

OLD CHUMS & NEW <sup>MAY MEET</sup> HARRY WHARTON & CO.

ON PAGE 2.

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Grey-friars



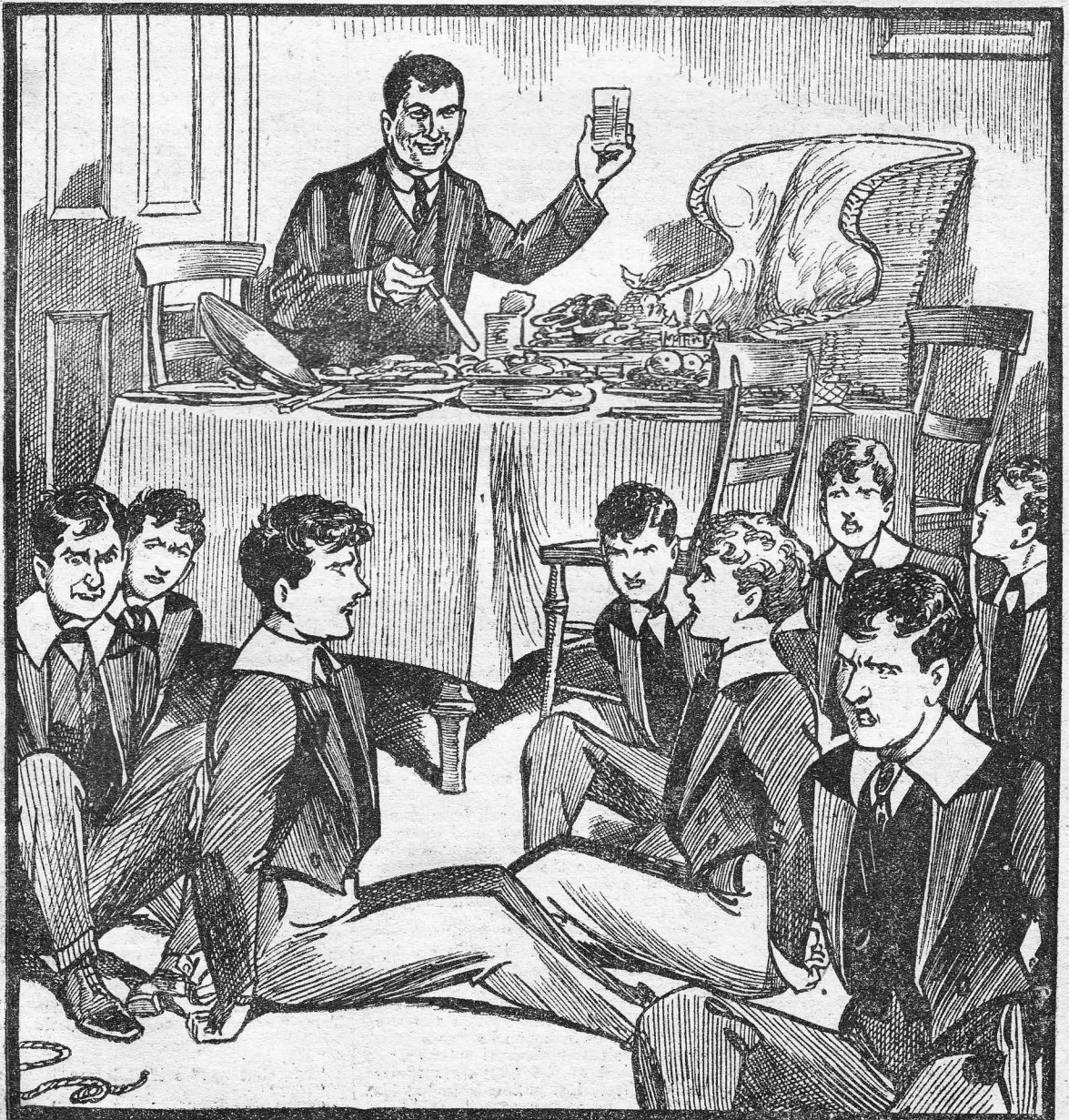
# The POPULAR

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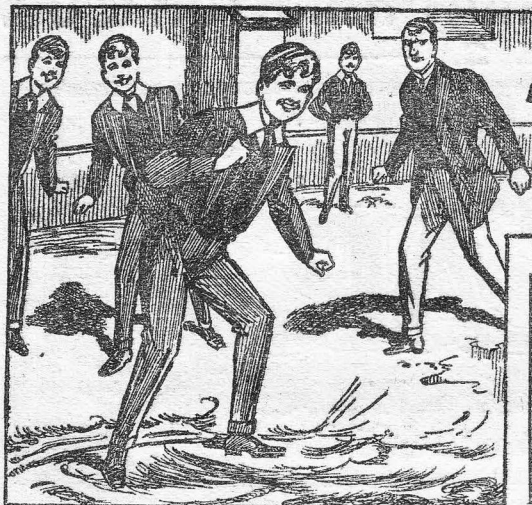
Stories, Jokes & Pictures  
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood

St. Jims



HARRY WHARTON & CO. WATCH THEIR FEED "VANISH"!



# The New Bully!

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale of  
HARRY WHARTON & Co., and How  
BOLSOVER MAJOR Came to Greyfriars.

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

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Bolsover Arrives!

**H**ERE he is!"

"Here's Bulstrode!"

"Welcome home, my son!"

Quite a little crowd of juniors stood at the gates of Greyfriars as Bulstrode came up. They shook hands with him, and he walked in in the midst of them.

George Bulstrode had been away from Greyfriars since his younger brother had succumbed to injuries sustained in falling from a window whilst breaking bounds. George was not very popular, but when Harry Wharton & Co. heard that he was returning they put aside all feeling of animosity, and prepared a stunning feed to welcome him back.

But they could not help looking at him curiously. He showed many signs of wear and tear.

"Anything happened?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes."

"Been fighting with a lawn-mower?"

asked Nugent sympathetically.

"No. New boy."

"Phew! He handled you like that?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in astonishment.

"Yes."

"You didn't get the worst of it?" exclaimed John Bull.

"Yes, I did."

"My hat!"

"It's a new kid for the Remove—his name's Bolsover," Bulstrode explained. "He came down in the same train."

"Yes; Bunter knows him," said Wharton. "He's a friend of Bunter's—or Bunter says so, at any rate. A great fighting-man, I hear."

Bulstrode grinned ruefully.

"Well, that much is right enough!" he said.

"Did you tackle him, or did he tackle you?" asked Tom Brown.

"He tackled me."

"We all know what a nice, quiet, inoffensive chap Bulstrode is," Hazel-jene remarked, with a grin. And there was a chuckle from the juniors.

Bulstrode reddened.

"I wasn't bullying him, if that is what you mean!" he exclaimed. "He picked a row with me without the slightest cause. He's a big chap—big enough to be in the Fifth—nearly as big as Coker."

"Phew!"

"And he licked me hollow!" confessed Bulstrode. "I should have had a horrid time if some of the Courtfield chaps hadn't interfered. Bolsover says

he is going to be cock of the walk in the Remove!"

Harry Wharton's face set grimly.

"He will have to walk over some of us first, then!" he remarked. "He won't get us to stand any of his rot!"

"I guess not!" said Fisher T. Fish emphatically. "I guess I'll show him how we box over there, if we have any of his side!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Come in, Bulstrode, old son!" said Harry. "I'm sorry this should have happened on the day you've come back. We've got a bit of a feed ready for you."

"You're very good!"

"You chaps turn up about six, and you'll find it ready," said Wharton.

"Right you are!"

And Wharton linked arms with Bulstrode, and walked him off. Bulstrode was certainly very much in need of a wash and brush down.

Most of the fellows remained at the gates. They were eager to see the new boy who had handled the burly Remove so easily. The fellow who had licked Bulstrode hollow was likely to be something of a "terror" in the fistical line, and if he turned out to be a bully it meant rough times for the Remove.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here's Bunter! I hear that the new chap is a friend of yours, Bunter!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter. "And you'd better be civil to him, too! He could lick any chap in the Remove quite easily. Look here—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"I tell you—"

"Oh, kick him, somebody!" said Nugent.

There was a fiendish yell from Bunter, proving that somebody had done so. The fat junior rolled away. The fellows looked out into the road, and there was a shout as the new boy was sighted. He had not been very far behind Bulstrode.

"Here's the new kid!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bolsover came up. He was not looking in a good temper. He was dusty, and his nose was swollen, and his lip was cut. His encounter with Solly Lazarus had thrown him into the worst of tempers, in fact, and he was scowling as he came into the school gateway.

He looked at the Greyfriars juniors, and the Greyfriars juniors looked at him.

"Well, here you are!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes, here I am," said Bolsover.

"Nice afternoon, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Bolsover, looking a little

puzzled.

"So glad to see you!" said John Bull.

"Thank you!"

"Not at all. Any friend of Bunter's is a friend of ours, of course!" said Bull.

"Bunter?" said Bolsover. "Oh, Bunter!"

"Yes; William George Bunter, of that ilk," said Ogilvy. "The fat bouncer says that he knows you."

"Oh, I know him!"

"Then you won't be lending him any money," Nugent remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You chaps belong to the Remove?" asked Bolsover.

"Yes, rather!"

"Seen a fellow come in—Bulstrode, I think his name is?"

"Yes."

"Did he look nice?"

"Oh, he always does! Bulstrode is the beauty of the family!" said Skinner.

"Well, I think I've spoiled his beauty for him a little," said Bolsover, with a grin. "He checked me in the train, and I put him through it. I was

cock of the walk in the Fourth at my last school!"

"Really?" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes; and it's going to be the same here," said Bolsover. "If you've got a chap who can stand up to me, produce him, and I'll knock him into a cocked hat! Otherwise, you'd better lie low. That's a warning!"

The juniors looked at one another. They had seen varieties of swank at Greyfriars. Bulstrode himself was a little given that way, and Fisher T. Fish was a past-master of it. But the swank of the new Remove was something more than they had ever experienced before.

"That's a warning, is it?" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes. I don't mean to have any rot!"

"You're going to keep us in order?" suggested Bob, with a dangerous gleam in his eyes. "If we're not nice, you are going to whack us?"

"Just so!"

"I—I—I'm trembling!" murmured Tom Brown. "Some of you hold me while I tremble! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bolsover.

"Eh?"

"Shut up; that's what I said!"

"Blest if I ever saw a chap looking

for trouble like this before!" said Bob Cherry. "And the Greyfriars Remove is just the place to find trouble, if you're looking for it!"

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond.

Bolsover held out his rug.

"Carry this in for me!" he said.

Bob Cherry stared at the rug, and then at Bolsover. He did not quite believe his ears at first. That a new fellow, who had not even set foot in the school yet, should think of fagging him, was quite incredible.

"Eh? What did you say?" Bob Cherry ejaculated.

"Carry my rug!"

"Carry your rug?"

"Yes!"

"Why should I?"

"Because I tell you to," said Bolsover, in his most truculent tone. "Now then, look sharp!"

"Well, my only hat!"

"Are you going to carry my rug?"

"No fear!"

"Then I'll jolly well—"

"Hold on!" said Bob Cherry. "On second thoughts, hand it over!"

Bolsover grinned as he handed over his rug. The other fellows stared at Bob Cherry in amazement. It seemed to them impossible that the hero of the Remove meant to let the new boy ride the high horse in this way.

Bob Cherry took the rug quite gravely, and placed it on his arm. The juniors were silent and mystified.

"Anything else?" asked Bob politely.

"Can I carry your hat, too?"

"No," said Bolsover. "Just carry that rug in, and look alive over it!"

"I'd really like to carry your hat, too."

"Buzz off with that rug!"

"But can't I really have your hat, too?"

"No!" roared Bolsover.

"Look here, I regard it as an honour to carry things for you. Won't you let me carry your hat, too, as a special favour?"

"No; get on!"

"Oh, very well!"

Bob Cherry marched off with the travelling rug over his arm. He turned from the gravel path, and Bolsover, who was following, shouted to him.

"That's not the way, ass! Carry it into the house!"

"This is my way!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Look here—"

"No, you look!" said Bob.

Bob had reached a place where the late rain had left a large muddy puddle in the Close. He calmly proceeded to lay the travelling rug in it. It was rather an expensive rug, and there were many colours in it. The colours were speedily all reduced to one, as Bob Cherry stamped on the rug, trampling it down into the water and mud. The Removites burst into a roar. They understood now.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover stood transfixed with rage for a moment. Then, with a shout, he rushed at Bob Cherry, and grasped him round the neck. In a moment he had Bob's head in chancery, and was pommeling him furiously.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER!

Bunter Makes a Valuable Suggestion!

**B**OB CHERRY closed with the bully, and they struggled, both of them now trampling on the drenched rug. There was more mud than rug about it now. Bolsover seemed to have forgotten it, in his intense desire to revenge himself upon the Greyfriars junior. The other fellows

gathered round in a ring, cheering on Bob Cherry.

"Go it, Bob!"

"Pile in!"

"Give the cad socks!"

Bob Cherry did his best. But Bolsover was bigger, and Bolsover was stronger. He seemed to have the strength of a man rather than a boy. Bob was athletic, but he was no match for Bolsover. The new boy gripped him with his left arm, keeping his head in chancery, and punched him unmercifully.

"My hat!" murmured Nugent.

"Bob is getting the worst of that!"

"I guess he is," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Of course, it wouldn't be fair to interfere, or I'd show the guy how we box over there!"

"Oh, rats!"

"I guess—"

"I'm jolly well going to interfere!" said John Bull determinedly. "Bob isn't going to be punched like that!"

Bull grasped the bully by the shoulder, and swung him back. Bob Cherry tore his head loose. He was looking dazed, almost stupefied, and his nose was bleeding, and his eyes discoloured.

Bolsover looked furiously at John Bull.

"Hands off!" he exclaimed.

"Let him alone, then!"

"You can take his place if you like," said Bolsover, with a sneer.

"I'm ready," said John Bull instantly.

"Then come on!"

John Bull put up his hands. The juniors looked on breathlessly. John Bull was the best fighting man in the Remove, with the exception of Harry Wharton and Mark Linley, and they fully expected him to lick the arrogant stranger.

But they were disappointed.

John Bull attacked pluckily enough, but he staggered back from heavy drives from right and left. The new boy's size gave him a great advantage, and he was much longer in the reach.

Bull staggered into Nugent's arms, and Frank caught him and supported him.

"My word!" gasped Bull.

"I guess he's pretty slick," Fisher T. Fish remarked.

"Boys, what does this mean?"

The juniors looked round as Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came upon the scene, with rustling gown. The Remove-master was looking very angry. The row had taken place in full sight of his study windows, and of those of the Head, too.

"What do you mean by quarrelling here in the Close?" exclaimed the Remove-master. "Who is this? Are you the new boy Bolsover?"

"Yes, sir," said Bolsover.

"Then you will have to learn better behaviour here," said Mr. Quelch. "I trust that this is not a ragging inflicted upon a new boy, Cherry?"

"I feel as if I've had most of the ragging, anyway, sir!" murmured Bob Cherry, rubbing his nose ruefully.

"Who began this fighting, Nugent?"

Frank was silent.

"He shoved my rug in the puddle, sir," said Bolsover, "so I punched him."

"Indeed! Why did you do that, Cherry?"

"Because I—I—"

"What you call a lark, I suppose," said Mr. Quelch severely. "There is no humour in damaging property, Cherry. You will take fifty lines! Now go in!"

And Mr. Quelch strode away.

The juniors looked at one another with feelings too deep for words. The new fellow was not only a bully; he was

apparently a sneak as well. Snoop, of the Remove, was a sneak, and he was often ragged for it. But it would be a more difficult matter ragging Bolsover, that was pretty clear.

