

WONDERFUL NEWS FOR READERS ON PAGE 20!

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Greyfriars

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The POPULAR

Stories, Jokes & Pictures
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

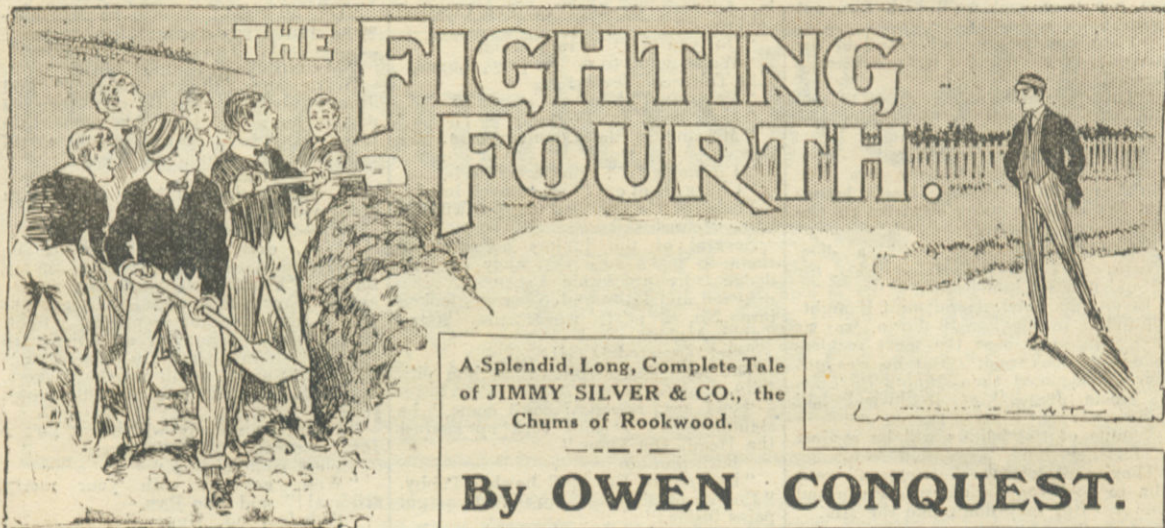
Rookwood

St. Jims



WHEN MAULY'S FAGS DESERTED HIM!

(AN AMUSING INCIDENT FROM THE LONG COMPLETE STORY OF GREYFRIARS IN THIS ISSUE.)



A Splendid, Long, Complete Tale
of JIMMY SILVER & CO., the
Chums of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Before the Storm!

"MORNY'S wanted!" Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, looked into Study No. 4 as he made that announcement. Mornington and Erroll were in their study.

Erroll was reading aloud, his blind study-mate moving restlessly in the arm-chair as he listened absently to Erroll's low, clear voice.

Mornington, once the dandy of the Fourth, had little taste for books.

But the misfortune that had fallen upon him had deprived him of nearly all his usual occupations at a blow.

He was glad to have someone to read to him. But his mind wandered. He was thinking of the football-field, of the river, of the outdoor sports from which he was now hopelessly barred.

Erroll laid down his book and looked round as Jimmy Silver spoke.

Morny looked round, too, though he could not see.

The discontented, rebellious expression vanished at once from Mornington's handsome face.

Morny was game to the backbone, and he prided himself upon "taking his medicine" unflinchingly.

Never, if he could help it, should an eye at Rookwood detect how he suffered and chafed under his grim affliction.

"Hallo, Silver!" Morny's voice was as drawing and careless as of old. "Is that nunky below?"

"Your uncle's come, Morny. Are you going away with him?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, yes! The old sport is goin' to take me to see some very special specialist in London, and he hopes for the best." Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "It will be a change, anyway."

"You won't find Lattrey here when you come back," said Jimmy.

Mornington laughed.

"Dear old Lattrey! I owe him this! And he's got the cheek to stick at Rookwood as if nothin' had happened. Some fellows have a nerve. But are you fellows really goin' ahead with bottlin' him out?"

"We are!" answered Jimmy grimly.

"You'll have all your work cut out. The Head's bent on lettin' him stay, an' you're all booked for a floggin' to-morrow mornin' for turnin' him out of gates."

"We're up against the Head!" said

Jimmy Silver. "Lattrey's going. That's quite settled. It means a barring-out!"

Morny sighed.

"Shouldn't I have enjoyed it!" he said regretfully. "If a chap could only see—" He broke off abruptly. "Never mind! I shouldn't be of much use. But I shall be glad to hear about it when I come back. Erroll, give me a hand downstairs, will you? Last time I shall bother you for some time!"

"You will never be a bother, Morny."

"No; I really believe so!" said Mornington. "All the same, I'm goin' to give you a rest. By gad, how I shall miss that barrin'-out!"

Morny, with his hand on his chum's arm, quitted the study, and went downstairs, where Sir Rupert Stackpoole was awaiting him.

Jimmy Silver looked after him, a grim frown gathering on his brow.

Pluckily as Valentine Mornington faced the inevitable, Jimmy knew very well that under his cool, careless exterior the blow was a hard and bitter one.

And Lattrey of the Fourth, whose brutal hand had dealt the blow, was still at Rookwood, keeping in the Head's house at present, away from his indignant schoolfellows.

