

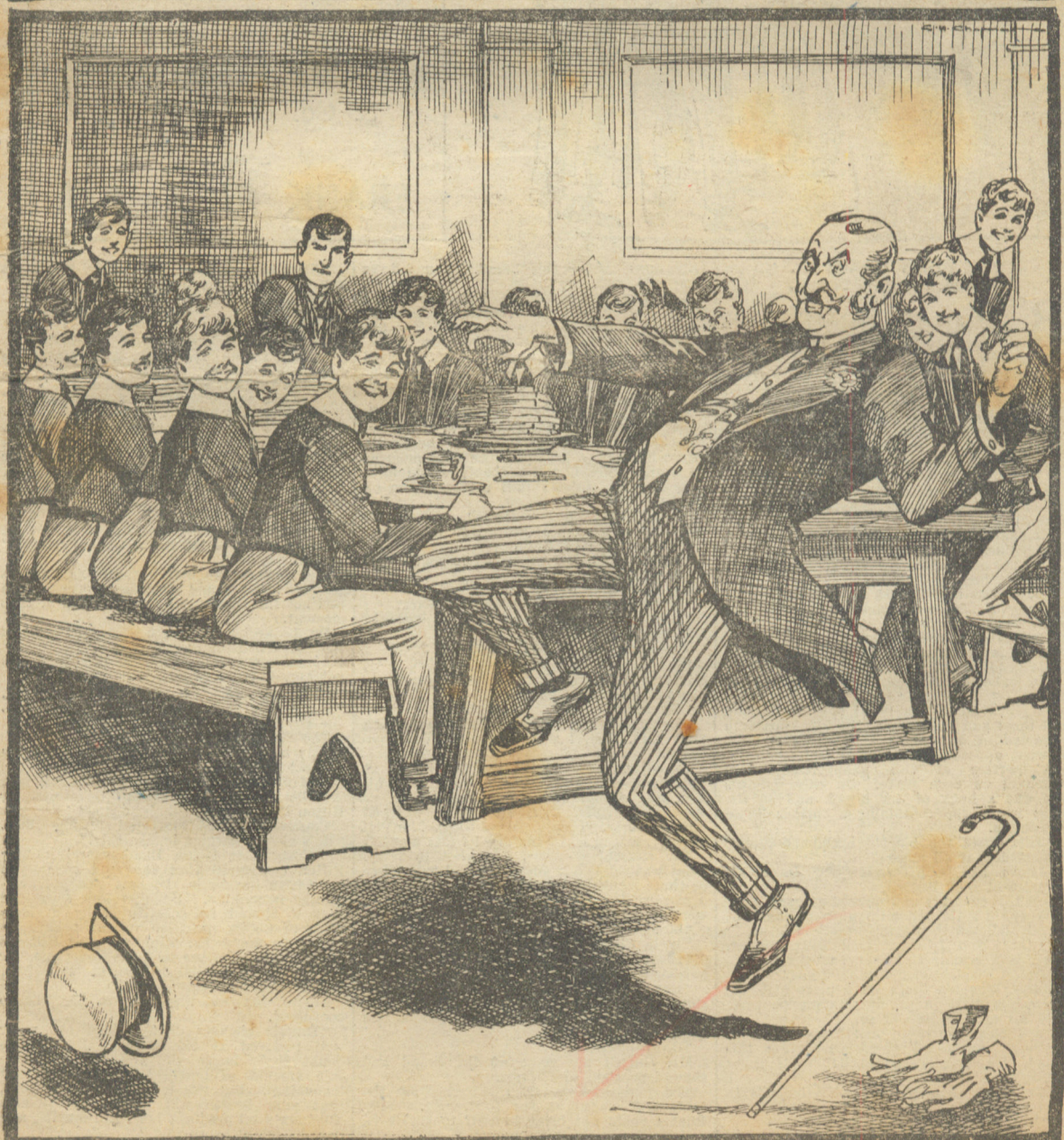
B.F. 801

THE PAPER FOR QUALITY AND QUANTITY!

The Penny **1½^d**
Popular
 No. 2. New Series. 20 PAGES.

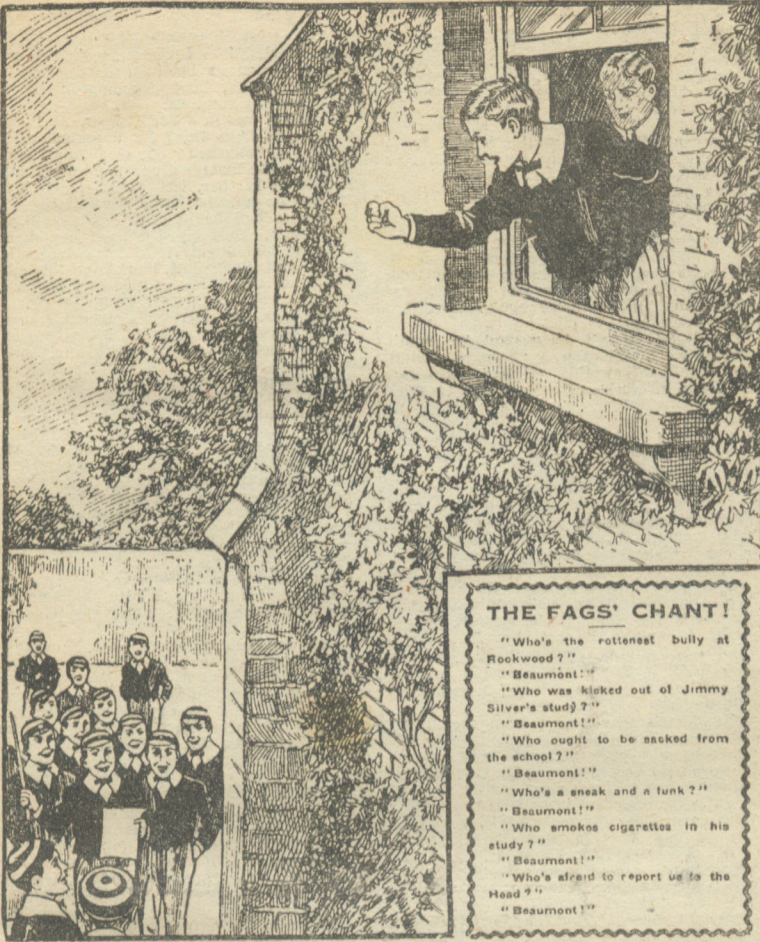
Week Ending
March 27th, 1920.

GRAND CINEMA SERIAL AND COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES.



SIR HILTON POPPER IN A RAGE!

(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Chucked Out!**

“YOW! Leggo!” Jimmy Silver heard that yell as he came upstairs. It came from the other end of the passage from the end study.

“Hallo!” ejaculated Jimmy. “Leggo, you rotter!” It was Newcome’s voice. Jimmy Silver’s brow darkened. He hurried up the passage towards the end study. Newcome was his chum, and if Newcome was in trouble it was time for Jimmy to appear on the scene.

Mornington and Townsend and Peele of the Fourth were in the passage, and they were grinning. Mornington & Co. apparently found something entertaining in the wild yells that were proceeding from the end study. They grinned more than ever at the sight of Jimmy Silver.

“Better chip in, Silver,” chuckled Mornington. “Newcome’s gettin’ it in the neck. Beaumont’s got him.” “Ha, ha, ha!” chortled Townsend and Peele. “Shut up, you rotters!” growled Jimmy Silver.

