

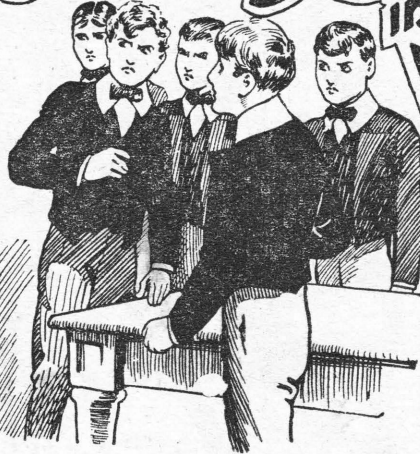
THE WAR WITH THE PREFECTS! "Uncle James" and his brave henchmen are in trouble again. It is not specially of their own seeking, although they are not fellows who live the quiet, uneventful life. Events so shape themselves that Jimmy Silver & Co. find themselves up against it!



Jimmy Silver & Co.

in the

Wars!



A Thrilling Complete story of the beginning of the great feud between Jimmy Silver & Co., and the Prefects of Rookwood.

BY

Owen Conquest.

(Author of the famous stories of Rookwood now appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Rank Rebellion I

"OH!" "Ah!" "Wow!" Those remarks were made together, in a sort of dismal chorus. Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Classical Fourth had turned into the archway that led from Big Quad to Little Quad, when the dismal chorus fell upon their ears.

The Fistical Four were sauntering and chattering cheerily after lessons. They stopped as they heard the chorus.

Three youths were gathered in the dusky archway—three members of the Modern Fourth. They were Tommy Dodd, Cook, and Doyle. They were wringing their hands and wriggling, what time they made such remarks as "Ow! Wow! Yow! Oh!"

Evidently the three Tommies of the Modern side of Rookwood had been going through it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. regarded them inquiringly and sympathetically. Though the Classical chums were "up against" the Moderns as a matter of course, they could be sympathetic at a moment like this. This was a kind of misfortune that might happen to any chap, Classical or Modern. The Fistical Four had, so to speak, "been there" themselves.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver quite cordially. "Been through it—what?" Tommy Dodd blinked at him.

"Ow!" was the reply. "Wow!" "Licked?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell.

Really, it was a superfluous question. It was clear enough to any ordinary intelligence that the three Moderns had been licked—and licked severely.

"Mr. Manders at it again?" asked Raby.

"Or that rotter Knowles?" inquired Newcome.

"Ow! Ow!" "Feeling bad?" pursued Lovell.

"Fathead!" jerked out Tommy Dodd.

"What?" "Ass!"

"Look here, you Modern worm, if—"

"Do you think I'm doing a new thing in gymnastics and exercising my vocal cords?" asked Tommy Dodd, with savage sarcasm.

"Of course, I'm feeling bad, you dummy! If you'd had six on each hand you'd feel bad, wouldn't you? Ow!"

"Six on each hand!" said Jimmy Silver.

"That's rather severe. I suppose it was old Manders."

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"Knowles!" groaned Tommy Dodd. "That awful cad Knowles of the Sixth! Ow! I'm going to make him sit up somehow! Ow!"

"Ragging your prefect—what?" asked Lovell. "Jolly risky game, you know. You ought to have expected trouble."

"Shush!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Well, I'm only consoling the chap," said Lovell.

Tommy Dodd glared at him. Lovell's methods of consolation were, as a matter of fact, rather like those of the comforters of Job.

"It was for nothing!" said Tommy Cook, with a groan.

"Nothing!" said Newcome. "Six on each hand is rather a lot for nothing."

"Really nothing," said Tommy Dodd.

"Nothing at all! I just remarked to Cook that Knowles ought to have taken that goal in the senior match on Saturday—ow!"

"And the baste was standin' near, and heard it," mumbled Tommy Doyle.

"And he gave Tommy a whack with his ashplant," said Cook, "and—and—"

"And, without stopping to think, we just bunged him against a beech," said Tommy Dodd.

"I—I—I wish we'd stopped to think now."

"Ow! Wow! Sure, so do I!"

"Yow-ow-woop!"

"Well, you mustn't bung a prefect against a beech, even a cad like Knowles," said Jimmy Silver judiciously.

"He ought to be scalped, of course. But prefects mustn't be scalped."

"And what happened next?" asked Raby.

"Groan!"

"Manders happened next!" mumbled Tommy Dodd.

"Of course, he was bound to come by just as we were bunging Knowles. And he marched us into his study and gave us six on each hand—yow-ow-ow!"

"Hence these groans!" said Jimmy Silver.

"It's too bad."

"Rotten!" said Lovell. "These Modern prefects are a beastly crowd. I don't think any of the Modern Sixth ought to be prefects."

"Silly ass!" snorted Tommy Dodd.

"Fathead!" said Cook.

"Howlin' idiot!" said Doyle.

The three Tommies had been licked, but they were patriotic Moderns all the same. Arthur Edward Lovell was not famous for tact, and undoubtedly he did not shine in the role of comforter.

"Look here, you Modern worms—" he began wrathfully. "I've a jolly good mind to give you a licking myself—"

"Rats!"

"You couldn't!"

"Bosh!"

