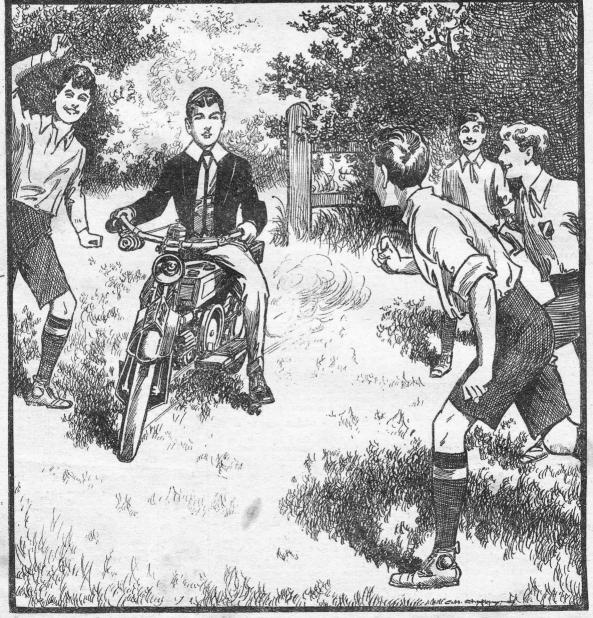
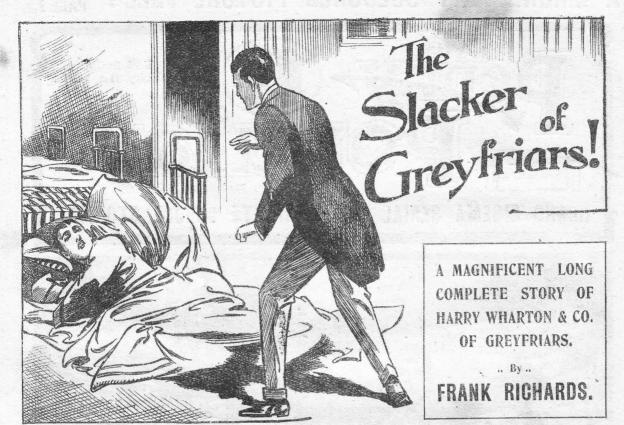
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THE WELCOME ARRIVAL OF LORD MAULEVERER!

(A Stirring Incident in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Mauly's Unlucky Day!

LANG, clang!

The rising-bell rang out sharply on

the morning air.

In the Remove dormitory at Grey-friars there was a great deal of muttering and grumbling and lamentation.

For the morning was piercingly cold, and it was much more comfortable in bed than

out.
Clang, clang, clang!
"Gosling seems to take a frenzied delight in tugging that bell-rope!" growled Harry Wharton. "He doesn't like turning out in the cold himself, but he takes consolation from the fact that we've got to turn out, too!"

too!"
"Just hark at him!" said Nugent. "Anybody would think the school was on fire!"
Only one fellow in the dormitory seemed to welcome the rising-bell. That was Bob

to we. Cherry. always early astir. no matter Bob was always early astir, no matter what the climatic conditions might be; and this particular morning was no exception. He sprang lightly out of bed, and proceeded to dress in the half-light of the February

morning.

to dress in the half-light of the February morning.

"Tumble out, you lazy slackers!" he said chidingly. "It's a topping day!"

"Groo!"

"It's perishingly cold!"

"It's perishingly cold!"

"It's a good mind to advocate to the Head." said Peter Todd, "that rising-bell should be postponed till midday."

"If you advocated a reform of that sort, Toddy, the Head would advocate a jolly good licking!" said Vernon-Smith.

Having donned most of his garments, Bob Cherry started to perform a series of "physical jerks." He thrust his arms forward and outward and upward with great vigour, and in one of the outward movements he contrived, either by accident or design, to smite Billy Bunter on the nose. The fat junior ensitted a flendish yell.

"Yaroooooh! Cherry, you beast, if it wasn't so jolly cold I'd get out of bed and slaughter you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The idea of Billy Bunter, the fat and flabby Owl of the Remove, slaughtering Bob Cherry was decidedly armaing.

"Out you get, porpoise!" said Bob.

Rather than remain in bed and receive another swipe from Bob Cherry's fist Billy Bunter turned out.

One by one the juniors vacated their snup beds, and when Wingate of the Sixth looked into the dornitory five minutes later only one bed was occupied.

Lord Manleverer, the slacker and dandy of the Remove, had not even heard the harsh clanging of the rising-bell. He was still fast asleep, with a smile on his aristocratic features, as if he were enjoying an amusing dream.

dream. "Mauleverer!" Wingate rapped out

sharply.

No sound came from the schoolboy earl, save that of measured breathing.

The captain of Greyfriars strode towards Mauly's bed, and shook the slumbering innior. junior.

It was not a gentle shaking, and in a few seconds Lord Mauleverer opened his eyes. "Yaw-aw-aw! Wharrer marrer?" he mur-

mured drowsily.

"Time you were up and dressed," said Wingate. "Put a jerk into it!"

"Risin'-bell hasn't sounded yet..."

"It sounded ages ago! Are you going to get out, or do you want me to pitch you out?"

Lord Mauleverer blinked sleepily at the

Lord Mauleverer Dinked sleeping at the captain of Greyfriars.

"I say, Wingate, don't be hard on a fellow, begad! Just another forty winks—"

For answer, Wingate exerted his strength, and the bedelothes descended to the floor in the publish been with Mauly on top of tumbled heap, with Mauly on top of them.

Having, as he thought, fully roused the slacker of the Remove, Wingate quitted the dormitory.

dormitory.

No sooner had he gone than Lord Mauleverer closed his eyes, and calmly relapsed into slumber—on the floor!

"My only aunt!" exclaimed Dennis Carr—who whe healt against Carriagonal Carria

"My only aunt!" exclaimed Dennis Carrwho was back again at Greyfriars after his London adventures. "Mauly's about the slackest slacker who ever slacked! I can clearly see that I shall have to reform him!" "You'll have a job," said Bob Cherry. "I've often tried to reform Mauly myself, but it's N.G. He was born tired, and you'll be a wonderful fellow if you can make a hustler of him Carr."

of him, Carr."
"Hear, hear!"

Dennis Carr glanced at the slumbering form of his study-mate; then he stepped to the washstand and procured a sponge, which he plunged into cold water.

"This ought to do the trick," he murmed, as he approached Mauly.

"Steady on!" said Bob Cherry. "You're cribbing my pet methods of rousing slackers. The sponge stunt was invented by me, and it's copyright in the United States of America and throughout the civilised world."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish bristled up at this.

"Are you trying to make out that we're not civilised in the States?" he demanded.

"Well, if you're a fair sample of an American citizen, I should say that the people in the States were a set of bloated barbarians!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fortunately for the United States, Fisher Tarleton Fish was not a fair sample of American youth. True, there were fellows just like him on the other side of the herring-pond, but, happily, they were in the minority.

Before Fish could think out a suitable retort, a sudden yell rang through the Remove dormitory.

Dennis Carr was engaged in squeezing the

retort, a sudden yell rang through the Remove dormitory.

Dennis Carr was engaged in squeezing the sponge over the noble features of Lord Mauleverer, with dire results to that youth.

Mauly was swamped, his bedclothes were swamped, and the conditions were far too uncomfortable for, him to remain where he was. He staggered to his feet, and shook himself like a drenched terrier.

"Ow! You've half-drowned me, begad!"

"Ow! You've half-drowned me, begad!" he spluttered.
"Serve you jolly well right!" said Dernis Carr. "I may not be captain of the Remove any longer, but I still share your study, and I mean to bring you up in the way you should go. I'm not going to have people pointing to our study and saying that it's a Home for Born-tired Slackers. You've got to buck up, Mauly, and I'm going to help you do it. You'll probably have a rough passage; but I must be cruel, only to be kind."
"Yow!"

Yow!"

Slivering and reluctant, Lord Mauleverer started to dress.
"I knew somethin' like this would happen," he said. "It's Friday, an' Friday's my unlucky day."

"How so?" asked Squiff.

"Well, I was born on a Friday; I came to Greyfriars on a Friday; I had my first lickin' on a Friday—likewise my first impot—an' I expect I shalt shuffle off this mortal coil on a Friday, too."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. rapidly performed their ablutions, conscious of the fact that the breakfast-bell might ring at any moment.

Mr. Quelch, who presided at the Remove breakfast-table, was the soul of punctuality, and late arrivals in Hall received short shrift. Realising this, the juniors hurriedly washed, and donned their garments.

Mauly, however, was tortoise-like in his movements. Besides being a slacker, he was a dandy.

movements. Besides being a slacker, he was a dandy.

Some fellows were content to go downstairs with towsled hair and with neckties askew. But not so Mauly. He was an ardent disciple of Beau Brummel, and he liked always to appear spick-and-span.

When the breakfast-bell actually sounded Mauly was barely half-way through his ablutions.

tions

"You'll have to buck up, old chap!" said bb Cherry. "Can't you finish your toilet

"You'll have to buck up, old chap!" said Bob Cherry. "Can't you finish your toilet as you go down?"
"No, dear boy. I can't do anythin' without a lookin'glass. I couldn't bear to turn up in Hall with my necktie round my left car, f'rinstance."
Harry Wharton & Co. quitted the dormitory, leaving the schoolboy earl to complete his toilet at his leisure.
Breakfast had been in progress nearly a quarter of an hour when Lord Mauleverer drifted into the Hall.

Mauly advanced very cautiously along the gangway between the rows of tables, hoping to drop into his seat without being "spotted" by Mr. Quelch.
But, alas, for Mauly's hopes! The Remove-master's keen eyes singled him out.
"Mauleverer!"
"Ye-e-e-s, sir?"

"Ye-e-es, sir?"

"How dare you put in such a belated apearance! Where have you been?"
"In the dorm, sir."
"You have only just finished dressing?"
"That's all, sir. My—my hair was obstinate, and my tie was a bit refractory

"Mauly's been swallowing dictionaries!" murmured Peter Todd.
"Silence, Todd!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.
"I regret to say that I cannot accept your excuse, Mauleverer. You will write five hundred lines!"

hundred lines!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Lord Mauleverer sighed, and seated himself at the table with an air of resignation.
This was his unlucky day, he reflected, and he must expect these calamities.

Mauly's breakfast was cold, and he could make no progress with it. Billy Bunter very obligingly consumed it for him.

In the course of morning lessons Lord Mauleverer yawned several times. And, finally, bored-stiff by Roffan History, he nodded over his desk and dropped into a doze.

Bolsover major, who set part to the

Bolsover major, who sat next to him, dug him in the ribs; but he was too late. Mr. Quelch had already observed the slumbering

Mauleverer!"

The Form-master's voice resembled the rumble of thunder.

Snore!

rumble of thunder.
Snore!
"Bless my soul! The boy is actually snoring!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "He has had the brazen effrontery to go to sleep in the middle of the lesson! I will endeavour to restore him to an animated condition!"

So saying, Mr. Quelch picked up the pointer and advanced towards the schoolboy earl. A couple of sharp raps on the knuckles caused Mauly to awake with a start.
"Boy!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "This is the second time this morning that I have had occasion to correct you! Did you not get your full quota of sleep last night?"
"No, begad—I mean, no, sir!"
"How long did you sleep?"
"Nine hours, sir!"
"I regard that as quite adequate for a healthy boy!"
"My pater believes in twelve hours' sleep for a growin' boy, sir."
"Then I am sorry I cannot endorse your father's views!" said Mr. Quelch drily. "Your imposition of five hundred lines is doubled!"
"Groo!"

"Cease making absurd articulations, Mauseverer, and apply your mental powers—if any—to the lesson now in progress."

Lord Mauseverer was careful not to trans-

gress again. He continued to be bored stiff by the exploits of the Roman emperors; but by a tremendous effort of will he managed to

when the word of dismissal came.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Taken in Hand.

ORD MAULEVERER was having tea with his two study-mates, Dennis Carr and Sir Jimmy Vivian, when there was a knock on the door of the study.

"Come in, fathead!" sang out Dennis Carr. The "fathead " proved to be Fisher T. Fish, who strolled into the luxuriously-furnished study as if the place belonged to him.

Ignoring Dennis Carr and Sir Jimmy Vivian, the Yankee junior turned to Lord Mauleverer.

"Say, Mauly," he exclaimed, "what about that impot that Quelchy gave you?"

"Well, dear boy, what about it?"

"Are you going to tackle it?"

"Not till I feel in the mood for work."

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"I guess you'll never feel like that," he said.

"Anything in the nature of work would bring

"I guess you'll never feel like that," he said.
"Anything in the nature of work would bring
you out in a rash. I've come here with a
sporting proposition."
"You can take yourself and your sporting
proposition outside, Fishy!" said Dennis Carr.
Fisher T. Fish did not budge.
"It's like this, Mauly," he said. "You've
got a thousand lines to do, haven't you?"
Mauly nodded.

got a thousand lines to uo, many Mauly nodded.

Mauly nodded.

"Well, supposing I do them for you?"
The schoolboy earl looked doubtful.

"Quelchy would twig that it wasn't my handwritin'," he said.

"Shucks! I can imitate your fist-like a first-class forger. And I shall be pleased to tackle the job—"

first-class forger. And I shall be pleased to tackle the job—"
"Good!" said Mauly, brightening up.
"For a consideration," concluded Fish.
"A what, dear boy?"
"A consideration—a cash payment, if that suits you better. I'll write the whole thousand for a dollar. Is it a deal?"
"No, it isn't!" said Dennis Carr sharply.
"I knew this was one of your money-making stunts, Fishy, but there's nothing doing!"
"I guess—"
"In the first place, it's rank dishonesty to

"I guess" "In the first place, it's rank dishonesty to write another fellow's lines. And, secondly, it would be encouraging Mauly in laziness. As Mauly's guardian and protector, I refuse to sanction anything of the sort!"

sanction anything of the sort!"
"Look hyer—"
"I shall insist upon Mauly writing his own lines!" said Dennis.
Mauly groaned.
"Wish you wouldn't interfere in matters that don't concern you, Carr!" he said

that don't concern you, Can. peevishly.

"But it does concern me! Didn't I say that guardian and protector? That I was your guardian and protector? That being so, you've got to do my bidding. Buzz off, Fish!"

off, Fish!"
Fisher T. Fish glared indignantly at the speaker.

I guess—" he began wrathfully.
You can do your guesswork in the passage.

Travel!"

Sir Jimmy Vivian poised a cushion threateningly in his hand, and Fisher T. Fish deemed it prudent to depart. When he was gene, Dennis Carr turned to Mauly.

"You've got to understand," he said, "that there's to be no slacking in future. You've the makings of a jolly fine fellow, Mauly, if only you choose to buck up. I'm going to take you in hand, and Jimmy's going to help me if necessary—aren't you, Jimmy?"

"What-ho!" answered Jimmy Vivian, with enthusiasm.

"What-ho!" answered Jimmy Vivian, with enthusiasm.
"Instead of getting Fishy to write that impot for you," continued Dennis Carr, "you're to write it yourself. Understand?"
"But, my dear fellow, it will be a frightful fag!" protested Mauly.
"Rats! You've got to get out of the habit of regarding everything as too much fag!" So saying, Dennis produced a sheet of paper and a fountain-pen.
"What's the little game?" asked Mauly, in alarm.

alarm

alarm.

"I'm going to draw up some rules for your guidance. And if you break any of them, look out for squalls."

It took Lord Mauleverer quite a long time to decide whether Dennis Carr was jesting, or whether he was in earnest.

Finally, Mauly came to the conclusion that Dennis was in earnest—more so even than Bob Cherry had been when he tried to reform the schoolboy earl.

Whilst his two study-mates finished tea

Dennis scribbled away industriously. Sir Jimmy Vivian watched him with amusement, Mauly' with apprehension.

"Here we are!" said Dennis at length.

"Rules to be observed by Lord Mauleverer. Rule 1. His lordship will turn out promptly each morning at the first note of the rising-bell.'"

But supposin' I don't hear it, dear boy?"

"But supposin' I don't hear it, dear boy?"
"You must train yourself to hear it."
"But—"
"Rule 2,'" continued Dennis imperturbably. "'His lordship will indulge in a sharp sprint round the Close each morning before

sprint round the close each morning before breakfast."

Lord Mauleverer groaned. He was averse to physical exertion in any shape or form, and the prospect of early-morning sprints was gall and wormwood to him.

"Rule 3. His lordship is forbidden, under penalty of a severe bumping, to make use of the study sofa."

"I say, that's a bit too thick, begad!" said Mauly. "Surely a fellow can rest if he wants to?"

Many.

"You can rest at the proper time and place
-at night, in the dorm."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Rule 4. At the conclusion of afternoon lessons each day his lordship will take an active part in a game of footer."

Mauly regarded the first three rules as tyrannical; but Rule 4 was the limit! Football every day, instead of a gentle nap on the study sofa! The schoolboy earl gave

a shudder.

"My dear chap," he said, "you'll kill me

inside a week!"

Dennis nodded.
"Quite likely!" he replied. "You see, I'm

"Quite likely!" he replied. "You see, I'm working on the kill or cure principle."
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Sir Jimmy Vivian.
"'Rule 5.—'" began Dennis.
"Cut it short!" pleaded Mauly. "You seem to be like the brook—goin' on for ever!"
"'Rule 5. His lordship will devote two hours each evening to strenuous swotting."

"But-but I'm not keen on winnin' any

"You're goin' to win 'em, all the same. By the end of this term," said Dennis hopefully. "you'll be one of the best scholars in the Remove, and one of the best footballers. Under my able tuition, you'll go from strength to strength. You'll be another Mark Linley in the scholastic line, and you'll rival Bob Cherry as a fighting-man. You might even become captain of the Remove. Who knows?" "I don't want to be a scholar; an' I don't want to be a fightin' man." "It doesn't matter what you want, or don't want," said Dennis. "It's what I want that counts."

Lord Mauleverer souirmed in his chair. University was some the same and the scholar want."

Lord Mauleverer squirmed in his chair. He was feeling very uncomfortable. He had a wholesome horror of exertion, either physical or mental; but he realised that there was no escape for him. Dennis Carr was strong-willed and resolute; and he would make Mauly do

escape for him. Dennis Carr was strong-willed and resolute; and he would make Mauly do his bidding.

There were several more rules which Dennis had laid down for the guidance of his pupil. It was laid down, among other things, that Mauly should perform "physical jerks" three times a day; and another rule decreed that he should turn up punctually at all meals.

Having declaimed the rules aloud, Dennis Carr pinned them up in the study.

"Strikes me you're goin' to be a hard task-master, dear boy," murmured Mauly.

"I am! But it's for your own good. You'll bless me for it in years to come. Hi! Where are you 'going'?

For Mauly had risen to his feet, and was in the act of crossing over to the sofa.

"Ahem! Just a brief nap, dear boy!"
Dennis Carr seized his study-mate by the arm, and swung him back.

"You're going to sit down and start on your impot!" he said. "I sha'n't allow any more naps, brief or otherwise. Pile in!"

Very reluctantly, Mauly obeyed. He seated himself at the table, and started on the colossal task which Mr. Quelich had given him.

He yawned prodigiously from time to time.

He yawned prodigiously from time to time, but he dared not lay down his pen, for Dennis Carr was keeping a watchful eye on him.

And when the Famous Five dropped into the study a few moments later, to discuss with Dennis the forthcoming Rookwood match, they beheld the strange and unpre-cedented spectacle of Lord Mauleverer at

THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 57.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. In the Toils!

EXT morning, the first fellow astir in the Remove dormitory was Lord Mauleverer.

Bob Cherry, who found himself a short neek, so to speak, was beaten by a sho almost overcome.

"Wherefore this thusness, Mauly?" he exclaimed.

Dennis Carr chuckled.

