

VALUABLE PRIZES OFFERED in an Easy Competition **INSIDE!**

Boy BF 124

Week Ending April 5th, 1930. No. 534 (New Series).

EVERY TUESDAY.

The POPULAR

2d



**WIN
A BIKE OR
MODEL SPEED
BOAT!**

ANOTHER GREAT SENSATION AT ROOKWOOD!

Lovell Puts Things Right!

BY
**OWEN
CONQUEST.**



Realisation comes at last to Lovell that he has been making a hash of things as skipper of the Fourth!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Up to Lovell!

LOOK here, Lovell!"

The door of the end study, in the Classical Fourth passage at Rookwood, was suddenly hurled open.

The fat face and ample figure of Tubby Muffin appeared in the doorway. Jimmy Silver & Co. were at tea; the four juniors were seated amicably round the study table, discussing poached eggs and muffins. They jumped as the study door was hurled open.

"What the thump!" ejaculated Jimmy. "Muffin—you ass—"

"You cheeky duffer!" exclaimed Raby indignantly.

Newcome reached for a cushion. It seemed to him a moment for action, not for words.

Whiz!
"Oh!" roared Muffin.

There was a chuckle in the end study as the fat Classical sat down in the doorway.

"Now, roll out!" said Arthur Edward Lovell severely. "I give you one second before I begin on you with my boot!"

Tubby Muffin scrambled to his feet. But he did not roll out.

The plump and usually placid Muffin was in a state of great excitement. It was not uncommon for Reginald Muffin to butt into a study at tea-time. But on this occasion it did not appear that Reginald had asked himself to tea.

"Look here, Lovell—" he roared. "Oh, scat!"

"You call yourself junior captain of Rookwood?" bawled Muffin.

"What sort of captain do you call yourself?" went on Muffin.

Arthur Edward Lovell reddened, while his three comrades smiled.

Rookwood, had been a conspicuous success.

Even Arthur Edward himself was beginning to have some lurking doubts on the subject.

"You fat duffer!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"The Fifth never tried on fagging us when Jimmy Silver was skipper!" roared Muffin. "And now—"

"Cut that out, fathead!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Rats!" hooted Muffin. "I tell you I've been fagging for Hansom of the Fifth! I tell you he ran me into his study by the neck and told me to make toast for him! I tell you—"

"You should have refused!" said Lovell sternly.

"With Hansom and Lumsden and Talboys there!" hooted Muffin. "Lot of good refusing! Hansom had a fives bat ready."

"That makes no difference!"

"Doesn't it?" shrieked Muffin. "I think it makes a jolly lot of difference! I tell you I've been fagged by the Fifth, and they never tried it on when Jimmy Silver—"

"Cheese that!" said Jimmy. Tubby Muffin pointed a fat forefinger at Lovell.

"It's up to you!" he bawled. "Are the Fifth going to fag us now that you're captain? Yah!"

"They're jolly well not," said Lovell hotly. "I'll jolly soon bring Hansom to his senses."

"Hear, hear!" said Newcome. "Jimmy Silver wouldn't have stood it when he was captain—"

"Shut up!" roared Jimmy.

"Well, you know you wouldn't!" howled Tubby Muffin. "I tell you I was run into Hansom's study by the collar—"

"You should have hacked his shins!" said Raby.

"I did," snorted Muffin; "and he

knocked my head on the door. I saw stars, I can tell you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you fagged for him, did you?" demanded Lovell, with a frown.

"I tell you he had a fives bat—"

Lovell crossed to the study cupboard, opened it, and proceeded to rummage therein.

He turned round with a fives bat in his hand.

"You say Hansom of the Fifth had a fives bat, Muffin?" he asked.

"Yes, you ass!"

"And you fagged for him because he was going to give you the fives bat if you didn't?"

"Yes, you chump!"

"Well, you ought to have remembered that I have a fives bat, too—"

"Eh?"

"And that I should give it to you for letting down the Fourth by fagging for Hansom."