"I'll jolly well—" roared Lovell, quite forgetting that he had started out to comfort the sufferers.

"Cheese it, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver soothingly. "I say, we're really sorry, you chaps. Knowles wants scalping, and so does Manders. I wish we could help you scalp them."

"Ow, ow! Wow!"

"If we had a prefect like that on the Classical side, we'd scalp him fast enough," said Lovell.

"You wouldn't!" snorted Tommy Dodd.

"You'd stand it just as we do, because you couldn't help yourself, you Classical chump!"

"Look here—"

"Oh, rats!"

"I tell you that if there was a cad like Knowles on the Classical side—" roared Lovell.

"What's that?"

A sharp, angry voice broke in.

The figure of Cecil Knowles of the Modern Sixth loomed up in the archway from Big Quad.

Lovell stopped short suddenly.

Carthew of the Classical Sixth was with Knowles. He gave Lovell a grim look.

"What's that, Lovell?" he said, repeating Knowles' question.

"N-nothing!" mumbled Lovell.

"You were calling Knowles names!" Lovell was silent.

Carthew had his ashplant tucked under his arm. He let it slip into his hand.

"Hold out your hand, Lovell!" he said.

The three Tommies grinned. In spite of their own pains and sufferings, they were tickled by this situation.

Mark Carthew was, as a matter of fact, very like Knowles in his methods; the two were chums, though they were on different sides at Rookwood.

After Lovell's loud words, it was up to him to display a spirit of lofty independence towards Carthew of the Sixth.

He felt it. But the awkward fact remained that Carthew was a prefect, and was invested with the power of the cane.

In point of fact, Arthur Edward Lovell had spoken hastily, and now his hasty words had come home to roost, as it were—as hasty words often do.

"I'm waiting, Lovell!" said Carthew significantly.

Knowles looked on with a bitter grin. Lovell would have refused to be caned by him, that being within his rights as a

Classical fellow. But Carthew was a Classical prefect, and Knowles could depend on him to make the rash junior smart for his thoughtless words.

"Do you hear me, Lovell?" snapped Carthew.

"Ye-es!"

"Hold out your hand, then!"

Lovell stood irresolute.

His face was red. The grins of the three Tommies put him on his mettle. He simply couldn't submit to be caned by Carthew after what he had said only a minute ago.

"I won't!" he said at last.

"What?" roared Carthew.

"I won't!"

"You refuse to hold out your hand?"

"Yes!" growled Lovell.

Carthew stared at him, and then made a stride forward, and seized the junior by the collar.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroor!" roared Lovell, as the asphalnt whacked across his shoulders. "Oh, ow-ow! Leggo, you bully! Ow!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Give it him!" grinned Knowles.

"Yow-ow! Rescue!" howled Lovell.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome looked on grimly. Resistance to the authority of a Sixth Form prefect was a serious matter. But they were not proof against that appeal from their chum.

"Come on!" muttered Jimmy.

With a rush the three hurled themselves on Carthew.

He was dragged away from his victim, spun round, and sent whirling into Little Quad, where he landed sprawling.

"Who-ooop!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

Lovell stood panting. Jimmy Silver caught him by the arm.

"Hook it!" he said briefly.

And the Fistical Four "hooked" it, without waiting for any further dealings with Carthew of the Sixth.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Fag Wanted!

"ASS!" Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome hurled that complimentary epithet at Lovell together in the end study on the Classical side. They had retreated to their study, not in a happy mood. It was only too certain that Mark Carthew would not take his handling "lying down." There was trouble to follow—serious trouble.

It was tea-time; but the Fistical Four were not thinking of tea. They were thinking of Carthew, and Mr. Bootles, and the Head, and the canings, and a possible flogging—all sorts of unpleasant things, in fact. And three of them agreed that it was all Arthur Edward Lovell's fault.

"Look here—" protested Arthur Edward. "What the thump did you want to brag to those silly Moderns for?" growled Raby.

"I wasn't bragging—"

"You ought to have put out your paw when Carthew told you—"

"I'm not going to be bullied!"

"Well, you called Knowles a cad! Any prefect would have caned you for calling another prefect names. Bulkeley or Neville would have done it, same as Carthew."

Lovell grunted.

He had an uneasy feeling that he had placed himself in the wrong; but he was not inclined to admit it.

"Now we're all landed!" said Raby morosely. "Carthew will go straight to Mr. Bootles or the Head."

"Blow Carthew!"

"We can't say he was bullying this time; he wasn't!" said Jimmy Silver. "Disobedience and assaulting a prefect—that means a good dose for the lot of us. Ch dear!"

"Rats!" growled Lovell.

Tubby Muffin looked in, with a grin on his fat face.

"You fellows are wanted in Bootles' study," he said. "Bootles sent me to tell you. Carthew's there."

"Now for it!" groaned Newcome.

"I say, Bootles looks waxy!" said Muffin confidentially. "He's got a cane on the table!"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Lovell.

"You fellows are in for it!" said Tubby. "I heard Bootles say 'shocking!' Carthew had been telling him something. I say, I believe you're going to have an awful licking!"

"Shut up!" roared Lovell

"Ass!"