Jimmy's heart was heavy for Morny, his old enemy, but of late his friend, as he watched him go, his head still proudly erect, his step firm and unhesitating.

"Doesn't he stand it well?" murmured Lovell, as he joined Jimmy Silver in the passage. "He's got lots of grit!"

"Heaps of it!" said Jimmy. "I wish there was a chance for him—of getting back his sight, I mean. Poor old Morny!"

"Let's see him off!" suggested Raby.

"Yes, rather!"

The Fistical Four went downstairs.

Most of the Classical Fourth gathered in the dusky quad to see Mornington off. Other fellows gathered round, too.

There were few fellows at Rookwood, in any Form, who did not feel the keenest sympathy for the sightless junior.

It was not always safe to express sympathy to Morny, who did not welcome it, but they felt it, all the same.

Mornington II, of the Second Form joined Jimmy Silver & Co.

The fag's face was dark and saddened. "Master Morny's going away," he said.

"I know. 'Erbert, old son!" said Jimmy Silver. "There's a chance that

the specialist chap may be able to do something for him, kid!"

"Don't I wish he would!" said 'Erbert wistfully.

It was some time before Mornington came out. The station cab was waiting.

He came at last with his uncle, and the stiff old face of the baronet was unusually kind and gentle.

Kit Erroll was with his chum to take him to the cab.

Mornington looked round so strangely, as if he could see, that it was difficult at the moment to realise that he was blind.

"'Erbert here?" he asked lightly.

"'Ere I am, Master Morny!" exclaimed 'Erbert, his little face brightening at this proof that his cousin had not forgotten him.

Wealthy as the one-time waif of Rookwood now was, Morny was still to him the same superb and magnificent patron as of old.

"Good-bye, kid!" said Mornington kindly. "Back in a few days, I expect. Now, pitch me in, Erroll!"

Erroll helped him into the station cab by the side of the white-whiskered old baronet.

"Good-bye, Morny!" exclaimed fifty voices at once.

Morny smiled.

"Hallo! The whole family here?" he exclaimed. "Good-bye, you fellows!"

The cab drove away.

It disappeared out of the school gates, and Mornington of the Fourth was gone.

Erroll turned into the House, his brow black.

He caught Jimmy Silver's eye.

"Isn't it too utterly rotten?" he muttered. "A splendid chap like Morny bowled over like that, and by a sneaking cad like Lattrey!" He clenched his hands. "Oh, I could—I could—"

He paused abruptly.

"I know how you feel, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver softly.

Erroll set his lips.

"And Lattrey's still here, hiding in the Head's house!" he said bitterly.

"Why hasn't Dr. Chisholm sacked him, at least, Jimmy?"

"Goodness knows!"

"I can't understand it. How can the fellow stay here—how can the Head let him? It beats me!" said Erroll. "But—but we won't stand it! We've kicked

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NEXT
FRIDAY!

"VERNON-SMITH DECLARES WAR!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS
By FRANK RICHARDS.

him out once, and we'll kick him out again!"

"There's a flogging all round in the morning for doing it," remarked Rawson.

"That flogging won't come off!" said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Something else is going to happen before that."

"A barring-out?" said Erroll.

"Yes; to last until Lattrey goes. We can't touch him in the Head's house. But the school is going on strike till the Head turns him out."

"Good!" said Erroll, with a deep breath. "The Head's fairly asked for it, and now let him have it!"

Erroll, the quietest and most thoughtful fellow in the Fourth Form, was as deeply in earnest as the most reckless fellow at Rookwood. But he was not more determined than Jimmy Silver.

"Uncle James" of Rookwood had quite made up his mind.

"Some of the fellows will be against it, I rather think," remarked Newcome. "They're all down on Lattrey, and want him to go—even his old pals Peele and Gower. But they don't like the risk."

"Let the slackers stand out!" snorted Lovell contemptuously.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"There's no room for shirkers at Rookwood," he said. "We've got to stand together and face the music. A few could be expelled, the whole Fourth Form couldn't be. It's a case of all-in!"

"But Townsend and Topham say—"

"Towny and Topy will line up with the rest. Pass the word round for a meeting in the Common-room—every fellow present. I'll explain the matter to them, and if they don't join up of their own accord they'll be made to join up whether they like it or not."

"Good egg!" said Lovell, his eyes gleaming. "After all, why shouldn't they take the risk with the rest? No blessed conscientious objectors need apply."

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"I don't think Towy & Co. are specially conscientious," he remarked. "As for their objections, they'll be squashed. The Moderns are backing us up, and we can't let a Classical funk follow where a Modern is willing to go. Call them to the meeting, and see that they come."

"What-ho!"

From which it appeared that there was a bad time in store for the slackers of the Rookwood Fourth.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Getting to Business!

PREP was supposed to be going on in the junior studies.

But the Rookwood Fourth were thinking of anything but preparation. The studies were deserted.

Only a few fellows, who regarded Jimmy Silver's plan with alarm, remained in their quarters, and evinced no desire to attend the general meeting.

The nuts of the Fourth backed up the Form captain to some extent, but they did not want to go to the length of defying the Head.