"Well, of all the cads!" said Ogilvy.

"Of all the curs—"

"Of all the rotten sneaks—"

"Pick up that rug!" said Bolsover.

"What!"

"Pick up that rug, and wring it out, and take it in!" said Bolsover.

Bob Cherry gave him one look, and then turned away and walked into the house. The other fellows followed him, leaving Bolsover standing alone. The bully stood hesitating, a little taken aback.

"I say, Bolsover, old man!"

It was a sneaky voice. Bolsover turned his head and saw Billy Bunter. The fat junior came up with his most ingratiating smile.

"You remember me, Bolsover?" he said persuasively.

"Yes," said Bolsover. He did not show any enthusiasm over the remembrance.

"I'm jolly glad to see you, Bolsover," said Bunter confidentially. "I was going to stand you a feed to welcome you here, you know."

"Good!" said Bolsover.

"Only the funds ran out, you know, and I was disappointed about a postal-order. I was expecting a postal-order this morning, and it hasn't come, so—"

"Bosh!"

"Ahem! But I'm jolly glad to see you, Bolsover. Look here, if you would care to have a feed—a really good feed—"

"Well, I'm hungry after my journey," said Bolsover. "I suppose there's tea in Hall, isn't there?"

Bunter turned up his fat little nose. "Yes; weak tea and doorsteps!" he said. "You don't want that. Look here, there is a feed going—a jolly good feed! Sardines, and salmon, and cold chicken, and ham and eggs, two sorts of cake, and a giddy pineapple!"

"Good! Where?"

Billy Bunter lowered his voice, and for a few moments stood whispering into Bolsover's ear. Then the new bully walked quickly away, obtained a coil of rope, and made his way to Harry Wharton's study.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Uninvited Guest!

**H**ARRY WHARTON was alone in his study. He had left Bulstrode in the Remove dormitory, cleaning off the traces of his encounter with Bolsover outside the station in Friardale. It still wanted a quarter to six, and none of the guests had yet arrived. Wharton was busy poaching eggs. In the days when Billy Bunter had been an inmate of Study No. 1, he had done most of the cooking; and certainly, he was a better cook than Harry. But the chums had been glad to get rid of him at any price. Bunter was not a pleasant companion under any circumstances.

Wharton was turning the eggs out of the frying-pan, looking very warm and ruddy, when the door was pushed wider open, and Bolsover came in.

Wharton glanced round at him.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" said Bolsover.

"Do you want anything?" asked Harry, puzzled.

"Yes."

"What, then?"

"Civility, first of all," said Bolsover.

"If I don't get that there will be

trouble. In the next place, I'm hungry, and want feeding."

"You won't get fed here!" said Wharton.

"I rather think I will!"

"I wouldn't mind asking you to tea, as you're a new boy; but, under the circumstances, it can't be done!" said Wharton. "Bulstrode is the guest of honour, and you've just been fighting with him, so you see—"

"Bulstrode can keep away."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'm hardly likely to exclude the chap we're getting up the feed specially for to have you instead," he said. "Besides, to speak plainly, I don't care for your company. I saw all that happened in the Close from the window here, and I think you're a bully. The less I have to say to you the better I shall like it. Bob Cherry is a chum of mine, and I saw how you handled him. You can get out!"

Bolsover sneered.

"I shall please myself on that point," he said. "I've come here for a feed."

"You won't get it!"

"At my old school I used to make the Fourth feed me," said Bolsover. "They used to get up a subscription, and stand me feeds, and if they weren't nice I can tell you there were some thick ears afterwards."

Harry Wharton's lip curled.

"You won't find the Remove here much like that," he said. "Nobody here is likely to feed you. I suppose you can use your fists, from the amount of side you put on; but I dare say we can produce somebody to walk over you, if necessary."

"Perhaps you'd like to try for yourself?" Bolsover suggested.

"I shouldn't object."

"Well, I'm ready."

"I'll meet you in the gym after tea if you like," said Harry Wharton quietly. "I'm expecting guests in a few minutes now, so I'll ask you to get out!"

Bolsover did not stir.

"I suppose you don't want to make a row here, just when I'm standing a feed to a chap coming back from being away?" said Wharton quietly.

Bolsover laughed sneeringly.

"I'm sure I'm not very particular about it," he said. "I'm coming to the feed, at all events."

"You're not!"

"I'm here," said Bolsover. "Are you going to shift me?"

Wharton laid down the frying-pan.

"Yes," he said, "if you don't go!"

"Well, I'm not going!"

Harry Wharton pushed his cuffs back and stepped towards the new boy. Bolsover stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at him, a sneer upon his face.

"Are you going, Bolsover?"

"No!"

Wharton said no more. He put up his hands, and came straight at the new boy. Bolsover backed away a pace or two, and then hurled himself upon Wharton.

Harry Wharton was strong and athletic, and he had the reputation of being the best fighting-man in the Remove. And there was a great deal of fighting done in that Form at Greyfriars. But Bolsover came as a surprise to him. He was more than a year older than Wharton, and very much bigger, and Harry had little more chance than he would have had against a fellow in the Fifth.

Bolsover broke through his guard, hitting out fiercely, and closed with him. Harry wrestled fiercely, striving to swing his adversary towards the doorway.

They reached the door, and Bolsover kicked it shut with his foot. Then he exerted his strength, his strong arms closing round the Removee like bands of iron.

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His bulldog face, with its mocking grin, looked down into Wharton's.

"It won't be so easy," he remarked.

"You cad!"

"You are going to chuck me out, ain't you?" grinned Bolsover. "Well, I'm waiting for the chucking to begin."

Wharton made a desperate effort, putting into it every ounce of strength he possessed; and the burly fellow crashed back against the door. He slid to the floor, but his powerful arms still held Wharton, and Harry went down with him.

They rolled over on the floor, struggling furiously.

Then Bolsover's strength and size told hopelessly against the younger boy. He rolled Wharton over, and sat astride of his chest. His heavy fist whirled in the air, and crashed down into Harry's face. The back of the junior's head thudded on the floor, and the cowardly blow almost stunned him.

"Now, will you give in?" shouted Bolsover.

"Oh, you coward!"

"Do you give in?"

"No!"

The bully rained blows upon the lad under him. Wharton strove in vain to elude them. His senses were swimming under the brutal attack.

"Now, do you chuck it—eh?"

Wharton did not reply. He could not. Bolsover grinned, and dragged open the coil of rope. Wharton saw his intention and struggled, but it was useless. His wrists were dragged together, and the rope wound round them, and in spite of his resistance the muscular bully knotted it tightly.

Then he rose, gasping a little, and bound the junior's ankles in the same way. Harry Wharton was helpless to resist now, and he had to lie quietly while an extra length of rope was wound round his body, holding his arms down to his sides.

Bolsover grinned at the helpless lad.

"Quite done?" he asked.

"You cad!"

"You can sit there," said Bolsover. "I'll entertain your guests for you. My hat, this does look something like a feed!"

"You bound!" shouted Wharton.

"Let that grub alone!"

"Not likely!"

"I—I'll smash you!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You look like smashing anybody, don't you?" grinned Bolsover.

Wharton ground his teeth. His eyes were burning with rage. He had been defeated. There was no disgrace in being beaten in a struggle with a fellow much older and bigger than himself; but Wharton felt his position keenly. It was ridiculous to be sitting there bound hand and foot when his guests arrived.

And he was helpless. Even when he was let loose again, he knew that he would have no chance of punishing Bolsover. He was no match for the new bully of the Remove.

Bolsover laughed as he watched his face. He sat down in a chair at the table, and looked over the good things spread there. The door was opened and Bob Cherry came in, and Bolsover jumped up.

Bob Cherry did not get much time in which to see what was happening. Bolsover laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder, spun him round, tripped him up, and in a moment had tied up his hands. Bob glared and raved, but Bolsover only smiled.

Frank Nugent, Tom Brown, Bulstrode, and Johnny Bull came in to the study one by one, and were served in the same manner. Then Fisher T. Fish and Hazeldene arrived together. They were as butter in the strong hands of the new junior, and joined the other juniors on the floor.

"Well, you look a jolly row!" said Bolsover, surveying his captives critically. "Now, I think it's time I had my tea!"

The juniors did not speak. Their feelings were too deep for words. They watched the bully in silence as he sat down at the table and began upon the good things which Harry Wharton & Co. had prepared as a "welcome back" feast to Bulstrode.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Free Feeds!

**B**OLSOVER had apparently a good appetite.

He "wired in," and soon made a considerable difference with the good things that were piled upon the table.

The cold chicken vanished as if by magic, and the ham and eggs followed, Bolsover helping himself in the most liberal way. He grinned at the silent and furious juniors as he proceeded with his repast.

"I must say this is jolly good!" he remarked. "I hope we shall often have little feeds like this in the study. Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors glared.

To sit there, tied up like so many chickens, and look on at the feed—the feed they had prepared for themselves, and which the bully was devouring—was intolerable.

But they had no help for it.

The only thing to do was to grin and bear it—to bear it, at all events, even if they could not grin.

They bore it.

Inwardly they registered all sorts of fearful vows of vengeance. Bolsover grinned at them across the table.

There came a tap at the door. The juniors made a movement of hope at the thought of rescue. The handle of the door was tried, but Bolsover had locked it.

"Rescue!" shouted Nugent.

"I say, you fellows——" came a squeaky voice through the keyhole.

Bob Cherry grunted.

"No good; it's only Bunter."

"I say, Bolsover——"

"Hallo!"

"Have you licked Wharton?"

"Yes," grinned Bolsover.

"Are you feeding?"

"Yes."

"Well, you might let a fellow in," said Billy Bunter in an injured voice. "I suppose there's more than enough for one; and I put you on this, you know."

Bolsover burst into a laugh. He unlocked the study door and opened it, and the Owl of the Remove went in. Billy Bunter stopped short as he caught sight of the row of bound juniors on the floor, and gasped.

"Great Scott! Wh-what——"

"Shut the door!" said Bolsover.

"But—but how did you do it?" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, I did it!" said Bolsover airily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop that cackling, you fat duffer!" said Bob Cherry.

"Look here, I'll stand you a big feed if you'll call Mark Linley and tell him what's going on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

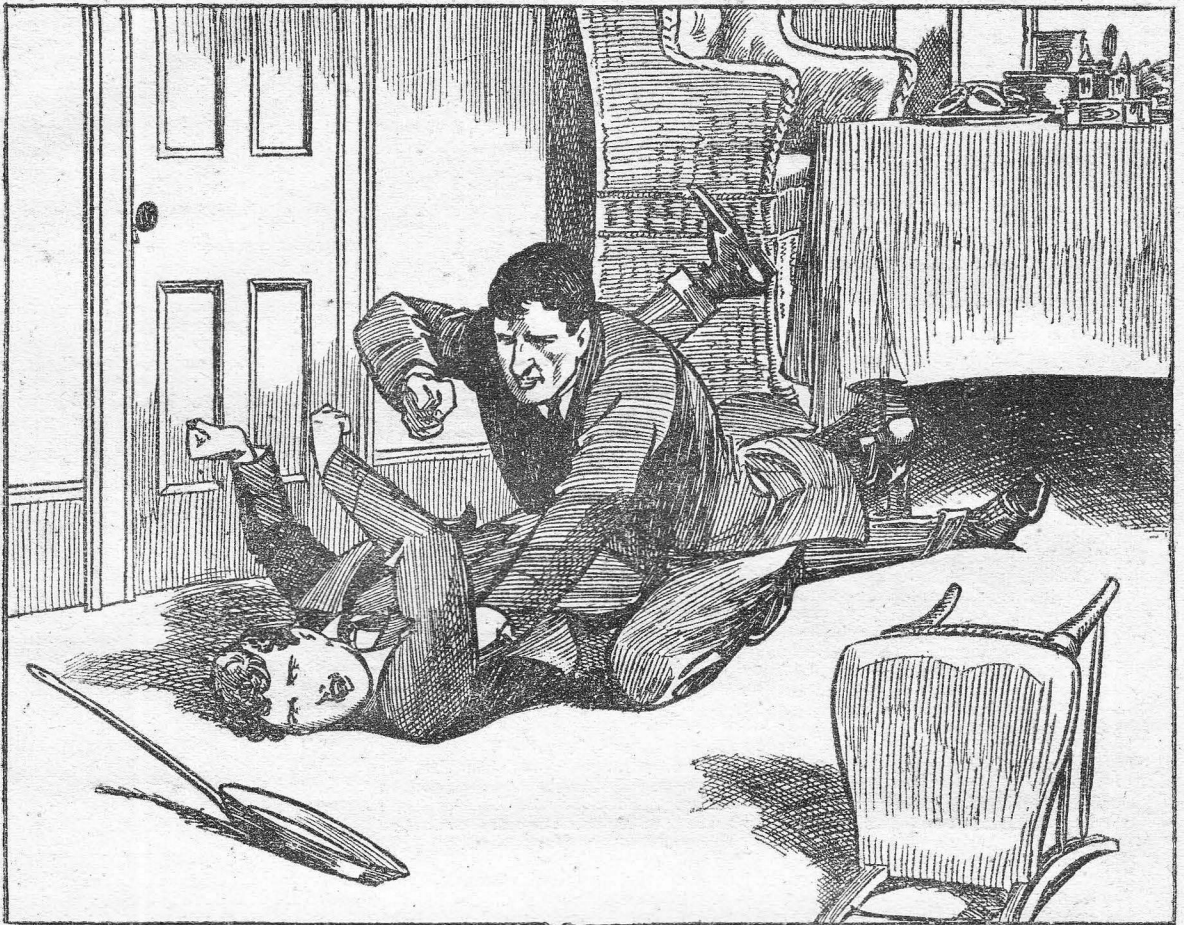
"Chuck that croaking, you ass!"

"He, he, he!" giggled Bunter. "Oh dear! Ha, ha, ha! This is funny! I say, you fellows, how do you like it?"

"Oh, ring off!"

"I warned you what Bolsover was like!" grinned Bunter. "He, he, he! You're going to have a lively time in the Remove! He, he, he!"

Snoop and Skinner looked in at the door, which had been left unlocked.



Bolsover rolled over on Wharton, and sat astride his legs. His heavy fist whirled in the air, and crashed down on Harry's chin, whose head thudded against the floor, almost stunning him. "Now will you give in?" shouted the bully. (See Chapter 3.)

They stared at Harry Wharton & Co. in astonishment, and giggled too.

"Is this an exhibish?" asked Skinner. Bolsover waved his hand to the table. He unlocked the door. He had taken the measure of Skinner and Snoop at a glance.

"I'm standing a feed," he said. "These chaps are simply the audience. You can pile in, if you like."

Skinner and Snoop needed no second invitation. They drew chairs up to the table and piled in.

Bunter was first, however. He didn't trouble about a chair. He stood at the table and fed. Bolsover had already made a deep inroad into the most tasty delicacies on the table. But the feed was a liberal one, intended for seven or eight fellows, and so there were ample supplies. Bunter's fat face was soon glistening from his exertions. But he did not slacken them.

Snoop and Skinner did full justice to the feed, too. It was seldom that they had such a treat for nothing. Bolsover demolished a few more tarts and meringues, and then sat and watched the others, with a grin. He did not want any of the feed left.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched, too. They could not interfere, and it was useless for them to raise verbal objections. They could only take it quietly, with all the patience they could muster.

Billy Bunter blinked round at them presently. The fat junior was enjoying the situation as much as he was enjoying the feed. He had never taken what he

considered as his rightful place in the Greyfriars Remove. But under Bolsover's wing he felt that there were new times coming for him. It behoved fellows to be civil to a chap who could call in the aid of the cock of the walk at any time.

"I say, you fellows, I suppose you don't mind this?" he remarked. "He, he, he!"

