Splendid Story of Harry Wharton & Co. | Grand School Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. | "Billy Bunter's Weekly!" A Grand Supplement. | New "Poplets" Competition & "Popular Favourites."

ALL IN THIS ISSUE!

Week Ending—Mar. 12th, 1921.

New Series, No. 112.

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

Rookwood | St. Jims.

PRESS DAY IN THE EDITOR'S DEN!

(The Staff of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" preparing the Grand Supplement in this issue.)

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CELEBRATING THE SUCCESS OF "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!"

The Grand Supplement in this Issue.

A CLEAN SWEEP!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Tommy Dodd's Idea!

"I'VE got it!"

Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth grinned as he made that announcement.

And Cook and Doyle, his loyal chums, said simultaneously:

"Go it, Tommy!"

And the half-dozen other Modern juniors gathered in Tommy Dodd's study echoed:

"Go it!"

Thus encouraged, Tommy Dodd went it:

"You know those Classical duffers have got up a fatheaded dramatic society they call the 'Classical Players'—a rotten imitation of our Stage Society——"

"They started the Classical Players first," remarked Towle, rather unfortunately.

Tommy Dodd paused, to bestow a glare on Towle.

"You silly ass, Towle!"

"Well, they did, didn't they?" protested Towle.

"Order!"

"Dry up!"

"Oh, all right!" said Towle. "Only, I don't see how it was an imitation if they started first!"

"Towle had better go and join the Classical side," suggested Cook sarcastically.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Towle indignantly. "I was only pointing out——"

"I'll go on, if Towle doesn't mind shutting up before bed-time!" said Tommy Dodd, in a tone of patient politeness.

"Oh, rats!" grunted Towle. "I only said——"

"Order!"

"Cheese it!"

"Pile in, Tommy!"

Towle gave another grunt, and subsided into silence, and Tommy Dodd went on victoriously:

"The Classical Players is a rotten, spoofing, spurious imitation of the Modern Stage Society——"

"Hear, hear!"

"And it's no good——"

"Hear, hear!"

"And it's up to us to see that the Classical duffers don't make themselves and Rookwood ridiculous by playing the giddy ox in what they call amateur theatricals——"

"Oh!"

"Moreover, they mucked up our last play with their pea-shooters——"

"The rotters!"

"Jimmy Silver and his fatheaded pals came over in a gang and did it. Well, I've found that the Classical Pifflers are——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are getting up a new play, and they have their rehearsals in the box-room. According to what I hear, it's something quite new—a modern play, but on Shakespearian lines, and the silly chumps seem to think an awful lot of it——"

"Silly asses!"

"They lock themselves in the box-room for rehearsals, in case we should raid them and interrupt," continued Tommy Dodd. "I scouted round last evening, but there was no getting at them. But I've been thinking it over, and I've got it!"

"Go it, Tommy!"

"They've shoved all the boxes and trunks to one end of the room, to give 'em space for their fat-headed rehearsals. Well, all those boxes and trunks are empty, of course."

"Of course!" said Towle. "Boxes in the box-room generally are empty."

"Shut up, Towle!"

"On the ball, Tommy!"

Tommy Dodd gave the interrupter a withering look, and proceeded:

"My idea is to sneak along to the box-room on the Classical side, and take cover there some time before the rehearsal. Then they come in and rehearse the——"

"Can't take cover behind the boxes," said Towle. "They're not piled up; only shoved to one end of the room."

"Oh, sit on him, somebody!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "We're not going to ambush behind the boxes, ass; but in the boxes, fathead!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"That's the idea," said Tommy Dodd; "and with us in the boxes, the Classical asses can rehearse their giddy play that they're keeping so dark, and we shall hear every blessed word——"

"Hear, hear!"

"And then, when I whistle, we come out and mop them up!" said Tommy Dodd. "We'll make an example of the whole gang——"

"Bravo!"

"And Jimmy Silver can go home and hide his diminished napper. The Classical Pifflers have got to be sat on—heavy! We're the fellows to sit on them!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll take a rope along, and tie 'em all up in a row!" pursued Tommy Dodd. "We'll tie up their right legs, and make them hop out——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And if that don't make Jimmy Silver sing small nothing will. Now, they are meeting at seven, and it's half-past six now. You've got to wedge along to their old box-room one at a time without being seen."

"Easy enough if we can get there," said Towle. "What about the door in the passage leading to their side, though? It's kept locked."

"Fathead!"

"Well, I can't get through a keyhole, for one!"

"Do you think I hadn't thought of that, ass? Leggett's got a key to that door."

"Oh, good!"

"Jolly good wheeze, bedad!" said Tommy Doyle heartily. "It's a janius ye are, Tommy darling!"

"Bravo, Tommy!"

"Right-ho!" said Tommy, much gratified by this hearty approval from his loyal followers. "We shall make the Classical asses look small this time, and no mistake! I'll go first, and you come after me, one at a time, a few minutes after one another."

"Good egg!"

And Tommy Dodd quitted the study.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
The Rehearsal.

"TIME for the rehearsal!" remarked Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, as seven rang out from the clock-tower of Rookwood.

"Ready!" said Lovell and Raby and Newcome together.

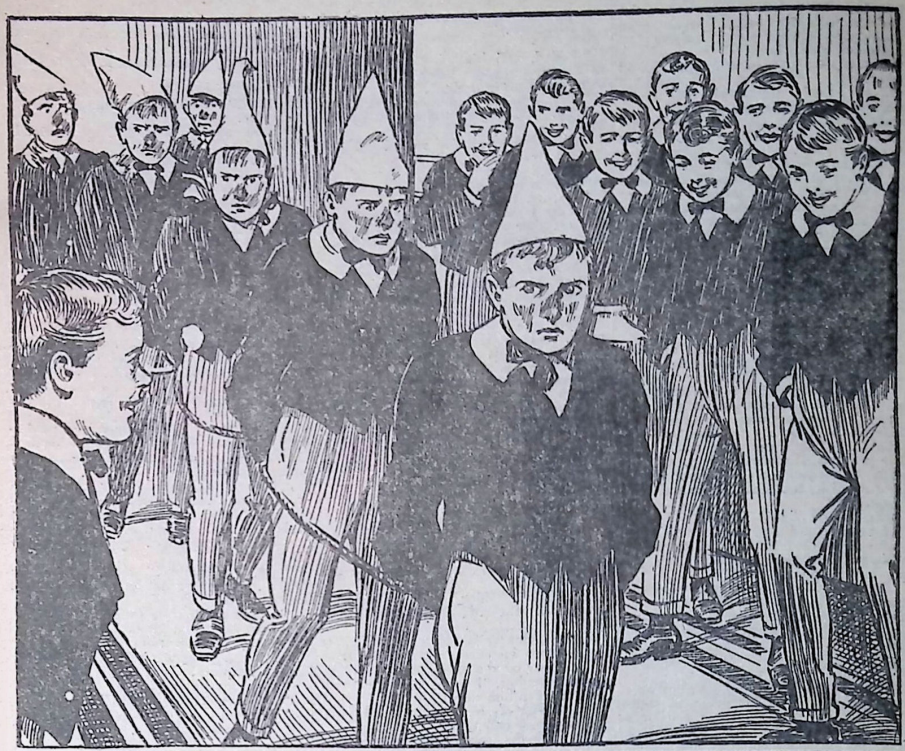
The chums of the end study were quite keen on the new play, which had been planned, written, re-written, and revised in the end study. It was a stunning play, as all the Classical Players were agreed. It was really Jimmy Silver's idea.

The Classical Players had done Shakespeare many a time and oft—in first-rate style, as they all agreed.

But they agreed, also, that something a bit more modern was wanted by way of a change, and Jimmy Silver had designed a drama on Shakespearian lines, dealing with modern events.

Hence the play, which was written upon the lines of "Julius Cæsar"—an old favourite with the Classical Players, and which they knew by heart.

The Classicals all agreed that the idea was a real "corker," and they were very careful to keep it to themselves. For their deadly rival, Tommy Dodd of the Modern side, would certainly have "lifted" that stunning idea, if he had had wind of it.



Jimmy Silver & Co. marched. Like a long serpent winding its length away, the file of Classicals "processed" out of the box-room and into the passage. A howl of laughter from the Moderns greeted them. (*See Chapter 3.*)

"I've been thinking," remarked Raby.

"Don't!" said Jimmy.

"But it's the First of April in a few days!"

"Never mind your birthday now, old scout!"

"You silly ass!" roared Raby. "It isn't my birthday."

"My mistake!" said Jimmy Silver blandly. "Judging by appearances, I——"

"Oh, ring off, you funny ass! I was thinking that we ought to take a rise out of the Modern cads on the First of April."

"So we ought," said Newcome. "We oughtn't to let that date pass without spoofing Tommy Dodd. And I've got an idea, too."

"You startling ideas?" said Jimmy Silver, in surprise.

"Fathead! I've got an idea for dishing those bounders on the First. What about getting them to a spoof footer match?" said Newcome. "If we could think of a way of fixing it up, and sending them somewhere to play footer with a team that doesn't exist!"

"How?"

Newcome sniffed.

"That's got to be thought out, of course. It would make a ripping wind-up of the footer season, if we could work it."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Might think over it," he agreed. "But never mind the First of April now. The rehearsal's the order of the day. Here's Oswald."

"Ready?" said Dick Oswald, looking into the study.

"You bet!"

"The other chaps are coming in," said Oswald.

"Right-ho!"

The Fistical Four followed Oswald to the box-room.

The gas was lighted there, and the blinds were drawn. Flynn and Conroy, Rawson and Pons and Van Ryn were already there. The boxes and trunks having been shifted to one end of the room, there was ample space for the rehearsals of the Classical Players—a study not being quite large enough.

Jimmy Silver turned the key in the lock after they had entered.

It was always necessary, on such occasions, to take precautions, in case of a raid by the rivals on the other side of Rookwood. The warfare between Classicals and Moderns seldom slept.

The box-room was empty when the Classical Players came in; at all events, it looked empty. But, as with the jam in the story, there was more in it than met the eye.

"Well, here we are!" said Rawson. "I say, Jimmy, the Modern cads have got on to it that there's something on. Tommy Dodd's awfully curious about it."

"He won't guess the idea in a month of Sundays," said Jimmy Silver. "'Tain't everybody who's got brains enough to think of a parody of Shakespeare. Tommy Dodd won't know anything about it till the play comes off in the Form-room. Hallo! Who's that sniggering?"

"Not a dress rehearsal this time?" asked Oswald.

"No; we haven't got the stuff ready yet. Next time. I hope you fellows have got your lines by heart?"

"Pretty fair, I think," said Conroy. "You haven't given me such a lot. This edition of 'Julius Cæsar' won't take more than a quarter the proper time."

"Well, we don't live in the spacious days of Queen Bess, as old William did. Life's short, you know, and fellows won't sit down to a play for more than an hour, if they can help it. 'Tain't like the Sixth Form play on Speech Day, when chaps have to stick it out, whether they like it or not. We give the whole bizney in half a dozen telling scenes. It's an improvement."

"I've no doubt Shakespeare would think so," grinned Oswald.

"Never mind Shakespeare now," said Jimmy Silver. "We can give Shakespeare a rest for a bit. I suppose you fellows know there's been a war?"

"I believe I've heard a rumour to that effect," said Conroy, with a thoughtful look. "Now, where did I hear that rumour?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be funny, Conroy. This isn't a time for jokes," said Jimmy Silver

Passing the Test!

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co's. Early Schooldays at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
His Lordship!

"PORTER!"

"Yessir!"

"Where is my carriage?"

"Eh, sir? Which?"

"My carriage, porter! I ordered my carriage to be here to take me to Greyfriars School."

"My only hat!" said Bob Cherry.

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars School, were standing just inside the station entrance at Friardale. Bob Cherry was inserting pennies into a slot-machine and extracting chocolates, and Harry Wharton was looking out into the old High Street of Friardale. The chums of the Remove were waiting for some other Greyfriars fellows who had come down to the village that afternoon.

A somewhat high-pitched, but not unpleasant voice became audible from the direction of the platform, and the mention of Greyfriars made the two juniors look round at once. It immediately struck them that the speaker was a new boy for Greyfriars.

A somewhat slim and handsome youth in Etons, with a very shiny silk hat, came towards them, with an obsequious porter in close attendance. The newcomer carried his head very high in the air, and seemed scarcely to regard the ground as he walked along; and Bob Cherry murmured to Harry Wharton that he thought it must be quite a long time since the chap had seen his own feet. To which remark Harry Wharton replied by a chuckle.

The youth carried a cane with a gold head, and he wore a gold chain, which probably had a gold watch at the end of it. His sleeve-links glittered with diamonds, and he had a diamond pin that was worth at least fifty pounds. He had pale blue eyes and light eyelashes, which gave him a peculiarly languid and bored-to-death expression. The high pitch of his voice, too, indicated that he considered it a troublesome effort to have to speak at all.

