

TWO EXTRA-LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL TALES
IN THIS ISSUE.

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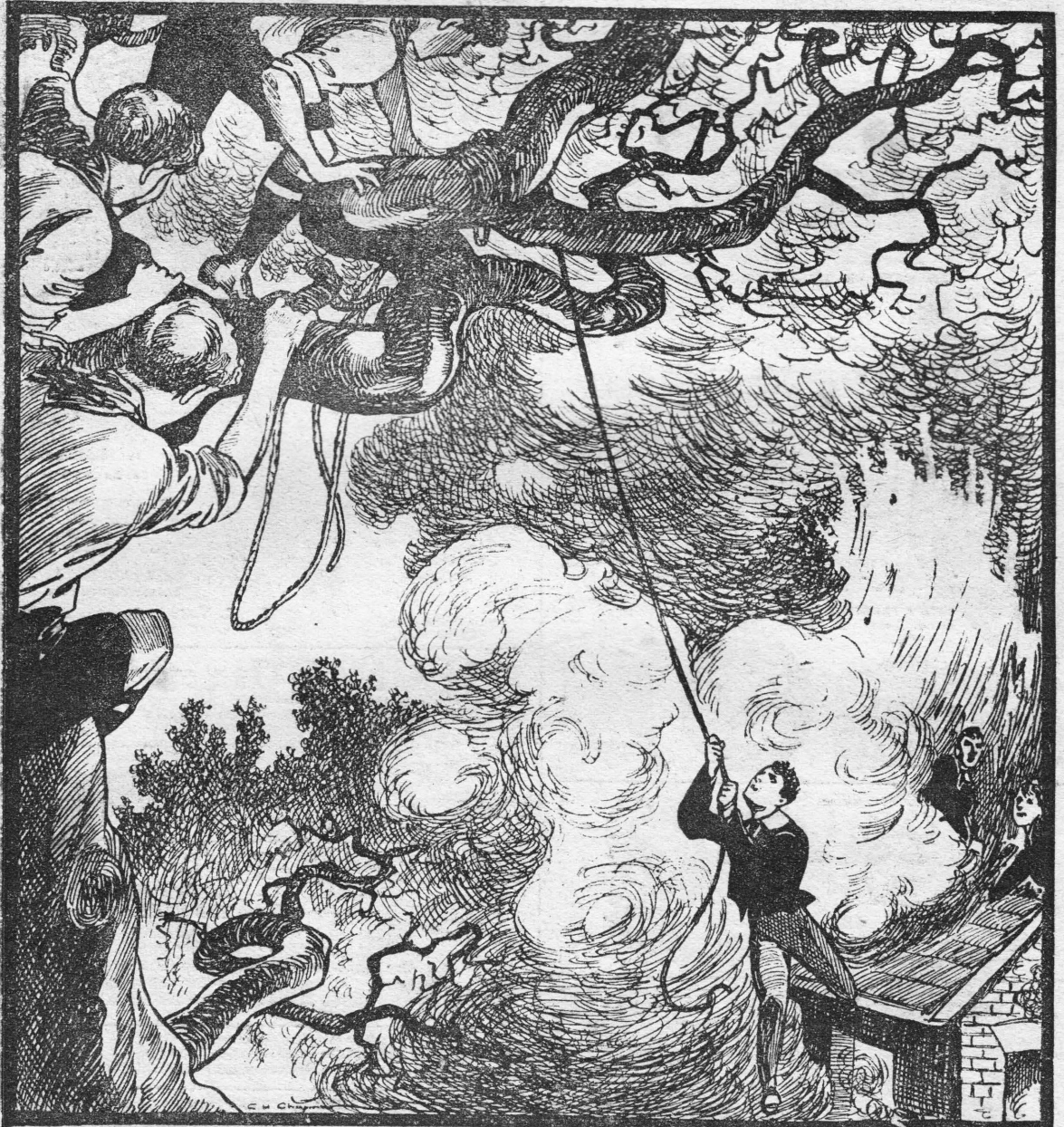
Greyfriars

The POPULAR

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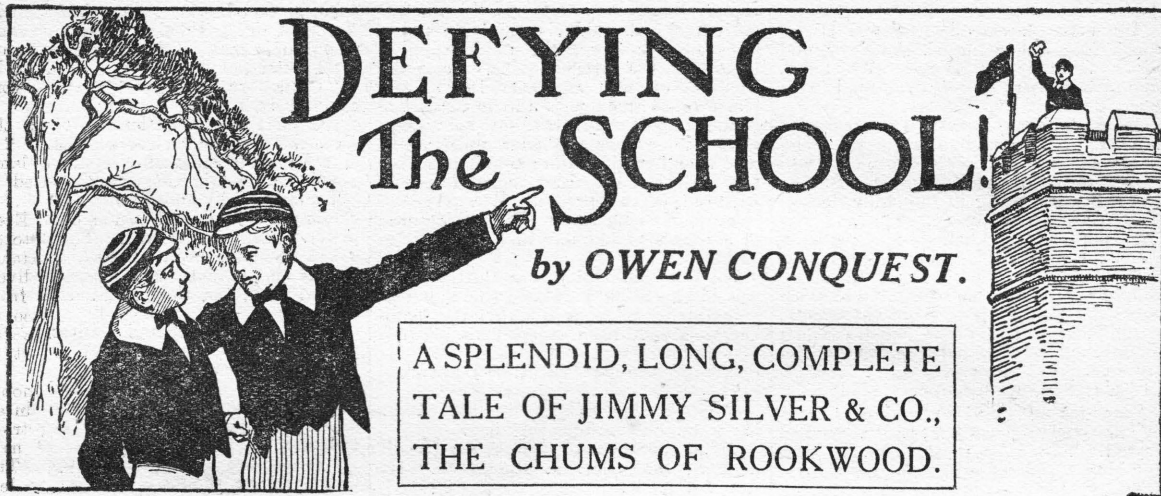
Stories, Jokes & Pictures
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood St. Jims



HARRY WHARTON & CO. TO THE RESCUE!

