knows he can do as he likes because you're a silly ass and a howling chump, and—Yarcooch!"

The grip of Arthur Edward Lovell on his collar bent Reginald Muffin over the chair

Whack!

The fives bat descended, and there was a terrific yell from Tubby Muffin.

Whack!

"Oh! Ow! Yooop!"

Muffin wriggled and roared, but the fives bat came down again twice. Then Lovell released the fat Classical.

"You—you—you—" s p i uttered Muffin.

"You—you—you—" s p i uttered Muffin.

"On you, as if yar were a Sixth Form man and a prefect?" bawled Lovell.

"Oh quite!"

"Certainly!" grinned Lumsden.

"Why not?" asked Talboys.

And the three Fifth Form men grinned at Lovell.

"Well," gasped Lovell, crimson with wrath, "you'll jolly well find out that for fagging for you!"

"Poor Muffin!" said Hansom commisseratingly. "I was going to bat him if he didn't! What a life!"

"And if you try it on again you'll jolly well get batted, Hansom!" roared Lovell.

"You—you—you—" s p i uttered Muffin.

"Oh, my hat!"

"AllO!"

ALLO!" "What "Lovell\_\_"

Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly jumped at the sight of Arthur Edward Lovell's speaking countenance as tramped into the end study.

It was not uncommon for Lovell to be in a temper. His temper was naturally warm, and very often it happened that very little was required to bring it to boiling-point.

But Lovell had seldom been seen in such a state of towering fury as at the

present moment.

He was almost stuttering with rage. The celebrated wrath of Achilles, to The eelebrated wrath of Acmiles, to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered, was a mere jest in comparison with the wrath of Arthur Edward Lovell on his return from his visit to Hansom of the Fifth.

"What on earth's the row?" exclaimed

Jimmy Silver, quite alarmed. Lovell gasped. "Back me up!"

"But what-

"I've been batted!" gasped Lovell.
"Batted—in Hansom's study! I told
him I wouldn't stand any of his rot, and

If it is a rot, and they collared me and batted me just as I did Muffin!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell glared.

"What are you cackling at?" he bawled. "Is there anything to cackle at?"

at?"

"Hem! No, but—"

"I've been batted! I suppose you are going to back me up!" hooted Lovell. "Are you funky?"

"Fathead! But—"

"I'm going to raid Hansom's study, and give him the thrashing of his life!" roared Lovell. "I want six or seven fellows to back me up, to handle those Fifth Form cads. Come on."

"Oh, all right!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and New-

Jimmy Silver and Raby and New-come followed Lovell. They were bound to back up the junior captain when he called on them for aid: and, more-over, they were far from averse to a "scrap" with the Fifth. The bare idea of the Fifth Form arrogating to them-selves the right to fag Fourth-Formers, was more than enough to rouse the flercest indignation in the Fourth.
"Mornington!" shouted Lovell.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!"
"I want you—a raid on the Fifth!"
shouted Lovell. "You, too, Oswald—
and Puttv. you can come—and Conroy,
and Rawson."
"We're on." said Mornington. "But
what's the game?"
"Follow your leader!" growled

Lovell.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose I'm captain?" exclaimed ovell with a glare at the dandy of the Fourth.

doubt!" yawned Mornington. But I—"
"Well, come on."

"It's no joke raidin' the Fifth," said

Mornington. seniors on our necks-

seniors on our necks—"
"If you're funky, you can crawl under your study table and hide there bill it's over," snorted Lovell.
"Oh, go and eat coke! I'm ready for a raid on the Fifth, or the Sixth for that matter, with a chap in the lead who knows how to handle the thing," said Mornington. "You're the kind of leader to lead us all into trouble. I'll come on fast enough if Jimmy Silver takes command."
"Oh, rot!" said Jimmy

"Oh, rot!" said Jimmy.
"Stay where you are, then," snapped Lovell. "You other fellows come on—no more funks here, I hope."

