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# The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED

SPECIAL  
SUPPLEMENT  
INSIDE.



GRAND  
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**FREE**  
WITH THIS  
ISSUE.

**A WETTING FOR CHUNKY, THE "REDSKIN CHIEF"!**

(A humorous episode from the long complete tale of Frank Richards & Co., inside.)

FOR HIS GALLANT ACT IN SAVING THE LIFE OF MORNINGTON, JIMMY SILVER & CO.  
TRY TO GET MARK LATTREY BACK AGAIN.



A Splendid Long Complete Story dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood School.

## By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Stories of Rookwood now appearing in The "Boys' Friend.")

O O

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Just Like Jimmy!

"JIMMY!"  
"Come on, Jimmy!"  
Jimmy Silver hesitated.  
There was a thoughtful wrinkle in Jimmy's Silver's brow.

Apparently he was in the throes of reflection.

"If we're going down to Coombe before lessons, we've got to hustle," said Lovell.

"What are you scowling about, Jimmy?" inquired Raby.

"I was thinking."  
"Well, don't," remarked Newcome. "Come and get your bike out, instead."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"You fellows get off," he said. "I was thinking of dropping in to see Lattrey."

"Oh, bother Lattrey!"

"The chap's been in sanny for weeks," said Jimmy Silver. "He can receive visitors now. I don't think he's had many, so far."

"Well, nobody wants to see him," said Arthur Edward Lovell practically. "Why should they?"

"Echo answers why!" grinned Newcome.

"Well, he's down on his luck," said Jimmy slowly.

"Yes, I know what you're going to say, Lovell—he's a shady rotter, and he's been sacked from Rookwood, and he's going as soon as he comes out of sanny. But—"

Lovell gave a deep groan.

"And I know what you're going to say, Jimmy, you ass! Just because the chap's down on his luck, we're to forgive everything, and forget what a beast he is, and take him to our waistcoats, and weep over him! B-r-r-r!"

"Just like Jimmy!" grunted Raby.

"Well, the poor beast has been through it," said Jimmy Silver defensively. "And you can't deny that he did a jolly plucky thing in getting Mornington out of that railway accident. It was a surprise to all of us; but there you are, he did it."

"I should think he owed Mornington that much!" snapped Lovell.

"Well, perhaps so; but—"

"But the long and the short of it is that you're going to fool over him instead of coming out for a spin!" growled Lovell.

"Well, go and do it, ass; don't ask me to come! I'm off!"

"Same here!" said Raby and Newcome.

"All serene! Cut off!" said Jimmy. "I think I'll drop in and speak a word to the chap."

Lovell & Co. walked away to the bike-shed, and Jimmy Silver, his mind made up now, started for the school sanatorium.

Jimmy had been thinking a good deal about Mark Lattrey lately.

The fellow was a rank outsider, there was no mistake about that.

Nobody at Rookwood had been able to see any good in him.

Jimmy, least of all, had any reason to feel kindly towards the fellow.

Lattrey had always been his enemy—and a bitter, unscrupulous enemy.

But one act of bravery outweighed many

sins, in Jimmy's opinion; and, besides, Lattrey had been lying ill for weeks.

He had "been through it," as Jimmy said.

It could not be pleasant to lie in sanny, ill and restless, knowing that his sentence of expulsion was to be carried out as soon as he was able to move.

In fact, it must have been distinctly unpleasant.

Jimmy wondered, too, whether he had been a little hard even upon Lattrey.

A fellow capable of even one act of unselfish courage could not be all bad.

And it could not be a trick, this time—one of Lattrey's many tricks.

He had run a fearful risk to save Mornington of the Fourth in the railway accident, and he had received injuries that had laid him up for weeks afterwards.

That counted in his favour.

Jimmy Silver was thinking it out as he let himself into the garden and walked towards the sanatorium—at some distance from the rest of the school buildings.

Lattrey was a bad egg, but—

There was a "but."

By an act of sheer ruffianism he had blinded Mornington of the Fourth; an accident, certainly, but Lattrey had acted like a reckless ruffian.

No doubt he owed Morny what he had done for him since.

Still, that did not detract from the credit due to him.

Valentine Mornington had recovered his sight, and, although no credit was due to Lattrey for that, it seemed to make his offence less, somehow.

Jimmy was admitted to the sanatorium at once to see the invalid.

He found Lattrey sitting up in bed, propped on pillows, with a book open on the counterpane.

He was not reading, however.

His eyes were fixed upon a window that gave a view of the garden, where the trees were showing the green of spring.

He started at the sight of Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy started a little, too. Lattrey was much changed.

His face was thin and worn and pale, his eyes hollow, and the hard lines of his face seemed to have been almost effaced by illness.

It was not easy at first to recognise the cool, cynical blackguard of the Fourth, whom Jimmy had known and disliked.

"You!" said Lattrey. "You've come to see me?"

"They told us you could have visitors to-day," said Jimmy, colouring a little.

"I—I thought I'd look in, Lattrey."

"You're very good! There's a chair there."

The captain of the Fourth sat down.

"You're my first visitor," said Lattrey grimly. "I didn't expect any at all, as a matter of fact."

"I—I hope you're better."

"Oh, I'm mending!" said Lattrey, with a shrug. "It will be another week or two before I'm well enough to be kicked out. But don't be afraid. I'm going."

"I—I—"

"Sorry I'm going?" asked Lattrey, in his old sardonic manner. "Thanks!"

Jimmy did not answer.

