

# THE ALL-SCHOOL-STORY PAPER!

## The Penny Popular

No.  
246.

Three Complete Stories of—  
HARRY WHARTON & Co.—JIMMY SILVER & Co.—TOM MERRY & Co.



### CAUGHT RED-HANDED!

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A Grand  
Long Complete  
Story, dealing  
with the  
Early Adventures  
of  
Jimmy Silver & Co.

# THE ROOKWOOD DERBY!

By  
Owen  
Conquest

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. An Unfortunate Beginning.

"WE must have a Derby at Rookwood!" said Jimmy Silver.

"What!"

His companions started up in amazement, thinking that their leader had taken leave of his senses.

"Why not?" asked Jimmy. "I can ride, and we'll borrow old Mack's pony, Peter, and celebrate the great day."

"Without permission, of course?" said Lovell.

"Of course! And we'll get another noble steed from somewhere, and run a first-class Derby!"

"Good!"

"Well, we'll go down to the field and have a practice now!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Right-ho!"

The juniors made their way out of the school and through the Close to the field where Peter was quietly grazing.

The Fistical Four climbed over the stile. The field on the other side led, with a gentle slope, towards the river, and was a part of the extensive grounds of Rookwood School.

Mack, the porter at Rookwood, kept his pony in that field, and that pony was the pride of Mack's heart. It was a sleek little animal, full of spirit, and Mack had taught it to beware of school-boys.

Many a junior at Rookwood would have been glad of a chance of riding Mack's pony, but Mack would have probably committed assault and battery on the spot if he had discovered them doing so. And the pony was not easy to capture either.

Now, unfortunately for the Fistical Four, the Modern juniors—Tommy Dodd, Tommy Cook, and Tommy Doyle—had overheard the conversation which had taken place in the end study regarding the scheme for a Derby Day at Rookwood.

The Fistical Four had raced and dodged around the field several times in a vain endeavour to catch Peter, and were breathless and perspiring with heat and annoyance, when a roar of laughter from the stile caused them to look round quickly.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were seated on the top bar of the stile, and behind them, in the lane, were Towle and Lacey and several other juniors, all roaring with laughter.

The chums coloured uncomfortably as they realised that they had an audience.

"Hang 'em!" muttered Jimmy Silver.

"I didn't know they were there!"

The Fistical Four renewed their efforts, and at last Peter was caught, and a rope was secured around his neck.

Raby was most anxious to show what he could do in the matter of bare-back riding, and was given the first chance.

His chums gave him a lift on to the pony's back, and, like a flash, the

animal rushed down the field towards the river.

Right to the water's edge he dashed, and then suddenly stopped stock still, his forefeet planted firmly in the earth.

Raby, of course, was hurled over his lowered head, and landed, with a tremendous splash, in the water.

This exhibition was greeted with cheers and roars of laughter from the stile.

Raby was speedily rescued by his chums, dripping with water from head to foot.

Meanwhile, Peter had rushed away once more, and the Fistical Four were again faced with the task of catching him.

The juniors forthwith resumed the chase, while, from the stile across the field, where the crowd of Rookwood fellows was increasing, came a yell of merriment.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter seemed to be in a sportive mood that afternoon. A dozen times the juniors came just within grasping distance of the trailing rope, and as they clutched at it, the pony whisked off, and the water whisked off, too.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lovell. "This is getting monotonous. Thoses asses yonder will burst something if they go on yelling like that."

"Oh, hang them!" said Jimmy Silver. "I'm getting absolutely fagged," said Raby. "And I'm afraid the pony doesn't want to be caught."

"He may not want to, but he's going to be caught," said Jimmy Silver grimly. "I'm not going to be beaten by a fat pony!"

"But—"

"Oh, come on! If we let the brute beat us, those Modern asses would have it up against us for ever and ever. We can't afford to look such asses, if we're to keep the respect of the Form—"

"But if the pony won't be caught?"

"He's got to be caught!"