"Oh, go ahead!" growled Harry Wharton. "You may as well have it as the other cads!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"  
"I'll give the fat beast a jolly good licking, all the same, presently!" growled Frank Nugent.

Billy Bunter blinked at him. "You'd better not!" he said. "Bolsover is going to look after me, ain't you, Bolsover?"

"Certainly!" said Bolsover loftily. "Bunter's under my protection. Anybody who lays a finger on Bunter will have to look out for me."

"There you are, Nugent!"  
"You'll get more than a finger, all the same," said Frank. "You'll get a whole fist!"

"Oh, really——"  
"And a whole foot, too!" said Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter picked up a jam-tart and rolled it towards Nugent. He blinked down at the bound junior.

"Where will you have it?" he asked. "Eh?"  
"Where will you have it?" repeated Bunter.

"You—you fat rotter! Keep it away!"

"Not unless you apologise!" said Bunter in his haughtiest tone. "If you like to say you are sorry——"

"You fat cad!"  
"There you are, then!"  
Squelch!

The jam-tart crushed and crumbled on Nugent's face. He gasped and snorted as the jam filled his nose and mouth. The tart remained sticking to his face, till, by working his features, he succeeded in getting rid of it. Then most of the jam remained.

"Ow!" gasped Nugent. "Grog! Oh!"

Bolsover roared.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were silent after that. Whatever they intended to do in the future to the spoilers of the feed they kept to themselves. There were plenty of jam-tarts to go round, and Billy Bunter was only too willing to take advantage of a fellow who was helpless.

The feed finished at last. Skinner and Snoop rose from the table. Billy Bunter was packing filberts and oranges and biscuits into his pockets. He had eaten all he could, and there was a bright shininess in his complexion and a slow heaviness in his movements which showed how much he had overdone it.

"Finished?" asked Bolsover.  
"Yes," said Skinner. "Thanks! I've  
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seldom had a more ripping feed! So kind of you, Bolsover!"

"Jolly decent!" said Snoop. "It was ripping!"

"Glad you liked it!" said Bolsover. He unlocked the door, and Skinner and Snoop and Bunter, with mocking grins at the bound juniors, quitted the study. Bolsover turned in the doorway to look at them.

"Well, I think you've had your lesson," he said. "Thanks for the feed; it was nice! And now I think you'll admit that I'm cock of the walk in the Remove—eh?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover closed the study door behind him, and went down the passage whistling.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
Not Nice!**

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. remained as they were.

They were bound too tightly to have any chance of getting loose, and it was evidently not Bolsover's intention to set them free.

Their limbs were growing cramped with the bonds, and their tempers were getting exasperated to a most dangerous point.

Bob Cherry was the only one who retained any good-humour. The hero of the Remove seemed to be able to preserve his good temper under and circumstances. He grinned at the scowling faces of the other fellows.

"Well, this is a go!" he exclaimed. "Hang that fellow!" growled Hazel-dene.

"I guess he's slick," said Fisher T. Fish dolefully. "There ain't any flies on that sport, you bet!"

"Hang him!"

"Blow him!"

"The beast!"

"The cad!"

"The rank outsider!"

"That's right—blow off steam!" said Bob Cherry approvingly. "It will make you feel better."

"Oh, shut up!" growled Nugent. "Ow! My face is beastly sticky! I'll skin Bunter! It tickles like anything!"

"Poor old Franky!"

"There's a beastly fly crawling on my nose!" said Nugent distressfully. "Ow! Can't somebody rub him off!"

The hot afternoon sun was streaming in at the study window. The jam on Nugent's face was very attractive to the flies. Flies were buzzing over the tea-table, and flies were buzzing over Nugent. One fly had crawled on his nose to cat the jam, and had his legs stuck in it. His efforts to extricate himself were decidedly irritating to the helpless junior.

Nugent rolled over, and rubbed his nose against the floor, with fatal results to the fly. But as soon as he sat up again, gasping, flies came round to call. They seemed to like Nugent very much.

"We—we must get out of this fix!" said Harry Wharton, who had been straining at his bonds till his joints almost cracked. "Can't any of you fellows get loose?"

"I guess I can't!"

"I've been trying," said John Bull, who was as red as a beetroot in the face with exertion. "I can't!"

"I can't!" said Tom Brown. "The horrid cad has tied us up too well. My arms are aching fearfully."

"So are mine."

"Same here."

"Well, we're in a giddy fix, and no mistake!" said Bob Cherry. "The only thing is to yell. Somebody will come and let us loose. I believe Marky is in his study."

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"Hold on!" said Harry Wharton hastily, as Bob Cherry opened his mouth to yell.

Bob paused.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"Don't be in a hurry! We don't want the fellows to come crowding in, and seeing us like this!" said Harry, red with mortification.

"H'm!" said Bob. "There's something in that! But—"

"I don't see any other way out of it, Wharton," said John Bull.

"Can't some of you get loose?"

There was a general straining at the rope again. But they had tried that before. It was useless; and one after another they gave it up. They could not get loose, and they sat gasping painfully from their efforts.

"Can't be done," said Nugent.

"We shall have to yell," remarked Bob. "May as well make up your mind to it, Harry."

"I guess it's all O. K.," said Fisher T. Fish. "There's no disgrace in being done in, one at a time, you know. As for me, I had no chance, as I had said that I wouldn't lay a finger on the fellow, and—"

"Rats!"

"I guess—"

"Oh, shut up, Fish!" said Wharton irritably. "We don't want any swank now! If you had put up a decent fight this wouldn't have happened. I suppose we shall have to yell for the fellows. Go it!"

"Help! Rescue, Remove!"

Their voices rang out in chorus, but it was some minutes before there came an answering patter of footsteps. Then the door was opened, and a junior looked in.

"Did you call, my dear fellows?"

Bob Cherry glared.

"Lonzy, you fathead, did you ask if we called?" he said witheringly. "Oh, no! We just whispered to a little bird! Let us loose, you chump!"

Alonzo Todd, the duffer of Greyfriars, looked down at the juniors in surprise.

"My dear Cherry," he said mildly, "you seem to be in a difficult position, and as my Uncle Benjamin—"

"Blow Uncle Ben!" howled Bob Cherry. "I mean—"

Todd shook his head sadly, and then bent down and released the wrathful Bob. In a minute all the juniors were free, and they gained their feet.

"Now we shall have to interview Mr. Bolsover," said Harry Wharton grimly.

Tom Erown shook his head.

"Not a bit of good doing that yet," he said. "The whole of the Remove will be laughing over this business. It would be better to wait for a bit."

"Brown is right," said Bob Cherry. "What's coming to Bolsover won't hurt for the waiting. Hallo, hallo, hallo! Somebody coming!"

The juniors looked quickly at each other. There was the sound of footsteps in the corridor, growing louder as they drew nearer to the study.

"Perhaps it's Bolsover again!" whispered Harry Wharton quickly. "Sit down on the floor, and hold your hands behind your back as if you were still tied up. Quick, Lonzy!"

"But, my dear fellow—" began Todd.

"Sit down!" growled Bob Cherry, and he gave the duffer of the Remove a push which sent him to the floor with a crash.

"Ow!" gasped Todd. "My uncle—"

"Sh'sh!"

Alonzo Todd shushed. The handle of the door turned slowly. The juniors watched it move in silence.

A moment later Billy Bunter's fat face showed round the side of the door.

"I say, you fellows—" he began.

"Untie this rope, you fat Owl!" roared Bob Cherry. "Hil—"

"Oh, really, Cherry," chuckled Billy Bunter, "you're quite safe like that. I suppose I didn't leave any cake on the table, did I?"

"We'll leave you in pieces in the corridor soon!" snorted Harry Wharton, following Bob Cherry's lead. "Let us loose, you fat chump!"

Billy Bunter did not reply. He was busily looking over the table to see if he had left anything behind. But there was not a biscuit or a tart left.

Billy was too engrossed in his search to notice that Bob Cherry, who was nearest the table, had drawn one leg under himself. The first intimation the fat junior had that the juniors were free was when he suddenly felt himself seized by the scruff of the neck.

"Leggo, Bolsover!" he howled, and turned round to face his aggressor. "I say, you—i-i-is that you, Cherry?"

"It is!" said Bob Cherry grimly.

Billy Bunter blinked round. The astonishment on his face was really humorous as he saw the juniors rise to their feet.

"I—I—I say, you fellows, it—it was only a i-j-joke, you know," he stammered.

"The jam tart in my face was a joke, was it?" asked Nugent softly.

"Yes—yes, of course, I wouldn't think of touching a chap when he's down," said Bunter. "I tried to stop Bolsover—"

"Shut up, you lying little worm!" snapped Wharton. "Bump him, you chaps, and let the fathead go and tell his precious bullying chum."

Bunter howled as a dozen hands were laid upon him. But it was not a bit of good howling. He was bumped, and bumped hard, and he was sore and yelling at the top of his voice before he was at last pitched out into the corridor.

"That's one of the gang bumped!" said Hazeldene.

"We'll leave the others till later!" said Nugent. "I'm going to get the jam off my face. Bolsover can wait!"

The others nodded. The time was not then ripe to exact summary revenge for the way in which they had been treated. But one thing was certain—the new bully had not heard the last of the affair.

THE END.

(You must read next week's story of Harry Wharton & Co.; it deals with the new bully's downfall.—Ed.)

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# THE WHIP HAND!

A Splendid Long Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Hard Lines!

**Y**OW-OW!"

"Oh! Ah!"  
"Yah!"

Those weird ejaculations proceeded in a kind of chorus from Study No. 3 in the Fourth Form passage.

Three juniors were in that study, and they were all ejaculating at once.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were looking in at the open doorway with sympathetic looks. But sympathy was not much use to Conroy, Pons, and Van Ryn, the three Colonial juniors in the Classical Fourth.

The Colonial Co. had been through it. They had just returned from a visit to the Head's study. Dr. Chisholm had apparently taken a leaf out of the book of that gentleman of olden time, who declared that to spare the rod was to spoil the child.

The Head had certainly taken no risk of spoiling the Colonial Co. by sparing the rod. He had done the work thoroughly. Too thoroughly, the three unfortunate juniors thought.

They had fairly limped back to their study, and now they were twisting themselves into strange attitudes, and uttering remarks that were wild and weird.

"Had it bad?" asked Jimmy Silver.  
"No; it was nice!" growled Conroy.  
"Ripping, in fact! I felt as if I were being ripped, anyway!"

"Too bad!" said Jimmy.  
"Never knew the Head was such a merry athlete!" moaned Van Ryn.  
"He thought he was beating a carpet, I think."

"Hallo! What's that?"  
Carthew of the Sixth stepped into the study.

Jimmy Silver & Co. eyed him with great disfavour. They did not like the bully of the Sixth, and they had had a good many rubs with him; though of late Conroy & Co. had had the chief benefit of his attentions. Carthew had a "down" on Study No. 3, and that study had felt the heaviness of his hand.

Conroy & Co. glared at the prefect.  
"Well, you look as if you're enjoying yourselves," said Carthew, with a grin.  
"Yow-ow-ow!"

"You fairly asked for it," said Carthew. "I've never heard of juniors chucking soot over a Form-master before."

"You know jolly well we didn't intend it for Mr. Bootles," said Conroy savagely.  
"We meant it for you, and you know it!"

Carthew gave him a sharp look.  
"You bunged that soot over Mr. Bootles last night when he was going out at half-past ten," he said. "If you meant it for me, what made you suppose that I should be going out at that time of night?"

"Because we know your little ways," said Conroy coolly. "You were going out on the razzle, like the blackguard you are."

Carthew gritted his teeth.  
"You mean somebody told you so!" he said.

"Well, I heard it—and it was true, too. Bootles happened to get the soot, but you came up a minute later."

"Have you told Mr. Bootles all that?"  
Conroy's lip curled contemptuously.  
"We're not sneaks. Besides, we couldn't prove it, if we did tell him, and he wouldn't believe it."

"Exactly," said Carthew, with a nod.  
"I think you'd find it very difficult to prove anything of the sort. You've got a queer suspicion in your silly heads, owing to some tattle among the fags, I suppose. If you made any accusation against me, I should bring it before the Head, and if you couldn't prove it, you'd be expelled from the school for slandering a prefect. And now, you'll take two hundred lines each for making the suggestion."

"What?"  
"And if the lines aren't shown up by tea-time, they'll be doubled," said Carthew.

And the Sixth-Former turned on his heel and walked out of the study. Conroy & Co. cast very expressive glances after him.

"You want to be careful how you slang a prefect, Conroy," remarked Jimmy Silver. "We know a good deal about Carthew's little games, but proving it is quite another matter."

Conroy grunted. He was quite aware of that.  
"How did you know Carthew was going out last night?" asked Lovell.

"Tubby Muffin heard Gower speaking about it to Peele," said Conroy. "It was right enough, too. If old Bootles hadn't happened to be going out, we should have bagged Carthew; and he couldn't have reported us, as he was going to break bounds so late at night. But it all went wrong—Ow-ow!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Conroy's Chance!

**F**OR a week past the Colonial Co. had been the object of Carthew's enmity, and he had given them little rest; but the persecution redoubled now. It was not difficult to catch the juniors tripping now and then.

Conroy was thinking hard.  
It was a tussle between the bully of the Sixth and the Colonial Co., and the Co. were determined, somehow, to get the best of it. At present it could not be denied that they were getting decidedly the worst of it. The three chums were discussing the matter in the study a few days after the soot incident, when a loud

howl along the passage announced that Tubby Muffin was in trouble.

The Colonials had the somewhat doubtful honour of sharing Study No. 3 with the fat Classical. They did not rejoice in his company, but they were very tolerant towards him. Conroy rose at once as he heard Tubby's anguished wail.

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo, Mornington, you beast! Yow-ow-ow!"

Conroy hurried out of the study, with his chums after him. Tubby was in Mornington's grasp outside Study No. 4. The dandy of the Fourth had him by the collar, and was laying a cricket-stump about his fat person.

"Hold on, Mornington," said Conroy quietly.

Morny did not hold on. He continued to lay the stump about the yelling Tubby.

"Mind your own business!" he snapped.

"Yow-ow-ow! Rescue!" yelled Tubby.  
Conroy grasped the dandy of the Fourth at once, and wrenched the stump away from him. He tossed it into the study.

"That's enough," he said.  
Mornington clenched his fists furiously.  
"I caught the fat rotter listening at my keyhole!" he hissed.

"I suppose they're fond of eavesdroppers where you come from, Conroy!" sneered Peele, from the study.  
"I—I wasn't listening!" stammered Tubby. "I—I just happened to stop! I didn't hear Morny talking about Carthew!"

Conroy grinned.  
"You fat rascal!" he exclaimed.  
"I've a jolly good mind to give you a licking myself! You're a disgrace to the study!"

"I'm going to lick him!" said Mornington savagely.

"You've licked him enough," said Conroy. "You'll let him alone now. Enough's as good as a feast, you know!"  
"Well, I won't!"  
"You will!"

Tubby Muffin had scuttled behind the sturdy Australian. Mornington looked for a moment as if he would hurl himself at Conroy; but he had tried that once, with disastrous results to himself. He changed his mind, and strode into the study and slammed the door.

Conroy took Tubby Muffin by the ear, and led him, yelping, into Study No. 3.

"You fat boulder," he said angrily, "it serves you jolly well right to be licked! What do you play those dirty tricks for?"

"I—I didn't! I wasn't—"  
"Oh, don't tell lies!" growled Conroy.  
"If I'd known what Morny was licking you for, I wouldn't have chipped in!"

"Well, they're a set of rotters!" said  
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Tubby, with an injured look. "I think they ought to be shown up! Fancy a prefect of the Sixth going out on the razzle with a Fourth-Former! What would the Head say?"

"What are you burbling about now?" Carthew's just been to that study. He's going out to-night, and Morny's going with him!"