The Nuts of the Fourth were in his way, and Jimmy Silver shoved savagely through them, and hurried on. He sent Townsend reeling against a wall, and Mornington through a study doorway, and Peele sat down on the floor with a bump. Without even a glance at the scattered Nuts, Jimmy Silver ran on to his study.

The door was closed, and Jimmy flung it open and rushed in. Newcome of the Fourth was wriggling in the grasp of Beaumont, the bully of the Sixth Form.

Beaumont’s face was dark with anger. He had gripped the junior’s collar with his left hand, and with his right he was wielding his ashplant. The blows were simply raining on the wriggling, struggling, kicking Fourth-Former. Beaumont, as a prefect of the Sixth, had the right of wielding the ashplant, but certainly not in the way he was doing it now.

THE FAGS’ CHANT!

“Who’s the rottenest bully at Rookwood?”
“Beaumont!”
“Who was kicked out of Jimmy Silver’s study?”
“Beaumont!”
“Who ought to be sacked from the school?”
“Beaumont!”
“Who’s a sneak and a lunk?”
“Beaumont!”
“Who smokes cigarettes in his study?”
“Beaumont!”
“Who’s afraid to report us to the Head?”
“Beaumont!”

Jimmy did not stop to ask questions. He ran at Beaumont, hitting out. Prefect, or no prefect, Jimmy did not intend to see his chum used in that way.

His fist caught Beaumont on the side of the chin, and it caught him like a hammer. The senior uttered a howl, and staggered, releasing Newcome.

Newcome promptly jumped away. Beaumont reeled against the mantelpiece, and swung round on the captain of the Fourth.

For a moment he scarcely seemed able to realise that it was a junior of the Fourth who had struck him.

Jimmy Silver was not in the least dismayed at what he had done. He faced the Sixth-Former, with his fists clenched and his eyes glittering.

“You bullying cad!” he exclaimed. “Oh, crumbs!” groaned Newcome. “I didn’t put the jam in the beast’s slippers. I wish I had, but I didn’t.”

Beaumont panted. “Silver! You—you dare! You have struck me, a prefect!” he gasped.

“I’ll do it again fast enough if you don’t clear!” said Jimmy Silver savagely. “Back me up, Newcome, old chap. We can handle the cad between us!”

“What-ho!” said Newcome promptly. Beaumont made a furious stride at the two juniors. There was a rush of feet in the passage, and Lovell and Raby came hurrying in. They had heard of the row.

The bully of the Sixth panted. The Fistical Four always stood together, and they were evidently prepared to “mop up” the study with Beaumont, prefect as he was.

“Come on, you rotter!” said Lovell. “We’re ready!”

“Pile in!” said Raby. Beaumont gritted his teeth.

“Silver, you’ve struck a prefect! Come with me to the Head! I’ll have you flogged for it!” “Oh, I’ll come fast enough!” said Jimmy disdainfully. “You come, too, Newcome, and let Dr. Chisholm see how the bullying cad

FOUND GUILTY!

A LONG COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

— By — OWEN CONQUEST.

was licking you. I don’t think Beaumont will be a prefect much longer!”

Again the scriber paused. He knew that Newcome’s back and shoulders must be deeply marked by the brutal blows he had rained on him, and he dared not let the Head see those marks.

“Come on!” said Jimmy Silver invitingly. “We’re waiting to go to the Head, you rotten bully!”

“I—I won’t take you to the Head now!” muttered Beaumont. “But look out, Jimmy Silver—look out, you cheeky young scoundrel!”

“Oh, shut up!” said Jimmy unceremoniously. “You dare not take Newcome before the Head, and you know it, you cad! I’ve a jolly good mind to march him in and tell the Head, anyway!”

“The—the young rotter put jam in my slippers,” stammered Beaumont.

“I didn’t!” said Newcome. “But I will, I promise you that!”

“I was told you did—” “And you came here and acted like a rotten Hun, because of what some sneak told you!” exclaimed Jimmy Silver. “Collar the cad!”

Beaumont started back. “Don’t you dare!” he panted. “You can take us to the Head if you like,” said Jimmy Silver coolly. “Suit yourself about that. You’re going to be chucked out of this study on your neck!”

“You—you— Hands off!” roared Beaumont, flourishing the ashplant.

The prefect was in an awkward position. He simply dared not let his brutality come to the Head’s knowledge, and so his authority was gone. And the Fistical Four of the Fourth meant business.

“Put down that stick!” commanded Jimmy Silver.

“I—I’ll brain you if you—” “Well, what’s sauce for the gander,” said Jimmy. “If there’s any braining to be done, I’ll do my bit!”

He caught up the poker from the fender and advanced on Beaumont.

“You use that stick, and I’ll use this poker!” said Jimmy determinedly. “Now, collar him, you chaps!”

Beaumont backed away, the Fistical Four following him up.

He aimed a fierce blow at Jimmy Silver, and Jimmy neatly parried it with the poker. Then the poker fell on Beaumont’s arm, and the senior uttered a howl of anguish, and dropped the ashplant.

“I warned you,” said Jimmy coolly. “Collar him!”

Beaumont was in the grasp of the juniors the next moment. His arm was numbed, and he could not put up much of a fight, big Sixth-Former as he was, in the grasp of the four.

He was swept off his feet in the grip of four pairs of hands, and whirled to the doorway.

Outside in the passage a crowd of the Fourth had gathered.

There was a buzz of amazement and consternation at the sight of a prefect of the Sixth struggling vainly in the grasp of Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Stand clear!" shouted Jimmy Silver. The juniors, gasping, crowded back. Beaumont came hurtling from the study doorway, hurled fairly into the passage by the clumps of the Fourth.

"Bump! "Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Rawson. "Oh, Jimmy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Beaumont rolled along the passage, and sat up, quite dazed. He gave the four juniors a glare that a Hun might have envied. The Fourth-Formers looked on blankly. They had never seen a Sixth Form prefect handled like that before, and it really seemed time for the sky to fall. They expected to see Beaumont charge back at the juniors like a mad bull. But he didn't. He picked himself up, gasping for breath, and, with a deadly glance at the Fistical Four, he limped painfully away down the passage.

"Oh, my hat!" said Oswald of the Fourth. "You take the cake, Jimmy Silver! You might be sacked for it, you know!" "I don't think Beaumont will take it any further," said Jimmy. "If he does, we're ready." Now I'm going to burn his asphalt.

"Ha, ha, ha!" And in a few minutes the symbol of authority was crackling away merrily in the grate in the end study.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Morny's Programme.

PENNY for 'em, Morny!" Mornington of the Fourth was wearing a thoughtful look. Peele and Gower, his study-mates, regarded him curiously. Tea was just finished in Study No. 4, and Mornington had lighted a cigarette—his usual custom.

He looked at Peele, as he spoke, through a cloud of cigarette-smoke. There was a strange gleam in Mornington's dark, deep-set eyes.

"I've been thinkin'," he remarked. "You've been lookin' like a boiled owl for an hour or more," said Peele. "What's the row? Somethin' gone wrong with the gee-gees?"

"I'm not thinkin' about gee-gees," said Mornington. "I'm thinkin' about Jimmy Silver."

"Cheeky cad!" said Gower. "Fancy his handlin' Beaumont like that this afternoon! And Beaumont's lettin' the matter drop, it seems."

