

SPECIAL TUCK NUMBER OF BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY INSIDE!

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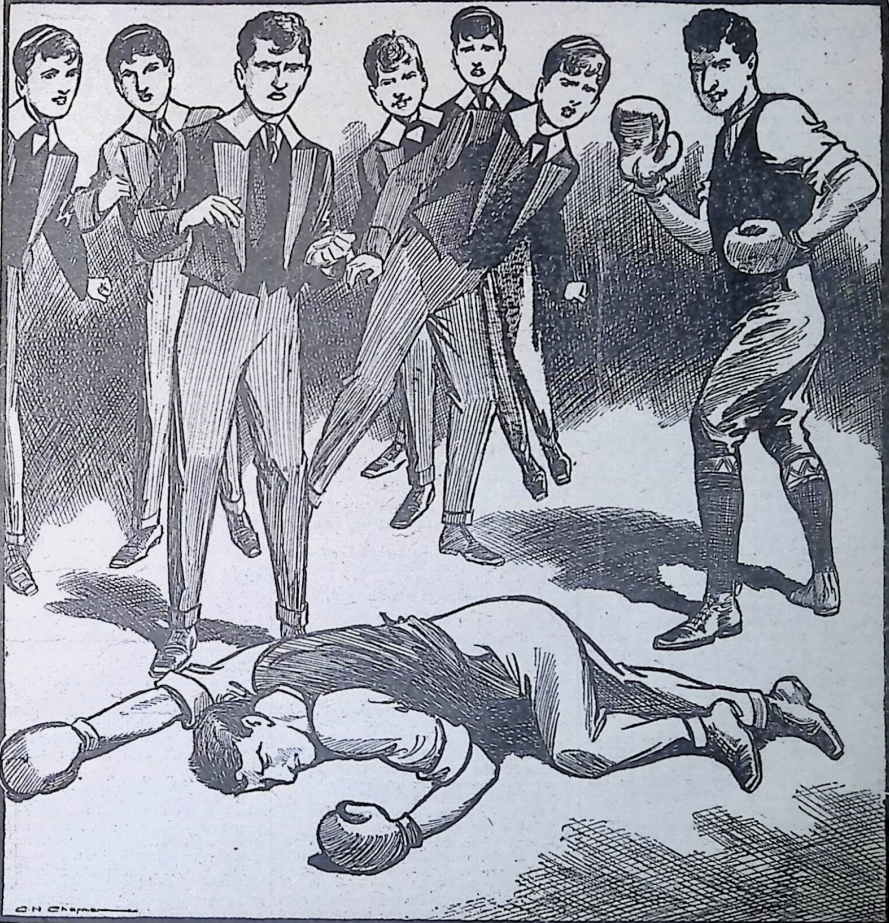
Greyfriars

The POPULAR

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Stories, Jokes & Pictures

of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims



THE DOWNFALL OF THE REMOVE BULLY!

(An exciting finish to the great fight in this week's Grand Greyfriars School Story.)



THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Desperate Fight!

COME on, you chaps!" Harry Wharton said that very quietly, but very firmly. Harry Wharton & Co. had got ready a feed to welcome Bulstrode back to Greyfriars. But Bolsover, the new bully of the Remove at Greyfriars, had tackled the guests one at a time and had tied them up. Then Snoop, Skinner, and Billy Bunter had assisted the bully to dispose of the feed. Once released, the chums of the Remove wanted revenge—badly!

Harry Wharton & Co., with grim faces, marched to the Common-room to find Bolsover. Bolsover was there. The new junior was holding quite a court.

The story of the happenings in Study No. 1 in the Remove passage had spread. Snoop and Skinner had taken care of that.

The whole Remove had chuckled over it already, and fellows of the other Forms were getting hold of it. Even Wharton's own friends, fellows who would never have backed up Bolsover against him, even Bulstrode's own chums, laughed over the story. They could not help it. It was a dandy blow to Bulstrode's prestige as captain of the Remove, and it afforded many of the juniors secret satisfaction as regarded Wharton. For Harry, many fine qualities as he had, was looked upon as being given to "riding the high horse" at times, and a fall for Wharton afforded gratification even to many fellows who were on the best of terms with him.

The Junior Common-room was crowded, and the fellows were all laughing. They laughed more than ever as Harry Wharton & Co. came in. The newcomers did not need to be told what they were laughing at.

Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth seemed to be enjoying the joke as much as any.

Fags of the Second and Third Forms, Dicky Nugent and Gatty, and Tubb and the rest, chuckled over it without end. They burst into a yell as the Removites came in, and Sammy Bunter of the Second yelled:

"See the conquering heroes come!"

And there was a roar of laughter.

Harry Wharton & Co. walked in with crimson faces. Really, there was no shame in what they had suffered; they had been taken one at a time, and there was no disgrace in a fellow being over-

powered by another fellow stronger than himself. It was true, but they felt ridiculous, and they could not help feeling that there was something eminently ridiculous in the position they had been in.

The Remove seemed to think so, anyway. Some of the fellows were laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks.

Bolsover was the centre of a crowd. Fellows like Snoop and Skinner regarded him as an excellent person to make friends with. And, under the circumstances, nobody was inclined to quarrel with him. The fellow who was big enough and strong enough to handle Harry Wharton & Co., as Bolsover had done, was not a person to be lightly tackled.

Wharton came straight up to Bolsover. Snoop and Skinner drew behind the bully, but Wharton took no notice of them. He was not after the small fry. Bolsover met him with an insolent grin.

"You've got out, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said Wharton. "Must have been a nice sight, I think!" remarked Temple of the Upper Fourth, in his bland tone. "I wish I had been there with my camera!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton did not even look at the Fourth-Formers. His eyes were fixed upon Bolsover.

Bolsover stood with his hands in his trousers-pockets, in a carelessly lounging attitude.

It was perfectly plain that he did not care two straws for Wharton, or for anything that he might say or do.

"I've got to settle with you," said Harry.

"Go ahead!"

"Will you come into the gym?"

"What for?"

"To stand up to me with the gloves on."

Bolsover laughed.

"Haven't you had enough yet?" he asked.

"No."

"Oh, I don't mind giving you another licking! But you'd better keep off the grass—you haven't an earthly!"

"We shall see about that!"

"Well, I'll come! I'm ready!"

"Follow me, then!"

Everybody in the room followed Wharton. If the champion fighting-man of the Remove was to tackle the cock of the walk, the fight was certain to be interesting. Wharton's determined character was well known; he would not

give in so long as he could stand up. It would be a fight to a finish, and the Removites were very keen on encounters of that sort. Almost all the Lower School crowded into the gymnasium after Wharton and Bolsover.

"Shall I be your second, Wharton?" asked Bulstrode.

"Thanks!"

"I guess if he licks you I'll take him on!" said Fisher T. Fish. "The guy will have to be taken down a peg somehow!"

"Shut up!" roared the juniors.

"But I guess—"

"Ring off!"

The Removites were "fed up" with the American junior's swank, after the pitiful exhibition he had made in Study No. 1. No one but Fisher T. Fish would have continued to swank in the same way, for a time at least; but Fish was never known to cease.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, paused in the doorway of the gym and looked at the crowd of Lower School fellows streaming in. A much less keen fellow than Wingate would not have seen that something was "on."

"Wharton!" he called out.

Harry turned round.

"What's going on?" asked Wingate.

"We are," said Bob Cherry. And he went on.

Wingate laughed. He was a good-humoured fellow, as he needed to be to keep his temper with the Removites, as a rule.

"It's only a row, Wingate," said Harry.

"You and the new boy?"

"Yes."

"Fighting already—and again?" said Wingate, with a frown at the new Removite.

Bolsover gave a shrug.

"I don't particularly want to fight," he said; "but this chap is looking for trouble, and I'm going to wipe up the floor with him, if he likes."

"Gloves on, mind," said Wingate.

"Oh, yes," said Harry; "that's all right."

"Very well, then."

Wingate walked away. So long as the usual gloves were used he had no objection to a mill now and then among the juniors, though fighting with bare fists was always frowned upon.

The juniors formed a ring in the gym, and Bob Cherry brought a basin of water and a sponge. Bob was looking unusually grave now. He had a feeling that Whar-

BEATEN AT LAST!

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

By

FRANK RICHARDS.

ton would get the worst of the encounter, and he did not like the prospect. Wharton was not so confident as usual himself, but he meant to fight till he fell.

The two combatants stripped off their jackets and rolled up their cuffs, and donned the gloves. Bolsover swaggered forward to face Wharton.

"Two-minute rounds and one-minute rests," said John Bull. "I suppose that's agreeable, isn't it?"

Bolsover grinned. "Yes, unless Wharton would prefer one-minute rounds, and two-minute rests," he said. "I dare say he'll like it like that before I get through with him."

"Swanker!" said Bob Cherry. "Do you want a thick ear?" asked Bolsover threateningly.

"Rats!" The bully made a movement towards Bob, and Harry Wharton stepped between. Wharton's face was very quiet and set, but his eyes were flashing.

"Hold on!" he said quietly. "One at a time! You haven't finished with me yet!"

"I'll soon finish with you!" said Bolsover angrily.

"I'm ready!" "Time!" said Temple, of the Upper Fourth, who had appointed himself time-keeper, chiefly because he had a gold watch.

As the fight began. Harry Wharton was strong and steady, and he was a first-class boxer for his age. But in the first round he realised how little chance he had against a fellow who was taller and longer in the reach, whose strength was enormous, and whose condition was perfect.

Bolsover had not the slightest uneasiness in facing Harry Wharton; and he was right.

The first round brought Harry severe punishment, but he stood it gallantly till the call of time. But for the gloves, he would have been badly mauled. Even as it was, his face showed traces only too plainly of the hammering Bolsover had given him in the course of the two minutes.

Wharton sank on the knee Bolstrode made for him, and Bob Cherry sponged his heated face. Bob was grim and silent. Wharton looked at his friends with a forced smile. There was bitter chagrin in his heart.

He saw that they did not believe that he would win; he did not believe so himself. It was a new position for the fellow who had been champion of the Remove, and it came as a bitter blow to him.

The next round began, and Wharton pressed the fighting. Regardless of the punishment he received, and it was heavy enough, he attacked all the time, and several times his blows came deftly home, and the round ended with the fall of the bully.

Bolsover caught an upper-cut on the point of the chin, staggered back, and fell with a crash to the floor.

He lay helpless and dazed till his second picked him up. There was a roar of cheering from the Greyfriars fellows. They were intensely anxious to see Wharton win, and now their hopes began to rise.

"Hurrah!" "Bravo, Wharton!" "Hurrah! Give him another like that!"

"Go it, Harry!" Bolsover's face was evil and dark as he sat on his second's knee. Skinner was his second, and Skinner had been grinning very cheerfully; but now he had become suddenly grave.

Bolsover read the expression of his face, and sneered. "Do you think I'm licked?" he said

savagely. "One swallow doesn't make a summer. I'm going to smash him in the next round!"

"I hope you will!" said Skinner, quite sincerely.

"So do I, by jingo!" muttered Snoop. The cad of the Remove certainly meant it. A fear had come upon them that they had been a little too hasty in backing up the new boy, that it might turn out that they had backed the wrong horse, so to speak.

But when the third round commenced they drew comfort from it. Bolsover put into the fight all the strength he had, and all he knew of boxing. He pressed Harry Wharton harder and harder, and the junior was badly punished. The bigger lad showed no mercy; his heavy fists came home again and again; and although Wharton put in several telling blows, they did not seem to effect Bolsover much.

He seemed to be made of iron, and able to endure almost any punishment. Crashing blows full in the face, which would have felled any fellow in the Remove, only made Bolsover shake his head and then come again. One of his eyes were discoloured, and his nose was looking a little sideways, but he did not seem to mind.

Crash! A terrific right-hander from Bolsover caught Harry Wharton full on the jaw.

The junior went backwards as if he had been shot, and crashed on the floor, and did not move again.

Temple began to count. Bolsover stood ready to knock Wharton down again if he attempted to rise. According to the rules, he had won the fight if ten were counted before Wharton renewed the contest. Temple's voice droned on steadily.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—" Wharton's friends were looking at him anxiously. He had been half-stunned by that terrific blow, and though he made a faint motion to rise, he sank back again. Bob Cherry gritted his teeth.

"He's done!" he muttered. And Nugent nodded gloomily. Even if Harry could get up and continue the fight, there was no doubt that he was "done."

"Seven, eight, nine—" Harry Wharton pulled himself together, and leaped up. Bolsover's fist swept out, and he crashed to the floor again. This time he did not rise. Temple counted once more, amid breathless silence.

From one to eight, and Wharton did not stir.

"Nine—"
A slight movement, that was all.

"Out!" Temple put his watch into his pocket. Skinner and Snoop chuckled. Harry Wharton sat up dazedly, and Bob Cherry helped him to his feet.

"Never mind, old chap!" he whispered. "You put up a good fight, anyway."

Wharton did not speak.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Fags!

"BEDTIME!" said Wingate, looking into the Junior Common-room.

And there was a general movement.

Wingate looked curiously at Harry Wharton & Co. There had been rows galore in the Remove at various times. Signs of damage were not infrequent. But such a crop of darkened eyes and swollen noses, and cut lips and bruised cheeks had seldom been seen even in the Remove.

The Greyfriars captain grinned a little,

but he made no remark on the circumstance. After all, it was no business of his.

Harry Wharton & Co. went up to the dormitory, feeling sore in a double sense. The swagger that Bolsover put on was one of the hardest things they had to bear. That Bolsover was cock of the walk there could be no doubt; and, as Nugent remarked, he did not forget to strut.

He strutted up the passage, and strutted up the stairs, and strutted into the Remove dormitory. And Trevor, who fell in behind him and strutted, too, and evoked a roar of laughter, was sorry for himself when Bolsover discovered what he was doing. The bully smacked his ears with a force that made his head ring. Trevor did not take it quietly. He fought, and he was licked hollow in less than a minute. He was tossed, gasping, upon his bed, and Bolsover proceeded calmly to take his boots off.

Trevor undressed without a word. He had had enough. Many of the fellows looked at the new boy with burning eyes. But they did not speak.

Bolsover had taken off one boot, and was about to begin on the other, when a thought appeared to strike him.

"Stott!" he called out.

Stott looked round.

"Yes, Bolsover?" he said civilly.

"Take my boot off!"

"Oh, certainly!" said Stott.

He unlaced Bolsover's rather large boot and took it off. The other fellows looked on in disgust.

Bolsover yawned, and began to take off his jacket. He gave it to Stott to fold up, and Stott folded it up.

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Did you ever see such swank?" he muttered.

"I guess not!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"For two pins I'd wade in and wipe up the dorm with the guy—some!"

"Go it, then!" said Bob Cherry.

"I guess I'm too sleepy."

"Br-r-r!"

"Blest if I'd fag for him!" said Nugent. "I'd be cut in pieces first! But I suppose Stott and Skinner & Co. will fag as much as he likes."

"I guess he'd better not ask me!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I'd put it to him in plain American in a way that would make his hair curl—some!"

"Yes, I guess you would!" said John Bull, with a sniff. "You'd put it to him in nice, polite language, I think, and say you'd be very pleased!"

"I guess not! I only wish he'd tell me to do something, and you'd see. We don't stand bullies over there, I can tell you! I guess—"

"Fish!"

"Hallo!" said Fisher T. Fish, starting as Bolsover rapped out his name.

"Open my box and get my dumb-bells out!"

"Eh?"

"Getting deaf?" asked Bolsover, looking at him. "Do as I tell you, my son, or you will get a thick ear!"

