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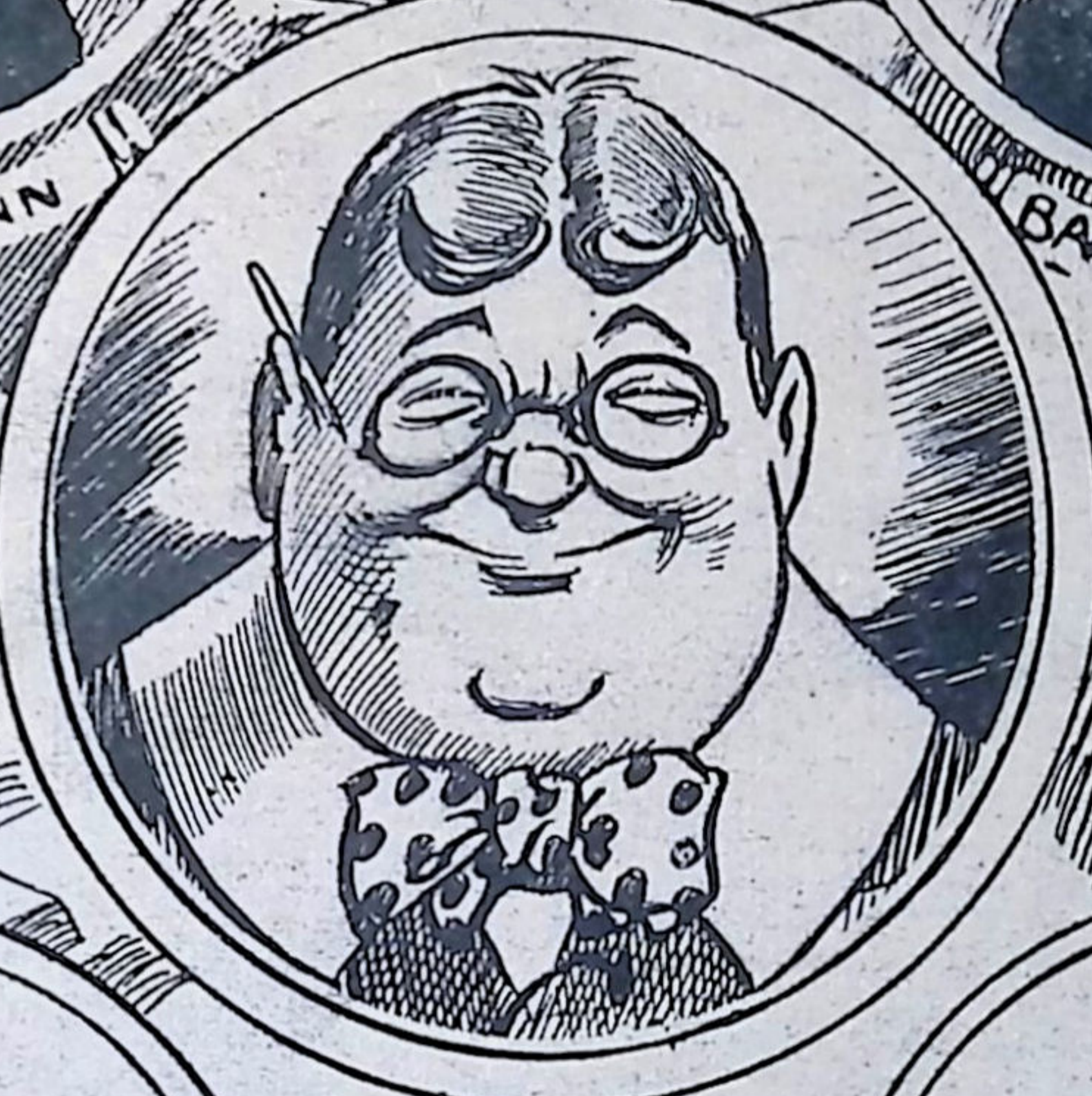
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FATTY WYNN



BAGGY TRIMBLE



BILLY BUNTER and HIS FOUR FAT SUBS



SAMMY BUNTER



TUBBY MUFFIN





The Great Mistake!

A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story of
**HARRY WHARTON & Co's. Early
 Schooldays at Greyfriars.**

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Skinner Eats His Words!

HARRY WHARTON laid down his pen and looked out of the window of Study No. 1. For some time past he had heard unusual noises in the Close, and he wondered what was happening. From the Close came a round of shouting.

"Something's on," said Harry, looking at Frank Nugent, who was baking chestnuts at the fire.

Nugent nodded.

"Yes, I heard a row," he said. "I shouldn't wonder if it's Skinner & Co. up to some little game. They were ragging Linley in his study some time back—a rotten trick."

Harry Wharton frowned. Mark Linley, the scholarship junior, had plenty of trouble on his shoulders at that moment. His father was ill, and consequently unable to work, whilst he himself had recently failed in the Founder's Prize examination. Fifty pounds would have been his had he won—but the money was going to Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, who had any amount of money.

"Look here, Frank, if the cads are ragging Linley, we're going to interfere," said Harry Wharton. "We're not having anything of the sort!"

"Wait till I've finished the chestnuts."

"Oh, blow the chestnuts!"

Nugent rose with a grunt. Bob Cherry looked into the study from the passage with a somewhat excited expression upon his face.

"You fellows heard the row?"

"Yes; we were just going down," said Harry. "What is it? Linley in trouble again?"

"No; he's still in his study. But I believe it's in connection with him—they're shouting out his name, guying him in some way, I suppose."

"The rotters!"

"I'm going to chip in, I think," said Bob. "You fellows can come down and see fair play, if you like."

"What-ho!"

The chums of the Remove hurried downstairs. There was quite a large crowd of juniors in the Close in the sunset light. And there was evidently some very great excitement toward Skinner's device seemed to be causing a great deal of amusement. There were roars of laughter from the fellows in the Close—fellows who hardly knew Linley, and cared nothing about him one way or the other.

"What is it?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Looks like a procession of some sort!"

"Look! Oh, the cads!"

Skinner & Co. came walking by, and several of them were bearing a banner, with the inscription:

"NO HANDS WANTED!"

It was a parody, of course, of the notice frequently seen at the gates of factories, where no labour was required.

But there was a double meaning in Skinner's little joke. He intended it to convey that factory hands were not wanted at Greyfriars.

As the cads of the Remove caught sight of Harry Wharton & Co., they burst into a simultaneous shout:

"Down with factory cads!"

Bob Cherry clenched his hands hard.

"I'm going to charge them," he said.

"You fellows can follow if you like."

"What-ho!" said Harry.

Bob Cherry was already rushing on.

"Line up!" yelled Skinner. "Look out!"

But Bob was upon them in a moment, hitting out furiously.

Harry Wharton and Nugent were only a few seconds behind him, and John Bull and Tom Brown and Balstrode followed them fast.

The procession was knocked to pieces in a moment.

With wild yells, the processionists scattered, and the banner came down to the ground, enveloping the unfortunate Skinner in its folds, and keeping him a prisoner.

As Skinner struggled in the banner, and the others fled, Bob Cherry turned his wrathful eye upon the leader of the procession.

"Get up!" he roared.

"Ow!" gasped Skinner.

"I'm going to lick you! Get up!"

"Yow!"

The juniors dragged the torn banner off the fallen hero. Skinner sat up and gasped; but he showed no desire at all to get upon his feet. Perhaps he thought that Bob Cherry looked too dangerous.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Are you going to get up?" roared Bob.

"Groo! I can't!"

"I'm going to make you eat your words," said Bob Cherry. "You've said enough things about old Marky; I'm going to show all Greyfriars that you're a coward and a rotter!"

"Why can't you mind your own business?" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"Mark Linley's old enough to take his own part, I suppose?"

Bob turned on him in a flash.

"So you must shove your oar in!" he exclaimed. "Do you want to take it up for this cad? If you do, put up your fists!"

The Bounder backed away.

"I don't want to fight you," he said.

"But—"

"Then you'd better shut up! You'll jolly well fight me whether you like it or not, if you give me too much jaw," said Bob.

"Look here—"

"Oh, get out! I'm fed up with you!" said Bob savagely. "Now, then, Skinner, you're going to eat your words! Here you are!"

He dragged the banner towards Skinner, and wrenched off the part of the cloth that bore the inscription daubed in thick ink. Skinner stared at it.

"W-w-what do you mean?" he gasped.

"I'm going to make you eat it," said Bob Cherry. "as much as you can hold, anyway!"

There was a roar of laughter from the juniors crowding round. This novel way of making a fellow eat his words appealed to their sense of humour.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Cherry!"

"Pile in, Skinny!"

Skinner gave a wild glance round for help. But there was no help for him. His friends had fled far, only too glad to escape.

"L-l-look here," gasped Skinner—"look here! I—I'm not going to, you know. Don't be an ass! I'll say I'm sorry!"

"You'll be sorry, whether you say so or not by the time you've finished," said Bob Cherry grimly. "Eat away!"

"Yow! I won't!"

"Then I'll—cram it in, with my knuckles behind it to make it go down," said Bob Cherry.

"Groo! Ow! Help!"

"I guess this is the proper caper," said Fisher T. Fish. "Pile in, Skinner, you may get to like the flavour in time—some!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! I won't! Yow—gr-r-r—rrrrcoo—oh!"

Skinner's open mouth was crammed with inky cloth. Bob Cherry rammed it in, till Skinner gasped and squirmed for breath.

"Gr-r-r-rrrrroo—r-r-r-roooch!"

That was all that Skinner could say. Streams of ink were running out of the

corners of his mouth as the thick lettering on the cloth melted on his tongue. He gasped and choked, and choked and gasped, amid yells of laughter.

"Buck up, Skinny!" howled Ogilvy. "How do you like the flavour?"

"Gr-r-r-roooh!"

"Bite at it, you ass!"

"Gr-r-r-roooh!"

Bob Cherry turned away from the gasping, writhing cad of the Remove.

"If that isn't enough lesson for you, I'll see that you get another!" he exclaimed. "I advise you to let Mark Linley alone."

And Bob walked away with his friends. Skinner staggered to his feet, and spat out the cloth and the ink, spluttering with rage. Loud laughter all round him showed how little sympathy he had to expect.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner staggered away. Under the fountain in the Close he washed out his mouth, stuttering and sputtering with fury.

"But I'll make that factory hound sit up for this!" he muttered again and again.

It was some time before Harold Skinner and his cronies had sufficiently recovered from the thrashing they had received to hold a conference as to the manner of "getting their own back" on Mark Linley.

They were very careful in the working of a scheme which, they eventually decided, was perfect. But when they came to the business part of the scheme it turned out a ghastly failure—and the sneaks of the Remove paid for their mistake in no mean manner.

After that they very wisely decided to leave Mark Linley severely alone—which was just what Mark wanted.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Right Path!

VERNON-SMITH was chuckling quietly to himself when he went to bed that night with the Remove. The Bounder of Greyfriars was in great spirits. All the arrangements were made for his little party that night. Excepting in the case of Coker and Potter, all the intended guests were in high good-humour, and all anticipated a rare old time. Vernon-Smith had been very careful in his selection of guests. All the brightest spirits in the Remove, the Fourth, the Shell, and the Fifth—two or three from each Form—had been selected for the little party at the Cross Keys. The catering had been arranged for, and as Vernon-Smith spent money like water, all was likely to be successful. The Bounder of Greyfriars intended to "blow" the whole of the fifty, and as his credit was good, he was able to blow it before he received it.

It was really a stroke of genius on Vernon-Smith's part, getting Loder, the prefect, as a member of the party. Loder was the biggest blackguard in the school, with the possible exception of Ionides, the Greek.

Vernon-Smith knew his little ways, but it was not easy to get a Sixth-Former in a junior party. But Vernon-Smith had contrived it.

The loan of a five-pound note to gamble with dazzled Loder, and the prospects of a big feed with champagne was very attractive to him. And with a prefect in the party, Vernon-Smith felt safe.

True, his father's influence over the Head was strong enough to save him from being expelled—at all events, he firmly believed so. But the other fellows had more risk to run, and Vernon-Smith did not want them to "funk" at the

last moment, and leave him with a guestless table. He wanted his little party to be a success, and Loder's presence would help to make it so, by giving all the fellows a sense of security. If there were any trouble, the prefect would have to get them out of it; and as the prefects had keys to the side gate, there would be no difficulty in getting in and out of the school for the occasion.

Vernon-Smith and Skinner and Snoop and the others grinned at one another anticipatively as they went to bed. They were to rise at eleven, and make their way to the lower box-room, where the members from the other Forms were to meet them, with Loder and Carne, of the Sixth.

The party were to set out together, and all of them were looking forward to it very much. It was to be the time of their lives, the Bounder of Greyfriars had promised them. Vernon-Smith & Co. were not likely to sleep much before eleven.

There was another fellow, quite ignorant of the Bounder's plans, who was not likely to sleep, either.

It was Mark Linley.

When the Remove went up to bed Mark Linley was not with them. He was still in his study, and he had forgotten bed-time.

The Lancashire lad was alone. Bob Cherry and Wun Lung had respected his desire to be alone, and they had done their prep that evening in John Bull's study. Mark Linley himself had done no preparation at all.

It was the first time he had failed to do his regular work. But he was in no mood for it now, and what was the use? He had to leave Greyfriars.

There was no doubt about that. The unhappy lad paced his study, and thought of it again and again till his head seemed to be bursting.

It could not be helped. His people needed him—without him they must starve—he must leave Greyfriars, and go home and work for them!

It was his duty!

At whatever sacrifice to himself, he knew he must do it. The path of duty lay straight before him; if he did not follow it, his conscience would give him no rest.

"I must go!" groaned the junior.

The career he had hoped for—the honourable position in life which would have enabled him to provide for the old people comfortably—all must be abandoned. He had to provide for the present now—for the passing hour.

And to go home empty-handed—to add one more mouth to those waiting to be fed. It must be so till he could get work.

To tell his people that he had been disappointed about the prize—that he had nothing—nothing but his two hands to devote to their service. That they must starve till he obtained work.

Mark Linley opened the drawer where the box of money reposed, and looked at it. He had made up his accounts fully, and left them in perfect order for the committee to see. But—but the money!

He opened the box mechanically. The glimmer of gold and silver in the gaslight struck strangely on his weary eyes.

"Oh, what shall I do?" he muttered.

He thought of the anxious, pinched faces at home—of what this money would mean to them. He had been tempted before, but he had conquered the temptation. Now it had returned, and he fingered the money restlessly. Then again that strange fancy came to him—from somewhere an echo seemed to ring in his ears:

"Thief!"

The boy started.

Had a real voice spoken, or was it simply the voice of conscience—that inward voice that Providence has given for our guidance?

He drew a deep breath.

All seemed to become clear to him in a moment. Whatever happened, whatever might chance, it was wrong to steal—and out of evil good could not come! Whatever Fate might hold in store for him, it was best to face it with a clear conscience and clean hands.

Mark Linley had decided.

At the cross-roads of life he had chosen the right path. He locked the box, and packed it away in the drawer. From that moment he never looked back, and the terrible temptation ceased to haunt him.

It was finished!

There was a step in the passage. Harry Wharton knocked at the study door and opened it, and looked in.

"Oh, here you are!" he exclaimed. "It's bed-time, Marky. Old Wingate's waiting."

Mark started.

"I forgot!"

"Buck up, then!"

Mark Linley hurried up to the Remove dormitory with Wharton. Wingate, of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, was waiting inside the doorway, and he gave the junior a grim look.

"Didn't you know it was bed-time?" he demanded.

"I—I forgot," Mark stammered. "I'm sorry!"

"Well, tumble into bed," said Wingate, with gruff good-nature.

And Mark Linley tumbled in.

But he did not sleep. Wingate turned out the light, and retired, closing the door of the dormitory. Mark lay awake, his eyes staring into the darkness, thinking.

He had to leave Greyfriars!

He would go with hands clean, his conscience unspotted. But he had to go; there was no doubt about that.

It was his last night at the old school!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Caught!

HALF-PAST ten chimed from the tower.

Mark Linley sat up in bed.

The Remove dormitory was dark and silent. Round him boys were sleeping soundly.

Some were nodding and dozing, one or two were awake. Among the latter was Herbert Vernon-Smith. He was waiting for the hour of the expedition, and sleep did not visit his eyelids.

He heard Mark move in his bed, and listened. Mark stepped out quietly, and found his clothes in the dark.

There was a glimmer of moonlight from the high windows—light sufficient for the Lancashire lad.

Vernon-Smith looked at him from his bedclothes, and gave a grunt. He saw that it was a junior dressing himself, but in the dim light he could not recognise whom it was.

"It's not time yet," he said, in a low voice.

Mark Linley gave a great start.

He had imagined that all the dormitory slept, with the exception of himself; and Vernon-Smith's voice, suddenly in the darkness, was startling.

"Who spoke?" asked Mark, looking round.

"I did," said the Bounder.

"Smith! What do you mean?"

"It's not time yet. That was only half-past ten, and we do not get up till eleven."

Mark looked at him, greatly puzzled.

"I don't understand you," he said. Then it was Vernon-Smith's turn to start, as he recognised the voice of the lad from Lancashire.

"Who's that?" he exclaimed. "Is that you, Linley?"

"Yes."
"What are you getting up for?"

Mark did not reply.
"You're not coming with us," said Vernon-Smith, in surprise. "I don't see what you're getting out of bed for."

"I am certainly not going anywhere with you," said Mark drily.

"Then what's the game?"

