Day





ALEX. JACKSON, (Chelsea).

One of the "sensational transfer" men, Alex. Jackson went from Huddersfield Town to Chelsea early this season for a fee of £8,750. For many years he has been recognised as the finest outsideright in the game. He first played for Abordeen; then went to America, and in 1925 joined Huddersfield Town, whom he materially assisted to win the championship three seasons in succession, and for whom he played in two Cup Finals.

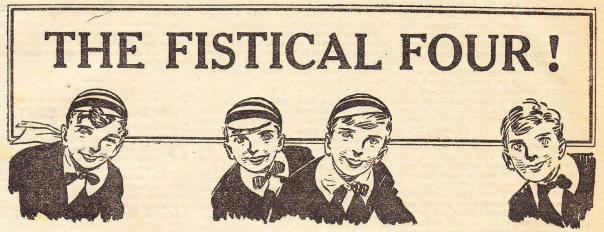
THE POPULAR

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TALES IN THIS BUMPER NUMBER!



SCREAMINGLY-FUNNY YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD HEROES!

$\Box \diamond \Box$ Jimmy's Services are in Request! $\square \diamond \wedge \square$

NOOKS of the Second put his shock head into the end study, and bawled:

"Jimmy Silver!"
Jimmy Silver frowned majestically.
It was a decided infraction of the dignity of the captain of the Fourth to have his name bounded at him in that to have his name bawled at him in that unceremonious manner by a scrubby little fag of the Second Form.

But Snooks seemed quite unabashed.
"Is that ass Silver here?" he continued. "Oh, here you are!"
"Cut off, you cheeky little ruffian!" exclaimed Lovell, turning a ruddy face from the fire, where he was making

Snooks gave a sniff. It was true that the toffee was scorching a little, and some of it had run over into the fire, but there was no occasion whatever for Snooks' emphatic sniff.

"Oh, I'll cut off fast enough!" said Snooks. "What is it you are cremating, Lovel!?"

Lovell did not reply. He let go the frying-pan, and picked up a ruler. Snooks executed a strategic retreat into

"Dickinson of the Sixth wants Jimmy Silver!" he called back. "You'd better buck up, Jimmy Silver. Dickinson is looking waxy. Mind, I'm not calling you again. I've got no time to waste over Fourth-Form fags!"

And the checky Sneeks envinted down.

And the cheeky Snooks sprinted down the passage just in time to escape slaughter.

"What the dickens does Dickinson want?" growled Jimmy Silver. "Just want?" growled Jimmy Silver. Just when I'm doing the leading articles for the 'Journal,' too! Just like these prefects! Blessed if I go!"
"Licked if you don't!" remarked

Jimmy Silver growled again.

"You go, Newcome," he suggested.

"I dare say Dickinson wants the chap who put the ink in his slippers. You can say it wasn't you. I can't say it wasn't me!"

"He might this term.

"He might think it was me!" grinned ewcome. "Dickinson is rather hasty Newcome. 'sometimes."

Jimmy grunted.
Upon the whole, he decided to go. A prefect of the Sixth did not like being THE POPULAR.—No. 613. that unfortunate matter of the ink in the slippers, there was no use in putting it off. So Jimmy Silver made his way to the Sixth Form passage, and tapped

meekly at Dickinson's door.

"Come in!" growled a voice within.

That voice did not sound encouraging.

Jimmy Silver entered, and warily kept

near the door.

Dickinson was seated at his table, with a letter in his hand and a frown on his face. Dickinson of the Sixth was a prefect, a tower of strength in the First Eleven, and a great chum of Bulkeley, the captain of the school. He was generally popular with the juniors; but he did not look agreeable now, and Jimmy Silver was on his guard.
"I—I say, I've come, Dickinson,"

HE WANTED TO TURN PIRATE! Oh, Corks!

said Jimmy meekly. "I—I say, if you'll let me explain—"
"Eh?" said Dickinson, staring at

him. "I mean, I know what you want me

for."
"You do!" exclaimed the senior, in

surprise.
"Ye-es; and it was all a mistake."
"Eh?"