The chums of the Remove grinned. Fisher T. Fish's face was a study for a moment. It was his usual way to get himself into a fix with his endless swank.

"Well, I guess I might oblige the chap that far," he remarked.

"I guess you will, anyway," said John Bull.

"Well, you see—"

"Oh, scart!"

Fisher T. Fish went to Bolsover's box. He opened it, amid the grins of the Removites. He found a pair of dumb-bells inside, so large and heavy that it was not without difficulty that he lifted them out. Fisher T. Fish was not an athlete.

"Bring them over here!" said Bolsover.

"I guess I don't mind doing that."
"Don't drop them, fathead!"
"Oh, all serene!"
Bump!

One of the heavy dumb-bells fell to the floor. It made a terrific crash. Bolsover uttered an angry exclamation.

"You silly chump!"
"Look here, I guess you'd better not call me names," said Fish.
"I'll call you what I like!"
"Oh, all O K! Go ahead, then! I guess it's all wind, and it doesn't hurt."
"Put the dumb-bells on my bed, idiot!"

"Ahem! Here you are!"
"Now cut off, you fathead!"
Fisher T. Fish cut off willingly enough. The juniors turned in, with the exception of Bolsover, who took up the dumb-bells. Wingate looked in at the door.

"All in?" he asked.
He looked at Bolsover.
"I'm doing my exercises."
"You can do those in the gym," said Wingate. "The dormitory isn't the place, and this isn't the time. It's bedtime now."

"But I want to do my exercises!" said Bolsover. "I never miss it, you know. I'm bound to get through with it." Wingate's eyes gleamed, and he came towards the junior. The Remove looked on with keen interest. Bolsover might be cock of the walk in the Lower Fourth, but if he came into conflict with the captain of Greyfriars he was likely to have a very rough time. And the Removes would certainly have been delighted to see him have a rough time, and the rougher it was the better they would have liked it.

"Put those dumb-bells down!" said Wingate.
Bolsover lowered them, and hesitated.
"I give you one second to do as I tell you!" said the captain of Greyfriars in a hard, grim tone.

Bolsover laid the dumb-bells down.
"Now get into bed!"
Bolsover got into bed.
"Good-night, boys!"
"Good-night, Wingate!"

The Greyfriars captain switched off the electric light and left the dormitory, closing the door. There was a soft chuckle from some of the beds. Bolsover had plainly had it in his mind to defy the captain of the school, but had quailed at the last moment.

The bully sat up in bed.
"Who's that cackling?" he asked.
There was no reply. The chuckles ceased.

"If you think I'm not going through my exercises you are mistaken," said Bolsover. "I'm going to do them all the same."

He stepped out of bed; groped his way across to the door, and turned the switch of the electric light. Then he came back towards the beds.

"Better have a candle," said Skinner warningly. "The electric light shows up from the windows into the Close, and anybody looking out of his window would see that we have the light on here. Better have a candle."

"I suppose I can do as I like?" said Bolsover truculently.

"Oh, yes—yes, certainly!" said Skinner.

"Shut up, then!"
Skinner obediently shut up. Bolsover's friends did not seem likely to get much more politeness from him than his enemies.

Bolsover picked up the big dumb-bells and began to go through his exercises. The juniors sat up in bed watching him.

There was no doubt that the new boy possessed of unusual and enormous strength for his age. The dumb-bells were very heavy, and he handled them as if they were feather-weights. He seemed to be a mass of muscle from head to foot.

"Cave!" exclaimed Snoop suddenly. The door opened, and Wingate came in angrily. He came straight towards Bolsover, who faced him, still swinging the dumb-bells. The captain of Greyfriars looked at him with knitted brows and flashing eyes.

"So you are up again!" he exclaimed.
"Yes. Looks like it, doesn't it?"
"Put those dumb-bells down!"
"I haven't finished my exercises."

Wingate strode towards him.
"Hands off!" said Bolsover. "You'll get hurt if you come too near the dumb-bells."

"My word!" murmured Nugent. Wingate took not the slightest notice of the new boy's words. He came right on, and grasped the bully by the shoulder. As he swung him over the dumb-bells crashed to the floor with a deafening noise.

"Now, then," said Wingate, "you seem to be doing a great deal of swanking in your own Form, but you will have to learn that it won't do with me!"

"Let me alone!" shouted Bolsover. He struggled fiercely in the grasp of the Greyfriars captain. Powerful fellow and Sixth-Former as he was, Wingate did not find him easy to handle. He had to exert his strength, and then he forced Bolsover over on to the bed.

He held the new boy face downwards on the bed, and swished in the air the cane he had brought into the dormitory.

Swish—swish—swish!
Bolsover yelled with pain. Wingate lashed him with the cane till he howled for mercy. Then he left off.

"I hope that will be a lesson to you, my lad!" he said, breathing hard, as he released the bully of the Remove. "You will get more than that if you don't learn to obey a prefect. Now get into bed."

Bolsover, quivering all over with rage and chagrin, got in. Wingate extinguished the light and quitted the Remove dormitory. From the darkness came more than one chuckle; but this time Bolsover did not inquire who it was. The bully of the Remove had been tamed for a time.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Ripping!

"WHAT'S to be done?"
Frank Nugent propounded that question as if it were a conundrum. He addressed five or six fellows who sat round the table in Study No. 1 late in the afternoon.

School was over at Greyfriars, and lessons that day had been a torment to Harry Wharton & Co. They were aching, and they had swollen noses that throbbled, and black eyes that blinked and winked, and bruised jaws that ached and ached. Mr. Quelch, who knew when to be considerate, was very light upon them that day, and he had allowed them to mumble, and to forget, and to make mistakes, without pouring out the vials of his wrath upon them. It was kind of him, and the juniors appreciated it. But after school they had a problem to face. What was to be done?

Wharton had called his immediate friends together in his study to consult about the matter.

"Something had to be done!" It was agreed on all hands that Bolsover was intolerable, that he could not be stood, not at any price!

But what was to be done? The fellows had tried their hand in turn, and each

had been defeated. What champion could they find to overcome the new boy, and put him in his place? It was not that they bore malice, but the position was unendurable. Bolsover had announced himself as cock of the walk, and he was making his boast good. He had declared that he was going to play in the football eleven, though the slight exhibition he had given of cricket was decidedly poor. If he were not allowed to play in the Form team there would be trouble. He had invited himself to become a member of the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society, and if a good part were not assigned to him in the next play, the next play was likely to be roughly interrupted.

In a word, Bolsover was cock of the walk, and Bolsover was making things simply intolerable in the Remove Form.

But the chums, met in council, could only look glumly at one another. They did not know what was to be done. Nugent repeated his question, and Bob Cherry grunted.

"Is that a riddle, Franky?"
"If it is, I can't answer it," said John Bull. "I'm blessed if I know what's to be done! What do you say, Bulstrode?"
Bulstrode rubbed his reddened nose.

"I say that we can't stand Bolsover," he replied. "I don't know that I've got anything else to say."

"We can't stand him," said Harry Wharton. "That's agreed. But what's to be done?"

"He's to be licked somehow."

"Licked!" said Tom Brown dolefully. "Haven't we all tried king of the roost that he slanged Coker of the Fifth this afternoon?"

"What did Coker do?"
"Looked at him, and walked away. Even Coker of the Fifth didn't care about taking him on. And, you know, Coker could handle any two of us! What chance have we got?"

"None at all!" said John Bull.
"Then what's to be done?"

"Goodness knows!"
"I guess a ragging is about the proper caper," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'm not in my usual form, or I'd lick him hollow I—"

"Oh, for goodness' sake chuck that, Fish! We're fed up with it!" said John Bull crossly, and rubbing his head reminiscently. "We've got to stand Bolsover, I suppose; but we're not called upon to stand your rot. Chuck it!"

"Well, I guess ragging's the thing," said Fish, unabashed. "We can't lick him, but we can rag him. A dozen fellows could take him and duck him in the fountain, give him the frog's-march round the Close, and bump him till he squealed!"

Harry Wharton shook his head.
"I don't like the idea," he said. "As I've said before, it's rotten for a lot of fellows to set on one because they can't tackle him singly. The Fourth Form would howl at us, too. It can't be done."

"Well, excepting as a last resource, I should advise it," said Bob Cherry. "But something's got to be done!"

"The chap's got to be licked in a fair fight," said Harry. "That's the only thing that will bring him to his senses."

"But who's to do it?"
"There's the rub!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "My only hat!"

The juniors all looked at him. Sudden excitement had flashed into Bulstrode's discoloured face, and his eyes were gleaming.

"Where have you got the pain?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I've got an idea."

"Well, get it off your chest! If it's an idea for taking that unspeakable bounder down I'll buy you a stick of toffee!"



Wingate strode towards Bolsover, and grasped him by the shoulder. As he swung him round the dumb-bells crashed to the floor. "Now then," said Wingate, "you seem to be doing a great deal of swanking in your own Form, but you will have to learn that it won't do with me!" (See chapter 2.)

"Look here!" went on Bulstrode excitedly, without heeding Bob Cherry. "Bolsover's got to be licked—licked hollow, before the whole Form!"

"Yes, but—"
"There isn't a chap in the Remove who can do it, unfortunately. But what about a chap outside the Remove?"

"A higher Form fellow, do you mean? Coker, of the Fifth, has baulked it already," said Bob Cherry. "Besides, it wouldn't do!"

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Bulstrode.

"Then what the dickens were you thinking of?"

"One of the Courtfield chaps."

"What!"

"You all know Solly Lazarus?" said Bulstrode, getting animated. "You all know what a little terror he is? I've seen him lick a big rough—a chap six feet high. He's simply a marvel at boxing. He ought to be a pugilist!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Solly's the man!"

The juniors looked excited. True, they would rather have seen the bully licked by one of their own fellows. But to see him licked—that was the chief thing. And Bolsover could not, in reason, find any fault with the arrangement. Solly Lazarus was at least a year younger, and at least a head shorter. The advantage, apparently, at all events, would be on Bolsover's side. Nor would he want to avoid the conflict, probably. He had bulldog courage of a kind.

"My hat!" exclaimed John Bull. "You've hit it, Bulstrode! The cad has got to be put in his place, and Solly's the man to do it!"

"But will he?" said Nugent doubtfully.

"I think so," said Harry Wharton.

"Solly's an obliging chap, and he likes

boxing; and, as a matter of fact, I think any Courtfield chap would like to come here and lick the top dog of the Remove."

"Yes, rather!"

"Well, what do you say?" asked Bulstrode. "I think it's a ripping idea! What do you fellows say to it?"

"Passed unanimously!" said Tom Brown.

"Hear, hear!"

"Then I suggest that Bob Cherry goes over to Courtfield to see Solly and speak to him about it," said Bulstrode.

"Cherry's on the best terms with him."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"I'm quite willing to go," he said. "I get on all right with Solly, except when we're having a school row, of course. I believe he'll come like anything!"

"Good!"

"And the sooner the quicker," said Nugent. "Buzz off as soon as you've done your tea, Bob. Go on your bike."

"What-ho!" said Bob, rising from the table. "I'm done now. I'll buzz!"

And he rushed out of the study full of the new idea.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Solly Obliges!

SOLLY LAZARUS received Bob Cherry with a smile. Courtfield and Greyfriars were rivals, but they were friendly rivals. Bob made known the object of his visit, and Solly grinned.

"I'll do it, dear boy!" he said. "I'll come now!"

Bob Cherry expiated upon the wicked deeds of Bolsover, as he walked back to Greyfriars with the Courtfield fellows.

Solly, in spite of his soft and quiet ways, was very keen upon the encounter at once, as Bob could see. Solly's powers as a pugilist were too great for any fellow to take on a combat with him willingly,

and as Solly was not at all inclined to be a bully, he was very seldom in a fight at all—except in the rough-and-tumble rows that sometimes occurred between the Courtfielders and the Greyfriars juniors. To meet a foeman worthy of his steel in a friendly round with the gloves was a pleasure to Solly, and he was always in the pink of condition. By the time Greyfriars was reached Solly was keener about the matter than Bob was, if possible.

Quite a crowd of juniors met the trio as they reached the gates of the old school. The news of the new scheme had gone round, and the Removites were eager to greet the Courtfield champion. There was a cheer as he came in, and a dozen fellows slapped him on the back.

"Jolly glad to see you!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "It's awfully decent of you to come over and help us like this, Lazarus."

"All thetense, dear boy," said Solly, in his lazy tones.

"Faith, and it's a broth av a boy ye are!" said Micky Desmond. "And that baste Bolsover—"

"Hallo! What's that?"

It was Bolsover's voice.

The bully of the Remove came up with a frowning brow. Micky Desmond backed away.

"Faith, and I was saying—"

Bolsover's eyes fell upon Bob Cherry, and he strode towards him. Bob Cherry stood his ground; but Solly Lazarus stepped between. Bolsover paused.

"Get out of the way!" he said.

"Ret, dear boy!"

"Look here, you Jew cad—"

Smack!

Solly's palm came upon Bolsover's cheek with a crack like a whip. The burly junior staggered back.

"You—you hound!" he roared. "I—I—"

"Yeth, go on, pleathe!" said Solly cheerfully. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind threpping into the gym, and putting the gloves on, dear boy. It would be more comfy."

"I'll smash you! I—"

The juniors closed round Bolsover. "You'll go into the gym!" said Harry Wharton.

Bolsover scowled at the crowd. But the Removites were in earnest. Bolsover had taken advantage of his size and strength to make himself cock of the walk in the Lower Fourth. Now that a champion had been found to meet him, with a good chance of success, the bully of Greysfriars was not to be allowed to escape without a combat.

He could not expect it. Anyway, the Removites had made up their minds. The crowd pushed Bolsover in the direction of the gymnasium, and he thought it better to go.

They crowded into the gym.

There was keen anticipation in all faces. Fellows of higher Forms heard what was on, and came to "spectate," as Fisher P. Fish called it in his mysterious American language. A thick crowd gathered round the ring that was formed for the combatants.

Solly Lazarus still had his soft and sleepy look, but the Greysfriars juniors knew only too well how he could wake up when it was required.

Bolsover gritted his teeth.

"I'll fight the cad if you like," he said savagely, "and when I've licked him I'll lick the fellow who brought him over!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"If you can lick Solly you're welcome to lick me till I'm black, blue, and pink," he said. "But get Solly licked first."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't think I shall take long over the skinny little rotter!" said Bolsover. "Give me the gloves!"

Skinner handed him the gloves, and he donned them. Trumper, who had come over with Solly, was acting as his second; Bob Cherry brought sponge and water. Solly took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves in his slow and deliberate way.

"Go in and win, Solly!" murmured Trumper. "Show these blessed Greysfriars chaps how we box in Courtfield—what?"

And Solly chuckled softly.

"Yeth, rather, dear boy,"

"I'm keeping time," said Temple, taking out his famous gold watch.

"Now then, you chaps, ready?"

"Yeth."

"I'm ready!" growled Bolsover.

"Time!"

And then began a fight which was destined to be historic in the Greysfriars Remove.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bolsover Meets His Match!

SOLLY looked soft and sleepy as he faced the burly junior. But as the sparring began he seemed to wake up suddenly.

His black eyes gleamed, his head was thrown back and every nerve in his face seemed to be tense and keen and on the alert.

The Greysfriars juniors stood in an eager ring, watching. From the call of time all eyes were upon the two champions.

"Go it, Solly!"

"Buck up, Jerusalem!"

"Pile it in, Shylock!"

Solly only grinned at the peculiar names that were applied to him. It was easy to see upon which side was the sympathy of the crowd.

