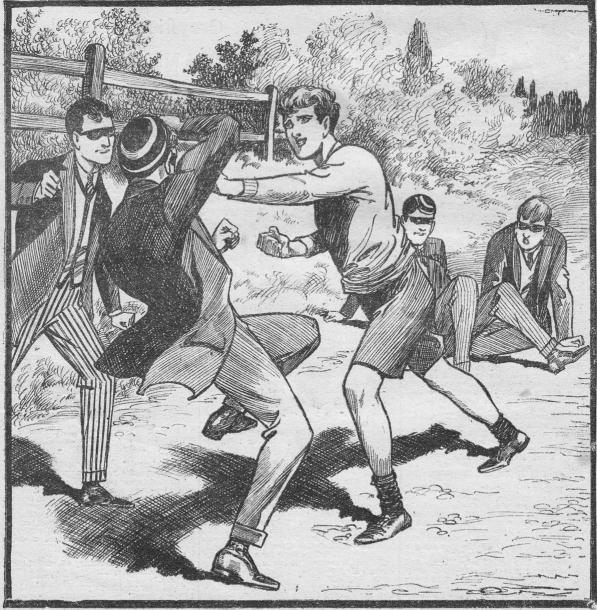
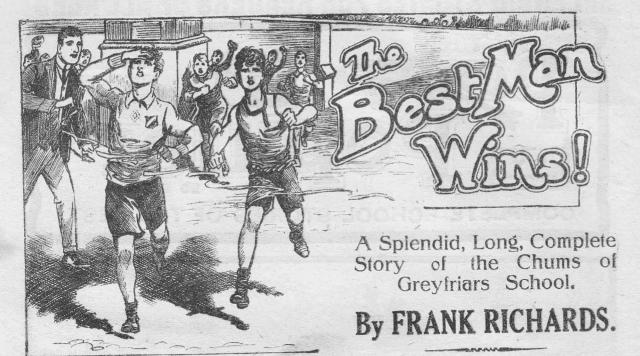
SPLENDID STORIES FOR READERS OF ALL AGES!





FOUL PLAY! DENNIS GARR MOLESTED IN THE CREAT RACE!

(A Dramatic Incident in the Grand Long Complete Story of Greyfriars in this Issue.



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Great News.

you fellows-

Ha, ha ha!" 'Oh, really Bob-

On, reany Bool-Bunter refused to detach himself from the Famous Five. They walked on in the direc-tion of No. 1 Stady, and the fat junior followed them, hursting with news and im-

Look here, you fellows -- " "We prefer to look at something more interesting," said Harry Wharton. "A grin-ning gargoyle, for instance, or a Cheshire eat!"

ming gargoyle, for instance, of a Chesnire cat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, I happened to hear—"

"Did you happen to hear me give you marching orders?" demanded Bob Cherry, swinging his cricket-bat aggressively.

Billy Bunter backed away in some trepidation; but he continued to chatter.

"I happened to be passing the Head's study—" he began.

"And your bootlace happened to come untied, and you happened to stoop down to do it up, and then you happened to be a half-holiday for everybody to-morrow. Is that how it happened?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked weathfully through his big spectacles at the amused juniors.

Billy Bullet of Block washing and constitution of the amused juniors.

"If you fellows don't stop eacking," he said, "I shall refuse to tell you all about the Marathon—"?

the Ma. What Marathon?" asked Wharton

"The one that Sir Reginald Brooke's getting

"The one that Sir Reginald Brooke!" cchoed Nugent.
"It's Reginald Brooke!" cchoed Nugent.
"It's Mauly's guardian, isn't he?"
"Yes; and he's in the Head's study at the present moment. He's decided to organise a Marathon Race, open to fellows of the age of fifteen and under. St. Jim's are going to be given a show, likewise Rookwood and Higheliffe. And Sir Reginald's presenting a bandsome gold cup to the winner."

The Fannous Five looked incredulous. And their incredulity was not surprising. Anything that Billy Bunter said had to be taken to the property of the said had to be taken to the property of the said had to be taken to the property of the said had to be taken to the property of the said had to be taken to the said mine. Whenever the fat junior and his mouth it was either to utter a latenced or a gross exaggeration. And on

this occasion, as on others, nobody believed

"It will be one of the biggest events of the "It will be one of the biggest events of merens." Bunter went on. "Just think of it! All the leading junior athletes from the four schools running together in a Marathen! The race is going to start and finish at Greyfriars, too, and it's coming off on Saturday. I shall have to start putting in some trial

Do you mean to say that you're taking it in this imaginary race?" exclaimed part in thi

part in this magnary race? exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"There's netting imaginary about it," was the reply, "Wait till you see me breasting the tape half a mile ahead of all the others."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The picture of the corpulent Owl of the Remove finishing first in a Marathon race tickled the Famous Five immensely.

"I think," said Bob Cherry, winking at his companions, "that Bunter had better take his first trial run now."

"Hear, hear!"

"And we'll give him a helping hand!" chuckled Nugent.

Then, before Billy Bunter could realise what was happening, he was scized by many hands and frog-marched into the Close.

"I—I say, you fellows.—" he protested feebly.

feebly.
"Off you go!" said Bob Cherry.
"Off you go!" said Bob Cherry. Bunter was given a sudden push. He inrelied forward, and five well-shod feet clumped together on the rear portion of his anatomy.

"Ow-ow-ow!"

"Pile in, "porpoise!" said Bob Cherry.
"You've got to go three times round the
Close, and every time you stop we'll administer a little gentle persuasion from the

Close, and every time you stop we'll administer a little gentle persuasion from the rear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter was unaccustomed to violent physical exercise of this sort. But there was no help for it. He was obliged to put his best foot forward, so to speak, and every time he taltered the Famous Five had a sort of football match on their own.

Dennis Carr and Mark Linley strolled on to the scene together. They chuckled when they saw what was going on.

"Is this a new weight-reducing stunt, you fellows?" asked Dennis Carr.

"Bunter says he's going in for a Marathon," explained Wharton, "so we're putting bim through his paces!"

"Ha ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter fled wildly round the Close, with the Famous Five in hot pursuit.

The fat junior's style of running did not suggest that he was of the stuff of which

Marathon winners are made. He rolled rather than ran, and the perspiration was streaming down his flabby checks.

"Oh dear!" he panted. "I—I'm done!" why, you've only just started!" said Johnny Bull. "Put your beef into it!" There was no respite for the unhapy Ow! of the Remove until he had been three times round the Close. Then he collapsed like a pricked bladder.

round the Close, Then he collapsed like a pricked bladder.

"Yow-ow-ow! I—I've got awful stabbing pains just here!" gasped Bunter, tapping his chest. "I believe I'm dying!"

"Well, we'll leave you to it!" said Bob Cherry callously.

And the Famous Five strolled away, accome panied by Dennis Carr and Mark Linley.

In the Remove passage the party cheometered Lord Mauleverer.

The schoolboy earl was looking decidedly

The Schoology cert siek.

"What's wrong, Mauly?" inquired Dennis Carr. "You look as if you've lost a fiver and found a penny with a lole in it!"

"Ym fed-up!" groaned Mauly.

"Why?" asked the juniors in chorus.

"My guardian's just paid me a flyin'

"And he left without giving you a substantial tip?" said Mark Linley sympathetically.
"No, dear boy. He tipped me a tenner."

"No, dear boy. He tipped me a tenner."
"Then wherefore that worried brow?"
ejaculated Nugent, in surprise.
"My guardian," said Lord Mauleverer, with a sigh, "insists upon my competin' in the beastly Marathon!"
"What!"
There was a shout of astonishment from the Famous Five.
"Then Bunter wasn't fibbling, after all!"
exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Has Sir-Reginald really arranged a Marathon,
Manly?" Manly?

"Yaas, begad!"
"And he wants you to compete?"

"He insists upon it!" groaned Mauly. "I "He insists upon it!" groaned Mauly. "I pointed out to him that I had a frail an' delicate constitution, but he wouldn't listen to me. He said, 'You must pull yoursely together, Herbert, an' prove your mettle,' or words to that effect. I can't back out of it. It's awful! I'm sure I shall expire of heart failure before I've frotted a dozen yards!"
"He has heat".

"Ha, ha ha!".
"Is this Marathon coming off on Saturday,

Mauly?" asked Nugent. "Yaas."

"And your guardian's presenting a gold cup to the winner?
"Yaas. I st I suggested to him that he should award a special prize to the last man home that'll be sure to be ms-but he wouldn't

hear of it."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
The juniors pa "Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors passed on, and the next thing that attracted their attention was an announcement on the school notice-board.

Quite a crowd had congregated round the beard, and there was great excitement.

The announcement ran as follows:—

"NOTICE.

"Through the generosity of Sir Reginald

BThrough the generosity of Sir Reginald Brooke, I am able to announce that on Saturday next a Marathon Race will be held.

The event is open to all Greyfriars boys of the age of fitteen and under, and the juniors of Higheliffe, Rookwood, and St. James' Schools will also be allowed to compete.

"Sir Reginald Brooke will present a gold cup to the winner of the race.

"Full details as to the time of the race, the route to be taken, etc., may be obtained from Mr. Lascelles, who, in conjunction with Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch, will conduct the event.

"(Signed) HERBERT H. LOCKE, "Headmaster."

"Hurrah!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.
"Sil Reginald Brooke's one of the best!"
said Wharton heartily.
"Yes, rather!"

"Yes, rather!"
"That gold cup's coming to Greyfriars!" declared Dennis Carr grimly. "We can't have one of the other schools walking off with it!"
"No folly fear!"
"We must get into training at once!" said Wharton briskly. "Saturday will be here before we know where we are!"

"I-vote we get into, our running clobber, and put in a five-mile jaunt right away!" said Nugent.

and put in said Nugent.

ud Angent, "Hear!" Quite a number of Removites had decided a enter for the Marathon.

The Famous Five intended to compete as matter of course; and among the other candidates were Dennis Carr and Mark Linley, Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing, Tom Brown and Peter Todd, and Squiff and Bulstrode.

Lord Mauleverer was competing, too; but in

is case it was not from choice. Shortly afterwards the juniors started on

their first trial run.

The Famous Five went off in one direction, and another party, led by Dennis Carr, took another route.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in excellent condition, and they sped along side by side in

"There's no reason why we should stick to the road?" panted Johnny Bull, at length. "Let's cut through old Popper's grounds."

Elet's cut through old Poppers grounds.

But Harry Wharton demurred.

Sir Hilton Popper, the irascible baronet and a member of the Board of Governors, had a short way with trespassors; and if those trespassers happened to be Greyfrians fellows he came down particularly heavy.

The juniors decided, therefore, to give Sir

The failure included, therefore, to give an Hilton's private grounds a miss. They ran on; and the next moment they encountered Ponsonby & Co., the Nuts of Highelife.

Ponsonby stopped short as the runners

Ponsonby stopped short as the runners approached.

"What's goin' on?" he inquired.

"We are!" said Bob Cherry.

And he gave the elegant Ponsonby a shove which sent him sprawling.

Pon fell into the arms of Gadsby, his first lieutenant, and Gadsby collapsed, bearing his leader to earth with him.

By the time the two Highelifflans had sorted themselves out the runners had disappeared round a bend in the road.

Ponsonby uttered a savage imprecation.

"I'll make those bounders sit up!" he exclaimed. "They think they're funny, but we'll have the laugh of 'eun at the finish!"

"Why are they chasin' about the country like this, Pon?" asked Vavasout.

"There's a Marathon comin' off on Saturday. Skinner was tellin' me all about it. It appears that Sir Reginald Brocke's presentin' a gold cup to the winner. The Rockwood an' St. Jim's fellows are takin' part in the race, an' I expect some of our chaps will compete."

"Greyfriars will bag the cup, without a doubt." said Monson.

in the race, an' I expect some of the survivil compete."
"Greyfriars will bag the cup, without a doubt," said Monson.
Ponsonby's eyes gleamed.
"Not if I have anythin' to do with it!" he said savagely. "It's about time we put a spoke in Wharton's wheel. We've been givin' those bounders too much rope lately!"
"But we can't prevent one of 'em from baggin' the cup," said Gadsby.
"Oh, yes, I can!"

"But how?"

"But how?"
"Lend me your ears," said the amiable
Pon, "an' I'll unfold my little scheme!"
And Ponsonby did so. It was a particularly
shady scheme, but that only made it appeal
all the more to the cads of Higheliffe, whose
laughter—when Pensonby had expounded his
plan in detail—echoed along the roadway.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Called Over the Coals!

ING-A-LING-A-LING The telephone-bell in the Head's study clanged loudly.

Dr. Loeke, engressed in the works of Horace, paid no attention to the summons

of Horace, paid no attention to the summons at first. But the bell became so violent that it was impossible to go on ignoring it. "Upon my soul," murmured the Head, as he rose to his feet, "this telephone will drive me to distraction! I wish the hated drive me to distraction! I wish the lated instrument had never been invented! The vicar of Friardale has already called me up twice, and on each occasion I have pointed out to him that I am unable to accept the invitation to dine with him this evening. He is a most persistent person—rudely persistent, in fact. I am afraid it will be necessary for me to speak plainly to him on this occasion!"

So saying the Head arrested currents the

So saying, the Head crossed over to the telephone. He took the receiver off its books, and thundered into the transmitter.

"Mr. Lamb, at the risk of offending you, I "Mr. Lamb, at the risk of offending you. I must say that you are becoming a pest, sir! There is no other word for it. This is the third time you have rung me up in the course of an hour! I have already declined, courteons but firmly, your repeated invitations. And when I make a statement on the telephone I expect it to be regarded as final! It is most thoughtless and ungentlemanly of you to continue to pester me in this way!"

The Head naused. His rather violent out-

The Head paused. His rather violent out-

The Head paused. His rather violent our-burst had rendered him breathless. For over the wires came an indignant voice. "Dr. Locke! You appear to be under a

am under no delusion!" snapped why you have hone. You wish "I am under no declision: snapped the flead. "I know precisely why you have called me up on the telephone. You wish me to dine with you this evening. And for the last time I decline your invitation!" There was a splutter from the individual at

the other end of the wires. "You must be off your head, Dr. Locke.

"Really!" protested the Head. "This is a most undignified expression for a vicar to

'I am no vicar! "Tam no year:
"Then who what —" gasped the bewildered Head.
"I am Sir Hilton Popper!"

The Head recoiled from the telephone a

The Head recoiled from the telephone as if he had been stung. He realised that he had jumped to a too hasty conclusion.

"I have not asked you to dine with me this evening," continued the voice, "and, in the circumstances, I should not dream of doing so! You have grossly insulted and affronted me, sir!"

"Sir Hilton! I—I am sorry—"

"Your sorrow does not compensate me for the manner in which I have been addressed! I am astyunded sir—overcome, in fact!"

the manner in which I have been addressed! I am astounded, sir—overcome, in fact!"
"My dear Sir Hilton, pray hear my explanation! I was under the impression that I was speaking to the vicar of Friardale."
"Do you always make a point of being rude to clerical gentlemen, Dr. Locke?"
"Pardon me, Sir Hilton—" began the Head, with some heat.
"Yo good numers can be severed by the third."

"No good purpose can be served by this protracted argument, sir! For my part, I am not prepared to lower my dignity by wrangling like a small schoolboy!"

The Head choked back his anger with some

difficulty

difficulty.

"For what purpose, Sir Hilton, have you called me up on the telephone?"

"I have a complaint to bring before you, sir! I caught five of your boys trespassing in my private grounds this afterneon!"

"Bless my soul!"

"The compressed have been repeatedly.

"Bless my soul!"

"The young rascals have been repeatedly warned that they are not to encroach upon my premises! They have set my orders—and your own—at defiance."

The Head looked grim.:

"Can you give me the names of the boys in question, Sir Hilton?"

"Yes, Wharton Cherry, Nugent, Bull, and

Yes. Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bull, and

Single-all old offenders. This is not the first time I have caught them on my estate!"

singu-ail out onenders. Into is not the first time I have caught them on my estate!"

"I trust they were doing no harm to your property?" ventured the Head.

"Oh, no, sir!" came the sarcastic repit.

"No harm whatever! They were merely racing over my flower-beds and disturbing my poultry! But they were doing no harm. Oh dear no! Perish the thought, sir!"

This stinging satire had a far from sosthing effect upon the Head. He felt strongly inclined to give the baronet a piece of his mind; but he pulled up just in time, remembering that Sir Hilton Popper was a member of the Board of Governors—and one of the most prominent members at that.

"You may leave this matter in my hands, Sir Hilton," said Dr. Locke. "I will interview the boys in question—"

boys in question—"
And you will punish them?"

"I shall admonish them—"
"I shall admonish them—"
"By George, sir, you talk like a folk-andwater pacifist: You have a cane in your
study, I take it?"
"Several."

"Then I should advise you to bring 'em into action! The conduct of those young rascals is not to be winked at!"

'As this is the first time for many months "As this is the first time for many months that your property has been violated, I shall administer nothing more than a caution," said the Head. "But if the juniors transcress in this way again I shall certainly cane them with the utmost severity! Good-

afternoon, Sir Hilton!"

afternoon, Sir Hilton!"

There was a snort from the other end of the wires, and the Head rang off. He was about to despatch Trotter, the page, for Harry Wharton & Co., when, glancing out of his window, he saw the Famous Fire returning from their run.
"Wharton! Cherry! Nugent! Bull! Singh!" rapped out the Head. "Come into my study at once!"

once!

The juniors obeyed, wondering what was

The Head's on the war-path!" muttered

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Looks as If we're going to get it in the he said.

"Looks as it were going to get it in the neck!" he said.

Dr. Locke's brow was very stern as the juniors lined up in a row before him.

"Sir Hilton Popper informs me," he began, that you boys encroached upon his private property this afternoon."

The Famous Five gasped. They were too flabbergasted to make an immediate denial.

"It has been constantly impressed upon you," continued the Head, "that Sir Hilton Popper's estate is strictly out of bounds. What have you to say, Wharton?"

"Sir Hilton Popper must have been mistaken, sir," said the captain of the Remove, "We certainly haven't trespassed on his property this afternoon."

"I suggested that we should cut through

perty this afternoon."

"I suggested that we should cut through Sir Hilton's grounds, sir," chimed in Johnny Bull, "but the suggestion was overruled, and we stuck to the road."

"That's so, sir," added Bob Cherry.
The Head glanced searchingly at the five juniors. They did not look as if they were trying to deceive him. At the same time, he had Sir Hilton Popper's word for it that they had intruded upon his private property. and had intruded upon his private property, and it was unthinkable that a Governor of the school would make a deliberate misstatement

of fact.
"I am sorry that I cannot accept your assurance," said the Head coldly. "Sir Hilton

assurance," said the Head coldly. "Sir Hilton Popper would not lie to me."
"We know that, sir," said Nugents "But it's probably a case of mistaken identity."
Dr. Locke shook his head.
"Sir Hilton quoted your names," he said. "He states that you trampled on his flowerbeds, and disturbed his poultry."
"Nothing of the sort, sir!" exclaimed Harry Wharton indignantly. "That's not true!"
"Be slient, Wharton! Sir Hilton Popper would be the last man to trump up a charge which had no foundation whatever. Despite your denial, I am of the opinion that you trespassed on Sir Hilton's property this afternoon."

The Famous Five looked flushed and indig-

The Famous Five looked flushed and indignant, and they were furious beyond measure with the unpopular baronet for having got them into this mess without cause.

"I shall take no action on this occasion." said the Head, "but I warn you that if any of you transgress again in this way I shall cane you severely!"

"But, sir—" protested Harry Wharton.

"But, sir—" protested Harry Wharton.
"Not another word, Wharton! I have admonished you, and I trust that my admoniTHE PENNY POPELAR.—No. 69.

tion will prevent a recurrence of this conduct!

The Famous Five left the Head's study, faming, Dennis Carr and the runners who had belonged to his party met them in the

"Halio!" said Dennis, as Harry Wharton & Co. approached. "Been having tea with the Head?"

"Do we look as if we had?" growled Bob

Cherry. "What's happened?"

"What's happened?"
"Old Popper's complained that we've been trespassing on his property, and we've done nothing of the sort!" said Nugent wrathfully.
"My hat!"

"My hat!"
And the Head won't take our word!"
growled Johnny Buil. "Bit thick, isn't it?"
"It's the limit!" said Vernon-Smith. "I
should advise you to go along and see old
Popper, and ask him what the dickers he
means by it!"

Popper, and ask income and by it!

Harry Wharton shook his head.

Harry Wharton shook his head. "Harry Wharton shook his head.
"He would never give us a hearing," he aid. "The moment he caught sight of us aid. "The moment he caught have us slung said approaching his house he'd have us slung ont on our necks."
"Popper's a beast!" said Squift.

ropper's a beast!" said Squiff.
"The biggest beast in creation, bar none!"
said Bob Cherry.
And on that point the juniors were
unanimously agreed.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. A Monstrous Injustice.