They lacked the nerve for that extreme proceeding.

The spirit was willing, but the flesh was decidedly weak.

Townsend and Topham had joined Peele and Gower in the latter's study.

The four nuts were looking very uneasy—too uneasy even to console themselves with their customary cigarettes.

Lovell threw open the door and strode THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

in, followed by four or five Classical juniors.

"Out you go!" he rapped out.

"We're going to do our prep, Lovell," said Townsend feebly.

"You're not!"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Meeting in the Common-room. Go down!"

"I'm not goin'!" muttered Peele.

"Chuck them out!" said Lovell briefly.

Peele & Co. decided to go without being "chucked."

Several of the juniors accompanied them to make sure that they did not dodge away into secluded corners.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked into No. 2 next, where they found Tubby Muffin.

"Get!" roared Lovell.

The fat Classical blinked at him pitifully.

"I—I say, Lovell, I can't come," he stammered. "I can't back up against the Head, you know."

"Kick him out!"

"I—I mean, I'm ill!" howled Tubby.

"I'm fearfully ill, Lovell! I've got pains inside!"

"I'll give you some outside," remarked Raby.

And he did so—with his boot.

And Tubby Muffin forgot his inside pains, and rolled out of the study yelling.

"We've rounded them all up, I think," remarked Lovell, with a grin. "Look in the other studies, though."

The juniors scouted along the passage. Rawson was found working in his study, but he joined up quite willingly.

Then Lovell & Co. descended to the Common-room.

That apartment was crowded.

"Take the roll-call, Lovell!" called out Jimmy Silver.

Lovell called the roll of the Fourth in the manner of Mr. Bootles in Hall.

All the Fourth answered* to their names, with the exception of Mornington and Lattrey.

Mornington was gone, and Lattrey, the outcast of Rookwood, was still in the headmaster's house.

"All here!" announced Lovell.

"Shut the door!"

Slam!

"Look here, you fellows!" exclaimed Townsend, "we'd rather be left out of this, you know. We don't care for it."

"Not a little bit!" growled Peele.

"If you fellows want to play the giddy ox, go ahead, and leave us out."

"Just what I think!" exclaimed Gower eagerly.

"Shut up!" roared Lovell.

"Yah! Funks!"

"Funks or not, I'm not backin' up against the Head!" exclaimed Topham angrily. "It's not good enough."

"Bump him!"

"Order!" called out Jimmy Silver.

"Gentlemen, there is a precedent to be followed in such cases. Conscientious objectors and funks and things are allowed to apply to a tribunal for exemption. Whether they get it or not is another matter. But they're allowed to apply."

"Rats!"

"There seem to be some objectors in our ranks. Well, they will be allowed to state their objections; that's only fair. It's a free country, you know."

"Bow-wow!"

"Everything's got to be run on fair lines," said Jimmy Silver firmly.

"We're not Prussians. A tribunal will be appointed, and any fellow who objects to joining in the barring-out can state his grounds for objection, and if he makes out his case, he will be let off."

"Oh, all right! It will be fun, anyway," remarked Lovell.

"Fathead! This is a serious matter."

"My mistake!" grinned Lovell.

"For instance, there's Rawson," said Jimmy Silver. "He risks more than we do, as he might have his scholarship taken away from him. Rawson would be entitled to exemption."

Rawson grunted.

"I sha'n't claim it," he said. "I'm going with the Form."

"Bravo!"

"Well, even a funk ought to be allowed to state his case," said Jimmy Silver. "Funks are born, not made; and a fellow who is afraid is no good to people who have got to put up a fight. You can't do worse for an army than put cowards in it; same with a barring-out. We want to comb out the slackers, and leave the funks to stew in their own juice."

"I suppose nobody will admit he's a funk, anyway," grinned Oswald.

"Then he'll join up."

"Well, get on with your merry tribunal!" said Van Ryn.

"Pick 'em out, Jimmy."

Jimmy Silver selected the tribunal.

It was composed of six members—Lovell, as chairman, Flynn, Tommy Dodd, Van Ryn, Conroy, and Pons.

The last three, the Colonial chums, were selected as representing widely-different parts of the Empire, as Jimmy explained.

Jimmy himself kept off the board. He was going to act as military representative.

The door was locked, and then, as Lovell put it, "the proceedings proceeded."

The six members of the Tribunal sat in great state, and the "public" formed a crowd round them, looking on.

"Every chap who claims exemption will get aside, here, and apply in turn," called out Jimmy Silver.

Townsend & Co. exchanged glances.

They could see that they were in a small minority, and they did not like to be shown up in public in this way.

But there was no help for it.

They wanted very keenly to keep out of the Form revolt, and certainly they could not do so without permission.

It was a matter for the Form to settle.

Peele set the example, and he walked into the space indicated by Jimmy Silver, amid discouraging groans from the crowd.

"Yah! Funk!"

"Cold feet!"

Gower followed him, however, and then Townsend and Topham and Tubby Muffin scuttled into the space reserved to objectors in a great hurry.

"Any more?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

Nobody else came forward.

"That's the lot, then. The Tribunal will now get to work!" said Jimmy Silver, with dignity.

And the Tribunal got to work.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Before the Tribunal!