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Bolsover began with his usual tactics—attempting to sweep away his opponent by a heavy and impetuous attack. It seemed as if the slightly-built Courtfield lad could not possibly stand against his heavy rush.

But Solly did not attempt to stand against it. He allowed Bolsover to drive him round the ring, contenting himself with guarding every drive.

Bolsover was soon panting with rage and exertion.

Twice round the ring he had driven Solly, but not one of his savage blows reached the cool, smiling face of the young pugilist.

Solly had given him a few taps, as if to suggest what he could do if he liked, and he contented himself with that.

"Time!" said Temple.

The first round was over. Solly grinned serenely as he retired. Bolsover was snorting with rage.

The champions stepped up again. Bolsover pressed the attack hard, but he could not get through the guard of the Courtfield fellow.

Solly's boxing was a picture to watch. It was simply perfect. He never left a point unguarded, and his arms seemed to be made of steel.

His face remained calm, smiling, and smooth, while Bolsover's was convulsed with grinding rage.

The second round was like the first. It was walking exercise more than anything else. Bolsover had a tap on the nose which made him sniff, but that was the only blow that reached home on either side.

Trumper grinned as he received Solly Lazarus on his knee after the round. Harry Wharton laughed as he sponged the face of the Courtfielder.

"Jolly good!" he said.

"The third round ran on the same lines.

Bolsover by this time was boiling with fury. His attempts to penetrate the Courtfielder's defence were quite in vain, and in his efforts to do so he began to lay himself open to attack. At the end of the round a swift right-hander came from Solly Lazarus, and Bolsover staggered back, feeling as if a horse had kicked him as the hard glove crashed upon his chin.

"Oh!" he gasped.

Bump!

Bolsover was down.

A wild yell of delight burst from the Removites. Bolsover was down, sprawling upon the floor, and had it not been for the end of the round he would probably have been counted out.

Skinner lifted him up, and dragged him to his knee, not very graciously. Skinner was feeling once more that he had backed the wrong horse, and it looked almost certain to him now.

"Are you going on?" he asked, not very sweetly.

Bolsover grunted savagely.

"Going on? Of course!"

"Oh, all right!"

"Time!"

Bolsover stepped up again. Solly's exasperating tactics continued, and the infuriated Bolsover rushed upon him furiously. Suddenly, instead of backing away, Solly stood his ground.

Bolsover's fists were knocked upward, and under his helpless hands came Solly's blows in rapid "postman's knocks"—left, right—right, left.

Bolsover staggered back blindly.

Rap, rap, rap!

The blows were raining upon his face, and he staggered, and fell heavily. Solly stepped back with a quiet grin.

Temple began to count.

Bolsover staggered to his feet. Solly could have knocked him down as he rose, but he did not. He stood back and gave him a chance, and there was

a murmur of approval from the crowd. "Good old Solly!"

Bolsover continued to fight, but he was evidently groggy. He gasped with relief at the call of time, and stood pumping in breath. He had received severe punishment, and it was telling upon him.

Round succeeded round. All the time Bolsover was growing more and more groggy, but he toed the line with a desperate determination that won him a certain amount of admiration.

Solly was as cool as an iceberg all the time. He had received some punishment, too, and his dusky face showed the signs of it. But Bolsover was being hammered terribly, and it was a wonder to the juniors that he stood up at all.

Round No. 7 found Bolsover staggering as he put up his hands, but he fought on doggedly.

The juniors watched in tense silence now. Solly had dropped his defensive tactics, and was attacking all the time.

Hammer, hammer, hammer came his incessant blows, and the bully of the Remove was driven blindly round the ring under a shower of them. Bolsover felt that all was over, and he made one more effort. He gathered his strength,

and made a desperate rush as at Solly Lazarus, shogging at him furiously. But it was fatal. His blind blows were swept aside, and Solly's right came under his chin with a crash, and then his left landed on Bolsover's nose.

The Remove bully staggered back and crashed to the floor.

He hardly moved after he fell.

"Nine—ten—out!"

The juniors gathered round the victorious Solly, slapping him on the back, shaking his hands, and congratulating him. The bully sat up, blinking round him blindly. Not a glance was cast at him. He reeled to his feet, and grasped blindly at his jacket, and moved unsteadily away without a helping hand.

He was conquered at last!

The cock of the walk was cock of the walk no longer. He had met his master, and his fall had been swift and complete.

Solly was breathing a little hard, but he was as cool as ever. He received the congratulations of Harry Wharton & Co. with his sleepy grin.

"It's all there, dear boys," he said—"quite all there! It was a good fight—a jolly good fight! And the chap knoweth how to put up his handth—he doth really!"

Bob Cherry took one of Solly's arms, and Wharton took the other, and they marched him in triumph out of the gym, followed by the cheering crowd of juniors.

"See the conquering hero comes!"

chirped Bob Cherry.

And Solly and Trumper were marched into Study No. 1, followed by as many juniors as could find room in that famous apartment; and the feed that followed was quite a record. And Solly Lazarus, of course, was the guest of honour and the hero of the hour.

Harry Wharton rose with a glass charged with ginger-beer—

"Gentleman, the toast—"

"Here, hear!"

"To Solly Lazarus—the Cock of the Walk!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear, hear!"

And the toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

THE END.

(Look out for another splendid long complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greysfriars, in next week's issue, entitled "Dicky Nugent's Challenge!" By Frank Richards.)

OUR SECOND SCHOOL STORY.

THE ROOKWOOD TRAITOR!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.**A Message from Bagshot!****B UZZZZZZZZ!**

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bootles.

The master of the Fourth Form put down his book and rose as the telephone bell buzzed. He took up the receiver.

"Hallo! Yes?"

"Is that Rookwood School?"

"Yes."

"Please excuse me for troubling you, sir. I should take it as a great favour if I could be allowed to speak to Silver of the Fourth Form."

"What? What?"

"Silver of the Fourth, sir. It's very important."

"Really, juniors do not use the telephone!" said Mr. Bootles crossly.

"Kindly tell me who you are."

"My name is Pankley, sir; old friend of Jimmy Silver's. I've got an important message for him."

Mr. Bootles granted.

"In that case I will call in Silver," he said.

"Thank you very much, sir!"

Mr. Bootles was a good-natured gentleman. Cecil Pankley was well aware of that, or he would hardly have ventured to ring him up on the telephone to speak to Jimmy Silver.

The Form-master crossed to the door, opened it, and called to a junior in the passage.

"Oswald, kindly request Silver to come here at once!"

"Yes, sir!"

Oswald ran off. Jimmy Silver was fortunately near at hand, and he presented himself in Mr. Bootles' study in less than two minutes.

"Some friend of yours asks to speak to you on the telephone, Silver!" said Mr. Bootles majestically. "You may speak to him; but kindly understand that this incident must not be taken as a precedent."

"Certainly, sir!" said Jimmy.

He took up the receiver.

"Hallo! What's wanted?"

"Is that Silver?"

"Yes, I'm Jimmy Silver. Who's speaking?"

"Pankley."

"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"I'm speaking from Tupper's study," went on Pankley. "Tupper's part? Is your merry Form-master present?"

"Yes," said Jimmy.

There was a chuckle on the wires.

"Then you'd better be careful what you say, fathead! I've rung you up to give you a message. You Rookwood duffers have a fatheaded idea that you can go one better than Bagshot—what?"

"B-r-r-r!" said Jimmy.

In Mr. Bootles' presence Jimmy could not venture to tell Pankley what he thought of him. Pankley could say what he liked; but Jimmy couldn't—by a long way.

"Well, we're going to give you the kybosh this time," went on Pankley. "I'm telling you about it, so that you'll know exactly what to expect."

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Thanks!" said Jimmy sarcastically. "Not at all. We're going to make you sit up in your own quarters."

Jimmy opened his lips to reply, and closed them again. He remembered that Mr. Bootles was present.

"We're going to rag you bald-headed in your own show," went on Pankley. "You'll find my name written up in your study soon."

"Rats!"

"We're going to rag your study; and the same to Tommy Dodd. We're going to give you a high old time; and if you catch us in the act, we'll own up that you're top school."

"You're welcome to try," said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Oh, you're all asleep at Rookwood, you know; you won't catch us!" said Pankley with a chuckle.

"You silly, cheeky ass—"

"Silver!"

"Ahem! Yes, sir!"

"You appear to be holding a very curious conversation on the telephone!" said Mr. Bootles severely.

"Ahem!"

"I hardly think, Silver, that it is a matter of sufficient importance for you to continue."

"Very well, sir."

"Still there, fathead?" went on Pankley's cheerful voice. "Look out for us; not that it's much good you sleepy Rookwood fatheads looking out. You're going to get it in the neck this time. You—"

Jimmy Silver replaced the receiver on the hooks, and Pankley's voice became suddenly inaudible.

Mr. Bootles gave him a somewhat severe glance, and the captain of the Fourth left the study rather hurriedly.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome met him as he came away.

"Anything up?" asked Lovell.

"That cheeky rotter Pankley!" said Jimmy Silver, breathing hard.

"My hat! He had the nerve to ring you up on Bootles' phone!" exclaimed Raby.

"Yes, the cheeky worm!"

"What did he have to say?"

Jimmy repeated Pankley's message.

"Swank!" said Lovell. "He won't dare to come here. My hat! If he does, we'll give him a coat of trancle and soot!"

"I suppose it's swank," agreed Jimmy.

"But we'll keep an eye open for him, all the same."

"Oh, it's all rot!" said Newcome confidently. "How could they get in here without being spotted? If we ever find Pankley's name written up in our study, you can use my head for a footer!"

The Fistical Four discussed Pankley's defiant message, and they all came to the same conclusion—that it was Bagshot "swank." But Jimmy knew Pankley of old, and he wondered whether that enterprising youth had some remarkable "wheeze" in his mind. He determined, at all events, to keep one eye very carefully open for Cecil Pankley.

There were many derisive chuckles among the Rookwood Fourth when Pankley's message became known. Nobody had the least expectation of seeing any of the Bagshot bounders within the walls of Rookwood. It would be easy enough, perhaps, for Pankley & Co. to come, but it would not be so easy for them to get away again. As for the end study being ragged by the enemy, that was simply impossible.

Jimmy Silver & Co. dismissed the matter from their minds, and went up to the end study to tea.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.**The Unseen Hand!****G**REAT pip!"

Jimmy Silver jumped almost clear of the floor in his astonishment.

He was the first one to come up to the study to start prep that evening. There had been a rehearsal of the Rookwood Players, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had been very busy for some time.

Jimmy entered the study, and stumbled over a chair, and then lighted the gas. And as the light showed up the study to his eyes he fairly jumped.

The end study presented a truly remarkable appearance.

The table was upside down, and the chairs were overturned. The bookcase was wide open, and the books and papers scattered about the room. The fender had been piled on the table, the hearthrug on the fender, and the clock and fire-irons on the hearthrug. Cinders and ashes covered the carpet.

And on the looking-glass, daubed in ink, was an inscription in big capitals:

"WITH KIND REGARDS!**"CECIL PANKLEY."**

Jimmy Silver stared at that inscription as if mesmerised.

Cecil Pankley!

Jimmy could scarcely believe his eyes.

Pankley had evidently kept his word, in spite of Jimmy's resolution to keep one eye carefully open.

"Mum-mum-my hat!" gasped Jimmy.

Then Lovell and Raby and Newcome arrived. They stared at the disordered study, and stared at Jimmy Silver.

"What on earth have you been up to, Jimmy?" demanded Lovell.

"I've circulated Jimmy Silver."

"Yes, fathead! What have you done this for?"

"You silly ass!" roared Jimmy, exasperated. "Do you think I've done it, you burbling jabberwock? Look at the glass, dummy!"

"My hat! Pankley!" yelled Lovell. **THE POPULAR—No. 111.**

"Pankley!" echoed Raby and Newcome.

"The Bagshot Bounders!" said Lovell dazedly. "They've been here—just as Pankley said they would! Oh crumbs!"

The Fistical Four were simply dumfounded.

"They could only blink at the wreckage and at the mocking inscription on the looking-glass. Jimmy Silver was the first to recover himself.

"They've been here!" he exclaimed. "I suppose they sneaked in somehow while we were rehearsing downstairs. They mayn't be gone yet."

"Can't see 'em here!" said Lovell.

"Fathead, I know they're not here! But they mayn't have got out of the school yet. Look at that ink; it's hardly dry!"

The thought that the invaders might be still within the reach of vengeance awoke the Classical chums to action at once. They rushed out of the end study to give the alarm.

"Bagshot Bounders!" roared Lovell.

"Back up, Rookwood!"

That yell in the Fourth-Form passage was enough to make all the Classical Fourth turn out in hot haste. Fellows came tearing from their studies. Even Mornington came dashing out—even Tubby Muffin.

"Bagshot Bounders here!" exclaimed Conroy.

"They've been in our study!" panted Jimmy Silver. "They've wrecked it!"

"Great Scott!"

There was a rush to look into the end study.

"Kind regards from Pankley!" chuckled Conroy. "My hat! You've been fairly done in the eye this time, Jimmy!"

"Oh, don't jaw! Help us look for the rotters!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"They can't be outside yet!" exclaimed Oswald. "They didn't come downstairs—I know that. 'I've been in the hall!"

"Back window, most likely," said Van Ryn.

"How could they get into a back window?"

"Goodness knows!"

"Look for tracks!" grinned Higgs.

"Here's a chance for you merry Scouts!"

"Silly ass! How can we pick up tracks on linoleum!" snorted Lovell.

"I don't know," said Pons quickly.

"I should say they must have tramped out some of those ashes with them. The floor's smothered!"

"Good egg! Have a look round, anyway," said Jimmy Silver.

The Canadian junior's suggestion was a good one. Jimmy Silver had trodden in the ashes, but there were other marks of boots, though not clear footprints. It was more than possible that the intruder—or intruders—had taken away ashes on their boots, and left traces of their flight.

The Classical juniors scattered up and down the passage to look for "signs."

There was a shout from Pons in a few minutes.

"This way!"

The juniors rushed to join the Canadian.

Pons was kneeling on the floor, with a lighted match in his hand, in the passage that led to the Modern quarters.

On the floor could be seen quite clearly several patches of ash, evidently left there by a boot.

"Pong's found it!" exclaimed Van Ryn.

"How many of them, Pong?"

The Canadian junior looked up.

"Only one," he said.

"Pankley himself, of course. He's got away by this passage, through the Modern side!"

"But—but he couldn't!" exclaimed

THE POPULAR—No. 111.

Jimmy Silver. "The door's kept locked!"

"Let's see, anyway!"

The juniors rushed along the passage, which was unlighted. It was a long and irregular passage which led into Mr. Manders' House; but, owing to the fact that it had been used for "raids" by the rivals of Rookwood, the door giving admission to the Modern side was now always kept closed and locked. The passage at that point was entirely closed by the big, heavy door, the key of which was in the possession of Mr. Manders.

True, Tommy Dodd had once found a key to that door, and opened it to carry out a raid on the Classical Fourth dormitory. The lock was a big, strong one, but of a common design, and any Rookwood fellow might have opened it by getting a big bunch of keys, and trying them on the lock in turn.

But that Pankley could have done so was almost incredible. How could the Bagshot fellow know anything about that door at all?

Jimmy Silver struck matches, and Jimmy Silver tried the door. It was locked and fast.

"Can't have passed this way," said Jimmy.

"More likely dodged into the side passage because somebody was coming," said Rawson. "He couldn't get out this way."

"Well, that's very likely, of course," admitted Pons.

"Come on!"