"Mauly's going to be an early riser in future," he said. "It's part of my reformation scheme."

You'll never succeed in reforming Mauly, "You'll never succeed in reforming Mauty, said Bob Cherry, shaking his curly head. "I've tried my hand at it, and it's hardly likely that you'll succeed where I failed." "We shall see," said Dennis. It was a bitterly cold morning. Lord Mauleverer was shivering, and his

face possessed a bluish tinge.

"Groo! Wish you'd have pit fellow!" he murmured. "I feel beastly iceberg!"

"We'll soon alter all that!" pity on like

beastly legherg!"
"We'll soon alter all that!" answered
Dennis cheerfully. "Come along!"
Having dressed, the two juniors went down
to the Close, and Dennis took his pupil for

to the close, and beams to a sharp sprint.

Mauly was not in the best of condition, and he very soon had bellows to mend.

"Oh, dear!" he panted. "I—I can't go

on!"
"Yes, you can! You never know what you can do till you try," retorted Dennis.
"Three turns round the Close, and then you'll have an appetite for brekker!"
When Harry Wharton & Co. came down they were surprised to see Lord Mauleverer exerting himself.
But there were further surprises in store for them.
It was Saturday and therefore there were

It was Saturday, and therefore there were no lessons; but Mauly had his huge impot to tackle, and, after breakfast, he tackled it with a will. He sat in his study, scribbling away as if for a wager.

A constant procession of Removites

A constant procession of Removites streamed along to witness the unusual sight of Mauly working. And they couldn't understand it.

Mauly's aim in life had bitherto been ex-pressed in the following verse:

"Life is mostly froth and bubble, Two things stand like sto Dodging duty at the double, Leaving work alone." stone;

This being so, it was astonishing to find Mauly in harness.

Dennis Carr looked into the study from time to time, to inquire what progress was

being made.

The last time he looked in—just before dinner-Mauly greeted him with the word:

"Finished!"

"Good man!" said Denris. "You'll make uite a name for yourself if you go on ke this!" quite

Lord Mauleverer gathered up a sheaf of impot paper, closely packed on both sides with his handwriting, and took his imposition along to Mr. Quelch's study.

"My lines, sir!" he said, on entering.

Mr. Quelch stared.

"This is remarkably quick work

Mr. Qu "This "This is remarkably quick work, Maufeverer! It was only yesterday that I awarded you the imposition. Pray show me the lines."

Mauly handed them over. Evidently Mr. Quelch expected to see half-a-dozen different styles of handwriting—proof of the fact that Mauly had received assistance from his chums.

The lines, however, had all been written by the same hand. Moreover they were

by the same hand. Moreover, they were neat and well-displayed—very different from the usual slipshod and slovenly lines submitted to Mr. Quelch.

"You are to be commended, Mauleverer," said the Remove-master, "for your prompt-ness and neathers. Can it be possible that you have turned over a new leaf—that you intend to slack less and work more in the

Mauly answered in the affirmative, and Mr. Mauly answered in the affirmative, and Mr. Quelch expressed himself as being very pleased at Mauly's resolve. He did not guess that the credit belonged to Dennis Carr. Although it was Saturday, the Remove had no football fixture that afternoon. Harry Wharton, who had resumed his old restition as contains of the Properties.

position as captain of the Remove and captain of football, decided to get up an eleven, and challenge Dennis Carr to do the same, THE PENNY POPULAR.—NO. 57.

so that a friendly game might be played on

so that a friendly game might be the was Little Side.

Dennis willingly responded; but he was unable to raise such a good team as Wharton. Still, he did his best.

After dinner, the following announcement appeared on the notice-board in the hall:

"FOOTBALL.

HARRY WHARTON'S XI. v. DENNIS CARR'S XI.

This match will be played on Little Side this afternoon. Kick-off 2 o'clock.

The following teams will line up:

WHARTON'S XI.—Goal, Bulstrode; backs, Bull and Redwing; half-backs, Cherry, P. Foodd, and Linley; forwards, Hurree Singh, Nugent, Wharton, Penfold, and Vernon-Smith

Smith.
CARR'S XI.-Goal, Hazeldene; backs,
Brown and Bolsover; half-backs, Morgan,
Wibley and Ogilvy; forwards, Field, Newland, Carr, Russell, and Rake.

Referee-Mr. Horris Koker. Spectators are expected to preserve order and to applaud impartially.

(Signed) H. WHARTON."

There was a chuckle at the expense of Coker of the Fifth; but the members of Dennis Carr's team did not chuckle. They realised that they would be up against very formidable opposition. Their team was good, but Harry Wharton's was far better—on

formidable opposition. Their team was good, but Harry Wharton's was far better—on paper, at any rate.

Shortly before two o'clock, Dennis Carr mustered his men. He could only count ten players, including himself.

"Who's missing?" he inquired.

"Hazel," said Dick Russell.

"Where is he?"

"He said he felt groggy, and he's gone round to the matron," said Ogilvy.

"Then why couldn't the silly chump have told me so?" said Dennis irritably. "I'm without a goalie now." said Ogilvy.

"y couldn't the silly chump have without a goalie now."

"Try Skinner," advised Bolsover major.

"Thanks for the tip, but I'd prefer my aged and decrept grandmother to Skinner!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's no use cackling," said Monty Newland. "The position's jolly serious. What are we going to do about it?"

Suddenly, Dennis Carr had an inspiration.

"It's all right, you fellows," he said. "I'll play Mauly."

"Who?"

"Mauly—Lord"

yere"

"Mo?"
"Mauly—Lord Herbert Plantagenet Maule-verer, if you want his full title."
The juniors stared blankly at Dennis Carr.
Bolsover major tapped his forehead significantly.

"Mad!" he muttered.
"Mad as a hatter, or a March hare!" said

"Mad as a hatter, or a March hare!" said Dick Rake.

"Mauly couldn't keep goal to save his life!" said Morgan, soornfully. "Why, we should be whacked to the wide!"

"Absolutely!" said Tom Brown.
"This is a leg-pulling stunt, isn't it, Carr?" said Dick Russell.

"This is a leg-pulling stunt, isn't it, Carr?" said Dick Russell.

"I'm dead serious," replied Dennis.

"Mauly isn't such a duffer as you fellows think. He's lazy, I grant. But when he chooses to buck up and extend himself, he's as good as the average fellow. That being so, I intend to put him in goal in place of Hazel. He may be a bit shaky at first, but it's my belief that he'll develop into quite a good goalle as the game goes on."

"It's a risky experiment," said Squiff.

"Jolly risky!" said Bolsover major.

But Dennis Carr had quite determined to play Lord Mauleverer; and as Dennis was captain of the team his word was law.

Mauly drifted into view at that moment; and he protested vehemently that he would never make a goalkeeper, and that he had already had enough exercise that day to last him for a month.

But Dennis was adamant.

"You can either turn out, or be publicly pulverised!" he said. "Take your choice!"

Mauly chose the lesser of two evils, and a few recounts leten he hed changed into fear.

Mauly chose the lesser of two evils, and a few moments later he had changed into football garb.

His jersey was hidden by a clean white sweater; he sported a pair of goalkeeping gloves; and his long black hair was brushed

back with scrupilous care.

Harry Wharton & Co. roared with laughter when they heard that Mauly was to play for their opponents; and the spectators roared,

"Fancy playing Mauly?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Did you ever?"
"He'll be neither use nor ornament," said Johnny Bulf. "Very likely he'll go to sleep standing up, like a horse!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Coker of the Fifth blew a shrill blast on his whistle.
"Line up, you kids!" he said, in his most authoritative manner.
The ball was set in metion, and from the outset it was apparent that there was only one team in it. And that team was not Dennis Carr's.

Dennis Carr's.

Dennis Carr's.

Harry Wharton & Co. launched a fierce attack upon their opponents' goal, and Nugent scored when the game was barely five minutes old.

Nugent's shot was a feeble one, but Lord Mauleverer allowed the ball to trickle between his legs into the net.

As the schoolboy earl fished the ball out of the net, Dennis Carr whispered in his ear:

ear:
"That was a bad blunder, Mauly. Don't let's have a repetition of it, for goodness' sake!"
Mauly turned a bewildered face to his

study-mate.
"I wish you'd enlighten me as to what I've got to do," he said.

"You've got to keep the ball out. Whether

"You've got to keep the ball out. Whether you keep it out with your fist, or your boot, or your nose doesn't matter in the least. You've got to keep the fort intact!" Mauly nodded, and the game was resumed. All through the first half Harry Wharton & Co. applied strong pressure. But they failed to add to their score, for a very good reason. reason.

After a feeble start, Lord Mauleverer had improved out of all knowledge. He cleared the ball time and again, and some of his sayes were quite sensational.

On one occasion, when Wharton was through, with only the goalie to beat, Mauly dived for the ball in daring fashion, and took it off Wharton's toes, thus saving an almost

in on wharton s toes, thus saving an almost certain goal.

Harry Wharton gasped, Dennis Carr smiled triumphantly, and the crowd bellowed their applause:

Mauly's sweater was soon plastered with mud, and the same remark applied to his face. Indeed, he looked as if he had been indulging in a series of mud-baths. But he was playing a great game, and it was doubtful if Hazeldene would have put up a better show.
At half-time Harry Wharton's eleven led

At half-time Harry Wharton's eleven leu by a solitary goal.

"Mauly," said Dennis Carr, "you're playing rippingly! I knew you could rise to great heights if you cared to exert yourself. You've got a quick eye and plenty of anticipation, and that's just what a goalie should have. Keep it up, and you'll give Wharton & Co. something to think about!"

Dut Marky was practically idle in the But Mauly was practically idle in the

second half. second half.

Dennis Carr & Co. were now the attacking force, and Bulstrode, in the Wharfonites' goal, had his hands full. He was for ever fisting out shots, and once he was very nearly beaten by a high drive from Squiff.

Only on two occasions did Harry Wharton & Co. break away, and on each occasion they found a stumbling-block in Lord Mauleverer.

Mauly saved valiantly from Wharton and Vernon-Smith, and then play was transferred Vernon-Smith.

Vernon-Smith, and then play was transferred to the other end once more.

With five minutes to go Dennis Carr circumvented the backs, and passed to Dick Russell, who equalised the scores with a splendid shot.

There was no further scoring, and the match, which looked an easy thing for Harry Wharton's eleven, had ended in a draw.

As soon as the final whistle went Lord Manleyers became the centre of a congrature.

Mauleverer became the centre of a congratu-"Brave, Mauly!"
"Well played, old scout!"
Mauly laughed breathlessly.

"Footer's a fearfully exhaustin' game!" he murmured.

murmured.

Bob Cherry clapped the schoolboy earl on the back.

"A rattling good performance, Mauly!" he said. "You'll find yourself in the Remove Eleven if you're not careful!"

As for Dennis Carr, he was more than delighted with his pupil's success.

"Keep it up, Mauly!" he exclaimed.

"Yow! I feel jolly stiff, dear boy!"

"A sprint in the Close will soon work that off."

"Oh, help!"



Wharton was through, with only the goalie to beat, when Mauly dived for the ball in daring fashion, and took it off Wharton's toes, thus saving an almost certain goal. (See page 4.)

Lord Mauleverer was compelled to put in a sharp sprint, and by the time it was finished Mauly was nearly finished, too! He had bellows to mend, and he would have given a great deal to be allowed to take his ease on the study sofa. But the sofa was out of bounds.

The word "Bed-time!" came as a welcome relief to Mauly that evening, and he was only too glad to drag his weary limbs up to

ne Remove dormitory.
As soon as his head touched the pillow he was asleep; and he continued to sleep like a log until rising-bell.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A Desperate Resolve!

URING the next few days, Mauly bucked enormously.

His schoolfellows hardly recognised in him the Mauly of old. The Ethiopian had changed his skin, and the leopard his spots; and Lord Mauleverer was no longer a slacker, but was brimful of

energy.

Had Dennis Carr relaxed his vigilance for

a single moment Mauly would have relapsed into the same old slacker.

But Dennis was constantly keeping his study-mate up to the mark, and Sir Jimmy Vivian lent a hand—or a boot—when Vivian 1 necessary.

necessary.

Mauly never failed to turn out at risingbell; he was never late for breakfast, or for any other function, for that matter; he worked hard and diligently in the Formroom; he continued to play football in the afternoon, and even Wingate of the Sixth went so far as to admit that Mauly had the makings of a first-class goalkeeper—in short, Mauly was wonderful. He worked hard and played hard. But the question was, would he keep it up?

The day of the Rookwood match dawned at

The day of the Rookwood match dawned at

length, and Harry Wharton took a very strong team to the Hampshire school—the strongest, in fact, that he could raise. The forward line—consisting of Wharton, Nugent, Dennis Carr, Hurree Singh, and Vernon-Smith—was a really fine one.

It was a long way to Rookwood, and consequently the Greyfriars team had to start early. They took with them one reserve—Dick Penfold.

"The last time we went to Rookwood," said Bob Cherry, who reclined in a corner-seat in the railway-carriage, "Jimmy Silver & Co. trounced us to the tune of three goals to one. That sort of thing mustn't occur again."

again."

"Cheer up!" said Dennis Carr. "It won't!" Dennis Carr's optimism was not shared by the other members of the team.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were dour fighters on their native heath; and although Harry Wharton was hopeful of forcing a draw, he had too high an opinion of the Rookwood players to anticipate a victory.

Nevertheless, the Friars were in good spirits as the train rumbled into Combe, which was the station for Rookwood.

And then a calamity occurred.

Bulstrode alighted from the train before it stopped, and he came a considerable cropper.

cropper.

A porter assisted him to his fect, but the junior was very white, and he turned to his schoolfellows with a rueful smile.

"Afraid I've sprained my wrist," he said.

"Oh trumbs!"

"Let's have a look," said Peter Todd.

"Yes, you've sprained it right enough. You were a chump to get out before the train stopped."

"I know. But the minute." I know. But the mischief's done now." Harry Wharton looked worried and dis-

Harry Wharton looked works mayed.
"If it was any other member of the team

it wouldn't matter so much," he said. "But you're the goalie, and Penfold can't play in goal—can you Pen?"

Penfold shook his head.
"I'll play," said Bulstrode pluckily, "and use my sound arm to clear the shots."
"My dear chap, you'd never be able to hold the Rookwood forwards at bay."
"What's to be done?" asked Nugent help-lessly.

lessly

And then Dennis Carr made an astounding suggestion.

"Wire for Mauly," he said.
"This is no time for joking!" said Wharton

"I'm not joking. You know as well as I do that Mauly's a great goalie. He's almost up to Bulstrode's weight."

"That's so," said Bob Cherry, "But a wire wouldn't get him in time. He'd have to come on by train, and the next train doesn't land at Coombe until five. The match will be over by then."

Dennis Carr was not taken aback.

Dennis Carr was not taken aback.

"There are more ways than one of killing a cat," he said, "and there are more ways than one of getting to Rookwood."

"Don't talk in riddles!" snapped Wharton, who was not in the best of temper. "Mauly can't possibly come by train. How else would it be possible for him to come?"

"He's reliairs in righes" said Playing "and the said possible for him to come?"

"He's rolling in riches," said Dennis, "and he'd cheerfully hire a car to bring him over. He'll get here somehow, anyway."
"I think it would' be well worth while to wire him," said Vernon-Smith.
"All right," said Wharton. "But I'm willing to wager a study feed that he doesn't turn up." "Done!" said Dennis Carr promptly.

A wire was despatched from Coombe Post Office to Lord Mauleverer. It was worded as

THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 57.

"Goalkeeper crocked. Come immediately. et here quickest avail e means. Get here WHARTON."

Lord Mauleverer was in his study at Grey-friars when the telegram arrived. Left to his own devices, the schoolboy earl

intended to have a long nap, as a reward for all the energy he had expended of late.

Mauly's face fell when he read the telegram.

But he realised the extreme urgency of the situation.

His schoolfellows wanted him. They were a a tight corner, and he alone could help them out.

nem out.
"I'll go!" murmured Mauly.
And he dismissed the telegraph boy with a ave of the hand.

The problem of transport then presented

itself.

"I could hire a car," Mauly reflected, "but I should have to go to Courtfield to do it, an' that would take up a lot of time."

He thought of his bicycle, but dismissed the idea at once. It would take him the best part of the afternoon to cycle to Rookwood. And then a brilliant idea flashed into the schoolboy earl's mind.

schoolboy earl's mind.
Why not make the journey by motor-cycle?
The more he thought about it the more
convinced Mauly became that a motor-bike
would be his quickest means of transport.

But how was he to obtain a machine?
Only two people at Greyfriars were in possession of motor-cycles—Mr. Prout and Coker.
Coker's machine was under repair—it generally was—and there was nothing doing in that

Obviously, then, the only thing to be done as to tackle Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth.

It was a very daring and a risky thing to do. Mr. Prout might regard such a request as the height of impudence, especially coming from a junior.

Even a Sixth-Former would have hesitated before asking Mr. Prout for the loan of his

motor-cycle.

But the situation was desperate, and Mauly

But the situation was desperate, and Mauly decided to take the plunge. After all, he reflected, Mr. Prout couldn't eat him. He would simply consent or refuse.

Mauly went along to Mr. Prout's study, and tapped respectfully on the door.

There was no response.

Mauly tapped again—louder this time.

Then, still getting no response, he opened the door and peeped into the study. It was empty.

empty.

"Rotten luck!" murmured Mauly. "I suppose Prout's playin' golf, or somethin'."

To search for Mr. Prout would take up a good deal of time, particularly as the master of the Fifth might be miles away.

Realising this, Mauly formed a desperate reaches.

resolve. He would borrow Mr. Prout's motor-cycle

without permission!

In ordinary circumstances, Mauly would never have dreamed of carrying out such a desperate plan.

But these were not ordinary circumstances. His schoolfellows were counting on him; and if he failed—if he let them down—he would be ashamed to look them in the face again.

By borrowing the motor-bike, Mauly would get to Rookwood in good time—barring acci-dents. But any other scheme, such as hiring a car from Courtfield, would admit of too much delay.

Having made up his mind to borrow the machine and face the consequences—if any— Lord Mauleverer made his way to the shed

in which the motor-cycle was stored.

The Close was deserted, most of the fellows being on the football-field.

Mauly was not unfamiliar with motor-bikes, and Mr. Prout's machine presented no difficulties.

A few moments later the schoolboy earl was

speeding out of gates.
Gosling, the school-porter, shouted to him to stop, and Mauly gritted his teeth with annoyance.

"Shouldn't be surprised if Gossy gives the game away!" he muttered.

It was too late to retract, and Mauly had no idea of retracting. He concentrated on getting to Rookwood within the hour.

He had not changed into football garb, but he had no doubt that the Rookwooders would Iend him some togs.

Meanwhile, the match between Greyfriars

and Roskwood had commenced.

Jimmy Silver, in a sportsmanlike way, had offered to postpoue the start until the Grey-The Penny Popular.—No. 57.

friars goalie arrived; but Harry Wharton had

friars goalie arrived; but Harry Wharton had declined.
"It's awfully good of you," he said. "But we shall have to start the match now, or it will be dark before we finish."
Accordingly, the Remove had lined up without a goalkeeper. It was a very severe handicap, but they meant to do their best in the circumstances

The game had been in progress nearly a quarter of an hour when the sound of a booter came to the ears of the players.
"Can't be Mauly," mulmured Dennis Carr.
"He couldn't possibly have got here so entitle."

But Dennis was wrong.

A motor-cycle flashed through the entrance to the ground, and Lord Mauleverer, his face tanned by the wind, slowed up and dis-mounted. mounted.

"Hurrah!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "He's turned up!" "On Prout's motor-bike!" gasped Johnny

"It doesn't matter how he got here, so long as he's here!" said Dennis Carr. "Good old Mauly!" "Good old

Lord Mauleverer dashed breathlessly up to

the players.

