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The POPULAR

Complete
Story Weekly

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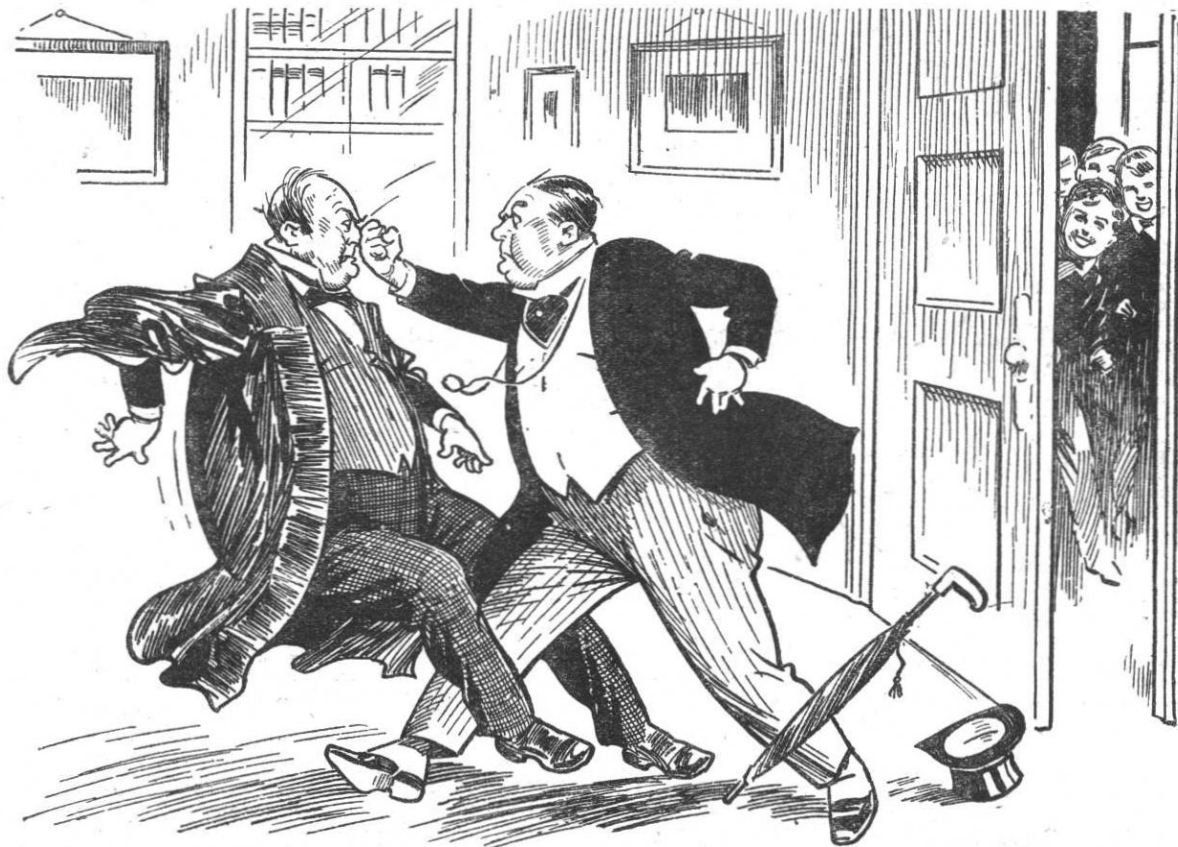
IN THE
GRIP OF A
SANDSTORM!

*A Thrilling Story
of Schoolboys' Peril in the Desert!*

ROOKWOOD MASTER IN TROUBLE!

Mr. Greely certainly asks for trouble when he interferes with a fellow outside his Form. And trouble he does get, of a nature that sends Rookwood into roars of laughter—but Mr. Greely into roars of wrath!

GOING for Mr. GREELY!



**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Just Like Mr. Greely!**

"LOVELL!"
"Yes, sir!"
"Hold up your shoulders, my boy."

"What?"
"And take your hands out of your pockets."

Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Classical Fourth, simply stared at Mr. Greely. Really, he could scarcely believe his ears.

Had his own Form master addressed him in those words, it would have been Lovell's duty to sit up and take notice, so to speak, though it would not have been pleasant.

But Mr. Greely was not his Form master. Horace Greely was master of the Fifth Form. Portly and ponderous, Mr. Greely was rolling across Big Quad like a galleon under full sail, and he had heaved to, as it were, to fix his lofty glance on Lovell, of the Fourth, and admonish him in his deep, rich, fruity voice.

