

**SPLENDID STORIES FOR READERS OF ALL AGES!**

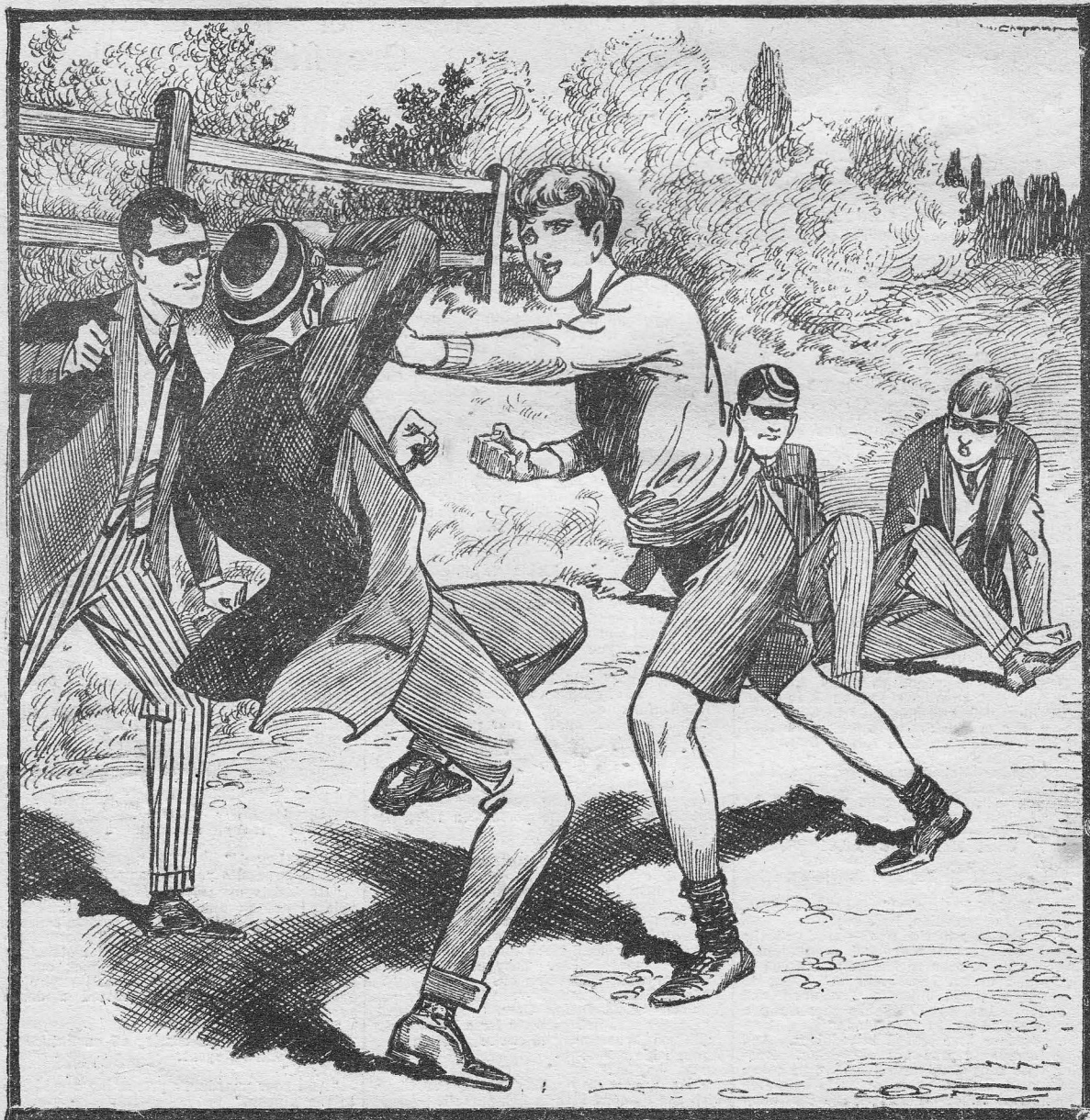
The  
**Penny**  **1½<sup>D</sup>**  
**Popular**

Week Ending  
May 15th, 1920.

No. 69.  
New Series.

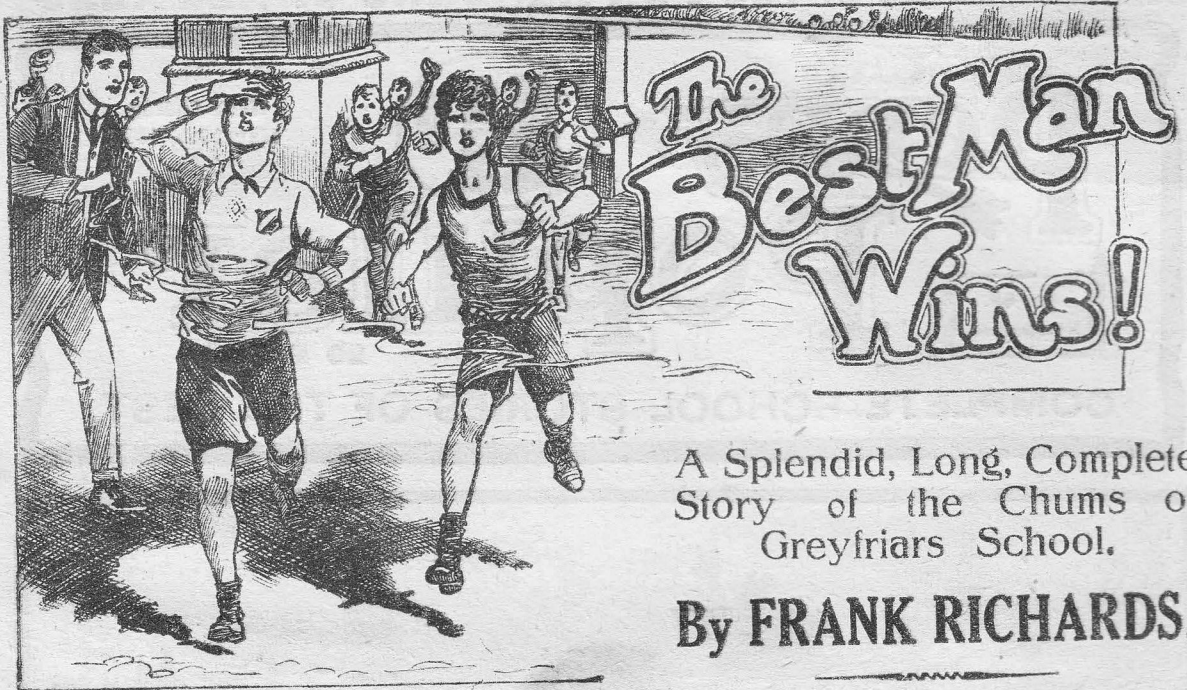
20 PAGES.

**COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES OF THE BEST.**



**FOUL PLAY! DENNIS GARR MOLESTED IN THE GREAT RACE!**

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



A Splendid, Long, Complete  
Story of the Chums of  
Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Great News.

"I SAY, you fellows—"  
Billy Bunter accosted the Famous Five of the Remove as those shining lights came in from cricket practice. "Stand clear, barrel," said Bob Cherry, "or I'll brain you with the business end of my bat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really Bob—"

Bunter refused to detach himself from the Famous Five. They walked on in the direction of No. 1 Study, and the fat junior followed them, hursting with news and importance.

"Look here, you fellows—"

"We prefer to look at something more interesting," said Harry Wharton. "A grinning gargoye, for instance, or a Cheshire cat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, I happened to hear—"

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

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

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

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

"Eh? What Marathon?" asked Wharton sharply.

"The one that Sir Reginald Brooke's getting up."

"Sir Reginald Brooke!" echoed Nugent. "He's Mauly's guardian, isn't he?"

"Yes; and he's in the Head's study at the present moment. He's decided to organise a Marathon Race, open to fellows of the age of fifteen and under. St. Jim's are going to be given a show, likewise Rookwood and Highcliffe. And Sir Reginald's presenting a handsome gold cup to the winner."

The Famous Five looked incredulous. And their incredulity was not surprising. Anything that Billy Bunter said had to be taken not merely with a grain of salt, but with a whole salt mine. Whenever the fat junior opened his mouth it was either to utter a falsehood or a gross exaggeration. And on

this occasion, as on others, nobody believed him.

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

"Do you mean to say that you're taking part in this imaginary race?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"There's nothing imaginary about it," was the reply. "Wait till you see me breasting the tape half a mile ahead of all the others!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

"Hear, hear!"

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

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

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

"Off you go!" said Bob Cherry.

Bunter was given a sudden push. He lurched forward, and five well-shod feet clumped together on the rear portion of his anatomy.

"Ow-ow-ow!"

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

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

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

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

"Oh dear!" he panted. "I—I'm done!"

"Why, you've only just started!" said Johnny Bull. "Put your beef into it!"

There was no respite for the unhappy Owl of the Remove until he had been three times round the Close. Then he collapsed like a pricked bladder.

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

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

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

In the Remove passage the party encountered Lord Mauleverer.

The schoolboy earl was looking decidedly sick.

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

"I'm fed-up!" groaned Mauly.

"Why?" asked the juniors in chorus.

"My guardian's just paid me a flyin' visit—"

"And he left without giving you a substantial tip?" said Mark Linley sympathetically.

"No, dear boy. He tipped me a tenner."

"Then wherefore that worried brow?" ejaculated Nugent, in surprise.

"My guardian," said Lord Mauleverer, with a sigh, "insists upon my competin' in the beastly Marathon!"

"What!"

There was a shout of astonishment from the Famous Five.

"Then Bunter wasn't fibbing, after all!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Has Sir Reginald really arranged a Marathon, Mauly?"

"Yaas, begad!"

"And he wants you to compete?"

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is this Marathon coming off on Saturday, Mauly?" asked Nugent.