"You see, it was dark, and I came into this study in mistake for Merton's," Jimmy Silver explained. "I really meant the ink for Merton's slippers!" Dickinson's face became terrific in its

He reached out his hand expression.

"So it was you put the ink in my slippers, you young rascal?"

"Oh, scissors! I—I thought you knew!" stammered Jimmy. "Wh-at do

you want me for, then?"

Dickinson of the Sixth rose to his feet, and swished the cane. Then, to Jimmy's astonishment, instead of commanding him to hold out his hand, the prefect sat down again abruptly, and laid down the cane.

"Never mind," he said.
"Thanks awfully," said Jimmy grate-

kept waiting by a junior; and if it was fully. "You see, it was all a mistake. I meant it for Merton, and I only knew

I meant it for Merton, and I only knew too late—"
"Let me catch you putting ink in Merton's slippers!" growled the prefect.
"Shut up! I didn't send for you to hear you talk! I've got something to say to you. Lemme see, you're head of the Fourth, ain't you?"
"I'm captain of the Fourth," said Jimmy Silver, with dignity.
"Oh, you have a captain in the Fourth, do you?"
"We do," said Jimmy, in his most chilling tone.

chilling tone.

Really, it was absurd for Dickinson to be unaware that the Fourth Form at Rookwood elected a Form captain with the most impressive rites and ceremonies
"Well, all the better, perhaps," said
Dickinson, after some thought. "I

influence suppose you have a lot of among those young rascals—what "Lots."

"Lots."

"Well, my minor's coming to Rookwood."

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"He's coming on the Classical side, and he will be in the Fourth Form."

"Will he?" said Jimmy.

Jimmy Silver was not in the slightest degree interested in Dickinson minor. He wondered why on earth the senior was telling him about it. To the captain of the Fourth a new kid more or less was a trifle light as air.

tain of the Fourth a new kid more or less was a trifle light as air.

"That's why I've sent for you," said Dickinson. "Now, I've been rather decent to you, Silver. I haven't licked you half as often as you've deserved. You know that."

Jimmy Silver coughed in a non-committal way. He was not disposed to admit it, but arguing with a prefect was a perilous business, so he coughed.

"My minor, Sidney, is rather a young ass in some respects," went on Dickinson. "Is he?"

Jimmy Silver's tone did not indicate

"He's not much like me."
"No? I thought you said—"
"I did not send for you to be funny,
Silver!"

Ahem!" "Anem:
"The young ass has been a bother at home, and most likely he'll be a bother here," continued Dickinson. "Of course, I shall look after him a bit—lick him every now and then, and all that.

The POPULAR-Every Tuesday.

But I shan't have much time to waste study. We're four already. Anything on him. I should like you to look after short of that." on him. I should like you to look after him a bit."

"Oh!" said Jimmy Silver.

It was very flattering; but Jimmy Silver had already gathered that Dickinson minor was some factored by queer animal, and, though flattered, he was not exactly pleased.

"What's the matter with him?" he

"Nothing. Only a bit queer."
"Dotty?" asked Jimmy.

"No!" roared Dickinson ferociously. "Oh, all right! But a chap wants to know what he's taking on," said Jimmy.

The senior was silent for some moments.

"I'd better tell you out," he said.
"The fact is, the kid has been allowed to run a bit wild at home. He's got a taste for rotten books—that fat-headed rubbish that is imported from abroad in lurid covers—things about Dead-shot Bill, and Deadwood Dave, and Bloodbedabbled Jack, and the rest of it. The silly little idiot has devoured that rot till his silly head's full of it, and he thinks and dreams about coal-black chargers, and masked highwaymen, and so on. He talks in a queer, highfalutin way, and his present ambition is to become a pirate!"
"Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver whistled. He had met and known all sorts and conditions of fellows, but he had never happened upon exactly that kind of fellow before.

He did not wonder that Dickinson of the Sixth was worried about the forthcoming advent of his minor at Rook-

wood.

If Dickinson minor was as his major described him, it was certain that he would be most mercilessly chipped in the Fourth Form.