(A Thrilling Episode from the Long Complete Tale of Greyfriars inside.)



THE FIRST CHAPTER.
The Order of the Sack!

SACKED!"

"And serve him right!"

"Hear, hear!"

There was a buzz of animated talk in the Common-room at Rookwood on the Classical side. That evening at Rookwood there was only one topic—and nearly every fellow was exercising his voice upon it.

Jimmy Silver of the Fourth, for once in a way, sat silent. Jimmy Silver generally had plenty to say for himself; indeed, he was accustomed to laying down the law in the Classical Fourth.

But just now Jimmy Silver was silent. His chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, were as eloquent as anybody. They fully agreed that the fellow who had been "sacked" deserved what he had got, and a good deal more, too. Jimmy Silver could not deny it; but he was looking very thoughtful.

It was really an unprecedented happening. For the "sacked" junior was Gunter, the Head's nephew, who had only lately come to the school. For the Head to expel his own nephew, who had come from America to Rookwood, was decidedly unlooked-for.

Hence the keen interest with which the matter was discussed, while Jimmy Silver sat and listened, and said nothing.

"The Head couldn't do anythin' else, by gad," said Smythe of the Shell. "The fellow was really the limit, don't you know!"

"Smoking!" said Flynn. "And drinking, bejabbers!"

"A regular ruffian!" said Lovell. "And he had the cheek to stick himself in our study! That was the worst of it all!"

"That must be why he got the sack!" remarked Hooker. And there was a laugh.

"Well, we're well rid of him!" remarked Raby. "Can't help feeling rather sorry for the beast. He must have had an awfully rough upbringing out there in Arizona—"

"Texas," said Newcome.

"What's the difference?" said Raby. Raby was not well up in Transatlantic geography. "Some place out there in the wilds, anyway. But he couldn't expect to bring his Texas habits to Rookwood."

Bulkeley of the Sixth looked into the Common-room. In their eager discussion of the expulsion of the Head's nephew, the juniors had forgotten bedtime.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"FORCED TO RESIGN!"

"Bed!" said the captain of Rookwood.

"Clear off!"

Lovell shook Jimmy Silver by the shoulder.

"Wake up, fathead!" he said. "It's bedtime. What are you mooning about?"

Jimmy Silver came out of his reverie with a start.

"Thinking about that chap," he said.

"Everybody seems to be down on him."

"So are you," said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver nodded assent.

"Of course. Can't help being down on him, as he's a rotten blackguard, and a sweep, and a rank outsider!" he said.

"But—"

"There isn't any but," said Lovell.

"We're jolly lucky to be rid of him, especially as he was stuck in our study."

"True, O King. But, all the same, I'm a bit sorry for the brute," said Jimmy Silver. "He's shut up in the punishment-room now, and he's going to be turned out in the morning. He was an awful rotter, I know, but there's no harm in feeling sorry for a chap when the chopper comes down on him. He'll be gone before we come down in the morning. Bootles is going to take him away. Now, as he's going, I think we might bury the hatchet. I'd like to say good-bye to him."

"You can't. He's locked in."

"Could say good-bye through the key-hole," said Jimmy.

"Oh, rats!" said Lovell. "Come up to the dorm, or we shall have Bulkeley on our track. Never mind that outsider!"

Jimmy Silver nodded again, and followed his chum slowly and thoughtfully to the Fourth-Form dormitory.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
A Surprising Discovery.

CLANG! Clang! Clang!

The rising-bell rang out in the clear, crisp morning. The Classical Fourth turned out at the first clang. Even Townsend and Topham, the slackers of the Form, turned out at once. All the fellows were keen to know about the Head's nephew. There had been a rumour that he was to be taken away from Rookwood before any of the boys were down.

"By gad, I'd like to see him goin'," Townsend remarked, "and I'd like to know that he's gone!"

"Well, he's going right enough," said Jimmy Silver. "The Head can't let him off after what he's done."

"If the Head lets him stay, we'll jolly

well kick him out ourselves!" said Raby. "We're not standing him in our study, anyway!"

"No jolly fear!"

The Classical Fourth crowded downstairs, the Fistical Four being the first down. Jimmy Silver & Co. made their way first to the punishment-room. The door was unlocked, the room was empty.

"He's gone!" said Jimmy.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!" growled Lovell.

Jimmy Silver glanced round the room curiously. The bed was still made, and had plainly not been slept in. The window was wide open.

"My only chapeau!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "Look at that!"

He jumped to the window.

A bar of iron crossed the space of the window, but the bar was out of its place. It had been worked out of the rusty old socket on one side and twisted up. It must have taken time and patience to do that, and there could be only one explanation.

Gunter had left that room by the window!

Jimmy Silver put out his head and looked down. Below was the ivy-covered wall, fifty feet or more down to the quadrangle. Here and there the ivy was torn. Below Jimmy could see that loose leaves were scattered.

He drew a deep breath. It was almost incredible that a fellow could have been reckless enough to climb out of that window and trust himself to the ivy at the dizzy height. But there was little doubt that the junior from Texas had done it.

"He was at the window last night when we came here," said Jimmy. "You remember we heard him shut it, Lovell."

"My hat, it needed a nerve, if he's climbed out!" said Newcome. "What did he do it for? Has the silly ass run away instead of waiting to be turned out?"

"Looks like it."

The Fistical Four left the punishment-room and went down. They caught a glimpse of Bulkeley and Neville of the Sixth speaking in low tones and looking very serious. Mr. Bootles came along the passage, with a portentous expression on his face, and vanished into the Head's study.

"By gad, what's goin' on?" asked Smythe of the Shell. "Some of the fellows are sayin' that the Yankee kid's bolted."

"He's taken his things, too," called out

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

Jones minor. "I've looked in his study. A lot of his things are gone!"

There was a rush to the end study, which belonged to the Fistical Four, and which Gunter had shared with them. The study was quickly crowded with curious and excited juniors.

