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Week Ending—
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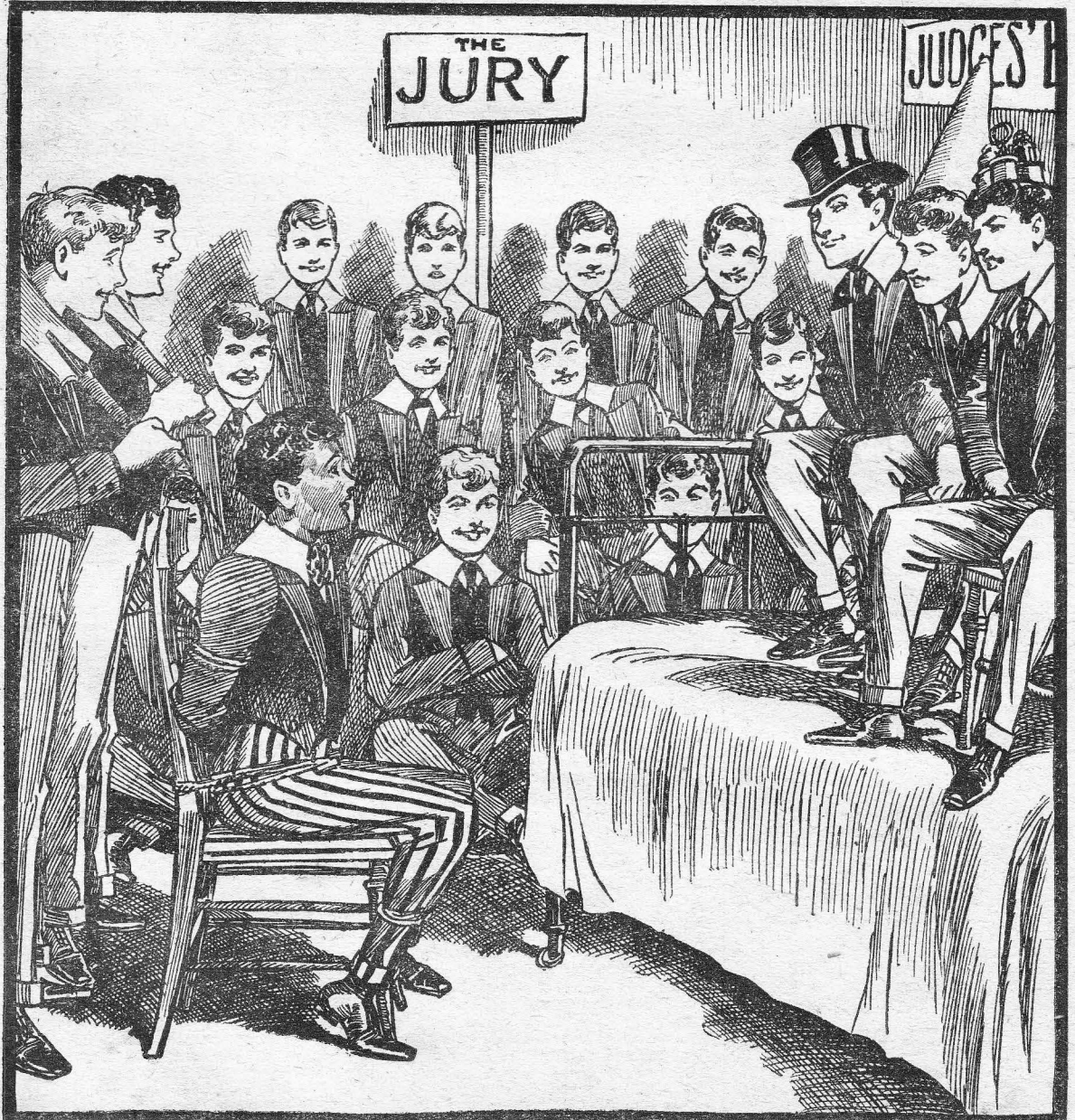
New
Series,
No. 113.

Greyfriars

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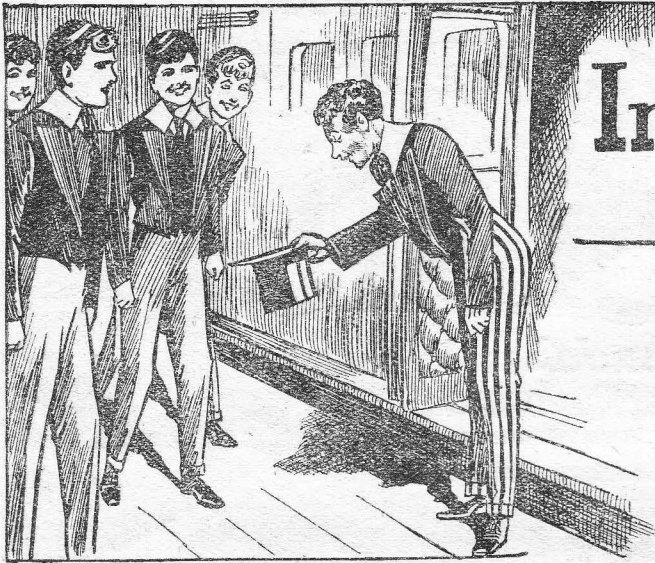
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Stories, Jokes & Pictures
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims



GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY? NKY MINOR BEFORE THE GREYFRIARS
POLICE COURT!

(A Tense Moment in one of the Long School Tales Inside.)



Inky Minor!

A Magnificent Long Complete
School Story of Harry Wharton
& Co.'s Early Days at Greyfriars.

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Inky Minor!

"TELEGRAM!"

The telegraph-boy from Friardale was crossing the Close towards the School House. The Greyfriars fellows were just turning out after dinner into the sunny afternoon. It was a half-holiday that day at Greyfriars, and the juniors were in high spirits. The arrival of a telegram always caused a certain amount of interest, and a group of juniors paused in the doorway to watch the boy come up.

"I say, you fellows, I expect that's for me," Billy Bunter remarked. "I was expecting a postal order this morning, but, owing to some delay in the post, it didn't come. Perhaps my titled friend forgot to post it, and he's wiring the money to me."

"I guess that's a whacking big perhaps," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, really, Fish—"

"More likely it's from Inky minor to say he's coming," said Bob Cherry.

"Or from young Nugent to cry off that wagger about the study feed," said John Bull, laughing.

"I shouldn't wonder."

The telegraph-boy came up the steps of the School House. There was a chorus of inquiry from all the group of juniors at once.

"Is that for me?"

"Master Wharton, please," said the lad.

"Here you are!" said Harry.