"The pater thinks Rookwood will do him good, and help to make him a bit more sensible," the prefect continued. "I've no doubt it will in the long run. But I don't want the kid ragged doubt the hogin with and I con't always. death to begin with, and I can't always be jawing him myself. I was thinking that, considering the number of times I've let you off lickings you've fairly asked for, you might take the kid in hand for a bit at first, and—and talk sensibly to him, you know—put him into the junior football, and so on, and help him generally. And don't let him become the butt of the Form if you can help it."

Jimmy Silver nodded. It was a peculiarity of Jimmy Silver that he was always ready to help a lame dog over a stile. Any fellow who was down was sure of a helping hand from Jimmy; and it was evident that Dickinson minor, when he made his appearance in the Fourth Form at Rookwood, would be badly in want of a helping hand.

Apart from the question of the many lickings which, according to the prefect, Jimmy Silver had asked for and never received, he was quite willing to oblige.

Dickinson was watching him rather

anxiously.

He felt himself in a difficulty, which a good-natured and level-headed junior in the Fourth could help him more than anybody else. And he had judged Jimmy Silver's character correctly.

your man!" said Jimmy
"Leave him to me! I'll talk cheerily. "Leave him to me! I'll talk to him like a Dutch uncle! Only one

condition." Well?"

short of that."
Dickinson grinned.
"I'll see that he's not planted in your study," he said.
"Then it's a go."
"He gets here to-morrow at three. You might like to meet him at the station?" the prefect suggested.
Jimmy Silver made a slightly wry face. His afternoon's holiday was already arranged for. But he nodded.
"Right you are, Dickinson!"
"Then that's all," said the Sixth-Former. "You can cut off,"
Jimmy Silver cut off.

MOO ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦□

Just Like Jimmy!

"R OT!"
"Bosh!" "Tosh!" Thus the Co.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were not enthusiastic when Jimmy Silver, on his return to the end study, announced what it was that Dickinson of the Sixth wanted.

"It's simply piffle!" growled Lovell.
"Blow Dickinson, and blow his precious

minor! You're an ass, Jimmy!"
"And a fathead!" remarked New-

come. "And a burbling duffer!" added

"And a burning
Raby.
"He's always doing it!" went on
Lovell, in an aggrieved voice. "Find
any chap that's queer, or off his rocker,
or down on his luck, and you find
Jimmy Silver backing him up! He's
always doing it! I'm fed-up with it!"
"Well, Dickinson asked me," said
Jimmy defensively.
"Couldn't you say no?"
"Well, I never thought of saying no,"

"Well, I never thought of saying no," admitted Jimmy. "Besides, I didn't want to say no. Why shouldn't I help a lame dog over a stile?" "Tain't a lame dog—it's a silly idiot.

"'Tain't a lame dog—it's a silly idiot, by your description! This study will get called a home for idiots!"

"Well, that's what it was before I came!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

"Why, you fathead-

"Dickinson is a good sort, and it ain't bad policy to be on the right side of a prefect, either," said Jimmy Silver.
"Dash it all, let's look after his young idiot of a minor a bit!"

"Blow his young idiot of a minor!" growled Lovell. "What about the footer to-morrow afternoon? Have you forgotten that?" "Well, that's rather hard cheese, I admit," said Jimmy. "I won't ask you fellows to cut it to come with "Better not!" grunted Raby.

"You can captain the Classical team, Lovell. After all, you can beat the Moderns without me for once."

Lovell looked a little mollified.

"Well, that's all right," he said.
"But we want you in the front line.
Tommy Dodd & Co. are in great form.
But I know it's no good talking to Br-r-r-r !"

you. Br-r-r-!"
So the discussion ended, and the

Fistical Four had tea.

As a matter of fact, Jimmy Silver was not looking forward with any great joy to the arrival of Dickinson's peculiar minor. But he had said that he would look after the young duffer, and he was going to do it.

But, on the following afternoon it "Don't plant him on us in the end came as a wrench to the captain of the

Fourth to turn his back on the footballfield for the sake of Dickinson minor.