"Porter!"

He did not notice the Greyfriars fellows at first. He gave a glance out of the door of the station.

"Porter! Where's that porter? Where on earth can that exasperatin' porter have disappeared to? Porter! Porter!"

"'Ere I am, sir," said the porter, who was at the newcomer's elbow all the time.

"'Ere I am!"

"Oh, good! Quite so, porter. Where is my carriage?"

The Friardale porter scratched his head in a puzzled way. He had seen all sorts and conditions of boys arrive for Greyfriars, but he had never seen one quite like this. The new arrival was something quite new in his experience.

"The carriage, sir!" he repeated.

"Yes; where is it? What!"

"The keb is here, sir."

And the Friardale porter sleepily indicated the ancient hack outside the station, the vehicle which Harry Wharton & Co. intended to take to Greyfriars. The youth in Etons gave one glance at the hack, and sniffed.

"Do you really think I could ride in that thing?" he asked. "Oh dear! If my carriage is not here, I am really at a loss! What ever shall I do, porter?"

"I dunno, sir," said the Friardale porter. "S'pose you walked, sir?" he added, as if struck by a brilliant idea.

The youth seemed to gasp at the idea. His glance fell upon the two Greyfriars juniors, who were watching him with quiet grins, and he came over towards them, raising his silk hat in a really graceful way.

"Excuse me," he said, with a bow. "May I ask if you belong to Greyfriars College?"

Bob Cherry bowed in return with great solemnity.

"Certainly you may," he replied. "Ask away."

"Well?"

"Well!"

"Ahem! I don't think you quite understand me! I asked you if you belonged to Greyfriars College."

"No, you didn't," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "You asked if you might ask, and I said that you could."

Harry Wharton laughed. The stranger was looking very puzzled, not quite comprehending Bob Cherry's little pleasantry.

"We do belong to Greyfriars," said Harry. "You are for the school, I suppose?"

"Yes, certainly. I am going there. I am in a predicament—a really terrible predicament. Perhaps you could help me."

"Certainly!" said Harry.

"I ordered my carriage to be here to meet this train!" exclaimed the other. "It was to be sent here, you see. I foresaw that there would be some such wretched vehicle as that to convey passengers from the station to the school, and I ordered a coach and four to be sent here for me."

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton looked at him. They could not believe that he was speaking seriously, yet his manner was perfectly earnest. But a junior schoolboy who ordered a coach and four to be sent to convey him a quarter of an hour's ride, from a railway-station to a school, was something quite new.

"Coach and four!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes."

"Curious; we're in the same fix," said Bob Cherry, with great seriousness. "Only we're waiting here for a coach and twelve! Coaches and four are considered a little out of date in the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars, you know—a chap who drove less than twelve horses would hardly be spoken to."

"Dear me! Amazin'!"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh. Bob Cherry chuckled to himself. The newcomer looked at them both in a puzzled way, apparently not able at all to make them out.

"You haven't seen my carriage?" he asked.

Wharton shook his head

"No," said Bob Cherry. "But perhaps we might know it if you described it. Was it a pink one with yellow spots and crimson bars?"

"Dear me! Certainly not!"

"Then I haven't seen it," declared Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head.

"Shut up, Bob!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Look here, my friend," he went on, addressing the new boy, "don't pile it on too thick!"

"Eh?"

"Draw it mild!"

"I do not quite grasp your meanin'. Pray excuse me."

"Well, draw a line with your coaches and fours," explained Wharton. "We are more than six years old, you know; we don't believe in fairy tales."

"Dear me! I do not quite understand you! I am waiting for my carriage! This is very distressing. It is impossible to walk. How am I to reach Greyfriars?"

"We might join hands and carry you," suggested Bob Cherry. "I think I can see myself doing it, too."

"Oh, no; I couldn't trouble you in that way," said the other, with perfect seriousness. "It is very, very kind of you, but I really couldn't—excepting as a last resource, at all events."

They stared at him. Bob Cherry tapped his forehead significantly.

"Mad!" he murmured. "Fairly off his rocker!"

There was a rumble of wheels and a clatter of hoofs in the street. The newcomer turned quickly to the station door, and looked out, and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Very good! Here is my carriage!"

There was a voice outside the station.

"Lord Mauleverer's carriage! Yes, my lord! Here, my lord!"

Bob Cherry looked dazedly at Wharton.

"Then it's true!" he murmured. "He's got a coach, and he isn't mad."

"My hat!"

The two juniors followed his lordship into the street. They were too astounded to speak further. There was no doubt about it—the coach, with four splendid horses pawing the ground, stood there—waiting, and a liveried coachman was bowing most respectfully before the youth in Etons.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Something New in New Boys!

LORD MAULEVERER drew out a gold watch, of which the case sparkled and glittered with diamonds. He glanced at it, and then cast a severe glance at the coachman.

"Peters."

"Yes, my lord."

"You are two minutes and a half late."

"I'm sorry, my lord."

"Yes, Peters, I have no doubt that you are sorry, for it is a very serious matter. I have been kept waiting two and a half minutes, and was thrown into a great state of alarm. I feared that something might have gone wrong with the arrangement, and that I might have had to walk to Greyfriars."

"Oh, my lord——"

"I will excuse you, Peters, but you must never allow anything of this sort to happen again."

"No, my lord."

"Where have you been, Peters?"

"I baited the horses at the Railway Arms, my lord."

"And himself, too," murmured Bob Cherry.

"Very well, Peters, we will say no more about it," said Lord Mauleverer, with a wave of his gloved hand. "I will overlook it this time, but you must be more careful in the future—much more careful."

"Yes, my lord."

"Oh, my lord!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Never knew there were so many blessed lords outside the House of Lords. I say, Harry, this will be an acquisition for Greyfriars. I wonder what Form the image is going into?"

"Ask him."

"By Jove, so I will!"

Bob Cherry walked across the pavement to Lord Mauleverer.

"I think you said you were going to Greyfriars?" he remarked.

"Yes, certainly. What?"

"What Form are you going into?"

"The Lower Fourth, I understand," said Lord Mauleverer politely. "I think it is called something else at Greyfriars, but I don't remember."

"The Remove."

"Yes, quite so—that's it."

"My hat! We belong to the Remove, you see," Bob Cherry explained.

"Indeed! Then I am very pleased to meet you," said his lordship, holding out his hand. "My name's Mauleverer."

Bob was a little taken aback. He had expected plenty of swank from Lord Mauleverer, and the frank manner surprised him. But he grasped the hand, giving it a big grip, and leaving some very visible marks upon the lavender kid glove.

"My name's Cherry," he said—"Bob Cherry! This chap is Harry Wharton!"

"Glad to meet you," said Lord Mauleverer. "Perhaps I can give you a lift to Greyfriars."

Wharton and Bob Cherry exchanged glances. They had been going to hire the crazy old station hack home, and the difference between that and the handsome coach of Lord Mauleverer was tremendous. The softly-cushioned interior of his lordship's coach appealed very much to the dusty juniors.

"You're awfully good!" said Wharton. "But we're waiting for some fellows here."

"I can take them, too."

"There are four of them. Would you have room?"

"Oh, you can cram in, you know, if you don't mind," said Lord Mauleverer. "I am going outside, so it would only be six of you."

"It's jolly good of you!" said Bob Cherry. "Here come the chaps. Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Four juniors of the Greyfriars Remove were coming down the street. They were John Bull, Frank Nugent, Mark Linley, and Fisher T. Fish, the American. They stopped and stared at the elegant coach and the four handsome horses in blank astonishment.

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Pray allow me to present Johnny Bull, Fishy Fish, Franky Nugent, and Marky," he said. "Lord Mauleverer! Know one another!"

"My hat!"

"Pray accept a lift in my carriage to Greyfriars," said Lord Mauleverer. "I shall be most honoured. Peters, open the door."

"Yes, my lord."

The man stood with immovable face while the dusty juniors—dusty and tired from an afternoon's roaming in the woods and by the seashore—piled on to the coach.

"Quite comfy?" asked Lord Mauleverer, looking round at the juniors.

"Quite, thanks," said Harry Wharton. "But you——"

"Oh, I'm going to drive."

"What!"

"I'm going to drive!" explained his lordship.

"H'm!"

"Ahem!"

"Oh!"

His lordship did not seem to observe the dubious exclamations. He mounted to the coachman's seat and took the reins and the whip. The juniors on the coach looked at one another very doubtfully. Lord Mauleverer was certainly a very polite and good-natured fellow, but he did not strike them at all as being the kind of fellow to manage four horses.

His lordship looked down from his seat.

"Peters!"

"Yes, my lord?"

"You will get to Greyfriars somehow to take charge of the carriage after I have driven there."

"Yes, my lord."

Bob Cherry turned his head to look at Lord Mauleverer.

"I say, Mauleverer!" he exclaimed. "Hold on!"

Crack!

The horses started.

"My hat! Hold on! I say——"

But the coach and four were going! Bob Cherry made a comical grimace at his companions.

"It's neck or nothing now," he remarked. "We're in for it! I only hope he won't break all our necks!"

"My hat! I hope not!"

Wharton called out.

"Mauleverer," he exclaimed, "you've forgotten your box!"

The new junior laughed.

"My boxes are coming on," he replied. "I never travel with luggage. Peters, you will tip the porter. Give him a sovereign."

"Yes, my lord."

"A sovereign!" gasped John Bull. "My hat!"

Then the juniors were silent. The new boy surprised them more and more; but the carriage was now gathering such speed that the chief question that interested them was whether they would arrive at Greyfriars with broken bones or not.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Lord Mauleverer Arrives in Style.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had cause for alarm. Lord Mauleverer, when he was on the ground, seemed the quietest of fellows, and almost too tired to live. But on the driver's box he was a different person altogether. Jehu of old, who was known for his furious driving, would have looked upon Lord Mauleverer as a promising disciple if he had seen him handling the ribbons.

The coach-and-four dashed down the old High Street of Friardale. The street was old and crooked and bumpy, and not at all the place for such a race. But Lord Mauleverer, sitting bolt upright, reins in hand, did not seem to think of that at all. He was thinking only of getting as much speed out of the horses as possible.

The team dashed down the old street in fine style.

Police-constable Tozer jumped into the road as he saw the coach coming, his fat face purple with indignation.

He waved a fat hand in menace.

"Stop!" he shouted.

Lord Mauleverer did not even look at him. He drove right on, and Mr. Tozer jumped back to the path faster than he had left it.

"My heye!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

The next moment the coach-and-four had flashed past him.

Harry Wharton & Co. sat holding on. The vehicle bumped from side to side, and the horses' hoofs struck sparks from the stones in the road.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "This is ripping!"

"I guess it's a giddy circus," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Well, a chap can only die once," said Mark Linley, laughing. "That's one comfort."

Bump, bump!

Shouts rose on all sides as the team dashed on.

Such a sight was seldom, or, rather, never seen in the village of Friardale, and the villagers clustered to doors and windows at the clatter of hoofs. Boys shouted and waved their hands and caps, chickens and dogs flew out of the way with loud protests.

A wheel caught into a barrow, and hurled it flying, depositing its contents in the gutter, and the merchant to whom that barrow belonged stood in the middle of the street and looked after the flying coach and said things.

The juniors were soon enthusiastic. It was clear by this time that Lord Mauleverer could drive.

He was about as reckless as a driver could possibly be, but he knew how to handle his team, and he handled them wonderfully. He seemed to have a wrist of iron.

"Splendid!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Go it!"

"Pile it on, Mauly!"

"Put on the speed!"

"Hurrah!"

Crash! Crash!

A baker's cart went staggering, and crashed upon the pavement. There was a roar from the baker as his loaves were distributed in the road.

"Hurrah!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They were out of the village by now, and careering along the country road in the direction of Greyfriars. The horses were still gathering speed, and the pace by this time had become terrific.

"I guess this beats the deck!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"Hurrah!"

"Go it, Mauleverer!"

His lordship did not need bidding to "go it." He "went" it.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! Bump, bump!

Right up to the gates of Greyfriars and in at the broad drive the team went at the gallop, and Gosling, the school porter, jumped back, and staggered into the doorway of his lodge in amazement.

"The mad young ass!" gasped Bob Cherry. "He means to take us right up to the house like this. My hat! Here's the Head!"

The coach and four, careering up the drive, had drawn attention from all Greyfriars. There were crowds of fellows—seniors and juniors—in the Close, coming in from the playing-fields. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was chatting with Mr. Prout, of the Fifth, under the elms, and the Head was visible in the doorway of the School House. He was staring blankly at the oncoming team.

Shouts rose on all sides:

"Who is it?"

"What's the game?"

"There'll be an accident!"

"Ten to one they come a mucker!"

"Ten thousand to one, I think!" gasped Bob Cherry, clinging to the side of the coach. "Who'd have thought that sleepy young ass would wake up like this? My hat!"