"We've got to catch him," agreed Lovell and Newcome. "If we get him into working order, the laugh won't be against us—not so much, anyway. Come on!"

And the breathless juniors resumed the chase. They were red with their exertions and the hot June sun, and their faces were thick with perspiration. They separated so as to surround the pony, and approach him from different directions, and closed in on him.

"Now, Peter," said Raby persuasively. "Good old Peter! Good hoss! We're not going to hurt you, Peter!"

But Raby's blandishments were all in vain. Peter refused to list to the voice of the charmer. He dodged the juniors, and dashed away between Lovell and Newcome.

The trailing-rope whisked off through the grass, and Lovell and Raby threw themselves upon it together, and came in contact with a heavy bump.

"Ow!"

"Ow-wow!"

Lovell and Raby sat up in the grass, dazed and breathless, and stared at one another. The pony was across the field. Jimmy Silver was running after him, but he stopped, breathless and exasperated.

From the stile came a fresh roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. could not have enjoyed a pantomime more. They were yelling themselves hoarse and husky, and so were the other juniors at the stile.

"Silly ass!" gasped Raby. "Why did you run into me like that?"

Lovell panted.

"Why did you run into me, you fat-head?"

"You got in the way!"

"It was you got in the way!"

"Ass!"

"Fathead!"

"I should say you're both right there," said Jimmy Silver. "It doesn't matter whether the ass ran into the fathead, or the fathead ran into the ass! You've spoiled the thing again, between you. Come on!"

"I'm absolutely out of breath!" said Raby.

"Come on!"

"I say, Jimmy," said Lovell, "I'm getting fed up with that pony—"

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver inexorably.

And the breathless Fistical Four started after the pony again.

Peter was feeding quietly close to the water now. Jimmy Silver's eyes brightened.

"I reckon we've got him now," he murmured. "We shall corral him against the river. He won't have so much room to dodge, anyhow. Follow your uncle!"

The pony raised his head, and looked at them as they came cautiously up. Then he dashed away up the bank. But, as Jimmy had noted, he had less room to dodge; the river barred his escape on one side. The trailing-rope whisked by Jimmy Silver's feet as he ran forward, and he clutched at it and caught it.

"Got the brute!"

Jimmy Silver dragged on the rope. His chums lent him their aid, and the restive pony was quickly brought to a standstill.

Some fellows would have used the end of the rope on Peter's flanks, as a punishment for the trouble he had given them, but there was nothing of that sort about the Fistical Four. They drew the pony in, and Lovell stood at his head while Jimmy Silver mounted.

"Now you've got him!" exclaimed Raby. "Stand clear, while Jimmy's chucked into the river!"

Jimmy Silver set his teeth.

"He won't chuck me into the river in a hurry!"

"Well, he chucked me in, and as I'm the better rider—"

"Rats! Stand clear!"

Jimmy Silver soon showed that he could ride.

There was neither saddle nor bridle on

the pony, but Jimmy had ridden horses bareback in earlier days on his father's farm, and though he was much out of practice in that difficult art, Peter found him a handful to tackle.

The pony tried first the tactics that had proved successful in the case of Raby. He dashed away at full speed, and came to a sudden halt, with his head low and his haunches high. But Jimmy Silver dug his knees into the pony's flanks, and clung on like grim death.

Half a dozen times the pony tried those tactics, and each time he failed. Lovell, Raby, and Newcome cheered enthusiastically. They had never suspected their chum of such excellent horsemanship.

And from the juniors crowded at the stile a cheer rang, too. The Modern chums were never slow to give a tribute to real grit, even in a rival.

"Bravo, Silver!"

"Good old Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver was not listening, however. He wanted all his attention for the pony. Peter gave up trying to unseat him, and began to dash round the field at a headlong pace.

Jimmy Silver had no means of holding him in, but he clung tightly to his seat on the pony's back, and gave him his head.