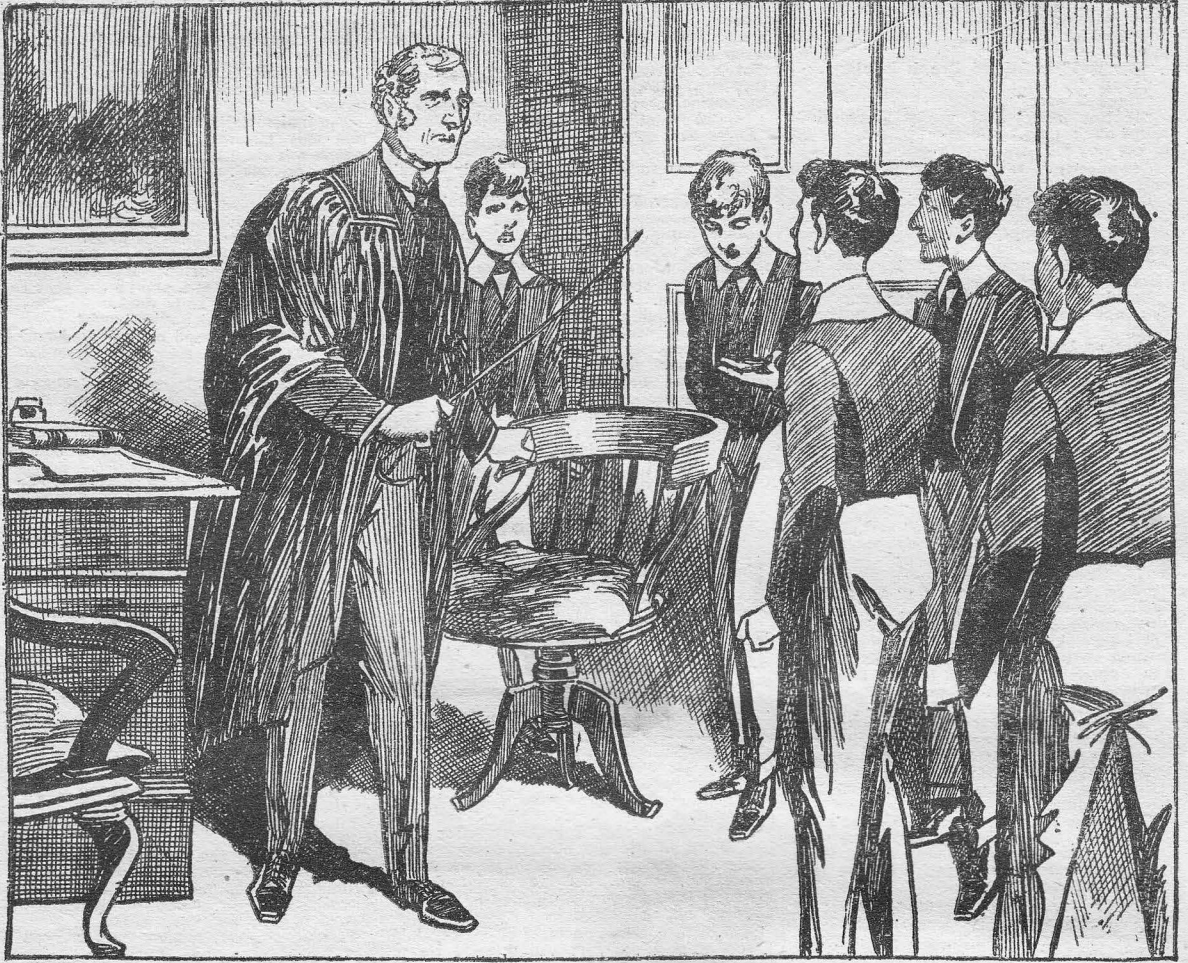
"Yaas."

"And your guardian's presenting a gold cup to the winner?"

"Yaas. I suggested to him that he should award a special prize to the last man home







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

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. In Durance Vile.

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. cherished the hope that the Head would relent, and that their punishment would be commuted to a flogging, or a heavy imposition.

But as the day of the race drew near that hope became fainter and fainter, until it faded absolutely.

Dr. Locke was adamant. He had pronounced his sentence, and he had not the slightest intention of altering his decision.

"I'm afraid we must resign ourselves to the worst," remarked Harry Wharton, when the day of the race dawned. "It seems hopeless to expect a reprieve!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Greyfriars had begun to despair of winning the Marathon; and as the day advanced their despair deepened.

Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing went for a run in the morning, and, to the consternation of their schoolfellows, they did not return!

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

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

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

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

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

"What on earth has happened, Toddy?" exclaimed Dennis Carr, who was standing in the school gateway when Peter came in.

"I was knocked off my bike," said Peter Todd.

"Who by?"

"I don't know!"

"What!"

"Three or four rotters jumped out at me from the hedge, and they were wearing masks!"

"My hat!"

"They bowled me over, and then scooped," said Peter.

"Couldn't you recognise their voices?"

"They didn't say a word. The whole thing only occupied a couple of seconds."

Dennis Carr clenched his hands.

"The cowardly hounds!" he exclaimed. "Are you crooked, Toddy?"

"Yes. I've sprained my ankle!"

"That means you won't be able to run in the Marathon?"

Peter Todd nodded gloomily.

"Well, if that's not the absolute limit!" gasped Dennis. "Eight of our fellows won't be running! Wharton & Co. are stewing in the Form-room, Smithy and Tom Redwing have disappeared off the map, and now you're crooked!"

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

"Afraid so!"

At this juncture Mark Linley came hurrying towards the school gates.

The Lancashire lad was looking pale and distressed.

"Anything wrong, Marky?" inquired Dennis Carr.

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

"Phew! Anybody ill at home?"

"I don't know. The telegram simply said 'Come at once.' I've got the Head's permission, and I've only just time to catch the train!"

So saying, Mark Linley nodded to the two juniors, and hurried away.

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

"There won't be a single Greyfriars runner left at this rate," said Peter Todd.

The outlook was terrible—appalling. The number of Greyfriars competitors was now reduced to a mere handful.

Within half an hour of Mark Linley's departure a further telegram arrived at the school—for Dennis Carr this time.

Trotter, the page, took the buff-coloured envelope from the telegraph-boy, and conveyed it to the Remove dormitory, where





# MICK o THE MOVIES!

Our Grand Serial, dealing with the  
Adventures of a Young Acrobat who Rose  
to Fame and Fortune as a Cinema Star.

By STANTON HOPE.

