

REBELLION AT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

The POPULAR

Complete Story Paper

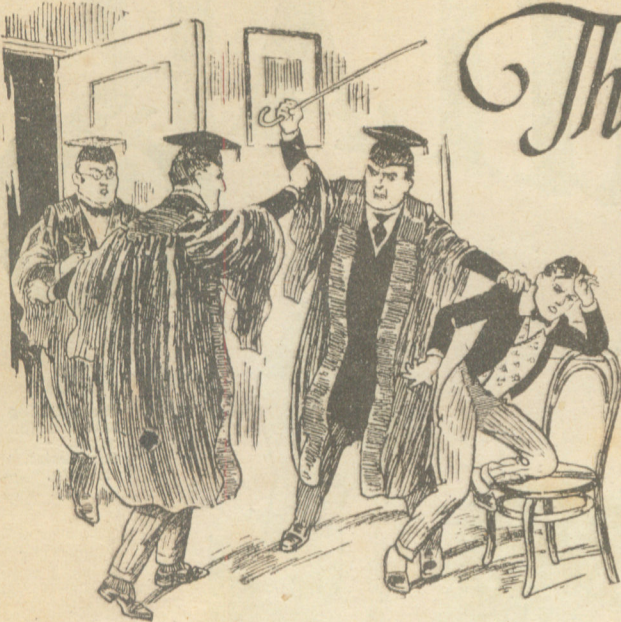
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EVERY TUESDAY.
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No. 478.



WHAT THE REBELS DID TO THEIR
NEW MASTER!

RUCTIONS AT ROOKWOOD! The Heroes of the Fourth have lost their popular Form-master, "Dicky" Dalton, and they are determined to resist authority until he is reinstated. But resisting authority is a very dangerous game for schoolboys to play!



The HIGH HAND!

AN AMAZING LONG COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER AND CO., THE CHEERY CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

BY
OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Hand of Authority!

"WHAT next?" said Arthur Edward Lovell.
"I wonder?" remarked Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four, of the Rookwood Fourth Form, were finishing tea in the end study.

Most of the Classical Fourth were in the studies along the passage, and there was an almost incessant buzz of voices.

All the Form, in fact, were discussing that extremely interesting question—"What next?"

"Something's bound to happen!" remarked Newcome sagely.

"Bound to!" said Raby.
"But what?" said Lovell.
"Goodness knows!"

There was a patter of feet in the passage, and the door of the end study was opened suddenly. Tubby Muffin put a red and excited face into the doorway.

"Jimmy!" he gasped.

"Well?" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

He spoke with elaborate calmness. It was "up" to the captain of the Fourth to keep cool in moments of crisis.

"The Head!" gasped Tubby.

Lovell jumped up.

"Coming here?"

"Yes; you're for it!" said Tubby breathlessly. "He's coming to this study. He's got the prefects with him. Look out!"

And Tubby Muffin, having delivered that warning and lingered for a moment to enjoy the sensation he had caused in the end study, scudded away. The Head of Rookwood, backed up by the Sixth Form prefects, was coming to Jimmy Silver's study, and evidently Muffin did not want to meet the distinguished visitors there.

Four juniors looked at one another blankly. Jimmy Silver was still calm. He made it a point to be calm. But his comrades showed excitement and alarm.

"The Head here!" murmured Raby.
"Tain't fair!" said Lovell hotly.

"We're all in it—the whole Fourth Form against the Head. 'Taint fair play to pick out this study!"

"Divida et impera," said Jimmy.

"What? What are you spouting Latin for now, you silly ass?" hooted Lovell.

"Divide and conquer!" said Jimmy.

"The Head don't know how to handle the whole Form, so he's picked on us. Of course, he knows that we're the leaders!"

"But——" stammered Newcome.

"Here he is!"

"Oh!"

The Fistical Four were all on their feet. Into the study doorway loomed the majestic figure of Dr. Chisholm, the headmaster of Rookwood School.

Jimmy Silver faced him—with a self-possession worthy of "Uncle James," of Rookwood. But undoubtedly Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome seemed to be trying to make themselves as small as possible. The Fourth Form were "up against" the Head, and the end study had taken the lead. Nevertheless, the headmaster was an awe-inspiring personage, and it was difficult for a Lower boy to face his stern glance without blenching.

Behind the Head came Bulkeley and Neville and Lonsdale of the Sixth Form—three muscular prefects. Apparently the Head was prepared for possible trouble in the end study.

There were some moments of dead silence. The Head looked at Jimmy Silver & Co., and Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at the Head. Their hearts were beating. Bulkeley and the other prefects filled up the doorway, and along the passage, behind them, a subdued buzz of voices broke out. At a safe distance the Classical Fourth were gathering, to look on, wondering what was going to happen.