And he tramped

away.

Mornington's eyes blazed, but he followed the rest. He had no faith whatever in Lovell as a leader; but the imputation of funk was too much for him

Lovell paused as the raiders reached end of the Fifth Form passage, and turned to his followers.

"I've thought this out, of course," he said. "If we get a crowd of the Fifth on our necks, we're done in-we can't scrap with seniors man to man. Come along quietly to Hansom's study—and I'll open the door, and we'll rush in and collar the cads before they can yell. We'll mop up the study and get clear before the alarm is given."

"Lead on, old chap," said Jimmy Silver amicably.

And Lovell led on.

There was nobody to be seen in the state of breathless astonishment, Lovell Fifth Form passage, and the raiders staggered from the shock, and received tiptoed along as far as the door of in his back the rush of his followers. Hansom's study.

There they stopped.

"Mind, rush in when I open the por!" whispered Lovell. "I'll rush in door!" rst, and you fellows rush in after me."
"Right-ho!"
"Ready?" whispered Lovell.

"Waitin'!" said Mornington.

Lovell turned the handle of the door softly. Then he flung the door wide and rushed into the study, with the rest of the party pell-mell at his heels. Crash!

Bump!
"Bless my soul!"

A portly figure was standing in the study, and Lovell's rush landed him upon it with a terrific collision.

It was the surprise of his life to Mr. Greely, the master of the Rookwood Fifth.

Mr. Greely had dropped into Han-

som's study for a chat; but he had found no one there

Supposing that Hansom had been called away and would shortly return, the portly gentleman had decided to

"If we get a dozen Hansom had not returned. So Mr. Greely, a little annoyed at Hansom's forgetfulness, rose from Hansom's arm-chair and crossed towards the study door to leave.

It was at that moment that the study door flew open and Lovell of the Fourth rushed in with his merry men at his heels.

The collision was inevitable.

Lovell had crashed into Mr. Greely and sent that portly gentleman spin-ning before he even saw him.

Horace Greely sat on the floor in a

ment for all of you! Not a word! Go!"
"Oh, dear!"

In a state of utter dismay the Fourth-Formers marched down the passage under the gleaming eye of Horace

The Fifth Form master marched them to Mr. Dalton's study—rather to the surprise of the master of the Fourth. "What—" began Richard Dalton. "An outrage, sir!" boomed Mr. Greely. "These juniors have actually

assaulted me, sir-floored me, sir, if



Lovell, in the fore of the raggers, crashed into Mr. Greely and sent that portly gentleman spinning before he even saw him !

staggered from the shock, and received in his back the rush of his followers. He spun forward and collapsed over Mr. Greely.

"Ow! Bless my soul! What—"
"Great Scott!" yelled Mornington.

"It's Greely!"
"Oh, scissors Oh, scissors!"

"Oh, scissors!"
"My only hat!"
"Cut!" said Raby.
"Oh, dear!" groaned Lovell.
Mr. Greely hurled Lovell aside, sprawling, and rose to his feet, portly ponderous crimson, almost speechless

with wrath. "This—this—this—what does this mean?" he articulated "Lovell—Silver

-Mornington--

-Mornington--"Oh, dear! We-we--"
"We-we---" babbled Lovell.
"Outrageous!" boomed Mr. Greely.
"You-you-you have assaulted me-a
Form master! You-you---"
"We-we thought----" gasped New-

"Outrageous! 1—"
"You see sir we-we-we-" stut-

tered Jimmy Silver
"Not a word!" thundered Mr. Greely alled away and would shortly return, the portly gentleman had decided to you! I shall take you to your Form master! I shall demand at Mr. He had waited some minutes, but Dalton's hands the most condign punish-

I may use the expression-hurled me over, sir-" "Really-"

"It was a mistake, sir," groaned Jimmy Silver. "We didn't know that Mr. Greely was in Hansom's study, sir."