"CYRIL PEELE!"

Dick Oswald, who was appointed clerk to the Tribunal, called out the name, and Peele lounged forward.

There were grim glances of condemnation at the applicant from the "people" in court, but Peele did not seem to mind.

He had a careless manner and a sarcastic smile, which were intended to

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THE FIGHTING FOURTH!

(Continued from page 8.)

imply that he regarded the Tribunal as more or less humorous nonsense.

Naturally, that attitude put up the backs of the Tribunal members immediately.

"Name?" rapped out the chairman. "Can't you remember it?" asked Peele.

"Answer!"

"Rats!"

"Exemption refused!" roared Lovell.

"Look here——"

"Here, hold on; we're members of this Tribunal!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd warmly. "Not so much of your Classical bunkum!"

"You Modern ass——"

"You Classical chump——"

"Order!" roared Dick Oswald. "Members of a Tribunal are not allowed to rag one another during a sitting. They are only allowed to rag conscientious objectors."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gentlemen, kindly keep your tempers!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Peele, on what grounds do you claim exemption?"

"It's a mug's game," explained Peele. "I don't want a hand in it."

"You know the cause we are fighting for?" demanded the chairman severely.

"We are fighting to crush headmasterish militarism——"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And we shall never sheathe the Maxim gun, which we have not lightly drawn, till Lattrey is expelled from Rookwood! Do you understand that?"

"My hat!"

"Gentlemen——"

"Refused!" was the answer to the applicant, after a brief consultation among the members of the Tribunal.

"Look here!" began Peele angrily. "I'm not goin' to have a hand in it, I tell you——"

"Remove that Bolo!" commanded the chairman.

"I'll punch your nose if you call me a Bolo!" howled Peele.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rawson and Higgs and Jones minor seized the angry applicant, and jerked him away.

Peele stamped away towards the door, and found that the key had been removed from the lock.

He had to stay in and see the proceedings to a finish.

"Gower!"

Cuthbert Gower came forward.

"Here I am," he said sulkily.

"You demand exemption from barring-out service?" inquired the chairman, with a snort.

"Yaas!"

"On what grounds?"

"It isn't good enough, in my opinion," said Gower. "We sha'n't make a success of it, and some of us may get sacked. Leave me out."

"Exemption refused!"

"Look here——"

"Remove him!"

"Cecil Townsend!" rapped out Oswald.

Towny of the Fourth came lounging up to the bar, with his hands in his pockets and his most supercilious expression on his rather handsome face.

His expression did not please the Tribunal at all.

"State the grounds of your claim, Townsend."

"Same as my pals," answered Townsend, in a drawl.

"Are you aware that we are fighting for freedom, and to make the school safe for democracy?" demanded the chairman.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Order!"

"And that we shall never sheathe the sword, we have not lightly drawn——"

"Gag!"

"Cheese it!"

"Till the Head's militarism is crushed to the merry dust!" roared Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you understand that, Towny?"

"I understand that you're talkin' out of the back of your neck," said Townsend. "I've got my prep. to do, too!"

"I object to the exemption of this man," interjected the military representative. "He is not a funk, but a slacker, and he can be bucked up by means well known in the Army. I claim him."

"Exemption refused!"

"Look here, I'm not goin' to have anythin' to do with your silly rot!" shouted Townsend angrily.

"Bump him for contempt of court!" rapped out the chairman.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yah-ah-oooop!"

Townsend crawled away, looking much less arrogant than before.

Then Topham's name was called. But Harold Popham had taken warning by the fate of his chum.

"I withdraw my claim!" he rapped out hurriedly.

"Withdrawal of claim allowed," grinned the chairman. "We're getting through the cases. Only three more."

Rap!

"Hallo!"

There was a pause, as a loud knock came at the door of the Common-room.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER:
The Conscientious Objector.**

JIMMY SILVER & Co. were silent for the moment.

They wondered whether the Head had received some hint of the intentions of the Fourth, and had come there to take a hand in the proceedings.

But their uneasiness was relieved the next moment.

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It was the voice of Adolphus Smythe, of the Shell, that came through the door after the rap.

"By gad! What have you got the door locked for, you fellows? Let a chap in, you know!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver impatiently. "No entrance for asses just now!"

"What's goin' on?"

"Buzz off!"

"But look here——"

"Get on with the washing, and let him jaw!" suggested Erroll.

"Hear, hear!"

"Reginald Muffin!" called out the clerk of the court. "The Tribunal will hear your claim."

"Oh, gad!" came Smythe's voice from without. "The Tribunal! What kind of a game is this?"

But no one heeded Adolphus, save that Peele whispered to him through the key-hole.

Outside, many footsteps were soon heard, and a buzz of voices.

The fact that the Fourth Form were planning a revolt in the school, and making all the Form join up for the purpose, was startling news to the other juniors.

A crowd of the Shell and the Third collected outside the door of the Common-room to listen.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. did not waste any attention upon them.

Tubby Muffin was before the Tribunal, and his case was being considered.

"Does the Army claim this man?" inquired the chairman, in quite a professional way.

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"He wouldn't be much use," he confessed. "But it's a case of all in, and Muffin's got to join up."

"State your grounds, Muffin."

