

A GREAT NEW SERIAL STARTING IN THIS NUMBER!

The Penny **1½**  
**Popular**

Week Ending  
May 22nd, 1920.

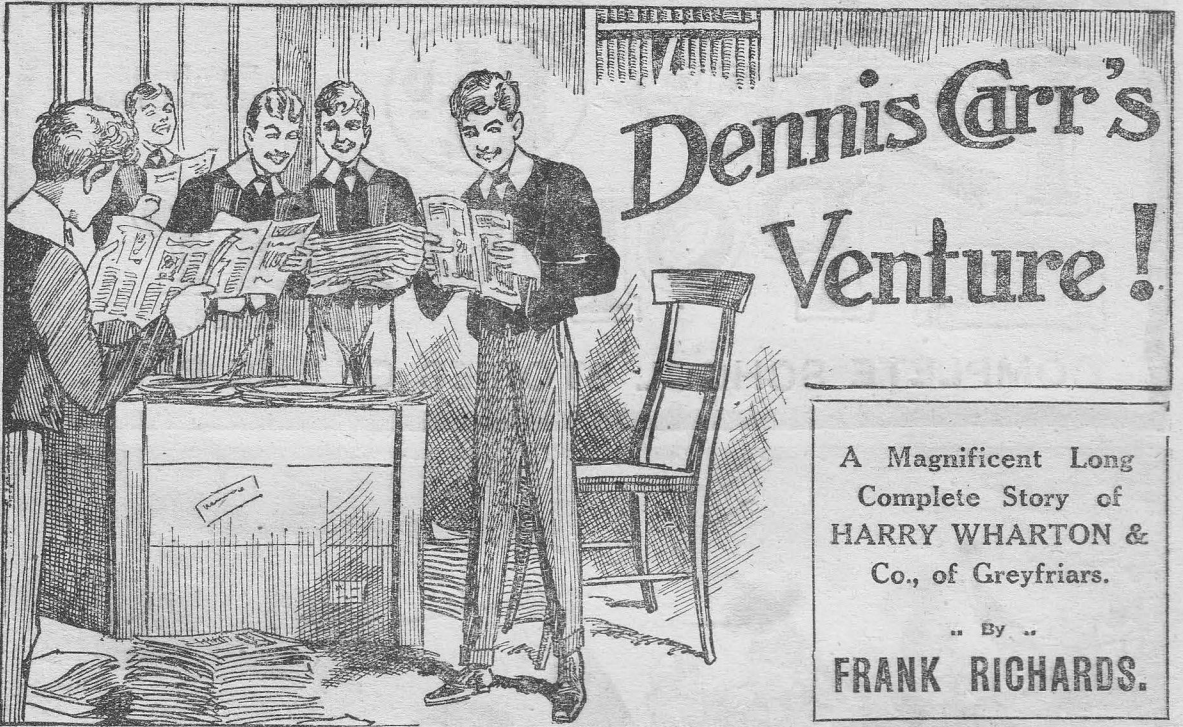
No. 70.  
New Series.

20 PAGES.

COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES OF THE BEST.



**TAKING A SNAPSHOT OF MR. QUELCH IN ACTION!**  
(An Amusing Scene in the Grand Long Complete Tale of Greyfriars School in this Issue.)



# Dennis Carr's Venture!

A Magnificent Long  
Complete Story of  
HARRY WHARTON &  
Co., of Greyfriars.

.. By ..  
**FRANK RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Editor Regrets.

**W**ELL, of all the cheek!" Dennis Carr, of the Greyfriars Remove, uttered the words in tones of great indignation. He had just come in from cricket practice, and the sight of a bulky envelope on his study table arrested his attention.

Opening the envelope, Dennis saw that it contained a manuscript—a boxing story which he had written some weeks previously for the "Greyfriars Herald."

Dennis Carr was not a member of the "Herald's" editorial staff. He came in the category of "occasional contributors." But he could write a readable, if not a brilliant story, and he had all the makings of a clever journalist.

Small wonder that the junior was indignant. For his boxing story—into which he had put much good work—had been returned to him!

This was the first time that Dennis had ever had anything rejected by Harry Wharton, the Editor of the "Herald." He could not understand it. And he peered into the envelope for an explanation.

But the only thing he discovered, apart from the manuscript, was a half-sheet of paper bearing the following curt communication:

"The Editor of the 'Greyfriars Herald' regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution, for the kind offer of which he is much obliged."

That was all. No reason was given for the rejection of the manuscript. A typewritten message conveying the Editor's regret—which was probably more assumed than real—was all the thanks Dennis Carr received for the time and pains he had devoted to the writing of his boxing story.

"This is the absolute limit!" growled Dennis.

"What is, dear boy?" drawled Lord Maul-ever, who was reclining in his favourite attitude on the sofa.

"Wharton's rejected that boxing yarn of mine! He's turned it down—chucked it out—he's got no use for it!"

"Shame!" said Sir Jimmy Vivian.

"You fellows will bear me out when I say that it was a rattling good yarn," said Dennis Carr. "That last chapter, where a fellow fought through a dozen rounds with a sprained wrist, was as good a piece of descriptive writing as I've ever seen in the 'Herald.' I'm not in the habit of blowing my own trumpet, but I really am proud of that boxing yarn. I took no end of trouble

with it. I revised it, and re-revised it, and the whole thing was hammered out three times on Quelch's typewriter. And all the thanks I get is a common or garden rejection slip!"

"P'raps Wharton couldn't find room for the story?" suggested Mauly.

"Well, in that case, he should have sent the manuscript back with a courteous letter. I deeply regret that lack of space precludes me from using the enclosed story, which is tophole." That's what he ought to have written, instead of sending me the usual rejection form which he sends out to champion asses like Bunter and Alonzo Todd!"

"Why not go an' see Wharton about it?" said Jimmy Vivian.

"I will! I'll go and see him now!" And Dennis Carr gathered up his precious manuscript, and hurried away to Study No. 1, which was the editorial office of the "Greyfriars Herald."

The youthful Editor and his sub-editors were hard at work with paste and scissors when Dennis entered. And the manner of his entry was anything but gentle. He burst into the study like a cyclone, and the sudden current of air caused by the door being thrown open sent manuscripts whirling in all directions.

"Steady on, you clumsy ass!" shouted Harry Wharton, jumping to his feet. "Look what you've done!"

For answer, Dennis Carr strode forward, and flourished his rejected story under the Editor's nose.

"What's wrong with this?" he hoated.

"My dear fellow, it would take me hours and hours to give you a detailed criticism of that trash!"

"Trash!" roared Dennis. "Why, you—

"Afraid you'll never be a Martin Clifford, or an Owen Conquest, Carr," said Bob Cherry. "That boxing yarn of yours is awfully feeble."

"Feeble!" almost screamed Dennis.

Bob nodded.

"There's not enough life and movement in it," he said.

"It's as dry as a sun-scorched desert!" chimed in Frank Nugent. "I was bored stiff before I'd read the first chapter. And I couldn't have waded through the rest if anybody had offered me a fiver! So I passed the thing on to Wharton."

"You—you—"

"And after giving the story my usual careful consideration," said the Editor. "I instructed our office-boy to return it to you, with the usual rejection slip."

"It was a jolly good yarn!" said Dennis indignantly.

"Sorry I can't see eye to eye with you on that point. I thought it was about the worst piffle I'd ever read!"

Dennis Carr clenched his hands.

"Would you mind telling me exactly what was wrong with it?" he asked in ominous tones.

"Certainly!" said Wharton. "In the first place, it had no plot. Secondly, it was deadly dull. Thirdly, the grammar was faulty. Fourthly, the incidents were far too tame."

"And fifthly, sixthly, and finally, it was a complete wash-out!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dennis Carr did not join in the laughter which followed Bob's remark. He was furious.

"You'd no right to return my story, Wharton!" he exclaimed. "It's a jolly sight more interesting and exciting than your mouldy editorial chats—"

"Order, please—order!" said Johnny Bull.

But Dennis Carr refused to be silenced.

"You're about the biggest set of duffers who ever tried to run a paper!" he said scathingly. "Not one of you knows his job. You've got no savvy nor discrimination. You don't know what your readers want, and you're always giving 'em the wrong thing. Now, that boxing yarn of mine would have doubled, if not trebled, your circulation."

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Dennis Carr turned to Harry Wharton.

"I'll give you one more chance to accept my story—" he began.

"Nothing doing!" said the Editor promptly.

"We don't want to lose all our readers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look—here—"

"Buzz off, Carr!" said Bob Cherry. "You ought to know by now that the Editor's decision is final."

Instead of following Bob's advice, Dennis Carr hurled himself at Harry Wharton—evidently with the intention of putting his editorial nose out of joint.

Wharton retaliated briskly; and there was a roar from the onlookers as the table went over with a crash, and paste and ink and manuscripts were scattered over the floor.

"Chuck it, you silly chumps!" shouted Johnny Bull.

But Wharton and Dennis Carr were grappling fiercely with each other. They swayed backwards and forwards, bowling over articles of furniture in the process. And

presently Dennis Carr put his boot through the glass panel of the bookcase.

Crash!  
There was a shattering of glass, and a howl of protest from Frank Nugent.  
"You clumsy idiot! You'll have to pay for that!"

But Dennis was intent upon doing still further damage—to his opponent's face. He succeeded in landing a couple of powerful blows, of the sort which are known to the boxing profession as "pile-drivers."  
Wharton staggered; and his chums looked very concerned.

But the captain of the Remove pulled himself together, and he soon turned the tables completely.

Dennis Carr was driven back towards the doorway. He hit out as he retreated, but Wharton held the upper hand now.

"Good, Harry!" said Bob Cherry, with enthusiasm. "Show the cheeky bouncer the way out!"

"Send him forth on the neckful portion of his anatomy!" encouraged Hurree Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dennis Carr fought gamely, but he had met his master. A powerful drive in the chest sent him spinning through the doorway; and his manner of leaving Study No. 1 was much quicker than his manner of entering that apartment.

Bump!

Dennis landed with great violence on the floor of the passage; and before he could scramble to his feet the door of Study No. 1 was slammed in his face.

Not only had Dennis Carr's boxing story been "chucked out," but its author had shared a similar fate!

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Rival in the Field!

"My dear fellow," drawled Lord Mauleverer, when Dennis Carr arrived back in his own study. "what have you been doin' to your nose?"

"My—my nose?"

"Yaas. It seems to have got round to your left ear, don't you know?"

Dennis gave a grunt.

"I've been having a tiff with Wharton," he said.

"Well, if Wharton's nasal organ looks anything like yours, I should advise the pair of you to enter for the next beauty contest that's launched by the newspapers!"

"Ear, ear!" said Sir Jimmy Vivian.

Dennis Carr frowned.

"Don't talk rot!" he said, throwing himself into a chair.

"Has Wharton accepted your yarn, dear boy?" inquired Mauly.

"No. We had a few words about it."

"They must have been pretty violent words, begad!" said the schoolboy earl, with a chuckle.

"We had a tiff, as I said," growled Dennis, "and I got the worst of the argument. I never was any good at scrapping in a crowded study. I like plenty of elbow room. If it had been in the gym, or behind the chapel, there would have been a different sequel. As it was, I was slung out of Study No. 1 on my neck."

"An' your story?"

"I believe Wharton rammed it into the wastepaper-basket."

"What are you goin' to do about it, Dennis?" asked Jimmy Vivian.

"I shall have to think of a wheeze for making Wharton and the others sit up. If you fellows will stop jawing for a bit, I dare say I shall get an inspiration."

Mauly and Jimmy Vivian got out their books, and commenced their prep.

Silence reigned in the study for the space of half an hour. Then Dennis Carr jumped to his feet with an exclamation of triumph.

"I've got it!"

"Got what, dear boy?" asked Lord Mauleverer. "An attack of St. Vitus' dance?"

"Ass! I've hit upon a wheeze—a gilt-edged, eighteen-carat wheeze!"

"Get it off your chest!" said Jimmy Vivian.

Dennis Carr stepped to the door, and opened it, to make sure that there was no eavesdropper outside. When he turned back into the study his eyes were gleaming with excitement.

"I'm goin' to start a paper in opposition to the 'Greyfriars Herald,'" he said.

Dennis Carr's study-mates groaned. They had been expecting their chum to propound a really novel, up-to-date wheeze, not a hackneyed idea of this sort.

"N. G.," said Mauly, shaking his head. "There have been rival papers before, an' they've only fizzled out. Nothin' can successfully compete with the 'Herald!'"

"But I mean to go right off the beaten track," said Dennis Carr. "Instead of running a rag on the same lines as the 'Herald,' I shall make it a picture-paper, packed with topical photographs of current events at the school. What about the 'Greyfriars Pictorial'?"

"Come to think of it, that's not half a bad stunt," said Jimmy Vivian. "Pictures fascinate most fellows more than stories."

"Especially yarns of the sort Wharton's been dishing up lately," said Dennis Carr. "It will be breaking new ground, and I'm sure the paper would be a stunning success."

"But it would cost quids an' quids, an' still more quids, to produce!" protested Mauly.

"That's true enough. But my Uncle Dick told me the last time I saw him that if ever I thought about launching an amateur magazine, he'd fork out the capital."

"Rippin'!"

"What's more, I think we could make it a paying proposition, as soon as the paper had got into its stride," said Dennis. "Everybody will buy it. Think of the interesting photos we shall be able to get! Mr. Prout taking his morning bath, Billy Bunter winning the tub-race, 'Coker of the Fifth steering his motor-bike into a duck-pond,' and so forth."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Both you fellows have got cameras," continued Dennis, "and I think I'll make you my right-hand men."

Lord Mauleverer shifted uneasily in his seat.

"But—but that means work!" he said, in alarm.

"Of course it does, fatted! You don't suppose a paper—especially a picture-paper—can be produced without effort, do you?"

"My constitution won't stand the strain of—"

"Your constitution's jolly well got to stand it!" retorted Dennis. "I'm not going to have any slackers on the staff of the 'Greyfriars Pictorial!'"

"But, my dear fellow, it would kill me—"

"Hard work never killed anybody. Now, look here, Mauly, you've got to pull yourself together, and back me up with all your might. Will you promise?"

"Oh, all serene!" said Mauly resignedly. "But the prospect of chasing round all day with a camera didn't appeal to him."

"We'll set to work at once," said Dennis Carr, "and we'll keep our intentions absolutely secret. I know a fellow at Courtfield who will undertake the printing and publishing. Of course, we sha'n't confine ourselves absolutely to pictures. There will be a page of snappy news paragraphs."

"Who are you goin' to get to write them?" asked Jimmy Vivian doubtfully.

"We'll do them between us."

"I'm no journalist, dear boy!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "I can't write for toffee, an' I can't spell."

"Then you've got all the necessary qualifications," said Dennis Carr.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Between the three of us," Dennis went on, "we'll knock the 'Herald' into a cocked hat! We'll bag Wharton's readers by the score, and he'll have to shut up shop in the long run. It's his own fault. He shouldn't have turned down my boxing yarn."

Dennis Carr did not let the grass grow under his feet. He wrote to his uncle that evening, and by return of post a registered letter arrived for Dennis.

Unfortunately, the letter fell into the hands of Billy Bunter, who gave the postman a receipt for it, and then took it along to Study No. 7 and carefully steamed open the envelope.

"It's a remittance, for a cert!" murmured Bunter.

Very cautiously he pulled back the flap of the envelope, and investigated the contents. Inside the envelope were five banknotes, each for ten pounds.

"Fifty quid!" gasped Billy Bunter. And his little round eyes fairly glistened behind his spectacles.

With the banknotes was a letter, which Bunter had no scruples in reading.

"My dear Dennis,—I am very interested in your new venture, and I sincerely trust that the 'Greyfriars Pictorial' will prove an even bigger success than you anticipate. I am enclosing the sum of fifty pounds,

which will help you to meet publishing expenses.

"One word of advice, dear boy. Do not allow the launching of this new paper to interfere with your progress in Form-room and playing-field. Treat it simply and solely as a hobby."

"I shall be glad to see a copy of No. 1 as soon as it is published."

"Your affectionate  
"UNCLE DICK."

"So that's the little game, is it?" murmured Bunter. "Carr's going to run a new paper, in opposition to the 'Herald'! And his uncle's sent him fifty quid towards the publishing expenses! My hat! Some fellows get all the luck!"

Billy Bunter regarded it as a sin and a shame that a princely sum like fifty pounds should be squandered on an amateur publication which would probably end in smoke.

The fat junior thought of the unlimited supplies of tuck which could be procured with such a sum, and his mouth watered.

How easy it would be, Bunter reflected, to tuck those banknotes into his pocket and not breathe a word about them!

It was a tremendous temptation, but Bunter overcame it.

The Owl of the Remove, as a rule, had no faith in the maxim that honesty is the best policy. He had never been able to distinguish the difference between meum and tuum, and had the remittance in Dennis Carr's letter been a smaller one—say, for a pound or two—Bunter would have had no scruples in annexing it for his own use.

But fifty pounds!  
The magnitude of the sum almost appalled Billy Bunter. And although the voice of the tempter continued to whisper, "Take it! Take it!" the fat junior could not bring himself to do so.

All the same, Bunter intended, if possible, to have a share of that wealth; and after breakfast he pinned the following startling announcement on the notice-board in the hall:

"FOUND!

BANKNOTES TO THE VALLUE OF FIFTY KWIDS!

Owner may have same on aplikashun to  
W. G. Bunter, Study N. 7."

Harry Wharton & Co. ignored that notice. They regarded it as nothing more or less than a leg-pulling stunt on Bunter's part.

But Dennis Carr thought differently. And as soon as he read the announcement, he hurried along to Study No. 7.

Billy Bunter was at home, and he blinked genially at his visitor.

"Hand over those notes, you fat burglar!" shouted Dennis.

"Oh, really, Carr—"

"You've been tampering with my correspondence, you worm!"

"I haven't!" said Bunter indignantly. "I should never dream of meddling with another fellow's letters. I found these notes in the Close, and, being an honourable sort of chap, I at once advertised for the owner of them."

"B-r-r! Hand them over!"

Billy Bunter clutched the notes tightly in his grubby fingers.

"Half a jiffy!" he said. "Am I going to get a reward?"

"Certainly!"

"You promise that?"

"Honour bright!"

"Here you are, then."

Billy Bunter handed over the notes, fully expecting to be presented with one of them for his honesty.

But Dennis Carr, after counting the notes, stowed them away in his wallet.

"Now hand over my uncle's letter!" he said grimly.

"There wasn't any letter—"

"Oh, yes, there was! And I mean to have it, even if I have to turn you upside-down and shake you!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Dennis Carr's eyes wandered to the fire-place. He saw that a letter and an envelope had been rammed into the grate, and he pounced upon them at once. Then he spun round upon Billy Bunter.

"You fat villain! You've intercepted my registered letter!"

"Oh, really— I didn't even know there was a letter. I found the notes by themselves in—in Friardale Lane!"

"You said just now that you found them in the Close!"

Bunter nodded.

"They were in the Close to begin with, but a gust of wind carried them out into the road," he explained.

"You—you—"

"I say, Carr, what about my reward?"

"You shall have it now!" said Dennis.

"Oh, good!"

But it was not nearly so good, in Bunter's opinion, when he saw Dennis Carr pick up a cricket-stump.