NTEREST in the forthcoming Marathon race rose to a very high pitch. Not only at Greyfriars, but at St. Jim's, Rookwood, and Higheliffe tremen-

Jim's, Rookwood, and Higheliffe tremendous enthusiasm was manifested.

Tom Merry & Co. were convinced that St. Jim's would provide the ultimate winner. Jimmy Silver & Co. were equally convinced that the gold cup would go to Rookwood. And in Frank Courtenay's study at Higheliffe a space had already been cleared for the accommodation of the cup—when it arrived!

But the Greyfriars fellows were even more confident. And they had reason to be. They had proved their worth in many a stirring contest on the running-track, and Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Vernon-Smith, and remais Carr were all hot favourites at the outset.

ontset.
On the day following their unpleasant interview with the Head, the Famous Five decided to go for another run. They endeavoured to persuade Lord Mauleverer to accompany them, but Mauly preferred to take his case in his study. It was bad enough, he reflected to have to take part in the actual race without undergoing a lot of preliminary evertion.

So the Famous Five set out by themselves, not they were careful—very careful—not to o within a mile of Sir Hilton Popper's

estate.

Harry Wharton led the way, and he set a very fast pace. When the juniors arrived back at Greyfriars they were panting and perspiring and leg-weary.

"Phew! That was warm while it lasted!" gasped Bob Cherry, mopping his heated brow. "How many miles have we been, Harry?"

"Five."
"And how long is the actual route?"

"Seven miles."
"Seven miles."
"By Jove! That will take some sticking!"
"We shall be in better trim by Saturday,"
said Johnny Bull. "A few more jaunts like this, and seven miles will seem a mere baga telle."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Enerry. "Here's our prize porker! Still Chfident of winning the Marathon, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Banter ignored Bob's sareasm.
"You fellows are wanted," he said. "Where

"Where?"
"In the Head's study."
The Famous Five exchanged glances. These visits to the Head's study were becoming rather too frequent for their liking.
"What's up now, I wonder?" growled Johnny Bull.

"What's up now, I wonder? growled Johnny Bull.

"Give it up," said Wharton, as the juniors went along to Dr. Locke's study. "But it won't be old Popper this time."

Wharton, however, proved a false prophet. The Head's brow was very stern as the juniors entered his study.

"So you have defied me, and within twenty-fenr hours of my warning?" he thundered.

The Famous Five looked utterly bewildered.

"You need not feign astonishment!" said the Head. "You know perfectly well why you have been sent for!"

The Penn's Popular.—No. 69.

"We don't sir," said Harry Wharton.
"Then I will enlighten you, Wharton!" said
The Locke grimly.
"I have received yet Dr. Locke grimly. "I have received yet another complaint from Sir Hilton Popper to the effect that you five boys trespassed upon his property half an hour since."

his property half an hour since."

The Famous Five were so thunderstruck that they stood staring helplessly at each other. Wharton tried to speak, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"I am extremely angry!" said the Head, and he looked it. "I thought I could trust you to obey my commands; instead of which you have deliberately and flagrantly set them extrement." defiance

Wharton became articulate at last; but not to much purpose, for his conversation consisted of:

And Bob Cherry chimed in with:

And Bob Cherry chimed in with:
"We-we-we-"
"Do not attempt to make excuses!"
rumbled the Head. "Nothing can excuse such disgraceful conduct!"
So saying, Dr. Locke selected a cane.
"Wharton, hold out your hand!"
For a moment it looked as if the captain of the Remove would refuse to obey, but he realised that by so doing he would be putting himself in the wrong. So he held out his lead.

Swish, swish, swish! The Head did great execution.

Harry Wharton received three stinging cuts on each palm, and then his chums went through the mill in turn.

through the mill in turn.

It was characteristic of the Famous Five that they uttered no murmur.

"You may go!" said the Head, panting from his exertions. "And if I receive any further complaints concerning you, your punishment will take a more severe form!"

Out in the passage the Famous Five squeezed their hands together, and exchanged dismayed elanese.

Out in the passage the Famous Free squeezed their hands together, and exchanged dismayed glances.

Bob Cherry was the first to speak.

"This is the giddy limit and the last straw rolled into one!" he exclaimed.

"This is the second time old Popper's got us into het water without the slightest cause!"

"It's a jolly shame!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Of course, it's no use blaming the Head.
He's bound to accept the old tyrant's word!"

"But it's a downright injustice, all the same!" said Harry Wharton.

"Popper must be off his chump," said Frank Augent.

"I've suspected all along that he had bats in his belfry, and this proves it. He's seen five fellows on his premises, I expect, and imagined they were us!"

"Then the sooner he curbs his imagination the better!" growled Bob Cherry. "We'll go along and see him, and demand an explanation!"

"The Indicrous Popper would never listen

"The ludicrous Popper would never listen to us," said Hurree Singh dolefully. "He' would ejectfully hurl us forth on our necks!" "We'll make him listen!" flashed Bob

Cherry.

But how that was to be done was not quite clear. It was morally certain that Sir Hilton would never give the juniors an audience, and, after further discussion, it was decided to abandon the idea of going over to see him.

There was great indignation in the Remove when it became known that the Famous Five had been unjustly punished. Even the cads of the Form agreed that it was altogether too thick, but the climax was yet to come.

The following afternoon was a half-holiday, and the Famous Five again went for a run. And again, on their return, they were summoned to the Head's study.

"It can't be old Popper this time!" said Bob Cherry.

"It can't be our representations of the case. For the third year and the case. For the third day in succession you have trespassed upon Sir Hilton. case. For the third day in case. For the third day in boys have trespassed upon Sir Hilton Popper's estate!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stood stunned paralysed. They wondered if they were some statement of the students of the statement of the stateme

Not once had they trespassed on Sir Hilton's property; yet this was the third occasion on which they had been taxed with

doing!

The Head was in; a royal rage—which was taltogether surprising in the circumnuces. He was growing weary of these The

A grand, long story of Harry Wharton and Co. appears in the "MAGNET LIBRARY." Every Monday, Price 1 d.

telephonic conversations with Sir Huten Popper, which were now of daily occurrence, "I assume that you, Wharton, are the ring-leader," he said. "Your conduct is so out-rageous that it almost merits expulsion!" Harry Wharton had been tongue-tied since the Head had first spoken. But he found

"This is unfair, sir—horribly unfair!" he

evelsimed Wharton!"

"Wharton!"

"This is the third time we've been accused of trespassing on Sir Hilton Popper's estate, and we've been innocent on each occasion!"

"Absolutely, sir!" chimed in Bob Cherry.

"The Head frowned.

"Your repeated denials do not lossen the enormity of your offence," he said. "On the contrary, they only serve to aggravate it."

"Sir Hilton Popper's got no justification whatever for making these complaints about us, sir!" said Frank Nugent. "He must be wandering in his mind—"

"Boy!"

"Boy!"

"Well, we certainly haven't been near to his property, sir!" said Nugent deggedly.

"But I learned the facts from Sir Hilton's own hips—" began the Head.

"Has he been here, sir!" asked Wharton.

"No. His complaint was made—as were the

"No. His complaint was made—as were the two previous ones—over the telephone!"
"Then I can only conclude, sir," said the captain of the Remove, "that some cad has been imitating Sir Hilton's voice in order to get us into trouble."
"Nonsense, Wharton! I could not possibly mistake Sir Hilton's voice, even on the telephone! It is utterly absurd to suggest that I have been duped and deceived on three separate occasions!"
"Then you—you helieve we are guilty siv?"

separate occasions!"
"Then you—you believe we are guilty, sir?"
"What else an I to believe, Wharton? I
flatly refuse to entertain the suggestion that
somebody has been impersonating Sir Hilton
Popper!

"Have you ever found any of us out in a
lie, sir?" asked Johnny Buil

"Have you ever found any of us out in a lie, sir?" asked Johnny Buil.

"Until now, no! I have always had the highest admiration for your veracity. But in this case I can come to no other conclusion but that you have trespassed on Sir Hilton's property on three separate occasions, anton's property on three seperate occasions, and have set my express commands at defiance. I have already considered how best to deal with you. The five of you will be detained in the Remove Form-room on Saturday for the whole day!"

The juniors were utterly taken aback by the hards contents.

The juniors were utterly taken aback by this harsh sentence.

"But—but Saturday's the day of the Marathon, sir!" stammered Bob Cherry. The Head nodded.

"That is precisely why I am causing you to be detained on that day!" he said. "You have proved yourselves unworthy to participate in the event in question!"

Harry Wharton made a vigorous protest against the Head's sentence. He emphasised the fact that he and his chums were innocent. And he suggested that the Head should send for Sir Hilton Popper, and obtain the baronet's corroboration. But this the Head flatly refused to do.

"I am quite satisfied in my own mind that Sir Hilton's complaints are genuine" he said.

many rerused to do.

"I am quite satisfied in my own mind that Sir Rilton's complaints are genuine," he said.
"I warned you yesterday that if you transgressed again the consequences would be serious!"
"But we have

"But we have not transgressed at all, honoured sahib!" protested Hurree Singh. The Head waved his hand towards the door,

The Head waved his hand towards the door, to signify that the interview was at an end. The Famous Five were literally gnashing their teeth as they emerged from the study. "Well, of all the rank, rotten injustices," said Bob Cherry, when they were outside, "this takes the bun."

"It's too awful for words," groaned was the study of the study of the study."

"this takes the bun!"
"It's toe awful for words!" groaned
Nugent. "We're barred—all five of us—from
taking part in the Marathon!"
"We shall have the doubtful pleasure of
watching the start of the race from the
Form-room windows!" said Wharton.
"It's beastly!"
"Putrid!"

The prospects of Sir Reginald Brooke's gold The prospects of Sir Reginald Brooke's gold cup coming to Greyfriars were now very remote. The Famous Five were all good runners—Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry especially so. The adjectives "beastly" and "putrid" quite failed to do justice to the appalling situation. There was fury and indignation in the ranks of the Remove that

evening.

Bitter incriminations were heaped upon the

But the flat had gone forth. And when the Marathon Race was run on the Saturday, Greefriars would lack the services of the Famous Five.



"I am extremely angry, Wharton," said the Head. "I thought I could trust you to obey my commands, instead of which you have deliberately and flagrantly set them at defiance! Nothing can excuse such disgraceful conduct! Hold out your hand!" (see p_ge 4.)

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In Durance Vile.

ARRY WHARTON & CO. cherished the hope that the Head would relent, and that their punishment, would be commuted to a licking, or

would be commuted to a licking, or a heavy imposition.
But as the day of the race drew near that hope became fainter and fainter, until it faded absolutely.
Dr. Locke was adamant. He had pronounced his sentence, and he had not the slightest intention of altering his decision.
"I'm afraid we must resign ourselves to the worst," remarked Harry Wharton, when the day of the race dawned. "It seems hopeless to expect a reprieve!"
"It's awfully rough on you fellows!" said

worst," remarked Harry Wharton, when the day of the race dawned. "It seems hopeless to expect a reprieve?"

"It's awfully rough on you fellows!" said Dennis Carr. "It would be bad enough if you were actually guilty; but the fact that you're innocent makes it a thousand times larder to bear!"

"It only you or Smithy, or Toddy or Tom Redwing, pulls off the Marathon we shall be happy!" said Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull. "But if a fellow from one of the other schools bags the cup I shall become a Bolshevist! I mean it! I shall feel like setting fire to old Popper's place, and wrecking the Head's study. Nothing will hold me back!"

"In that case," said Dennis Carr laughing. "I shall have to try and save you from being booted out of Greyfriars by finishing first in the Marathon."

But the Famous Five knew that Dennis would have to contend with powerful opposition.

Tom Merry, Talbot, Figgins, and Bedfern.

Tom. Tom Merry, Talbot, Figgins, and Redfern, of St. Jim's, were a fleetfooted quartistic. And the same remark applied to Jinmy Silver and Tommy Dodd, of Rookwood, and to Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar, of Higheliffs.

Greyfriars had begun to despair of winning the Marathon; and as the day advanced their despair deepened. Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing went for a run in the morning, and, to the consterna-tion of their schoolfellows, they did not return!

Search-parties were sent out, but with no

Search-parties were sent out, but with no success.

The two juniors had been seen passing through Friardale; but beyond that scanty information there was no clue.

The Head was informed of what had taken place; and Mr. Lascelles suggested to him that in the circumstances the race should be postponed. But Dr. Locke pointed out that he had no power to postpone the event. The rules and conditions had been drawn up by Sir Reginald Brooke, and they were to les strictly adhered to.

by Sir Reginald Brooke, and they were to be strictly adhered to.

The inexplicable absence of Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing was bad enough; but worse was to follow!

Peter Todd went for a cycle-spin before dinner. And when he returned he was on foot, limping painfully, and pushing a badly-battered machine.

"What on earth has happened, Toddy?" exclaimed Dennis Carr, who was standing in the school gateway when Peter came in, "I was knocked off my bike," said Peter Todd.

Todd.

"I don't know!"
"What!"

"What!"
"Three or four rotters jumped out at me from the hedge, and they were wearing masks!"
"My hat!"
"They bowled me over, and then scooted," said Peter,
"Couldn't you recognise their voices?"
"They didn't say a word. The whole thing only occupied a couple of seconds."
Dennis Carr cleached his hands.

"The cowardly hounds!" he exclaimeds "Are you crocked, Toddy?"
"Yes. I've sprained my ankle!"
"That means you won't be able to run is the Marathon?"
Peter Todd nodded gloomly.
"Well, if that's not the absolute limit!" gasped Dennis. "Eight of our fellows won't be running! Wharton & Co, are stewing in the Form-room, Smithy and Tom Redwing have disappeared off the map, and now you're crocked!" crocked!

"It's good-bye to our chances of bagging that cup," said Peter Todd.
"Afraid so!"

At this juncture Mark Linley came hurry-ing towards the school gates.

The Lancashire lad was looking pale and

distressed. 'Anything wrong, Marky?" inquired Dennis

Car.

"Yes. I've been wired for by my pater."

"Phew! Anybody ill at home?"

"I don't know. The telegram simply said

'Come at once.' I've got the Head's permission, and I've only just time to eatch
the train!"

So saving. Mark Linley nodded to the two

So saying, Mark Linley nodded to the two

inlors, and hurried away.
"That's another fellow out of the running!"
groaned Dennis Carr. "Talk about a chapter
of misfortunes!"

of misortunes?"
"There won't be a single Greyfriars runnet left at this rate," said Peter Todd.
The outlook was terrible—appalling. The number of Greyfriars competitors was now reduced to a mere handful.
Within half an hour of Mark Linley's departure a further telegram arrived at the school—for Dennis Carr this time.
Trotter, the page, took the buff-coloured envelope from the telegraph-boy, and conveyed it to the Remove dormitory, where The Penny Popular.—No. 69.

For me?" exclaimed Dennis in alarm.

"Yessir."
"Hand it over." "Hand it over."
"If this means that you're going to be called away, Carr," said Dick Russell, "it will be the very last straw."
"Absolutely!" said Ogilvy. "Carr's our

only hope."

Dennis ripped open the envelope, and drew out the filmsy document it contained. He perused the message, and then laughed rather

What's the news, Carr?" inquired Bul-

Dennis handed over the telegram. And this was the curt message that Bulstrode

read:
"Father lying dangerously in. Come at

once."

Bulstrode looked grave.
"Poor kid!" he said softly.

And he could not for the life of him understand why Dennis Carr was laughing—until Dennis enlightened him.
"That telegram," said the recipient of it, "is a spool!"
"What?"
"The cad who sent it couldn't have known.

"What?"
"The cad who sent it couldn't have known much about my home affairs," said Dennis. Then he added quietly: "My pater died three months ago."

"Then Linley's telegram was a spoof, as well?" gasped Tom Brown.
"Shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Dennis.
"It seems as if somebody is determined to prevent that gold cup coming to Greyfriars. I'm willing to wager that Smithy and Tom Redwing have been kidnapped."
"Great Scott!"

"Great Scott!"
"They've been captured by the same gang that bowled Toddy over," added Dennis. "It doesn't require a Sexton Blake or a Gordon Pyke to deduce that much."
"But—but what can we do?" asked Bulstrode helplessly.
"We must keep our eyes open, that's all. And if any further messages arrive we must ignore them. Otherwise there won't be a single Greyfriars representative left to take part in the race."
"That's two opensels its said. Saulf."

"That's true enough." said Squiff.

"That's true enough," said Squiff. "My hat! If only we can get to grips with that masked gang, we'll give them a warm time!" "Yes, rather!" "There was a clattering of wheels down in the Close, and from the dormitory windows the juniors witnessed the arrival of Tom Merry & Co., Jimmy Silver & Co., and Frank Courtenay & Co.

The St. Jim's and Rookwood fellows had been conveyed from the railway-station by brake, and the Higheliffians had arrived on toot.

Micky Desmond groaned.

Micky Desmond groaned.

"Faith, an' those fellows look in the pink of condition!" he remarked.

The juniors from the rival schools wore running attire beneath their macintoshes, and they certainly looked very fit and confident. The pick of the bunch were Fom Merry, Talbot, Jimmy Silver, and Frank Courtenay. It was merally certain that those four would be well to the front when the Marathon race finished.

The arrival of the newcomers was witnessed, not only from the Remove dormitory, but from the windows of the Formroom, in which cheerless apartment the Famous Five writhed and chafed. They were unable to go out and extend a cheery greeting to Tom Merry and the others. They had been forbidden by the Head to leave the Formroom under any pretext.

"I've never felt so miserable in my life." declared Bob Cherry.

And his chums echoed his sentiment.

And his chums echoed his sentiment.

It was tantalising—it was cruel—to be confined in the Form-room on this day of eill days.

all days.

More than once the Famous Five came very near to open rebellion. it was only the level-headedness of Harry Wharfon that kept them in cheek.

"It would be no use breaking out," said the captain of the Remove. "The Head and the masters would spot us at once if we tried to take part in the race. We shall have to bear it, even though it's impossible to grin."

And so the Famous Five remained in a state.

And so the Famous Five remained in a state

enforced captivity. From the Form-room window they saw THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 69.

Dennis, in company with the rest of the Dennis Carr greet the fellows from the rival schools. They saw the expressions of "Wire for Master Carr!" announced the astonishment on the faces of the visitors Dennis Carr greet the fellows from the rival schools. They saw the expressions of astonishment on the faces of the visitors when Dennis explained that nine of the Remove's best runners were not available. And they saw, after an interval of half an hour, the various runners line up for the start.

"Great pip!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. There are only six of our fellows taking part."

"Five." corrected Nugent. "Mauly doesn't count

count."
Dennis Carr, Tom Brown, Squiff, Bulstrode, Micky Desmond—on these five rested the slender hopes of Greyfriars. They were sportsmen tried and true, but they were up against overwhelming odds, for the other schools were each putting a dozen runners into the fold.

schools were each putting a dozen runners into the field.

Lord Mauleverer's entry in the race could only be regarded in the light of a loke.

Mauly was no duffer when he cared to bestir himself, but a gruelling race of seven miles would be far beyond the limit of his endurance.

"We've a faint chance, you fellows," said Harry Wharton. "Carr's bound to run well."

But the general opinion was that Tom Merry, Talbot, Jimmy Silver, and Frank Courtenay would run better!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. The Race!

ARRY LASCELLES fired the pistol, and the great army of runners set off along the road, to the accompaniment of a ringing cheer from the spectators.

spectators.

The race was to start and finish at Grey-friars. But seven long miles would inter-vene, and there would be many failures upon that hard and stony track.

Strange things can happen in a Marathon.
Well-fancied runners sometimes drop out of the running, while lesser lights frequently come to the fore. And this particular race proved no exception.

The St. Jim's fellows were singularly un-fortunate.

fortunate.

Their crack runner, Tom Merry, after forging ahead of all the others, developed an attack of stitch; and although he stuck gamely to his task, his pace slackened considerably, and he was overhauled by at least a dozen white-elad figures.

a dozen white-clad figures.

And Talbot, whose chances of victory had been regarded as exceptionally rosy, ricked his ankle at an early stage of the race. He did not retire. He meant to held on and to hold out, even though he should be the last to finish, and he kept Tom Merry company at the rear of the runners.

"This is rough luck, Tommy!" he panted. "It is," agreed Tom Merry. "But we'll stick it out. There's still a chance that we shall pull it off. Reddy and Figgins are well away."

Talbot.

"Hallo, Gussy's dropping back!" exclaimed albot. "What's wrong, Gussy?" Arthur Augustus made a wry face, "I twipped ovah a beastly stone," he exlained, "an' I'm ewocked!" "Badly?" nlained

vewy, deah boy. I can still keep

And the three St. Jim's juniors ran on side by side. They were easily at the tail-end of the competitors by this time.

Meanwhile, Dennis Carr was making mag-nificent progress. An arrangement had been made at the outset that Bulstrode should set the pace for him. And Bulstrode did his work well—so well that at the end of four miles he and Dennis had outstripped the rest

f the runners. Two miles from home Bulstrode collapsed

Two miles from nome Buistrode Conapsed by the roadside. He could not have pro-ceeded another yard without assistance. But his task was accomplished, and as Dennis bent over him in some concern he beckened to Dennis to carry on.