Tubby gasped.

"Grub!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"What are we going to do for grub if we have a barring-out?" gasped Tubby Muffin. "We shall get hungry! Think of it! Cold weather, too! I'm jolly well not going to be hungry if I can help it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall have to lay in a stock of provisions," said Jimmy Silver. "If we run short we shall have to raid supplies from the enemy."

"Oh!" ejaculated several juniors.

"I—I say, I'd rather be exempted!" gasped Tubby. "I'm afraid there wouldn't be enough to eat."

"Upon the whole, I withdraw my objection to this man's exemption," said the military representative. "He would eat us out of house and home, and he would be no good in a fight. Let him go."

"Exemption granted."

"Oh, good!" ejaculated Tubby Muffin, in delight.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The last claim had been disposed of. Tubby Muffin was the only slacker exempted.

Jimmy Silver threw open the door of the Common-room. The preliminaries having been settled, it was time to get down to business.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Dug In!

ADOLPHUS SMYTHE jammed his eyeglass into his eye and stared at Jimmy Silver & Co. when he was allowed to enter the Common-room at last.

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A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"WESTWARD BOUND!"

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"Cheeky young sweeps!" he remarked. "I say, I suppose it's all gas you've been sayin' about a barrin'-out, isn't it?"

"No, fathhead!"
"You really mean bizney?" exclaimed Adolphus.

"Yes, ass!"
"Oh, by gad! You'll toe the line fast enough when the Head gets on your track, I opine!" Adolphus grinned.

"Rats!"
"But, I say—" began Howard of the Shell.

"Bow-wow! Come on, you fellows!"
"Whither bound, O chief?" asked Conroy.

"Into the quad first of all."
"I say, we're not goin' to have a barrin'-out out of doors, I suppose, in this weather?" asked Townsend sarcastically.

"You've hit it. We are."
"In the open?" shouted Topham.

"Why not?"
"Oh, by gad!" said Topham hopelessly. "You're potty!"

"I say, Jimmy—" murmured Newcome.

"Follow your leader!" said Jimmy Silver concisely.

He led the way into the quadrangle, and the Fourth-Formers followed.

Jimmy had been consulting with Tommy Dodd, the leader of the Modern juniors.

Jimmy was captain, but he had judiciously selected the Modern leader as his first lieutenant.

The full, round moon was sailing over Rookwood, and the quadrangle was quite light.

"It's jolly cold out here!" mumbled Peele.

"Dry up!"
"Now, Jimmy, what's the game?" asked Erroll.

The Fourth-Formers had gathered round Jimmy Silver under the trees. They were curious to know what the plan was.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"We're in for it," he said. "We're promised a flogging all round in the morning for kicking Lattrey out. The barrin'-out has got to take place at once, if it takes place at all. We can't bar out the School House; that means a row with the Sixth to begin with. We can't seize Mr. Manders' House; too many Modern seniors there, to say nothing of Modern masters."

"That's so!" said Tommy Dodd. "There was a barrin'-out once in the old clock-tower," remarked Flynn.

Jimmy nodded.

"That was a small affair—a Classical row," he said. "There wouldn't be anything like room for the whole Form."

"Thru for you."
"But where—" began Rawson.

"The allotments!" said Jimmy.

"What?"
"I suppose you know how modern warfare is conducted?" said Jimmy Silver loftily. "You select a spot, and dig yourself in. Well, that's what we're going to do."

"Dig ourselves in!" murmured Townsend dazedly. "Oh, he's potty!"

"Entrench!" shouted Oswald.

"Yes."
"Oh, great pip!"

"The school allotments are the place," continued Jimmy Silver. "The junior allotments are within the school walls, and within a stone's-throw of the house. The weather's mild now, and the earth's pretty easy for digging, and most of us had plenty of digging practice when we were getting the potatoes in early. The allotments are empty now,

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excepting for the cabbage patches, and the potato ground needs digging over, ready for the spring planting, so all the digging we do will be so much to the good."

"Hear, hear!"
"There's the shed where we keep the spades and things—that will be the headquarters," resumed Jimmy. "We shall make dug-outs for shelter."

"Dug-outs!" murmured Townsend, wondering whether he was dreaming.

"Wha-a-at about our clothes?"
"Bother your clothes!"

"I'm not going to spoil my clobber!" shrieked the Classical dandy.

Jimmy reflected.

"Might as well put on our oldest clothes," he admitted. "I hadn't thought of that. Of course, I'm open to suggestions. I don't set up to be the strong, silent man who can run everything off his own bat. We'll get in and get our allotment clobber!"

"Well, that's a good idea," agreed Erroll.

"And our coats," remarked Raby.

"And all the rugs we can lay hands on, if we're going to camp out to-night," said Lovell emphatically.

"Camp out!" gasped Peele in horror. "Camp out in winter! The fellow's mad! I'm jolly well not goin' to camp out!"

"Bow-wow! Let's get a move on," said Van Ryn.

In a few minutes the juniors were in their quarters, seeking their oldest—their very oldest—clothes and boots.

If Jimmy Silver's extraordinary scheme was carried out their old clothes were not likely to be of much use afterwards.

Mud and clay were no respecters of clobber.