"What were you doing in Hansom's study at all, Silver?"
"Hem!"

"Answer me!"

"It-it was a raid, sir!" gasped Lovell.

"Mr Dalton, I demand the most condign-

"You need have no fear, Mr. Greely," said the master of the Fourth grimly, "These juniors will be punished with severity."

Mr. Dalton selected his stoutest cane, and the hapless raiders bent over a chair in turn.

In Mr. Dalton's study the rhythmical sound of a cane rising and falling lasted

quite a long time.

When it was over a dismayed and wriggling file of juniors emerged from

the study.

They wriggted their way back dolorously to the Classical Fourth passage. Mornington shook his fist under

Lovell's nose.

THE POPULAR.—No. 584.

"You silly ass!" he bawled.
"Look here—"
"Fathead!"

"Fathead!"
"How could I help it?" gasped
Lovell. "I didn't know that Hansom
had gone out—"
"Idiot!"
"ITI" he pare that Creeks was

"I didn't know that Greely was

Dummy !" "Dummy!"

"Bump him!" howled Putty of the Fourth. "Bump the silly ass! We ought to have known better than to follow his lead, of course. But bump him, all the same."

"Look here—" roared Lovell. "Hands off! Oh, my hat! Yarooch!" Bump, bump!

The dolorous raiders dispersed to their studies, leaving the junior cap-tain of Rookwood sitting on the passage floor, struggling for his second wind.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Lovell Thinks It Out!

It was the following day; and Jimmy Silver, after class, was sitting at the table in the end study, busy writing lines. Jimmy had a hundred lines to write for Bulkeley, and he was travelling through them at a great rate. Lines for the captain of Rookwood were generally written at express speed, as Bulkeley seldom looked over them with a critical eye. Arthur Edward Lovell sat in the study armchair, with his long legs crossed and a deep wrinkle in his brow. That wrinkle seemed to indicate that Lovell was thinking deeply; not at all " IMMY, old man."

crossed and a deep wrinkle in his brow. That wrink'e seemed to indicate that Lovell was thinking deeply; not at all a customary thing with Arthur Edward Lovell. Jimmy Silver might have noticed it, with surprise, had he not been too busy with his lines. But his imposition claimed his attention, and he did not remark the unaccustomed mental exercises of his chum.

He laid down the pen at last, the last line written, hoping that Bulkeley of the Sixth would not depart from his usual custom and read the lines over. From the speed with which Jimmy had written them, the prefect would have found it a little difficult to determine whether Jimmy had written a section of the Eneid, or a Georgic; or, indeed, any of the compositions of P. Virgilius Maro at ali.

Lovell, apparently, had been waiting for Jimmy to finish, for he spoke as soon as Jimmy threw down the pen.

Jimmy Silver glanced round. Lovell had been so unusually silent that he had forgotten that there was anyone with him in the study.

"Halle, old man! I've done those

him in the study.

"Hallo, old man! I've done those dashed lines. Coming out?"

"Wait a bit! I've been thinking, Jimmy."

Jimmy Silve: did not respond with "Great Scott!" or "Draw it mild," as Newcome would have done. He nodded. "Well, old man?" he asked. "I'm junior captain of Rookwood,"

said Lovell. "Eh! Yes."

"Eh! Yes."
"I haven't made much of a success of it."
"Oh, I wouldn't say that exactly," said Jimmy Silver tolerantly.
"You wouldn't say it, but you think it," said Lovell, with unusual perception. Lovell's intellect seemed to be working to capacity, so to speak, for once.

"Hem!" murmured Jimmy Silver.
"We play the last football match of the season on Saturday, with Grey-THE POPULAR .- No. 584.

friars," went on Lovell. "Lots of the fellows are saying that we're going over there for a beating."

"Oh, rot, old man!"
"They haven't much faith in me,"

said Lovell. Hem !