This was not enough for Peter. He dashed twice right round the field, and then made a sudden break for the stile.

The stile was a low one, nothing to Peter in the way of a jump, and it looked as if he meant to clear it with the leader of the Fistical Four on his back.

There was a yell of alarm from the juniors crowded on the stile.

"Get out of the way!" roared Lovell.

But the Modern chums did not need the warning. They scrambled off the stile at record speed, and the other juniors crowded away in alarm. They were none too soon, either. Peter went straight at the stile, and took it without a pause. His hoofs clattered on the hard road, and right on he dashed towards the school-gates.

"My hat!" gasped Lovell, in utter dismay. "He's going home!"

"The fat will be in the fire now," murmured Raby. "What an obstinate beast! Come on!"

They clambered over the stile.

"I say, there will be a row!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

"Yes, come on," said Lovell. "All of you lend a hand, and we may catch him in the Close before he does any damage. Come on!"

"Right you are!"

The Fourth-Formers dashed at top speed after Peter. But the pony, with Jimmy Silver on his back, had already disappeared within the gates of Rookwood.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Busted Idea!

JIMMY SILVER "sat tight" as the pony cleared the stile and dashed up the lane to the school. He guessed that Peter was making for his stable, and as he could not stop him, he sat tight and gave him his head. It was all he could do.

The pony dashed in at the gates, and careered across the old Close. There was a yell of alarm as the excited animal went prancing down a gravel path.

"Look out!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Ciel! Vat is zat?"

Monsieur Friquet, the French master at Rookwood, was walking down the path. He gave a terrified jump as he saw the runaway bearing right down upon him.

"Ciel, I am lost!"

"Get out of the way!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

The French master seemed to awaken suddenly from a trance, and he skipped aside just as the pony thundered past.

"Mon bleu! Ciel!" gasped Mosscoo. "Zat vas ze greatest of narrow escapes. It is ze wonderful marvel zat I am not keel!"

The pony dashed on.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, was coming out of the School House, and he stopped and adjusted his spectacles, and stared at the careering junior in indignant amazement.

"Silver!"

Jimmy Silver made no reply. Peter seemed to have made up his mind to ascend the steps and explore the interior of the house, and Jimmy Silver was dragging furiously on his mane to stop him or turn him aside.

"Silver! Get off that pony immediately!"

Mr. Bootles rapped out the words staccato.

"Do you hear me, Silver? I insist upon your immediately dismounting and

tures and exclamations only served to excite the pony more.

Lovell, Newcome, and Raby, Dodd, Cook, and Doyle, and a crowd of Fourth-Formers burst in at the gate as Peter was making for it again, and he whisked round and dashed off at right angles.

"The beast! We——"

"Come on!"

"Hallo," exclaimed Dodd, "there's Mack!"

"Hallo, Mack!"

Mack, the porter, had come out of his lodge, and was looking on at the scene in wrath and amazement. He was evidently in a towering fury.

"You young varmint!" he shouted, quite forgetting the respect due to a colleague. "Bring me that pony here at once."

But Jimmy Silver had to follow the whims and fancies of the pony, and Peter did not seem tired of his ramble yet.

Mack ran towards him, but Peter dodged, and went trampling over a



"Hurrah! Silver wins!" Tommy Dodd put on a fierce spurt and drew level. The result hung in the balance. Neck and neck for six yards more. Then Jimmy Silver forged ahead again, and Tommy Dodd remained a head behind.

leading that pony quietly back to his stable."

Jimmy Silver would have given a term's pocket-money to be able to do so; but Peter had to be considered.

"Silver, take a hundred lines. Take——"

Mr. Bootles took a flying leap himself just then to get out of the pony's way, as he clattered his forefeet on the stone steps.

"Dear me, Silver!"

Mr. Bootles landed in a flower-bed and rolled over. His hat went one way, and his spectacles another. Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, came running from the direction of the cricket-ground in his flannels.