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

With really wonderful skill Lord Mauleverer tooled the team to a halt just outside the School House, and the horses, snorting and foaming, stood covered with sweat.

His lordship jumped lightly down, and raised his silk hat to Dr. Locke.

The animation had died out of his face, and he was the calm, placid fellow again whom the juniors had met at the station. His bow to the Head was a model for a Chesterfield.

"Dr. Locke, I presume?" he said gracefully. "Pray allow me to introduce myself. My name is Mauleverer—Lord Mauleverer!"

Dr. Locke gasped.

"Lord Mauleverer!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir."

"What—what do you mean by arriving at Greyfriars in this fashion, Mauleverer?"

His lordship looked surprised.

"Anything wrong, sir?"

"Wrong!" exclaimed the Head warmly. "Do you think that is a proper style for a junior schoolboy to arrive—dashing up to the house in a coach and four? what do you mean by it, sir?"

"Sorry, sir; it's only my way," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm sure I didn't mean to do anythin' to displease you, sir. It's only my way."

"Then you will kindly discontinue ways of this sort while you are at Greyfriars," said the Head. "How does this coach come here at all?"

"I—I drove it, sir."

"Yes, yes! I mean, how did it come at Friardale? I am sure such a turn-out could not be hired in the village!"

"I had it sent on to meet me at the station, sir."

The doctor could hardly believe his ears. He stared hard at the new junior.

"You had it sent on!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, to meet me at the station."

"Is it possible that you have so much money to waste, Lord Mauleverer?"

"Oh, it didn't cost much, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer negligently. "Not more than twenty pounds altogether, probably. Peters knows."

"Dear me! And what is to become of it now?"

"Peters will take it away."

"Dear me! Then you had better ask Gosling to take charge of it until Peters arrives. You are a most extraordinary boy!"

"Yes, sir."

The Head re-entered the house. Gosling had followed the turn-out up to the house in great amazement. Harry Wharton & Co. had dismounted from the coach. The Greyfriars fellows were thronging round.

Lord Mauleverer seemed to be unconscious of having caused any undue excitement. He looked round in a languid way, and nodded to Gosling.

"Are you the porter here?" he asked.

"Which I ham!" said Gosling. "And wot I says is this 'ere—these 'ere goings hon is dangerous, I says."

"Take charge of my horses till my coachman arrives."

Gosling nearly collapsed. He had never received an order like that from a junior schoolboy before.

"Which?" he gasped.

"You heard what I said. Take charge of the coach and four, and deliver them to my man Peters when he comes," said Lord Mauleverer crisply. "Take this for your trouble."

He thrust something that crisped and rustled into the school-porter's hand. Gosling stared at it, and stared again, hardly able to credit his eyes. It was a banknote for five pounds.

"My—my—my heye!" gasped Gosling.

Lord Mauleverer turned away. Evidently he saw nothing unusual himself in his action. Gosling gasped and gasped. But he did not let go the banknote. After satisfying himself that it was a good one, he stowed it away into his pocket. Then he led the horses away, still in a state of great astonishment.

"My hat!" murmured Harry Wharton. "What sort of a fish have we caught this time? I've never seen a chap of fifteen handing out fivers like that before!"

"I guess not! He must be rolling in quids!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I suppose he's really a lord?"

"Oh, that's right enough!"

"I guess I like him," said Fisher T. Fish. "Something very nice about him. Don't you think so?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes, to an American—his title," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I'm going to improve his acquaintance," said Fisher T. Fish. "It will sound well in letters to home, and make them sit up in New York—some!"

During the next two days many other juniors tried to make friends with Lord Mauleverer. It became a pleasure to rest in his study—No. 15 in the Remove passage—for he furnished it in the most sumptuous manner.

In fact, the schoolboy earl's extravagance and complete disregard for the huge amount of money he spent got to the ears of the Head, who promptly wrote to Sir Harry Braithwayt, Mauleverer's uncle and guardian. Sir Harry's reply assured the Head of what he already knew—that Mauleverer, spendthrift though he was, was entirely unspoiled by the possession of so much wealth, and was really a most likeable and generous lad.

The letter also hinted at something else, and the Head waited for results.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
The Special.

"TELEGRAM for Mauly!" said Bob Cherry.

"Mauly! Mauly! Come hither!"

Lord Mauleverer came hither, with a grin. The telegraph messenger was waiting, with the telegram in his hand.

"For Lord Mauleverer, please," he said.

"Thank you, my lad!"

Lord Mauleverer opened the telegram. Billy Bunter hovered very near him. Bunter knew that money could be dispatched by telegraph, and that, to Bunter, was the only possible reason why anybody should send a telegram. If Lord Mauleverer was to receive a remittance from the post-office, Bunter meant to be on the scene.

But the expression upon the boy's face showed that it was not a communication of that sort. His handsome, kind face became suddenly startled and troubled, and his fingers closed more tightly upon the telegram.

"Bad news?" asked Wharton, with a concerned look.

It was only when they saw Lord Mauleverer looking troubled that the juniors realised how much they had come to like the good-natured new boy.

"I don't know," said Lord Mauleverer slowly. "This is from my uncle's lawyers, Messrs Have & Hookit. I'll read it to you fellows, and you can tell me what you think of it."

And Lord Mauleverer read out the telegram:

"'Lord Mauleverer, Greyfriars College.—Serious news re your financial position. Fear terrible losses. Your uncle absent. Please come at once. Very urgent!'"

The juniors looked grave enough.

Lord Mauleverer hardly seemed to realise the import of the message; but the juniors, as they listened, realised it clearly enough.

If the solicitors said so much, it was pretty certain that they meant more; and it looked as if the millionaire schoolboy was ruined.

Ruined!

That was the thought that came into most minds, and it had various effects upon the different fellows. Bolsover laughed. Snoop sneered. But most of the fellows looked serious and sympathetic. Those who had chummed up most with Lord Mauleverer realised that it was a time to show that it was not his money that had attracted them to him. Wharton touched him on the shoulder.

"Buck up, old chap!" he said. "It mayn't be as bad as it sounds. I don't see how all your money could have gone, either!"

"Half a million a year. It would take a long time to blow the capital, I should think," John Bull remarked.

"Yes, rather!"

"But you must go at once, as the lawyer says," said Harry Wharton.

(Continued on page 9.)

SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER!

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.

My Deer Reeders,—Befour I say any more let me wish you all, from my hart, a happy Easter and a brite New Yeer!

The holliday spirrit is everywhere. (Even Gosling, the porter, has smuggelled a bottle of jinn into his lodge!)

At the time of writing Greyfriars is braking up. Toddy is packing his trunx, and Tom Dutton and Alonzo are giving him a helping hand. The Close is krowded with fellocs and there luggidge, waiting to be taken away in cabs and taxes.

Hollidays are grate okkashuns. Their's no dout about that. The only drorback is that, like Oliver Twissed, we don't get enuff. A summer vac, an Easter vac, a Krissmuss vac—that's all. And for the rest of the yeer we have to stew in the Form-room at Greyfriars.

I have allways been a firm beleever in the macksim that "all wurk and no play makes Jack a dull boy." We want more hollidays! If I had my own way, their would be a three-weeks' vacation in evvery munth. And by using my inflewense as the edditer of this 'Weekly,' I hope soon to bring about this much-needed reform. As a well-known poet has eggspressed it:

"Skoolboys nevver shall be slaves,
And they should have hollidays so long
as they behaves!"

Well, deer reeders, larst week I prommist you a feest of good things, and a Bunter allways keeps his prommises. Kompare this issew with the currant number of the "Greyfriar Herald," and you will say, "Wharton's rag isn't in it! Billy Bunter has the pull evvery time!"

Of corse, it's only natcheral that I should skore over Wharton, bekawse I have the pick of the best orthers and artists, whereas he has nuthing but roar tallent to choose from.

Although me and my staff will be on hollIday for the neckst week or two, "Billy Bunter's Weekly" will be published as usual. I have maid arranjements with Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble and Tubby Muffin to send there kontribushuns to me, and after korrecting there speling errors I shall send there mannuscripts to the printers.

I trussed, deer reeders, that you will enjoy yoreselves to the fool this hollIday-time. But don't forget to plaice a regglar order with yore noose agent for my poplar "Weekly," or yore hollIday will be like a Krissmuss pooding without the plums!

I karn't stop to tell you about it now. I must see about packing my portmanter!

Yore Edditer and Chum,

Yore Edditer

HOW TO BE HAPPY ON HOLIDAY!

By FATTY WYNN.

How many fellows know how to make the most of a holiday? Precious few! We are told that "one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name," but how many of us experience that crowded hour?

When the last vacation finished, and the school re-assembled, I said to several fellows on the railway platform: "What sort of a time have you had?" Some said, "Not bad," the majority said, "Rotten!"

Why? Simply because they hadn't studied the art of getting the maximum of pleasure out of a holiday.

One of the most important things in connection with a holiday is packing. Always get your packing done at least two days before the actual day of breaking-up, or you will find yourself in the cart!

There's a fellow called French in the New House. When the last vac. arrived, he left his packing till the last minute, and then he found that he had nothing to pack! All his belongings had either been "borrowed," or taken by mistake! He spent the whole day chasing round for them, and in the end he lost his train—and his temper. He had to spend the night at St. Jim's, and proceed home next day.

Another very important thing is to choose the right sort of place to go to for your holiday. We will suppose that you've had six invitations from six separate aunts. Always choose the one who keeps the best-stocked larder! Don't go to an aunt who suffers from chronic indigestion, and lives on dry toast and hot water. If you do, you'll have a jolly thin time!

But it isn't always the places with the well-stocked larders that prove the best investments. I remember staying with my Aunt Rebecca a few months back. When I arrived at her house, she greeted me effusively, and said, "I'm so glad you've come, my dear boy! You will be such a help to me during the vacation! I can't get any manual labour, and I want a chicken-house constructed, and my garden thoroughly overhauled. I also want the parlour whitewashed."

For three weeks I had to slave like a nigger. "Had a good time, Fatty?" asked Figgins, on my return to St. Jim's. "A good time!" I repeated scornfully. "Why, I've just completed three weeks' hard labour!"

During a holiday, one should do no manner of work. Eat, drink, sleep, and be merry—that's the golden rule for a holiday. And if any of your relations suggest that you should build chicken-houses, or weed gardens, or whitewash parlours, be careful to give them a wide berth in future!

Some fellows believe in what they call a "sporting" holiday. They get up about five in the morning and go fishing. Then they do a course of physical jerks before brekker. Later in the morning they do a twenty-mile bike ride. In the afternoon they play footer. In the evening they go to a dance. And when the time comes to go back to school they feel thoroughly fagged out, and in need of a holiday.

"Of course, it's impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rules on the subject of holiday-making, but here is an excellent time-table:

10 a.m.—Get up.
10.30 a.m.—Brekker.
11 a.m. to 1 p.m.—Have a nap.
1 p.m.—Dinner.
1.30 p.m. to 4 p.m.—Have another nap.
4 p.m.—Tea.
4.30 p.m. to 8 p.m.—Take a little exercise in the form of draughts or dominoes.
8 p.m.—Supper. After which, take another nap in front of the fire, and turn in at ten o'clock.

Follow out this programme, and you will have solved the problem of how to be happy on holiday!

HOLIDAY GOSSIP!

By BILLY BUNTER.

I feel so ellated this week, deer reeders, that I reelly must berst into rime! What do you think of this klevver little kupplet?

"Hoorah, hoorah, for the Easter vac!
The fello who invented holidays desserves
a patt on the back!"

Bob Cherry deklares that the larst line is several yards too long. But what does the Fiting Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald" no about poertory?

* * *

Harry Wharton is spending the vac. at Wharton Lodge. He is taking the other members of the Famous Five, together with Jack Drake and Dennis Carr. He pleeded on bended neeze for me to come, too, saying that I would be the life and sole of the party; but, of corse, I lortilly deklined the invitashun.

* * *

Mr. Quelch is spending the holiday on the golf-linx. He intends to have a corse of tooition at the hands of the well-known perfessional, Tom Niblick.

* * *

Mr. Prout is going to shoot rabbitts and dux and fezzants. I eggspeckt he will mannidge to dispatch a few game-keepers into the bargin!

* * *

Coker of the Vth is going up to Skottland on his moter-bike. By the time he reeches his destinashun you won't be able to tell wich is Coker and wich are the spare parts!

* * *

I arsked Hurree Singh what he was going to do, and he said he was going to pay a flying vizzit to India by airoplane. "Well," I replide, "there's nuthing to India from doing that!" And everyboddy larfed at my klevver joak!"

Ode to the Holidays!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

Tho holidays are hear (here, here!),
The hollidays are hear!
The hollidays, the jolly days,
Are droring very neer!