"Don't bother about me!" he panted. "I

shall be all right."

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive. You go ahead, there's a good chap. You seem to be a dead cert for first place. There's no other runner in sight as yet. Good luck!"

ret. Good luck!"

Dennis Carr continued the journey alone. He was almost as tagged as Bulstrode, but he kept going by sheer strength of will.

At the end of another mile Dennis glanced back over his shoulder.

There was no one in sight. The Greyfriars junior seemed to have the race in safe keeping.

Unless any unforeseen obstruction

occurred, he would win-and by a substantial margin.

margin.
But something unforeseen did occur.
Dennis was plodding along the road when
suddenly and without warning, four masked
figures sprang out at him from a gap in the

The junior realised the danger of the situa-

tion only too well.

This was the masked gang who had caused

This was the masked gang who had caused all the mischief.

The mischief.

The mischap to Peter Todd, the spoof telegrams, the spiriting away of Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing—all these things had been engineered by this precious gang.

Dennis ran on desperately, hoping to evade his would-be assailants. But they planted themselves in his path, and he saw that there was only one thing to be done.

as only one tining to be done. He must fight his way through! "Collar him!" rapped out the leader of the ing. And Dennis recognised the voice as

gang. And Bennis recognised the Ponsonby's.
Before the Higheliffe cads could close with him, Dennis lowered his head and charged full-tilt into the midst of them.
Monson and Vavasour went sprawling. They rolled over in the roadway, and they seemed to be in no hurry to rise.
But Ponsonby and Gadsby were yet to be reckoned with. And Dennis Carr was in no

reckoned with. And Dennis Carr was in no fit state for fighting.

"You cads!" he panted. "Let me pass!. Do you realise what you're doing?"

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Ponsonby. "We're preventin' the giddy laurels from goin' to Greyfriars!"

"Better surrender," advised Gadsby.

But Dennis had no intention of doing that. Nothing was further from his mind. He shot out his left, and Gadsby topped over backwards.

wards. Then Ponsonby's fist smote the Greyfriars

wards.
Then Ponsonby's fist smote the Greyfriars junior between the eyes.
For a moment Dennis was all at sea. The blow had dazed him. But he pulled himself together with a great effort.
There was only Ponsonby to deal with now, for the other three seemed to have no stomach for further fighting.
Fierce, but brief, was the hand-to-hand fight which followed.
Pousonby held the upper hand for a time. Once he actually, floored his opponent. But Dennis Carr scrambled to his feet, and, summoning all his strength, he delivered what proved to be a knock-out blow.
Then he ran-or, rather, staggered—on his way.

He glanced back once more to see if the Higheliffians were giving chase. But to his relief he saw that the road was clear. Ponsonby & Co. had evidently retired into their

Exhausted and leg-weary, Dennis stumbled on. The last mile was a nightmare to him. And how he covered the distance he never

After what seemed an age the gateway of Greyfriars came in sight.

Mr. Lascelles and Mr. Quelch were holding the tape between them, and perched on the school wall was a cheering, enthusiastic school throng.

Those cheers acted as a tonic to Dennis Carr. His legs were like leaden weights, and his head was throbbing painfully. But he must not give up, he told himself grimly, now that he was so near to his goal,

And presently the cheering was hushed, and Dennis saw that the fellows on the wall were beckoning frantically.

There was a patter of running feet behind There was a patter of running feet behind him, and, glancing back over his shoulder, Dennis became aware of the fact that Dick Redfern, of St. Jim's, and Jimmy Silver, of Rookwood, were following hard on his heels. Moreover, they were gaining ground rapidly. Dennis nerved himself for a final spurt.

He must not lose, he told himself fleredy. He must not be content with finishing second or third. He must win! Greyfriars expected it of him, and they should not be disappointed.

appointed.

Dennis quickened his pace. But Redfern was running strongly, and he was soon along-side the Greyfriars junior. But Redfern

Carr! Carr!" shouted the watchers on the wall.

wall.

It was now or never!

With his hands tightly clenched, with his teeth set, Dennis Carr fairly hurled himself towards the outstretched tape.

It seemed that he and Redfern breasted it at the same instant. And then a wave of darkness seemed to engulf the plucky Dennis, and he rolled over -unconscious--at the feet of Larry Lascelles!

The race was over and won!

The race was over and won!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER To the Victor the Spoils.

HEN Dennis Carr opened his eyes it seemed to him that the world had gone mad.

The Greyfriars fellows were cheer-

ing to the full extent of their lung-power.
"Well run, my boy! Well run indeed!"
It was Larry Lascelles who spoke. The young mathematics master was bending over

young mathematics master was bending over the Greyfriars junior.

"How did it go, sir?" panted Dennis.

"You won, my boy! It was a narrow vic-tory—there was scarcely a second to spare— but you won!"

nt you won!"

And the words rang like music in the ears
Dennis Carr.

Larry Lascelles assisted the junior to his

Larry Lascelles assisted the junior to his feet, and the first person to grasp the victor's hand was Dick Redfern, who had been defeated by the narrowest possible margin.

"Jolly well played, Carr!" said the St. Jin's fellow, "I made sure I should get in front of you before the end. But that last spurt of yours was a corker!"

The second person to congratulate Dennis was the Head. And the third person—astounding and incredible though it seemed—was that crusty old martinet, Sir Hilton Popper!

-was that crusty old martinet, Sir Hillon Popper!

"Well run, by gad-well run!" said the baronet. "I arrived just in time to see the finish. And what a finish, by George! I was reckoned a pretfy useful runner in my young days, but I doubt if I could have equalled that performance!"

"And Six Bilden gripped Dounis Carr's hand

And Sir Hilton gripped Dennis Carr's hand with an intensity which made the innior

with an intensity which made the punor wince.

The Famous Five, who had obtained an admirable view of the finish from the Formroom window, cheered until they were lusky. And altogether it was a very proud moment for Dennis Carr, who, but for the machinations of Ponsonby & Co., would have gained a far more convincing victory.

Dick Redfern had finished a good second, and Jimmy Silver was third.

Squiff was the fourth man home, and Frank Courtenay, of Higheliffe, was fitth.

The sixth place fell to Tom Brown, and the seventh—wonder of wonders!—to Lord Mauleverer.

Mauleverer.

Mauly had never at any stage of the proceedings looked like winning. But the fact that he had completed the course would stand abidingly to his credit. And Sir Reginald Brooke, as he watched his ward toiling along the last stretch of roadway, felt a curious lump rise to his throat.

"Bravo, Herbert!" he said huskily.

Sir Hilton Popper stood on one side with the Head, and looked on with interest whilst the various runners arrived home.

the various runners arrived home.

"I don't see anything of Wharton and his friends," said the baronet presently.

Dr. Locke frowned.

They're not competing in the race, Sir

How's that?"

"I have detained them in their Form-room r misbehaviour."
The baronet raised his eyebrows,

"Anything serious?" he asked.
"Yes. I have detained them as a result of complaints received from you."
"From me, sir!" exclaimed Sir Hilton, in

wonder.

The Head nodded.

"On three occasions, Sir Hilton, you tele-bhoned me to the effect that Wharton and his friends had been trespassing on your estate-"Eh?

"Eh? Indeed I did not!"

"What!"
"I have not had occasion to complain of those boys for months past!"
"Bless my soul! Are you quite certain, Sir Hilton, that you have not spoken to me on the telephone during the last few days?"
"Pon my word, I have not, sir! This sounds to me like a trick on the part of some precious rascal—a trick to get Whar-

ton and the others into trouble. I suggest

ton and the others into trouble. I suggest that you liberate the boys, and investigate the matter very closely."
"Indeed I shall!" said Dr. Locke grimly.
And he despatched a special messenger to the Remove Form-room to tell Harry Wharton & Co. that their period of detention was

over. Gladly enough, the Famous Five stepped out into the summer sunshine. They hurried to the school gates, and congratulated Dennis Carr on his achievement.

"Carr, old man, you're a giddy Trojan!" said Bob Cherry. "We hung half-way out of the Form-room window to see the finish!"

"And it was worth seeing, too, by gum!" said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

said Mugent.
"Yes, rather!".
Dennis Carr's hand was seized and shaken like a pump-handle; and the thump on the back which Bob Cherry administered nearly doubled him up.
"Ow! Stow it!" gasped Dennis.

"Ow! Stow it!" gasped Dennis. "I didn't bargain for a demonstration of this sort. I'm beginning to sympathise with the fellow who said, 'Save me from my friends!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was a great race," said Harry Wharn. "You had a jolly near squeak at the

ton. "You had a johy near squeak at the finish, though."

"If it hadn't been for Ponsonby & Co. L think I should have won with a quarter of a mile to spare," said Dennis.

The Famous Five looked startled.

What do you mean?" exclaimed Johnny

"I was waylaid on the road, about a mile from home, by Ponsonby and his crowd. They were wearing masks, and they did their level best to put me out of the running." "My hat!"

"My nat."
"How on earth did you manage to get clear?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.
"I fought my way through somehow," said

"Hought my way through somenow, said bennis.

"You administered the knock-out to four fellows?" said Wharton incredulously.

"Not exactly! Monson and Vavasour showed the white feather, and I only had Pon and Gadsby to deal with."

"You're an even bigger marvel than we imagined!" said Nugent.

"Rats! I simply had to get out of the rotters' clutches."

At this juncture the last three competitors came in at a walking pace. They were Tom Merry, Tabbot, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of St. Jims."

"Hadlo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's all this talent doing in the rear?"

"We were ewocked, deah boy," explained Arthur Augustus.

Arthur Augustus.

"But not too crocked to deal with Ponsonby and his set." said Tom Merry.

Dennis Carr looked up quickly.

"You collared the cads?" he exclaimed.

"We did!" said Talbot, with a chuckle.

"We jolly soon got the upper hand of them, and we wrung a confession out of them—or, rather, a series of confessions. It appears that Pon imitated Sir Hilton Popper's voice on the telephone, and got you fellows "—the speaker glanced towards Harry Wharton & Co.—"into trouble. They also collared Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing, and bound them to a tree in Friardale Wood."

"Great Scott!"

"Their deeds of frightfulness_didn't stop

"Great Scott."

"Their deeds of frightfulness didn't stop at that," continued Talbot. "They bowled Peter Todd over when he was out for a bike-spin; and they sent Mark Linley a spoof telegram calling him home. They tried the same dodge with you, Carr, but apparently you weren't having any."

"That's so," said Dennis.

"How on carth did you get Pon to cohfess to all this little lot?" exclaimed Wharton.

"It was like this, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus. "We could guess, by the fact that they were wearin' masks, that they had been up to some shady twicks. An' we thweatened to take them befoah their head-mastah if they didn't own up. I think it mastah if they didn't own up. I think it

was extwemely eaddish of Pon to imitate Sir Hilton Poppah's voice on the 'phone-"Shush!" muttered Tom Merry. "Sir Hilton himself is just behind you, Gussy, and he'll hear you it you raise your voice like that!" But the baronet had already heard; and

But the baronet had already heard; and so had the Head.

"Am I to understand, D'Arcy," demanded Dr. Locke, "that Ponsonby impersonated Sir Hilton Popper on the telephone?"

"That is so, sir."

"And he acted thus in order to get Wharton and his friends into trouble?"

"Yaas, sir."

"Pales of the Head of the strength of the sir."

"Yaas, sir."
Dr. Leeke's brow grew very stern. As for Sir Hilton Popper, he swung his walking-stick savagely in the air, and regretted that Ponsonby was not present.

The Head pressed D'Arcy for further details, and the swell of St. Jim's explained how Ponsonby & Co. had brought about the absence of a number of Greyfriars juniors.

"Thank you, D'Arcy!" said Dr. Locke. "I will make a report to the headmaster of Higheliffe, and I shall insist upon those young raseals being severely punished for their base conduct."

rigacinic, and I shall misst upon those young rascals being severely punished for their base conduct."

"We have alweady punished them, sir," said Arthur Augustus. "We gave them a jollay good duckin' in the horse-pond."

"And they richly deserved it, by gad!" said Sir Hilton Popper.

"Nevertheless, they must be officially punished in addition!" said the Head.

And he went at once to the telephone in his study in order to acquaint Dr. Voysey, of Higheliffe, with the full facts of the case. The outlook, so-far as Ponsonby & Co. werconcerned, was very black indeed! And there would be weeping and wailing in the Head's study at Higheliffe that evening!

"Of course, Carr won the Marathon?" said Tom Merry, when Dr. Locke had retired.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Thought as much," said Talbot. "We could tell by the cheering."

"Did you release Smithy and Redwing." inquired Bob Cherry.

"Yes. They'll be along in a jiffy!"

"They're coming now!" said Tom Merry, scanning the distant stretch of roadway.

Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing looked utter and complete wrecks when they arrived on the scene. For a period of four hours they had writhed and chafed in their bonds. And the experience had been far from pleasant.

But it was not of their bondage that they were thinking now. It was of the Marathon.

But it was not of their bondage that they were thinking now. It was of the Marathon and the same question was on the lips of

Who won?'

each.

"Who won?"

And when they learned the name of the victor they promptly executed a cake-walk in the school gateway.

It was not until next day that Mark Lin-ley returned to Greyfriars. He had had a fruitless trip to Lancashire—and yet it had not been entirely fruitless, for he had spent a few pleasant hours with his people. He had been greatly relieved to find that the telegram he had received was a fake, and that there was nothing wrong at home.

Mark's biggest regret was that he arrived back at the school too late to see Sir Reginald Brooke present the gold cup to Dennis Carr. It was also hard lines that he should have missed the bumper celebration which followed—a celebration which would live long in the memory of those who were privileged to take part in it. part in it.

As for Ponsonby & Co., they were made to

As for Ponsonby & Co., they were made to pay a heavy penalty for their knavish tricks. Their little plot against Greyfriars had succeeded up to a point; but they had not been able to prevent Dennis Carr from wining the Marathon.

Dennis had fought his way through a big crisis with pluck and resource. He had titled grey his leaves and Grey-

beams had fought his way through a big crisis with pluck and resource. He had battled gamely for his laurels. And Grey-friars are very proud indeed of the fellow who, surmounting all the obstacles to his success, splendidly succeeded in winning the Marathon.

THE END.

NEXT FRIDAY!

Another grand, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled:

ENNIS CARR'S VENTUR

By FRANK RICHARDS.

Note: Don't forget there is a splendid long story of the chums of Greyfriars School in "The Magnet" Library every Tuesday!



OPENING CHAPTERS. THE

Micky Denver, an orphan iad, is an acrobat in Beauman's Gigantic Circus. One night, in Liverpool, he is accused unjustly by the bullying proprietor of having stolen a gold watch. Micky is arrested, but escapes to the river-front and slows away on a tramp-steamer. In New York he meets a slim, red-headed American, Alec. P. Figg, and together they jump' the "Chicago Fiyer," and by stages they beat their way to Kansas City. Figg, knewn as Smart Alec, is one of the most expert cracksmen on the continent, and he attempts to crack the hotel safe. Micky frustrates him, and makes the rest of his way to Los Angeles alone. Once in the city he loses no time in trying to get taken on at the chema studios, but without success. One day he visits Santa Monica, on the coast, and there he rescues Mary Maidstone from the surf. In consequence, Micky is given a job as assistant to Buddy Gaylord, the property-man in the great K. W. Broadworth's chema company. The film company goes on location, where Floyd Unwin, the Broadworth star, is to perform a death-

defying feat before the cameras, but the opium habit, to which the star is addicted, has undermined his nerve that he is unable to do the stunt. He insults Mr. Broadworth, and is ignominiously fired out of the company. Seizing his oppertunity, Micky leaps on the motor-cycle, and performs the stunt himself by deshing over the edge of the cliff into the sea. Later he is given a contract by Mr. Broadworth to appear in one production. Unwin joins forces with Alec P. Figg, but, after failing in a plot to higher the young star, they fail out with each other. One night, in his mad hatred, Unwin sets fire to the Broadworth store-sheds, but while escaping he is injured by a hear that breaks loose. Learning of the fire, Micky and Buddy Gaylord, the property-man, set out for the studies. On their way they meet a stranger under suspicious circumstances. Micky tackies the man, and, in the light of Buddy's electric torch, recognises Floyd Unyin!

[Now read on.]

Floyd Unwin's Reward.

Programme The Mark Caylord and Micky, Floyd Unwin knew the game was up. He gave a deep groan, and a sudden faintness prevented him from giving vent to his impulse to rise and

dash madly away.
"Gee!" muttered Buddy. "The man's been hurt real bad, Micky. What shall we do what it?"

about it?"

"Let's carry him between us to the main road," replied the young film star. "There are some motor-ears abroad, and we might get him a lift down to hospital."

So sunk in despair was Unwin, and so weak owing to the wound he had received from the claw of the grizzly, that he put up no resistance to the project.

It was a dark and tortuous path that Micky and the little Props had to tread with their inert burden, and the latter was puffing like a grampus and perspiring from every pore long before the roadway was reached.

Neither discussed the suspicious circumstances under which they had come across the existence of the Broadworth outfit, but cach knew instinctively where the fire was situated, and that Floyd Unwin had had a hand in causing the outbreak.

By the time they had reached the main read the balance of the sondagantic had.

eausing the outbreak.

By the time they had reached the main road the glare of the conflagration had entirely died away, indicating that the blaze had been completely subdued.

With syren shricking, a motor salvage waggon dashed past at full speed, and then, round a bend in the road, they saw two other headlights appear.

Misby remained to hald University who had

Micky remained to hold Unwin, who had been dumped on a grassy bank by the road-side, where he sat, uttering the most blood-curdling groans and murmuring incoherent remarks about fires, bears, and cracksmen.

eurding groans and murmuring incoherent remarks about fires, bears, and cracksmen. Buddy darked into the centre of the roadway, and waved his slouch hat to stop the approaching car. The signal had the desired effect, for the motorist drew his car to a standstill.

"Say, stranger," said Buddy politely. "we've a guy hyer who got his chivvy knocked about a bit, and we thought you might keer to run him down town to the hospital."

The motorist climbed out of his car, and came into the light of his headianps. He was dressed in a wonderful mauve dressinggown, below which a pair of immaculate pink-and-white silk pyjamas showed. On his teet were a pair of dainty black patent shoes, and in his eye was stuck a monocle which reflected the light in disconcerting gleams.

"Wealty, I must apologise for my unconventional attire, deah boy," he murmured; "but if I can be of any assistance, pwayeommand me!"

Buddy's rotund face lighted at the words.

"Year mind your comady of the property of the standard of the control of the co

Buddy's rotund face lighted at the words.
"Never mind your comedy get-up, Reggie,"
said he, smiling broadly at the exquisite spec-tacle the dude presented, "but we're real
THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 69.

glad you've rolled along. Micky and me found Unwin in a field, and we want you to take him right along to the hospital. Get me?"

"Weally, deah boy; I shall be only too delighted to take anyone to hospital. But wasn't it wathah widiculous of Floyd to sleep out in a field this weathan?"

"He want decompany"

out in a field this weathan?"

"He wasn't sleeping, you pinhead Reggie,"
explained the little property man, as he led
the way across to where Micky was standing
by the ex-film star. "He was running."

"Wunning? What wot, deah boy! Semething must be wrong with the poor fellow's
ewumpet!"

"There is," said Buddy. "He sure looks
as though he'd been poking it into trouble
all right!"

all right!"

"Why, hallo, Reggie!" cried Micky.

"Your arrival's a bit of luck. Maybe you won't mind running Unwin down town in your two-seater. He seems jolly groggy and upset, and ought to be in the hands of the doctors as soon as possible."

"Delighted to assist, deah boy!" said the dude. "Let's hoist him in."

Micky, with the assistance of Buddy and Reggie, lifted Unwin into the two-seater.

"One of you had bettah come, too," suggested the dude. "I don't want any twouble with the wascal en woute, y'know."

For this service Buddy promptly volun-

For this service Buddy promptly volunteered. In spite of his anxiety about his beloved properties, he was not anxious to do any more walking that night, and so he welcomed the opportunity of resting his podgy limbs.

welcomed the opportunity of resting his poddy fimbs.

"Well," said Micky, as Reggie took his seat in the two-seater, "I'm going to beat it up to the studios to see what damage has been done. Shall I see you two up there later?"

"Pwobably," replied Reggie, as he manœuvred the car round for the run into Los Angeles. "We may woll along, though I weeken there is not much to worry about. So-long, deah boy!"

The splendid little two-seater leaped forward, and, with a wave of his hand, Micky turned and strode along the road in the opposite direction.

It soon became apparent to him that the fire had indeed taken place at the Broadworth studios, for he saw that all the studio lights were switched on. As he entered he, saw that the whole place was alive with firemen, the employees of the company, and curious spectators from residences in the neighbour-hood. hood.

from Jeff Romery, who had arrived among the first on the scene in his car, Micky learned that every one of the property store-sheds had sustained damage as far as the buildings were concerned.
"We've got a posse of men out hunting the grizzly, Micky," said the film director. "The brute burst one o' the bars o' his cage, and got clean away."

got clean away."
A question of Romery as to the whereabouts

of Buddy elicited from Micky an account of the extraordinary meeting with Floyd Unwin.

the extraordinary meeting with Floyd Unwin. 'The director gave a low whistle.