"That's my business."
"Are you going out?"

"Yes."
"Breaking bounds, eh?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mark quietly.

Vernon-Smith whistled softly.

"Blessed if I knew you were that sort!" he said. "You've kept it jolly dark up till now, anyway. Look here, Linley, if you're really the right sort, you can come to my little party if you like."

Mark's lip curled.

"I'm afraid I'm not what you would consider one of the right sort," he replied. "I should be very unsuitable for your little party. Besides, I've no time to spare."

"Where are you going?"

"I have nothing to tell you, Smith."

The Bounder yawned.

"Oh, just as you like!" he exclaimed.

"I don't care! I suppose you are up to some lark; but it's your own bizney. Say nothing about my little larks, and I'll say nothing about yours. That's fair."

Mark made no reply. He had several things to do before he left. He made up his few belongings into a little bundle. His books and other things would be sent after him later, when he got home.

Mark had thought it out, and he felt that it was better to leave in this way. He could leave a note in his study explaining to the Head.

He had to go, and it was better to go quietly in the night, without his enemies in the school rejoicing at his going, without having to face the sympathy—harder to bear than enmity—which his friends would feel.

Better to disappear quietly from Greyfriars, as if he had never entered the place; better to go without a word.

He knew that his friends would understand. As for his foes, they would be deprived of their last chance of ragging the departing junior.

It was better so.

Yet as Mark Linley stood, bundle in hand, and took his last glance round the dormitory, he felt a strange throb in his heart.

He had had many troubles at Greyfriars; he had had an uphill battle to fight there. Yet it had grown very dear to him.

He loved the old place—every grey old stone in the walls, every clustering trail of ivy, every old arch and red roof in the place.

It had all grown very dear to him. His friends, too, sleeping quietly without knowing that he was going. Even his enemies—they were at least familiar faces—whom he would never gaze upon again.

There was no resentment in his heart now, only grief.

It was only for a few moments, however, that Mark stood looking along the dormitory at the rows of quiet beds, the sleeping juniors.

Then he turned with a firm step towards the door.

It wanted but ten minutes to eleven now, and he had no time to lose if he

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was to catch the last up train from Friar-dale Station.

He quitted the dormitory, and closed the door quietly behind him. He made his way along the densely-dark passage.

Suddenly he started.

His hand, stretched out before him to feel the way, had come into contact with a human body. The Lancashire lad started back in amazement and alarm.

There was a voice from the darkness.

"Who's that?"

Mark was relieved. He had naturally thought of burglars, but the voice was the voice of Hobson of the Shell.

"Hobson!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Who's that?"

"I'm Mark Linley."

"You ain't one of us, then?" said Hobson, endeavouring, unsuccessfully, to peer through the gloom at the features of the Lancashire lad.

"No," said Mark.

"Where's Smithy?"

"Still in bed, I believe."

"Oh! I'm going to the box-room to wait for him," said Hobson. "I don't know what you're doing out, Linley, but if you ain't coming to the party you'd better get back to bed."

And Hobson groped on his way.

Mark stood still in the passage. He began to understand what was going on.

Vernon-Smith was going to celebrate the winning of the Founder's Fifty by some jollification out of the school bounds at a late hour. If Mark held to his original plan, and went on to the box-room, he would probably run right into the rendezvous of the jolly party.

It was almost as easy to leave the School House by a lower window.

There was a window at the end of the Sixth Form passage that gave upon a rainpipe clustered with ivy.

Mark Linley turned his steps in that direction.

There was a glimmer of light in the passage from the big window at the end.

From the rooms as he passed Mark heard sounds of slumber, a most decided snore from Walker's room. The Sixth at Greyfriars had separate bed-rooms, which were their studies during the day. Mark Linley trod very lightly as he passed the door of Wingate's study. There was a light still burning there, showing that the captain of Greyfriars had not yet gone to bed.

Eleven!

The strokes came booming out from the clock-tower.

The door of Loder's study, next to Wingate's, opened, and Loder, the prefect, came stepping quietly out. He stepped very quietly because he knew that Wingate had not yet gone to bed, and he had to be very careful not to let the captain of Greyfriars get upon the scent of the intended jollification at the Cross Keys.

But it was unfortunate for Loder, under the circumstances. For Mark Linley was also stepping along very quietly, and, as neither made a sound, they crashed together without the least warning just outside Loder's door.

Bump!

Loder staggered back with a sharp exclamation. Mark Linley reeled against the wall, gasping. The bundle fell from his hand, falling with a crash upon the floor of the passage.

There was a movement in Wingate's study.

Loder gritted his teeth.

Before he could retreat to his own room, or decide what to do—before Mark Linley could make a movement to escape—Wingate's door was thrown open, and bright light streamed out into the dusk of the passage.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Quite Off!

WINGATE stepped out of his study in surprise. The light showed Mark Linley and Loder, and the bundle lying on the floor,

with several articles scattered from it in the fall.

Wingate looked from one to another of them.

"What one earth's the matter?" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here, Linley—at this time of the night, too? What does this bundle mean?"

Loder turned quite pale for a moment.

In his mind's eye he could see himself reported to the Head, deprived of his prefectship, if not expelled from the school; for if the whole matter came out, and there was an inquiry by the Head, there was no doubt that some of the juniors concerned would betray all the circumstances of the planned jollification. It was not safe to depend upon fellows like Snoop and Skinner, for instance, to show a fastidious sense of honour. And the heaviest punishment would fall upon the prefect who had lent his authority to such an outrageous breach of the rules.

But Loder's brain was quick to work. Nothing was known to Wingate yet, and, if he was careful, nothing need be known. There was a scapegoat already provided in the person of Mark Linley.

"It's this young whelp!" he said thickly. "I've caught him!"

"Caught him! Linley!"

"Yes. I—I heard somebody sneaking along the passage, and came out quickly to catch him," said Loder, recovering his nerve, as he realised how extremely plausible his falsehood sounded. "I guessed it was one of the Remove going to break bounds."

"I'm jolly glad you caught him, then," said Wingate unsuspectingly.

"He passed my door, I suppose; but I never heard him. Linley, where were you going?"

Mark Linley did not reply. He was inclined to make a bolt for it; but it would hardly have done. Besides, Wingate blocked the way in one direction, and Loder in the other.

Wingate's brow grew very stern.

"You had better answer me, Linley," he said. "You are fully dressed, and going, I suppose, to the window yonder. Were you going out?"

"Yes," said Mark.

"Then you were breaking bounds?"

"In a sense, yes."

"I am surprised at this in you, Linley. I never dreamed that you were that sort of boy," said the Greyfriars captain.

Mark smiled faintly.

"And I am not, either," he said. "I was not going down to the Cross Keys, Wingate."

"Where were you going, then?"

There was no help for it. Mark had to make a clean breast of it, or else have a much worse construction placed upon his actions.

"I was going to the railway-station," he said.

Wingate stared at him.

"The railway-station! What for?"

"To catch the last up-train."

"What—what! You were running away from school?" exclaimed the Greyfriars captain, in utter astonishment.

"Not exactly. I was leaving Greyfriars, and I wanted to leave it quietly. I've got to go," said Mark dully.

"Why?"

"Because I've lost the Founder's Fifty, and I've got to work."

Wingate's face softened.

"I'm sorry if things are like this, Linley. It's hard cheese on you. But



"I'm going to make you eat your words," said Bob Cherry, jamming the banner half into Skinner's mouth. "You've said too much about poor old Linley, and I'm going to give you a much needed lesson." "Ow! Groooo! You rotter, Cherry!" (See Chapter 1.)

you cannot go in this manner. I understand your feelings, but you cannot do it. You must see the Head in the morning, and explain the situation to him."

"He wouldn't understand," said Mark drearily. "He doesn't know what poverty is—he would never see. But—"

"You cannot go without permission."

"Yes, but—"

"Come, you must get back to your dormitory," said Wingate. "I'll see that you do. Pick up those things you've dropped. It's all right, Loder; I'll look after this."

"Right-ho!" said Loder indifferently.

But as he turned back into his study he ground his teeth with rage, for he knew that the expedition was over for that night.

He could not very well raise any objection to Wingate's going to the Remove dormitory, but if Wingate went there he would find the Bounder and his friends either up and dressing or already gone—it was already nearly ten minutes past eleven—and then all would be up.

Wingate, quite unconscious of anything of the sort, marched the Lancashire lad back to the Remove dormitory. Mark Linley went quietly. It would have been useless to resist, and he would never have raised his hand, in any case, against Wingate, the most popular fellow in the college. At the same time, he was bitterly disappointed. He had longed, with a longing that will be easily understood, to get out of the school, since he had to go, without general attention being fixed upon

his going. Poverty was no crime, but Mark did not like dragging it out in the public light for pity and contempt.

But he could not help himself now. Wingate opened the door of the Remove dormitory, and switched on the electric light.

"Get to bed, Linley," he said. "In the morning you can see the Head, and if you seriously wish to go—My hat!"

Wingate broke off in astonishment.

The sudden turning on of the light had revealed half a dozen juniors out of bed, most of them very nearly dressed, and all of them finishing dressing.

They stood dumbfounded, taken utterly by surprise at the sudden discovery.

Even Vernon-Smith, cool as he was, was taken utterly aback. He stood with his collar and tie in his hand, staring blankly at Wingate.

"My—my only hat!" Wingate ejaculated. "What on earth does all this mean?"

Snoop made a dive back to bed. The others stood still, staring at the captain of Greyfriars.

"What does this mean?" thundered Wingate, advancing into the room. "I needn't ask you, Vernon-Smith, if you're the leader—I know you are!"

The Bounder caught his breath.

Punishment or no punishment, the expedition was "busted" for that night, at least, and Vernon-Smith was furious. He glared at Mark Linley, whom he regarded, unjustly enough, as the cause of the discovery.

"Will you explain, Smith?" asked Wingate ominously. "I suppose you were not all going to run away from school, eh?"

The Bounder grinned a little.

"No," he said.

"Where were you going?"

"We had an idea of a sprint round the Close to keep us fit," said the Bounder coolly. He had quite recovered his nerve by this time, only a minute or so as it was. "We are in want of exercise, you know."

Wingate gasped. The cool effrontery of such an explanation took his breath away. Some of the other fellows chuckled—they could not help it.

"Don't tell absurd falsehoods, Smith," said the Greyfriars captain sternly.

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I've explained," he said.

"Will you tell me the truth? If you will not, it makes no difference—you were certainly going to break bounds. I shall make a note of all your names and report you to your Form-master in the morning."

"Oh!" said Skinner.

"You will all be caned," said Wingate; "but you may be glad that I have caught you. If you had succeeded in breaking bounds, you might have been expelled for it. And I shall keep an eye on you in future now that I know you all."

The intended celebrators could only gaze at him in dismay. Most of the fellows in the dormitory had been

awakened by the turning on of the light and the sound of voices, and even Bunter was sitting up in bed.

The fat junior groped for his glasses, and put them upon his fat little nose, and blinked reprovingly at Vernon-Smith.

"I say, you fellows," he exclaimed, "now you're bowled out, you know, you ought to remember what I told you all along. You remember how I cautioned you against goings-on of this sort, Smithy!"

"Liar!" said the Bounder.

"Oh, really, Smithy! You must remember how I came into your study, and begged you, with tears in my eyes, not to make up this party to go to the Cross Keys—"

"Shut up!" whispered Skinner savagely.

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"The Cross Keys, eh?" said Wingate, with lowering brows.

"Oh, that's Bunter's imagination!" said Vernon-Smith. "I suppose you know what a liar Bunter is?"

"Oh, really, you know, Smithy—"

"I shall take no notice of what Bunter has said," replied Wingate; "but I shall certainly report to your Form-master that you boys were up and dressed, preparing to go out, at a quarter-past eleven at night. He will deal with you as he thinks fit. Now go to bed, all of you. I shall lock the dormitory door on the outside to-night."

The intended celebrators turned in. There was no help for it—the expedition was, evidently "off." Wingate grimly watched them to bed, and turned off the light, and closed the dormitory door. The juniors within heard the key turn in the lock.

"My word!" murmured Skinner. "What about the other chaps? They'll be waiting in the box-room for us, Smithy."

Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth.

"Let 'em wait!" he said.

"It's a bit rough on them."

"Oh, hang them!" said the Bounder.

"And Loder, too—he'll be wild—and Carne."

"Hang them!"

The Bounder scowled into the darkness. Gladly enough he would have ragged Mark Linley for being the inadvertent cause of the discovery, but there were plenty of fellows in the Remove dormitory to take Linley's part if it came to that. The Bounder scowled himself to sleep.

In the box-room several youths of various Forms waited for the Bounder to come—and waited in vain. Loder never gave them a thought, and nobody was able to get out of the Remove dormitory to speak to them, even if inclined to do so. Fellows of the Shell, the Fourth, and the Fifth—gay dogs who had been going to "keep it up" at the Cross Keys at Vernon-Smith's little party—waited and waited, and said things.

They got tired at last. They crept back to their various dormitories, vowing vengeance upon the Bounder. They could only conclude that Vernon-Smith had been japing them, especially when Hobson crept to the Remove dormitory and found the door locked, and no key there. He did not know that the door was locked on the outside, and the key in Wingate's pocket.

The disappointed roysterers crept back to bed, promising Vernon-Smith all sorts of things on the morrow, and some of the promises were kept.

THE POPULAR.—No. 107.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Great News!

MARK LINLEY slept little that night.

His attempt to leave Greyfriars quietly, without attracting attention had been prevented; but that he had to go, all the same, was clear.

Most of the night the Lancashire lad lay awake thinking of the gloomy prospect before him, turning over in his mind his plans for the weary future.

To go home—to work—to do his duty by his parents—that was evidently the path of duty, and Mark never thought of shrinking from it.

But it was hard!

Morning light gleamed at last into the windows of the Remove dormitory, and Mark Linley rose before the rising-bell clanged out. He had packed his box, and made all his preparations for leaving Greyfriars before the other fellows were up.

He went downstairs at the same time as the rest of the Remove. Wingate met the juniors in the Lower Hall.

"Vernon-Smith, you are wanted in Mr. Quelch's study—and the others," he said. "He is going to attend to you before breakfast."

And the Bounder & Co. went into their Form-master's study, and were "attended to" for their escapade of the previous night; and they came out of the study with their hands tucked under their arms, squirming in all sorts of attitudes indicative of anguish.

"You are to go in and see the Head before school," said Wingate to Mark; and the Lancashire lad nodded without replying.

Wingate laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"I hope it won't be necessary for you to leave Greyfriars, Linley," he said. "You are doing well here, and it would be a great pity."

"Thank you!" said Mark.

"What's that?" exclaimed Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry together, as the Greyfriars captain walked away.

"What's that? Leave Greyfriars?" Mark nodded.

"I've got to go," he said.

"Why?" asked Bob. "You—you sha'n't go! I won't let you! Hang it all, what do you want to leave Greyfriars for, you ass?"

"I don't want to, Bob."

"Then why are you going?" Harry Wharton demanded.

"I can't help it."

"Look here—" began Bob.

"It's through losing the Founder's Fifty," said Mark wearily. "My father's sick and out of work; I've got to get back and work for the family. Don't tell the other fellows; I'm explaining this to you, that's all. I don't want you to think I want to leave—I've got to."

"Poor old Marky!" said Bob Cherry softly.

"I don't want to be pitied by a crowd of fellows," said Mark feverishly. "I wanted to get away quietly last night, but Wingate stopped me. I've got to see the Head now; but I shall go to-day."

"Oh, it's rotten!" said Harry Wharton. "I say, can't anything be done?"

Mark shook his head.

"Nothing."

Before morning lessons, Mark Linley presented himself at the Head's study. The doctor was waiting for him. He had a letter in his hand, and he fixed a most peculiar look upon Mark as he came in.

"Ah! It is you, Linley!" he said. "I hear from Wingate that you tried to leave the school last night."

"I wanted to get away without any

fuss, sir," said Mark. "I'm sorry, but I shall have to go, all the same. I'm wanted at home."

"Why are you wanted at home?" Mark hesitated.

"You can speak quite frankly to me, my dear lad," said the Head kindly. "I have some idea how matters stand."

"Somebody's got to keep the wolf from the door," said Mark desperately. "Father's laid up, and mayn't be able to work for weeks—perhaps months. You don't understand our position, sir. We're poor people. We only have something to live on so long as father's in work. When that fails, everything goes."

"I quite understand, Linley. And if you had won the Founder's Prize of fifty pounds, it would have saved the situation?"

"Yes, sir."

"That would have tided your family over their present difficulties?"

"More than that, sir. My father intended to place half the money in the bank in my name, to be reserved for my expenses when I pass into a higher Form here. Half of it would have been enough to save my people. But—"

"Then I think I have some good news for you, Linley."

Mark flushed scarlet.

"If—if you please, sir, I—I hope you won't offer me anything. I—I couldn't accept charity, sir!"

"I was not going to offer you charity, Linley."

"Excuse me, sir. I—I'm so rotten just now, I hardly know what I'm saying. But—but I don't see what the good news can be."

"It's about the Founder's Prize."

"Oh! Perhaps I've won the second prize, sir," said Mark. "Books. I should be glad to have it, but—"

"You have not won the second prize. You have won the first prize," said the Head quietly.

Mark Linley started.

"The—the what, sir?"

"The first prize. As you know, the name of the winner only was sent to me by wire, and fuller information was to follow by letter, which reached me by the first post this morning. I find that, owing to an error on the part of the clerk who sent the telegram, the name of the winner of the second prize was given instead of the name of the winner of the first prize."