"What's the little game, Carr?" he faltered, in alarm.

"I'm going to try my hand at carpet-beating!"

So saying, Dennis seized the fat junior by the scruff of the neck, and slung him across the study table. It was a Samson-like feat of strength; but, then, Dennis Carr was much stronger than his slim frame suggested.

The cricket-stump was brought into play, and it rose and fell with almost monotonous regularity.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooooh!"

The dust rose in a cloud from Billy Bunter's tight-fitting trousers, and his yells fairly awakened the echoes.

Quite a crowd of juniors came hurrying to the spot. Foremost among them was Peter Todd.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Peter. "You've no right to lam Bunter like this, Carr!"

"I have every right!" panted Dennis.

"What's he been doing?"

"He opened my registered letter, and bagged the banknotes that were inside. And then he tried to squeeze a reward out of me. And he's getting it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd understood.

"Let the merry castigation continue!" he said. "If you're tired, Carr, I'll take a turn!"

The cricket-stump changed hands, and Peter Todd did great execution.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter. "Chuckit! Stopit! This is what I get for being honest!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Encouraged by the onlookers in the doorway, Peter Todd administered half a dozen telling strokes. Then the victim rolled off the table, and collapsed in a groaning, squirming heap on the floor.

Bunter's reward had been adequate and complete. But it had taken quite a different form from that which he had anticipated!

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Many Called, but Few are Chosen

DENNIS CARR'S secret was a secret no longer.

Within a few moments of the scene in Study No. 7 all the Remove knew of the scheme to publish the 'Greyfriars Pictorial.'

Nothing short of having his tongue cut out could keep Billy Bunter from chattering. And Dennis Carr and his study-mates were infuriated to find that their plans were common knowledge.

There was an interval of half an hour before morning lessons commenced; and Dennis and his sub-editors assembled in their study.

"Here's a pretty go!" growled Dennis.

"The cat's out of the bag, with a vengeance!" said Jimmy Vivian.

"I was hopin' that the first number of the 'Pictorial' would be a regular surprise-packet," said Lord Mauleverer. "But everybody will be expecting it now—thanks to Bunter!"

"Never mind!" said Dennis Carr. "We'll go ahead with it!"

There was a tap at the door, and before anybody could say "Come in!" the Famous Five entered.

"What's all this tommy-rot about a rival paper, Carr?" asked Harry Wharton.

"It isn't tommy-rot!"

"You're going to try and out the Herald?"

"Yes. And what's more, we shall succeed!"

"Rats!"

"Where's your circulation coming from?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"From Greyfriars, of course! And we shall work up a big circulation in Courtfield and Friardale, too!"

"Perhaps!" scoffed Nugent.

"Look here, Carr," said Wharton, "I should advise you to chuck this idea!"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 70.

Dennis grinned.

"Shivering in your shoes already at the prospect of losing all your readers?" he asked.

"Nothing of the sort! But I think—in fact, I'm positive—that the 'Greyfriars Pictorial' will be a hopeless failure!"

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull. "The 'Herald's' as firm as a rock, and no rival paper will be able to affect it."

"We shall see!" said Dennis Carr.

"But think of the work it will mean!" said Bob Cherry. "You'll have to have crowds of photos taken every week. And who are you going to get to take them?"

Dennis Carr waved his hand towards Mauly and Jimmy Vivian.

"These two," he explained, "are my first-lieutenants!"

The Famous Five gasped.

"You mean to say you're going to give Mauly a place on the staff?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see what there is to cackle at!" said Dennis Carr irritably.

"Oh dear!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Mauly on the staff of a paper! Mauly pushing a pen and clicking a camera! It's altogether too rich! Ha, ha, ha!"

"When you've finished lettin' off steam," said Lord Mauleverer, "I'll explain. I've promised to help Carr in this venture, an' I'm not goin' back on my word. I know you fellows regard me as a born-tired slacker—an' I suppose I am—but I mean to take off my coat an' pile in!"

"Bravo, Mauly!" said Jimmy Vivian.

There was no mistaking the enthusiasm of Dennis Carr and his study-mates. They were out to make a big success of the 'Greyfriars Pictorial.' And nothing would hold them back. Harry Wharton saw this, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"You're a set of champion asses!" he said. "If you'd had half the experience that I've had in running an amateur rag, you'd think twice before taking the plunge! You're bound to come a cropper over this business—"

"And you can't say we didn't warn you!" said Nugent.

The Famous Five retired, slamming the door behind them. And Dennis Carr and his study-mates settled down to discuss the production of the first number.

The discussion had not been long in progress when there was another tap on the door.

"Come in, fathead!" said Dennis Carr.

The "fathead" proved to be Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior. And three separate and distinct glares were bestowed upon him as he stepped into the study.

"Buzz off, Fishy!" growled Jimmy Vivian.

"We're busy!"

"I guess—"

"Go and do your guesswork in the passage, old chap!" said Dennis Carr.

"I guess you're starting a new paper—"

"Well?"

"And I sorter calculate that you'll want a real, live, up-to-date advertisement manager. I'm willing to offer you my services in that capacity—free, gratis, and for nix!"

"Declined without thanks!" snapped Dennis Carr.

"Look hyer—"

"If you're not out of this study in two ticks, I'll set the dog on you!"

"Eh? What dog?" asked Fish, in alarm.

"Jimmy Vivian."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Lord Mauleverer.

"Go for him, Jimmy! See him off!"

Sir Jimmy was not best pleased at being referred to as a canine creature, but he did what was required of him. He made a spring at Fisher T. Fish, and the prospective advertisement manager went whizzing through the doorway like a stone from a catapult. He landed on all-fours in the passage, and Sir Jimmy followed up with his boot.

Fisher T. Fish fully realised at last that there was nothing doing.

Within a couple of minutes of the Yankee junior's enforced retirement, Skinner and Snoop and Stott arrived on the scene.

"I say, Carr," said Skinner, "we've come to—"

"And now you can go!" said Dennis briskly.

"We've come to make you a sporting offer. All three of us are willing to work on the staff of your paper on condition that you appoint me editor and Snoop and Stott sub-editors."

"Well, of all the cheek—" gasped Dennis.

"We'll work like niggers!" promised Snoop.

"We'll share all your labours—"

"The only thing you'd ever think of sharin' would be the profits!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"Look here!" said Stott. "We're in sober earnest—"

"So am I!" growled Dennis Carr.

And he crossed to the window and opened it, at the same time signalling to Mauly and Sir Jimmy.

"What's the little game?" asked Skinner in alarm.

"You're going out on your necks!"

Skinner & Co. scuttled to the door like frightened rabbits, but Dennis Carr & Co. were too quick for them.

The cads of the Remove were seized, and dragged to the open window. One by one, they were heaved out into the Close.

Fortunately, it was not a big drop; but it was quite big enough for Skinner and his cronies, who landed on top of each other on the flagstones.

"Now," said Dennis Carr, turning back into the study, "perhaps we shall be left in peace for a bit!"

But, just as there is no rest for the wicked, so there was none for the editorial staff of the 'Greyfriars Pictorial.'

There was a tramping of feet in the passage, and Vernon-Smith, Monty Newland, Bulstrode, and Micky Desmond marched into the study.

Dennis Carr was about to give his visitors notice to quit, when he saw that their intentions were friendly.

"Glad to see you're going to put the kybosh on the 'Greyfriars Herald,'" said Vernon-Smith. "It's about time we had a new paper. The 'Herald's' about played out!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bulstrode. "We've come along to inquire if you want any help, Carr."

Dennis hesitated.

"Faith, an' we'll back ye up tooth an' nail!" said Micky Desmond.

"We've all got cameras," chimed in Monty Newland, "and we shall be only too pleased to use 'em in a good cause. Say but one word, Carr, and we'll get busy!"

Dennis Carr realised that that an editorial staff which consisted of only three members was woefully inadequate. Seven would be a much better number.

"All serene!" he said. "I'll enrol you four fellows on the staff of the 'Greyfriars Pictorial.' But it will be jolly hard work, mind! We're not doing this for fun, or for the benefit of our health. We really mean to sweep the 'Herald' out of existence, by winning over all its readers."

"You can rely on us to serve you like faithful henchmen!" said Vernon-Smith.

"But you're the Sports Editor of the 'Herald,' Smithy—"

"I've resigned. I'm rather fed-up with Wharton and his ways. I wrote a full-page cricket article for him, and he cut it down to about two paragraphs."

"Shame!"

"What do you want us to do, Carr?" asked Bulstrode.

"I want you to take as many photographs as you can, of topical subjects—humorous ones preferred. Send them in to me as soon as they are developed."

"Right you are!"

At that moment the bell rang for morning lessons.

Sir Jimmy Vivian snatched up his camera, and slipped it into his pocket.

"Going to take your camera into the Form-room, Jimmy?" asked Dennis Carr, in surprise.

"Yes!"

"But you won't be able to take any snaps there! Quelch wouldn't allow it, for one thing, and the light wouldn't be good enough for another."

Sir Jimmy chuckled.

"Just you wait!" he said.

And he went along to the Remove Form-room with the others.

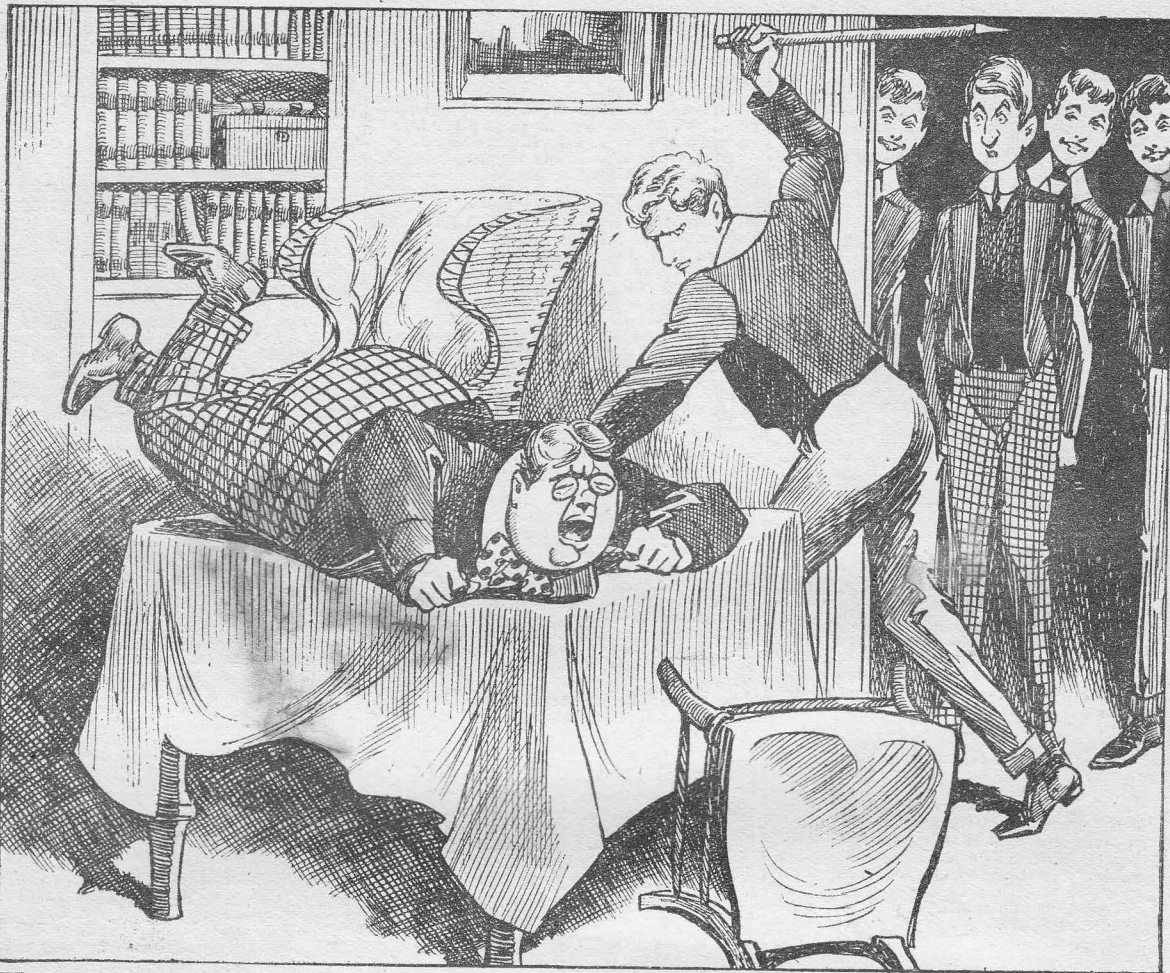
### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Rough on Sir Jimmy.

"MIND your eye!" It was Bob Cherry who whispered the admonition.

Mr. Quelch had brought into the Form-room with him a very formidable-looking cane—and a very bad temper.

The cane was a new one; but the temper was nothing new. Mr. Quelch was invariably bad-tempered in the mornings. Some of the fellows maintained that it was due to insufficient sleep; others held that the Remove-master was a martyr to indigestion. But



The study door opened, and a crowd of juniors came in. "Here, Carr," said Peter Todd, "why are you lamming Bunter?" "Because he opened my letter and bagged fifty pounds from it!" answered Carr, and continued to whack the squirming porpoise. (See page 4.)

whatever the cause, the fact remained that Mr. Quelch, in the early stages of the day, resembled a raging lion.

On this occasion the storm broke even sooner than the fellows anticipated.

"Bunter!" rumbled Mr. Quelch.

"Yessir?"

"What have you got in your mouth?"

"My—my mouth, sir?"

"Yes! You are eating something!"

"Eating something, sir?"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Do not repeat my words in that parrot-like manner, Bunter! You have something in your mouth. I demand to know what it is!"

"My tongue, sir!" mumbled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was an outburst of merriment from the class. Mr. Quelch instantly suppressed it by rapping on the desk with his cane.

"Silence!" he thundered. "You are an utterly stupid boy, Bunter! You are fast driving me to distraction and despair! I strongly suspect that you are in the act of masticating some unwholesome sweetmeat!"

Billy Bunter gave a sudden gulp. Then he spluttered wildly, and would probably have choked had not Bolsover major, who sat next to him, given him a resounding thump on the back.

"Bunter, you disgusting boy, come out before the class!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

Very reluctantly the fat junior obeyed. And as he approached the Form-master's desk something fell with a thud to the floor.

Mr. Quelch pounced upon it with the swiftness of a hawk. It was a paper bag, and it contained several chunks of walnut toffee.

"Ha! I thought so!" said the Remove-master. "You have been consuming a portion of this indigestible compound, and you would doubtless have made yourself ill had I not intervened. I will confiscate this bag and its contents!"

And Mr. Quelch deposited the toffee in his desk.

"May I have it back after lessons, sir?" asked Bunter.

"No, you may not!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crumbs! You—you're not thinking of eating it yourself, are you, sir?"

And there was another titter from the class.

Mr. Quelch bestowed the glare of a basilisk upon Bunter.

"You will take five hundred lines!" he rapped out.

"Yessir! Certainly, sir! But that toffee was—"

"If you utter another word, Bunter, I shall cane you! Go to your place!"

Billy Bunter rolled dejectedly back to his seat. Nothing could console the fat junior for the loss of his toffee—not even the fact that he had escaped a licking.

The lesson commenced. But before it had been in progress many minutes Mr. Quelch was again on the war-path.

Skinner, who was seated in the back row, and who therefore fancied he was safe, was busily engaged in carving his name on the desk with a penknife.

"Skinner!" rumbled Mr. Quelch. "What are you doing?"

"Working, sir," said the cad of the Remove calmly.

"Do not attempt to deceive me, boy—"

"I'm trying hard to make my mark, sir," said Skinner truthfully. He hoped that Mr. Quelch would be satisfied with that statement. But his hopes were ruthlessly shattered when the Form-master strode towards him.

"Why, you destructive boy, you have disgraced this desk!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "Give me that penknife!"

Skinner handed over his knife with great trepidation. He imagined, from Mr. Quelch's

fierce tone, that the Form-master contemplated stabbing him.

But Mr. Quelch had not yet developed Bolshevistic tendencies.

"I shall confiscate this penknife, Skinner," he said. "You may come to me for it at the end of the term. For maliciously damaging the school property you will take a thousand lines!"

"Oh crumbs!"

In spite of the sorry fate which had befallen Bunter and Skinner, several fellows allowed their minds to wander from the lesson, whilst they amused themselves in divers ways.

Mr. Quelch soon possessed quite a unique collection of articles. He confiscated a copy of the "Boys' Friend" from Bulstrode, he relieved Bob Cherry of a silver watch, which Bob had been endeavouring to put in working order, and he also collected an electric torch, a bag of caramels, and a compass. All these things—with the exception of the caramels, which Mr. Quelch described as "a hideous and messy concoction"—were to be returned to their owners later on.

So far, Jimmy Vivian's camera had not been added to the spoil.

Jimmy was very wary, and he did not intend to bring the camera into play until he saw something well worth "snapping."

The golden opportunity of getting an amusing picture for the "Greyfriars Pictorial" arrived at last.

Billy Bunter happened to be feeling drowsy. The fat junior knew that it would not do to go to sleep in the Form-room, and he made several attempts to pull himself together, but in vain. His head nodded over the desk, and presently, to the utter amazement of Mr. Quelch, a loud snore echoed through the room.

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Remove-master. "It would appear that there is a

pig in the room! I distinctly heard a loud grunt!"

"There's certainly a prize porker here somewhere, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch's eyes roved round the room until they alighted upon Billy Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove was slumbering placidly, with his flabby cheek resting on the desk in front of him.

Mr. Quelch jumped as if he had received a powerful electric shock.

"I— Do I see aright?" he gasped. Then he raised his voice to a roar.

"Bunter! How dare you compose yourself to sleep in the middle of the lesson? How dare you, I repeat?"

"Snore!"

"Bolsover!" rumbled Mr. Quelch. "Pray restore that slothful boy to an animated condition!"

"Certainly, sir!" said the bully of the Remove.

And from the lapel of his coat he extracted a pin, which he jabbed into Bunter's plump calf.

"Yaroooooh!"

The sleeper awoke with a yell of anguish. Mr. Quelch's face was working convulsively. "Bunter!" he stormed.

"Ow! I—I'm ill, sir—dying, I think. I distinctly felt a shooting, stabbing pain—"

"You will shortly experience a repetition of that pain!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "Stand out before the class, sir, that I may chastise you as you deserve!"

"Oh, crumbs! What have I done now, sir?" faltered Bunter.

"You have failed to differentiate between the Form-room and the dormitory, Bunter. You have had the unparalleled audacity to go to sleep during the lesson. Come here immediately, and hold out your hand!"

"Now's my chance!" muttered Sir Jimmy Vivian.

And he produced his vest-pocket camera, and set it on the desk, carefully focusing the scene in front of him.

Then, to the amazement of the fellows who were seated on either side of him, Sir Jimmy placed a small paper cylinder on the desk, and proceeded to apply a match to it.

Mr. Quelch failed to observe these actions. He was too much engrossed with Billy Bunter.

"What have you got there, Jimmy?" whispered Dennis Carr.

"Flash-powder."

"Eh?"

"I'm goin' to take a flashlight photograph of Bunter bein' licked."

"You champion ass!"