Jones minor's news was correct—Gunter's property had certainly been removed. His box in the dormitory was corded up, and was still intact. But he had had a large bag in the study, locked ready to be taken away. The bag was now wide open, and half its contents were gone. Jimmy Silver remembered that there had been a lasso among Gunter's belongings, which he had brought with him from Texas. It was not there now. A spirit-stove and other articles which Jimmy had seen packed into the bag the previous evening were missing. A coat and a rug were gone, too.

"He got out of the punishment-room by the window right enough," remarked Lovell. "Then he must have got into the House and come here for his things. Bet you he was gone before Bootles came down!"

"He can't be sacked now," said Oswald. "But he's gone, anyway!"

The excited juniors crowded downstairs again. Bulkeley was in the hall, and Jimmy Silver ventured to ask the great man of the Sixth a question:

"Has Gunter gone, Bulkeley?"

"Nobody knows what's become of him!" said Bulkeley shortly. "He wasn't in the punishment-room when Mr. Bootles came down. The wonder is he didn't break his neck getting out of the window!"

The Fistical Four sauntered out into the quad. There they found a crowd of juniors from the Modern side, all curious to know what had happened. Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern side were almost as much interested in Gunter as the Classics among whom he had dwelt during his short and surprising career at Rookwood.

"So he's gone!" said Tommy Dodd. "Good riddance, I should say—the blessed young burglar!"

"Burglar!" said Jimmy Silver.

"I suppose it was Gunter. The tuckshop's been burgled!"

"Great Scott!"

There was a rush for the tuckshop. Sergeant Kettle kept that little establishment on the ground floor of the ancient dismantled clock-tower of Rookwood. The new clock-tower—a massive brick erection—was on the Modern side of the school.

The little diamond-paned window was broken. Sergeant Kettle was in the shop, looking very flustered and angry.

"Been burgled, sergeant?" asked Jimmy Silver.

The sergeant snorted.

"Which I'd like to get 'old of the rascal!" he said. "Arf my stock taken away—good 'arf of it, by gum! A whole 'am and no end of tins. I ain't counted 'em yet—but a good 'arf."

"Was it Gunter?" yelled Smythe of the Shell.

"Which I s'pose it was, as he's run away," said the sergeant. "But 'ow he could run away with that 'am and all them tins beats me! Not to mention cakes and tarts and ginger-beer, by gum!"

"Well, this beats the band!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, as they left the school shop. "If he's run away, what did he want the sergeant's stuff for? How the dickens could he carry it off?"

"Must have been done for a lark," said Raby.

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"Hallo!" ejaculated Jimmy. "What's that?"

He stopped suddenly, and stared up at the clock-tower, the modern clock-tower on the Modern side. From the iron railing that surrounded the little platform at the top of the tower a flag fluttered. Two or three cricket-stumps fastened together formed a pole, which was bound to the railings, and from the top of the improvised flagstaff a flag fluttered in the breeze. It was not a large flag, being evidently manufactured of a couple of handkerchiefs pinned together.

But the colour of it was startling. It was black—black as ink. In fact, it was undoubtedly in black ink that the handkerchiefs had been steeped to produce that colour.

"The black flag!" stuttered Lovell.

"Gunter!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

A figure appeared on the top of the tower beside the fluttering flag.

It was the figure of Gunter, the Head's nephew, the rascal of Rookwood. He was not gone!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Holding the Fort.

"GUNTER!"

The amazed exclamations of the Fistical Four drew glances from all sides, and a host of eyes were turned up to the clock-tower.

"Gunter!"

"The Head's giddy nephew!"

"He's not gone!"

There was a roar of excitement in the quadrangle. Fellows rushed from all sides towards the clock-tower.

Gunter, cool and reckless as ever, grinned down at them.

"Gunter," shouted Jimmy Silver, "what are you doing up there?"

"I guess I've been having brekker!"

"Brekker!" yelled the juniors.

"Sure!"

"Brekker on the clock-tower!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "But—but what are you doing there? What's the little game?"

"Holding the fort."

"Wha-a-at?"

"I guess you'll find the door locked down there—and screwed!" chuckled Gunter. "I reckon I was kinder busy last night while you galoots were snoozing. And I reckon they won't get me out of hyer in a hurry—just a few!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You can wade in, and try if you like," said Gunter. "I've got my lasso hyer, and if you get in reach of it, I pity you. I've got tins of sardines, and tins of pineapple, and tins of salmon, and tins of goodness knows what, and I can spare a few for your nappers if necessary!"

"By gad!"

"You can go and tell Bootles I'm holding the fort!" grinned Gunter.

"I've hoisted the Jolly Roger!"

"The—the what?"

"The black flag, you galoots! I guess I'm going to have a high old time!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"He's potty!" gasped Townsend. "He must be potty. The Head will simply skin him for this before he's sacked!"

"The Head's got to get hold of me first!" grinned Gunter. "I guess I'm sticking it. Will you take him a message from me?"

"What's the message?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Tell him he's an old mugwump, and that he can go and eat coke, with kind regards from his loving nephew!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, I'm likely to take him that message, I don't think!" said Jimmy Silver. "You had better chuck this, Gunter! It will only make things worse for you!"

"I guess not!"

"Look here, you're not on our side!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd indignantly. "We don't allow Classical rotters on our side. If you don't clear off that tower, Gunter, we'll come and fetch you!"

"Come on, then!" chuckled Gunter.

Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle rushed to the door of the tower. But it was fast. The massive oaken door had been screwed, as well as locked and bolted. The three Tommies kicked at it, but they could do nothing else.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunter. "Are you coming in, you galoots?"

"Here comes Knowles!"

Knowles of the Sixth, the head prefect of the Modern side, strode upon the scene. He stared up angrily at Gunter and the black flag.

"What are you doing up there, Gunter?" he shouted.

"Looking down at a silly idiot!" replied Gunter cheerfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop your silly cackling, you young rascals!" exclaimed Knowles. "Gunter, come down at once!"