"Face it, you know!" said Tubby, who was evidently regarding the affair with the detached calmness of a fellow who wasn't booked for the licking. "It's not so very bad, if you bear it like a man, you know! I've been through it! Just smile, you know! I'm tough—manly, you know. You fellows buck up, and screw up your courage to the sticking-point! Be firm and manly! Like me, you know! Yarooooooop!"

Tubby Muffin's remarks came to a sudden stop as the exasperated Lovell seized him by the collar and shook him.

"Yaroor! Leggo, you beast! Ow!"

Bump!

The fat Classical sat down on the carpet, with a bump that shook the study.

He was still sitting there, roaring, as the Fistical Four went dimly down the passage on their way to Mr. Bootles.

It was not a happy quartette that arrived in Mr. Bootles' study. The master of the Fourth glanced at them with a stern brow. The cane was in evidence, lying ready on the table. Carthew of the Sixth was there, looking rather dusty and extremely savage.

"What is this I hear? What—what?" boomed Mr. Bootles. "You four juniors have—hem!—laid hands—ah!—upon a prefect of the Sixth Form—hem! What does this mean? What—what?"

"Yes, sir!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"It was my fault, sir," said Lovell. "I called to them to help me."

"You refused to be caned by Carthew?"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"You have applied a disrespectful epithet to Knowles of the Modern Sixth Form—"

"I—I only called him a cad, sir," mumbled Lovell.

"What—what?"

"A—a cad, sir."

"You—you called a Sixth Form prefect a—a—a cad?" boomed Mr. Bootles. "Carthew was very right to cane you for such a thing, Lovell! You must be perfectly well aware of that!"

Mr. Bootles picked up his cane.

"I shall punish you most severely!" he said.

"Oh dear!"

"Discipline must be maintained!" said Mr. Bootles. "Subordination must be—ah!—preserved! You have acted—hem!—very wrongly! I am surprised at you—indeed, shocked! What—what! Hold out your hand, Lovell!"

"Oh dear!"

The scene that followed was painful. Carthew looked as if he found it an agreeable sight; but he had the enjoyment all to himself.

The Fistical Four did not enjoy it the least bit. They went through it with all the fortitude they could muster; and all their fortitude was called upon. Mr. Bootles thought that it was an occasion when his duty required him to be severe, and he did his duty conscientiously.

When it was over Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly limped from their Form master's study.

Their faces were quite pale as they crawled back to the end study in the Fourth Form passage.

Even at that moment of anguish they did not blame Mr. Bootles. Bootles was, as they would have expressed it, a good little ass, and he had only done his duty. But their feelings towards Carthew and Knowles were quite Hunnish.

They had been in the study about ten minutes when Mornington looked in. He smiled slightly at the dismal looks of the four.

"Carthew's askin' for you," said Mornington.

"Hang Carthew!"

"He wants a fag," said Mornington. "He seems to have a special want for you, Silver."

"Bother him!"

"Well, he says you're to go."

"Tell him to go and eat coke!"

Mornington laughed and strolled away. He was not likely to deliver that message to Carthew of the Sixth.

"The awful cad!" said Jimmy. He was referring to Mark Carthew. "Now he's got us into Bootles' black books, he thinks he's got a free hand. He's going to rub it in while he's got a chance. He's going to get me to fag in his study, and make me sit up. I'm not going!"

"I say—" began Raby dubiously.

"I'm not fagging for anybody, with my blessed paws aching as if they'd been

through a mangle!" he said. "Carthew can go and eat coke! Bother Carthew!"

"But—"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

And Jimmy Silver did not go. He wasn't inclined for further bullying and ragging from Carthew just then. A few minutes later Tubby Muffin projected his bullet head and fat face into the study.

"Jimmy Silver—"

"Scat!"

"Carthew wants you to fag—"

"Rats!"

"Feeling pretty bad—what?" asked Tubby sympathetically. "I'll tell you what, Jimmy—you stand me a bob and I'll go instead of you!"

"Good wheeze!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Done, Tubby!" he said.

And Tubby rolled away, and the Fistical Four were left to grouse and groan to their heart's content.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Fagging for Carthew!

CARTEHW of the Sixth was in his study, with a cheery smile on his face. He had guests in the study—three of them. There were Knowles,

Catesby, and Frampton, of the Modern Sixth. They had come to tea, and Carthew needed the services of a fag. He had chosen Jimmy Silver, for the sake, as Jimmy had expressed it, of "rubbing it in."

There was an old quarrel between Mark Carthew and the end study; and Carthew had learned that it was judicious to let the Fistical Four alone. Now he was "trying it on" again, as it were. He calculated that the licking from Mr. Bootles would have reduced the captain of the Fourth to a subdued mood;

and, moreover, the incident in the Little Quad archway would tell against Jimmy Silver in the event of any complaint to the Form master. Carthew thought the moment a good one for "showing off" before his Modern friends. He was going to make Jimmy Silver prepare the tea, and he was going to make him wait at table like a waiter. This was quite outside a fag's duties; but Carthew was going to make him do it. He was ambitious to show Knowles & Co. how he could manage rebellious fags.

He looked up with a grin as a junior appeared in the doorway. But it was not Jimmy Silver; it was Reginald Muffin who appeared there. Carthew scowled at him.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Where's Silver?"