"How is it going?" he asked.

"One to nil against us," said Wharton.

"It's not good at all. It's rotten!"
"I mean, it might be worse. D'you think
Jimmy Silver would lend me some clobber?"

"Sure thing!" said the captain of the Rook wood team, overhearing the question. "Step

his way! The gar The game was held up for a couple of minutes, whilst Mauly donned the necessary garb. The crowd gave him a cheer as he came on to the field, and took up his position

in front of the Greyfriars' goal.

Then the referee blew his whistle, and Jimmy Silver & Co. warmed to the attack.

But they soon discovered that Lord Maul whistle, and

everer, until recently the slacker and dandy of the Greyfriars Remove, was a force to be reckoned with.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. The Reckoning.

OOKWOOD attacked fiercely for the remainder of the first half, but they failed to add to their score.

The cause of their failure was Lord everer. Mauly gave an exhibition of

Mauleverer.

Mauleverer. Mauly gave an exhibition of goalkeeping which surpassed anything seen on the ground that season.

It must be admitted that one or two of Mauly's saves were lucky, but the majority of them were smart and skilful.

Bulstrode had gone back to Greyfriars; but had he remained at Rookwood he would have been the first to admit that Mauly was his master. Active as a squirrel, and never losing his head in an emergency, Mauly was the saviour of his side.

He was heaten once only, and that was in

He was beaten once only, and that was in the second half, as the result of a penalty-

kick.

Johnny Bull handled the ball close to goal;
a penalty was awarded, and Jimmy Silver
drove in a shot which beat Mauly all fhe way,
But there was no disgrace attaching to Mauly,
for the very best of custodians are often
powerless to cope with penalty-kicks.
Greyfriars were two goals to the bad, and
Harry Wharton urged his men to raily.

He did not urge them in vain

He did not urge them in vain.

Midway through the second half, VernonSmith fired in a terrific shot from the wing, and the ball crashed into the net. "Goal!"

"Gravo, Smithy!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll lick the beggars yet!" Five minutes later, Dennis Carr raced through on his own and brought the scores

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked grim.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked grim. After enjoying a clear lead of two goals, they resented this sort of thing. And they made strenuous efforts to get in front again.

Lord Mauleverer, however, was safe and sure. He was bombarded with shots by the Rookwood forwards, who were playing a storming game; but he kept the citadel intact. Then, from a sudden breakaway, Frank Nugent netted number three for Greyfriars. And in the last minute of the match Harry Wharton clinched matters by adding a further goal.

"Four to two!" exclaimed Peter Todd, as the players trooped off.
"It would have been another the "It would have been another story if we hadn't had Mauly in goal," said Dennis Carr.

"Yes, rather!"

"Mauly's a giddy Trojan!"

The schoolboy earl was warmly congratulated by his schoolfellows. His display had been magnificent.

"I must be gettin' back now, dear boys!" he said, as soon as he had changed into his

ons.
"Fancy old Prout lending you his motor-ke!" 'said Nugent. "How jolly decent of

bike!" 'said Nugent.

Mauly grinned,

"He didn't lend it to me," he said. "What!"

"I borrowed it, on the Billy Bunter prin-

My only aunt!"

"My only aunt!"
"It was my only chance of gettin' here,"
sand Mauly, "an' I jumped at it!"
"You're a brick!" said Harry Wharten.
"But I can't help thinking that you're booked
for a fearful row. Prout will foam at the for a mouth-

"Or have an apoplectic fit," said Johnny Bull.

The sooner I get back the better," said Mauly. auly. "So-long, you fellows!"
A moment later Mauly was speeding along

the muddy road. Harry Wharton & Co. gazed after him with

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed after him with some concern.
"Poor old Mauly!" murmured Peter Todd.
"I'm afraid he'll get it badly in the neck!"
And the others agreed.
Jimmy Silver & Co. invited their conquerors

to tea, and as soon as the meal was over the Greyfriars juniors hurried back to the station to eatch their train.

The journey back to Greyfriars was a tedious

one, and it was quite dark when the footballers streamed in at the school gates.

"I say, you fellows—"

A fat figure loomed up in the darkness of

the Close.
"Four to two, pospoise!" said Bob Cherry.

"Weren't you going to ask us what the score was;

"Blow the score!" said Billy Bunter, who was considerably excited. "I say, you chaps, poor old Mauly's in the wars!" "What's happened to him?" asked Dennis Carr quickly.

"He turned up a few minutes ago——"

"He turned up a few minutes ago—"
"Only a few minutes ago?"
"Yes. And he was pushing Prout's motorble. It appears that he bagged it without
permission, and on his way back to the school
he jiggered it up."
"My hat!"

"My hat!" Prout w "My hat!"
"Prout was in an awful stew. He took
Mauly before the Head, and the Head said:
'I will leave this boy's punishment to you,
Prout!' So Prout took Mauly along to his
study, and gave him a fearful licking. Mauly's
yells could have been heard in Friardale."

" I don't believe you!" said Harry Wharton indignantly. "Mauly's not the sort of fellow to squeal when he's licked."

"But it wasn't a common or garden licking," said the fat junior. "It was awful! Prout Busted a dozen canes......"
"Ha, ha, ha !"

The juniors realised that Billy Bunter was drawing upon his imagination, which was very fertile. At the same time, they knew that Bunter's information was fundamentally true, and they hurried into the building.
As they trooped along the Remove passage

sounds of lamentation came to their ears. The sounds proceeded from Lord Mauleverer's study. Harry Wharton & Co.

erowded into the

Mauly was lying on the study sofa; he had broken one of Dennis Carr's rules at last, and be was writhing and squirming in anguish.

Every now and then a groan escaped him.

"Poor cld chap!" said Bob Cherry sympathetically. "Had it hot?"

"Yow-ow-ow! I think one of you had better

telephone for the ambulance!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
The juniors were sympathetic, but they could not help laughing.

"I've had enough excitement this after-noon," gasped Mauly, "to last me for the rest of the term! There was the ride to Rookwood, the footer match, an' the ride back!"

Mauly shuddered at the recollection. "Tell your uncles all about it!" said Peter Todd

There isn't a great deal to tell, dear boy, On the way back to Greyfrians I bumped into a stationary steam-roller—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"An, although I wasn't damaged, I can't

say the same about Prout's motor-bike. The collision dented it a bit, an' I had to push it the rest of the way."

"And when you got back?" said Nugent.

"Prout was waitin' for me in the Close. Gosling told him I had bagged the motor-bike, an' Prout was prancin' up an' down like a maniac! I've got to pay for the damage done to the motor-bike, an' I've had a fearful lickin' into the bargain!"

"Poor old Manly!" said Johnny Bull

"Poor old Mauly!" said Johnny Bull.
Bunter says that Prout busted a dozen

"Well, he certainly busted two." "My hat!"

"My hat!"

"I'm goin' to retire from active service after this!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I believe you regarded me as a promisin' pupil, Carr, an' I'm sorry to disappoint you. But I've used up all my energy, an' enjoyed the full benefit of Prout's, an' I think it's time I eased up. No more footer for me!"

"Rats! You'll be as fit as a fiddle by to-morrow!" said Dennis Carr cheerfully.

But he was wrong.

Next morning the clang of the rising-bell fell on deaf ears, so far as Lord Mauleverer was concerned.

Mauly refused to budge from his bed, and he also refused to go for his usual early-morning sprint in the Close.

At the breakfast-table Mauly was conspicuous by his absence. Mr. Quelch had to send a special messenger to the Remove dormitory to summon the schoolboy earl, who was awarded five hundred lines for "incorrigible laziness," to quote the Form-master's words.

Later in the day, when Dennis Carr asked his study-mate if he was going to play footer, the reply was emphatically in the negative.

"Do you want me to frog-march you down to the field?" demanded Dennis.
Mauly shrugged his shoulders.

"You can take what action you like," he

said, "but you'll never induce me to kick a football-never!" And Dennis Carr gave it up.

From that time onwards Lord Mauleverer took no active part in the affairs of the Remove. A few days before he had been third from the top in class, but he now slid downwards so rapidly that he was soon third from the bottom, the two fellows beneath him being Bolsover major and Billy Bunter.

So far as football was concerned, Mauly never went near the ground. All his spare time—and a great deal that was not spare—was spent on the study sofa.

In short, Mauly's brief spell of activity was over.

over.

That terrible ordeal in Prout's study had knocked all the stuffing out of the schoolboy earl, and he was not likely to be in the limelight again for some considerable time.

But Harry Wharton & Co. would always remember their elegant chum's sparkling display of goalkeeping against Rookwood, and on that account they made up their minds to be more lenient in future with the slacker of freyfriars. Greyfriars.

THE END.

NEXT FRIDAY'S

Grand Long Story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars School, is entitled "BUNTER, THE BONE-

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sala

for sale.

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THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Micky Denver, an orphan lad, is an acrobat in Beauman's Gigantic Circus. One night, in Liverpool, he is accused unjustly by Boris Beauman, the bullying proprietor, of having stolen a gold watch. The evidence is black against him, and Micky is arrested, but escapes to the river-front and stows away on a tramp-steamer called the Plunger. When the ship brings up in New York Harbour, Micky escapes through an open port and swims ashore. In New York he meets a slim, red-headed American, Aleo P. Figs, who is also anxious to get out West. With him Micky "jumps" the "Chicago Flyer," and by stages they beat their way to

Kansas City. Figg. known 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 cinema studios, but without success. One day he visits Santa Monica, on the coast, and there he rescues a cinema star named Mary Maidstone from the surf. On the beach, afterwards, he is introduced to a slim, clean-shaven stranger, who turns out to be none other than the great Charlie Chaplin!

Micky Among the Stars!

HEN Micky heard the cinema director address the slim young man as Mr. Chaplin, he could scarcely believe his ears. He gazed open-eyed at the stranger, scrutinising in turn his straw hat, handsome, clean-shaven face, bow-tie, smart grey lounge suit, and white buckskin shoes. So comical was the bewilderment in the face of the English lad that the stranger and the cinema director exchanged glances with twinkles of merriment in their eyes.

exchanged glances with twinkles of merriment in their eyes.
"I don't think I introduced you two properly," chuckled the director. Then, turning to Micky, he asked: "What's your name, lad?"

"Micky Denver, sir."

"Now we'll get this right," said the director. "Allow me to introduce Mr. Micky Denver, Mr. Chaplin. Mr. Denver, this is Mr. Charles Chaplin."

The stranger showed a perfect set of white teeth in a frank smile, and held out his hand.

hand.

"I'm proud to make your acquaintance, Micky," he said sincerely, "though Romery's formality seems hardly necessary."

Micky took the proffered hand, still bewildered by this unexpected meeting with the world's greatest cinema star.

"But—but I don't quite understand," he stammered. "You—you've——"
Micky paused in his embarrassment, but the great film star gave him a friendly nod of encouragement.

"Well, what have I done?" he smiled.

"You've shaved your moustache sir!"

of encouragement.

"Well, what have I done?" he smiled.

"You've shaved your moustache, sir!" burst out Micky. "Last time I saw you at the Star Picture Palace in Liverpool you had a ripping little black one, you know!"

The cinema director let out a wild, unearthly yell and doubled up to such an extent that Micky began to fear he was subject to fits. The good-looking young man who had been introduced as Charlie Chaplin drew an immaculate manve silk handkerchief from his breast-pocket and blew his nose violently several times.

"I say, sir," said Micky, a dark suspicion creeping into his mind, "I suppose this chap's trying to be funny, and has been pulling my leg about you being Charlie Chaplin? Why, I saw you come along the sands just now, and you were walking quite decently, you know!"

Again the cinema director gave a mighty

Again the cinema director gave a mighty squirm and made curious noises as though he had a large fish-hone stuck in his throat. The young man wiped two tears that trickled from his eyes, and replaced his exquisite handkerchief.

nandkerchief.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Micky," he said, "but I'm afraid I must plead guilty to the charge of our friend Romery here. I am Charlie Chaplin. I'm not really such THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 57.

an extraordinary-looking person as my film pictures would suggest, am I?"

Micky gazed in heartfelt admiration at this well-dressed young man, who, by his skill and humour, had climbed to the very topmost rung of cinema success.

"You're jolly good-looking, I reckon, sir!" he cried frankly. "I've seen you scores of times at the picture-palaces at home, and I wouldn't have believed you could have looked so different in real life."

Micky paused as a great idea came to his mind. Not three feet away from him was one of the "Big Four" of Filmland, a man who, by the raising of his little finger, could flick him, Micky, into the studio job he had been seeking in vain for the last three weary weeks. He knew that a certain amount of cheek is necessary in the composition of anyone anxious to better himself, and that little is given in this world unless it is boldly asked for. Opportunity was knocking at his door, and he determined to grasp it with both hands.

"I say, sir," he said, "you'll think it awful cheeky of me, I know, but I've always had the ambition to work for the cinema, and I've beat it all the way from England for the express purpose of landing such a job in Los Angeles. Can you find me one in your studio, sir? I'm willing to tackle anything so long as there's the chance of my becoming a cinema actor one day."

The great Charlie drew a white slip of pasteboard from his pocket.

"Call at that address, Micky," he said, "and we'll talk it over. Come round to the studio at about five o'clock on Thursday, if you can, for Mrs. Chaplin will be there as well then, and I know she'll want to thank you for saving the life of her great chum, Mary Maidstone."

So great had Micky's interest been in the famous cinema star that he received quite a shock when he saw the hurly man of the

he announced. "She is beginning to feel quite herself again, and wants to thank you per-sonally for the splendid act of heroism that was the means of saving her life."

was the means of saving her life."

Micky took little notice of the eulogistic remarks and the hearty thumps on the back which were showered on him as he was ushered through the group of onlookers, but he flushed to the roots of his hair as he found himself face to face with the star actress of the great Broadworth Company for whom he had risked his life.

Mary Maidstone met Micky with out-

for whom he had risked his life.

Mary Maidstone met Micky with outstretched hands and a sweet smile of welcome on her beautiful face.

"How can I thank you?" she murmured, a tinge of pink surmounting her cheeks as she clasped the hands of her rescuer. "Certainly I can't express the gratitude of my heart in words. You'd understand what I feel perhaps if you could imagine the awful despair I experienced as I found myself powerless in that raging surf, and then to see you dive in from the rock. Oh, it was just splendid!" splendid!"

Like most healthy English lads, Micky had Like most healthy English lads, Micky had not the capacity for bearing praise gracefully, and his eyes left the glowing face of the chema star, and furtively sought a loophole of escape through the crowd. Fortunately, further embarrassment was saved him by Chappie, who, having warmed up a bit under Micky's coat, now poked his head out to see what all the fuss was about. At the sight of the little dog a cry of delight left the lips of the girl.

"Why it was this little dog that first

left the lips of the girl.

"Why, it was this little dog that first jumped into the sea after me!" she cried, darting forward and snatching Chappie from Micky's arms. "You dear, brave old thing!"

She patted Chappie's wiry, bedraggled coat affectionately, and the little terrier wagged his stumpy tail with every manifestation of delight at the notice that was being taken of him. Unlike his master, Chappie was not in the very least embarrassed by the gratitude of the young girl; indeed, had he been offered a nice big bone then and there he would have accepted it as but a natural part of the tribute due to him.

Hearing of the part the little mongrel played in the rescue, all the other ladies present flocked round, and Chappie was thoroughly enjoying himself, when the big man with the round tortoiseshell spectacles intervened." for saving the life of her great clum, Mary Maidstone."

So great had Micky's interest been in the famous cinema star that he received quite a shock when he saw the burly man of the tortoiseshell spectacles, who had carried the actress from the rocks, hastening towards him. With a hasty excuse to Charlie Chaplin, he tried to make off down the beach, but the director, Romery, laid violent hands on him and dragged him back.

"That's right, Romery!" puffed the big man. "Don't let the young rascal get away! We've got quite a lot to say to him before he hits the trail again." Then, seeing the great film star standing by, he said jocularly:

"Why, hallo, Charlie, old son! Have you just autied down for the day?"

Micky felt something akin to awe for this big man with the tortoiseshell spectacles whose personality seemed to dwarf into insignificance all others about him, and who could so casually address the world-famed Chaplin as "Charlie, old son!"

After a few moments conversation with the star, the big man drew Micky towards the knot of people whence he had emerged a few minutes before.

"T'm to take you to Miss Maidstone, lad,"



"Why it was this little dog that first jumped into the sea after me!" cried the cinema star, darting forward and snatching Chappie from Micky's arms. "You dear, brave old thing!" (See page 8.)

Chappie in such an effective fashion. "Bring

him along to the Rockview!"

"I'll keep an eye on him, never fear, sir!"
And the little stout man strode across in a very determined manner and slipped his arm through the lad's in spite of the sopping state of Mislaytic alethan.

of Micky's clothes.

As they stepped out after the others a tall, athletic figure in a woollen surfing costume intercepted them. Micky rightly judged him to be the man who had attempted the rescue of the actress from the beach, but the swimper way to be the man who had attempted the rescue of the actress from the beach, but the swimper way they are account flower ways.

to be the man who had attempted the rescue of the actress from the beach, but the swimmer was now a more decorative figure owing to the additional embellishments of a faultless panama on his head, an immaculate check sporting coat over his shoulder, and a rimless monocle stuck in his right eye.

"Hi, stop, Gaylord, my deah old chappie!" he called. "I want to be intwoduced to the hewo, you know!"

Bu', there was no need for an introduction as far as Micky was concerned, for in spite of the man's bizarre appearance he recognised him at once. It was Reginald Clarence Eton, the nut of the Broadworth Company, and dude in many a fine photo-play he had witnessed at home. A splendid athlete and daredevil to boot, "Reggie" was known and loved by picture-goers the world over.

Buddy Gaylord obviously had his eye on the retreating form of the big man and the rescued actress, but he hastily obtained Micky's name, and performed the formality in the precise way he knew the nut required.

"I hope to have the pleasuah of meeting to the but and the standard of the standard was the standard was a first and a fi

"I hope to have the pleasuah of meeting you again latah," said the dude to Micky. "I heah you are going to the Wockview, so I shall look in and bwing you a change of waiment in case you wequire it."

Micky's thanks were interrupted by a gurgling fit of laughter from his stout companion.
"Say Reggie" spluttered Ruddy Gaylord.

panion.

"Say, Reggie," spluttered Buddy Gaylord,
"bring the coat and pants, if you must, but
please—oh, please, spare him the agony of
your fancy-vests!"

Reginald Clarence Eton gave the stout man
a glance of lofty disdain, and turned to
Micky.

"Take no coat."

"Take no notice of this low fellow's wibaldery," he said, "and, wemembah, if I

can be of any assistance to you in future, pway command me!"

By this time Buddy Gaylord was fuming

By this time Buddy Gaylord was ruming in his impatience.

"We'll have to get a hustle on, Micky," he said, dragging the lad away; "the boss isn't the sort o' man you might care to disobey."

As they hastened across the sands in an

endeavour to catch up the two in front, Micky took the opportunity of asking who the burly individual wearing the tortoiseshell spectacles

might be.

"By gum, haven't you guessed?" puffed Buddy Gaylord. "That's Kennedy N. Broadworth, the Big Noise, head o' the company, and producer o' all the screen-thrills that have ever appeared under the Broadworth trade-mark! They call him 'K.N.' out here in the West, and 'cayenne' he is, let me tell! The tall guy who gave you the knock-down to Charlie Chaplin is Jeffrey J. Romery, the chief director o' the company. Jeff is a Southerner from Tennessee, and one o' the best."

Despite Micky's protests, Mr. Broadworth booked him a room at the Rockview Hotel, and ordered him to take a hot bath. After he had finished his refreshing ablutions, the lad found a brand-new suit of American-cut clothes laid out for him, and these he donned wondering how on earth the cinema people had managed to secure his exact fit in such a short space of time. Had he known the great fim-producer a little better he would not have been surprised at anything he did.

not have been surprised at anything he did.