There was a junior match between Classicals and Moderns, and Jimmy Silver ought to have been in command of the Classical team.

He went down to the ground with his comrades, and watched the teams line

up for the game.

Lovell won the toss, and kicked off, and Jimmy Silver looked at his watch, and then looked on anxiously.

Tommy Dodd & Co.—the Moderns—

were attacking hotly.

There was no doubt that the Modern juniors were in great form, and that the Classicals needed their strongest side to oppose them.

Jimmy Silver silently blessed Dickin-

son minor.

within ten minutes Tommy Dodd had put the ball in the net, in spite of Raby's efforts to save.

"Looks like a Modern win, deah boys," drawled Smythe of the Shell, had sauntered down with Howard who had sauntered down with Howard and Tracy to look on with a patronising eye. "That's what these Fourth Form kids call footah! By gad!"
"Classical footer ain't much since we stood out of it," remarked Howard, with a shake of the head.

Jimmy Silver manfully resisted the desire to knock Howard and Smythe's heads together, and walked away to the gates. He was badly wanted in the Classical team, but it couldn't be helped.

He reached Coombe well before three, and entered the railway station to wait on the platform for Dickinson minor.

The train was signalled, and a few minutes later it came in. It was a slow local train from Lantham. It crawled in and stopped, and several passengers alighted. Jimmy scanned them, but it was evident that the new boy Rookwood was not among them. He glanced into the carriages, thinking that perhaps the new kid had not observed the name of the station. In a corner of a first-class carriage a

lad of about his own age was seated. He was dressed in Etons, with a silk

hat pushed on his head, and he was reading.

Devouring was rather the word.
His eyes were glued upon the book His eyes were glued upon the book in his hand—a book with a cover in lurid colours, upon which was depicted a long-haired trapper with a revolver in each hand, killing Red Indians at a great rate. Evidently the youth had forgotten time and space in his keen interest in the gory adventures of "Trapper Bill, the Dead-shot Desperado of the Rocky Mountains!"

"Hallo!" Jimmy Silver shouted into the carriage.

the carriage.

The youth did not heed. Jimmy jerked at the book. Then the youth started, and blinked at him. "Are you the new kid for Rookwood?" demanded Jimmy. "Eh? What? Yes."

"Then here's your station!"
"Oh, all right!"

The new boy scrambled out of the carriage, only just in time. The train was already on the move. The guard

was already on the move. The guard shoved him aside wrathfully, and slammed the carriage door.

"Hold on!" yelled Dickinson minor excitedly. "I've left my books in the carriage! Guard! Guard!"

"Come back, you ass!" yelled Jimmy Silver, grabbing the new boy as he jumped towards the carriage. "Do you want to be killed?"

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"My books-" "Keep off, ass!"

Jimmy Silver held the new junior back by main force. The train glided on along the metals, and disappeared down the line. Dickinson minor gave a sort of howl, like an animal robbed of its young, and glared at Jimmy Silver.

"You fathead!" he exclaimed wrath-

fully.

"You dummy-

"Do you want a thick ear, you new bounder?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver wrathfully. "If I hadn't yanked you out, you'd have gone on to the next station!"
"Now I've lost my books!" howled

Dickinson minor.

"Plenty more at Rookwood," said Jimmy. "Serve you right, too! Besides, you can get the books back. Nobody wants to steal a set of school books, I suppose?"

"School books!" Dickinson minor norted. "Who's talking about school snorted. "Who's talking about books? They weren't school books!"

"Oh!" said Jimmy. "More stuff like that you've got in your paw—

what?"
"Yes," said the new junior mournfully. "A rippin' set! There was 'Dead-shot Dave, the Dashing Desperado of Dead Man's Gulch!' and 'Sweeney Tod, the Bloodcurdling Barber!' and 'Pink Pirate—'"
"Oh, my hat!"
"And 'Bloodstained Bill; or, Barrels of Blood!" said Dickinson minor. "That was a real topper!"
"It must have been agreed Jimmy

"It must have been," agreed Jimmy Silver. "You're jolly lucky to have lost them, I should say! You'd get into a row if you were seen reading them at Rookwood."