He was feeling the awkwardness of the interview, and was beginning to wish he had not followed his kindly impulse.

But Lattrey's manner changed the next moment.

"Oh, what a fool—what a fool I've been!" he muttered. "I thought I was the sharpest chap at Rookwood. I used to laugh at you, Silver, for being such an ass, and—and look where it's landed me! Look where you are, and where I am! What a fool I've been!"

Jimmy Silver looked hard at Lattrey.

That outburst evidently came from his heart. The outcast of Rookwood was not playing a part now.

During the long weeks that he had lain there he had had time to think, and it had been borne in upon his mind that the game of rascality did not even pay.

It was an obvious enough reflection, for, as Lattrey said, he could see where all his sharpness and cunning and unscrupulousness had landed him.

"I'm glad—" began Jimmy, and then he paused.

He did not want to seem to be "preaching." Lattrey gave him a gloomy look.

"I've had time to think," he said.

"Goodness knows, I've had precious little else to do. I thought I was so jolly clever! And here's the net result of all my dashed cleverness! Kicked out of the school—and serve me right! I could have come to that without taking so much trouble about it, couldn't I?"

Jimmy hardly knew what to say.

He was glad to see that change in Lattrey's views, though whether it would be a lasting one he could not even guess.

"Morny's back?" asked Lattrey suddenly.

"Yes."

"How did he get on with the operation?"

"Splendid! He's all right now," said Jimmy. "Not quite all right, perhaps. He's got to be careful for a time. But he's recovered his sight, and that's everything."

"I'm glad of that!"

"We're all jolly glad!"

"I never meant to hurt him like that," said Lattrey, his pale cheeks reddening. "I know I was a brute; but I never meant that. I'd have given anything to undo it afterwards. But what's the good of making excuses? I know what you all think of me, and you can't think worse of me than I do myself. I—I wish sometimes that—that I'd been finished under that train."

"Don't say that," said Jimmy Silver. "You did a splendid thing! You've made it up to Morny!"

"Does he think so?"

"I think he does."

"Well, I'm glad that's set right. But—"

Lattrey's lips curled. "I suppose it was a surprise to you, Silver, when you heard what I'd done? You didn't think I was the kind of fellow to risk my life for anybody?"

"Well, no," admitted Jimmy.

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"ALGY'S PRECIOUS PAL!"

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

"You were astonished, of course?" Jimmy was silent. "And you were right," said Lattrey. "I'm not that kind of chap." "But you did it!" "Yes, I did it. And while I was doing it, it was in my mind that it might make a difference for me here—might make the Head change his mind, and let me stay," said Lattrey. "But you might have been killed!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I know that. It wasn't all selfishness. I wanted to save Morny. It was an impulse, and it surprised me, myself." Lattrey grinned. "I'd have laid ten to one, myself, against my doing such a thing. But when I did it, it was partly because I was thinking that it might pay. That's my way."

Jimmy looked at him curiously. Lattrey's confession was evidently true. But why was he making it? Why was he detracting from the credit he had earned by devoted courage? It was a sign that the change in him had gone deep.

"You're surprised to hear me telling the truth?" said Lattrey.

"Well, I—I—" "I've had time to think," said the outcast junior. "When I get out of this I'm going to make a fresh start. I've got a cheery time to look forward to. My pater's hard as nails, and he's frightfully down on me for getting expelled. I shall have to go through it. But I'm going to play the game on different lines in the future. I can see what a fool I've been!"

"I—I wish you could stay here!" said Jimmy.

Lattrey shook his head. "No chance of that! The Head's too jolly glad to get rid of me! I don't believe he half liked my being brought here when I was hurt. He couldn't refuse, that was all. He's anxious for me to be gone. I don't blame him either."

"Well, I—I—" "I don't know that I want to stay, either," said Lattrey moodily. "I was thinking of that when I saved Morny in the railway accident. But I've been thinking since then, while I've been lying here. The fellows are all down on me, and they've got reason. I—I can't go back to my old life! I haven't got the nerve, somehow. I can't stay here with all the fellows looking down on me, and wishing I was gone. I couldn't!"

Jimmy was more and more surprised. "If I had to decide I'd let you stay, Lattrey," he said.

"After what I've done?" asked Lattrey, looking at him curiously. "I know what I've done. I can see it clearly enough now. There's your cousin, young Algy. He is a rascal, and I made him worse. I did it deliberately, because I was a rotter. It amused me. I never got much out of him. It was one up against you. No good saying I'm sorry now, I suppose?"

"I believe you are," said Jimmy, much moved. "I'm glad you can look at things like that now, Lattrey."

"Not much use now, as far as Rookwood is concerned. What a thumping fool I've been. And I thought myself jolly clever!" said Lattrey miserably. "I was too clever by half. I could have gone in for games like you. I could do it. I could have got prizes like Rawson, if I'd liked. Lots of things I could have done. I've got brains. And I chose to play the silly fool, and get a rotten reputation, and the boot at the end of it. Pah!"

He broke off suddenly.

"I—I didn't mean to jaw to you like this, Silver. It's been bottled up, you see, a long time, and I've just let it go. But, of course, you think I'm spoofing, same as before!"

"I don't!" said Jimmy earnestly. "You are a clever chap in your way, Lattrey—clever enough to see when you've made a bad break. You could do better if you had a chance."

"Well, I sha'n't have a chance here, and I don't specially want it. When they sent me to Coventry before I just sneered, and stood it. I couldn't do that again."