"Put that stuff out of the way—quick!" advised Harry Wharton, in an undertone.

"It's too late now," murmured Sir Jimmy.

"The room will be lit up in a jiffy."

"Oh, help!"

Mr. Quelch had raised the cane aloft, and it was about to descend upon Billy Bunter's fat palm, when—

Sizz-z-z-z!

There was a loud hissing noise, as if an explosion was imminent, and then a powerful blaze of light illuminated the Form-room.

Some of the fellows sat blinking in the unexpected glare; others ducked hastily beneath the desks. A few of the craven spirits uttered yelps of terror.

As for Mr. Quelch, the shock was so sudden that he missed Billy Bunter's hand completely, and brought the cane down across his own leg. He then executed a sort of war-dance, and his antics resembled those of a cat on hot bricks.

Click!

Jimmy Vivian had photographed the incident; and the next moment the blinding glare of light was extinguished.

"Good!" murmured Sir Jimmy.

And he hastily slipped the camera back into his pocket.

Mr. Quelch, however, seemed to be particularly observant that morning. He wheeled round suddenly, his gimlet eyes fixed upon the unfortunate Jimmy.

"Vivian!"

Sir Jimmy did not answer. He seemed to be hypnotised by Mr. Quelch's piercing gaze.

"So it was you who caused this unseemly commotion in the Form-room!" rumbled the Remove-master. "You have had the temerity—the unheard-of audacity—to take a flashlight photograph here, in this room! It is almost incredible. Come out, sir—come out from your place at once!"

"Now for the fireworks!" roared Dennis Carr. "It's your own fault, Jimmy. You fairly asked for trouble!"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 70.

The next few moments were very painful ones for Sir Jimmy.

Mr. Quelch was smarting from his self-inflicted blow on the leg; and he meant to make somebody else smart, too!

Swish, swish, swish!

The cane bit into Sir Jimmy's extended palm, and Sir Jimmy, in turn, bit into his lower lip in order to keep from yelping.

"Now, Vivian," said Mr. Quelch, desisting at length, "hand me the camera which I saw you slip by stealth into your pocket!"

Sir Jimmy began to jib.

"Scuse me, sir," he said, "but I'd prefer that you didn't take my camera."

"You have no preference whatever in the matter," said Mr. Quelch sharply. "Do you imagine for one moment that I should allow you to develop a photograph of your Form-master in the act of striking himself with a cane?"

There was a chuckle from the class. Such a photograph would certainly have been of interest to posterity.

"I—I'll promise not to develop the photo, sir," said Sir Jimmy. "I only want my camera back."

"I regret to inform you that your wants cannot be realised, Vivian," said Mr. Quelch. "Since you appear to be in the habit of using a camera in season and out of season, I will take steps to see that you do not use one at all until the end of the term."

"Oh, crumbs!"

With great reluctance, Sir Jimmy handed over his camera, and it was added to the collection of miscellaneous articles in the Form-master's desk.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter, blissfully thinking that Mr. Quelch would have forgotten his existence by now, moved stealthily back to his place.

But the Remove-master's gimlet eyes singled out the fat junior.

"Bunter! How dare you return to your seat without permission? I have not yet punished you for your base and slothful conduct. Come out here at once!"

With a deep groan, Billy Bunter rolled out before the class. He received three stinging cuts on each hand, and his yells of anguish were so piercing and penetrating that most of the fellows were obliged to stop their ears.

"In future, Bunter," panted Mr. Quelch, "you will go to sleep in the proper place and at the proper time!"

"Ow-ow-ow!"

"Cease making those ridiculous and unintelligible articulations, Bunter, and go to your place!"

Billy Bunter obeyed; and after that morning lessons went without a hitch.

Sir Jimmy Vivian was considerably down in the dumps when the class was dismissed.

"I sha'n't be able to take snaps now that Quelch's bagged my camera," he lamented.

"It's your own silly fault!" growled Dennis Carr. "You ought to have known better than to try your hand at flashlight photographs in the Form-room."

"I didn't think—"

"You never do!" said Vernon-Smith scathingly. "You haven't the necessary apparatus!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I sha'n't be able to help you with the 'Greyfriars Pictorial' now, Carr," said Jimmy.

"Oh, yes, you will. I'll make you Assistant Art Editor," said Dennis, rather vaguely.

The duties of an Assistant Art Editor were a sealed book to Sir Jimmy Vivian. But he consoled himself with the reflection that, although he could not actually take photographs, he could play an active part in Dennis Carr's startling new venture.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Sweets of Success.

**T**HE week that followed was a very busy period for Dennis Carr and his assistants.

The members of the editorial staff worked untiringly. In several cases they devoted their half-holiday to taking photographs; and the results were excellent—far beyond the expectations of the Editor.

When sufficient contributions—pictorial and otherwise—had come to hand, Dennis Carr cycled over to Courtfield and interviewed the publisher.

"You can go full steam ahead now," he said. "I shall want five hundred copies of the first issue."

The publisher raised his eyebrows.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but isn't that rather a risky experiment? I've had a pretty

wide experience of school magazines, and such like, and without wishing for a moment to throw a damper on your efforts, I give it as my opinion that you won't sell a hundred copies—especially at twopence each."

"But the fellows will be getting value for their money!"

"That's true enough, sir. But you mark my words, you'll never be able to dispose of five hundred copies."

"We shall see!" said Dennis cheerfully.

"Then you're sticking to the five hundred copies."

"Certainly!"

In a remarkably short space of time the copies were ready. They were despatched to Greyfriars by carrier, in a tremendous packing-case; and the members of the editorial staff eagerly crowded round when Dennis Carr unpacked them.

As soon as the lid of the packing-case was wrenched off, seven hands were plunged inside. It was as if the juniors were dipping in a bran-tub.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Bulstrode. "The first number looks a regular corker!"

"It's simply toppin', begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I see you've got two of my photos on the front page."

The photographs to which Mauly referred were screamingly funny ones. He had caught Coker of the Fifth in the act of having his first shave—and a totally unnecessary one—at the barber's in Friardale. Coker's head was lolled back over a chair, and his face was smothered with lather. Why this should be so was a mystery, for Coker possessed no superfluous hair on his face, though he had suspected for a long time that a moustache was sprouting on his upper lip.

This photograph bore the inscription:

"A CLOSE SHAVE FOR COKER!"

And, indeed, it was a close shave in more respects than one; for the barber was wielding the razor as if he intended to have Coker's blood.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Laughter, loud and long, rang through Dennis Carr's study.

The reproduction of the Coker photograph was perfect, and it would have made even a cat laugh.

"Mauly," said Dennis Carr, "you've got better results than anybody! Just look at this snap of old Prout trying to play golf!"

Side by side with the view of Coker in the barber's chair was a photograph of the master of the Fifth making a frantic swipe at an inoffensive-looking golf-ball, and hitting instead a huge lump of turf.

It was a very realistic photograph, and the juniors shrieked when they saw it. Mr. Prout would probably shriek, also—but in his case it would not be a shriek of laughter!

The remainder of the photographs were not so comical, but they were distinctly good.

There was one of Billy Bunter, emerging from the tuckshop with a rabbit-pie under his arm. There was another showing Gosling, the porter, in the act of raising a suspicious-looking bottle to his lips. And there were several fine sports photographs taken by Vernon-Smith. One showed a cricket-match in progress; and another depicted the thrilling finish of a cross-country run.

"That publisher of ours," said Monty Newland, "is worth his weight in lump sugar! He's reproduced these photographs a treat!"

"I'm jolly proud of our first number," said Dennis Carr, his face glowing. "It beats the 'Greyfriars Herald' into fits!"

"Absolutely!"

"There are five hundred copies here," continued Dennis, "and we've got to get rid of them. The publisher fellow said it couldn't be done. But I fancy we shall sell out in record time."

"Hear, hear!" said Micky Desmond. "Most of the fellows whose photos are in this issue will buy half a dozen copies, to send home to their people."

"And there's a newsagent in Courtfield who'd take six dozen copies like a shot," said Vernon-Smith. "I was jawing to him about it the other day, and he said that the local people were awfully interested in the school, and they'd be only too pleased to buy the 'Pictorial' as soon as it came out."

The members of the editorial staff were very enthusiastic; and their enthusiasm was speedily justified.

Dennis Carr caused the following announcement to appear on the school notice-board:

**THE 'GREYFRIARS PICTORIAL'!**

No. 1 NOW ON SALE!

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS!  
THRILLING PICTURES OF COKER OF THE  
FIFTH HAVING HIS FIRST SHAVE, AND  
PROUT TRYING TO REMOVE THE FACE  
OF THE EARTH!

DON'T DELAY—BUY TO-DAY!

THE 'GREYFRIARS PICTORIAL'  
RESEMBLES BILLY BUNTER AFTER  
HE'S HAD A GOOD FEED. IT'S PACKED  
INSIDE WITH GOOD THINGS!

COPIES MAY BE OBTAINED AT TWO-  
PENNY EACH FROM THE EDITOR,  
DENNIS CARR, STUDY No. 12.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL WE ARE SOLD OUT,  
OR YOU WILL BE SOLD, TOO!

RALLY ROUND, EVERYBODY, AND  
SUPPORT THE ONLY REAL, LIVE  
GREYFRIARS PERIODICAL!"

This announcement had a truly wonderful effect.

For the next hour Dennis Carr's study was besieged with letters.

Even the mighty men of the Sixth condescended to purchase copies of the "Greyfriars Pictorial." And they had to admit, when they came to read it in the privacy of their studies, that it was a very clever and go-ahead production.

"It must have cost a mint of money to produce," said Wingate of the Sixth, "where on earth did the funds come from?"

"I understand that young Carr's uncle sent him fifty quid," said Gwynne. "And Maulverer and Vernon-Smith are on the staff. Both are rolling in riches, and you can bet your life they made handsome contributions to the funds."

"Well, it's certainly a top-hole paper," said Wingate. "A bit too personal, perhaps, but the photographs are good. And the news items are even better, in my opinion. The fellow who wrote them—I expect it was Carr—has all the makings of a first-rate journalist."

When he came to read the news paragraphs, Gwynne heartily agreed with his chum.

Dennis Carr had written some splendid descriptions of recent events at Greyfriars. And he had even introduced a "Stop Press" column, which contained brief reports of cricket-matches, and so forth, which had only just taken place.

The "Greyfriars Pictorial" sold like the proverbial hot cakes. But in certain quarters it was hailed with anything but approval.

Coker of the Fifth nearly tore his hair when he saw the photograph of himself in the barber's chair.

"Of all the cheek!" roared Coker. "If I get hold of that kid Carr I—I'll burst him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Potter and Greene.

"What are you fellows cackling at?" demanded Coker wrathfully.

"The sight of your lathered chivvy" spluttered Potter. "It's too funny for words! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Funny, is it?" snorted Coker. "It won't be funny for that cheeky young cub Carr when I lay hands on him!"

And the irate Fifth-Former strode away to Dennis Carr's study.

Dennis, however, was not at home. He had been sent for by the Head.

It was with a certain amount of trepidation that the youthful Editor made his way to Dr. Locke's study. He felt that a storm was brewing; and his fears were confirmed when he stepped into the sacred apartment.

Mr. Prout was standing at the Head's elbow. The master of the Fifth flourished in his hand a copy of the "Greyfriars Pictorial."

"Do I understand, Carr," said Dr. Locke sternly, "that you are responsible for this production?"

"I'm the Editor, sir," said Dennis.

"Ha! I thought so!" snarled Mr. Prout. "You impertinent young rascal! How dare you portray me in this ludicrous position? This photograph will make me the laughing-stock of the school!"

"I'm sorry, sir—"

"Your sorrow is not apparent to the naked eye!" snapped Mr. Prout. "You appear to me to be endeavouring to repress your mirth!"

"Let me assure you, Carr," said the Head, "that this is not a subject for merriment. It was very wrong of you to photograph Mr. Prout in such a farcical pose—when he was not looking!"

"It wasn't I who took the photograph, sir."

"Then who was it?"

Dennis was silent. He hadn't the slightest intention of betraying Lord Maulverer to the authorities.

"Very well, Carr! I will not press you to reveal the name of the misguided boy who took this photograph. But you, as Editor, are responsible for everything which appears in this paper. And if you publish any further photographs of this kind I shall instantly suppress the publication of this periodical!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Dennis Carr realised that he would have to go warily in future. The "Greyfriars Pictorial" had opened its innings in fine style; and he did not wish to see it meet with an untimely end.

"I trust you will not disregard my warning, Carr," said the Head. "That is all. You may go!"

Mr. Prout grew very excited. He waved his arms about like a windmill in a hurricane.

"I insist upon this boy being chastised, Dr. Locke!" he exclaimed. "He has committed an unpardonable outrage! It is monstrous that he should be allowed to go scot-free!"

The Head frowned.

"I have already admonished Carr," he said, "and I think that no further action is necessary."

"I consider—"

"What you consider, Prout," retorted the Head, with some heat, "is of small account at this juncture. You yourself are largely to blame for what has occurred!"

"I, sir?" almost shouted Mr. Prout.

"Yes. If you cannot play golf without uprooting large lumps of turf, you should not play at all!"

Mr. Prout tried to reply, but words failed him. With a snort of rage, he turned, and followed Dennis Carr from the study.

That was a red-letter day for Dennis; for by nightfall the whole of the five hundred copies of the "Greyfriars Pictorial" had been disposed of. This was due to the fact that a good many fellows had bought copies by the half-dozen, with the intention of distributing them amongst their friends and relations.

Harry Wharton & Co. were made to feel quite out of it for the time being. They had proved themselves to be false prophets. They had predicted that the "Greyfriars Pictorial" would be a hopeless failure, instead of which it had proved an unqualified success.

The "Greyfriars Herald" was in grave danger of being swept out of existence by Dennis Carr's new and novel paper.

But Harry Wharton did not despair. He resolved to model his own paper, to a certain extent, on the lines of the "Pictorial," and he hoped that by so doing he would retain his circulation.

Whether his hopes would be realised remained to be seen.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**

**The Chopper Comes Down!**

"I SAY, Carr, just look at this!"

Bulstrode of the Remove burst into Study No. 12 like a cyclone. His face was flushed, and he was palpably excited. In his hand was a copy of the "Greyfriars Herald."

"Anything wrong?" asked Dennis.

"I should jolly well say so! This is the latest number of the 'Herald,' and Wharton has cribbed all our news items, word for word!"

"My hat!"

Dennis Carr glanced at the paper which Bulstrode laid on the table.

Harry Wharton—or somebody on his staff—had certainly been guilty of an act of piracy, for the news in the "Stop Press" column was identical with the news in the "Greyfriars Pictorial."

Dennis Carr waxed very indignant, and so did Sir Jimmy Vivian and Lord Maulverer.

"This is the limit, begad!" said Mauly.

"They've lifted all our stuff!"

"An' they'll go on doin' it every week!" said Jimmy Vivian.

"They jolly well won't!" said Dennis Carr grimly.

"What are you going to do about it, Carr?" asked Bulstrode. "I vote we go and wreck Wharton's study!"

Dennis shook his head.

"Too clumsy!" was his comment. "I know a trick worth two of that!"

"Get it off your chest, dear boy!" said Mauly.

"We'll have half a dozen dummy copies of our next issue printed, and we'll shove all sorts of idiotic piffle in the 'Stop Press' column. We'll see that one of the copies fall into Wharton's hands, and then he'll go and lift all our spoof news, thinking it's genuine. And when it turns out to be tommy-rot, Wharton will have the shock of his life!"

"Ho, ha, ha!"

"Rippin', by gad!" said Mauly.

"I'll bike over to Courtfield right away, and put the publisher up to the dodge," said Dennis Carr.

And he did so, with the result that in a few days the six dummy copies of the "Greyfriars Pictorial" arrived in a registered parcel.

Dennis Carr opened the package in his study. The members of his staff crowded round him as he took out one of the copies and turned to the "Stop Press" column.

Some amazing items of news had been inserted in the column.

One of the paragraphs ran as follows:

**"ACCIDENT TO SIR HILTON POPPER.**  
We learn, at the time of going to press, that this fiery baronet was thrown from his horse last evening whilst riding along the towing-path of the River Sark.

Sir Hilton was deposited headfirst in the water, from which he was rescued with extreme difficulty by an aged boatman.

Our only regret is that we are unable to give our readers a photograph of Sir Hilton wallowing in five feet of water, with slimy reeds clinging lovingly round his neck."

Loud laughter followed the reading of this announcement.

"Wharton's bound to swallow that!" chuckled Vernon-Smith.

"And he'll publish it, word for word, in every single copy of the 'Herald'!" said Monty Newland.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Another of the bogus news items ran thus:

**"INDISPOSITION OF THE HEAD.**

Our special correspondent reports that the Head has been confined to his bed with a severe attack of whooping-cough.

A well-known London specialist has been summoned, so we can hold out little hope of the Head's immediate recovery."

"I doubt if Wharton will believe that!" said Micky Desmond.

"Oh, yes—he will!" said Dennis Carr. "He'll copy those paragraphs blindly, without stopping to think whether the news happens to be correct or not."

There were other startling announcements in the "Stop Press" column of the dummy copies of the "Greyfriars Pictorial." But when the real copies came out those announcements would, of course, be missing.

Dennis Carr & Co. were still chuckling over the faked photographs, when Harry Wharton looked in.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated. "Another issue out already?"

Dennis Carr nodded.

"Can I have a copy?" asked Wharton.

"I'm not sure whether we can spare one. You see, we haven't got them all in yet from the publishers."

"Lend me a copy, then!" said Wharton eagerly. "I'll bring it back!"

"Mind you do!" said Dennis.

And he handed over one of the dummy copies.

Wharton was fairly staggered—and so were his chums—when they read the announcements in the "Stop Press" column of the "Pictorial."

"Fancy old Popper being chucked off his horse!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"And only last night, too!" said Nugent.

"Those fellows get hold of their news jolly quickly! They must have an awfully smart reporting staff!"

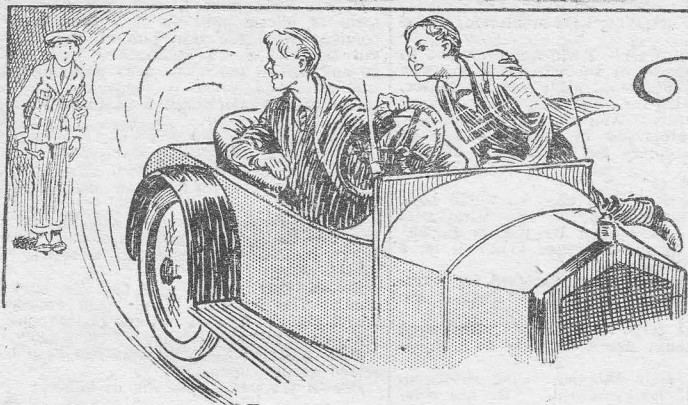
"They're stealing a march on us every time," said Wharton. "Who would have thought the Head was ill? This is the first I've heard of it."

"Come to think of it, Dr. Short's car stopped outside the Head's quarters this morning," said Bob Cherry. "I expect one of the 'Pictorial' representatives saw it, and made inquiries."

"The point is," said Wharton, "are we justified in lifting the contents of this 'Stop Press' column?"

(Continued on page 11.)

START READING THIS GRAND, NEW SERIAL TO-DAY!