"Rats!"

"You young scoundrel! Oh, my hat! Yarooop!"

Gunter had reached behind him, and a tin of sardines dropped from his hand fairly upon Knowles' head. It was fortunate for the Modern prefect that he was wearing a hat, for the tin hit him fair and square. In spite of the hat, it was a hard knock.

"Yaroooh! Oh—ah!" stuttered Knowles, backing away with remarkable suddenness. "You—you dangerous young scoundrel!"

"Here's another!" yelled Gunter.

Whiz!

Knowles jumped out of the way, and the whizzing tin passed him, and caught Jimmy Silver on the side of the head. Jimmy gave a roar.

"Get back!" said Lovell hastily. "The beast's dangerous! He might brain a chap with one of those tins!"

The juniors crowded back, angry now. Sardine-tins hurled from a height were decidedly dangerous, and that specimen of Gunter's utter and ruffianly recklessness did not please them.

"Oh, my napper!" murmured Jimmy.

He rubbed his head tenderly. A big bump was already forming there.

"The ruffianly beast!" said Raby.

"He ought to be scragged! Hallo! Knowles has had enough!"

Knowles of the Sixth was striding away towards the School House. He went to carry the news that Gunter was not gone. The crowd in the quadrangle thickened. All faces were upturned, all eyes were fixed upon the figure on the top of the clock-tower.

The excitement that reigned was breathless. Gunter evidently enjoyed the sensation he was causing, and equally evidently he was completely reckless as to consequences.

Time had been of a barring-out at Rookwood—when Jimmy Silver & Co. had barred themselves in the tuckshop and held the fort against Mr. Manders. But that had happened during the absence of the Head, and because the Classical heroes were tyrannised over by a Modern master. That, as Lovell remarked now, had been a different matter altogether—very different from a young blackguard, who had been expelled for rascally conduct, fortifying himself in

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DEFYING THE SCHOOL!

(Continued from page 8.)

the clock-tower, and defying the Head himself.

Mr. Bootles came out of the School House with Knowles, looking like a man in a dream. The surprising happenings of that morning had completely thrown Mr. Bootles off his balance.

The Fourth Form master swept towards the clock-tower, and stopped, and blinked up at Gunter. The crowd watched him breathlessly.

"Gunter!" gasped Mr. Bootles.

"Hallo, cocky!"

"I—I thought you had, in fact, departed," said Mr. Bootles. "I am glad that you have not been guilty of the disrespect of running away, Gunter. Kindly come down at once, and follow me into the House!"

"Cut it out!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Here's one for you!"

Whiz!

Jimmy Silver sprang forward and caught his Form-master by the arm, and dragged him aside just in time. A sardine-tin crashed on the ground at Mr. Bootles' feet. The master stared at it dazedly.

"What—what!" he stammered.

"Come back, sir!" shouted Jimmy.

Gunter was taking aim again with another tin. Jimmy Silver forcibly dragged the astounded and confused Form-master back, and the tin crashed down within a foot of him.

"G-g-good heavens!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "The—reckless young ruffian! He—he—he might have caused me s-serious injury! Bless my soul! Thank you, Silver! I—I—I must go and report this to the Head! Bless my soul! What a very dreadful young reprobate!"

Mr. Bootles, in a state almost of collapse, hurried into the house. There was a yell of derisive laughter from Gunter.

"Who's the next? You coming next, Jimmy Silver?"

Jimmy Silver did not accept the invitation. He would have been very glad to get within hitting distance of Gunter; but at long range Gunter had the advantage, and the Rookwood juniors carefully kept out of range.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Still Defiant!

"THE Head!"

Silence and awe fell upon the Rookwood crowd as the majestic figure of the Head swept upon the scene.

Dr. Chisholm's face, always severe, seemed like iron now.

Some of the fellows knew that he had been kind enough to his strange nephew when the latter arrived at Rookwood from the far-off plains of Texas.

He had been patient with him, and had pardoned him much. It could not be said that the doctor had erred on the side of severity in expelling his sister's son, for any other fellow who had done half as much as Gunter had done would have found the "chopper" come down much earlier. Without the rankest favouritism, the Head could not overlook the conduct of his nephew. It had been a blow to him; he had concealed the fact under a cold and contained exterior.

Certainly there was no mercy or kindness in Dr. Chisholm's face now. The time for pardon was past.

Under the stern, searching look of the headmaster, even the young rascal on the summit of the clock-tower showed some sign of being abashed.

But he did not retreat from view. He stood leaning on the railing beside the fluttering black flag, and stared down.

Dr. Chisholm raised his hand.

"Gunter!"

"Yes, sir!"

It was not "Hallo!" this time.

"Come down immediately!"

Gunter grinned.

"I guess I'm sticking here!"

"It is past the time arranged for you to leave Rookwood."

"Correct."

"Mr. Bootles is prepared to take you to the station."

"Good old Bootles!"

"You will leave this school, which you have disgraced, at once. Nephew of mine as you are, I should be guilty of wrong against the boys of Rookwood if I allowed you to stay here. Your parents have been communicated with. You will be placed in charge of a trustworthy person to be taken back to your home. I do not desire to inflict further punishment upon you before you go. I command you, Gunter, to come down at once, and cease this absurd and insolent conduct!"

The Head's voice was deep and commanding.

The crowd watched Gunter. Would he obey, or would he defy the Head—the reverend and respected Head of Rookwood, at whose frown the juniors were accustomed to tremble?

There was an awful pause.

But the Head had to break it, for Gunter did not speak.

"Boy, do you hear me?"

"Yep!"

"Will you obey me?"

"Nope!"

The Head's lips came tightly together. It was a distinct defiance. The crowd looked on in silence and awe.

"Gunter, you have heard my commands. If you do not obey, I shall have you fetched down by force. In that case, I shall flog you before you leave!"

"Get on with the fetching, uncle." All Gunter's cheek had come back; he had been abashed only for a moment.

"I guess I'm planted hyer!"