So pack yore trubbles in yore trunk,
Or in yore old portmanto,
And then depart, kwite lite of hart—
(Ain't this a ripping canto?).

Good-bye to joggraphy and Greek!
Good-bye to moldy Lattin!
Three weeks of plezzure, fun and lezzure,
To flurrish and get fat in!

At Trimble Hall, I shall not feel
A skarecrow and skraggy;
The butler he will say to me:
"More pooding, Master Baggy?"

Yes, I shall have a topping time
At our ansestral manshun;
And soon my figger will be bigger—
You'll notiss an expanshun!

I sha'n't invite that glutton Wynn,
I sha'n't invite George Figgins;
They'll have to go to town, you no,
And stay in dreery diggin's.

Nor shall I take that bounder Blake,
Nor heed each plea of Merry's;
I sha'n't take Gussy, weerd and fussy,
Nor shall I humour Herries.

They larf at me, they chaff at me,
They say that no such plaice
As Trimble Hall eggsists at all—
I think it's a disgrace!

But still, I'm not the sort of chap
To worry, or bare mallis;
For soon I'll be devouring tea
In state, at Trimble Pallis!

The holidays are hear (here, here!),
And you can here they're hear!
Their's such a row in progress now
That I must stopp. I feer!

The Song of Bunter!

By BOB CHERRY.

This is a little thing, but it shows you what Bunter is! We had a Form concert, and we let him sing; it was not a first-rate function, you know. (You no jolly well it was, otherwise I wouldn't have sung.—Ed.)

He said he had written the words himself, but someone in the audience was sure the first verse belonged to a well-known music-hall ditty about "Some night, some waltz, some girl." The chorus was Bunter's own, though—must have been! For it ran like this:

"I had some tarts, some buns,
Some really lovely cake;
Four jars of jam and a fowl—
Not to mention eclairs and apples and pears!
I had some 'pops,' some chops,
Two big helpings of steak.
Life's one desire is to eat once again
Some tarts, some buns, some cake!"

So it is! Bunter's life's desire, I mean. (Well, what of it?—Ed.)

He got another apple or two—rotten ones—and there has been a distinct whiff of eggo antiquo about him ever since. (No, there hasn't been, Cherry, you rotter! You know as well as I do that the fellows gave me such an applause that I had to come on several times before they were satisfied. And if it wasn't for the scarcity of contributions, this wouldn't have got a look in at all.—Ed.)

: THE JOYS OF : BUNTER COURT!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

People allways larf when I beginn to tork about Bunter Court. They think it's a back-alley in the slumms of London. But that only shows there iggnerence.

As a matter of fackt, Bunter Court is a maggnifficent and stately manshun, sitting in its own grounds. It lies in the hart of Devvonshire, and the Rivver Thames washes its walls. If you want an erly mourning dip, it's only nessessary to dive from yore bed-room windo!

When was Bunter Court bilt? Ah, that I karnt say with sertainty. My pater says it was ereckted in the time of the Drooids, but personally, I beleeve Noer maid it at the same time as he bilt the Arc. I no it daits back for menny jennyrashuns, bekawse a lot of the aneshunt kings and kweens and proffits have karved there inishuls with a pennife on sum of the fernicher. For instanse, on a peace of the droring-room sweet you will obbserve the inishuls "O. K. B." I have allways manetained that that stands for Oz, the King of Basin. But Billy deklares that the letters were karved by one of our ansestors—Sir O. K. Bunter.

Bunter Court is now the rezzidence of the lord of the manna—that's my pater. He has to kolleckt the rent from the people who live in the vissinity; and when he makes a rich hawl he allways sends me and Billy an eggstra supply of pockitt munney.

Of corse, it costs a good deel to keep up a house like ours. Bunter Court has twelve reseption-rooms, six dining-rooms, a droring-room, a libery, twenty bed-rooms, and umpteen pantries and larders.

It was wunce sujjested to my pater that he should have a barf-room installed; but the mere menshun of a barf makes my blud run cold!

My pater has to keep a big staff of servants. Their are five fat kooks, and no end of howse-parlermades and mades-of-all-wurk. Their is also a butler and a footman and a page-boy.

Our gests are always entertained on a very lavvish scale. Tork about a feed at the Ritz or the Savoy! It duzzent kompare with a tarbly-dote dinner at Bunter Court. And down in the seller their are all sorts of whines (bekawse the doggs are kept their).

I don't no what my bruther Billy intends to do this Easter. But me and my sister Bessie are going home, and the powdered flunkies will fairly forn on us when we arive. It will be "Yes, Master Samuel," and "Sertingly, Master Samuel," and "What can I do for you, Master Samuel?"

Don't you feel envyus, deer reeders? Duzzent the mere menshun of Bunter Court make yore mowths water?

I only wish I could invite you all to Bunter Court, so that you could have the finest hollerday you've ever spent. But I'm afraide it karn't be dun!

THE END.

The Humours of Nursing!

By MARIE RIVERS
(The School Nurse).

Now that the holiday season has arrived, I shall enjoy a much-needed "breather."

A good many people seem to think that my job is an easy one. Only the other day I heard D'Arcy minor remark:

"Wish I was Miss Marie, and had nothing to do except sit in the sanny and knit!"

If Master D'Arcy were in my shoes he would find precious little time for knitting. Every day I am besieged by boys who are suffering from all sorts of ailment—real and imaginary.

The day before St. Jim's broke up for the Easter vacation, I had no less than thirty patients to deal with. I have neither the time nor space to tell you what was the matter with them all; but I will summarise a few of the cases, and show you how I treated them.

BAGLEY TRIMBLE.—Said he was suffering from acute internal pains. I questioned him on the subject of his last meal, and it transpired that he had eaten a whole rabbit-pie at one sitting. Gave him a stiff dose of physic, and dismissed him. Hollow groans were heard as he rolled down the stairs.

LEVISON MINOR.—Came to me rubbing his eyes and yawning, and declaring that he had developed the new sleeping sickness. I took his temperature, and he fell asleep while I did so. His pulse was normal, likewise his temperature, and I began to have my suspicions. Then Kildare of the Sixth came into my dispensing-room. "Good-morning, Miss Marie," he said. "Have you seen young Levison? Why, he's here! The young pirate has lifted a plum-cake from my study, and he evidently dodged up here to get out of my way!"

I left Levison minor to the tender mercies of Kildare!

GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY.—Declared he was suffering from an attack of brain-fever. I told him that it was impossible to develop brain-fever unless one had brains. He went off in a terrible huff!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.—Complained of a sore throat. Gave him some lozenges, and warned him to sing no more tenor solos.

DAVID WYNN.—Came to me in great distress, and said that he was wasting away to a shadow. "Is it consumption, Miss Marie?" he asked. "No," I replied. "It is the result of consumption! You eat far more than is good for you. If you really feel as bad as you say, you will have to stay in the sunny during the vacation."

"Fatty" speedily recovered.

JACK BLAKE.—Injured his ankle during a football match. I smothered him with surgical bandages, and sent him about his business.

FIFTEEN FAGS.—All suffering with chronic coughs and colds. Saturated them with quinine, and with sound advice.

And yet they say that the school nurse has an easy time.

Thank goodness the holidays are here!

A HOLIDAY HOAX!

By S. Q. I. FIELD. ("Squiff".)

We were sitting round the fire in the Rag discussing the Easter vacation, and what we were going to do with ourselves, when Billy Bunter rolled in.

Billy looked as merry as Old King Cole. But instead of calling for his pipe and his bowl and his fiddlers three, he called for a pen, some ink, and a sheet of notepaper. He also asked if anybody had a twopenny stamp to give away.

"Writing home, porpoise?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No. I want to reply to an advertisement."

"Oh!"

We saw that Billy Bunter was clutching a copy of "The Chimes" in his hand. He had evidently "lifted" it from Quelchy's study, for newspapers are taboo in the Remove.

"Is it a weight-reducing advertisement, Bunty?" inquired Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent, why should a slim fellow like me want to reduce his weight? It's a paragraph in the personal column that I'm interested in. I'll show it to you if you like."

Billy Bunter handed over the paper, and we noticed that he had marked a certain paragraph. It ran as follows:

"GENTLEMAN OF MEANS is willing to receive a public schoolboy as a non-paying guest for the Easter vacation. Applicant must be bright and intelligent; good manners and bearing essential. Advertiser has large house standing in its own grounds, and his guest will receive every comfort and consideration. Sumptuous meals provided four times daily. Apply by letter to 'Benevolent,' Box Z 1234, 'Chimes' Office."

"Queer sort of advertisement, that!" remarked Johnny Bull. "Wonder who 'Benevolent' is?"

"Some merchant with more money than sense!" said Tom Brown. "Fancy taking a fellow in as a non-paying guest for the whole of the vac!"

"Trust Bunter to be on this," said Dennis Carr. "He never misses a chance of getting something for nothing."

"But it's not a bit of use for Bunter to apply," said Vernon-Smith. "He doesn't fulfil any of the conditions. He isn't bright, he isn't intelligent, he hasn't good manners, and he hasn't good bearing."

"Smithy, you rotter——"

"It's not worth while wasting a stamp on a stunt like this," said Wharton.

But Billy Bunter didn't seem to think so. He was very much smitten with the princely offer made by the benevolent gentleman, and he was particularly struck with the phrase: "Sumptuous meals provided four times daily."

Bunter had originally planned to go home for the vac. But he wasn't at all keen on it. He talks a lot of twaddle about the glory and grandeur of Bunter Court; but, of course, there's no such place. The Bunters live, I believe, in quite an ordinary house, and Billy's pater doesn't believe in providing sumptuous meals. Perhaps he can't afford it. Anyway, the meals he gives to his guests aren't substantial enough for a sparrow to thrive on.

Billy Bunter was perfectly aware of this, and nothing would suit him better than to give his people a miss, and go to some ancestral mansion where he could eat, drink, and be merry.

After a great deal of pleading, the fat junior managed to borrow some stationery and a stamp, and then he replied to the advertisement.

We didn't see the letter that Bunter wrote, but we could guess that the handwriting and the spelling were works of art. Billy has his own peculiar views on spelling, as readers of his "Weekly" will have noticed.

Well, the letter was duly posted, and during the next two days Billy Bunter was on tiptoe with expectation.

Bob Cherry declared that Billy would receive no reply from "Benevolent," and we were inclined to agree with him.

But we were wrong.

On the morning of breaking-up, the postman brought Billy Bunter a letter.

The envelope was typewritten, as was the document inside.

"Any luck, Bunty?" asked Bolsover major, with a grin.

"Yes, rather! I've been accepted as a non-paying guest!"

"My hat!"

"I knew the old gent would turn up trumps!" said Bunter, whose fat face was beaming like a full moon. "Listen to what he says:

"'Benevolent' has carefully considered Master Bunter's application, and he will be delighted to receive him as a non-paying guest for the Easter vacation. He will meet Master Bunter in the booking-hall at Charing Cross Station on Thursday afternoon, and will escort him to his delightful country residence.

"N.B.—Master Bunter should travel by the train leaving Friardale at midday."

"Master Bunter seems to be in clover!" said Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"I shall have a high old time!" he said. "I shall make you fellows green with envy! You won't have nearly such a good time at Wharton Lodge as I shall have at this gent's house."

"Rats!"

"Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and plenty of fun—and it won't cost me a penny!" Bunter went on. "Hallo, Sammy! What do you want?"

Bunter minor had just come on the scene.

Bunter waved his hand as the station hack drove out of the gates.

"I say, Billy," he said, "what's this about your going to a country house as a non-paying guest?"

"It's quite right," said Billy. "I'm going to have the time of my life!"

"You—you're not coming home?" gasped Sammy.

"No jolly fear!"

"Why not? There'll be heaps of grub."

"Not after you and Bessie have pitched into it!"

"Well, if you're not coming home," said Sammy, "I'll come with you to this country mansion."

Billy glared at his minor.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" he said. "The invitation applies to me only. You can keep off the grass!"

Sammy Bunter looked very doleful. He would have given anything to have been able to accompany his major, and it exasperated him to think that he would have a thin time at home, while Billy was in a land flowing with milk and honey.

Billy Bunter rolled away to the Remove dorm. to change into his Sunday best. When we saw him again we were staggered at his appearance. The creases in his "bags" were perfect; he sported a pair of silk spats, and a shining silk topper was perched on his head. In his buttonhole was a brilliant carnation.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as Billy Bunter rolled into view. "Now we're off!"

"Half a jiffy!" interposed Tom Brown. "That's my necktie you're wearing, Bunter!"

"And that's my silver-mounted cane!" yelled Bulstrode.

"And those are my spats, begad!" drawled Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter did not wait to restore the "borrowed" property to its rightful owners. He threw his suit-case into the station hack, which was waiting in the Close, and he flung himself in after it.

"Right away!" he called to the ancient driver, who promptly whipped up the equally ancient horse.