"Silver!" said the Head at last, in a deep voice.

"Yes, sir?" said Jimmy.

"You and your companions here are, I believe, the ringleaders in the trouble

that has occurred in the Classical Fourth Form."

"Indeed, sir!" said Jimmy.

"Since I had occasion to dismiss your late Form master, Mr. Richard Dalton, there has been incessant trouble in the Fourth!" said Dr. Chisholm.

"Yes, sir, that is so."

"There seems to be a foolish, rebellious notion among the juniors that by giving me a sufficient amount of trouble I may be induced or driven to recall Mr. Dalton," said the Head sternly.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

The Head started a little.

"You admit that, Silver?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Jimmy.

"We——" began Lovell. But he broke off. He had been going to recite the watchword of the Fourth—"We want Dicky!"—but under the Head's grim glance his heart failed him.

The three prefects in the doorway looked at one another. The Head seemed at a loss for a moment.

"There has been continual insubordination since Mr. Dalton left," resumed the Head at last. "It culminated this afternoon when I, your headmaster, was actually locked in a Form-room."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"I do not know which boy in the Fourth Form was guilty of this act of brazen rebellion," said the Head. "I suspect, however, that he may be found in this study."

Jimmy Silver did not answer. Certainly he had no intention of giving the Head any information on that point.

"I have considered," went on the Head, "whether to administer a flogging to the whole Form."

There was a buzz down the passage, where the Head's deep voice was clearly heard by an excited crowd of Fourth-Formers. It died away as Dr. Chisholm went on:

"I have decided, however, not to take so drastic a measure at present. The ringleaders in this rebellion are to be found in this study, and it is my

intention to make an example of this study. I have come here for the purpose."

The Fistical Four breathed hard and deep.

"In the presence of your Form-fellows"—apparently the Head was aware of the crowd in the passage—"each of you will be flogged—you, Silver, the most severely. Bulkeley, kindly place a chair for Silver to bend over."

Bulkeley stepped into the study and obeyed. From a fold of the Head's gown the birch appeared.

"Now, Silver—"

Jimmy did not move.

"Bend over, you young ass!" whispered Bulkeley.

Still the captain of the Fourth did not stir. His face was a little pale, but his eyes were gleaming.

Bulkeley of the Sixth stepped towards Jimmy, grasped him by the collar, and swung him over a chair.

Dr. Chisholm swished the birch.

Whack!

The first lash of the birch rang through the end study and echoed down the passage.

"He's laying it on!" came Tubby Muffin's voice from the passage. "Jolly glad it ain't me!"

Whack, whack, whack!

The Head was indeed "laying it on" with quite an athletic arm. Jimmy Silver wriggled under the infliction, but the strong grasp of George Bulkeley held him helpless.

The birch descended again and again. Dr. Chisholm felt that it was a time for severity, and he did not spare the rod.

By the time he ceased, Jimmy Silver was very pale, and he had ceased to struggle.

"Put him aside!" said the Head.

Jimmy Silver leaned against the wall of the end study, breathing hard and deep. He had had the flogging of his life; and, for the time, he was "done."

"Lovell!" said the Head.

Arthur Edward Lovell resisted, but his resistance was in vain. He had to bend over, and the birch rose and fell again.

"Raby!"

Raby went through it philosophically. There was no help for it now, and he took it as calmly as he could. His castigation was lighter; perhaps the Head's arm was tiring a little.

"Newcome!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Arthur Newcome's yells rang along the passage. Newcome was not quite so hardy as his comrades.

The birch ceased at last.

Four unhappy juniors wriggled and mumbled before the stern eye of the headmaster.

"I trust," said Dr. Chisholm quietly, "that this will be a warning to you, and will help you to realise that discipline must be maintained in the Lower Forms at this school. In the event of any further mutiny it may be necessary for me to make an example by expelling the offender from Rookwood! Bear this in mind!"

Silence.

"Your new Form master, Mr. Carker, arrives at Rookwood this evening. He will take charge of you to-morrow, and I trust that he will be shown every respect and obedience. I address you especially, Silver, as you have a great influence over your Form-fellows, both for good and for evil. I expect you to set the others an example of cheerful obedience. That is all!"

The Head swept away.

The prefects followed him.

Jimmy Silver, pale and shaken, detached himself from the wall of the end study and closed the door.

The Fistical Four looked at one another.

"Ow!" said Lovell. "Wow! I'm hurt!"

"Same here!" groaned Raby.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" from Newcome.

"We've been through it!" said Jimmy Silver. "But—a flogging's only a flogging—"

"Ow!"

"Wow!"

"Yow!"

"We're not giving in—"

"Oh dear!"

"Those rotters out there ought to have backed us up!" groaned Lovell. "All the Fourth are in it! They ought to have stood by us! Ow!"