"But—" "You'd let me stay if you could," said Lattrey. "and you had a barring-out to force the Head to expel me!" Jimmy smiled.

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"Yes, I know. But that was before you risked your life for Morny."

"A lot Morny cares!" said Lattrey. "I'll bet you're the only chap at Rookwood who'll take the trouble to give me a look-in!"

There was a step in the ward.

"Hallo, old scout! How are you gettin' on?"

It was Mornington of the Fourth, as he came in with Erroll.

Jimmy Silver rose, with a smile, to make room for the new visitors.

Mornington and Erroll came to the bedside, and Jimmy Silver left quietly.

He was thinking deeply as he walked back to the School House.

He wondered whether, after all, there was a chance for Mark Lattrey at Rookwood.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Jimmy Takes the Plunge.

"WHAT'S on?" "What's the little game?" A number of juniors were gathered round the notice-board, the day after Jimmy Silver's visit to Lattrey.

There was a new paper on the board, in the handwriting of the captain of the Fourth. It ran:

"Form-meeting in Common-room at 5.20. All members of the IVth Form are expected to attend. Important!"

"J. SILVER."

"Blessed if I know anything to call a Form-meetin' about!" yawned Townsend. "Somethin' to do with footer, I suppose. Yaw-aw!"

"Then they won't see me there!" remarked Cyril Peele.

"Can't be footer, or Silver would say so," said Conroy. "Hallo, Lovell! What's the merry meeting about?"

Arthur Edward Lovell stopped. "What's that about a meeting?" he asked.

"Haven't you seen this notice?" Lovell looked at the paper.

"Not before. What is Jimmy calling a meeting for, I wonder? Do you know, Raby?"

"No more than you do," answered Raby. And Newcome shook his head.

Jimmy Silver's chums were as much in the dark as the other fellows.

"The Moderns will be coming, as it's for all the Fourth," remarked Van Ryn. "Something awfully important, I suppose. We'll turn up."

Lovell went up the staircase with his chums.

Jimmy Silver was in the end study, very busy.

There were kippers for tea, and Jimmy was cook.

He turned a ruddy face to his chums as they came in.

"Just in time!" he said cheerily.

"By gad, you're doing well!" said Lovell. "Six kippers!"

"Two visitors," explained Jimmy Silver. "Who are the happy guests?"

"Mornington and Erroll."

"Oh, all serene!"

"What's that on the board about a meeting of the Form, Jimmy?" asked Newcome.

"I'll tell you over tea."

"Why can't you tell us now?"

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions," answered Uncle James serenely.

"You cheeky ass!"

"Shush! Lend a hand with the kippers."

"But look here—" began Raby.

"Wait and see, old chap!"

Jimmy's chums had to wait and see, though they were feeling very curious.

Erroll and Mornington came in, the latter looking very bright.

Since the recovery of his sight Morny had looked the happiest fellow at Rookwood. Just to be able to see the sun again made him happy.

"I see you've got a notice on the board, Silver," Mornington remarked as he sat down.

"Something awfully important—what?" asked Kit Erroll, with a smile.

"It's rather important," said Jimmy Silver. "I want you fellows to come, all of you, and back me up."

"Rely on that!" said Erroll.

"Not another barring-out?" grinned Mornington.

"Ha, ha! No!"

"Then what on earth is it about?" demanded Lovell restively. "You've got something up your sleeve, Jimmy!"

Arthur Edward Lovell was looking suspicious.

"Well, I—I want you fellows to back me up," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm going to put it to the Form! I—I think the Head might be asked to let Lattrey stay at Rookwood."

The cat was out of the bag now.

That was what Jimmy Silver had had "up his sleeve."

And there was a silence of astonishment in the end study, while Jimmy's friends stared at him blankly.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. "Hands Up!"

"MY hat!" ejaculated Raby at last, breaking the silence. "Great Scott!" murmured Newcome.

Snort from Lovell. He had suspected it. "I—I talked to the chap yesterday," said Jimmy. "He's changed—changed a lot since his illness."

Snort!

"You can trust my judgment, and take my word, really. He's not spoofing this time. He's really in earnest," said Jimmy Silver, his own voice very earnest now. "I believe he would do better if he could start afresh. He's had a lesson. After all, it isn't a light thing to get expelled from school. He's been ill a long time, and he's thought over things."

"He's told you so," grunted Lovell. "I believe him."

"Well, I don't!"

Raby and Newcome were silent.

They were more inclined to agree with Lovell than with Jimmy Silver, however, as their looks showed.

But Jimmy found support, rather unexpectedly, in the visitors.

Erroll gave an approving nod, and Morny spoke out cheerily:

"I think the same as you, Silver. I had a jaw with Lattrey yesterday. He's not like the same fellow at all."

"I agree," said Erroll quietly.

"After all, it's possible for a fellow to reform," went on Mornington, with a laugh. "Look at me! Consider what I was, and consider what I've become under Erroll's benign influence—a regular model! Why shouldn't Lattrey follow in my footsteps, and become a model, too?"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"I don't think Lattrey's likely to become a model," he said. "But I think he's had his lesson, and that he's going to try to do better if he's given a chance. His pater was very rough on him when he went home. I know he'd rather be ill here in sunny than go home again. Dash it all! He would be a fool if he hadn't learned, by this time, that being a rotter doesn't pay—and he's no fool, whatever he is!"

"Ahem!" murmured Raby.

"My idea is for all the Fourth to ask the Head to let him stay," continued Jimmy Silver. "He's done a plucky thing—"

"Once in his life!" snapped Lovell.