"Well, I've got some more in my box," said Dickinson minor, taking comfort. "I'll lend you some if you

like."
"I'll lend you a thick ear, if you do," growled Jimmy Silver. "Look here, I've come here to meet you, and take you to the school. Come and look after your box."
"Oh, all right!"
Dickinson minor shoved his lurid

"On, all right!"
Dickinson minor shoved his lurid volume into his pocket, and followed Jimmy Silver. The trunk was taken out by the old porter, and instructions given for sending it on to the school, and then Jimmy Silver walked off his new acquaintance towards Rockwood.

A Very Peculiar New Boy!

ICKINSON MINOR had not impressed the captain of the

Fourth very favourably.

He was a weedy youth, with a pallid complexion, and his appearance showed that he was not much given to healthy outdoor exercise.

However, Jimmy Silver intended to make the best of him, so he talked to him as cheerily as possible on the way to Rookwood.

He tried the new junior on every subject interesting to himself, but found him wanting in all of them.

Dickinson minor did not play foot-ball, and did not want to. He had hardly ever played cricket, and didn't care for it. He did not swim, he did THE POPULAR,-No. 613.

not row, and he did not box. Indeed, Jimmy couldn't see what excuse he had for being alive at all.

Talk on those subjects quickly palled upon Dickinson minor. His book came out of his pocket, and he began to read it as he walked along the lane. Jimmy Silver whistled.

Deep in the engrossing adventures of Trapper Bill, Dickinson minor forgot his companion. He slowed down, his eyes glued on the book. Once Jimmy had to jerk him out of the way of a market-eart.
"What's that piffle you're reading?"
asked Jimmy, at last.

"Eh?"

"What's that rot about?"
"It isn't rot," said Dickinson minor, his eyes gleaming, "it's gorgeous. Just listen to this bit—I'll read it out——"

Jimmy Silver listened.

"' Trapper Bill stood with his back to the wall, a revolver gleaming in each hand. Dead Redskins lay in heaps before him. The revolvers spurted forth fire and death, amid shrieks of horror, and rage, and agony, and fury. Blood was drenching the floor of the ranch. The wounded Redskins rolled and writhed at the bloodstained feet of the intrepid trapper. Blood gushed forth from gaping wounds. Huge and ghastly splashes blood—'"
"Chuck it!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Isn't that ripping?"

"Groogh!"

"What's the matter with you?"

"It makes me feel sick."
"Well, you are a duffer!" said Dickinson minor disdainfully. "That's splendid! When I grow up, I'm going to be a trapper in the Rocky Mountains.

"The dickens you are!" said Jimmy.

"Or else a pirate."
"I thought pirates were out of date." "A bold, daring spirit might revive the glories of the black flag. Perhaps some day Dead-shot Dickinson will sweep the seas—"

"Dead-shot, Dickinson!"

Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, rather! You see how I'll make 'em walk the plank, when I'm known as the Terror of the Pacific!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I don't see why I should stay at school, either. Black Flag Billy became a pirate when he was fourteen," said Dickinson minor. "I'm nearly

"Quite old enuogh to be a pirate,"

grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Why should not I lead them on with foreign brand, far flashing in my red right hand?" demanded Dickinson. "Ha, ha, ha! Lead who on?"
"My trusty band, of course."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver was near the verge of hysterics. To think of this weedy, pallid duffer with a red right hand, and a trusty band, was excruciating. Dickinson minor blinked at him, and scowled, and returned to his book.

Jimmy Silver whistled. Dickinson major's description of his minor had fallen short of reality. That any fellow could be such an arrant ass seemed almost incredible. Jimmy really won-dered whether the boy was a little wrong in his head.

"Look here, buck up a bit!" said Jimmy restively. "I want to see the finish of the footer match. No good crawling like this."

"You buzz off, then!" said Dickin-

"You'd better come with me. You can read that rot afterwards.

"Rats!"

"Jolly good mind to run you along by your neck," growled Jimmy. "Unhand me!"

"Eh?"