"Well, he hasn't much choice," said Peele, with a grin. "The Head would come down on him like a hundred of bricks if he knew what a rotten bully he was. I wonder Newcome doesn't tell about him, I would."

"And it wasn't Newcome put the jam in his slippers," grinned Gower. "I wonder who did it?"

"Somebody told Beaumont it was Newcome."

"I told him," said Mornington. "By gad! You did?"

Mornington nodded calmly. "I—I say, that was rather thick, Morny," said Peele uneasily. "The fellows would be awfully down on you for sneakin' if they knew."

"You can tell them if you like," said Mornington, with a sneer. "I sha'n't do that, of course. But it was rather thick."

"Beaumont's always been down on that study," said Mornington. "They're too cheeky for him. But I wanted to make him bitter—and, by gad, it's turned out better than I expected! He can't forgive them for bootin' him out of the study, with half the Fourth Form lookin' on. The fags are crackin' over it no end, and Beaumont hardly dare show his face in public."

"But"—Peele looked very uncomfortable—"sneakin' is a bit thick. An' that chap Newcome isn't such a bad sort, in his way. What are you down on him for?"

"I'm down on anybody who backs up Jimmy Silver. But I don't care twopence about Newcome. It was to get Beaumont more down than ever on Jimmy Silver that I did it. I know that cheeky cad would chip in!"

"But I don't see—" "I've told you before that there isn't room at Rookwood for Jimmy Silver and me," said

Mornington between his set teeth. "One of us has got to go!"

"Yes, you've said so, but it's all rot. Jimmy Silver won't go to please you, I suppose."

"I'm goin' to make him!" "Make him leave Rookwood!" said Gower, with a stare.

"Yes." "You can't do it. He wouldn't leave Rookwood unless he had to; and he won't have to unless he's sacked!"

"He's goin' to be sacked." "Jimmy Silver—sacked!"

"Yes." "You're talkin' out of your hat," said

Peele. "Why should he be sacked? Come to that, you're more likely to be sacked than he is. If the Head knew you smoked, an' gambled, an' betted with bookmakers, an' broke bounds—"

"The Head doesn't know an' he won't know," said Mornington. "I know Jimmy Silver won't do anythin' to be sacked for. But it can be worked, an' I'm goin' to work it."

"Morny!" "Shocked, I suppose?" sneered Mornington.

"I suppose you'd be as glad as I to see the cad go? He's down on our set. We can't have a quiet game in the study—we can't get up a Form sweepstake—we can't do anythin' we want, so long as that prig is captain of the Fourth. A lot of fellows who would join our set are kept back by Jimmy Silver. He's down on smokin' an' card-playin', and havin' a good time generally. He keeps me out of the footer. An' he's captain of the Fourth—an' I'm goin' to be captain of the Fourth. I can't while he's here."

"But you can't do it," said Peele, who was rather pale now. "What rotten scheme have you got in your head now, Morny?"

"Beaumont's goin' to help." "Oh! That's why you've been suckin' up to Beaumont all this time."

"He's been suckin' up to me, you mean!" said Mornington scornfully. "He bets on gee-gees, an' he's got into scrapes, an' I've helped him out. He owes me more than ten quid."

"Beaumont does!" ejaculated Peele. "You mean to say that a Sixth-Form prefect borrows of you—a Fourth-Former!"

Mornington laughed mockingly. "Beaumont would have borrowed of the Gentleman in Black himself to get out of his scrape," he said. "I knew from Joey Hook the fix he was in, an' I offered to lend him the money. He jumped at it. He's under my thumb now. If it came out that a prefect borrowed money in the Fourth, it would be bad for Beaumont."

"I fancy he would deny it," said Peele, with a shrug of the shoulders. "He couldn't deny his signature on the I O U he gave me," said Mornington coolly. "I didn't part with the money without his acknowledgment, of course. I can do what I like with Beaumont."

"But—but," Peele stammered, "Beaumont wouldn't join you in—in anythin' rotten against Silver!"

"Not after what's happened this afternoon?" sneered Mornington. "I fancy he'll jump at it. But he's got to, anyway."

"Oh, Morny!" "I'm not goin' to tell you anythin' about it," said Mornington, with a sneer. "You needn't be afraid; you don't stand to risk anythin'. But it's come to a finish between Jimmy Silver and me. One of us has got to go under—and it won't be me!"

The dandy of the Fourth threw his cigarette into the grate, and lounged out of the study.

Peele and Gower looked at one another, with almost scared faces.

"He means it!" muttered Gower. "Peele drew a deep breath.

"I'd be glad to see Silver sacked!" he said. "We've never had a show since the interferin' cad came to Rookwood! But—but I'm not goin' to have a hand in anythin' of the kind, I know that."

"Same here," said Gower. "I wish Morny luck; but he can leave me out. I'm not goin' to know anythin' about it."

Morny's pals were quite determined on that point. And, glad as they would have been to see their pal in Jimmy Silver's place as captain of the Rookwood Fourth, they could not help feeling anxious and uneasy. Well they knew Mornington's reckless and unscrupulous character; but they knew Jimmy Silver, too, and they could not help feeling that it was probable that Jimmy would not, after all, get the worst of the contest.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Precious Pair.

BEAUMONT of the Sixth looked up with a scowl as his door opened without a knock, and Mornington of the Fourth came in.

Beaumont was in a bad temper. It was no light thing for a prefect of the Sixth to be "chucked" out of a junior study, and to let the matter drop. Beaumont dared not take it farther, lest worse should befall him, but he felt the humiliation keenly. All the juniors had heard of it, and were grinning over it. Bulkeley, the head-prefect, had spoken to him about it in rather plain language. And Beaumont had several troublesome aches and pains as souvenirs of his encounter with the Fistical Four.

Altogether, he was in a Hunnish mood, and he scowled savagely at Mornington.

"You cheeky fag, can't you knock at a door?" he snapped.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders, and closed the door.

He did not stand on ceremony with Beaumont.

Though one was in the Sixth and the other in the Fourth, there was a great deal in common between the two.

Both had manners and customs that they did their best to keep strictly secret, and for which they would have been expelled if the Head of Rookwood had known them better.

Beaumont was a "sportsman," as he called it, and an arrant backguard, though probably not quite such a black sheep as the dandy of the Fourth.

There was this difference—that Mornington had more money than he ever wanted, and could afford to lose it, while Beaumont was sometimes in difficulties owing to unlucky speculations. And the prefect had more than once put his pride in his pocket, and accepted loans from the wealthy junior.

The obligation was an irksome one to him, and it did not make him feel grateful or affectionate towards Mornington.

But he was careful to keep civil, as a rule. It was in the power of the Sixth-Form prefect to help the rascally junior in many ways—in giving him passes out of gates after locking-up, and other ways. Beaumont did that, and other things, with as good a grace as he could. He disliked Mornington, and feared him a little, junior as he was.

But the prefect was in so savage a temper at the present moment that he forgot the necessity of being civil to his creditor.

"You cheeky rat!" he exclaimed, starting up. "Have you come here for a licking? You've come to the right place."

He caught up a cane from his table. Mornington looked at him with cool insolence.

"You can keep that for Jimmy Silver," he said. "Don't play the giddy goat, Beaumont. It won't pay with me!"

"You insolent young cad—"

"Better language, please!" said Mornington, with a glitter in his eyes.

"By gad! I'll—"

"You'll put that cane down!" said Mornington. "I've come here on business. Perhaps it would be convenient to settle up, Beaumont?"