"Are you sure that there isn't a mistake?" said Billy Bunter anxiously. "The name of Wharton looks very like Bunter in writing, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

Harry Wharton slit the buff envelope, and took out the folded form. He opened it, and glanced at the message. Then he gave a whistle.

"My hat!" he ejaculated.

"What's the news, Wharton?"

"Inky minor's coming."

"Inky minor?"

"Yes."

"By Jove! This is rather sudden, isn't it?"

Wharton frowned in a puzzled way.

"Well, yes, it is," he said. "Is there any other telegram, kid?"

The telegraph-boy shook his head.

"Nothing for the Head?"

"No, sir; that's the only one."

"All right, then; no answer."

The telegraph-boy took his departure. The juniors gathered round Harry Wharton to hear the news. He read the telegram out to the listening crowd:

"Wharton, Greyfriars School. Coming schoolfully to-day. Meet me stationfully. Four o'clock train.—HURREE SINGH MINOR."

The juniors grinned.

"Inky's brother talks the same kind of English as Inky evidently," said Bulstrode. "I fancy that must have made the operator laugh when it was handed in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where does it come from, Wharton?"

Harry glanced at the telegram.

"London," he said. "Handed in at one o'clock."

"That's odd, though," said Nugent. "Inky never gave us the least hint in his letter that his minor was arriving so soon."

"May have made an extra quick voyage," Bob Cherry remarked. "I believe steamers sometimes come in ahead of their time. Anyway, here's Inky minor coming to-day. There's no mistake about that."

Hurree Singh, the Indian junior of Greyfriars, had gone home to attend to important business. He had written that his minor was coming to Greyfriars.

"I suppose we'd better meet him at the station," said John Bull. "It would be only decent, as he's old Inky's minor, especially as he asks for it."

"Oh, rather!"

"I suppose the Head knows he's coming?" said Wharton, with a puzzled look. "I should have expected a wire for the Head, too."

"Perhaps he had a letter this morning," Tom Brown suggested. "I don't suppose Inky minor would drop in suddenly without letting him know."

"No, I suppose not."

"Oh, the Head knows right enough; it stands to reason," said Bulstrode. "Anyway, he'll know when Inky gets here. We'd better all turn up to meet the four o'clock train at Friardale, and give him a good reception. It will please Inky when the young shaver writes and tells him about it."

"Good!"

"We'll have a bit of a feed, too," said

Harry Wharton. "We ought to do old Inky's minor down in good style. If your young brother keeps his word, Frank, and comes back in twenty-four hours, he can have the pleasure of introducing Inky minor to the Second Form."

Frank laughed.

"Oh, he won't come!" he said. "He can't."

"Luckily, there's no match on this afternoon," said Wharton. "We can get in some practice, and go down to the station in good time to meet Inky's train. I'm jolly glad he's coming! It will be the next best thing to having old Inky back again."

"Yes, rather!"

Many of the juniors were glad to hear that Inky minor was coming, and many more were curious to see him, and see what he was like.

From the wording of his telegram, it was clear that he was accustomed to speak in the some peculiar English as his major. It would seem like old times to the chums of the Remove to hear those extraordinary variations upon their mother tongue.

The juniors went down to the posts; but they knocked off football practice in time to walk down to the station in a body to meet the four o'clock train.

When four o'clock chimed out from the old church of Friardale, Harry Wharton & Co. were standing on the platform waiting for the train to come in.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Jam!

"HERE she comes!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

The train appeared in sight down the line. Trains did not come in very promptly at the little country station, and Bob Cherry had several times asked the porter about what time the four o'clock was expected in. It came in at four-seven, as a matter of fact.

The train stopped, and the group of juniors scanned the passengers as they turned out. Nugent gave a shout:

"There's Inky!"

Certainly, there was no mistaking him. A youth in Etons, with a dark face that gleamed in the sun, and heavy, dark eyebrows, stepped from the train. No one with that complexion could be missed. He was the only coloured youth on the train, and the Greyfriars juniors made for him at once.

The dark youth swept off a silk hat in response to their greeting.

"Hallo, Inky minor!"

"Here you are, then!"

"We're from Greyfriars!"

"I guess we're glad to see you, sonny! We'll give you the glad hand!"

The dark youth beamed upon them. He was not much like Inky major in the face, but he was certainly like him in complexion.

"The gladfulness to see the honourable chums of my venerable major is terrific!" he exclaimed.

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurrah!"

"The importance of the honourable occasion," continued Hurree Singh minor, "is only equalled by the politeness of the esteemed, handsome youths who have arriverfully come to meet the august train."

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it! Doesn't it sound just like old Inky?" chuckled Bob Cherry in great delight.

"The shakefulness of the honourable hands is terrific. I am gladful in my esteemed heart to meet the venerable friends of my august brother."

"Hurrah!"

"The hurrahfulness is terrific."

And Inky minor waved his silk hat in the air.

The juniors all laughed. Inky minor was evidently in high spirits. They shook with him all round. The minor of the great Inky was certainly of a jollier disposition than his brother. Inky had always been cheerful and good-tempered, but there had been a sedateness about him which was, perhaps, due to his being a prince. But Inky minor was as gay as a lark, that was clear.

"We're jolly glad to see you," said Harry Wharton. "By the way, what's your name?"

"M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m?"

"Yes. Of course, you're Hurree Singh minor to us, but I suppose you have a name as well, kid?"

"Ye-e-s, of course," said the dark youth. "In my country we—we all have names. My full name is Sindbad Omar Khayyam Gorgonzola."

"My only hat!"

"What's in a name?" grinned Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think we'll call you Inky minor for short," said Harry Wharton, with a stare of astonishment. "I didn't know Gorgonzola was an Indian name."

"Oh, yes!" said Inky minor cheerfully. "It means Son of the Moon and Stars, you know."

"Does it?"

"And I am named Sindbad after a famous sailor, who was an ancestor of mine."

"My word!"

"And have you any title?" asked Fisher T. Fish, who had all an American Republican's thirst for titles. "Are you a giddy prince, like Inky?"

"I am a Jam."

"A what?"

"A Jam."

"A-a-a Jam?"

"Certainly! It is an Indian title," said the dark youth airily.

"My hat!"

"What kind of jam?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By Jove!" said Harry Wharton. "It's a real Indian title, you know. Ranjitsinhji became a Jam, I remember. And if Ranji was a Jam, why shouldn't Inky minor be a Jam. It sounds odd, but I dare say many English titles sound odd to foreigners."

"Of course," said Bob Cherry.

"I guess I'm honoured to meet a Jam," said Fisher T. Fish. "Would you mind

taking off your glove to shake hands with me, Jam?"

The dark youth shook his head.

"Jams never shake hands with their gloves off," he replied.

"Great snakes!"

"Inky used to," said Frank.