# The MYSTERY MAKERS.

A Thrilling New Story of a Boy's Amazing Adventures with a Cinema Company.

By NAT FAIRBANKS.

## Dick Rouses Up the House.

IT was Mrs. Tulliver who woke up first. Mr. Tulliver was sleeping the sleep of the just, and if he heard the mysterious noise upstairs, he only heard it in his dreams.

"Bunglar-r-rs!" however, uttered in Mrs. Tulliver's best blood-curdling tones, woke him with a start.

"Jasper, get up at once!" she breathed. "There is someone breaking into the house! Do you hear, man? We are being robbed. Dick will be murdered in his bed! Get up at once, I say!"

Mr. Tulliver rolled his massive frame out of bed, and groped about in the dark for his dressing-gown. The thought of being robbed aroused him to action far more than the possibility of his nephew, Dick, coming to any hurt.

He got one arm in the dressing-gown, and then, by this time being fully awake, it suddenly occurred to him that he had heard nothing that bore out his wife's statement.

"You've been dreaming, Susan! There's not a ghost of a sound—" he began.

An unmistakable bump from somewhere upstairs proved to him that Mrs. Tulliver had not been dreaming.

"Oh-h-h!" gasped Mrs. Tulliver, burying her head under the clothes.

Mr. Tulliver thrust his feet into a pair of carpet slippers, seized the poker, lit a candle, and thus armed, sallied forth.

Outside, in the passage, he paused and listened. All was perfectly quiet now, the servants had apparently heard nothing.

In some cases quietude is more nerve-racking than noise. So reflected Mr. Tulliver, as he slowly climbed the stairs leading to his nephew's bedroom, starting at every creak the stairs made, and expecting every moment to be suddenly sprung upon by some unseen enemy.

Nothing of the sort happened.

Mr. Tulliver gained the upper-landing without mishap, and, with renewed courage, he boldly stepped to his nephew's door, and flung it open.

A swift current of air swept out, and extinguished the candle in a second.

Mr. Tulliver stepped back hastily, and flourished the poker.

"I give you fair warning!" he called out. "I am armed!"

Mr. Tulliver listened intently.

The only answer returned to his challenge were the snores issuing from the bedroom, or, rather, issuing—presumably—from the throat of his nephew.

"Dick's all right, at all events," was the thought that flashed through his mind.

Mr. Tulliver struck a couple of matches, relit the candle, and, shading it with his hand, crept gingerly into the room.

He peered suspiciously around.

Dick was there right enough—that is, if that curled-up outline under the clothes was Dick—but what was curious was the fact that the bottom part of the window was wide open.

Mr. Tulliver seemed to grow more suspicious than ever. He crossed over to the window, shut it with a bang, and then, turning to the bed where his nephew lay, he whisked off the clothes.

Mr. Tulliver's jaw dropped, and his eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets as he gazed at his nephew's face. It was ghastly

white, thick rings of black encircled the eyes, his mouth seemed to have developed strange lines, and his nostrils were all drawn and distorted.

No wonder that Mr. Tulliver instantly jumped to the conclusion that Dick was suffering from some species of fit or convulsion.

Mr. Tulliver was a man of action. He rushed to the washstand, seized the jug of water, and dashed the contents over Dick's head and shoulders.

The result was a spluttering yell from the bed, and Dick Tulliver sat up, his strange appearance unaltered, but otherwise obviously very much alive.

"I say!" he protested. "Steady on, uncle; you've half-drowned me—"

His uncle recovered his faculties in a second. He caught sight of some black smudges on the cuff of his nephew's pyjamas, with which he had been trying to dry his face, and this clue gave Mr. Tulliver the solution to the whole mystery.

"Richard," said he harshly, "I can see what you've been doing! In spite of my explicit commands you've been at that abominable play-acting again! Now, don't deny it!"

"I'm not denying it, uncle!" said Dick sullenly.

Indeed, he couldn't very well do so. There he was, with the "make-up" on his face, and scattered about the room were other evidences that Dick Tulliver had been actively engaged in rehearsing.

His uncle demanded the fullest particulars.

Whereupon, Dick had to confess that he had chosen the time when the house was deep in slumber to get up and perform a series of action pictures in front of the large glass in the wardrobe. Carried away by the part he was enacting—that of a film hero who was strangling the villain—he had upset a couple of chairs and a small cabinet in his efforts to reproduce what he had seen at the local picture theatre the previous evening.

Hence the row that had aroused his uncle and aunt.

But the reason of the open window Dick kept to himself.

Luckily, Mr. Tulliver did not question him on the subject.

All the time he was engaged in this confession Dick was endeavouring to remove the results of his uncle's drastic action with the water-jug.

It was a case of an almost complete change, and as Dick stood there with very little on Mr. Tulliver's hands itched for a certain cane which he kept in his reading-room, downstairs. A year ago he would not have hesitated. His motto with Dick had ever been, "spare the rod and spoil the child," but Dick had grown surprisingly during the last twelve months, and Mr. Tulliver rather reluctantly decided that the thrashing days were over.

But Mr. Tulliver put no check on his tongue.

"This has got to be put a stop to, once and for all!" he said sternly. "I shall see Mr. Wibbleswick to-morrow, and arrange for you to start in his firm at once! You're close on sixteen, and it's high time you earned your own living!"

"That's the very thing I want to do!" grumbled Dick. "And I'm sure I should do all right on the 'pictures' if—"

"Nonsense!" cut in his uncle. "There's no

chance of earning a proper living at that sort of thing!"

"Oh, but look at Charlie Chaplin! Look at the—"

"I decline to look at any of these people! You're under my charge until you're twenty-one, and until then I'm determined you shall embark on a proper and decent business career. You want steady, young man; that's what you want!"

Dick thought he didn't want anything of the sort, but considered it wiser not to say so.

"You've left school a month now, and it's high time you turned your attention to something serious," resumed his uncle.

"Serious, uncle?"

"I said serious," retorted Mr. Tulliver. "You don't suppose I should advise you to do anything that was not serious, do you? However, enough of this for the present." Mr. Tulliver was beginning to feel a decided draught round his legs. "We will resume this conversation to-morrow."

And so saying, Mr. Tulliver stalked out of the room, and returned to his quarters.

"Jasper," said his wife, when she had heard of Dick's latest escapade, "you must be firm with that boy. That paltry fifty pounds a year we get isn't worth the trouble he causes. It was a bad day for us when your brother died leaving you Dick's guardian. Not a moment's peace have we had since then. Look at the illnesses he's had—measles, mumps, whooping-cough, scarlet fever—"

"Yes, yes, yes, Susan, I know!" cut in Mr. Tulliver irritably. "But it was a sacred trust, and—er—ahem!—there is always the chance of Dick inheriting the Tulliver legacy when he is twenty-one. At any rate, I'm going to have him under my eye. I shall apprentice him to old Wibbleswick. Bind him down for five years. I'm determined on that."

"You're buying a pig in a poke!" retorted Mrs. Tulliver. "My advice is to turn him out of doors, and let him fend for himself. He'd be willing enough to leave us, and the lawyers wouldn't be any the wiser."

Not wishing to enter on an argument at this early hour, Mr. Tulliver ventured on a gentle snore, which in the course of a few minutes developed into a genuine one, and so peace once more reigned in the Tulliver household.

## Dick Starts on a Joy-Ride.

BREAKFAST-TIME at the Tullivers' the next morning was not a particularly lively meal. Dick himself was all right, but his uncle and aunt were all wrong. At least, Dick thought so.

The little conversation that did take place was conducted as if Dick was in some remote region hundreds of miles away. In other words, he was given to understand that because of last night's proceedings he was to consider himself in disgrace.

This was no new experience for Dick.

Ever since he had come under Uncle Jasper's roof ten years ago Dick had lived in a constant atmosphere of rows and punishments.

Under the influence of bacon, toast, and two cups of tea, the frown, which Mr. Tulliver had thought fit to bring down to breakfast, gradually disappeared. Half-way through the meal he coughed once or twice, cleared his throat, looked at his wife, and opened fire on Dick.

"Now look here!" he said. "You know



well enough by this time that I'm not one to stand any nonsense!"

"Sit up, Richard; don't loll in your chair!" added Aunt Susan.

"No nonsense!" repeated Mr. Tulliver. "You were as near a thrashing last night as you've ever been in all your born days."

"You can give it to me now, if you like," retorted Dick. "You know the way. You've done it before!"

"Very true! I do know the way!" said Mr. Tulliver darkly. "And if your aunt wasn't here—"

Aunt Susan half-rose from her chair. "If you'd like me to retire, Jasper—"

she hinted.

"No, no, Susan!" said Mr. Tulliver. "Stop where you are! I am not going to be dictated to by Dick as to what form his punishment is to take. As a matter of fact, I'm going to try what a little kindness will do!"

Mr. Tulliver paused, and glanced up with an air of great virtue. Aunt Susan snorted.

"A little kindness," pursued Mr. Tulliver. "I am going to interview Mr. Wibblewick this morning to arrange for Dick to be apprenticed at the Emporium. Not many guardians would go to this trouble for an ungrateful and rebellious nephew, who, instead of employing his spare time in study, spends his leisure in play-acting and attending picture-palaces."

Mr. Tulliver was getting up steam. "Five years under Mr. Wibblewick, however, will alter all that!"

Dick was of the same opinion.

"Therefore," concluded Mr. Tulliver, "I shall expect you to be ready to accompany me down town directly after dinner to-day, Dick. No going off and be missing for the rest of the day."

And so saying, Mr. Tulliver retired behind his "Daily Mail," Aunt Susan retired to her household duties, and Dick retired to whatever seclusion offered itself where the hated name of Wibblewick would not be mentioned.

Frankly, he considered old Wibblewick a beast. From the earliest time of his recollection he seemed to have had the name of Wibblewick dimmed in his ears. Joseph Wibblewick, who started life with twopenny in his pocket and now owned the local Emporium, consisting of twenty shops, with a frontage which ran half-way down Harrowsfield High Street. Joseph Wibblewick, who by energy and industry had risen from shop-assistant to the proud position of Mayor of Harrowsfield. Joseph Wibblewick, who never had a day's schooling in his life, yet could hold his own in the best circles; and so on, and so forth.

Dick was sick of hearing about the man. As for his beastly son, Herbert—well, Dick felt if he had to join Wibblewick & Co., and be under the supervision of Herbert, life would not be worth living.

Filled with these rather gloomy reflections, Dick passed down the garden. He was not so absorbed, however, as to neglect giving a keen glance at the garden on the right. He was on the look-out for a certain blue-and-black school-cap. Should such a thing be on view, it would mean that Michael O'Flatherty was also taking the air.

Out of earshot of the house, Dick popped his head over the fence and gave a low whistle. There was an answering whistle from the direction of the back entrance to the O'Flatherty garden. As the back entrance to the Tulliver domain opened on to the same lane, Dick lost no time in going round.

He discovered Mike engaged in the interesting occupation of aiming stones at a tin-can, which he had erected on a heap of bricks about twelve yards away.

"Well," inquired Mike, "did he catch you?"

"Rather!" answered Dick gloomily. "He came up about two minutes after you'd hopped through the window. I tried to get up a good snore, but he whisked the clothes off my face, and there was I, with all the wretched make-up on! He thought I was in a fit, and poured a jug of water over me."

O'Flatherty burst into roars of laughter. Dick unfolded the rest of the harrowing details.

"And now," he concluded, "I'm to be apprenticed to old Wibblewick. No more rehearsing for us, Mike. I'd give anything to be going back with you to the old school."

O'Flatherty nodded sympathetically. For the past five years he and Dick Tulliver had attended the big grammar school down in the town. But that was all over. Dick had left now, and their ways lay in different directions.

The good times they had had together!

Dick had a decidedly wild strain in his nature, but he was tameness itself compared with Michael O'Flatherty, who was a positive genius for getting into trouble. These two had fought their way through the junior school, got their cricket and football caps the same season, and throughout their friendship had shared their punishments as they shared their pleasures.

Consequently, when, a year ago, Dick Tulliver suddenly decided that he was cut out to be a film actor, O'Flatherty felt it his duty to do all in his power to encourage Dick.

And really Dick did seem to have a bend in that direction. He was a good-looking chap, but he possessed the power of screwing up his features into all sorts of curious expressions. Fellows at the grammar school called him "Old Indiarubber Face," and, indeed, the nickname was not a bad one. Then he was a fine athlete, a capital swimmer and gymnast, both useful accomplishments for the making of "stunt" films.

Accordingly, O'Flatherty, who had no talent in this direction himself, was always willing to lend Dick a helping hand. This had been the case last night. O'Flatherty, when his father and mother fondly imagined he was in bed, had got up and gone next door to the Tullivers' house to assist Dick in his latest impersonation. How narrowly he escaped being collared by Dick's uncle we know.

"And what are ye going to do?" inquired O'Flatherty. "Run away?"

"I've thought of that," answered Dick. "But I don't think I shall. I find I have tenpence, and the fare to London is five shillings."

"It's myself that's stumped," confessed O'Flatherty, "or I'd lend you some, Dick. I'm afraid you'll have to knuckle down to old Wibblewick."

"I'm afraid so, too," said Dick dismally. "There's only one chance, Mike, and that's to get over to Dorminster this morning and see Harry Trent."

"Man, it's twenty-five miles, if it's a yard!" cried O'Flatherty. "Ye'd never do it and get back by dinner-time—not even if you collared a bike."

"I know," answered Dick. "And then there's only an off-chance of Harry being there. Still, if I did see him, I believe he'd put me on to the cinema company he works for."

O'Flatherty picked up a stone and aimed it vigorously at the tin-can.

"It's a beast of a fix you're in," he said. They were interrupted by the sudden hoot-toot of a motor-horn, and then round the bend in the lane came a brand-new two-seater. The course steered was erratic in the extreme. The car narrowly escaped being ditched three times before it pulled up with a great grinding of brakes a few yards away from where they stood.

They recognised the occupant of the car at once.

"Herbert Wibblewick!" muttered Dick, in disgust.

Wibblewick junior was only a couple of years older than Dick, but he had the assurance of a man of forty. He was undersized and over-dressed, spoke with a slight lisp, affected an extreme boredom with everything and everybody, and probably the only useful purpose he served in life was a lesson of what to avoid.

Herbert, bless his heart, was not aware of this. He was thoroughly satisfied with himself, and never more so than at the present moment, when he was in the proud position of driving his new car for the benefit of all beholders.

The sight of Dick Tulliver and Michael O'Flatherty, however, struck him as being two decided blots on the landscape. Then, to make things worse, no sooner had he spotted them than something went wrong with the car. He would like to have dashed by them. As it was, the car came to a dead stop just where they stood, and obstinately refused to move an inch.

"Hallo!" said Herbert Wibblewick, not too gracefully, however.

"I say," cried Dick, with a wink at O'Flatherty, "that's a jolly fine car you've got there! Where did you borrow it from?"

"It's my own," returned Herbert loftily. "Cost a mint of money, too. The fellow wanted eight hundred, but I beat him down fifty."

"Think of that, now!" said O'Flatherty.

They watched, while Herbert played about with the levers, in his efforts to get the car

to go. Nothing happened, except rumblings of protest from the rear.

Herbert discovered there was nothing for it but to get out.

"Beastly nuisance!" he growled. "But I'll soon have it right."

Dick and O'Flatherty began to enjoy themselves. Neither were exactly expert motorists, but knew something of mechanics.

Herbert Wibblewick lifted up the bonnet covering the engine and started fumbling with screws and things. Dick and O'Flatherty saw that his knowledge was in a very elementary state. They did not offer to help. They were far too much entertained by Herbert's obvious bewilderment to give assistance yet awhile.

"Can't make it out!" grunted Herbert. "I took the whole bag-of-tricks to pieces yesterday, and thoroughly overhauled it."

"Perhaps you put them back wrong?" suggested O'Flatherty gravely.

"Now, don't try to be funny!" snorted Herbert. "Perhaps you know how to make the thing go?"

"It's very likely," answered O'Flatherty. "It's myself and Dick that would be pleased to give you a hand!"

Herbert eyed them doubtfully. Why this sudden desire to help? Still, it was very opportune. He really hadn't the ghost of a notion why the car wouldn't go.

"Thanks!" he said gruffly. "I wish you would. I've got to be in Dorminster, and get back by one o'clock."

"Is it Dorminster you're off to?" cried O'Flatherty. "That's where Dick and I want to go. Can you give us a lift?"

"Sorry I can't!" drawled Herbert. "I've got to call for some people on the way."

"Mean bouncer!" whispered Dick to O'Flatherty, as they poked about beneath the bonnet of the car. "That's just an excuse because he doesn't want to take us!"

"Is that so?" grunted O'Flatherty, who in a way was a simple soul. "Then we'll be even with him."

"Any luck?" asked Herbert.

"Ay!" said O'Flatherty slowly. "I've some idea it'll start now! I'll get in and try her."

O'Flatherty hopped in. He started the car, and this time it moved without the slightest protest.

"Good men!" cried Herbert condescendingly. "I'm really awfully obliged!"

"It's not quite right!" said O'Flatherty, with some hesitation. "Dick, just you stand near whilst I run her a few yards."

The car glided off. O'Flatherty bent over the steering-wheel and whispered to Dick, who was running beside him:

"Hop on, me boy—I'm going to make her rip!"

"That'll do!" called out Herbert. "She's all right now!"

"Ay! As right as rain!" muttered O'Flatherty.

He waited until Dick was on the footboard. "Ye'll be able to get to Dorminster, after all!" he chuckled. "Hold tight!"

Of course, from where Herbert Wibblewick stood, he could not see what was happening; but he saw the car suddenly spurt ahead and disappear round the corner in a cloud of dust.

"My hat!" he muttered. "The young idiots have let it run away with them!"

#### Dick Gets Stranded.

"I SAY, Mike, you have done it now!" ejaculated Dick.

"Ah, now, don't talk to the man at the wheel!" returned O'Flatherty sharply.

He turned a corner with about an inch to spare between the off-side front wheel and a signpost, and darted into the main road. For the next five hundred yards they easily exceeded the official speed-limit. Then O'Flatherty seemed to get the hang of the thing. The car slowed down appreciably, and turned from a wild, untamed chariot into a sober and law-abiding vehicle.

"Herbert Wibblewick will never forgive us," said Dick, with a chuckle. "Then he suddenly grew serious. "This won't improve my chances in Wibblewick & Co.'s," he added.

"Pooh!" snorted O'Flatherty, sounding the hooter viciously at an inoffensive duck that was waddling by the side of the road. "If we find Harry Trent at Dorminster you'll be able to give Wibblewick & Co. a miss. Something inside me tells me you'll never go there."

"Not if you drive like you're doing at present," said Dick. "You nearly had us

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 70.

in the ditch then. I can see us finishing up in the hospital!"

"I'm an excellent driver so long as the road is perfectly straight, about half a mile wide, and there are no other vehicles about," returned O'Flatherty. "Otherwise, I'm liable to do funny things!"

Dick thought it wiser to stop all conversation so as O'Flatherty could devote his entire attention to the steering-wheel.

As they drove along Dick turned over one or two matters in his mind. He had had a beastly time under Uncle Jasper's roof—but then, after all, it was a roof. If he cut loose and ran, there was a distinct chance of not having any roof at all over his head.