"Unhand me!" repeated Dickinson.
"Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver unhanded him. Dickin-Jimmy Silver unhanded him. Dickinson minor's language savoured of the thrilling yarns in which he delighted.

"My only Uncle Peter!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "If you talk like that at Rookwood, Dickinson, you'll be chipped to death."

"Bah!"
That ill it!

That did it!

Jimmy Silver wasted no more time in words. He seized Dickinson by the back of the neck and ran him up the road, into the school gates and across the quad.

"Unhand me!" shrieked the new boy.

"Rats!"

Jimmy Silver rushed his captive up to the Sixth Form passage, and pushed open the door of Dickinson's study. "Here he is!" he announced. "Groooh!"

Dickinson minor was shot into the study like a stone from a catapult. crashed on the table, and rolled off, and sprawled on the floor. Jimmy Silver beat a hurried retreat.

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood. was in the study talking to Dickinson of the Sixth. The two prefects stared at the sprawling new boy.

"Hallo! Who's that?" said Bulkeley,
"My minor!" growled Dickinson.
Get up, Sid, you young idiot!"

Sidney sat up.

"Gerrocoogh!" he said.

The prefect grasped him by the shoulder, and jerked him to his feet. Dickinson minor gasped for breath.
"Unhand me!" he snapped.
"What!" yelled his major.
"Unhand me!"

"Is he dotty?" asked Bulkeley, in

astonishment.

"Jolly near it!" groaned Dickinson
major. "He gets that rot out of American books about buccaneers and pirates, and Redskins. He's been whopped for it. I've whopped him regularly every vacation, I suppose I'd better whop him now."

"Stand back!" said the cheerful minor. "If I had my trusty rifle—"
"Your what?" shrieked Bulkeley.

"You wait till I'm a bit older, George," said the new junior. "Wait till I get a trusty rifle, that's all."

"That's how he goes on," said the major hopelessly. "I suppose he's a bit cracked."

Dickinson minor snorted.

"Pirate Dick was supposed to be cracked when he killed his ancie, and ran away to sea," he said. "But he became the Terror of the Pacific."

"Well, my hat!" said Bulkeley. Dickinson major looked round for a cane. But he changed his mind.

"You're late, Sid," he said. take you to your Form master. Come on! See you later, Bulkeley.'

The prefect marched his hopeful minor off to Mr. Dalton's study, and Bulkeley stared after them blankly. Then he chuckled. Dickinson minor was quite a new thing in his experience. And the captain of Rookwood
felt exceedingly glad that he was
Dickinson minor and not Bulkeley minor.

Mr. Dalton is Shocked!

 $\Box \diamond \circ \Box$

DICKINSON minor attracted a good deal of attention in the Fourth Form the next day, and the days that followed.

Jimmy Silver manfully kept his promise to Dickinson major, and looked after the new fellow as much as he could

s he could. But Dickinson minor defied looking

The lurid rubbish upon which his mind had been fed had had an extra-ordinary effect upon his somewhat weak head. Apart from his mania—for weak head. Apart from his mania—for it almost amounted to a rnania—he was a good-natured and obliging fellow, whom nobody could dislike. But the highfalutin style of his talk made him an object of general merriment, and as his elder brother had feared, it was not long before he became the butt of the Form.

It became the ordinary amusement for an idle hour to draw Dickinson out, and pull his leg, and the junior fell a victim every time. He would explain to grinning circles of juniors his ambition to become a pirate, or a

explain to grinning circles of juniors his ambition to become a pirate, or a brigand, or a rover of the Rocky Mountains, his ambition of the moment changing with every lurid book he read. He was generally regarded as a little "cracked," but quite harmless. He was not exactly cracked, but he vas certainly in danger of becoming so unless he changed his manners and customs.

Jimmy Silver, in the kindness of his heart, took him in hand, and endeavoured to induce him to take up footer. Footer, as Jimmy sagely opined, would blow all the unhealthy rot out of Dickinson's head, if the fellow could be induced to take the game up seriously. up seriously.