"Well, that's a beginning. I think the fellows would be willing to give him a chance, and I'm sure he would do better next time. If the Head won't agree, that settles it, of course; but I think he would, very likely. After what Lattrey did in the railway accident, Dr. Chisholm can't want to be hard on him, and if he knew we were willing to receive him back—"

"We're not willing," said Lovell grimly.

"Now, look here, old chap—" said Jimmy Silver persuasively.

"Let me speak!" roared Lovell, laying down his fork, and fairly glaring at his study leader. "I don't agree. I think you're an ass! Lattrey did a plucky thing once. That's so. But one swallow doesn't make a summer. He's a sneaking cad and blackguard, and a disgrace to Rookwood."

"Yes; but—"

"Oh, don't start butting! He's talked you round, laughing at you in his sleeve all the time. He's done it before. Didn't you go easy with him, and take him home for the Christmas vac? What did he do then? Took your young cousin Algy under his wing, and gambled with him, and so on, and you had to turn him out of your house."

"I—I know; but—  
 "He's simply fooling you, as he's done before. If he stays at Rookwood, he'll start his old games again. Sneaking and lying, and breaking bounds at night, and gambling and smoking—same old game. He's a disgrace to the school!"

"But—  
 "And there's your young cousin, too," snapped Lovell. "You'd like to see him under Lattrey's influence again—what? Don't you think he's a horrid enough young waster without that?"

Jimmy reddened.  
 "I tell you Lattrey's changed!"  
 "And I tell you he hasn't."

"I know—"  
 "You can't know. You only know what he's told you, and he was lying, as usual," said Lovell angrily.

"He's trying to work it to stay at Rookwood, and then he'll begin again—get the name of the school into the newspapers, very likely, in the long run. How would you like that?"

"But suppose he has changed," said Erroll mildly.

"Rot!"  
 Arthur Edward was very angry.

His anger was really not without reason.

He had seen Jimmy Silver taken in before by the cad of Rookwood, and matters had turned out just as he expected.

It was really too exasperating to see Jimmy walking into the same trap again—for that was how Lovell regarded it.

"Well, if you're against it—" said Jimmy at last.

"I jolly well am!"  
 "Then you won't back me up?"

"No; I won't!"  
 "Order!" murmured Newcome. "No rags in the family circle."

Jimmy Silver rose.  
 Tea was finished, and it was time for the meeting.

Lovell gave him a glare.

"You're going to hold the meeting?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, I sha'n't come. I won't stand up against you, but you can leave me out of it."

"Better come," said Newcome uneasily.  
 "I won't; and that's flat!"

Lovell ended the discussion by striding out of the study in great dudgeon.

Mornington coughed.  
 "Let's go down to the meeting," he suggested.

"Come on," said Jimmy, rather ruffled.  
 The juniors descended to the Common-room.

That apartment was already filling. Moderns as well as Classicals coming in, curious to know what the gathering was about.

Smythe & Co. of the Shell had looked in, too, and Algy of the Third had turned up with some of the fags.

The room was getting crowded when Jimmy Silver & Co. came in—without Lovell.

Jimmy Silver was not feeling wholly easy in his mind.

He was well aware that he erred a little on the side of good nature, and that he had a disposition to forgive a fellow anything if the fellow was down on his luck.

Lovell's determined opposition wearied him, and he could not help seeing that Raby and Newcome were only giving him a very lukewarm support.

But Jimmy remembered Lattrey's earnestness in that talk in the sanatorium, and it made him firm.

He felt that he was doing right.  
 "Here's the giddy oracle!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, the Modern. "Get up on your

hind legs, Jimmy, and tell us what it's all about!"

"All here?" asked Jimmy, looking round.

"Nearly all, bedad!" said Tommy Doyle.

"Get on with the washing, Jimmy darling, and cut it short!"

"The shorter the better!" remarked Tommy Cook.

Jimmy Silver mounted upon a chair.

Townsend & Co. lounged in at the last moment, and nearly all the Fourth were present.

"Go ahead, Jimmy!" sang out Conroy encouragingly.

Jimmy Silver went ahead.

"It's about Lattrey—" he began.  
 "Oh!"  
 "What on earth about Lattrey?" yawned

Mornington's hand went up first, and Erroll's next.

Raby and Newcome followed, and the three Colonials.

Then there was a whole forest of hands.

Jimmy Silver looked over the crowd, quite elated.

There were not more than three or four dissentients in the Common-room.