Dr. Chisholm flushed.

"Gunter, what is your object in this absurd conduct? You are aware, surely, that you must leave the school?"

"I guess I'm fed up with Rookwood, anyway, uncle dear. I guess the game is up, too, expelled or not, though you don't know it yet. And I reckon I'm going to have a regular jamboree before I get the boot. I'm going to paint the school red, you bet. I've got grub here—heaps—all I want—and I'm holding out. I'm goin' to give Rookwood something to remember—just a few. Get on with the washing!"

Dr. Chisholm turned away. Then Gunter's impudence reached the climax. A chunk of cake whistled through the air. It struck the Head's mortar-board, and knocked it from his august head.

Dr. Chisholm was rooted to the ground for a moment.

He gazed almost dazedly at the fallen mortar-board.

Bulkeley of the Sixth sprang forward and picked it up.

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head.

His face was crimson now.

He took the cap from Bulkeley's hand and passed away to the house, his gown rustling.

He left a frozen silence behind him.

To the awed and astounded juniors it seemed that an earthquake ought to have happened next, or that lightning should have flashed from the blue morning sky to smite Gunter.

The Head's mortar-board knocked off by a chunk of cake! It was like unto the end of all things!

Their breath was taken away.

"Oh, my word!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "The young scoundrel!"

Bulkeley looked up at the tower. His look was grim. Gunter grinned down at him impudently.

Evidently the junior from Texas had no knowledge whatever of the fitness of things. The enormity of his action was quite lost upon him.

A bell rang, and the Rookwood crowd went in to breakfast. They went in in an awed mood. After what had happened, nothing could have surprised them. Gunter had cheeked the Head—had knocked off his mortar-board. It required some getting used to.

After breakfast there was a crowd round the clock-tower again. That some step would be taken to fetch Gunter down was certain; he would assuredly not be allowed to defy authority for long.

The juniors were anxious to see the attack begin. Nobody had any sympathy to waste on Gunter. His reckless daring might have earned a little admiration had he not spoiled his own case by his effrontery. But the insult to the Head put the lid on, as Lovell expressed it. The fellow was an cut-and-out cad.

"Just look at him," said Lovell. "What a giddy sight for Rookwood!"

It was indeed a sight for gods and men. Gunter was sitting on the rail at the top of the tower, quite careless of the fact that it was a dangerous position, and smoking. He was blowing out great clouds of smoke from a big black cheroot.

It was the last word in impudence.

Bulkeley and Neville, and Knowles and Frampton and Catesby, all prefects of the Sixth, came up to the tower, and the crowd looked on breathlessly. Was the band about to begin to play? they wondered.

The Sixth-Formers tried the oaken door, and found it immovable. They looked at the window; but that was out of reach, and it was fast, too. Then they retired into the School House.

Gunter dropped some ash from his cigar upon Knowles while he was busy at the foot of the tower, and Knowles brushed it off with a savage look.

The bell for classes went a little later, and the juniors reluctantly enough went into their Form-room. If the band was going to play, they were not going to see the fun.

"Rotten hard lines!" growled Raby. "We want to see it! There ought to be a whole holiday to-day!"

"Better ask the Head for one!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

But Raby did not take his advice. The Fourth Form went into their classroom.

After first lesson, the Modern portion of the Form cleared off for their instruction in "stinks," otherwise the chemistry lesson, on the Modern side. Tommy Dodd & Co. looked eagerly towards the tower as they came out into the quadrangle.

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"FORCED TO RESIGN!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

But there was nothing doing. Gunter was yawning there, and there was no attack going on. The junior who had defied the school was being left to himself for the present. Tommy Dodd & Co. gave him a yell, to which Gunter replied with a jeering laugh, and the Moderns went on to the laboratories.

Morning lessons finished, and the Rookwooders came eagerly out. Gunter was not to be seen; doubtless, he was inside the tower somewhere.

"They haven't fetched him down yet," remarked Jimmy Silver, in disgust. "By George, if the Head left it to us, we'd jolly soon have him out!"

"We jolly well would!" agreed Lovell. "The prefects don't seem to be able to do anything. I suppose they're leaving him to get tired of it!"

"He won't give in unless they make him!" said Jimmy Silver sagely. "He's got plenty of nerve, and plenty of cheek. And the Head can't leave him there much longer; there's such a thing as discipline."

After dinner the Fistical Four were free for the afternoon, as it was a half-holiday. They had arranged a "rag" on the Bagshot fellows for that afternoon, but with one accord they abandoned the idea now. They wanted to see how the Gunter affair progressed.

They put in the time at footer practice; but a whistle from Jones minor warned them when a move was made against the rebel.

They rushed off the field at once. Mr. Bootles was bearing down upon the clock-tower, seemingly unconscious of the excited mob that followed him.

"Gunter!" he called out.

Gunter's head appeared over the parapet of the tower. He grinned down at his Form-master.

"Hallo, old cock!"

Mr. Bootles breathed hard.

"Gunter, you have been given time to consider the absurdity and rascality of your conduct!"

"Cut it out!"

"Will you come down?"

"I guess not!"

"Then force will be used!" said Mr. Bootles.

Gunter disappeared for a moment. He came into sight again, with a coil of rope in his hand. It was his lasso. He swung it round his head.

"Look out!" said Jimmy Silver. "He could rope one of us in at this distance!"

Whiz!

The lasso flew through the air, uncoiling as it flew. The juniors knew Gunter's skill with that peculiar weapon, and they crowded back.

But it was not at a junior that the lasso was aimed.

Mr. Bootles, greatly to his astonishment and alarm, felt the loose noose settle over his head and slip over his shoulders.

"Goodness gracious!" he ejaculated.

He caught at the rope, but before he could deal with it, or, indeed, realise what was happening, it tightened, and the noose was like a band of iron round his body under the arms. A sharp jerk on the rope, and the Form-master was dragged off his feet.

"Help!" shrieked Mr. Bootles.