Beaumont flung the cane on the table.

"It wouldn't!" he growled. "Are you holding that over my head, you blackmailing little scoundrel?"

Mornington laughed.

"The Sixth would have somethin' to say if they knew you raised loans among the fags," he remarked.

"You pressed your filthy money on me, and I was in a hole!" muttered Beaumont. "I was a fool to touch it. I know that now."

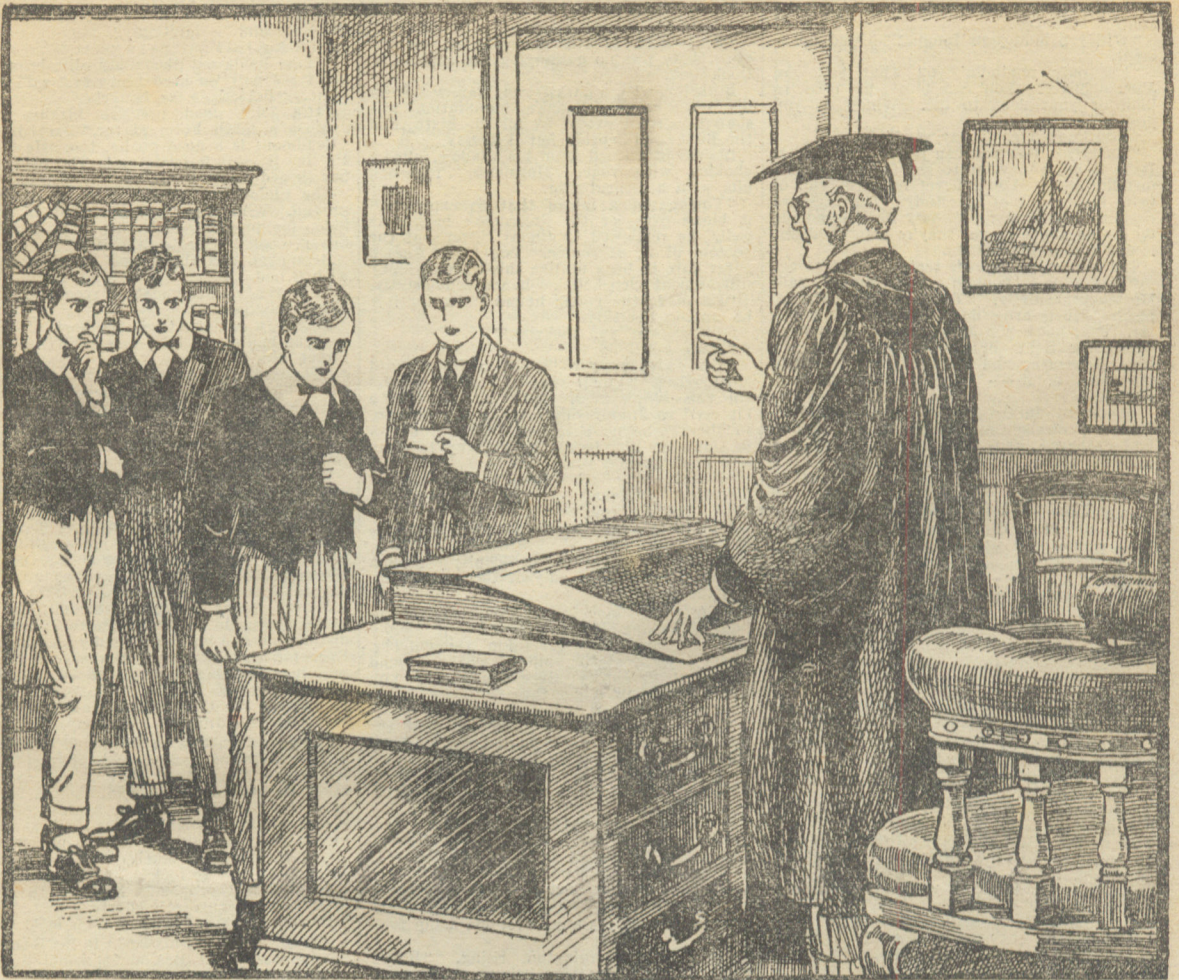
"You hadn't any choice. Joey Hook wouldn't have waited any longer for what you owed him."

"He might. I—"

"He wouldn't. And he won't wait much longer for what you owe him still," said Mornington coolly—"not unless I ask him to. He won't do anythin' unless I ask him to. He won't do anythin' I don't want."

"I suppose he makes a good bit out of you?" sneered Beaumont, seating himself again. He realised that it would not do to allow himself the pleasure of licking the cad of the Fourth.

"I dare say he does. I never count my money," said Mornington, with a touch of his usual purse-proud arrogance. "I can afford to pay up when I lose. You'd be in a hole again if Hook started worrying you for the money."



"Silver, I am inexpressibly shocked!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles' deep voice. "Wretched boy, you have ruined yourself and disgraced your school! Remain here until you are sent for by the Head to receive your sentence of expulsion from Rookwood!" (See page 18.)

"I know that."
 "I've asked him to go easy."
 Beaumont bit his lip. He knew that he owed a respite to Mornington's good offices, but the humiliation made him writhe. There was anything but gratitude in the glance he gave the junior.
 "Thank you!" he muttered. "About your money, I hope to be able to raise it in a week or two."
 "You needn't trouble. I don't believe you could, anyway."
 "Did you lend me the money thinking that I couldn't repay it?" sneered Beaumont.
 Mornington nodded.
 "Certainly! I knew that you couldn't pay it. It suited me to be friendly."
 Beaumont gritted his teeth. Friendliness from a junior in the Fourth was a bitter pill for the Sixth-Former to swallow.
 "If paid you to have a prefect to help you in your rotten scrapes, you mean," he growled. "Well, I've done that. If you haven't come for your money, get out!"
 "Never mind the money," said Mornington. "A tanner doesn't make any difference to me—or half-a-dozen tenners, for that matter. I could lend you the money to square right up with Joey Hook if I liked without missin' it."
 "I know you're rollin' in it!" sneered Beaumont. "All Rookwood knows that. You let them hear enough about your money."
 "Some of them are glad to get their fingers on it, anyway," said Mornington composedly. "You among the rest."
 "Look here—"
 "But I haven't come here about that. It's about Jimmy Silver."
 Beaumont's eyes blazed.
 "Hang Jimmy Silver! Don't talk to me

about the young hound!" he broke out furiously. "I'll make him suffer yet for his cheek!"
 "That's what I mean."
 "Eh? What do you mean?"
 "Makin' Jimmy Silver suffer," said Mornington, with a gleam in his eyes.
 "If you've come here sneaking, you can go somewhere else. You told lies about Newcome."
 "You're up against Jimmy Silver," said Mornington, "so am I. I like him no more than you do."
 "I'm not up against a kid in the Fourth!" said Beaumont, with an attempt at dignity. "Don't talk cheeky rot!"
 "You hate him," said Mornington calmly. "Don't mount the high horse with me, Beaumont. It's no use, you know. Well, I'm up against him. He's been against me ever since I've been here—"
 "Yes, I've heard about it. He's down on your rotten tricks!" snarled Beaumont.
 "How would you like Jimmy Silver to be kicked out of Rookwood?" asked Mornington, unheeding.
 "I'd give a term's pocket-money to see it. No chance of that, though."
 "That's what's goin' to happen."
 Beaumont bent forward, his eyes glistening.
 "Do you mean to say that you know something about Silver that he could be sacked for?" he muttered breathlessly. "By gad! Do you?"
 "He's never done anythin' to be sacked for. He can't be made to. I've thought of that, and it's N.G. But somethin' could be put on him."
 "What rot!"
 "And you're goin' to do it."
 "What!"