"In his study, Carthew—"

"Haven't you told him?"

"I've come instead," explained Tubby. "I'm going to fag for you instead of Jimmy. You don't mind?"

Carthew paused.

It was quite common for one fag to take on another's duties, if occasion demanded; and the fag-master was not supposed to raise any objection. There was, of course, no reasonable objection to be made. But the Sixth Form bully did not intend to allow his victim to escape so easily as this.

It was only necessary for him to think of a pretext, in case the matter came before Mr. Bootles; and Carthew was not likely to be at a loss for a pretext.

"As it happens, I do mind, Muffin," he said smoothly. "I'm afraid that Silver has forced you to do this, and I can't encourage bullying in the lower Forms!"

"He hasn't—"

Carthew picked up his cane.

"What's that?" he demanded.

Tubby Muffin backed hastily to the doorway.

"I—I mean—" he stammered.

"Your hands are dirty, Muffin!" said Carthew. "What do you mean by coming into my study with dirty hands? Do you never wash yourself?"

"Oh dear!" gasped Tubby Muffin.

It was a fact that Reginald Muffin's hands were not over-clean; they never were. Tubby was a great economist so far as soap and water were concerned. But Tubby, obtuse as he was, realised that the bully of the Sixth would have found some other fault if his hands had been as spotless as newly-driven snow.

"I've had my eye on you for some time, Muffin," said Carthew. "You're a dirty little wretch!"

"Oh, I—I say, Carthew—"

"Hold out your hand!"

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Jimmy Silver & Co. in the Wars!

(Continued from page 13.)

"Oh crumbs!"

Swish!

"Now go away and wash yourself," said Carthew, "and tell Jimmy Silver to come here at once to fag!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Tubby Muffin scuttled off, quite "fed" with the idea of fagging for Carthew. Not for quite a large number of "bobs" would he have ventured into that study again if he could have helped it.

Carthew grinned at his friends.

"That's my way with them!" he remarked.

"A jolly good way, too!" said Knowles.

"I believe in keeping a fag in his place."

"No; you bet!" agreed Frampton.

The tea-party waited. They had no doubt that Jimmy Silver would appear now, and Carthew smiled as there was a footstep in the passage. But it was Oswald of the Fourth who appeared, and Carthew's smile became an angry scowl.

"I've come instead of Jimmy Silver, Carthew," said Oswald.

Knowles & Co. smiled. Carthew did not.

He stared at the Fourth-Former savagely.

"Did Silver made you come?" he asked.

"No; I offered."

"I'm afraid that coercion was used," said Carthew, taking up his cane. "Tell me the truth, Oswald!"

"I offered to come!"

"I'm glad to see you, as it happens," said Carthew, with a glare. "You were sliding down the banisters this morning, Oswald!"

"I wasn't!"

"You know that your Form master has forbidden it!"

"But I wasn't!"

"Don't argue with me, Oswald! Hold out your hand!"

"Look here, Carthew—"

"Hold out your hand at once!"

Swish!

"You can go now," said Carthew. "Tell Jimmy Silver that if he does not come here at once I shall come for him!"

Dick Oswald backed into the passage. He understood clearly now how matters stood.

"I'll tell Jimmy!" he said.

And he vanished.

Carthew laid the cane on the table and waited. He was quite willing to keep this game up so long as Jimmy Silver's friends kept it up. By the time he had caned a few more, the list of volunteers was likely to be exhausted. As a matter of fact, it was exhausted already. The next junior who appeared in the doorway was Jimmy Silver himself.

Jimmy's face was a little pale, and there was a glitter in his eyes. He had come to fag for Carthew, after all, but he had not come in an amicable mood.

"Oh, so you've come!" grinned Carthew.

"I've come!" said Jimmy Silver shortly.

"Don't answer me like that!"

Jimmy was silent.

"Make the toast first!" said Carthew cheerily. "I'm going to keep an eye on you! If you burn it I'm sorry for you!"

Knowles & Co. laughed. They were quite enjoying this, having had their own little troubles with Jimmy Silver. Jimmy began to slice a loaf for toast. His manner was very subdued, and Carthew was quite deceived by it. He flattered himself that he had brought this rebellious junior properly to heel at last.

The toast was made, and the eggs were poached in quite an irreproachable style.

It was done to an accompaniment of sneering remarks from Carthew, to which Jimmy was apparently deaf.

Carthew was annoyed.

Even he did not feel that he could cuff the junior without some sort of an excuse, and he wanted very much to cuff him.

"Make the tea, you sulky young sweep!" he snapped.

Jimmy made the tea.

"Finished with me now?" he asked meekly.

"No. I want you to wait at table!"

"Oh!"

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"Don't scowl at me!"

"I'm not scowling, Carthew!"

"Now, pour out the tea!" snapped Carthew, feeling rather baffled.

Really, there was no fault to be found with this exemplary fag.

But Carthew's desire to find fault was soon gratified. Jimmy Silver took up the teapot to pour the tea. He did not pour it into the teacups. He seemed about to do so, and then he suddenly changed the direction of the spout, and it was over Carthew's surprised legs that the tea was poured in a hot and almost scalding stream.

There was a terrific yell in the study, and Carthew sprang to his feet, dancing with anguish.