But though Townsend & Co. were stricken with dismay at the prospect, most of the fellows were very keen on it.

The bare idea of "digging" themselves in was novel and exciting. And there was great faith in Jimmy Silver.

Townsend & Co. were in a state of dumb fury. But they changed their clothes with the rest. There were too many keen eyes on them for them to have a chance of deserting.

Jimmy Silver & Co. went quietly into the quad again, and joined the Moderns from Mr. Manders' House.

The whole Fourth proceeded to the school allotments, almost as light as day in the brilliant moon.

Of all the Form only one fellow was lacking, and that was Tubby Muffin.

The shed was well supplied with implements for cultivation.

Jimmy Silver handed out spades and garden forks to his followers, implements most of them had well learned to handle.

The ground had been trenched once for potatoes.

More digging was likely to do more good than harm.

Jimmy marked out the site of the camp.

A fence was hauled down—it was no time to stand on ceremony—and the palings stuck up to mark out the proposed entrenchments.

Then the digging began.

It was hard work.

But most of the Rookwood juniors were not afraid of hard work.

The Fistical Four, and the Colonials, and the three Tommies set a splendid example.

They worked untiringly.

There were many and deep groans from Townsend & Co. over the labour.

They had never soiled their hands on the allotments at all, if they could help it.

They were paying for slacking in unfitness.

But they had to work.

They rested on their spades occasionally, but when they rested too long a whizzing clod or two would spur them on to renewed efforts.

"By Jove! I wonder what the Head would say if he knew of this?" Lovell remarked, as nine o'clock rang out.

"He'll know soon, anyway!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Suppose we're caught before the trenches are dug?"

"No good supposing. Keep on with the work, dear boy."

"I'm getting blisters on my hands," moaned Topham.

"That's because you've never done any honest work before," chuckled Jimmy Silver. "You'll get horny hands soon that will stand anything."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Topham shuddered.

"Hallo!" murmured Van Ryn.

"Here comes Bulkeley!"

Work was suddenly suspended as the captain of Rookwood was seen striding towards the entrenchments in the moonlight.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
No Prefects Wanted!

"SO you're here!" said Bulkeley grimly.

He stared at the deep-breathing juniors as they stood resting on their spades and forks, and looking at him.

"Here we are, Bulkeley," answered Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

"What are you doing here?"
"Digging."

"I can see that, you cheeky young ass! Why aren't you doing your prep?" demanded Bulkeley.

"Too busy."
"Look here, Silver, tell me what you are up to at once! You're not simply digging the allotments for the next sowing."

Jimmy chuckled.

"No fear!" he said.

"Then what are you at?" exclaimed Bulkeley.

"Digging ourselves in."
"Wha-a-at?"

"It's what the military writers call 'consolidating the position,'" explained Jimmy Silver calmly. "We're entrenching now. We've got the dug-outs to make later. Anything else you'd like to know, Bulkeley?"

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Bulkeley, in astonishment.

"Not a bit. Are you?"

"What?" shouted Bulkeley.

"Oh, get on with the washing!" exclaimed Conroy. "We've no time to argue with Sixth Form fellows."

"Right enough! Excuse us, Bulkeley!"

Bulkeley stared at them, not knowing what to do.

The juniors were resuming work.

"Look here, this won't do!" exclaimed the captain of Rookwood.

"Sorry!" answered Jimmy Silver politely, and without pausing in his work.

"You are not thinking of sticking out here, surely?" exclaimed the prefect.

"Yes, rather!"

"Till bed-time?"

ANSWERS

EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

NEXT FRIDAY: "THE ST. JIM'S AUTO-SUGGESTERS!" A GRAND STORY OF TOM MERRY & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"Oh, no!" chortled Jimmy Silver. "Till Lattrey is sacked from Rookwood."

"Do you think you can dictate to the Head?" exclaimed Bulkeley.

"Yes, if he won't do his duty without!" answered Jimmy Silver quietly.

Bulkeley fairly gasped. There was a new mood in the Fourth Form of Rookwood—a mood he hardly understood, and did not know how to deal with.

"You've got to chuck this," he said finally. "You're all to go indoors at once. Mr. Manders is looking for the juniors of his House, too."

"Let him look!" answered Tommy Dodd.

"Will you go in?"

"Can't, Bulkeley!"

"I order you, as a prefect."

Some of the Fourth-Formers exchanged glances.

"Sorry, Bulkeley. We can't obey your orders!" said Jimmy Silver. "The Fourth Form has declared a barring-out until Lattrey is expelled from Rookwood."

Bulkeley clenched his hands.

Without answering, he leaped across the still narrow trench and grasped Jimmy Silver by the collar.

"Rescue!" shouted Jimmy.

There was no need to call.

Instantly a dozen pairs of hands were laid on Bulkeley.

The captain of Rookwood was a good fellow, and very popular with the juniors. But they could not afford to stand upon ceremony now.

Bulkeley could scarcely help being against them, from his position in the school.

But if he was against them, he had to be dealt with—and the rebels were quite prepared to deal with him.

So Bulkeley found.

He was dragged off Jimmy Silver, who grasped him in his turn.