Dick wasn't a boy to funk hardship, but it was only natural he should hesitate before taking the plunge. Of course, everything depended on whether they ran across Harry Trent.

They reached the outskirts of Dorminster

"Lunch!" returned O'Flatherty promptly. "I can run to buns and milk, Dick, and perhaps a bar of chocolate. Over this gorgeous feast we'll deliberate. We're not beaten yet. There's one thing—we've had a beautiful free ride. Come on! We'll find a tuckshop!"

Dick said he supposed this was the best thing to do. Accordingly they drove back to the High Street, and presently O'Flatherty spotted a large confectioner's next door to the old-fashioned King's Head, Dorminster's chief hotel.

O'Flatherty pronounced the confectioner's to be "the goods."

They left the motor standing by the kerb, and, going inside, chose a seat near the window, where they could keep an eye on it whilst they feasted.

They were hardly through the first bun, when the loud hooting of a motor-horn outside caused them to look out of the window.

"My hat!" breathed Dick. "It's old

Dick at once tumbled to the fact that Herbert, realising how he had been tricked, had pitched this version of the motor disappearing to save his face.

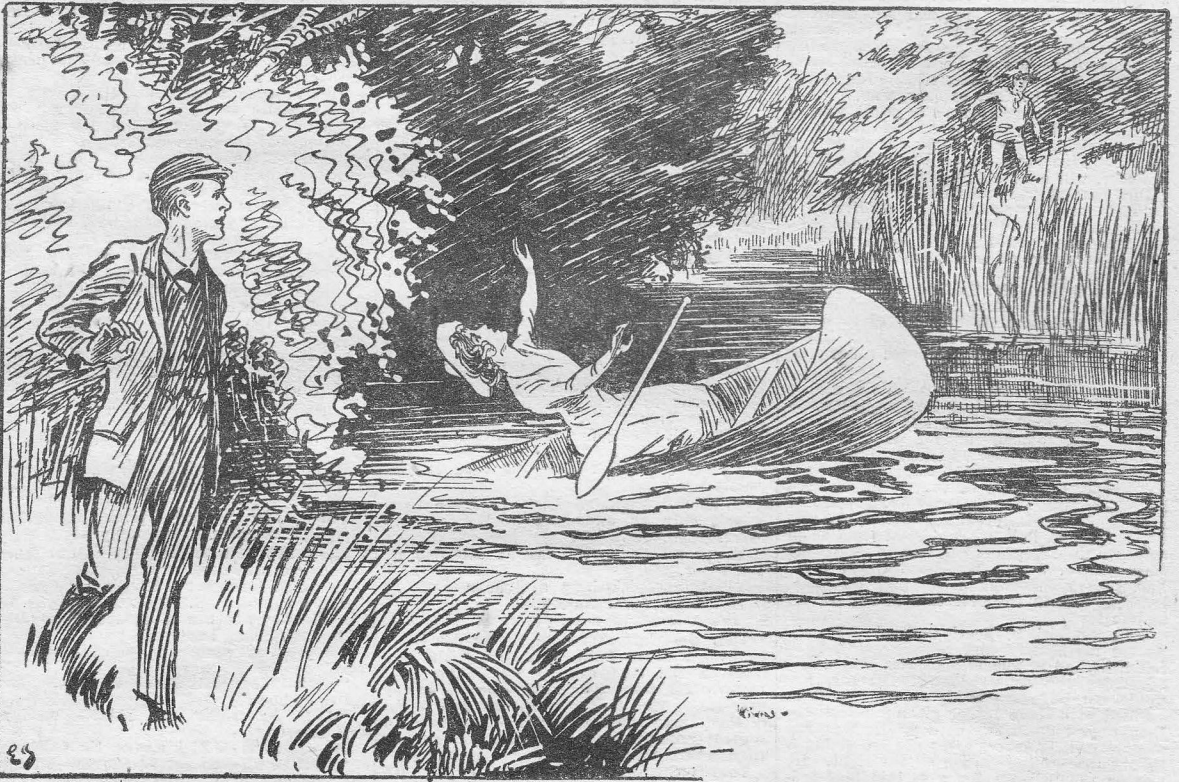
Still, it wouldn't do for the Wibbleswicks to find him and O'Flatherty here.

O'Flatherty thought the same. He accordingly put some money on the table, and a second before Herbert and his father entered the room Dick and O'Flatherty slipped out by the side door.

There was not a moment to lose. They darted down the passage—luckily the coast was clear—and reached the yard which ran between the confectioner's shop and the inn. They doubled under the archway, worked their way to the back of the King's Head, and in a few minutes were out of the danger-zone.

But Harrowsfield was twenty miles away, and there was no motor to take them back!

"Look here, Mike," said Dick suddenly. "I



The man on the opposite bank uncoiled the rope as he ran, and flung it out to the girl. It just missed! But, to Dick's horror, the canoe heeled over on its side, and the girl toppled into the water and sank like a stone. (See page 11.)

about eleven-fifteen, and after various consultations with the inhabitants, they hit on the street where Harry Trent had lodgings. It was called Church Row.

"It's number ten," said Dick. "You look after the old gadget, Mike, and I'll keep an eye on the numbers. Steady! Here we are! Pull up at that red gate!"

Dick hopped out, and, running up the steps, pried the knocker vigorously.

In a few minutes the door was opened by a sour-faced looking woman.

"Mr. Trent at home?" asked Dick.

"No—he's left!" answered the woman shortly.

"Left!" Dick's heart sank. "Can you tell me where he's gone to?"

"Somewhere t'other side of Porchester."

"Porchester!" whistled Dick. "Why, that's a dozen miles from here!"

"Shouldn't wonder!" said the woman.

"You don't know who he's gone with, I suppose?" insisted Dick.

"No more than the dead!" she retorted. "And now, if you're quite finished, young man, I'd like to get back to my washing!"

And with this she closed the door with a bang.

Dick imparted these melancholy particulars to O'Flatherty.

"What's to be done now?" said Dick.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 70.

Wibbleswick and Herbert! Duck down, Mike, before they spot us!"

"Why, bother it all, father, there it is!" they heard Herbert Wibbleswick exclaim.

"It" was, of course, the two-seater.

"Someone evidently found it, and brought it along here!" came the deep, pompous tones of Mr. Wibbleswick, senior. "Most fortunate, I call it. Here, waiter—waiter! Come here! Did you see who brought this motor here?"

"Two young gents, sir," replied the waiter, who belonged to the staff of the King's Head. "I saw 'em go into the confectioner's next door, sir!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Wibbleswick. "The car belongs to my son. It unfortunately ran away when his back was turned, and we have been searching for it all the morning. My name is Wibbleswick. I am the mayor of Harrowsfield!"

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir! Lunch is now being served, sir!"

The word "mayor" evidently associated itself with banquets in the waiter's mind.

"We don't want lunch!" Dick heard Mr. Wibbleswick retort. "All we want is a word with the young gentlemen, who found the car!"

"Right, sir! You'll find 'em next door!"

may as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb! I can't get home until tea-time, and I'm supposed to be back by one o'clock. A few extra hours won't make much difference to my uncle's temper. It'll be horrible in any case. I'm going on to Porchester to see if I can find Harry Trent."

"I wish I could come with you!" sighed O'Flatherty. "But I promised me mother faithfully to be back in time for tea. I wouldn't like to disappoint her, Dickie. You don't think I'm jibbing, do you?"

"Oh, of course not!" said Dick. "I've got you in enough trouble as it is. You cut off, and get back to Harrowsfield as soon as you can!"

O'Flatherty hesitated a minute. "It's a decent stretch to Porchester," he observed. "Quite twelve miles by road. But there's a short cut that'll save three or four miles."

"You mean through the Wildfell Estate?" said Dick.

O'Flatherty nodded.

"It's day-time, you know," he added.

"Oh, yes!" smiled Dick. "Sir George doesn't 'walk' in the afternoon, according to all accounts."

O'Flatherty looked serious.

"Sure, I hope not!" he said. "I don't

believe in ghosts, as a rule, but, for all that, some mighty queer things have been known to happen. An old aunt of mine, at Bally-bindon, County Down—

"Look here, old chap, I'll hear the yarn next time we meet!" interrupted Dick. "The sooner I get off the better! I'll try the short cut through the estate. If you're awake about twelve to-night you ought to hear a row after your own heart going on at our place. So-long! Take care of yourself, and don't get into any mischief while I'm away!"

Keeping a sharp look-out to avoid running into the Wibbleswicks, Dick quietly cleared out of Dorminster, and, striking the main Porchester road, proceeded merrily along as if he hadn't a care in the world.

This, he reflected, was probably his last day of liberty for a long time, and he determined to make the most of it.

He kept to the road for the first three miles. At the end of this distance the road bore round sharply to the left in its winding journey across the hills which lay to the north of Porchester. On Dick's right the ground sloped down into a sort of wooded enclosure. Poking up amongst the trees he saw the battered turret of Wildfell Grange. This was the Wildfell estate, through which ran the short cut to Porchester.

Dick left the road, and plunged down into a hollow of fern and bracken. In a few minutes' time he reached a straggling oak fence, in which there were many gaps, and through one of these he crept. The other side was as wild a bit of land as could be found anywhere.

The shade of the trees made the place very gloomy. Dick began to remember uncomfortable things—how Sir George Gaston had been found dead by the heron-pond. He would have to pass by that heron-pond. Some said Sir Gaston had died of a fit, others that he had committed suicide, others that he had been murdered.

Anyway, although it had happened a hundred years ago, a mystery it remained to this day, and, of course, his ghost haunted the heron-pond and the woods of Wildfell Grange.

The house itself had long since gone to rack and ruin. Damp and mildew, wind and rain had done their best to rot the timbers. Birds built their nests in the gutters, and bats flew in and out of the broken windows. It was a true picture of ruin.

Dick was not at all superstitious, but the stories and the imaginations of the people around had invested the place with an uncanny reputation, and as he pressed forward he felt what may be called a creepy sensation.

Over the bumpy ground he tramped, forcing his way through brambles and briar, which clung to his clothing, became entangled with his feet, and scratched his face and hands.

Presently he saw, looming in the distance, solemn and frowning, the desolate mansion.

But his attention was more directly centred on the wide stretch of water that flowed across his path. This was the heron-pond.

Dick pulled up, and gazed on its smooth surface.

For the most part it was covered with chickweed, with a few straggling water-lilies here and there. Tall reeds grew round the banks, and in most places the willows leant right over until their boughs dragged in the water.

He was just wondering which was the shortest way round to get to the other side,

when he was startled by seeing a canoe suddenly dart out from behind a clump of bushes. In it was a girl, who was paddling as if her life depended on it.

A second later the figure of a man, dressed in a rather quaint costume, came running along the opposite bank, evidently in pursuit. As he ran he uncoiled a long rope he was carrying, and flung it at the girl. It was a lasso!

It just missed her! But, to Dick's horror, the canoe heeled over on its side, and the girl, losing her balance, toppled into the water, and sank like a stone.

Dick hesitated just long enough to make up his mind that the people were real, and not visitants from another world.

He threw off his jacket, and dived in after her.

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

**DENNIS CARR'S VENTURE!**  
(Continued from page 7.)

Press" column? Personally, I don't like doing it. It seems rather mean, somehow."

"Mean be blowed!" growled Johnny Bull. "We've got our circulation to consider! Besides, all's fair in love and war—and journalism!"

"If we don't keep up to date with our news," said Nugent, "our circulation will come down with a giddy rush. I think we're quite justified, Harry, in purloining these paragraphs."

"All serene!" said Wharton. "I'll telephone these items to the printers at once."

And he did so. Shortly afterwards both the "Pictorial" and the "Herald" were on sale at Greyfriars.

The "Herald" contained many startling and breathless announcements in its "Stop Press" column; but the "Pictorial's" column contained nothing but the latest cricket results!

Harry Wharton's face turned almost green when he discovered the hoax—for he no longer doubted that he had been japed utterly and completely by the rival editor.

"We've got ourselves into a fine pickle now, and no mistake!" growled the captain of the Remove. "It's all moonshine about Popper."

Bob Cherry wrung his hands in despair. "We can do nothing," he said. "It's impossible to suppress the paper. The copies have all been distributed."

At this juncture, Trotter, the page, thrust his far from beautiful face into the doorway of Study No 1.

"Which you're wanted, Master Wharton, by the 'Ead'!" he announced.

"Oh, help!"

It was in a state of great apprehension that the Captain of the Remove made his way to the Head's study. He expected to be called over the coals in connection with that extraordinary "Stop Press" column in the "Herald." And his expectations were realised.

Dr. Locke had a copy of the "Herald" on his desk when Wharton went in. And when the Head looked up his brow was thunderous. "Wharton!" he exclaimed. "What is the meaning of these absurd paragraphs in your paper, none of which have any foundation in fact?"

Wharton was silent. He scarcely knew what to say.

"You have had the audacity to inform your readers that I am prostrated by an attack of whooping-cough!" the Head went on. "I may say that I have never been afflicted with that distressing malady in my life! And the paragraph concerning Sir Hilton Popper, one of the governors of this school, is also entirely false. How dare you cause such absurdly inaccurate news to be circulated?"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Wharton.

"I do not regard that stuttering outburst as a satisfactory explanation, Wharton!" said the Head, with crushing sarcasm. "It is impossible for me to take a lenient view of such conduct, and I intend to censure you severely!"

Harry Wharton nerved himself for the ordeal. But he was not called upon to undergo it, after all, for at that moment there was a knock at the door of the study, and, in response to the Head's "Come in!" Dennis Carr entered.

"Well, Carr?" said Dr. Locke irritably.

"What is it?"

"I believe you were about to punish Wharton, sir—"

"Your belief is correct, Carr!"

"Then I should like to say that Wharton isn't to blame, sir, for those paragraphs in the 'Stop Press' column. They were written by me."

"Bless my soul!"

Dennis Carr then proceeded to explain his jape in detail. After which, he voluntarily held out his hand, confident that the Head intended to punish him.

"I shall not censure you, Carr," said Dr. Locke, "since you have come forward in this manly way and confessed your folly. But I cannot risk a recurrence of such stupid jokes. And in order to restrain your peculiar sense of humour I must inform you that the publication of the 'Greyfriars Pictorial' must cease forthwith!"

Dennis Carr's heart sank. He had scarcely expected this; and he appealed to the Head to punish him in some other way.

But Dr. Locke was adamant. Dennis Carr's new paper had already caused a great deal of trouble, and the Head deemed it prudent to suppress it.

It was a bitter blow to Dennis. But that junior had the satisfaction of knowing that during his brief career as an Editor he had certainly succeeded in astonishing the natives!

THE END.

**NEXT FRIDAY!**

Another Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, entitled:

**"THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE!"**

By Frank Richards.

Order your copy in advance. Price 12d.

**GRAND NEW PUZZLE-PICTURE COMPETITION.**

**1st PRIZE:**

**A MOTOR SCOOTER**  
or  
**£50 CASH.**

In addition to this grand first prize there is a second prize of £25, 25 prizes of £1 each, and hundreds of other prizes. Why shouldn't you win one of them? Puzzle pictures are not so very difficult to solve. All particulars appear in this week's

**CHIPS** 

The Ever-Popular Weekly Comic.



## Dealing With a Rascal!

A SHORT ST. JIM'S STORY.

"I WANT to see Mr. Merry!"

A frowsy-looking gentleman of the tramp variety, snaking a clay pipe, which gave off fumes of a distinctly obnoxious odour, stood at the gates of St. Jim's and demanded admittance.

Taggles, the school porter, surveyed him with a critical and disapproving glance and barred his way.

"Which you can't see Master Merry," he said. "Tramps ain't allowed in 'ere!"

"But I must see him. I—I—"

"Which you can't!" bellowed Taggles obstinately. "Hout you go! D'you 'ear?"

"I hears right enough, but I hain't a-going out!" replied the frowsy-looking visitor.

"And don't you call me a tramp, neither!" he added threateningly.

"My heve!" exclaimed the porter in bewilderment. "My heve!"

The shabby-looking individual pushed open the gate and jammed his foot between the posts. Old Taggles' eyes bulged from his head when he saw the movement.

"Out you go, you scoundrel!" he bellowed. For answer, the visitor planted his grubby fist full in the region of the porter's ample waistcoat, and Taggles, relinquishing his hold of the gate, sat down with a bump.

"Ow—yow! Oh, lor!" he gasped.

With a triumphant expression, the tramp entered the gates and planted his muddy boot—out of which two or more toes protruded—on Taggles' chest like the conquering hero of old.

"That comes of being disrespectful like," he said. "I don't put up with no nonsense, I don't!"

"Ow-yow!" gasped the porter.

A group of juniors who had watched this little performance between Taggles and the visitor hurried over to the scene of action.

"He's a rough-looking customer!" said Tom Merry to Monty Lowther as he trotted along.

"Looks as if he'd kill his own grandmother for a bob!" grunted Lowther.

The juniors pulled up short as the tramp, after delivering a few more uncomplimentary remarks to the school porter, came over to them.

"Arternoon, young gents! Can you put me wise for Mister Merry?" he asked amiably.

"I'm Merry," replied the leader of the Terrible Three. "But I've no business with you! What do you want?"

"Ho, so you're Merry, are yer?" leered the visitor. "Then you'd better stump up that four quid afore I makes trouble for yer!"

"What!" exclaimed the junior captain.

"Four quid, I says!"

"You must be mad! Why, I've never seen your handsome—ahem!—face before!" said Tom Merry, with a grin.

"Oh, hain't yer? I've got an I O U signed by yerself, young shaver, for a matter of four quids, and I'm a-going to 'ave 'em!"

Monty Lowther and Manners looked at their leader in astonishment. The tramp spoke with conviction, yet they could not believe that their chum had had dealings with the rascal.

"You're mad!" said Tom Merry, becoming serious. "I've never seen you before, I tell you! If you've an I O U of mine show it!"

A grin overspread the dirty and cunning face of the tramp.

"Not so fast, young shaver! I'm not a-going to have that little note snatched out of my hand!"

Tom Merry's lip curled scornfully.

"I assure you, my man, that we will not touch the beastly thing. I doubt its existence, as a matter of fact!"

The tramp fumbled in his pocket, and after a while brought into view a dirty and much-worn piece of paper, which, on close inspection, revealed Tom Merry's signature to an I O U of four pounds.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Now, perhaps, you'll stump up!" grinned the visitor.

Kildare and Darrel, who were strolling along the drive, stared in surprise at the disreputable-looking gentleman, conversing with Tom Merry & Co.

"He's no business in here!" muttered Kildare. "What's Taggles doing to let him in?"

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 70.

The porter, as a matter of fact, had beaten a hasty retreat into his lodge; he didn't want to try any more conclusions with the warlike tramp.

"Let's see what he wants," said Darrel.

Kildare nodded in assent, and the two Sixth-Formers moved over to the juniors.

"Arternoon, sir!" was the tramp's greeting.

Kildare ignored the greeting, and looked very disapprovingly at Tom Merry's visitor.

"What does this man want with you, Merry?" he asked.

"He's trying to stump me for four pounds!" replied the leader of the Terrible Three.

"What!"

"The young gentleman owes me four quid!" said the tramp. "I have his I O U!"

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense, is it? Well, what's this, then?"

And the grubby I O U was flourished in Kildare's face.