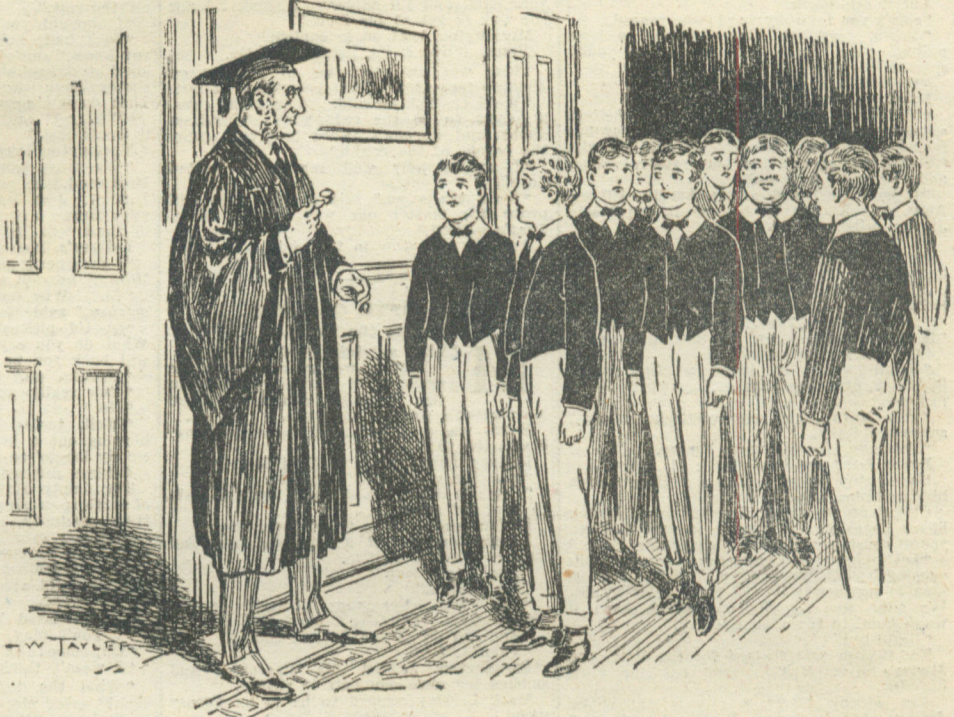
"Passed unanimously—or nearly," said Mornington. "It's a go!"

"It's a go!" said Jimmy Silver, stepping down from the chair, with great satisfaction.

"We'll put it to the Head."

"Suppose he won't listen?" suggested Oswald.

"Well, if he won't, he won't. But I think



**FOR LATTREY'S SAKE!**—"If you please, sir, we want to make a petition," said Jimmy Silver. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head of Rookwood. "About Lattrey, sir," continued Jimmy. "We—we hope that, considering how he risked his life for Morny, sir, you—you might overlook some things, and let him stay at Rookwood, sir!" (See Chapter 5.)

Townsend. "Is he well enough to be kicked out yet?"

There was a laugh.

Jimmy Silver went on speaking quietly and earnestly, and the Fourth-Formers listened in astonishment when they saw his drift.

Jimmy told concisely of his view of Lattrey, and the change that had taken place in him.

He dwelt at some length on the act of courage by which he had saved Morny's life; and he expiated, too, upon the fact that Morny, the fellow Lattrey had most injured, was willing to give him another chance.

But there was a buzz of surprise when he came to the point; the suggestion of a petition to the Head to allow Lattrey to remain at Rookwood.

There were a good many grim looks at that.

But Jimmy Silver was a great power in the Rookwood Fourth; the fellows were accustomed to following the lead of Uncle James.

And there was no doubt that Lattrey's one generous act had made a great impression upon his schoolfellows.

Conroy & Co. started a cheer as Jimmy Silver concluded, and it was echoed by the three Tommies of the Modern side.

Jimmy had succeeded, after all, in carrying the meeting with him.

Jimmy's face brightened.

"Hands up for giving Lattrey another chance!" he exclaimed.

he will. Anyway, we shall have done all we can."

And so it was settled.

Many of the fellows agreed with Jimmy Silver, and those who were indifferent were ready to leave it to his judgment.

But when Arthur Edward Lovell heard the verdict he gave a snort like an angry war-horse.

The Fourth Form might be satisfied; but Arthur Edward Lovell certainly was not.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**Morny Takes a Hand.**

"ALL together, I think," remarked Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "We'll catch him in the corridor, when he's coming away from the Sixth."

"Any old thing!" yawned Raby.

"Ain't we going over to Bagshot to-day?" said Newcome.

The chums of the Fourth were discussing the question of the petition to the Head, or, more correctly, Jimmy Silver was discussing it, and Raby and Newcome were yawning.

"No hurry," said Jimmy. "Lovell's not here yet."

"Here I am!" said the voice of Arthur Edward, in the doorway.

"Time we got off," remarked Raby.

"Anything the matter?" inquired Newcome, staring at Lovell's thunderous brow. "Been rowing?"

"I've just seen Lattrey," said Lovell grimly. "He's out in the garden now. Your cousin was with him, Jimmy."

"No harm in that," said Jimmy, a little uneasily. "Lattrey was pitching into him."

"What!"

"Because Algy wouldn't play cards with the cad!" shouted Lovell, with a red face. "How do you like that? Still want to petition the Head to let that blackguard stay at Rookwood?"

Jimmy sat very still, and Raby and Newcome grinned a little.

"They were not surprised at the news." "How do you know?" Jimmy asked, at last. "I came on them. I heard Algy yelling from the quad. He told me."

"It that's true—" began Jimmy slowly. Lovell crimsoned. "Can't you take my word?" he roared. "Yours, yes; but Algy might have been pulling your leg. He's rather a young spoofer."

"Well, that's so," agreed Raby. Lovell gave an angry snort.

"You mean, you'd believe or disbelieve anything rather than admit that Lattrey has fooled you, Jimmy Silver!" he said bitterly. "You're wrong, and you know you're wrong, and you won't own up."

"I don't know I'm wrong, Lovell. I'll see Algy, and hear what he has to say," said Jimmy, with a worried look. "Ahem!"

It was Mornington's polite cough in the doorway. Lovell broke off, and gave Morny a grim look.

"Sorry to interrupt," smiled Mornington. "If you're havin' a row, I'll look in again."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" "Erroll wants to know whether we're bikin' it over to Bagshot," yawned Mornington.

"Tell Morny, and see what he thinks," suggested Raby.