## 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 the bullying proprietor of having stolen a gold watch. Micky is arrested, but escapes to the river-front and stows away on a tramp-steamer. In New York he meets a slim, red-headed American, Alec P. Figg, and together they "jump" 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 Mary Maidstone from the surf. In consequence, Micky is given a job as assistant to Buddy Gaylord, the property-man in the great K. N. Broadworth's cinema company. The film company goes on location, where Floyd Unwin, the Broadworth star, is to perform a death-

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

(Now read on.)

### Floyd Unwin's Reward.

RECOGNISED by both Buddy Gaylord and Micky, Floyd Unwin knew the game was up. He gave a deep groan, and a sudden faintness prevented him from giving vent to his impulse to rise and dash madly away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Buddy darted into the centre of the roadway, and waved his slouch hat to stop the approaching car. The signal had the desired effect, for the motorist drew his car to a standstill.

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

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

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

Buddy's rotnud face lighted at the words.

"Never mind your comedy get-up, Reggie," said he, smiling broadly at the exquisite spectacle the dude presented, "but we're real

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

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

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

"Running? What wot, deah boy! Something must be wrong with the poor fellow's cumpwet!"

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

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

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

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

"One of you had better come, too," suggested the dude. "I don't want any twouble with the waseal on woute, y'know."

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

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

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

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

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

From Jeff Romery, who had arrived among the first on the scene in his car, Micky learned that every one of the property store-sheds had sustained damage as far as the buildings were concerned.

"We've got a posse of men out hunting the grizzly, Micky," said the film director. "The brute burst one o' the bars o' his cage, and got clean away."

A question of Romery as to the whereabouts

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

The director gave a low whistle.

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

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

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

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

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

At about the same time in the morning that the police placed Unwin under arrest a merry hunt was proceeding near Cinema City, with the object of recapturing the grizzly bear.

Finally the searchers discovered Bruin taking shelter in the outhouse of a disused building, and, as for business reasons it was not desirable to despatch the beast, elaborate arrangements were undertaken for restoring him to captivity. Their efforts were successful, and so the Broadworth Company saved their good-looking grizzly, and were enabled to supply movie patrons with many pictures of the great beast in subsequent six-reel thrillers.

Beyond saddling Buddy Gaylord with the inconvenience of replacing a small proportion of props damaged by the fire and the water from the hoses, Floyd Unwin did no real harm to the Broadworth Film Company. As is usually the case, the wrecker of vengeance found the harm react chiefly upon himself.

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





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

**Smart Alec Gets Busy!**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is Li Chang Foo in, Johnny?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Goo-evening, Foo!" said Figg. "Are all my pards hyer?"

"Allee here, Mister Figg," murmured the old Chinik, with an ingratiating grin. "Evellybody come in by backee way so no policeman see—savvy?"

"Say, that's dandy!" smiled the crook.

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

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

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

So saying, Foo pushed open a door and ushered Figg into a barren room in which five men were sitting smoking cigarettes.

"Hallo, boys!" greeted Smart Alec. "Hope I haven't kept you waitin' hyer long!"

"Don't you worry, Alec," said a burly individual with red hair and a rough growth of beard. "I guess the time's passed quick enough. Foo gave us a knock-down to some o' his Chinese firewater, which kinder brightened things up some."

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

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

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

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











him a hiding, Silver! I was only offering to play cricket for the cad, and he went for me like a Prussian! Groooh!"

"Let me go!" shrieked Mornington, struggling furiously.

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

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

"Won't I just!" grinned Tubby.

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

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

"Go-it, Tubby!"

"I'm going it!"

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

"That's enough, Tubby!"

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

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

"Well, just one more twist!"

"Yarooooop!"

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

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

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

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

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

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Tommy Dodd's Reply.

**T**OMMY DODD & CO. were chatting in the quadrangle, after morning lessons the next day, when Mornington came up.

The three Tommies greeted him with a smile.

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

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

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

Tommy Dodd shook his head sadly.

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

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

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

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

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

"You'll let us swank about knowing you?" asked Tommy Cook.

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

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

"Money, of course?" said Tommy Dodd.

"Yaas."

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

"How much?" he asked blandly.

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

"That's jolly generous!"

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

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

"Well, will you accept the offer?"

Tommy Dodd smiled at his chums.

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

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

"The rotten cad—" began Cook.

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

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

"Hands off!"

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the grasp of the three laughing Moderns, Mornington was rushed to the fountain in Little Quad, his arms and legs flying wildly in the air.

Splash!

"Gerrooogh!"

The three Tommies sauntered away, leaving him to wriggle out of the big granite basin.

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

He shook a dripping fist after the three Tommies, and dashed away towards the School House. Townsend and Topham met him in full career, and stared at him.

"Ye gods!" said Topham.

He glared at the Fistical Four, and went on rubbing.

Jimmy Silver gave him a quiet look.

"I hear you're going to Bootles to sneak about the Modern chaps, Mornington?" he said.

"Mind your own business!"

"This is the business of all the Fourth. You insulted the Modern kids, though you're too utter a cad to understand that, and you deserve all you've got! You won't sneak about them!"

"I shall do as I choose!" panted Mornington.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"That's so. I can't prevent you from sneaking, if you choose. But I promise you, honour bright, a Form licking if you do! You've had that once before, and you know what it's like!"



Mr. Bootles jumped up in amazement as Mornington dashed into his study drenched and dripping with water. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean boy?" (See Chapter 4.)

"Been getting wet?" said Townsend—rather a superfluous question.

Mornington was drenched.

"It's those Modern cads!" gasped Mornington. "I'm goin' to Bootles about it!"

"Yes, do," said Townsend.

Mornington rushed into the House, leaving his dear friends grinning.