"What rot!"

"It's true!" howled Tubby. "I heard them talking, and that beast Carthew came out quite suddenly and found me. Then he cleared off, and Morny started licking me. Of course, I wasn't really listening!"

"You seem to have heard a lot for a chap who wasn't listening!" growled Pons.

"Well, you see——"

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Van Ryn.

Tubby Muffin snorted. He expected sympathy in his own study, but he did not receive any. He blinked out into the passage; and, finding that the coast was clear, he scuttled off.

Conroy's brows were knitted in thought.

"This looks like our chance, you fellows," he said at last.

"How do you mean?"

"If that's true, and Carthew is going out on the tiles to-night——"

"Only Tubby's gas, very likely!"

Conroy nodded.

"Likely enough. But we know Carthew goes in for that sort of thing. We know he pals with Morny on the quiet, too. I believe he borrows money of him. If Morny clears out of the dorm to-night, that will show it's true!"

"What about it?"

"It's our chance." Conroy's eyes glistened. "If we catch Carthew out of bounds at night we can bring him to terms. I've thought all along that it's through his rotten, shady tricks that our chance will come! Well, it's come!"

"We tried that before, and got Bootles instead of Carthew!" growled Van Ryn.

"We shall be a bit more careful this time. I'm not thinking of soothing him; that's not good enough. Suppose we catch him out, and keep him out——"

"My hat!"

"And bring him to terms before we let him in?"

"What about Morny? We can't risk giving away a chap in our own Form, rotter as he is!" said Van Ryn, with a shake of the head.

"We can see Morny safe, and then deal with Carthew. Morny's nothing to do with us, and we don't want to sneak about him, of course. I dare say he'll be bowled out and sacked some day without our help. Carthew's our game, and this is our chance. If Morny clears out of the dorm, we go on the war-path!"

And the Colonial Co. put their heads together, and discussed the matter in all its bearings, with many chuckles. It looked as if their chance were coming at last, and they meant to make the most of it.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### In the Dead of Night!

**M**ORNINGTON scowled at the Colonial Co. in the dormitory when the Classical Four went up to bed. He had not noticed gotten Conroy's interference, but he made no remark, and the Colonials did not address him.

"You chaps done your lines?" asked Jimmy Silver, with a smile.

The chums of No. 3 had a large number of lines on hand, as usual.

"Not a line," said Conroy.

"That'll mean trouble!"

"The fact is, we're not going to do

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any more lines for Carthew!" remarked Conroy airily.

"Eh!"

"Carthew will report you to Bootles," said Lovell.

"I think not."

"Why won't he, then?" asked Jimmy Silver, puzzled.

"I shall tell him not to."

Mornington burst into a scoffing laugh.

"You'll tell a prefect not to report you!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, you silly ass!"

"Same to you, dear boy!"

"You'll sing a different tune to Carthew!" sneered Peele.

Carthew came into the dormitory to see lights-out. He tackled the Colonial Co. at once.

"You didn't bring your lines, you three!" he snapped.

"Had no time for lines, Carthew!"

The Sixth-Former stared.

"They're doubled!" he said.

"Thanks!"

"If they're not shown up at tea-time to-morrow, you will be reported to Mr. Bootles for a caning!"

Conroy yawned.

"How good of you!" he said.

"Thanks awfully!" remarked Van Ryn.

Carthew stared at them, and scowled, somewhat puzzled. He exchanged a meaning glance with Mornington before he put out the light, and left the dormitory.

The new line taken by Conroy & Co. puzzled the Fourth-Formers, too, and several voices asked them if they had gone potty. They left that question unanswered.

The Classical Fourth settled down to sleep, with some exceptions. The three Colonials did not close their eyes, neither did Mornington. The blackguard of Rookwood did not intend to pass that night in slumber. He was booked for one of his little excursions, this time in company with the black sheep of the Sixth. Carthew's friendship with the wealthy junior was more or less a secret; it would scarcely have "done" for it to be known publicly.

As a matter of fact, there was little friendship in the matter. They were useful to one another, and they had tastes in common, that was all. Morny's unlimited wealth made him useful to the senior, who was frequently in difficulties for money, and Carthew's influence as a prefect of the Sixth rendered the way easy for Morny's incurable black-guardism, that was all.

Most of the Fourth had long been fast asleep at eleven o'clock. Before that hour it was scarcely safe for the black sheep to venture out. But the sporting gentlemen at the Bird-in-Hand kept very late hours.

At eleven Mornington slipped quietly from his bed, and dressed himself quickly and noiselessly in the dark. But, cautious as he was, there were three pairs of ears that heard.

As the door closed softly behind Mornington, Conroy and Van Ryn and Pons sat up in bed.

"You fellows awake?" breathed Conroy.

"You bet!"

"He's gone. Keep quiet!"

Conroy slipped from his bed and hurried on his trousers. Without waiting to clothe himself further, he quitted the dormitory as silently as Mornington. The School House was in darkness and slumber.

Without a sound from his bare feet, the Australian junior hurried down the stairs to the Sixth Form passage. There was no light under any of the doors;

the passage was in pitchy darkness. Conroy stopped at Carthew's door and listened.

There was a faint sound in the study. The Colonial junior remained motionless, his ears strained. Silence succeeded. But he still waited, till more than ten minutes had elapsed. He knew that the sound he had heard was that of a cautiously closed window, and that Carthew and his companion were gone out.

It was an easy drop from the study window to the quadrangle. But he left nothing to chance, and he waited patiently till he was certain all was safe. Then he softly opened the study door.

Carthew's bed was in an alcove, curtained off. The Sixth had studies and bed-rooms combined, instead of sleeping in dormitories like the juniors. Conroy stepped quietly in and listened.

He knew what had happened, but there was a bare possibility of mistake, and he was very cautious. He tiptoed towards the bed and listened. There was no sound of breathing from the bed. Through the curtains, where they parted, he could see the bed dimly, and the form of a sleeper in it. But there was not the faintest sound of breathing, and he knew that it was only a dummy figure under the bedclothes.

"Carthew!" he whispered.

There was no sound. Then he groped over the pillow, and, as he expected, found no head there. The pillows and bolster were arranged under the bedclothes to give the appearance of a sleeper. It was a precaution always taken by the black sheep of the Sixth on such occasions. Conroy chuckled softly, and crossed to the window. It was closed, but unfastened. Conroy fastened the catch.

Then he left the study, and returned to the dormitory as silently as he had left it. Van Ryn and Pons were awaiting him anxiously.

"All serene!" whispered Conroy. "Up with you!"

The three juniors dressed quietly. The night was cold, and they had to remain up a considerable time. They were in Carthew's study ten minutes later, with the door closed, and their eyes on the window.

How long they had to wait they did not know; it depended on the hour at which the festive party at the Bird-in-Hand broke up. Twelve o'clock passed—half-past twelve. Outside the moon glimmered on the quadrangle of Rookwood, and faint light stole in at the window.

It was close upon one o'clock, and the three watchers were nodding drowsily, when shadows fell upon the moonlit window.

Conroy started, and nudged his companions.

"Look out!"

"What-ho!" whispered Pons.

A hand groped over the window outside. From within the dark study the three juniors could make out the figures of Mornington and Carthew, in coats and caps. They were evidently puzzled and alarmed at finding that the window would not open.

They had returned quite unsuspectingly from the Bird-in-Hand party, expecting to enter as they had left. Carthew had only to get into the study. Mornington had to pass through it and creep upstairs, with his boots in his hand—a curious way for a junior to come home at night, but nothing new to Morny. But that simple programme could not be carried out, for the window did not open.

There was a faint muttering of voices outside:

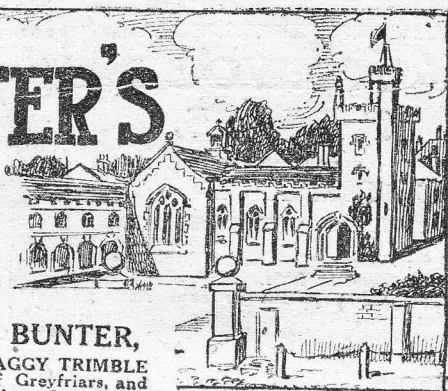
"It won't open! What the thunder's the matter with it?"

(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**.

## SECOND FORM SNAPS!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

George Gatty is in the sanny, suffering from a kompound frackcher of the big toe. We prefer to believe that this is another case of toe-main poisoning!

Young Myers has bort himself a fanny wastecote. We no longer wonder why evverybody ad-Myers Myers!

In a resent scrapp betwene the Second and Third Forms, Hop Hi lost a porshun of his pigtale. It is serprizing, in the serkumstances, that he didn't lose his head!

Smith minimus—or tertius, or whatever you like to call him—pinched a fryed kipper from the faggs' Kommon-room a few days ago. We shall have to kipper sharp eye on young Smith in fewcher!

Samuel Tuckless Bunter—that's me!—intends to put up as kaptin of the Second at no distand dait. The geschun is, are the other felloes prepared to "put up" with Samuel Tuckless Bunter?

Menny readers have been klammering for "Sammy Bunter's Weekly." Wait till Billy overerts himself, and is unable to carry out his dewties! Then I shall come on the scene with a flurrish of trumpitts!

Dicky Nugent sellybrated his berthday last week. A big feed was provided, and I skoffed the hole of the tuck be-4-hand. When sumboddy arsked Nugent what was left, he replide: "Oh crumbs!"

I had a scrapp the other day with Tubb of the Third. Mr. Twigg came on the seen just as I was perspiring profoosely. "Bunter nimer!" he rored. "You have been overheating yoreself—as usual!"

The four subb-edditors of my majer's "Weekly" went on strike a few days ago. We refused to retern to work untill Billy had prommist to dubbel our salleries. Evvverything has now been settled to the satisfackshun of all parties, and we are now reseving neerly as much munny as Guvverment offshuls!

There's a fello in the Second called Conrad Spring, and the other day Dicky Nugent said to me: "Why did Conrad Spring?" I promptly replide: "Bekawse he saw another fello hop high (Hop Hi)!"

The Third-Formers will have their annual bari on Saterdag. Wich reminds me of another little komundrum: "What did Twigg twig, and why did he kollapse?" "Bekawse he saw Tubb tub!"

## IN YORE EDDITER'S DEN!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My dear Readers,—It is in a sad, sick, and sorryful state of mind that I penn these lines.

I have had a lot of trubble just lately with ny four fat—and fat-headed—subbs. They all vissited me in a boddly, and said that unless I dubbled there sallary they would go on strike.

"Bar!" I cride. "What do I care for yore threts? Do yore wurst! I dare say I shall be able to get out the neckst issew off my own batt. Then I shall be able to say, in the wurd of Shakespeare: 'Alone I done it!'"

"Ratts!" said Sammy. (Being my miner, I suppoze he thort he had a right to strike.) "You no jolly well that you will be komplettely in the kart without us. We are the life and sole of the paper. People don't buy it to see what you have to say. It's the four subbs who reelly matter."

"You will leave me in the lereh?" I cride hotly.

"Yes!" said Fatty Wynn coldly.

"Then you will regrett it?" I said warmly.

"Bosh!" said Tubby Muffin freezingly.

And then the beests adjoined to the tuck-shopp, leaving me to tackel the neckst issew single-handed.

I should have suckseeded, too, but the rotters weren't satisfished with merely going on strike. They kidnapt me, and shoved me in the coal-seller. I think my readers will agree that this was a very black crime!

Of course, I had to give in at the finnish. I couldn't bare the thort of my "Weekly" not being published. Think of the distress it would kawse all over the kountry! Their would be teers and lammენტashuns, and it would be a crying shame!

After a time, therefore, I agreed to the rotters' terms, and our motto is now "Bizziness as Usual."

I have been in reseat of skores and skores of letters from my delitted chumms, telling me that my "Weekly" is perfectly priceless! This is kwite trew, bekawse it is being given away for nuthing each week in the "Popular."

I was hoping to publish a fether kollum of Aners to Korrespondents this week, but space will not permit. However, you will find that Baggy Trimble has been bizzzy in this direckshun, and his replies will be found on the St. Jim's Page.

Deer readers, I wish you all a Happy Krissmuss and a Brite New Year. This may sound strange, but I menshun it in case it slips my memmery neckst Desember!

I trusted you are bugging plenty of new readers for my "Weekly." You are? Splendid! We shall make the "Greyfriars Herald" sing small, you mark my wurd!

*Yore Edditer*

## FASHIONS FOR ALL!

By **ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.**

It isn't very often, dear boys—and gals—that I have the pleasure of addressing you in these pages. You see, Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble take up so much space (in more senses than one!) that even a fellow of tact and judgment, like myself, has to take a back seat.

Now, I should like to talk to you about the most important subject in life—dress.

It's really surprising how few fellows know how to dress properly. Instead of pressing their bags overnight, they go to bed with them on! And instead of using a coat-hanger for their Eton jackets, they crumple them up and stuff them under their pillows! As for fancy waistcoats, they seldom fancy waistcoats at all, for the other day I saw Jack Blake going about without one!

Now, this sort of thing isn't done in the best circles. Everybody ought to be made to realise the importance of dressing well and neatly. I can forgive a burglar for burgling, or a thief for thieving, or a rotter for rotting—I mean, for behaving like a cad; but I can never find it in my heart to forgive a fellow who goes about looking like a stuffed rag-bag.

In the first place, every fellow should make it his bounden duty to possess a trouser-press. They only cost about a couple of quid, so by saving up your pocket-money over a few years, you should be able to secure one. And when you've got it, don't poke it away in some dark corner and forget its existence, but use it regularly every night. Place your bags in it, and screw it down, and next morning the creases in your trousers will be the admiration and envy of all beholders!

Of course, you should never sleep in your trousers. That is the unpardonable sin. Only tramps would descend to that sort of thing. You should trot round to the nearest hosier's and equip yourself with a suit of rainbow-coloured pyjamas. There is just one drawback to this. Your opponents can easily single you out in a pillow-fight. But for all that, it's a good investment.

If I had my own way, I should draw up some very strict rules on the subject of dress. A fellow would have to don his Etons first thing in the morning. After morning lessons he would have to change into Harris tweeds. After dinner, he would change for footer or cricket or shove-ha'penny, whichever he intends to play. If he is going to have a high tea in his study, he should don evening-dress. And when prep-time arrives, he should put on a smoking-jacket and a pair of carpet slippers.

My minor declares that a fellow should change his togs as often as he washes his neck. But I pointed out that in his case this would be about once in six months!

As far as headgear is concerned, the topper should be universally worn. And it is advisable to keep at least two dozen in stock, to allow for wear and tear—as, for instance, when some practical joker uses your topper as a concertina, or as a deck-chair!

Always see that your trousers have a steel lining inside. Otherwise they will be ripped to shreds by belligerent bulldogs.

A. A. D'ARCY.  
THE POPULAR.—No. 110.

# ROOKWOOD RIPPLES.

By TOMMY DODD.

An epidemic of rabies has broken out on the Classical Side. It will take a mighty fine physician to cure Raby's rabies!

We have perused with interest a copy of the latest book, "The Survival of the Fattest," by Tubby Muffin.

We have also read an interesting pamphlet on "pub-haunting," by Mark Carthew, author of "When Nights Were Cold."

Heard the latest Limerick?

"A flighty young prefect named Knowles  
Is grieving our hearts and our sowles.  
When he plays for the First  
He appears at his worst,  
For the duffer can never score gowles!"

"What's the name of your Headmaster?" inquired a reader on the telephone the other day. "Chisholm," I answered. "Have you got a bad cold, Tommy?" he inquired. "Nunno! I simply said that the name of our Head was Chisholm—Chisholm!" "I do wish you wouldn't keep on sneezing," said the reader. "I can't hear a word you're saying." Whereupon I gave it up.