"Look here—"

"Bend over that chair!"

"What?" roared Muffin.

Lovell pointed to a chair with the fives bat, having interposed between Muffin and the door.

The fat Classical stared at him as if he could scarcely believe his eyes or his ears.

"You've let down the Form!" said Lovell. "I'm junior captain, and I don't allow a fellow to let down the Form. I'm going to bat you for fagging for Hansom."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver & Co., greatly entertained by the expression on Tubby Muffin's face.

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Muffin.

"I'm waiting!" said Lovell.

"Why, you—you—I tell you, Hansom wouldn't have dared to fag a Fourth Form man if we had anybody but a silly nincompoop for a captain!"

Mornington. "If we get a dozen seniors on our necks—"

"If you're funky, you can crawl under your study table and hide there till it's over," snorted Lovell.

"Oh, go and eat coke! I'm ready for a raid on the Fifth, or the Sixth for that matter, with a chap in the lead who knows how to handle the thing," said Mornington. "You're the kind of leader to lead us all into trouble. I'll come on fast enough if Jimmy Silver takes command."

"Oh, rot!" said Jimmy.

"Stay where you are, then," snapped Lovell. "You other fellows come on—no more funks here, I hope."

And he tramped away.

Mornington's eyes blazed, but he followed the rest. He had no faith whatever in Lovell as a leader; but the imputation of funk was too much for him.

Lovell paused as the raiders reached the end of the Fifth Form passage, and turned to his followers.

"I've thought this out, of course," he said. "If we get a crowd of the Fifth on our necks, we're done in—we can't scrap with seniors man to man. Come along quietly to Hansom's study—and I'll open the door, and we'll rush in and collar the cads before they can yell. We'll mop up the study and get clear before the alarm is given."

"Lead on, old chap," said Jimmy Silver amicably.

And Lovell led on.

There was nobody to be seen in the Fifth Form passage, and the raiders tiptoed along as far as the door of Hansom's study.

There they stopped.

"Mind, rush in when I open the door!" whispered Lovell. "I'll rush in first, and you fellows rush in after me."

"Right-ho!"

"Ready?" whispered Lovell.

"Waitin'!" said Mornington.

Lovell turned the handle of the door softly. Then he flung the door wide and rushed into the study, with the rest of the party pell-mell at his heels.

Crash!

Bump!

"Bless my soul!"

A portly figure was standing in the study, and Lovell's rush landed him upon it with a terrific collision.

It was the surprise of his life to Mr. Greely, the master of the Rookwood Fifth.

Mr. Greely had dropped into Hansom's study for a chat; but he had found no one there.

Supposing that Hansom had been called away and would shortly return, the portly gentleman had decided to wait.

He had waited some minutes, but

Hansom had not returned. So Mr. Greely, a little annoyed at Hansom's forgetfulness, rose from Hansom's armchair and crossed towards the study door to leave.

It was at that moment that the study door flew open and Lovell of the Fourth rushed in with his merry men at his heels.

The collision was inevitable.

Lovell had crashed into Mr. Greely and sent that portly gentleman spinning before he even saw him.

Horace Greely sat on the floor in a

ment for all of you! Not a word! Go!"

"Oh, dear!"

In a state of utter dismay the Fourth-Formers marched down the passage under the gleaming eye of Horace Greely.

The Fifth Form master marched them to Mr. Dalton's study—rather to the surprise of the master of the Fourth.

"What—" began Richard Dalton.

"An outrage, sir!" boomed Mr. Greely. "These juniors have actually assaulted me, sir—floored me, sir, if



Lovell, in the fore of the ragers, crashed into Mr. Greely and sent that portly gentleman spinning before he even saw him!

state of breathless astonishment. Lovell staggered from the shock, and received in his back the rush of his followers. He spun forward and collapsed over Mr. Greely.

"Ow! Bless my soul! What—" "Great Scott!" yelled Mornington.

"It's Greely!"