"But Inky was a nabob, and I am a Jam, I thinkfully believe," said the wary junior. "I will shake hands twicefully with the honourable glove on, but with the esteemed glove off it would be a moral impossibility, or, as you say in English, an immoral possibility."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This way out," said Harry Wharton. "You can be satisfied, Fishy. Real Royalty is bound to ooze a little through a common or garden glove, you know."

"I guess—"

"Come on, Inky minor! By the way, where's your box?"

"The honourable box was not put in the esteemed train."

"Phew! You haven't lost your box, have you?"

"No, I have not lost it."

"Then where is it?"

"It was put in the train."

"Where—in London?"

"Yes, my esteemed friend, the box was not put in the train in London, certainly."

"Then it will have to be inquired after," said Harry anxiously. "You can't lose your box, your young duffer."

"It is all rightful. My box is quite safe."

"Oh, if you're sure of that—"

"Quitefully sure."

"Good, then! Come on!"

"He can borrow some of my minor's things if the box doesn't come on tonight," said Frank Nugent. "Dicky left his box at Greyfriars, you know."

"Yes, that's a good idea."

Harry Wharton led the way out of the station. Outside, the station cab was waiting, the old horse nodding between the shafts, and the driver thoughtfully sucking a straw as he leaned against a pillar-box.

"Get infully, my worthy chums," exclaimed Inky minor.

"Right you are!"

The juniors piled into the cab. It was rather crowded with all of them in it. The driver detached himself slowly from the pillar-box and came, towards the vehicle.

Crowded together as they were, the juniors did not get any chance to question Inky minor during the drive to Greyfriars.

There was quite a little crowd at the gates of Greyfriars to greet and stare at the brother of the nabob.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Ogilvy, as Inky minor walked in with the chums of the Remove.

"Here he is!" repeated Gatty of the Second. "Here's the kid!"

"Here he is!" said Tubb of the Third. "What Form are you going into, kid?"

"Second," said the Jam promptly.

Gatty gave a yell of triumph, and Tubb frowned.

"Do you play football, like your brother?" demanded Gatty.

"Ratherfully!"

"Oh, good—good—good!"

"Ripping!" exclaimed Myers.

"The rippingfulness is terrific, my worthy chums," said Inky minor. "Are you members of the honourable and esteemed Second Form at Greyfriars?"

"We are, rather!"

"Then administer kindly the shakefulness of the hand."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come into the Form-room, and we'll feed you," exclaimed Gatty. "If you can

score like Inky major, you'll be jolly useful to us in the team!"

"Certainlyfully!" said Inky minor.

Harry Wharton & Co. would have taken the new junior to tea in their own study, especially as he was Inky's brother.

But Gatty & Co. marched the dusky fag away to the Common-room, where he was expected to go by numerous fags.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Gatty is Puzzled.

"HERE comes the Jam!"
In the Second Form-room there was a smell of herrings—there generally was at tea-time. The fags having the room to themselves at that hour, they often prepared meals which made Upper Form fellows turn up their noses—but which was very nice indeed to the fags.

The fags sat down to tea. The herrings, when Gatty had cooked them, did not look very appetising; but appetites in the second Form were strong and keen. Gatty had a knife and fork for the guest of honour, too; while a pocket-knife served his own turn, and Myers had to be content with such aids as Nature had given him.

Inky minor appeared to enjoy the herrings, and that was the chief matter, after all. It really looked as if he liked the rough-and-tumble feed in the Second Form-room more than the more stately repast in the Remove study.

Gatty looked on with an approving eye. He fancied himself as a cook; and the healthy appetite on his guest's part was a proof that his cooking was appreciated.

The herrings were just finished when Trotter, the page, put his head in at the door.

"Master 'Urree Singh minor 'ere!" he asked.

Gatty looked round.

"Yes," he replied. "Buzz off!"

"The 'Ead wants 'im," said Trotter

Inky minor looked a little startled.

"The Head!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Master Inky."

Trotter departed, and Inky minor rose to his feet. Gatty gave him a reassuring look.

"It's all right," he said. "The Head only wants to see you because you're a new kid, you know. It isn't a row."

"N-no," said Inky minor dubiously.

"You'll find the Head in his study," said Myers. "Better buzz off!"

"Oh, all right!"

"Hold on! You won't know the way!" said Gatty, as the dusky junior went towards the door.

"Oh, rot!" said the Jam. "I know the way well enough, fathead!"

Gatty stared at him blankly.

"Well, you've begun to talk in remarkably good English all of a sudden," he said; "and I don't see how you know the way, either."

"Er—ah! H'm! I—I mean, if my worthy chum would have the goodness to give me the showfulness of the way, I should be terrifically obliged!" stammered Inky minor.

"I'll show you the way, if you like."

"The obligefulness will be terrific!"

Gatty, considerably puzzled, accompanied the Indian, and showed him the way to the Head's study. Inky minor knocked at the door, and entered.

Dr. Locke was at his desk.

He turned his glasses upon Inky minor, who stood before him in an attitude of deep respect, with his eyes modestly on the carpet.

"Ah! Hurree Singh minor," said the Head, "I am very much surprised to see you here! I was not in any way advised of your coming."

"I am courteously here, honoured sahib!"

"Ahem! I did not know it in the least. I have been told by a Remove boy that Hurree Singh wrote that his brother was coming to Greyfriars."

"That is correctful, sahib."

"But it is very singular that I have not heard from your people myself," said the Head. "Perhaps you have a letter for me?"

"No, sahib."

"It is very extraordinary!"

"Yes, sahib."

"Can you give me any explanation as to why you have come without my being informed, Hurree Singh minor?"

The junior shook his head.

"The cannotfulness is terrific, sahib!"

"It is extraordinary—very extraordinary!" said the Head. "I cannot understand it at all. However, as you are here, you must stay, and I will communicate with your people. You will take your place in the Second Form, and begin your lessons to-morrow. It is very extraordinary indeed!"

"Yes, sahib."

"Did you come alone to the school, Hurree Singh minor?"

"Yes, sahib."

"And did you travel from India alone?"

"The travelfulness was terrific!"

"That is not exactly an answer to my question. I asked you if you made the voyage from India without a companion."

"The speakfulness of the honourable English language is difficult to the esteemed people of India, most noble sahib."

"Ahem! Perhaps you do not know English well enough to comprehend me," said the Head musingly. "Never mind; I shall see you again when I have heard from your people. In the meantime, you will take your place in the Second Form. You may go."

"The thankfulness is great, sahib!"

And Inky minor quitted the study with alacrity.

Gatty was waiting for him in the passage. Inky minor drew a deep breath of relief when he was in the passage.

"Well, it wasn't so very bad, was it?" asked Gatty, with a grin. "The Head's a good old sort, Inky!"