"Tell him, Lovell," said Jimmy. Lovell burst out again with his story.

Mornington listened, with a slight smile on his handsome face.

"What do you think, Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver uneasily. "I'm sorry to say that my young cousin's word can't always be taken."

"Let's have a pow-wow over it this evening," said Mornington. "I've got an idea in my head; it will want thinkin' out. It's time we got off to Bagshot now, if we're goin' to tea with Pankley."

"Right-ho!"

The matter was shelved for the time, and Jimmy Silver & Co. went out for their bicycles.

But Jimmy Silver was very thoughtful during that visit to Pankley & Co. at Bagshot.

The thought that he might have been the victim once more of Lattrey's cunning and duplicity was a troublesome one.

And yet, if the rascal of Rookwood had really repented, as Jimmy hoped and believed, it was hard that he should not be given another chance.

How the matter could be settled beyond doubt was a puzzle, and Jimmy was anxious to hear Morny's idea, whatever it was.

He was glad when the party returned to Rookwood, and gathered in the end study for the "pow-wow."

"I can't help thinking," said Erroll, in his quiet way, "that Algy was spoofing Lovell, and don't like to tell a lie out direct. But he won't own up."

"Oh, rot!" said Lovell. "You said you had an idea, Morny," said Jimmy Silver.

Mornington nodded. "Yaas, I've been thinkin' it out. Lend me your cars, and I'll explain. I think I know the way to get at the facts."

Mornington went on to explain. Jimmy Silver & Co. listened quietly.

There was an expression of distaste on Jimmy's face at first, but he nodded at last. "We'll try it," he said. "Under the circumstances, it seems to be the only way. There's a doubt, and we can't afford to give Lattrey the benefit of the doubt."

"I should jolly well say no!" hooted Lovell.

"Well, it's a go," said Jimmy. "It will prove the matter one way or the other. That's settled."

And the pow-wow in the end study broke up.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**Put to the Proof!**

"**M**ERRY an' bright—what?" Lattrey was coming down the garden-path from the sanatorium the following afternoon, when Mornington's voice greeted him.

Morny was seated in a little summer-house beside the path.

Lattrey halted at the trellised doorway. "Yes, I'm gettin' on," he said.

"Come in and squat down. I want to talk to you, old scout."

Lattrey sat down in the summer-house. Mornington opened a cigarette-case, and Lattrey started a little.

"Smoke, old man?" "No, thanks."

"Too soon after your illness?" queried Mornington. "You don't mind if I do?"

"You can do as you like, of course." "Thanks; I will."

Mornington lighted his cigarette, and smoked for some moments in silence.

Mark Lattrey seemed to be in an uneasy mood.

"I suppose you're rather surprised at my bein' friendly?" smiled Mornington. "You served me a rotten trick, Lattrey. But what you did in the railway accident wipes that

out. By-gones are by-gones, as far as I'm concerned."

"I'm glad of that, Mornington. You'd hardly understand how glad I was when I heard you'd got your sight back," said Lattrey, in a low voice.

Morny gave him a rather curious look. "Well, that's all over now," he said. "I had a bad time; but I'm goin' to make up for it. My uncle came down handsome in the way of tips, and I'm well-heeled—jolly well-heeled. How do you stand?"

"I've some money," said Lattrey. "If you stay at Rookwood, I don't see why we shouldn't be friends again," resumed Mornington. "I'm goin' to make up for lost time. I've been pinin' for a little excitement long enough. It will be like old times again—you an' I together, an' Peele an' Gower, an' the rest."

"I thought you'd chucked all that." "So I had; but what's bred in the bone, you know," smiled Mornington. "What's the good of strugglin' with fate? I tell you I'm simply longin' for a burst, on the old lines! That doesn't surprise you, surely?"

"Well, no," said Lattrey. "I never thought it would last."

Mornington laughed. "We must work it for you to stay at Rookwood," he said. "We can't spare you, Lattrey. Joey Hook has been inquiren' after you; there's a merry little circle at the Bird-in-Hand will be glad to see you again."

Lattrey's face clouded. "I shall never go to the Bird-in-Hand again, Morny," he said quietly.

"Eh? Why not? It's a half-holiday to-morrow," said Mornington. "You could slip away—I'd pick you up in a trap outside. What do you say to a jolly afternoon? It will buck you up no end."

"Thanks, no." "You really wouldn't care for it?"

"No." "Well, tastes differ," said Mornington, blowing out a little cloud of smoke. "I'm simply longin' to get on the warpath again."

Lattrey did not answer. The dandy of the Fourth slipped a pack of cards from his pocket, and began to shuffle them carelessly.

Lattrey's eyes rested upon the shining cards, and his eyes glistened.

It was evident that the cards had not lost their old attraction for the black sheep of Rookwood.

"Nap?" asked Morny, looking at him. "I won't play, Morny."

"Oh, come! It's safe enough here." "I wasn't thinking of that."

"What the dickens are you thinking of, then?" asked Mornington testily. "You used to be keen enough on a little flutter."

"It would have been better for me if I hadn't been," answered Lattrey moodily. "Oh, don't moralise! It's safe enough here, I tell you; and I'm not likely to give you away, like young Algy," grinned Mornington.

"Algy! What do you mean? How could he give me away?"

"He told Lovell what you were handlin' him for yesterday."

"No harm in that, I suppose. The young rotter got my wood off," said Lattrey. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have touched him, but a fellow don't like being called names. I suppose I can't expect anybody to believe me; but—"

"He told Lovell you were handlin' him because he wouldn't play cards with you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lattrey, with a start. "Does Jimmy Silver know?"