"Oh, scissors!"

"My only hat!"

"Cut!" said Raby.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Lovell.

Mr. Greely hurled Lovell aside, sprawling, and rose to his feet, portly ponderous crimson, almost speechless with wrath.

"This—this—what does this mean?" he articulated "Lovell—Silver—Mornington—"

"Oh, dear! We—we—"

"We—we—" babbled Lovell.

"Outrageous!" boomed Mr. Greely.

"You—you—you have assaulted me—a Form master! You—you—"

"We—we thought—" gasped Newcome.

"Outrageous! I—"

"You see sir we—we—we—" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"Not a word!" thundered Mr. Greely. "Not a syllable! Follow me—all of you! I shall take you to your Form master! I shall demand at Mr. Dalton's hands the most condign punish-

I may use the expression—hurled me over, sir—"

"Really—"

"It was a mistake, sir," groaned Jimmy Silver. "We didn't know that Mr. Greely was in Hansom's study, sir."

"What were you doing in Hansom's study at all, Silver?"

"Hem!"

"Answer me!"

"It—it was a raid, sir!" gasped Lovell.

"Mr. Dalton, I demand the most condign—"

"You need have no fear, Mr. Greely," said the master of the Fourth grimly. "These juniors will be punished with severity."

Mr. Dalton selected his stoutest cane, and the hapless raiders bent over a chair in turn.

In Mr. Dalton's study the rhythmical sound of a cane rising and falling lasted quite a long time.

When it was over a dismayed and wriggling file of juniors emerged from the study.

They wriggled their way back dolorously to the Classical Fourth passage.

Mornington shook his fist under Lovell's nose.

"You silly ass!" he bawled.
 "Look here—"
 "Fatehead!"
 "How could I help it?" gasped Lovell. "I didn't know that Hansom had gone out—"
 "Idiot!"
 "I didn't know that Greely was there—"

"Dummy!"
 "Bump him!" howled Putty of the Fourth. "Bump the silly ass! We ought to have known better than to follow his lead, of course. But bump him, all the same."
 "Look here—" roared Lovell. "Hands off! Oh, my hat! Yaroooh!"
 Bump, bump, bump!

The dolorous raiders dispersed to their studies, leaving the junior captain of Rookwood sitting on the passage floor, struggling for his second wind.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Lovell Thinks It Out!

JIMMY, old man."
 It was the following day, and Jimmy Silver, after class, was sitting at the table in the end study, busy writing lines. Jimmy had a hundred lines to write for Bulkeley, and he was travelling through them at a great rate. Lines for the captain of Rookwood were generally written at express speed, as Bulkeley seldom looked over them with a critical eye.

Arthur Edward Lovell sat in the study armchair, with his long legs crossed and a deep wrinkle in his brow. That wrinkle seemed to indicate that Lovell was thinking deeply; not at all a customary thing with Arthur Edward Lovell. Jimmy Silver might have noticed it, with surprise, had he not been too busy with his lines. But his imposition claimed his attention, and he did not remark the unaccustomed mental exercises of his chum.

He laid down the pen at last, the last line written, hoping that Bulkeley of the Sixth would not depart from his usual custom and read the lines over. From the speed with which Jimmy had written them, the prefect would have found it a little difficult to determine whether Jimmy had written a section of the Æneid, or a Georgic; or, indeed, any of the compositions of P. Virgilius Maro at all.

Lovell, apparently, had been waiting for Jimmy to finish, for he spoke as soon as Jimmy threw down the pen.

Jimmy Silver glanced round. Lovell had been so unusually silent that he had forgotten that there was anyone with him in the study.

"Hallo, old man! I've done those dashed lines. Coming out?"
 "Wait a bit! I've been thinking, Jimmy."

Jimmy Silver did not respond with "Great Scott!" or "Draw it mild," as Newcome would have done. He nodded.

"Well, old man?" he asked.

"I'm junior captain of Rookwood," said Lovell.

"Eh! Yes."