Struggling, and almost dazed with astonishment at finding himself handled by juniors, George Bulkeley was hurled headlong into the trench.

He collapsed there, gasping.

"Arrah! Pelt the spalpeen!" yelled Flynn.

"Hurrah!"

Clods flew on all sides, and in a couple of minutes Bulkeley, struggling dazedly in the trench, was half-buried.

"Hold on!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "Stop it, you fellows! Let Bulkeley clear off!"

The Rookwood captain clambered breathlessly out of the trench at last as the heavy clods ceased to fall on him.

He was gasping, and his clothes were in a shocking state, caked with earth from head to foot.

"Good-bye, old scout!" said Lovell. "Sorry to hurt you—but we mean business, you know. Tell the Head we'll serve him the same if he comes bothering us!"

"Ha, ha!"

Bulkeley glared at the rebellious Fourth, gasping for breath. It was evidently useless to try force again.

Since the habit of obedience was broken, one Sixth-Former could do nothing against the whole Fourth.

"I shall have to report this!" he gasped.

"Go ahead!"

"Dr. Chisholm will come here!"

"Let him come!"

"Oh, you insane young duffers!" gasped Bulkeley.

And the captain of Rookwood strode away towards the School House, breathing hard, and wondering blankly what

was to come of this extraordinary situation.

He had remembrance of a former barring-out at Rookwood, but that had been a mere trifle compared with this—a revolt of the Classical Fourth against Mr. Manders, the Modern master, in the absence of the Head.

But this was a rebellion of the whole Fourth Form, and against the Head himself!

What would come of it?

Surely the young rascals would return to their obedience, at the frown and thunderous voice of the Head himself when he came on the scene!

But if they did not—

Bulkeley could only wonder what would happen if they did not!

Jimmy Silver drove his spade into the hard earth.

Mr. Manders had missed the juniors from his House, and Mr. Bootles had missed the Classical Fourth.

They had set forth together in search of them—kind-hearted Mr. Bootles feeling alarmed and distressed, and Mr. Manders feeling angry and savage.

Mr. Bootles had had a grim foreboding of trouble to come, if Mark Lattrey was allowed to remain in the school.

And when he met Bulkeley in the quad and learned where the Fourth-Formers were he felt that the trouble had arrived.

The two masters stopped at the trench, or, rather, at the parapet, now a couple of feet high, that barred them from the trench, in which the juniors were working actively.

Most of the fellows went on working; there was no time to waste.



Mr. Manders was taken by his heels and his shoulders and swung to and fro, spluttering. "One—two—three—go!" rapped out Jimmy Silver. And Mr. Manders went. He was swung out of the trench, landed on the top of the parapet, and rolled down on the outer side. (See Chapter 7.)

"Pile in!" he said briefly. "We may be interrupted any minute now. Pile in!"

"Bulkeley will have a wash and a change before he goes to the Head, I imagine," chuckled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes—but he said Manders was looking for the Modern chaps. Pile in! We want the trench ready at least before we can be tackled."

And the juniors fairly slaved at their work, and the trench every minute grew broader and deeper, and every minute the earth parapet on the outer rim grew higher and higher.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Passing the Rubicon.

"BLESS my soul!"

"Goodness gracious!"

The first exclamation came Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, the second from Mr. Manders, science master and senior master on the Modern side of Rookwood.

The Form-master and the science master were looking for the lost sheep, so to speak.

Mr. Bootles looked blankly at the busy hive of juniors.

Mr. Manders glared at them as if trying to understand the celebrated basilisk.

"Bless my soul!" the Form-master murmured feebly.

"What does this mean?" thundered Mr. Manders.

Nobody answered.

"Dodd!" shouted the Modern master.

"Yes, sir?"

Tommy Dodd rested obligingly for a moment on his spade.

"It is nearly your bed-time. Go into the House at once—all the Modern boys here!"

"Sorry, sir!"

"Obey me!"

Tommy Dodd did not answer. He turned to his work again, and Mr. Manders stared at him speechlessly.

"Did you hear me, Dodd?" he exclaimed, at last, in a gasping voice.

"Yes, sir!"

"Go into my House—into my study, where I shall follow. It is my intention to chastise you most severely for this insolence!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

NEXT FRIDAY: "VERNON-SMITH DECLARES WAR!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Thank you, sir!"
 "Will you go, Dodd?" raved Mr. Manders, all the more enraged by the fact that the juniors were working away industriously in the trench, paying him no more heed than to a buzzing blue-bottle.

"Sorry, sir!" said Tommy again, quite politely. He did not want to "cheek" Mr. Manders. Only he did not intend to go.

"I have ordered you to go in, Dodd!"
 "Yes, sir."

"Well, go!"

"Sorry, sir!"

"Is this meant for insolence, Dodd?" almost shrieked Mr. Manders, whilst some of the juniors chortled.

"Not at all, sir," said Tommy Dodd respectfully.

"Go in at once, then!"
 "Sorry, sir," said Tommy Dodd imperturbably.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Mr. Manders' face was purple.

He made a movement towards Tommy Dodd; but a three-foot parapet, with a muddy trench beyond, lay between.

Tommy was out of his reach, slogging away with his spade in the bottom of the trench.