The station hack rolled away, and as it lumbered through the school gateway we caught sight of Billy Bunter's face wreathed in smiles.

Brown, Bulstrode, and Mauly could have recovered their property if they had taken the trouble to chase after the hack; but they let it go. They knew that if they delayed Bunter they would cause him to lose his train; and as it was holiday time they didn't want to be hard on him.

During the journey up to town, Billy Bunter was almost bursting with excitement. What sort of a gentleman would "Benevolent" prove to be? Would he be a man of unlimited means and unbounded generosity? If so, Billy Bunter would be in for a glorious time.

"I might even persuade the old gent to adopt me!" he reflected. "That would be ripping! I should have as much pocket-money as I wanted, and I should be able to lord it over the rest of the fellows next term."

The train rushed on. And the nearer it drew to London the more excited Billy Bunter became.

"Charing Cross!"

The words had a magical effect upon the fat junior. He jumped out of the carriage, dragging his suit-case after him; and then he rushed away full-pelt to the booking-hall.

There were several people in the hall, but Billy Bunter's attention was arrested by a well-dressed, middle-aged man, who was pacing to and fro. Bunter promptly rolled up to him.

"Are you 'Benevolent'?" he asked.

The man stared.

"Fairly," he replied. "My friends tell me I'm quite a benevolent sort of person; but I don't believe in giving alms to impertinent young schoolboys. Run away, before I call a policeman!"

"Oh, crumbs! Aren't you the gentleman who advertised in the personal column of 'The Chimes'?"

"Why? Certainly not!"

"Then who——"

"Here is the advertiser in question!" came a voice immediately behind Bunter.

The fat junior turned and came face to face with his pater!

Mr. Bunter was smiling.

"Forgive me for practising this mild hoax upon you, William, my boy. In a moment of frivolity I had that advertisement put in the paper. I guessed that it would be brought to your notice, and that you would reply to it. And I resolved to meet you here, and give you a happy surprise!"

It was certainly a surprise for Billy Bunter, but, judging from the expression on his face, it was anything but a happy one!

After all his big talk about the high time he was going to have, after doing his best to make his minor envious, Billy Bunter was to spend the Easter vac. at his own home!

"I know you would rather spend your holiday with me than with anyone else, William," said Mr. Bunter. "Bessie and Sammy will be arriving during the afternoon, and the family will be complete. Come, my boy!"

And Billy Bunter went, with feelings too deep for words!

A DELITEFUL EGGSPERIENCE!

Related by TUBBY MUFFIN.

Jimmy Silver glarnsed at me with the teers streeming down his cheeks.

"Tubby, old fello," he said, in toans of affeckshun, "you simply must come to my plaice for the vac. My people won't here of yore staying away. No feed, no sellybration is komplete without a Muffin."

"Sorry," I replide hortily, "but it karn't be dun."

"Do come!" pleeded Jimmy Silver horsely. "I begg of you to come! I'll go down on my neeze, if you like. Yore presents alone can make the holliday a sucksess."

"Enuff!" I said sturnly. "I have desyded not to come, and their's an end of it."

Jimmy Silver went away sobbing; and just afterwards Tommy Dodd came up to me.

"Will you onner me with yore kompany during the vac, Tubby?" he asked.

"Sertainly not! I shouldn't dreem of going away with a Modern beest!" I replide.

"I'd simply luv you to come——"

"I dare say you would."

"Look hear! I entrect you——"

"You can entrect me till the cows come home," I said, "but I'm not coming!"

Tommy Dodd berst into teers.

"Then the vac will be a wash-out!" he blubbed. "Boo-hoo!"

All sorts of invitashuns were showerd uppon me after that, but I rejeckted them with skorn.

To tell the trooth, I was waiting for Mornington to invite me to his plaice. Morny comes of a welthy and prosperus fambly, and I knew that if I went to his plaise I should have a 1st-rate time. Grate sirloynes of beef wood be dished up at evvery meel, and both the kwallity and kwantitty of the grubb wood be eggsellent.

"Morny's sertain to invite me," I said to myself. "I've been his boozum pall for months, and he's often promnist to take me to his plaice and give me an interduckshun to his people."

Well, I waited and waited, but no invitashun came.

Prezzently the day of breaking-up dorned and I began to feel very alarmed.

Was it possibul that Morny had overlooked me? Had the eggsitement of braking-up kawsed him to forgett his best frend?

I hunted for Morny all the mourning, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Meenwile, all the felloes were kleering off to there homes, and by dinner-time only a few of them remaned. Jimmy Silver was one of them.

"I say, Silver," I said, "have you seen Morny?"

Jimmy Silver chuckelled.

"He cort the nine o'klock trane this mourning to Skottland," he said.

"Oh crums! And I was eggspeckting him to invite me! The trecherus beest! Look hear, Silver, I've alterd my mind about going home with you to yore plaice. I said I woodn't, but I was only kidding. I shall be delited to come!"

"Nuthing doing!" said Jimmy Silver. "You

"The whole nite I lived in parradise."

rejeckted my invitashun in the 1st plaice, and now you can go and eat koke!"

"Where's Tommy Dodd?" I inkwired. "I'm sure he'll tern up trumps."

"Tommy Dodd's gone home hours ago!"

"Oh, help!"

I reelized that I was in a tite korner. I had kounted on getting an invitashun from Morny, and he had let me down. And so their was nuthing for it but to spend the vac with my own people.

I konsulted a time-table, and found, to my horrer, their wasn't anuther trane that day!

"Hear's a pretty go!" I mutterd. "I shall have to stay the nite at Rookwood."

Their was only one other person who wasn't going away that day. That was Mr. Bootles. I went and told him my trubbles.

"I karn't get a trane to my people's plaice untill the mourning, sir," I said.

"Deer me! That is unforchunitt, Muffin—most unforchunitt!"

"I suppoze I can sleep in the dorm, sir?"

Mr. Bootles shook his head.

"All the dormittries are locked up," he said, "and the keys have been taken away."

"Where are you sleeping, sir?"

"In the villidge."

"Couldn't I do the same?"

"I am afrade not, my boy. But stay! I will arranje for a camp-bed to be installd in the skool shopp, and you may sleep their."

Little did Bootles dreem when he said this what a terribul temptashun he was putting in my way.

Fansy being sentensed to spend the nite in the tuckshopp! Can you konseeve a more deliteful state of affares?

I looked forward eagerly to bed-time, and when it came I went to Bootles, and he gave me the key of the shopp.

"I trussed you will have a good nite, Muffin," he said.

"You bet!" I mutterd, sotto vocey.

Need I dwell upon the sean wich followd, deer reeders?

For a hole nite I lived in a parradise. I had about a dozzen feeds rolled into one, and the tuck was simply delishus. It makes my mouth water to think about it.

I konsiddered it my duty to eat evverything I could lay my hands on, bekawse if I didn't, the grubb wood only lie their and rott during the vac.

Oh, the bliss of that deliteful feed! Wurds cannot pickcher the joy and rapcher that I eggsperienced!

It was about midnite when I fell asleep, with my hands folded in the rejion of my waste.

Erly neckst mourning Mr. Bootles came up from the villidge, and called at the tuckshopp to inkwire what sort of a nite I had had.

To his dismay, he found that the best part of the stock had vannished.

And so had I!

THE END.

EASTER EGGS

Hatched by JIMMY SILVER.

Hansom, of the Fifth, intends to spend the Easter vacation at Colney Hatch. We sha'n't expect to see him come back to Rookwood.

* * *

The members of the Modern Side held a bumper celebration on the last evening of term. Tommy Dodd tells me that he made a boiled plum-pudding, and that Tommy Doyle made some Irish stew. Yes; but what did Tommy Cook?

* * *

Tubby Muffin proposes to spend a holiday near Windsor, because many nice things are "Eton" there! What a Harrow-ing suggestion!

* * *

Mr. Bootles is taking Mr. Manders down to Dover. When they are strolling along the cliff together one evening, would Mr. Bootles be kind enough to give his colleague a gentle push?

THE POPULAR.—No 114.

Bulkeley, of the Sixth, is going into the country to study botany. He ought to be already familiar with the history and uses of the ashplant.

* * *

Adolphus Smythe is going to Paris to study the latest fashions in male attire. When this immaculate dandy returns to Rookwood, he will devote all his time to dodging missiles.

* * *

Peele's big brother, who is in the Air Force, is going to take him for a joy-ride. We always did regard Peele as a "giddy flier."

* * *

Two large pantechnicons called at Rookwood on breaking-up day—not to take the whole school away, but merely to remove Morny's toppers!

* * *

Kit Conroy wishes he could spend the vacation "down under." So do we—down under the bedclothes. But Lacy, of the Fourth, says that would be a very Lacy way of spending a holiday!

* * *

Sergeant Kettle is going to rejoin some old regimental pals, and they are having a grand smoking concert. It isn't the first time we've heard of a Kettle singing!

* * *

Dr. Chisholm has made arrangements to stay with his niece at Nice. Must be awfully nice to have a nice niece at Nice!

* * *

Leggett tells me he is going on a walking tour during the holidays. If a few of the Giddy Goats would follow Leggett's example and "leg it" for a few days, they would come back to Rookwood considerably better in health.

* * *

We believe Carthew is going to Coventry for a few days. This would, we suppose, be his first voluntary visit—he's been sent there a few times!

* * *

Raby's spending his holidays hunting with a few relatives. As he will be following the dogs, we hope he won't come back with rabies.

Passing the Test!

(Continued from page 8.)

"Better trot along and ask the Head's permission."

"Yes, I suppose I'd better."

"Better send an answer first," said John Bull.

"Yes, yes, I forgot that, begad!"

Lord Mauleverer scribbled down a reply, and handed it to the telegraph-boy, with a sovereign. The boy looked at the sovereign.

"I haven't change, sir," he said.

"Keep the change, please," said Lord Mauleverer.

And he walked away with Harry Wharton. It was not easy to alter old habits, and Lord Mauleverer was likely to continue to give sovereigns away so long as he had any left.

Dr. Locke looked at his lordship's telegram, and gave permission at once for him to leave the school for as long as was necessary. Lord Mauleverer left the study, and sent Trotter to tell Gosling to get a trap ready. It did not occur to him to walk to the station. But Gosling was only too ready to oblige his lordship in any way.

"By the way, what about a train?" asked Harry Wharton. "It's a quarter to nine now, and there won't be any up-trains till half-past."

"Begad!"

"You'll have to wait——"

"Can't be done! I've got to get there."

"I guess you can't hoof it to London," said Fisher T. Fish.

"I must have a special train."

"A—a—a which?"

"A special train. Trotter can go down to the station on somebody's bike and wire for one. They will manage it for me, I assure you."

"I—I dare say they will," gasped Wharton. "But—but, my dear chap, think of the cost."

"Oh, never mind that!"

"But if you've lost money——"

"Time enough to economise when I know I've lost it," said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "It can't all be gone. Besides, I can't imagine myself hard up. I expect it will be all right, Trotter!"

And Trotter was dispatched. He came scorching back on the bike a little later, with the news that all was arranged.

Gosling brought the trap round. Quite a crowd of juniors assembled round to see them off. Mr. Quelch allowing his class a brief liberty for the purpose. Mr. Quelch, though he had seen many things to disapprove of in Lord Mauleverer's manners and customs, could not help liking the lad, and he was very sorry to hear the bad news, and very willing that his lordship should leave Greyfriars with the comfortable impression that he was well liked there, and had the sympathy of his Form-fellows. The juniors raised a cheer as the trap drove off, and Lord Mauleverer waved his hand, and Harry Wharton & Co. returned to the class-room, thinking more of Lord Mauleverer and his new trouble than of their lessons for the morning.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
The Test!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. waited with keen anxiety for the return of Lord Mauleverer. They took a very deep interest in the fortunes of the new junior, who had made himself so well liked in a few days at Greyfriars. To a fellow like Mauleverer, with the habits he had formed, it would certainly be a terrible blow to lose his money, and that was what the lawyer's telegram meant if it meant anything. And the chums of the Remove were very concerned for him. When morning lessons were over they looked out for Lord Mauleverer, but it was not till after dinner that he appeared.

When he was seen at the school gates there was a general rush to greet him. He looked tired and a little worn, and his dusty boots indicated that he had walked from the station. The juniors surrounded him at once with eager inquiries.

"What's the news?"

"What's happened?"

"Get it off your chest, Mauly, old boy!"

"Is all the tin gone?"

Lord Mauleverer nodded.

"Yaas," he replied laconically.

"Great Scott!"

"It's true, then?"

"Yaas, it's true," said Lord Mauleverer. "The mines have failed, the company busted. There are liabilities to the full amount of the assets, as the lawyer says, and I've got nothing left but the clothes I stand up in."

"I'm sorry, old chap!"

"It's hard cheese!"

"Poor old Mauly!"