"Next time they will; we'll see to that! We've got a new Form master now—in the place of Dicky! We're going to make him sorry he came to Rookwood!"

"Ow! Wow! Yow!"

Tubby Muffin's voice was heard outside:

"I say, they're howling like anything! Come and hear them howling, you fellows!"

Arthur Edward Lovell found energy enough to drag himself into the passage and kick Reginald Muffin. Then he limped back into the end study, and groaned. And for quite a long time little was heard in the end study but "howling."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Straight Tip!

"YOU understand?"

"Perfectly!" said Mr. Carker.

The new master of the Fourth Form sat in the Head's study, where he had listened to an explanation from Dr. Chisholm. The Head had told him how matters stood with the Fourth Form at Rookwood, and Mr. Carker, probably, had been a little surprised. But he did not seem at all disturbed. He was prepared to handle the rebellious Fourth and bring them to their senses.

He was a hard-featured, rather grim-looking gentleman of forty—hard as nails, from his looks, with thin-set lips and grey eyes like flint. Certainly he looked hard enough to tackle a junior Form, however mutinous. Indeed, there was a gleam in his eyes that indicated that he would rather enjoy the task of breaking in rebellious spirits.

Dr. Chisholm was satisfied. Mr. Carker was apparently the right man in the right place, and when Mr. Carker left his study Dr. Chisholm felt that all would be well.

Mr. Carker walked down the corridor with a firm and heavy stride. He had not been presented to his Form yet; that was to come in the morning. But he had been introduced to the other members of the masters' Common-room—and the Common-room had not taken a liking to him. It was to the Common-room that Mr. Carker now directed his steps; and he found several other members of the staff there.

Mr. Mooney of the Shell gave him a polite nod—Monsieur Monceau, the French master, wished him "Bon jour!" Mr. Greely of the Fifth kept his purple nose in his evening paper. He did not like Mr. Carker's looks, and did not intend to cultivate his acquaintance.

Mr. Carker dropped into an armchair, and Mr. Bohun, the master of the Third, entered into talk with him. Good-natured Mr. Bohun thought he

would give the new man some points regarding affairs at Rookwood, and he gently suggested dealing with the recalcitrant Fourth tactfully. There was not a member of the Common-room who approved of the dismissal of "Dicky" Dalton. The judgments of the Head were not regarded as infallible by the staff. But Mr. Carker was evidently sufficient unto himself. He received the Third Form master's well-meant hints with a derisive smile that was scarcely polite.

"There will be no trouble in my Form," he said in a decided tone. "No doubt the late master was slack."

"Not at all!" interposed Mr. Mooney of the Shell. "Mr. Dalton was an excellent—a most excellent—Form master, generally liked here."

"Quite so!" said Mr. Bohun.

"We all very much regret the Head's decision to dispense with his services," growled Mr. Greely over the top of his newspaper.

"Mais c'est vrai!" said Monsieur Monceau.

Mr. Carker smiled sarcastically.

"Probably the Head knows best," he remarked. "He would not be flattered to know what seems to be the general opinion here."

Upon which masters' Common-room shut up at once like an oyster. They realised that Mr. Carker was unreservedly on the Head's side, in which case it was not safe to express opinions too frankly before him. Such opinions, repeated to the Head, might have caused trouble, and nobody wanted to follow Mr. Richard Dalton out of the gates of Rookwood.

Mr. Carker did not mind the general silence that fell on the Common-room. It gave him a feeling of consequence. He knew that he had made himself a little feared.

In the silence the telephone-bell buzzed.

Mr. Wiggins, the master of the Second Form, was nearest the instrument, and he rose and took up the receiver.

"Hallo!"

"Is that masters' Common-room, Rookwood?" came an inquiring voice over the wires.

"Yes. What is wanted?"

"Mr. Carker."

"Hold on!"

Mr. Wiggins looked round

"Someone is asking for you on the telephone, Mr. Carker."

"Thank you!"

The hard-faced gentleman came over to the receiver. Mr. Wiggins returned to his armchair.

"Mr. Carker!" came the voice.

"Mr. Carker speaking."

"So you've come?"

"What?"

"Are you going to take the Fourth Form to-morrow, Mr. Carker?" asked the unknown voice.

"Eh—what? Yes."

"I warn you to do nothing of the kind."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Mr. Dalton is master of the Fourth. No other master will be recognised."

Mr. Carker jumped. He guessed by this time that it was a member of his new Form who was speaking. A deadly glitter came into his deep-set eyes.

"Who is speaking?" he asked in a grinding voice.

"Never mind that, Carker." The unknown interlocutor dropped the "Mister" most disrespectfully. "You see, Carker—"

"How dare you!" gasped Mr. Carker.