Mr. Manders laid his hands gingerly on the parapet, and withdrew them. His clothes were likely to suffer if he attempted to cross.

He remained nonplussed, breathing hard with fury. Mr. Bootles took up the tale, as it were.

"My dear boys," he said gently, "you are—ahem!—acting in a reckless and insubordinate manner. I beg you to return to the House immediately, and if you do so I will pardon you, and I am sure Mr. Manders will do the same."

"Nothing of the sort!" shouted Mr. Manders. "Every boy here belonging to my House shall be punished most severely!"

"Ahem!" said the unfortunate Mr. Bootles.

"Dodd—"

"Silver!"

"Yes, Mr. Bootles?" said Jimmy meekly.

"Dry up a minute, Mr. Manders, please—my Form-master is speaking to me."

"Silver!" gasped Mr. Bootles. Mr. Manders did not even gasp; his breath was quite taken away.

"You were speaking, Mr. Bootles?" said Jimmy politely.

"Yes!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Silver, you are, I presume, the leader in this—this movement, what—what? I advise you to reflect. I fear, Silver, that the Head may decide to expel you from the school."

"I shouldn't go alone, sir."

"What—what?"

"If one goes, we all go, sir!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "And we're not going very meekly, either! We're holding out till the Head consents to peace by negotiation. Our war-aims are the expulsion of Lattrey from the school."

"Hear, hear!"

"My—my dear boys—" murmured Mr. Bootles feebly.

"Mr. Bootles, I am surprised at your bandying words with these disrespectful young rascals!" shouted Mr. Manders.

"I decline to do so, sir! For the last time, I order you to return indoors. Fail to do so, and I shall use force."

"Go hon!" remarked Conroy.

"Wha-a-at did you say, Conroy?" stammered Mr. Manders.

"Go hon, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you insolent young— young ruffian—"

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"HOLDING THE FORT!"

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

"Oh, draw it mild, old scout!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

Mr. Manders' face looked simply extraordinary in the moonlight as the Australian junior answered him.

The Modern master fairly charged at the rebels' position, like a Hun on the war-path. Mr. Manders' temper was never good, and it was simply vile now.

Reckless of his clothes, he clambered furiously over the loosely-packed earth parapet.

"Repel boarders!" roared Lovell.

"Collar him!"

"Back up, Rookwood!"

Mr. Manders came plunging over headlong, scattering earth as he came.

He was in so great a rage that he thought of nothing but of getting to close quarters with the rebel juniors.

In that respect he soon had his wish. He arrived at close quarters in less than a minute.

In less than another minute he had good reason to wish that he had been disappointed.

For as he sprawled furiously over the earthen wall he slipped down into the mud of the trench, and he never had a chance of getting up again.

Half a dozen boots, caked with mud, were planted on him, pinning him down on his back at the bottom of the trench.

He gasped faintly for breath, as dampness and mud oozed all over him.

Conroy playfully dropped a chunk of soft mould upon his long, sharp nose, and Mr. Manders spluttered frantically.

"Gerroogh! Gurrgh!"

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Bootles, scarcely believing the evidence of his spectacles, as he gazed over the parapet at this extraordinary scene.

"Gerroogh! Groogh! Help!"

"My—my boys," stammered Mr. Bootles, blinking over the parapet, in horror, "I beg you, pray release Mr. Manders—"

"Yarooogh!"

"I—I fear that you are—are incommoding him seriously by—by treading upon him."

"Gug-gug-gug-gug!"

"Cover him in intaiely!" roared Flynn.

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Bootles.

"I beg of you—"

"Yaroooh! Help! Police! Yooooop!" Mr. Manders struggled frantically.

A dozen heavy clods were pitched in on

him, and he almost disappeared from sight.

"My dear—dear boys"—Mr. Bootles almost wept—"I—I beg of you to release Mr. Manders!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Pull him out, you fellows!"

The juniors grasped Mr. Manders, and dragged him up.

The Modern master, wet and muddy and clayey, hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels.

"All together!" shouted Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The astounded master was taken by his heels and his shoulders, and swung to and fro, spluttering.

"One—two—three—go!" rapped out Jimmy.

And Mr. Manders went.

He was swung up from the trench, landed on top of the parapet, and rolled down on the outer side.

There he rested at Mr. Bootles' feet. He helped Mr. Manders to his feet.

The Modern master did not speak; he could not.

He limped away, gurgling, and leaning heavily on Mr. Bootles' helping arm.

In the entrenched camp, the juniors looked at one another and grinned.

"First round to us!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've fairly broken the ice now."

"And jolly nearly broken Manders!" chuckled Tommy Dodd.

"Pile in!" interrupted Jimmy Silver.

"Consolidate the position. Work's the word!"

And the rebels of Rookwood piled in with renewed energy to strengthen their defences. For they knew that the coming of the Head could not be long delayed, and then—

What was to happen then?

Even Jimmy Silver did not know what to think.

But upon one point Jimmy Silver was immovable—Lattrey was to leave Rookwood before the rebel Form came to terms.

And if the Head did not give in—and it was not likely that he would—then it would be a fight to a finish!

THE END.

(Another complete story of the Great Rookwood Rebellion, entitled "Holding the Fort!" Order to-day.)

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