"Yaas, it's rather hard cheese," agreed his lordship. "The worst of it is that my poor old uncle, Sir Harry Braithwayt, has lost all his tin in the same business, and had gone quite stony, too. I don't quite comprehend how it comes about, but the lawyers do, I suppose, and old Mr. Have says that it is so. I suppose he knows."

"Have you seen your uncle?"

"No; he's laid up with the gout at present. I dare say he's been rather knocked over by this, you know."

"You don't seem to be much knocked over," said Harry Wharton, in wonder.

"Well, you see, I'm thinking of my uncle chiefly," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm young and strong, and he's old and gouty, and he will have a fearfully rough time."

"What are you going to do?"

Lord Mauleverer laughed a little.

"There's only one thing to do—leave school, and work."

"Work!" echoed the juniors.

They could not imagine Lord Mauleverer working.

His lordship nodded calmly. He had evidently thought out the whole matter already.

"Yaas! I can't stay here without any money. The fees are paid for this term, but it's no good hanging on. And there's my uncle, too. He will be sold up. His very house will have to go. I shall have to look after him."

The coolness and courage with which the boy spoke touched most of the juniors. Harry felt his eyes moisten. Lord Mauleverer seemed the very last fellow in the world to face the battle of life—the least of all equipped for the struggle, and perhaps he felt that himself. But he was grit all through, and he did not complain, and he did not shrink from the inevitable. He had thought out his problem, and he was prepared to face the music.

Wharton slipped his arm through Lord Mauleverer's.

"It's rotten hard on you," he said, "and you're a plucky kid. Most fellows would be bowled right over by this."

"Well, it's not much good being bowled over, is it?" said his lordship. "After all, I've good health and strength, and I've had a good time. I've often thought that every chap ought really to work for his living, you know; and I've got to now, at all events. I'd better go and see the Head."

It was soon all over Greyfriars.

Never had the school had such a topic of interest. From the youngest fag to the head of the Sixth, it was discussed and discussed again.

The effect was different upon different fellows. Loder and Carne were very pleased that they had not succeeded in taking up Lord Mauleverer. Coker & Co. found that they had no special hankering after his society. Snoop sneeringly said that, as a matter of fact, he had never fully believed in the millions all along, and he was glad that the fellow had been shown up in his true colours. Billy Bunter was of opinion that Lord Mauleverer was little short of an impostor, and ought to be kicked out of any decent school.

But it was good to see that most of the fellows rallied round Lord Mauleverer in his misfortune.

He had been kindness and generosity itself while he was a millionaire, and now that he had fallen upon evil times everybody—who was anybody—wanted to help him.

The Remove, with a few exceptions, like Skinner and Snoop and Vernon-Smith, decided that they were going to back up old Mauly. Exactly how they were going to back him up was not defined. But the wish to do it was something, and the general atmosphere of kindness and friendship must have been comforting to the unfortunate junior.

He came out of the Head's study, looking very grave and composed.

"The Head thinks I'd better stay here over to-day, at all events," he said. "He wants to hear from my uncle before I leave school. I suppose he's right."

"Oh, yes!" said Wharton. "There may be a chance yet——"

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"Not much chance. The lawyer was quite clear about that. He said that everything would have to go—only that the money I have in my personal possession could be saved if I chose—as well as my personal property—bike and motor-bike, and the things in my study, you know. Of course, I told him that if the debts had to be paid, I should give up everything."

"You're not called upon to do that," said Bulstrode. "Have you got much money?"

"About a hundred pounds, I think."

"Phew!"

"I'm going to send it off by registered letter to my uncle, to do as he thinks fit with it," said Lord Mauleverer. "If it isn't wanted to settle debts, it will make

Lord Mauleverer jumped lightly down from the coach, and raising his silk hat, bowed gracefully to the Head. "Dr. Locke, I presume," he said. "Pray allow me to introduce myself. My name is Mauleverer—Lord Mauleverer!" (*See Chapter 3*).

a bit of a nest-egg for the poor old boy. I want to write a letter, too, to tell him what I think about the matter. Blessed if I know what to say You chaps can help me if you like."

"Come into the Common-room," said Harry.

The chums of the Remove gathered round Lord Mauleverer at the table in the Junior Common-room. Pen and paper were placed before the junior, and he gnawed the handle of the pen.

"Dear Uncle Harry," he began.

Then he gnawed the pen again.

"You see," he remarked, "it was partly my guardian's fault that the investments were so risky. I suppose the poor old chap's getting old, and isn't so careful as he was; but I don't want to reproach him. That would be rotten, wouldn't it?"

"I think you're taking it very well," said Wharton. "Most chaps, I think, would be pretty wild about it."

"I know I should be," said Bulstrode.

"Well, it's not much good getting wild with the old boy," said Lord Mauleverer. "It wouldn't bring the money back again, and would only make him feel rotten—and I expect he feels rotten enough about it already."

"Well, yes, that's so."

Lord Mauleverer knitted his brows thoughtfully, and started at last.

"Dear Uncle Harry,—I've seen Mr. Have, and know all about it now. I'm all right! Don't worry! I suppose it couldn't be helped, and I know you've always done the best you could for me."

"That's rather good," Lord Mauleverer explained to the juniors. "He clearly hasn't done the best possible, but he's done the best he could, and so that's a diplomatic way of putting it, don't you think so?"

"Good!" said Harry, with a smile.

Lord Mauleverer's pen travelled on again now.

"I enclose the tin I have by me. If it isn't needed to pay the debts, keep it in hand in case you want it. I shall be all right, as I am going to sell my things, and they will fetch in a great deal of tin, I expect. I am going to take in the 'Daily Mail,' and look for a situation now, and I hope soon to be in work, and to be able to keep up some sort of a place where you will be able to live with me. Of course, we shall have to stick together, and face this. I hope you're not worrying about have lost the money, because I'm sure it couldn't be helped, and it doesn't knock me over at all. Dr. Locke thinks I'd better not leave till to-morrow, but then I shall come straight to you, and I hope you will be well enough to see me. I hope you are keeping your pecker up.

"So no more at present from your loving nephew,

"MAULEVERER."

"Think that's all right?" asked his lordship, looking round anxiously. "I never was much of a fist at letter-writing."

"I think it's ripping," said Bob Cherry. "It will make your uncle feel much better when he gets it, I should think."

"It will make him jolly proud to have a nephew like you, I think," said Wharton.

"Oh, draw it mild!" Lord Mauleverer went through his pockets and took out a dozen loose sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and extracted a bunch of banknotes from the pocket-book. "Good! I've got a hundred and twenty quid altogether. It will come in jolly useful for nunky. I expect I shall raise another hundred when I sell my things."

He crammed the money into an envelope with the letter, and rose from the table.

"I shall have to go down to the post-office and register this," he remarked.

"Why not send Trotter with it?"

"Well, I can't afford any more tips, and it's outside his duty," said Lord Mauleverer, with a shake of the head. "I don't want to impose on him."

And Lord Mauleverer walked down to the post-office himself with the letter, but not alone. A dozen or more of the Removites walked with him to keep him company. As Bob Cherry remarked, it was best to keep him occupied, so that he wouldn't have time to brood over his losses. Not that Lord Mauleverer showed the faintest disposition to brood. He had taken a wonderful practical view of the situation.

He bought a "Daily Mail" in Friardale, after despatching the letter, and occupied himself, as he walked back to the school, in looking over the columns of "Situations Vacant."

The juniors, as they saw him so engaged, did not know whether they wanted more to laugh or to cry. Lord Mauleverer looking for a situation was something they could not really accustom themselves to at all.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
The Test Successful!

"MAULY, old boy——"

"Yaas, my dear fellow!"

"Your uncle's here."

The Remove had come out of the Form-room after second lesson in the morning. Outside, on the drive,

(*Continued on page 15.*)

THE CASE OF THE POTATO-JACK!

A Screamingly Funny Adventure Story, featuring HERLOCK SHOLMES, the Amazing Detective, and His Friend Dr. JOTSON. -:- -:- -:- -:-

By PETER TODD.

EXCLAMATIONS of protest and the tramp of hobnailed boots on the stairs caused Herlock Sholmes and I to exchange meaning glances. Then there burst into our room a foreign-looking gentleman, followed by the gesticulating Mrs. Spudson.

"Ah, Signor Sholmio!"

To my astonishment Sholmes leapt out of his chair, and put his hands above his head.

"So you have come for your revenge at last, Waldo Sapolio," he said. "Strike! I am not afraid! I but hope your stiletto is sharper than the safety razor you used this morning."

The Italian—as his name and appearance convinced me he was—shook his dusky head with a vigour that caused his brass earrings to rattle like a chain drawn over cobblestones.

"Revenge?" he said in perplexity. "What for should I take revenge on my good friend Signor Sholmio? Did you not save my life?"

Herlock Sholmes drew a sigh of relief, and lowered his hands.

"I—I suppose I did, if you say so," he remarked. "But I have removed the bucket from the path of so many people likely to kick it that the particular way in which I acted as your saviour escapes my mind for the moment. If you will permit me to turn up the records kept by my faithful friend, Dr. Jotson, I——"

"But surely you have not letta my case slippa da memory already?" broke in the stranger. "Did you not getta me three years for selling strawberry ice-creamio coloured with brickdust?"

"Of course I did, my dear fellow!" said Sholmes heartily. "But how was that the means of saving your sunburnt skin?"

"Like so. A badda man called Slipperi Spaggetti had threatened to sticka me in da weskit. On da day you senda me to da lock-up he waita at my front door in Soho with a hatpin. Had I maka the return home instead of having da nice ride in da black motor-car to Wormwood Scrubs, I should no more have lived to mixa da ice-creams in summer or to baka da potato in winter. You sava my life, and thus I calla to see you and thanka you."

"Well, sit down, Waldo," said Herlock Sholmes genially, "and help yourself to the cocaine. I see you have taken up the baked-potato business again already."

"Signor Sholmio," gasped the Italian, "you can reada da mind like a wizard!"

"Not at all!" smiled Sholmes. "It was a simple case of observation by a trained eye. Those blisters at your finger-tips give you away, my friend."

"Well, you speaka da truth," said Waldo Sapolio. "I baka da potato again for a living; but soon I sella da business. While I taka da rest in Wormwood Scrubs I maka da invention, which, when I have patented him, will bring me mucha da money."

"An invention?" said Herlock Sholmes. "This is very interesting. A new way of preparing straw for making into ice-cream wafters, maybe?"

"No; the invention I maka is quite outside of my businesses," said Sapolio. "It is something that alla da new rich in da British Isles will maka da rush for when it goes on da market."

His white teeth gleamed in a smile as he drew a table-knife from his pocket. Sholmes leapt to his feet, while I, with great presence of mind, ducked swiftly behind the cocaine-cask.

"What were you afraid of, gentlemen?" murmured Signor Sapolio. "This knife is da invention I told you about. It strika me a long time ago that most people can't eat peas off deir knives properly. I have solved da problem by this."

He tapped the table-knife in his hand with a grimy finger. For the first time we noticed it had a narrow groove running parallel with the blade.

"My dear Sapolio," cried Sholmes, mopping his brow in his relief, "this is a most excellent idea! You are a public benefactor! When this goes on the market you will gain friends galore among all the newly-created members of the British peerage."

With a lightning movement, Sholmes whipped the knife from the breast-pocket of Spaggetti.

Waldo Sapolio replaced the knife lovingly in his pocket.

"I thinka so," he said modestly. "But this is by da way. Really, I have come to invite you and your friend, da noble Dr. Jotson, to the annual dinner of the Worshipful Company of Baka Potato-Jacks, which is being held at Sarsparilla Villa, Soho, to-night. It will be a very good affair. After da feed I am going to maka da sing-song with da little ballad, 'Row me on da river, Romeo.' It is at eight o'clock. Here are da tickets."

Promptly on the stroke of eight, Herlock Sholmes led me by the nose to the door of the Soho address that had been given to us. As we were ushered into a long room, where a number of green felt hats and purple, red, and yellow chokers were hanging on pegs, Waldo Sapolio rushed forward to greet us. Next moment we were being introduced to various friends of our host, all members of the Worshipful Company of Baked Potato-Jacks. The breath of garlic which permeated the room reminded me of sun-kissed onion-fields in far-away Italy.

At last dinner was announced, and we trooped into a large adjoining room. This apartment was tastefully furnished with a long table and some chairs and about a dozen movable baked potato ovens ranged near the walls.

Just as we were moving towards our seats, our host halted suddenly and felt in his pockets. Then his classical Roman face paled beneath its protective layer of grime, and he clutched Herlock Sholmes roughly by the arm.

"Da knife—da patent knife!" he whispered hoarsely. "It is gone! While we were maka da talk in da cloak-room I saw Spaggetti put something in his breast-pocket. To-morrow I was to go patent da knife. Now villain Spaggetti has stolen him!"