"You should not slack, my boy!" he continued. "Slacking is a bad thing for men and boys alike. Slacking undermines the—ah—character; it is the beginning of a general—ah—deterioration."

This was a sample of Mr. Greely's trite wisdom, which he rolled out as impressively as if it were a new discovery, the fruit of long meditation.

"I'm not slacking!" shouted Lovell.
"What! Moderate your tone, Lovell, moderate your tone! You should not

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

By Owen Conquest.

raise your voice in addressing a master."

Repetition of his remarks was one of Mr. Greely's ponderous and exasperating ways.

The general opinion at Rookwood was, that Mr. Greely's remarks were not really worth hearing once. Hearing them twice was altogether too thick.

"I am speaking to you for your own good, Lovell—entirely for your own good," said Mr. Greely severely. "It is shocking to see a boy slacking and loafing—yes, loafing! Hold yourself up, my boy; take your hands out of your pockets!"

And Mr. Greely, with a severe shake of the head, rolled on, leaving Arthur Edward Lovell rooted to the gravel path, and in a state of wrath that would have done credit to a Hun.

"The—the ass!" gasped Lovell. "The cheeky ass! The fat old duffer! Talking to me as if I were a fag of the Second! The—the—the priceless old ass!"

Luckily Mr. Greely was out of hearing.

Still like a galleon under full sail, he was pursuing his lofty course along the gravel path towards Little Quad—stately and solemn and slow. It was fortunate that he had passed out of hearing. Certainly it would have been

a blow to his dignity to learn that a junior of the Fourth Form regarded him as a priceless ass.

"Priceless old ass!" repeated Lovell, finding solace in saying to himself what he could not venture to say to the Fifth Form master.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Lovell stared round.
That burst of merriment apprised him of the fact that the little scene had had witnesses and hearers.

Three juniors of the Modern Side were grinning at him: Tommy Dodd, and Cook, and Doyle. That they had heard Mr. Greely's ponderous admonitions, and thoroughly enjoyed them, was clear. If anything could have added to Lovell's exasperation, and put the lid on his wrath, that would have done it, to be grinned at by Moderns after being slanged by a priceless ass. He glared at the three Modern juniors.

"Don't slack, my boy!" said Tommy Dodd, with a cheery imitation of Mr. Greely's fruity voice that made his comrades yell with laughter.
"Hold up your shoulders!" gasped Tommy Cook.

"Take your hands out of your pockets!" shrieked Tommy Doyle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
The three Tommies yelled.

"Funny, isn't it?" snorted Lovell furiously.

"Slacking undermines the—ah—general character!" howled Tommy Dodd.

"It is the beginning of a—ah—general deterioration!" hooted Cook.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky Modern frumps!" roared Lovell.

Tommy Dodd held up an admonitory hand, quite in the style of Mr. Greely.

"Moderate your tone, Lovell—"

"What?"

"It is—ah—exceedingly bad form to raise your voice—"

Tommy Dodd got no further than that.

Arthur Edward Lovell, in a state of blind fury, rushed on the three Modern juniors, hitting out right and left. The roars of laughter changed to roars of quite another kind.

"Oh, my hat! Whoop!"

"Oh! Ow! Oh, crumbs!"

"Yaroh!"

Lovell, in his wrath, did not count odds. But he soon discovered that the odds were there. The three Tommies reeled right and left under his doughty punches, roaring; but they recovered, and hurled themselves upon him as one man.

And then Arthur Edward Lovell found himself collared, and swept off his feet, struggling and wriggling unavailingly in the grasp of three wrathful men of Manders' House.

"Duck him!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

They were quite near the fountain in the quad. Lovell, struggling wildly, was rushed to the fountain.

Splash!

His head went in, and Lovell gave a suffocated howl. It came out again drenched and dripping.

Splash!

In it went again, and out it came once more, streaming. Then, with a heavy bump, the Moderns set him down on the ground, and walked away, laughing. And Arthur Edward Lovell sat and streamed, and gasped, and spluttered, in a state of wild wrath, compared with which the celebrated wrath of Achilles was a mild joke.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Vials of Wrath!

JIMMY SILVER came out of the school shop with Raby and Newcome, and glanced round for Lovell. Arthur Edward Lovell had left his chums in "quarter" to take a book back to the school library in Little Quad; and they had expected him to join them afterwards in the tuckshop. But he had not turned up.