The Classics rushed back to the Fourth-Form passage. That passage, and all the studies and the box-room and the upper staircase were searched by excited juniors.

But there was no trace of the Bagshot Bounders to be discovered.

Even the Canadian's keen eyes failed to discover any further "sign." The enemy had vanished.

"The rotter's got away!" said Jimmy Silver at last. "Dropped out of the window, perhaps, though it's a jolly good drop."

"Anyway, he's gone, and we've got our prep to do," said Oswald.

And the disappointed Classics dispersed to their studies.

"Rather a come-down for the mighty Uncle James!" chortled Mornington.

"Time you retired from business, Jimmy Silver!"

"The Fourth want a new captain, in my opinion!" grinned Topham.

Jimmy Silver went into his study, and slammed the door. He did not want any more opinions from the Nuts of the Fourth.

It was indeed a "come-down" for the Fistical Four, accustomed to being monarchs of all they surveyed—on the Classical side, at least. The enemy had invaded their own sacred quarters. He had ragged their study, and left his sign-manual for them to stare at.

And though all the Fourth were exasperated, they were all inclined to join Mornington & Co. in "chipping" the Fistical Four on the subject. For the present, at least, that famous Co. had to hide their diminished heads.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Tommy's Turn!

"**H**A, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. seemed to be enjoying themselves.

They roared, and they yelled, and made other noises.

It was after morning lessons on the following day, and the three Tommies lingered in the quadrangle to see Jimmy Silver & Co. when they came out.

And the three Tommies appeared to fall into hysterics at the sight of the Classical chums.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Tommy Cook.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Tommy Doyle. "Here they are intirely! Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at their Modern rivals grimly. They knew the cause of the merriment. All the Lower School of Rookwood was chortling by this time about the way the end study had been invaded and ragged.

"Had any more visitors?" gasped Tommy Dodd, wiping his eyes. "Any more kind regards from your old pal Pankley?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Lovell.

"Well, it isn't fair to cackle at them," said Tommy Cook considerably. "They can't help being howling sufferers. You'd better leave Bagshot to the Moderns after this, Silver!"

"Leave 'em to us!" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "I've told you lots of times that you're not up to their weight!"

"We couldn't help Pankley sneaking into our study, could we?" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Of course you couldn't!" agreed Tommy Dodd. "We could, but you couldn't! The Classical side in this school is played-out!"

"Why didn't you stop him?" asked Tommy Doyle.

"How could we stop him when we never saw him, you Modern ass?" roared Raby.

"How could you?" grinned Tommy Dodd. "We should have seen him if he'd come to our side; but you couldn't! He knows better than to come to the Modern side, though!"

"Poor Uncle James! It's time for Uncle James to sing small!" chuckled Cook.

"I advise Uncle James to chuck up being captain of the Fourth!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. stalked away in great wrath.

"Poor old Jimmy Silver!" said Tommy Dodd, as the three Moderns sauntered away to their own House.

"Fancy being done in the eye like that! Even the Classics are chortling at him!"

"I wish Pankley had tackled us!" grinned Doyle. "Faith, we'd have made an example of the baste!"

"His's got too much sense!" said Tommy Dodd serenely. "He knows he wouldn't have any chance on our side!"

Tommy opened his study door. "I'd just like to catch him ragging our quarters, that's all—Oh, my only summer hat!"

Tommy Dodd stood transfixed on the threshold of his study. His eyes almost started from his head.

Cook and Doyle stood rooted to the floor.

They stared dazedly into the study.

The study table was standing on end, and the feeder was leaning against it.

The chairs were piled on it. The cupboard door was open, and the contents of the cupboard had been dragged out and scattered over the floor. Upset ink and treacle formed a pool on the carpet.

And on the leg of an overturned chair was stuck a card, and on the card, in huge capitals, staring the amazed Moderns in the face, was the message:

"GO AND EAT COKE!"

"C. PANKLEY."

Tommy Dodd felt as if his head were turning round.

The enemy had been there.

In broad daylight—with the quadrangle swarming with Rookwood fellows

(Continued on page 9.)



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY



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

IN YORE EDDITER'S DEN!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Deer Readers,—At grate eggspense of time, thort, and munney, I have produced a Speshul Tuck Number of my "Weekly."

Their is bound to be a kolossal demand for this week's issue, so if you haven't bort a copy of the "Poplar" by the time you read these lines, go and do so at wunced (Sammy declares that this is a very Irish way of putting things, but then, Sammy's a little full. He's Just eaten a skware meed)

I asked Harry Wharton the other day what he considered to be the three gratest things in the world, and he replide: 1st, Friendship; 2nd, Health; and 3rd, Wealth. Of course, this is all tommy-rott. Tuck comes an easy 1st, and all the things that Wharton menshuns are "also ran." As if friendship could be better than tuck! I'd rather have a rabbit-pie than a pall, any day!

I don't want you to imagine from these remarks of mine, deer readers, that I am a nutton. I have never beet been known to make a beast of myself, and I trusted I never shall. I can't bare feloes who eat souilly for eating's sake. Downrite pigghishness, I call it! (Sammy, old chap, you mite run akross to the tuckshopp and get me two duzen jam-tarts—tuppenny ones)

I am delited to annouche that my famus

"Weekly" is going grate guns. My serkle of chumms—like the serkumference of my waste—kontinews to eggspand steddily. My post-bagg is becoming so bulky that it will soon take all the king's hoarces and all the king's men to dragg it threw the Close.

As you will see, I have replide to a number of my korrespondents in this issue, and I hope they will kintinew to write and tell me all that is in there harts, so that I can comfort, kounsel, and konsole them. You should make this yore motto, deer readers:

"Speak advice! Don't go without it.
Write to Uncle Bill about it."

I want you to feel, deer boys and girls, that I am a very stout pall of yore. At the same time, I would point out, for the bennyfit of one of my Birmingham readers, that this does not give him the right to address me as "Dear Old Fizzer." The proper way to begin yore letters is "Dear Billy," or "Onnered Sir." I am not a snobb; but naterchally a slim fello like me objects to being called a "prize porker."

Write and let me no what you think of this Speshul Tuck Number, and all me weather you would like me to kontinew these speshul numbers.

Ah! Hear comes Sammy with the jantarts, so I must ring off, deer readers. I've had nothing to eat since dinner, except a plate of sandwidges and a few sossidge-rolls!

Don't forget to order neckst wek's issue of the "Poplar" at least a munth in advance!

Your Edditer

OUR HART-TO- HART TALKS!

Konducted by "UNCLE BILL."

"SORROWFUL DICKY" (Second Form) writes as follows—"The other day, deer Uncle Bill, in a moment of weakness, I fell a victim to a terribul temptashun. Do you no what I done? I took a sixteen-lb. current cake from the kounter in the tuckshopp when Mrs. Stumble wasn't looking. The dredtful deed has horned me nite and day ever since. I can't put the cack back, for the sindul reason that it's inside me! What can I do, deer Uncle Bill, to relieve my agnerny of mind? I have been in grate pain ever since I skuffed the cake."—I have no simperly with you, you yawred little bratt! Fanny konmitting a low-down aekshun of that sort. You fared! take the cake! If you can take a sixteen-lb. current cake in a moment of weakness, I shudder to think what you mite take in a moment of strength!

Hear is a little verse which you would do well to kommit to memmery:

"Beware of sneeking current cake,
Or doe-nuts, sweet and sticky,
Lest one fine mornung you should wake
In prizen walls, deer Dicky!"

"ALONZO" (Remove Form).—"It is with an achung heart—and jaw—that I pen these lines to you, deer Uncle William. This afternoon, while pergrating in the vicinity of Highclife School, a number of depraved young hooligans from that establishment sprang upon me, and struck me with great violence on the nose, eyes, ears, jaw, chest, and cranial bones, doing me nothing to merit such brutal treatment. What steps do you advise me to take in the matter?—Make a komplaint to the Society for the Prevenshun of Croolty to Animals.

"I simply ooz with good advice,
In fact, I never spare it;
The finest thing that you can do,
My friend, is—grinn and bare it!"

"SNIVELLING SNOOPY" (Remove Form).—"I am in sore trouble, Uncle Bill. Last term, being in the state known as stony, I borrowed a bob from the Fishy Finance Company, whose offices are in Study No. 4. The company is now demanding interest on the loan, at the appalling rate of 200 per cent. They say that unless this money is forthcoming by Saturday next, they will put the matter in the hands of their solitors, Messrs. Peter Todd & Co. Tell me, there's a good chap, what I can do in order to wriggle out of this ghastly mess!—This is another case in which I have not the slightest simperly to offer.

Snoopy would do well to remember the wurd's of Shakespeere:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
Or you will jolly soon be lame,
And he who raises lones from a F. T. Fish
Will land himself in kwite a kewer post!"

Answers to Korres- pondents.



Specially selected for publication by
THE EDDITER.

(NOTE.—The Edditer is at all times pleased to here from his numerus chumms and admirers. He cannot guarantee to answer every letter in this kolumn, as he receives about ten thousand epistles per day; but he will reply to as many as possible.)

Mabel K. (Bournemouth).—Who is the most hanson fello in the Remove? Tut, tut! What need to ask, deer girl! Modesty forbids me mentioning his name, but his portrait will be found above.

"Joyce" (Liverpool).—Many thanks for the toffy you sent me. It fairly melted in the mouth! I only had 3 of it, though. Quicly konsumted the other 3 in class. Thanks also for the sigarets, but I mite menshun that I don't smoke, so I've passed them on to Loder of the 6th!

Harry Harper (Birmingham).—"Why is 'Billy Bunter' Weekly" like a pool shark?—Well, my dear fello, it's full of plums! Neckst, please!

Jack Spencer (Norwich).—Hallo! Hear's

another konundrum merchant! "Why does Greyfriars School resemble a barren fruitree? Because it contains only one Cherry!"—That's not at all bad, old froot!

Elsie D. (Southsea).—"I enclose a postal-order for sixpence, so that you can tell your schoolfellow that your postal-order has actually arrived at last!—That would be kwite all rite, deer girl, but unforchunily you omitted to enklode the postal-order!"

"Bunterite" (Chatham).—"What is the circumference of your waist, Billy?"—It would be sheer waist of space to tell you!

"Dismal Jimmy" (Hamptstead).—"I am writing to say that I'm very down in the dumps, Billy. I'm fifteen years of age; I'm plump and good-looking; I'm always getting into trouble at school; and nobody loves me!"—Same hear!

"Gritie" (Cardiff).—"When are you going to become captain of the Remove?"—As soon as yu've stopt asking iddiotic queschuns!

Archie Smith (Darlington).—"Who is the best athlete in the Remove Form, next to Bob Cherry?"—Harry Wharton—and I'm better than both!

Eric Bingham (Brighton).—"Here's a poser for you, Billy. What would you do, if you were kidnaped and locked in a room, with a window of which was only a foot square?—Wait until I became a skinny skellington owing to lack of nurishment, and then skeeweze myself thro'!"

"Curious" (Kilmington, S.E.).—"Why do you allow Mr. C. H. Chapman to draw you in such massive proportions?"—Unforchunily, he's seen my fotygraph, so I can't pretend to be simlmer than I rely am!

My Last Will and Testament!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

ME, BAGLEY TRIMBLE, of Trimble Hall, Berkshire, and St. Jim's Skool, Sussex, having eaten far too much to be good for me in the skool tuckshop, and feeling certain that I have only ½ an hour to live, do hereby prosed to draw up my last Will and Testament, as folloes:

1. I give and bekweethe to Reginald Talbot, of the Shell, who has been my friend for munny moons, the sum of 3jd. This amount is to be held in trust until Talbot is twenty-one, and then he may come into his forchune!

2. To Percy Mellish, my studdy-mait, I leave plenty of room to breathe! He has always complained of feeling suffrated wilst I have been in the studdy.

3. To George Alfred Grundy, of the Shell, I bekweethe my jobb as sub-

edditor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" together with the salery and other benefitts wich appertane their-2.

4. To Tom Merry, for whom I have grate respect, I leave the cricket-batt wich I borrowd last summer from his studdy when he wasn't looking!

5. To Arthur Augustus D'Arcy I bestoe my fancy wastecote, bekwase I no that he always did fancy wastecotes!

6. My flannel baggs (in wich their is ample room for three folloes) I leave to Herbert Skimpole, in the hope that he will not get lost in them!

7. My vailable wurk, entitled "How to Kook a 4-Kourse Dinner," I leave to Fatty Wynn. To this same person I leave an eggcellent peace of advice: "Never go on stuffing when you've

reeched the 15th doe-nutt. It duzzent pay!"

8. To Monty Lowther, who will want sumthing to remember me by, I bekweethe my bootlace—the one that always happened to come undon whenever I passed the door of the Head's studdy!

9. The residew of my personal estate I bestoe to Dame Taggles, who for the 1st time in her life was jennerus enuff to let me have a jolly good feed on tick. She is reedly responsible for my prezrent sorry kondishun; but to show that I'm not the sort of fello to bare mallis, I leave her evverything that's over after the artikels menshuned above have been dispoed of.

I appointed Tom Merry my eggsecutor.

Given under my hand and seal this unptenchth day of March, in the Year of Grace One Thowsand Nine Hundred and Twenty-One.

BAGLEY TRIMBLE.

Tuckshop :- :- Tit-bits!

By FATTY WYNN.

An eating contest was recently promoted between Baggy Trimble, Tubby Muffin, Sammy Bunter, and myself. Billy Bunter agreed to act as referee. Unfortunately, the contest failed to come off, for when we got to the tuckshop we found that all the grub had vanished—likewise the referee!

What sort of grub can a fellow get when he's absolutely "stony"?—Food for thought!

Several of the masters at St. Jim's and Grayfriars have been questioned as to which is their favourite sweet. Fatty, being of an acid disposition, prefers acid drops; while Mr. Prout, the celebrated marksman, plumps for bullsseyes!

It is a great pity that feeding in the dormitories is forbidden. When I was an infant I always had a good "tuck-in" on going to bed!

Of course, if an eating contest did come off between the four sub-editors of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," I should—as my name suggests—Wynn!

My proposal to the Head that the tuckshop should be kept open day and night was thrown out. So was the proposer!

Several readers have written to ask whether I am fatter than Baggy Trimble, or vice-versa. As a matter of fat, I think I've got Baggy beaten!

I can never understand why Figgins won't allow me to lay a solid foundation before taking part in a footer match. Has he never heard the rhyme:

Hints to Yung Kooks!

Kollected by the only fello who can (Bar one.—Ed.).

By TUBBY MUFFIN.

"Good kooks are borne, not maid," says an old proverb. And their is no doubt a grate deel of trooth in this. At the same time, if my chumms studdy this artikel carefelly, their is no reecon why they should not develop into jolly fine kooks, and win the admirashun and respect of there skoolfelloes.

It is reedly deplorable when you look round Rookwood and see what a garstly mess evvery fello makes of his kooking. I no a lot of chappys who are eggcellent bow-bawlers, topping kricketers, and ripping all-round sportsmen; but when it comes to preparing a studdy feed, they're as helpless as too-year-olds! They haven't even mastered the ruddy-bennits of kooking. And it is for the benefitt of such duuffers as these that I am penning this artikel. Hear are a few simple resipies wich, if properly

karried out, will considerably raise the standard of kooking at Rookwood:

TOMMATO SOOP.

This savery dish is very easy to prepare. All you have to do is to pinch ½ a duzzent tommatoes out of the Head's greenhouse. Then skweeze into a jugg—the tommatoes, not the greenhouse!—and add boyling water. Stir briskly with a foot rule, and add complement—salt, pepper, etc.—to taste.