"You see, Carker," went on the voice, "the job you've come to take belongs to Mr. Dalton. I'm sorry, but we don't want you. Will you clear out of Rookwood?"

"Wha-a-at?" stuttered Mr. Carker.

"Clear out of Rookwood."

"You young rascal!"

"We don't know what you're like yet," went on the voice. "Judging by your voice, I should say you were not a nice man."

Mr. Carker gritted his teeth.

"But, nice or nasty, you're not wanted at Rookwood. I'm giving you the tip to clear. Catch on?"

The other masters were all looking very curiously at Mr. Carker. They realised from what that gentleman said into the transmitter that this was a very unusual sort of conversation over the telephone wires.

"I take it," said Mr. Carker, "that you are a member of the Fourth Form, whoever you are."

"You've got it, Carker!"

"Your name?"

"Find out!"

"I order you to give me your name."

"Go hon!"

"You insolent young villain——"

"Chuck it!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Chuck it! Cut it out, old man!"

Mr. Carker fairly gasped over the telephone. Mr. Wiggins, who was seated close to the instrument, caught a few words and smiled. His smile had a very exasperating effect on Mr. Carker.

"That's all," went on the voice. "I've tipped you the wink, old bean, and if you're a wise man you'll hook it before you hit trouble. Good-bye!"

"Boy——"

But the unknown had rung off. Mr. Carker stood with the receiver in his hand, and a black look on his hard face. A good-tempered man might have been annoyed by that talk on the telephone, and Mr. Carker was anything but a good-tempered man.

He waited a few moments, and then rang up the Exchange at Latham.

"Put me on to the supervisor, please!"

In a minute or two more Mr. Carker was through to the Latham supervisor.

"I have just been rung up," Mr. Carker explained, "and I was suddenly cut off. I should be very much obliged if you could tell me where the call came from."

The supervisor's reply came through to Mr. Carker at last.

"The call came from Rookwood School."

"Thank you!"

Mr. Carker hung up the receiver. He had guessed that the unknown junior had used one of the school telephones, and he only wanted to be sure.

He left the Common-room and hurried away to the study that had once been Mr. Dalton's. That study now belonged to Mr. Carker, and in taking possession of it he had observed, of course, that a telephone was installed there; and he considered it probable that that was the instrument that had just been used. At all events it was worth investigating. Mr. Carker was very anxious to begin reign over the Rookwood Fourth by making an example of the junior who had checked him over the wires.

He almost ran along the corridors to the study.

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THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Hard Hit!

VALENTINE MORNINGTON of the Classical Fourth put up the receiver in Mr. Dalton's old study, and grinned.

Morny was quite satisfied with his "interview" with Mr. Carker.

Jimmy Silver & Co., still feeling severely the effects of the flogging in the end study, were, for the present, out of the campaign. They were in too painful a state just then to take any interest in the new master of the Fourth. So Morny had taken up the trail, so to speak, at the point where the Fistical Four had dropped it.

Having seen Mr. Carker leave the Head's study and walk to masters' Common-room, Morny had repaired to the deserted Form master's study, and rung him up from there.

He grinned cheerfully as he turned away from the telephone.

Mr. Carker had been given the "straight tip," though he was hardly to be expected to act upon it. But, at all events, the position had been made clear to him. The Fourth were at war with their new master, and he knew what to expect when he took charge of that unruly Form.

Mornington crossed to the door and opened it, and looked cautiously into the passage before stepping out. It was just as well not to be seen leaving the master's study.

The next instant he jumped back.

His glance into the corridor had shown him the rather muscular figure of Mr. Carker coming round a corner towards the study.

"Oh, gad!" murmured Morny.

Mr. Carker was coming to the study almost at a run. Mornington could not leave without passing right under his nose.

He closed the door silently and quickly.

Morny's brain worked with rapidity. He guessed that Mr. Carker knew, or surmised, whence the telephone-call had come. He would have no doubt on the point if he found Morny in his study. And there was no escape.

The hurried footsteps of the new master were almost at the door when Mornington decided what to do. To face the angry gentleman was to ask for a licking, which Morny did not want. There was an alcove behind the bookcase in the corner of the study, and into that alcove Morny squeezed himself.

He was out of sight when the door opened and Mr. Carker came in.

He stood silent, scarcely breathing.

Mr. Carker looked round the study. For the moment he was disappointed. His eyes glittered angrily.

"Not here!"

Morny heard him murmur the words, and smiled behind the bookcase. He hoped that Mr. Carker would go.

But Mr. Carker did not go.

He stooped and looked under the table. Then he looked behind the screen by the fireplace. Morny heard the screen moved, and his heart sank. The beast was searching the study.

Footsteps came towards the bookcase. Morny's heart thumped.

A hard face and two gleaming, baleful eyes looked round the bookcase, and fixed on the junior squeezed in the corner. Mornington met the new master's eyes as calmly as he could. A grim smile came over Mr. Carker's hard face.