"Seen Lovell, Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver, as Valentine Mornington of the Fourth came along.

Morny grinned.

"Yes—he's been taking a wash in the fountain. He looked quite cross when I spoke to him, though I only offered to fetch him some soap if he wanted it." And Morny went into the tuckshop, grinning.

"Something's happened to old Lovell," said Jimmy Silver. "Come on, you chaps!"

The three juniors hurried away towards the fountain.

There they discovered Arthur Edward Lovell.

Arthur Edward was dabbing at his face and hair with a crumpled handkerchief, and his wet face was crimson, and his eyes sparkled. His cap was floating in the big granite basin.

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"What on earth—" began Jimmy Silver.

"Where have you fellows been?" hooted Lovell. "Leaving a chap on his own to be ragged by a gang of Modern chumps."

"Oh, you've been ragging with Moderns, have you?" said Raby. "I say, it's rather thick, ducking a chap's head in the fountain."

"Too thick!" agreed Newcome.

"Well, I jolly well punched them," said Lovell. "I fancy Tommy Dodd will have a prize nose to take into his dashed science class, and Cook and Doyle got some knocks."

"But what did you tackle those three Modern cads for?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"What had they done all of a sudden?"

"They cackled."

"Mustn't a fellow cackle?" asked Raby, with an air of polite inquiry.

"Look here, Raby—"

"Well, look here, Lovell—"

"Shush! We'll look for them after class, and rag them," said Jimmy Silver.

"Moderns mustn't cackle at Classics."

"It was that old ass, Greely—"

Lovell dabbed his face, and panted.

"That priceless ass, Greely."

"Old Greely butting in again?"

yawned Newcome. "Well, he's always fussing somehow. What did Greely do?"

Lovell, in tones of thrilling indignation, explained. To his surprise and wrath, the three Classics grinned. Apparently they, as well as the Modern trio, saw something funny in the episode.

"Oh, you think it's funny, of course!" snorted Lovell. "But I can tell you I'm fed-up with Greely—fed right up to the chin! Can't Dicky Dalton manage his own Form without Greely's help? He's always gassing and butting in. He told Selwyn of the Shell the other day to give more attention to deportment—deportment, you know! Who but a priceless old ass like Greely ever used such a word? I wouldn't even put it into a cross word puzzle. And now to talk to me about slacking—me! Am I a slacker, I'd like to know?" hooted Lovell, with a challenging glare at his comrades.

"Nothing of the kind, old fellow," said Jimmy Silver soothingly. "Anyhow, it's no business of Greely's."

"Well, he can jaw the Fifth as much as he likes, but he's not going to jaw me," said Lovell. "Next time he butts in, I shall jolly well tell him what I think of him. Who the thump is Greely? Priceless old ass!"

"What?"

It was a deep, fruity voice behind Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver, in dismay.

Lovell spun round.

Mr. Greely, purple and indignant, stood there, within a yard of him, fairly glaring.

"Lovell!" he gasped.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" mumbled Lovell.

"You were—ah!—alluding to me?"

Lovell wriggled. Certainly he would not have told an untruth; equally certainly an untruth would have been futile.

"Yes, sir!" he gasped.

"Follow me, Lovell!"

With a lofty gesture of command, Horace Greely sailed towards the House.

Lovell looked at his chums.

"For it, now!" he murmured.

"Better go, old chap," said Jimmy Silver uneasily.

"He's not my Form master."

"Better go, all the same."

Lovell nodded; he realised that he had better go. Reluctantly he followed Mr. Greely towards the House, like a little skiff in the wake of a stately galleon.

Mr. Greely did not head for his own Form-room; he sailed ponderously into the Fourth-room, where Mr. Dalton was busy with papers at his desk.

"Mr. Dalton!"

The Fifth Form master's deep, fruity voice echoed through the room, and along the corridor outside. The fellows in the corridor grinned, and even winked at one another. Disrespectfully, Hansom of the Fifth remarked to 1a1boys that old Greely had his rag out. In such terms did Edward Hansom allude to his Form-master's stately wrath.

Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth, glanced round from his desk and his papers. He looked surprised.

"Well, Mr. Greely?"

"This boy"—Mr. Greely indicated Lovell with a plump forefinger—"this boy of your Form, Mr. Dalton—this junior—"

"Dear me! What has Lovell done?" inquired Mr. Dalton, with just the slightest trace of impatience.