The captain of the school looked serious as he read the inscription.

"What does this mean, Merry?" he demanded.

"I can't understand it," replied Tom Merry. "It's my writing sure enough, but I've never had any dealings with this scoundrel. In fact, I've never seen him before!"

"Oh, come on! it!" broke in the tramp. "I want my money!"

There was a sudden ejaculation from Monty Lowther:

"Ah, I've got it!"

"Got what, fathead?" asked Tom Merry.

"He's a fraud!" roared Lowther, with the air of one solving a great mystery.

"Go hon!"

"But I can see it all now," went on Lowther excitedly. "You remember the Junior Dramatic Society gave a play last week—performed in the open air?"

"Well, what about it?"

"Idiot, don't you see?" chuckled Lowther. "You were playing the villain's part, and you had to give me an I O U. Like a silly chump you put your own name to the I O U—and here it is! This rotter must have picked it up!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "Of course!"

A look of relief passed over Kildare's face; and a look of concern overcame the ugly features of the tramp.

"It's all lies!" he roared. "That fellow Merry owes me money! I—I—Yowp—yow!"

The tramp wriggled and yelled in the grasp of Kildare and Darrel, who rushed forward and seized him. Tom Merry & Co. lent a hand, and the scoundrel was propelled out of the gates. Old Taggles came out of his lodge and joined in the procession. He had not forgotten that terrific punch in the wind, and he saw a chance of getting his own back.

"Ow—yow—leggo!" howled the tramp. "I ain't done nothing—Ow—yowp!"

"I'm going to teach you a lesson, my man!" said Kildare grimly. "It isn't safe to visit a respectable school with a tale like yours, you scoundrel! I've half a mind to hand you over to the police!"

"No, don't, guv'nor! I'm a 'onest man, I am!" yelled the tramp, now thoroughly scared. "I never meant no 'arm—only a j-joke!"

The procession halted in the roadway, and Kildare selected a ditch brimful of rain-water and weed.

"We'll shy him in here!" he said grimly.

The captive made a determined effort to wriggle free, but the heavy grasp of Kildare held him as in a vice. He was hoisted and thrown into the ditch, appearing above the surface the next moment looking like a drowned rat.

"Ow—ooooch—groogh!" he spluttered.

The St. Jim's juniors, together with Kildare and Darrel, entered the gates, feeling that they had taught the rascal a lesson, and if either of them had turned their heads they would have seen Taggles repeating the lesson as the tramp squelched out of the ditch. Having thus squared accounts, as it were, with his pugilistic adversary, the old porter tramped back to his lodge, his self-esteem once more fully established. Needless to say, the double ducking had the effect of cooling the tramp's ardour; and he never showed anywhere near the precincts of St. Jim's again.

## The Photo that Failed!

A SHORT STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

"THAT'LL do!" exclaimed Manners. "That'll do nicely! Just stay like that, and I won't keep you a jiffy!"

"Well, hurry up, old man!" said Tom Merry, good-naturedly.

Tom Merry and his chum Monty Lowther, of the Shell Form at St. Jim's, were sitting on a bench in a corner of the old quad. They had resigned expressions upon their faces, for they were fairly in the clutches of their pal Manners—the most enthusiastic photographer at St. Jim's.

Manners, as Lowther remarked, sotto voce, to Tom Merry, was fairly on the warpath.

The bright spring weather had given him the idea that it was just the day for a photograph, and, sallying out into the quadrangle with his camera, he had come upon his two chums sunning themselves on the bench.

Immediately he had marked them down for his prey.

"Now, you chaps," he said briskly. "Don't move! It'll make a topping photo—just as you are, mind! Your positions are natural, you see!"

"Go hon!" murmured Lowther.

"Don't talk, Lowther, you're moving your head!"

"Oh!"

"And don't fidget your feet about, Tommy—they are all right—as they are."

"May we breathe, please?" asked Lowther sarcastically.

"Certainly not—I mean, don't be an ass, Monty!" said Manners, gazing into the viewfinder with a concentrated expression, and backing slowly away from his chums. "There that's about the distance. Oh, bother!"

Manners gazed with an expression of annoyance up at the sun, which was just then obscured by a big, black cloud.

"It'll be bright again in a minute," he exclaimed hopefully. "Don't move, there's good chaps!"

"That's all very well, Manners," grumbled Tom Merry. "We can't stay here all the afternoon, you know, fixed like dummies, and not daring to move."

"Oh, rot, Tommy! I shan't keep you a jiffy—"

"So you said before—about ten minutes ago!" snorted Lowther.

"Rats! Don't you want to be taken, then?" demanded Manners warmly. "Blessed if it isn't a waste of a good film, really; but I want to try this new lens I've had put in."

"Oh, fire away, then!" said Lowther resignedly.

"Yes, get on with it, old chap," urged Tom Merry.

"I can't till the sun comes out; but—look out!" shouted Manners suddenly.

Tom Merry and Lowther turned their heads in surprise.

"What's up?"

"The sun, you dummies—the sun's coming out again!" said Manners excitedly. "There—you've moved! Do keep still, for goodness' sake!"

"But—"

"S'husk!" Manners was gazing into the viewfinder again with a rapt expression.

"Now, are you ready?"

No answer.

Tom Merry and Lowther were gazing fixedly into space, hardly daring to breathe, and only waiting to hear the click of the shutter.

Manners looked up from his camera.

"You dummies!"

"All over?" said Lowther, with a sigh of relief.

"Good!" said Tom Merry, stretching out a cramped leg.

"Keep still!" shrieked Manners. "I haven't taken it yet! Do you think I was going to photo you with those faces on? You were glaring into space like stuffed owls!"

Tom Merry and Lowther glared at their excited chum exasperated.

"Look here!" hooted Lowther. "If you think that I'm going to sit here all day—"

Tom Merry heaved a sigh of resignation.

"Hold on, Monty! Let's get it over, for goodness' sake—it's no use arguing with him! Now, Manners, will that do?"

Manners looked at them critically, and then bent over the camera.

"Yes, that'll do fine—keep it up!" he said

(Continued on page 18.)

# FOR THE GOOD OF THE TEAM!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

A Magnificent,  
Long, Complete Story of  
JIMMY SILVER & Co.  
at Rookwood.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Not Wanted.

THE bright May sun shone in at the windows of the Fourth Form-room at Rookwood. Jimmy Silver, captain of the Fourth, glanced towards the sunny windows many times with an expression of great satisfaction.

It was a beautiful May day; the weather perfect for cricket. Jimmy Silver was in high spirits.

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, and that afternoon St. Jim's were coming over for the match with Rookwood Juniors.

Jimmy Silver had reason to feel very "chippy."

His team, selected with great care from the cricketers on both sides of Rookwood, Classical and Modern, was in great form. The St. Jim's match was one of the hardest fights of the season, and Jimmy Silver liked a well-fought game. And the weather was ideal.

Hence the cheery smile that dwelt on Jimmy Silver's pleasant face, even while Mr. Bootles was waxing sarcastic over his con-structing.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome, his chums, shared his high spirits. So did Tommy Dodd & Co., the heroes of the Modern side. So did every fellow who was playing in the match that afternoon.

And, curiously enough, Mornington and his friends, the slackers of the Fourth, seemed remarkably cheery, too, though as far as cricket was concerned they were hopelessly "out of it."

Smiles were exchanged among Mornington, Townsend, Topham & Co., and sometimes they glanced at Jimmy Silver and winked at one another.

Something seemed to be "on" among the "Nuts" of the Fourth, as Jimmy Silver might have noticed had he been less occupied with his own affairs.

But Jimmy had no eyes or thoughts for the "Nuts" of Rookwood now. Least of all had he a thought to waste upon the sullen, arrogant Mornington. Mornington was not looking so sullen as usual now, but his smile had something sardonic in it.

Mr. Bootles found his class somewhat trying that morning.

In such weather, and with such a prospect for the afternoon, the Rookwood Fourth found the class-room intolerably stuffy and boring, and they would gladly have dispensed with the valuable knowledge their Form-master was imparting to them.

But everything comes to an end at last; and so did morning lessons that day—to the relief of the Fourth, and probably of their master as well.

The juniors streamed out of the Form-room in great spirits.

"That's over, thank goodness!" said Jimmy Silver. "I thought Bootles would be detaining some of us once or twice. But he's a brick! The way Mornington construed was enough to make a hippotamus weep."

"What is the beggar grinning about?" asked Lovell.

"Is he grinning?" said Jimmy carelessly.

"He's been grinning like a singed cat all the morning," said Raby. "He's got something in his mind."

"Sure, it's some dirty trick he's got in his head," said Flynn. "I know that look in his chivvy."

"Oh, blow Mornington!" said Jimmy Silver. "Let's have half an hour at the nets before dinner. St. Jim's will be here early this afternoon."

"Good egg!"

"Hold on a minute, Silver!" exclaimed Mornington, coming quickly towards the captain of the Fourth. "I want a word with you."

"Buck up, then!"

"I've asked you to play me against St. Jim's this afternoon."

"My hat! You're not beginning that again, are you?" said Jimmy Silver, in a tone of patient remonstrance.

"Yes. I'm going to play."

Jimmy grinned.

"What are you going to play—the giddy ox?"

"I'm going to play cricket against St. Jim's. You can't deny that I've been stickin' to practice, and I'm in pretty good form."

"You're improving," admitted Jimmy Silver. "Nothing like form for the eleven, though."

"I'm goin' to play!" said Mornington coolly. "Whether I like it or not?" asked Jimmy, grinning.

Mornington nodded.

"Yes, if you put it like that."

"Well, I don't quite see how you'll manage it," said Jimmy. "If you come on the field, you'll be kicked off."

Mornington shrugged his shoulders, as Jimmy looked at him in a puzzled way. Townsend and Topham were grinning.

"If you don't choose to play me, you'll be made to," he explained.

"My hat! How will you work that?" asked Jimmy, more surprised than angry.

"You know my guardian, Sir Rupert Staepole, is chairman of the governing body of Rookwood—"

Jimmy Silver yawned portentously. "Yes; you've told us often enough. We're fed-up with the noble baronet. Fed-up to the chin!"

"He has influence with the Head—"

"We've had that, too, lots of times. Put on a new record."

Mornington flushed angrily. "Very well! You can play me of your own choice, or you can be ordered to do it, just as you like," he said.

"Ordered to do it?" exclaimed Jimmy. "Yes."

"By whom?"

"The Head."

"Rats!"

"Look here, I've had enough of this cheek!" exclaimed Lovell wrathfully. "Get out of the way, Mornington!"

"I tell you—"

Lovell did not wait to be told. He took Mornington by the collar and swung him out of the way.

Mornington went reeling along the passage, and collapsed against the wall, with a gasp.

The Fistical Four went out, grinning, into the quadrangle.

"What the dickens do you stand that cheeky rotter's jaw for, Jimmy?" exclaimed Lovell.

"No law against jawing," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "He can jaw himself purple in the face if he likes. It won't make any difference."

"I suppose that was only gas, all he was saying?" remarked Newcome.

"I suppose so," said Jimmy, laughing. "The Head isn't likely to take a hand in junior cricket arrangements. The silly ass is so full of swank that he doesn't know what he's talking about!"

"Towny and Topy seemed to think there was something in it," remarked Raby thoughtfully.

"Pair of silly asses!" said Jimmy. "Let's get down to the cricket."

The Fistical Four dismissed Mornington from their minds. But they were destined to be reminded shortly of him. There was a surprise in store for Jimmy Silver.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

By Order.

"SILVER!"

"Yes, sir!"

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, called to Jimmy, as the juniors were leaving the dining-room after dinner.

"Step into my study, please," said Mr. Bootles.

"Certainly, sir!" said Jimmy, wondering what was the matter.

He followed the Form-master into his study.

Mr. Bootles sat down, and coughed his little cough, and blinked at the captain of the Fourth over his glasses.

"I understand, Silver, that you are—ahem!—playing a cricket-match, or something of the sort, this afternoon."

"Something of the sort, sir," smiled Jimmy. "I mean, yes, sir. We're playing a visiting team from St. Jim's."

"Dr. Chisholm has spoken to me on this subject."

"It's very kind of the Head to take an interest in our cricket matches, sir," said Jimmy, in surprise.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Bootles. "Yes—exactly. The fact is, the Head has received a communication from a governor of Rookwood—in short, from Sir Rupert Staepole, the chairman of the governing board."

Jimmy Silver started a little.

"You may be aware, Silver, that Sir Rupert is the guardian of one of your Form-fellows—Mornington, in fact."

"Mornington's told us so, sir."

"Precisely. It is Sir Rupert's wish that his ward should—er—take up cricket, and—ah—football, and so on," said Mr. Bootles, rather vaguely. Mr. Bootles' knowledge of games was not extensive. "It appears that he has received complaints from his ward—that, in short, Mornington is not allowed to take part in the games."

Jimmy's eyes glinted.

"Mornington is a duffer at cricket, sir," he said. "He can take part in the practice as much as he likes, and if he would stick to it, he could share in practice matches. He's not good enough form to be put in the regular fixtures."

"However, Sir Rupert has made a very special request to the Head," said Mr. Bootles. "He regards Mornington as being passed over. The Head does not dictate to you in this matter, Silver. He realises that juniors have rights of their own, and that cricket is not a suitable matter for direct interference by the headmaster. For this reason, he does not care to exert his authority. He does not wish, however, to refuse Sir Rupert Staepole. He would be glad if you would allow Mornington to play in the match this afternoon, at Sir Rupert's request."

Jimmy set his lips.

A request from his headmaster was tantamount to a command.

But a junior had his rights, and Jimmy Silver, as cricket captain, had his duties as well as his rights to consider.

The St. Jim's match would be touch-and-go, anyway. Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, were always a hard nut to crack. Playing even one "duffer" in the Rookwood team would be throwing away victory. A single wicket lost for nothing would make all the difference between victory and defeat.

It was not easy for a junior in the Fourth Form to refuse a request from his headmaster, conveyed through his Form-master. But Jimmy felt that he had no choice in the matter.

"You will oblige the Head in this little matter," added Mr. Bootles. "I may add—er—that I am much obliged to you, Silver. You may go."

Jimmy Silver did not stir.

"Excuse me, sir," he said quietly and respectfully, but very firmly. "I can't play Mornington this afternoon."

"What—what!"

"Mornington's no good, sir. I can't take my eleven out to be licked by St. Jim's because that clumsy duffer wants to play."

Mr. Bootles looked hard at the junior. "I am not an authority upon cricket," he said. "I know little of the—er—game. But I suppose that one boy is much the same as another."

"Not quite, sir," said Jimmy. "Mornington is an ass at cricket. I think he would make a pretty good bat if he stuck to practice, but he doesn't. He would be only a passenger in the team. I can't face the fellows and tell

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 70.

them that I'm playing a duffer like that against a strong team."

Mr. Bootles coughed.

"I trust, Silver, that you have no intention of refusing to accede to a special request from your headmaster?"

"I've got no choice, sir."

There was a pause.

"You surprise me, Silver," said Mr. Bootles, at last.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"The fact is, Silver, that a junior cannot be allowed to refuse his headmaster's request," said Mr. Bootles somewhat sharply.

"I hoped to see you consent without demur."

"I can't, sir."

"You must!"

Jimmy set his lips.

"I cannot go to Dr. Chisholm and tell him that you have refused to meet his express wishes. I therefore order you, Silver, to play Mornington in the cricket-match this afternoon. I am sorry to have to do this, but there is no alternative."

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"Nobody has a right to order me to do that, sir," he said quietly.

"Silver!"

"Any of the fellows would tell you so, sir."

"Enough! I am sorry to have to give you this order, but I expect to see it carried out. You may go, Silver."

There was no more to be said.

Jimmy Silver quitted the study, his eyes gleaming under his knitted brows. Mornington had scored after all. Jimmy Silver had received his orders. It remained to be seen whether those orders would be obeyed.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Mornington in Luck.

"HOWLY Moses! What's the matter intirely?"

"What's the row, Jimmy?"

"Not detained?" exclaimed Lovell anxiously.

Jimmy Silver's look, as he came out into the quad, drew his chums around him at once. It was easy to see that something untoward had happened. Never had the captain of the Fourth looked so furious.

"What the dickens is it?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "Give it a name, Jimmy."

"I'm ordered to play Mornington this afternoon."

"What!"

"Rot!"

"Gammon!"

"Piffle!"

"Bootles has ordered me, from the Head!"

"Great Scott!"

There was a howl of astonishment from the juniors.

For the headmaster to interfere in cricket matches, which concerned only the fellows themselves, was unheard of. The Rookwood juniors stared at Jimmy Silver in blank astonishment.

"Ordered to play Mornington!" gasped Lovell. "It's impossible!"

"So that's what the cad was grinning at?" exclaimed Raby. "That's what he's been keeping up his sleeve."

"Ordered!" said Tommy Dodd. "Ordered! What right has the Head to give orders about cricket?"

"Or Bootles either?"

"Shame!"

"Rotten!"

"We jolly well won't stand it!"

"The cad sha'n't be played! We'll scrag him instead!"

Voices were rising in wrath. Interference with the sacred rights of the junior cricket club was simply intolerable.

Jimmy Silver smiled bitterly.

"The rotter has been complaining to his guardian that he's left out of junior cricket. I suppose he hasn't mentioned that he's a slacker and a cad. Old Stacpoole has put it to the Head."

"Blow old Stacpoole!"

"He's chairman of the governors, and, of course, he has a lot of influence with the Head," said Jimmy. "I was asked to play the cad, and refused. Then Bootles ordered me to do it."

"Shame!"

"Like his cheek!"

"The Head has no right to interfere in our business!" exclaimed Lovell passionately.

"We're not going to stand it! If you play that cad, Jimmy Silver, we'll scrag you!"

"I leave it to the team," said Jimmy. "I won't play him of my own accord. But a Form-master's order is an order, and if I don't do it, you know what it means."

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 70.

"A flogging, perhaps!" said Tommy Dodd, with a whistle.

"It's a rotten shame!"

"The Head don't understand much about our little games," said Jimmy. "I dare say he thinks it doesn't matter much who's played, and he may believe there's a set made against Mornington. I don't suppose he thinks it's of much consequence whether we beat St. Jim's or not. Same with Bootles—what he doesn't know about cricket would fill books."

"Silly asses!" said Lovell.

"It's rotten!" said Tommy Dodd. "But you'll have to play him, Jimmy. It will be carrying a passenger in the team, that's all."

"All!" exclaimed Lovell furiously. "It means a licking for us. St. Jim's don't have passengers in their teams."

"I'd refuse fast enough," said Jimmy, "only—only—"

"Only what?" growled Lovell.

"It isn't only the licking—though that's not pleasant. But if Mornington is left out now, he's cad enough to go straight to Bootles and tell him."

"Let him!"

"But what would Bootles do?"

"Blow Bootles!"

"Fathead! He would come down to the ground, and order us to play Mornington there. We should have to do it, or stop the match."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Pretty scene before the St. Jim's chaps!" granted Rawson.

"We couldn't stand that," said Tommy Dodd, with a shake of the head. "There's no way out; you've got to play the cad, Jimmy!"

Lovell clenched his fists furiously.

"The rotter! I'll smash him for this!"

"Here he comes!" said Oswald.