"I haven't made much of a success of it."
 "Oh, I wouldn't say that exactly," said Jimmy Silver tolerantly.

"You wouldn't say it, but you think it," said Lovell, with unusual perception. Lovell's intellect seemed to be working to capacity, so to speak; for once.

"Hem!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"We play the last football match of the season on Saturday, with Grey-

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friars," went on Lovell. "Lots of the fellows are saying that we're going over there for a beating."

"Oh, rot, old man!"
 "They haven't much faith in me," said Lovell.

"Hem!"
 Jimmy regarded his chum curiously. As a rule, Arthur Edward Lovell had plenty of faith in himself, howsoever little others might have. It really looked as if the general dissatisfaction with his captaincy had shaken Arthur Edward's complacency.

That was a circumstance at which Jimmy Silver could not help feeling surprise. He liked Lovell very much, and admired him for some of his qualities, but he had never expected Arthur Edward to see himself as others saw him. Only too evidently, Arthur Edward had been doing an unusual amount of cogitation.

"I've had bad luck," said Lovell.

"Hem! Yes."
 "But I wonder a bit whether I'm quite suited to the job, too."

"Oh!"
 "The fact is, I never ought to have bagged the election," said Lovell. "It was really an accident, owing to Gunner butting in and playing the goat."

"That's so."
 "But if you hadn't resigned the captaincy, Jimmy—"

"That's ancient history now," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Play up, old man, and it will come right in the long run. You've got a good backing in this study."

Lovell rose from the armchair.
 "You're a good chap, Jimmy," he said. "After the way I've treated you the last few weeks you make me feel jolly small talking to me like that."

"Bosh, old chap! Come on, let's get out. I've got to take my lines to Bulkeley."

"I'll come with you. I've got to speak to Bulkeley."

Jimmy Silver gathered up his impot and the two juniors went downstairs together.

They arrived at Bulkeley's study and found the great man at home. Jimmy handed in his lines.

"Put them on the table," said the captain of Rookwood.
 Jimmy Silver obeyed with a smile.

He knew that the impot would pass from the table to the waste-paper basket, unexamined by Bulkeley. It did not matter whether he had written Æneid or Georgic; or whether some of the Latin was in a style that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

"Can I speak to you, Bulkeley?" asked Lovell.

"Go ahead."
 Jimmy Silver left the study, leaving the junior captain of Rookwood alone with the senior captain.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Right Thing!

BULKELEY fixed his eyes on Lovell.

That youth was a little red in the face, and seemed rather uncomfortable.

"Well!" said the captain of Rookwood.

"I've got something to tell you, Bulkeley," said Lovell, growing redder. "I don't know whether you've taken much notice, but a lot of the fellows aren't satisfied with me as junior captain."

"I've taken a good deal of notice, and I quite agree with you," said Bulkeley grimly. "I agree also with the fellows who are not satisfied."

"Oh!"
 "Anything else?"

"About the election," said Lovell.

"It was a bit irregular."
 "The election was all right," said Bulkeley. "I counted the votes myself, with Neville of the Sixth. The Lower School elected you, and they have to stand by the election."

"Two candidates didn't turn up in time for the election," said Lovell.

"I remember that. That was their own look-out," said Bulkeley. "They were notified of the time the door would be closed."

"They were kept away."
 "What?"

"Morrington and Conroy were tricked into a box-room, and locked up there till after the election was over."

"My hat!" Bulkeley stared at Lovell. "Do you mean to say that that is how you got your majority?"

"Yes."
 "Why, you young scamp!" exclaimed Bulkeley indignantly, "if I'd known that I should have cancelled the election at once."

"It was not my doing," said Lovell hastily. "A silly ass of a fellow did it to get Smythe of the Shell elected. But, of course, the fellows wouldn't have a silly ass like Smythe. Leaving Smythe out, it was between me and Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth, and the Classics plumped for me to keep the Moderns out."

Bulkeley frowned.