"Gee!' he muttered. "It looks mightily as though Floyd deliberately set fire to the place. One o' the keepers told me he'd spotted a guy beating it for the fence, but he couldn't recognise the fellow. He said, too, the intruder had been bowled clean over by the bear as the beast made a dash to get away from the fire. The fact that you found Inwin beatin' it away from the studios, with a torn face, is kinder suspicious, to say the least."

But all suspicious were specifily revolved.

But all suspicions were speedily revolved into certainties by the police investigations.

Unwin, undergoing treatment in the hospital, loudly protested his innocence when first accused of the crime of incendarism, declaring he was often in the habit of taking midnight strolls through the countryside. His wounded face he explained by saying he had fallen whilst climbing a barrier between two fields, tearing his face and shoulder on a large nail

It was when the police produced a sauce-It was when the ponce produced a sauce-bottle smelling strongly of parafin-oil that had been found close to the damaged store-shed that Unwin began to quall. Even then he tried to bluff things out, until a spot of oil smeared on the pocket of his overcoat was

smeared on the pocket of his overcoat was pointed out to him.

Unwin's drug-weakened nerves were not proof against this damning circumstantial evidence, and he poured out the whole wretched story of his desire for revenge against the Broadworth people, and his abortive attempt to destroy the company's studies.

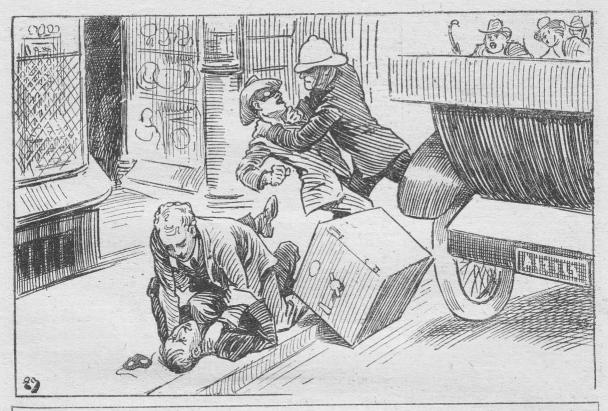
At about the same time in the morning that the relies blead therein and the same time in the morning that

At about the same time in the morning that the police placed Unwin under arrest a merry hunt was proceeding near Cinema City, with the object of recapturing the grizzly-bear. Finally the searchers discovered Bruin taking shelter in the outhouse of a disused building, and, as for business reasons it was not desirable to despatch the beast, elaborate arrangements were undertaken for restoring him to captivity. Their efforts were successful, and so the Broadworth Company saved their good-looking grizzly, and were enabled to supply movie patrons with many pictures of the great beast in subsequent six-reel thrillers. Beyond saddling Buddy Gavlord with the

the great beast in subsequent six-reel thrillers. Beyond saddling Buddy Gaylord with the inconvenience of replacing a small proportion of props damaged by the fire and the water from the hoses, Floyd Unwin did no real harm to the Broadworth Film Company. As is usually the case, the wreaker of vengeance found the harm react chiefly upon binnels.

geance found the harm feact energy upon himself.

When the ex-star recovered from his wounds, he was put on trial on the charge of causing an incendiary fire. The judge passed strong comments on the deliberate manner in which thavin had set out to injure the object of his hatred; but, taking into consideration that his was a first offence, sentenced him only to nine months' in the second division.



Micky dashed at the masked man, and the two rolled on the ground. As they did so the man's mask came off, and the lad gave a low exclamation of surprise. "Smart Alec!" he gasped. (See Page 11.)

Smart Alec Gets Busy!

HE trial of a man as famous as Floyd Unwin was naturally an event of intense interest to all. The majority, though sorry for the foolish fellow, agreed that the period of incarecration would do him good, inasmuch that he would be unable to indulge his craving for the opium pellets.

pellets.

Perhaps the men he had most intended to wrong—Micky. Jeif, and Mr. Broadworth—were most sorry for him in his plight. But of all the acquaintances of the ex-star the one who found a positive pleasure in his downfall was Alec P. Figg, the cracksman.

Figg, for his own benefit, had continued to ape Brer Rabbit by "lying low"; but as the police vigilance was relaxed and the crook found he was not being shadowed at eyery step, he became bolder, and began to plan fresh activities for filling bis almost empty pockets.

On the day following Unwin's trial Figg was On the day following Unwin's trial Figg was in high good-lumon. In the first place he was "nigh tickled to death," as he expressed it, by reading an account of the ex-star's fate in the newspapers; and, secondly, he felt himself within reasonable distance of laying his hands on a good deal of valuable property. The property, it should he explained belonged to somebody else who had no intention of parting with it. But that minor detail did not tend to mar Figg's enjoyment of the idea.

of the idea.

Had it not been for this anticipation of mending his shattered fortunes, the crook might have dwelt more regretfully on the loss of the four thousand dollars, which he loss of the four thousand dollars, which he considered Unwin owed to him for his attempt on Micky's life during the great skyscraper stunt. However, Figg said good-bye to his chances of handling this money with perfect equanimity, for he had the additional balm of knowing that Unwin had been disposed of without any effort on his-Figg's—own part.

For the treatment accorded him by the ex-star the crook had fully intended taking the law into his own hands in the shape of his automatic pistol. The arrest of Unwin had saved his late accomplice the present of a piece of lead. But Figg was perfectly satisfied. Unwin's downfall was complete enough even to satisfy Smart Aleo's desire.

On the evening following Unwin's trial and sentence Alec P Figg set out with the pur-

pose of further maturing the scheme he had in mind for replenishing his exchequer.

Taking ordinary precautions, he made his way by a devious route to Chinatown, and entered an innocent-looking laundry.

As he threw the brown paper parcel he had been carrying on to a table at which several Chinks were working, he addressed a whispered question to the nearest Oriental.

"Is Li Chang Foo in, Johnny?"

"Walkee stlaight in," replied the Chinaman, without turning his head.

Apparently Alec P. Figg had been in the place before, for he slipped past the row of Chinese laundrymen and made straight for the discoloured wall at the side of the establishment.

The wall was fitted with shelves

the discoloured wall at the side of the establishment.

The wall was fitted with shelves containing bundles of laundry ready for delivery, and to the casual eye everything seemed perfectly correct and in keeping with the humble business of the place. But between two of the shelves was an open niche, and gleaming from it were a pair of almond-shaped eyes.

Smart Alec made an almost imperceptible signal with his hand, and a blank portion of the wall near the corner of the room proved to be a door, for it swung open noise-lessly.

The astute crook glided through into the passage, which was similarly constructed to the ones at Li Chang Foo's former place, which was raided by the police. In the Los Angeles Chinatown there were many curiously constructed buildings like this, and all owned by regues and used illegally as opium dens and gambling "joints."

Doors a full foot in thickness, worked by compressed air and operated by the Oriental watcher at the entrance to the secret corridor, opened to permit of Figg's passage to the interior of the premises.

The sickly fumes of opium told the crook that Li Chang Foo, in spite of his last heavy fine, was again gally carrying on his nerve-destroying trade.

The wizened Chinaman himself met Figg. and, clasping his yellow hands over his breast, bowed low in welcome.

"Goo'evening, Foo!" said Figg. "Are all my pards lyer?"

"Allee here, Mister Figg," murmured the oid Chink, with an ingratiating grin. "Evelybody come in by backee way so no policeman see—savey?"

see-savvy?" "Say, that's dandy!" smiled the erook.

"Lead the way to where the merry little bunch o' boys is roosting, old crab-apple

The old Chinaman apparently took the appellation to be of a highly complimentary nature, for he beamed until his wizened yellow face was scored with a myriad

"Old Foo velly good man," he confided to Figg, as they walked between two rows of wooden couches, upon which the opium smokers were reclining. "Always got nices loom where fliends can have quiet lill pow-

wow!"
So saying, Foo pushed open a door and ushered Figg into a barren room in which five men were sitting smoking cigarettes.
"Hallo, boys!" greeted Smart Alec. "Hope I haven't kept you waitin' hyer long!"
"Don't you worry, Alec," said a burly individual with red hair and a rough growth of beard. "I guess the time's passed quick enough. Foo gave us a knock-down to some o' his Chinese firewater, which kinder brightened things up some."
The speaker, who was none other than

o' his Chinese firewater, which kinder brightened things up some."

The speaker, who was none other than the notorious Red Herman, from whom Figg had hired the oxy-acetylene generator for his dastardly work among the skyscrapers, tapped a couple of bottles of Chinese rice wine. Liquor was prohibited in the States, but Li Chang Foo had little respect for the decrees of Uncle Sam.

As the old Chinaman left the room and closed the door Figg took the seat reserved for him at the head of the rickety table, and wasted no time in getting to business.

"See hyer, boys," he said, "I guess Red has explained that it's about a lit' job I hevin mind thet I've asked you to come hyer. Waal, I jest wanter explain my scheme, and when you have heerd all about it I opine you'll all be as anxious to get into it as a bunch o' gels are to get into a dime kinema where Douglas Fairbanks is being featured."

Figg paused and lickel the cigarette he had rolled himself. Red Herman maintained his habitual air of stoic calm and indifference, but the other rogues were keenly eager to hear the scheme of such a master mind of their profession as Figg. All were safe-crackers and yeggmen, and all, during their prefersinations in the underworld, had learned to reverence Smart Alec, the prince of cracks

The Penny Popular.—No. 69.

men, whose extraordinary astuteness had kept

men, whose extraordinary astuteness had kept the police of a continent guessing for years. "Get it off your chest, Alee!"

"Hand out the chin goods, bo!"

"Loose off the tongue-fireworks!"

By these gems from the American language the gang signified their impatience to hear Smart Alee's scheme.

"Waal, hoys," said Figg, blowing a blue cloud of smoke at the dirty ceiling, "as you know, I do most o' my jobs alone, And, let me tell, I've never worked with more than one guy in my life yet. However, I'm going to break my rule, for I'm gettin' up against it, and the job I hev in mind will need all six o' us. Now, do you savvy Texley's Jewellery Store on Eighth Avenue?"

"Sure thing!"

Sure thing!

on Eighth Avenue?

"Sure thing!"

"You bet! It's the big double-fronted place on the left goin' south, ain't it?"

"Thet's the place," said Smart Alec, "Waal, lately I've got kinder friendly with a cierk there—a guy I met at one o' the eating-bouses—and I learned an almighty lot about Texley's. Right in the store itself, but well in the background, there's a small safe o' modern make. It's always filled with plenty o' sparklers and things, and the surplus greenbacks are also stowed away in it durin' the day. My idea is to wait until late in the afternoon, when a tidy sum o' cash is in it besides the jewels, and then to remove it."

The gang gazed at Figg open-eyed. They almost suspected the crook of pulling their legs.

"Guess you mean we're to lift the

"Guess again, bo'!" said Figg. "I said what

I meant—remove the safe."
"Gee!" said Red Herman. "But that sure oues 'said Red Herman. "But that sure sounds a pinheaded sorter thing to do! Maybe, though," he added sarcastically, "we've gotter ask this hyer Mister Texley's kind permission first!"

kind permission first!"

"Aw, quit it!" urged Figg. "You guys lrave got heads like peanuts. It's as simple as breakin' your neck off a tin roof, and not half so dangerous. We'll hire a car, which one o' you will hev to drive, and proceed to Texley's. Two o' you hold up the store clerks, whilst the other two tumble the safe outside and hoist it into the fast automobile."

The faces of the gang were a picture in their expressions. No longer did they think Smart Alee was joking at their expense; they gravely suspected he had acquired "bats in his belfry."

"And where may I ask will you be all this time, Alec?" inquired Red Herman sneeringly. "Operating the camera," returned Figg

calmly.

"Operating the— Why, what the smoke do you mean? I thought we'd come hyer to discuss a sensible it'l' business proposition." "So we hev," said Figs. "But it's mighty hard trying to explain anythin' to sech a bunch o' pinheaded galoots. As I was saying when you interrupted. Red, you guys do the acting whilst I work the merry film-

What for?" asked a slim member of the

gang.

"Aw, sneeze, kid, your brain's dusty!" retorted Smart Alec. "It's time the wheeze soaked through even your thick skull! "Ain't you aware that cinema seenes are of almost everyday occurrence in this li-l' burgh?"

"Of course!" growled the man. "But what

"Waal, if you was walking down the town and saw a fellow filming a bunch of cops chasing some guys, you wouldn't get kinder suspicious, and wanter chase the gang your-self, would you?" self, wound

"And if folk strollin' down Eighth Avenue in the broad light o' day saw some masked men lift a safe out o' a jeweller's store and decamp with it in a racing automobile, whilst a chap films the whole stunt, they ain't going to think it's a real-life drama, are they

As Figg stopped and drank a glass of the As rigg scoped and train a gass of the thinese rice-wine, the expressions on the faces of the gang underwent a startling change, Astonishment and contempt gave place to a genuine admiration as the real merits of the

daring plan dawned upon them.

caring plan dawned upon them.

The plan was daring in the extreme. Yet in its very daring lay its greatest safety. The clerks and others in the jewellery store would know that a real hold-up was taking place, but the revolvers of the gang would keep them silent. The folk in the street, accustemed to seeing exciting scenes for the The Penny Popular.—No. 69.

cinema, would be mildly interested in watching the filming, but that was all. Not until too late, when the car had driven off with its valuable load, would the robbery become generally known.

"By gosh, it kinder takes your breath away!" muttered Red Herman. "But I guess its a real smart wheeze! Before I agree to join in, though, I wanter know a whole lot more details. What about getting the hire o' join in, though, I wanter know a whole low more details. What about getting the hire of a fast automobile and the film-camera, for

"Waal, you guys must pay for that," said Figg calmly lighting another cigarette. "I'm nigh to rock-bottom!"

"Oh I guessed that!" said Herman sourly. "But what I meant was can we hire 'em without rousin' suspicions?"

"Leave that to me," said Figg. "I kin fix all thet up."

"And where do we go with the loot? A sheriff's posse will be on our trail before we get clear of the city, unless I'm mistalan'

"I've taken all thet into consideration." said the arch crook.

He drew a map of the district from his pocket, and, with the gang bending over him, he pointed out a route to the northward.

he pointed out a route to the northward.

"Near this place," he sald, indicating a small town fifteen miles away, "there's a fruit-farm run by an old Chink called Yuen Tong, a pard of old Foo. We send the car into this gulch, where it aln't likely to be found at once, and beat it up to the farm, From Yuen Tong's place we can walk through an underground passage to a point beyond the Spanish Mission. From there we beat it separately by 'jumping' trains, or afoot, without hold to be a project or to some other. Spanish Mission. From there we beat it separately by 'jumping' trains, or afoot, either back to Los Angeles or to some other place. Personally, I'm going to hit the trail as far as Trisco."

"And what about the loot in the safe?" "I wasn't forgettin' thet, Red," said Figg. "We shall find the safe small enough to go into the floor o' any ordinary car. When into the floor o' any ordinary car. When we get well out of town you kin just turn a jet o' flame from that oxy-acetylene generator o' yours on to it. I know the make of the safe well, and a flame o' less than three thousand degrees Centigrade will cut the steel with ease. We can divide the spoils before we shoot the car, with the safe in it, into the gulch."

"That sartinly seems satisfactory, "That sartinly seems satisfactory," murnured Red Herman, running his gnarled hand over his scrubby beard. "I've gotter a tidy li'l' collection o' modern cracksman's appliances, and I'll put 'em in a large innocent-looking suitcase and keep the generator separate in a canvas kit-bag. Maybe I kin safely leave the whole caboodlum in Yuen Tong's secret passage until the affair blows over a bit.

"You bet you kin, Red!" said Smart Alec enthusiastically. "You won't need 'em for many a day after the haul of greenbacks and sparklers we shall make!"

"When do you reckon on doin' the job, Alec?" asked one of the others.

"The sooner the better," replied the brainy formulator of the scheme. "Though I guess we sha'n't be able to work it in less than a fortnight or three weeks. You all wanter get a perfect hang o' a lot more details, and then there's the hire o' the automobile and chema camera to be fixed up. We don't wanter to spoil the ship for a ha'porth o' tar, we be doing things in too much o' an allby doing things in too much o' an all-hurry. I take it, then, you're all in the fired hurry. game?

The gang signified their intention of joining forces with Figg, though one or two voices spoke up to suggest that the author of the ingenious idea should take a more prominent part in its execution than merely acting as a camera man.

Alec P. Figg had no ardent desire to either hold-up the store-clerks nor to assist in lifting the safe from the premises, but, finding there was likely to be a deadlock in the arrangements if he persisted in casting himself for the easy role of film operator, he gave way with the best grace he could muster.

Having made arrangements whereby further instructions might be conveyed to the rest of the gang through Red Herman, Smart Alec

of the gaing through the distant, share site proposed a toast.

And, standing up solemnly round the rickety table in that foul Chinese den, the precious rogues drank, in the unpalatable Chinese rice-wine, "Success to the job, and a real dandy haul!"

Cauchs of Lost !

HILE Alee P. Figg, the cracksman, was perfecting his scheme for relieving Mr. Texley of a portion of his property, and Floyd Unwin was commencing his stay as a guest of the United States Government, the work on the new Broadworth production was proceeding apace.

A number of scenes had been filmed prior to the fire including the two kir characters. to the fire, including the two big stunt scenes and several interiors. By borrowing, buying, and modelling articles in papier-mache, Buddy

and modelling articles in papier-mache, Buddy quickly replaced the properties damaged in the outbreak, and the filming of "The Mysterious Pearl" went merrily on.

To an extent the work was speeded up, and, in quick succession, Micky was confronted with the task of emulating Unwin's feat by rescuing the dummy—beg pardon, heroine—from the lion's den, bearding a mail-

train from a flying automobile, and jumping from the rath into a river.

Long before the production was finished the Press agents "boosted" Micky to such an extent that the whole American continent was agog with excitement at the prospect of

the new release. Even the cables had hummed with the story of the lad's dive into the film world—for dive it was—and readers of the cinema notes in the dailies throughout Great Britain had

it was—and readers of the cimema notes in the dailies throughout Great Britain had heard of the extraordinary coolness of the young English lad, formerly a circus acrobat, who had performed the daring leap on a motor-eycle when Unwin's nerve had failed.

But, haturally, the best "copy," from the standpoint of an advertisement, was the incident during the skyscraper scene. Not every day do movie-lovers get the chance of witnessing an actual attempt on a man's life. No wonder, then, that Micky Denver and the new production were famous long before the carliest possible date for the release!

When the various lengths of film had all been recorded. Mr. Broadworth, with the assistance of Jeff Romery, his chief director.

with the various lengths of him had albeen recorded. Mr. Broadworth, with the assistance of Jeff Romery, his chief director, and an expert writer of sub-titles, undertook the work of "editing" the production.

This "editing" consisted of viewing the lengths, cutting out parts, adding the explanatory sub-titles, and joining up the film. When the work was completed, "The Mysterlous Pearl" was in the form of a six-reel drama, ready for projecting on the "silver screen."

Not a word leaked out from the heads of the company as to their own opinion of the film, and Micky was in alternate hopes and doubts about his own work. He was very anxious to secure that five years' contract which the Broadworth outfit—a contract which

with the Broadworth outfit—a contract which would mean that his work had been counted a success, and would establish him as a star of the magnitude of Douglas Fairbanks,

a success, and would establish him as a star of the magnitude of Douglas Fairbanks. Tom Mix, and others.

With what excitement, then, did the English lad hear the announcement that, prior to the trade show, "The Mysterious Pearl" would be shown privately at the Broadworth Studios to all those whose efforts had been directed to the production of it. A regular gala was made of the affair, and when Micky. Buddy, and Mrs. Gaylord, all arrayed in their "glad-rags" arrived on the Broadworth premises, they found the lot teeming with their fellow-workers. Even the men who did odd jobs around the place had ferreted out some presentable apparel and mingled in the throng.

It was now the usual thing for the company's private postman to seek out Micky as soon as he put in an appearance on the lot. Day by day the number of letters received by the young star from total strangers had increased. Some now bore English stamps and postmarks, and the writers of most of the epistles ended up their screed by requesting his photo and autograph. So far had fortume favoured the lad, and so well had the Press agents performed their work, that Micky was hailed as a star of the films even before his first appearance on the screen.

Micky gave a wry little smile as the post-

on the screen.

Micky gave a wry little smile as the postman hurried over to him and handed him two bundles of letters—one large, and the other small.