"Oh, oh, oh! Oh! Yow! Yoooooop!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Trouble!

JIMMY SILVER stood, teapot in hand, looking on. Knowles & Co. backed out of range of the teapot hastily. They had come there for tea, but they did not want it in that fashion.

Carthew was doing a solo dance for a full minute, yelling with anguish.

Hot tea swamped his trousers, which were a very inadequate protection against that beverage.

"Ow, ow, ow! You young villain! Wow! You did that on purpose! Woooooop! Woooooop!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Knowles.

Carthew made a spring at Jimmy Silver, who swung up the teapot. The remains of the tea, with the leaves, spattered over Carthew, and he jumped back again.

"Do you want this teapot cracked on your head, Carthew?" inquired Jimmy Silver, with deadly calmness. "If so, you'd better come on!"

"Ow, ow! You young scoundrel! Oh! Ah! Ow!"

Jimmy Silver made a strategic movement towards the door. He had finished fagging for Carthew.

"Stop him!" yelled Carthew.

Knowles put his back to the door quickly.

"Stop!" he snapped.

"Let me pass, you bully!"

"Get back!"

"Collar him!" yelled Carthew. "I'll skin him for this! Ow, ow! I'll skin him! Seize him, can't you? Collar him, you fools!"

Jimmy Silver backed into a corner, the teapot still in his grasp. He looked rather dangerous there, and the three Modern seniors hesitated to carry out Carthew's request.

"Hands off!" said Jimmy, between his closed lips. "Somebody will get hurt if you come any nearer!"

"Put that teapot down!" roared Carthew.

"Rats!"

The prefect grasped his ashplant, and made a stride towards him. But he paused.

"Will you put that teapot down, Silver?" he gasped.

"Not till I'm outside the study."

"Knowles, step along to Mr. Bootles' study, and ask him to come here, will you?"

"Certainly!" said Knowles.

Jimmy Silver breathed hard.

He was already in his Form master's black books, and if Mr. Bootles came there and found him holding a prefect at bay with a brandished teapot—a prefect whose trousers were drenched with steaming tea—Jimmy felt that he was caught.

"Don't trouble, Knowles," he said. "I'll put it down."

He put it down, with a crash, on the floor. The teapot was strewn over the study carpet in a hundred fragments.

"Now collar him!" hissed Carthew. "I'll make him squirm for this!"

The seniors closed in on Jimmy Silver, and he was promptly collared.

"Shove him across a chair!"

"Rescue!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

He was aware that Lovell and Raby and Newcome were lurking in the Sixth Form passage—they had followed him nearly as far as Carthew's study.

He was plumped on a chair, and Knowles & Co. held him there, face down, while Carthew started with the ashplant.

Whack!

Carthew had time for only one whack.

Then the door of the study was hurled open, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome rushed in, with Conroy and Pons and Mornington after them. There was plenty of help for the captain of the Fourth.

The sudden intrusion took the seniors by surprise.

"Go for 'em!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell, hurling himself recklessly upon Carthew.

"Get out, you young villains! Oh, my hat!"

Bump! Crash!

The study table went over in the rush with a terrific crash of crockery. For a few moments Carthew's study was like pandemonium.

Then the invaders retreated, with the rescued junior in their midst, into the corridor.

They left a scene of wild confusion behind them. Carthew was sprawling on the floor, yelling; Knowles was in the fender, with the overturned table on him; Frampton and Catesby were strewn about the study, gasping and quite dizzy. As the panting juniors swept out into the corridor, Bulkeley of the Sixth came along. The captain of Rookwood had heard the terrific uproar—it would have been difficult not to hear it—and he was coming to inquire.

"What—" he began.

Then Bulkeley was shoved aside as the juniors rushed past. He staggered against the wall, breathless and amazed.

"What, Silver, Lovell, Conroy—what—"

The juniors fled for the staircase. Mr. Bootles came out of his study and called to them. They did not heed. They went helter-skelter up the stairs, and did not stop till they were in the Fourth Form passage.

A roar of voices greeted them there.

"What's up?"

"What the thump?"

"What's the row, Jimmy Silver?" yelled Putty of the Fourth.

Jimmy gasped.

"Only some trouble with the prefects!" he stammered. "You fellows had better keep clear! Oh, my hat!"

"Bulkeley's coming up!" howled Tubby Muffin from the head of the stairs.

"Hook it!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. scudded along to the end study. They crowded in, and Jimmy slammed the door and locked it. "Handling" Bulkeley, the popular captain of Rookwood, was not to be thought of. But Bulkeley, as head prefect, was certain to support the other prefects. A locked door seemed most advisable in the peculiar circumstances.

In the end study the juniors gasped for breath, and stared at one another. There were seven fellows in the study, all breathless, and all a little dismayed. Mornington seemed the coolest. He burst into a laugh as he surveyed his companions.

"This is a go!" he remarked.

"No end of a go!" gasped Conroy.

"What's going to happen now?"

"Trouble!" said Pons.

"We had to get Jimmy out of that brute's hands," said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Oh, yes, rather!"

"Here comes Bulkeley!" he said.

The door-handle was turned, and then there was a heavy knock on the panels outside.