"You had no hand in keeping the other candidates away from the election?" he asked.

"No; I never knew till afterwards. The same silly idiot who locked Morny and Conroy in the box-room nearly got me locked up in the woodshed, but I was lucky."

"Who was it?" snapped Bulkeley. Lovell shifted uncomfortably.

"I'd rather not mention his name if you don't mind, Bulkeley," he said. "He's simply a silly owl without enough sense to go in when it rains. I've told you about it because—"

"Well, why?" said Bulkeley. "Now you've told me it's my duty to cancel the election and order it to be held over again. I suppose you know that?"

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"I thought you'd think so, very likely," assented Lovell. "I want to leave it in your hands to do as you think best."

"I shall order a new election."

"Very well, then."

"I suppose you realise that this means the end of your captaincy?" asked Bulkeley, with a very curious look at the junior.

Lovell's colour deepened. "It may, or it may not," he said. "If the fellows want me they can vote for me; if they don't, I don't want to keep a job I've got hold of by a sort of accident."

"That's quite a proper view to take, but I never expected you to take it," said Bulkeley dryly.

"Why not?" demanded Lovell rather hotly.

"Because my opinion of you was that you were a conceited young ass, too thoroughly satisfied with yourself to see that you were the wrong man in the wrong place."

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell. "I'm glad to see that you've got more sense than I credited you with," said Bulkeley. "Anyhow, you're doing the right thing now. You won't win the election again, but you'll have the satisfaction of having done the right thing, at all events."

"That's something," said Lovell. "Anything, I want to take my fair chance. I shall put up for election, and the votes will decide."

"I'll put a notice on the board to-day," said the captain of Rookwood. "Is that all, Lovell?"

"I'd like you to speak to Jimmy Silver and advise him to stand for election again. He thinks he's bound to stand by his resignation. But I think the fellows want him back."

"Oh, I'll speak to him!" "Thank you, Bulkeley." And Lovell left the captain's study.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Captain's Election!

"SEEN the notice?"

"Which?"

"New election," said Mornington.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Seven o'clock in the lecture-room, election for junior captain of Rookwood," grinned Mornington. "Has Lovell resigned, or what? Know anything about this, Lovell?"

"Just a little," said Lovell. "Somebody's told Bulkeley that the last election was irregular, owing to that ass Gunner nobbling two of the candidates."

"Morny!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver reproachfully.

Mornington coloured.

"I never told Bulkeley," he said hastily. "I've been tempted to, I admit, but I never did."

"Somebody has," said Raby. "It's rather thick."

"I know who it was," said Lovell.

"Who, then?"

"Little me."

"You!" exclaimed the juniors all together.

Lovell nodded.

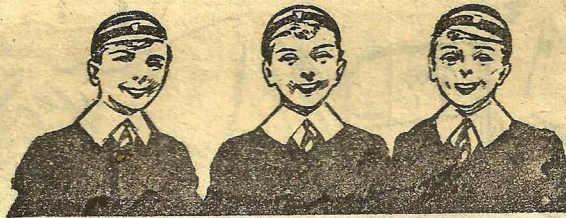
"Well, my only hat!" said Mornington, in blank astonishment. "Of course, you ought to have told him. But I never supposed— Ahem! Well, there won't be any mistakes this time. You're standing, Jimmy?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"You jolly well are!" said Mornington. "Your name's on Bulkeley's paper, and as Bulkeley is head of the games you've got no choice."

Jimmy Silver hurried away to Bulkeley's study. He came back in a few minutes and joined the crowd of juniors round the notice-board. The paper there in Bulkeley's "fist" had caused intense excitement among the Classical

HERE THEY ARE—THE BOYS WITH THE FIVE-MILE SMILES! Allow me to introduce you to Fane, Bindley, and Pyle of Calcroft School!