He never received much sympathy from his dear friends in his little mishaps. Indeed, they might have been suspected of enjoying them.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, jumped up in amazement as Mornington dashed into his study, drenched and dripping.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "What—what does this mean? What—what?"

"I—I—"

"Go and change your clothes at once! You will catch cold! You careless boy, you are spoiling my carpet!"

"I tell you, sir—"

"Go and change your clothes!"

"But I—"

"Will you obey me?" thundered Mr. Bootles. "Change your clothes immediately, and take a hundred lines for coming into my study in that state! Go!"

The Form-master pushed the drenched junior out of the study.

Mornington, panting with rage, hurried away to the Fourth Form dormitory. He was beginning to shiver, and his teeth were chattering.

In the dormitory he tore off his drenched clothes, and rubbed himself down with a towel furiously. Four faces looked in at the doorway while he was so engaged.

"You rotter!"

"Nuff said! If Tommy Dodd is called up on the carpet, you get a Form licking! Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away without another word.

Mornington finished rubbing himself dry, changed his clothes, and left the dormitory. But he did not go to Mr. Bootles' study. He knew by painful experience what a Form licking was like, and he didn't want to repeat the experience.

The three Tommies were not called "on the carpet," neither were they approached with any more of Mornington's generous offers. Places in his eleven were no longer open to those three humorous youths.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
Challenge Not Accepted.

**D**URING the next few days Jimmy Silver noted, with a humorous eye, the progress of Mornington as a cricket captain.

Mornington was at least in deadly earnest. Unfortunately for him, the fellows who could play cricket were generally fellows who were inclined to knock him down for offering them money for their services.

It soon became clear, even to him, that if he raised an eleven at all, it would be an eleven "of sorts."

But he did not give in.

He had said that he would raise an eleven, and he was determined to carry out his words. And there were fellows on both sides of Rookwood who were amenable to the cash.







**Skimpole's Deduction!**

A SHORT ST. JIM'S STORY.

**T**OM MERRY and his chums, Manners and Lowther, of the Shell Form at St. Jim's, were sitting in their study, when there was a timid knock at the door, and the large, bespectacled head of Herbert Skimpole, the eccentric genius of the Shell, was thrust into the room.

"May I come in, Merry? I want to have a few words with you."

Tom Merry looked up from the book he was reading with a little sigh. Skimpole was a well-meaning fellow, but the greatest bore at St. Jim's.

"Come in, Skimmy!" said Tom, good-naturedly. "What's the trouble?"

From the wrinkles on Skimpole's lofty forehead Tom Merry guessed at once that Skimmy was in trouble, as he generally was!

Skimpole came into the study, and shut the door.

"The truth is, Tom Merry, I have lost something—something of great importance to a literary man, and I wish to enlist your aid in recovering it."

"Go ahead then, old top! What is it?"

"As you are probably aware," said Skimpole, "I am engaged in compiling a volume of notes upon the works of the famous Professor Balmycrumpet. This is a gigantic task, requiring tremendous brain-power, and I intend to send the work when it is completed—in say, four or five years' time—to the British Museum."

"Best place for it, I should think, Skimmy!" put in Lowther, with a grin.

"But what—" began Tom Merry.

"I am coming to that, Merry," said Skimpole. "To write this great work, I have been using a special fountain-pen, specially suited to my style of writing."

The chums of Study 10 grinned again. Skimmy's style of writing was well-known, and it resembled the tracks of an inebriated spider that had fallen into the inkpot.

"To come to the point, I have lost my pen, and my work is held up until I can find it again."

Tom Merry looked at Skimpole with wide-open eyes.

"But my dear chap," he said, "isn't that—"

"Shush, Tommy!" broke in Lowther. "Let's hear how Skimmy lost it!"

"There is not much mystery about that, Lowther, I fear," said Skimpole.

"I have just been visited by Mellish of the Fourth. Mellish came in and disturbed me at my work and behaved in the rude manner which, I regret to say, is characteristic of him. He even tilted up the table, causing all my valuable manuscripts to be precipitated to the floor."

Tom Merry & Co. were grinning broadly, though they tried hard to twist their faces into sympathetic expressions, as the genius of the Shell went on with great seriousness:

"After Mellish had departed, with much coarse and ribald laughter, I gathered my priceless papers up from the floor, and prepared to get to work again. It was then that I missed my fountain-pen!"

Skimpole paused dramatically.

"With my marvellous powers of deduction," pursued Skimpole, "I had no difficulty in deciding, since the pen has completely disappeared, that Mellish must have taken it away with him in order to hamper me further in my great work, in the usual ignorant and offensive manner of the unscientific."

"Go it, Skimmy!" checked Manners. "This is as good as a play, and cheaper!"

Skimpole blinked at Manners.

"Really, Manners! I should be reluctant to class you in the same mental category as Mellish of the Fourth—"

"You'd better not!" said Manners warningly.

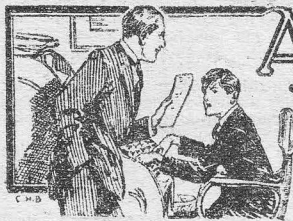
"However," continued Skimpole hastily, "although infinitely superior to Mellish in brain power, I am, unfortunately, no match for him physically. So I came along to try and induce you, Merry, for the good of humanity, to persuade him, by force if necessary, to give me back my fountain-pen. I am quite sure he must have it, since I have searched the study high and low for it."

Tom Merry coughed judiciously.

"I am sorry, Skimpole, but I must refuse

(Continued on page 20.)

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 69.