About half a dozen English letters to-day, "About half a dozen English letters to-day, Mister Denver," said the postman, who knew that Micky always welcomed these messages from the Homeland.
"My aunt, I shall really have to take on a secretary!" eried Micky, "This is getting a bit too thick!"
"Ain't that lest what I've been telling you,

a bit too thick!"
"Ain't that lest what I've been telling you, kid?" remarked Buddy wisely.
While the little Props and his buxon spouse toddled off to greet some of their friends, Micky walked on one side to open

some of his mail. Chappie, who had followed him to the studios, promptly curled up and went to sleep. He was about to thrust the larger packet into his pocket, when a letter on top bearing the 'Frisco postmark attracted his attention, There was nothing feally about the handwriting or the appearance of the envelope to attract curlosity, and yet the lad felt he must open the letter. He did so, and discovered the missive was from his friend, Dicky Rickey.

The seaman stated that the tramp-steamer Plunger had arrived in San Francisco harbour, and was likely to remain there for some

Allinger had arrived in San Francisco harbour, and was likely to remain there for some weeks. He had received the hundred dollars sent him by Micky, and, after debating the matter a good deal, had decided to retain the sum, and forward it later to the old

matter a good deal, had decided to retain the sum, and forward it later to the old folks in the Homeland.

According to Rickey, from the night of Micky's escape from the ship in New York harbour Puncher Hogarth had got worse, and most of the crew were thinking of desert-ing in 'Frisco.

ing in 'Frisco.

Micky read his friend's newsy letter twice through before he placed it back in the bundle of American mail, and thrust the packet in his pocket. Then he started on his half-dozen English letters.

Of the first five three were requests for autographs, and the other two set forth the desires of the writers to take up cinema work, and sought Micky's assistance to this end.

work, and sought Micky's assistance to this end.

As Micky read the sixth letter his face underwent an extraordinary change. He read it through, and then again, and yet again, and when he had finished the third perusal fie executed half a dozen dance-steps.

The first five letters he pushed into his bulging pocket with his American mail, but this last one he stowed carefully away in an inside breast-pocket. Having done so, he started off with springy steps to meet Mary Maidstone and Reggie Eton, who were making their way towards him.

"Hello, Micky!" greeted the young actress. "We saw you reading all your Leap Year proposals, but thought it high time you gave your company to your friends. Jeff says the show will start in about ten minutes, so we'd better make our way to our seats."

"Yes, wather!" murmured the dude. "It's considered the pwopah thing to be in time on these occasions, deah boy, don't y'know!"

"Well, I'm ready!" said Micky gaily.

The three, followed by Chapple, sauntered

The three, followed by Chapple, sauntered across to the long, low wooden building used for occasions of this sort.

large screen was rigged at the far end. A large screen was rigged at the far end, and two or three lumpdred chairs were ranged throughout the rest of the place for the accommodation of the audience.

As Micky and his friends entered the place the great K. N. Broadworth himself greeted

them.
"Jeff has reserved some seats for you over on the right," he said. "I'll join you in a few minutes!"
To Micky the experience was as delightful

To Micky the experience was as defigitive as it was unique. In the midst of a happy, chattering audience of film-actors and actresses, and other studio workers, he sat waiting to see his own self on the cinema-

waiting to see his own self on the ememasereen!

The performance opened with an animated cartoon-film, borrowed for the occasion by Jeff Romery from a neighbouring company. But this was only in the nature of a curtain-raiser, and rounds of applause greeted the appearance of the art title for "The Mysterious Pearl."

Never did school-children in any cinematheatre of the world hang so breathlessly upon the various episodes of a photo-play as did these folks whose job it, was to produce films in the heart of Filmland!

Comments were freely passed, approbation or disappointment expressed with charming candour, and any specially good bits of acting accorded unstinted applause,

"Gee!" cried an "extra" lady in a green hat. "If they haven't cut out that best bit with me handing the flower to the dude! Waal, wouldn't that lar you?"

But the lady's disappointment was counteracted by the delight of a pale, weedy individual on her right, whose friend shouted across to him:

"Sav. Tex, that bit o' expression you regis-

maryional on ner right, whose friend shouted across to him:
"Say, Tex, that bit o' expression you registered when the Indian guy beats it with the pearl was worthy o' Sessue Hawakaya at his best!"

across to him:

"Say, Tex, that bit o' expression you registered when the Indian guy beats it with the pearl was worthy o' Sessue Hawakaya at his best!"

The applause for charming Mary Maidstone and popular Reggie Eton was, of course, assured, and the opinion of the audience towards their new star was not long in doubt.

Micky, sitting comfortably in his chair their escape on foot. But they quickly shared between Mr. Broadworth and Jeff Romery, the fate of the camera man, who was overnis Dest.

The applause for charming Mary Maidstone and popular Reggie Eton was, of course, assured, and the opinion of the audience towards their new star was not long in

saw himself performing the death-defying stunt over the high cliffs on the motor-bike. He saw his breathless escape among the skyscrapers three hundred feet above the

skyscrapers three nundred feet above the earth, his leap into the den of lions, and his stunts on the express train.

These feats brought forth loud exclamations and applause, but he was glad to note that his acting in the ordinary scenes was greeted with equal approval by the critical andience.

From every indication it was soon evident that Micky had scored a big success.

At the conclusion of the performance congratulations were showered on the lad from all sides. His cup of happiness was full when Mr. Broadworth shook him kindly by the hand and murmured:

"You've put in some splendid work, sonny! To-morrow you must sign that five years' contract!"

contract!"
So the contract at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year was his, and he was a film star of the first magnitude.
To celebrate the success, Reggie Eton invited Micky, "K. N.", Jeff, Mary Maidstone, and Buddy and Mrs. Gaylord to a "weally wipping dinner" at the Palm Court Hotel in Los Angeles for that very night.

Los Angeles for that very night.

As they were all leaving the lot after the show was over the dude informed Micky he was going down town right away to arrange for the function.

"Say, you might give me a lift as far as Eighth Avenue, Reggie," said the lad. "I've get some shopping to do there."

"With pleasure, deah boy!" said the dude.

"Jump right in!"

"Jump right in!"
Micky alighted at the corner of Eighth
Avenue, and, setting Chapple down, made
his way along to a tailoring establishment,
which was his first place of call. As he did
so he saw that a commotion outside of
Texley's, the jeweller's, was creating a mild
interest with the pedestrians in the thorough-

Drawn up by the sidewalk was a powerful green automobile, and issuing from the store were two men wearing masks and labouring under the weight of a small steel safe. A policeman stood not ten yards from the car, watching the proceedings with an amused

The solution to the apathy of the officer The solution to the apathy of the officer was not far to seek, for a film camera was stationed on the opposite side of the street. It was obviously a scene for the chema, and as Micky arrived near the camera he stopped to watch the proceedings.

Suddenly, moved by an idle impulse, he asked the operator the name of the company

for which the scene was being enacted.
Still evenly turning the handle of his machine, the man looked Micky up and down,
"Some screen-struck Britisher boob," he said to himself.

said to himself.
Aloud he replied:
"The Broadworth outfit, kid."
Micky gave a violent start. He knew well enough the answer was a lie, and he gazed searchingly at the camera man.

The man realised he had made a faux-pas in his selection of a film company, and qualled beneath the steady eyes of the English hel

"Aw, beat it!" he snarled, "I'm busy!"

But Micky's suspicions were thoroughly aroused. Followed by his little terrier, he darted across the street, despite the operator's frantic order to him to "Keep out of the set?" the set.

o' the set."

In the jewellery store he could discern two
men holding up the clerks and customers with
automatic pistols.

"Hi!" he roared to the policeman. "There's

something phoney about this stunt! better look into it!"

The officer started from his somnolent attitude, and hurried across to Micky.
"What's that, kid?" he demanded.

"What's that, kin!" he definited.

So strong were Micky's suspicions that he hesitated not to make a definite assertion.

"This is a hold-up—a real hold-up!" he "This is a hold-up—a real hold-up!" cried. "Not a cinema stunt!"

The men, who were in the act of lifting the safe into the automobile, heard the cry and swung round in alarm. As they did so the safe fell with a crash on to the sidewalk.

powered by members of the crowd, which was rapidly collecting.

Hearing the shouts, and fearing something was wrong, the two hold-up men dashed from the store into the street. One was wearing a slouch hat, beneath which a fringe of red hair showed; the other had a check cap ony and his form seemed strangely familiar to the English lads.

The policeman tripped up the red-haired individual, and Micky sprang at his companion. Chappie, with a loud bark, followed

without hesitation, the hold-up man loosed off both his automatic pistols. One bullet ripped past the lad's head, and the other tore through his coat and grazed his side. But a through his coat and grazed has side. But a loud yell left the scounded as Chappie took a firm grip on his leg.

Before the rogue could fire again Micky took a firm grip round his neck, and the two

took a firm grip round his neck, and the two polled to the ground. As they did so the man's mask became unshipped, and the lad gave a low exclamation as he gazed into the face of his antagonist.

"Smart Alec!" he gasped.

"You goldurned interfering whelp!" shrieked Figg furlously. "I'll let daylight into you in twenty places!"

Twice the unserrupulous crook loosed off his automatic pistols, narrowly missing Micky and the men who came rushing up to lend sasirance.

lend assistance.
At last, with police officers, F the aid of two

At last, with the aid of two powerful police officers, Figg was overpowered. The platols were wrenched from his hands and a pair of handcuffs snapped over his wrists.

The crook rose to his feet, and surveyed Micky and the surrounding crowd like a tiger at bay. Then his malice against the young English star found vent in words.

"Vep, you've got Smart Alec at last!" he panted, as he turned to the policemen. "I'm a cracksman, but I ain't got a yellow streak in me like this young Johnny Bull hyer. You'd better take him in charge, too, 'cause he's a sneak thief—a sneak thief wanted by the British cops, and he can't deny it. Ask him!"

him!"

His voice rose triumphantly as all eyes turned on the English lad. But instead of quading, as the crook expected he would, Micky remained calm and smiling. From his inside breast-pocket he drew an envelope bearing the English postmark, and from it extracted a sheet of none too clean notepaper. "Read this, Figg!" he requested, as he held the letter up before the cracksman. In large, shaky characters Smart Alec, to his great chagrin, read the following:—

"Dear Micky,—I have been reading in the papers that you are making your mark now as a cinema actor with the Broadworth Film Company, and so I am dropping you these few lines as I know you will be glad to hear from an old friend. I am sorry you did a guy that night from the circus in Liverpool, as the whole thing was a mistake. Next morning I found my gold watch in one of my boots, where I must have put it after a visit to the Black Horse. Of course, I never really beligved you to be a thief.—"

Smart Alec ground his teeth and read nothing more than the signature—"Boris Beauman"—at the foot of the note.

The next moment a motor patrol waggon drew up, and he and Red Herman were bundled inside.

It mattered little to Micky that the rest of Beauman's letter—which was obviously written only to curry favour with the youngster whom he had treated so badly in the old circus days—consisted of a rambling re-

written only to curry favour with the youngster whom he had treated so badly in the
old circus days—consisted of a rambling request for financial help, as business was so
bad. The letter brought him a sense of
genuine relief.

At the trial of the hold-up men Alec P.
Figg. captured for the first time in his
criminal career, was let off with the light
sentence of five years in the penitentiary.
Red Herman and the others got three years'
penal servitude each.

Micky gained considerable appobation for
his plucky share in the capture, and people
were not wanting who wished to present
little Chapple with another medal. But this
the young star refused to allow to be inflicted
on his four-footed friend.

And so, with his two enemies behind bars,
Micky continued to make fresh cinema history
at the Broadworth Studios, with a contract
for five years at a salary of 120,000 dollars a
year in his pocket.

With the release of his first great six-red
production, Micky Denver, erstwhile acrobat
of a travelling circus, took his rank with
Douglas Fairbanks as one of the greatest
of the world's cinema stars!

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 69.

المارية والمساورة والمساورة والمساورة والمساورة Gussy's Brain-Wave! A SHORT STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

T'S time we took those bounders down a peg!"
Thus George Affred Grundy, to his chums, Wilkins and Gunn, who were standing near the bushes that bordered the

chums, Whikins and Guini, who were standing near the bushes that bordered the drive at St. Jin's.

"Hear, hear!"
"That idiot Blake was jolly disrespectful to me this morning," said Grundy, in an injured tone, "And that dummy D'Arcy had far too much to say."

Wilkins and Gunn nodded in sympathy.

"I've got an idea!" said their leader thoughtfully.

"Go hon!" grinned Wilkins.

Like Gunn, he hadn't much faith in the brilliant ideas which passed through Grundy's powerful brain at various times. They generally ended dismally.

"Listen, you chaps!" went on Grundy. "I suggest that we raid them in their dorm to night! What do you think of it?"

"Very original idea!" chuckled Gunn, with just a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

just a tou touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"I—I mean, it's a jolly good notion!" he

"I—I mean, it's a jolly good notion!" he hastily amended.

A fat face peered at the Shell juniors from out of the bushes, and a grin overspread the face of Bagley Trimble—the owner of the face—as he listened to Grundy's brilliant idea. The Shell fellows were so engrossed in discussing their plan of action that Baggy's near presence passed unnoticed.

"Right-ho, then; it's settled! We'll make Blake & Co. sit up to-night!" said the great George Alfred, with a gleam in his eye.

Having come to that decision the three juniors moved off. They passed the bush behind which Baggy Trimble was crouching, and Wilkins stared suspiciously into it. If he saw anything out of the ordinary he made no remark to Grundy and Gunn, and the three chums passed out of gates.

Baggy Trimble watched them disappear, and then crawled from his hiding-place.

"This is where I chip in!" he muttered half to himself. "The heasts think they are going to raid my dorm, do they? We'll see! I'm not going to have my rest spoiled by a lot of silly Shell duffers! Don't get half chough sleep now!"

And he ambled off to the Fourth Form passage to impart his important news to Jack

enough sleep now!"

And he ambied off to the Fourth Form passage to impart his important news to Jack Blake & Co. He halted outside Study No. 6. From within came the cheerful clatter of cups and saucers. Evidently tea was "on" cups and saucers. Evidently tea was "on" in that famous apartment.

"Pass the butter, Gussy!" came the voice

of Blake

Wight-ho, deah boy!

"Wight-ho, deah boy."
Baggy Trimble's mouth watered as he heard these remarks. Tea in Study No. 6 was generally on an elaborate scale. He pushed the door open, and rolled in. "I say, you chaps..."
"Buzz off, Baggy!"
"Yaas, wathah!"
"Really, I..."
"Nothing doing here!"
The fat junior paid no heed to these commands. He advanced farther into the study.

"I've just heard—" he began.
"Get out!" roared Blake.
"But I've got some news to tell you!" howled Baggy, raising his voice.
"Keep it till after tea," said Blake, "We are not exactly yearning for your company just now !"

There's a raid-

A what?"
A which?"

"A which?"
Baggy Trimble beamed upon his audience.
He had made an impression.

"I've just heard that ass Grandy say he's going to raid the dorm to-night!" explained the fat junior, with the air of one imparting valuable information.

"Gammon!" exclaimed Blake.
"It's true, I tell you!" protested Baggy.
Honest Injun!"

"The awful nerve of the wottab!" chimed in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Where did you hear it?" asked Blake susnicionsly

piciously.

"Really, Blake, if you doubt my word I shall refuse to tell you anything!" said Baggy loftily. "In fact, I shall have to go!" "Then trot!" growled Blake.

"Of course, I was only loking!" Trimble

"Of course, I was only loking!" Trimble hastily amended.

And the fat junior drew a chair up to the table, and made a grab at the jam tarts. Blake & Co. looked on grimly, but held their peace whilst Baggy told his tale in between his attacks upon the jam-tarts. When he had finished, Blake pointed to the

"Thanks very much, Baggy!" he said.

"Now you can trot!"
"I call that mean, I—

Blake picked up the poker, and, without stopping to raise any more objections, the fat junior fled. When the door had closed behinds him the occupants of Study No. 6 puttheir heads together, and discussed plans for s reception.

Grundy's reception.

Arthur Augustus hit upon a bright idea, and
the juniors, after much debate, agreed to
carry it out.

It was some time after Kibbare had turned

out the lights in the Fourth Form dormitory that Jack Blake tumbled noiselessly out of bed, and imparted his scheme to the Fourth-

Formers.

"Now get a move on," said Blake, in conclusion, "or the raiders will be here soon!"

Accordingly, the juniors dragged in a length of hose from the passage outside, and cuningly fixed it to a tap over one of the washbowls. A piece of string attached to the lever of the tap and wound round a miniature will be corrected the product of Gusav's lever of the tap and wound round a miniature pully completed the product of Gussy's mighty brain. Anyone opening the door would immediately turn on the tap by means of the piece of string which connected with the handle of the door.

"Fancy old Grundy's face-when he gets that deluge pouring at him!" grinned Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better put the hose in position now," said Herries.

said Herries

said Herries.

"Hear, hear."

A chair was put in the centre of the floor about three yards from the doorway, and the hose was fixed in the middle rail. That done, the juniors stood and surveyed their handiwork with suppressad chuckles.

"Jolly good idea of Gussy's." whispered Digby. "For once in a way!" he added.

"Weally, deah boy!"

"Tumble in, chaps!" said Jack Blake. "I think I can hear the asses coming!"

The juniors made a dive for their beds. The juniors made a dive for their beds, and, to a casual observer, they would have appeared fast asleep. Along the passage they could distinctly hear footsteps approaching. Now for the fun!" muttered Levison, under his breath.

footsteps halted outside the Fourth

Form dormitory. The door was pushed open, Swish, swish

Swish, swish!
"Occocouch! Ow-yow-couch!"
Swish, swish!
"My hat!" gasped Blake. "It's Lathom!

Turn the tap off, quick!"

It was the master of the Fourth, right

It was the master of the Fourth, right enough. He had been on his nightly round of duty when it came into his head to visit the Fourth Form dormitory. The moment he had opened the door the tap turned automatically, and he was the recipient of a deluge of icy-cold water, which caught him full in the face. Gasping like a newly-landed fish, he bumped on to the passage floor a sodden water.

sodden wreck.
"This—this is monstrous!" he gasped. "How

"This—this is monstrous!" ne gaspect dare you, Blake!"
The jumior thus addressed was the first to receive the vials of the Form-master's wrath. He had gone over to the unfortunate master to help him to his feet. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy has hastened to turn off the water. The juniors were all out of bed now, and their faces expressed the deepest concern.

"I'm frightfully sorry, sir!" said Blake, in apologetic tones. "It was a mistake. That

"I'm frightfully sorry, sir!" said Blake, in apologetic tones. "It was a mistake. That hose was intended for—"
He stopped short.
"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Lathom sternly.
"I presume this—this "—and he pointed expressively to the hose—"was intended for some of your schoolfellows?"
"Ye-es, sir!"
"Then my boys, I'm afraid it's my unpleasant duty to detain you next half-holiday! tet into bed all of you!"
"The juniors scrambled sheepishly into their beds, and Mr. Lathom stamped away to his quarters in a decidedly bad temper.
When his footsteps died away a tumult of uncomplimentary remarks was hurled at the head of D'Arcy, the originator of the scheme.

scheme.

Weally, deah boys, I still think it was a

stunnin' ideah!' he replied.
That was all Gussy had time to say. The exasperated juniors dragged him out of bed and ducked him repeatedly in the bath. That chilly operation having southed their ruffled feelings, they crept back to bed, leaving the unfortunate Swell of St. Jim's to dry himself.

Grundy. Wilkins, and Gunn were encountered the next morning, and they grinned derisively at Blake & Co. Baggy Trimble had lost no time in spreading the news of the previous night's mishap.

"I knew that fat ass Trimble had overheard our plans," said Wilkins, "and I persuaded Grundy to drop the idea."

"Well of all the—"
Words failed the astounded Fourth-Formers. To think all the trouble they had been out

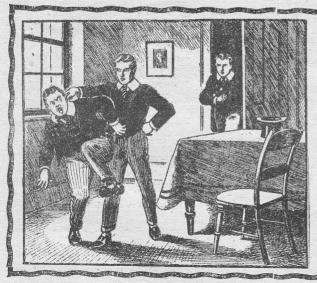
Words failed the astounded Fourth-Formers. To think all the trouble they had been put to had been for nothing! If was the limit! And that was the opinion of all the Fourth when they were busly writing out Virgil the following Wednesday afternoon. As Herries expressed it, "The best-laid plans gang aft agley!" To which the juniors contributed expressive "Hear, hears!"

TWO SEPARATE SETS OF PRIZES

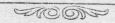


topping new puzzle picture competition in PUCK for which every boy and girl should enter. Nothing to pay, and two complete sets of prizes — one for boys—one for girls. Many Consolation Prizes. You'll find all particulars of this unique prize offer TO-DAY in the pages of

The Famous COLOURED Picture Paper.



MORNINGTON'S CHALLENGE! By OWEN CONQUEST.



A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.. THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER Not Wanted!

ORNINGTON of the Fourth Form at Rookwood knocked at the door of the end study, and went in.

There were seven juniors crowded in the study, and there was a loud buzz of voices raised in heated argument.

who is study, and there was a load buzz or voices raised in heated argument.

Mornington entered unnoticed.