One of the fellows' paters—a peacetime profiteer—came down to Rookwood a few days ago. He was quite a big pot. He visited the school tuckshop, and had the cheek to accuse Sergeant Kettle of profiteering. Talk about the "pot" calling the Kettle black!

Although a "crooked" youth in many ways, we are of the opinion that Adolphus Smythe should wear a "strait" jacket.

It is the custom at Rookwood to have grace before meals. The other day we were invited to a feed in Teddy Grace's study, and we had meals before Grace!

The Classical Side abounds in black sheep. Peele and Lattery and Gower are pretty hopeless outsiders, but we fancy that Topham can top 'em!

The reason that Talboys is in the Fifth is, we presume, that only "tall boys" are allowed in that select Form!

The fellows on the Classical Side are very poor cricketers. We have seldom seen Egbert Fielding, and we have often seen Tubby Muffin!

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## Extrax from My Post-Bagg!

### A Heroe's Reward!

To the Edditer of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."  
My Deer, Nobel Master Bunter.—How can I ever thank you enuff for fishing me out of the river the other day?

But for yore prompt and kurrageous ackshun, I should no dout have lost my life, as the sea was very ruff at the time. The way you battelled with the icy currant was wonderful! And yore modesty in refewsing to give yore name was more wonderful still! As it happend, however, I new you belonged to Greyfriars, bekwase you had the face and figger of a publick skoolboy.

As you no, I am a very rich man, having been on mewnishuns during the war, and I encklose 3 of my life's savings—viz., two-and-forepense, wich please axsept with my greatful thanks for reskewing me from Friardale Lake.

After this grand eggsploit of yores, you will be a Nero in the eyes of yore skoolfelloes. I am proud of you, my deer, gallent boy!

Yores, in deepest graitytude.  
A. BIGGE-WOPPER  
(Mayor of Wapshot).

(I showed this letter to my four fat subs, and they deklare that I maid it up myself, and that I never reskewed the Mayor of Wapshot at all! Jelussy agane—personall jelussy, that's what it is! The beests sha'n't get a share of my two-and-forepense!—Ed.)

### How to Kook a Chopp!

To the Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."  
Dear Billy,—I am proposing to give a study feed to a few select friends on Wednesday evening, but I'm afraid my knowledge of cooking is limited.

I know you are a culinary expert, and I shall therefore be greatly obliged if you will tell me how to cook a chopp. I am desperately anxious that the feed shall not be a failure.  
Yours sincerely,  
GEORGE BULSTRODE.

(The art of kooking a chopp is a very delliket one, and no mis-steak! 1st of all, you pluck the fethers, and then, having maid sure that yore chopp is kwite dead, you put it in the oven. After wich, you send for me, and then retire from yore study. On yore return you will find the chopp duly kooked—and caten!—Ed.)

### Skinner's Conundrum!

To the Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."  
Dear Billy,—Where do the flies go in the winter-time?

Yours inquisitively,  
HAROLD SKINNER.  
(I'm much too "fly" to attempt to anser that queschun!—Ed.)

## SONG—TO MR. HACKER.

By CLAUDE HOSKINS.

### I.

I passed by your window  
When the morning was red;  
And you, sir, were sleeping  
Right soundly in bed.  
And though I sang softly,  
And no one was near,  
You woke, shied a slipper,  
And told me to clear!

### II.

I passed by your window  
In the cool of the night;  
Remove kids were watching,  
With yelps of delight.  
And though I sang "softly,"  
In tones shrill and clear,  
You licked me, you kicked me—  
"Help! Murder! Oh dear!"

## SHOULD GAMES BE COMPULSORY?

(There seems to be a difference of opinion on this subject, as the following replies will show.—Ed.)

JIMMY SILVER:

Certainly! Let the slacker cease from slacking, and the weary have no rest.

ADOLPHUS SMYTHE:

Ow! The mere mention of compulsory games makes me shudder! It's appalling, begad! Nothing should be made compulsory at Rookwood, barring monocles and fancy waistcoats and sleep!

"He who sleeps and never plays  
Is better off in heaps of ways.  
But he who plays and never sleeps—  
Groo! Such a chap gives me the creeps!"

JONES MINOR:

This is a rather a diffikult queschun to anser i am partly in faver & partly not i kossider that all the best games such as marbels hopskotch shove-ha'penny & setra & setra should be maid kompulsory but that cricket & footbawl & so forth need only be played when one feels like it of course i eggspsect the masters will drum it into our heads that all games should be maid kompulsory but then the masters are all rong!

VAL MORNINGTON:

Compulsory games? Yes, rather! I consider that Latin and Greek should be chucked out of the school curriculum (good word that) and that we should be made to play dominoes and snakes-and-ladders in the Form-room. And whenever a fly settled on old Bottles' nose, we might produce our catapults and go in for big game shooting! (If the fly was at all "fly," he'd fly.—Ed.)

MARK CARTEW:

I am entirely in favour of snooker pool and crown-and-anchor being made compulsory.

SERGEANT KETTLE:

Wot I says is this 'ere—you yung var-mints is up to kwite enuff games all-reddy, without making 'em kompulsory!

THE HEADMASTER OF ROOKWOOD:

I am constantly being pestered with questions of this sort, and the next time I am annoyed in this way I shall send for the Rookwood representatives of "Bunter's Weekly" and chastise them severely!

TOMMY DODD:

Compulsory games aren't necessary, so far as the Moderns are concerned. We're as fit as fiddles. But the flabby, pudding-headed Classicals want waking up, and a course of "physical jerks" would do them all the good in the world!

ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL:

Yes, I believe in compulsory games, especially footer. Where's Smythe's Sunday topper?



An Amusing Series of Incidents in Connection with "Billy Bunter's Weekly!" By PETER TODD.  
Illustrations by DICKY NUGENT, of the Third Form.

I don't know why I allow it, but Billy Bunter uses my study—No. 7 in the Remove passage—as his "editorial sanktum."

I generally find everything topsy-turvy—the bookcase in the fender, the fire-guard on the window-sill, and so forth.

When I walked into the study the other afternoon, after a strenuous game of football, I saw the fat figure of Billy Bunter bobbing about amid a sea of manuscripts. He was perspiring profusely, and he had a pair of scissors in one hand, and a pot of paste in the other. A leaky pen was behind his ear.

"Oh, dear!" he gasped, floundering about among the piles of contributions. "I don't know where I am. I can't seem to make any headway. I shall go potty in a minute!"

"Speak in the past tense, old barrel!" I said cheerfully. "You've been potty ever since your infancy!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"What do you imagine you're doing now?"

"Getting out the next number of my 'Weekly.' It's Press Day, you know! So far, there's only one thing written—the editorial. I can't very well pan the whole issue out with that, can I?"

"Hardly," I replied. "Where are your four fat subs?"

Billy Bunter looked as if he were going to blub.

"They—they're on strike!" he faltered.

"They've deserted a sinking rat—I mean, ratted a deserted ship—Oh, dash it all, you know my meaning!"

"Perfectly," I said. "They've left you in the lurch!"

"That's it! Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble have come over from St. Jim's to tell me that they refuse to work any longer unless I double their salaries. Tubby Muffin has come over from Rookwood with the same threat, and even my minor has got up on his hind legs and refuses to do anything more for my 'Weekly!'"

"Why not give 'em what they want?" I suggested.

"What! Double their salaries!" hooted Billy Bunter. "Why, they're living like fighting-cocks already! They'll be buying Ford cars and things soon! Besides, they'll eat up all the giddy profits!"

"But you'll have to give in to them," I said, "or your 'Weekly' will come to a full stop. You can't possibly fill the whole issue yourself!"

At that moment the door opened, and Trotter the page trickled in. He had a buff-coloured envelope in his hand.

"Telegram for Master Bunter!" he announced.

The fat junior ripped open the envelope, and he gave a hollow groan as he read the message on the flimsy sheet of paper.

"Bunter, Greyfriars, Friardale,—Printers shouting themselves hoarse for the next issue of your 'Weekly.' For the love of Mike, put a jerk in it!—Editor of the 'Popular.'"

Bunter handed me the telegram.

"What shall I do about it, Toddy?" he asked.

"That's your own affair," I said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Personally, if I were in your place, I'd submit to the strikers. You can't possibly carry on without their contributions."

"I was thinking that we might get the issue out between us," said Bunter.

"Oh, were you?"

"Yes. You could write ten columns—"

"Eh?"

"And I'd tackle the other two. How does that arrangement suit you?"

"Not at all!" I said bluntly. "If you think you're going to make a sort of lackey of me, you're jolly well mistaken!"

At this juncture Tom Dutton, our deaf study-mate, came in. Billy Bunter turned to him eagerly.

"I say, Dutton, I'm in the dickens of a mess!"

"Eh? Guess what?" said Dutton.

"I'm in a mess—in a hole—in a corner!" shouted Bunter.

Dutton frowned.

"You needn't sling silly nursery rhymes at my head!" he growled. "Fancy spouting about little Jack Horner!"

"I wasn't! I said I was in a corner. I've been left in the lurch—"

"Serve you jolly well right!"

"Eh?"

"I'm not a scrap sorry that you've had the birch!"

Billy Bunter gave a snort of exasperation.

"You—you—" he spluttered. "Look



My idea of the dust-up in the Edditer's Sanktum.—D.N.)

here, you deaf dummy, will you help me get my rag out?"

Dutton caught the last part of the sentence all right.

"Got your rag out, have you?" he said. "So have I! I'm fed-up with being spoken to like this! Take that—and that—and that!"

So saying, Tom Dutton proceeded to use Billy Bunter's head as a punching-ball.

"Yaroooh! Chuckitt! Stoppit! Dragim-off, Toddy!"

I gripped the infuriated Dutton by the collar, and swung him back. And then, by making a megaphone of my hands, I was able to explain to him what all the trouble was about.

"Bunter wants me to contribute to his 'Weekly,' does he?" growled Dutton. "I'll see him to Jericho first!"

Billy Bunter groaned, partly from the effects of Dutton's punches, and partly because he was in a tight corner, and could see no way out.

He rolled across to the window, and blinked out into the Close.

Our study window commands a view of the tuckshop, and Billy Bunter beheld his four fat subs eating, drinking, and making merry in Mrs. Mumble's establishment.

"Talk about Nero burning while Rome's adding!" he exclaimed. "As you beasts won't give me a hand, I suppose I shall have to try to tackle the whole issue myself."

And Billy seated himself at the table, and proceeded to cover sheet after sheet of impot paper with his spider-like scrawl.

After an interval of half an hour, Trotter the page again appeared on the scene with a telegram. I grinned when Bunter showed me the wire. It ran thus:

"Bunter, Greyfriars, Friardale,—Printers still raving for your 'Weekly.' Foreman printer has broken a blood-vessel. Unless you forward complete copy by last post this evening, we shall go to press without you.—Editor of the 'Popular.'"

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Billy Bunter. "I shall never get through in time! I've only done the Editorial and the Extracts from my Post-bag."

"The sooner you come to terms with your four fat subs the better!" I said.

"I'll never give in to the beasts—never!" said Bunter vehemently.

Even as he spoke, there was a trampling of feet without, and the study door burst open.

Four fat figures fiercely flung themselves upon Billy Bunter. (Wonderful alliteration, this!)

"Leggo!" yelled the astonished editor.

"What's the little game?"

"Bring him along!" said Fatty Wynn cheerfully. "Tweak his nose, Baggy, if he gives any trouble!"

Billy Bunter was swung off his feet without ceremony, and carried out of the study by the four strikers. I followed to see the fun.

"Where are you taking him?" I inquired.

Fatty Wynn chuckled.

"We're going to deposit him in the coal-hole," he explained.

"A very soot-able place for him!" I said, with a grin.

Billy Bunter roared and struggled and protested, but all to no purpose. He was carried into the Close, and his portly form was lowered through the upflung cellar-flap.

It was a tight squeeze, for Billy's circumference is considerable; but presently we had the satisfaction of hearing him drop on to a heap of coal.

"Yaroooh!" he roared. "How long are you going to keep me down here, you kid-napping rotters?"

"Until you agree to our terms!" said Tubby Muffin.

"I'll never give in!" declared a muffled voice from below. "I'll die first!"

"Then you can get on with your dying!" said Fatty Wynn unsympathetically.

Billy Bunter groaned dimly.

"Hold on!" he shouted.

"You give in?" asked Baggy Trimble.

"Yes—hang you!"

"You agree to double our salaries?" said Sammy.

"Yes."

"Good enough!" said Fatty Wynn. "Let's haul him up!"

Now that the strike was over, Billy Bunter was able to forge ahead with his "Weekly," and his four fat subs tackled their work with great gusto. They had the satisfaction of knowing that in future they would be paid at the rate of ninepence per column, instead of the usual fourpence-halfpenny!

THE END.  
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## Answers to Korrespondents!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE (Subb-Edditer.)

(Kwite a number of readers of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" have addressed letters to me personally, and I have much pleizure in replying to them in this kollum.—B. T.)

Arthur C. (Lewisham).—You have no rite to krittisise my speling. It licks yores into a kocked hatt! Why, you karnt even spell the wurd 'speling.' You rite it with two 'l's, wich is perfectly riddikulus! But I suppoze I must make allowances for yore igguerense and lack of eddukashun!

"Miriam" (Folkestone).—Yes, it is kwite trew that I wunce lost my hart to Doris Levison. We all fall in luv at sum time or other, you no! But most of us 'fall out' soon after we fall in! However, I am now hart-hole, and shall not think of these matters agane until I am an offishul in the Minnistery of Food, with an O.B.E. and a sallery of three thousand a year!

Billy M. (Sunderland).—You konklood

yore letter to me by saying, 'Hoping you are fat and well.' Is this sarkassum? If so, I must offer a 'stout' rezzistense!

Gerald Johnson (Manchester).—The best athlete in the Fourth? Baggy Trimble! The best skoller in the Fourth? Baggy Trimble! The best all-round fello? Baggy Trimble! The biggest eggspert at blowing his own trumpitt? Baggy Trimble—I mean, Tom Merry! Jimmy R. (Repton).—I am afrade I cannot use yore verses, beginning:

"There is a podgy youth named Trimble,  
Whose brains would go inside a thimble!"

That's sheer libel, you no, and karnt be aloud!

"Enthusiast" (Burnley).—Am I going to see the Cup-Final at Stamford Bridge? Sertingly not—unless refreshments are provided on the ground free of charje!

Percy Jones (Cardiff).—"Don't you ever get a cold in your ear through listening at keyholes?"—Oh, reelly, Percy, what a narsty, suspishus mind yott have! I've never lissened at a keyhole in my life. I allways push the door open a little way. You can here much better like that!

"A Loyal Supporter" (Birmingham).—"I have captured a dozen new readers for 'Billy Bunter's Weekly.'"—What are you going to do with them—hold them, to ransom?

"Noel" (Richmond).—"Who is going to win the Boatrice this year, Baggy?"—After dew deliberashun, I have come to the konklusjon that it will be either Oxford or Cambridge!

"Disgusted" (Canterbury).—"I think you are a greedy, gormandising glutton, and I hope you'll burst!"—I hartily resspirokate yore good wishes!

Ted Parker (Hackney).—"I have been a keen reader of 'Billy Bunter's Weekly' for seven years."—And a keen fibber all yore life, I fansy!

Mabel Lynn (Cornwall).—"Good old Baggy! I consider that your kollum is easily the best feature in the Weekly."—Kuriiously enuff, I have allways been of the same oppinion!

## Getting Blood Out of a Stone!

By FATTY WYNN (Sub-Editor).