But Peter did not give him a chance to get near. He cut off in a different direction, and went careering round the Close with the unfortunate Jimmy Silver clinging to his back, like a limpet to a rock.

Either Peter was completely excited, and had lost his head, or else he had decided to make a day of it. A crowd gathered from all sides, but their ges-

flower-bed under the window of the Head's study.

"My hat," gasped Tommy Dodd, "there will be a row over this!"

"Bless my soul!"

Dr. Chisholm looked out of his window. A wild Indian on the back of a mustang could hardly have surprised him more than the sight of Jimmy Silver careering on the frantic pony under his window.

"Bless my soul, Silver, what are you doing?"

"Sitting tight, sir!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Dear me! Really——"

Mack made a rush for the pony, and Bulkeley ran forward at the same time. Knowles of the Sixth, lent his assistance, and two Fifth-formers blocked up the pony's escape. Peter dodged round, but they were too many for him. The trailing rope was caught and held fast, and then Mack got a grip on the pony's mane.

Jimmy Silver sat gasping.

"You young villain!" howled Mack, THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 246.

shaking his disengaged fist at Jimmy. "I'll teach you to ride my pony, and throw him into a sweat!"

"Mack!"

The porter gave a gasp. He had not observed the Head at the window. His manner changed, and he touched his cap.

"Yes, sir!"

"You must not talk to Silver like that. Silver, what do you mean by riding this pony, especially in the quadrangle?"

"I didn't want to ride him in the quad, sir," said Jimmy Silver, between jerky gasps for breath. "He bolted, sir!"

"What were you doing on his back at all?"

"I was going to practise, sir."

"You know you are not allowed to ride Mack's pony."

"Well, sir, we thought it would be a good idea to celebrate Derby Day by a race in the field, and I was going to practise with Mack's pony, and ride him on Derby Day."

Mack seemed almost petrified.

"You were going to ride my pony!" he gasped. "You young——"

"Mack!"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, but the young——"

"That will do. Silver, I exonerate you from any intention of creating this

I should ride him. Ha, ha! If that's the way you're going to celebrate Derby Day, you can put me down for a front seat! I've never laughed so much since I don't know when!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Cook and Doyle.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Jimmy Silver. "The wheeze is busted up now; but you never thought of one at all. And Peter would have chucked you into the river, as he chucked Raby!"

"Well, he didn't exactly chuck me into the river!" said Raby, in a tone of expostulation. "I'm a jolly good rider, Jimmy!"

"Then what did you go over his head for?" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"The brute took me by surprise!"

"Ha, ha! So he would again if you got on his back!" cackled Tommy Cook.

"By Jove!" said Dodd. "I'd guarantee to put up a better show of horsemanship on a rocking-horse!"

"Absolutely! Ha, ha!"

"Or with old Cooky for a horse," said Tommy Dodd.

"Eh? What's that?" said Tommy Cook.

"I say, I'd put up a better show riding on Cooky's back," said Tommy Dodd. "I shouldn't be run away with, anyway!" Jimmy Silver's eyes sparkled.

"If you mean that, Doddy——"

Tommy Dodd looked at him. He had

Dodd. "And on Derby Day, you kids, you can look out for a record licking!"

"We'll take all the lickings you can give us, without noticing them!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

And the rivals of Rookwood separated, full of the new wheeze, which was soon being discussed all over the lower school.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Derby Day!

**D**ERBY Day! A famous day in racing annals—a day of unusual interest to the juniors of Rookwood College.

The hasty challenge of Jimmy Silver had been as hastily accepted, and the idea of the race had caught on in the lower school.

After school the fellows began to stream down towards the spot assigned for the novel race between the rivals of the Fourth Form.

There was a crowd on the ground a quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the start, eagerly awaiting the appearance of the horses and the jockeys.

Interest in the race was very keen, and sympathy was divided. Both the Modern chums and the Fistical Four had a strong following in the Form, and their backers were all there ready to cheer, whatever they did.