Jimmy silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome, the owners of the study, were all speaking at once; and so were Tommy Dodd, Cook, and Doyle, their visitors from the Modern side.

The four Classicals and the three Moderns were apparently trying to carry conviction by putting on steam in argument, but none of them looked like being convinced.

The subject was cricket—cricket in general, and the St. Jim's match in particular, Jimmy Silver, as junior captain, was monarch of all he surveyed when it came to making up the team for that great match. But Jimmy was scrupulously fair. His own side—the Classical side—was represented in the eleven by six places. Five Modern juniors were in.

the eleven by six places. Five Modern juniors were in.

'Fommy Dodd's opinion was that five Classicals would have been enough, if not too much, and that the sixth place belonged, almost by the laws of Nature, to a Modern. To this contention the Fistical Four replied, with emphasis:

"Fathead!"

"Modern ass!"

"Duffer!"

"Chumpu"

"Chump!" county!"
And the three Tommics simultaneously
delivered their opinion of the Fistical Four.
"Silly euckoos!"
"Silly chlumps!"
"Yah!"

Mornington frowned impatiently. Not the slightest notice had been taken of his entrance. The Rookwood juniors were too busy slanging one another. Mornington was not accustomed to being passed unnoticed— at all events, he had not been accustomed to it before he came to Rockwood. Since coming there he had had a good many excoming there he had had a good many ex-periences that he was not accustomed to. His frowns passed as unnoticed as his entering. Neither Classicals nor Moderns had any eyes for him. "I don't mind you four being in the eleven," said Tommy Dodd. "I admit you can play." "Thank you for nothing!" said Jimmy Silver

"And Oswald, he's a good man; and so is Rawson. But you can't put in both Oswald and Rawson. The sixth place belongs to the Modern side."
"Rats!"

"Of course, you're captain," said Tommy Dodd.

Dodd.

"Just remembered that?" asked Jimmy Silver nodded.

"But a cricket captain ought to have some sense," said Tommy Dodd.

"Sure, he ought!" said Tommy Doyle.

"And a skipper with the sinse of a bunnyrabit would play six Moderns out of cleven. You see, we want to bate St. Jim's."

"That's it," said Tommy Cook. "If it wasn't an important match, it wouldn't "That is my business!"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Quite so! It's all your business, if you come to that, and I'm bothered if I can see what you're telling me about it for."

"I have come to you because you are junior cricket captain. I desire to play in the eleven."

"Go hon!"

"I wish to play against St. Jim's in the mext match."

matter so much. But we want to beat St. Jim's, and how're we to do that with Classical duffers crowding good players out of the team?

"Silly ass!"
"Look here-

"Look here—"
"I'm putting in you three, and Towle and Lacy," said Jimmy Silver. "Can't do better than that, and you can go and cat coke, you Modern duffers!"
"Look here, you chump—"
"I am waitin' to speak to you!" rapped out Mornington, quite losing his patience at lest.

out Mornington, quite fosing his parience as last.

"Wait, then, you Classical ass!" snapped Tommy Dodd, without looking round.

"Oh, Join in the chorus, Mornington!" said Jimmy Siiver. "Go ahead, kid! I sha'n't hear a word you say, with these duffers burbling. But go ahead!"

"It's about the cricket."

"What the thump do you know about cricket?" exclaimed Lovell, in astonishment.

"I am takin' up cricket."

"How good of you to come and tell us!" said Raby. "Good-bye!"

"Don't give me any impertinence!"

"Ha, ha! I'd give you a thick car for two pins!" chuckled Raby. "Buzz off, you young ass, and don't play the giddy ox!"

"I want to speak to you, Silver. It is

"I want to speak to you, Silver. It important," said Mornington, taking further notice of Raby.
"Go ahead!"

"Go ahead!"

"Yes, let's hear your views on cricket," said Tommy Dodi sarcastically. "They're bound to be interesting."

The Rookwood juniors all looked at Mornington, and grinned. He had not shown any predilection for cricket before. He was a stacker, and much given to swank, and about the last fellow at Rookwood to make a good cricketer. This new departure rather amised Jimmy Silver & Co.

"I have had a letter from my guardian," explained Mornington. "You may be aware that my guardian, Sir Rupert Stacpoole, is a governor of Rookwood."

"Can't say I was aware of it." yawned

"Can't say I was aware of it," yawned Jimmy Silver; "and I don't care twopence,

anyway." "You may be made to care!" growled Morn-

"You may be made to care!" growled Mornington.

"By gum!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Go ahead!" said Tommy Dodd encouragingly. "I'll have a bob each way on Sir Rupert Stacpoole!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My guardian wishes me to take up cricket."

"Well, that shows his sones. Betton then

cricket."

"Well, that shows his sense. Better than hanging about smoking eigarettes and betting on geegees—your usual game."

"That is my business!"

Jimmy Silver modded.

"Quite so! It's all your business, if you come to that, and I'm hothered if I can see what you're telling me about it for."

"I have come to you because you are junior cricket captain. I desire to, play in the eleven."

"Go hon!"

"I wish to play against St. Jim's in the

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Classicals and Moderns roared.

Mornington stared angrily at the merry juniors. Apparently he did not see anything extraordinary in his request.

"I have told you what I wish," he said angrily. "I am not used to havin' my remarks treated in this way."

"You'll get used to it in time," said Jimmy. Silver blandly.

Silver blandly.

Silver blandly.

"Ha, ha, ha?"

"Will you play me, or will you not?"

"Not!" said Jimmy promptly.

"Sir Rupert Staepoole wishes it," said Mornington, evidently under the impression that the mere wish of a member of the governing body would elineh the matter, and that Jimmy Silver had nothing left but to bow down and obey, with proper meekness.

But Jimmy Silver only chortled.

"Lemme see," he remarked. "I believe this chap Staepoole is a member of the House of Commons, isn't he? A rather prominent politician?"

politician?"

"Yes,"
"Well, drop him a line, and tell him—"
"Yes?" said Mornington.
"Tell him to stick to politics, and not to bother about things he doesn't understand, like cricket."

"What!"
"That's all," said Jimmy. "Give him my kind regards when you write. Good-bye!"
Mornington glared at the captain of the Fourth. He made a stride towards Jimmy Silver with his hands clenched. But he paused. He had tried that kind of thing with Jimmy before, with painful results to

"You will not play me?" he exclaimed. "Nix!"

"You dare to disregard a governor of the school?"

"Yes. I think I can screw up enough courage for that if the governor's ass enough to meddle in our cricket affairs," said Jimmy. "I shall ask him to speak to the Head."
"Rightho!"
"Yes well be mostly to the second of the secon

"You will be punished."
"Ha. ha!"

The juniors laughed merrily. Mornington's idea that he could "carry on" in the Fourth Form at Rookwood as he had done at home never ceased to tickle them.

"This chap ought to be on the cinema," said Tommy Dodd. "He's wasted at Rook-wood."

"He was born to be a funny merchant," admitted Jimmy Silver. "He gets richer every day. Run away and play, Mornington!" Mornington's eyes gleamed.
"Then you will not let me enter the cricket!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes! I'd be glad to see you turn up practice," said Jimmy Silver good-aturedly. "I'd give you some coaching, if naturedly. 'you liked."

you liked."

"You can do that when I ask it," said Mornington arrogantly.

"Very well, I'll leave it till then," said Jimmy, unmoved.

"You will not play me?"

"No, you ass! If you show on the cricketThe Penny Popular.—No. 69.

ground that you're better than a chap in the eleven, you'll be given his place. Not till then."

"Very well. I shall take no further notice of your team, but shall raise an eleven myself, captain it myself, and run it quite independently," said Mornington.

independently," said Mornington.

"Ha, ha!"

"I shall issue challenges, and fix up matches, and my eleven will be regarded as the Junior Eleven of Rookwood. You will not be allowed to stop me."

"Bless your little heart, I don't want to stop you!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "Go ahead! I'll be jolly glad to see you playing a decent game, instead of slacking and smoking and dodging off to the races on a balf-holiday. But you can't call yourself the Rookwood Junior Eleven. That's us!"

"I shall do so!"

the Rookwood Junior Eleven.
"I shall do so!"
"Oh, all right! Do so, and be blowed!"
said Jimmy Silver. "Now, run away—your
face worries me!"
"You shall suffer for your impertinence!"
said Mornington, between his teeth. "My

"He has great influence with the Head-Row-wow!

"He is chairman of the governors, and can

Oh. shut up!" "I shall report your insolence to him—"
Jimmy Silver jumped up, quite out of

patience. "Report away!" he said. "Report at the

"Report away!" he said. "Report at the same time that I chucked you out of my study on your neck!"
"Hands off! I— Ah! Oh!"
Mornington went spinning through the

doorway.

He landed in the passage with a bump.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Jimmy Silver slammed the door.

Mornington did not return. In the end study the argument was resumed, and the juniors soon forgot all about him. The argument was warm, and it seemed to consist chiefly of "Fathead!" "Duffer!" "Classical ass!" "Modern worm!" "Yah!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER, Mornington's New Wheeze!

Mornington's New Wheeze!

**Mornington's New Wheeze!

**NYTHIN' wrong?"

Townsend of the Fourth asked that question as Mornington came into his study. Townsend and Topham, the dandles of the Fourth, were there. Rawson, the scholarship boy, who shared the study with them, was out. Rawson seldom stayed in the study excepting to work. He did not find the society of the clegant sluckers of Rookwood at all congenial.

That something was wrong was evident from Mornington's frowning brow, and the dusty state of his jacket. Towny and Toppy had heard a bump along the passage, too.

"Yes!" snapped Mornington.

"Sorry!" said Townsend politely. "Have a smoke, old chap!"

Mornington accepted a cigarette.

"I want you fellows to back me up," he said, as he blew out a little cloud of smoke.

"Any old thing!" said Topham. "If it's enother run down to the races, though, you can excuse me. It panned out rather badly last time."

"It isn't that—it's cricket."

"It isn't that—it's cricket."

"I've decided to take up cricket," said Mornington. "My guardian wants me to. He's rather a decent old chap, and always fets me do exactly as I like, and I'd like to please him."

"Oh, quite!" said Townsend, rather sur-prised. He had never supposed that Morn-ington wanted to please anybody but chimself.

"Silver won't give me a place in the

"Ahem! Won't he?"

"No. I'm goin' to raise a new eleven, and knock Jimmy Silver's team out," said Mornington. "I'm goin' to make it the Junior Eleven of Rookwood."

"Oh gad!"

"Smythe of the Shell has tried knockin' out Silver's team," said Topham. "It didn't work."

4 "Smythe's a silly ass!"

"Well, yes. But how are you goin' to do

"Well, yes. Due now active the set oricketers I can find, and go ahead."
"But—but will they play for you?"
Mornington raised his eyebrows.
"I suppose so. I'll pay 'em."
"Pay them!" repeated Townsend.
The Penny Popular.—No. 69.

"You-you'll offer fellows money to play for you!" exclaimed Topham, his eyes opening wide.
"That's the idea!"
"My word!".

"My word:".
"I shall get a good team together, I think
-selected from both Classicals and Moderns,"
said Mornington. "I shall captain it my-

"But-but can you captain a team?"

"Of course I can!

"I mean, have you tried?"
"Oh, yaas! At home I've played sometimes, when we had a cricket-week. I was considered rather good."
"H'm!?"

"Anyway, I'm goin' to try. I've got pots of money, and that's the chief thing. I'll put you fellows in my team for a start, and then go round lookin' for recruits."
"You want me to captain the team?"
"Don't be an ass, Townsend. I've told you I'm skinge!"

"Don't be an ass, Townsend. I've told you I'm skipper!"
"Well, I suppose I could play for you," said Townsend, with a grin. "You'll play, too, Toppy, and start the ball rollin'!"
"Oh, certainly!" said Topham.
"That's all right!" said Mornington. "You two, to begin with. I'll soon make up the cleven, I think. I think I shall be able to bag some of Silver's men, by offerin' good terms."

"Money, do you mean?"
"Yaas!"

"Yaas!"
Townsend said no more. He had never dreamed that even this purse-proud "bounder" could be duffer enough to entertain such an idea. But he did not care to quarrel with the wealthy Mornington—his friendship was too valuable for that. He left it to Mornington to discover his mistake for himself, He did not think it would take

THE THIRD CHAPTER, Recruits Wanted!

HAT evening there were many smiles and chuckles among the Classical Fourth of Rookwood School.

Mornington's stated intention of raising a new Junior Eleven, and putting Jimmy Silver's eleven entirely in the shade was productive of endless mirth.

Mornington had appeared on the cricket-ground a few times, but his performances there had not impressed the Rookwood fellows with his prowess as a cricketer.

His chief idea seemed to be to take up a swanking attitude at the wicket, and to be bowled out first or second ball.

How he would captain an eleven if he got one together was a puzzle; and how he would get one together at all was a greater puzzle. His own friends were mostly willing to join in the scheme, simply because they had their own reasons for keeping in with him. Mornington's endless supplies of cash was a horn of plenty to needy fellows who were not too particular where their supplies came from.

Most of the Nuts made it a great point to be on good terms with him, and they submitted to his dictatorial tones, and his almost insufferable arrogance, for what his friend-ship was worth to them.

Most of them would have played in his team, not with any idea of winning matches, but simply in order not to part with their

ship was worth to them.

Most of them would have played in his team, not with any idea of winning matches, but simply in order not to part with their horn of plenty.

The difficulty was, that that kind of fellow wasn't worth much as a cricketer.

It was uscless to take into the field eleven fellows who would be bowled without making runs. Mornington did not wish to provide a procession to and from the pavilion for the amusement of a laughing crowd.

For that reason he did not ask Smythe & Co. of the Shell to join his team. He knew what Adolphus Smythe's cricket was like—very like his own, as a matter of fact, though he did not realise that.

Peele of the Fourth put his name down; but that day Mornington's team consisted of only three besides himself, and he could not lay the flattering unction to his soul that they were three of the best.

But he was far from being discouraged.

He had always found that "money made the mare to go." He had been flattered and fooled to any extent for his wealth and his title's sake, and he fully expected the Rookwood fellows to be influenced in the same way.

That evening a notice appeared on the

That evening a notice appeared on the board in the handwriting of Mornington. It was read with many chortles by the Classical

Fellows gathered before that notice, to chuckle and grin, as if Mornington were a

humorist who was labouring solely for thek entertainment.

The notice ran, in a very elegant hand, and with capitals here and there to add to the effect:

"Mornington, of the Fourth Form, is raising a new Junior Eleven, which will be the official Junior Eleven of Rookwood.
"Cricketers desiring to play in Mornington's team are requested to apply at Study No. 4. Generous terms to good players.
"(Signed) MORNINGTON, Captain."

"Sure, it takes the cake!" said Flynn. "Sure, it takes the cake!" said Flynn.
"The silly spalpen is going to offer fellows
money to play for him!"
"Out-and-out cad!" said Oswald.
"Purse-proud bounder!" commented Jones

"I wonder how many applicants there will be?" grinned Rawson. "I don't think there

be?" grinned Rawson-will be a rush."
"Ha; ha!"
"By gum, I'm on this!" ejaculated Tubby Muffin, the fat boy of the Fourth. "This is where I come in! Generous terms to good wicketers! Well, I'm a good cricketer,

ain t 1?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I'm jolly well going to see Mornington,"
said Muffin deflantly. "I'm going to play
for him, and some of you fellows will open
your eyes when you see me bowling!"
"Duck our heads, more likely," chuckled

Rawson

"Oh, rats!" Tubby rushed away at once to Mornington's

study. He found Mornington there, yawning over

Re stared at Tubby far from politely when

He stared at Tubby Iar from pointery when the fat Classical came in.

"What do you want, you young ragamuan?" he asked.

"I'm your man!" said Tubby.

"What?"

"W nat?"
"I'm going to join your team."
"You young ass!"
"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Tubby indignantly.
"Ain't you advertising for cricketers? I'm
a jolly good cricketer!"
"I'm makin' up an eleven, not a rateeshow!" growled Mornington "Pon"

'I'm makin' up an eleven, not a ratec-show!" growled Mornington. "Run away, and don't be an ass!"
Tubbe of the control of the

Tubby glared at him indignantly "I tell you I'm a first-rate cricketer. Look here, if you're going to make up an eleven you'll want somebody. Decent fellows won't have anything to do with you, you know I—I mean, other decent fellows. They'd feel insulted at your offering 'em money. I happen

"Buzz off!"
"You'd better take me in," urged Tubby.
"You an't get any of the good cricketers; they wouldn't touch your team with a bargepole, you know. Besides. most of the chaps can't stand a swanking cad. I can."
"Get out!" shouted Mornington.
"You'd better think it over," said Tubby anxiously. "What are those generous terms

"You'd better think it over," said Tubby anxiously. "What are those generous terms you are offering?"

"Five shillin's a week, and a guinea a match," said Mornington. "But you're no good, you fat fool! Clear off!

"Well, I can play quite as well as you can, you know. I've seen the fellows simply splitting their sides when you've been batting. Here, I say, leggo my ear!" yelled Tubby.

Mornington did not let go. Tubby's painful truths had not pleased him. He twisted poor Tubby's ear till the unfortunate Muffin yelled with anguish.

"Yow-ow-ow-ol! Leggo, you bully! I'll kick you! Yarooop! Help!"

"Hallo, what's the row?" said Jimmy Silver's voice, and he looked into the study. "Who's committing homicide here?" Jimmy's brow darkened as he saw Tubby wriggling in Mornington's grip. "Let that kid alone at once, you bullying cad!"

"Mind your own business!" shouted Mornington.

"Let him go!"

ington.
"Let him go!"
"I won't!"

"Then you'll be made to!" said Jimmy Silver coolly, and he advanced on Mornington with his hands up.

Mornington gave him a glare of defiance, and gave Tubby's ear another cruel twist, eliciting a wild yell from Tubby Muffin.

The next instant Jimmy Silver's grip was on him

The next instant Jining Silver's given on him.

The weedy, seedy slacker was an infant in Jimmy Silver's powerful hands. Jimmy whirled him off his feet and swung him down on the study table, sending books and papers and inkpot flying far and wide.

"Yow-ow-ow!" mumbled Tubby. "Give

him a hiding, Silver! I was only offering to play cricket for the cad, and he went for me like a Prussian! Groooh!" "Let me go!" shricked Mornington, strug-gling furiously.

che me go: snrieked Mornington, struggling furiously.

Jimmy's strong grip pinned him down to the table.

"Not just yet," said Jimmy. "You've got to learn not to bully little chaps like Tubby, my son. Tabby, take hold of his ears and twist them. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!"

"Won't I just!" grinned Tubby.

"Gh! 'Ah! Yarooh!" roared Mornington, as Tubby grasped his ears, one in either hand, and twisted them with great vim.

"How do you like it yourself, you beast?" chuckled Tubby.

"Go-it, Tubby!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Stoppit! Oh, dear! How dare you touch me! Let me go!"

"That's enough, Tubby!"

"Hadn't I better give him some more?" asked Tubby anxiously. "I ain't tired yet, Jimmy Silver."

"Ha, ha! No, that will do."

"Well, just one more twist!"

"Yaroooop!"

"Chuck it!" said Jimmy Silver. "Now cut off, Tubby, before I let him go!"

"Oh, rather!" said Tubby promptly; and he vanished.

Jimmy whiled Mornington off the table, pitched him into a corner, and walked

Jimmy whirled Mornington off the table, pitched him into a corner, and walked out

pitched him into a corner, and walked out of the study.

He left him panting with rage and rubbing his ears. His ears had been pulled!

Mornington was almost more astonished than enraged. It seemed really like a bad dream. It was scarcely credible that his ears had really been pulled! But they had!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Tommy Dodd's Reply.

OMMY DODD & CO. were chatting in the quadrangle, after morning lessons the next day, when Mornington came up.
The three Tommies greeted him with a

They had heard all about his notice

They had heard all about his notice on the board, and they were greatly interested in the progress of his new eleven.

"Getting on rippingly with the cricket?" asked Tommy Dodd affably. "Is the new eleven blooming like a rose?"

"I should like you fellows to play for me," said Mornington, constraining himself to speak civilly.

Tommy Dodd shook his head sadly.

"We're booked," he said, in a sorrowful tone, "otherwise we should jump at the chance—simply jump at it—I don't think!"

"I know you're in Silver's eleven now. I want you to leave him!"

"Not exactly Silver's eleven. It's the School Junior Eleven, and Silver happens to be the skipper!"

"Well, will you leave it and play for my team?" said Mornington, "I'll make it worth your while!"

"You'll shed the light of ver countenance

your while!

"You'll shed the light of yer countenance on us, and allow us to call you Morny?" asked Tommy Doyle, with great seriousness. "You'll let us swank about knowing you?"

asked Tommy Cook.

Mornington scowled. He was no fool, and

Mornington scowled. He was no 1001, and he knew when his leg was being pulled.

"Look here, come to business. You don't make anythin' out of ericket. 'I'm offerin' you a chance to make somethin' decent out of it!"