"Let me in at once, Silver!"

"Is—is that you, Bulkeley?"

"You know it is, you young sweep! Open the door!"

"Wha-at do you want?"

"I want you to do as you're told at once!" answered Bulkeley through the door grimly.

Jimmy Silver looked at his comrades.

"Don't let him in!" whispered Pons.

"Hem! Captain of the school, you know—"

"Keep the door shut!" said Mornington.

"We're not goin' to be licked for stopping a bully! I say, Bulkeley!"

"Well, Mornington?"

"Can't let you in just at present."

"What?"

"Sorry, but we're not entertainin' company just now! Another time we'll be pleased!"

Some of the juniors chuckled breathlessly.

Morny's nerve seemed to be equal to anything—equal even to cheeking that important personage the Head of the Sixth!

"You cheeky young rascal, Mornington!" said Bulkeley. "Open this door at once, some of you!"

No answer.

Bulkeley remained waiting a minute or so; and then, without speaking again, he was heard tramping away down the passage.

"He's gone!" said Raby.

"And we're in for it!" said Conroy.

No one gainsaid the Australian junior's remark. It was indisputable. Jimmy Silver & Co. certain were "in for it."

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Holding the Fort!**

I SAY, Jimmy!"

There had been silence in the end study for some time. The excitement had died down a little, and the heroes of the Fourth were feeling rather uneasy. They felt their consciences clear certainly. Carthew of the Sixth had been bullying Jimmy Silver, and his comrades had rescued him. But, justifiable as that action was from the point of view of the Fourth Form, they knew that masters and prefects would not look upon it in the same light.

Something was going to happen—what, they didn't know yet. But they had a strange suspicion that it would be something decidedly unpleasant.

The fat whisper of Tubby Muffin came through the keyhole and broke the silence.

"Hallo!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"I say, the prefects are holding a meeting in Bulkeley's study," went on Tubby through the keyhole. "Carthew's called on the other prefects to back him up, and restore order."

"The rotter!"

"They're going to send for you," said Tubby. "I heard Neville say so. You lot are going to Bulkeley's study—"

"We're not!"

"Then Bulkeley is going to see you put through it. I heard him say so."

"You seem to have been jolly busy at Bulkeley's keyhole, you fat bounder!" growled Lovell.

"Here comes a giddy messenger!" said Tubby, unheeding.

And he scuttled away from the door.

Knock!

"You there, Jimmy Silver?" called out the voice of Neville of the Sixth.

"Yes, Neville!"

"All of you come down to Bulkeley's study at once!"

"What for?"

"You'll find out when you get there."

"That's not good enough, Neville!" said Mornington.

"What?" roared the prefect.

"Give Bulkeley our kind regards, and tell him we'll come to tea another time!"

"You cheeky young rascal!"

"Same to you, old top, and many of them!" said Valentine Mornington coolly.

"Shut up, Morny!" whispered Jimmy Silver.

"Nothing to cheek Neville for; he's all right!"

"May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," said Morny. "It's goin' to be a row, anyhow!"

Neville's steps were heard receding towards the stairs. A few minutes later Van Ryn's voice was heard.

"Let me in, you chaps! All the giddy prefects are coming upstairs—Classical and Modern together! I'm standing by you!"

"You cut off!" said Conroy. "There's enough of us landed in this thundering row! Keep out of it!"

"Rats! I'm helping!"

"You're not!" said Pons. "Cut off!"

"Let me in, you asses! It'll be too late in a minute!" breathed the South African junior through the keyhole.

But the door remained locked. Two members of the Colonial Co. were in the study—and in the trouble—and they agreed that their comrade was better out of it, so did the other fellows. Van Ryn breathed expostulations and dire threats through the keyhole, while foot-steps approached.

"Cut off!"

It was Bulkeley's deep voice. And Van Ryn had to go. The captain of Rookwood knocked at the door.

"Silver!"

"Yes, Bulkeley?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Carthew has laid his complaint against you before the prefects, and you have not chosen to show up. I conclude that you have nothing to say for yourself."

"Lots!"

"Open the door and say it, then!"

"I'll say it with the door shut, if you don't mind, Bulkeley. First of all, Carthew is a beastly bully! Secondly, he is a rotten cad! Thirdly, he is a sneaking worm!"

"This kind of thing won't do you any good, Silver."

"It is doing me good, Bulkeley—it relieves the feelings, you know. Fourthly, Carthew is a crawling toad, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fifthly, he is a measly sneak—"

"Hold your tongue, Silver! Will you open this door at once, and take your punishment for rioting in the Sixth Form passage?" exclaimed Bulkeley angrily.

"It was really Carthew who was rioting. We were like—like nice little innocent lambs, Bulkeley."

"Let me in immediately!"

"It was a case of the wolf and the lamb, Bulkeley. Carthew was the wolf!"

"For the last time, Silver—"

"You see—"

"Will you open this door?" roared Bulkeley wrathfully. "Do you think the captain of the school is going to stand outside a study door bandying words with a cheeky fag?"

"Let's get on!" said the voice of Knowles in impatient tones.

"Hallo! Is that Modern cad there?" exclaimed Mornington. "What's that Modern cad doin' on this side?"