The turf lay level and green, and the

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disturbance in the Close, but it all comes of your having ridden Mack's pony without permission. You will write out three hundred lines of Virgil, and show them to your Form-master by the end of the week."

Jimmy Silver's face fell.

"Yes, sir."

"And now dismount, and allow that troublesome animal to be taken away!"

"If there were a bridle put on him, sir, I'd jolly soon bring him to reason!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Nonsense! Dismount at once!"

"Yes, sir!"

Jimmy Silver slipped from the pony's back. Mack, somewhat consoled by the heavy imposition inflicted upon Jimmy Silver, led his sweating pony away. Peter, who seemed satisfied with his afternoon's fun, went as quietly as a lamb.

#### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

##### The Challenge.

"**J**OLLY good exhibition!" said Tommy Dodd, as the crowd dispersed. "By the way, is that what you call riding, Silver?"

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"A better show than you could put up, anyway," he said.

"My dear chap, I shouldn't try to put up a show like that. If I mounted Peter

spoken in jest, but the leader of the Fistical Four was looking as if he took the remark seriously.

"What do you mean, Silver?"

"I mean, that if you're as good as your word, we'll give you a race on Derby Day!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver promptly.

"You can ride Cook, or Cook can ride you, and I'll give Lovell a mount, and we'll see which wins."

Tommy Dodd gave a whistle.

"Now, if you're going to back out——"

"Rats!" said Tommy Dodd. "You won't catch Moderns funkning anything the Classics can do!"

"Then, is it a go?"

"Certainly, if you like!"

"Jolly good idea!" exclaimed Hooker.

"You can put on Turf colours, and make a regular Derby of it. I'll start you, if you like."

"It's a go!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"And we'll make you Modern asses sing a little smaller on Derby Day!"

"Rats!" said Tommy Dodd. "You won't have a look in!"

"I'll guarantee you won't have much of a show!" said Jimmy. "But we'll see. Time—half an hour after school on Derby Day. Place—the junior cricket-field."

"Agreed!"

"Distance—a hundred yards. Jockeys—Cook and Lovell. Starter—Hooker."

"It's settled!" exclaimed Tommy

sun was bright. Most faces were turned towards the School House to see the jockeys emerge with their steeds.

"There they come!"

It was a sudden shout, and a general grin went round.

"Bravo, Silver!"

"Bravo, Lovell!"

Lovell, the Fistical Four's jockey, had stepped into view in the sunshine, clad in true jockey fashion, the costume, having been obtained from the costumier at Coombe.

Lovell sported a pink silk, and wore a jockey-cap on the back of his head, and in order to make the thing more realistic, he had a straw in his mouth.

He led his "steed" by the bridle. Jimmy Silver was the steed, and he was in football shorts, and the bridle consisted of a highly-decorative pair of braces.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Silver!"

Loud cheers greeted the Fistical Four as they came down to the racing-ground, Raby following with a huge bell in his hand.

In another moment Tommy Cook emerged from the house in green silk, leading Tommy Dodd by the bridle. Dodd had bound dusters about his knees to protect them from the ground, and though it was certainly a wise precau-

tion, it gave him a rather odd appearance.

"Doddy's got the staggers," said Hooker. "He's not fit to run. He ought to be scratched!"

"I'll scratch you, if you don't cheese it!" said Dodd.

"You're a horse in this act; you can't talk!"

"Get on the course," said Raby, clanging his bell. "Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, please clear out of the way!"

Clang, clang, clang!

"Clear the course!"

"Make way there for the giddy jockeys!"

"Are you ready, Cook?" demanded Lovell.

"Quite so," said Cook.

"Gentlemen, kindly get out of the way. You may look, but you mustn't touch. Anybody giving the horses bums will be fined a penalty not exceeding forty bob or a month!"

"Oh, cheese it!" exclaimed Newcome.

"Clear the course!"

"There's nobody on the course, father!"

"The course always has to be cleared before a race begins," said Raby obstinately.