It seemed to the unfortunate master that the quadrangle rose up and smote him. His cap went flying, his gown was tangled in his legs, his arms beat the air. Heels over head he was dragged towards the tower.

"Rescue!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four rushed forward. Mr. Bootles had bumped against the wall

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of the tower, and Gunter had taken a turn of the rope over the railing on the parapet. The four juniors seized hold of their Form-master, and held to him.

"We've got you, sir!" panted Lovell.

Whiz! Crash!

"Yaroooh!"

Sardine-tins from above crashed on the Classical four. Jimmy Silver, half stunned by a blow on the head, fell to the ground. Lovell roared as he caught a tin with his neck.

Other fellows were rushing forward to their aid, but they backed away from that shower of dangerous missiles. The Fistical Four let go—they could not help it.

They dodged the missiles from above, not with much success, for Gunter's aim was good, and he had an unlimited supply of ammunition. Half stunned and severely hurt, the Fistical Four dodged away from the whizzing tins.

Then Gunter dragged on the lasso. The rope whirled up over the rail of the parapet, and Mr. Bootles was dragged from the ground.

Up he went, dazed and dizzy, the rope grinding on his ribs till he was six or seven feet from the ground. Then Gunter made the rope fast, and left him hanging.

"Help!" panted Mr. Bootles feebly.

Gunter roared.

"Ha, ha, ha! Who's the next?"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Up to Jimmy Silver!

"HELP!"

Mr. Bootles called out in faint and quavering tones.

Jimmy Silver rubbed his head and gritted his teeth. He had had three or four hard knocks.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Lovell. "Poor old Bootles! Look at him!"

"Help!"

Mr. Bootles hung at the end of the lasso like a fish on a line. The rope was too tight about his body for him to have a chance of loosening it. His heels beat against the brick wall as he hung.

He had caught at the rope above his head with both hands, and hung on to ease the strain on his ribs. Mr. Bootles was not in a fit condition for exercises of this kind—his gymnastic days were long past. The quadrangle swam about him as he swung.

Gunter was roaring with laughter. He had missiles in both hands, ready for anyone who attempted the rescue of the Form-master.

Mr. Bootles hung, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. The look upon his face was extraordinary.

"Roped in, by thunder!" chortled Gunter. "I guess I'll keep him hanging there all the afternoon, by gum, as an example! Why don't you rescue him, Jimmy Silver, you funk?"

"I'm going to, you cad!" shouted Jimmy. "Get a ladder, someone!"

Two or three juniors rushed off, and returned with a ladder, which they jammed up against the wall of the tower, in spite of a shower of missiles.

"Come on!"

"Hold on, Jimmy! He'll brain you if—"

"We've got to chance it," said Jimmy Silver. "Back up, Classics!"

"And Moderns," grinned Tommy Dodd. "He's our Form-master, too, ain't he? Shoulder to shoulder!"

Tommy Dodd and Jimmy made a rush for the ladder, and a dozen juniors followed them. Classics and Moderns rushed on, shoulder to shoulder. The ladder was planted against the wall close to the wriggling and gasping Mr. Bootles.

Whiz, whiz! Crash, thump, thump!

Gunter hurled the tins with reckless hands and good aim. It was a deadly fire that the Fourth-Formers had to face.

But the Fistical Four and the three Tommies did not falter. They had to rescue their Form-master.

Jimmy Silver was first up the ladder, his open pocket-knife in his hand.

He slashed at the rope over Mr. Bootle's head.

The keen edge of the blade cut through it quickly.

Whiz, whiz, whiz!

Jimmy Silver was getting all the fire now. Tin after tin struck him, but he set his teeth, and kept on.

The rope suddenly parted with a twang.

Mr. Bootles shot downwards, into the arms of the juniors below, and they collared him at once, and rushed him back from the tower.

Jimmy Silver bounded off the ladder, and followed.

He was dazed with the blows he had received, and there was crimson streaming down his forehead and his cheeks. His head had been badly cut.

Mr. Bootles lay gasping on the ground. It was several minutes before he was able to sit up.

"Thank you, my boys!" he panted at last. "Silver!" He uttered an exclamation of horror as he looked at Jimmy's face. "Silver! Good heavens! My brave lad, you are hurt!"

"Only a few cuts, sir," said Jimmy, as cheerfully as he could.

"Bless my soul! Boys, keep back from the tower—keep out of the reach of that young desperado! Silver, come into the house at once!"

Jimmy Silver was glad to have his hurts attended to. There were several bad cuts, and when Jimmy appeared in public again he had a bandage round his forehead. Several other fellows had been hard hit, though not so severely as Jimmy. Rookwood was buzzing with excitement; but the fellows were giving the clock-tower a wide berth. The attack had stopped—for good apparently.

Gunter could be seen smoking on the tower, and occasionally he yelled to the fellows in the quadrangle. They yelled back, but they did not go near him.

Smythe of the Shell advocated telephoning for the police. But Smythe did not suggest how Police-constable Boggs of Coombe was to get at Gunter—unless he brought an aeroplane with him.

It was a damaged-looking quartette that gathered in the end study for tea. Jimmy Silver was bruised and cut and bandaged. Lovell had a cut cheek, and Newcome a black eye, and Raby several bumps on his head. And the Fistical Four were breathing fury.

"They're letting him alone," said Lovell savagely—"letting the cad defy us all! They can't touch him!"

"Blest if I quite see how he's to be touched," said Raby, feeling his head tenderly. "I've got four bumps—big ones!"

Jimmy Silver set his teeth.

"Keep smiling!" he said. That was Jimmy Silver's usual advice, under all circumstances. "We're going to deal with the cad. Look at my chivy! I shall be a sight for a week or more. The chap who makes my chivy look like that is going to pay for it! Ow!"

"The Head seems to have chucked it up," said Newcome. "The rotter will have to be left there till he comes out of his own accord. Blest if I see how he's to be stopped from sticking it out for the whole term, if he chooses."

"We're going to stop him!"