Mornington walked up to the group, with Townsend and Topham. The two latter were grinning gleefully. The Nuts of the Fourth were very pleased to see Jimmy Silver & Co. "dished" in this way.

Mornington wore an arrogant smile.

His view was that Jimmy Silver & Co. had been brought to reason at last, and that they had been made to knuckle under, which was quite right and proper in his eyes.

The black looks cast at him by the juniors did not affect him in the least. He fixed his eyes upon the captain of the Fourth with a supercilious expression.

"You've heard from Bootles?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You know you've got to play me?"

"Bootles says so," said Jimmy very quietly.

"You might as well have made up your mind to it, without givin' me the trouble of puttin' the screw on!" said Mornington insolently.

"You cad!" shouted Lovell.

"Rotter!"

"Outsider!"

"Scrag him!"

"Sure, the thafe of the worruld ought to be scragged intirely!" yelled Flynn. "Collar the baste!"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "That's no good. And there's Bootles at his window!"

But Patrick O'Donovan Flynn was not to be denied.

He rushed at Mornington, hitting out right and left.

Mornington was fairly swept off his feet, and he went to the ground with a crash. Townsend and Topham backed away, but Flynn was not finished yet. Townsend caught his hard knuckles on his nose, and joined Mornington on the ground, and Topham went reeling from a terrific upper-cut on the chin.

"Bravo, Paddy!" chuckled Tommy Dodd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look out! Cave!"

Flynn danced round his fallen foe, brandishing his fists, careless of the fact that Mr. Bootles had thrown up his window.

"Gerrup and have some more, ye thafe of the worruld!" roared Flynn. "Gerrup and be licked, ye spalpeen!"

"Flynn!"

Mr. Bootles' voice was like thunder. Patrick O'Donovan Flynn ceased suddenly his excited war-dance.

"Yes, sorr?"

"How dare you, Flynn!" thundered Mr. Bootles.

"Oh, sorr—"

"Go into the House! You will remain indoors till tea-time, and take two hundred lines!"

"Howly Moses!" ejaculated Flynn, in dismay. "Sure, I was only lickin' a rotten spalpeen, sorr—"

"Obey me at once, Flynn!"

"Yes, sorr!" groaned Flynn.

And he went disconsolately into the house.

"Let there be no more of this!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, frowning at the juniors. "Any further interference with Mornington will be punished severely!"

Mornington picked himself up, gasping for breath. Townsend and Topham rose, panting and dusty.

"The beast!" groaned Townsend.

"Ow! My chin!" murmured Topham.

Mornington laughed sardonically.

"It's nothin'! They've got to toe the line!"

Which was cold comfort, however, to the Nuts of the Fourth, whose noses and chins felt decidedly out of gear.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Rawson to the Rescue.

HERE was dismay and fury among the Rookwood junior cricketers.

But there was no help.

Furious as they were, they felt that they had to "toe the line."

Jimmy Silver would have stood out at any risk; but there was no possibility of standing out.

Mornington, left out of the team, would have gone to Mr. Bootles at once, and the Form-master would have stepped in.

The juniors, naturally enough, shrank from having a "scene" in the presence of the visitors from St. Jim's. Moreover, the game would have been stopped, for if Jimmy had still persisted in disobeying, he would have been ordered into the House. It was impossible to resist.

With gloomy looks and gleaming eyes, the youthful cricketers made up their minds that they had to "stand it."

The keenness with which they had looked forward to the match was gone now.

With such a "passenger" in the team, they had little hope of beating St. Jim's: a straw was enough to turn the balance between the two elevens, and Mornington was something more than a straw in the scale.

Everybody agreed that it was "rotten," but everybody had to agree also that there was no help for it.

The time was getting close, too, for the arrival of Tom Merry & Co. from St. Jim's. The Fistical Four and the three Tommies stood in a gloomy group on the cricket-ground, waiting for the arrival of the Saints.

They were feeling inclined to "scrag" Mornington, but even that consolation was denied them. Rawson came up to the group, with a thoughtful look on his rugged face.

"You're leaving somebody out to put that cad in, Jimmy?" he said.

Jimmy nodded.

"Must leave out a Classical as you're putting a leaving out," remarked Tommy Dodd casually.

"I'm leaving out Lacy," said Jimmy Silver. "But he's a Modern."

"Can't be helped."

"Now, look here, Jimmy Silver—"

"Oh, don't jaw!" said Jimmy peevishly.

"Bad enough without jaw. Blessed if you ain't like Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. Don't worry!"

"I've got an idea," said Rawson, in his quiet, stolid way. "Leave me out."

"That's a good idea," said the three Tommies at once.

"We want Rawson," said Jimmy. "Rawson's a better bat than Lacy."

"I tell you—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Look here—"

"You don't want to be left out, I suppose, Rawson?" said Jimmy Silver crossly. "It's bad enough without my own team turning tail!"

Rawson shook his head.

"I'd rather play," he said; "but I've got an idea. I think I could persuade Mornington not to be such a rotten cad."

"Bow-wow!"

"I think I could," said Rawson. "I needn't go into particulars. But I think I could do it, if you leave me out of the team."

Jimmy Silver stared at him.

"You think you could persuade Mornington not to shove himself into the team?" he exclaimed.

"I think so."

"What utter rot!" said Tommy Dodd.

"He's simply bent on it. He's chortling with glee over getting us into a fix."

"I know that. But I might be able to do it."

"I don't see how," said Jimmy. "But if



"Tommy Dodd! Good old Tommy!" Tommy Dodd was on the ball. He backed away with his hands raised, his eyes fixed upon the ball as it came floating down gently, as it seemed, towards his outstretched hands.

you think you could make Mornington accept decently, you're welcome to try. But you needn't stand out of the team to do that."

"I should have to keep him company this afternoon," said Rawson. "Look here, what are you driving at? You're not pally with Mornington?"

"No. He doesn't like scholarship kids!" said Rawson, with a grin. "But I might get pally with him for once, and he might prefer my company to playing in the match."

"You're talking out of your hat!" "Well, leave it to me," said Rawson. "Fill my place, and if Mornington doesn't claim his place, put another man in."

"I'll do that fast enough. I can't play Flynn; he's detained. Jones minor would do very well. But—"

"I really think I could persuade Mornington," said Rawson. "Leave it to me. I can be very eloquent sometimes."

"Well, if you can do it you're a giddy jewel!" said Tommy Dodd. "But I'll bet ten to one on doughnuts you can't!" Rawson smiled, and walked away.

"Blest if I understand Rawson," said Jimmy Silver peevishly. "He could talk like a minister at the Guildhall till he was high and dry, but Mornington wouldn't take any notice."

"Well, I wish him luck," said Tommy Dodd. "Where is Mornington now?"

Jimmy's lip curled. "They're having a smoke in their study," he said. "Ripping way of getting ready for a cricket-match! Of course, the fool's wicket will go down first ball. It will be like playing a man short."

"Against a team like St. Jim's—rotten!" "Br-r-r!" growled Jimmy discontentedly. There was a shout from the direction of the gates.

"Here they come!" St. Jim's had arrived.

"Here they come!" St. Jim's had arrived.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Looking After Mornington.

**R**AWSON looked into Flynn's study. The Irish junior was seated dolefully at his table, writing lines.

He was "gated" for the afternoon; and, worse than that, ordered to remain indoors, which meant that he could not go down to the cricket-ground to watch the match. It was hard lines upon Patrick O'Donovan Flynn, and his chubby face was very dismal. He gave Rawson a disconsolate look.

"St. Jim's come yet?" he asked. "Not yet. Are you busy?"

"I'm doing lines!" groaned Flynn. "Two hundred lines for punching that spalpeen! Sure it's rotten!"

"Will you come and help me?" "Phwat's the game?"

"I'm going to persuade Mornington not to play."

"Arrah, and ye can't do it intirely!" "I think I can, if you'll lend a hand." Flynn jumped up.

"I'm your man! But ye can't do it!" "Come along!" said Rawson.

He strode away to Townsend's study, followed by the astonished Flynn. There was a haze of smoke in the study when Rawson threw open the door.

Mornington and Townsend and Topham were there, enjoying a smoke after lunch, and in great good-humour.

Jimmy Silver had been completely "downed" this time, and great was the satisfaction of the Nuts of the Fourth.

Mornington looked insolently at the two juniors in the doorway.

"Hallo! Is it time to get on the field?" he said lazily. "I'll come when I've finished my cigarette."

"Don't hurry," said Townsend, grinning. "Let Jimmy Silver wait. He dare not play without you."





The two elevens were ready, and Jimmy tossed for choice of innings with Tom Merry, and won the toss.

Still Mornington was absent. Jimmy's spirits began to rise. Was it possible that Rawson had succeeded, after all—that Mornington had a rag of decency left, and had forborne to "muck up" the match?

Lovell pressed Jimmy's arm. "Buck up!" he said. "Mornington isn't here. That's no fault of yours. Begin without the best!"

Jimmy nodded. "We bat first," he said, in the hope of getting the innings over at least, before Mornington came on the scene.

The St. Jim's fellows went into the field. Mr. Bootles came down on the cricket-ground, with a genial nod to the juniors. He beckoned to the captain of the Fourth. "You are—er—playing Mornington, Silver?" he asked.

"I've put him in the team, sir," said Jimmy quietly, repressing his feelings. "He hasn't turned up yet. I suppose I'm not to go and hunt for him, and bring him here by his neck?"

Mr. Bootles coughed. "Ahem! Certainly not, Silver. If it is open to him to play if he comes—"

"It is, sir."

"Then he must please himself. Perhaps you had better send him word, however, as he may not be aware you are beginning."

"Very well, sir." Jimmy turned to Raby. "Raby, cut off, and see if you can see Mornington, will you? Say we're beginning."

"Certainly!" said Raby. "You fellows mind waiting a minute?" asked Jimmy. "One of my men hasn't come down yet."

"All serene," said Tom Merry. "Yaas, wathah, deah boy!" said D'Arcy. "Wait as long as you like."

Raby ran to the School House, with a grin on his face. He ran in, and put his head into Mr. Bootles' study—which, of course, was empty—and said:

the dickens did he manage to persuade the beast to keep off the grass?"

Tommy Dodd chuckled. "He's done it," he said. "Perhaps he did more than persuade him—may have taken him by the neck."

Jimmy Silver burst into a laugh. "I never thought of that."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Tommy Doyle. "More power to his elbow, bedad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, he can't bat now!" grinned Tommy Dodd. "Rawson ought to have a prize medal, anyway. Good luck to him!"

St. Jim's opened their innings. Tom Merry & Co. were good batsmen; but Jimmy Silver had been hard at practice of late, and his bowling had been brought really to a pitch of perfection.

Tom Merry was dismissed with 8; and D'Arcy, much to his surprise, was sent bootless away with a duck's egg to his credit.

The innings was fast, and the last wicket fell with the score at 60.

The afternoon was not half over yet. On the first innings Rookwood was an easy winner; but there was plenty of time to finish. And still Mornington was conspicuous by his absence.

That he was either staying away of his own accord, or was being kept away somehow by Tom Rawson, was by this time abundantly clear, and Jimmy Silver ceased to think about him at all. He dismissed him from his mind, and devoted all his thoughts to the game.

In the second Rookwood innings the luck was not so good.

Fatty Wynn was in tremendous form, and he performed the hat trick amid cheers from the crowd. Jack Blake also put in some good bowling.

The last wicket went down at 50.

The Rookwood total was 128 for the two innings. St. Jim's had 60 in hand. They looked quite confident when they commenced their second innings.

And their confidence seemed well founded. Tom Merry seemed to have "got on" to

The ball whizzed away, and the batsmen ran.

"Licked!" muttered the Rookwood fellows. Then there was a yell:

"Tommy Dodd! Good old Tommy!" Tommy Dodd was on the ball.

He was backing away now, his hands raised, his eyes fixed upon the ball as it came floating down gently, as it seemed, into his outspread palms.

Click!

Then all Rookwood roared. "Caught! Oh, well caught, sir!"

"Good man!"

"Bravo, Tommy Dodd!"

Tommy Dodd grinned, and tossed up the leather, and caught it again as it came down straight as a rule.

"How's that?"

"Out!"

"Rookwood wins! Hurrah!"

Rookwood had won! And, as Jimmy remarked very humorously, it was Mornington who had won the match for Rookwood—by staying away!

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**  
**After the Match.**

LOUD cheers ringing from the cricket-field reached the School House and floated in at the window of Rawson's study. The sun was sinking behind the old beeches.

"That's the finish!" said Rawson. He rose and stepped to the window.

A merry crowd was in the quadrangle below.

Rawson shouted down: "Game over, Oswald?"

Oswald looked up, grinning. "Yes, over and won! Won by a run!"

"Hurrah!"

"Mornington didn't turn up!" called out Oswald. "That's what won the match for us!"

Rawson grinned. "Lucky Mornington didn't turn up, then."

"Yes, rather. Hurrah!"

**NOTE.—A special long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., at Rookwood School, appears next Monday in "The Boys' Friend," entitled: "A STOLEN NAME!" by Owen Conquest. Don't miss it! [Editor.]**

"Are you here, Mornington?" Naturally, there was no reply.

Raby looked round the study solemnly, to north, south, east, and west. Then he departed, and hurried back to the cricket-field.

"Seen him?" asked Jimmy.

"No. I looked on every side," said Raby.

"Then we must begin without him."

"Dear me," said Mr. Bootles, "this is very, very careless of Mornington, after— Ahem! However, it is his own affair!"

And the Form-master, feeling that he had done quite enough, walked back to the House.

"Where did you look for him?" asked Jimmy Silver, meeting Raby's eyes.

"In Bootles' study," said Raby demurely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver felt much more cheerful now. He went on to open the innings with Tommy Dodd. Fatty Wynn of St. Jim's bowled the first over.

Fatty Wynn was in great form, but so was Jimmy Silver. The match started well, with 10 for the first over.

Rookwood fellows were crowded round the ground, some of them wondering why Mornington was not there. As Mornington was certain to be last man in, he was not wanted yet. Only Peele took the trouble to give him a call, with the result that Peele came back in a bad temper, after his rebuff at the study door.

Jimmy Silver's spirits were rising all through the innings. Twenty-five runs came off his own bat before he was caught out by Figgins of St. Jim's.

Tommy Dodd added 30, and Lovell 11, and Tommy Cook 10. Wickets fell at a good rate, but there was not a single duck's egg. Every batsman knocked up a good average of runs, and the score stood at 70 when the word was passed, "Last man in!"

Last man in should have been Mornington. But Mornington was conspicuous by his absence.

Jones minor went in to bat.

Fatty Wynn knocked away his wicket for 8, and the innings came to an end, 78 all down.

"Not so bad!" said Jimmy Silver. "What a ripping stroke of luck that Mornington wasn't here! Rawson's not here either. How

Jimmy Silver's bowling, and Jimmy did not succeed in touching his wicket.

Before Tom Merry was caught out by Tommy Dodd he had knocked up 40 for his side, and the Saints looked jubilant.

For, meanwhile, 20 more had been piled up for three wickets, so that St. Jim's wanted only 8 to tie, 9 to win, with seven wickets in hand.

"For goodness' sake, pile in, Jimmy!" said Raby. "They'll mop us off the earth at this rate, with wickets to spare!"

Jimmy Silver nodded, and went on to bowl again, with the expression of a fellow who was prepared to do or die.

What followed elicited loud cheers from the Rookwood crowd.

Wynn of St. Jim's was dismissed with a duck's egg, and Herries followed him, and then Lowther and Kerr. Four wickets for four balls made the Rookwooders yell, and changed the aspect of the game once more. Talbot of St. Jim's was keeping his end up well, but in the next over he was caught out by Newcome.

"Last man in!"

Figgins and Noble were last at the wickets. Eight to tie and 9 to win, with Jimmy Silver bowling again!

But the mighty Figgins lifted the ball away for 4, and cut away the next for 2, and St. Jim's hopes rose again.

"Bai Jove, 3 to win!" said D'Arcy, looking on from the pavilion. "Figgay will do it all right, you know!"

"Right as rain!" said Tom Merry. But he watched anxiously, all the same.

The match was touch-and-go now.

Figgins had no chance with the rest of the over. The field crossed, and the bowling came to Noble from Tommy Dodd. Tommy Dodd was doing his level best, and so was the batsman. A single run was the result of the over.

"Only 2 to win!" said Jimmy Silver, as the field crossed for the last over—they all knew it would be the last over. "Look out for catches!"

Jimmy delivered his next ball to Noble, who had the batting again after the single.

The Cornstalk junior let himself go at it.

"Faith, and it's a win for us—and, sure, it's us that have done it intirely!" said Flynn. "The afternoon hasn't been wasted, bedad! And I've done me lines, too. Hurrah!"

"Now let us go, you rotters!" mumbled Townsend.

Rawson unlocked the study door.

"You can go as fast as you like," he said. "Buzz off!"

Townsend and Topham were glad to go. They were quite fed up with sitting on the study carpet. They hurried away, to pour their tale of woe and wrong into the sympathetic ears of their nutty friends.

Rawson stooped over Mornington, and released him. Mornington, cramped, furious, panting with rage, staggered to his feet. He shook his fist at the scholarship junior.

"I'll make you suffer for this!" he said, between his teeth, striding from the study.

Rawson and Flynn went to see Tom Merry & Co. off. The St. Jim's party had a train to catch, but they had time for a hurried refreshment. The brake rolled away with St. Jim's on board, and Jimmy Silver & Co. came back into the quadrangle in high good-humour.

Jimmy clapped Rawson on the shoulder.

"How did you do it?" he demanded.

Before Rawson could reply, Bulkeley of the Sixth came out, and beckoned to him.

"Mr. Bootles wants you," he said. "Flynn, too!"

"Right-ho!" said Rawson.

The two delinquents proceeded to Mr. Bootles' study, where they found the Form-master looking astounded, and Mornington white with rage. He had duly reported the whole occurrence to the master of the Fourth. Mr. Bootles had his cane in his hand.

"I have received a most astounding complaint from Mornington, Rawson," he said. "He declares you kept him by force in your study, and prevented him from playing in the cricket-match."

"Yes, sir," said Rawson quietly.

"Ahem! Why did you do this, Rawson?"

"To keep Mornington from losing the match for us, sir."

(Continued on page 18.)  
THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 70.

## FOR THE GOOD OF THE TEAM!

(Continued from page 17.)

"It was Silver put him up to it, Mr. Bootles!" hissed Mornington.

"Did you act upon Silver's instructions, Rawson?"

"No, sir!"

"It's a lie!" yelled Mornington.

Mr. Bootles frowned.

"Mornington, you must not use such expressions in my presence! Take fifty lines!"

"I—I—I—"

"Rawson's assurance is quite enough for me. Silver had nothing to do with it."

"I—I tell you—"

"Silence! Rawson, I shall cane you, and you also, Flynn. Mornington, you may go!"

"But I—I—"

"Leave my study!" thundered Mr. Bootles. And Mornington left it.

Mr. Bootles' manner was a sufficient indication what he thought of the sneak, but he could not pass over the matter. Rawson and Flynn were duly caned.

In the passage they exchanged a grin. Jimmy Silver & Co. swooped down upon them, eager for an explanation. There was a roar of laughter as Rawson explained the methods of "persuasion" he had used with Mornington.

Jimmy thumped him on the back ecstatically.