I. Dear Bunter.—I enclose a little bill which I should like you to settle as early as possible, as I happen to be stony.

Here are the items:

W. G. Bunter,  
Dr. to David Llewellyn Wynn.

	£	s.	d.
To contributions in "Billy Bunter's Weekly" to date ... ..	1	6	
To return fare to Greyfriars when ordered by the editor to come for an interview ... ..	3	6	
To standing the editor a feed in the tuckshop at Greyfriars ... ..	10	0	
To supdry odds and ends	1	0	
Total	£1	1	0

An early remittance will oblige.—Your loyal sub-editor, D. WYNN.

### II.

Dear Wynn.—Of all the cheek! I shouldn't dream of paying you all that munney. It is trew you are entitled to one-and-six for yore kontribushuns to my paper, but the return fair to Greyfriars is entirely yore own funeral, and so is the feed you stood me at the tuckshopp. As for the "sundry odds and ends," I don't no what you mean. You can jolly well go and eat koke!—Yores in kontempt, W. G. BUNTER.

### III.

Dear Bunter,—In reply to your courteous letter, I have to state that unless you remit me the sum of one guinea by return of post, the matter will be placed in the hands of Messrs. Figgins, Kerr, & Co., public execu-

tioners, who will bump all the breath out of you.—Yours grimly, D. WYNN.

### IV.

Dear Wynn.—You can thank yore lucky stars that the Edditer of the POPULAR has lent me enuff munney to settle yore akkount!

I enclose forty sixpenny postle-orders and twenty-four halfpenny stamps. Kindly acknollidge reseet.

I hope you will not make a beest of yoreself, now that you are in possession of all this welth!—I remain, yore lord and master, W. G. BUNTER.

### V.

Dear Bunter,—I received your postal-orders, but, unfortunately, the news got about St. Jim's. There was a mad rush from all quarters by fellows who thought you had sent me the postal-orders in payment of your debts contracted when you were here some time ago. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping hold of the munney.

I think that, in future, it would be best if you paid for my contributions and assistance by hampers of tuck!—Yours, D. WYNN.

(Sum hopes!—Ed.)

## Left in the Lerch!

By TUBBY MUFFIN (Subb-Edditer).

I have allways maintained, deer readers, that there is only one fello who is sootable for the posishun of kaptin of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood. That's myself. Unforchunittly, I can never get Jimmy Silver & Co. to see i to i with me on the subjjek.

Now, the other nite, in the dorm, Jimmy Silver was feeling awfully soar. It appears that he had been playing footer in the afternoon against the Moderns, and old Manders, the master of the Sixth, had refereed the game.

"The man nose as much about foot-bawl as a hipperpotamus does about solowist!" grouled Jimmy Silver. "½-way threw the game he sent me off the feed for a fowl. Would you believe it? Why, I've never fowled anybody in my life!"

"Manders was being spiteful," said Lovell.

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"Eggsactly! He wanted to show me up in front of everybody. By Jove, I'd give anything to get even with the beest!"

At this junckcher I chimed in. "What do you want to do, Silver," I said—and the others lissened to my wurd with wrapped attenshun—"is to pay a vissit to Manders' bed-room, dragg all the bedclothes off him, and roll him out of bed!"

"Don't be so absurd!" grunted Jimmy Silver. "That wourd be farely arsking for trouble!"

"Bar! Yore a cowered!" I said skornfully.

"Take the job on yoreself, Tubby!" said a voyce.

"Sertingly!" I replide. "I make one stippulashun."

"What's that?" asked Raby.

"That ½ a duzen feloes come with me to Manders' room."

"All serrene!" said Jimmy Silver. "Come along, you chapps!"

Well, we stole out of the dorm, and stole upstares, and stole into Manders' room—at least, I did. The other feloes hung back.

It was dark in the room, but Manders' snore guided me to his bed.

Then, before you could say, "Tubby Muffin," I had wipped off the bedclothes, and given Manders a shuvv wich sent him bertling to the floor.

"This is no place for me!" I muttered, under my breth. "I must beet a kwick retreat!"

But what do you think, deer readers? One of those rotters outside—I think it must have been Peele—had locked the door on the outside, and I was unable to get out!

I was cort like a ratt in a trapp! Old Manders staggered to his feet, and switched on the electrick lite. Then he gave a gasp.

And then the beestly boolying Bolshy armed himself with a slipper, and wacked me with grate vigger on that part of my annatemy where the pijjamas were thinnest. Oh, yes, deer readers, I had a very thin time, I can assure you!

## THE WHIP HAND!

(Continued from page 8.)

"By gad, we've got to get in somehow!"

The Colonial Co. chuckled softly. Conroy stepped to the window, and there was a gasp outside as the roysters saw his shadow on the glass. The junior sipped back the catch, and opened the window at the top. Standing on a chair, he looked out. Carthew looked up at him, with a face white as a sheet. Exposure, expulsion, and ruin were staring the rascally prefect in the face, and he realised it.

"Who—who—who's that?" stammered Carthew faintly.

"Don't you know me, dear boy?"

"Conroy!"

"We're all here!" grinned Van Ryn, over the window. "What a happy meeting, Carthew!"

"Enjoyed your little walk?" chuckled Pons.

Carthew ground his teeth with rage.

"Open that window!" he muttered thickly.

"Rats!"

"Look here——"

"You're not goin' to keep me out, you chaps!" muttered Mornington, in shrill tones of alarm. "Don't be rotten sneaks!"

"Who's keeping you out?" said Conroy. "Get in! You can climb in over the window if you're spry!"

Mornington hesitated a moment, and then he climbed on the windowsill. Conroy gave him a hand, and he clambered in over the lower sash. Van Ryn and Pons received him, and they did not let go when he was safe in the study. They held his arms tight.

"Let go!" muttered Mornington.

He dared not speak aloud.

"Not yet, my pippin!" said Conroy coolly. "Take him to the dorm, Pong, and see that he doesn't leave it again!"

"Right-ho!" grinned the Canadian.

"Look here, Conroy——"

"Shut up! Take him away, Pons!"

In the sturdy grip of the Canadian junior Mornington was led to the door. He went unresistingly. He dared not make a sound lest Bulkeley should awaken in the next study.

As a matter of fact, the blackguard of the Fourth was only too glad to escape the danger himself, without troubling his head about Carthew. The two juniors left the study silently, Pons closing the door.

Carthew had climbed on the window-sill, expecting to climb in after Mornington. To his rage and alarm, the window was pushed up. He held on to the sash with his hands, standing on the sill; and Conroy, standing on the chair inside, looked him in the face, through the narrow aperture, with a quiet smile.

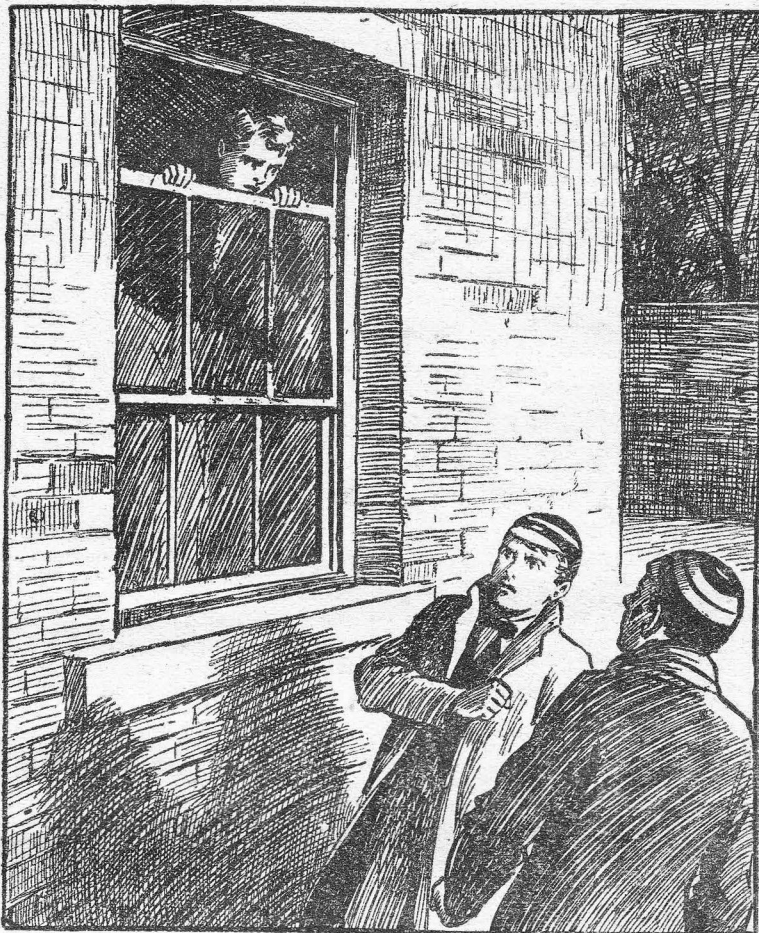
### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Brought to Terms!

CARTHEW breathed hard, choking back his rage.

He could not guess what the junior intended, but he knew what he deserved at the hands of the chums he had persecuted with tireless malice.

He was at their mercy.

There was no door or window unfastened at night in the school, save only his own window. And there he could not enter. It was in the power of the juniors to keep him out all night if they chose. That meant inevitable discovery



Conroy stepped up to the window, and looked over the top. "Who—who—who's that?" stammered Carthew, looking up. "Hallo, old top!" grinned Conroy. "What a merry meeting! Enjoyed your little walk?" The prefect ground his teeth. "Let me in!" he muttered. (See Chapter 3.)

of his shady rascality. He could only get in by waking the House. And how was he to explain how he came out of doors at one o'clock in the morning, in coat and muffler, with the mud of Coombe Lane on his boots?

There was no falsehood, no humbug that would serve his turn. It would be a complete exposure, and he knew what would follow—a terrible interview with the Head and the sentence of expulsion from the school with every circumstance of disgrace and ignominy. His head turned almost giddy as he thought of it.

Conroy knew the thoughts that were in the prefect's mind as they looked at each other in dead silence over the sash of the window. Carthew broke the silence at last.

"Will you let me in?" he muttered huskily.

"No fear!"

"For—for mercy's sake, Conroy!" muttered Carthew, throwing all dignity to the winds. "You know what it means to me!"

"Exactly!"

"You—you don't want to see me sacked!" muttered Carthew, licking his dry lips.

"Why not?" smiled Conroy. "It would be a bit easier for us after you were gone, wouldn't it?"

Carthew panted.

"I—I'm sorry I—I've been rather rough on you!" he stammered. "I—I never really meant to——"

"Liar!"

Carthew choked.

"You're a rotten bully, and a low blackguard!" said Conroy cheerfully. "You're a disgrace to the school, and you ought to be kicked out of Rookwood, and you know it!"

"Hear, hear!" murmured Van Ryn.

Carthew mumbled indistinctly. He did not dare give utterance to the furious words that rose to his lips. Even now he was in terror lest Conroy's whispering voice should be heard by other ears. It was the fact that Conroy whispered that gave him a lingering hope. If the junior had intended to betray him he would not have subdued his voice.

"Let me in, there's a good chap!" muttered Carthew. "I—I'll let you alone in future! I—I swear it! I—I beg your pardon, Conroy!"

"How are the mighty fallen!" chuckled Van Ryn.

"You're a rotten funk, as well as a shady cad!" remarked Conroy. "Why, even Morny wouldn't show the white feather like that, Carthew!"

"Will you let me in?"

"On conditions—yes!"

"I'll agree to anything! If you want money——"

"Oh, shut up! Do you think I want to touch your dirty money?" growled Conroy. "I'll let you in, on condition you leave my study alone in future, and behave yourself!"

"I—I will! I promise!"  
Conroy laughed softly.  
"I'd as soon take the Kaiser's promise as yours!" he said contemptuously.  
"You'll put it down in black and white!"  
"Wha-a-at!"  
"Here's a pencil and a sheet of paper," said Conroy calmly. "You can write it on this book. Here you are!"  
"What do you mean?" hissed Carthew.  
"You'll write as I dictate! And if you try to alter your usual fist in any way, I shall fasten the window, and leave you out!"  
"I—I——"  
"Are you ready?"  
"Yes," panted Carthew. He took the book, the pencil, and the paper over the top of the window-sash. "What do you want me to write?"  
"In consideration of being let into the school, after returning from the Bird-in-Hand at one o'clock in the morning——"  
"I won't write that!" breathed Carthew.  
"You'll stay out all night if you don't!" said Conroy grimly.  
Carthew panted.  
"You young fool! Such a paper would be enough to get me expelled, if anybody saw it!"  
"That's what I want!"  
"What!"  
"I shall keep that paper," explained Conroy. "So long as you behave yourself it will be safe in a secret place, and I'll give it back to you at the end of the term. So long as you keep the conditions that paper won't be seen. Break your word, and the paper goes to the Head! See? Begin bullying again, and I'll pin it up on the wall of the senior Common-room!"  
"You—you young villain!" groaned Carthew. "I won't write it!"  
"Lend me a hand with this window, Van Ryn!"  
"Hold on! I—I'll write it!" panted Carthew.  
"I thought you would."  
"You—you promise to keep it dark?" asked Carthew, in a voice stifled between fear and fury.  
"I've said so, so long as you play the game, and it's yours again at the end of the term. You know you can take my word, just as I know that I can't take yours!"  
Carthew did know that. But he still hesitated, and the two juniors began to push up the sash. That decided Carthew. Any risk was better than the absolute certainty of discovery and expulsion.  
"Hold on! I—I'll do it!" he stammered.  
"It's your last chance!" said Conroy. "Now, then, as I dictate! In consideration of being let into the school, after returning from the Bird-in-Hand at one o'clock in the morning, I promise not to behave like a cad and a rotten bully for the rest of the term. Signed, Mark Carthew." And write it in your ordinary hand. We shall examine it before we let you in!"  
There was no help for it. Carthew rested the paper on the book, and wrote as ordered, without any attempt to disguise his hand. He was trembling with rage as he passed the paper in to Conroy.  
"Wait while I look at it," said the Australian coolly.  
He stepped back. Van Ryn taking his place on guard at the window. Behind the bed-curtains Conroy struck a match, and examined the paper carefully. He was quite satisfied with it, and he put it into his pocket.  
"All serene?" asked Van Ryn.  
THE POPULAR.—No. 110.

"All serene! Come on! You can get in, Carthew!"  
The two juniors left the study at once. Carthew forced up the sash, and opened the window, and clambered in, white with rage. But the two juniors were gone before he was in the study.  
If the prefect had thought of making a desperate attempt to regain the tell-tale paper, it was too late.  
Conroy and Van Ryn returned to the Fourth Form dormitory. They found Pous and Mornington awake.  
"All right!" asked Pous.  
"Right as rain!"  
"Good egg!"  
"Where's Carthew?" asked Mornington.  
"Gone to bed, I imagine," yawned Conroy. "I'm going, too!"  
"You'll get it in the neck for this in the morning!" muttered the dandy of the Fourth.  
"I hardly think so!" chuckled Van Ryn.  
"You fool! Carthew will skin you for scaring him like that!"  
"Wait and see!"  
And the Colonial Co. went to bed in a satisfied frame of mind, feeling that they had fairly earned what remained of their night's rest.

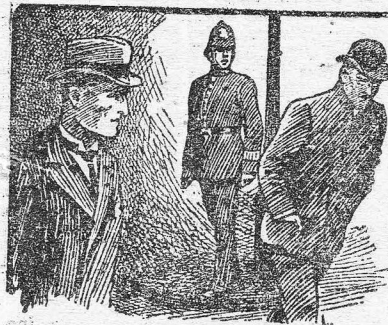
#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. All Serene!