"I know that."

"I don't see how you know, when you've never seen him before," said Gatty, puzzled.

"No, of course not," said Inky minor. "I mean that the knowfulness is great now that you have informfully told me."

"I see," said Gatty.

But he did not quite see. There was something about the younger brother of Hurree Jamsat Singh that puzzled him very much.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

"Jam" for Gosling!

INKY MINOR went out into the quadrangle while the fags were doing their prep. The place was deserted save for one person. And towards that person Inky minor made his way.

"Have you the honourfulness to be the esteemed porter of this illustrious school, my friend?" asked Inky softly.

Gosling, who was on his way to his lodge, stopped as the dusky fag addressed him.

"Which I ham, your 'Ighness!" he said, with dignity.

Inky minor nodded, and smiled kindly. "I like the lookfulness of your esteemed self," he remarked. "You look kind!"

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"Which I always believes as kindness pays, sir," said Gosling.

The Jam nodded again.

"I suppose you know that I'm a Jam?" went on Inky minor.

"I do, your 'Ighness, and I bows—"

began Gosling.

"The don'tfulness is terrific!" interposed Inky hastily. "I'm thinking of making a Jam of you, my noble friend."

Gosling started, and blinked suspiciously at the fag.

"Which I don't hold with playing jokes, sir!" he said, with dignity. "I am't a goin' to be made jam of!"

Inky shrugged his shoulders.

"The misunderstandfulness of the illustrious Gosling is terrific!" he said.

"I mean, I will make you a Jam—a very high Indian honour—a knight in England—"

"My 'at!" stuttered Gosling. "Me a knight!"

"The yesfulness is terrific!" purred Inky minor. "Kneel down!"

A number of juniors had come out into the quadrangle, and they stood some little distance from Inky minor and the porter, watching them. Inky had a gamp under his arm, and he took it in his right hand. It was a very old gamp, and persisted in bulging.

Gosling started.

"Wot did you say, sir?"

"Kneel!"

"Bow down, base slave, bow down!" said Gatty.

"Look 'ere, sir—"

"Kneel!"

"But wot am I to kneel for?" demanded Gosling, very much flurried.

"People always have to kneel to be knighted," said Gatty, "so, of course, they have to kneel to be Jammed. I should think you would understand that, Gossy."

"Wot I says—"

"Kneel!"

"Oh, all right, sir!"

And Gosling knelt.

He went down upon his knees before the Jam, and there was a bust of chuckling from the juniors looking on from a distance.

Gosling was feeling very flurried and confused, but he could not fail to feel the great honour of being Jammed.

He would be a titled man after that—on a level, in fact, so far as rank went, with Sir Hilton Popper and other great gans of the neighbourhood.

It was enough to make the porter of Greyfriars feel rather elated.

"Kneel!"

"I am a-kneeling, sir."

"Very well. Now, you have to repeat the oath of Jamhood after me."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you understand Hindustani, Gosling?"

"N-n-no, sir."

"Not a word of that honourable and esteemed language?"

"N-n-no, sir."

"Very well. I will repeatfully recite the words in Hindustani, and you will repeat them after me, and then I shall Jam you."

"Ye-es, sir."

"Hoity-toity-hum-hum-hem-hem-ikey-pikey-erikey."

"Yes, sir."

"Repeat the oath."

"Is that the hoath, sir?"

"Yes, of course! Repeat it—in Hindustani."

Gosling repeated it faintly.

"Hoity-toity-hum-hum-hem-hem-ikey-pikey-erikey. Is that all, sir?"

"No, there's some more. 'Heeper-peeper-creeper-tooral-looral-lido.'"

"'Heeper-peeper-creeper-tooral-looral-lido.'" repeated Gosling.

"'Yah-yah-hi-tiddle-y-hi-ti.'"

"'Yah-yah-hi-tiddle-y-hi-ti.'"

"Very goodfully, worthy Gosling," said Inky minor gravely, while Gatty was stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth.

"You speak the esteemed Hindustani with as elegant an accent as my worthy self."

"Oh, sir!"

"Now that you have taken the oath, close one eye and put your tongue out."

"Eh?"

"Close one eye and put your tongue out. It is an important part of the ceremony."

"Werry well, sir."

Gosling's aspect, as he obeyed Inky minor's instructions, was so utterly ridiculous that juniors looking on shrieked with laughter. But Gosling hardly heard them, and he did not care. Was he not going to be made a Jam—a great and glorious Jam of the Indian Empire?

Inky minor touched him on the shoulder with the umbrella.

"Arise, Jam Gosling!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gosling rose.

"You are now a Jam," said Inky minor solemnly. "The ceremony is completed by the four pokes—a most important detail—thus."

"Ow!" yelled Gosling, as Inky minor prodded him in the ribs with the umbrella.

"My dear Gosling—"

"Yaroo!"

"It is most important, as otherwise you are not a true Jam," said the dusky junior, delivering a third poke.

"Yowp!"

"There is but one more—"

"Ya-a-a-a-ah!"

"Now it is complete. You are a Jam."

"Oh, my 'at! Oh, dear!"

"A great and glorious Jam, my dearful Gosling."

"Ow! I believe I'm punctured! Ow!"

"Now you must stand with your eyes closed, while I put the golden chain of Jamhood about your neck."

Gosling's eyes glistened.

"A golden chain?" he exclaimed.

"A chain of gold weighing three pounds, and worth the sum of a thousand guineas," said the Jam solemnly.

"Every Jam has to wear it, and is conferred by the Jam who makes him a Jam. Does the honourable Gosling refuse the gift?"

"N-n-no," howled Gosling. "No—no—no! Wot I says is this 'ere, I'm on that!"

"The goldfulness is terrific. The worthy Gosling must close his eyes, and stand quite still, and not open his eyes again until he feel the chain of gold upon his neck. Is it understood?"

"Yes—yes—yes, your 'Ighness!"

"Close your eyes, then."

Gosling obeyed.

"Keep them tightly shut."

"Werry good, sir."

Gosling screwed up his eyes as if he would never open them again. Inky minor winked at Gatty, and they withdrew with silent steps. The other juniors, choking with suppressed laughter, withdrew also, and Gosling was left standing with closed eyes, waiting.

Several minutes elapsed.

Gosling began to grow impatient. It seemed to him that the Jam was a long time with that golden chain.

"I say, your 'Ighness—"

There was no reply.

"Your 'Ighness—"

Silence.

"Wot I says is this 'ere, it's getting chilling in the hevving, and I want to

go him!" said Gosling. "Would you mind 'urrying hup?"

No answer.

The porter opened his eyes.

He was standing quite alone outside his lodge. The Jam and the juniors had vanished.