FRIDE FISH AND CHIPPS.

A good munny felloes go in for fishing, and their manridge to katch trovt, plaice, minnoes, spratts, tadpoles, and other deep-sea fish; but they are kwite at a loss how to prepare them in a holsome, savery manner. We will assoon you have landed a good-sized herring, 1st

"He who wishes to save goals
Must eat a dozen sausage-rolls.
Wilst he who fain would shoot and score
Must scoff two rabbit-pies, or more!"

Monty Lowther tells me that the other day he saw Baggy Trimble perched on the hot-water pipes eating dough-nuts out of a bag. If Baggy isn't careful, he'll be overheating himself!

It was my birthday last week. One of my uncles asked me which I would rather have—a volume of Wordsworth's poems or a tuck-hamper. Needless to state, I chose the volume of Wordsworth's poems!

Baggy Trimble's great ambition is to become the Food Controller. Personally, I should like to be a Beefeater at the Tower of London. Kerr declares that Beefeaters seldom eat beef; but, of course, that's all bosh, or I should have heard it beef-ore!

wait until life is eggstinct; then karry the fish back to the skool. Chopp off the head, and give it to the kitchen cat. Ditto the fins and tale. Then plaice the remainder of the fish (if any) on the end of a penholder, and fry in frunt of the fire. Meenwile, slice up a number of potatoes, placing the chunks on the bars of the great, as if you were roasting chessnuts. As soon as they get black you will no they are dun. Serve hot, and add sorce or vinnegar to taste.

JUGGED HAIR.

Shoot the hair with yore catterpult, then take it back to the skool, and skin it. After wich, pllice it into a large jugg, and put the hole thing into the oven. As soon as you here the jugg begin to krack you will no that the hair is reddy for konsumshun. Don't give yore gests very big porshuns, bekwase this is a rare delikacy.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS.

These are rather difficult to make in yore own studdy, unless you have the necessary ingredients. So yore simplest plan, if you want pineapple fritters, is to pinch them from the skool kitchen!



A Short Complete Story, featuring the Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

By BOB CHERRY.

"THERE'S a famine in the land," said Toddy, glancing into the empty cupboard in Study No. 7. "There's nothing for tea, and I'm broke up to the wide! What about you, Dutton?"

"Eh?" said the deaf junior, looking up. "Did you speak, Toddy, or was it Bunter sharpening his lead-pencil?"

"How are you off for cash?" shouted Peter. "Certainly not!" said Dutton, with a frown.

"What!"

"Don't believe in cutting a dash. I leave that sort of thing to cads like Skinner!"

"Ass!" roared Toddy. "Have you got any tin?"

"Should jolly well think so!"

"You have!"

"The sight of your face is enough to make anybody grin!"

Toddy gave a snort.

"A megaphone! My kingdom for a megaphone!" he groaned to Lonzy. "Look here, Lonzy, have you got any dibs?"

"I fail to understand you, my dear Peter," murmured the gentle Alonzo.

"Clump! Got any cash—brass—tin—dollars—spondulicks?"

Alonzo shook his head.

"My last sixpence has been sent to the Fund for Instructing the Zulus in Shorthand and Typewriting," he said.

"Bless the Zulus! What about you, Bunter?"

"I haven't the price of a stale sardine on me!" said the fat junior. "It's awful! I'm simply dying for some tea, too!"

"A very wholesome and nutritious meal of bread-and-margarine is being served in Hall," hinted Alonzo.

"Grog!"

"Books as if the hungry aren't going to be filled with good things!" growled Toddy.

And Billy Bunter emitted a hollow groan.

For once in a way the fat junior had had absolutely nothing to eat since dinner. He was in the state known as stony, and the door of the tuckshop was closed to him. He had done his best to beg, borrow, or steal a good feed, but without success.

"I—I'm wasting away!" he muttered.

"My bones will be sticking through my flesh soon, and I shall be a skinny skeleton! I'm so ravenous that I could eat a donkey's hind leg off!"

"Better start on Lonzy's leg, then!" said Peter, with a grin.

Billy Bunter rejected out of the study in a state of great dejection. As he himself would have put it, "hunger was gnawing at his vitals."

If only he could run across somebody—some good-hearted philanthropist—who would stand him a feed!

The voice of Wingate of the Sixth broke into Billy Bunter's reflections.

As a rule, Bunter got more kicks than pence from the skipper of Greyfriars, but on this occasion Wingate was all smiles.

"Ah, Bunter, you're just the kid I was looking for! I hear you've been doing great things on the footer-field lately."

Bunter nodded.

"Well, I'm not a bad player myself," said Wingate, "but I've still a lot to learn. I wonder if you'll care to come and have tea with me, and put me wise on various things?"

The fat junior hesitated.

"I've received so many invitations to tea, Wingate," he said, "that I don't think I shall be able to accept—"

"Oh, do come!" urged the captain of Greyfriars.

And he linked his arm affectionately in that of Billy Bunter, and led him away to his study.

Bunter's face beamed like a full moon. Never before had he been received with open arms by Wingate.

On entering his host's study he found his minor, Sammy, busily engaged in making toast.

"Pile in, old fellow!" said Wingate affably.

And Billy Bunter set to work to fill the aching void in his interior. A quarter of an hour later he was leaning back in his chair with a seraphic smile on his countenance. Then, after laying down the law to Wingate on the subject of footer, he quitted the study.

Bunter had barely proceeded a dozen yards along the passage when Mr. Quelch bore down upon him.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, my dear Bunter!" said the Remove-master, laying his hand affectionately on the fat junior's shoulder. "The fact is, I am in



"You may go to the tuckshop, and help yourself to whatever you like," said the Head.

difficulties with my 'History of Greyfriars,' and, as you are such an excellent scholar, I thought, you might be good enough to help me out."

"With pleasure, sir!" said Bunter. "But—er—I might mention that I can't work on an empty stomach."

"Quite so—quite so! And for that reason I am going to ask you to have tea with me. This way, my dear boy!"

And Mr. Quelch piloted Bunter along to his study.

The fat junior did justice to another excellent repast, and Mr. Quelch addressed him as an equal. Bunter, in turn, addressed his Form-master as "Horace."

Hungry straightened out the literary tangle which Mr. Quelch had got himself into. Billy Bunter took his departure. On leaving the Remove-master's study he walked right into the arms of Mr. Prout.

"Ah, Bunter, I have been hunting for you high and low!" said the master of the Fifth.

"Something has gone wrong with my Winchester repeater, and I wondered if you would be kind enough to put it right for me?"

"I'm not a blessed gunsmith!" growled Bunter.

"Of course not! But you are far and away the cleverest boy in the school! Will you do

me the honour of having tea with me? Then I will show you my gun, and I have no doubt you will be able to make the necessary adjustment."

For the third time Billy Bunter found himself seated at a table which groaned beneath the weight of the goodly viands. But the fat junior's appetite was inexhaustible. He consumed everything that Mr. Prout set before him, and, after having a nap in the Fifth Form master's comfortable armchair, he adjusted the Winchester repeater.

By this time Bunter was feeling peckish again. But Mr. Prout's supplies were exhausted, and Billy was obliged to look round for fresh worlds to conquer.

He was rolling across the Close, when he encountered the Head.

"You are not looking very well, my boy," said Dr. Locke.

"I don't feel it, sir. The fact is, I'm pining away through lack of nourishment! I don't get sufficient grub to keep body and soul together!"

"Dear me! I will soon remedy this distressing state of affairs! I may go to the school shop, Bunter—"

"Yes, sir."

"And tell Mrs. Mimble that you are to have a free hand—that you are at liberty to cat whatever you wish."

"Thanks awfully, sir!" said Billy Bunter. A moment later he was in the tuckshop, surrounded by good things.

"Yes, Master Bunter?" inquired Mrs. Mimble, beaming on the fat junior. "Is there anything you would like? I have some new rabbit-pie which have only just come out of the oven, and the jam-tarts are ripping!"

Billy Bunter's mouth fairly watered as he surveyed the good things steaming on the counter.

"H'm! The fact is I haven't got any money at present, but the Head—"

"Oh, that's all right, Master Bunter; we won't say anything about money!" interposed the good woman, whereupon Bunter leant across the counter, and his grubby hand pulled the dish of rabbit-pies.

For a full five minutes nothing but the munching of jaws could be heard in the tuckshop. Billy Bunter was attacking his fourth feed that afternoon.

Mrs. Mimble came into the shop from her parlour at the back with a tray of small jellies. Bunter eyed them as she put them on a shelf above his head. Billy loved jellies, and these looked very good.

"I think I will sample those, ma'am!" he said.

So saying, he mounted his chair in order to reach them from the shelf. Just as his fat fingers closed over the tray, the chair suddenly gave way, and Billy Bunter descended to the floor with a crash—

"Wake up, you lazy slacker!" I roared, "Risingshell's gone ages ago!"

"Ow-ow-ow!" gasped Bunter, struggling to disentangle himself from the bedclothes.

"Cherry, you rotter, you've spoilt the grandest dream I've ever had in my life!"

THE END.

COMING SHORTLY! A screaming series of stories, dealing with the Adventures of a Comic Detective.

MY FINEST FEED!

Described by a Number of Well-known Bookwood Characters.

TUBBY MUFFIN: The finest feed I ever had was when "Billy Bunter's Weekly" was 1st lornched. All the members of the staff were invited, but I got their list and skoffed everything I could lay my hands on. I've never had such a bust-up in all my life! And their was a fether bust-up when Billy Bunter came on the scen! The memory of that famus feed, deer reeders, hornits me still. I was completely fed up by the time it was all over!

JIMMY SILVER: I've had a good many grand feeds in my time, but I think the best I had was when I went into the sunny with a crooked ankle. The matron brought me a basin of this gruel, and I fairly shuddered. But shortly afterwards my pals smuggled a tuck-hamper in at the window, and I had a princely time! When the doctor came to see me he didn't treat me for a sprained ankle at all. Ho treated me for severe internal pains!

TOMMY DODD: The finest feed with in my recollection was when Tommy Doyle, Tommy Cook, and myself raided Jimmy Silver's grub. What did Tommy Cook? Why, sausages, and all sorts of things, and we had the time of our lives!

MR. MANDERS: Having been a chronic dyspeptic all my life, it is impossible for me to make any remarks on this subject.

VALENTINE MORNINGTON: The finest feed I ever had was when I read a certain story in the POPULAR. You see, it fed my imagination!

SERGEANT KETTLE: Which I considers that the best feed I ever had was when I was in the Army. One morning the sergeant-major said he was feeling too seedy to drink his breakfast, so I drank it for him!

ADOLPHUS (the kitchen cat): The best meal I ever had was when Teddy Grace went fishing, and left a bucketful of minnows in the quad!

THE HEAD: I do not attach sufficient importance to eating and drinking to be able to recall anything in the nature of an orgy. I consider that Muffin, who asked me to state my views on this subject, is, without exception, the greediest boy with whom I have ever come into contact!

ALGY SILVER: The finest feed I ever had was a gruel dormitry spread which took place a few nites ago it was really delishus but there were doe-nutts and cream-buns and chokit eclares and on the hole it was the most ripping feed I've enjoyed for menny a long day— I mean, nite!

THE POPULAR.—No. 111.

EXTRAX FROM THE DIARY OF A GLUTTON!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

MONDAY.—Woke up feeling very faint threv lack of nurishment. Staged downstares to brekker, and polished off ½ a duzen rashers of bakon. Felt much better. Jones minor wasn't feeling up to the mark, so I skoffed his brekker for him. I also skoffed Smith majer's—when he wasn't looking! Dinner was a wash-out. I wasn't aloud more than five helpings of treecle-tart. Tea was a wash-out, too. Had to have it in Hall, as I was broke to the wide. Just befour midnite I stolo downstares to the dommestick rejions, and put myself outside a hefty rabbit-pie. Rolled back to bed and slept the sleep of the stuffed.

TUESDAY.—Ate so much brekker that I fell asleep during mourning lessens. Woke up to find myself being prodded in the ribs by the Form-master's poynter. "Wako up, you greedly, gluttenus boy!" he rored. "I cannot permit you to sleep off yore disgusting orgie in the Form-room! By the way, sumboddy broke into the skool kitchen last nite and consumed a rabbit-pie. Do you no who done it?" "No, sir!" I ansered promptly. "But I can tell you this much. I never done it!" "I trussed you are telling me the trooth?" said the Form-master sturnly. "The trooth, the hole trooth, and nothing but the trooth, sir!" I replide. "Very well," he said. "We will not refer to the subjekt agane. But do not dare to fall asleep in class any more!" For the rest of the day I suffered from insomnia.

WEDNESDAY.—Had a stunning time. Ther was a footer match on this afternoon, and in the absense of my skoolfelloes I raided all the studides, and stuffed myself untill I felt kvite fed up. I was fammished agane by bed-time, and after lites out I pade a fether visisit to the dommestick rejions. This time I tackelled the best part of a cold chicken. Rather a fowl thing to do, I admit, but my appytilte would not be denyed.

THURSDAY.—My berthday. Re-seved a tuck-hamper from my pater, and a big packing-case fool of doe-nutts from my Uncle Joe, who keeps a pastry-kook's shop. You ought to have seen all the feloes swarm round me! I've never been so poplar in my life! But, of course, I didn't give anything away. Our famby motto is: "What we have we'll hold." Ate steddily all day, and by tea-time I was konshus of sevyere panes. Went to the sanny, and writhed about for hours in unseeable angwish!

FRIDAY.—To-day's diett konsisted of thin grool. I was dredfully ravvenus by the time we went to bed, and wunce agane I found my way to the skool kitchen. Fryed myself a duzen sos-sidges, and went back to bed feeling very bucked with life.

SATURDAY.—Alasse! My nocternal eggsploits came to lite this morning.

(Continued at foot of column 3.)

GLORIOUS GRUB!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

The tempting tuck of Mimble,
How bewtiful it seems!
It fills our thorts from morn till nite,
It hornits us in our dreems!
Oh, passing fare, beyond kompare,
Are Mrs. Mimble's bunns;
And every tart's a work of art
(I like the tuppenny ones!).

The topping tuck of Mimble,
Stacked high upon the shelves,
It kannot fale to kaptivatvo
Such mortles as ourselves.
Her rabbit-pies make glad our eyes,
Her doe-nutts are delishus;
Her butter's fine, but I opino
The cheese is sumwhat vishus!

The stunning tuck of Mimble!
I water at the mouth,
To think that Greifryans grub's by far
The finest in the South!
What other skool can pack you fool
Of pastries so divinne?
What other shopp has jinjer-popp
So sweet, deer dame, as thine?

The glorious tuck of Mimble!
'Tis 4-most everyv time.
(Just wait a tick, deer reeders, while
I try to find a rhyme.)
The short-breds and the patter-cakes
Are thrilling to the taste;
The skones, you no, they make you grov
Much fatter round the waste!

The ripping tuck of Mimble!
I wish I had some cash,
Then to the tuckshopp I would go
And cut a merry dash!
Alasse, alas! "Keep off the grass!"
Dame Mimble oft has said it.
"I can't allow you, Bunter, now,
To purchiss things on kredit!"

The 1st-rate tuck of Mimble,
The buns and tarts and chocs,
Are not for me to skoff, bekwase
I'm broke and on the rox.
But I deklare, no tarts so rare,
So joocy and so jammy,
Will e'er be found for miles around,
As sure as my name's Sammy!

Extrax from the Diary of a Glutton (Continued.)