(Continued on page 14.)



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WINNING HIS WAY!

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By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Problem for Uncle James.

"COME in here, Jimmy Silver!" Jimmy Silver was passing the door of Mornington's study, when the dandy of the Fourth called out to him.

Jimmy paused and looked in.

As the captain of the Fourth was on the worst of terms with Mornington, he was surprised. But Jimmy Silver was always good-natured. Jimmy had a footer under his arm, and was bound for Little Side. But he stopped.

"Hallo!" he said cheerily.

"Come in," said Mornington. "I want to speak to you."

"Well, I'm just going down to the footer," said Jimmy Silver. "Lovell will be yelling for me in a tick or two. But what is it?"

"Sorry to encroach on your valuable time," said Mornington, with a sarcastic smile; "but I understand that you play the role of Uncle James to the Fourth Form, an' Rookwood generally, and I'm in want of advice."

"You've come to the right chap for it," said Jimmy Silver heartily. "I'll give you some good advice. Chuck that packet of cigarettes in the fire—"

"Eh?"

"Pitch your cards and bridge-markers after them—"

"Look here—"

"And come down to footer practice, instead of slacking in the study," continued Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Or get out your skates and have a run on the river—it's frozen hard as bricks. It will do you no end of good. That's good advice, if you want it."

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" growled Mornington. "Look here, it's about that kid Murphy, in the Second Form."

Jimmy Silver became serious at once.

Jimmy was interested in "Erbert," the waif of Rookwood, the little ragamuffin whom Mornington had rescued from want, and brought to the school.

"What about 'Erbert?" asked Jimmy. "I thought he was getting on better with the fags. I haven't heard of any ragging lately."

"No; they've given that up," said Mornington, "and they've chucked scrappin' with him. He's licked Jones minimus, who seems to be their great fightin'-man, and they don't want any more. They've sent him to Coventry."

"Poor old 'Erbert!"

"I didn't know it for some time," continued Mornington. "The little bounder doesn't complain. But I've found it out. Of course, 'Erbert is a bit queer for Rookwood. My own pals won't speak to him. He offends their aristocratic nerves!"

Mornington sneered bitterly. With all his faults, the dandy of the Fourth was

not troubled with snobbishness. He was arrogant, self-willed, purse-proud, and full of "swank," but that meanest of all weaknesses was not a part of his character.

"'Erbert's good enough for me, you know, but not for Towny an' Topy an' Peele an' the rest," he continued. "But they don't matter so long as he can get on all right in his own Form."

Jimmy Silver nodded. He had thought a good deal about 'Erbert, and the problem of his getting on at Rookwood.

"They've got it up against him that I picked him up on the road," continued Mornington, "and that my guardian pays his fees here. And, of course, he drops his h's, and does things. No harm in him, but he's a bit queer for Rookwood, as I said. The little beasts have made a set against him, and it must be pretty hard for the kid. He don't complain, but he looks down at the mouth. I think he'd like to get away from Rookwood altogether. That would be losin' what is really a big chance for him. Don't you think so?"

"Yes; he ought to stay," said Jimmy.

"I've tried thrashin' the fags," said Mornington. "That didn't seem to do any good."

"You're such a swanking ass, Morny!" said Jimmy crossly. "That only made matters worse. Why the dickens should they take any notice of you?"

Mornington scowled.

"Well, I admit my interferin' didn't do any good," he said. "But I don't like to see the poor little beast with a face as long as a fiddle. I can't think of anythin', an' if you could, I'd be obliged. You seem to have taken some interest in the lad, an' he's a good little beast, too, in his way."

Jimmy Silver looked curiously at the slacker of the Fourth.

It was a never-ending puzzle to him why Mornington, the blackguard and "rotter" of Rookwood, had taken so much trouble about the unfortunate little waif.

It reminded him of Shakespeare's remark that there is "some soul of goodness in things evil."

Mornington's character was about as full of faults, and most unpleasant faults, as a character could be. Yet there was a streak of good running through it.

"I suppose you're surprised at my askin' you," said Mornington, with a sneering smile. "But it's no good askin' my pals for advice. They agree with Jones minimus and his gang. They'd be glad to see 'Erbert booted out of Rookwood."

"Precious pals!" growled Jimmy Silver.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, can you suggest anything?" he asked.

"It's a giddy problem," said Jimmy Silver. "I didn't know they'd sent the kid to Coventry. He hasn't said anything about it to me, and I often speak to him. I'll think it over, and see whether there's anything doing."

"Jimmy!" roared Lovell from the stairs.

"Jimmy, you ass, where's that footer?" yelled Raby.

"Jimmy, you fathead, where are you?" came Newcome's inquiring voice, in stentorian tones.

"I'll think it over, Mornington," said Jimmy, and he quitted the study, and joined his chums on the stairs.

"Waiting for you, you duffer!" growled Lovell. "Jawing to Mornington?"

"Yes."

"Does he want a place in the eleven again?" grinned Raby.

Jimmy laughed.

"No; it's 'Erbert this time. The Second Form have sent the poor little chap to Coventry. We ought to do something or other."

"Let's take some of the fellows and mop up the Second Form," suggested Lovell. "Thrash the whole gang of 'em."

"Well, that would be some satisfaction; but it wouldn't do 'Erbert any good," said Jimmy laughing. "They're not bad kids, most of them. It's just rotten prejudice."

"Well, let's get down to the footer now. 'Erbert will keep," suggested Newcome.

The Fistical Four left the School House, and proceeded to Little Side. There was not much time for practice before afternoon lessons

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

'Erbert Loses His Temper.

"I ain't no blooming good!"

'Erbert of the Second was communing with himself.

The new fag had strolled out of the school gates after lessons on his "lonesome." 'Erbert had a sensitive pride that few would have suspected. His own Form-fellows did not want his company, and 'Erbert shrank from inflicting himself upon the Fourth-Formers who had been kind to him.

He had wandered some distance from Rookwood, when there was a patter of feet in the road from the direction of Coombe, and 'Erbert looked up.

Tracy minor of the Second came panting up the road.

He paused as he saw the fag by the stile, and turned towards him. Tracy minor, the younger brother of the superb

Tracy of the Shell, had been one of 'Erbert's bitterest persecutors in the Second Form.

But now he came up to 'Erbert quickly, apparently quite forgetting the contempt and enmity he had never failed to display towards the little outcast.

'Erbert had gone on dusting his clothes after one glance at Tracy. He did not expect the nut of the Second to speak to him.

"Murphy!" panted Tracy.

'Erbert blinked at him in surprise.

"Take this!" muttered Tracey, pressing a packet into 'Erbert's hand.

"Wot?"

"Keep it dark! Neville's after me!" panted Tracy minor. "Take that and cut off with it, there's a good chap! I'll ask you for it afterwards!"

"Wot is it?"

"Never mind what it is! Keep it dark, or I shall get a fearful lickin'!"

'Erbert's lip curled.

"You're forgetting that I'm in Coventry, ain't you?" he said sardonically.

"I—I'm sorry I—I haven't spoken to you!" panted Tracy. "I say, do be a good chap and take that packet away! Quick!"

"Orl right!" said 'Erbert.

"Quick—quick! Neville will be round the corner in a minute!" panted Tracy.

'Erbert nodded, and, thrusting the mysterious packet under his Eton jacket, he vaulted over the stile and ran across the field.

Tracy minor, breathing hard, walked on towards Rookwood, with uneasy glances over his shoulder.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Tracy Minor's Gratitude.

"STOP!"

Neville of the Sixth came round the bend in the lane at a run. The prefect's face was very angry.

"Tracy minor! Stop, you young rascal!"

Tracy stopped.

The Sixth-Former came up, flushed and breathing heavily.

"You young sweep, what have you given me this chase for?" he demanded.

"I—I didn't see it was you!" stammered Tracy. "I—I thought it was one of the Bagshot chaps—"

"Don't tell lies!" said the prefect savagely. "You cut off because I saw you talking to the man from the Bird-in-Hand!"

"He just stopped me and asked me the time, Neville," said the fag meekly. "I couldn't help that, could I?"

"He handed you something!" said Neville.

Tracy shook his head.

"Didn't he hand you a packet of some sort?" exclaimed the prefect, eyeing the fag sharply.

"No, he didn't! Why should he?"

"Yes, why should he, you little rascal?" said Neville. "He did, and I know what was in it—cigarettes. I've had my eye on you some time, Tracy minor. I know pretty well that you've been smuggling smokes into the school for some senior."

"I—I haven't, Neville!"

"Give me that packet!"

"I haven't one!"

"Turn out your pockets!"

Tracy minor turned out his pockets. As 'Erbert had vanished across the field with the tell-tale packet, Tracy was quite willing to do that.

Neville eyed him very suspiciously. He was almost certain that he had seen the man from the Bird-in-Hand handing

Tracy minor a packet. But certainly there was no packet about the fag.

"I suppose you've thrown it over the hedge," said Neville, "intending to pick it up when I'm gone. Well, get back to Rookwood at once, and don't go out of gates again to-day."

"Yes, Neville."

Tracy minor cut off to Rookwood.

The prefect looked after him angrily and doubtfully, and then crossed the stile and looked along the hedge. He looked about him for a good ten minutes, but he could find no trace of a packet of cigarettes, and he had to conclude that he had been mistaken, or that Tracy minor was an especially deep young rascal.

While Neville was thus occupied, Tracy minor reached Rookwood breathless, and proceeded to Adolphus Smythe's study in the Shell passage. Smythe and Howard and Tracy major were there.

"Got it?" asked Smythe.

"Neville spotted me."

The nuts of the Shell looked alarmed.

"You silly young ass!" exclaimed Tracy major. "You've let a prefect find out—"

"It's all serene! I fooled him!" said the fag. "I got another chap to cut off with it. I'll get it back when he turns up."

"So Neville didn't find anything out?" asked Howard.

"No fear!"

"Good!"

"Well, get the smokes as soon as you can," said Smythe. "I'm right out of 'em, an' I must have a smoke after tea. Cut off!"

And the fag left the study.

Tracy minor waited for 'Erbert to come in in a rather uncomfortable mood. He had made use of the outsider, under the stress of circumstances, and had thus broken the law of "Coventry." His Form-fellows would be "down" on him if they learned it, and still more down upon him if they knew what his errand had been.

The young rascal was used to performing this kind of errand for the nuts of the Shell, and sometimes for Carthew of the Sixth, but it was a great secret. Jones minimus would certainly have punched him severely for bringing discredit on the Second Form in that way. The truculent Jones had punched Tracy major himself for having asked him to smuggle in cigarettes.

"Rotten luck!" Tracy minor growled to himself. "The beastly little cad will want to be friendly now I've spoken to him. I'll jolly soon let him see that that won't do, though!"

Neville of the Sixth came in, and gave the fag a grim look as he passed him in the quadrangle. But he did not speak. He was not certain of the young rascal's delinquency, and he could not act without proof.

'Erbert had saved the nut of the Second from a severe licking, but Tracy minor was not troubled with considerations of gratitude. He was only thinking that the service he had rendered would cause 'Erbert to assume familiarity with him. And it would be necessary to be diplomatic with the outsider till he had recovered the cigarettes, at all events. After that, Tracy minor intended to put him in his place sharply enough.

'Erbert appeared at last, and Tracy waylaid him under the beeches.

"Got it?" he asked.

"'Ere you are!" said 'Erbert. "Look 'ere, Tracy, this is a cigarette packet."

"I know it is, you ass!"

"It ain't allowed to bring this 'ere into the school," said 'Erbert. "Master Silver told me so."

"You mind your own business!" said Tracy minor. "Give me the packet."

"'Ere it is!"

Tracy minor slipped the packet into an inside pocket. Then he hurried away, and the precious articles were soon safely delivered in Adolphus Smythe's study.

'Erbert went in to tea in Hall looking rather more cheerful. Tracy minor had broken through the rule of Coventry of his own accord. One fellow in the Form, at least, was willing to speak to him. 'Erbert felt that it was a beginning.

And when the fags went to the Form-room for evening preparation with Mr. Wiggins, 'Erbert nodded in a friendly way to Tracy minor.

A cold stare was the response.

'Erbert reddened.

"Lost your tongue, Tracy?" he asked bitterly.

Tracy walked on without speaking.

"Can't speak to a cove now—wot?" said 'Erbert, with resentful contempt. "You could speak fast enough this artemoon."

"What's that, Tracy?" exclaimed Jones minimus, catching the words. "Have you been speaking to that fellow?"

Tracy sniffed.

"Not likely!" he said.

"Why, you know you did!" shouted 'Erbert angrily. "Didn't you ask me to take that there packet away when Neville was arter you? You know you did!"

"It's a lie!" said Tracy minor calmly. And he went to his place.

'Erbert gave the fags a bitter look.

"I ain't good enough for you," he said. "You can't speak to a cove. But I ain't the bloke to tell dirty lies like that there. That bloke's a liar!"

There was no reply from the fags, though some of them looked very suspiciously at Tracy minor. Mr. Wiggins came in, and 'Erbert went to his place, with a sullen brow. His short-lived hopes had been dashed to the ground. Tracy minor could speak to him when it served his turn, but not otherwise. The outcast of Rookwood was still in Coventry, so far as the Second Form was concerned.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver's Idea.

"FEED the brute!"

Jimmy Silver made that remark quite suddenly in the end study the following day.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome stared at him. As they had been discussing a forthcoming football match with Greyfriars, Jimmy's remark seemed a little out of place.

"What are you burbling about now, Jimmy?" asked Lovell.

"Feed the brute!" said Jimmy.

"That's an old maxim. You can always get round a brute by feeding him."

"What the merry dickens—"

"About young 'Erbert, you know!"

"Oh, bless young 'Erbert!" said Newcome. "Look here, I'm sorry for young 'Erbert, but we don't want this study haunted by young 'Erbert."

"Mornington asked my advice."

"Like his cheek!"

"Well, I said I'd do my best, and I'm going to, and you fellows are going to help."

"Oh, we'll take him to our manly bosoms and weep over him, if you like!" said Raby resignedly. "Anything for a quiet life!"

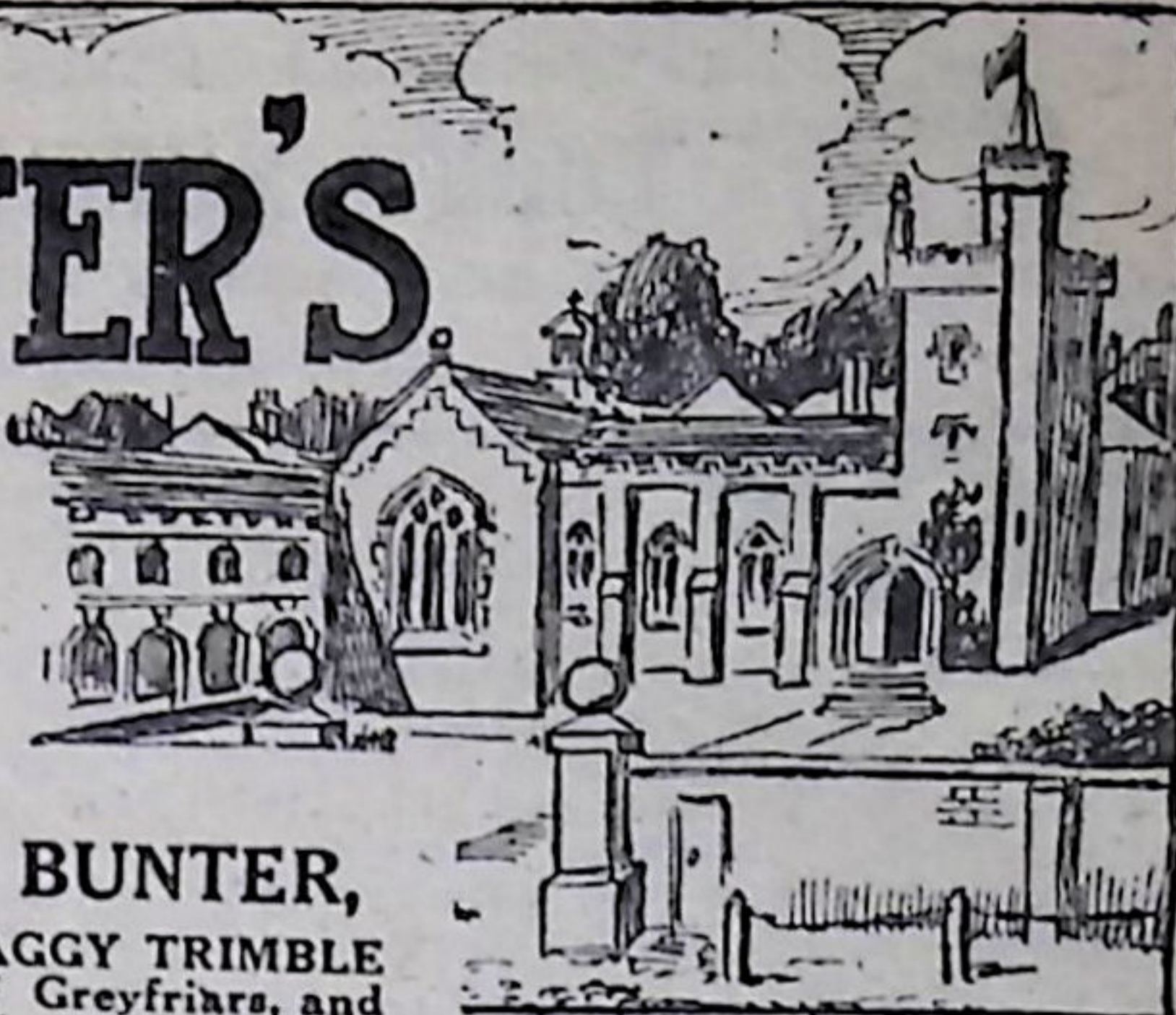
"But what's that about feeding him?" asked Raby. "And what are you calling him a brute for?"