"I regret, sir, to have to make a serious complaint," said Mr. Greely. "I regret it very much. You will remember, Mr. Dalton, that as an older master, more—ah—experienced than yourself, I have sometimes advised you to—"

"Please come to the point, Mr. Greely. My class will be waiting for me in a few minutes."

"Very well, sir—very well!" said Mr. Greely with dignity. "I am not here, sir, on this occasion to offer you advice, much as I may think it needed. This boy Lovell alluded to me, sir, in my hearing, by an opprobrious epithet."

"Surely not!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

"I heard him, Mr. Dalton," said the Fifth Form-master. "I have not taken his punishment into my own hands. I am reporting him to his own Form-master. But I consider—"

"Lovell, have you been impertinent to Mr. Greely?"

"Hem!"

"What expression did you use, Lovell?"

"I—I—"

"Answer me at once!"

"Priceless old ass, sir!" gasped Lovell.

Mr. Dalton jumped, and Mr. Greely turned more purple than ever. From the corridor came the distinct sound of a chuckle.

"You—you applied such an expression to a Form-master at Rookwood?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

"You—you see, sir—"

"How dare you, Lovell?"

"Mr. Greely was butting in, sir. I—"

"Upon my word! Silence! Mr. Greely, I apologise most profoundly for this insolence on the part of a member of my Form," exclaimed Mr. Dalton, looking more perturbed and annoyed than he had ever been seen to look before.

Mr. Greely waved a gracious fat hand.

"I accept your apology, Mr. Dalton. I leave the matter in your hands with confidence—with full confidence."

"Remain a few moments, Mr. Greely, while this impertinent junior receives his punishment," said Mr. Dalton, taking up a cane. "Lovell, bend over that desk!"

Mr. Greely looked on with plump approval, while the Fourth Form-master laid on the cane.

Six successive whacks sounded like pistol-shots through the Fourth Form-room.

Lovell wriggled and writhed and gasped.

"Now, Lovell—"

"Ow!"

"You will apologise to Mr. Greely."

"Yow!"

"You hear me, Lovell?"

"I—I—I apologise, sir!" stammered Lovell.

"I trust, Mr. Greely, that you are now satisfied?" said the master of the Fourth.

"Quite, sir!" Mr. Greely was gracious. "Oh, quite! I approve, sir—I fully approve! I do not always approve, as you know, of—"

"Exactly! Good-morning, Mr. Greely!"

"Good-morning, sir!" said Mr. Greely rather stiffly. And he rolled out of the Fourth Form-room.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Lovell on the Warpath!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were sympathetic.

Most of the Classical Fourth were sympathetic.

So far as sympathy went, Lovell was comforted in his affliction.

Unfortunately, any amount of sympathy, however sincere, did not make it possible for Arthur Edward Lovell to sit down that morning with any degree of comfort.

Like the young man of Hythe, who was shaved with a scythe, he did nothing but wriggle and writhe.

Third lesson seemed almost endless to Lovell that morning.

He had always liked Dicky Dalton. Now he felt that he quite disliked him. Towards Mr. Greely his feelings could only be described as Hunchish.

Lovell was quite a placable fellow by nature. It was very seldom that he let the sun go down upon his wrath. Perhaps he was sometimes rather quick to take offence, but he was equally quick in forgetting all about offences. Now he did not forget. That hefty "six" helped him to remember, of course. When the Classical Fourth came out after third lesson Lovell was walking quite painfully. Indeed, Smythe of the Shell, passing him in the corridor, stared at him, and asked him if this was a new thing in cake-walks.

In the quad, the Fistical Four came on some Modern fellows—Towle and Lacy, and Leggett, and some more. They all grinned at Lovell and told him to hold his shoulders up, and take his hands out of his pockets, and warned him that slacking and loafing deteriorated the character. Evidently Tommy Dodd & Co. had told the story all over Manders' House.

Lovell breathed fury.

"I'm fed-up with that ass Greely!" he told his chums. "Fed-up to the chin! I shall never hear the end of this."

Jimmy Silver smiled cheerily.

"Keep smiling," he said. "The fellows will forget about it in a day or two—a jest never lasts long."

"I've had six from Dalton, bother him, and I've had to cough up an apology to that-priceless old ass Greely. And now I'm going to be chipped to death by those asses from Manders' House!" hissed Lovell. "I'm jolly well going to take it out of Greely somehow."