My Form-master said he could trace my finger-prints on the handel of the fryng-pan. "What have you got to say for yoreself, you disgraseful glutton?" he thundered. "Sir," I replide, as kwick as lightning, "I was walking in my sleep." "I kannot axcept yore eggspalashun," he said, picking up a cano. "You will plaice yoreself in a konvenient posishun to reseve corporal punishment!" "Oh, all rite!" I ansered resoinedly. "Carry on, sergant!" And he did—with such vigor that I am now back in the sanny agane!

THE ROOKWOOD TRAITOR!

(Continued from page 8.)

—the Bagshot Bounder had come, and Tommy Dodd's own study was ragged, and Pankley's mocking message stared him in the face.

"G-g-great pip!" mumbled Tommy. "Pip-pip-Pankley!" mumbled Cook. "The thafe of the worruld—he's been here in our study!" gasped Doyle.

Tommy Dodd's eyes gleamed. He rushed across the study and opened the window, and glared out into the quadrangle.

"Towle!" he yelled.

Towle of the Fourth looked up.

"Hallo!"

"Pankley's been here! Tell all the fellows, and get to the gates and stop him!"

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Towle.

"Buck up, you ass!"

Towle rushed off. The news spread like wildfire among the juniors. Classics as well as Moderns were wildly excited. Jimmy Silver & Co. had gone down to Little Side to punt a ball about before dinner, but they had left the football-ground at once.

Some of the juniors posted themselves at the gates to cut off Pankley's escape if he was not yet gone. Others searched the quad and Little Quad for him, and the abbey ruins. Meanwhile, the three Tommies sought him up and down the house. But they found him not.

The juniors had been nearly all downstairs, or out of doors. Pankley apparently had come and gone unseen.

The Tommies had found only one Modern junior in his study. It was Leggett. Leggett had come in immediately after morning lessons, and he was found in his study wrinking his brows over an account-book—doubtless calculating the losses and gains on some of his financial transactions. He looked up irritably as the three Tommies burst into his study.

"Have you seen him?" panted Tommy Dodd.

"Eh? Seen who?"

"Pankley!"

"Of course I haven't," said Leggett peevishly. "How the thunder could I see Pankley? I can't see a mile and a half."

"He's been here, fathead!" howled Tommy Cook.

Leggett grinned.

"He's paid Jimmy Silver another visit, has he? He, he, he!"

"Stop your silly he-he-heing, you ass! He's paid us a visit!" growled Tommy Dodd. "He's mucked up my study!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Leggett.

"You seem to have been the only chap indoors at the time. Didn't you see anything of him?"

"Not a sign! Never thought of anything of the kind, of course!"

"Didn't you hear him, you ass?"

"I heard somebody pass my door," said Leggett, "about a quarter of an hour ago. I never thought anything about it. Supposed it was one of the fellows, of course!"

"Oh, you're a silly chump!" said Tommy Dodd, somewhat unreasonably. And the Modern chums hurried out of the study to seek further.

But search was in vain. Pankley was not to be discovered. He seemed to have vanished into thin air. Tommy Dodd & Co. came out into the quadrangle looking decidedly savage, and they were greeted with smiles by the Fistical Four. It was Jimmy Silver's turn to smile now.

"Caught him?" chuckled Jimmy,

"No, ass!"

"He seems to have visited the Modern side, after all!" roared Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle!" said Tommy Dodd crossly. "I'm going after him! He must have come on a bike to get here after lessons, unless he missed morning lessons. We might run him down on the road."

"Safe in by this time, I should say," said Lovell.

"Oh, rats!"

The three Tommies rushed for their bicycles. Jimmy Silver & Co. followed them. There was a bare chance of catching Pankley on the road, and making him suffer for his sins. It was worth trying. Seven bicycles were rushed out at the gates of Rookwood, and seven juniors pedaled away in the direction of Bagshot School as if their lives depended on it.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Too Thick!

"THERE'S Bagshot!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

The Rookwooders had ridden hard; the ground fairly flew under their wheels. They arrived in sight of the gates of Bagshot, but there was no sign of the elusive Pankley on the road.

They slackened down outside the gates. There was a yell from the high brick wall by the road. Pankley, Putter, and Poole were seated in a row there, watching the Rookwood cyclists with wide eyes.

"Hallo!" shouted Pankley. "Looking for trouble? Come in!"

The Rookwooders jumped off their machines. They glared at Pankley & Co. The three Bagshot fellows were high out of reach, and they smiled down on their exasperated foes in the most irritating way.

"So you've got back, you rotter!" growled Tommy Dodd.

"Got back!" repeated Pankley.

"I wish I'd caught you in my study!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Bagshot trio yelled.

"I wish I'd caught you in mine!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Jump down here, and I'll mop up the road with you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Pankley. "Did you find your study a little bit disturbed?"

"You cheeky rotter!"

"Did you find a message from Bagshot?"

"Come down and be mopped up!" roared Doyle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Pankley & Co. did not come down. But Pankley extracted an apple from his pocket, and, with accurate aim, knocked Tommy Dodd's cap off. Tommy Dodd gave a roar of wrath.

"Good-bye, dear boys!" smiled Pankley. "You can expect another visit soon. And if you catch me, I'll let you eat me!"

And the Bagshot Bounders dropped down inside the school wall, and vanished.

"Let's go in after them?" suggested Lovell recklessly. "The gates are open!"

"Fatehead!" growled Jimmy Silver. "If you want a scrap with fifty to seven, you can have my whack as well as your own! Let's get back. We shall be late for dinner anyway."

And the disappointed Rookwooders remounted their machines, and rode back to Rookwood in a decidedly exasperated mood.

They arrived late for dinner, and had the pleasure of receiving fifty lines each. Which did not improve their tempers.

Afternoon lessons that day were a

worry to the heroes of Rookwood. They were thinking out ways and means of avenging their defeat upon the Bagshot Bounders. And lessons at such a time, as Lovell said, were a little too thick. But lessons had to be done, as well as a considerable number of lines awarded for inattention.

There was one comfort for Jimmy Silver & Co. The Moderns shared in the defeat now. They had been equally "dished" by the astute Pankley. There were no more merry remarks from Tommy Dodd & Co.

But on the Classical side Mornington and his friends made the most of the matter. As a rule, the Nuts of the Fourth were too lofty and nutty to take part in the warfare between the rival schools. But they did not lose the opportunity of "chipping" the Fistical Four with their defeat.

Indeed, Mornington proposed in the Common-room that a new Form captain should be selected for the Fourth, as Jimmy Silver was evidently—according to Morny—no good. But the dandy of the Fourth found very few backers for that proposition. "Uncle James" star was not yet on the wane.

And at tea-time Mornington had something else to think about. When the juniors came in to tea there was a yell from Peele, who had gone into Study No. 4.

"My hat! Look here, Morny!"

"What's the row?" asked Mornington, coming along to the study.

"Look!" yelled Peele.

Mornington looked into the study, and jumped.

"By gad! They've been here!"

"Hallo! You had a turn?" chuckled Jimmy Silver, joining them. "My hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

The Classical juniors gathered round the study doorway, and there was a yell of laughter. Mornington was pale with rage.

The dandy of the Fourth had an extensive wardrobe—three times as extensive as any other junior at Rookwood. He kept a good many of his things in the study, in a large chest under the window. The clothes-chest had been opened, and a sacrilegious hand had dragged out Morny's finery.

Fancy waistcoats, high collars, beautiful neckties of all hues and in great number, purple silk socks, flowery braces, evening clothes of the most elegant cut, dancing-shoes—in fact, a tremendous supply of elegant articles that would have delighted a tailor's heart—had been yanked out mercilessly and scattered about.

Some of them were tied round the coal-scuttle, some tied in knots, others smothered with ashes, others draped in festoons on the gas-bracket. The study seemed full of clothes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy Silver. A card was pinned to a pair of elegant trousers, with the now-familiar inscription on it:

"WITH KIND REGARDS!

"CECIL PANKLEY!"

"My hat! What a lot of clobber!" yelled Lovell. "Are you going in for the tailoring bizney, Morny?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The rotters!" panted Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors yelled. It was up against Rookwood; but it was funny, and Morny's rage only made it funnier.

The dandy of the Fourth snatched up a cricket-bat, and started looking for Pankley. If he had found the Bagshot

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junior, certainly there would have been some damage done.

But he did not find him.

As on previous occasions, the ragger had vanished without leaving a trace behind.

The juniors went into tea, grinning, but very much puzzled. It was the boast of the Fistical Four that the end study never was beaten; but they had to confess themselves beaten this time.

How did Pankley do it?

And where was it going to end, too? It really seemed that they were at the mercy of their elusive enemy, who could do just as he liked in their quarters with impunity.

"The awful rotter may come along again this evening," said Jimmy Silver, as he sat down to tea in the end study. "How on earth does he do it? How can he get away from Bagshot, even, just as he likes? It beats me!"

"Hallo! What the thunder is this in the teapot?" growled Lovell, who was about to make the tea.

Then he gave a yell.

"Look here!"

He held up the teapot. The spout was blocked with sealing-wax, and on the side of it were chalked the initials "C. P."

"Cecil Pankley!" said Jimmy Silver, with a deep breath.

"I'm getting fed up with this!" snorted Lovell. "Look here, Jimmy Silver, it's up to you to stop him, or we'll give you the sack!"

"Oh, rats!" growled Jimmy crossly.

The Fistical Four had tea in a somewhat excited frame of mind. When Jimmy opened the door to come out afterwards, he simply staggered. On the outside of the door—visible as soon as he pulled it open—were chalked the words:

"HOME FOR IDIOTS.

"Yours truly,

"CECIL PANKLEY."

The Fistical Four looked at one another aghast. The chalked inscription had certainly not been there when they entered the study. It had been chalked there while they were at tea.

"He—he—he's still in the House!" babbled Raby.

Jimmy Silver panted.

"Conroy," he called out, as he sighted the Australian junior in the passage, "have you seen anybody here—anybody from Bagshot?"

"Of course not!" said Conroy, in surprise.

"Look at this!"

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Conroy.

"He's been here again!" roared Lovell. "I tell you I'm fed up, Jimmy Silver! Something's got to be done!"

Jimmy Silver did not reply. His brows were wrinkled, and he was evidently in deep thought.

"Do you hear?" demanded Lovell.

"Eh?" said Jimmy, waking up, as it were. "Don't jaw, old chap! I'm thinking."

"Time you did!" said Lovell sarcastically. "You'd better think out a way of nobbling Panky, or you're going through it, Uncle James! See?"

"Bow-wow!" said Jimmy. And he walked away, deep in thought. A new idea had come into Jimmy Silver's mind, and he was thinking—thinking very hard.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Uncle James Keeps an Eye Open!

"WHERE'S that ass Silver?"

"Where's that fathead Jimmy?"

"Where has he got to, the chump?"

It was a meeting of the Classical Players in the Common-room—a very important meeting. The players had to discuss a forthcoming play, which was to knock into a cocked hat the efforts of the Moderns in the amateur dramatic line. And Jimmy Silver, the leading spirit of the Classical Players, was missing. Everybody else had turned up, but Jimmy Silver hadn't.

Mornington & Co. were there. Morny was ambitious of taking the lead in the Classical Players out of Jimmy Silver's hands, and the Nuts backed him up cordially. Nearly all the Classical Fourth belonged to that honourable society, and they were all here—excepting Jimmy Silver.

Lovell ran up to the study to look for Jimmy, but he was not there. He looked up and down and round about, but there

was no Jimmy. And he returned to the Common-room grunting.

"Hasn't he turned up?" he asked.

"No. Can't you find him?" asked Conroy.

"The silly ass has disappeared!" growled Lovell. "We shall have to get on without him."

"We can do that easily enough!" sneered Mornington.

"I move that Morny takes the chair!" said Lovell.

"I second it!" said Topham at once.

"Oh, take the chair, and be blown!" growled Lovell.

And Mornington took Jimmy Silver's accustomed place, and the proceedings proceeded, so to speak, without the captain of the Fourth.

Jimmy Silver, as a matter of fact, was not far away. It had not occurred to Lovell to look for him in the unlighted upper passage which led to the Modern quarters. Had he looked there, however, he would not have spotted Jimmy Silver, who was in cover in a deep alcove in the old stone wall.

Jimmy Silver had been thinking hard, and the result of his cogitations had led him to cut the Players' meeting, without giving notice of his intention, and to station himself in that alcove on the watch. The passage, which was seldom or never used, was unlighted, and Jimmy was invisible; but from where he stood he could hear any footsteps that came along the Fourth Form corridor or along the passage from the Modern side.

He waited with cool patience, as became a Boy Scout. His patience was rewarded at last.

There was a faint sound in the distance.

Jimmy Silver started slightly.

He knew what that sound was. It was the click of a key turning in a lock, and it came from the great door far down the passage towards the Modern quarters. The door had been unlocked.

Faintly along the dark passage came the sound of cautious footfalls. They passed the alcove where Jimmy Silver stood, so close that he could have touched the unseen form by stretching out his hand. But he did not move.

The footfalls passed on into the Fourth Form passage, then died away.

Then Jimmy Silver stirred. On tiptoe he crept along into the passage, and peered round the corner.

A figure, momentarily visible, disappeared into the end study, and the door closed behind it.

Jimmy Silver smiled.

He did not go towards the end study. He knew that the mysterious raider was there. But he turned away down the passage, and hurried silently to the stairs. A few moments later he threw open the door of the Common-room.

"Hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Newcome.

"You're too late, Silver!" sneered Mornington. "We're gettin' on nicely without you, thanks!"

Jimmy did not even look at the dandy of the Fourth.

"Come on, you fellows!" he said. "He's here!"

"Who's here?" exclaimed Conroy.

"The merry raider!"

"Great Scott! Pankley?"

"You've been watching for him?" exclaimed Lovell, comprehending.

"Exactly! He's in the end study now. Don't make a row, but come on, and we'll catch him fairly in the act."

"Look here, this is a mectin'—"

began Mornington. But nobody heeded Mornington. He was left to preside over empty chairs. The Classical Fourth streamed after

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Jimmy Silver, and swarmed up the staircase. There was a glimmer of light under the door of the end study as they reached the Fourth Form passage.

"He's there!" breathed Lovell.
"You bet! Quiet! Don't alarm him till we've fairly cornered him."

"He seems to know the right time to come, when the coast's clear," said Oswald.

"He does!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "He do! You'll soon see why."

On tiptoe, with bated breath and grinning faces, the Fourth-Formers trod lightly down the passage to the end study.

Within that study the sound of a movement could be heard. The raider was fairly cornered at last.

Jimmy Silver turned the handle of the door, and as he turned it he heard a gasp within. He huffed the door wide open.

"Caught!" yelled Lovell, rushing in. "Now, Pankley, you rotter— Why— Oh— My hat! Leggett!"

For the fellow who stood in the study, with a pale, startled face and bulging eyes, was not Pankley of Bagshot. It was Leggett of the Rookwood Fourth!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for Leggett!

LEGGETT!
The whole crowd of Classics yelled out the name in astonishment.

Leggett's face was pale.

He had already been at work. The study was in the process of being thoroughly raggled. Soot and ashes were scattered over the carpet and the furniture, and on the wall was daubed, in large inky letters:

"DOWN WITH ROOKWOOD!"

"(Signed) CECIL PANKLEY."

But it was evident that that impertinent message had not been inscribed there by Pankley of Bagshot. It was the work of Leggett of the Fourth.

The Classical juniors simply gasped as the truth dawned on them.

"Leggett!" stuttered Conroy. "The cad! It was Leggett all the time!"

Jimmy Silver nodded cheerfully.