"Go home, Knowles!" roared the Classical juniors.

"I say, Bulkeley," howled Lovell, "it's up to you to kick those Modern cads out!"

"Are we goin' to stand this sort of thing from fags?" hissed Knowles.

"No," said Bulkeley quietly. "Get something to smash in the lock, some of you! I'll see that those young rascals pay for the damage afterwards!"

"Phew!" murmured Lovell.

There was a pause, and then came a crash on the lock of the door.

Bang, bang, bang!

The juniors exchanged startled glances.

"—I say, this is getting thick!" murmured Raby. "We—we can't put up a fight if they get in—not against the blessed prefects!"

"Wouldn't be much good if all the giddy prefects are there!" grinned Mornington. "We can't scrap with the Sixth. But we can keep the rotters out. Shove the table against the door!"

"Good!"

Many hands were laid on the study table, and it was jammed against the door. The chairs were piled against it, and any other article that came to hand. As the door opened inwards, it was a pretty effectual barricade, especially with the juniors shoving against it.

Bang!

The lock burst open, and the door yielded about an inch. Then it jammed on the table and refused to move farther.

"They've got it blocked up!" said Frampton.

"Shove!" said Bulkeley briefly.

The prefects lined up against the door and shoved. Inside, the juniors shoved back. It was a tug-of-war; but, though the seniors were more powerful, the juniors had the advantage of position. The table jammed in the angle between the wall and the door, and the efforts of the juniors kept it there, and the door refused to open more than two or three inches.

There was a scuffling and shoving and panting outside. Then the pressure slackened.

Knowles' hand came through the opening, groping for the table to drag it aside. Mornington jerked a pin from his jacket, leaned over, and cheerfully jammed the pin into the back of Knowles' hand.

"Yaroooop!"

Knowles gave a fiendish yell, and his hand whisked away out of sight.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Try again!" yelled Mornington.

Knowles did not try again. Once more



TO THEIR CHUM'S RESCUE! Jimmy Silver was plumped on a chair, and Knowles & Co. held him there, face down, while Cardew started with the ashplant. But the prefect had time for only one whack. Then the door of the study was hurled open, and the rest of the Fistical Four rushed in. "Go for 'em!" roared Lovell. (See Chapter 4.)

the Sixth-Formers braced themselves against the door and shoved.

But they shoved in vain. Down the passage was a mob of juniors, most of them laughing. The Classical Fourth were enjoying this unprecedented entertainment in their passage.

Bulkeley & Co. eased off at last. George Bulkeley's face was crimson with exertion and vexation. He felt that the position was beginning to be ridiculous, and that was not at all agreeable to the head prefect and captain of Rookwood.

"You refuse to let us in, Silver?" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Ahem!"

"Then the Head will deal with the matter!"

Bulkeley strode away, followed by his flock. They had to run the gauntlet of the Classical Fourth's laughter as they retreated from the passage. In the end study there was victory—and consternation.

"The Head!" said Lovell. "Oh, my hat!" They waited.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Head Comes Down Heavy!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were not long left in suspense. A tread they knew well was heard advancing along the Fourth Form passage towards the end study. Some of the juniors were already dragging the barricade away from the door.

"Stick it out!" said Mornington recklessly.

"We can keep the Head out!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Conroy. "We can't cheek the Head! Even if we could, it's bad form. The game's up! We've beaten the prefects, anyhow!"

The stately tread stopped outside the end study. There was a tap.

"Open this door at once!"

It was Dr. Chisholm's voice.

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Head waited, in evident expectation of being obeyed. And he was obeyed. There was no help for that.

The table was dragged away, and Jimmy Silver opened the door wide.

The majestic figure of Dr. Chisholm loomed in the doorway. His eyes glinted over his glasses at the abashed Fourth-Formers.

"What does this mean?" asked the Head coldly.

"Ahem!"

"Have you any excuse to offer for your extraordinary conduct?" demanded Dr. Chisholm.

"Ahem!"

"Follow me to my study, all of you!" said the Head, with a commanding gesture.

"Ye-es, sir!"

Dr. Chisholm turned and rustled away. The hapless seven followed him, with downcast faces.

In the lower passage they passed some of the prefects, who gave them grim looks. Mr. Bootles glanced at them from his study doorway, and shook his head sorrowfully.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had a great deal of the feeling of lambs going to the slaughter.

They trod softly into the Head's study after that majestic old gentleman.

The Head turned, and regarded them with a grim glance.

"You appear to have assaulted Carthew in his study, Silver."

"I—I split some tea over him, sir, that's all!" murmured the captain of the Fourth.

"Do you state that it was an accident?"

"N-n-no, sir."

"When Carthew was punishing you, your friends rushed into the study and assaulted him also, and some other prefects—"

"Carthew was bullying Jimmy, sir—" began Lovell.

The Head stopped him with a gesture.

"Then you refused to obey Bulkeley's orders, and locked yourselves in a study! You do not accuse Bulkeley of bullying, I presume?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said all the juniors at once.

"You know that he had authority over you, as head prefect?"

"Ye-es, sir!"

"Then you are perfectly well aware that you have acted in a way subversive of all discipline and order?"