Jimmy regarded his chum curiously.
As a rule, Arthur Edward Lovell had plenty of faith in himself, howsoever little others might have. It really looked as if the general dissatisfaction with his captaincy had shaken Arthur Edward's complacence.

Edward's complacence.

That was a circumstance at which
Jimmy Silver could not help feeling
surprise. He liked Lovell very much,
and admired him for some of his
qualities, but he had never expected
Arthur Edward to see himself as others
saw him. Only too evidently, Arthur
Edward had been doing an unusual
amount of coglitation.

amount of cogitation.

"I've had bad luck," said Lovell.

"Hem! Yes."

"But I wonder a bit whether I'm quite suited to the job, too."

Oh I"

"The fact is, I never ought to have bagged the election," said Lovell. "It was really an accident, owing to Gunner butting in and playing the goat.'

"That's so."
"But if you hadn't resigned the captaincy, Jimmy—"
"That's ancient history now," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Play up, old man, and it will come right in the long typ. You're got a good backing in the run. You've got a good backing in this study."

study."

Lovell rose from the armchair.
"You're a good chap, Jimmy," he said. "After the way I've treated you the last few weeks you make me feel jelly small talking to me like that."
"Bosh, old chap! Come on, let's get out. I've got to take my lines to Bulkeley."
"I'll come with you. I've got to

to Bulkeley."
"Pll come with you. I've got to speak to Bulkeley."

Jimmy Silver gathered up his impot and the two juniors went downstairs

and the two jumps and the two jumps are together.

They arrived at Bulkeley's study and found the great man at home. Jimmy handed in his lines, "Put them on the table," said the trip of Ronkwood.

Jimmy Silver obeyed with a smile.

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He knew that the impot would pass from the table to the waste-paper basket, unexamined by Bulkeley. It did not matter whether he had written Æneid or Georgic; or whether some of the Latin was in a style that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
"Can I speak to you, Bulkeley?"

asked Lovell

sked Loven.
"Go ahead."

Jimmy Si'ver left the study, leaving the junior captain of Rookwood alone with the senior captain.

> THE FIFTH CHAPTER. The Right Thing !

ULKELEY fixed his eves on Lovell.

That youth was a little red in the face, and seemed rather un-

comfortable.

"Well I" said the captain of Rook-

"Well!" said the captain of Rookwood.

"I've got something to tell you, Bulkeley," said Lovell, growing redder. "I don't know whether you've taken much notice, but a lot of the fellows aren't satisfied with me as junior captain."

"I've taken a good deal of notice, and I quite agree with you," said Bulkeley grimly. "I agree also with the fellows who are not satisfied."

"Oh!"

"Anything else?"

"Anything else?"
"About the election," said Lovell.
It was a bit irregular."

"It was a bit irregular."
"The election was all right," said
Bulkeley. "1 counted the votes myself,
with Neville of the Sixth. The Lower

with Neville of the Sixth. The Lower School elected you, and they have to stand by the election."

"Two cardidates didn't turn up in time for the election," said Lovell.

"I remember that. That was their own look-out," said Bulkeley. "They were notified of the time the door would be closed."

"They were kept away."

"They were kept away."
"What"

"What"

"Mornington and Conroy were tricked into a box-room, and locked up there till after the election was over."

"My hat!" Bulkeley stared at Loveli. "Do you mean to say that that is how you got your majority."

"Yea."

"Why, you young seamp!" exclaimed Bulkeley indignantly, "if I'd known that I should have cancelled the election

that I should have cancelled the electrons at once."
"It was not my doing," said Lovell hastily. "A silly ass of a fellow did it to get Smythe of the Shell elected. But, of course, the fellows wouldn't have a silly ass like Smythe. Leaving Smythe out, it was between me and Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth, and the Classicals plumped for me to keep the Moderns out."