"Keep calm, my friend," said Herlock Sholmes hastily. "There is a chance that you may be mistaken. Leave the case in my hands, and before the evening is out I hope to restore your ingenious invention without creating a disturbance."

I noticed, as we took our seats at the long trestle-table down the centre of the room, that Sholmes manœuvred himself into a seat between Sapolio and Spaggetti. With his usual adaptability my amazing friend immediately placed himself en rapport with the assembled diners. He juggled with a hot potato as to the manner born, while his request to the waiter, "Plenty of salt, Jack!" was greeted with great approval by all the professional "Jacks" present.

After dinner, speeches were the order of the day—or, rather, night. I rose to emit a few bright words on "The Digestive Organs in Relation to Baked Potato Skins," which were received in gratifying silence. Suddenly Herlock Sholmes reached over and hurled me back into my seat.

"Attendio, gentlemans!" he cried, in fluent Italian. "I can no maka da speech, but I can do conjuring trick!"

At once everyone woke up and were all attention.

"Watch me," said Sholmes, reverting to English. "I pick this table-knife up from behind the plate of my good friend Sapolio, and place it in my pocket. Then I wave my hands in the direction of my right-hand neighbour, so—and, hey-presto!—the knife is transferred to the pocket of Spaggetti!"

With a lightning movement he whipped a table-knife from the astonished Italian's breast-pocket, and handed it to Waldo Sapolio.

Roars of applause greeted this astounding feat of my amazing friend. Spaggetti, with confusion written all over his dusky features, slunk out of the room. Unnoticed by all, Sapolio replaced his beloved patent pea-retaining knife back in his pocket.

THE END.

THE DAREDEVIL SCHOOLBOY

Exploits of a High Spirited and Fearless Boy Whose Wild Pranks Cause Him to be Expelled from the School and Join a Cinema Company.

By PAUL PROCTOR.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
At St. Peter's.

"FUNK! You're a funk!" Phillip Scott blurted out the words in the face of the tall, pale-faced boy who stood before him in the gymnasium of St. Peter's School; but the other at first ignored the words.

Then his eyes, which were already set so closely together that they gave him a mean and shifty appearance, seemed to narrow, his weak, receding chin tighten ever so slightly, and his limp hands half close.

"Remember who you're speaking to, Scott!" he said, in as stern a tone as he could muster up.

"Oh, don't worry!" retorted Scott sneeringly. "I'm not likely to forget! I know well enough that you're Richard Cowell, and the captain of St. Peter's this year, although the dickens knows why, except that I suppose it's because you've crawled and toadied to the Head like the rotten sneak you are! But I'm not frightened of you, Richard Cowell, and you needn't kid yourself I am, or that you can make me!

"You're a funk—a mean funk!" went on Scott warmly, his eyes blazing with anger. "You haven't even enough pluck to stand up to the governors of the school when they come to-day and denounce the Head, Dr. Jasper Steele, for the way he treats us all; and it's up to you as the captain, to do so! Huh! If we only had Dick Trafford as our captain, I bet he'd make things hum! He wouldn't funk telling the governors how badly we're treated, and what rotten grub we're given to eat! Dick's afraid of nothing!"

Phillip Scott ceased speaking, and regarded the captain of St. Peter's with scornful contempt.

"Hear, hear!" roared a score of voices from the other boys who had grouped themselves round Phillip Scott and Richard Cowell. "Good old Dick Trafford! Three cheers for him!"

Three resounding cheers rang out in the gymnasium, and then a boy's voice shouted:

"And three 'boos' for the funk, Cowell!"

Three groaning "boos" followed.

"And now three more cheers for my chum, Dick Trafford!" cried Scott, and once again the boys' willing voices were raised in appreciation of Dick Trafford—the most popular boy in the school.

From the very first day Dick Trafford had arrived at St. Peter's, he had endeared himself to both the junior and senior halves of the school by his reckless dare-devilry. Fear was unknown to him, and there was not a boy who could "do him dags."

The boys' cheering had hardly died away before a laughing voice sounded high up above their heads.

"Cheerio, boys! What's the riot?"

Together all the boys gazed up towards the high roof of the gymnasium, to perceive the well-known, good-tempered face of Dick Trafford laughing down at them.

He sat there unconcernedly, astride one of the glass fanlights of the gymnasium roof above even the stout timber beam from where hung the climbing-ropes, rings, and trapeze.

"Hallo, Dick!" cried Scott in greeting. "What on earth are you doing up there?"

"Dunno!" laughed Dick. "But I heard a jolly row coming from the gym., tried to get in, but found the door locked, and so I thought I'd just shin up the rain-pipe and come in this way. Look out, my bonnie lads, I'm coming down to you!"

The admiring boys watched Dick swing his other leg in over the fanlight, and then, with a light spring, he dropped through the air towards one of the climbing-ropes, the top of which was some good six feet below him.

The younger boys caught their breath, but the seniors turned not a hair. They were more accustomed to Dick's dare-devilry, and knew that he would come to no harm.

The next instant even the junior boys were reassured, for Dick's hands closed over the rope for which he had sprung, and he hung there momentarily.

Then with a light laugh, he lowered himself easily hand under hand towards the group of boys standing below.

He landed in the centre of them.

"Now," he said, turning to his bosom chum, Phillip Scott, "what's the row all about?"

Scott was only too ready to enlighten him.

"We've just been telling Cowell what a rotter we all think he is," he explained. "As you know, Dick, the governors of this school are coming to-day, and we've been trying to get Cowell to speak up to them before the Head, and tell them how disgracefully we're all treated, and what rotten food we're given to eat; but he hasn't got the pluck to do it! Ah, Dick, if only you were captain!"

Dick laughed.

"Well, I never shall be!" he said quietly.

"No, we all know that well enough," agreed Scott, in a disappointed tone. "You put it across all the masters—including the doctor—too well to ever be popular enough with them to get the captain's job. If it were only left to us, though—if we could have some sort of voting for our captain—we'd soon see to it! But that doesn't suit old Steele—he prefers the crawling, cringing variety like this rotter, Cowell!"

Scott ceased speaking for a moment, but the glance he shot in the direction of the captain spoke volumes.

This seemed to sting Cowell into words, if not action.

"I won't have this insubordination!" he cried, in peevish anger. "Another word from any one of you, and I'll report you to the Head!"

"Just the sort of sneaking thing you would do, Cowell!" cut in Dick Trafford authoritatively.

His tone showed quite clearly to the other boys that he intended taking this thing in hand himself, and they were all willing and anxious that he should do so, for they felt that their cause could not be in better hands.

The captain glared at Dick.

It was known to all the boys that Cowell was afraid of Dick Trafford, and never was it shown more clearly than at this moment.

Dick returned the captain's gaze unflinchingly, and it was Cowell who dropped his eyes first.

But his mean nature goaded him into trying to assert what little authority and hold he had over the boys.

"Very well," he said, in a sulky tone, "I shall keep my word, Trafford! I shall go straight to the Head and report you for impertinence to the captain!"

"Right-ho!" retorted Dick, with a careless shrug of the shoulders. "And good luck to you!" he added derisively.

The captain swung round upon his heel and stalked towards the door of the gym. He raised the bolt, and passed out of the building, slamming the door behind him, but not before the jeering sounds of groans, boos, and hisses reached his ears.

"He'll do it, Dick," said Scott, as he laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder. "He's a big enough sneak for anything!"

"Don't I know that?" returned Dick unconcernedly. "But what matters? I don't care, anyway. And I'll tell you what I'll do, boys. I'll fix it that the governors do learn the truth of the way we're treated here, and the manner in which their money goes into the pockets of Dr. Jasper Steele! I'll show the whole wretched game up! I'll let the governors know that everything they see here to-day when they come is mere 'eye-wash'—a specially laid plant by the doctor to bluff the governors into thinking that we're wonderfully well looked after and splendidly fed. Did you notice what a decent breakfast we all got this morning? You did? Of course, you all did! And I happen to know that there's a decent dinner, too, waiting for us to-day, but only because the doctor knows the governors are due here to-day, although he doesn't know exactly what time they will arrive! I tell you, boys, I'm going to blow the gaff! The Head's got a down on me, but you mark my words, before to-day is through, the score will be quits!"

A rousing cheer greeted Dick's words, and more than one pair of hands were

reached forward to pat him upon the back.

"But how on earth are you going to do it, Dick?" exclaimed Scott. "You know perfectly well that the Head will never let you, of all boys in the school, get near enough to the governors to speak to them! That doubtful privilege will be the perks of our precious captain, who can be safely trusted to lie the way the doctor wants. What are you going to do, Dick?"

"I don't know yet!" frankly admitted Dick Trafford. "But you leave it to me, boys! I'll guarantee that before the day is through the governors get a big eye-opener as to the true state of affairs at St. Peter's! I give you my word on that. Is that good enough for you?"

"Rather!" cried the boys. "That's good enough for us!"

Then suddenly a strange silence fell upon the boys, for, without their knowledge, a man had quietly entered the gymnasium through the door which had not relatched itself when Richard Cowell had viciously slammed it to behind him. It had bounced back open again.

The man was James Pendry, the most hated class-master at St. Peter's.

"What is the meaning of all this noise?" he demanded sternly. "Go to your class-rooms immediately, and await me there! All save Trafford, that is. He is required immediately by Dr. Steele in his study."

It had come!

The sneaking captain—Richard Cowell—had carried out his mean threat, and had reported Dick to the Head.

"Very good, sir!" answered Dick, and then, with a "Cheerio, boys! I'll keep my promise. Never fear!" he turned, and left the gymnasium.

Dick made his way across the playground—deserted at this early hour of the morning—towards the school buildings which stood on the other side.

He reached the main entrance, and with a cheery nod to the old beadle, he passed through into the corridor which led to the headmaster's study.

Arrived there he knocked lightly upon the panel of the door.

"Come in!" sounded a gruff voice from the other side, and Dick, turning the handle, entered.

Dr. Jasper Steele, the unscrupulous headmaster of St. Peter's, sat at his desk, an angry expression upon his crafty face.

"Richard Trafford——" he commenced, in a tone of thunder, but was interrupted by the ringing of a telephone-bell at his elbow.

The headmaster lifted the receiver, and placed it to his ear.

"Yes, yes!" he cried impatiently, and then a silence ensued in that grim, ill-lit study.

"Oh, all right!" said the Head at last, speaking into the mouthpiece. "I'll come at once!" Then to Dick Trafford, he added sternly: "Wait here, my boy, and do not move!"

Dick Trafford slowly inclined his head, but did not speak.

A moment later he was left alone in the headmaster's study, the door having slammed to behind Dr. Steele, as he hurried out of the room.

Dick found himself standing before the headmaster's desk, facing the chair which had a moment before been occupied by Dr. Steele.

Dick plunged his hands into his trousers-pockets, and balanced his weight from one leg to the other, softly whistling a gay little tune in time with his swaying movements.

Three, four, five minutes elapsed, and still the doctor did not return.

Dick became impatient, and for want of something to occupy his mind his eyes roamed round the room, taking in all the articles of furniture it contained.

All the time he had been so lightly whistling to himself his brain had been far from inactive.

He was thinking hard, trying to think of some scheme whereby he might keep his promise to the boys. Some plan by which he could expose this rascally headmaster, whose name was so appropriate to his actions.

Then Dick's gaze fell upon the desk before him, and unconsciously, without any real desire to act the spy, he found his eyes resting upon the carbon copy of a letter addressed to the Bostable Catering Society.

"Why, that's the mob who dish us out with all our dud food!" mentally commented Dick, and then quite unwittingly he found himself reading the letter right through, for it lay facing him the right way up, and he did not even have to move an inch to do so.

And as he read the letter a strange light of half-amusement and half-satisfaction crept into his eyes.

"The very thing!" he murmured beneath his breath. "It doesn't seem quite playing the game, perhaps, but the end justifies the means, and when one is dealing with a crook like Steele—well, one has to fight him with his own weapons. It's the only kind that he understands or counts!"

Dick waited a moment, and listened intently for the sound of the doctor returning, but heard nothing.

Then, with a quick glance round the room to make sure that no one had entered by either of the other two doors which opened into the doctor's study, he stepped quickly forward, and snatching up the carbon copy of the letter addressed to the Bostable Catering Society, he folded it over once, and slipped it into the inner breast-pocket of his jacket.