Gosling blinked round him, and blinked again and then it slowly dawned upon him that Inky minor had been indulging his peculiar sense of humour in making him a Jam.

Gosling turned the colour of a beet-root as he realised it.

"And the august Cherry's first-class waistcoat—"

"Not at all," said Bob.

"And I hopefully wish that the honourable Wharton has recovered from his painfulness of the upsetting tea on his esteemed legs."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"That's all right!" he said. "Don't worry! I hope you'll be comfy in the Second dorm., young Inky. If there's anything we can do for you, don't fail to let us know."

"The goodness of the esteemed

Frank Nugent looked a little puzzled as he went with his chums to the Remove dormitory.

"Blest if I know why young Inky should take such an interest in my minor!" he said. "It's very odd! I remember he was backing my minor up in our study. He can't possibly know young Dicky. He's never met him."

"He seems a queer young beggar altogether," said Harry, laughing. "He's been knighting Gosling. The fags are shrieking over it. 'Old Gossy' thought he was being made a Jam, and young Inky



Gatty pointed to the dark stains on the pillow on which Inky minor's head had rested. "Look! His giddy complexion has come off during the night!" he exclaimed. "What does it mean?" (See Chapter 5.)

"Wot I says is this 'ere," he uttered. "All boys oughter be drowned, and specially black boys! Br-r-r-r!"

And Gosling went into his lodge, and slammed the door with a slam that was heard as far as the School House.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Second Form are Surprised!

INKY MINOR went up to bed with the Second Form when bedtime came. Some of the Remove fellows stopped in the passage to wish him good-night. Upon reflection, they did not care for the close acquaintance of Inky's younger brother, but they wished him well all the same, and felt it their duty to take some notice of him. Inky minor bade them good-night in the cheerfulest possible way.

"The good-nightfulness is terrific, my worthy chums!" he said. "I am sorrowful for the spoilfulness of the esteemed Nugent's honourable bags—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Frank.

Wharton is terrific! Perhaps the honourable Nugent will tell me—"

"What is it?" asked Frank.

"I am keenful to see the esteemed Nugent's minor. Is he coming backfully to Greyfriars?"

"Yes. Next week."

"Not till the nextful week?"

"No. He's being rusticated," Frank explained. "He played a mad trick, and bumped a Form-master over. He was lucky not to be expelled!"

"But I hear from the Second that he said he would comefully arrive back in the twenty-four hours."

"Oh, he said so—yes."

"And he has not come?"

"Of course not!"

"And he wagered an honourable study tea?"

"Quite so. He's lost, of course."

"I should like to see him," murmured the Jam. "If he should come back in the twenty-four hours you will informally tell me, my esteemed chum?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! Good-night!"

left him standing with his eyes shut, waiting for a golden chain to be put round his neck."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Second Form tumbled in. Loder, the prefect, was looking after the Second that night, and he came to turn lights out. Inky minor was not yet undressed. He was the last. He had spent a long time taking off his boots.

Loder looked at him with a scowl.

"Why aren't you in bed, you young black rascal?" he demanded.

"The slowfulness of my honourable self is terrific!" murmured the Jam apologetically.

"You'll undress in the dark, then!" exclaimed Loder.

"My dearful Loder—"

"Oh, ring off!"

Loder turned out the light and went out. He glanced back into the dark dormitory with a final word of warning:

"If you put the light on here I shall see it, and I shall come and warm you!"

"My respected and esteemed Loder does—"

"Oh, rats!"

Loder slammed the door.

"The roiter!" said Gatty. "But you have been a jolly long time, Inky minor. We all had time to undress."

"It's all rightful, my worthy chum."

"Look here, I'll light a candle-end for you, if you like, and risk Loder," said Myers.

"Oh, no—no! I can undress in the dark, my worthy chums," said Inky minor hastily. "It is betterful not to have the light."

"Well, if you can manage—"

"The managefulness is terrific!"

And the Jam undressed in the dark and turned in.

The Second Form were soon asleep. Pale moonlight came in at the windows and glimmered upon the Jam's dusky face as it showed above the coverlet on the white pillow.

When the rising-bell clanged in the morning, Gatty opened his eyes sleepily, and yawned, and looked round the Second dormitory.

Clang—clang!

"Hallo, you fellows! Anybody getting up?"

"Inky's up," said Myers.

"Is he? Before rising-bell?"

"Yes. Look!"

Gatty sat up and looked at the Jam's bed. It was empty. Inky minor had evidently risen before rising-bell.

"Well, he's a queer little ass!" said Gatty. "He goes to bed after the rest of us, and gets up before we're awake! I wonder where he's gone?"

The Second Form turned out as the rising-bell ceased to clang. There was a sudden exclamation from Myers. Gatty looked round at him.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"My hat!"

"What is it?"

"Great Scott!" went on Myers, in tones of the greatest astonishment.

"You ass!" roared Gatty. "What is it, I say?"

"Look!"

Myers pointed to the pillow on Inky minor's bed.

Gatty gasped.

He had reason to gasp. Upon the white pillow were dark stains—stains that had evidently been made there by the face that had pressed the pillow.

"My only hat!" gasped Gatty.

"By Jove!"

"What does it mean?"

"I say," exclaimed Sammy Bunter, "here's Inky minor!"

Inky minor had come in.

"The brightfulness of the morning is terrific!" he exclaimed. "You are lazy-loud bouncers not to comefully walk into the esteemed Close— Why—what—how—"

"Look there!" roared Gatty.

"Oh!"

"Does your giddy complexion come off?"

"Oh!"

"What does it mean?"

"Great Scott! Oh!"

"You fraud!" yelled Myers.

"You bouncer!"

"What does it mean?"

"Explain!"

"Now then, out with it!"

Inky minor looked utterly dismayed. The fags of the Second gathered round him threateningly.

"I—I—I—I'll explain!" said Inky minor. "Only—only, mind, it's a dead secret—a dead secret among the Second, you understand!"

"Well, that's all right," said Gatty. **THE POPULAR.—No. 113.**

"But what is it? What does it mean? Who are you—who are you? Explain!"

And there was a shout from the Second-Formers.

"Explain, you fraud!"

Inky minor proceeded to explain. Before he had uttered a dozen words there was a wild yell of amazement from the Second. And it was followed by a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The dormitory door opened, and Bob Cherry of the Remove looked in. The merriment in the Second-Form dormitory had caught his ears as he was going down.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the joke here, eh?"

Gatty quickly covered up the smudged pillow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Second.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent looked in from behind Bob. They were equally surprised. The sight of the Removites seemed to increase the almost hysterical merriment of the Second-Formers. They simply yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the joke?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Gatty. "You are! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry. "It's a rag. But a Second Form rag doesn't matter. Rats!"