**A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR**

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

**NEXT FRIDAY'S PROGRAMME:**

In our next issue will appear the opening chapters of a really

**SPLENDID NEW CINEMA SERIAL.**

specially written for the PENNY POPULAR by a brilliant new author. Nat Fairbanks—wily, by the way, bears a name famous in the cinema world—is new to our pages, but I am very certain that the hosts of friends he will make by means of this splendid new story will lead to his becoming one of your favourite authors. So look out next Friday for

**"THE MYSTERY MAKERS!"**

By Nat Fairbanks.

Our next splendid new complete story of the chums of Greyfriars School is entitled:

**"DENNIS CARR'S VENTURE!"**

By Frank Richards.

This is a most amusing story, written throughout in the lighter vein, and deals with the attempt on the part of some of the Removites, led by Dennis Carr, to bring out a rival paper to the famous "Greyfriars Herald." You will thoroughly enjoy it.

The title of the next complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School is:

**"FOR THE GOOD OF THE TEAM!"**

By Owen Conquest.

In it Jimmy Silver, in his capacity of junior cricket captain, has to deal with the latest of Mornington's vagaries. How the very delicate matter is handled I will leave you to find out when you read the story next week.

There will also be some more of the short complete stories of the chums of St. Jim's, which have proved so popular, and an extra interesting Chat page. Altogether, next Friday's issue of the PENNY POPULAR will be a bumper one, and I once again ask all my chums to avoid disappointment by ordering their copy from their newsagent in advance.

**BAD TEMPER.**

It is a very awkward thing indeed to have a bad temper. It is for ever tripping you up. It makes things unpleasant for the owner and for everybody else. Of course, one is not referring here to just ordinary common or garden early morning grumps from which the best folk suffer at times. The individual who is always smiling and making a show of being amiable is apt to overdo it. I was thinking at the moment of the "Don't-you-touch-me-or-look-at-me" sort of temper. There is far more of this kind of disposition knocking about than there ought to be. You see it in crowded railway carriages now and again.

Perhaps there is some amount of reason for it on those occasions. If the passenger moves he has an elbow dug into the small of his back. A fellow who has secured a seat sits lolling-fashion just as though the whole place belonged to him and the others were all trespassers, and sticks his muddy boot out for the rest of the travellers to brush against.

There was a bigger crush than ever as the journey went on. Several of the passengers were irritable—tired out most likely, worrying about the bills they had got to pay, and so forth. At one station we had a regular shoving match. I fancy there would have been a free fight only there was not room—and then a youngster who was right in the middle of the scum smiled.

Well, of all the smiles that were ever smiled that smile did the best work. The fellow who was wearing it was about fourteen, and he was carrying a copy of the PENNY POPULAR in his good right hand. He could not have had room to read it, but

when things were at their hottest, there he was, right in the middle, smiling—smiling for all the world as if there were no troubles in life worth mentioning, smiling as if he understood that everybody was out, and had to make the best of bills and crowding and other worries, all of which he did not consider were worth worrying about—as perhaps they are not.

I called this short article "Bad Temper." It should have been entitled "A Smile." Far more appropriate. There is just that about a smile. It is sort of catching, just like measles and whooping-cough; but they are lucky who get the infection. A surly-looking, fed-up kind of a chap close to the boy caught the smile, and started grinning cheerily. Somebody else who was dressed up to the nines, and felt aggrieved because his clothes were getting touches of white from a painter's mate, saw the boy, and then he actually laughed. So it went on. You cannot fix the price of a smile. I never heard of a smile being offered for sale on the Stock Exchange. Perhaps this is for the reason that all the money in the Bank of England would not buy one.

Anyhow, there it was. It might have been that the boy was smiling at some such old thought as to how Bunter would look in such a scene—squashed flat, and with his glasses tumbling off his nose. The truth about it we are hardly likely to know, but there was the smile, and it did more good than if a crack band had started playing. Besides, no band could have got in. A smile can get in anywhere, and the only pity is there are not a few more of them turned out.

**"THE CRIMSON ARROW."**

There is a really striking piece of news going into this paragraph, and I hope my chums will take special note of what that news is, for it concerns them. Most readers of the "P. P." are likewise readers of the "Greyfriars Herald," and they will be glad to hear of the grand new serial which starts on May 15th in the "G. H." It is a ripping yarn of the Wild West, and recounts the adventures of two lads, Kit and Joe Desmond, who are destined to become famous scouts one day. We hear about Buffalo Bill himself, and old Prairie Wolf, the chief paramount of the Navajoes, who has thrown in his lot with the palefaces, while among the other characters are Buck Dixie and the heroes of the 5th United States Cavalry, famous as the Dandy Fifth. Altogether, the new "Greyfriars Herald" serial will constitute a record.