"Fathead! That's the idea. The noble youths in the Second Form have sent

(Continued on page 9.)



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY



EDITED BY
WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER,
Assisted by **FATTY WYNN** and **BAGGY TRIMBLE**
of St. Jim's, **SAMMY BUNTER** of Greyfriars, and
TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.

IN YORE EDDITER'S DEN!

My Deer Readers,—Most of you have herd of my famus "Weekly," and those who haven't are not worth trubbling about!

In the past my little jernal has appeered in spazzums, by the curtsey of the Edditer of the Companion Papers. But arranjements have now been maid to publish it evvery week, and this, being the 1st number, is No. 1.

I feel sure that the publicashun of my wonderful "Weekly" will make the popular POPULAR popular. It will give a toan to the paper—it will lend it a personallity. As John Ruskin, the famus inventor of rusks, said, "A paper without Billy Bunter in it is like a house without windoes."

In previous issews of my paper I have been ass enuff to do all the donky work, but now that my jernal is to appeer evvery week I realize that I shall need help. Four subbedditors have been engaged, and the fool staff is as folloes:

EDDITER, Soopreme Kontroller, Soul Man- niger, Chairman, Pressident, Bored of Direktors, and Head Cook and Bottle- washer - - - W. G. BUNTER

SUBB-EDDITOR and Speshul Korrespondent for the Lower Skool at Greyfriars SAMMY BUNTER.

SUBB-EDDITER and Speshul Korrespondent for Skool House at St. Jim's BAGGY TRIMBLE.

SUBB-EDDITER and Speshul Korrespondent for New House at St. Jim's FATTY WYNN.

SUBB-EDDITER and Speshul Korrespondent for Rookwood TUBBY MUFFIN.

I think you will all agree that I've got a very relyable staff to lean upon. We shall stick together threw thick and thin, and cudgel our branes in order to providde our readers with a fine feest (of sickshun) each week.

Don't forget to tell all yore palls, uncles, cuzzens, nevvews, neeces, and ants about this new vencher of mine. Their is certain to be a tremenduss demand for neckst week's issew, so you are strongly advised to order it at leest a fortnite in advance!

Duly orthentikated kontribushuns are welcomed, and will be pade for at the rate of a doe-nut per kollum. I supply hedings as per page 2. By the by, it mite bee just as wel to menshun that I shal not bee able to publish anything of a sort as that which Pon has writen about. Altho I consider myself a very gay dog, I am reely. Perhaps if Wingate or any of the masters got hold of the "Weekly," as they mite, 4 they reely can't resist the temptashun sometimes, they might give me a licking for leeding yung inosent fellos, like my readers, in-to ways they consider ar bad form. Please take this as a warning if yu ar thinking of riting stuf like Racing News of Sure Tips.—Your stout pall,

Your Edditer



Extrax from my Post Bag.

□ □
Spechully
seleekted for
publicashun
by THE
EDDITER.

WHARTON ON THE WAR PATH!

"To the Barrel-like Being who Presides over 'Billy Bunter's Weekly.'"

"Dear Porpoise,—So the Editor of the Companion Papers is allowing you to run your ridiculous rag each week in the POPULAR? No wonder you have been swelling so visibly of late!

"I wish you joy of your new scheme. At the same time, I should like to trickle into your ear a word of warning. If you start cribbing any ideas, stunts, wheezes, brain-waves, or plots from the 'Greyfriars Herald,' your scalp will be removed and suspended over the school-gateway, as a solemn warning to other would-be cribbers. Compray-voo?—as they say in France.—Yours in deadly earnest, "HARRY WHARTON."

(Bah! As if I should want to lift anything from a stale, stodgy, skurrilus rag like the "Greyfriars Herald"! I have a sole that rises above such petty meeness. Their is nuthing in the "Herald" worth cribbing, and I'm sure I don't no what Wharton is cribbing about! By the way, if he will advance me sumthing on my postle-order, I shall be pleased to allow him and his palls to kontribewt okkashunally to my "Weekly."—Ed.)

WHY DOES ALONZO CARRY ON SO?

"To the Editor, 'William Bunter's Weekly.' "My Dear Bunter,—I learn on good authority that you are launching your periodical in the pages of the POPULAR.

"This being the case, I shall be pleased to contribute a number of articles—not more than two billion words in length—on topics of general interest. I enclose an essay on 'The Porpoise: Its Life and Habits,' also a story entitled, 'The Tale of a Tub.' Kindly publish these in your next issue, under the signature of Yours fraternally, "ALONZO TODD."

(Sorry, Lonzy, but I've no room for yore kontribushuns. You see, I've already eaten 15 doe-nuts, a duzen sossidge-rolls, and a plum-cake! In any case, I don't want anything dealing with a porpuss. I'm quite capable of writing my own ortobiography!—Ed.)

A SUJESTION REJEKTED!

"To the Editor of 'Billy Bunter's Weekly.'"

"Dear Billy,—I should like to congratulate you on your new venture—I mean, the 'Weekly' of yours. At the same time, I should like to suggest to you a feature which would be very popular with the majority of your readers, especially yourself, as you are such a gay dog. Why not run a column for Racing News, with free tips? Yours horsely, "C. PONSONBY (Highcliffe School)."

"Oh, reely, Pon, how could I put such a thing in my grand jernal as yu sergest! Old Quelchy might get hold of it.—Ed.)

THINGS WE WANT TO NO!

WHEN is the "Greyfriars Herald" going to shutt up shopp?

AND when is it going to stopp talking shopp?

WHEN are the tuckshopp at Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood going to remane open day and nite for the konvenience of the Edditer and his four fat subs?

WHY did Harry Wharton tern pail when he herd that my "Weekly" was going to appear in the POPULAR? (Evidently he terned pail bekwase he thort the "Greyfriars Herald" would kick the bucket!)

WHY duzzent Mr. C. H. Chapman make me a more hansom figger? From his sketch of me, anyboddy would think I was inclined to be a trifle plump!

WHAT did Fatty Wynn? (A plaice on the staff of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," of corse!)

WHY was Tom Merry? (Bekawse he was allowed to kontribewt!)

WHY wasn't Gordon Gay? (Bekawse he couldn't have a finger in the pie!)

AND, now we are on the subjick of konundrums, what did Doctor Locke? (His studdy desk, bekwase he new I was on the prow!)

WHEN is Coker of the Fifth going to put that motor-bike of his in porn?

WHAT would happen to this "Weekly" of mine if my miner went on strike?

WHY don't I get invited to Cliff House more often?

WHEN is that jellus beest Wharton going to give me a plaice in the Remove footer teem?

WHEN is Greyfriars going to wake up to the fackt that their is only ono sootable kandidate for the kaptaincy of the Remove? (Moddesty forbids me to menshun names!)

AND when—oh, when is my postle-order going to arrive?

WHO will be the first to klaim the afoursed postle-order when it does arive?

AND whose going to be unlucky?

IF the Edditer of the POPULAR will let mo judge the compectishun he's runnin'?

HOW long will it be befour Quelchy arks me to publish his "Hisstory of Greyfriars" in cereal form?

WHO put the wire harebrush in Loder's bedd?

AND did Loder see the poynt?



TUBBY MUFFIN'S MUMBLINGS!

(It seems to me that Tubby Muffin thinks to much about grab.—Ed.)

My Dear Readers,—As the subb-edditer and spesbul korrespondent for Rookwood I have the onner to address you.

This page is the only part of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" that's worth reeding, so I should advise you to reed, mark, lern, and inwardly dijest my kollum very slowly, so that you may enjoy it to the fool.

It was, of corse, only fitting that I should be given a plaice on the staff. I know more of what goes on at Rookwood than anyboddy else. You see, I spend at least five minnits a day at evvery keyhole in the skool, and kwite a lot of useful informashun filters threw to my cars.

I am writing this in my studdy. Only one of my studdy-mates—Higgs—is prezzent. The

other—Teddy Grace—has cleered out, be-kawse he says he can't stand having ink splashed over his grilled kipper. He's gone to have tea with that well-meening but idiottick clown, Jimmy Silver.

Well, deer reeders, hear we are! Or, to put it more planely, we are hear! (Pass the doe-nutts, Higgs!) I've got a page to myself evvery week, and okkashunally I shall let Jimmy Silver & Co. air there views. Not that there views are worth airing. You see, they're too dry!

I suppoze you have read all about me in the "Popular," jentle reeders? But I must say that Mr. Owen Conquest makes me out to be an awful pigg. In reallity, I'm nuthing of the sort. (Pass the jam-roll, Higgs!) I'm an eggsellent fello in evvery way, and it is kommon nollidge that I ought to be kaptin of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood. However, we don't allways get our dessert in this world. (In fakt, I was re-fewsed a fifth helping at dinner-time!)

Mr. Conquest deskribes me as a fat and

greedy gormandizer, but I can assure you (After you with that rabbitt-pie, Higgs!) that I'm a slim, hansom fello who never eats more than is good for him. (You mite shy over the current-ke as well, Higgs, their's a good chap!)

I think you will all agree that the Rookwood items in this issew beets all the rest of the feechers put together! I've per-swaded Mornjington—the chap with the eye-glass, you know—to write me an artikel, and he has oblijed with "Hints to Yung Foot-bawlers." The hints seem rather kweer to me, but I suppoze they're all rite. Anyway, Morny looked kwite serious when he handed me his artikel, so I hardly think he's pulling my legg.

And now, deer reeders, I am too fool-of emoshun—and rabbitt-pie—to write any more this weak, but neckst weak I shall be going strong! (Now, Higgs, I've fnnished my skribbling, so you can pass me the wipped cream wallnuts, the butterd skones, the jam-sandwidge, the toast, the marmelaid, the minse-pies, and the patter-ke biskits!—Thanks!)

Bong swore, deer reeders!

Yore affeckshunate pal,

TUBBY MUFFIN.



FATTY WYNN'S WARBLINGS!

(Wynn is a member of Figgins & Co., New House, St. Jim's.—Ed.)

My Dear Readers,—I expect you'll rub your eyes on seeing my name as a member of the staff of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

In the ordinary way, I don't have anything to do with Billy Bunter. I don't approve of his piggishness, and I don't care if he gives me the sack for saying so!

But when Billy came over to St. Jim's to see me the other day, and told me that he was launching his paper in the "Popular," I realised that something would have to be done to save the venture from being a complete failure.

Neither of the three sub-editors—Sammy Bunter, Baggy Trimble, and Tubby Muffin—has had any journalistic experience; so I thought I'd make a fourth "sub," and save "Billy Bunter's Weekly" from an untimely fate by getting a number of St. Jim's fellows to contribute. We've got brains at St. Jim's; but as for Greyfriars

and Rookwood—why, one's an annexe of Colney Hatch, and the other's a home for incurables!

I hesitated at first about taking on this job. But Billy Bunter overcame my scruples by bribing me with a bag of doughnuts, and I promised to edit a special St. Jim's Page every week. I shall bag a column myself, of course; and I don't much care who fills the other two, so long as the spelling is an improvement on Billy Bunter's!

I can't help saying that I consider the editor of the companion papers has been guilty of favouritism in allowing Billy Bunter to publish his paper every week in the "Popular." It would have been much wiser to have handed over the job to a sensible fellow like me. Bunter's got no more idea of running a weekly journal than the man in the moon. And I'm jolly certain he won't get much help from his minor, or from that brainless idiot, Baggy Trimble. Neither will that equally brainless barrel, Tubby Muffin, be of much assistance.

Still, Bunter showed sound common-sense in making me one of his "subs," and so long as the St. Jim's items appear every week,

there will be no fear of the paper going under. Billions of boys and girls will buy it for the St. Jim's features alone. They won't want to read Billy Bunter's balderdash!

Of course, Figgins and Kerr, my two study-mates, were awfully ratty when they heard that I had promised Billy Bunter my support. "You're a champion chump, Fatty!" growled Figgins. "You'll lose all your self-respect by going in co with Bunter!"

"Yes, rather!" said Kerr. "You're a perfectly priceless pumpkin, Fatty, to get mixed up with a scheme of this sort!"

"Let's bump the fat idiot!" roared Figgy. "I won't let you contribute to the St. Jim's Page if you do!" I chimed in.

And so Figgy and Kerr let me off. You see, they're both fond of seeing their stuff in print, and in their hearts they envy me my job of sub-editor and special correspondent for St. Jim's.

You will see that I've persuaded Monty Lowther to do a feature, and the other St. Jim's feature is what they call a symposium, I believe. I organised it myself.

I must ring off now, dear readers, as I've got an important appointment with Baggy Trimble at the tuckshop!

Look out for some topping St. Jim's features next week!

Your plump pal,

FATTY WYNN.



SAMMY BUNTER'S BURBLINGS!

(Annybody can see Sammy is my brather—he's clever.—Ed.)

I awoke one morning to find myself famus. My major sent for me, and told me the glad news that his "Weekly" was going to be published reggularly in the "Popular."

"Grate, Billy—grate!" I eggscclaimed. "The fame of the 'Popular' will eggspand—and to will yore napper!"

"Do you insinnuate that I shall suffer from swelled head?" demanded Billy.

"Nunno! Not at all! I say, Billy, I'm to be cheef subb-edditer, of corse?"

"Of corse!"

"That's the stile! Nuthing like keeping it in the fambly! You ought to make Ant Rebeceer yore Fashun Edditer."

"Bother Ant Rebeceer!"

"And Bessie can kontribewt a Needlework Kollum."

"Bessie shall do nuthing of the sort! I don't want any members of the other secks interfering with my 'Weekly.'"

"All rite. Keep yore hare on! Who are the other subb-edditors?"

"I'm going to get Fatty Wynn, Baggy Trimble, and Tubby Muffin."

"Ripping!" I said. "As a matter of fat, I don't think you could do better."

"Look hear, Sammy, I shall eggspect you to write a kollum evvery week."

"Dun!" I replide.

I feel so fool-of joy, not grubb!—that I simply must let off steem about it. So hear goes! (Didn't no I was a poet, did you?)

AN ODE TO DICKY NUGENT.

By Sammy Bunter.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, Dicky deer,

For to-morro will be the gladdest day of all the glad New Yeer!

Of all the glad New Yeer, Dicky, the gladdest day—not $\frac{1}{2}$!

For I'm to be on the staff, Dicky—I'm to be on the staff!

My major Billy says to me, he says to me, says he,

"You're going to be my rite-hand man!" I cride in French, "We, we!"

The felloes hear can scoff and sneer, and cackle, chipp, and chaff;

But I'm to be on the staff, Dicky—I'm to be on the staff!"

My brather's 'Weekly's' going to be a reelly ripping jernal,

For Billy will be G.O.C., and I shall be his kernel.

They'll find us tuffish nuts to crack, I prommis you (don't larf!)—

For I'm to be on the staff, Dicky—I'm to be on the staff!

We meen to make things hum, you no, in this old sleepy skool;

With toping tails and artikels the 'Weekly' will be fool.

Can't stop for more—I must be off to get my annual barf.

But isn't it stunning news, Dicky? I'm to be on the staff!

Well, what do you think of that, boys and girls? I don't believe there's a poet like me in the skool. I think I shall have that bewtiful poem set to musick, and publish it in my bruther's "Weekly."

Billy might do what Wharton never done. He might have a peece of musick in his "Weekly." Wharton never had sence enough to think of a feuture like that. Blessed if I don't see what Hoskins, the musickal chap, says about it.

Any old how, that's a stunt I'm going to bare in my mind, reeders. Of corse, though I'm cheef subb-edditer, I can't put anything in this bit of mine. Billy has the larst word, just like he always takes the last bit of grubb. (That's a bit of soft sope, reeders, 'cos Billy might be in a better frame of mined when I tackle him about the musick.)

Well, I've reeched the end this week, so I remaue.

Yours stuntfully,

SAMMY BUNTER.

DICK GRUNTER'S DARING!

By PETER TODD.

(Note: Peter assures me that the karracters in this story are fiktishus. But I have my doubts!—ED.)

"I say, Horton—"
It was Dick Grunter, of the Remove Form at Grey Towers, who spoke.

Dick was a plump, athletic-looking fellow, strikingly handsome, in spite of the peculiar growth in the middle of his face. Some people said that this strange growth was Dick Grunter's nose. Others declared it was a deformity. On top of the growth was perched a pair of enormous spectacles.

Harry Horton, the captain of the Remove, was in his study, drawing up the list of players for the match with Wycliffe. His chums—Bob Berry, Frank Truagent, Johnny Bullock, and Hurree Warble—were with him.

"I say, Horton," repeated Dick Grunter, "I suppose I'm down to play against Wycliffe?"

"There's something wrong with your 'supposer,' then!" growled Horton.

Dick Grunter's eyes glittered behind his spectacles.

"You know jolly well that I'm entitled to a place in the team!" he said wrathfully.

Bob Berry chuckled.

"If we were to give you a place in the team, Grunter," he said, "there'd be such an outcry that soon we shouldn't have a team in the place!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Berry! This is sheer personal jealousy on Horton's part. He knows what a player I am, and he's afraid of being shown up by me. That's why he always keeps me out of the side. But I'm fed up with taking a back seat. I'll raise an eleven, Horton, that'll lick yours into a cocked hat! And then you won't be able to overlook my claims any longer!"