But Dickinson minor firmly declined to play footer. He told Jimmy Silver that learning football would be quite useless in his future career; there would be no use for footer on the decks of the Black Pirate's schooner. Dickinof the Black Pirate's schooner. Dickinson minor had planned already to have a schooner, which, of course, was to have rakish masts and a long evillooking 18-pounder mounted on the deck. Jimmy suggested that a sailingship wouldn't have much charce in modern times, and recommended Dickinson, when he should become a pirate, to look out for a secondhand motor-boat. But sarcasm and chipping were wasted on the cheerful new boy.

Some of the seniors, when they came to know of Dickinson's peculiarity, entered into the joke, and had him in their studies merely to make him talk, and furnish them with amusement.

Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, came down on Dickinson after a few days for reading in class. It was Dickinson's habit to take "Pirate Dick," or some similar volume, into the Form-room, and read it under the cover of his desk. For some time he remained undiscovered, but Mr. Dalton spotted him at last. Dickinson minor was called upon to construe one morning, and he rose up with "Pirate Dick" in his hand instead of Virgil.

Mr. Dalton's eyes started from his head at the sight of the glaring cover of the volume.

of the volume.

"Boy," he gasped, "what is that?
Bring that book to me instantly,
Dickinson minor!"

"It's mine," said Dickinson uneasily.
"Bring it to me at once!"
thundered Mr. Dalton.

Never had Dead-shot Dickinson-he was always called Dead-shot Dickinson was always caned bead-shot Dickinson in the Fourth—missed his trusty rifle so much. He had to obey. Mr. Dalton took the gory volume from his hand, and looked at it with thunderous brows. The Classical Fourth looked on, waiting for the storm to burst.

"I am revolted!" said Mr. Dalton sternly. "Can you not find a healthy English book to read, Dickinson, instead of wasting money upon this vile trash?"

Dickinson looked sullen.

"There is a paper called the 'Magnet,' which contains clean, healthy, wholesome stories," said Mr. Dalton. "You may read that, Dickinson."

Dickinson sneered.

"I've seen it, sir," he said. "Why, there isn't a single murder in it—not a drop of blood from one year's end "You are a disgusting boy, Dickinson!"

"Oh !"

"Oh!"
"Take this revolting book and put it into the fire!" said Mr. Dalton.
"Bah!" trembled upon the lips of Dickinson minor. But Mr. Dalton's eye was gleaming, and he had taken up his cane. Mournfully the junior rammed into the fire that estimable product of foreign enterprise. product of foreign enterprise.

"You will take a hundred lines, Dickinson. I shall cane you severely if you bring a book into the Formroom again. And if you are ever found with one of those disgusting periodicals in your possession in the future, you shall be caned most

periodicals in your possession in the future, you shall be caned most severely! Go to your place!"
"Bah!"
That "bah!" came out involuntarily.
Mr. Dalton jumped clear of the floor in his astonishment and wrath. Then

he grasped Dickinson minor by the

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!
"You impertinent young rascal!"
Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! Unhand me!" yelled Dickinson, wriggling wildly. "Ha! There will come a

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!

"Now go to your place!" said Mr. Dalton sternly.

Dickinson minor groaned, and crawled back to his place among the grinning Fourth-Formers. After morning lessons Jimmy Silver joined him.

"Why don't you chuck it, kid?" said Jimmy kindly. "What's the good of playing the giddy ox? Hallo! What's the matter with your teeth?"

Dickinson minor was grinding them.

"For goodness' sake, don't do that!
You set my nerves on edge!" said
Jimmy. "Is there anything wrong with your teeth?"

"Bah!" growled Dickinson.
"Now, look here, old chap——"
"My time will come," said Dickinson minor. "Revenge!"

"You silly young idiot!"
"Bah!"

Dickinson minor strode away, muttering. Jimmy Silver glanced after him hopelessly, and then joined his chums at footer practice. But Dickinson, in a quiet corner of the quadrangle, was still muttering and grinding his teeth, and rolling his eyes.

THE END

(You'll get all the laughs you want in next week's stirring yarn of "THE FISTICAL FOUR!")

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