"I'm game!" said Lovell. "But how?"

"It's up to us!" said Jimmy.

"I've had enough of his blessed sardine-tins on my napper!" said Raby. "The beast don't play the game! He doesn't care if he injures a chap! Might get your teeth knocked out!"

"He's a blessed desperado, and no mistake!" said Jimmy.

"And he's the Head's nephew!" grunted Lovell.

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

"I'm not so jolly sure about that!" he said. "There's something fishy about the fellow. You remember how alarmed he was when he got a letter from America the other day. He said something about the game here being up, and then he seemed to ask for the sack—he got quite reckless. He knew he had to go, anyway. It looks to me as if there's something shady about his coming here."

Lovell opened his eyes wide.

"You mean he's an impostor!" he ejaculated.

"I wouldn't say so; but it looks jolly like it from the things he's let drop and the way he's acted," said Jimmy. "I know it seems a bit thick, but such things have happened. After he'd had that Yankee letter, he said that the game was up, and a fellow he'd made an arrangement with had gone back on him, and was coming here. Then he shut up like an oyster—he'd said too much. What does that look like?"

"My hat!" said Lovell, with a deep breath.

"I know it sounds rather thick," said Jimmy, "but it's a bit thick to think that that ruffianly brute is Dr. Chisholm's nephew. But that isn't the question before the giddy meeting, anyway. The bizney is to yank him out of the clock-tower by his short hairs."

"And how?"

"There's the little window half-way up the tower. Gunter's barred it up, but we could bust it in!"

"We can't get near it," said Raby. "We don't want to be brained."

"He won't be able to aim so jolly well after dark," said Jimmy.

"After dark!"

"Exactly! A giddy night attack," said Jimmy Silver. "Us four, and we'll take the Head by surprise. The ladder's still here, and I've got an idea. They can't expect to handle him as this study would, you know."

"Ahem!"

"Leave it to me, and pass the muffins," said Jimmy Silver. "If we don't collar that cad this evening you can call me a Modern."

After which there was evidently nothing to be said.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The End Study Does It!

A RED spot gleamed from the top of the clock-tower through the shadows of the old quadrangle of Rookwood.

It was the glowing end of a cigar. Four juniors who slipped quietly out of the School House and approached the clock-tower in the deep dusk, noted that red glimmer, and grinned.

"He's there!" muttered Lovell.

"On the watch," agreed Jimmy Silver. "But he isn't a blessed cat—he can't see in the dark. Silence, my infants!"

The Fistical four almost tiptoed towards the tower. In the Common-room and the studies there was a buzz of excited talk; the sensation was still at its height. The Classical Four had



Gunter pulled at the lasso, and Mr. Bootles, at the other end, was dragged from the ground. Up he went, the rope grinding on his ribs. "My hat!" yelled Lovell. "Poor old Bootles!" (See Chapter 5.)

slipped out quietly—on their own. They were going to prove to all Rookwood that Jimmy Silver & Co. were equal to the emergency, unless Gunter proved too much for them.

Silently as ghosts, the four juniors arrived under the black shadow of the clock-tower. Nine strokes boomed out above their heads.

The ladder was still there, leaning against the brick wall. Four pairs of hands grasped it, and drew it quietly away.

With the ladder in their grasp, Jimmy Silver & Co. trod cautiously along to the closely-shuttered window in the wall of the tower.

"Now, then, all together!" whispered Jimmy Silver. "One good shove ought to do it, and when it's once open a dozen Gunters couldn't stop us!"

"What-ho!"

It was Jimmy Silver's idea to use the heavy ladder as a battering-ram, and burst in the shutter with a terrific charge at it. And, until the crash made Gunter aware of their presence, they would not be under fire.

They retreated a little distance, and then, at the word from Jimmy Silver, rushed forward.

Crash!

The head of the ladder smote the window-shutter with a thundering concussion. There was a loud splintering. The charge had succeeded better than the juniors had expected. For the end of the ladder, not only shattered the shutter and burst it open, but it shot through the now open window, and the four juniors tumbled forward as the resistance gave way.

There was a roar from Lovell as his head came in violent contact with Newcome's. The ladder had slipped from

their grasp, but Jimmy seized it again instantly, and set it straight by the window.

"Follow your leader!" he panted. There was a yell above, and a whizzing of missiles. Heavy tins crashed on the ground around them.

Gunter was on the defensive at once. Crash, crash! A wild yell from Newcome, a howl of pain from Raby. But Jimmy Silver was head and shoulders through the window.

He pitched recklessly in, and Lovell was after him in a flash.

They picked themselves up on the dark stairs, and rushed upward.

Crash, crash on the narrow spiral stair! Gunter had realised what had happened, and that foes were within the tower. He was hurling his missiles down the stairs with reckless hands.

But a Maxim gun would hardly have stopped the Classical chums at that moment.

Raby and Newcome had scrambled in after them, hurt and furious. The four of them raced up the stairs.

Crash! Bang! Crash! Bump! Jimmy Silver reeled as a heavy object smote him on the chest; but he kept on. He came out panting at the top of the stair.

"Gunter, you cad!"

"Silver, you fool! Take that!"

"That" was a whizzing tin of several pounds weight, which would have felled Jimmy Silver if he had "taken" it. But Jimmy Silver dodged it swiftly, and it passed him, and the next moment he was upon Gunter.

"Now, you cad!" panted Jimmy. His grasp fastened on Gunter and bore him backwards.

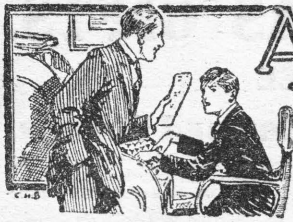
(Concluded on page 20.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 150.

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"FORCED TO RESIGN!"



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

Included in the splendid programme of stories for next week there will be another long complete story dealing with the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, entitled:

"FORCED TO RESIGN!" By Frank Richards.