A roar of laughter greeted Dick Grunter's threat.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You've some hopes of licking the Remove team, Porpoise!"

"The hopefulness is terrific!"

Dick Grunter shook a fat fist at the laughing juniors.

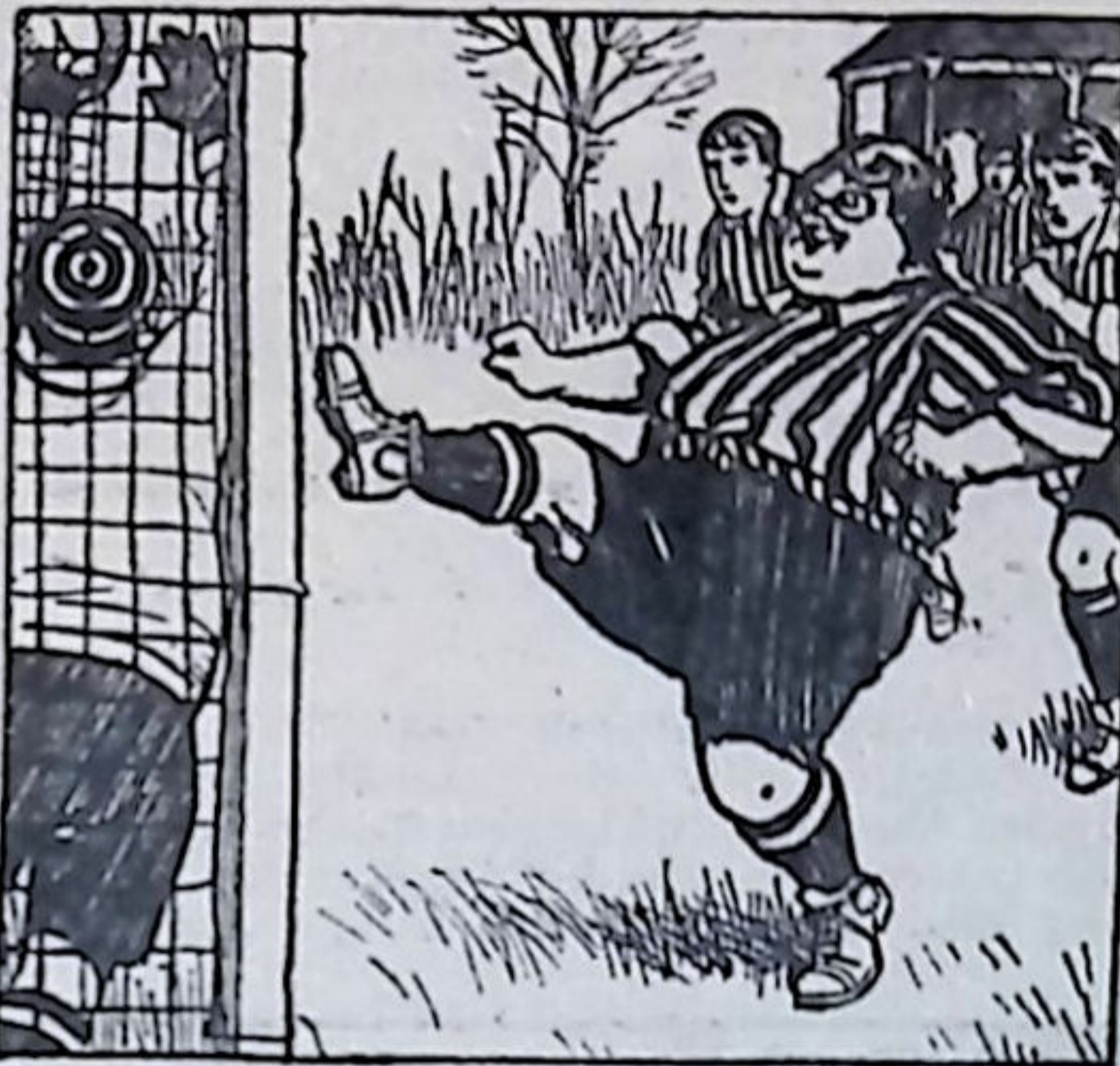
"I'll get up a team this very afternoon!" he said. "And I'll make your own rag-time eleven look a set of novices!"

"Rats!"

Having formed his daring resolve, Dick Grunter rolled out of the study, and at once started to raise recruits for his eleven.

There were plenty of fellows willing to enlist under Dick's banner. Sinner and Stoop and Swott promptly rallied round; and Bisher T. Bish guessed and calculated that he would show Harry Horton & Co. how to play football. A Chinese junior named Lun Wung also agreed to play.

Harry Horton's eleven laughingly accepted Dick Grunter's challenge, and at two o'clock the rival elevens lined up on the footer-field. Joker of the Fifth consented to act as



referee, and there were loud cheers as he blew his whistle for the game to commence.

"Play up, Gunter!"

"On the ball!"

Dick Gunter made a handsome figure in his tight-fitting jersey, which was split from the nape of his neck to the small of his back. Harry Horton & Co. were the first to attack, but they could make no impression on a resolute defence, in which a burly youth named Bolshevik major greatly distinguished himself.

All through the first half Harry Horton's men kept up a terrific bombardment. But, try as they would, they could not get through.

At the interval the score-sheet was blank—

and so were the faces of Harry Horton and his baffled followers.

Dick Grunter laughed gaily as he munched a rabbit-pie.

"We've got 'em groggy, you fellows!" he said. "They're played to a standstill already. We shall be all over 'em in the second-half!"

"Yep! I guess they'll look pretty sick by the time we've finished with 'em!" said Bisher T. Bish.

The game was resumed in a sensational fashion.

Dick Grunter rolled the whole length of the field, and all efforts to bowl him over proved unsuccessful. He wound up by firing in a terrific shot at point-blank range, and Cowstrode, the goalie, was beaten all ends up.

"Goal!"

"Good old Grunter!"

Dick Grunter fairly purred with delight. "This is where we score!" he chortled.

Harry Horton & Co. played up desperately. But they were not in the same street as Dick Grunter's eleven, who fairly ran them off their feet.

Goal after goal came from the nimble and graceful feet of Dick Grunter. His shooting was deadly—almost as deadly as that of Mr. Snout, the master of the Fifth.

Five minutes from the end, no less than nine goals had been registered by Dick Grunter. And Harry Horton's eleven had not yet opened their account.

The crowd clamoured for Dick Grunter to put on another goal.

"Make it ten, Dick!"

"Get into double figures!"

In the very last minute Dick Grunter received a pass from Bisher T. Bish. He raced through on his own, bowling over Johnny Bullock and Bob Berry as he ran.

When within shooting distance he paused. "Horton," he said, "I will now drive the last nail into your coffin!"

And then Dick Grunter shot, falling heavily into a puddle as he did so.

The muddy water splashed into his face; and then—he woke up to hear the rising-bell clanging, and to see Bob Berry standing over his head, squeezing a wet sponge over his features!

THE END.

SHOULD ETONS BE ABOLISHED?

A Number of St. Jim's Fellows Give Their Views.

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.—Most decidedly, dear boy! I consider that no fellow looks at his best in Etons. They are not striking enough. They lack a satisfactory colour-scheme. In my opinion, the wearing of fancy waistcoats should be made compulsory, and pink socks with green stripes should be universally worn. All neckties should be red, white, and blue, with a dash of yellow. All trousers should be striped in zebra fashion, and the lower part of these garments should be made of solid metal. They would then be dog-proof, and that beast Towser, who has no respect whatever for a fellow's trousers, would have to keep his distance. All jackets should be made to resemble the present style of footer jersey, viz., red and white stripes.

I consider that these reforms are most urgently needed. Not for one moment, however, would I dream of banishing the "topper," which is the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Any fellow found wearing a bowler hat should be gated for the rest of the term! And anybody misguided enough to wear a trilby or a Homburg, should receive a fearful thrashing!

TOM MERRY.—Abolish Etons? No jolly fear! Etons are jolly comfy, and any fellow who talks of abolishing them has got bats in his belfry!

MONTY LOWTHER.—By all means abolish Etons, and let's wear coats of mail. Public floggings would then be a luxury!

HERBERT SKIMPOLE.—Any revolutionary departures or innovations of a sartorial nature are to be unceremoniously deprecated, as being derogatory to the — (Shurrup, dictionary!—F. W.)

JACK BLAKE.—Etons should be abolished in favour of khaki. I know that khaki is the correct wear, because I once heard a sergeant-major say, as he surveyed a squad of Tommies: "Right dress!"

PERCY MELLISH.—I certainly think Etons should be abolished. When a chap goes out after lights out and happens to be seen by some silly idiot of a prefect, he is immediately recognised as some St. Jim's chap. Ordinary clothes would not give the prefects such a chance of knowing who's out late at night.

GEORGE FIGGINS.—I think Etons should remain. At the same time, I do not think it fair that tailors should charge a chap who is a little bit long in the leg extra for his suit.

GEORGE HERRIES.—I think that some chaps at least should be made to wear Etons, even if they were abolished. My dog Towser has a great liking for the trousers which go with an Eton suit, as more than one tailor's dummy knows. Why deprive dogs of their legitimate pleasures?

WALLY D'ARCY.—Yes, certainly abolish Etons. The collars we have to wear with the suit are too big. One can't hide ink when it happens to get upon one's collar, and with a fat-headed major always howling about

cleanliness, it gets on one's nerves! (And Gussy will get on your neck when he sees this!—F. W.)

HENRY MANNERS.—I must say I like the look of Etons, but there is one great objection. The pockets won't hold a decent-sized plate when one happens to be out taking photographs.

RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW.—Abolish them if you like, dear boy, but don't bother me any more.

MISS MARIE RIVERS.—What a funny question to ask me, Wynn! I should not like to see Etons abolished, for I must say you all look pretty little boys in your best suits. (Ow! I sha'n't ask Miss Marie any more questions!—F. W.)

SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM BAGGY TRIMBLE!

"My Deer Readers,—That beest, Fatty Wynn, has crowded me out this week, and in any case, I couldn't have ritten a kollum for this issew, as I'm in the sanny, suffering from sevrere infernal panes. You see, I herd that they eat frogs in France, so I tried toad-pie, and, oh, the aggerny and pane! I hope—ow! —to feel—yow!—better neckst weak—yow-ow-ow!

"Hopping you are all kwite well as it leaves me at present in grate angwish, I remain,

"Yores to a barf-bunn,

"BAGGY TRIMBLE."

Passing Opinions.

WHAT I THINK OF JIMMY SILVER.

By Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver, the so-called leader of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood, is a champion fellow—in his own estimation!

I quite agree that Jimmy is a champion—a champion chump! His footer would make the angels weep; and his cricket is a sight for gods and men and little fishes. He can't hold the most simple catch that comes his way, because, like our fat friend Tubby, he's always Muffin'!

What Jimmy Silver is doing here at all I can't imagine. It must have been a ghastly mistake that he drifted into Rookwood. His luggage was labelled "Colney Hatch," and the authorities of that well-known asylum, realising the danger of Jimmy Silver being at large, are scouring the country for him. It's an insult to Rookwood that a raving maniac like Silver should be allowed to remain here; and, to quote from a certain comic opera:

"Peace will come as soon as he
Is put in gaol for lunacy!"

As I have already stated, Jimmy Silver belongs to the Classical side, and I've more than once had occasion to disfigure his Classical features! He fondly imagines he's cock of the walk. Curious how lunatics always harbour these sort of delusions, isn't it?

I hear that there's a big controversy at St. Jim's on the subject of "Should Etons be Abolished?" I certainly think they should—in Jimmy Silver's case. What he wants is a strait-jacket!

WHAT I THINK OF TOMMY DODD.

By Jimmy Silver.

As everyone knows, there are two sides at Rookwood. And the most "sidey" side are the Moderns.

The Classical side is a very exclusive concern. Only sportsmen and gentlemen are admitted.

The riff-raff, consisting of hooligans, tame lunatics, and brainless louts, are pitchforked into the Modern side.

And the biggest hooligan, the tamest lunatic, and the most brainless lout, is one Thomas Dodd!

I am continually having to keep Tommy in his place. Only the other day I found it necessary to dribble him across the quad. My pal Newcome, who is by way of being a poet, made up a Limerick about it:

"There was a young bounder named
Dodd,
Who met Silver one day in the quad.
Said he, "You're an ass!"
Then he rolled in the grass,
And confessed that the ass was well
shod!"

I'm afraid the Modern side will never be able to hold a candle to the Classicals—at any rate, not so long as it contains such a Dodd-ering idiot as Tommy Dodd! Them's my sentiments, gentlemen! And Raby, Lovell, and Newcome, my valiant trenchermen, heartily endorse

THE POPULAR.—No. 107.

HINTS TO YOUNG FOOTBALLERS.

By VALENTINE MORNINGTON.

I suppose it is the ambition of every young footballer to play for Aston Villa or Tottenham Hotspur, or some other famous club; to figure in the English Cup-Final at Stamford Bridge, and to make a name that will live in the history of the great winter game.

I will proceed to tell you how this ambition can be realised. I speak with some authority, because I come of a great footballing family. My great-grandfather, Squire Mornington, was skipper of his village team in the days when the goals were five miles apart, and when the ball was such a size that if you happened to get in its way as it rolled downhill you were smashed to a pulp.

Well, my great-grandfather turned out every year for the village, and he kicked more goals—and opponents—than any other player in the land. The epitaph on his tombstone runs as follows:

"Here lyeth ye squire; he'd so lustie a kicke
That any opponent who failed to looke
slicke,
And gette out of ye way, was borne home
to hys wife,
And did keepe to hys bedde for ye reste of
hys lyfe!"

My great-grandfather's footballing ability was inherited by my grandfather, who founded the famous Lickham Rovers' club.

My pater, too, was hot stuff in his youth. They made him a linesman at the Cup-Final



in the year that somebody sloped off with the gate-money. It was rumoured that my pater had a hand in the business, because he was afterwards seen touring about the country in a Ford car. But then, Rumour's a lying jade!

I myself am a fine footballer. I play at outside-left for the Rookwood junior team—unless I happen to be left outside!

But to come to the point, as Mr. Bootles said when he sat on an inverted tinkack. Here are some useful hints for the guidance of any fellow who wishes to make a Bloomer:

- (1) Before playing in a match, always lay a solid foundation by having a heavy meal of pastry. A dozen veal-and-ham pies afford the best preparation.
- (2) Treat the referee to a lime-juice-and-soda before the match—not as a bribe, of course, but merely to put him in a good humour.
- (3) If you are a half-back, make a point of feeding your forwards.—Give 'em a lump of toffee every five minutes!
- (4) If you can't rob your opponent of the ball, rob him of his gold ticker when he isn't looking!
- (5) Don't be afraid of using your fists. The more opponents you can put out of action the better your team's chances!
- (6) Shoot straight and often. A catapult is the best weapon to use!
- (7) If your side fails to carry off the honours, make sure that they have to carry off the referee!

If you follow these golden rules, you are bound to have a great future before you in the world of football!

EXTRACTS FROM "THE TIMES" IN 1950.

By MONTY LOWTHER.

THE HONOURABLE ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY has been asked to put up for Member of Parliament for Bunkumville. He has answered that he is bound to refuse, as he already has too many ties.

SIR THOMAS MERRY has been appointed Governor of St. James' School, Sussex. He was once a pupil there, and rumour has it that he was very much in the eye of the public at the time.

MR. BAGLEY TRIMBLE has accepted the appointment of head chef at the Carlton.

MR. BERNARD GLYN has invented an aeroplane which will fly to Mars and back on a pennyworth of petrol.

MR. JOHN BLAKE, who was admitted to Colney Hatch Asylum ten years ago, shows no sign of coming back to his right senses.

MR. DAVID WYNN is opening a new restaurant in the Strand on the first day of next month. This makes the fifty-fourth that he has built this year.

SIR GEORGE KERR, the world-famous detective, has not yet solved the Mystery of the Poisoned Sandwich, which he first tackled in 1930. He is still hopeful of running the criminal to his lair, however.

LORD MACNOODLE, better known as Montagu Lowther, is still drawing thousands of people to his play, "I Saw You!" at His Majesty's. He is now recognised as being the greatest humorist of the century.

MR. TAGGLES is retiring from the post of porter to St. James' School, after having slept at the gates for nearly eighty years.

MR. PERCY MELLISH, editor of "The Swindler's Gazette," has gone into the country for a rest. There are nasty rumours flying round the City.

THE GREEN MAN at Rylcombe, Sussex, was raided by the police yesterday evening. Racko and Crooke, the notorious crooks, were found gambling on the premises. It is to be hoped that they got a life-sentence this time as incorrigible rogues.

MR. GEORGE HERRIES, the well-known dog-fancier, is organising his twenty-third show this month.

Winning His Way!

(Continued from page 8.)

him to Coventry. It's partly because they're unthinking young asses, and partly because Mornington put their backs up by swanking. I dare say they'd swallow 'Erbert if Mornington hadn't chipped in like a high-handed ass, as he is. I've got an idea for bringing them round. Feed the brute, you know! We'll ask them to an extra special feed in this study!"

"Eh? Ask who?"

"Jones minimus, and Fisher, and Snooks, and Tracy minor—the leading lights of that tremendously important Form, the Second."

"You frabjous ass!" said Lovell, in measured tones. "Do you think we're going to have gangs of grubby fags feeding in this study?"