Bulkeley frowned.
"You had no hand in keeping the other candidates away election?" he asked. from

"No; I never knew till afterwards.
The same silly idiot who locked Morny and Conroy in the box room nearly got me locked up in the woodshed, but I was lucky"

"Who was it?" snapped Bulkeley.
Lovell shifted uncomfortably.

"I'd rather not mention his name if you don't mind, Bulkeley," he said. "He's simply a silly owl without enough

"Well, why?" said Bulkeley. "Now you've told me it's my duty to cancel the election and order it to be held over again. I suppose you know that?"

"I thought you'd think so, very likely," assented Lovell. "I want to leave it in your hands to do as you think best."

I shall order a new election."

"Very well, then."

"I suppose you realise that this means the end of your captaincy?" asked Bulkeley, with a very curious look at the junior.

Lovell's colour deepened.
"It may, or it may rot," he said. "If
the fellows want me they can vote for
me; if they don't, I don't want to keep a job I've got hold of by a sort of accident."

"That's quite a proper view to take, said Bulkeley dryly.

"Why not?" demanded
Lovell rather hotly.

"Because my opinion of you was that you were a conceited young ass, too thoroughly satisfied with yourself to see that you were the wrong man in the wrong place."

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell. "I'm glad to see that you've got more sense than I credited you with," said Bulkeley. "Anyhow, you're bulkeley. "Anyhow, you're doing the right thing now. You won't win the election again, but you'll have the satisfaction of having done the right thing, at all events."

events."

"That's something," said Lovell. "Anyhow, I want to take my fair chance. I shall put up for election, and the votes will decide."

"I'll put a notice on the board to-day," said the captain of Rookwood. "Is that all, Lovell?"

"I'd like you to speak to Jimmy Silver and advise him to stand for election again. He thinks he's bound to stand by his resignation. But I think the fellows want him back.

"Oh, I'll speak to him!" "Thank you, Bulkeley."
And Lovell left the captain's study.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. The Captain's Election!

"Which?" "New election," said Mornington.
"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Seven o'clock in the lecture-room, election for junior captain of Rook-wood," grinned Mornington. "Has

wood," grinned Mornington. Has Lovell resigned, or what? Know anythin' about this, Loven?"

"Just a little," said Lovell. "Somebody's told Bulkeley that the last election was irregular, owing to that ass Gunner nobling two o. the candidates."

Morny!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver re oachfully,

ornington coloured

t never told Bulkeley," he said hastily. "I've been tempted to, I admit, but I never did."

"Somebody has," said Raby. "It's rarner thick.

"I know who it was," said Lovell.

Who, then? "juttle me

"You!" exclaimed the juniors all Lovell's."
"Ha, ha, ha!" together.

Lovell nodded.

"Well, my only hat!" said Mornington, in blank astonish nent. "Of course, you ought to have told him. But I never supposed— Ahem! Well, there won't be any mistakes this time. You're standing, Jimmy?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"You jolly well are!" said Mornington. "Your name's on Bulkeley's paper, and as Bulkeley is head of the games you've got no choice."

Jimmy Silver hurried away to Bulke-ley's study. He came back in a few minutes and joined the crowd of juniors round the notice-board. The paper there ir Bulkeley's "fist" had caused intense excitement among the Classical

It was only two hours to the election, and those two hours were crammed with excitement in the Lows School. Even Reginald Muffin almost forgot his tea and had time to eat only enough for three fellows

At seven o'clock the lecture-room was

erowded.
When Bulkeley of the Sixth came in with Neville to superintend the election almost all the juniors of both Houses were present. Tommy Dodd & Co. were there to a man, nourishing a faint hope of pulling off the election and installing a Modern fellow as junior captain of Rockwood which in the eyes of all loyal Moderns was consummation devoutly to be wished. But the Classicals out-

numbered them very considerably, and Tommy Dodd's main hope was in a split in the Classical vote, there being two Classical candidates in the field—Jimmy Silver Arthur Edward Lovell.

Arthur Edward Lovell.