When he had finished dressing, and he had had his arm tended by a doctor sent up by the producer, Micky went down to the foyer of the magnificent hotel, and there he ran into Mr. Broadworth, who was talking to Reginald C. Eton.

"Ah, here you are, sonny!" exclaimed the great producer. "I've arranged some lunch on the terrace, and you must join us!"

The brand of courage which enabled Micky to dive into the raging surf near the deadly rocks without a tremor, failed him completely at the prospect of a lunch with these world-famous cinema people who considered themselves indebted to him.

"It's—it's very kind of you, sir," he stam-

mered. "But when my other clothes are dry

mered. "But when my other clothes are dry I'll be getting along!"

"You'll do nothing of the sert!"

The tone of finality about the great producer's remark brooked of no further argument, and Micky resigned himself to his fate.

"I say, you know," said Reginald C. Eton, as they made their way to the terrace, "my valet bwought you up a wipping suit in gween and yellow stwipes, but as you are alweady wigged out, it's hardly worth changing."

Mr. Broadworth smiled hugely.

"I guess the lad feels himself quite conspicuous enough," he remarked, "without being bedecked in your Armistice Day, hiphooray creations!"

Outside Micky gazed round for Chappie, where he had ordered the little dog to lie down when he had entered the hotel. Mr. Broadworth noticed the lad peering about for his four-footed friend and hastened to reasure him.

"I ordered the waiter to give him town."

"I ordered the waiter to give him some dinner," he said. "No doubt Miss Maidstone will bring him to you when she comes!"

Several members of the Broadworth Com-Several members of the Broadworth Company and many other fashionably-dressed Americans were seated at the tables along the pleasant terrace, and all eyes were turned on Micky as he walked along between the great film-producer and the best-known dude of the cinema-screens. Had he followed his desire he would have run miles from the place, but he have of the interest to underset the place. but he braced himself to undergo the ordeal, though his face flushed scarlet under the scrutiny he received, and his fingers nervously sought the lapels of his immaculate coat.

coat.

An obsequious waiter approached Mr. Broadworth and ushered them to a table marked "Reserved," which was set for four persons. Micky rightly guessed that Mary Maidstone was to be the fourth guest of the producer's producer's.

producer's.

As they sat waiting for the arrival of the actress, Mr. Broadworth tactfully questioned the lad as to his business, inclinations, and prospects, and Micky gave a curtailed account of his life as an acrobat in England and his adventures in the United States in search of THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 57.

a cinema job. Apart from the high personal regard in which the great American film-producer held his star actress, the girl was worth many thousands of dollars to him from the business standpoint, and he recognised and hoped to discover some means to repay the great debt he owed the English lad for saving her life. great del ber life.

"See here, sonny!" he said, after a thoughtful pause. "That job of yours selling chewmg-gum at the Kinema de Luxe is no good to you. I'll find you a billet in my studio under Buddy Gaylord, my chief property man, and if you make good in that you shall have your chance to climb higher in the tree."

Micky beamed with delight at this definite offer, but He suddenly remembered his appointment at the Chaplin studies.

"It's jolly good of you, sir!" he cried. "But when I met Mr. Charlie Chaplin on the beach an hour ago I sounded him for a job, and he gave me an appointment to call and see him on Thursday."

"I guess you've sure been taking time by

on Thursday."

"I guess you've sure been taking time by the forelock, sonny," smiled the producer, "and that's the way to get on in life. It's the spirit 1 like to see among my own people."

people."
"But, weally, you know, Micky," burst in Reggie, "if you're a beastly ackwobat, you'll have much more opportunity with my good fwiend, Broadworth here, than with that boundah Chaplin. The gweat Charles pwoduces comedies chiefly, as you know, and you won't get the scope in those you would in a company that speciolises in thwills like ours.

Micky clearly saw the point of this advice, Micky clearly saw the point of this advice, for his definite object had been to one day appear in such stunts as he had seen in the magnificent photo-plays bearing the Broadworth brand.

"Don't be in such a hurry, sonny," said the producer; "think it well over, and let me know what you decide. Ah, here comes Miss Maidstone!"

Mishy typed to see the girl be had rescreed.

Maidstone!"
Micky turned to see the girl he had rescued from the sea, a vision of loveliness in a simple pale-blue dress, tripping daintily towards them. At her heels came Chappie, looking from right to left in search of his young master. Directly the little dog caught sight of Micky he bounded forward, and, standing on his hind-legs, pawed the lad with every manifestation of delight.

The men rose from the table to greet the girl.

'Feeling all right again, Mary?" asked Mr.

"Feeling all right again, many.
Broadworth.
"I'm quite fit now," affirmed the star, "and so is my little canine friend. He's had the biggest plate of bones he's ever seen in his life, I warrant!"
The sensation of sitting at a table spread with silver, cut glass, and fine linen, and surrounded by such fashionably-dressed folk as frequented the Rockview, was decidedly a nevel one for Micky. But, notwithstanding nevel one for Micky. as frequenced the Rockyley was decidedly a nevel one for Micky. But, notwithstanding the novelty of his position, the natural inbred polish of the lad's composition asserted itself, and he made an excellent impression on the three cinema people by his frank ways and gentlemanly manners.

Chappie, too, proved that, although he had no pedigree as long as a beanstalk, he, nevertheless, knew how a small dog should behave in such exalted company, and sat patiently by Micky's side without a murmur. Even when a tiny Pekinese—a breed for which he had the utmost loathing—passed close to him, led by a lady on a broad black ribbon, he merely gave a dignified sniff, and averted his eyes from the temptation.

merely gave a dignified sniff, and averted his eyes from the temptation.

The terrace on which the lunch was served overlooked some of the charming hotel grounds, in which flourished palms, orangetrees, and other semi-tropical vegetation, while between the luxurious foliage could be obtained glimpses of the sparkling blue Pacific herond

Pacific beyond.

Pacific beyond.

"Our young friend, Micky Denver, here," said Mr. Broadworth to the actress during lunch, "is keen to become a cinema actor, so I've offered him a chance in my studio."

The girl clapped her hands together in glee

glee.
"How bully!" she exclaimed. "And he must leave that horrid old lodging house where

must leave that borrid old lodging-house where he is staying! Mrs. Gaylord, I'm sure, would find room for him at her home."

"Mr. Broadworth kindly told me I could think it over," put in Micky, "and so I'll let him know on Friday morning."

"Anyway," said the producer, "I'll ask Gaylord if he can fix you up at his place for the time being. It is close to Cinema City, and you'll be handy for all the studies."

"Bai Jove, Micky," cried Reginald, "you The Penny Popular.—No. 57.

weally must join our happy family, you know! weally must join our happy family, you know! Mr. Bwoadworth, I can assuah you, is a wegular father to us all, and, like all pwoducers in this stwange countwy, is particularly partial to Englishmen for the films. I have lived out heah for several years myself, but, though you would hardly ewedit it, I'm an Englishman myself."

"Ha, ha!" roared the great producer. "I opine the only person liable to mistake you for a nephew of Uncle Sam, Reggie, would be a Bashiebazook from the interior of Oompawoompaland!"

The famous dude looked a trifle hurt, as it was a matter of pride with him that, although he were the extremes of Bond Street fashion, and often sported spats and a monocle, he had greatly adapted his speech and manners to the country of his adoption. Reggie's adaptability, unknown to him, was a source of much humour among the native Americans at the studio.

at the studio. Excusing himself, Mr. Broadworth left his three guests toying with their dessert, and went off to find his chief property man and make the necessary arrangements for Micky to take up his abode temporarily in the home

of the Gaylords.

A few minutes later he returned with Buddy

Gaylord himself.

"I've fixed everything up for you, sonny," he said to Micky, "and you can get your gear from the place you're staying at and take it along to Mr. Gaylord's as soon as you

Micky rose with the others, and as he did so a violent twinge of pain shot through his damaged left hand, and he turned pale, and staggered against the table.

"Good gracious, you're hurt, Micky!" cried the young actress, a look of deep concern in her big eyes, "You never told me!" "I—I'm all right, really," said Micky, recovering himself a little, "It—it is nothing, really."

Mary Maidstone shot a look of inquiry in

Mary Madstone shot a look of inquiry in the direction of the film-producer.

"The lad hurt his arm a bit on the rocks," explained Mr. Broadworth. "He has had it dressed properly already, and we'll have the doctor to tend it again in Los Angeles."

"I'm going to take him back to town in my car," said the actress, in the tone of one used to having her own way. "Buddy shall come, too, and must see that he takes things easily for a day or two."

things easily for a day or two."
Five minutes later a beautiful, olive-green limousine drew up to the hotel entrance with a soft purring sound, and Mr. Broadworth helped Mary Maidstone and Micky into their seats. Then Buddy Gaylord, holding Chappie wider his arm alimbed in and the ore shot

seats. Then Buddy Gaylord, holding Chappie under his arm, climbed in, and the car shot forward on its journey to Los Angeles.

Micky sank among the soft cushions, with a sigh of perfect happiness. Less than a month before he had entered that great hub of the cinema world in a joiting freight-van in the company of railway brakesmen; now he was returning to his dream city in a smoothly-gliding limousine with one of the most popular stars in filmland!

"Props" for the "Pictures."

ICKY was only too glad to give up his cubicle in the Pacific lodging-house, and take up his residence in the charming home of Buddy Gay the charming home of Buddy Gaylord and his excellent spouse. He also wrote to the manager of the Kinema de Luxe, in Orange Street, and gave up his job there, and this he did joyfully enough, glad to be free of the necessity of shouting the hated ery: "Chocolates, chiclets, and salted peanuts!"

Mrs. Gaylord took the English lad to her heart at once. This buxom, motherly woman was a keen judge of character, and Micky's frank ways and modesty appealed to her tremendously.

Her chief delight was in her home, but she her coner delight was in her home, but she also acted in an official capacity at the studio. When her only child had died a year before, Mr. Broadworth, a marvellous judge of character himself, had offered her the post of "studio mother." studio mother."
Her duties were to act as guardian to the

Her duties were to act as guardian to the many girls employed by the great cinema company, and as adviser to the hundreds of members of her own sex who were always to be seen waiting in queues on the lot on the chance of obtaining work in big productions. On many an occasion the motherly woman had helped some poor lass back to the distant home from which she had run away, lured by the glamour of the "silver screen."

Nothing would suit Buddy Gaylord and his

genial spouse than that Micky should rest and enjoy himself until his arm had mended properly, and the English lad made the most

properly, and the English lad made the most of those halcyon days.

The Gaylords' house was situated close to Cinema City on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and commanded a perfect view of the-foothills of the lovely San Gabriel range. The only task Micky was allowed to' perform was the pleasant one of plucking of the oranges, peaches, persimmons, and passion fruit, with the morning dew sparkling upon them, for the luscious salads which were on the menu daily.

the luscious salads which were on the menu daily.

At last the day of which Micky had thought during all his waking hours, and dreamt of at night, came round. With infinite care to the minutest details of his toilet, the lad dressed himself in the immaculate American-cut suit with which Mr. Broadworth had supplied him m Santa Monica. Then he took leave of kindly Mrs. Gaylord, and, with Chappie trotting contentedly at his heels, he set off for his interview with the great Charlie Chaplin. Micky arrived at the Chaplin studio in plenty of time; and it was as well that he did, for, in spite of showing the eard he had received from the cinema star, he had great difficulty in getting anybody to believe he had been invited there to tea. However, he was rescued finally by a smartly-dressed youth

was rescued finally by a smartly-dressed youth who had been sent to receive him.

who had been sent to receive him.

"Mr. Chaplin has been called away on business, Mr. Denver, but he'll be back soon, I expect," said the youth. "Mrs. Chaplin is here, though, and is expecting you."

Following his guide through the lot, Micky passed a farmhouse built of wood in the Western style and painted grey, with fences complete, and he wondered whether the great Charles was engaged on another film along the lines of "Sunnyside Farm."

On a next lawn outside, a pretty hungalow.

On a neat lawn outside a pretty bungalow, in which were situated the dressing-rooms of the principal stars, three young ladies were reclining in wicker chairs. One of them, a pretty girl in a dove-grey dress, rose as Micky approached, and extended a hand in greeting. It was Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, better known to the lovers of the "movies" as Mildred Harris!

Harris!

"How do you do, Mr. Denver?" she murmured. "My husband has told me all about you. He was called away on an urgent matter of business with Mr. Griffith, the producer, and left his apologies in case he was unable to return in time to receive you himself."

Mrs. Chaplin then introduced her two friends, and the employee of the studio who had brought Micky along took the oppor-tunity to slip away unobserved.

Micky felt awkward and nervous as he took Micky felt awkward and nervous as he took his seat, and sincerely wished that Charlie Chaplin had been present to level matters up a bit; but he was soon put quite at his case by the three ladies. All three, had heard of the lad's plucky rescue of Mary Maidstone from the surf at Santa Monica, and made much of him, and, doubtless, had Micky not been a sensible, level-headed young person, his head would have been quite turned by the attention he received.

As time passed Micky looked anxiously for

As time passed Micky looked anxiously for the return of the great Charlie, for he was very desirous to discuss with him the matter of his employment at the studio. When tea had been cleared away by deft-fingered waiters, Mrs. Chaplin, who, with the quick perception of her sex, flad guessed what was troubling her guest, tactfully broached the subject. broached the subject.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Denver," she said, "my husband left a message with me for you in case he did not get back in time to see you himself. It is about the matter you mentioned to him on the beach at Santa Manica."

Mentioned to this on the beach at santa Monica."

Micky leaned forward eagerly.

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Chaplin?"

The pretty girl smiled winsomely, and, knowing by Micky's manner that she could offer no offence by speaking openly before her friends, launched on a delicate task.

"Perhaps you do not know," she went on, that Mr. Broadworth came to see my husband with reference to your desire to join the ranks of us einema folk. At any rate, they had quite a long chat about you, and, having heard of Mr. Broadworth's intentions, Mr. Chaplin feels that, considering your special qualifications, he would only be standing in the light of your highest interests if he—if he—" if he-if

hastened to bridge the awkward Micky

pause. "I-I understand, Mrs. Chaplin," he said quietly.

on the lad's arm.

"I can see you are disappointed," she said;
"but, believe me, my husband only had your
interest at heart, and I am sure you will thank
him one day for his present attitude. Don't
you see that you would never have the opportunity here that you will have in Mr. Broadworth's company?"

Interest of him to Mr. Mr. Mr.

In spite of himself Micky did see. He would have to begin at the bottom in which would have to begin at the bottom in whichever studio he found employment, and, although Mrs. Chaplin put the matter so delicately, he knew that Charlie Chaplin was and always would be, the only big star in all the films in which he took part; whereas a company such as Broadworth's always had their eyes open for fresh talent among their personnel. Charlie Chaplin was right.

"I am sorry my husband himself was unable to be here to explain matters," said Mrs. Chaplin; "but, as I said, I am sure you will thank him one day for pointing out the thank him one day for pointing out the advantage of associating yourself with Broadworth's. Mr. Broadworth is the head of a big, happy family. We know many members of his company, and better folk than Mary Maidstone, Jeff Romery, Reggie Eton, Buddy Gaylord, and most of the others you couldn't find if you searched the States from California to Maine!"

"Thank you!" said Micky. "I reckon you're right, Mrs. Chaplin, and I'll ask Mr. Broadworth to let me get to work with his company right away."

Micky rose, preparatory to taking his

pany right away."

Micky rose, preparatory to taking his departure.

"I'm so glad you came, Mr. Denver," said Mrs. Chaplin; "and when we return from the East-for we're going to Boston shortly—you must come and see us, and next time, I promise you, my husband shall be on the scene, if I have to drag him from his work!"

With a smile she extended her hand. "Good-With a smile she extended her hand. "Good-bye! I'm sure your keenness will bring you success in the end."

The Americans could give Micky no points in the matter of hustling, and once clear of the Chaplin studio he lost no time in making his way to the lot of the Broadworth

Company

Late though it was, the great producer was very busy at work in his office, but he spared the English lad exactly two minutes, and in that space of time it was arranged that Micky should start his work under Buddy Gaylord, the property-man, on the next morning.

All feelings of disappointment at not being associated with the great and only Charles had disappeared as he hurried home and reported his experiences to the genial couple

with whom he was staying.

Buddy Gaylord, like his buxom spouse, had taken a great liking to the lad, and he was glad to know that Micky was to get his first insight into making the movies under his

on the following morning Micky awakened with the first song of the birds in the swaying palms outside his window, and blithely set forth on his pleasant task of plucking enough golden fruit from the orange-trees for the usual breakfast appetiser of the

for the usual breakfast appetiser of the bousehold.

The meal over, he set off gaily with the jovial property-man for his first day's duty at the studio. At last, after years of hardship at home and weeks of bitter suffering, trials, and disappointments since leaving Liverpool as a stowaway, not a cloud appeared in his sky in this paradise of the Pacific slope. But the gods decree that no mortal shall have smooth sailing for long in this wicked world, and already, unknown to himself, the dark clouds were gathering below Micky's horizon ready to rise and burst in storm about his head.

Buddy Gaylord, or "Props," as many

storm about his head.

Buddy Gaylord, or "Props," as many called him, was by way of being a marvel in his own particular line. Did the scenario—the complete synopsis and instructions of a photo-play—call for a horseshoe tiepin or a complete suit of Japanese samural armour and he was asked for the requirement at noon, Buddy would usually supply that want in less time than it took the director to get served at the studio "Quick Lunch."

Ware he asked to supply a pigrapage hell

Were he asked to supply a ping-pong ball or the complete accourrements of a company

He stopped, lost in a sense of keen disappointment. He had looked forward, perhaps too whole-heartedly, to being associated with the world's greatest cinema star, and to have his hopes shattered even at the hands of this gentlewoman was a bitter pill indeed. Mrs. Chaplin gently laid a soft white hand on the lad's arm.

"I can see you are disappointed," she said;

"I can see you are disappointed, " she said;

"I can see you are disappointed, " she said;

"I can see you are disappointed, " she said;

"I can see you are disappointed, " she said;

quired as a "prop" for the "pictures."

Buddy let Micky down lightly at first, and the lad's first few days at the Broadworth studios were more in the nature of a delightful holiday than work. Although in charge of one of the busiest departments of the studio, the genial property-man, nevertheless, found time to show Micky his vast stores of articles of all descriptions, great and small, which had been, or were likely to be, in demand for the company's productions.

It had taken Buddy a long time to make

It had taken Buddy a long time to make that collection, and he was justly proud of it as one of the finest in Cinema City. Furniture of all periods, variety of clocks, books, weapons of every description, curios and wear-ing apparel from China, the South Seas, Alaska, Egypt, and almost every other land, modern Yankee inventions, and thousands of other articles, both rare-and commen, were in the vast stores for the use of the film requirements, and, incidentally, for the bewilderment of Micky. But Buddy had everything catalogued, and could put his hand on most requirements at a minute's notice.

In addition to the stores, the property-man showed the lad over the workshops, where a number of his staff were engaged on the con-struction of papier-mache articles.

"I guess papier mache is the most wonderful material ever invented," said Buddy, as he conducted Micky round.

he conducted Micky round.

He paused, and slipped a fresh wafer of pepsin-gum in his mouth; and Micky, who by this time had learned to regard this action of Buddy's as a prelude to an instructive lecture, waited expectantly.

"I dessay it's struck you sometimes," he recommenced, "when you've sat in your British kinemas, that all isn't gold that glitters on the silver screen; in other words.

British kinemas, that all isn't gold that gilt-ters on the silver screen; in other words, that some o' the articles shown in the films ain't exactly the real goods. Now, I'm not saying that all the things that look ex-pensive are 'phoney, 'cause they're not. In this studio, for instance, 'K. N' insists on the genuine thing, if it will photograph as well as a fake. But there's where we get up against it. against it.