"It's for the good of the cause, you know," explained Jimmy. "A first-class feed in a study like this will bring the little beasts round. They'll be enjoying their grubby selves on the fat of the land, and when everything's going rippingly, in walks 'Erbert. He joins the party, and we, with great tact——"

"Rats!"

"With great tact, act as if there was nothing the matter. And, after being civil to 'Erbert round the festive board, the little rotters will be bound to treat him a bit more decently. It will break the ice, you know."

And Jimmy Silver smiled with great satisfaction over that really excellent plan.

"Well, what do you think of the idea?" he asked, as the Co. glared at him.

"Rotten!" said Lovell.

"Fatheaded!" said Raby.

"Idiotic!" said Newcome.

Jimmy Silver laughed. There was a plentiful lack of enthusiasm for his ripping idea. But Jimmy Silver did not mind, so long as he had his way.

"I've had a whacking remittance to-day," he went on. "That's really what put it into my head. My pater's sprung a whole quid. We can turn the study into a land flowing with milk and honey."

"To entertain a gang of fags!" snorted Lovell.

"To see 'Erbert through his troubles," said Jimmy Silver chidingly.

"I suppose you're going to have your way," growled Lovell.

"I suppose so," assented Jimmy, with a smile.

"It will end in a row."

"Oh, rot! Good manners will keep Jones & Co. from any incivility to 'Erbert while they're all our guests, you know."

"Precious lot of good manners you'll find in the Second!"

"Well, we'll give them a chance. Come and help me do the shopping," said Jimmy.

"Van Ryn tried something of the sort," remarked Raby. "He asked all the little beasts to baked chestnuts in his study. They walked out when they saw 'Erbert."

"I know. But this isn't baked chestnuts; it's going to be a feed to make their mouths water."

"It's a shocking waste of good grub, feeding fags," said Lovell. "But we'll try it if you like. It won't do any good."

"Bow-wow!"

After a considerable amount of grumbling, the Co. prepared to back up their study-leader, as they generally did. The Fistical Four proceeded to the tuck-

shop to do the shopping, which was done upon an unusually lavish scale.

When it was done most of Jimmy Silver's pound-note remained in charge of Sergeant Kettle; and the Fistical Four returned to their study laden with good things.

While Lovell and Raby and Newcome prepared the festive arrangements, Jimmy Silver looked for Jones minimus.

He found Jones and Fisher and Snooks and Tracy minor in the Second Form-room, engaged in comparing notes as to what kind of a feed could be raised for the moderate sum of fivepence-halfpenny, instead of tea in Hall.

"Hallo, Fourth Form cad!" growled Jones, as the captain of the Fourth came in. Jimmy Silver did not seem to hear that polite remark.

"Hallo! I've been looking for you chaps," he said genially.

Jones & Co. relaxed at once. "Kids" would have roused their wrath; but "chaps" from the captain of the Fourth was flattering.

"Anything on?" asked Jones.

"Yes; we're killing the fatted calf in my study," said Jimmy Silver. "Would you fellows like to come?"

The "fellows" exchanged glances of satisfaction.

This general invitation settled the problem of the fivepence-halfpenny in the most satisfactory manner.

"We'll come—rather!" said Fisher immediately.

Jones minimus frowned at him. Jones did not want to appear to be too eager for a feed, even in the end study.

"We shall be pleased to accept your kind invitation, Silver," said Jones, with dignity.

"Certainly!" said Tracy minor.

"Hear, hear!" said Snooks.

"Then come on," said Jimmy Silver genially.

And he led his flock away to the Fourth Form passage.

Lovell & Co. received the guests with marked politeness. Their manner was grave and genial.

Jimmy Silver left them in the study, and hurried off to look for 'Erbert. He found that young gentleman looking on at the senior football-ground.

"Busy?" asked Jimmy, tapping him on the shoulder.

"Only lookin' round," said 'Erbert. "If there's anythin' I can do fur you, Master Silver——"

"I want you to come to tea, kid."

'Erbert's face clouded a little.

"It's werry kind of you, sir," he faltered. "But—but—look 'ere, I ain't planting meself on you, Master Silver!"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"But I want you to come," he said.

"In fact, I want you very specially this time. Don't be proud, you know."

'Erbert chuckled.

"Me!" he ejaculated. "I ain't proud, Master Silver. I'll come like a blooming bird!"

"Quarter of an hour, then," said Jimmy.

"Wot!"

Jimmy walked back to the end study, feeling satisfied. He felt that it was a really nobby scheme. Under the softening influence of a handsome spread, and the courteous attentions of the Fourth-Formers, Jones & Co. were bound to be in a good humour; and they would see, too, that the despised 'Erbert was thought much of by such important persons as the Fistical Four of the Fourth. And, anyway, they were bound to be civil in another fellow's quarters.

The ice would be broken; and after that cheery and chatty tea-party the grim sentence of Coventry would die away of its own accord. So Jimmy

Silver hoped, at least. It was a scheme quite worthy of Uncle James of Rookwood, and it only remained to see how it would work.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. And How It Worked!

JIMMY SILVER wore his sweetest smile as he came back into the end study.

The feast of the gods was already going strong.

Jones minimus, Fisher, Tracy minor, and Snooks were seated round the table, on the chairs belonging to the Fistical Four.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome sat where they could, but they were on their feet most of the time, attending to their guests.

Jimmy Silver piled in at once to help. Jones & Co. were looking eminently satisfied. Poached eggs—and new-laid ones, too—and gammon rashers were rather a "catch." And there were sardines, and there was bloater-paste, and there was ham. There were pickles, and there were crackers and cheese.

And to follow the more solid portion of the entertainment there were two kinds of jam, marmalade, jelly, biscuits, cake, apples, and doughnuts.

In all Jones' career as a fag at Rookwood he had never been asked to such a feed; he had never seen such a feed excepting in his dreams.

Jones' chubby face wore an expansive smile, and he felt full of friendly cordiality towards Jimmy Silver & Co. He considered that they were in a higher Form.

Lovell & Co. backed up Jimmy manfully. From their courteous manners it might have been supposed that the end study delighted to honour the young gentlemen of the Second Form, and that they felt it as a supreme honour that Jones & Co. had consented to come to tea.

When Jones began to talk football he was listened to with great respect. His comrades were too busy feeding to be able to answer him, but Jimmy Silver & Co. listened unto him as unto an oracle.

"And what do you think of Bulkeley's play, Jones?" asked Jimmy Silver sweetly.

As Bulkeley was head of the Sixth and captain of Rookwood, a Second-Former's opinion of his play was really unimportant. But Jimmy Silver seemed to consider it a matter of great moment.

"Oh, so-so!" said Jones loftily. "Bit too slow in taking a pass, if you ask me."

Lovell gasped.

"Bulkeley would like that!" he murmured.

There was a tap at the door.

"More chaps coming?" asked Snooks.

"Yes, one more. A chap in your Form—a new chap," said Jimmy Silver carelessly.

Jones & Co. exchanged quick glances.

"New chap!" murmured Jones.

"Come in!" called out Lovell.

'Erbert came in.

He gave a slight start at the sight of the fags at the table, and coloured. Jones & Co. looked very grim.

There was a momentary pause in the rapid disappearance of the good things.

The Fistical Four did not appear to notice it.

"Sit down, kid!" said Jimmy, with great heartiness. "Here's your chair! You're a little late, but never mind. You know Jones, I think?"

"Yes!" gasped 'Erbert.

Jones did not speak.

"I think you know all these chaps—"

all in your Form. Begin with the eggs and rashers, young 'un. Lemme see—you were going to tell us about your match with the Third, Jones. You beat Wegg's lot, I think?"

"Yes," said Jones curtly.

"Bit of a tussle, I suppose?" said Jimmy insinuatingly.

Jones did not answer. He was not to be drawn.

Jones minimus was not a genius—but he was not exactly a duffer. He had wondered why the Fistical Four were entertaining a gang of fags in this way. He knew now.

Van Ryn, the good-natured South African, had done something of the sort, and Jones had retired majestically from his study, insensible to the allurements of baked chestnuts.

But this feed was a stunning feed—a feed worthy of the old gods on high Olympus, and that made a difference.

Jones could not make up his mind to turn his back majestically upon two kinds of jam, several sorts of jelly, cake, and biscuits, and apples.

So he decided it was up to him to be civil, as he was a guest in the study.

His civility, however, was only for his kind entertainers.

He saw Jimmy Silver's little trap quite clearly, and declined to walk into it.

His comrades followed his lead.

'Erbert, awkward and blushing, joined in the feed, and in his nervousness he made several blunders. He ate sardines with a knife, and poured his tea into his saucer.

Jones & Co. smiled satirically as he did so.

Otherwise, they took no notice of 'Erbert.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exerted themselves to keep the conversation going. But they exerted themselves in vain.

The fags had been asked there to a feed, and they were feeding. They had not undertaken to talk, and they did not talk.

They answered remarks in monosyllables. One or two timid attempts from 'Erbert were not answered at all.

Lovell & Co. were grinning by this time.

Jimmy Silver's idea of bringing about good feeling and fellowship by "feeding the brutes" was turning out rather a frost.

Jimmy was dismayed, but he did not give in.

He nobly resisted the impulse to knock Jones & Co.'s heads together, and exerted himself to pour oil upon the troubled waters. But it was in vain. The four fags resolutely declined to take the slightest notice of 'Erbert's existence.

In the discouraging silence of the guests, the Fistical Four's conversational efforts failed at last. There was silence in the study, broken only by the clinking of crockery and the champing of Second Form jaws.

The feast was coming to an end. Both kinds of jam had been liberally sampled, and the guests were a little sticky. Jones & Co. had eaten enough—indeed, they had eaten too much.

Jones gave his comrades a look, and rose to his feet.

"Not finished yet?" said Jimmy Silver hospitably.

"Thanks, yes!" said Jones politely.

"Thanks awfully for the feed! We've had a good time, really!"

"There's a meeting of the Second Form Debating Society," said Fisher, with lofty dignity.

"Well, if you must, you must," said Jimmy Silver regretfully. "By the way, you might take young Murphy to the

debating society; he's new here, and it would rather interest him."

Jones grinned sardonically. Jimmy's surreptitious efforts at promoting good fellowship having failed, he was coming out into the open. But Jones minimus was quite equal to the captain of the Fourth.

"Murphy!" he said vaguely. "I don't know anybody named Murphy."

"'Erbert, you know," said Jimmy.

"I don't think I know anybody named 'Erbert," said Jones calmly.

"I'm sure I don't," remarked Fisher.

"Not acquainted with any chap of that name," said Tracy minor, with a curling lip.

"No fear!" added Snooks.

"Oh, come on!" broke out 'Erbert angrily. "Don't play the giddy hox! You know me well enough, you silly howl!"

"Ahem!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Come on, you fellows!" said Jones minimus, with great loftiness. "Good-afternoon, Silver!"

"As for your blooming debating society, I wouldn't be found dead in it!" said 'Erbert resentfully. "I seen you once—set of silly young howls a-torkin' silly rot, and fancying you're like the Sixth!"

"You cheeky little beast!" roared Jones minimus, forgetting that 'Erbert was in Coventry in his indignation. "I've a jolly good mind to pull your ear!"

"You couldn't do it in a month!" said 'Erbert disdainfully. "Take yer face away and bury it, do! It worries me! Ah, would yer?"

'Erbert uttered that ejaculation as Jones minimus, forgetful of all decorum, made a jump at him.

Crash!

'Erbert's chair went over backwards, and 'Erbert nearly followed it. But he exerted himself, and bore Jones minimus back. Jones crashed into the table, and it went flying. There was a terrific crash of crockery as the table pitched to the floor.

"Stop it!" shrieked Raby.

Jones and 'Erbert were rolling on the floor in deadly combat, heedless of broken crocks. 'Erbert got his opponent under, and proceeded to rub Jones' nose in the carpet, and Jones roared lustily.

Jones' chums were not going to stand that. They hurled themselves upon 'Erbert, and dragged at him. 'Erbert hit out on all sides, and in a few moments the whole party of fags were a scrambling heap.

"Look here, I'm fed up with this!" roared Lovell wrathfully. "Kick the whole gang out!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

But his chums did not hold on. It was trouble enough entertaining a gang of the Second while they behaved themselves, but to have the study turned into a cockpit in this manner was rather too "thick."

Lovell and Raby and Newcome, heedless of Jimmy Silver, started operations on the struggling crowd of fags with their boots.

There were wild yells from the Second-Formers.

They rolled and sprawled to the door, helped by the vigorous application of Fourth Form boots, and all five of them went rolling into the passage, 'Erbert and Jones and Fisher and Snooks and Tracy minor sprawling and rolling together.

In the passage they sorted themselves out, and went their ways.

Lovell slammed the door after them.

Three separate glares were turned upon

Jimmy Silver. Jimmy looked round the study. It was very nearly wrecked.

"You howling ass!" roared Lovell.

"Well, my hat!" That was all Jimmy Silver could say.

"Look at the study!" shrieked Raby. "Look at the crocks! All smashed! There's dashed jam over everything!"

"And pickles!" hooted Newcome.

"And this is what comes of your wonderful schemes for feeding fags, Jimmy Silver, you frabjous cuckoo!" roared Lovell. "And you're going to be jolly well bumped for it! Collar him!"

"Here, hold on!" yelled Jimmy.

But his incensed chums collared him with great wrath, and Jimmy Silver smote the sturdy carpet thrice with his person with great force. Then Lovell & Co. left him sitting amid the wreckage, gasping for breath.

And that was the outcome of Jimmy Silver's great scheme for promoting fellowship in the Second Form. There was, unfortunately, no other outcome.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

In Deadly Peril!

"SKATE, young 'un?"

It was Saturday afternoon. There was a hard frost, and the river was frozen harder than ever in most places.

Half Rookwood had turned out to skate or slide.

Jimmy Silver & Co came down to the bank together, and Jimmy spotted 'Erbert looking on at the skaters.

The little fag was alone, as usual.

Jones & Co. were sliding. They had made a slide right across the river, and were enjoying themselves immensely. 'Erbert had joined in the slide, but he had been shouldered off without ceremony, and had retired to the bank.

"I've been slidin', Master Silver," said 'Erbert. "I don't skate—leastways, I've never tried."

"I'll show you how, some time," said Jimmy. "All right, you chaps!"

The Fistical Four glided out on the ice, 'Erbert watching them with keen interest. He would have been glad to join the skaters, or, still more, the humbler sliders of his own form. Mornington came along with Townsend and Topham and Peele. He gave 'Erbert a friendly nod, but did not stop to speak.

There was a sound of wrathful voices on the ice. Higgs of the Fourth persisted in skating over the Second Form slide, to the intense exasperation of Jones & Co. Higgs, the bully of the Fourth, was delighted as he scattered the fags right and left. He was able to cause discomfort to a dozen fellows at once, which was quite a pleasure to Higgs.

Jones & Co. had to retreat to the bank at last.

"Come along farther down," said Jones minimus.

"Too thin!" said Tracy minor.

Jones minimus snorted.

"If you're funky you can keep off!" he snapped.

"Well, I'm not going on thin ice."

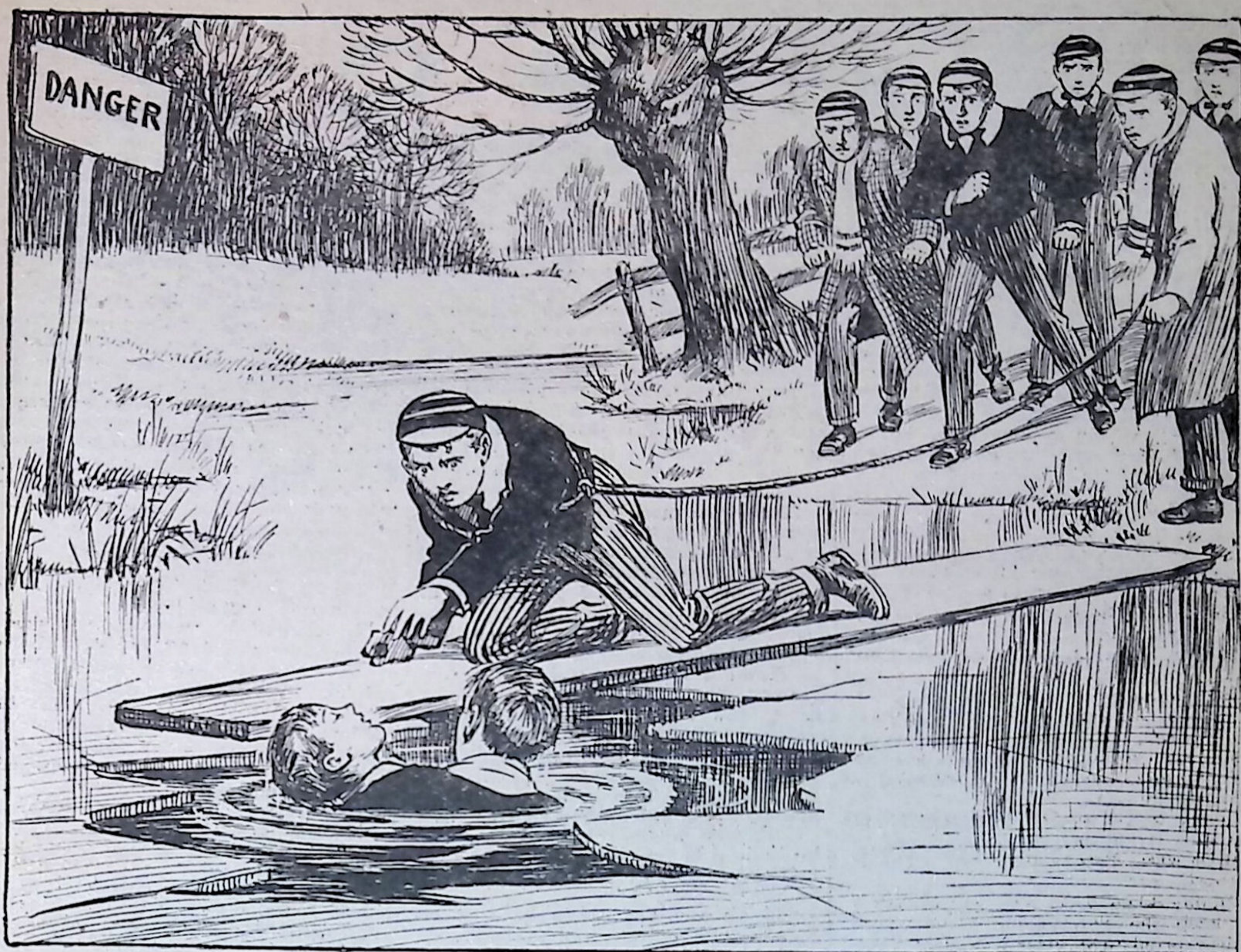
"Go and eat coke, then!"