"Many of course?" said Tommy Dodd.

"Money, of course?" said Fommy Dodd

"Money, or course?" said Tommy Bodd,
"Yaas."

Cook and Doyle made a movement, but
Tommy Dodd signed to them to be quiet.

"How much?" he asked blandly.

"Five shillin's a week regular, and a guinea
for each match."

"That's jolly generous!"

"I can afford to be generous," said Mornington loftily. "I've plenty of tin!"

"Yes, I've noticed that," assented Tommy
Dodd. "You don't hide your light under
a bushel where money's concerned."

"Well, will you accept the offer?"
Tommy Dodd smiled at his chums.

"Will we accept it, dear boys?" he asked.

"Will we accept it, dear boys?" he asked.

"Will we? It's so ripping of him to offer to
pay us for our services!"

"The rotten ead—" began Cook.

"Look here, give me your answer—yes or
no!" snapped Mornington. "I've no time to
waste on you!"

"That's where we differ" said Tommy Dodd.

"That's where we differ" said Tommy Dodd.

no! snapped Mornington, "I've no time to waste on you!"

"That's where we differ," said Tommy Dodd cheerily, "We've got some time to waste on you, just to teach you not to be a howling ead, dear boy. Collar him!"

"Hands off!"
"Duck him in the fountain!" said Tommy
Dodd. "A ducking will cool him. He looks
rather heated!"

rather heated!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
In the grasp of the three laughing
Moderns, Mornington was rushed to the
fountain in Little Quad, his arms and legs
flying wildly in the air.
Splash!
"Gerrroooghh!"
"Gerrrooogh!"

The three Tommies sauntered away, leav-ing him to wriggle out of the big granite

The three region of the organization ing him to wriggle out of the organization.

He wriggled out, streaming with water, puffing and blowing, and red with rage.

He shook a dripping fist after the three Tommies, and dashed away towards the School House. Townsend and Topham met him in full career, and stared at him.

"Ye gods!" said Topham.

He glared at the Fistical Four, and went on rubbing.

Jimmy Silver gave him a quiet look.
"I hear you're going to Bootles to sneak
about the Modern chaps, Mornington?" he

"Mind your own business!"

oaid

"Mind your own business:"
"This is the business of all the Fourth.
You insulted the Modern kids, though you're too utter a cad to understand that, and you deserve all you've got! You won't sneak about them!"

shall do as I choose!" panted Mornington.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"That's so. I can't prevent you from sneak-ing, if you choose. But I promise you, honour bright, a Form licking if you do! You've had that once before, and you know what it's



Mr. Bootles jumped up in amazement as Mornington dashed into his study drenched and dripping with water. "Bless my. soul I" he exclaimed. "What does this mean boy?" (See Chapter 4.)

"Been getting wet?" said Townsend-rather

Superfluous question.

Mornington was drenched.

"It's those Modern cads!" gasped Morngton. "I'm goin' to Bottles about it!"

"Yes, do," said Townsend.

Mornington rushed into the House, leaving his dear friends grinning.

He never received much sympathy from his Indeed. dear friends in his little mishaps. Indeed, they might have been suspected of enjoying

them.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, jumped up in amazement as Mornington dashed into his study, drenched and dripping.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

"What—what does this mean? What—what?"

"Go and change your clothes at once! You will catch cold! You carcless boy, you are spoiling my carpet!"
"I tell you, sir—"
"Go and change your clothes!"

"Will you obey me?" thundered Mr. Bootles.
"Change your clothes immediately, and take a hundred lines for coming into my study in that state! Go!"

The Form-master pushed the drenched junior out of the study.

Mornington, panting with rage, hurried away to the Fourth Form dormitory. He was beginning to shiver, and his teeth were chattering.

In the dormitory he tore off his drenched clothes, and rubbed himself down with a tewel furiously. Four faces looked in at the doorway while he was so engaged.

'Von rotter!'

"You rotter!"
"Nuff said! If Tommy Dodd is called up on the carpet, you get a Form licking! Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"
Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away without another word.

Mornington finished rubbing himself dry, changed his clothes, and left the dormitory. But he did not go to Mr. Bootles' study. He knew by painful experience what a Form licking was like, and he didn't want to repeat

The three Tommies were not called "on the carpet," neither were they approached with any more of Mornington's generous offers. Places in his eleven were no longer open to those three humorous youths.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Challenge Not Accepted.

URING the next few days Jimmy Silver noted, with a humorous eye, the progress of Mornington as a cricket captain.

cricket captain.

Mornington was at least in deadly earnest.
Unfortunately for him, the fellows who could play cricket were generally fellows who were inclined to knock him down for offering them money for their services.

It soon became clear, even to him, that if he raised an eleven at all, it would be an eleven "of sorfs."

But he did not give in.

He had said that he would raise an eleven, and he was determined to carry out his words. And there were fellows on both sides of Rookwood who were amenable to the cash The Penny Popular.—No. 69.

Argument, though they were not much in the

drgument, though they were not much in ear cricket line.

Leggett of the Modern side was an early recruit. Leggett didn't care for cricket, but he cared a great deal for money.

For want of better material, Mornington accepted Leggett, which brought his team to the number of five, including himself.

Then he accepted the services of Schwn and Chesney of the Shell, those two members of the Giddy Goats Society having been hard hit on a late race, and in need of cash.

Dickinson minor joined up next, and then Hooker. They took the cricket part of the arrangement as a joke, but the cash came in very useful to them. Wegg of the Third came in next.

The team then numbered ten, but an eleventh man was sought in vain on both sides

of Rockwood.

of Rockwood.

At last Mornington accepted the services of Tubby Muffin, that plump youth forgiving and forgetting for the sake of each in hand. The eleven was then complete. The first time it went down to practice half Rockwood went to watch it. There were shouts of laughter as a reward for the efforts of Mornington's team,

The Fistical Four almost wept as they watched

watched

The Fistical Four almost wept as they watched.

The cricket was a sight, as Jimmy remarked, for gods and men and little fishes. Half the team were grinning, quite conscious of the show they made, few of them taking it seriously.

But it was an eleven, at all events. Mornington had carried out his threat so far. Winning matches with such an eleven was quite a different matter.

Mornington, however, had a high idea of his powers as a skipper, and did not despair of licking his team into shape.

As a matter of fact, he required a good deal of licking into shape himself before he was lit to appear in a cricket match. Of that, however, he was quite unaware.

The eleven having been formed, and having had some practice, he looked out for fresh worlds to conquer.

His idea of claiming to be the Junior Eleven of Rookwood, and of sending out challenges to neighbouring teams was still in his head. But he felt that as a preliminary step it

to neighbouring teams was still in his head. But he felt that as a preliminary step it was up to the new eleven to beat Jimmy Silver & Co. on the cricket field.

Had Mornington known even a little about the great game of cricket, he would have known that his sorry team had as much chunce of beating Jimmy Silver & Co. as the Prussians had of beating the British Army.

But ignorance, as the poet has remarked, is bliss. Mornington's idea seemed to be that with first-rate leadership—his leadership—the team would give a very good account of themselves.

Hence he lost no time in issuing a challenge

themselves.

Hence he lost no time in issuing a challenge to Jimmy Silven
The Fistical Four were discussing the forthcoming match with St. Jim's one evening in the end study, when Snooks of the Second arrived, with a letter in his hand and a grin on his face.

"Hallo! What's that?" asked Lovell.

"Letter from Mornington," said Snooks, eriming

"Letter from Mornington," said Snooks, grianing.
"Put it on the fire."
"Don't you want to read it?"
"No, thanks!"
"Mornington's given me a tanner to bring this," said Snooks.
"Well, you've earned your tanner. Chuck it in the fire."
Snooks chortled, and threw the letter into the fire, and departed from the study, still chortling.
About ten minutes later Mornington came.

About ten minutes later Mornington came in, with a frowning brow.
"I sent you a letter, Silver!" he exclaimed.
"Did you?" yawned Jimmy. "Why couldn't you come and bring your message yourself, you thumning ass?" you thumping ass?"
"It was a written challenge."

you thumping ass?"
"It was a written challenge."
"You can send as many as you like, dear boy. They'll all go the same way."
"I challenge you to meet my team on the cricket-field!" exclaimed Mornington.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Don't be so jolly funny!" urged Raby.
"Cricket isn't really a laughing matter. Run away and learn the difference between a bat and a bowler, and then begin to talk cricket."

ericket."

"I intend to beat your team, and take my place as junior captain of Rockwood, Silver!" exclaimed Mornington arrogantly. The Fistical Four roared.

"You are afraid to meet me?"

"Simply trembling!" said Jimmy Silver blandly. "Do I look pale, Lovell?"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 69.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington looked at the four hilarious juniors with knitted brows and gleaming

you refuse my challenge?"

"Do you refuse my challenge?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, rather!"

"And why?"

"Rather too funny to meet a team like yours," grinned Jimmy Silver. "We're not exactly auxious to make the Junior Eleven the laughing-stock of the school by playing a set of silly dummies!"

"I will force you to meet me!!"

"Go hon! Are you going to lick us all round?" asked Newcome sarcastically.

Mornington swung out of the study and slammed the door. The Fistical Four chuckled loud and long. But they were not done with Mornington and his challenge yet.

with Mornington and his challenge yet.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Mornington Has His Way.

"S EEN the notice, Jimmy?"

Dick Oswald asked the question as Jimmy Silver came downstairs, "Anything on?" asked Jimmy. "I haven't seen it

Another notice from Mornington, bedad!"

said Flynn bother Mornington!"

"Oh, bother Mornington.
"But it's about you!"
Jimmy Silver grunted, and walked over to
the notice-board. But he opened his eyes
as he read the paper there. It ran:

"NOTICE TO ALL ROOKWOOD!

"NOTICE TO ALL ROOKWOOD!

"J. Silver having refused the challenge of Mornington's Eleven to a match, is hereby denounced to all the school as a coward and no cricketer. Mornington's Eleven is prepared to meet Silver's Eleven on any half-holiday when Silver's Eleven can pluck up enough courage.

" MORNINGTON."

Jimmy Silver frowned. He jerked the notice from the board, and tore it into pieces, and walked away with a

Ten minutes later another paper, in the same strain, was pinned up on the board. Then Jimmy Silver went to look for Morn-

He found him in the Common-room, with some of his eleven. They grinned at Jimmy

Plucked up your courage yet, Silver?" asked Chesney.
"Screw it up and try your luck," advised

Leggett. Leggert.
"I've got a bone to pick with you, Morning-ton," said Jimmy Silver angrily. "You've called me names in your precious notice!"
"I've stated the facts," said Mornington

"I've stated the facts," said Mornington calmly.

"Well, if you put that paper on the board again you'll get a licking!" said the captain of the Fourth angrily. "I've had enough of your rot!"

"I shall put it on again in stronger language, unless you accept the challenge, or admit that you're a humbug and an impostor!" said Mornington coolly.

"What!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"Humbug and impostor!"

"Ha, ha, ha.!"

"What!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"Humbug and impostor!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver clenched his hands. Mornington put his hands behind him.

"I'm not goln' to fight you," he said. "I've fought you before, and you've lieked me! I own up to that. But at cricket I can lick you, if you don't sneak out of the match. And you're a funk if you refuse!"

Jimmy Silver paused.

He could not punch a fellow who put his hands behind him, and there was, as he had to admit, a certain amount of reason in Mornington's new attitude. The fellow really fancied that he could beat the Junior Eleven, absurd as it was.

"Look here!" said Jimmy, more calmly. "I can't meet your cleven, because I can't make the Junior Eleven look silly asses by playing such a match. I won't lick you, though. You can go on playing the giddy ox till you're black in the face."

And Jimmy stalked away.

The next morning there was a new notice on the board, couched in the stronger language Mornington had referred to. It ran:

"Members of the Junior Eleven are advised to chuck a skipper who is afraid to meet a team that can make rings round him. Mornington, the new junior skipper, is prepared to accept them in his team.

"Don't stick to a funk!

"Gigned) MORNINGTON."

Jimmy Silver snorted at the sight of that notice, and the other fellows grinned, won-dering what the captain of the Fourth

notice, and the other fellows grinned, wondering what the captain of the Fourth would do.

Jimmy Silver went out into the quad, looking moody. He felt that this kind of thing could not be allowed to go on; but there seemed no way of stopping it save by playing Mornington's ridiculous team.

And that Jimmy was determined never to do. As for "hammering" Mornington, that was easy enough; but quite useless. Mornington was a swanker and a duffer, and several other things, but he had plack and determination, and any amount of hammering would not have stopped him.

Tommy Dodd joined Jimmy Silver in the quad, with a grin on his face.

"Seen the new notice?" he asked.

"Yes!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"What are you going to do about it?" "With are you going to do about it."
"Nothing!"
"It ought to be stopped!" said Tommy.
Jimmy Silver grunted.
"I've got an idea," pursued the Medern

"I've got an idea," pursued the modern junior.

"Go and boil it!" said Jimmy ungraciously.
"I've got no use for Modern ideas!"

"You ought to be glad to hear it, considering that you never have an idea of your own," urged Tommy Dodd.

"Look here, you Modern ass—"

"But it's really a good wheeze!" said Tommy Dodd. "It will put the stopper on that silly ass Mornington!"

"Well, get it off your chest!"

"Play them!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Fathead!" howled Jimmy Silver, exasperated. "I'm not going to play them! They can't play cricket. I'm not going to make the eleven look a set of funny idiots, playing cricket with those thumping duffers!"

"That's the only way to stop Mornington's

"That's the only way to stop Mornington's

rot!"
"Well, I'm not going to do it!"
"I haven't told you the wheeze yet!"
"Brrr! You're jolly long-winded about it!" growled Jimmy Silver, "Can't you explain instead of jawing?"
Tommy Dodd proceeded to explain.
Jimmy Silver's face gradually cleared as he listened. He grinned—and then burst into a land.

into a laugh. Then he gave Tommy Dodd a hearty thump on the shoulder.

"Good for you!" he exclaimed. "Topping! How the dickens did a Modern ass come to think of a wheeze like that?"
"Well, we've got all the brains in Rookwood on our side, you know," said Tommy Dodd modestly.

"Bow moves." But we'll do it!" said Jimmy, laughing. "I'll go and tell Mornington at once that his challenge is accepted!" Mornington was lounging in the quadrangle with Townsend and Topham. He gave Jimmy a supercitious smile as he came up.

"Plucked up courage yet?" grinned Top-Jimmy nodded.

"Yes; just got it to the sticking-point," he said calmly. "Your challenge is accepted, Mornington. I'll play you on Saturday after-

Mornington. I'll play you on Saturday afternoon!"
"Good!" said Mornington. "Look out for
a licking!"
"Yes, I won't fail to do that," said Jimmy.
"I shall make my will before I meet your
team. A chap playing your lot will be in
danger of dying of laughing."
And Jimmy walked away in high goodhumour, leaving Mornington satisfied, too,
though his friends were looking rather
dublous. For in Mornington's team he himseif was the only individual who imagined
that the new cleven had the slightest ghost
of a chance. of a chance.

of a chance.

The news soon spread that Mornington's challenge had been accepted, and Jimmy Silver was assailed by Lovell and Raby and Newcome and Oswald and Rawson in a body. They looked inclined to "mop up" their leader on the spot.

"What are you playing at?" roared Lovell wrathfully. "You're going to take out our eleven to be cackled at, playing that set of weird cuckoos!"

"You awful ass!" said Raby. "You've let."

"You awful ass!" said Raby.

Mornington bamboozle you into playing his one-eyed team! You fathead!"
"Keep smiling," said Jimmy Silver soothingly, "and put your money on your Uncle James! Uncle James knows what he's

"Fathead!" said Rawson. "We shall a lot of duffers playing them. They hak know one end of the bat from the other! "Quite so!" "We shall look m. They hardly

"Hark at him!" gasped Lovell. "Quite so!

And he's asking us to play them! Well, I'm

And he's asking us to play them! Well, I'm standing out!"

"Quite so!" said Jimmy, unmoved. "I'm leaving you out, Lovel!!"

"You can leave me out too!" growled Raby.

"Me, too!" said Newcome.

"I'm going to," said Jimmy.

"Make a clean sweep and leave us all out,"

make a creat sweep and leave us all out," said Rawson sarcastically.

"Just what I'm going to do!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "I'm playing Tommy Dodd—it was his idea."

"And who are playing besides Tommy Dodd?" demanded Oswald.

Jimmy Silver smiled.

"Nobody!" he said serenely.

His chums stared blankly for a moment.
Then the "wheeze" burst upon them, and they velled.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Remarkable Match.

ORNINGTON led his merry men to the cricket ground on Saturday

ORNINGTON led his merry men to the cricket-ground on Saturday afternoon with a lotty stride.

He was in high feather.

He had forced Jimmy Silver to accept his challenge—or he believed he had—and with his marvellous powers of leadership he was going to lead his scratch eleven to distinguished victory. That was how he looked at it. His team looked at it in a rather different light. They felt that they were being led like lambs to the slaughter.

Stumps were pitched at two o'clock. Mornington & Co. were quite ready. Promptly as two rang out from the clock tower on the Modern side, Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd came down the field in flannels, with their bats under their arms.

Loveli and Raby and the rest came after

Lovell and Raby and the rest came after them, but not in fiannels. They gathered with the other spectators on the ground. There were a good many spectators. The Rookwood juniors took the affair humorously, and they did not wish to miss the entertaining sight of Mornington's eleven playing cricket.

"Ready?" asked Mornington, as Jimmy

asked Mornington, as Jimmy

Silver came up, smiling.
"Quite!"
"Your team isn't here," said Townsend.

"Yes, it is!"

"Where?" "Here," said Jimmy Silver, tapping Tommy Dodd on the shoulder, "Here's my team!" "Dodd! But the rest?" asked Mornington

"Dodd: But the Post;" said Jimmy Silver calmly, "There isn't any rest," said Jimmy Silver calmly, "I'm playing nine men short!" Nine men short!" yelled Mornington, "Yes."

"You silly ass, you can't—you sha'n't—"
"I can please myself, I suppose?" said
Jimmy Silver, "All my other men are
crocked. They saw you playing cricket yesterday, and it was too much for them."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Lock hope it maybe going to also the

Look here, if you're going to play the l—" began Mornington furiously.

fool—" began Mornington furiously.

"Exactly—or, to be more correct, eleven fools!" said Jimmy Silver agreeably.
Some of the new eleven grinned sheepishly. Some of them, at least, knew that Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd could have played the heads off the whole team, twice over, Mornington was red with anger.
The crowd had caught on now, and there was a roar of laughter all round the cricketfield. The idea of a team of two playing a cricket match struck the Rookwood fellows as comic.

as comic.
"I won't play you on those terms!" shouted

Mornington.

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"You play us on those terms or not at all," he said. "I can bring any team I choose into the field, I suppose? If you beat my team, you're the Junior Eleven of Rookwood."

"Certainly!" said Tommy Dodd, with a grin. "Beat us, and you can swank no end. There's a temptation for you, Morny!"

Townsend pressed Mornington's arm, "We "Play them, you ass?" he whispered. "We might pull it off, and lick them—we might, on those terms. If they're licked, they're licked,

Mornington calmed down. He realised that a victory was a victory, and would count as such, even though brought about simply by

Jimmy Silver's sense of humour.
"Mind you stick to that!" he said. "You can play any team you like; but when you're beaten, you're beaten!"

"Right as rain!"

"And then we're the acknowledged junior team of Rookwood?"

"Certainly, so far as I'm concerned—when you've beaten us!" said Jimmy Silver

ectly. 'Then it's a go!" 'Good! We're ready to begin when you "Good!

The two skippers tossed for innings. Mornington had the luck, and he elected to bat

He opened the innings with Selwyn of the Shell. Jimmy Silver went on to bowl against Mornington. Tommy Dodd went into the field, The sight of a single fieldsman doing all the fielding on his own made the Rockwooders roar

wooders roar.

But Mornington's team were looking on with revived hopes. That they could have beaten Jimmy Silver's Eleven they did not think for a moment; but they believed they had a chance of heating a team of two. A all events, they hoped so.

"Go it, Jimmy!" sang out Levell,

Jimmy Silver, the champion junior bowler of Rookwood, could have caused anxiety even to such bats as Bulkeley and Neville of the Sixth. It was child's play to him to mow down wickets like Mornington's.

The ball came down to Mornington.

The ball came down to Mornington, who swiped at it, intending it to be a "sixer."

"It wasn't a "sixer." For his bat did not touch the ball at all, but described a circle in the air, and he very nearly sat down on the wicket. But the wicket was already down, the bails scattered far and wide.

"How's that?" chirruped Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha,! Out!"

"What price ducks' eggs?" shrieked Snooks of the Second.

the Second.

of the Second.

Mornington glared at his wretched wicket, and glared along the pitch at the smiling Jimmy. He gripped the cane handle of the bat, as if he would have liked to lay it about the captain of the Fourth—as was indeed the case. Then he walked off with a black brow, and Townsend came in.

Townsend meant to do his best. little luck was required to beat a team of two.