"You may come out," he said, and stepped back.

Mornington came out of his hiding-place. The game was up now. He cast

a glance towards the door, and Mr. Carker promptly stepped between the door and Mornington.

He had picked up a cane from the table, and he stood bending it in his hands, as if testing it ready for use.

"Your name?"

"Mornington."

"Form?"

"The Fourth."

"I thought so. You telephoned to me a few minutes ago?"

Mornington did not answer.

"I asked you a question, Mornington, of the Fourth Form," said Mr. Carker, with deadly quietness.

"You've no right to ask me, sir," said Morny. "It's up to you to find out what you want to know. You can't ask fellows to give themselves away."

"Indeed! Will you answer my question—'Yes' or 'No'?"

"No, I won't!" said Mornington.

"Very good! Hold out your hand."

Mornington hesitated, and looked longingly past Mr. Carker to the door. But there was no escape for him, and his hand came out very slowly.

Swish.

"Oh!" gasped Mornington.

It was a savage cut. His hand dropped to his side, and the cry escaped him involuntarily.

"The other hand!"

Swish.

"Now will you answer my question, Mornington?" asked Mr. Carker, with an agreeable smile.

Mornington breathed hard. He understood now that the new master intended to cane him till he answered. Mr. Carker swished the cane like a man who delighted in its use.

"I did telephone!" muttered Mornington savagely.

"I thought so. You had the insolence to insult your Form master on his first day in the school."

"I—I didn't mean that. I was giving you the tip," said Mornington. "We don't want you."

Mr. Carker laughed.

"That is a matter upon which you will not be allowed to express an opinion," he said. "Dr. Chisholm has explained to me how matters stand in the Fourth Form here. He has requested me to restore order. I shall make an example of you, Mornington."

Morny squeezed his aching palms together.

"You will mention to your Form fellows, Mornington, that they will be wise to submit to authority, and to render me every respect and obedience," said Mr. Carker. "Otherwise, it will be the worse for them. And now bend over this chair!"

Morny gritted his teeth.

"You hear me?"

Morny's reply was a rush towards the door. In an instant a grasp that seemed like iron was on his collar, and he was swung back.

"Let go, you rotter!" shouted Mornington recklessly.

Mr. Carker did not speak. With iron strength, he forced the junior down over the chair and held him there by the back of his collar.

Then the cane rose and fell.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

For some minutes Valentine Mornington stood it in silence, with gritted teeth. But the pain was too severe, and loud yells were soon ringing from Mr. Carker's study. And still the cane swished and swished.

Morny wriggled and struggled. But he was held as in a vice, and the cane lashed hard and harder. A Head's flogging was nothing to it. The Head was a severe man, but Mr. Carker was a cruel one.

There was a tap at the door, and it opened. Mr. Mooney's startled face looked in.

"Mr. Carker!" he exclaimed.

The lashing paused for a moment.

"Do you want anything here?" asked Mr. Carker calmly.

"I have heard this boy's cries," said Mr. Mooney indignantly. "What he may have done I do not know; but you are going far beyond the bounds of proper punishment, Mr. Carker."

"Do you think so?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then I am sorry to disagree with you," said Mr. Carker coolly. "Shut the door, please."

Swish, swish, swish!

"Mr. Carker, I do not desire to interfere with a colleague, but if you do not release Mornington instantly I shall go to the head-master!" exclaimed Mr. Mooney.

"You will please yourself about that, Mr. Mooney."

Swish, swish, swish!

"Upon my word!" spluttered the indignant master of the Shell. "Mr. Carker, I protest—I—"

"Ow! Help!" yelled Mornington.

Mr. Bohun, of the Third Form hurried up. He glanced into the study, and then stepped in past Mr. Mooney.

"You had better stop, I think, Mr. Carker," he said.

Mr. Carker's lip curled.

"I am the best judge of that, Mr. Bohun!"

And the cane swept up into the air again.

Mr. Mooney, plump and flustered, blinked on indignantly; but Mr. Bohun, who was a young man, a boxer, and a footballer, was not flustered, and did not blink. He stepped up to the new master and grasped the descending arm.

"Stop!" he said tersely.

"Release me, sir!" shouted Mr. Carker, his hard face crimson with rage.

"You shall not touch that boy again."

"Sir! I—I—"

"If you do not release him, sir, I shall be driven to compel you to do so," said the Third Form master.

For a moment Mr. Carker glared defiance at him; and then he quailed. Cruelty is a form of cowardice; and under the Third Form master's cool, determined look, the craven in Mr. Carker showed. He released Morny's collar, and the junior staggered away.

"Go, Mornington!" said Mr. Bohun quietly; and the hapless dandy of the Fourth limped from the study.