CONROY & Co. turned out rather sleepily at the clang of the rising-bell in the morning. They were sleepy, but cheerful.  
Mornington eyed them sourly. He was looking forward with pleasure to the high old time they were to enjoy at Carthew's hands. He had no doubt whatever that the bully of the Sixth would find a very early excuse for punishing the three. Morny was unaware of the pledge that was safe in Conroy's keeping.  
"You fellows look like boiled owls!" Jimmy Silver remarked. "Didn't you sleep well?"  
"Well, we were awake a good time," said Ryn, smiling.  
"Did you go out on the razzle with Morny?" sniggered Tubby Muffin.  
"Exactly. We enjoyed the razzle more than Morny did—didn't we, Morny?"  
Mornington sniffed, and did not answer.  
"What have you been up to?" asked Lovell, puzzled.  
"Snuff!" said Conroy cheerily.  
The Colonial Co. were smiling merrily as they came down with the Classical Fourth. They were in very good spirits that morning.  
Carthew met the juniors in the lower passage. Mornington's eyes gleamed. He expected the bully of the Sixth to "begin" at once.  
But Carthew didn't begin. He only gave the Colonial Co. a black scowl, and turned away.  
Mornington hurried after him as the juniors streamed out into the quad.  
"Carthew!" he exclaimed.  
Carthew scowled at him.  
"Aren't you going to give those rotters something for the trouble they gave us last night?" said Mornington.  
"No!" growled Carthew.  
"You're going to take it lying down?" ejaculated Mornington, in blank astonishment.  
"Mind your own business, confound you!"  
Carthew strode away, leaving Mornington rooted to the floor with amazement. The prefect was evidently not in a forgiving mood. Yet apparently he intended to let the matter drop. Morny simply couldn't understand it.  
Some of the Fourth noticed that the Colonial Co. were very cheery that day. They seemed to be enjoying some little

joke known only to themselves. Whatever it was, they did not confide it to their Form-fellows.  
"Done your lines?" Jimmy Silver asked, as he met Study No. 3 after tea.  
Conroy shook his head.  
"You'll have Carthew down on you," said Jimmy rather anxiously. "No good getting reported to Bootles, you know."  
"I don't think Carthew will report us."  
"He jolly well will!" said Jimmy.  
"He'll jump at the chance!"  
"You young duffers!" said Lovell. "You're playing into Carthew's hands. Here he comes!"  
The Colonial Co. turned smiling faces on Carthew of the Sixth. Carthew didn't smile. He scowled blackly.  
"Hallo, old son!" said Conroy.  
Carthew strode on without replying. The Fistical Four looked on in astonishment.  
"I spoke to you, Carthew!" said Conroy, in a significant tone.  
The prefect halted. His eyes were burning. Jimmy Silver & Co. could see that he was quivering with rage, but he was putting a restraint on himself that astounded them.  
"Feel all right to-day, dear boy?" said Conroy.  
"Yes," muttered Carthew thickly.  
"By the way, you gave us some lines yesterday," remarked Conroy.  
"D-d-did I?"  
"Don't you remember?" said Conroy sweetly. "You told us they would be doubled if they weren't handed in by tea-time to-day. We're not going to do those lines, Carthew."  
"My hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver.  
He expected an explosion. But the explosion did not come. Carthew clenched his hands for a moment, but he unclenched them again, and nodded.  
"All right!" he muttered.  
"We're not going to do any more lines for you, Carthew," continued Van Ryn.  
"We've decided not to have anything further to do with you. We don't like bullies!"  
"By gad!" muttered Mornington, who was looking on blankly. Morny wondered whether he was dreaming.  
Carthew's face was a study. He seemed unable to speak.  
"My advice to you, Carthew, is to give up bullying, and try to be a decent chap," added Conroy. "If you turn over a new leaf, Carthew, we're willing to be friendly. Otherwise, you can keep your distance. Understand?"  
"Yes!" gasped Carthew.  
And he walked away hurriedly.  
Jimmy Silver grasped Conroy by the shoulder, and shook him.  
"How did you do it?" he yelled. "What's come over Carthew? How have you wangled it, you grinning fathead?"  
"Don't be inquisitive, dear boy. The fact is, Carthew isn't up to the weight of Study No. 3," said Conroy calmly.  
"Come on, you chaps! It's still light enough to kick a ball about!"  
And the Colonial Co. went off smiling.  
The Fistical Four were astounded. So were the rest of the Classical Fourth, when they found that the persecution of Study No. 3 had entirely ceased, and that the bully of the Sixth was quite civil whenever he came into contact with the cheery trio. But they puzzled over it in vain. Conroy & Co. kept the secret, as in honour bound. And their troubles with Carthew were at an end. The bully of the Sixth had made the painful discovery that he was not up to the weight of the Colonial Co.

THE END.

(Another grand Rookwood story next Friday, entitled "The Rookwood Traitor." Readers are advised to order their copy of the POPULAR well in advance.)



# A MARKED MAN.

A Grand Serial, dealing with the Adventures of FERRERS LOCKE, the World's-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.

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, who is really Harry Firth. Leigh has to agree, and Harry is taken to Vaughan's house in Flatney, and kept a prisoner there.

Ferrers Locke makes a proposition to Vaughan for a temporary truce, and the latter shows him a letter from Count von Diehling offering to reveal the person of Harry Leigh for a monetary consideration.

(Now read on.)

## A Va'n Search!

"YOU force my hand," Locke admitted helplessly.

"The name Von Diehling doubtless is familiar to you."

"I believe a man of that name is connected with a gang of expert Continental crooks."

"The very same."

"He—and I believe yourself—figures in the jewel robbery at the Edward Hall?"

"You pay me a compliment," Vaughan answered mockingly. "If you read between the lines you will see Von Diehling is not so gracious. However, I will admit there was business between us. What it was doesn't concern you. He was to pay me thirty thousand pounds. Unscrupulously he tried to step outside his bargain, and as a consequence I penalised him in the sum of ten thousand pounds. Last Monday he came to my private house at Flatney, paid me the money, and departed. The money—forty thousand pounds in notes—I locked in my safe. Half an hour later I went to look for Harry Leigh. In the dining-room I found one of my manservants gagged, bound, and insensible. On the same floor were two others, similarly treated. They had first been overpowered, and then rendered incapable when they came to of raising an alarm. Harry was nowhere to be found. There were signs of a fierce struggle having taken place—"

"Of which you heard nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing. The room in which I was engaged is some distance away. Flatney is a large and rambling house."

"You had forced Harry to go there with you?"

Locke's grey eyes were cold as steel. "Yes—by arrangement with the late Justin Leigh."

Ferrers Locke fought down the impotent fury in his heart.

"I understand we are temporarily sinking the past," Vaughan spoke with obvious sincerity. "Apparently, while Von Diehling and his friend were closeted with me, his accomplices were engaged in kidnapping Harry. Naturally, I did not suspect them. To be quite candid, until that letter came, I suspected you, and looked upon the signs of a struggle as a blind to throw me off the scent."

"Indeed, no. I haven't seen him since the day before he left this house with his father."

"Well, for the whole of that evening, and all through the night, I and my men scoured the countryside; but in vain."

"But what made you come to Mr. Leigh, when you already had the means of buying Harry's freedom—the forty thousand pounds in notes?"

"Because, Locke—believe me or not, as you like—I discovered the next morning that the notes had been stolen. During the night the safe had been cut through—apparently with an oxygen blowpipe—and the money, every penny of it, was gone. As I live, this is the truth—or why should I tell you all these things?"

"Then, whom do you suspect of stealing the money?"

"Heaven knows—unless it was Von Diehling, too. The fact remains, this is Wednesday afternoon; I know of no way of making sure to raise so large a sum in the time given me. I came to enlist Justin Leigh's aid."

"And Justin Leigh is dead," Locke added.

"So you have said. With his aid no longer possible, I am forced back on you."

"We must move directly. Not an instant must be lost! This is a job for the police."

"Admittedly. But I must not figure in it as Adrian Vaughan."

"You cannot expect me to go into this venture and let you stand aside, to slip off as you please."

"I am willing to take my place in the firing-line, too. Only, no one, save you, will know my real identity. As you say, money has failed us. We must rely on the police."

"I will 'phone through to Barton Dawe. For once, I trust you, Vaughan. You can join in the raid or not, as you please."

"I want to see Harry safe. Afterwards—well, you and I can fight out our battles on our own ground. Of course, it is understood you take no advantage of any information I have given—directly revealed in Harry Leigh's interests."

Locke nodded.

"And when he is found?" he asked.

"Considering you will be surrounded by the forces of law and order, I shall hardly be in a position to interfere," answered Vaughan. "Afterwards—well, we shall see."

Locke was busy divesting himself of Jevons' clothes. Vaughan looked on, reflecting coolly.

"It is strange how the wheel of fortune turns," he laughed. "I really can't say whether I like you the better as a colleague or a foe."

"Time enough to decide that later!" the detective responded significantly, as he slipped on his overcoat and left the house.

By ten o'clock that night a cordon of plain-clothes detectives, including some of the smartest men in Scotland Yard, had been drawn round the Oaks in Hirondelle Road. It was a big house, set in its own grounds.

When Locke, with the disguised Vaughan and a couple of police-officers, converged swiftly and silently on the front door, they found, to their surprise, that the place was in darkness. The loud ringing of the front door bell brought no response, so they decided to force an entry. From room to room of the silent house they went, like a pack of hounds on the scent. But the object of their search was gone.

At last, weary in heart and body, the detectives had to give up the search; one by one the men gathered together in the now dimly-lit hall. Swiftly Locke's glance went from face to face; then an exclamation of surprise and chagrin broke from him. Adrian Vaughan was nowhere to be seen!

A horrible suspicion leapt to life in Ferrers Locke's brain. Was the whole story a clever plant, by which his enemy had outwitted him?

## Treachery!

IT was Adrian Vaughan's luck to stumble upon the key to the mystery enshrouding the disappearance of Harry Leigh. In an upstairs room the small grate was half-filled with a mass of recently burned paper. Every other room in the house was furnished; this was not, and the detectives in their zeal to bring the missing man to light had passed and repassed it with little more than fleeting scrutiny.

Not so, Vaughan, however. He realised there was something more behind the sudden abandonment of the Oaks than at first met the eye; in some small, unconsidered trifle, the cause for the occurrence might be revealed. It was strange, indeed, that Von Diehling and his men should have carried Harry away, without giving themselves due time to learn whether or not the big sum demanded for her ransom would be paid.

In the light of the electric torch Vaughan held a handful of cindered papers. One—a half-sheet, burned brown, but with the blacker ink-marks still standing clearly out, told the story of a confederate's treachery, for the writing, although a clever imitation of his own, was undoubtedly that of Charles Demottsen! Here and there words were missing or undecipherable, but the context of the letter was clear:

"I . . . yours of . . . agree . . . terms . . . come to-morrow night . . . bring . . . notes . . . possession . . . the young fellow . . ."

A curse was framed on Adrian Vaughan's lips. He crushed the charred fragments to powder in his hands, and a fierce light of rage wakened the slumbering fire of hate in his eyes.

"Demottsen has played me false!" he ground out, clenching his big hands impotently. "It is he who has got possession of Harry; it was he, then, who burgled my safe, and with the contents bought Harry Leigh's freedom! But why? Why? Why should he, with a fortune in his hands, part with it for the sake of Harry? I'll make him answer me!"

He went to the door to rejoin the swiftly-moving throng below that hastened from place to place in their fruitless hunt for the German and his gang. Two detached themselves, and came up the wide stairs side by side.

"Who is that tall, dark chap—the fellow with Locke?" one was asking.

The voice of Barton Dawe came to the listening man.

"I also want to know. Somewhere I have seen him before—at least, his eyes. Ah! I remember! The— Edward Hall!"

The door in Vaughan's hand was silently shut; there was but one avenue of escape. Attention drawn to himself at such a time might be fatal; not even Locke's interest could save him from Barton Dawe's inquisitiveness. And just now a score of reasons demanded his getting free—unfettered, unsuspected. Lightly he raised the lower window-sash and looked out. A dark pit yawned dizzily beneath him; the drop meant certain death. And yet there was something—a desperate but sporting chance.

His nerves were cool and steady as he let himself over the sill and hung by a single hand to the sloping stonework. The area flags stretched forty feet below. He raised his left hand and drew down the sash. When Barton Dawe looked in an instant later only the empty room with a closed window met his inquiring gaze.

To Vaughan the moments were fraught with the deadliest peril. If the strength in his straining arms and pain-racked fingers gave out, a fall to death was certain. Or some prowling policeman hiding among the trees might catch sight of the dark mass of his body as it dangled in space. A couple of minutes dragged by before he dared trust himself to the task of descent, a comparatively quick and easy one, once his hands were round the iron stack that ran down the side of the house.

The yard below was bounded by a high wall, along the top of which he wormed his way, until the corner was reached, when he dropped calmly into the street, and, pulling his hat over his eyes, walked briskly away. Skirting the common, he passed down Kelmscott Road and made for Clapham Junction. By half-past ten he stepped out at Waterloo Station a comparatively safe man.

In the taxi which whirled him to his palatial rooms facing Hyde Park, with swift decision, he mapped out his plans to defeat Demottsen.

"I see now just how the whole affair was carried out," he reflected. "With marvellous accuracy, Von Diehling and his confederates kidnapped Harry, with the intention of holding him till I returned the money I was paid for the stolen picture. Their sealed letter to me, laying down their terms, naturally passed through Demottsen's hands.

"Needless to say, he opened it, and then, for some reason of his own—what it was I can't as yet fathom—determined himself to ransom Harry. This, however, is quite clear, that as Demottsen has ordinarily no interest whatever in Harry Leigh; as Harry Leigh his cash value to the doctor is something over £40,000.

"Undoubtedly he stole the notes, handed them to Von Diehling in exchange for the prisoner; Von Diehling

has cleared off with the booty, and Charles—well, if I am any judge of Charles' cleverness, he will have hidden young Leigh away in some undiscoverable place, and himself, with smiling urbanity, will be waiting for my return to Flatney, when he will commiserate with me over my lack of success in not laying Von Diehling by the heels."

With these suspicions strong in his mind, he got into telephonic communication with the Red House. It was long before anyone answered him. At last, however, he recognised Demottsen's voice.

"That you, doctor?" Vaughan asked, with pretended geniality.

"For sure! Where are you?"

"In London—Hyde Park."

"I see. Have you discovered anything?"

"Nothing at all. I went to Northampton to see Justin Leigh, but I was told I couldn't see him, so I returned here in disgust."

"Humph! It's a pity. I suppose it wouldn't be wise to put the police on to the Oaks?"

"I really don't know. I haven't got nearly sufficient money to bargain with them, nor do I see how I'm going to get it by Friday. You found no clue about the safe robbery, I suppose?"

Demottsen laughed.

"None whatever. The same people who are responsible for the present trouble doubtless engineered that, too."

"Doubtless!" answered Vaughan, and his face was wreathed with smiles. "No purpose is served by my remaining here. I'll motor back to-night. Expect me between one and two." As he rang off the expression on his face changed to one of fury. "I planned a pretty swift and terrible revenge against Ferrers Locke. It will fall into nothingness against my reckoning with Demottsen! So he, too, has entered the lists against me. Well, to-night will determine the issue."

From a doubly-locked corner cupboard in his dressing-room he took a phial of chloroform, a gag, and a small bottle of tablets. Then he returned to the study, where his double's memoranda caught his eye. He examined it curiously. The great Paul Rutherford that night was singing and playing to the Duke and Duchess of Berkshire and their guests.

"A very useful alibi should anything very dreadful happen to poor Demottsen," Vaughan muttered. He slipped on a thick motor-coat and himself took out the long grey car, and drove through the streets of London.

An amused smile spread over his face when, on the island opposite the new King Edward memorial arch to St. James' Park, he caught a passing glimpse of Ferrers Locke talking earnestly to Barton Dawe.

The great car whizzed by, and the black night swallowed Vaughan up. For hour upon hour Vaughan drove at a tremendous pace, till a little before dawn he turned in at the lodge-gates of his beautiful home at Flatney.