"Naturally."

"And—he believes—"

"What do you think?" laughed Mornington.

Lattrey sat silent for some moments, his face darkly clouded.

"Then Silver won't try to do anything for me, after all?" he said, in a low voice. "He won't believe me if I explain. I can't expect him to. I—I did hope he would—"

He paused again.

"Do you mean that young Algy was lyin'?"

"Yes."

"You can't expect Jimmy Silver to think so."

"I don't," said Lattrey miserably. "Why should he take my word—against his cousin, too? You wouldn't, either."

"Ahem! It is rather thick, isn't it?" grinned Mornington. "But we'll manage it with the Head somehow. Now, then, shall I deal?"

"Don't deal to me, Morny. Look here!" Lattrey paused a moment. "Put those rotten

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Now on Sale. Buy one TO-DAY!

THE POPULAR.—No. 169.  
NEXT TUESDAY!  
**"ALGY'S PRECIOUS PAL!"**  
A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
: : BY OWEN CONQUEST. : :

cards away, Morny! It's a mug's game, and a cad's game, and I've done with it. It's brought me pretty low—about as low as I can get, I think. Why don't you chuck it? What's the good, anyway? You'll end up as I've ended—it's bound to come, in the long run.

"Preachin' by gad!" said Mornington. "I don't mean to preach," said Lattrey, flushing. "But if you'd been through what I've been through, you'd see it for yourself. You have made a fresh start. Why don't you stick to it? Play the game, and keep straight. I only wish I'd had sense enough to do it myself, when I had the chance." His voice faltered. "It's all over now, and I can't grumble. If ever a fellow asked for it, I did."

Mornington quietly slipped the cards into his pocket, and threw down his cigarette, crushing it under his heel.

Lattrey's eyes were moist. Mornington had never seen the outcast of Rookwood moved like this before, and it moved him strangely himself.

"Show up, you fellows!" he called out hastily.

Lattrey started, as there was a rush of footsteps round the summer-house.

Jimmy Silver stood in the doorway, with Lovell and Raby and Newcome and Erroll behind him.

Lattrey stared at them blankly. "Excuse this little game, Lattrey," chuckled Mornington. "Only a little game, to see whether dear Algy was lyn' or not, an' to put you to the proof, old man. I'm not a giddy gay dog. I'm not goin' on the tiles, an' I only wanted to know whether you were. Savvy?"

"Oh!" gasped Lattrey. He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"You—you heard?" he stammered. "Yes," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "And we know now that you're true blue, Lattrey, and we're standing by you."

Lovell's expression was very curious. Mornington's "wheeze" had worked like a charm; its results had fulfilled Jimmy Silver's hopes, but it had been a great surprise to Arthur Edward Lovell.

He blinked at Lattrey. But Lovell was convinced now, and he was ready to own up.

"I'm sorry, Lattrey," he said frankly. "You can't quite blame a chap for not believing in you, considering. But—well, I'm sorry."

"Morny, you—you were leading me on?" gasped Lattrey. "Mea culpa," said Morny. "I was, old cove! Puttin' in you to the proof, you know. I'm sure you'll overlook it, under the peculiar circumstances."

"I—I—I—"

"We're going to see the Head to-day," said Jimmy Silver quietly, "and all we can do is going to be done."

Lattrey did not speak; he could not. But his look was eloquent. And when Jimmy Silver & Co. left him, the heart of the outcast of Rookwood was lighter than it had been for many a long day.

"If you please, sir—"

Dr. Chisholm stared. The corridor was crowded with Fourth-Formers, all of them looking decidedly nervous.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head of Rookwood. "What does this mean?"

"Go it, Jimmy!" murmured several voices. Lovell nudged his chum encouragingly.

"Go it, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver cleared his throat, and "went it."

"If—if you please, sir—"

"Well, Silver?"

"We—we want to make a petition, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

"About Lattrey, sir. We—we hope that, considering how he risked his life for Morny, sir, you—you might overlook some things, sir; and—let him stay at Rookwood, sir!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"If you please, sir—" chorused the juniors.

"He's changed a lot, sir," went on Jimmy Silver hurriedly, before the Head could speak. "He's going to play the game, if he gets a chance—we all believe him, sir. If you could give him a chance—"

Dr. Chisholm's expression was very kindly. "As a matter of fact, Silver, I have been thinking about Lattrey's case," he said.

"He acted very bravely, and very generously, in rescuing Mornington from danger; and he has suffered severely for his courage and devotion. I was, however, very doubtful as to how he would be received in his Form if I allowed him to remain at Rookwood. I am glad you have spoken to me. I will consider the matter."

The Head made a gesture of dismissal, and the deputation of the Fourth disappeared.

"That means that it's all right!" Jimmy said confidently.

And it was! The next day it was known to all the school that Mark Lattrey's sentence of expulsion had been rescinded, and that he was to be given another chance.

It was glad news for the outcast of Rookwood, and most of the fellows were glad to hear it.

Lattrey of the Fourth had another chance, and it remained to be seen what he would make of it.

But Jimmy Silver had no doubts, since that little scene in the summer-house, when the outcast of Rookwood had been put to the proof.

THE END.  
(Another grand, complete story of Rookwood next Tuesday, entitled, "Algy's Precious Pal!" by Owen Conquest.)