"I shall acquaint the Head with your interference with me in my duties, Mr. Bohun!" hissed Mr. Carker.

"You will do as you think fit," said the Third Form master contemptuously; and he left the study with Mr. Mooney.

Masters' Common-room was in a buzz of excited and indignant comment that evening. And in the passage inhabited by the Classical Fourth there was a louder buzz, more excited and more indignant. The gauntlet had been thrown down, and taken up; and the Classical Fourth were fair in the war-path now.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Up against Carker!

DR. CHISHOLM entered the Fourth Form-room the following morning with Mr. Carker. The Classical Fourth were all in their places. Dr. Chisholm's face was severe; that of Mr. Carker was hard and stern. The juniors eyed the two masters in grim silence.

The flogging in the end study and the savage punishment of Mornington had not been without effect on the rebels.

a week under Mr. Dalton. Tubby Muffin was caned for bringing aniseed balls into the Form-room, Rawson for shuffling his feet, Townsend for forgetting a book, Putty of the Fourth for a careless answer, other fellows for other reasons. Jimmy Silver was caned, apparently for no better reason than that he was head of the Form, and Mr. Carker considered it judicious to give him a lesson.

By the time the Fourth were dismissed Mr. Carker was quite satisfied



BIFF! Immediately Mr. Carker entered the box-room, a cushion whizzed through the air and smote him under the chin. The new master of the Fourth staggered under the shock, and, as he staggered, Mornington was upon him. (See Chapter 5.)

The Head was in deadly earnest; and the new master was a hard man to handle—and the juniors realised it. If the campaign was going on there was danger ahead. But Jimmy Silver & Co. and Valentine Mornington, and the more determined spirits in the Fourth, were determined that it should go on. Dicky Dalton had been "sacked" for standing up for their rights, as they viewed the matter, and they were not going to desert his cause.

What Mr. Dalton himself would have thought of their championship they did not know. As he was no longer at Rookwood he could not tell them.

In a few brief, severe words Dr. Chisholm presented the new Form master to the Fourth.

He added a few more words of advice to the juniors. His counsel was heard in an icy silence.

Then the Head rustled away, and Mr. Carker was left to carry on.

Most of the juniors looked at Jimmy Silver. Some of them were ready to follow his lead in immediate mutiny; more, probably, were disposed to hesitate. But Jimmy gave no signal.

The morning passed quietly.

As Jimmy Silver gave no signal for trouble the Form were on their best behaviour. But good behaviour did not save them from Mr. Carker's heavy hand. He was not a pleasant gentleman, and he liked severity, not only for the sake of discipline, but for his own sake. The cane was used oftener during that morning than it had been used in

that he had the Form well in hand, and that insubordination in the Fourth was a thing of the past.

And undoubtedly his methods had a strong effect upon a good portion of the Form. Tubby Muffin trembled at his frown, Peele & Co. sagely decided not to look for trouble with him, Townsend and Topham only wanted to avoid catching his baleful eye. But there were harder spirits in the Fourth; and in the end study there was a meeting of those hardier spirits to discuss the situation. The Fistical Four and Mornington, Erroll, Conroy, Rawson, and Putty Grace gathered there, and a council of war was held in fierce whispers.

"It's not only Dicky Dalton now," said Morny. "But we're not standin' Carker, even if Dalton hadn't been sacked. Carker's too thick."

"Hear, hear!"

"The Head wouldn't stand such a brute at Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver. "But he's got his jolly old back up with us, that's how it is. I hear that he's wigged Mr. Bohun for interfering with Carker yesterday when he was whacking Morny."

"He's got to pay for that whackin'," said Morny.

"Only how?" asked Lovell.

"I've got a wheeze!" said Jimmy.

"Go it, Uncle James!"

And there were breathless chuckles in the end study as "Uncle James" of Rookwood propounded his scheme.

After dinner that day a number of the Fourth were busy.

Mack, the porter, missed a bucket of tar from the woodshed. Fortunately, he did not guess that it had been annexed by a party of the Fourth, and never dreamed that it had been drawn up by a cord to the window of the box-room at the end of the Fourth Form passage. Tupper, the page, was astonished to receive a liberal "tip" for furnishing a couple of old feather pillows from the servants' quarters. What the heroes of the Fourth wanted with those old pillows Tupper could not guess; but he did not bother about that.

Had anyone looked into the box-room, he might have observed a bucket of tar behind a box in a corner, and a stack of loose feathers near it. Also some coils of box-rope placed in readiness. But even so, no one would have been likely to guess for what those articles were intended.

When the bell rang for classes, the Classical Fourth gathered in their Form-room—but not all of them. Six members of the Form were absent from their places; and as soon as Mr. Carker came in he noted the fact at once.

"Silver!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy.