The camera is a funny animal, with curious The camera is a funny animal, with curious likes and dislikes, and it has a natural dislike for quite a lot o' things. Gold's one o' them; so's brass, so's china, so's burnished steel. When you photograph them, you get what is called halation—that is, light thrown back into the lens o' the camera. The consequence is that the film gets blurred with light. Is that clear?"
"Oute".

"Quite."

Buddy changed the piece of gum to his other cheek with a deft twist of his tongue, and continued:

"Now, that's where papier-mache comes in. You can make a Toby-jug or a twenty-foot bronze statue o' Washington with it, and it'll look like the real goods and photograph a thousand times better."

Finding Buddy in such a communicative mood, Micky pumped him on other subjects connected with the cinema school is a big help to becoming a film actor, Buddy?" he asked.

"Cinema school! I guess you're not wise to 'em, kid!" said Buddy, chewing viciously. "I opine the only real school is to start as a super in a studio, keep your ears and eyes open, and take heed of the chin goods the director hands out to you!"

"Then I'll keep my ears open when Jeff Romerey's directing the filming of the nictures."

Romerey's pictures."

"You couldn't do better, kid. Jeff's one of the tip-top men of the game, or K. N. wouldn't be paying him ten thousand bucks a year. He may give you' a chance in 'mob stuff' one day. Then, remember to act slowly—the camera don't like quick movements. Also you might practise registering facial expressions in front of the mirror at nights."

"Have you ever acted for the films, Buddy?" asked Micky.
Buddy laughed, and took the gum from his

cheek.

"'Props' is in my line," he said. "I've got no use for covering my, face with yellow grease-paint, and spoiling my eyes in 'close-ups.' Yep, those powerful are lights sure play

havoc with the sensitive nerves of the eyes. It's' a wonder to me all cinema actors aren't blinded after a few months' work."

And with that cheerful remark Buddy strode off.

A few days after Micky had started work under "Props," the studio experienced one of those "off" days, when everything seemed to go wrong.

Everybody was on tenterhooks, and Romery himself, outwardly calm, but inwardly a seething furnace of impatience, was having his work cut out to get anything done at all. The reason was that Floyd Unwin, principal male star of the Broadworth company, and performer of most of the dare-devil stunts for their films, was in one of his most truculent meeds. monds

Famous as the star was. Micky took an instant dislike to him, and he remembered and saw significance in the fact that Mrs. Chaplin had left Unwin's name out when naming her friends of the Broadworth Com-

On his part, too, Unwin quickly showed his On his part, too, Unwin quickly showed madislike and contempt for the English lad; and this, perhaps, was not wholly unconnected with the fact that Micky was held in such high regard by Mary Maidstone.

Deep in his heart. Unwin was jealous of anybody for whom the young actress showed a preference, and the fact that Micky had proved himself of such inestimable service to her was absolute gall to the man.

In the studio proper, beneath the rows of high-power arc-lamps, was set an interior scene, depicting a room of a Fifth Avenue mansion, magnificently furnished after the Oriental style.

Romery, the director, exercised his vast store of tact to the full with the obstreperous star, and, finally, after twice running through the seene, in which Unwin had to examine a wonderful antique Indian vase, which played an important part in the plot, he prepared to film it.

"Action !"

A score of arc-lights blazed forth over the scene, and the actor took up his position within the six-foot focus area. "Shoot!"

"Shoot!"
The camera-man began to revolve the handle of his machine, and with slow, deliberate movements, the actor rose from an armchair, took up the vase, and turned it over in his hands. Half-way through the seene, at a signal from Romery, the camera-man gently propelled his camera forward along the brass rails under its stand for a "close-up," and then withdrew it to its original position. original position.
"Cut!"

At once the camera-man ceased filming, and the dazzling arc-lights faded.

"Now," said Romery, "I guess we'll get ahead with scene number nine."

Then, turning to Micky, who was standing some distance behind him, he said:

"Shift that vase to the pedestal in the corner of the set, son."

"And be careful with it, young Johnny Bull!" growled Unwin. "It's absolutely unique, and was hired from a dealer in Los Angeles specially for this production. I guess it's worth eighty thousand dollars if a cent."

There was no need for Micky to be told to be careful; he was naturally so, and, moreover, he saw from the corner of his eye the great K. N. Broadworth himself coming through the studio.

He gingerly lifted the vase, and turned towards the pedestal. The door in the background of the scene was partly open, and peering in was a hideous being who more nearly resembled a gorilla than a man.

It was as though some vague, horrible vision of the past had materialised before his eyes, and, with a low cry, Micky staggered back.

As he did so, the antique Indian vase slipped from his nerveless fingers and crashed in a thousand pieces on the floor!

ANOTHER LONG INSTALMENT OF THIS MAGNIFICENT SERIAL STORY OF THE CINEMA WILL APPEAR IN NEXT FRIDAY'S PENNY POPULAR.

LORD BAGLEY OF BAGLEY TOWERS!

COMPLETE SHORT STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

OOKS as though we've drawn a blank, kids!" Tom Merry turned and made the remark to his chums, Manners and r. The Terrible Three were in the Lowther.

Commerk to me chums, manners and Lowther. The Terrible Three were in the old second-hand shop in Rylcombe, looking for back volumes of the "Boys' Friend."

"Thought we shouldn't have any luck," said Manners. "It isn't often old volumes of the Boys' Friend' are put up for sale, and when they are they go like hot cakes!"

"I say, look at that picture over there!" exclaimed Monty Lowther suddenly. "Looks like one of Trimble's giddy ancestors!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The picture indicated was a cheap oleograph of a very fat man—not at all unlike an elderly edition of Bagley Trimble of St. Jim's. He was dressed in the stock collar and cravat of olden days.

"My hat!" cried Tom Merry. "What a chance for a wheeze on old Baggy!"

chance for a wheeze on old Baggy!"

"By Jove, yes!"

Monty Lowther and Manners say through the idea immediately. Baggy was always bragging about his ancestors of Bagley Towers, who, according to him, were supposed to have been wonderful men of noble blood. Here was a chance of working a splendid stunt against the gullible Baggy. In a moment Tom Merry was inquiring the price of the nicture.

In a moment Tom Merry was inquiring the price of the picture.

"One-and-sixpence, sir!" answered the old man, looking a little surprised that the three schoolboys should be interested in such an biviously worthless work of art.

The money was quickly paid, and the picture changed hands.

"Suppose you haven't got a frame for it?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Suppose you haven't got a frame for it?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Well, you know, frames are very dear just now, sir," answered the ancient shopkeeper.

"It's the glass, you see."

"Have you got a cheap one without glass, then?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Ah, now, let me see," reflected the old man. "I might be able to find out for you, young gents."

He knew quite well just where he had one which would do, but he wanted to produce it as though as a favour.

Tom Merry & Co. grinned gleefully as the old man turned to get the frame.

"That ought to do just right!" exclained Manners, when the frame was exhibited.

"It's certainly got the advantage of looking old!" laughed Monty Lowther.

"Yes, it looks about a thousand," said Tom Merry.

Tom Merry.

After some discussion the frame was pur chased for two shillings, and the Shell juniors hastened back to St. Jim's with their pur-

they reached Study .No. locked the door and commenced operations

or the picture.

"What shall we write on the back of it?" asked Lowther, with a chuckle.

"I'll write on 'Lord Bagley of Bagley Towers—1793.' How's that?" responded Tom

Merry.

"The very thing!" grinned Manners. "But you must do it in watery ink, so that it looks as if it's fading off with age."

Lowther ran out and watered the ink down, and Tom Merry soon scrawied the words on the back of the picture: "Lord Bagley of Bagley Towers—1793."

Then they rubbel some first from the content of the content o

Bagley of Bagley Towers—1793."

Then they rubbed some fine dust from the freplace over it, just to disguise the freshness of it, and then the picture was placed just inside the frame, though not fixed.

"Now we're ready for Baggy," declared Tom Merry. "Go and tell him the good news."

Monty Lowther hurried out of the study and started the search for Baggy Trimble. He was not in his study, and Monty was about to inquire of Mellish, whom he saw in the distance, when he thought of the tuckshop. Of course, that was the first place to look. to look.

Sure enough, Baggy Trimble was there, just finishing off two shillings' worth of jam-

pulls.

"I say, porpoise, we want to have a chat with you up in the study," said Monty. "Got some very important news for you!"

Baggy Trimble looked a little startled. It
THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 57.

was rarely that the Terrible Three wanted him for anything, and when they did it was usually to administer chastisement in some form or other.

"Er—what's it about?" stammered Baggy cautiously. "I—I haven't done anything—really I haven't!"

"Nobody said you had, fathead!" retorted Monty. "We've got something very special' to show you."

"All right," replied Baggy, and he followed Monty Lowther from the tuckshop, though there was considerable hesitancy in his movements.

Monty Lowther took him by the arm to encourage him, and Baggy felt easier, though he could not shake off a feeling of uncer-tainty as to what was going to happen to him.
"Here he

is!" exclaimed Monty, as he

pushed open the study door.

Baggy was obviously feeling very nervous

pushed open the study door.

Baggy was obviously feeling very nervous by this time, and he halted in the doorway as Lowther released his arm.

"Hallo, Baggy!" cried Tom Merry. "I say, we've made a great discovery! Come and look at this!"

Tom Merry's tone was quite friendly, and Tom Merry's tone was quite rienary, and Tubby at once felt reassured. He advanced towards the table, and the leader of the Terrible Three pointed to the picture which lay in the frame as they had placed it, look-ing as though it had just been unfastened.

Baggy was quite mystified at first by this invitation to Study No. 10. He thought that Tom Merry & Co. had at last realised their duty towards him, and were about to admit him as a friend.

Then his glance fell upon the signature at the back of the picture. He bent down and scrutinised it, and then gave a gasp of wonder and amazement.

"My hat, you fellows, led ancestors!" he e this is one of my exclaimed. "Where

"My hat, you fellows, this is one of my titled ancestors!" he exclaimed. "Where did you get hold of this?"

"We picked it up in the second-hand shop in Rylcombe this afternoon," reptied Tom Merry, with difficulty suppressing a grin.

With frantic haste Baggy turned the picture over and studied the exercisi.

ture over and studied the portrait on the

"There's no doubt about it," he muttered.
"Why, my pater's the living image of this old fellow!

"We thought you'd be interested in it,"

"We thought you do be interested in it., aid Tom Merry, "so we bought it. You can have it for five bob."
"Oh!" responded Baggy. "Well, as it happens, I haven't got five bob just now, but I'll let you have it as soon as I get another remittance from—er—from Bagley Towers!"

A tone of haughtiness crept into his voice as he spoke, and Tom Merry & Co. knew that the picture was beginning to take effect at once.

"I'm much obliged to you fellows," went on Baggy, placing the picture and the frame under his arm. "My pater"ll be glad to get this portrait of Lord Bagley to shove up in the hall of Bagley Towers with the other appearance. ancestors

ancestors."
"I reckon he will," said Monty Lowther solemnly. "I say, though, you won't forget the five bob, will you?"
"Oh, no," replied Baggy casually. "I've no doubt my pater will send it along as soon as he gets this. I reckon this is the old when who took you're the West and the sole will be the wing the west and the sole will be the west as the sole well chap who took part in the Wars of the Roses; there was one in it, I know. He got wounded at the Battle of Agincourt!"

There was a ripping sound, like the tearing of cloth, from the opposite side of the room, but it was only Manners trying to stifle a

Within a quarter of an hour every junior in the Shell had heard about the wonderful portrait of Trimble's ancestor, and most of them had seen it—and, incidentally, seen through the wheeze. But nobody took the trouble to enlighten Baggy. He swaggered about, only in a very lofty manner condescending to speak to his Form fellows.

"Let's have a look at Lord Bagley!" exclaimed Jack Blake, entering the Shell passage at that moment with Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Herries, and Digby.

"All right," said Baggy generously. "You can have a look, but don't go messing it

about, because it's got to go up in the half at Bagley Towers!"

"Bai Jove!" cried Gussy, screwing his monocle into his eye. "Twimble's wemarkabiy like the old johnnie, isn't he?"

Baggy swelled with pride—that is, if it were possible for him to swell still larger. "Of course, there's always been a wonderful family likeness with all the Bagleys," declared Trimble, trying to speak in a calm and measured voice, though in reality he was bursting with excitement.

Every fellow at St. Jim's knew well enough that there was no such place as Bagley

Every fellow at St. Jim's knew well enough that there was no such place as Bagley Towers, and also that Trimble had no titled relations; but there is no doubt that at that moment Baggy himself really believed in

moment Baggy himself really believed in both.

"Well, you fellows, I must get this portrait of Lord Bagley packed up now," said Baggy, "because I want to get it off to my people by the next post. It'll create a great sensation at Bagley Towers!"

"Til bet it will!" exclaimed Monty Lowther in an undertone to his chums.

For the rest of that day Baggy Trimble swaggered about the school premises with his fread well in the air, occasionally deigning to bestow a nod in passing at one or other of the leading lights of St. Jim's. To the smaller fry he paid no heed at all.

During the evening Figgins & Co. of the New House came across to discuss the portrait of Lord Bagley with Trimble, but Baggy was disinclined to say very much to them; he considered that he had now become much too important a personage to hold converse with New House fellows.

The afternoon of the next day was a half-holiday. When he had any money Baggy spent his half-holidays in the tuckshop; but to-day he was absolutely stony, a most undignified position for a fellow with titled ancestors; at least, so he thought.

He strutted about the quad, nodding in a patronising way to other fellows as they

He strutted about the quad, nodding in a patronising way to other fellows as they passed him, and if annoyed him that they did not cluster round and seek his friendship, in view of the fact that it had been proved beyond all doubt that he was descended from a noble line.

Then the fact that he was out of cash began

Then the fact that he was out of cash began to worry him seriously. On this day of all days he was unable to visit the tuckshop, for Mrs. Taggles had long since refused him credit, and he had sense enough to realise that it was very unlikely that she would be influenced by the proof of his noble birth.

"I say, Lowther, old man!" he called, as Monty Lowther hove in sight, "I'd like a word with you!"

"Say on!" cried Monty, pulling up as Baggy

"Say on!" cried Monty, pulling up as Baggy

approached.

"I was just thinking that you'd probably like to come down to Bagley Towers with me next vac," remarked Baggy loftliy. "If you like we'll fix it up. But, I say, at the moment I'm right out of cash, y'know. I expected a remittance this morning, but my pater must have overlooked it, and it happens that I'm right out!"

right out!"
"Sorry, old bean, but I've got nothing to to lend!" answered Monty Lowther, before Baggy could ask for a loan.

Monty Lowther swung round on his heel and strolled off.

"Rotten way to treat a fellow whose ancestors took part in the Wars of the Roses!" muttered Baggy. "Suppose I shall have to tap someone else."

"Blake!" "Hallo!"

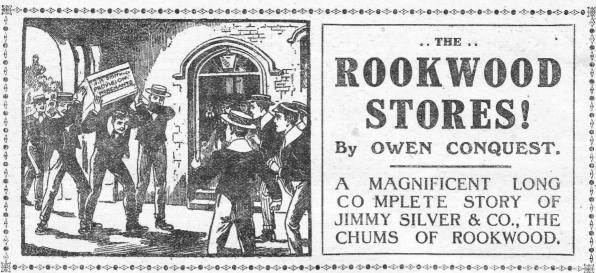
"Could you manage to accommodate me with a small loan for-"

with a small loan for—"
Baggy got no farther.
"Nothing doing, perpoise!" exclaimed Jack
Blake. "Pity that giddy old ancestor of yours
didn't leave you some cash!"
"He did leave a lot," replied Baggy, "but
it hasn't come to me yet."
"We've noticed that, old son."
Baggy gave a sigh. He thought it curious
that fellows should not be anxious to lend
money to a chap with such an ancestor as
Lord Bagley.

He tried three or four more fellows,

He tried three or four more fellows, but on each occasion he drew blank. He feit disappointed and sore. However, he endeavoured not to show it, and still kept up his attitude of lofty indifference to all around him. It was in the evening of the next day that the crushing blow descended upon him. He was waiting in a prominent position at the head of the stairs for the letters to come up, for by this post he expected one from his father, congratulating him upon his find, and enclosing a remittance.

enclosing a remittance.
(Continued on col. 2, page 18.)



.. THE ..

ROOKWOOD STORES!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

MAGNIFICENT LONG CO MPLETE STORY JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

War Profits. Tubby Muffin of the Fourth Form made that remark, in tones of sulphurous indignation, as he came into the junior Common-room at Rockwood. "Tuppence-ha'penny!" you hear?" he repeated.

Jimmy Silver looked round.
"Ask next door!" he suggested.

"Don't you know what Shakespeare says,

"Blow Shakespeare!"

"Blow Shakespeare!"
"Shakespeare says, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be!" said Jimmy Silver severely. "Shut up!"
"You silly ass!" hooted Tubby Muffin. "I'm not trying to borrow tuppence-ha'penny. Ginger-pop has gone up. It's tuppence-ha'penny at the tuckshop now."
"Oh!"

"Oh!"
"Tuppence-ha'penny!" repeated Tubby, in

"Oh!?" repeated Tubby, in tones of thrilling indignation. "Old Kettle says it can't be sold for less. Fancy old Kettle joining the profiteers! I say, something ought to be done, you know."

"Looks as if we shall be done," remarked Lovell. "Old Kettle is going it rather strong, though, with tarts twopenee each, and ginger-pop twopence-ha'penny."

"Everything's gone up," said Tubby lugubriously. "I don't think they ought to have had a war at all, when it makes the price of grub go up. When it comes to paying tuppence-ha'penny for ginger-pop, it's really time to call a halt, you know. I don't suppose Asquith foresaw that in 1914."

"I don't suppose he did," grinned Raby.
"You know what these politicians are. They never think of the really important things."
"That's all very well," grunted the fat Classical. "But look here, what's going to be done? We shall starve at this rate."

"You look like starving," said Newcome sympathetically.

"I'm growing thin," said Tubby, with pathos in his voice. "I'm losing flesh. I know I am. We don't get enough to eat here. Bootles makes faces at a chap if he asks for a fourth helping—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It isn't a laughing matter," said Tubby warmly. "A chap used to be able to eke

"It isn't a laughing matter," said Tubby warmly. "A chap used to be able to eke it out at the tuckshop; but with prices going up all round, what's a chap to do? If rotters are going to be allowed to charge us double for our grub, it's the limit!"

"Yes, something ought to be done," remarked Jimmy Silver. "We ought to put our foot down, you chaps."

"Can't be helped," said Lovell, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I believe profiteering is catching, like measles. Old Kettle's caught it."

it."

"Chap naturally wants to make hay while the sun shines," remarked Leggett of the Fourth. "I'd do the same."

"Yes; I've no doubt you would," said Jimmy Silver, with a scornful glance at the cad of the Fourth. "But you can't call it honest."

"Oh, rot! I suppose there wouldn't be

anything sold at all if somebody didn't make a profit out of it," sneered Leggett.

"Oh, dry up! Look here, you chaps. Old Kettle isn't a bad sort; but he's going past the limit, and he's got to be stopped," said Jimmy Silver.

"I've got an idea for stopning him. too." Jimmy Silver. ping him, too."

Jimmy Silver. "I've got an idea for stopping him, too."
"Expound," said Lovell.
"Suppose we go and tell him that if his prices don't come down to the level of Mrs. Wicks', we won't deal with him any more."
"Rot!" said Townsend. "We can't go down to the village for our tuck. Too much far."

down to the village for our tuck. Too much fag."

"We could keep it up for a week, and that would give him a lesson."

"Catch me!" said Topham. "I'm not faggin' down to the village every time I want a bun to save a ha'penny."