"Yes, Leggett all the time! And now he's bowled out!"

"I—I—I— stammered Leggett helplessly.

His voice died away. He had, in fact, nothing to say. He could not expect the Rookwood juniors to disbelieve the evidence of their own eyes.

"Leggett!" said Oswald. "That accounts!"

"That accounts!" said Jimmy Silver, with a nod. "That accounts for the merry raider getting in and out without being seen. Pankley hasn't been here at all."

He's put up Leggett to playing these tricks on us in his name. Just as easy for Leggy to chalk up Pankley's name as his own."

"The awful worm!" exclaimed Lovell indignantly. "Playing Pankley's game against us!"

"Exactly!"

"And you know, Jimmy Silver?"

"No, I didn't know," said Jimmy. "I was fairly fogged at first. But it came into my head that Pankley simply couldn't have got in and out as he seemed to do, unless he's a blessed magician, and I asked Conroy if he'd chalked my door, and that put it into my head that it was a Rookwood chap all the time. I thought of Leggett, be-

cause he's the only chap at Rookwood who's Hun enough to help the enemy against his own school. But I wasn't sure, and I watched. But when I heard the door in the passage unlock I was pretty certain it was Leggett, and then I saw him dodge into this study, and there you are!"

"I—I—I— It was only a j-j-joke!" mumbled Leggett.

Jimmy Silver interrupted him scornfully.

"You fixed this up with Panky to score off us!" he said. "I dare say Panky paid you something to do it—you wouldn't do it for nothing! No wonder Panky cackled at us when we chased off to Bagshot to-day; he hadn't been here at all. It was a traitor in the camp. Jolly deep of Panky, I must say!"

"And jolly mean of Leggett!" said Ruby. "What have you got to say, you worm?"

Jimmy Silver. "You can do that tomorrow. And now you're going to be rolled in the soot you've scraped out of the chimney! Roll him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The next ten minutes were like a fearful nightmare to the end of Rookwood. He was bumped, and he was rolled in soot, and soot was rubbed into his neck and his hair, and Lovell added the ink and the gum with a liberal hand.

Leggett's yells died away in gasps and mumbles, and when he was finally kicked out of the study, to crawl away to his own quarters, his feelings could not be described in words. There was no doubt that he had earned Pankley's five bob—more than earned that moderate sum.

The next day Pankley received a letter at Bagshot. It contained a



Jimmy Silver stared at the inscription on the looking-glass, and then at the wrecked study. He could scarcely believe his own eyes. Pankley had kept his word in spite of Jimmy's resolution to keep one eye carefully open. (See chapter 2.)

"No need for him to say anything," grinned Jimmy Silver. "He's caught in the act, and now he's going to pay the piper!"

Leggett made a rush for the door. He was surrounded at once, and angry hands grasped him on all sides. The juniors did not blame Pankley of Bagshot for using the rascal of Rookwood in this great wheeze against them, but Leggett's conduct was the very limit. There was no room in the Rookwood Fourth for a traitor in the camp.

"I—I say— Leggo! I—I— Leggett gasped with terror. "I—I didn't mean— Leggo! It was only a joke!"

"Now, how much did he give you, you rotter?" demanded Lovell.

"Nothing! I— Yarohh!"

Bump, bump!

"Now, how much did he give you?"

"Yow! Ow! Five bob!" groaned Leggett. "He was going—ow!—to give me another half-crown—yow, ow!—if it came off all right! Yooop! Leggo!"

"You'll send that five bob back!" said

postal-order for five shillings, and a message in Jimmy Silver's handwriting:

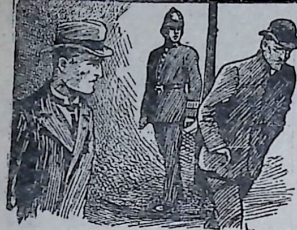
"Try, again!"

And the great Pankley had to confess that his great wheeze, after all, had not been such a howling success as he had anticipated.

Pankley was not likely to "try again" in the same way. Leggett, after escaping from the Classics, found still more drastic treatment at the hands of the Moderns, and the number of bumps, shoves, kicks and cuffs that the rascal of Rookwood received could hardly be counted; and whether the punishment did him good or not, it certainly cured him of any desire to play again the part of the Rookwood traitor!

THE END.

(There will be another long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood School, in next week's issue of the POPULAR. Do not miss it!)
THE POPULAR.—No. 111.



A MARKED MAN.

A Grand Serial, dealing with the Adventures of FERRERS LOCKE, the World-Famous Detective.

THREADS OF THE STORY.

Adrian Vaughan, after having served five years, leaves Dartmoor Prison, bent on retaining 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.

They follow out the directions in the letter and go to a house in Wandsworth, hoping to get news of Harry, even if they are not able to bring him away with them. But there they draw a blank, with the exception of Vaughan, who discovers a clue which leads him to think that Demottsen had played him false and has already got Harry in his clutches. He goes off to his house in Flatney, but Demottsen is in wait for him, and shoots him as he enters the house.

(Now read on.)

The Terms.

"A FURTHER proof of suicide." And the blue eyes danced behind the gold-rimmed glasses.

Most people kill themselves in locked rooms, and besides it is not possible, the fools of police will say, for anyone to have killed him and to have locked the shutters from outside, or locked the door from the hall with the key still in the lock inside."

In an upstairs room he changed his clothes. The stained suit he tied into a bundle, and, weighing it heavily, threw it into the deep waters of the lake in the park. So, with his part in the crime most skillfully covered up, he left the Red House, and by devious ways returned to London, where, adopting a most clever disguise, he made for Vaughan's house overlooking Hyde Park.

Some little time elapsed before he was ushered into the presence of Paul Rutherford, who, to his knowledge, had never seen his visitor before.

"For the present it doesn't in the least matter who I am," Demottsen began. "I might, however, introduce myself, Mr. Rutherford, by saying that my purpose in coming here is to be of incalculable value to you."

John Firth nodded, but looked perplexed.

"You cannot possibly have any interest in the Populab.—No. 111.

in me because you and I have never met before," he answered.

Demottsen silenced him with a wave of the hand.

"That does not matter, seeing I know all about you."

"About me?" the other cried, rising abruptly.

"Yes, all about you, John Firth. Pray don't distress yourself. Your life, past and present, is an open book to me."

Firth whitened beneath his customary colour.

"Why do you tell me this?" he gasped.

"Because a little later on it will be necessary for you and I to come to business. Unless I convince you that I do know what I say I know you will refuse to listen to me, and a golden opportunity for both of us may slip by for ever."

"But you know anything of my past. What makes you address me in the name of Firth?"

"That was the name you married your wife Rosamund in."

"Good heavens! Who told you of that?"

"Haven't I said I know all? I know why you are doing this," pointing round the palatial room. "Why you are posing as Paul Rutherford. It is because the man who employs you has promised to bring you and Judas Leishman face to face."

"You are right!" Firth was in an agony of fear and dread.

"You need not fear me; you have done nothing wrong. And I have come as a friend. But Judas Leishman and you will never meet? Judas Leishman is dead."

Firth stared at Demottsen unseeingly.

"Then I have sold myself for nothing!" he muttered drearily.

"Don't despair. The reason you wanted to come to grips with Judas Leishman was to drag from him the secret of your son's whereabouts."

Firth sprang up and paced the room in unrestrained excitement.

"He only could have told me where he was. And now you say he is dead. When and where did he die?"

"He died two days ago in Northampton, where nearly twenty years he had lived and posed under the name of Justin Leigh."

"You mean Justin Leigh was Judas Leishman?"

There was incredulity in Firth's voice.

"None other. The man who took your son for his son, the Jew fences and receiver of stolen property, the crook's moneylender, the Shylock of the underworld of London, has for a decade dazzled the eyes of the masses, by his huge benefits to suffering humanity and his endless bequests to charity. The world knew him as Justin Leigh, the millionaire philanthropist; and you and I knew him better as Leishman."

"By my son—my son! What became of him? Is he still alive?"

Demottsen's heart leapt at the agony in the other's eyes.

"He is alive and well—and what is more, a very fortunate young man."

"Thank God! Thank God! And you have come to take me to him, to help roll back the barriers that so long have kept us apart! Oh! Heaven at last is kind!"

With tears in his honest eyes, he came towards Demottsen, his hands outstretched in thankfulness and gratitude. The little man betrayed no sign of feeling.

"My visit is purely a business one—to make terms with you," he said.

John Firth laughed sadly.

"I am sorry; my means are not such as will make it worth your while to bargain with me. I am a poor man. Later, more than a year from now, I was to have had a certain sum of money. I doubt if I shall ever get it now Judas Leishman is dead."

"You needn't worry yourself about the future. The present lays a colossal fortune at your feet. Proof is better than words. Read that and give it back to me, the will of Justin Leigh, alias Judas Leishman, in which he leaves to John Firth the sum of two hundred thousand pounds as some compensation for robbing the said John Firth of his son. Mr. Leigh died a millionaire; you inherit something like a quarter of a million of money."

He pressed into the other's shaking grasp John Leigh's last will and testament.

"For me? Two hundred thousand pounds for me? Man, you are mad—mad!"

Firth spoke duly, lifelessly.

"Mad! I'm not mad! Read for yourself: 'To John Firth I devise and bequeath the sum of two hundred thousand pounds, as reparation for the sorrow and suffering I must have brought into his life by depriving him of his son Harry, and to the said Harry Firth, the legitimate son of John and Rosamund Firth, I devise and bequeath for his use a like sum of two hundred thousand pounds.'"

Firth stared at the neatly engrossed lines in startled amazement.

"It's impossible—unbelievable!" he gasped.

"Not impossible, but a solid, living reality. Man, I tell you, you are rich for life—and your son is rich, too."

"Ah, yes!" Firth passed his hand slowly over his forehead. "Where is Harry? It is he I care about—not the money. Tell me, man! Don't keep me in suspense!"

And he smiled lit Demottsen's face, cruel with its lack of sympathy.

"I have told you he is safe and well. I know where he is; I alone can bring him to you. Mr. Firth, you will understand my motive in coming here, when I tell you in all sincerity that I paid the huge sum of forty thousand pounds to gain possession of your son."

"I don't understand you."

"Harry is in my charge—that is all." Demottsen was slowly folding Justin Leigh's will preparatory to returning it to his breast-pocket. "There has been keen competition for him. The competition will become keener still when it becomes public property that you and he are heirs to huge fortunes."

"Well, what is it you wish me to do?"

Honest John Firth's mind could not penetrate the craftiness of Demottsen's soul.

"Agree to pay me sixty thousand pounds when you come into your fortune, and I will hand your son over to your charge. This will—how I come into possession of it doesn't concern you—

but to-night I shall post it to Marle & Rangley, of Northampton, the late Judas Leishman's solicitors. After all, if you

are wise, you will lose no time in communicating with them, and in establishing your identity. Your legacy will come to you as a matter of course. All I ask is a solemn agreement and covenant between us, that as soon as you get the money you pay me the sum I ask, and I will restore your son to you."

"But how shall I know you are not playing a trick on me?"

"Harry himself shall convince you that he is the adopted son of Justin Leigh. At the present moment he doesn't even suspect his parentage. Now, Mr. Firth, say if you think my terms are too high, and our acquaintanceship can cease for ever."

"The threat did not escape John Firth. "Too high! Is any price too high for a man to pay for the son he loves?"

A Terrible Crime!

"A H, Baker, I'm glad you've come! Mystery follows mystery with almost every passing hour. Sit there and let me unburden myself of suspicions."

Ferrers Locke stood with his back to the wide oak panel in the room where the millionaire had committed suicide only three days before. The assistant sat down, listening attentively, but every now and then his gloomy eyes turned to a particular spot near the patent catch to the French window.

"Well, what followed as a result of your visit to the house in Wandsworth?" he asked. "I've heard nothing since you phoned me to say Mr. Leigh was dead, and you were going with Adrian Vaughan, of all people, to the Oaks to rescue young Mr. Leigh."

A frown clouded the detective's boyish face.

"The raid on the house in Wandsworth at first looked like proving a fiasco. Vaughan seized the opportunity to disappear. Why, I can't make out, as, so far as I am aware, no one had the slightest suspicion of his real identity. Then the Scotland Yard men, cursing me for putting them on to a mare's-nest, gradually melted away, and left me to pursue my investigations alone."

"Did you discover anything?"

"Nothing in the house, but a great deal outside it. However much as I was at first inclined to disbelieve Vaughan's story, and to look upon him as the coolest and most coarsely plausible liar in the world, I quickly learnt that parts of it bore the semblance of truth. For instance, the people who live in the next house, some sixty yards from the Oaks, distinctly remembered seeing four men and a younger one—they took him to be an invalid, as he was actually carried from a closed car through the entrance-gates—arrive late on Monday night, which coincides with Vaughan's tale of Harry's abduction from the Red House at Flatney."

"But did they see anything of his departure?"

"Apparently, yes. Like most suburban people, they are curious of their neighbour's business. They had speculated as to who the folks were who had taken the Oaks furnished for a month. Their story is that on Wednesday afternoon a small, rather stout, professional-looking man—what they meant by that description I couldn't actually get them to say, except they thought he had the brisk manner of a doctor—arrived in a closed motor, and took the same young man who had been carried in on Monday away with him; only this time the two were laughing and chatting together."

"An extraordinary thing for a kidnaped man to do!"

"They may have been mistaken. Their next piece of information was to the effect that about seven o'clock a taxi appeared, and the four men who first brought the young fellow to the house drove off in it. I verified this fact later by ringing up all the garages within a few miles' radius, and actually finding the driver of the car."

"The scent grows hot!" cried Baker, his cadaverous cheeks glowing.

"Hot," and then cold," responded Locke. "The fellow had a distinct recollection of his fares. The description he gave of them leaves no doubt in my mind that they were the German, Von Diehling, and his confederates."

"Where did they go to?"

"Charing Cross, where they caught the Continental boat-train, but the man who took away the young man—Harry Leigh, as we suppose—certainly didn't rejoin them."

"Then it looks very much as though someone did ransom young Leigh from Von Diehling."

"That is a tenable theory. Let us see how it fits in with the other discoveries I have made. When Vaughan was here he told me that someone had stolen from the safe in his house banknotes to the value of forty thousand pounds. Who could it be? Certainly not Von Diehling's lot, because they were already asking for the return of these notes as the price of Harry Leigh's freedom. Had they stolen them they would have taken some other sum or some other medium of payment. Now, the man who stole the notes from the safe must have had inside knowledge of their being placed there. It was therefore probably someone in Vaughan's employ, whom we will for the moment dismiss."

"But supposing he stole them for the very purpose indicated in Von Diehling's letter to Vaughan. He must have had an inside knowledge of that private sealed letter. Again suspicion points to someone in the house, someone in Vaughan's employ. But is there any person living, who would devote such a big sum of money to the purpose of gaining possession of any man? No; unless you can imagine that, still keeping him in his power he was worth more than the money he had paid to possess him."

"An impossible situation."

"So I thought, Baker, until to-day, when I learned three things. The first, that Justin Leigh's will has been found. I saw the old man's lawyers this morning, and they amazed me by saying the will had reached them from some anonymous person who had sent it to their offices through the post."

"And does the will reveal anything that would help forward your theory so far as you have explained it to me?"

"A great deal. You know Harry was not Mr. Leigh's son. By some means or other he succeeded in getting and keeping him away from his parents. I can only judge that his deep affection for the boy was the motive for such a monstrous act of cruelty. However, he strove to make reparation by leaving a huge sum of money to the father, one John Firth, who so far is unknown to us. But there is a possibility, a million to one possibility, that the man who temporarily stole Mr. Leigh's will also knows John Firth, and at the present moment has possession of Harry."