"Where are Lovell, Raby, Newcome, Mornington, Rawson, and Grace?" It was Mr. Carker's first day with the Fourth, but he had all the names pat.

"In the box-room, sir," said Jimmy.

Mr. Carker stared at him.

"What are they doing in the box-room, Silver?"

"They're not coming in to lessons, sir."

"What?"

Mr. Carker picked up his cane. His Form was not so well in hand as he had supposed.

"Silver! I leave you in charge here, and if there is a sound—even a whisper—I shall cane you when I return."

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy meekly.

Cane in hand, Mr. Carker strode to

the door. At the door he turned his head for a moment.

"Which box-room, Silver?"

"At the end of the Fourth Form passage, sir."

"Very good!"

Mr. Carker strode from the Form-room. In spite of his warning, there was a buzz of voices as soon as he was gone.

"What's the game, Jimmy?"

"What's up in the box-room?"

"They'll get lammed, you know," said Townsend. "Carker's glad of the chance to pitch into them."

"Let him," said Jimmy.

And he left the Form-room, followed by Erroll and Van Ryn and Oswald. Mr. Carker was already going up the staircase. They caught sight of him on the landing. Quickly but quietly the juniors followed on.

Quite unconscious of the fact that some of his class were following in his track, Mr. Carker strode along the Fourth Form passage. After him trod Jimmy Silver and his companions.

The new master reached the box-room door. It was closed, and he hurled it open.

Crash!

Bump!

And a wild yell!

"Come on!" panted Jimmy Silver.

And he raced up the Fourth Form passage, to join in the wild and whirling struggle that was taking place in the box-room.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Tar and Feathers!

MR. CARKER strode into the box-room, cane in hand, with a glitter in his eyes. It was his intention to thrash the truants there and then, and send them into class in a state of anguished repentance. But it did not happen like that.

As he entered the box-room a cushion whizzed through the air and smote him

under the chin. Mr. Carker, in surprise, staggered under the shock.

And as he staggered Mornington was upon him with the spring of a tiger.

He tackled Mr. Carker Rugged fashion, and th. Form master came to the floor with a terrific crash.

"Back up!" panted Morny.

"Hurrah!" gasped Lovell. "Go for him!"

Mr. Carker's iron grasp closed on Mornington, and it would have fared hardly with the dandy of the Fourth had not his comrades piled in to the rescue. But Lovell and Raby and Newcome were upon the master at once, dragging him away. Rawson and Putty grasped him, and he struggled furiously in half a dozen pairs of hands.

It was a struggle of six to one; but, even so, Mr. Carker gained his feet, staggering up with the juniors clinging to him like terriers. He was over-matched, and his cane had been torn away, but he hit out savagely on all sides. And then Jimmy Silver arrived with a rush, with Erroll and Van Ryn and Oswald at his heels. The four juniors jumped into the fray without an instant's pause. There were now ten Fourth-Formers grappling with Mr. Carker, grasping him wherever they could get a hold—by his arms, his legs, his collar, his ears, and his hair. And under that attack the master went crashing down again, and this time he did not succeed in rising.

He sprawled under the grasping, clinging juniors, gasping for breath, and panting out threats.

"Got him!" breathed Mornington.

"Lock the door, somebody!"

Newcome jumped to the door and turned the key.

"Release me!" panted Mr. Carker.

"You young ruffians—scoundrels—rascals—Grooogh!"

"Bring the rope here!" gasped Morny.

Morny's knee was planted on Mr. Carker's neck pinning him down.

Lovell sat on his head, Raby on his waistcoat, and two or three fellows trampled wildly on his legs.

Putty dragged up the box-ropes and proceeded to fasten them carefully round Mr. Carker's ankles and wrists.

In a few minutes the tyrant of the Fourth was quite helpless.

Then the juniors released him, and he lay on the floor gasping for breath and glaring up at them.

"Our game!" said Mornington coolly.

"Where's his cane?"

"Here you are!"

"Good! Roll him over!"

"You will never dare—" shrieked Mr. Carker, his crimson face paling as he realised Mornington's intention.

"Dear man, you dared lick me yesterday!" smiled Mornington. "I'm still feelin' it. You're rather fond of handlin' the cane! Now you're goin' to have some of your own medicine—what?"

"You—you—you—"

"Roll the cad over!"

Mr. Carker was rolled over in a favourable position for punishment. Then Valentine Mornington began with the cane.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

"Go it, Morny!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Swish, swish, swish!

Mr. Carker was soon yelling at the top of his voice. His wild and frantic yells rang through the Fourth Form passage, and far beyond.

But Morny still swished! He intended to give the tyrant what the tyrant had given him. That was justice, in Morny's view! And he laid

(Continued on page 27.)



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THE HIGH HAND!