"The ha'pennies mount up in the long run."

"I dare say you're short of ha'pennies," said Topham loftily.

Jimmy Silver did not heed that remark.

"Hands up for boycotting the school shop for a week!" he called out.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome put up their hands. Oswald and Flynn followed suit.

But the rest of the Classical juniors only grinned.

"Too much fag!" said Peele.

"Silly rot!" remarked Mornington.

Jimmy Silver grunted.

"Well, if you're not willing to help yourselves, you must expect to be swindled," he said.

said.
"By the way, we'd better get our supper before the shop closes," grinned Lovell.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Go down to the village for it," chuckled Townsend. "Perhaps Bulkeley will give you a pass out of gates—perhaps!"
"And perhaps it's worth a mile there and back to save tuppence," said Peele. "I suppose it is, if you're hard up for two-pence."

pence."
"Oh, come on," said Jimmy Silver gruffly.
And he left the Common-room with his chums,

And he left the Common-room with his chums, leaving a general chortle behind him.

The Fistical Four crossed the dusky quadrangle to the school shop. Tubby Muffin was there, imbibing the ginger-beer, which had cost him twopence-halfpenny.

Old Sergeant Kettle was behind the counter. Jimmy Silver gave his orders rather gruffly. Schoolboy allowances did not go so far as they went once upon a time, and funds had to be laid out with care.

they went once upon a time, and funds had to be laid out with care.

"Ham's gone up," the sergeant remarked casually. "It's another tuppence."

"Oh, is it?" grunted Jimmy.

"And a pound of jam comes to another penny now."

"What for?"

"Gone up, you know" said. Sergeant

"What for?"

"Gone up, you know," said Sergeant Kettle affably.

"Anything else gone up?"

"And bloater-paste is another penny—"

"I suppose the bloaters have got a rise in wages!" said Jimmy Silver sareastically.

The sergeant did not seem to hear.

"And cheese is another 'a'penny," he remarked. He set out the goods on the counter, and made a calculation. "Two-and-threepence for that lot, Master Silver."

"One-and-tenpence," said Jimmy Silver.

"Two-and-threepence, please."

"Two-and-threepence, please.

"One-and-tenpence!" roared Jimmy Silver.
The sergeant shrugged his shoulders.
"Oh, shell out, and let's get off, Jimmy," said Lovell. "I'm hungry, and it's close on bed-time."

said Lovell. "I'm hungry, and it's close on bed-time."

"I'm shocked at you, sergeant," said Jimmy Silver. "You're an old soldier, too, and so you ought to know better."

"Prices have gone up, Master Silver," said the sergeant, unmoved.

"Buck up, Jimmy!"
Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"We're not taking any," he said. "Is that lot one-and-tenpence, sergeant?"

"No, it ain't. It's two-and-threepence."

"Then you can keep it!"

"Look here, Jimmy, we can't go down to Coombe at this time of night!" exclaimed Raby. "It's too jolly late."

"We can go without."

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's up to us," said Jimmy resolutely.

"If all the fellows were of my mind they wouldn't touch another thing here till the prices were reasonable."

"But what about supper?" demanded Newcome.

"Blow supper!"

"But what about come.

"Blow supper!"

"But I'm hungry."

"My dear chap, you'll be much better if you don't eat a lot of supper! Nothing like going into training."

"Look here, I'm jolly well not going into training to do without meals!" exclaimed Newcome. "Don't be a silly ass!"

"Yes, don't be a silly ass, Jimmy," urged Lovell.

'You fellows can please yourselves," said mmy. "I'm not taking any. You ought to Jimmy.

"Are you taking them things?" asked the sergeant stolidly.

"No."
"Please yourself, Master Silver."
"Oh, you're an ass!" growled Lovelt.
"Let's get out. I suppose we've got to back

you up, you howling duffer!"
The Fistical Four left the tuckshop. Tubby
Muffin followed them out, and caught Jimmy

Mulin followed them out, and caught the by the sleeve.
"I say, Silver—"
"Well, fatty?"
"You're not going to spend any money at

the tuckshop—"
"No!" growled Jimmy.
"Then I've got an idea!"
"Well?"

"Lend it to me." Eh?"

"You won't want it, you know, as you're going without your supper. I'd rather not go without mine, so you can lend me the tin— Yaroocooh!"

Tubby 'Muffin found himself sitting down suddenly in the quad, and the Fistical Four

walked on and left him there.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Co-operation. 66 T'VE got it!'

Jimmy Silver uttered that exclama-tion suddenly at tea in the end study the next day. His eyes were glistening.

THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 57.

Evidently a wheeze was working in the tertile brain of the captain of the Fourth. "Well, what is it?" yawned Lovell. "Pass the jam first."

the jam first." yawned Lovell. "Pass "If you want a thing done, it's always best to do it yourself," said Jimmy. "That's what we're going to do."
"Eh?" said Lovell blankly.
"Old Kettle is welshing us because he's got the only supply of tuck in the school," went on Jimmy. "I suppose he thinks he can make hay while the sun shines. It suits him, but it doesn't suit us. It's no good grumbling at shopkeepers who put up prices. The only thing is to take it out of their lands."

"Take what out of their hands, fathead?" "Shopkeeping."

"Shush - shush - shopkeeping!" stut-

"Exactly."
Jimmy Silver's chums stared at him.
"Are you thinking of opening a shop?" demanded Lovell at last, with crushing sarcasm.

Jimmy Silver nodded calmly.

Yes.

"Opening a shop!" yelled Raby.
"Certainly!"

"Certainly!"

"You howling ass!"

"For goodness' sake don't be so funny, Jimmy!" urged Newcome. "If you must say these funny things, send 'em to 'Chuckles,' and get half-a-crown for 'em!"

"Lend me your ears, my sons," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "I'm not talking out of my hat. I've been thinking it out. Gld Kettie is bitten with the profiteering fever, and he's beginning to welsh us. Well, all we've got to do is to open a stores."

"A—a stores?"

"On co-operative principles."

"A—a stores?"

"On co-operative principles."

"C-c-co-operative principles."

"Just so. We buy the things wholesale

"I only needs money—"

"Only!" ejaculated Raby. "Only money!

Why don't you suggest that we all become millionaires and peers—it only needs money—only that!"

"The money having been raised, we can—"

can—"
"But how are you going to raise the money?"

money?"
"For goodness' sake don't waste time discussing small details, Raby. We can settle that afterwards. The money having been raised, we order the goods from a wholesale firm, and they come down in a big consignment. ment. We open the shop—say, in the box-room."

"The Box-room Co-operative St. Limited," suggested Lovell sarcastically.
"Ha, ha, ha!" Stores.

"The Rookwood Co-operative Supply Stores," said Jimmy Silver calmly. "Everybody takes shares in the—"
"Tuck?"

"No, ass—the business. You come and buy your own goods, you know, and all profits are divided in the form of dividends at the end of the financial year. My dear children, there are co-operative stores all over the country, and they flourish, too. You save all the middlemen's profits—that's why middlemen are so down on them. You eliminate the middleman."

"You what him?"

"Eliminate tim."

"You've been reading that

"Eliminate him."
"You've been reading that in a paper of something," said Lovell suspiciously.
"Ahen! I may have seen an article about co-operative stores," said Jimmy. "What does a chap read for, except to learn things? Why, if everybody joined a co-operative stores all the middlemen who make profits would have to work for their living. Suppose we buy a jam-tart wholesale for a hapenny—" ha'penny-

"You can't buy one jam-tart wholesale. That's retail," said Lovell, with a shake of

That's retail," said Lovell, with a shake of the head.

"Fathead! I'm putting that as a case. You buy a jam-tart wholesale for a ha'penny, or, say, three-farthings, and in your cooperative stores you sell it at a penny. The purchaser saves the other penny he would give to the common or garden shopkeeper, and there's a farthing also to be whacked out in dividends."

"That wouldn't be much for each chap."

"Br-r-! The whole business won't consist in selling one jam-tart, you mutton-headed chump!" howled Jimmy Silver. "We may have a turn-over of thousands, perhaps millions."

"Make it billions," suggested Raby.

"Make it billions," suggested Raby. THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 57.

"Why not trillions?" said Newcome

"Why not triuions:
heartily.

"Look here, it's a jolly good idea," roared
Jimmy Silver, "and it will mean no end of
kudos for the end study starting the Rookwood Co-operative Stores."

"Somebody will have to manage the shop."

"Of course; I shall be manager."

"What about shop-assistants?"

"That's where you come in."

"Me shap will open every day for an hour after lessons, and on half-holidays. We can find the time. I don't say we're going to keep it up permanently—it would interfere with footer. But we shall bring old Kettle to reason by not dealing with him for a few weeks. He's got a lot of perishable stuff that will go mouldy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I'm glad to see you can see something in it," said Jimmy. "We'll call a meeting of the Fourth, and put it to them. We shall have to raise five pounds capital."

"My hat!"

"In shares, say, of half-a-crown each. That

"My hat!"
In shares, say, of half-a-crown each. That will be forty members. A half-crown won't hurt a chap. And, mind, we shall get as much tuck wholesale for five quid as we get from old Kettle for ten."
"Something in that," agreed Lovell, "and it will be one in the eye for the greedy old Hun anyway"

it will be one in the eye for the greedy old Hun, anyway."
Jimmy Silver jumped up.
"Buck up with your tea," he said. "We want to get this going. Strike the iron while it's hot, you know."
Lovell & Co. grinned at one another. It was a rule in the end study to back up Uncle James' schemes, whatever form they took. Lovell & Co. were of opinion that Uncle James was biting off more than he could chew this time; but they were prepared to back him up.

And immediately after tea a meeting of the Fourth Form was called in the Commonroom to hear Uncle James expound his views.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. A Difference of Opinion.

HAT the dickens is it all about?"
yawned Mornington.
"Some rot of Jimmy Silver's,"
said Townsend.

said Townsend.

"We won't go," remarked Peele.
Mornington shook his head.

"Yes, we'll go and heckle him."

"Good idea!" chorused the Nuts of the
Fourth; and Mornington & Co. proceeded to
the junior Common-room, where Classicals
and Moderns were gathering in force.

Tommy Dodd & Co. had come over from
the Modern side on hearing of the Form
meeting. They had the impression that it
was something to do with football. All the
fellows excepting the end study were in the
dark, so far.

dark, so far.

The room was crowded with Classicals and Moderns when Jimmy Silver and his chums

came in.

Jimmy Silwer jumped on a chair.

"Gentlemen of the Fourth——" he began.

"Hear, hear!" bawled the Co. loyally.

"This meeting has been called to deal with an important matter, affecting Classicals and Moderns alike. The prices of everything are high——"

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd, with a look of surprise; and there was a chuckle.

"Shut up, you Modern bounder! Owing to the state of the country, lots of retters have been putting up prices!"

"Old Kettle and the country of the state of the country.

"Go hon!"
"Old Kettle, who keeps our shop, has followed the lead of the shipowners and other nefarious characters-

"Tuppence-ha'penny for a ginger-pop!" in-terjected Tubby Muffin.

"And it's time he was brought to his senses," said Jimmy. "It's no good blaming people for doing these things. It's in the air just now, and everybody's doing it. But it can be stopped!"

"And how?" asked Tommy Dodd, with interest.

interest.

"By forming the Rookwood Co-operative Stores, and buying our own tuck in large quantities.'

quantities."
"Great pip!"
"That is the business before the meeting,"
said Jimmy Silver. "Every chap who objects
to being swindled can join the company, put
up his share of the capital, and receive all
the advantages of the stores, and an equal
whack in the profits—if any."

"My hat!"

"The capitalsaid Tommy Dodd. "If any!" sai "Ha, ha, ha!"

"If any!" said Tommy Dodd.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"The capital will be expended in the purchase of tuck at wholesale prices. I know a place in Rookham where we can get the stuff. All members of the company will subscribe half-a-crown!"
"What rot!" said Mornington.
"Bloated millionaires needn't apply," said Jimmy, with a glance of disdain at the dandy of the Fourth. "Fellows who aren't reeking with money can join the company!"
"Not a bad idea," said Tommy Dodd approvingly. "I suppose you want a Modern chap to manage the concern?"
"No jolly fear!"
"You don't mean to say you think a Classical chap could run it?" exclaimed Tommy in astonishment.
"Shut up, you Modern ass!" roared Lovell.

Shut up, you Modern ass!" roared Lovell. Order!

"The manager will have to have some sense, you know," explained Jimmy Silver. "Under the circumstances, no Modern need apply for the job!"
"Rats!"
"Yah!"

"Yah!"
"Go home!"
The Moderns were in a roar at once.
Tommy Dodd jumped on a chair.
"Gentlemen, I put it to the meeting that
the management is placed entirely in Modern

ands!"
"Hear, hear!"
"Shut up!"
"Go it, Tommy!"
"Get down!"
"Hooray!"
"Yah!"

Moderns and Classicals were evidently nat point. Lovell dragged

Moderns and Classicals were evidently divided upon that point. Lovell dragged Tommy Dodd off the chair, and they rolled on the floor together.

Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle rushed to the rescue, and Jimmy Silver & Co. piled in, and in less than a minute a terrific combat was raging in the Common-room.

The object of the meeting had unfortunately been lost sight of in the general excitement.

citement. Instead of the establishment of the Rook

Mood Co-operative Society, the affair had become a rag between Moderns and Classicals.

Mornington & Co. strolled out of the Common-room, grinning. Rags were not in their line. their line.

But a dozen or more juniors were engaged in deadly strife, and there was a terrific up-roar of shouting and yelling and tramplug

In the midst of the din Mr. Bootles rustled

in. "Cease this disturbance at once!" shouted Mr. Bootles.

The combat ceased.

Dusty and dishevelled youths glared at one another, and blinked at the master of the Mr. Bootles surveyed them with a grim

frown. "Every boy present will take two hundred lines!" he rapped out. "Now disperse to your studies at once, and remain there till bed

The meeting was over.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Going Strong.

IMMY SILVER was not easily discouraged. The next day he was as keen as ever on the subject of the Rookwood Co-operative Society. The Moderns were "out of it," but the fact that Tommy Dodd & Co. had ragged on the subject made the Classicals all the more ready to follow limmy's lead

the Classicals an the more sear.

Jimmy's lead.

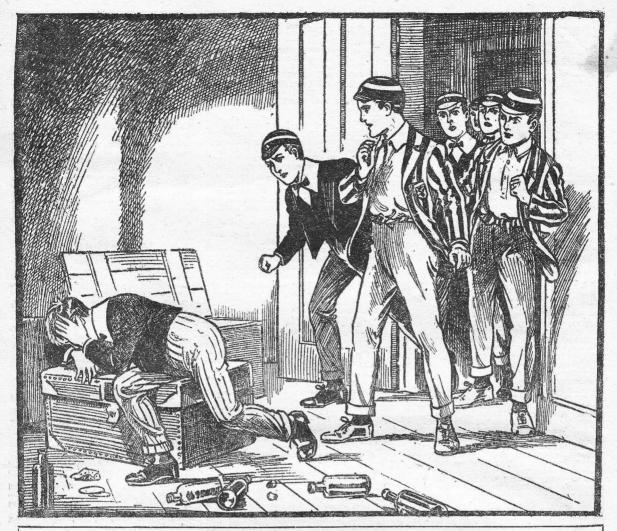
The Classical Fourth agreed that they would carry out the scheme, if only to show the Moderns what was what, and who was who.

In the end study after lessons details were

arranged.
The Fistical Four were the first shareholders The Fistical Four were the first shareholders in the new concern. Oswald and Flynn and Rawson and Hooker and Jones minor and Tubby Muffin, the last-named borrowing the necessary cash from Jimmy Silver. Other fellows followed suit, only Mornington & Co. keeping out. The lofty Morny declined to follow anybody's lead but his own, and the Nuts generally sniffed at Jimmy Silver's concertive society.

operative society.

Jimmy Silver expounded the co-operative principles most eloquently to his followers, and his followers loyally agreed that it was



Tubby Wuffin was stretched across Jimmy Silver hurriedly unlocked the door and the Classical Juniors entered. Tubby Muffin was a trunk, with a face like chalk, his eyes staring wide, groaning from the depths of his heart.

a ripping idea, and more especially that it would be one in the eye for the Moderns if it was a success.

That it would be a success was a fore-gene conclusion, according to Jimmy Silver, on the principle that the end study never made mistakes.

There were fifteen shareholders to begin with; and each of them subscribed five shillings, which made a sum of three pounds fifteen shillings. This was quite a moderate capital for a co-operative society, but Jimmy Silver considered that it was sufficient for a

beginning.

Later, when the profits rolled in, the dividends could be invested in the business, and it could be conducted on a larger scale.

Indeed, the ambitious Jimmy was already scheming to make the Rookwood Co-operative Stores a permanent institution, with a man ne charge, and tuck at reasonable prices for the whole school.

Out of the huge profits an attendant's wages

could be paid, as Jimmy explained to the somewhat sceptical end study.

Somewhat sceptical end study.

Lovell & Co. had their doubts, but they were willing to give Jimmy his head, as Lovell expressed it. Indeed, Jimmy had to be given his head, anyway.

Fifteen fellows had put down their names as shareholders for a subscription of five shillings each, and the Fistical Four had actually handed in the money, with an extra five shillings from Jimmy as Muffin's share.

But the rest of the subscriptions were a little difficult to collect.

Fellows who entered quite keenly into the scheme found that they were a little short of tin', and several shareholders showed a

disposition to invest on the same lines as

Tubby Muffin.

But the energetic Jimmy dunned them without mercy, and the money was gradually shelled out, in some cases the shillings being extracted like teeth.

It was a proud moment for Jimmy Silver when the three pounds fifteen—an imposing sum—lay on the study table.

That same day Jimmy Silver cycled over to Rookham to make his arrangements with the wholesels firm there.

the wholesale firm there.

'He came back in cheerful spirits. Tommy Dodd & Co. met him as he wheeled his bike in at the gates.

"Well, how's the co-op society going on?"
Tommy Dodd asked affably.

"Ripping!"
"You don't want a Modern manager?"
"Thanks, no! We want it to be a success,

"How many terms will it take you to raise the capital?" Tommy Dodd wanted to know. Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"The capital's raised, my son, and spent," he said. "I've just done the trick, and tomorrow afternoon we get the stuff!" "Gammon!"

"Gammon!"

"Well, you'll see," said Jimmy. "Three pounds fifteen worth of best tuck; we get it by the carrier to-morrow afternoon, and Smith & Co. pay for delivery. What do you think of that?"

"You're really making it go!" said Tommy Dodd admiringly.

"You're ready making it go. said coming."
Dodd admiringly.

"And we sell at half tuckshop prices," said Jimmy. "Fifty per cent on the prices for non-members; but you'll save money by dealing with us. You can take shares if, you like—under the best Classical-management."

Bow-wow!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Rats!"

Jimmy Silver wheeled his bike on, and the three Tommies looked at one another.

"Looks like being a success, after all," said Tommy Dodd thoughtfully. "Those Classical asses will be crowing over us if it turns out all right."

"This is where we take a back seat," remarked Tommy Cook.

"No, we don't!" said Dodd emphatically. "We've offered Jimmy Silver to come into the firm, under Modern management. We couldn't say fairer than that. Well, it's up to us to knock it on the head."

"But how?" asked Doyle. "I can tell you the Modern chaps will all be dealing with them soon. They won't pay higher prices at the tuckshop if they can help it."

"It will be a regular corker," said Cook.

the tuckshop if they can help it."

"It will be a regular corker," said Cook,
"We ought to have thought of it, Tommy.
We're put in the shade this time."

"It won't be a success," said Tommy Dodd
decidedly. "Under Modern management it
might be. But those Classicals can't manage
anything. Suppose they have to open their
giddy stores without any tuck?"

"But it's coming to morrow."