George Wingate, of the Sixth Form, plays a very prominent part in the story. It is not all roses being the head prefect of the school, as Wingate finds out. There is a split among the prefects, and through no fault of his own he is

FORCED TO RESIGN

from the captaincy. This is a grand story, and one which you must not miss.

To follow there will be a long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood School, which is entitled:

"SAVED FROM DISGRACE!" By Owen Conquest.

Jimmy Silver hears that Gunter, the Head's nephew who has been sacked from the school, has been seen in the neighbourhood, in the company of some of the "Giddy Goats" from Rookwood. Jimmy is wild, and

with the help of his chums, he sets out to save Smythe & Co. from Gunter's clutches. Whether he succeeds in his self-set task or not you will discover next week.

There will be another long, thrilling instalment of our magnificent adventure serial, "The Invisible Raider," and also another chance for my chums to win one of our Grand Footballs in "Poplets" Competition No. 46, or one of the ten money prizes.

Billy Bunter has informed me that his next supplement, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," will be a Special Shopping Number, which will contain articles and stories from the juniors of the three famous schools. Do not miss reading this.

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 45.

Examples for this week:

Captain Coker. Never Too Late.
Taking Him Off. Ever Open Door.
Bunter Explains. Discovering the Culprit.
A Sporting Pastime. Bird in Hand.
Beating the Record. New Boy Arrives.
Worth Asking For. Quite Used To.

Select two of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE of the words in your sentence must commence with one of the letters in the example.

"Here he is!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bulkeley.

Gunter, kicking and yelling, was thrust through the window. Bulkeley's powerful grasp closed on him grimly. Then Gunter's struggles ceased. He was an infant in the grip of the captain of Rookwood.

"Thank you, Jimmy Silver!" said Bulkeley. "You were a cheeky young rascal to do this without permission. But—"

"It was up to our study, you know," said Jimmy cheerfully.

Bulkeley laughed. He strode away towards the School House with an iron grasp on Gunter. Jimmy Silver & Co. slipped through the window one after another, and found themselves in the midst of a crowd.

"By gad, they've done it!" said Smythe of the Shell. "Cheeky young rotters to chip in, by gad!"

"You wouldn't have done it, would you, Smythey?" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Three cheers for us!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Hip, hip, hurray!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hurra!"

The Fistical Four marched back to the School House in the midst of a cheering crowd, Jimmy Silver waving high the black flag, which had been hoisted on the clock-tower by the rebel, and captured by the Fistical Four. At that moment there was no doubt that the Fistical Four were, to use Jimmy Silver's expression—it. They were absolutely, indubitably, and undoubtedly—IT.

An hour later the Head's car rolled out

1. All "Poplets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poplets" can be sent in by one reader each week.

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 45, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

3. No correspondence may be entered into in connection with "Poplets."

4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.

5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD, and that it is received on or before December 8th.

Result of "Poplets" Competition No. 36.

The First Prize of a Grand Match Football has been awarded to

K. GOODEY,
165, Cranbury Road,
Reading, Berks.

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each have been sent to the following readers:

Douglas Carton Smith, 25, St. James Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; W. B. Macro, Camberwell House, Dickleburgh Common, Norfolk; E. Farr, 42, Frederick Road, Leicester; H. Millers, 2, Gregg's Cottages, Ulverston, Lancaster; Eric Arthur, 20, High Street Buildings, Dorking, Surrey; Edith Cherington, 4a, Elington Lane, Glasgow, S.S.; Jackie Ambrose, 26, Trinity Street, Rhosyllen, near Wrexham; Evelyn A. Pool, Rose Villa, 36, Percy Street, Greenfields, Shrewsbury; F. Flanders, 72, Frithville Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12; C. Bovingdon, 66, Colville Road, South Acton, W. 3.

Your Editor.

of the gates of Rookwood with Gunter sitting in it, and Mr. Bootles the one side of him, and Bulkeley on the other.

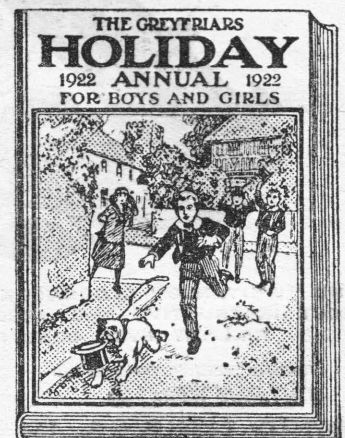
The rascal of Rookwood had gone.

Jimmy Silver wondered whether he would ever see him again, and whether the strange suspicions he had formed regarding the Head's nephew would ever be cleared up. The night express had carried Gunter away—far from Rookwood. Was Rookwood done with him? That was a question only the future could answer.

THE END.

(See the "Chat" for particulars of next week's story.)

GOING LIKE HOT CAKES!



Get Your Copy To-day!

DEFYING THE SCHOOL!

(Continued from page 15.)

They went down together with a crash, Gunter fighting like a wild cat. But he had found his match in Jimmy Silver, and a little more than his match.

Jimmy's knee was planted on his chest. "Got him!" he shouted. "This way!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome piled in breathlessly. They seized Gunter on all sides, grasping him where they could. Raby had one arm, Newcome the other, and Lovell fixed a strangle-hold round his neck.

"Grooh! Let up!" screamed Gunter.

"Do you give in, you cad!"

"Nope! Grooh! Never! Oh! Ow!"

"We've got him!"

Certainly they had got him. Gunter was struggling still, but he had no chance. With a rush the Fistical Four brought him hurtling down the stairs. Gunter, struggling, bumped from step to step, and his yells showed that he did not find that mode of descent grateful or comforting.

There was a shout in the quadrangle. The crashing had been heard, and the fellows were streaming out of the House. A roar of voices rose round the clock-tower. The Fistical Four reached the lower window with their prisoner.

"This way!" panted Jimmy. "Can't open the door; it's screwed! Shove him through the window! Hallo! Is that you, Bulkeley?"

Bulkeley of the Sixth blinked in at them in the gloom.

"Jimmy Silver! What—how—"