(Continued from page 6.)

on the strokes as if he were beating carpet.

"Help! Mercy! Help! Oh, stop! Help!" raved Mr. Carker.

"My hat! They'll hear this all over Rookwood!" said Lovell.

"Let them!" said Morny.

Swish, swish, swish!

Mr. Carker was shrieking now. Tubby Muffin could not have made more fuss under a flogging.

"They'll hear him in the Sixth Form room!" chuckled Arthur Edward Lovell. "We shall have the Head up here soon!"

"The door's locked all right," murmured Putty.

Swish, swish, swish!

"There!" gasped Mornington. "I think that will do! Do you think it will do, Carker?"

"Ow! Yow! Wow! Yooooop!" roared Mr. Carker.

"Here comes the Head!"

"Phew!"

There was a footstep outside. Apparently the Head had tracked the outbreak of amazing uproar to its source.

The door-handle was tried, then there was a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" thundered the Head.

The juniors did not answer, but Mr. Carker spoke up.

"I am here, sir! I am tied with a box-roppe! I have been assaulted—beaten! Help—"

"Shut up, you!" said Morny.

"Help! I— Gurrrrrrgh!" gurgled Mr. Carker, as Mornington shoved a handful of feathers into his mouth.

"Open this door instantly!" thundered the Head.

No one answered. The rebels of the Fourth were not finished with Mr. Carker yet.

He had had his licking, but the tar and feathers remained. Putty pulled the bucket over towards him.

"Sit him up!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Mr. Carker writhed in utter horror as he was sat up and the bucket of tar was lifted over his head. But there was no escape for him.

The bucket was up-ended, and the tar streamed down over the hapless master.

It engulfed his head, it clotted his hair,

it covered his ears, it oozed into his mouth, it ran down inside and outside his collar.

Mr. Carker disappeared from human knowledge. In his place writhed a horrid object as black as the ace of spades.

"Now the feathers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Thump! came Dr. Chisholm's angry knuckles on the door.

"Let me in immediately!"

Putty started with an armful of feathers. They streamed upon the tarry head and shoulders of Mr. Carker, and stuck there. The other fellows piled in with handfuls and armfuls, till the whole supply had showered upon Mr. Carker.

His aspect by that time was startling.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE contains 5 COMPLETE STORIES!

Tell All Your Pals!

Knock, knock, knock! came at the door. The Head was in a state of towering wrath.

"Unless this door is opened instantly every boy present shall be expelled from Rookwood!" he thundered.

The door was not opened.

"Grooogh—ooogh—uggggg!" came from Mr. Carker, with his mouth nearly full of mixed tar and feathers. "Ug! Ug! Ugggggg! Gugggg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now I think we'll let him go," said Jimmy Silver. "He ought to entertain the Head in this state."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Carker's bonds were cut. He was free; but he was not thinking of giving any more trouble now. He was only

yearning to escape from the clutches of the heroes of the Fourth.

Putty quietly unlocked the door.

Mornington flourished the cane, and gave Mr. Carker a cut across his tarry shoulders as a warning.

"Now get out!" he said. "We're fed-up with you, Carker! Get out of the room—and get out of Rookwood! Shift!"

Putty drew the door open. The hapless Carker, streaming with tar and feathers, with the cane lashing across his back, made a desperate rush to escape from the box-room.

At the same moment the Head, finding the door open before him, strode in.

Crash!

"Bless my soul! Oh!" gasped Dr. Chisholm.

He staggered back under the impact. Mr. Carker staggered, too; but he threw his arms round the Head to save himself. The two masters staggered across the passage.

"Oh! What—what—Tar!" gasped the Head. "You—you—Is this what— You are smothering me! Bless my soul! I—I—"

"Grooogh!"

"Release me!" shrieked the Head; and he pushed Mr. Carker violently away.

The embrace had transferred a considerable quantity of the tar and some of the feathers to the Head. His wrathful face was daubed with black. There was tar on his nose and in his mouth; he was smothered with it.

He dabbed at it with his hands, and his hands came away black and sticky.

"Good heavens!" gasped the Head.

"I—I—I—" stuttered Mr. Carker, reeling against the wall. "I—"

"Keep your distance!" shrieked the Head. "Do not touch me again! Keep away!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the box-room.

The Head glared into the room.

"Silver! You are the ringleader in this! The others will be flogged! You, sir, are expelled from Rookwood! Go and pack your box at once!"

And then the Head strode away, tarry and furious. After him limped Mr. Carker, leaving a trail of drooping tar and feathers behind him as he went.

THE END

(There will be another stirring long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Rookwood Rebels, next week, entitled: "JIMMY SILVER'S CAMPAIGN!")

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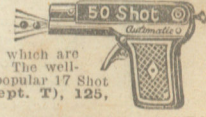
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