"The carrier's going to deliver it," said
Tommy Dodd. "Suppose he delivered it to
the wrong chaps."

the wrong chaps."
"Eh?"
"Us, for example!"
"Oh!"

"Oh!"
"That's the idea," said Tommy Dodd.
"They can't run a co-operative stores without anything to sell."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"We take possession of the tuck," pursued
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the Modern leader. "We let Jimmy Silver have it back on condition that there is a majority of Moderns on the managing committee to—to ensure success, you know. If he doesn't agree——"

"Ha, ha! He won't!"

"Well, if he doesn't, we confiscate the tuck——"

"Confiscate it!" ejaculated Cook.
"Certainly. In war, you know, you seize the enemy's supplies when you can. Well, we're at war with the Classicals, I suppose?"
"Of course we are," said Tommy Cook heartily. "Why, it would make a stunning feed for all the Modern Fourth!"
"Exactly! We'll give Silver a chance first to do the sensible thing. If he refuses, we confiscate the grub, as—as contraband of war, you know!" you know

you know!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
The three Tommies chortled over the little plot. Needless to say, they did not mention it in the hearing of the Classicals.
Jimmy Silver & Co. were looking forward keenly to the delivery of the tuck on the morrow afternoon, which was a half-holiday. The three Tommies were looking forward to it with equal keenness. it with equal keenness.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Contraband.

UBBY MUFFIN looked anxiously from the school gates.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and the school gates.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and that afternoon the carrier from Rookham was to deliver the supplies for the Rookwood Co-operative Society. Half an hour before tea-time the stores were to open in the box-room, with the Fistical Four in charge. The carrier was not expected to arrive till half-past two at the earliest; but immediately after dinner Tubby Muffin was on the watch, like Sister Anne, at the gate. The packing-case would be impervious to Tubby's greedy fingers, certainly; but, at least, he could feast its eyes upon it. He hoped, too, to be enlisted to help set out the goods in the box-room stores. In that case, some of the goods were certain to disappear before the shop opened. While Tubby was watching the road, the three Tommies came out with Towle, another Modern. The four Moderns grinned at the fat Classical, and Doyle playfully knocked his cap off, and they walked away up the road towards Rookham.

Tubby Muffin snorted and fielded his cap, and looked after the Moderns. They were grinning and talking together as they walked up the road.

Tommy Dodd's plan was already cut and

up the road.
Tommy Dodd's plan was already cut and

dried; it was simple and efficient, as became the plans of a great general.

A quarter of a mile from Rookwood the four Moderns stopped in the leafy lane, and waited.

The carrier's cart from Rookham came rum-

The carrier's cart from Rookham came rumbling along at last.
Tommy Dodd detached himself from a krassy bank, stepped into the middle of the road, and held up his hand.
Old George, the carrier, drew his ancient horse to a halt.
"Stop!" said Tommy Dodd. "Good-afternoon, George!"

Afternoon, Master Dodd! What's the

"We've come to meet you, George," said Tommy Dodd affably. "You've got a case for Rookwood in that cart, I think."

"Yes.".
"Addressed to Jimmy Silver—what?"
"Yes, Master Dodd."
"That's right! It's been decided not to have it sent to the school, after all; we've come to take charge of it."
Old George blinked at the junior.
"That ain't allowed, Master Dodd," he said, in his slow way. "I got to deliver that there packing-case at the porter's lodge, and 'ave a receipt for it."
"I'll give you a receipt George."

"I'll give you a receipt, George."
"Tain't the same thing, Master Dodd."
"The fact is," said Tommy seriously, "that packing-case contains contraband of war, "Loranneau!"

George.

"Loramussy!" said George, in astonishment.

"Fact, I assure you." While Tommy Dodd
was talking Cook and Doyle and Towle were
tlimbing into the carrier's cart from behind,
old George being quite Ignorant of that circumstance. "You're liable to heavy penaltics,
George, for running the blockade in this way,
with supplies for the enemy."

"Lawks!" said the astonished George.

"In fact, you're liable to be tried by a
court-martial of Moderns, under the Offence
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to Classicals Act, and severely bumped for a period not exceeding three months, without the option of a fine."
"Haw, haw!" said George.
"Under the circumstances, as you have

"Haw, haw!" said teorge.
"Under the circumstances, as you have broken the blockade in ignorance, George, we shall let you off, but the contraband goods must be handed over at once."

"You gerrout of the way, Master Dodd, and lemme drive on!" said old George, grinning. "I got to take that there packing-case to Rookwood."

Rookwood.

Bump!
Old George started round in astonishment.
Cook and Doyle and Towle had found the case, and coolly bumped it over the tail-board

into the road.

"You young raskils!" roared the carrier.

"You put that there case into the cart agin!

You 'as roa?"

"You put that there case into the cart agin! You 'ear me?"
Tommy Dodd stepped aside.
"If you refuse to hand over the goods on the voluntary principle, George, compulsion will be applied," he said. "You don't want to be bumped, I suppose?"
Old George blinked at him. Certainly the ancient carrier would not have been much use in "scrapping" with four juniors.
"Look 'ere—" he began.
"Here's your receipt," said Tommy Dodd.
The old carrier mechanically took the paper Tommy passed up to him. It ran:
"This is to certify that a consignment of

"This is to certify that a consignment of contraband goods, intended for the enemy, has been taken possession of, according to the laws of war, by the Modern Forces.

"(Signed) THOMAS DODD, "Commander-in-Chief "Modern Forces."

"My heye!" gasped old George.
"Hand that to Jimmy Silver, and he will understand," said Tommy Dodd cheerfully.
"Now drive on!"

"Now drive on!"
Tommy started the old horse, and the carrier's cart rumbled on, old George sitting there in a state of dazed astonishment.
The Moderns gathered round the packingcase in great glee.
"This is where we smile!" grinned Tommy

Ha, ha, ha! "Ha, ha, ha!"
"I say, it's jolly heavy!" remarked Towle.
"We haven't got to carry it, fathead.
We'll shove it among the trees and hide it
while we're making terms with Jimmy Silver.
If he doesn't agree to our terms—"
"Ha, ha!"
"Then we'll bring out all the Modern

"Then we'll bring out all the Modern

"Then we'll bring out all the Modern Fourth to a picnic."

The four Moderns yelled with laughter at the idea. They seized the big case, and by combined efforts dragged it out of the road into the wood, where they proceeded to conceal it. And they were so busy that they did not observe a podgy youth who was watching them from a distance, with eyes wide open with astonishment and wrath.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Tommy Dodd Does Not Score.

IMMY SILVER & CO. were at the gates to meet the carrier when he arrived. Jimmy Silver's feelings when Tommy Dodd's "receipt" was handed to him can be more easily imagined than described. "The Moderns have scoffed the tuck!" he received.

roared. "Oh, my hat!" said Lovell. "You ass,

"You fathead!" said Raby and Newcome

together.

together.

"How could I help it, you duffers?" exclaimed Jimmy indignantly.

"Well, you're manager, ain't you?"

"Oh, rats! Look at that!"

The Classical chums looked at the receipt signed by the commander-in-chief of the signed by the Modern forces.

"The cheeky beast!" growled Lovell.

"The Modern worm!"

"The awful rotter!"

"What on earth will the chaps say?" gasped Lovell. "The co-operative society will have something to say to you about this, Jimmy."

"Wot about it, Master Silver?" asked old George. "Is it orl right, or ham I to go to the 'Ead about it?"

"Oh, it's all right!" said Jimmy Silver hastily. "This—this receipt is quite in order. Nothing to worry about."

"You put that down in writing," said old George cautiously.

Jimmy Silver did so, and the carrier went on his way satisfied.

(Continued on next page.)

(Continued on next page.)

THE FORTUNE-TELLER!

A Short Tale of St. Jim's.

ROSS my hand with silver, young gents!

Tom Merry & Co. paused as that request fell upon their ears.

Tom Merry & Co. paused as that request fell upon their ears. A gipsy woman, with a brown and wrinkled face, smiled at them genially.

"I will tell you of the future, young gentlemen," she added, extending her palm.

Tom Merry grinned sheepishly. He did not believe in fortune-telling, but his generous nature was touched by the gipsy woman's apparent poverty, and his hand went to his trousers-pocket, to emerge a moment later with a shining half-crown.

"Go it, Tommy!" grinned Monty Lowther.

"Let's hear about your giddy future!"

"No fear!" said Tom Merry, "She can have the silver, though."

And he handed the gipsy the half-crown.

"I can't take this silver without keeping to my bargain," said the woman.

And she clasped the hand of her benefactor and closed her eyes.

Tom Merry blushed a furious crimson, and decided to humour the woman.

"Your name is Tom Merry," croaked the old gipsy. "And you are junior captain at St. Jim's College."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Lowther

The Terrible Three listened in amazement, and their expressions changed to incredulity as the old woman told their leader of his life at the school.

Then she talked of his future, and, according to her, Tom Merry's life was going to be a glorious success. He was going to the Army, and as that was the junior's ambition, the new was very gratifying.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed Manners, when the old gipsy had concluded. "I'm going to have mine told."

"Same here," said Lowther.

Accordingly, two more half-crowns

the old gipsy had concluded. "I'm going to have mine told."

"Same here," said Lowther.

Accordingly, two more half-crowns changed hands, and the juniors gathered round the old gipsy, and listened to Manners' prophetic future.

Propnetic future.

His life at the school was described perfectly, whereat the juniors' amazement increased, and it transpired that he was to be the inventor of a photographic apparatus that would make the cinema world sit up.

Manners' face lit up with pleasure when he heard this

heard this.

heard this.

Monty Lowther's turn came next, and as the old gipsy croaked away in a monotonous tone, his face began to work with excitement. It was very nice to be told that he would become a great lawyer, and that money would be plentiful with him.

"I think she's jolly good!" he exclaimed, when the old gipsy's voice ceased. "A lawyer—plenty of money—suit me down to the ground! What do you say, Tommy?"

Tom Merry ignored that question. His gaze was riveted on the hem of the gipsy's skirt, from which protruded a striped trousersleg, and the peculiar stripe in that trouser

skirt, from which protruded a striped trousersleg, and the peculiar stripe in that trouser
was well known to him.

"What's the game?" asked Manners and
Lowther in one breath.

The gipsy began to slowly retreat from that
direct glance of the St. Jim's junior, and the
retreat soon broke into a run—a run which
was very fast for an old woman.

"After him!" roared Tom Merry.

"Who, fathead?"

"Trimble!"

Before Manners and Lowther could grasp.

Before Manners and Lowther could grasp the situation, their leader was running after the old gipsy, and they involuntarily followed.

amazement the fortune-teller disappeared round the gates of St. Jin's, with Tom Merry hot on the track. Then Manners and Lowther saw through the fat junior's deception, and they pelted after

junior's deception, and they pelted after their leader.

They knew the fat figure of Baggy Trimble, whom they could see in the distance endeavouring to shed his gipsy clothes, and they vowed threats of vengcance.

It was a very miserable and forlorn Baggy that crawled away half an hour later. He was looking decidedly the worse for wear. Tom Merry & Co. had not spared him.

Baggy's ideas of raising the wind were unlimited, but, needless to say, he never tried the role of a gipsy fortune-teller again.

The Rookwood Stores.

(Continued from previous page.)

"Must play the game," said Jimmy, as his chums glared at him. "It's only what we might have done to the Moderns if they'd had the brains to think of starting a cooperative stores."

"What's the good of a co-operative stores without any grub?" demanded Raby.

"I—I say, Silver—"
Tubby Muffin came, panting and perspiring, down the road.

Tubby Muffin came, panting and perspiring, down the road.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Jimmy crossly.
"Don't you bother now, Tubby!"
"1-1 say, the Moderns—they've got it!" gasped Tubby.

"I know that!"
"They're hiding the packing-case in the wood!"

Jimmy Silver jumped.
"You've seen them?" he exclaimed.

"You've seen them?" he exciaimed.
Tubby panted.
"Yes, rather. I trotted along to meet the carrier, as he was late, and saw the beasts.
They're sticking the packing-case in the wood, and covering it up with branches and things. And I know just where they're putting it!" trilled Tubby triumphantly.
"Yarooh! Wharrer you at?"
Tubby sat down suddenly as Jimmy Silver gave him a tremendous thump on the shoulder.

shoulder.

"Yow-ow-ow! Wharrer you punching me

for?" he roared.
"That wasn't a punch, you ass—that was a token of admiration!" grinned Jimmy Silver.
"Yow-wow!"

"Call the chaps!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

"We'll have that packing-case before the Moderns know where they are. Get a dozen chaps, and we'll mop them up!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!"

In a few

"Hurrah!"

In a few minutes Oswald and Flynn and Higgs and three or four more fellows were gathered. The indignation of the Rookwood co-operators knew no bounds when they learned that their supplies had been seized by the enemy as contraband of war.

Jimmy Silver led the way, and the Classicals started up the road, with Tubby Muffin as guide. Tubby had done the distance once at top speed, and he grunted and gasped as Jimmy urged him on. But Jimmy had hold of his fat ear, and it was impossible for Tubby to slacken down.

Jimmy Silver & Co. reached the wood, and

Jimmy Silver & Co. reached the wood, and Tubby Muffin led them triumphantly to the spot where he had watched the raiders concealing the packing-case.

The case was certainly well hidden, and, but for Tubby's guidance, the Classicals would certainly have had no chance of unearthing it.

As it was, however, they found it without

As it was, however, they found it without difficulty, and the branches and twigs were dragged away, and the prize revealed.

"Good luck!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.
"You're worth your weight in currency-notes, Tubby! Jolly lucky you have such a nose for grub!"
"I—I say, we'd better open it!" said Tubby eagerly. "I'm hungry—"
"Get it up on your shoulders," said Jimmy. "We can carry it among us."
"I say, Jimmy—"."

"Shurrup! I'll stand you half a dozen tarts when the shop opens!" said Jimmy.
"Now, get under this case, and shut up!"
The case was big and heavy, but there were plenty of carriers. In great triumph

Classicals bore it down the road to Rookwood.

There was a howl as they carried it in at

There was a howl as they carried it in at the gates.

Tommy Dodd and nearly all the Modern Fourth were coming down from Mr. Manders' House, just ready to start out for the picnic.

Tommy Dodd could scarcely believe his eyes as the Classicals marched in with the packing-case, and dumped it down at the porter's lodge.

"They-they-they've found it!" gasped Tommy.

"How did you find it, you rotters?" roared Cook.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you can't dish the Classicals, you know!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "We simply walked straight to the place and simply walke picked it up. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Somebody must have seen us!" stuttered

"Somebody must have seen us. States and Tommy Dodd.
"He, he, he!" cackled Tubby. "You're done, you rotters! I was watching you all the time. He, he, he!"

The Moderns looked at one another in The Moderns looked at one another in a sickly way. The pienic was off—very much off. The packing-case was in the porter's lodge, and there it could not be raided. And old Mack, with the assistance of Jimmy Silver & Co., bore it away to the box-room on the Classical side.

"Done!" growled Tommy Dodd,

"And what about the picnic?" demanded Leggett.

Leggett.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Tommy Dodd crossly.

The pienic was off, and for some minutes the disappointed Moderns were busy in tell-ing Tommy Dodd what they thought of him. And the three Tommies could only hide their diminished heads.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Chance of a Lifetime.
UBBY MUFFIN grunted discon-

The Chance of a Lifetime.

UBBY MUFFIN grunted discontentedly.

Tubby was dissatisfied.

It could not be denied that Tubby had been instrumental in rescuing the property of the co-operative society from the hands of the enemy.

Yet Tubby was hungry, and the supplies were locked up in the box-room, and the key was in Jimmy Silver's pocket.

It was in vain that Tubby had offered to stay in the box-room with the tuck and mind it in case of any further attempts on the part of the enemy.

He joined Mornington & Co. when the Nuts of the Fourth came out to get a little fresh air after playing bridge in the study. They grinned heartlessly when Tubby told his tale of woe, and replied unanimously "Rats!" when Tubby suggested that a small loan would tide him over till tea-time.

"And I saved the tuck from the Moderns," said Tubby mournfully, "and now that awful beast Silver has locked it up. Just as if couldn't be trusted with it, you know!"

"And, of course, you could!" grinned Mornington.

"Well. I think I'm entitled to a snack."

"And, of course, you Mornington.
"Well, I think I'm entitled to a snack,"

said Tubby. "Still, if you like to lend me a bob, Morny..."
"Bow-wow! Why don't you help yourself?" suggested Mornington. The dandy of the Fourth winked at his chums. "You're really entitled to it."

The Nuts grinned. If Tubby Muffin could be started on the tuck, there was not likely to be much left for the co-operative stores

to be much left to.

at tea-time.

"I can't get at it!" sighed Tubby. "The
beast has got the key in his pocket!"

"Unjust, I call it!" said Mornington
seriously. "We ought to help Muffin somehow, you chaps. We ought to see him seriously. "We or how, you chaps. righted."

Just what I think!" said Tubby eagerly.

"Just what I think!" said Tubby eagerly. "Suppose you lend me a bob—""
"Old Mack has keys to all the rooms," said Mornington. "Juniors ain't allowed to lock up the box-rooms and take away the keys. If you mentioned to Mack that somebody has locked the Fourth box-room he'd lend you a key." dy you a key."
'Not unless I tipped him," he said, "and

I'm stony."

"Well, I think we ought to see you through Tubby," said Mornington thoughtfully. go and speak to Mack, if you like."
"Good egg!" said Tubby heartily.

Mornington sauntered away to the porter's lodge.

He came back in a few minutes, and handed the key to Tubby.

"It's got to be taken back," he said.
"You'd better open the door, and give me back the key." "Right-ho!"

Tubby Muffin's feet fairly flew on the way the box-room at the end of the Fourth

Form passage.

He unlocked the door, and, leaving the key in the outside of the lock, bolted in.

Mornington coolly locked the door after him, and extracted the key.

"I'll take this back to Mack," he remarked,
"I'n't it a pleasure to make a dear school
fellow happy, you fellows?"
"Ha, ha, ha?" yelled the Nuts.
Within the box-room there was a sound
of crackling wood. Tubby Muffin was already

busy on the packing-case.

Tubby, to do him justice, intended to take only the six jam-tarts Jimmy Silver had promised him.

But to Tubby Muffin six jam-tarts were simply as six drops of water in the deep ocean.

They vanished almost in a twinkling.

Then Tubby eyed the packing-case hungrily. He decided that he would be justified in trying the doughnuts. The co-operative society could put them down to his account. Surely he was, as a sharehelder, entitled to ran an account! Tubby honestly intended to take only three doughnuts. And he hardly realised that the whole supply was gone before he had finished the last one.

Naturally, Tubby was thirsty.
Ginger-pop was soon popping merrily.
The number of bottles of ginger-pop Tubby
found himself able to consume was extraordinary.

Then a big fruity cake tempted him, and he

After that he made no further effort to exist temptation. He was no more capable of temperance than a pig in clover.

It was the chance of a lifetime for Tubby



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Muffin, and he set himself to the task of travelling through the packing-case with heroic determination. And the progress he made was really astounding.

THE FIGHTH CHAPTER. Nothing Doing!

- IMMY SILVER & CO. came in warm and ruddy from the football ground.

It was close on tea-time, and a good many fellows were waiting for Jinmy come in. It was high time the Co-operative to come in.

Stores opened in the box-room.
"Waiting for you!" growled Higgs. "I'm ready for tea. When is that dashed shop

ready for tea. going to open?"

going to open?"
"Call this attending to business, you omadhauns?" asked Flynn.
"Come along!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.
"You can all lend a hand unpacking the case, and the stores will be open in two jiffies!"
And a crowd of Classicals proceeded to the

box-room.

box-room.