"Better let it drop," advised Raby. "You can't really take it out of a Form-master, you know."

"I'm going to!"

"You don't want another six from Dicky Dalton?"

"Blow Dicky Dalton!"

"He was bound to come down heavy," said Jimmy Silver. "This has really given old Greely a pull over him, you know, and he doesn't like it."

"The old ass will be giving him advice about managing his Form," said Newcome. "He will trot you out as an awful example, Lovell."

Lovell gritted his teeth.

"Meddling old ass!" he said.

"Yes, but—"

"I'm jolly well going to make him sit up."

That seemed to be a fixed determination with Arthur Edward Lovell, and his comrades wisely did not argue the point.

By the following morning Lovell had given the matter so much concentrated thought that he had evolved a plan of campaign. Jimmy Silver noticed him grinning in second lesson, and he was glad to see it. For a whole day Lovell had been understudying that ancient king who never smiled again.

In "quarter" Lovell strolled out into the quad with his comrades, with quite a cheery expression on his face.

"You fellows on?" he asked.

"What, how, and which?" inquired Raby.

"Dicky Dalton's gone to speak to the Head," said Lovell. "A fellow can nip into his study and use his telephone."

"What the thump do you want to use his telephone for?"

"Greely!"

"Oh!"

"That old ass is jolly keen on department and things," said Lovell. "It hasn't occurred to him that he's in need of any instruction himself. Well, he's going to have some."

Lovell's chums looked mystified.

"What—" began Jimmy Silver.

"Come along," said Lovell. "Dicky Dalton will be with the Head now, and you know the old boy won't let him off under a quarter of an hour. We've got the whole quarter. Come on!"

Lovell led the way, and his comrades followed him in rather a gingerly manner. Lovell marched into Mr. Dalton's study, and with some hesitation his friends followed him in. It was probable that Mr. Dalton was safe with the Head for a time, but— Lovell did not allow for "buts." He took a slip of paper from his pocket and sat down to the telephone. On the slip of paper were a number of names and addresses, with the telephone numbers opposite them, apparently selected and copied out of the local telephone directory.

Lovell rang up the exchange, while his chums stood in considerable uneasiness and watched him. Jimmy Silver kept the door ajar, with one eye on the corridor.

"Latham, 101," said Lovell into the transmitter. A few moments later: "Is that Latham, 101—Purkiss' Academy of Dancing and Department? Can I speak to Mr. Purkiss? It's rather important."

The Co. gazed at him in wonder. What business Lovell could possibly have with Purkiss' Dancing and Department Academy at Latham was a deep mystery to them.

"Good-morning, Mr. Purkiss!" Lovell, to the further surprise of his chums, was speaking now in a deep bass voice, obviously to give Mr. Purkiss the impression that a man, not a schoolboy, was speaking to him. "I understand, from your advertisement in the 'Coombe Times,' that you are prepared to call and give personal instruction in depart-

ment. Could you make it convenient to call this afternoon? Mr. Greely—Horace Greely—Rookwood School."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver blankly.

"The fact is, Mr. Purkiss, your instruction will—ah—be very valuable to me," went on Lovell in his deep voice. "My training has been—ah—somewhat neglected in this—ah—direction. No doubt we could arrange terms quite satisfactorily if you could call this afternoon. Would three o'clock suit you? Thank you very much! You will ask for Mr. Greely, in the School House. Thank you very much!"

Lovell rang off and grinned at his chums.

"What price that?" he asked.

"You awful ass!" breathed Raby.

"Can it!" grinned Lovell, and he rang up another number.

"Mr. Montgomery Smith? Good-morning, Mr. Smith. I understand from your notice in the 'Coombe Times' that you give careful instruction in manners to backward boys. No, dancing lessons will not be required. But the personal training you allude to in your advertisement—exactly! Can you undertake to give the same instruction to a man of middle age? Yes, yes; Mr. Greely, Fifth Form-master, at Rookwood School. No doubt you are surprised, Mr. Smith, but you will allow that I know my own business, and it unfortunately happens that my training has been very much neglected in this direction. It is never too late for improvement, you will agree—"

"Lovell!" gasped Newcome.

"Shut up, you ass!"

"But, you dummy—"

Lovell gave his chums a glare and went on:

"This afternoon, at half-past three, if you can arrange it, Mr. Smith. If you will give me this afternoon some instruction, we can then discuss terms for a whole course. Thank you very much! Half-past three. You will ask for Mr. Greely, in the School House."