And he slammed the door. The Removites walked away, and as they went they heard fresh yells of merriment from the Second Form dormitory.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Some of the Removites' wrath died away when they reached the study. There was another letter from Hurree Singh on the table, which some thoughtful junior had brought up for them. The letter was addressed to Harry Wharton, and he opened it eagerly.

For a few moments he read in silence, but before he had got half way, he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"My hat!" he gasped. "Listen to this, you chaps!"

And he read aloud:

"My Dear and Worthy Wharton,—Just a lineful epistle to warn you not to expect my honourable minor, as his esteemed guardians have decided that he

is to continuefully go on with his education at present with Indian masters.

"I know this will be disappointing to you, but perhapsfully my excellent minor will come with me when I returnfully go to Greyfriars.

"I hope you are all spiffingly well.

"Yours alwaysfully,
"INKY."

For one brief moment there was silence when Wharton had finished reading the letter. Then a chorus of amazed voices broke out.

"M-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"T-then the black chap is a fraud!" exclaimed Nugent.

Harry Wharton frowned.

"I don't know!" he said grimly. "But we'll jolly soon see! We'll have a dormitory trial, you chaps. Fetch the chap who calls himself Inky minor, Johnny. We'll get the jury together in the meantime. Meet in the dormitory!"

Johnny Bull, grinning, departed on his errand. He met with some difficulty in getting Inky minor away from the Second Form room, and in overcoming that difficulty, he found it necessary to cuff Gatty and Greene.

Thus, when Johnny proceeded to the Remove dormitory with the prisoner to be tried, Gatty and Greene rushed round to gather the fags for an attempt at rescue.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Trial in the Dormitory!

INKY MINOR sat in a chair in the Remove dormitory. He had struggled to the last, and the Removites had passed a rope several times round him and the chair, binding him fast to it. Inky minor had ceased to struggle now, because he could not move a limb, and he sat in the chair gasping, the perspiration rolling in beads down his dusky face, and making peculiar pale streaks in his complexion.

The dormitory had been really excellently arranged as a court.

Three chairs were set upon a bed, upon which was a placard bearing the legend, "Judges' Bench." The seats were evidently for the judges. On a broomstick standing against the wall was another placard, "The Jury."

The jury were already empanelled.

There were twelve good men and true, all Removites—Ogilvy, Micky Desmond, Trevor, Russell, Morgan, Treluce, Smith minor, Tom Brown, Hazeldene, Skinner, Stott, and Mark Linley.

They were in three rows—the first row seated on the floor, the second row sitting on chairs, and the third row standing.

Two warders, armed with cricket-bats, stood behind the prisoner's chair, as he sat facing the judge's bench. The two warders were John Bull and Bob Cherry.

Three judges mounted to the bench—Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Bulstrode.

Their aspect was very grave, as became the judicial bench. Judicial wigs, of course, were lacking at Greyfriars; but the deficiency had been supplied, one of the judges having a cruet-stand, another a fool's cap, and the third a silk-hat upon his head.

The dusky prisoner grinned at them. "Now, what's the little game?" he demanded.

"Silence in court, I guess!"

That was from Fisher T. Fish, who had been appointed—or had appointed himself—usher.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Inky minor. "I mean—ahem!—the cheesefulness is terrific!"

Laughter in court! All the Removites



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who were not on the jury or the judicial bench were crowded along the walls, looking on and grinning.

Wharton looked round with a judicial frown.

"Silence in court!" he exclaimed "I trust that the public do not imagine that a law court is a place for the exercise of humour!"

"If there is any further unseemly merriment in this court I shall have to request the ushers to remove the person offending!" said the judge severely.

"Silence, I guess!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Oyez! Oyez! Oh, yes! Silence!"

"Prisoner at the bar," went on the judge, "you must know that we bar fellows like you!"

Laughter in court.

"Ahem!"

Loud laughter!

"Prisoner at the bar—usher, kindly see that silence is preserved!--prisoner, stand up!"

"How am I to stand up, you silly ass, when I'm tied down?" demanded the prisoner, naturally enough.

"Ahem! Sit down, then!"

"Well, I'm doing that. How long is this silly game going to last?" demanded the prisoner.

"Prisoner, you will not enhance your case in any way by treating the court with disrespect!"

"Oh, rats! I mean, the ratfulness is terrific!"

"Order! I shall commit you for contempt of court otherwise."

"The boshfulness is terrific!"

"Warders!" thundered the judge.

"Yes, your honour!" said Bob Cherry.

"If the prisoner is guilty of contempt of court again you will rap him on the knapper--ahem!--I mean the head, with a bat!"

"Yes, your honour."

"Here, you chuck it!" exclaimed the prisoner, twisting his head round to look at the two grim warders "Don't you start playing the giddy ox! Ow!"

Crack!

"Yarook!"

Bob Cherry had given the prisoner a light tap with the bat. It was only a light tap, but the prisoner roared.

"You--you utter chumps!" he roared.

"I--I mean, the chumpfulness is terrific! Stop! Leggo! Lemme out!"

"Order!"

"Rats! I tell you--- Yarook!"

Whack!

The prisoner subsided into silence. The cricket-bats were too much for him. He glared at the warders, and then glared at the judges.

"Now," said the chief judge, with a frown, "prisoner, you are accused of coming to this school in disguise, and we want to know who you are, and what the little game is."

"Hear, hear!" said the jury.

The judge frowned.

"The jury will kindly keep silent," he said.

Skinner, the foreman of the jury, rose.

"Your honour--"

"Silence in court!"

"Your honour, when we said 'Hear, hear!' we did not mean hear, hear, but here, here, meaning that we were all here, here," Skinner explained.

Laughter in court.

"Order!"

"The charge against this prisoner," resumed the judge, "is a serious one. If he cannot meet the charge--"

"He will have to borrow off somebody."

It was a voice from the court, followed by laughter.

"If the public cannot keep order, I shall direct that the court be cleared," said his honour severely. "A court of

law is not a theatre. To resume. The prisoner at the bar is guilty of coming to this school in disguise, under a name that does not belong to him. Warder!"

"Yes, sir!"

"You should say 'Yes, your honour,' fathead."

"Yes, your honour, fathead."

Laughter in court.

"Ahem! Kindly roll up the prisoner's sleeve, so that it can be seen how far his dark complexion extends."

Some signs of resistance on the part of the prisoner, but they were unavailing. His arm was jerked loose from the cords, and his sleeve was rolled up. The skin above the wrist was seen to be quite white.

There was a gasp of interest from the watching crowd of juniors.

Although it was pretty well known that the supposed Indian was a white boy in disguise, yet this clear and convincing proof of it was a little startling.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"He's really white!"

"Who is he?"