"As a prefect, you're the man," said Mornington, with deadly coolness. "Jimmy Silver kicked you out of his study—"
 "Hold your tongue, confound you!"
 "And you can get level by havin' him kicked out of Rookwood," smiled Mornington. "One good turn deserves another."
 "I'd do it if I could, I suppose. But it's not possible. What silly rot have you got in your head?"
 "I've thought it out. Suppose you had a five-pound note stolen from your study—"
 "I haven't a five-pound note, you fool, and if I had, do you think Jimmy Silver would steal it, you idiot? You might!"
 "I could find the fiver easily enough."
 "Are you dotty?" said Beaumont savagely.
 "You know well enough that Silver wouldn't touch it if I shoved it right under his nose! He's a cheeky cub, but he's not a thief."
 "I know that. But if the fiver were found hidden in the linin' of his jacket, after you'd raised Cain about it bein' stolen, all Rookwood would believe that he was a thief."
 Beaumont started violently.
 "You confounded young scoundrel!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "You dare to come and propose such a thing to me—a prefect, too!"
 "Keep your wool on!" said Mornington, unmoved. "I'm proposin' it to a gamblin' outsider, who'd be booted out of Rookwood himself if the Head knew what I could tell him. Don't put on virtuous airs with me. They won't go down. Keep your temper, unless you want your IOU to be pinned upon the wall of the Common-room for all Rookwood to see."
 "You blackmailing young hound!" muttered Beaumont.
 Mornington laughed.

"Did you enjoy bein' kicked out of Silver's study?" he asked.

"Will you hold your tongue?" hissed Beaumont.

"I'm only remindin' you what you owe Jimmy Silver. You can pay your debt to him, or your debt to me. Which do you prefer?"

"You know I can't pay you!"

"Exactly! But you can pay Jimmy Silver. Dash it all, you want to see the last of the meddlin' cad! You'll never hear the end of bein' kicked out of his study. The fags are cacklin' over it now. Tommy Dodd is makin' up a song about it, an' they're goin' to chant it under your window."

The prefect ground his teeth.

"You're not popular, you know," said Mornington calmly. "Twistin' fags' ears an' pinchin' their arms doesn't make you popular. They know you aren't take this matter before the Head, because he'd see how you used Newcome, and they're goin' to make the most of it—My hat! There they are!"

Beaumont turned hastily to the window. In the quadrangle outside a crowd of juniors had gathered, and a buzz of voices floated into the study.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Nice for Beaumont!

BEAUMONT stared savagely from the study window.

A dozen or more juniors had gathered there—both Moderns and Classicals—of the Fourth and the Third. Prominent among them was Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth, with his chums, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle. The three Tommies were grinning over a paper Dodd held in his hand.

"Now, all together when I give the signal!" said Tommy Dodd, raising his hand.

"Beaumont's at home!" chuckled Doyle. "There he is at the window!"

The juniors gave a yell.

"Yah! Bully!"

Beaumont glared out at the crowd. At any other time he would have sallied forth with a cane. But the hapless bully was only anxious now for the affair to drop and be forgotten. He almost trembled at the thought of the Head's wrath if Dr. Chisholm should see the marks he had left on Newcome's back. The juniors had the upper hand for once, and they meant to let the bully of the Sixth understand it. Beaumont understood it only too well.

"Clear off, you fags!" he called from the window.

"Yah!"

"Bully!"

"Rotter!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Mornington, keeping out of sight in the study, grinned. Tommy Dodd's little demonstration could not have happened better for his purpose.

"Order!" rapped out Tommy Dodd. "We've come here to give Beaumont a serenade, not to yell. Now, then!"

"Will you clear off?" howled Beaumont.

"No fear!"

"Yah!"

"Don't you like serenades, Beaumont?" chuckled Oswald. "Go it!"

And the fags began to chant:

"Who's the rottenest bully in Rookwood?"

"Beaumont!"

"Who was kicked out of Jimmy Silver's study?"

"Beaumont!"

"Who ought to be sacked from the school?"

"Beaumont!"

"Who's a sneak and a funk?"

"Beaumont!"

"Who smokes cigarettes in his study?"

"Beaumont!"

"Who's afraid to report us to the Head?"

"Beaumont!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Beaumont's face was white with rage. The merry fags were warning to their work, and their united voices rang across the quadrangle. Beaumont was in momentary dread of a master coming on the scene.

Fortunately for him, Bulkeley of the Sixth was in his study, and he threw up the window and looked out, frowning.

"Silence there!" he called out.

"Oh, really, Bulkeley, we're only serenading Beaumont!" said Tommy Dodd, in an injured tone.

"Cut off at once!" said the captain of Rookwood, frowning. "Do you hear? I'll be out with a cane in two jiffies!"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 62.

"I say, Bulkeley—"

"Cut off!" roared Bulkeley.

The juniors, greatly disappointed, cleared off. There was no gaining the captain of Rookwood.

Bulkeley, with a dark frown, slammed down his window. Beaumont's humiliation was shared to some extent by all the Sixth, and the Rookwood captain felt it keenly.

Beaumont turned from his window, almost choking with rage. Mornington regarded him with a cynical grin.

"You've got a lot of that to expect: till it blows over, or till Newcome's back gets well," he remarked. "Jimmy Silver's at the bottom of it, of course. You know, they'd never dare to back up like this without him."

Beaumont clenched his hands convulsively. "I'll make the young hound suffer for it!" he muttered thickly.

"I'm showin' you the way!"

"Hang you!"

"It's as easy as rollin' off a form," said Mornington. "You'll have to wait a few days till this blows over, that's all, and be a bit civil to Jimmy Silver for a day or two, so there'll be no suspicion. Then you can be down on him before he gets up to some new trick against you."

"I can't do it. It—it's too risky!" muttered Beaumont.

"No risk for you."

"But—but about the banknote; if it's to be put somewhere—"

Beaumont's scruples had evidently vanished, and he was thinking only of the possibilities and the risk.

"You won't have to do that," said Mornington, sinking his voice. "You'll simply miss the banknote—after taking the number. There'll be a search, an' it will be found hidden about Jimmy Silver somewhere. You won't know how it got there."

"You mean, you will—"

"Never mind that. I guarantee that the fiver turns up where it's wanted and when it's wanted. That's enough for you."

"I shouldn't really know whether he'd stolen it or not, if it's like that," the Sixth-Former muttered.

"Of course you wouldn't," said Mornington, his lip curling. "In fact, you'd not know he had stolen it, unless he could explain. If he can explain, he's welcome to. He'll have a fair inquiry and strict justice."

"I—I—I think about it," muttered the prefect, passing his hand over his damp forehead.

"Do!" said Mornington, rising. "Better think at the same time where you're goin' to get ten pound from to settle with me if you don't do as I suggest. And think, at the same time, how you're goin' to deal with Joey Hook when he puts the screw on, as he will at a tip from me."

"Get out of my study, you—you criminal!" said Beaumont hoarsely.

Mornington laughed, and lounged out of the study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Missing Money.