Lovell rang off again.

He looked at his paper, evidently for another telephone number. Jimmy Silver, Raby, and Newcome fairly hurled themselves upon him and dragged him away from the telephone.

"Let go!" howled Lovell.

"You frabjous ass! You've done enough already to get you bunked from Rookwood," gasped Jimmy.

"I don't care. I—"

"Well, we do! 'Nuff's as good as a feast, or better. This way!"

"Leggo!"

"Bring him along!"

Three determined youths fairly hooked Lovell out of Mr. Dalton's study. Arthur Edward resisted all the way down the passage, but he had to go. The opinion of his comrades was that he had done enough, if not too much.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Department!

MR. GREELY, master of the Rookwood Fifth, took his accustomed stroll in Big Quad after dinner that day.

That day was Wednesday, a half-holiday, and after his stroll in the quad Mr. Greely settled down in a deep arm-chair in his study, with a newspaper, to enjoy his leisure. From his seat by the window of his study, he naturally could not see into the corridor upon which

masters' studies opened and he was quite unaware that a number of the Classical Fourth were gathering in the big bay window in the corridor, nearly opposite his door.

The Fistical Four came first, and annexed the window-seat; and then Morny arrived, and Oswald, and Towny and Toppy, and several more fellows. Quite a little crowd had gathered there before three o'clock. And they were all smiling.

Arthur Edward Lovell had started by telling two or three fellows about his little rag. The news had spread. By that time nearly all the Form knew that Mr. Greely was to receive unexpected visitors that afternoon, and they were deeply interested. They wondered what would happen.

From the bay window in the corridor they had a partial view of the quad, and just before three they sighted a tall, lean gentleman, in a tight-fitting frock-coat and silk hat, advancing towards the House.

"That will be Purkiss!" said Lovell. "He's really come!" murmured Raby. "Of course he's come! Rather a catch for him to get a Rookwood master as a pupil for his giddy deportment."

"What on earth will Greely say?" murmured Mornington.

"I wonder!" said Lovell. "Anyhow, we shall hear from this place—Greely's too carries like a megaphone."

The juniors chuckled. A minute or two later Timothy Tupper, the House page, appeared in the corridor, conducting the tall, lean gentleman. He conducted him to Mr. Greely's door, tapped, and opened the door.

"Mr. Purkiss, sir!" Mr. Greely glanced up from his paper. He glanced in surprise at the lean gentleman, in his tight black coat, with his silk hat in his hand, and an aggressive smile upon his rather cadaverous features.

"Mr. Greely—" The gentleman from Latcham stepped in, and Tupper closed the door and retired.

Mr. Greely rose politely; he was always polite in a ponderous way, though he was surprised and not very pleased by this visit.

"My card, sir!" said Mr. Purkiss.

The Fifth Form master glanced at the card, which informed him that Mr. Purkiss' academy at Latcham gave instruction in dancing, deportment, and drill. Not being, so far as he was aware, in need of instruction in those branches of knowledge, Mr. Greely was very puzzled.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Purkiss, but I do not quite understand—"

"Naturally, sir—naturally," agreed Mr. Purkiss. "A little instruction will make all the difference."

"But I do not see—" recommenced the puzzled Form-master.

"My dear sir, we will begin at once, if you wish. Not a moment shall be lost," said Mr. Purkiss. "Do not be discouraged by the fact that you are—hem!—perhaps a little elderly."

"What?" "Age is no bar, sir, to improvement, provided that the pupil be keen and painstaking."

"The—the pupil?"

"Exactly, sir," said Mr. Purkiss, with an agreeable smile. "Even at your time of life, sir, deportment can be studied with the greatest advantage."

"Deportment!" said Mr. Greely dazedly.

"Deportment, sir!" assented Mr. Purkiss. "A very important subject, THE POPULAR.—No. 532,

—sir—very important! Now, sir, since you have asked me to lose no time, your present attitude—"

"Eh?" "Defective, sir—very defective," said Mr. Purkiss. "Not a word, sir—without instruction, no one can be expected to master the important art of deportment. Now, sir, the chin up a little bit—"

"Wha-a-at?" "The right leg a little forward."

"Sir!" "Your hands, at the present moment, hang at your sides in the most ungraceful way. Not a word, sir. Of course, you have not observed anything of the kind. How should you? It is my business, sir, to enlighten you—"

"What? What?" stammered Mr. Greely, wondering dizzily whether he had a lunatic to deal with.