**DREAMS.**

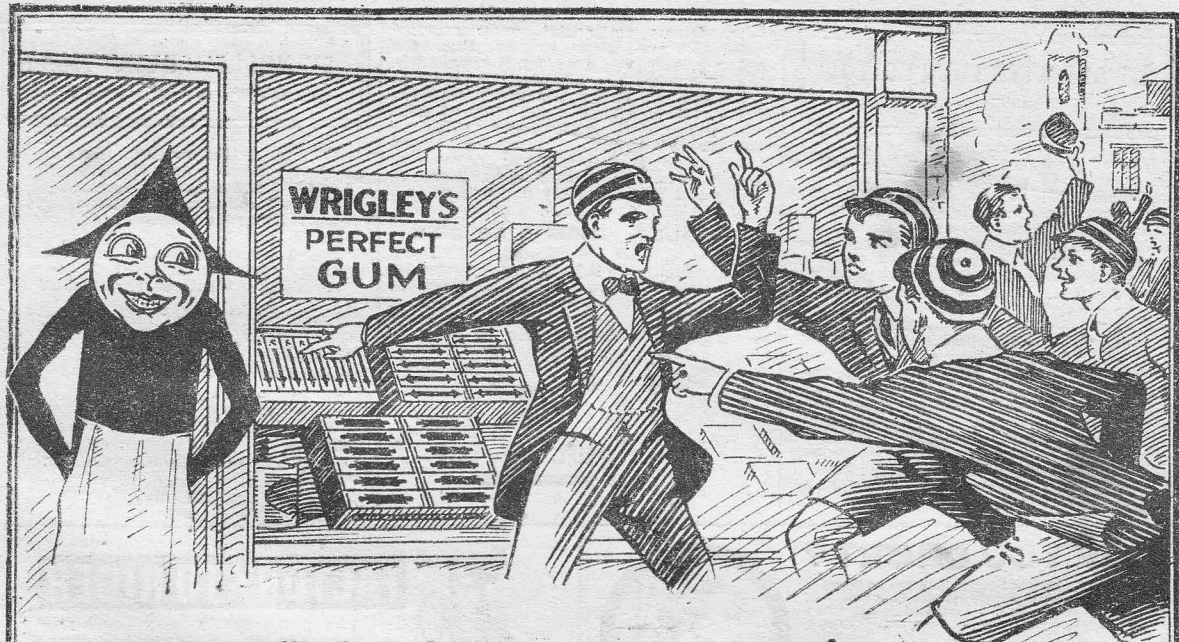
Some folks do not think it worth while bothering their heads about the stuff that dreams are made of. Maybe they are right. The dreamer really needs a private income, as he stands a chance of losing his job through inattention to business. One of my friends writes to ask for a cure for bad dreams. It is a difficult question to answer.

Does he take late suppers of lobster and pork-pie? Does he lie on his back? Dreaming may be caused by either, or by working too hard. The brain just tries to carry on during sleep, and a rare hash it makes of it. The town hustler dreams. I do not think the fellow on a farm does.

Mrs. Radcliffe, who wrote hair-raising romances a long time back, used to work up her plots by dreaming of them after a good supper. So it is said. Perhaps she and others made the system a success by cultivating the habit.

But in the main, what a doddering sort of mix-up a dream is! Clark Russell, the sea writer, made one of his characters in "The Golden Hope" get up at night and draw a map with a complete chart showing where a missing island was. Then, only the other day, we heard of people who were somnambulistically disposed going out and swimming in their sleep.

(Continued on page 20.)



# BUY GUM! IT'S WRIGLEY'S

*School Captain :*

"Now, you fellows, here's the real stuff. It keeps us fit and always in fighting trim. It's the only (and the best) stuff you'll get while in training for our Sports. It keeps your mouth moist, your wind in fine fettle, your training right, and—well, it is just the thing you want.

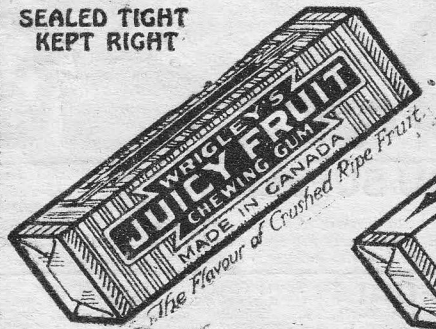
"Now take my tip, you fellows, and try one of the three different flavours of long-lasting joy TO-DAY, at only

**3d. PER PACKET.**

Take Your Choice !

Sold Everywhere."

SEALED TIGHT  
KEPT RIGHT



**WRIGLEY'S, Ltd., 235, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.**

**A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR.**

(Continued from page 13.)

It is all precious wonderful if you come to think of it. Of course, there are folks who go through life as fast asleep as churches. They never seem to wake up; but that is a different pair of sleeves, as the French say.

As a matter of fact, there is not much harm in ordinary dreaming. You laugh at it all afterwards—if you remember what you have dreamed. It seems reasonable enough at the time, but such trash in the morning! You found yourself standing midway in a crowded crossing, holding up the traffic. The police were howling at you, taximen were ready to weep with vexation (by the way, I never yet saw a taxi-driver shed tears), and yet you had to stand there quite helpless.

Or else you found yourself at the Zoo, and saw the monkeys strolling about with their heads under their arms; or it might be that you were mountaineering, and got stuck half-way up, finding it impossible to move.

Yes, dreams are quaint, queer arrangements. The sub-editor dreams that the master printer is after him because of a missing comma; the office-boy dreams that he has got hold of a notion which will make all the staff look humble and sorry when he tells them about it in the morning; and the chap at school dreams that the august Caius Julius is tracking him down with another bunch of learned disquisitions on history and that miserable Gallic War.

**A REQUEST FROM A SOLDIER.**

Private Maurice Wooderson, 30191, 1st Black Watch (R. H.), C Coy., Allahabad, India, writes to ask me to let readers at home know that copies of the Companion Papers would be very welcome at his camp, for there are certain hours which want filling in with cheery yarns.

Your Editor

**SKIMPOLE'S DEDUCTION!**

(Continued from page 13.)

to interfere in the matter. Your evidence against Mellish is purely circumstantial."

"But—" began Skimpole eagerly.

"Besides," continued Tom Merry gravely, "there is one point you appear to have overlooked, Skimmy."

"May I ask what it is?" asked the disappointed genius of the Shell.