"It's all right," said Fisher. "The thin ice is on the other side, and there's a danger-board. So long as we keep clear of the board it's all right."

"I'm going, anyway!" growled Jones minimus.

Jones led the way, and the fags followed him down the stream. It was narrower here, and the ice was rugged, and left alone by the skaters. Across the river a notice-board showed over the ice, bearing the legend in large letters: "Danger!"

Tracy minor remained on the bank,



Bulkeley looped the end of the rope round Jimmy Silver, and the Fourth Former crawled along the shaking plank which lay across the gap in the ice like a bridge. "Hold on to him a little longer!" gasped Silver. 'Erbert nodded. (See chapter 7.)

but the rest of the fags were soon on the ice, driving a fresh slide across.

They were out of the reach of Higgs & Co. there, and the bully of the Fourth did not follow them up.

'Erbert went on the ice to slide by himself when the fags were gone, but he was soon cleared off by Higgs of the Fourth. The bulky Fourth-Former charged him, and 'Erbert slid away down the river, leaving Higgs roaring with laughter.

"Here comes that rotter again!" growled Snooks, as 'Erbert came sliding along to where the fags were disporting themselves.

"Shove him off!" said Jones. The fags gathered round 'Erbert. "Let a bloke alone, can't you?" howled 'Erbert indignantly. "I'm going farther on—"

Jones & Co. did not reply, but they hustled him off the ice. 'Erbert stumbled in the frozen rushes, and sat down; and the fags, grinning, went on sliding again.

'Erbert rose rather painfully to his feet. The bump in the rushes had hurt him. He stood with a clouded brow, watching the sliders.

Jones & Co. were enjoying themselves immensely. They had that part of the river quite to themselves, and their slide extended from bank to bank. They whizzed along it one after another in great glee, with scarves floating in the wind.

"You're jolly near that board, you fellows!" called out Tracy minor. The sliders did not heed. Jones minimus, leading a long string

of sliders, stumbled on the ice, and went down. His followers, unable to stop themselves, piled on him in a yelling heap.

An anxious look came over 'Erbert's face.

"That there hicc won't stand much of that!" he muttered.

Crack!

The reckless fags were within measurable distance of the danger-board. As the heap of fallen fags struggled on the ice there was a long and ominous sound of cracking under them.

"Look out!" yelled Tracy minor.

"The ice is goin'!"

The fags scrambled hastily away.

Crack!

The strain had been too much. From the cracked ice came a gush of dark water.

Jones minimus sat up dazedly.

"Come off!" shrieked Fisher, who had already gained the bank.

"Look out, Jones!"

"My hat!"

Jones staggered to his feet, and as he did so his foot went through the cracked ice.

There was a sharper and louder crack, and as the frightened fag strove to withdraw his boot the other foot went through.

Down through the cracked ice he went, his arms coming upon the frozen surface with a force that further smashed the ice.

"Good heavens!" gasped Tracy minor.

"He's in!"

The water gushed over the ice. Jones minimus was fairly in, holding on to the

jagged edge of ice, and turning a white, terrified face towards his comrades on the bank.

"Help!" he panted.

"Get a plank, somebody!" gasped Snooks helplessly.

The broken ice crumbled in Jones' frozen fingers, and, with a choked cry, he went under.

"Help!" screamed Fisher.

A lithe figure leaped out from the bank.

"'Old on!" shouted 'Erbert. "I'm a-comin'!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

By Sheer Pluck!

SPLASH!

'Erbert was in.

Jones was going under again, frozen and helpless, when the edge of ice crumbled under 'Erbert's feet, and he was in the water beside him.

Forgotten in that moment was the bitter persecution the outcast of the Form had suffered at the hands of the terrified fag struggling in the water. 'Erbert had forgotten that. All he saw was a fellow in danger, and he rushed to the rescue with unthinking courage.

The fags on the bank watched him spellbound. Fisher was shouting mechanically for help.

From up the river the skaters were coming. The shouts had been heard. But they came too late to be of any aid to Jones minimus.

The freezing waters were sucking him down to death when 'Erbert's sinewy young arm closed round him and held him back.

"Old on to me!" panted 'Erbert.

Jones instinctively held on.

His weight dragged on 'Erbert, and the brave lad was dragged under the water. The gap in the ice showed nothing but the sullen surface of the river as Jimmy Silver dashed up.

"What's happened?" shouted Jimmy.

"Jones is in," stuttered Fisher. "He's gone under. Murphy's in, too. He went in after him. They'll be drowned! Oh!"

"'Erbert!" gasped Jimmy.

"There he is!" yelled Lovell.

'Erbert's head came into view. In that half-minute under the bitter waters, 'Erbert had fought wildly to keep from being sucked away by the current. He had succeeded—how, he did not know. But he came up in the gap, with Jones minimus still in his grasp.

Jones was almost insensible, but he was still clinging to the outsider of the Second. 'Erbert struck out to keep himself afloat, though he was blue with cold.

"Elp!" came in quivering tones through his frozen lips.

Jimmy Silver had kicked off his skates, and he was speeding for the gap.

"Hold on, Jimmy!" shouted Lovell.

"Here comes Bulkeley with the plank!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth was speeding up. The long plank, kept in readiness for a possible accident, was in his grasp.

"Stand back, Silver!" he shouted.

Bulkeley pushed the broad plank out over the ice, with the help of Neville and Knowles. The end of it came over the gap in the ice, and 'Erbert changed his grip to the wood.

"He can't get out!" muttered Jimmy Silver. "Bulkeley, let me get along the plank. I'm lighter than you. The ice may go—"

Bulkeley nodded.

"Get along!" he said.

He looped the end of a rope round Jimmy Silver, and the Fourth-Former crawled along the plank, which lay across the gap in the ice like a bridge.

There was a buzzing crowd on the bank and the ice by this time, and all eyes were fixed upon 'Erbert.

Jimmy Silver had reached the gap now.

The ice was shivering under his weight, and it certainly would not have stood the weight of Bulkeley. But it held.

Jimmy grasped 'Erbert.

The little fag looked up at him.

"Take 'im!" he muttered.

Jimmy nodded, and took Jones, now quite unconscious, from 'Erbert's grasp. He drew him carefully upon the plank.

He crawled back along the plank, dragging Jones after him by the shoulders, till he reached the firm ice, and many hands relieved him of the fag.

'Erbert was still holding to the plank.

His strength was too far spent for him to crawl out upon the plank, and he could only hold on with numbed fingers.

Jimmy crawled back.

"Here you are, kid!" panted Jimmy Silver.

He reached over and grasped the fag, and drew him from the water. 'Erbert's wet arms closed round his neck for support.

Crack! Crack-ack!

"Buck up, Silver!"

"My hat! It's going!"

The ice gave way, and the plank plunged in. Jimmy Silver was precipitated into the water, with 'Erbert in his arms.

But the rope was safe round him, under his shoulders, and a dozen willing hands dragged forcibly upon it.

The captain of the Fourth was drawn out, still with 'Erbert safe in his grasp.

"Thank Heaven you're safe!" gasped Bulkeley. "Lend a hand here, you fellows! Get them to the school!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 107.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Friends at Last!

"I'm all right!" gasped Jimmy. "I can walk all serene!"

"Run, then!"

Bulkeley caught up 'Erbert in his arms, and Neville picked up Jones minimus, and they dashed away towards the school. Jimmy Silver did not need help. The ducking had not hurt him.

"Come on, Jimmy!" exclaimed Lovell, grasping him by the arm. "Put it on! You'll catch your death of cold!"

"Right-ho!" grinned Jimmy.

And he ran his hardest for Rookwood, and arrived there quite warm.

A rub down in the dormitory and a change of clothes were enough for Jimmy Silver; but 'Erbert and Jones minimus had been put to bed, with hot-water bottles at their feet, and blankets piled on them, and the Head had telephoned for the school doctor.

The story was all over the school now.

There was much searching of heart among the Second-Formers. 'Erbert, the rank outsider, the fellow they had despised and condemned, had gone in for Jones, the leader of his persecutors, at the risk of his life. Well they knew the fearful risk he had run, how close he had been to the grim King of Terrors!

"He ain't a bad sort, after all," said Fisher to his friends. "Fancy him going in for old Jones, you know! Jones would have been drowned if he hadn't!"

"Plucky little beast, anyway," said Snooks. "I—I say, it was jolly decent of him!" said Fisher, in a shamefaced way. "After all, the poor beast can't help eating with his knife if he was brought up like that. I—I rather wish we hadn't been so down on him."

"He's a good sort!" said the repentant Snooks. "I'm jolly well not going to send him to Coventry after this, for one!"

"What rot!" said Tracy minor, with a sneer. "Of course, the young cad will be thinking of that. I dare say that's what he did it for."

"He did it to fish out old Jones," said Snooks warmly, "and he might have been drowned himself!"

"Rot! Anyone would have done it!"

"You didn't do it!" snorted Fisher. "And if you say anything more about Murphy, I'll dot you on the nose, young Tracy!"

"Well, I sha'n't speak to the cad, anyway!" sneered Tracy. "He can't come over me with a trick like this!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Dry up, Tracy!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Tracy sneered, and walked away. There was evidently a revulsion of feeling in the Second Form on the subject of 'Erbert. But the snob of the Second pinned his faith to Jones minimus. Tracy reasoned it out that Jones would be more down upon the rank outsider than ever after this, for nothing could be so bitterly exasperating as to receive a favour from a fellow he disliked and despised. It would have made Tracy feel bitter enough in Jones' place, and he credited Jones minimus with his own feelings.

It was some hours later when Jones minimus was allowed to come down. He was looking pale and subdued, but otherwise he did not seem much the worse for his experience. 'Erbert was still in the dormitory.

"All serene, Jonesey?" asked Tracy minor, joining him.

"Right as rain," said Jones minimus. "The doctor johnnie said I needn't stay in bed. Jolly glad of that! Jolly queer, wasn't it, that that boulder Murphy came in for me? Blessed if I get on to it at all!"

"Just like one of his tricks," said Tracy. "I was just going to come in, but that rotter had to shove himself forward, as usual."

"Eh?"

"Of course, he will be trying to make capital out of this," pursued Tracy minor. "He's the kind of pushin' cad that would. He'll think we're going to let him out of Coventry just because he fished you out of the river. Of course, you won't stand anythin' of the sort. The cad's got to be kept in his place all the same—what?"

Jones minimus did not reply.

He looked fixedly at Tracy, with a sort of wonder in his face, and an expression that made the snob of the Second feel uncomfortable.

Then, still without speaking, Jones minimus raised his right arm and smote Tracy full upon the nose.

"Yaroooh!"

Tracy staggered back and sat down with a bump. Jones minimus pushed back his cuffs, and danced round him.

"Come on, you cad!" he roared.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Get up, you funk! Get up and have some more!" roared Jones.

"Grooogh!"

"Ragging already?" grinned Fisher, as he came up with a crowd of the Second. "What are you punching Tracy for?"

Jones minimus gave his Form-fellows a truculent look.

"Because he was running down my pal," he answered.

"What pal?" asked the mystified Fisher.

"Murphy."

"Your—your pal?"

"Got anything to say against him?" roared Jones.

"Nunno!"

"I've made it up with Murphy," continued Jones minimus. "You know what he did—came in for me, after I'd been a beast to him. You'd been a beast too, Fisher."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Fisher.

"Here he comes!" added Jones minimus. "Come on, Murphy!"

'Erbert came up, with a very red face.

"Shoulder high!" said Jones minimus.

"Oh, my 'at!" said 'Erbert.

"Up with him!" said Fisher.

"Hurrah!" roared Snooks.

The fags grasped the blushing 'Erbert, and up he went on the shoulders of Jones minimus and Fisher. With a crimson face, the waif of Rookwood was borne shoulder-high round the quadrangle, amid cheers and wild yells from the Second.

The Head glanced out of his study window at the uproar, and smiled. Jimmy Silver & Co. came in from the skating, and met the uproarious procession. 'Erbert grinned down at Jimmy Silver from his perch.

"Well, that's rather a change!" said Lovell, with a whistle.

"Doesn't look much like Coventry for 'Erbert now," said Jimmy Silver. "Give him a cheer!"

And the Fistical Four joined in the cheering with powerful voices, and the old quadrangle rang with cheers for the outcast of the Second Form—now the dear pal of Jones minimus and the hero of the fags. Jimmy Silver had not yet succeeded in solving the problem of setting 'Erbert right with his Form; but Uncle James' assistance was no longer needed. 'Erbert had succeeded in winning his way.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled "The Coming of the Cornstalk!" By Owen Conquest.)



A MARKED MAN.

-:- A Grand Story, -:-
dealing with the Adventures of Ferrers Locke, the World-Famous Detective.

THREADS OF THE STORY.

Adrian Vaughan, after having served five years, leaves Dartmoor Prison, bent on regaining his old position in the world, but he finds that all of his old acquaintances had joined the great army against him, including a very old chum, Harry Leigh, and he vows to get his revenge on those who were once his friends.

He falls in with an old acquaintance of the prison, by name of Demottsen, and secures a suite of splendidly furnished rooms, where they intend to plan a great scheme. Later Vaughan appears before the public as a singer and musician, and makes a great name for himself as Paul Rutherford.

Later, Demottsen informs his partner that he has discovered that Leishman is really Mr. Leigh, the criminals' moneylender.

They employ the services of John Firth, who is the double of the ex-convict, and it is arranged that the latter helps Firth to discover the whereabouts of Judas Leishman, a man who had wronged him in the past.

Vaughan pays Leigh a visit, and threatens to reveal to the world his secret if Leigh does not hand over to his care Harry, no longer the son of Leigh, but of John Firth. Leigh has to agree, and Harry is taken to Vaughan's house in Flatney, and kept a prisoner there.

(Now read on.)

Brought to Book!

THE cool late summer evening, with the slowly-flowing Thames a rippling, gilded mirror, and the western sky a glowing span of rose-red and gold, found Ferrers Locke leisurely strolling along Marron Street in the direction of Poltniron's house in Shadwell.

In the doorway of the Chinese lodging-house Tu San stood meditatively looking out over the rippling river, and carefully massaging, with the topaz-like tip of her little finger, the warm, red lips to redistribute the rouge on them. She was dreaming of an idly rocking sampan on the blue waters of Shanghai, and the gilded life of the Orient when the resolute young man broke in on her visions.

"Hallo, Tu San!" he said, raising his hat and smiling pleasantly. "Watching the river that brings him in on the big ship, eh?"

"Hallo, London police-hound! How do?" And she extended the tips of her right hand, while with the left she drew the bright yellow silk covering closer to her throat.

"I'm well, thanks! By the by, I have brought a present for you." From a little box he produced a tiny gold chain with an opal pendant, and fastened it round the delicate lines of her throat. "There, San, you look lovely now!"

"Ah, policeman, you cunning dog! You only buy friendship from me," she said, with a rippling laugh. "What you want now?"

Locke's grey eyes shone with amusement. "Where's your father, Tu San?"

"D'linking tea inside," she murmured, examining the gift rapturously.

"Then I suppose I'd best go in and buy his friendship, too?"

"All right."

The little painted face was expressionless now.

The detective's huge form vanished through the curtain of bamboo sticks and coloured beads.

The room was heavy with shadows, but through the gloom Locke made out Ah Ling squatting on the edge of a divan, sipping at a bowl of golden-hued tea.

The Chinaman looked up, blinked once or twice, then returned to his tea drinking without uttering a word, his yellow, parchment-like face as impassive and immobile as that of the sphynx.

"I want you to open out a bit, Ah Ling," the detective said, squatting in the centre of one of the square mats, and taking the china bowl which Tu San was quick to bring him. "I don't mind paying well for a little information. The last time I asked you something you said you didn't know. You're going to know this time, Ah Ling."

"It depends on the money," the Chinaman muttered.

"Fifty dollars for two words."

A little heap of gold glowed in the detective's palm. Ah Ling pouched the bribe, and nodded assent.

"You remember the night when poor Poltniron was shot?"

"Very well."

"I didn't tell you whom I suspected. I've been waiting to make certain. It was a man to whom he sold a certain gold cup which he had acquired. Poltniron was about to tell me himself, when the man in question, to prevent his name becoming known, shot at Poltniron and closed his lips."