And he clanged his bell vigorously.

The jockeys led their horses upon the field, and stopped at the starting-post. Hooker was standing there, with a toy pistol, which fired real powder and shot.

"Are you ready?"

"Absolutely!"

Hooker raised the pistol, and all was breathless attention.

Pop!

"They're off!"

They were certainly off.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd had dropped on their hands and knees, and Cook and Lovell had mounted on their backs. As the pistol popped they were off—in a double sense. For as the amateur horses started, the jockeys rolled off their backs, and plumped into the grass.

There was a roar of laughter from the spectators.

"False start!" said Bulkeley, wiping his eyes. "Try again!"

The jockeys rose to their feet rather ruefully.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd were led back to the starting-post, and their riders mounted them again. Hooker was looking at his pistol in rather a puzzled way.

"They're all ready!" exclaimed Raby.

"Why don't you start them, Hooker?"

"I haven't any more powder!"

"Well, of all the asses! Fancy a starter with only one charge of powder!"

"How was I to know they were going to play the giddy goat?" demanded Hooker indignantly.

"They must be started."

"Give 'em a whoop!"

"Oh, all right," said Hooker, adopting the suggestion. "You chaps start when I let out a yell. You hear?"

"Yes; buck up!"

Hooker filled his lungs with air, and opened his mouth. He gave a yell that a Red Indian on the warpath would not have been ashamed of. Some of the juniors jumped; but the "horses" were ready, and they started.

This time the start was a success.

The course lay across the field for fifty yards, then round a pole and back again. Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd plunged through the grass in really fine style.

"Pink leads! Good old Silver!"

"Buck up, green silk!"

"Here, get along, Doddy," gasped Tommy Cook, "you're falling behind!"

Tommy Dodd bucked up, as a crowd of spectators were advising him to do, and he went bundling and bumping along at a rate that left Jimmy Silver in the rear.

The half-way post was reached first by the Modern chums, and they went whisking round it amid a roar of cheers.

"Bravo, Doddy!"

"Green silk wins!"

"Rats!" murmured Lovell. "Now, then, Jimmy, for the honour of the Fistical Four!"

"What-ho!" muttered Jimmy Silver.

He made an effort, and went round the post. Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook were already a dozen yards on the home stretch. Jimmy Silver kept it up,

and gradually crept closer. Half-way home he was only a foot behind.

"Go it, Doddy!"

"He's catching you!"

"Go it, Silver!"

"On the ball!"

The "horses" were red and perspiring with exertion now. The perspiration ran in streams down their faces, and they gasped for breath. But they stuck it out gallantly, and bumped on in splendid style.

"Pink wins!"

"Rats! Go it, green!"

"They're level!"

"Silver's ahead!"

Jimmy Silver had drawn level. Tommy Dodd made a desperate effort to get ahead again, but in vain. He was hardly equal to keeping up his present pace. The wiry leader of the Fistical Four drew ahead. He had the lead now, and he kept it.

Ahead, and further ahead. A dozen yards from home Jimmy Silver was a length in advance of his rival.

"Hurrah! Silver wins!"

Tommy Dodd put on a fierce spurt, and drew level. The result hung in the balance. Neck and neck for six yards more.

Then Jimmy Silver forged ahead again, and Tommy Dodd remained a head behind, and there was a roar.

"Silver wins!"

"Bravo, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver and Lovell had won! Tommy Dodd came in just a head behind, and the next moment he rolled on to the turf in utter exhaustion, and his jockey bumped in the grass.

A dozen fellows rushed to raise him up. He had lost, but he had made a gallant fight.

Lovell, gasping for breath, slapped Jimmy Silver on the back.

"A near thing, old chap!"

"Very close!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"But we've won! Hurrah for the Fistical Four!"

There was no doubt upon that point. The Fistical Four had won the Rookwood Derby.

THE END.

Another Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in Next Friday's Issue of the PENNY POPULAR, entitled:

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