"Certainly! What is that behind your ear?"

Skimpole put his hand up to his large ear. "That" was a fountain-pen!

"Dud—dear me!" gasped Skimpole. "The pen has been there all the time! How very extraordinary!"

And the genius of the Shell trotted out of the study back to his literary work.

And as he closed the door a roar of laughter rang out from Study No. 10:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE END.

**ARE YOU SHORT?**

If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver E. F. 3 inches; Mr. Batchellor 4 inches; Miss Davies 3 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Mr. Kestley 2 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. This system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and 200 Questions on Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Strand Green Road, London, N. 4.



**NERVOUSNESS**

Get My One-Week Cure, and Win Success.

It is nearly always the cleverest people who are nervous, who blush and hang back. The stupid are too dull to feel nervous or shy. Are you going to let those dull people leave you behind in the race for social or business success? You know you could easily beat them but for your bashfulness. Then cure your Nervousness, Bashfulness, and your Blushing and win forward. You can do it in a week by My System quite privately at home. My System develops your Will Power and gives you that fine confidence that leads on from success to success till you have achieved your highest ambitions. Write to me at once, mentioning PENNY POPULAR, and I will send you full particulars of My System free in plain envelope. Address: Specialist, 12, All Saints Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

**THE UNBEATABLE PACKET OF STAMPS!**

This Packet contains 30 varieties, including specimens from Nigeria, Peru, Reunion, Tasmania, Victoria, Wirttemberg and Trinidad. Price 7d. to approval applicants.—WHITE, 85, Dudley Road, Lye, STOURBRIDGE.

**Buy YOUR Boots**

Overcoats, Shoes, Suits, Raincoats, Trench Coats, Costumes, and Winter Coats, Silver & Gold Pocket and Wrist Watches, Rings, Jewellery, &c., on easy terms, 30/- worth 5/- monthly; 60/- worth 10/- monthly; &c. CATALOGUE FREE. Foreign applications invited. **MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Stores, RYE, Estd. 1869.**

"**CURLY HAIR!**" "My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes E. Welch. **"CURLIT"** curls straightest hair. 1/3, 2/6. (14d stamps accepted).—**SUMMERS (Dept. A. P.), 41, UPPER RUSSELL STREET, BEIGHON.**

**SHORT MEN AND WOMEN**

are often ignored and looked down upon. Tall people receive favourable consideration and attention in every walk of life. By my easy, scientific, and safe method you can grow several inches taller. Many people have added 1 1/2 to 4in. to their height by My System. Write at once for FREE particulars, mentioning "Penny Popular".

Address: Inquiry "N" Dept., 51, Church Street, South Shore, Blackpool.

**CUT THIS OUT**

"Penny Popular," **PEN COUPON** Value 2d.

Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C. 4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 12 coupons and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the PENNY POPULAR readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. **Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.**

Printed and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. Advertisement offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. Subscription rates: Inland, 11s. per annum; 1s. 6d. for six months. Abroad, 8s. 10d. per annum; 4s. 6d. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ltd. Saturday, May 15th, 1920.



**FACTORY TO RIDER**

Packed Free Carriage Paid. *Fifteen Days' Free Trial.* **LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.** Prompt delivery. Save Dealers' Profits. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write for Monster Size **Free Lists** and *Special Offer* of Sample Bicycle.

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorp.** Dept. B 607, BIRMINGHAM.

**Boys, be Your Own Printers and make extra pocket-money by using THE PETIT "PLEX" DUPLICATOR.**



Makes pleasing numerous copies of NOTE, PAPER HEADINGS, BUSINESS CARDS, SPORTS FIXTURE CARDS, SCORING CARDS, PLANS, SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS, DRAWINGS, MAPS, MUSIC, SHORT-HAND, PROGRAMMES, NOTICES, etc., in a variety of pretty colours. Send for one **40-DAY**. Price 6/6 complete, with all supplies. Foreign orders, 1/6 extra—

**R. PODMORE & Co., Desk P.P., Southport.** And at 67-69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

**MAGIC TRICKS,** Illusions, etc.—Parcels 2/6, 5/6, and 10/6. Sample Trick, 1/-.—**T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N. 1.**

**KEDAH PACKET, 6d.** contains 55 Stamps—Slam, Timor, Kedah, Panama Oceania, etc. 1000 Mounts, Ed. 20s. Mixed Stamps, 7d.—20 unused, 9d.—Brooks, 43, Edmund St., Camberwell, S.E. 5.

**GET OAT. NOW** **BARGAINS.** Catalogue Free! Lady's & Gent's Watches, Oxidised & Nickel 28 to 57/6; Silver, 21/- to 60/-; Alarm Clocks, 12/6, 15/-, 16/6. Gold Shell Rings 1/3. Sand-Holes in Card for Size. Hair Clippers, 10/-, 42/6. 2/6 Hair Brush 1/3. Jewellery, etc. All Bargains Post Free. **PAIN'S Presents House, Dept. 3, HASTINGS.**

**IF YOU SUFFER** from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration, or feel awkward in the presence of others, send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment.—**GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.**

**FREE FUN!** The Latest Screamingly Funny Surprise Novelty, causing Roars of Laughter, FREE to all sending 1/6 for the Comical Real Moving Photo. Greatest fun maker out. Press sides, and it smiles, Frowns, Grins, Laughs, etc. Bore bubble, girls giggle, and grandads guffaw! Everybody wants one. Send 1/6, and get more fun than a bandstandful of comedians.—**O. HUGHES, 35, Southam Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.**

**WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS BE SURE AND MENTION THIS PAPER.**