BEST if I can catch on!" said Jimmy Silver.

The captain of the Rookwood Fourth was puzzled.

It was three or four days after the affair in the end study, and Beaumont of the Sixth had been reminded of that affair again and again till he was weary of the subject—quite weary.

The Fistical Four had expected the prefect to be "down" on them with a more terrific "down" than ever.

To their amazement Beaumont had pulled in his horns, so to speak, in the most remarkable way.

More surprising than all, he had told Newcome that he was sorry he had licked him so severely.

Beaumont's civility was amazing.

It really looked as if he had received good from the lesson the Co. had given him, and had resolved to turn over a new leaf.

That was a possible explanation; but Jimmy Silver admitted that it was unlikely. Beaumont was too confirmed a bully to change his habits all of a sudden. Yet he had changed them—at least, so far as the Fistical Four were concerned.

And Jimmy Silver confessed that he did not catch on.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were puzzled, too.

"Well, if the cad's turning over a new leaf, it will give our study a rest," remarked Lovell. "Let's get down to the footer."

Beaumont asked me to fag at goal-practice with him," said Jimmy.

"Oh, my hat!"

"If he holds out the giddy olive-branch, I don't see why we need be rusty," said Newcome. "Better do as he asks."

"It's jolly good practice kicking goals against a Sixth Form player," said Jimmy. "Beaumont is a good goal, too. He knows I'd like it. But it beats me! The giddy lion has turned into a lamb, and no mistake!"

The juniors walked down to the football-ground. While Lovell & Co. went to Little Side, for practice with the juniors, Jimmy Silver crossed over to Big Side.

Beaumont was there, and he greeted him with a nod.

"I'm ready, Beaumont, if you are," said Jimmy civilly.

Jimmy was not at all the sort of fellow to bear malice, and he was quite willing to forget old troubles.

"Thanks!" said Beaumont. "You're a very smart kick at goal, Silver, and I think you'll be useful. Still, you're not my fag, and if you don't want—"

"I don't mind a bit; in fact, I'd like it," said Jimmy.

"Then run up to my study for my ball," said Beaumont.

"Right-ho!"

Jimmy cut off to the House, and Beaumont threw off his coat and went into goal. Beaumont was hoping to keep goal for the first eleven in the next match, and he was keen on practice.

Jimmy Silver played centre-half in the junior eleven, but he could play forward with distinction, and he was a deadly kick at goal. Even for a senior player it was good enough practice stopping Jimmy's shots. Still, it was an honour from a Sixth-Former and a member of the First Eleven, and it was very surprising from Jimmy's old enemy.

Jimmy returned with Beaumont's footer in a few minutes, and the practice began. Beaumont found that it was not easy to keep the leather out of goal, though he had only one player to defend against. Jimmy had a trick of changing his foot suddenly in the most unexpected way, which puzzled the goalkeeper. Bulkeley and Neville and Knowles paused to look on, and they grinned when the leather passed between the posts in spite of Beaumont's efforts.

Beaumont gave Jimmy a dark look.

Jimmy was doing his best; in his innocence he supposed that Beaumont would be glad of some really hard work in goal. But Beaumont was not at all pleased for the captain of Rookwood to see that he could not keep his citadel intact against a junior.

"That'll do!" said Beaumont curtly. "Take the ball to my study, Silver."

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy cheerily.

"You can't play Beaumont in goal, Bulkeley," Knowles was remarking as Jimmy Silver walked away with the ball. "Frampton's your man. I suppose you're not bent on putting in a Classical?" added Knowles, with a slight sneer.

"I shall put in the best goalkeeper, you can depend on that," answered Bulkeley, in his cheery way, apparently not noticing the Modern prefect's sneer. "Beaumont, old man, you'll have to buck up a bit if you're going to keep goal for the First. I should hardly have thought you'd let a fag beat you in goal."

Beaumont griffed his teeth.

"It was really an accident, of course," he said.

"Oh, rot!" said Bulkeley. "Silver is a tricky little beggar; he beat you fair and square, and you oughtn't to have let him. You'll have to grind a bit at practice."

Beaumont walked away without replying, his brow very dark.

He returned to his study.

His football lay there, where Jimmy Silver had replaced it. Beaumont closed the door, and paced to and fro in the study.

"He's been here, and nobody else with him," he muttered. "He can't deny that. And—and the banknote—when I say it's missing—" He wiped his brow with his handkerchief. "Hang him! Hang him! He's done me out of my chance for the First Eleven very likely! Hang him!"

Neville of the Sixth came into the study a little later, and found Beaumont at work at his table.

"Busy?" asked Neville. "I was going to remind you that you haven't paid your sub."

"I told you this morning I hadn't any change," said Beaumont, without looking up.

"Unless you can change a five for me, I can't pay up."

"Just what I can do. I've brought the club funds along to change your giddy five!" grinned Neville. "Shell out, dear boy!"

"Right you are!"

Beaumont rose, and opened the table drawer. He fumbled in it, and then, with a startled look, made a careful examination in the drawer.

"That's queer," he said at last.

"What's queer?" asked Neville grimly.

"The five doesn't seem to be here."

"I thought that perhaps it mightn't be," said Neville drily. "Look here, Beaumont, if you can't pay up, I suppose I shall have to give you time; but don't spin me any fairy-tales, you know!"

Beaumont flushed.

"I don't know what you mean," he said hotly. "I had a five from my uncle, and it was in this drawer. I put it under a book for safety."

"Better have locked it up, I should think."

"I don't see why I should lock my money up. I suppose there isn't a thief at Rookwood, is there?"

"I hope not," smiled Neville. "Well, have another look, and let's see the merry five. I'm rather curious to see it."

Beaumont drew the drawer bodily out of the table, and turned it upside down. Then he went over the contents methodically, examining each article separately. Neville watched him with growing impatience. The club secretary's opinion was that Beaumont was stony, and was going through a little comedy for his benefit.

"Well, can you find it?" he asked.

"It's not here!"

"Well, let me have your sub as soon as you can," said Neville, turning to the door. "It isn't easy to keep accounts with fellows keeping their subs back half through the football season!"

"Hold on!" said Beaumont. "Look here, Neville, this is rather a serious matter. I left that banknote in the drawer. It was there when I went down to the footer this afternoon."

Neville turned back, and looked at him sharply.

"Look here, Beaumont, did you really have a five, or is it some more of your blessed swank?" he asked bluntly.

"I tell you I had it from my uncle!" said Beaumont savagely. "I've got the number here in my pocket-book if you want to see it."

Neville appeared convinced.

"Well, if you had it, it must be here somewhere," he said briskly. "Better have a good look for it."

"It isn't here."

"Look in your pockets."

"I left it in the drawer," said Beaumont. "I looked at it before I went out to the footer. I was thinking of putting it in my pocket, but I decided not to. It was there then."

Neville's face became very grave.

"Do you mean to say that it's been taken, Beaumont?"

"Isn't it plain enough?" said Beaumont tartly. "It was here, and it isn't here now."

"That's jolly serious. You'd better have a pretty thorough search before you tell anybody you've missed money. I'll help you."

The two seniors made a search of the study. Beaumont turned out all his pockets

very carefully. But the banknote was not found.

"You say you had the number?" said Neville at last.

"Here it is, in my pocket-book—0002468," said Beaumont.

"Better come with me and see Bulkeley about it. It's a rotten affair!"