"This beats comprehension," Baker murmured. "How do you know the will was ever stolen?"

"I didn't learn of it until half an hour ago. Then, by interrogating Jevons—Justin Leigh's manservant, you know—I drew from him the fact of his having seen a document bearing the inscription,

'The last will and testament of Justin Leigh' on this very table only a few minutes before the old man committed suicide."

"And he has only now recollected it." "You see, he knew nothing, either about the will being lost, or its being so abruptly returned."

"The man who stole from the firm—Jevons left his room to tell you his master had taken poison and your coming in with Barton Daise?"

"That must have been so, because the will certainly wasn't there when I entered. There was nothing in the nature of a testamentary document except an unfinished draft codicil. Some man must have been watching Leigh when Jevons came in to announce us. He saw the poison taken, saw the old man fall down, and, catching sight of the will, doubtless thought it a good thing to possess. I see you are looking at a thumb-mark on the paint-work. I have already taken a photograph of it. If my case is without a flaw, the man who stole Vaughan's banknotes, the man who stole the will, and the man who took Harry Leigh out of Von Diehling's hands, and still holds him, in one and the same person, we shall find him in the big house at Flatney. I've only been waiting for you to join me. We are going to Flatney straight away."

Baker followed the young detective to the car waiting outside. For several hours they drove at a good rate through the lazily-sleeping countryside.

"We shall have the dusk down before we get there," Locke remarked, and quickened speed perceptibly. His words proved true—it was quite dark before the car glided up the smoothly-rolled drive. Locke jumped briskly out, and the clanging of the front-door bell reached eerily through the silent corridors.

"No one at home. The place is shut up," he said, after a while. "That's more than disappointing, because here I expected to lift the curtain on a most distressing and perplexing affair."

Baker's eyes and ears were everywhere.

"Don't you think you might have a look inside? You must remember this is Vaughan's place, and Vaughan, for all his speciousness, is occupying it on money dishonestly obtained."

"I know. But it's a bit risky breaking into another man's house, unless we've good cause for making the intrusion."

Baker himself reached out to pull the bell, and in doing so dropped his glove. For a moment he fumbled about in the darkness, and, unable to locate it, switched on an electric torch.

A cry burst from him. He made a swift grab at Ferrers Locke's arm, and directed the pencil of light on the stone that ran beneath the floor.

"There's your excuse!" he cried. "Blood! Red blood! Come in—there is something here that demands our immediate attention!"

Locke bent down, and with the tip of his little finger touched the ghastly stain. "Yes, blood, right enough, but cold and congealed. Hours have passed since this ran under the door. If murder has been done, we needn't look for the assassin here!"

He stepped down, and, taking the torch from Baker's hand, ran its searching rays along the ground-floor windows. The one through which Demottsen had fired was still latched. Locke prised it with his knife, and motioning to Baker, they both entered. An awesome stillness hung over the great house, yet there was nothing else to tell of tragedy. They passed from one magnificently furnished room to another, until they came to a spacious wood-paneled vestibule.

At the foot of the grand staircase Locke

turned and directed the pencil of light down the hall. Against the door, huddled on the marble flags, was the figure of a man. His glaze eyes stared at them from out their shadowy sockets; against the cold moisture of death the black hair had clung, a blue hole, rimmed with red, yawned. And across one sunken cheek a red stream had run to the stone floor. It was difficult for a few moments to recognise in the death-mask the once handsome face of Adrian Vaughan.

Locke picked up the limp right hand. It fell from his, nervlessly, and without life.

"Dead—stone dead!" he said; and in the presence of death, the great leveler, all the enmity between them vanished for ever.

"Suicide or murder?" asked Baker mechanically.

"Looks like suicide!"

Locke rose, and pointed to a trail of blood wound along the hall to the open door of the library.

"Find the telephone, and ring up the police. Let's see. Bedford would be the nearest town."

He went into the library, and switched on the electric lights. The red trail ran to the foot of a chair placed near the table. Close by, on the rug, a small pistol lay.

Mechanically the detective fell to reconstructing the crime—a self-inflicted shot—round while Vaughan sat at the table, the falling of the weapon from his grasp as he lapsed into unconsciousness. A temporary recovery, during which he had struggled into the hall, where death had at last overtaken him.

On the table, close to the chair, was a silver pocket pencil.

"Poor fellow, he was about to write something, apparently, but changed his mind," Locke reflected, and made a cursory examination of the room, which, however, threw no fresh light on the occurrence. Just what had happened was so obvious—the shuttered windows, the door locked on the inside—but afterwards opened, as Vaughan, in an agony of pain and mind, struggled into the hall—pointed to a most determined act of self-destruction.

In the whole house there was nothing else that called for investigation except the burgled safe—clearly the work of an expert. Baker joined the great detective just as his scrutiny of the pierced steel door was done.

"Everything fits in with my theory except for one fact," Locke said thoughtfully.

"And that?"

"A total absence of motive. Apparently, the act was carefully planned—all the servants dismissed at a moment's notice, witness the state of the kitchens and the upstairs bed-rooms.

Locked in the house alone, there was no hindrance to the poor fellow taking his life. Yet why should he have done so? He had called a truce with me—temporarily, it is true. The shadow of Marconnon's death no longer hung over him. Apparently, too, he was in fairly affluent circumstances, to judge by the contents of the place. Then why take his own life? We must find an answer, Baker, before we dare safely assume the correctness of such a thing."

They were back in the hall now, waiting for the coming of the police. The electric hand torch flashed from point to point, leaving the dead body of Vaughan in shadow and coming to rest on the white-painted library door. A tense silence fell on both men; they stood for an instant staring in deep amazement at a small red finger-point curiously distinct an inch or two below the antique escutcheon.

Locke drew close and examined the maze of spirals and whorls through a powerful glass.

"Is it his?" he asked, nodding towards the corpse. Baker ran to the library and brought back a little soot and a sheet of clean white paper. The soot he spread over the ball of the dead man's thumbs, which he pressed on to the paper. Side by side the thumb-prints were held, and under the glass they showed startling dissimilarities.

"We can start by using a new case as a thumb-mark," cried Locke. "The thumb-mark on the door is in blood. Adrian Vaughan was murdered!"

"Wait a moment; I've seen that mark before!" said Baker. "I recognise the cut across the centre whorl."

"The mark of the hand discovered on the French window of Justin Leigh's house!"

"You have the photograph?"

Baker drew the print from his pocket, and the fatal examination was made.

"The man who stole Mr. Leigh's will had a hand in Vaughan's death. Ah! Here is something else!"

He flashed the light into the keyhole.

On the end of the key bright marks showed against the duller metal.

"This key was turned from the outside by a pair of forceps. See, Baker, where the sharp edges of the instrument have scratched the escutcheon. After this, the library—in fact, the whole place and the whole case, waxes closer attention."

To Baker fell the great discovery. From beneath an antique dresser the white edge of a slip of paper peeped. He drew it up and laid it on the table. There were smears upon it, and a sticky covering of dust, but through the grime the ill-scratched faint-pencilled words were quite legible:

"Dr. Demottsen shot me, and—"

A sigh of relief broke in Ferrers Locke's throat.

"We have been long in forging the links, Baker. The task of joining the chain can be started on now." Demottsen is the hub of the mystery. It was he—apparently Vaughan's right-hand man—who opened and resealed Von Driehling's letter, who burgled the safe upstairs, and himself ransomed Harry Leigh. It is he who holds Harry now, who stole Justin Leigh's will, and who made an end of his master."

(To be continued.)

POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 5.—MONTY LOWTHER.



THE HUMORIST OF THE SHELL.

Montague Lowther, to give him his full name, which is seldom seen, is not at all like his other two chums, except in the qualities one expects in any decent fellow. He is not an athletic chap like Tom Merry, though this does not mean that he is not one at all. Neither is he studious like Harry Manners. But he has something which, in his own opinion, is equally good—that is, wit and humour.

But difference of character is no bar to friendship. A more thoroughly united Co. than the Terrible Three is would be hard to find anywhere. And through many difficulties have these fellows gone, to come out at the end smiling, unscarred, and victorious.

There have been times when Monty has given his schoolfellows some astonishing surprises. At one memorable time he was badly stage-struck, and ran away to join a travelling theatrical company. Once he played the "giddy goat" in the betting line. Levison had gone of those "silly things" that give away. Lowther, at the time, had had his money stopped, and was short of cash, and was lured by his crafty enemy to do a thing which, in his right senses, he would have scorned absolutely. In a fit of temper he said silly things to his chums about "good little Georges," and promptly quarrelled with them. Levison, ever on the look-out for a chum up with the outcast. There was successful for a time in leading Monty astray, until it was brought home to Monty, in a way which is still remembered, the foolishness of his actions and the treachery of his false friend; then Levison suffered for his sins, and the Co. was re-united.

A humorist Lowther has made a great name for himself, though Manners has little name of the humorist of the peculiar character of the humorist of St. Jim's.

In the next of the St. Jim's series we will deal with the third of the Terrible Three, and place him by Lowther for you to see the striking contrast between the two chums.

Here is Monty's signature:

M. Lowther.

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FOR NEXT FRIDAY:

"DICKY NUGENT'S CHALLENGE!" By Frank Richards.

That is the title of the first grand long story in our next issue, and concerns Harry Wharton & Co., and Dicky Nugent of Greyfriars. Dicky upsets Mr. Quetch in more ways than one, and is taken to the Head, who decides that, as punishment, Dicky shall be sent home for a few days. Thereupon, the cheerful fag declares that he simply won't stop away, and suffers the derision of the chains of the Remove until he issues a challenge.

The story is one which will greatly appeal to you all, for Dicky is always very popular.

The second long complete story is of Jimmy Silver & Co., and is entitled:

"CARTHEW'S CHANCE!" By Owen Conquest.

Lovers of the Jimmy Silver stories will be pleased to know that this is one of the best which our friend, Mr. Owen Conquest has ever written. It is, as usual, full of fun and adventure.

Then there will be another grand four-page supplement—

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY,"

with contributions from Rookwood, St. Jim's, and Greyfriars.

Like our famous companion paper, the

"Magnet" Library, the supplement in this paper is extremely popular with all my chums. Readers have written to say they are glad the serials have finished—others write and say they are sorry the serials are gone—but they want "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

Of course, you can't have both. Perhaps we shall have serials again one of these days. At any rate, I have secured a rattling fine serial yarn to follow the adventures of Ferrers Locke.

I shall have more to say about that later on, but at present will just tell you that it is a story of school and adventures in film-land.

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 5.

Here are the twelve examples for this competition:

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Extremely Popular | Towser's Gentle Bite. |
| When— | The Head Frowns. |
| Hoskin's Top Note. | An Unlocked Cup-board. |
| His Form's Honour. | Bunter's Taking Ways. |
| Skimmer's Caddish Tricks. | Monty Lowther's Puns. |
| Gussy's Purple Socks. | Out of Bounds. |
| When D'Arcy Sings. | |

Now, read the rules carefully and get to work. TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH ARE OFFERED for the ten best sentences. Yours may be the best—you never know.

1. All "Poptets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poptets" can be sent in by one reader each week.

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poptets," No. 5, "The Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

3. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with "Poptets."

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 exerted by a competent staff of judges PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD, and that it is received on or before the date of closing.

Now that you fully understand the rules we will talk about the prizes and competition. Select two of the foregoing examples, and make up sentences of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE word must commence with ONE letter contained in the example. Thus:

Example: Billy Bunter's appetite.

Poptet: Leads him To steal, or, Accounts for food shortage.

All entries must reach me on or before MARCH 10th, 1921.

JUST A HINT!

This week's "Magnet" story is entitled, "THIN BUNTER" and is Mr. Richard's best yarn. 'Nuff said!

Your Editor

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THE POPULAR.—No. 111.

ON THE ROOF!

By
TOM MERRY.

We four were sitting in our study. There were Lowther, Manners, Blake, and myself.

It had been pouring the night before, and the turf was like a quagmire. Footie was distinctly off, though the pitch might have been all right for water-polo.

Monty was reading, Manners was yawning, and Blake was asleep, with his enormous mouth wide open, although he was a visitor to the study.

I was making ink pellets, and taking pot-shots at the aforesaid mouth, but couldn't get the range properly.

Suddenly Manners had an idea.

"Look here, you chaps, there's nothing else to do! Let's rag Gore!"

Gore was a giddy ass whom Fate and our Housemaster had waded into the next study.

"Right first shot!" said Monty; and he added, with a brilliant inspiration: "Let's sandbag his chimney!"

We yelled approval of this smart suggestion.

One or two of our chaps had just recovered from flu, and the matron had ordered that fires should be made up in their studies. Gore was one of these luxurious boarders.

We all wanted to bag the chimney, but Monty was very decided on that point.

"I can't bag here, you chaps, the idea's mine, and I'm going to bring it off."

We got an old sack, and crept along to the end of the corridor, whence a trap led through to the roof.

When we were all up safely, the rest of us waited by the coping while Monty crawled along the leads to the chimney.

We were about eighty feet from the gable end. Monty was just speculating as to whether the best climber in the school could negotiate a swarm down the drain-pipe, when Manners remarked, grinning:

"Somebody's getting peevish!"

Somebody certainly seemed upset. Sounds of coughing came up to us, and we heard a window just beneath being thrown up.

We were almost choking with laughter, when suddenly a sound at our feet told us. Someone was coming up the ladder to the trapdoor!

We scuttled behind a chimney-stack. The trap opened, and a begrim'd figure burst through.

Then we did gasp with horror, for "someone" was—not the pale, bespectacled Gore, but Kildare!

Kildare, the captain of the school! Kildare, the chap whose thrashings put people off sitting down for a week afterwards. Monty must have lost his bearings somehow and got to the wrong chimney.

Monty simply fed, with his face, Kildare, almost beside himself with rage, gave chase; but as he was rounding a corner the prefect's foot slipped. He staggered a moment, and disappeared over the side of the roof.

There came a sudden crash, and then silence! We ran to the edge, but could hardly see up courage to look down. Hurrah! By a

miracle—Kildare had been saved from instant death. A part of the building ran out at right angles from where we were standing, and he had landed somehow on an ivy-clad buttress jutting out near one of its windows.

But, even so, there seemed very little chance of saving his life, for he was unconscious, and we could see that he was gradually slipping down over the strands of the ivy.

The window beside the buttress must have been about four feet away from his, and ten feet below where we were standing.

Monty turned on his heel, and took a few steps away. Then, before we could guess what the beggar was up to, he swung round, rushed past us, and jumped out towards the distant window.

Before we could get our breath back he had landed on the sill, and grasped the top of the window!

Just as he landed Kildare came to himself, and made a desperate clutch at the ivy above him.

It broke away in his grasp, and he rolled right over the edge. But even so he rolled Monty's long arm shot out, and pinned him for a moment to the buttress.

None of us could have begun to do what he did then. How he got Kildare through the window remains a puzzle; but the village blacksmith's muscles helped, of course.

It was done, anyway, and no sooner was it done than, overcome by his terrible ordeal, Lowther fainted clean away.

Nobody else ever knew the whole story of what had happened.

Kildare behaved like a brick. He kept the secret and withheld the asphalt.

THE END.



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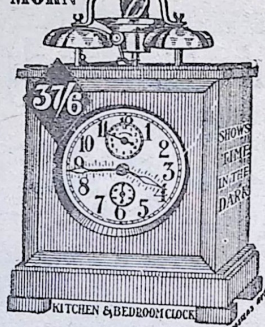
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