"Now, sir, the left hand—" Mr. Purkiss advanced with the bowing grace of a dancing-master, and took hold of Mr. Greely's left hand.

The next moment Mr. Greely's right hand came into action.

With a violent shove, he sent Mr. Purkiss toppling back; and in his surprise the dancing-master of Latcham sat down on the study carpet with a heavy bump.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Purkiss.

Mr. Greely glared down at him.

"Are you mad, sir?" he shouted.

"What?"

"If you are not insane or intoxicated, what do you mean?" roared Mr. Greely.

"How dare you come here, sir, and play such antics in my study?"

Mr. Purkiss stared up at him.

"What? What? What?" he stammered. "Antics? Sir, I was instructing you—I was, upon my word!"

Mr. Purkiss picked himself up and backed away from Mr. Greely. He was feeling alarmed. This was not the reception he had expected from a middle-aged pupil who was anxious to study that important branch of knowledge, deportment.

Mr. Greely pointed to the door. "Go, sir!" he hooted.

"Mr. Greely! I presume there is no mistake? You are Mr. Greely—"

"I am Mr. Greely! Go!"

"Then there is no mistake! Am I to understand, Mr. Greely, that you do not desire to receive instruction from me in deportment, in spite of your very evident need of it?"

"You are to understand, sir, that you are to leave my study this instant and take your absurd insolence elsewhere!" roared Mr. Greely.

"I will leave your study with pleasure, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Purkiss, quite enraged now. "I have no desire whatever, sir, to waste my instruction upon a man with the manners of a Hun, sir—the manners of a particularly savage bear, sir. But I have no intention, sir, of coming here from Latcham for nothing, sir. I shall charge you, sir, with my taxi fare, sir, and if you do not settle the account, sir, I shall bring a summons in the County Court, sir!"

And with that Mr. Purkiss flung out of the study, slamming the door behind him, jammed on his silk hat, and departed.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Alarming!

"OH, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

Every word in Mr. Greely's booming voice had been heard by the merry group in the corridor.

"I say, it's rather a shame on Purkiss," gasped Newcome. "He's had his trip over here for nothing."

"That's all right, if he summons old Greely in the County Court—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. waited quite anxiously for half-past three, when Mr. Montgomery Smith was due to call.

Mr. Greely, in his study, was quite unaware that another visitor was almost due. He had almost collapsed into his armchair, in a state of wrath and astonishment, to which no words could have done justice. Unless this man Purkiss was a lunatic or wildly intoxicated, Mr. Greely could not comprehend this amazing episode at all.

Mr. Greely breathed wrath; and it was quite a long time before he was able to settle down with his newspaper again.

He settled down at last, however, though occasionally he gave expression to an angry snort, indicating that all was not quite calm within.

He looked up angrily at a knock on his study door.

"Come in!" he snapped.

Tupper opened the door.

"Mr. Smith, sir!"

"Mr. Smith!" repeated Mr. Greely.

"Kindly inquire his business before showing him in, Tupper. I do not—"

"He said it was an appointment, sir," said Tupper. "He's 'ere, sir."

Mr. Montgomery Smith bowed himself into the room.

He was a large, plump, portly gentleman, not unlike Mr. Greely himself in figure. He had a happy smile and a jocular manner.

Tupper retired, and was closing the door when a foot stopped it. He stared round at Lovell.

"That's all right!" whispered Lovell.

And the page departed, leaving Mr. Greely's door ajar.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said Mr. Montgomery Smith, bowing. "Mr. Greely, I presume?"

"Quite so, sir!" said the Fifth Form master. "But to what—"

"I was afraid at first, sir, that I should have to telephone and defer this interview," said Mr. Montgomery Smith. "Nevertheless, I am quite at your service, Mr. Greely. Dancing, I understand, you do not wish to study."

"Dancing?"

"But general deportment—"

"Deportment?"

"Quite so. Reassure yourself, sir," said Mr. Montgomery Smith, with a wide wave of a large hand. "It is never too late to mend. I have had one pupil, sir, of a more advanced age than your own—a war-profiteer, sir, whose manners were, I regret to say, unspeakable, infinitely inferior to your own, my dear sir—but in a single term at my establishment the change was amazing. I made him, sir, into a gentleman. I have not the slightest doubt that I shall be able to do as much for you, Mr. Greely!"

Mr. Greely gasped.