Beaumont nodded, and, with a flushed face, followed Neville down the passage to the Rookwood captain's study.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Under Suspicion.

BULKELEY heard the story with a grim brow.

"You ought to have put your banknote in a safe place!" he growled when Beaumont had finished.

"The place was safe enough!" said Beaumont sullenly. "Nobody goes to that drawer but myself; and it was put under a book, too. Somebody must have heard me speaking to Neville about it, and must have taken it while I was on the footer-ground."

"Do you know whether anybody went to your study? Your bag—"

"My bag hasn't been there that I know of. He doesn't go there till tea-time."

"Anybody else?"

"I sent Silver of the Fourth there, to fetch my ball. He went there again to take it back after I'd finished."

Bulkeley started.

"Jimmy Silver?"

"Yes."

"He couldn't have touched it. I couldn't believe that for a moment—I know the kid too well."

Beaumont shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm not suggestin' anythin' of the sort! You asked me whether anybody had been to the study."

"Nobody else that you know of?"

"Nobody."

Bulkeley paced to and fro for some moments, his brow deeply contracted. The affair was bitterly annoying to the captain of Rookwood. The honour of the school was very dear to him, and the discovery that there was a thief at Rookwood came to him as a great shock.

"And you're certain it was there?" he asked at last.

"I saw it just before I went down to the footer."

"To be quite plain, Beaumont, did you have a five at all? I don't want to offend you, but you're a bit given to swanking, and if you say you've lost a five-pound note, you'll be called upon to prove that you ever had one."

Beaumont bit his lip hard.

"I've got the number here," he said. "I always take the numbers of notes in case of accidents. And the note can't be found. It isn't much more than an hour since it was taken, and the thief can hardly have got rid of it yet. If Silver took it, he must still have it about him, I should think, unless he's gone out."

Neville pointed to the window.

The Fistical Four were passing, going down towards the gates. Football practice was over, and the chums of the Fourth were going out.

Bulkeley hastily raised the window and called:

"Silver!"

"Hallo?" said Jimmy, turning round.

"Come here."

"Yes, Bulkeley!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. came up to the study window. Bulkeley's eyes searched the honest, frank face of the captain of the Fourth. It was not easy to fancy that that frank, cheery schoolboy could be guilty of theft.

"You were going out?" asked Bulkeley.

"Yes; down to Coombe. Anything I can do for you there?"

"Have you been out since you were fagging for Beaumont on Big Side?"

"No; I've been at practice with the Fourth."

"What are you going out for?" asked Bulkeley.

"Going down to Mrs. Wicks', in Coombe," said Jimmy Silver. "We're going to have rather a spread in the study at tea this time."

"Oh!" said Bulkeley. "You're going to have a spread, are you?"

"Yes, I'm in funds."

Bulkeley started, and Beaumont and Neville exchanged a quick glance.

"In funds?" repeated Bulkeley.

"Yes, rather; rolling in merry oof!"

"Where did you get it?"

Jimmy stared.

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions, you know!" said Jimmy, secure in the fact that he was outside and Bulkeley inside. "Still, I don't mind telling you, as you're a good boy. I've had a postal-order from my pater."

"Show me the postal-order, Silver," said Bulkeley.

"Certainly!" said Jimmy, in great wonder.

He extracted a ten-shilling postal-order from his pocket, and held it out for inspection.

"All serene!" said Bulkeley, greatly relieved. "You haven't any money beside this?"

"Yes, rather! One-and-a-tanner!" said Jimmy. "If you're on the rocks, Bulkeley, the tanner's at your service."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.

The idea of the high-and-mighty captain of Rookwood borrowing sixpence from a Fourth-Former tickled them.

"Don't be a cheeky young ass!" said Bulkeley, with a smile. "There's something rather serious happened, Silver; that's why I'm asking you questions. Don't run away with the idea that I suspect you—I don't."

"Suspect me!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Beaumont has missed money from his study."

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"And as you went there, I'm bound to question you. That's all."

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"That's all right, Bulkeley! Fire away with your questions!" he said. "I know you wouldn't be rotter enough to think I'd touched Beaumont's money."

Bulkeley coughed.

"Did you go to Beaumont's table drawer?"

"Of course I didn't."

"Did you know he had a five-pound note there?"

"No!"

"Did you know he had a five-pound note at all?"

"I dare say I did, if I'd thought of it," said Jimmy. "I heard Beaumont speaking to Neville about it this morning in the pas-



"The Hooded Man!"

NEW TALES of ROBIN HOOD.

If you like thrilling stories of mystery and adventure you must not miss this grand new series. Each story teems with exciting incidents in which ROBIN HOOD, prince of outlaws of the days of old, plays a leading part. Read one and you will want to read them all. The first appears To-Day in

ROBIN HOOD

1s.

LIBRARY.

A Grand, Complete Story Paper.

sage. I couldn't help it, as he spoke right under my nose."

"Did you know Beaumont kept money in that drawer?"

"Not at all. Never knew anything about his money, and never cared twopence for it, or for Beaumont either!"

Beaumont gritted his teeth at that remark. Bulkeley paused. Jimmy Silver had answered his questions freely and frankly, and it seemed absolutely impossible to suspect him.

"Well, you'd better not go out, Silver," said Bulkeley at last. "You see, it wouldn't do till this is cleared up. Go to your study and wait till I come. I must speak to Mr. Bootles about what's to be done."

"Hold on!" broke in Beaumont. "I don't say Silver had the note—I don't even suggest it. But if he has it, he's got it about him, and was going out to change it, I should say. Let somebody go with him to his study, and see that he doesn't get rid of it."

"You can all come if you like," said Jimmy Silver disdainfully. "I'll eat all the banknotes you find about me!"

"It's just as well," said Bulkeley. "Don't think you're suspected, Silver; you're not. But you can see for yourself that we've got to go into the matter."

"Oh, yes; that's all right, Bulkeley! I don't want to get out of your sight. One of you can escort me home!" grinned Jimmy. "Will you jump out of the window, or shall I jump in? Any old thing!"

Bulkeley laughed.

"You jump in!" he said.

"Right-ho!"

Jimmy Silver clambered in lightly at the study window.

"Take him to his study, Neville, will you, and stay with him a bit till Mr. Bootles comes," said Bulkeley.

"Come on, Silver!" said Neville.

"I'm your man!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

And he followed Neville into the study.

And Bulkeley and Beaumont proceeded to seek the master of the Fourth.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Guilty!

JIMMY SILVER'S chums joined him in the end study.

Neville of the Sixth sat down on the table, very quiet and grave. But the chums of the Fourth were not very grave. They did not take the matter seriously at all.

Indeed, the only trouble they had just then was that they were hungry after footer practice, and that this affair meant putting off tea indefinitely.

There were footsteps in the passage, and Mr. Bootles entered the study, followed by Bulkeley and Beaumont.

"Ahem! Silver," he said, "this is a most unpleasant occurrence—most unpleasant! What—what! It appears that a banknote has been taken from a drawer in Beaumont's study, and nobody but yourself is known to have entered the room during his absence. I cannot suspect for a single moment that you are guilty of theft, Silver."

"Thank you, sir!" said Jimmy.

"But Beaumont thinks—and I think—that as you were in the study alone about the time the note disappeared, it would be judicious to deal with you first of all. Bear in mind, Silver, that it is for your own sake."

"I understand that, sir."

"You have no objection, then, to being searched, Silver?" asked Mr. Bootles, blinking at him.