"Good man! Who'd have thought it! You've saved the match for us! But you've been licked!"

"That's nothing—it wasn't very bad," grinned Rawson. "Bootles doesn't think much more of that cad than we do, and he laid it on softly."

"Good man!"

There was a feed in the end study after that in celebration of the victory over St. Jim's and of the defeat of Mornington. His knavish tricks had been frustrated, and he suffered a raging at the hands of the Classics for having sneaked to the Form-master. At the celebration in Jimmy Silver's study Rawson and Flynn had the place of honour. They had not played in the match, but it was agreed on all hands that they had won the match with St. Jim's by sacrificing themselves—and Mornington—for the Good of the Team!

THE END.

(Another grand story of Jimmy Silver & Co. next Friday.)

## THE PHOTO THAT FAILED!

(Continued from page 12.)

quickly. "This'll be a fine photo—a shorter—a regular buster! Now—"

Manners' fingers were upon the rubber bulb that worked the shutter. He held his breath, and so did Tom Merry and Lowther.

At that critical moment there was a sudden rush of feet, and a burly figure came flying round the corner, crashing into Manners from behind, with a devastating crash!

There was a terrific howl from Manners, as he was precipitated through the air, and a yell from Tom Merry and Lowther together, as Manners landed upon them headfirst, camera and all.

Fatty Wynn, of the New House, sat upon the ground, and gasped. It was he who, pursued by his chums Figgin and Kerr, had suddenly dashed round the corner, and caused all this devastation.

It was an accident, and Fatty Wynn felt quite sorry for what he had done. But he did not stay to make his apologies. While the groaning chums of the Shell were still sorting themselves out, Fatty Wynn jumped up with surprising agility. He stood not upon the order of his going—but he went.

Gasping, he fled to the New House, where he was safe from the vengeance of Tom Merry & Co., for a time at least.

Tom Merry, and Lowther, and Manners were left to vent their groans and threats upon the desert air—especially Manners. His photo, after all the trouble he had taken, had failed. There is no doubt, however, that it had been, to use his own words, a regular buster!

THE END.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 70.



## A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

Our splendid new serial, the first instalment of which appears in this issue, is one which I am confident will have a great reception from my readers. Nat Fairbanks, the author, is my latest "discovery," and I freely predict that he will take a high place among present-day writers of thrilling "mystery" stories. Next week he relates how Dick Tulliver gains a footing in the Western Super Film Company, and how the new inhabitants of the old Grange became aware that very mysterious happenings are going on around them. You must tell all your friends to be sure and read

## "THE MYSTERY MAKERS!"

By Nat Fairbanks.

In our next long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. a curious situation arises, owing to strained relations between Wingate, the school captain, and the majority of the members of the Sixth Form. Wingate appears to be in a nasty hole, but, as Mr. Frank Richards' story will show, it is a case of

## "THE REMOVE TO THE RESCUE!"

The next splendid complete story of the chums of Rookwood deals with an amazing development of the campaign conducted by Mornington against Jimmy Silver, the junior captain. It is a case of "Where is Jimmy Silver?" Don't miss

## "THE MISSING CAPTAIN!"

By Owen Conquest.

## A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

Should we have another deaf character in the tales? Yes, says a correspondent at Lincoln. He tells me he is deaf, and he has a good deal of humour in his composition, on which I beg to congratulate him, for it shows a fine sporting spirit to make light of what is, all said and done, a somewhat serious handicap in the race.

He points out that many deaf folks provide entertainment without knowing it. He does so himself, but he joins in the laugh. Dutton is the same. He jumps at things he fancies Mr. Quelch has said, and—well, we all know what happens with Tom Dutton imagining Mr. Quelch is asking kindly about mutton. Dutton has often proved a good friend to Bunter in this way, though one darkly supposes that the deaf fellow knows more than he admits. All this is harmless enough, but, candidly, I dislike much fun-making at the expense of an infirmity.

## BUNTER IN BUCKS.

One of these days we must have a rollicking yarn dealing with Bunter lost in the country, appealing for aid from the fair folk, being recruited in a troupe, getting in the cart, tumbling out on his own again, and becoming thinner in the process. I feel there is an excellent story in such happenings.

Bunter was never intended by Nature to be alone in the wide, wide world. He is too artless and childlike, too innocent altogether. Perhaps it would be somewhat uncharitable to give the porpoise a fortnight on the road—a bout of tramping, and with folks getting disgusted with him—but such a narrative in the capable hands of Frank Richards would be full of fascination. I was pretty well convinced of the soundness of the idea by a letter from R. Patchett, of Blackburn, who speaks of the steady improvement in the "P. P." yarns.

## THE BLARNEY STONE.

Miss Ida A. Jobson is unkind. She wrote me a splendid letter, and then kept it back for a week, not liking to send it! Think of

that, now! Go to—go three and four! To this moment I do not understand why, unless it was that her brother had mentioned the Blarney Stone; but folks speak of that institution without meaning anything by it, as we all know.

It is all very interesting. Come to think of it, what a lot is to be learned from a correspondence-bag. You find quaint little characteristics lurking beneath the postmarks. As the late Mr. Charles Dunphie wrote:

"One impulse from a chimney-pot

Will teach you more of man—  
Of what you've learned, and what forgot,  
Than all that Wordsworth can."

This is all very well in its way, but the letters people write teach you more still. For instance, I am thinking of a very weighty and serious-minded communication which comes from Barrow, and the writer says he is so glad to find that I am a real live person, not a myth.

Oh, there is nothing of the myth about me, I can assure him. He is good enough to say that a note I sent him, answering a few questions, was full of encouragement, and makes him want to do better every time.

Now, that is just my chum's generous style. We will not take much notice of that point. But what one does want to bear in mind is the need for encouragement, for enthusiasm, for all the uplifting things on the part of writers of letters as well as everybody else. There is a lot of trouble always knocking round, and surely it is the work of those who are free from this special trouble to try and cheer up the rest.

Have you noticed the way some fellows have of waiting to see what happens next before acting? What a mistake! They may not have the chance in five minutes' time. They only pass through the flying hour once. The world is changing. They are changing with it. Next day or to-morrow week won't do. Do it now! Say the useful thing now! It is the present moment that matters! Knowing this—and they do know it!—the marvel is that some individuals can consent to be parties to wry words, unpleasant actions, bad terms, and so forth. But, there, I won't bother you!

## THANKS, "CORNSTALK."

What is the price of a ventriloquist outfit? The figure varies just as the size and elaboration of the dummies vary. Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn, London, supply the equipment.

This answer is intended for a New South Wales friend, who asks me to reply in the paper if I think his note worth answering. It is the only thing I can do—no other way! A letter addressed to "Cornstalk, New South Wales," would be promptly turned down by the Post Office. You know what the Department is. It simply will not deliver letters addressed to "Dear John Smith—Friday Night."

Sheer laziness, I take it. My Australian correspondent feels sorry, because he feels that any comments he may make on the stories will be behindhand when his note reaches me. He likes things up to date. But with a few thousand miles of sea between, how is it to be managed? The useful reflection comes, however, that cheery words such as his are never out of date, but always welcome as the flowers in May.

## EARLY RISING.

It is good in its way. Of course, early risers are disposed to be a nuisance. They amble round the world afterwards, and talk like this: "Why, I was in my tub at 4 a.m.! You ought to be up with the sun!"  
Ought we, really? I am not so sure. It is all very well for the poet to trot out things like this:

"Rise before the sun,  
And make a breakfast of the morning dew.  
Served up by Nature on some grassy hill,  
You'll find it nectar."

Very pretty indeed! But porridge and kidneys and bacon for me, please! If being up with the lark means being unfitted for the work to be carried on far into the night, then this coquetting with the dawn is surely a mistake. But that is not the point. What made me refer to the matter at all was the fact that I should have to get up much earlier than I do to be level with all the myriad requirements of readers who want this or that character "brought into the limelight."

A. R. Francis, of Wells, Somerset, is asking for Kipps. I will certainly see what can be done.

**THE LAND OF TRELAWNEY.**

It was cheering to note what a girl supporter at St. Mabyn, in Cornwall, has to say about the Companion Papers. Anyone living in the rush of a big city where there is barely room to move will feel disposed to envy this correspondent because she looks on at the world from a delightful spot where the carrier calls occasionally and life jogs on pleasantly and without too much stir and noise.

But to speak of looking on is hardly correct. She is always busy, and she writes a racy letter, full of good-humour and bright thought.

"I did try once to get my photograph taken," she says. And here we read the result:

"Extract from local paper (not official):—Widespread consternation was caused a few days ago by the sound of an explosion in the region of Lane End, St. Mabyn. Investigation, however, showed that the matter was not so serious as was at first supposed. The report was due to the bursting of a camera with which a young woman was trying to take a snapshot. The camera could not stand the strain!"

There you have it! But there is not the least reason why this account should be believed. I expect the camera artist merely resigned the job, feeling that her machine was not equal to the honour. Something like that.

**THE CINEMA.**

A few days since I was travelling in a remote part of the country, and chanced to fall in with a rather learned man from London, who told me that he was convinced

that the cinema was bad. He did not mince matters at all. I thought at the time that he was taking an unreasonable and extreme view. Extreme views are often faulty.

It is easy to say the picture-show is bad. It is far easier and more truthful to say it is good. Of course, some film plays are off the line. So is some butter. It is the same with everything else. You might almost as well declare that books are bad because some stories describe things in the wrong way, and deal with subjects far better left alone.

The cinema is an amusement and education. You see things at the pictures which you remember—scenes taken in foreign countries, or the results of scientific exploration. Such films are good all the way along.

Then how about the amusing knockabout stories given at the picture-house? I went into a film theatre the other evening, and it was cheery enough to hear a crowd of youngsters laughing at what Charlie Chaplin was doing. It is just as good to see Miss Mary Pickford acting in one of those plays where she figures so well, showing what a brave-hearted girl can do to help others and carry on a home. No, I am much inclined to think that my friend who ran down the films wholesale was taking a jaundiced view.

**FISHING.**

Do we hear as much about fishing these days as formerly? I was turning over this matter the other day, and it seemed to me there was, perhaps, less interest in the famous sport than in the old days. I hope it is not so. Fishing is a wonderful hobby—even if you do not catch much. It is not a bit as the critic described it—namely, a rod and line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other.

Angling means such a lot besides any question of the bag you make. The sport takes a fellow out into the country, which is a good thing to start with, and, while he sits in a punt, squats on the river bank, or walks down the overgrown path, his eyes on his line, he sees heaps of other things as well.

I like fishing, but there is not much time these days. I know of a small stream not so far from London where a little company of fishermen catch trout. The river is worth visiting just for itself. Its banks are thick with lilac and elder and hawthorn one side. On the other there is a little-used pathway,

and beyond the path lie fields and woods, which reach away to Surrey.

It is rather humorous to see what much better sport some of the young fellows who fish here obtain than their seniors, although the latter bring the latest in fishing-tackle. It is not, after all, the tackle that counts, so much as the knack. A youngster I know, who puts in an hour with his home-made rod, generally manages to supply his breakfast-table.

**IGNORANCE.**

An amusing writer says that there is nothing like ignorance. There is not. This personage points out that ignorance is the latchkey to happiness. He puts it this wise: If you don't know a lot of things you do not get worrying about them, and, what is more, you are satisfied with the world. Of course, this is a joke. Ignorance is just about the worst thing possible. It is not fool to be wise. Far better be occasionally "humpish," and know a bit. But the real fact is that wisdom does not bring discontent, but just the reverse, so we had better go on learning as much as we can.

**THE NAVY.**

A. G. H. says that the remarks about the Navy in a recent issue were IT. He is in the Service, and has never regretted the day that he joined. "When I had finished reading your article I looked out of the window, and away across Plymouth Harbour were two boats' crews practising for the coming regatta. It seemed as if it happened as a proof of your words. I would like to let you know," my correspondent continues, "that I am a constant reader of the Companion Papers. I must close now, as the bugle will soon go for supper."

The writer says he hopes other fellows will join up. Well, there is the Navy, all ready and willing to welcome the right sort of applicant!

*Your Editor*

**HEIGHT INCREASED 5/- Complete IN 30 DAYS Course.**

No Appliances No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials 1d. stamp.—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. S.), 24, Southwark St., S.E.



**STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES.** Nervousness deprives you of employment, pleasures, and many advantages in life. If you wish to prosper and enjoy life, strengthen your Nerves, and regain confidence in yourself by using the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. Used by Vice-Admiral to Seaman, Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s. Merely send 3 penny stamps for particulars.—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, W.C.4.

**NICKEL SILVER WATCHES**

DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT OF

**2/- ONLY. YOU HAVE WATCH WHILST PAYING FOR IT.**

Gent's full-size Railway timekeeping Keyless Lever Watch; Stout Nickel Silver or Oxidized Damp and Dust Proof Cases, plain dial, perfectly balanced superior Lever Movement, splendid timekeeper. Price for either pocket or wrist, 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in dark), 2/- extra. Ladies' Chain or Wrist, 2/- extra.

We will send either of these watches on receipt of P.O. for 2/-. After receiving watch you send us a further 2/-, and promise to pay the remaining 11/- by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 11/- only. Five years' warranty given with every watch.

To avoid disappointment, send 2/- and 6d. extra postage at once. No unpleasant inquiries. All orders executed in rotation.

**The LEVER WATCH Co. (M Dept.),**  
42a, Stockwell Green, London, S.W.9.

**15 DAYS FREE TRIAL**

Packed FREE. Carriage PAID. Direct from Works. **LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.** Immediate delivery. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles, Tyres and Accessories at popular Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded Old Cycles Exchanged. Write for Monster Size Free List and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.

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

**"CURLY HAIR!"** "My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes R. Welch. "CURLIT" curls straight hair. 1/3, 2/6. (1d. stamps accepted.—SUMMERS (Dept. A. F.), 3, UPPER RUSSELL STREET, BRIGHTON.

**BOYS, MAKE YOUR OWN HECTOGRAPH.** Full instructions for making a Copying Pad that will make 50 perfect impressions from one original. Duplicates, Letters, Circulars, etc. Will also include, if you send your order in 10 days, full instructions for making the Ink used on the Pad. All the above for only 1/-—G. MOORE (Dept. G.), West Herrington, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

**AEROPLANE MODEL.**—Latest Novelty as Souvenir. Highly Finished—Only 3/6, post free; abroad 1/- extra. Satisfaction assured.—E. GOLTON, 13, John's Terrace, East Croydon, Surrey.

Make a definite start on that **BUSINESS CAREER** of Yours **TO-DAY.** We can offer you that Chance IN A THOUSAND. Over 1,500 Agents required throughout the British Isles; exceptional terms offered. Post your application, together with stamped envelope, for full particulars to **DEPT. C, c/o HODGSON'S, CHOCOLATE FACTORS,** Roscoe Street, Sheepscar, Leeds, Eng. **SPECIAL AGENCIES** offered to those resident in the Colonies and Foreign Countries. Applicants should give full particulars, occupation, etc. Enclose remittance value 1/-, and address to "Foreign and Colonial Dept."

**PHOTO POSTCARDS,** 1/8 doz., 12 by 10 **ENLARGEMENTS,** 8d. **ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL, CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.** HACKETT'S, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS BE SURE AND MENTION THIS PAPER.

# A BEAUTY GIFT FOR YOUR HAIR

"Harlene Hair-Drill" Ensures Real Hair Health and Beauty.

1,000,000 "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

No woman in the world possesses as her natural birthright such exquisitely fine hair as the British woman. With proper care it becomes, indeed, the very crown of her charm and beauty. Under the treatment of "Harlene Hair-Drill" everyone can possess this crowning beauty, and can assure herself of the truth of this declaration by self-demonstration free of expense. A Free Trial Outfit is now ready for your acceptance.

No longer, therefore, is there any necessity or excuse for anyone not to prove by personal experience how "Harlene Hair-Drill" causes the hair to grow in health and beauty.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR—WRITE

NOW.

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real hair health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse or even to hesitate a single moment in taking the first step to secure it.

So many women are now engaged in valuable but hair-injurious work that the proprietors of Edwards' "Harlene-for-the-Hair" have decided to make yet another great 1,000,000 Gift distribution of "Harlene" Outfits. This is really a "Four-in-One" Gift, for it includes—



It is wonderful what only 2 minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the cultivation and preservation of a glorious head of hair. Try it free for one week. Accept one of the 1,000,000 free 4-in-1 Gift Outfits. (See Coupon on right.)

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and natural tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual of instruction.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle. "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

### "HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

PENNY POPULAR, 23/5/20.

#### NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

## MOUTH ORGANS BEATEN



All the latest tunes can be played on the Chella-phone. This only pocket instrument, on which tunes can be correctly played in any key. Soldiers and Sailors love it. Knocks the German mouth organ into a cocked hat." Post free, 1/6 each; better quality 2/6, from the maker.

R. FIELD (Dept. 33), Hall Avenue, HUDDERSFIELD.

## CRICKET BATS, 13/6

Fitted with cane-and-rubber handle and well-compressed willow blade, this 33-in. Bat merits the nickname "THE SLOGGER" (men's match size 15/9). "THE CLIMAX" All-Cane handle, 10/6 (33 in.) and 16/6 (match). Compo Match Balls, 1/1 and 1/6 (youths'), 1/9 and 2/6 (men's). BOXING GLOVES, as usual, 8/6, 13/6, and 15/6. Postage 6d. on all. Everything stocked for CRICKET, TENNIS, SWIMMING, and ALL SPORTS. Send for list. Terms to Club members. Money returned if not satisfied.—TOM CARPENTER, Recognised Authority on Sports Goods, 69, Morecambe Street, Walworth, S.E. 17.

## NERVOUSNESS

Cure it, and make Life a Success.

You can do it in a week by My System of Treatment—and do it quite privately at home. Just a week, and what a difference in your life. No more Nervousness, Blushing in company, no more missing of opportunities through Bashfulness, but instead—that fine confidence and ease of manner that makes one popular everywhere, and that quick, sure Alertness that enables you to grasp the chance that comes your way. My System develops your Will Power and Mental energy, strengthens your Nerve Control, gives you a key to unlock every door that opens on Success. Let us send you full particulars free in plain, sealed envelope. Don't Delay. Write today, now—mentioning PENNY POPULAR—Specialist, 12, All Saints Road, St. Ann's-on-Sea.

## 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 have 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 13 coupons and only 3/-. Buy 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; 5s. 6d. for six months. Abroad, 8s. 10d. per annum; 4s. 10d. 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 22nd, 1920.

## 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 TO-DAY. Price 8/6 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.

## ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver B. F. 3 inches; Mr. Baskille 4 inches; Miss Davis 3 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Mr. Ketley 4 inches; Miss Ledell 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 £100 Guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A. M. P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. 4.



## MAGIC TRICKS

Illusions, etc.—Parcels 2/6, 5/6, and 10/6. Sample Trick, 1/-.  
T. W. HARRISON, 289, Pentonville Road, London, N. 1.

## Shopping made Easy.

Raincoats, Trenchcoats, Boots, Shoes, Cutlery, Costumes, Rings, Watches, etc., on easy terms. 30/- worth, 5/- monthly; 60/- worth, 10/- monthly, etc. Write for Free Catalogue and Order Form. Foreign orders cash only. MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Stores, RYE. (Estd. 1869).