But Tommy Dodd was soon
deprived of his last hope.

When a show of hands was
called for Arthur Edward
Lovell there was a grin on
every Classical countenance, but not a single hand went up.

Lovell looked round with a

blushing face.

If he had had any doubts as to whether the Rookwood fellows wanted him to captain them, his doubts were set at rest now. He grinned—a rest now.

rather rueful grin.

After that there was no After that there was no doubt as to how the junior election would go. The Moderns voted to a man for Tommy Dodd; the Classicals to a man for Jimmy Silver. And when the result was announced that Jimmy Silver was elected by a majority of thirty there was a roar cheering that awoke all the echoes of Rookwood.

Tommy Dodd thumped Jimmy on the shoulder.

"All serene!" he "You're the second best man, old chap."

Lovell thumped him on the

other shoulder.
"I'm jolly glad!" he said.
"Thanks, old bean!" sa

"Hurrah!" roared Raby. "We're going to beat Grey-

"We're going to beat Grey-friars now, anyhow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Raby proved to be a true pro-phet; for when Saturday came round and Jimmy Silver led the Rookwood junior footballers to Greyfriars, they wound up the football season with a victory by three goals to one

Jimmy Silver was in his old place once more and all the Classicals were glad to see him there, and even the Moderns admitted that the place was well filled As for Arthur Edward Lovell, he seemed as pleased as any-body. Lovell had found his captaincy body. Lovell had found his captainty rather in the nature of a giant's robe, and he was not sorry to pass it on to shoulders better fitted for it.

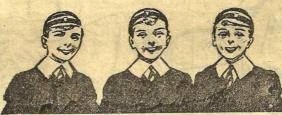
And, though nobody really had expected it of Artnur Edward, all Rookwood agreed that Lovell had, for once, done the right thing

THE END.

THE POPULAR.-No. 584.

HERE THEY ARE—THE BOYS WITH THE FIVE-MILE SMILES! Allow me to introduce you to Fane, Bindley, and Pye of Calcroft School!

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I'VE BEEN KEEPING A LITTLE SURPRISE PACKET up my editorial sleeve for the past tew weeks, and now I'm going to spring it on you. Next week you're all going to make NEW CHUMS—the boys of Calcroft School. And, let me tell you, you'll want to prepare for a long. rib-cracking laugh,

"Ha, ha, ha!" (Excuse me a moment. I can't help bursting into cackles when I think of the funny adventures piled in that first story of Fane & Co., of Calcroft, I read the other day. What a set of chaps for giving you a pain in the fifth rib!)

Oh, boy, you should hear me smile!

I bet I've whetted your appetite now. Want to know more about these fellows, eh? Well, here goes !

Fane & Co., of Calcroft School, make their bows to readers of the POPULAR next week. After that you can call them permanent chums—boys with the five-mile smiles.

The first story in this rollicking series of school yarns is entitled: "RAISING THE WIND!" and it's in the POPULAR NEXT WEEK!

Also in next week's Grand issue there II be the usual extra-long DETECTIVE THRILLER, entitled, "The Thief!"; another Rearing iong story of the Rio Kid, Boy Outlaw; a Spanking Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, and the fourth week of our "Easy-as pie" competition.

juniors, which had already spread to the Modern feilows in Manders' House.

"Bulkeley says he wants me to stand," said Jimmy Silver. "That doesn't leave me much choice. But if you object, Lovell—"

"I asked Bulkeley to tell you," said Lovell.

"Oh !"

"We've got to stick together in this," said Mornington. "Tommy Dodd will

said Mornington. "Tommy Dodd will be putting up again, and we've got to keep the Moderns out."
"Yes, rather!"
"Oh, Jimmy will romp home!" said Newcome. "You're voting for Jimmy, Lovell?"

Lovell made a grimace.
"I'm a candidate," he said.
"Oh!"

"That will cost our side one vote," said Mornington, with a grin. "Only