I'VE BEEN KEEPING A LITTLE SURPRISE PACKET up my editorial sleeve for the past few weeks, and now I'm going to spring it on you. Next week you're all going to make NEW CHUMS—the boys of Calcroft School. And, let me tell you, you'll want to prepare for a long, rib-cracking laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!" (Excuse me a moment. I can't help bursting into cackles when I think of the funny adventures piled in that first story of Fane & Co., of Calcroft, I read the other day. What a set of chaps for giving you a pain in the fifth rib!)

Oh, boy, you should hear me smile!

I bet I've whetted your appetite now. Want to know more about these fellows, eh? Well, here goes!

Fane & Co., of Calcroft School, make their bows to readers of the POPULAR next week. After that you can call them permanent chums—boys with the five-mile smiles.

The first story in this rollicking series of school yarns is entitled, "RAISING THE WIND!" and it's in the POPULAR NEXT WEEK!

Also in next week's Grand issue there'll be the usual extra-long DETECTIVE THRILLER, entitled, "The Thief!"; another Rearing long story of the Rio Kid, Boy Outlaw; a Spanking Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, and the fourth week of our "Easy-as-pie" competition.

juniors, which had already spread to the Modern fellows in Manders' House.

"Bulkeley says he wants me to stand," said Jimmy Silver. "That doesn't leave me much choice. But if you object, Lovell—"

"I asked Bulkeley to tell you," said Lovell.

"Oh!"

"We've got to stick together in this," said Mornington. "Tommy Dodd will be putting up again, and we've got to keep the Moderns out."

"Yes, rather!"

"Oh, Jimmy will romp home!" said Newcome. "You're voting for Jimmy, Lovell?"

Lovell made a grimace.

"I'm a candidate," he said.

"Oh!"

"That will cost our side one vote," said Mornington, with a grin. "Only Lovell's."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was only two hours to the election, and those two hours were crammed with excitement in the Lowss School. Even Reginald Muffin almost forgot his tea and had time to eat only enough for three fellows.

At seven o'clock the lecture-room was crowded.

When Bulkeley of the Sixth came in with Neville to superintend the election almost all the juniors of both Houses were present. Tommy Dodd & Co. were there to a man, nourishing a faint hope of pulling off the election and installing a Modern fellow as junior captain of Rookwood which in the eyes of all loyal Moderns was consummation devoutly to be wished. But the Classics outnumbered them very considerably, and Tommy Dodd's main hope was in a split in the Classical vote, there being two Classical candidates in the field—Jimmy Silver and Arthur Edward Lovell.

But Tommy Dodd was soon deprived of his last hope.

When a show of hands was called for Arthur Edward Lovell there was a grin on every Classical countenance, but not a single hand went up.

Lovell looked round with a blushing face.

If he had had any doubts as to whether the Rookwood fellows wanted him to captain them, his doubts were set at rest now. He grinned—a rather rueful grin.

After that there was no doubt as to how the junior election would go. The Moderns voted to a man for Tommy Dodd; the Classics to a man for Jimmy Silver. And when the result was announced that Jimmy Silver was elected by a majority of thirty there was a roar of cheering that awoke all the echoes of Rookwood.

Tommy Dodd thumped Jimmy on the shoulder.

"All serene!" he said. "You're the second best man, old chap."

Lovell thumped him on the other shoulder.

"I'm jolly glad!" he said. "Thanks, old bean!" said Jimmy.

"Hurrah!" roared Raby. "We're going to beat Greyfriars now, anyhow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Raby proved to be a true prophet; for when Saturday came round and Jimmy Silver led the Rookwood junior footballers to Greyfriars, they wound up the football season with a victory by three goals to one.

Jimmy Silver was in his old place once more, and all the Classics were glad to see him there, and even the Moderns admitted that the place was well filled. As for Arthur Edward Lovell, he seemed as pleased as anybody. Lovell had found his captaincy rather in the nature of a giant's robe, and he was not sorry to pass it on to shoulders better fitted for it.

And, though nobody really had expected it of Arthur Edward, all Rookwood agreed that Lovell had, for once, done the right thing.

THE END.

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