The juniors were silent. It was not much use trying to argue the matter out with the Head. They felt that Carthew was to blame for the whole business—Carthew and his friends of the Modern Sixth. But it was no use telling the Head so. They were

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technically, at least, in the wrong; and they had had their "rag," and the hour of reckoning had come. That was all there was about it.

The Head waited a moment or two, and then picked up his cane.

"It is my duty to make an example of you!" he said coldly. "I trust the lesson will not be lost upon you. If it should prove to be so, I shall take more drastic measures on the next occasion! You will be punished first, Silver! You appear to have been the ringleader!"

Some of the Fourth had followed as far as the corner of the passage, and they listened for sounds from the Head's study. They soon heard some. For five minutes, at least, there was a steady sound of swishing, to an accompaniment of gasps and breathless ejaculations.

Then the Head's door opened, and Jimmy Silver & Co. came out.

They passed the crowd of sympathetic spectators at the corner of the passage in anguished silence. Their feelings were too deep—much too deep—for words.

At the foot of the staircase they passed Carthew of the Sixth. He was waiting to see them—to enjoy the spectacle. He smiled pleasantly.

"You'll know better next time, I think!" remarked Carthew agreeably.

The juniors did not answer. They were too crushed just then to answer Carthew. They crawled on, leaving the prefect grinning.

It was quite two hours later when Jimmy Silver, finding himself sufficiently recovered to consider the situation, spoke.

"We're not standing this!" he said.

"Wow!" was the reply he received from his chums.

"The Head doesn't know any better, of course!"

"Yow!"

"Bulkeley's all right, too. He can't help being a bit of an ass—"

"Ow!"

"But Carthew and Knowles and Frampton and Catesby"—Jimmy Silver's eyes glinted—"they're going to sit up for this!"

"Ow! Wow-wow!" mumbled Lovell. "I'm sitting up at present. Don't spring any of your stunts on us just now, Jimmy! This is bad enough! Wow!"

And Jimmy Silver forebore. But a scheme was already hatching in the active brain of "Uncle James," of Rookwood—an astounding scheme which was to bring comfort to the afflicted. But that is another story.

THE END.

(There will be another thrilling story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood next Tuesday.)

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THE UPPER HAND!

(Continued from page 7.)

could spot it. You believed that this was taken on Wednesday in the spinney."

"It was taken within the last few days in the spinney, anyway," said Harry. "It was taken since the woodcutters were at work there."

"True?"

"Well, doesn't that settle it?" exclaimed Wharton warmly.

"Not at all. This is a picture of the spinney taken lately, quite correct. But the figures in the picture were not taken the same day."

"What!" shouted Wharton.

"The two figures—Banks and Hazel—have been taken from another photograph," said Pen. "Or, I should say, from two different photographs. This picture is a compound of three different negatives."

"Great Scott!"

"There's a lot of tricks in photography," continued Pen. "A chap who really knows the game can work it. Snoop took the spinney all right; he's used that as a background. It was easy enough for him to get a snap of Hazel, and another snap of Banks. Well, he's worked them together, photographing them over and over again till he got the right effect."

"But—but that's all very well," said Wharton. "But it's a question of proof, you know, Pen."

"The proof's here, in the photograph, if you examine it closely."

"I've done that."

"Do it again, then. You, too, Miss Marjorie. Look where the light falls on Banks' shoulders. Got that?"

"Yes," said Marjorie breathlessly, while Wharton nodded.

"Then look at this shadow in the trees. Banks had the light on his right when his picture was taken. But under the tree there the shadow falls to the right."

"Then—then the light was on the left where that shadow fell," said Harry.

"Exactly. Light can't fall from two different directions at once. Then look at the picture of poor old Hazel. He's standing in a line with that tree with the patch of shadow—see?"

"Yes, yes."

"Yet he casts no shadow."

"Oh!"

"If Hazel and the tree were taken at the same time, in the same light, Hazel would cast a shadow as well as the tree."

"Oh, of course he would," stammered Wharton. "I was an idiot not to see it. But that bit of shadow is so small among the trees—"

"Quite so. I didn't spot it at first," said Pen. "If the rotter hadn't been awfully careful there would be bigger things than that to notice. But he's done the work jolly well. If Miss Hazeldene hadn't made me examine it so closely I should never have noticed anything. But now you see it, it's clear enough. The photograph is faked from beginning to end."

Wharton drew a deep, deep breath.

He could hardly blame himself for having been deceived. He had suspected that Snoop might attempt to "spoo" him with an old photograph. But that trick of combining results from several negatives had never entered his mind.

Marjorie's eyes were dancing. Her faith in Hazel had been vindicated. She had saved him.

"Harry, you believe Hazel now?"

"Of course," said Wharton. "It was jolly lucky Hazel told you, after all, Marjorie. Jolly lucky you thought of asking Pen. Pen, old chap, I don't know how to tell you how much obliged I am."

"I'm jolly glad to bowl the cad out," said Pen.

Marjorie pressed Pen's hand, and thanked him, too, with tears in her eyes. Pen quitted the room, greatly elated, and Wharton made to follow him.

Marjorie laid a hand timidly on his arm.

"Don't, Harry! Snoop has been very wicked, but—but now you know the truth, don't punish him. He will be punished

(Continued on page 28.)