## TALES TO TELL.

### MOST UNCALLED FOR.

An aviator fell from his machine into a river, and was pulled out by a man passing by. "Oh, my preserver—my preserver!" cried the aviator. "Stow it, gov'nor!" replied the rescuer. "Don't chaff a chap because he works in a jam factory!"

### HIS OCCUPATION.

"The prisoner refuses to give his occupation, sir," remarked a policeman to the magistrate. "Why don't you say what you are?" asked the magistrate of the man in the dock. "Cos it's superfluous," was the reply. "You're as bad as the police, if you'll excuse me saying so. What's the charge? Stealing two chairs and a table. There you are! What's plainer? I am a furniture remover!"

### ONE WAY.

"I say," queried the visitor from town, "can you tell me how to make a slow horse fast?" "Certainly," was the reply; "don't feed him."

### PLAIN ENGLISH.

"What's that strange bird?" asked an old gentleman of a longshoreman who was standing by him. "That's a halbatross," was the reply. "A rara avis, I presume?" "No; a halbatross." "Yes, yes, my dear fellow; but I call it a rara avis, just as I would call you a genus homo." "Oh, you would, would you?" retorted the longshoreman. "Well, I call that bird a halbatross, just as I would call you a blank idgit!"

### GOOD COMPANY.

A fresh boy at the school had a queer way of talking to himself, and one day a Sixth-Former tackled him on the subject. "Why on earth are you always talking to yourself?" asked the senior. "I have two reasons for doing that," was the reply. "Well, what are they?" "One of them is that I like to talk to a sensible man, and the other is that I like to hear a sensible man talk."

### WISE BRIDGET.

Mistress: "Why, Bridget, you surely don't consider these windows washed?" Bridget: "Sure, I washed 'em on the inside, mum, so ye can look out. But I intentionally left them a little dirty on the outside, so them dirty, alngerant children nixt door couldn't look in."

### THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"I'm sorry I cannot give you a bun" said the small boy's mother. "I've lost the key of the pantry, and the buns are on the pantry shelf." "That doesn't matter," said Horace. "If I go round to the back, and climb on to the top of the water-but, and reach right into the pantry window with the toasting-fork, I can get them." "That's just what I wanted to know," said the mother. "Now you can go right up to your room till your father comes home."

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of Our Free Plate.

## "IN THE PATH OF THE SUN" EXPRESSES.

By A RAILWAY EXPERT.

THE L. & S.W.R., whose London terminus is at Waterloo, the reconstruction and enlargement of which is approaching completion, merits much consideration. First and foremost, it is the railway for Southampton Docks, from which boats for far-distant climes set sail, and at which they arrive. The Southampton boat-trains have therefore a special interest. Beyond Southampton lies Bournemouth, the famous South Coast winter and summer resort, amid the pines, and still farther south-west, Weymouth—the English Naples. This is the original limb of the L. & S.W.R. The Portsmouth Direct line, through Haslemere, is another, with the mighty dockyard and the Isle of Wight steamers at its extremity. By far the longest section of the L. & S.W.R., however, is the line through Salisbury to Exeter, which runs westward "in the path of the sun." Beyond Exeter the line serves North Devon, with Ilfracombe and Torrington as termini, and, skirting Dartmoor, it brings one to Plymouth, or by taking the North Cornwall branch, the district of the West Cuntree, the home of Arthurian legend, is served.

The several routes are far different in character, but none can be described as easy; mostly the gradients are severe, some more severe than others. Specially sturdy locomotives are required for working over the line to Portsmouth, and also on the "path of the sun" section between Salisbury and Exeter, a distance of 88 miles.

The type of engine that has been evolved to perform this arduous duty is illustrated in the plate presented with this issue. No. 735 is of the 4-6-0 type, with 6-coupled wheels 6ft. 7in. diameter, the two cylinders each being 22in. diameter by 28in. stroke. The superheating surface is 308 square feet, apart from the 1,878 square feet of heating surface of the boiler and firebox.

The gigantic tender of No. 735 is a noticeable feature. Gradients are so frequent on the L. & S.W.R. that water-troughs are not provided; therefore, to enable non-stop runs of fair length to be performed, a big receptacle for water is required. The double-bogie tender holds 5,000 gallons of water (weighing nearly 23 tons) and 7 tons of coal. These big reserves of water and fuel bring the total weight of the engine and loaded tender up to about 135 tons.

The post-war longest non-stop run of the L. & S.W.R. is between Salisbury and Exeter—83 miles performed in 1 hour 44 minutes, an average speed of 50.8 miles an hour. The fastest run is from Basingstoke to Surbiton—35.8 miles in 33 minutes, equal to just over 55 miles an hour.

The L. & S.W.R. has not so far reverted to her best pre-war performances. In those days 57.4 miles an hour was the highest speed, the 65 miles from Andover to Vauxhall being covered in 68 minutes, start to stop; whilst the longest non-stop run was from Waterloo to Bournemouth Central (103 miles), performed in 126 minutes. This time was, however, six minutes longer than that previously booked, when the average speed was as high as 54 miles an hour.

Here is a secret of the L. & S.W.R.'s history. When Sir Sam Fay was appointed superintendent in 1899, and the non-stop Bournemouth expresses were first introduced, he proposed the time should be only 1 hour 55 minutes, but at the last moment the time was extended to 2 hours.

In next Tuesday's "Popular" I shall have something to say about the Great Eastern Railway, whose famous expresses transport vast crowds of holiday-makers in speed and safety to the popular East Coast seaside resorts every summer. One of this company's fine 4-6-0 express engines forms the subject of next week's splendid free coloured plate.

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