"The leetle Jew not tellee you now, Mista Locke."

"Is he still ill?"

"Muehee ill. He dotty man—in asylum now!"

"I understand. That's why I've come to you. I want you, if you can, to give me this man's name."

Ah Ling shook his shiny head.

"There are three—Mista Lowenberg, who only buys old silver; Ysavah, the Pole, who is the coiners' fence; and an old Jew—muehee big man with white hair and wotch you calls um, hookey nose—Judas Leishman."

"The bowl almost fell from Locke's hand."

"Ah, that is he—Judas Leishman! Tell me all you know about him."

The sight of a bundle of notes loosened Ah Ling's tongue and prompted his memory. Judas Leishman was the most famous crooks' fence in London. For thirty years he had a house and underground offices and cellars by the riverside, in which were stored countless thousands of pounds worth of stolen valuables, which he bought or on which he had advanced money. Of late years, Leishman had scarcely ever been known to attend to any business personally; he lived away in the country—not even his most confidential employees knew where—and never figured personally in any of his transactions.

But the Chinaman would swear positively that it was Leishman himself who called on Poltniron and negotiated for the purchase of the gold bowl.

"You are a cunning old dog! You might just as well have told me all this before." Locke remonstrated, as he counted out ten of the notes.

The Chinaman gave a sly laugh, and laid his forefinger along his nose.

"Me not knowee, Mista Detective. The policemen might have come over that shoot job!"

"I see. You weren't out to risk any police notice just then," was Locke's caustic comment. "Thank you, Ah Ling! I'll go and keep an eye on Judas Leishman's receiving depot."

For several days the detective hung about in the shadowy underworld of East London, associating with criminals of every type and class; but the result was disappointing. Nothing further upon Ah Ling's information materialised. It was evident that Judas Leishman's part in his nefarious business, out of which he had built up such a colossal fortune, was now practically nil, and that his buying the bowl from Poltniron had been more a matter of coincidence than anything.

With the information he had gathered, Locke returned to his rooms in Baker Street, and launched out on the task of marshalling his facts and building up his case against Justin Leigh.

"Starting, as we are now able to, with a presupposed knowledge of Justin Leigh's double life," he explained to Baker, "we know that it was he who purchased the goblet from Poltniron. Adrian Vaughan, I believe, stole it from Kingsweare Hall, and, getting frightened at the hue and cry raised over Marconnon's murder, wanted to wash his hands of what might prove an incriminating piece of evidence. Accordingly, he sold it to Poltniron, who had turned it for a cash consideration over to Leishman. Evidently, when Leishman got to hear that one of his buyers had agreed to buy a gold bowl, he went to Poltniron to inspect it, and was amazed to find it was Ranguvy's property. At that moment I arrived on the scene. Leishman cleared out, as Poltniron thought, for good, but, in reality, he was all the while in the next room. As soon as Poltniron opened his lips to betray him, he shot at the poor wretch, and decamped, carrying the bowl with him. I followed, and nearly lost my life. He got clear, reached Northampton, and buried the thing in his grounds, where I found it. So far, my case against Justin Leigh is perfect. Now, Baker, what about the glue impressions of the footprints I took in Northampton?"

"I have compared them with those taken from the shrubbery in Kingsweare Hall, where Mr. Marconnon was shot, and with the one taken in Poltniron's lumber-room, and they all coincide."

For once, Ferrers Locke's colossal coolness broke down, and he betrayed obvious excitement.

"Then, after all we've been working on a blind trail! It was not Vaughan who killed Marconnon, but Justin Leigh!" he cried.

"I'm afraid it looks very much like it," responded Baker. "Vaughan may have stolen the bowl, but, in face of this discovery, it shifts the suspicion to another direction altogether."

For a while Locke relapsed into silence.

"The whole business is a most terrible

affair, from which, somehow or other, Harry Leigh must be extricated," he said.

"You have no idea, I suppose, where Justin Leigh has taken him?" Baker asked.

"Not the slightest, except that it is somewhere where he is not free to make his whereabouts known to the world, or long before this he would have communicated with me. I can only conjecture that, as I know Justin Leigh's affection for his son to be very great, he must have been coerced into parting with him by someone who has discovered the secret of his double life, or has some other hold upon him. I can think of no one except Adrian Vaughan. Ah, Baker, light begins to dawn at last! Assume our original contention was right—that Vaughan did steal the bowl from Kingsweare; also that he was a witness of Justin Leigh's act of homicide—everything now becomes clear. Vaughan, under threats of exposing Mr. Leigh as a murderer, has compelled the old man to hand Harry over to him. That also would account for his silence."

Baker sat quite still, amazed

"Everything points to Vaughan and Leigh being in collusion," the detective went on. "A year ago, Justin Leigh wouldn't have treated his son as he has done since for worlds. But with Vaughan's arrival on the scene all is changed. Vaughan possesses dangerous knowledge; he will use it, unless his demands are satisfied. My boy, if we can only find Adrian Vaughan, we discover Harry, too."

"Yes! But how discover him?"

"We have a very slender clue to work on. It is this: You remember we have both remarked on the curious coincidences of Mr. Paul Rutherford's name cropping up in connection with several affairs in which we believe Vaughan to have been a guilty participant—for instance, the Ranguvy affair and the great jewel robbery at the Royal Edward Hall? Now we know that Mr. Rutherford is not Vaughan, because I myself have interviewed Rutherford and satisfied myself on that point. But I am confident there is some connection between the two. Therefore, from this moment the interest temporarily shifts to the Society entertainer, and it is from him I believe I can pick up a clue which, sooner or later, will bring me face to face with Adrian Vaughan."

"There is yet another thing to be done," Baker remarked, glancing at his notes—"to find the motive why Mr. Leigh should have killed Raymond Marconnon."

"That is a side issue which can wait," responded Locke. "The pressing matter, so far as I am concerned, is to lay hands on Vaughan, to send him back to penal servitude. It seems a pity we have no way of making Justin Leigh speak. Harry's present position is unbearable. It must be put an end to."

"And why should Judas Leishman be spared? His whole life has been one of wickedness and duplicity. He shall be made to speak. I hold the power to do it, and, for Harry's sake, I won't hold my hand a single minute longer."

With that he took up the receiver and phoned through to Scotland Yard. Two hours later Detective-Inspector Barton Dawe, to whom he revealed everything, was with him on his way to Northampton.

A long wait followed the sending in of their names to Justin Leigh, a wait broken at last by a loud cry in a man's horrified voice. A second later a door opened, and Jevons, the manservant, appeared. His face was ashen, and his heavy lips shook with fear.

"Come, gentlemen, see if you can help me rouse the master. He is lying on the floor in the dining-room. There's a packet of powder in his hand, and flecks of foam on his lips. I believe he's dead."

Other eyes than those of the horrified manservant had witnessed the culminating tragedy of Justin Leigh's life. Against the glass of the French window a tense and furtive face was pressed. As Jevons rushed from the room and Justin Leigh breathed his last, the catch was lifted, a shadowy figure stepped silently in, and darted towards the table littered with papers. One stood out, glaringly distinct among all the rest—a folded packet tied with pink ribbon, and bearing on the outside, boldly engrossed: "The Last Will and Testament of Justin Leigh."

Swiftly the stranger hid it in his breast, stepped as quietly as he had entered back to the window, closed it to, and vanished into the night.

(Another grand instalment next week.)
THE POPULAR.—No. 107.

POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 1.—HARRY WHARTON.



SKIPPER OF THE REMOVE AND EDITOR OF "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."

When Harry Wharton first came to Greyfriars he was an undisciplined, passionate cub, but a cub with great stuff in him, as was very soon afterwards proved. His first enemy in the Form was George Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove. In a fight with this burly fellow, Wharton gained extensive popularity among his school-fellows, and became Form-captain in a very short time.

Then came the time when Vernon-Smith put up for the Form-captaincy, and all but wrested it from Wharton's grasp. If craft could have availed the Bounder, he would have won it; but pluck and honesty triumphed in the long run.

Being the leader of that select circle of juniors known as the Famous Five, he has had many adventures, and has never been found wanting in pluck, chivalry, and presence of mind. It is not the intention of these articles to tell all that has happened at Greyfriars to the fellow with whom they deal. To do that would need far more space than can be spared. Only a few of the outstanding incidents can be mentioned.

So many things about H. W. must be passed unnoted here: but it is most important to say that he is captain of both the football and cricket Elevens—which have put up so many grand battles on the field of sport—a splendid all-round athlete, and a fine scholar—in fact, a fellow in a thousand. He also figures very prominently in the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society, and is a dangerous rival to William Wibley, the self-professed greatest actor and stage-manager of the Lower School. But, for all that, the two are great friends.

And mention must be made, too, of the fact that Wharton has all along shared Study No 1 with Frank Nugent.

(Next week: "Tom Merry, Captain of the Shell Form at St. Jim's.")

THE GREAT MISTAKE!

(Continued from page 6.)

"Oh, sir!"

"The winner of the second prize was Herbert Vernon-Smith. I am sorry for him, as it will be a great disappointment to him to learn that he is, after all, the winner of only the second prize. The winner of the first prize is Mark Linley."

"Oh, sir!"

"I congratulate you, Linley! And I may say now that I expected this result all along," said the Head. "I was surprised when I found that you had been beaten by Vernon-Smith, and I think most of us were. I congratulate you!"

And Dr. Locke held out his hand.

Mark Linley shook hands with the Head like a fellow in a dream.

He had won, after all!

He had won the Founder's Fifty! He had won the money that was necessary to save his family!

"The money will be paid to you to-day," said Dr. Locke. "I am quite satisfied with the mode of expending it you have suggested. Some should certainly be kept for your own future use; but some, certainly, should be devoted to your people. I know it cannot have been easy for them to send you here, even with the aid of your scholarship, and they are entitled to benefit by your success. I congratulate you, Linley! And I congratulate your parents on their son!"

Mark Linley left the Head's study with his head in a whirl.

He need not leave Greyfriars! That fact stood out clear to his mind at once. The stress was over now—the sun was breaking through the clouds!

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were waiting for him in the passage. They looked in surprise at his beaming face—so different from what it had been like when he had gone into the Head's study.

"What's happened?" exclaimed both, in a breath.

Mark burst into a happy laugh.

"It's all right!"

"But what—"

"There was a mistake in the telegram! The wrong name was given! It's I who've won the Fifty, and not Vernon-Smith!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"It's jolly lucky for the Bounder that his little party was knocked on the head last night," he remarked. "He was going to stand that out of the Fifty. It was a bit of luck for him."

"Yes, rather!" grinned Bob. "And you've won the Fifty, Marky?"

"Yes."

"And you won't have to leave Greyfriars?"

"No."

"Hurrah! Hip—pip—pip—hurrah!" roared Bob Cherry.

In his study the Head heard Bob Cherry's enthusiastic roar, but he only smiled.

Mark Linley was marched to the Remove Form-room between Harry and Bob, with linked arms, all three of them in the highest of spirits.

The sun was shining at last for Mark Linley. The clouds had passed over, and all lay bright before the lad who had chosen the right path when he stood at the cross-roads!

THE END.

(Do not miss the next long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "Vernon Smith's Dilemma!" By Frank Richards.)



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

"VERNON-SMITH'S DILEMMA!" By Frank Richards.

This is one of the finest stories of the early days at Greyfriars, when Herbert Vernon-Smith was earning the name of the "Bounder of Greyfriars." Vernon-Smith had, for reasons not known to the juniors, escaped expulsion on more than one occasion. For some reason he had always got out of his worst scrapes with a licking, but this story deals with an escapade that places him in a dilemma. The story makes fine reading, and I strongly advise all my chums to see that they have next week's issue of the "Popular."

Our second long complete story of school life will be entitled:

"THE COMING OF THE CORNSTALK!" By Owen Conquest.

This story deals with the further adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood. Conroy, a junior from Australia, comes to Rookwood, and is welcomed by that select band of juniors known as the Giddy Goats. As a matter of fact, the Goats are a lot too giddy for Conroy, and he makes things hum. A glorious story this, boys and girls!

OUR FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

My chums will have had the first grand supplement with this number, and I am looking forward to heaps and heaps of postcards saying how much you enjoyed reading it. Billy Bunter is a lad, isn't he? And next week

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY"

is going to be even better. Contributions come from St. Jim's, Greyfriars, and Rookwood, so we have a nice "mixture" of opinions and ideas. Billy's ideas of running a paper are certainly extraordinary, but they are distinctly funny, so we are going to let him have his own way for a time. If, of course, he goes over the border, we shall have to lay a restraining hand—and perhaps a boot—upon him! Until then

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY"

will go ahead.

I should like every reader of the "Popular" to tell his chums of this grand number, and let the orders for a regular copy roll in to the newsagents' shops. The more readers we get the better.

A SIMPLE COMPETITION.

I have long thought that my readers are among the most intelligent of boys and girls, so I am going to test them in a simple little competition. This competition I am going to call

"POPLETS,"

and any reader can enter. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE TO BE PAID, but the following rules must be strictly adhered to:

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets" No. 1, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

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

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

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

Now that you fully understand the rules we will talk about the prizes and competition. Select two of the following examples, and make up sentences of TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE word must commence with ONE letter contained in the example. Thus:

Example: Billy Bunter's appetite.

Poplet: Leads him To steal, or; Accounts for food shortage.

My chums will agree that that is quite simple to understand! Now here are the examples for "Poplets" Competition No. 1:

"Billy Bunter's Weekly." Loder's Little Harry Wharton's Punch. Games. Because Bob Said So. Tom Merry's Aunt. The Companion Papers. The Rookwood Boys. A Simple Competition. When Pluck Counts. Complete School. Quite Easy When. Stories. Never Say Die.

There you are—twelve examples given you, and you have only to think of a short sentence to be able to enter the competition

EVERY WEEK UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE I SHALL AWARD TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS TO READERS who send in what, in my opinion, are the ten best efforts. Next week I shall give you another twelve examples for another ten prizes.

Keep your eye on my Chat for the result and the names and addresses of lucky readers. The postcard, remember, only requires a PENNY STAMP; to put stamps of greater value than one penny is but to waste your money. Send your effort to the address set out in Rule 2 above, to arrive not later than Thursday, February 10th, 1921.

Now, boys and girls, get busy and win one of the Five Shilling prizes. Just think what five shillings will buy even nowadays!

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

Will my chums please note that I have not a single copy of the "Holiday Annual" left to sell? Readers can still obtain a copy from some of the newsagents in their towns. I am afraid, however, that a large number will be disappointed, for such marvellous value for the money cannot be long before the boys and girls of this country ere they snap at it. Ask for the "Holiday Annual," and keep on asking until you are lucky enough to obtain a copy! That's the best advice I can give all chums who have not as yet obtained their copy of the "Holiday Annual."

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

"A Reader" (Redditch).—Many thanks for your letter. I will seriously consider your suggestion.

"An Old Boy" (Broadmayne).—I am sending a letter to you by post in the hopes that

address you give is sufficient to find you. I was very glad indeed to have your letter, and note with interest your remarks. Vernon-Smith, you know, is now great friends with Harry Wharton & Co., though at times he is apt to kick over the traces!

Jimmy Merry (Liverpool).—Your name sounds almost familiar—perhaps it is because you've Jimmy Silver's Christian name and Tom Merry's surname! However, thanks for all you're doing to get new readers. You will see that a competition on the lines you suggested is now before you. Hurry up and send in a winning effort!

J. A. H. (Glasgow).—I cannot promise to let the further adventures of Ferrers Locke be written up for the "Popular." If I find that the majority of my chums want it done—it shall be done!

Molly Truemann.—Thanks awfully for your jolly letter. I wish all my chums would write to me like that. Our office boy declares that I've never stopped blushing from your words of praise!

Mr. Herbert Gifford (Royton).—I very nearly blushed again when I read your letter. When I get a letter from a married man who is a keen reader of the Companion Papers I always feel very satisfied with the world. My boy and girl chums are very keen critics, but grown-up folk perhaps know how to put their likings and objections more forcibly. Fortunately you have nothing but praise for the fine stories published in our papers. I and my staff most heartily reciprocate your good wishes. Thanks!

"Uncle James" (London, S.W.).—So you think that the Jimmy Silver yarns should be much longer. I can show you letters which positively clamour for longer Greyfriars stories! My dear chum, we simply can't do it! Perhaps, when the paper shortage is overcome, we might be able to do something.

"New Reader" (Plymouth).—Welcome to the ranks, my dear chum! Yes, I am just as pleased to hear from new readers as old. Thanks for all the nice things you say about the "Magnet Library," too.

G. K. (Milford Haven).—There is always a chance of getting back numbers of this paper. Apply to the Manager, the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4, and he will do his best for you.

J. M. (Bedford).—I will see what I can do about your suggestion. Thanks for your interesting letter.

"Alfred" (Luton).—More will be heard of Tom Merry & Co. in the "Popular." Keep an eye on "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

Willy Hope (no address).—A story which concerns Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master, will appear in the "Magnet Library" very shortly. I do not know why you wanted to see what Mr. Quelch would do if he got into trouble, but he gets into a very serious predicament in the story, entitled, "The Form-master's Disgrace." So the juniors are NOT the only ones who get into trouble, you see!

Gordon F. (Phalico).—You are evidently a new reader—but you are none the less welcome! Harry Wharton & Co. and Jimmy Silver & Co. are great friends. Perhaps we shall have a story about a meeting between the two schools before very long.

Your Editor



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