Jimmy Silver stopped at the door, and felt in his pocket for the key. He was not in any doubts about the safety of the tuck. Old Mack had duplicate keys, but he would certainly not have given to any of the Moderns a key to a room on the Classical side. And Jimmy had not given a thought to Tubby Muffin. But, as he felt for the key in his pocket, he jumped as a weird sound came from the box-room. from the box-room.
Groan!

It was a deep, anguished groan, like that of a person in terrible suffering.

Jimmy jumped back a little.

"What the dickens!" he exclaimed.

"Somebody's in there!" exclaimed Lovell, in actorichment. in astonishment.

Groan!
"But the door's locked!"

"And nobody could get in at the window,"
nid Jimmy. "My hat! If some cad has got
the key from Mack, and——"
"Fait!

Faith, let's get in!" exclaimed Flynn.

Groan!
Groan!
Jimmy Silver hurriedly unlocked the door.
He hurled it open, and the crowd of Classical
juniors rushed in.
A heartrending sight met their gaze.

The Muffin was stretched across a trunk,

A heartrending sight met their gaze.
Tubby Muffin was stretched across a trunk, with a face like chalk, his round eyes staring wide, groaning from the depths of his heart.
Tubby was evidently in a bad way.

Tubby was evidently in a bad way.

A few bootles of ginger-beer, and a few fragments of cake remained.

But the bulk of the supplies of the Rookwood Co-operative Society had vanished!

They gazed at the raided packing-case and at the unhappy Tubby, transfixed. Lovell found his voice first.

"That fat villain's scoffed the whole blessed lot!" he gasped.

"He—he can't have!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. "A—a boa-constrictor could hardly have done it!" have

"But he has!" yelled Raby.
"Tubby, you villain!"
"Muffin, you fat scoundrel!"

Groan!

Jimmy Silver grasped the fat Classical by

havidar and shook him. Tubby Muffler Jummy Silver grasped the fat Classical by the shoulder, and shook him. Tubby Muffin looked at him with lack-lustre eyes, and groaned deeply.

"Tubby!" gasped Jimmy.
"Ow, ow, ow!" mouned Tubby. "I'm Gying! Wow!"
"You've scoffed our grath."

Gying! Wow!"
"You've scoffed our grub!" yelled Oswald.
"All the blessed lot! What are we going to have for tea?"
"Bump him!"
"Scalp him!"

"Scalp him!"
"Squash him!"
"I—I say, call a doctor!" groaned Tubby.
"I haven't eaten too much, but something doesn't agree with me! Ow, ow! Perhaps it was the tarts, or the doughnuts, or the cake, or the ginger-pop, or the lemonade, or the plums, or the oranges, or the ham-pies, or the candy, or the chocolate, or the ham-pies, or the saveloys, or—Yow-ow-ow!"
The infuriated Classicals gathered round Tubby Muffin, but Jimmy Silver waved them back.

back

back.

"Better call Bootles," he said. "The fat beast is ill. I shouldn't wonder if he's going to be seriously ill. Don't touch him!"

And the juniors, realising that the gormandising youth was undoubtedly ill—as was not to be wondered at-forbore to take vengeance. Mr. Bootles was called, and he gazed at Tubby in horror.

"The disgusting boy has overeaten him-The Penny Popular.—No. 57.

self!" he exclaimed. "But how did such a quantity of food come to be here, Silver?" Jimmy Silver explained, and Mr. Bootles listened in amazement to the story of that great scheme of a junior co-operative society. "Bless my soul!" was all he said.

"Bless my soul!" was all he said.

The groaning, moaning Tubby was taken at once to the school sanatorium, and Mr. Bootles telephoned for the doctor. And then the shareholders of the Rookwood Co-operative Stores grimly inquired of Jimmy Silver where their tea was to come from—a question which Jimmy found himself entirely unable to answer. From words the enraged shareholders recorded to deeds and whan Jimmy. to answer. From words the enraged share-holders proceeded to deeds, and when Jimmy escaped to the end study, and locked himself in, he was very dusty and dishevelled. And even then furious shareholders bawled oppro-brious remarks to him through the keyhole.

Tubby Muffin was missing from the Fourth-Form-room for a fortnight; and in the sana-torium he had ample leisure to reflect upon his sins. The Rookwood Co-operative Society was also, as Lovell said, on the sick-list. When Jimmy Silver proposed to raise a fresh subscription and carry on the ripping scheme, the shareholders fell upon him and bumped him till be roared.

the shareholders fell upon him and bumped him till he roared.

The Classical Fourth seemed to be fed up with co-operation. But the matter having come to Mr. Bootles' knowledge, the Formaster reflected on it, and mentioned it to the Head, who in turn had an interview with the sergeant, and that enterprising old gentleman's quest of inflated profits came to a sudden end. Prices at the school shop ruled the same as in the village, and Jimmy Silver claimed that it was a triumph for the end study, in which Lovell and Raby and Newcome heartily agreed with, if nobody else did.

THE END.

THE END.

LORD BACLEY OF BACLEY TOWERS !

(Continued from page 12.)

The first sign of impending disaster was The first sign of impending disaster was when the porter ascended the stairs bearing under his arm a flat parcel which looked very much like a picture wrapped up.
"Hallo, Trimble! Waiting for the post?"
Baggy looked round, and saw that Tom Merry & Co. were standing behind him with several more Shell fellows.

several more Sucil tellows.

"I'm expecting a cheque from Bagley Towers!" said Baggy haughtily.

"My hat! Cheque!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Nothing so common as postal-orders now!"

"Master Trimble—parcel for you!" cried Taggles, handing over the flat parcel which had considered Baggy some pagasiness when he caused Baggy some uneasiness when he

first saw it.

"Anything else, Taggles?" inquired Baggy.
And there was a hint of anxiety in his tone.

"No, Master Trimble, not this time!"

"No, Master Trimble, not this time!" Taggles distributed various other communications, and while he did so Baggy untied his parcel. He was too impatient to wait until he-reached his own study.

As he pulled the paper aside, the portrait of Lord Bagley was revealed, and at the same time a sheet of paper fluttered to the ground.

ground.

ground.

It fell with the writing upwards, and all the Shell fellows saw scrawled across it in big letters, "Don't be an idiot! Take this back where you got it from!"

Baggy Trimble staggered back, and the portrait clattered to the ground.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be an idiot!" cried Jack Blake, quoting from the paper.

Baggy Trimble collapsed like a pricked balloon. Then, when he had recovered some

quoting from the paper.

Baggy Trimble collapsed like a pricked balloon. Then, when he had recovered somewhat, he picked up the sheet of paper and found that the other side was covered with writing. There his father told him in plain language that he had been tricked and made a fool of; that there had never been such a person as Lord Bagley.

"Oh, my only aunt!" laughed Monty Lowther. Tom Merry and Manners and the crowd who had witnessed the scene were almost doubled up with mirth.
"Oh, crumbs! Carry me home to die!"

"Oh, crumbs! Carry me home to die!"
"My hat!"

"My hat!"
Baggy Trimble gave them a glance of mingled scorn and chagrin.
"Fatheads!" he shrieked. And then he ran away to his own study and locked himself in.
"And that's the end of Lord Bagley of Bagley Towers!" roared Monty Lowther.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE END.

THE DETECTIVE.

A SHORT STORY OF GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY.

AI Jove, deah boys, I've lost my wallet!" suddenly as he was walking through the quad with his chums—Jack Blake, Digby, and Herries.

"Is that all?"

Blake, Digby, and Herries.

"Is that all?"

"All, you silly wottah!" exclaimed Gussy.

"Theah was a fivah in it!"

"Hallo! What's up?" cried George Alfred
Grundy, appearing on the scene.

"T've lost my wallet, deah boys!" repeated
Gussy. "I'm afwaid it's been stolen."

The great George Alfred pricked up his
ears. He considered himself a great detective, and was always looking for an opportunity to display his gifts in that direction.

Gussy was frantically diving into each of
his pockets in turn, but the wallet containing
the "fivah" did not appear.

"The last time I saw it," he said, "was
when we were returning fwom the village."

"Leave it to me!" said Grundy pompously.

"I think I can undertake to return it to you
before many hours have passed! I'm great on

before many hours have passed! I'm great on detective work, y'know."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
With a glare at Gussy's chums George Alfred turned on his heel and disappeared through the gates. through the gates.

through the gates.

He had not walked more than half a mile along the road when he observed a shabbily dressed fellow a little distance ahead.

He hurried along until he was only a yard or two behind the fellow, and then he saw, with a thrill, that the man was apparently looking through the contents of a wallet. That was sufficient.

Grundy made a great spring forward, and landed on the fellow's shoulders. With a grunt and a gasp the two crashed to the ground.

all this 'ere about?" roared the

"Wot's all this 'cre about?" roared the fellow, struggling violently.

Then Grundy realised in dismay that he had taken on more than he could manage.
"Gerroff my chest!" he yelled.
"Not likely I don't!" panted the fellow.
"I'm a respectable farmer I am, and I ain't goin' to be busted into by a school kid!"
"I thought you'd stolen a wallet," panted Grundy; "but I see it isn't the one I'm looking for."

Grundy; "but I see it isn't the one I'm looking for."

The wallet was lying in the road and its the wallet was lying in the road and its the wallet was lying in the road and its the wallet was no

The walter was lying in the road and its contents were strewed about. There was no sign of a five-pound note, however, and Grundy knew well enough now that the wallet was not Gussy's property.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he gasped. "Let-

e go!"

Chuckling gleefully, the young farm-labourer got up and allowed Grundy to rise; but the great Grundy was a sorry spectacle. "You rotter!" he exclaimed, as he turned

"You rotter!" he exclaimed, as he turned and ran.

As he reached the gates of St. Jim's, Wally D'Arcy, Gussy's minor, was just going through with Curly Gibson.

"Let's go and have a feed at the tuck-stop," Wally was saying; "this is a bit of real luck for me!"

"Rather! Wouldn't Gussy be jolly wild it be knew!"

he knew Then Wally drew a five-pound note from his

pocket! pocket: In a flash George Alfred Grundy had him by the collat. "What's up?" yelled Wally, vainly en-deayouring to wrench himself-free.

"You're coming up to your major with me!" hissed Grundy.
"Why you ass..."

me!" hissed Grundy.

"Why, you ass....."

Wally got no further, for Grundy clapped a hand over his mouth.

Arriving at Study No. 6 Grundy threw open the door and pushed Wally in before him.

"Bai Jove!" gasped Gussy, starting up.

"There's the thief!" shouted George Alfred.
"B.h.but. I found my wallet half an hour

"B-b-but I found my wallet half an hour ago, deah boy!" stammered Gussy. "What?"

"What?"
"I had my fiver from Uncle Bertram!" exclaimed Wally. "It came this afternoon."
Grundy made a dash at Gussy when he had recovered from his surprise; but Blake, Digby, and Herries intervened, and removed him none too gently from the study.
George Alfred Grundy decided at that moment that the life of a detective is not entirely a bed of roses.



A TEMPTING PROSPECT.

A TEMPTING PROSPECT.

There were nine pages of a letter just received about the sunshiny land where the Malays live, and where in the past they toyed with the kris. They still sport the gay sarong. The description of life in Malacca, where the canes come from, was alluring, and one wanted to pack up and get off quick to see the flowers and the sunuy mists and the hefty palms, with all the other wonders. The gorgeous dragonflies and butterflies go in for a sort of colour competition, and the scenery defies description.

tion.

But there is, alas! a cloud to every silver lining. Same here! When you lie awake in your thatched bungalow you hear a sort of swishing slap on the roof, and you know it is a snake trying to find the window. Then lizards drop down your neck as you sit at dinner, or drown themselves miserably in the soup; while the mosquitoes—well, you may have heard of the romance called "The Three Mosquitoes, and Twenty Minutes After"—or am I thinking of the "The Three Muskcteers"?

Anyway, the mosquitoes in this part of the

Musketeers ? Anyway, the mosquitoes in this part of the world are very trying. After all, the Old Country has points.

WAITING FOR THE OTHER FELLOW.

This is pretty nearly always a mistake. It is generally best to go in straight, and do the job yourself. The men who come out or top, and of whom the world speaks, are usually those who start out a new line, and do not hesitate to see what may happen, like the two gentlemen in the well-known old rhyme:

"Lord Chatham, with his sword drawn, was awaiting for Sir Richard Strahan. Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em, was bwaiting for the Earl of Chatham."

Well, they both waited, and it did not come to much.

to much.

A friend I met the other day—a typical young Englishman, all fire and dash—is of quite another mould. He told me that he thought of starting for the West-with an eye to the cinema. He has not been inspired by "Mick o' the Moties." It is a long-cherished notion. He aims at Los Angeles, and, as he is splendidly endowed with most of the qualities which spell fame and fortune, he will probably get there—that is, of course, he will get to Los Angeles if he really decides on the step, but he will also arrive at the terminus

ret to Los Angeles if he really decides on the step, but he will also arrive at the terminus of success.

Naturally, it is only about one man in, say, a hundred thousand who could conceivably pack up and trek for the Occident. There are generally too many ties and responsibilities at home. But it is a treat to look at the few exceptions, breaking away from clinging tradition and taking the big route of romance and adventure which leads through the world, accepting the discomforts, and being always ready for what turns up.

I hope in the case of the plucky young chap who contemplates the move to the movies it will be the ace of trumps which turns up all the time.

will be the ace of trumps which turns up all the time.

Please note that I should not dream of advocating anything of the sort to the chums who write to me, and say they want to be film-actors. In most cases they would be well advised to stick to their present jobs like glue. The man I refer to is a man, one of the all-round sort, who is likely to make good wherever he chooses to pitch his tent. Like many another fellow who is going quietly about his business down the street to-day, he did magnificently in the war—the eye-opening war which, like a big tempest, swept away for ever some of the old, narrow-minded views of ever some of the old, narrow-minded views of the world.

"MICK O' THE MOVIES."

A correspondent in South-East London writes to tell me that, while the school stories in the PENNY POPULAR are "really exceptional," he is disappointed in the new serial. He says the tale is good, but he would prefer stories about life at school. And yet the "P. P." has a myriad readers who like to have a change, and who are following the fascinating narrative in question with ever-

fascinating narrative in question with ever-increasing zest.

I feel that my correspondent is taking a one-sided view. Stories about the big life of the world, which is a sort of continuation school, will always attract, say what this reader may. Besides, Mick and his dog and the life at Los Angeles make up a yarn which is not in any sense ordinary. I hope all my friends will follow this story.

"THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

"THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

This is a bit of good news. A few copies of the "Holiday Annual" may still be obtained from the publisher at these offices, price, with postage, 5s. 6d. Please make a note of the interesting little fact. I mention it because I have received a great number of disappointed letters—that is, the writers were disappointed, and it is all the same in the end, as the old woman said when she found she had taken the wrong circle train, and had to go all round London to get to her destination. I would much rather my clums were not disappointed. That's why I drop this hint.

A SHORTHAND DIARY.

A SHORTHAND DIARY.

A correspondent at South Shields says he agrees with the remarks in Chat about the usefulness of shorthand. "I keep my 1920 diary in it," he says. What is more, he wrote a bit of his letter in Pitman, and it was as easy to read as his clear, neat longhand.

My chum is a great cless player, and he seems, in a general way, to be raking in the knowledge at a tremendous rate.

He adds: "I think your Chat is a great asset, and it deserves its name, as it is awfully chatty, and contains items which make most pleasant reading. Some are even educational, which I regard as a good thing."

Many thanks! By the way, the writer not only checks the king in chess, but also the consignments of fish, he being general clerk on the Fish Quay at North Shields.

WHAT ABOUT THIS ?

Questions about Greyfriars are many and various. A reader asks me about the scholar-ships at the school, also whether any great men have sprung from Greyfriars. Likewise, he wishes to know what Harry Wharton does

he wishes to know what Harry Wharton does to his hair!
It was rather an absurd letter, but redeemed by its envelope. As a rule, the inner part is what matters. Here it was different.
The envelope was a small Royal Academy of clever sketches, showing some of the characters in their Sunday best, and with their hair well brilliantined. The postman had hard work to find the address. The sketcher is clever, but he should not puzzle the Post Office. It does not like it.

THE OUEST OF THE CRIMSON STAR.

A correspondent, E. G. Lane, of Bow Road, rites about this famous varn. There is no A correspondent, E. G. Lane, of Bow Road, writes about this famous yarn. There is no need for him to look for the star in question, as he has a copy, and he read the tale again the other day, finding a thrill on every page. "Can I have another story like it?"

I hope so—or, at least, as good! Something, say, about those wireless signals from Mars! Much obliged to my correspondent for his cheery way of putting things.

DELIGHTED DROYLSDEN.

I found in my postbag the following quotation:

"And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day Will fold their tents like the Arabs, And as silently steal away."

That is, such will happen, thanks to the Companion Papers which Fred Barry received, and which charmed him mightily. May the famous weeklies continue their good works, and thanks to F. B. for his capital notes.

GEMS FROM THE ANTIPODES.

GEMS FROM THE ANTIPODES.

I was not referring to the Companion Paper which shares so many honours with the "P. P.," but to the cheery remarks which reach me week after week from the little old island of Australia.

"We Australians would enjoy a story about Kangaroo. I suppose it is rather selfish."

Not at all. As the French say, Point du tout! Wherever possible I get a story dealing with Australian fellows, but, naturally, they have to take turns. By the way, this correspondent, Charles Cannon, of Leichthardt, says that Baggy is "over the fence."

There is positively no luck for Mr. Trimble these days!

EIGHTEEN MONTHS ON HIS BACK.

LIGHTEEN MONTHS ON HIS BACK, I was much impressed by a letter from Luton, written by a lad, aged eleven, who for the past year and a half has been laid up with spine trouble. Hard luck this, but, with the spirit the brave fellow is showing, one is led to hope that he will conquer the terrible business. That is, he has already conquered in a measure, for his philosophy is rising superior to all the sadness of his life.

life. His letter was a model—full of light-heartedness and self-reliance. He is a great reader, and, to judge from the style of his note, he is putting up as good a fight as ever any soldier did in a tight place. This is the kind of thing that calls for something equal to the V.C.

A TRUE WORD

"As for Grundy, why every decent person likes him. He can't help his feet." I take that comment from a brainy, breezy letter which comes from Newport, Mon. It is full of good things, and the writer has a generous, warm-hearted way, of giving others credit for the best—which method, by the way, is the sure way of obtaining the best. She—yes, the writer is a girl—likes Levison and Cardew. She asks if Cardew has a mother and father. No; he is an orphan, brought up by his grandfather, Lord Reckness. So far as I know, Racke has no brothers and sisters, and my girl chum need not waste her pity on them, as it would be not waste her pity on them, as it would be lost, the said relatives not existing.

Levison has only one sister, Doris to wit. Very hard some of the critics are, too, on Miss Doris.

Miss Doris.

But to return to George Alfred Grundy. He had been misunderstood to a terrible extent. Let's have justice done to him. He can't help his feet! It is a good, sound notion that. Often enough people are prejudiced because of some outstanding characteristic or oddity. Just as well to remember that they can't help that part. Criticise them, by all means, for what they are responsible for and can help.

The Penny Popular.—No. 57.

READERS' NOTICES.

Correspondence, Etc., Wanted.

Miss M. Holme, 35, Grove Road, Hawthorne, 'Victoria, Australia—with readers anywhere, interested in the Companion Papers, age 14-15.

Miss E. Ingham, Euston Avenue, ighgate, S. Australia—with readers Highgate, S. Australia—with readers anywhere, age 15-17.
C. Parkin, 54, Brunswick Street,

C. Parkin, 54, Brunswick Street, camington—with readers interested in fretwork

L. Wilby, 1, Nelson Place, Williamstown, Victoria, Australia, wants members for the Fairfield Amateur Magazine and Correspondence Club.

D. Webb, Don. via Devonport, Tasmania-with readers anywhere, age 18-20.

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