"Blest if one can tell who he is with that black smudging on his chivvy," said Nugent. "My belief is that I've seen him before."

There came a sudden chuckle from the prisoner. Something in Nugent's remark seemed to strike him as funny.

"Prisoner, order!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Warder--"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the prisoner hastily. "It's all right; I'll keep order."

"Gentlemen of the jury, you observe that--"

The foreman of the jury rose.

"Is it in order to ask a question now?" he demanded.

"No."

"Well, I'll ask it all the same. Are you judge or prosecuting counsel?"

The judge seemed a little puzzled by the question.

"Both," he answered finally. "I am conducting this case, in the absence of counsel, and I do not require any assistance from the foreman of the jury. If the foreman of the jury asks any more questions, I shall commit him for contempt of court. Proceed with the trial."

Laughter in court.

"Gentleman of the jury," resumed the chief justice, "you observe that the prisoner is in disguise. There is no disguising the fact. He is white, and he is got up to look like an Indian. He is, therefore, in disguise."

"I quite agree with the remark of my learned brother," said Nugent, setting the crucet straight on his judicial head; "the prisoner is in disguise."

"The next question is to discover his identity," went on the judge, "and to ascertain whether he is someone we know, playing an idiotic jape on us, or whether he is some emissary--"

"That's a good word," said the foreman of the jury.

"Order!"

"Or whether he is some emissary of a gang of criminals sent here to gain information for the purposes of robbery."

"Oh!"

"Prisoner at the bar, what is your name?"

"Walker."

Laughter in court.

"You are directed to tell the court your true name."

"Rats!"

"The prisoner refuses to disclose his identity. We shall, therefore, proceed to remove his disguise, and ascertain whether we know him."

"Good egg!" said the jury all together.

"Look here--" began the prisoner. "Silence!"

"Warders, you will take a basin of water and a sponge, and wash the face of the prisoner. Wash it till the black all comes off."

"Yes, your honour."

The warders obeyed. As the trial was being held in a dormitory, facilities for washing were close at hand. Bob Cherry dipped a sponge in a basin of water, and soaped it, and rubbed away at the countenance of the bound prisoner.

The prisoner objected strongly. Perhaps he did not object so much to his disguise being removed as to the vigour with which Bob Cherry removed it. Bob certainly had a strong arm, and his rubbing was powerful.

The dusky face of the prisoner disappeared in a cloud of foam and suds, and Bob Cherry worked away manfully, with his sleeves rolled up, amid a kind of chorus of growls, howls, gasps, and personal observations from the prisoner.

But Bob Cherry never heeded. He worked away, and lathered and rubbed, and rubbed and scrubbed till the judge directed him to stop.

"You must have the paint off by this time, warder, I should think," he exclaimed.

"And the skin, too, I should say," grinned Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, all right, your honour!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll get the soap off now, and we'll soon see if we know him."

"Yes, buck up!"

Bob Cherry sponged off the sea of foam and soapsuds. A face, white excepting where it was red with rage, emerged into view and recognition.

The juniors looked at it, and there was a yell of amazement.

"Nugent minor!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Nugent Minor Wins!

NUGENT MINOR gazed furiously at the Removites.

His collar and jacket were soaked with water and soap, and water was running down his back, and all over him. His face was beautifully clean--cleaner, probably, than it had ever been before.

The amazement of the Remove knew no bounds. They had expected anything but this. Frank Nugent gazed at his young brother as if he had been a spectre.

"Dicky!" he gasped.

"My hat! Nugent minor!"

"Dicky Nugent!"

"The young sweep!"

"He's taken us all in!"

"Great Scott!"

The court broke up in its excitement. Judges and jury mingled with the crowd that surged round the scamp of the Second Form.

"Nugent minor!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You awfully cheeky young rascal! Then you did come back after all!"

The clouds cleared from Dicky Nugent's face, and he grinned.

"I said I'd come back within twenty-four hours, didn't I?" he demanded.

"Yes, you young sweep--"

"Well, and I've come. I said I'd come back, and wouldn't be sent away again--and I've done it. I knew there was some idea of Inky minor coming, so I came as Inky minor. The disguisefulness was terrific," grinned Dick Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat! We've been taken in, and no mistake!" exclaimed John Bull.

(Concluded on page 12.)

SKIMPOLE-DETECTIVE!

A Short Story of St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"HALLO, Skimmy! You're looking jolly blue about something! What's the matter? Professor Balmcrumpet met with an untimely end, or what?"

Tom Merry made the remark as he came in from footer practice with his chums, Manners and Lowther.

"No, my dear Merry," replied Skimpole, the genius of the Shell. "I am glad to be able to report that Professor Balmcrumpet is in the very best of health. A very peculiar thing has happened."

"Go hon!" said Monty Lowther.

"Yes," said Skimpole seriously. "I deposited a small quantity of steak in the cupboard of my study this morning. I had contemplated having it for my tea, but when I returned from purchasing Professor Weaknee's latest book on 'How to Become Strong' I found, to my surprise, that the meat had gone."

"Perhaps the sun's melted it," suggested Monty Lowther.

"I consider that in the highest degree improbable," said Skimpole. "At this period of the year the sun is not at all powerful, and—"

"You must have eaten it and forgotten all about it," remarked Tom Merry.

"Impossible, Merry!" said Skimpole. "I have the true scientific memory, and I cannot credit the likelihood of my eating it and retaining no recollection of the occurrence."

"Well, what's happened to it, then?"

"That is what I am endeavouring to discover," replied Skimpole. "All I need is a strong magnifying-glass, and then I am confident that, in no prolonged period, the mystery will be elucidated."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is no matter for derisive mirth," said Skimpole. "A thief has practised his nefarious arts, and I am determined to run the malefactor to earth."

"You can't chase a chan with a magnifying-glass, Skimmy," said Tom Merry.

"You do not entirely comprehend, my dear Merry," said Skimpole. "I should not contemplate giving chase with a magnifying-glass. The necessity for the glass is to examine footprints."

"Footprints?"

"Yes," continued Skimpole. "The unprincipled individual who stole my meat left his footprints in my study. I am confident that, with the aid of a magnifying-glass, I can track the villain to his lair."

"But he may be miles away by this time," suggested Monty Lowther. "It'll probably take you weeks to run the chap down."

"Are you not aware, Lowther, that the scientific detective never abandons hope?" asked Skimpole.

"Then you're going to become a detective?" said Lowther.

"Most decidedly!" said Skimpole. "For a short period it is necessary that I should enact that role."

"My aunt!" ejaculated Lowther.

The Terrible Three roared with laughter at the idea of Skimpole's becoming a detective. Skimpole, however, kept an impassive look, and was not in the least upset by the reception his announcement had received.