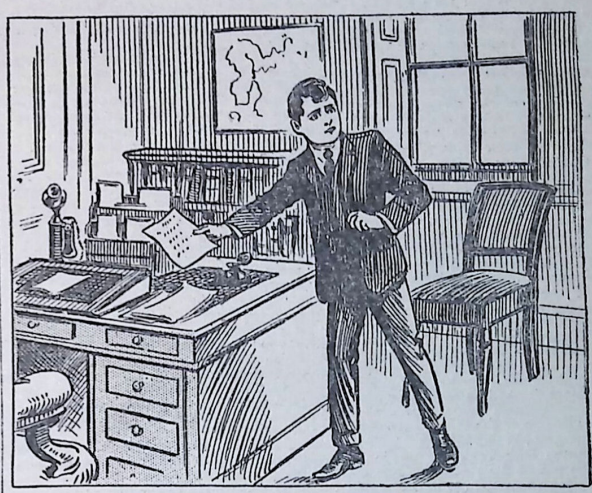
He was not a moment too soon, for hardly had he stepped back to the spot where he had been standing when the doctor left the room than Dr. Steele re-entered the room, and stamped across to his desk-chair.

"Now, Trafford," he said, as he placed his clenched fist upon the desk before him. "It has been reported to me that you were exceedingly insolent to the captain of the school this morning. Is that so?"

"I don't know, sir," answered Dick unflinchingly. "But I did tell him what I thought of him, and my opinion is shared by practically every other boy in the school!"

"Indeed!" sneered Dr. Steele. "Is that really so? Well, it may interest you to know that I have a very high opinion and regard for Richard Cowell, and I will not have his position assailed in such a way that he is robbed of the authority and sway he should have over the other boys. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir!" answered Dick.



Snatching up the carbon copy of the letter, Dick folded it over once and slipped it into the inner breast pocket of his jacket. (*See this page*).

"But Cowell has no hold over any of the boys in the school, sir; and, what's more, he never had and never will have!"

"Silence!" roared Dr. Steele. "I will not have such impertinence! I shall punish you for this, Trafford, and punish you very severely! I shall not do so to-day, however, as it is the annual visit of the governors, but you will come to my study here again to-morrow for a thrashing! Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir, thank you!" replied Dick, in a tone which was neither impertinent nor humbly abject.

But the quiet reply seemed to increase the doctor's anger.

"And, furthermore," he roared, at the top of his voice, "the very next time I receive so much as the breath of a complaint from the captain or any of the masters, I shall have you publicly expelled from St. Peter's, and sent back to your father. Perhaps he may know how to deal with you. Don't forget that, Trafford!"

"I will not, sir," returned Dick, without so much as the flicker of an eyelid. "Is that all, sir?" he added quietly.

"All for the time being!" snapped Dr. Steele. "Get out!"

"Thank you, sir!" returned Dick, and then, with a little stiff bow to the headmaster, he turned and left the room, taking with him the copy of the letter he had picked up from Dr. Steele's desk.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Fifty Pounds for a Paper!

IT was after lunch the same day.

The governors, for whom Dr. Steele had made such elaborate preparations, had arrived, and the whole school was "on parade" in the playground.

The whole school, with the exception of the captain, Richard Cowell, who stood at the headmaster's elbow as he gave the governors a totally inaccurate account of the year's working.

St. Peter's was founded and its funds supplied by one of the City Companies, and the party of gentlemen known as "the governors," and much feared by Dr. Steele, made a point of visiting the school at least once a year.

They were not always the same gentlemen, and the party which now stood in the centre of the playground, grouped about Dr. Steele and Richard Cowell, were of a distinctly "sporting" type, judging by their appearance.

One of them, in fact, was none other than Sir Peter Maxwell, the well-known owner of racehorses, and who headed the list of winning owners for that season. He was, in fact, going on to Newmarket that same afternoon to see one of his horses run in a "classic," and it was this fact which accounted for the pair of binoculars which hung from his shoulder.

"I don't think we have had the pleasure of a visit from you before, Sir Peter," remarked Dr. Steele, in a would-be ingratiating tone. "And in that case allow me to point out the extremely curious and uncommon weather-vane upon the top of the spire of the school buildings." And as the doctor spoke he pointed towards the weather-cock upon the pinnacle of the tall and slender spire which rose above St. Peter's.

And as Dick Trafford, standing there at the end of the row which represented his class on parade, saw the action he chuckled inwardly.

He was well aware that Dr. Steele invariably pointed out this weather-vane to a new visitor.

"H'm! H'm!" answered Sir Peter, turning his gaze in the direction of the spire. "Very interesting, no doubt, but rather difficult to see and appreciate with the naked eye. Allow me!"

As Sir Peter spoke he swung his case of binoculars round, and, opening the top, withdrew an extremely powerful pair of prism field-glasses.

Adjusting these to his sight, he raised them to his eyes, and focused them upon the extreme top of the spire.

And as he did so an ejaculation of amazement escaped his lips.

"Why, bless my soul," he exclaimed, "there's something upon the arrow of the weather-vane! Looks like a sheet of paper. I wonder how on earth it got there?"

A puzzled expression crossed the doctor's face.

"Surely you are mistaken, Sir Peter?" he said. "It would be impossible for a piece of paper to be there. Why, only when the weathercock needed repairing a few months back it took the steeplejacks we employed a whole week to get up there and complete the job!"

"Mistaken be hanged!" snapped out Sir Peter Maxwell. "Here, look for yourself!"

And he handed the binoculars to Dr. Steele.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed the headmaster, after he, too, had inspected the weather-vane through the glasses. "You're quite right, Sir Peter. I beg your pardon, I'm sure! There certainly is a sheet of paper impaled upon the arrow of the weather-vane, and, unless my eyes deceive me very much, there appears to be some writing upon it!"

Sir Peter almost snatched the glasses back from Dr. Steele, and placed them to his own eyes again.

"By gad, you're right!" he cried. "There certainly is something written upon the paper. I'd give fifty pounds to have that paper and read what's written upon it!"

No sooner had the words left Sir Peter's lips than Dick Trafford, braving a rebuff, ran quickly forward from his position in the ranks of his class and approached the sporting baronet.

"Do you mean that, sir?" he asked, at the same time respectfully raising his cap.

"Go back to your place immediately, Trafford!" roared the headmaster, turning upon Dick, an angry expression upon his face. "How dare you come forward and address Sir Peter in this insolent manner without being spoken to!"

"Just a moment, Dr. Steele!" cut in Sir Peter icily, for, with all his smarming ways, the headmaster had not created the impression he desired upon Sir Peter. "I think perhaps this young gentleman is in the right. I said I would give fifty pounds for that piece of paper from off the weather-vane, and he has stepped forward, possibly with some proposition as to how the paper might be secured. Is that right, my boy?"

"Quite right, sir!" answered Dick promptly. "I'll get the paper for you if you really would like it, although it was not merely your offer of fifty pounds which brought me forward. I should enjoy getting it for you."

Sir Peter regarded Dick with amazement. He was not quite sure whether the boy was trying to make fun of him or not.

Again Dr. Steele stepped forward to interfere, but Sir Peter waved him back.

"Do you mean to say that you will get that paper for me?" asked Sir Peter incredulously.

"Certainly, sir, if you would like it!" returned Dick.

"But it's impossible!" expostulated Sir Peter. "You could never do it!"

"Have I your permission to try, Sir Peter?" asked Dick.

Sir Peter hesitated. It seemed like sending the boy to certain death to allow him to attempt to scale that sheer, sloping side of the spire, which appeared to have not sufficient foothold for a fly.

Dick saw the hesitation, and realised that unless he acted quickly all his carefully laid plan—which had succeeded so well up to the present—would be ruined.

"I can get it, sir," he said quickly. "I can, really, sir!"

"How do you know?" asked Sir Peter doubtfully.

"Because it was I who put it there this morning!" answered Dick.

His statement caused a gasp of mingled astonishment and disbelief from all who heard it, and the whole school had heard his words.

"You put it there this morning?" echoed Sir Peter.

"Yes, sir," answered Dick.

"Why?"

(Another magnificent instalment of this grand new serial will appear in next Friday's issue of the POPULAR. *Please tell all your chums about it.)*

POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 8.— HARRY MANNERS.

ONE OF THE TERRIBLE THREE.

It has already been explained that the order in which these articles appear is a matter altogether apart from any popularity with the readers or the merits of the characters dealt with. I could not very well give anyone but Tom Merry first place, as he is captain of the Shell, and is more or less entitled to the place.

So it happens that this week I shall deal with a boy who shares Study No. 1 in the Shell passage, whose name is among the celebrities of the Form—that is, Henry Manners.

There is a startling contrast between one of his study-mates, Monty Lowther, and Manners. The latter is a very studious, serious fellow, and not very powerful as an athlete, whereas Monty is bursting with wit and humour, and always looks on the bright side of things.

For a schoolboy of his age and experience, Harry is a very skilful photographer, and there isn't a fellow in the whole school who can come anywhere near him in this extensive hobby. Bernard Glyn and he have very much in common with each other. Both are enthusiastic hobbiests, and it is curious that they are not closer chums.

As well as a photographer, Harry is a very good mathematician, and is, consequently, in the good books of the masters. Monty always told his chum that he must have a screw loose somewhere in the upper story to chum up with mathematics; but Harry Manners' answer to this taunt was usually a book or cushion, whichever was nearest at the moment.

On the whole, he is a very bright fellow and a good chum, and a boy capable of serious thought.

Henry Manners

stood a big, handsome F.I.A.T. car, with a chauffeur standing beside it. Lord Mauleverer looked out at the car.

"Begad! That's Sir Harry's car!" he exclaimed.

"He's here!" said Bob Cherry. "Trotter's just told me that he's shown Sir Harry Braithwayt in to the Head."

Lord Mauleverer looked puzzled.

"It's jolly queer, his coming down in the car," he remarked. "I should have thought that the car would have been taken. I am anxious to see him."

There was an exclamation in the passage. Lord Mauleverer turned round as a ruddy-faced, portly gentleman came towards him with the Head. Lord Mauleverer ran towards the ruddy gentleman.

"Uncle Harry!"

The old gentleman grasped his nephew by both hands, and shook them as if he would never be tired. There were tears glistening on his eyelashes.

"Uncle, it's all right! I'm jolly glad to see you!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Don't let it worry you! We shall pull through somehow."

"My dear boy, there is nothing to pull through," said Sir Harry.

The baronet took a letter from his pocket, and drew a bundle of banknotes from it. He passed them to Lord Mauleverer.

"There is the money you sent me," he said. "The letter I shall keep—and I shall never part with it. I shall keep it to show to anyone who dares to breathe a word of detraction in connection with my dear nephew—the bravest and pluckiest lad in England!"

"But—but——"

"I have explained to the Head," said Sir Harry. "He has told me how well you have stood this trial—though I knew it well enough from your letter, and from what Mr. Have told me. You must forgive me, my boy."

"Forgive you, uncle? I know you couldn't help——"

"I mean, forgive me for this little deception," said the baronet. "I am ashamed of it now; but it was not to satisfy myself that I did it. I knew what you were like, my boy; I knew you had a character that nothing could spoil. But many people had said—friends and relations, you understand—that petting and spoiling and too much money would ruin your character. Even Dr. Locke had doubts about it. And I made Mr. Have arrange this little plan to show them that they were wrong."

"Uncle! What little plan?"

"I did not intend Mr. Have to tell you anything that was not true, but I left it to him to arrange," said Sir Harry. "I suppose he did his best. You were to be given the impression that all the money in the family was gone, so that all could see how you would bear the loss. And all have seen it, my dear lad."

The juniors understood now, and Bob Cherry gave a shout.

"Then it isn't true—Mauly hasn't lost his money, and he isn't to leave Greyfriars, sir?"

Sir Harry shook his head.

"No. Lord Mauleverer has not lost a penny——"

"Uncle!"

"Not a penny! And if you knew more of the business, lad, you would know that your fortune could not be swept away in that manner," said the baronet, with a smile. "It was a little plan to prove that you were real grit, lad; and I am sure you will forgive it."

Lord Mauleverer's face was very bright.

"Then we're not ruined, uncle?"

"Not a bit of it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Harry was still shaking his nephew's hands. He let them go at last, and then Dr. Locke shook hands with the junior.

"I did not know the facts of the case until your uncle explained them to me this morning," he said. "I congratulate you, Mauleverer, both on your good fortune and on the proof you have given of a steady, brave, and noble character."

"Oh, sir!"

"Boys of the Remove, you should be proud of your Form-fellow!" said the Head.

"We are, sir—we are!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Hurrah!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Lord Mauleverer burst into a happy laugh.

"Oh, it's ripping, by gad!" he exclaimed. "As—as I'm not poor after all, we'll have a feed to celebrate this—a really ripping feed, and Sir Harry shall join us—won't you, uncle?"

The baronet laughed.

"Yes, certainly!" he exclaimed. "With the greatest of pleasure!"

"Hurrah!"

"Come on, my dear fellows!" said Lord Mauleverer. "We'll make it a stunning feed—worthy of the occasion!"

"Hurrah!"

And they came on—in crowds. And a stunning feed it was—worthy of the Schoolboy Millionaire!

THE END.

(Another grand long complete schooltale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars next week, entitled "The Boy With a Secret!" By Frank Richards. Order your copy of the POPULAR *now.)*

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