From the corridor there came a suppressed sound.

"Are you a madman?" roared Mr. Greely.

Mr. Montgomery Smith jumped.

"Eh? What? What did you say, Mr. Greely? I—I do not quite follow—"

"Or are you drunk?"

"What!"

Mr. Smith backed away.

"Calm yourself, sir, calm yourself!" he urged. "My intention is to help

you, to help you in every way. No man ever more needed my help, if I may say so. Sit down a few minutes, sir. Perhaps I can get you a glass of water to— Calmness, sir—calmness, I beg.”

Mr. Greely spluttered. “I am bound to mention, sir, that you gave me no hint of this,” said Mr. Montgomery Smith, rather warmly. “I was led to believe that your defective manners were simply due to neglect—to want of training. No hint was given me that I had an inebriated man to deal with.”

“In-in-inebriated!” stuttered Mr. Greely.

“I should have been told so; it would have been more frank on your part, Mr. Greely, to warn me that I had to deal with a man unfortunately a slave to drink—”

“Yaroooooh!” Mr. Greely suddenly interrupted him. This man, whom he had never seen before, had not only butted into his study unasked and insulted him, but he was actually accusing Mr. Greely of being intoxicated!

He sprang at Mr. Smith, and with a mighty swipe sent Mr. Smith spinning as far as the door.

“Whoop!” roared Mr. Montgomery Smith as he landed.

“Now, sir, take yourself off!” boomed Mr. Greely. “If you do not desire me, sir, to kick you out of this building, take yourself off and play your foolish pranks, sir, upon someone who is in a humour for ridiculous fooling! I am not, sir—I am not!”

“Oh dear! Oh! Wow!” Mr. Smith felt his nose, to ascertain that it was still there. It felt as if it was not.

He limped to his feet, and Mr. Greely rushed forward to hurl the door open and, doubtless, to help Mr. Smith into the passage. But that terrific punch on the nose was rather more than Mr. Montgomery Smith was disposed to take patiently. As Mr. Greely crowded him Mr. Smith in his turn hit out, and the Fifth Form master of Rookwood came down unexpectedly on his own carpet.

“Oh! Ow!” Mr. Montgomery Smith tore the door open and hurried into the corridor. Mr. Greely was up in a second, blazing with wrath, and he fairly bounded after Mr. Smith.

“Rascal! Ruffian!” he spluttered. “Scoundrel! I—I—I—”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

Jimmy Silver & Co. were almost in hysterics now.

The sight of Mr. Greely chasing the astonished and alarmed visitor into the corridor was too much for them. They shrieked, “Ha, ha, ha!”

“Help!” panted Mr. Smith, as he rushed down the corridor with the infuriated Mr. Greely on his track. Fortunately, fear spurred on Mr. Montgomery Smith faster than wrath spurred on Mr. Greely. What would have happened had the enraged Fifth Form master overtaken him cannot be said. Fortunately, Mr. Montgomery Smith won that exciting race.

He left the House, with his hat in one hand and his umbrella in the other, and ran for the gates.

Mr. Greely, perhaps recalled to a sense of propriety by the yells of laughter that echoed down the corridors, halted at last, and strode back to

his study. Jimmy Silver & Co. melted away before his approach.

Mr. Greely strode into his study, and slammed the door with a terrific slam.

In amazement and wrath, he paced his study, utterly perplexed by these strange happenings, utterly shaken out of his usual ponderous composure. And when, later on, he rolled into Masters' Common-room to tea, he was conscious of lurking smiles on the faces of his colleagues—smiles that broadened when Mr. Greely excitedly described the weird happenings of the afternoon, and asked his colleagues what it could all possibly mean?

In the Fourth Form passage the Classical Fourth fairly rocked with laughter.

Putty of the Fourth, past-master in the art of leg-pulling, freely admitted that Arthur Edward Lovell was a great man.

It was agreed on all hands that Mr. Greely had had just what he had asked for; and Lovell was no longer chipped—the great jest on Mr. Greely succeeding him as a general topic.

Which was very satisfactory to Arthur Edward Lovell; and it was still more satisfactory that Mr. Greely, much as he puzzled over the affair, never dreamed of suspecting that it was a Fourth Form rag. That was a relief to the end study; for undoubtedly Arthur Edward Lovell had risked a Head's flogging in Going for Mr. Greely.

THE END.

(Another topping long tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. next week, chums, entitled, “TRICKING THE FOURTH!”)

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