As the monster of steel purred sweetly up the drive the man's eyes were on the grand south front of the lovely house, and he wondered how long, with Ferrers Locke against him, he would be able to keep it.

No friendly light glowed in any of the windows. Vaughan brought the car to a standstill immediately in front of the portico.

"Demottsen can't be waiting up. Got tired, I suppose, and went to bed."

He stepped out and stretched his big frame, cramped with the long journey. He was standing full in the white glare of the great headlights. Demottsen, watching from the shelter of the heavy tapestry curtains swaying gently in the breeze that came through the open window, saw with startling distinctiveness every line of the strong, clear face.

Suddenly Vaughan raised his hand, tilting back his soft hat, passed a handkerchief across his moist brow. This was Demottsen's opportunity, for, without a second's compunction or a moment's warning, he raised the pistol at his side, and, levelling it straight at his master, shot him through the head.

The huge form quivered and swayed in the white path of light, lurched heavily forward, and, without a sound, Vaughan fell on his face.

#### The Cross Roads.

**A**FTER that Charles Demottsen did things methodically. He clamored through the window, raised Vaughan in his arms, and, with a tremendous struggle, dragged him into the house. In the library he propped the lifeless body in a chair, and there for the moment left it, while he returned to the front of the house.

A sinister red pool gleamed up at him accusingly. He covered the spot with his coat, started the car, and drove it into the garage behind the house. From this he carried a pail of water, with which he obliterated the bloodstains in the drive and in the hall. Then back once more to the library, where Vaughan's body was just as he left it.

With quite a professional air the doctor examined the clean-out hole in the forehead, and noted the exact angle at which the bullet had pierced the frontal bone.

This accurately determined, he pressed the revolver with which the shot was fired into Vaughan's nerveless right hand.

"Suicide as plain as a pikestaff!" he muttered, standing back, and regarding his dreadful work critically. "I am sorry for you, Mr. Vaughan, but I have served you well, and really the time had come for us to part. Doubtless, with the house quite empty, some little time will elapse before your body is discovered, but sooner or later Ferrers Locke is sure to light upon a clue which will lead him here."

The key was still in the lock on the inside of the door as he passed into the hall. A moment after, however, he was back with a long pair of thin tweezers, with which, from the outside, he gripped the end of the key and shot the bolt into its socket.

(To be continued.)

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WRITE TO YOUR EDITOR ABOUT IT!

# POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 4.—BOB CHERRY.



FIGHTING EDITOR OF "THE GREYFRIARS' HERALD."

"Smiling Bob" was what he was called when he came to Greyfriars School. He was the sunniest-tempered fellow one could ever wish to meet, and was quickly gathered into the fold to help complete the circle of juniors who called themselves the Famous Five, a name well fitted to such fellows.

When there was trouble between Bulstrode and Wharton, Bob came forward and stood up to the fighting bully. If Bulstrode found Harry a comparatively easy nut at first—for Wharton's knowledge of boxing then was less than rudimentary—he found the sturdy Bob a far more difficult proposition. That memorable fight culminated in the complete downfall of the Remove bully and the establishing of Bob among the great lights.

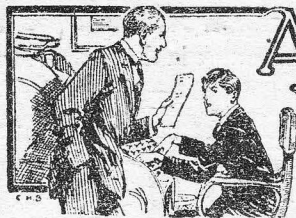
In spite of his sunny nature, there were times when trouble flung a black shadow across his path; trouble on one occasion threatened to put "Finis" to his school career, and was the cause of his leaving Greyfriars for a time. But there was the other four of the Famous Five still remaining, and they set about discovering the mischief-maker and to prove their chum's innocence. It was certainly a case with them that "United we stand, divided we fall."

Bob, in his good-natured way, took the role of protector to Dick Penfold when the cobbler's son came from Friardale with a scholarship. According to Skinner & Co., "Penny" should have been kicked out, and not allowed to stay in the same residence and breathe the same air with "sons of gentlemen." But, not being in the position to "kick" him out, they proceeded to make his life a misery and a burden to him until Bob interfered. He fought Bolsover, thrashed Skinner, and bumped the rest. He then laid down a rule that further persecutions would be met with a Form ragging, or, worse still, a stand-up fight with himself. Bob was not a quarrelsome kind of fellow by any means, but he did hate snobishness.

His endless energy, and greatness at games and in the gym, has made him one of the most popular characters in the school. He shares Study No. 13 with Mark Linley, Wung Lung, and Hurree Singh, the happiest and contented quartette in the Lower School at Greyfriars.

Here is his signature:

*Bob Cherry*



## A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

### FOR NEXT FRIDAY.

Our next Friday's issue will contain another splendid story of the early schooldays of Harry Wharton & Co. and Percy Bolsover, and will be entitled:

#### "BEATEN AT LAST!"

By Frank Richards.

My chums will have read this week's story of the arrival of the new bully of the Remove, and will have seen that the juniors have had a rough handling. But Bolsover gets worse and worse, and more bullying than ever, and the juniors put their heads together to think out a scheme whereby they can "take him down a peg or two."

This scheme works well, and the juniors have the satisfaction of seeing the bully

#### "BEATEN AT LAST!"

in a manner which leaves Bolsover considerably less "chippy" than they thought he would ever be.

There will also be another grand long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled:

#### "THE ROOKWOOD TRAITORS!"

By Owen Conquest.

Jimmy Silver stories appeal to all my readers just as much as the Greyfriars stories do, and I am sure they will find this story no exception. It is full of fun and adventure, and written as only Mr. Owen Conquest can write a story.

### OUR SUPPLEMENT.

"Billy Bunter's Weekly" will appear in the centre of next week's issue of the "Popular," and it is funnier than ever. It is wonderful how many friends the "Popular" has made since the fat junior of Greyfriars had his way and took his precious "Weekly" to its pages.

Contributors to the "Weekly" include fellows from Rookwood and St. Jim's as well as Greyfriars, so you can be sure there is a fine lot of interesting fun and action.

Readers of the "Popular" are asked to order their copies in advance, as I am in a position to know that many readers are asking for a copy when they are all sold out. The more orders that are placed, the greater number of copies are printed. Your newsagent lets us know, you see, how many copies he wants, and we print enough to go round to all newsagents who order. So order your copy, my chums, or you might miss it.

### "POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 4.

There will be another competition in next week's "Popular," when ten more prizes will be offered.

In the meantime, have a try at this week's competition, and try and win one of the TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH offered.

#### Examples for Competition No. 4.

The Prizewinner.	Sent to Coventry.
The Bounder.	Making Excuses.
Going Without	Deeds Not Words.
Permission.	Fagging for Kildare.
Skinner's Lies.	The Empty Cupboard.
Gussy's Fancy	Billy Bunter's
Waistcoat.	Spelling.
What Tower Likes.	

These are the twelve examples for this week's competition. Now, select TWO of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words, having some bearing on the example. ONE of the words in your sentence must commence with ONE of the letters in the example.

You must study these rules carefully before you send in your effort:

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. 4, 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.

All efforts must be received on or before March 3rd, 1921.

### THE ATTRactions OF THE "MAGNET."

The mere fact that you have read this paper proves that you are fond of school stories. Perhaps the "Popular," crammed though it is, does not satisfy your desire for school stories? Then why not take in its companion paper as well? The "Magnet Library" is absolutely full of complete, all-school stories.

In the first place, there is always an 18,000-word long story of Harry Wharton & Co. This is written by Mr. Frank Richards, who is admitted to be one of the very finest authors of school stories ever known.

Then there is a grand four-page supplement, the "Greyfriars Herald," which is "run" by Harry Wharton & Co., of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. Like our own supplement, it is packed full of fun and action. Billy Bunter has his own little column—he calls it, "My Football Kollum." You can guess that it is funny to read!

My advice to boys who like really fine school stories—and long ones at that—is, get this week's issue of the "Magnet Library." It costs you three-halfpence, and is published every Monday morning.

### A LITTLE CORRECTION.

I had a letter this week in answer to one of my own letters to a girl reader. In it she writes that, while thanking me very much for my letter, she does not suppose I ever even saw it.

That is in need of a little correction, as I have hastened to inform my girl chum. Every letter that is addressed to me comes to my office. I read every single letter that arrives, and personally see that it is answered. Then the letter is brought to me, typewritten, and I stamp it with my signature.

Is it because I use a rubber stamp that my girl chum thought I never saw the letter she wrote me, or the reply that was sent her? If she does, I should like to tell her, and every one of my chums, that I have hundreds of letters to read and answer every day. If I wrote "Your Editor" in pen and ink—why, I should have writer's cramp every day of my life. No! Every letter is received by me and attended to by myself!

*Your Editor*

# SON O' THE WILD!

A Gripping New Story of Sport and Adventure in the Backwoods. By ERIC W. TOWNSEND.  
Starts To-day in THE BOYS' REALM—1½d. The Best Sports Paper for Boys.

## JOY LET LOOSE

EVERY tin of SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM is full of little messengers who carry sunshine into the heart of some little boy or girl—or grown-up, as the case may be. Sharp's Super-Kreem is so thoroughly good—good in every way. It nourishes the body as well as tickles the palate—it possesses nutritive value as well as the most charming, lingering, creamy flavour. Look out for the orange tin with the parrot and the Knut upon it—and when you see one, Buy it.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins; also in ½, ¾, and 1-lb. tins.

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We will send either of these watches on receipt of P.O. for 2/-. After receiving watch you send us a further 2/-, and promise to pay the remaining 11/- by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 14/- only. Five years' warranty given with every watch.

To avoid disappointment, send 2/- and 6d. extra postage at once. No unpleasant inquiries. All orders executed in rotation.

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42a, Stockwell Green, London, S.W.9.

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**FILMS** CHEAP. Stamped envelope for lists. Machines, etc. 50-ft. Sample Film. 1/3.—**TYSON & MARSHALL, 29, Castle Boulevard, NOTTINGHAM.**

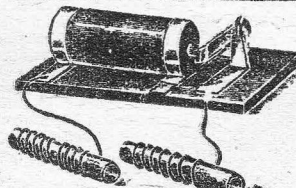
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Sets of parts for making Shocking Coil, as illustration, 1/6. Telegraph parts, 1/6. Battery parts, 1/6. Chemical Box, 1/6. Postage, etc., 4d. extra each. Illustrated Catalogues, post free 6d. P.O.—

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**FREE FUN!** The Latest Screamingly Funny Surprise Novelty, causing roars of laughter, FREE to all sending 1/- for 70 Cute Conjuring Tricks, 12 Jolly Joke Tricks, 6 Catchy Coin Tricks, 5 Cunning Card Tricks, 5 Mystifying Magic Tricks, 5 Jokers' Comical Cards, Sensational Ventriloquism Secret, and 1,001 Stupendous Attractions. Thousands delighted! Great Fun! Postal Address: **C. HUGHES, 15, Wood St., Edgbaston, Birmingham.** (Big box Demon Moustache Grower, 1/3 post free.)

**"CURLY HAIR!"**—Wonderful results by using Ross' "WAVEIT." Waves and curls straightest hair. Hundreds of testimonials. 1/3 and 2/5 (stamps accepted).—**ROSS (Dept. F. 1), 173, New North Road, London, N.1.**

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

# WRIGLEY'S

## CHEWING GUM NET SALES CERTIFICATE

39,999,504 packets of WRIGLEY'S 3 FLAVOURS were sold in the United Kingdom during 1920, according to the Accountant's Certificate. As there are 6 Bars in every 3d. Packet of WRIGLEY'S 3 FLAVOURS, this means that 239,997,024 Bars were enjoyed by the British Public, or an average of over 5 Bars for every man, woman and child in the British Isles.



I have examined your Company's books for the year ended Dec. 31st, 1920, and certify that your net sales of Wrigley's Chewing Gum in the United Kingdom during that period (after deducting Returns, Gifts, Pilferage, etc.) amounted to 39,999,504 (thirty nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, five hundred and four) packets.

ALFRED G. MAIN, F.L.A.A.,  
Public Accountant and Auditor.

IN view of the Public interest in and appreciation of WRIGLEY'S 3 FLAVOURS, Wrigley's, Ltd. offer PRIZES AS FOLLOW:

- 1st Prize £100 Cash
- 2nd PRIZE £50 CASH
- 3rd PRIZE £25 CASH
- 4th PRIZE £20 CASH
- 5th PRIZE £15 CASH
- 6th PRIZE £10 CASH
- 7th PRIZE £5 CASH
- 25 Prizes of £1 Each and 200 Consolation Prizes.

### NO ENTRY FEE—PRIZE COMPETITION IS FREE

and open to all purchasers of WRIGLEY'S 3 FLAVOURS. Send only the wrappers from six bars contained in the 3d. packets of WRIGLEY'S 3 FLAVOURS, with your Estimate of number of packets that will be sold in the United Kingdom from January 1 to March 31, 1921, inclusive, written on a piece of card or paper together with your name and address. You can send in as many Estimates as you like, providing you pin the six wrappers from six bars to every Estimate.

This Free Prize Competition affords full opportunity for the exercise of skill and judgment. Look at the Confectionery and other Retailers' shops now stocking and selling WRIGLEY'S 3 FLAVOURS in such large quantities. Note also the striking advertisements in the Press, and judge and estimate the increase in Sales of what to-day is THE WORLD'S FAVOURITE SWEETMEAT.

All Entries must be sent in before or not later than March 24, 1921. The Prize Winners' names and addresses will be published in the "Daily Mail," "Daily Mirror," and "Daily Sketch" on April 11, 1921, and "News of the World," April 17, 1921, and the Prizes will be awarded to those readers who send in Estimates nearest to the actual sales in the U.K. in one total for January, February, and March, 1921 (inclusive), as will be revealed by the Accountant's Net Sales Certificate. WRIGLEY'S, LTD., and the Public Accountant and Auditor, whose Net Sales Certificate appears above, will act as judges, and their decision must be accepted as final.

Mark your envelope in the top left-hand corner, "Competition P.R.," and address to:

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

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Peppermint Flavour.

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Unique Hair-Health and Beauty Gift to ALL Readers.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

EVERY woman and girl can double her beauty and attractiveness by devoting only two minutes a day to "Harlene Hair-Drill."

To-day all the leading Actresses, Cinema Queens, and Society Leaders make it a part of their daily toilet and willingly testify to its hair-growing and beautifying results. To-day YOU, too, can prove the truth of this statement without fee or obligation, for the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene" offers to every reader a Free Trial "Harlene" Outfit.

**A USEFUL AND WELCOME FREE GIFT.**

You can secure one of these hair-health parcels at once by simply posting the coupon, together with your name and address, and four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing of the parcel.

By return you will receive this Four-Fold Gift:—

1. A Trial Bottle of "Harlene," containing sufficient of this famous hair food and tonic to last 7 days.
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4. The Manual of "Harlene Hair-Drill," containing detailed instructions. Write in the first place for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits, and prove its efficacy for yourself free of personal expense.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage from Edward's Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.



YOU ARE WELCOME TO A 4-IN-ONE GIFT THAT WILL MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.

It is wonderful what only 2 minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the cultivation and preservation of a glorious head of hair. Try it free for one week. Accept one of the 1,000,000 free 4-IN-1 Gift Outfit. (See coupon.)

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Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

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Popular, 26/2/21.

**NOTE TO READER.**

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")



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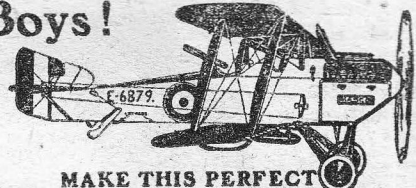
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Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 219, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14 ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 1/3/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 3d. of the price; so you may send 13 coupons and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the Popular Readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Self Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.

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