Jimmy flushed a little.

"Not at all, sir, if you think it best," he said.

"For your own sake, Silver, it should be established as quickly as possible that the banknote is not in your possession. This can only be done by a search."

"Very well, sir."

"Bulkeley, may I request you make a search of Silver's person? A most unpleasant duty, Bulkeley—most unpleasant. Ahem! Ahem! But we are all called upon to perform unpleasant duties at times."

"I will do as you ask, sir," said Bulkeley reluctantly.

It was, as the Form-master remarked, an unpleasant task, but it had to be done, and Bulkeley stepped forward. He ran his hands through Jimmy Silver's pockets.

"The lining is split in your pocket, Silver," he said.

"Is it?" said Jimmy. "These things will

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 62.

happen, you know, Bulkeley. I dare say you had gammy pockets sometimes when you were in the Fourth."

"Ahem! Ahem!" said Mr. Bootles.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bulkeley suddenly.

A crisp rustling had caught his ear, faint but unmistakable, as he felt methodically over the jacket to make sure that nothing was concealed under the lining.

He groped carefully, and his fingers closed upon rustling paper. His face was quite pale with the shock.

Jimmy Silver started. The expression on Bulkeley's face startled and scared him.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "You haven't found anything in my jacket—I know that!"

"Bulkeley," panted Lovell, "what are you looking like that for? What's the matter?"

Raby and Newcome stood as if frozen. There was only one possible significance in Bulkeley's strange look.

The Rookwood captain's hand came into view from the lining of the jacket. In his fingers was a rustling banknote.

Jimmy Silver gazed at it, speechless. His chums gazed at it, scarcely believing their eyes.

"Is—is—is that a five-pound note, Bulkeley?" stammered Mr. Bootles.

"Yes, sir."

"Silver, you did not tell me that you had a banknote of your own—"

"I—I hadn't!" stammered Jimmy. "I—I never had five-pound notes. That—that note isn't mine."

"Oh, Jimmy!" groaned Lovell.

"The number will settle it, sir," said Beaumont. "This is a shock to me. I have the number of my note here."

"Read it out, Beaumont," said Mr. Bootles, in a shaken voice.

The prefect read it out in a voice that was not steady:

"0002468."

"And the number on that note, Bulkeley?"

Bulkeley looked at it.

"0002468," he said.

"Then it is Beaumont's note," said Mr. Bootles. "You may give it to him, Bulkeley."

The captain of Rookwood silently passed the note to Beaumont.

There was a dreadful silence in the study. All eyes were fixed upon Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy stood white as death, his eyes almost wild. He had caught at the edge of the table to steady himself.

His brain was reeling. He staggered against the table, panting, as he read the grim condemnation in the faces around him. He came to himself, out of a mist, as it were, to hear Mr. Bootles' deep voice:

"Silver, I am inexpressibly shocked! I have been deceived in you—grossly deceived! Wretched, wretched boy! What possessed you to do this? And to maintain an appearance of innocence—of unconcern? Good heavens, is it possible that such baseness and duplicity can exist in one so young? Wretched boy, you have ruined yourself and disgraced your school! Remain here till you are sent for by the Head to receive your sentence of expulsion from Rookwood!"

Jimmy's voice came, broken and unnatural, through his dry lips.

"Mr. Bootles, I never did—I don't know—I—"

With a contemptuous gesture the Form-master swept from the study. Beaumont followed him quietly.

"Bulkeley!" Jimmy Silver's voice was almost a shriek. "Bulkeley, you don't believe—"

Bulkeley left the study with Neville. He did not answer.

Jimmy Silver groaned. Bulkeley, who had always been kind to him, believed him guilty. What else could he believe?

But his chums—his own chums!

Jimmy Silver turned his eyes on them in vague terror. Would they believe him?

"Lovell—," he said huskily.

"Oh, Jimmy!"

Lovell could say no more. Raby groaned, and Newcome fairly broke down.

Jimmy Silver looked at them; and was dumb. For at that moment the iron entered into his very soul. His chums—his own loyal chums—believed him guilty; and in that terrible moment the very sun of heaven was blotted out to Jimmy Silver.

THE END.

(Another splendid, long, complete story of the chums of Rookwood will appear in next Friday's PENNY POPULAR. Order your copy at once.)

Figgins Pulls It Off!

A SHORT STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

"LAY up, School House!"

"Go it, New House! Get a move on!"

There was a crowd of St. Jim's juniors on Little Side, intently watching a keenly-contested game of football. The game was rather a special one; it was a match between the School House juniors, led by Tom Merry of the Shell, and the New House juniors, led by George Figgins of the Fourth. It was the last junior match of the term, and interest in it was high.

Suddenly there was a roar. Tom Merry received the ball by a neat pass from Jack Blake, and was off like a flash. He was through the halves, and then, just as Kerr, the sturdy New House back, was about to tackle him, he passed out to D'Arcy on the wing.

"Bai Jove!" gasped D'Arcy.

He raced down the wing, put in a beautiful centre, and Tom Merry banged it into the net, giving Paddy Wynn in goal no chance at all.

"Goal!"

"Good old Tommy!"

"Hurrah!"

Monty Lowther patted his captain on the back.

"Good man, Tommy! That puts us two up!"

"It was Gussy's goal as much as mine!" panted Tom Merry. "We're all over 'em, Monty, though! It'll be half-time in about five minutes, and then we shall be playing with the wind, and we're two goals to nil now!"

"We've got 'em set this time, I think!" replied Lowther, chortling.

Figgins & Co. looked very downcast as they lined up for the kick-off.

"Blest if I know what's the matter with us!" murmured the lanky chief of the New House juniors to his chum, Kerr. "We look like getting a record kicking!"

"Buck up, old man, for goodness' sake!" admonished Kerr anxiously.

Figgins, who certainly was not playing up to his usual form, kicked off, to the accompaniment of derisive shouts from the touch-line.

"You're no good, Figgys!"

"Better give up footer, old man!"

"School House wins!"

Half-time came, with no addition to the score, in spite of the efforts of the New House forwards.

Figgins and his men were looking very glum as they crossed over to face the wind for the second half, with a score of two goals against them.

"I wathah think we are pwovin' too much for you this journey, Figgys!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with much satisfaction, as he crossed the field. "What you want to do is to buck up, you know, deah boy!"

"A few kind words from a fellow of tact and judgment!" murmured Lowther, with a grin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!" muttered Figgins. "We'll give you a tussle this half, anyway!"

"Wind's with us," said Herries of the Fourth, who was a member of the School House team, with a shake of the head. "You can't do it, Figgys!"

"Oh, rats!" repeated Figgins crossly.

"I—Hallo!"

"What's up?" said Herries.

"By Jove! There—there's cousin Ethel!"

"Cousin Ethel!"

There was a general exclamation from the players, and all heads were turned in the direction of Figgys's glance.

The figure of Mrs. Locke, the headmaster's wife, was seen walking towards the touch-line from the direction of the Head's house, and with her was the slight, girlish figure of Ethel Cleveland, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's pretty cousin.

She was a great favourite with all the best of the St. Jim's juniors, by whom she was universally known as "Cousin Ethel." They all envied D'Arcy the possession of such a cousin, and most envious of all was George Figgins.

Figgys's rugged face went quite pink for some reason as he gazed towards her across the footer-field.

"Bai Jove!" remarked Arthur Augustus