But there was no luck for Towny. hot as a bullet from a rifle, knocked his wicket to pieces in a twinkling. There was a laugh from the crowd, and Townsend went out with pink cheeks.

After Townsend came Topham, Wegg,

After Townsend came Topham, Wegg, Chesney, and Leggett in turn. Each of them stayed long enough at the wicket to have his

stumps knocked over.
"The double hat trick!" grinned Lovell.
"Oh, my hat! Good old Jimmy!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd, in the field, had his hands in his pockets. His hands were not wanted. He knew that the duffers would never score a hit against Jimmy Silver's bowling. Indeed, he was laughing too heartily to make catches, even if they had come his way.

"Over!" grinned the umpire.

The "field" crossed over,
Tommy Dodd took the ball at the other
nd, and Jimmy Silver went into the field,

end, and Jimmy Silver wene inc.
smiling serenely.
Mornington, with a face which Raby likened to that of a demon in a pantomime, stood looking on from the pavilion. It was a single-innings match, so his chances of distinguishing

himself as a batsman were gone for ever. The victory he had promised himself was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream. His feelings were Hunnish as he looked on. Tommy Dedd gave Selwyn a fast ball, which Selwyn played in vain. It curled under his bat, and knocked his middle stump out of the ground.

of the ground.
"Next man in!" chortled Lovell.

"Next man in!" chortled Lovell.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Tubby Muffin came in. His leg-stump was nearly lifted away by the next ball, and Tubby grinned and rolled away. He had camed his guinea easily, and that was all the cheerful Tubby cared about.
Peele was the next victim, clean bowled. Then came Dickinson minor, sharing his fate, leaving Hooker at the bowler's end, not out. The iminors was over

The innings was over.
"All down for nix!" chuckled Loyelf, as the

score went up—a big round 0.

Mornington's face was a study.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Do field, lounging carelessly and smiling

sweetly.
"Nothing wanted to tie, and one to win!"
grinned Oswald. "Poor old Mornington!
Look at his chivvy!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"We're ready for our innings, Mornington.

when you're ready to go into the field? said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Buck up! You may make a draw of it yet, if we do no better than you've done!"

Tommy Dodd exploded into a cachinnation t the idea of such a "draw,"

Mornington clenched his fist; but he uncienched it again, and nodded sullenly, and led his merry men into the field.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd went to the Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd went to the wickets, watched with great glee by a grinning crowd. More than half Rookwood had gathered to watch that amazing match, and there were loud chortles on all sides.

Townsend was put on to bowl, against Tommy Dodd. Towny did his best—his very best.

But a dozen Townies could not have taken

But a dozen Townies could not have taken Tommy Dodd's wicket.

The Modern junior smiled, and knocked away the ball. The field went racing, and the two batsmen crossed the pitch.

The ball came in seconds too late. The batsmen could have taken another run if they had wanted it. But they didn't want it.

The match was won.

The match was won,
There was a roar of laughter over the
victory. Mornington shook his fist at Jimmy
Silver, and strode off the field, followed by
yells of merriment. Jimmy Silver and Tommy
Dodd strolled off, after that very brief

"Looks like a win for us—what!" smiled mmy Silver. "Terrific game—what!" Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver. "Terrific game—what!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Mornington strode away, his brow black and his eyes glinting. Even he had never been made to look so utterly ridiculous before. After him went his team. There was a guinea due to each of that remarkable collection of cricketers, and they meant that Mornington should pay up. There was a sound of loud voices and scuffling in Mornington's study shortly afterwards, which looked ton's study shortly afterwards, which looked as if he had some intention of "bilking" his cricketers. If so, he was persuaded to do otherwise—for the players came away with their cash, and Mornington was left to sort himself out, in a very dusty and breathless

It was the first and last appearance of Mornington's Eleven in the field. Only on that solitary occasion did it dawn, in all its glory, upon Rookwood. Then, laughed out of existence, it disappeared.

But it was a long while before Rookwood cased to chuckle over the result of Morning ten'.

ton's Challenge.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE TEAM!"

Is the title of next week's grand, long complete story of JIMMY SILVER & CO., at Rookwood School.

NOTE.—There is a grand complete story of JIMMY SILVER & CO. appearing each week in the "BOYS' FRIEND."
Order a Copy Now.

Skimpole's Deduction!

A SHORT ST. JIM'S STORY.

OM MERRY and his chums, Manners and Lowther, of the Shell Form at St. Jim's, were sitting in their study, when there was a timid knock at the door, and the large, bespectacled head of Herbert Skinpole, the eccentric genius of the Shell, was thrust into the room.
"May I come in, Merry? I want to have a few words with you."
"Tom Merry looked up from the book he was reading with a little sigh. Skimpole was a well-meaning fellow, but the greatest bore at St. Jim's.

well-meaning fellow, but the greatest bore at St. Jim's.
"Come in, Skinmy!" said Tom, good-naturedly. "What's the trouble?"
From the wrinkles on Skimpole's lofty forchead Tom Merry guessed at once that Skimmy was in trouble, as he generally was!
Skimpole came into the study, and shut the door.

"The truth is, Tom Merry, I have lost something-something of great importance to a literary man, and I wish to enlist your ald in recovering it."

aid in recovering it."
"Go ahead then, old top? What is it?"
"As you are probably aware," said Skimpole, "I am engaged in compiling a volume of notes upon the works of the famous Professor Balmycrumpet. This is a gigantic task, requiring tremendous brain-power, and I intend to send the work when it is completed—in say, four or five years time—to the British Museum!"
"Best, place for it. I have the same power and I intend to send the work when it is completed—in say, four or five years' time—to the British Museum!"

Museum?"
"Best place for it, I should think, Skimmy!" put in Lowther, with a grin,
"But what—" began Tom Merry.
"I am coming to that, Merry," said Skimpole. "To write this great work, I have been using a special fountain-pen, specially suited to my style of writing."
The chums of Study 10 grinned again. Skimmy's style of writing was well-known, and it resembled the tracks of an inebristed spider that had fallen into the inkpot.
"To come to the point, I have lost my pen, and my work is held up until I can find it again."

again."

Tom Merry looked at Skimpole with wide-

open eyes.
"But my dear chap," he said, "isn't that

"Shush, Tommy!" broke in Lowther. "Let's hear how Skimmy lost it!"
"There is not much mystery about that, Lowther, I fear," said Skimpele.
"I have just been visited by Mellish of the Fourth. Mellish came in and disturbed me at my work and behaved in the rude anamer which, I regret to say, is character-latic of him. He even tilted up the table, causing all my valuable manuscripts to be hanner which, I regret to say, is cuaracteristic of him. He even tilted up the table, causing all my valuable manuscripts to be precipitated to the floor."

Tom Merry & Co. were grinning broadly, though they tried hard to twist their faces

Tom Merry & Co. were grinning broadly, though they tried hard to twist their faces into sympathetic expressions, as the genius of the Shell went on with great seriousness:

"After Mellish had departed, with much coarse and ribald laughter, I gathered my priceless papers up from the floor, and prepared to get to work again. It was then that I missed my fountain-pen!"

Skimpole paused dramatically,

"With my marvellous powers of deduction," bursued Skimpole, "I had no difficulty in deciding, since the pen has completely disappeared, that Mellish must have taken it away with him in order to hamper me further in my great work, in the usual ignorant and offensive manner of the unscientific."

"Go it, Skimmy!" choked Manners. "This as good as a play, and cheaper!"

Skimpole blinked at Manners.

"Really, Manners! I should be reluctant to class you in the same mental category as Mellish of the Fourth.—"

"You'd better not!" said Manners warningly.

"However" continued, Skimpale, Leatile.

ingly. "However," continued Skimpole "However," continued Skimpole hastily, "atthough infinitely superior to Mellish in brain power, I am, unfortunately, no match for him physically. So I came along to try and induce you, Merry, for the good of humanity, to persuade him, by force if necessary, to give me back my fountain-pen. I am quite sure he must have it, since I have searched the study high and low-for it." Tom Merry coughed judicially. "I am sorry, Skimpole, but I must refuse (Continued on page 20.)

The Penny Popular.—No. 69.



NEXT FRIDAY'S PROGRAMME:

In our next Issue will appear the opening chapters of a really

SPIENDID NEW CINEMA SERIAL

specially written for the PENNY POPULAR by a brilliant new author. Nat Fairbanks— who, by the way, bears a name famous in the cinema world—is new to our pages, but I am very certain that the hosts of friends he will make by means of this splendld new atory will lead to his becoming one of your favourite authors. So look out next Friday

"THE MYSTERY MAKERS!" By Nat Fairbanks.

Our next splendid new complete story of the chums of Greyfriars School is entitled:

" DENNIS CARR'S VENTURE!" By Frank Richards.

This is a most amusing story, written throughout in the lighter vein, and deals with the attempt on the part of some of the Removites, led by Dennis Carr, to bring out a rival paper to the famous "Greyfriars Herald." You will thoroughly enjoy it.

The title of the next complete story of

Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School is:

" FOR THE GOOD OF THE TEAM!" By Owen Conquest.

In it Jimmy Silver, in his capacity of junior or in to Jiminy Shver, in his capacity of limino cricket captain, has to deal with the latest of Mornington's vagaries. How the very delicate matter is handled I will leave you to find out when you read the story next

week.

There will also be some more of the short complete stories of the chums of St. Jim's, which have proved so popular, and an extra interesting Chat page. Altogether, next Friday's issue of the Penny Popular will be a humper one, and I once again ask all my chums to avoid disappointment by ordering their copy from their newsagent in advance

BAD TEMPER.

It is a very awkward thing indeed to have a bad temper. It is for ever tripping you up. It makes things unpleasant for the owner and for everybody else. Of course, one is not referring here to just ordinary common or garden early morning grumps from which the best folk suffer at times. The individual who is always smiling and making a show of being amiable is apt to overdo it. I was thinking at the moment of the "Don't-you-touch-me-or-look-at-me" sort of temper. There is far more of this kind of disposition knocking about than there ought to be. You see it in crowded railway carriages now and again. It is a very awkward thing indeed to have

You see it in crowded railway carriages now and again.

Perhaps there is some amount of reason for it on those occasions. If the passenger moves he has an elbow dug into the small of his back. A fellow who has secured a seat sits lolling-fashion just as though the whole place belonged to him and the others were all trespassers, and sticks his muddy boot out for the rest of the travellers to brush against.

There was a bigger crush than ever as

brush against.

There was a bigger crush than ever as the journey went on. Several of the passengers were irritable—tired out most likely, worrying about the bills they had got to pay, and so forth. At one station we had a regular shoving match. I fancy there would have been a free fight only there was not room—and then a youngster who was right in the middle of the scrum smiled.

Well, of all, the smiles that were ever smiled that smile did the best work. The fellow who was wearing it was about four-teen, and he was carrying a copy of the Penny Popular in his good right hand. He could not have had room to read it, but

when things were at their hottest, there he was, right in the middle, smiling-smiling for all the world as if there were no troubles in life worth mentioning, smiling as if he understood that everybody was out, and had to make the best of bills and crowding and other worries, all of which he did not consider were worth worrying about—as perhaps they are not. they are not

sider were worth worrying about—as perhaps they are not.

I called this short article "Bad Temper." It should have been entitled "A Smile." Far more appropriate. There is just that about a smile. It is sort of catching, just like measles and whooping-eough; but they are lucky who get the intection. A surly-looking, fed-up kind of a chap close to the boy caught the smile, and started grinning cheerly. Somebody else who was dressed up to the nines, and felt aggrieved because his clothes were getting touches of white from a palnter's mate, saw the boy, and then he actually laughed. So it went on You-cannot fix the price of a smile. I never heard of a smile being offered for sale on the Stock Exchange. Perhaps this is for the reason that all the money in the Bank of England would not buy one.

Anyhow, there it was. It might have been that the boy was smiling at some such old thought as to how Bunter would look in such a scene—squashed flat, and with his glasses tumbling off his nose. The truth about it we are hardly likely to know, but there sides, no band could have got in. A smile can get in anywhere, and the only pity is there are not a few more of them turned on.

"THE CRIMSON ARROW."

"THE CRIMSON ARROW."

There is a really striking piece of news going into this paragraph, and I hope my chums will take special note of what that news is, for it concerns them. Most readers of the "P. P." are likewise readers of the "Greyfriars Herald." and they will be glad to hear of the grand new serial which starts on May 15th in the "G. H." It is a ripping yarn of the Wild West, and recounts the adventures of two lads, Kit and Joe Desmond, who are destined to become famous scouts one day. We hear about Buffalo Bill himself, and old Prairie Wolf, the chief paramount of the Navajoes, who has thrown in his lot with the palefaces, while among the other characters are Buck Dixic and the heroes of the 5th United States Cavalry, famous as the Dandy Fifth. Altogether, the new "Greyfriars Herald" serial will constitute a record. stitute a record.

Some folks do not think it worth while bothering their heads about the stuff that dreams are made of. Maybe they are right. The dreamer really needs a private income, as he stands a chance of losing his job through inattention to business. One of my friends writes to ask for a cure for bad dreams. It is a difficult question to answer. Does he take late suppers off lobster and pork-pie? Does he lie on his back? Dreaming may be caused by either, or by working too hard. The brain just tries to carry on during sleep, and a rare hash it makes of it. The town hustler dreams. I do not think the fellow on a farm does.

Mrs. Radeliffe, who wrote hair-raising romances a long time back, used to work up her plots by dreaming of them after a good supper. So it is said. Perhaps she and others made the system a success by cultivating the habit.

But in the main, what a doddering sort of mix-up a dream is! Clark Russell, the sea writer, made one of his characters in "The Golden Hope" get up at night and draw a map with a complete chart showing where a missing island was. Then, only the other day, we heard of people who were somnambulistically disposed going out and swimming in their sleep.

(Continued on page 20.)



BUY GUM! IT'S WRIGLEY'S

School Captain:

"Now, you fellows, here's the real stuff. It keeps us fit and always in fighting trim. It's the only (and the best) stuff you'll get while in training for our Sports. It keeps your mouth moist, your wind in fine fettle, your training right, and—well, it is just the thing you want.

"Now take my tip, you fellows, and try one of the three different flavours of long-lasting joy TO-DAY, at only

3d. PER PACKET.

Take Your Choice!

Sold Everywhere."



WRIGLEY'S, Ltd., 235, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR.

(Continued from page 18.)

It is all precious wonderful if you come to think of it. Of course, there are tolks who go through life as fast asleep as churches. They never seem to wake up; but that is a different pair of sleeves, as the French say.

As a matter of fact, there is not much harm in ordinary dre-ming. You laugh at it all afterwards—if you remember what you have dreamed. It seems reasonable enough at the time, but such trash in the morning! You found yourself standing midway in a crowded crossing, holding up the traffic. The police were howling at you, taxi-men were ready to weep with vexation (by the way. I never yet say a taxi-driver shed tears), and yet you had to stand there quite helpless.

Or else you found yourself at the Zoo, and

quite helpless.

Or else you found yourself at the Zoo, and saw the monkeys strolling about with their heads under their arms; or it might be that you were mountaineering, and got stuck half-way up, finding it impossible to move.

Yes, dreams are quaint, queer arrangements. The sub-editor dreams that the master printer is after him because of a missing comma; the office-boy dreams that he has got hold of a notion which will make all the staff look humble and sorry when he tells them about it in the morning; and the chap at school dreams that the august Cains Julius is tracking him down with another bunch of learned disquisitions on history and that miserable Gallie War.

A REQUEST FROM A SOLDIER.

Private Maurice Wooderson, 30191, 1st Black Watch (R. H.), C Coy., Allahabad, India, writes to ask me to let readers at home know that copies of the Companion Papers would be very welcome at his camp, for there are certain hours which want filling in with cheery yarns.

your Editor

SKIMPOLE'S DEDUCTION!

(Continued from page 18.)

to interfere in the matter. Your evidence against Mellish is purely circumstantial."

"But—" began Skimpole eagerly.
"Besides," continued Tom Merry gravely,
"there is one point you appear to have over-looked, Skimmy."

"May I ask what it is?" asked the disappointed genius of the Shell.

"Certainly! What is that behind your ear?"

Skimpole put his hand up to his large car. "That

was a fountain-pen! "Dud-dear me!" gasped Skimpole. "The pen has been there all the time! How very extraordinary!"

And the genius of the Shell trotted out of the study back to his literary work.

And as he closed the door a roar of laughter rang out from Sindy No. 10: "Ha, ha, ha!"

THE END

ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver E. F. 3 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Mr. Ketley 4 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. Mr. Ketley 4 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. This system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the beatth, physiquae, and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 tenny stamps for further particulars and 2100 Guarantes to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Strond Green Road, London, N. 4.



VERVOUSI

Get My One-Week Cure, and Win Success.

Get My One-Week Cure, and Win Success.

It is nearly always the cleverest people who are nervous, who blush and hang back. The stupid are too dull to feel nervous or shy. Are you going to let these dull people legve you behind in the rage for social or business success? You know you could casily beat them but for your bashfulness. Then cure your Nervousness, Bashfulness, and your Blushing and win forward. Ton can do it in a weak by My System quite privately at home. My System develops your Will Power and gives you that the confidence that leads on from success to success till you have achieved your highest ambificions. Write to me at once, mentioning PENNY POPELAR, and I will send you full particulars of My System free in plain envelope. Address: Specialist, 12, All Saints Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

THE UNBEATABLE PACKET OF STAMPS!
This Packet contains 30 varieties, including specimens from Nigeria,
Reunion, Tasmania, Victoria, Wurtemburg and Trinidad. Price
approval applicants.—WHITE, St., Dudley Koad, Lye, STOURBEHOGE.



Overcoats, Shoes, Suits, Raincoats, Trench Coats, Costumes, and Winter Coats, Silver & Gold Pocket and Wrist Watches, Rings, Jewellery, &c., on easy terms, 30/- worth 5/- monthly; 60/- worth 10/- monthly; &c. CATALOGUE FREE, Foreign applications invited. MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Stores, RYE, Esbd. 1869.

"" GURLY HAIR!" "My bristles were made ourly in a few days," writes R. Welch. "OURLIT" curis straightest hair. 1/3, 2/6. (i.d. stamps accepted.)-SUMMERS (Dept. A. P.), \$1, UPPER RUSSELL STREET, BRIGHTON.



SHORT MEN AND WOMEN

are often ignored and looked down upon. Tall people receive favourable consideration and attention in every walk of life. By my easy, scientific, and safe method you can grow several inches taller. Many people have added 14 in to 4 in. to their height by My System. Write at once for FREE particulars, mentioning 'Penny Popular.

Address: Inquiry "N" Dept., 51, Church Street, South Shore, Blackpool,

"Penny Popular."

PEN COUPON

Value 2d.

Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pon Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.O. 4. In return you will receive (not free) a splendid British Made itet. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pon, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 18 coupons and only 8/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to-introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the PENNY POPULAR readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.



Packed Free Carriage Paid. LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS. rompi delivery. Save Dealers' Profits Big Bargainsia hop Soiled and Second hand Cycles. Satisfaction arranteed or Money Refunded Write for Monster ae **Free Lists** and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, INCOMP. B. GOT, BIRMINGHAM.

Boys, be Your Own Printers and make extra pocket-money by using THE PETIT "PLEX" DUPLICATOR.



Makes pleasing numerous copies of NOTE-PAPER HEADINGS, BUSINESS CARDS, SPORTS FIXTURE CARDS, SCORING CARDS, SCORING SPORTS FIXTURE CARDS, SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS, DRAWINGS, MAPS, MUSIC, SHORT-HAND, PROGRAMMES, NOTICES, etc., in a variety of pretty colours. Send for one TO-DAY. Price 6/8 complete with all supplies. Foreign orders, 1/6 extra --

R PODMORE & Co., Desk P.P., Southport. And at 67-69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2,

MAGIC TRICKS, Illusions, etc.—Parcels 2/6, and 10/6. Sample Trick, T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N. 1.

KEDAH PACKET, 6d. contains 55 Stamps-Siam, Timor, Redah Panama Occania, etc. 1,000 Mounts, 8d. 200 Mixed Stamps, 7d. 20 unused, 9d.—Brooks, 43, Edmund St., Camberwell, S.E. 5



YOU SUFFER from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration, or

feel awkward in the presence of others, send at once 3 penny stamps for par-ticulars of the Mento-Nerve Strongthening Treatment.—GODFRY ELLIOTY-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

The Latest Screamingly Funny Surprise Norelty, for the Comical Real Moving Photo. Greatest fun maker cut. Press to all sending 116 Smiles. Frowns, Grins, Laughs, etc. Boys bubble, girls giggle, and granded guidaw! Everybody wants one Send 1/6, and get more fun than a bandskandral of comedians.—O. HUGHES, 35, Southam Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.



Printed and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Limited, the Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement effices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates: Inland, Hs. per annum; is, ed. for six months. Abroad, 8s. 19d. per annum; is, Ed. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Id. Sole agents for South Revision of Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ltd. Saturday, May 19th, 1999.