"Can you lend me a magnifying-glass, Manners?" asked Skimpole, buttoning the photographer of the Shell. "I understand that all photographers possess them."

"Yes," said Manners. "I've got one. Come along to my study."

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Very readily Skimpole followed the Terrible Three to their study. They were quite eager to assist Skimpole in his case, for they realised that it would be funny.

Manners found the magnifying-glass and handed it to Skimpole.

Skimpole led the way to his study. Arrived inside, he pointed to several dirty marks on the floor. There was no doubt that somebody with very muddy feet had been there.

"Sure they're not your own footprints?" asked Monty Lowther.

"My dear Lowther," said Skimpole, examining the footprints and taking their sizes by means of a yard-measure, "don't you know that I always make a point of drying my boots properly before I enter the House?"

"I wasn't aware of it," said Lowther. "But never mind, get on with the washing!"

Skimpole went down on his hands and knees, and scrutinised and measured every footprint in turn.

"My word! He's on the track!" said Lowther, as Skimpole commenced to crawl out of the study.

Along the passage Skimpole went, slowly but surely. Tom Merry & Co., roaring with laughter, followed behind.

Down the stairs and out into the quad the amateur detective tracked the footprints. Yard after yard he covered, measuring footprint after footprint. He seemed to be picking up mud by the

pond on his trousers, but he was not in the least worried.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Tom Merry at length. "Do you see what he's making for?"

"The wood-shed!" cried Manners.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look out, Skimmy!" warned Monty Lowther. "You'll barge the door down if you're not careful!"

Skimpole looked up, to find that the door of the wood-shed was within an inch of his head.

"At last!" he murmured. "I will enter and approach the malefactor!"

Skimpole rose, pushed the door open very slowly, and walked in.

"Stand and—Ow! Yow! Yaroooh!"

Skimpole emitted yells of anguish, and struggled hard but vainly to get away. Something, or somebody, was holding him back.

"Gr-r-r-r!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"It's Towser!"

"Gr-r-r-r!"

Towser—Herries' bulldog—had taken a tight grip on Skimpole's trousers, and was holding on like grim death.

"Yow! Call him off, Merry, please!" bleated Skimpole. "He's hurting me! He's—Ow! Yarooogh! Grooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! Who's ill-treating Towser?"

With a very dignified look on his face, Herries, the owner of Towser, came tearing towards the shed.

"You'd better call your blessed dog off," said Tom Merry, "before he lays Skimmy!"

"Down, Towser!" bade Herries. "Good dog, Towser! Come here, old boy!"

Towser released his grip on the unfortunate Skimpole, and strode towards his master, with a sample of Skimpole's trousering in his mouth.

Herries patted the bulldog's head affectionately.

"What's all the trouble about, Towsy, old boy?" said Herries. "Did they ill-treat you, then?"

Seeing that Towser could not speak, Tom Merry decided to explain matters.

"Skimpole missed a bit of steak from his study," he said, with a grin, "and resolved to track the thief down. With the aid of a magnifying-glass he followed the footprints to the shed, and—"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Herries. "I took that bit of steak!"

"You did?"

"Yes," said Herries. "Towser was jolly hungry, and as I had nothing to give him I thought Skimmy wouldn't mind if I borrowed his bit of steak until later on in the day. I meant to have told him about it, but I entirely forgot."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Terrible Three.

"I'm awfully sorry, Skimmy!" said Herries. "I—"

"Do not distress yourself, my dear Herries," said Skimpole. "It is rather unfortunate that my trousers should be damaged so, but the truly philosophic mind regards such trivial occurrences with the proper detachment. I am thankful to know that my deductions were correct, and that I was on the right track from the initial moment. It is possible that in the future I may decide to become a detective, and track down those who live by crime."

THE END.

RESULT OF "POPLETS" No. 1.

The ten prizes of Five Shillings each have been awarded to the following readers:

A. J. Cutler, 2, Western Terrace, Hammer-smith, W. 6.

EXAMPLE.

The Companion Papers.

"POPLET."

A "Popular" Necessity.

B. Smart, 25, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants.
"Billy Bunter's Weekly."
Will "Wynn" many readers.

A. H. Lundoun, 7, Fulham Park Gardens, S.W. 6.

Harry Wharton's Punch.

"Bowls over" Bolsover.

W. G. Taylor, 2, Hartland View, West Hill, Braintree, Devon.

Harry Wharton's Punch.

Accounts for black eyes.

Bertie Wilson, 22, Nowell Place, Harehills Lane, Leeds.

Tom Merry's Aunt.

Makes Tom Merry.

E. Robertshaw, 44, Carlisle Terrace, Bradford.

"Billy Bunter's Weekly."

"Subs'-tantial and Satisfying."

K. McClean, 32, Widdington Road, Coventry.

Loder's Little Games.

End in "smoke."

C. Close, 5, Sutcliffe Street, Liverpool.

When Pluck Counts.

First excursion since war.

A. Turvey, 47, Stockwell Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

A Simple Competition.

Ten "heads" are "crowned."

H. Hoberaft, 75, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, E. 12.

Because Bob Said So.

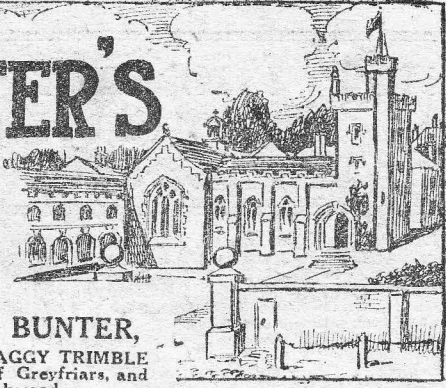
It was heard!

The prizes will be sent off during the week. Readers are asked to note that winning a prize does not disqualify them from entering another competition. If you have won a prize, you can win another one.



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

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



IN YORE EDDITER'S DEN!

My Deer Reederers,—I have a tremendus treet in store for you neckst week. I'm not going to tell you what it is. Any eeditor who gives away a sekret beforehand is an ass; and I shouldn't dream of telling you that neckst week I intend to have

A SPESHUL HOLLIDAY NUMBER

of my famus "Weekly." You will have to possess yore soles in patients; and don't forgett to order yore kopy of the "Popular" at wunce, or the nooso agent will look at you on Friday with a sorryful glance, and say, "Sold out!"

Well, deer reederers, for seven weeks we have pursod the even tenner of our way, and I'm willing to wager a fiveer that my "Weekly" will remane at the topp' of the tree. If ever I am kempelled to deklare our nett salls, I shall be able to do so without flinshing. I no at least four felces in London who bort a kopy of my paper last week; and my four fat subbs had one each, so our serkulashun is at least eight, and I shouldn't be serprized if it went into dubbie floggers! A reely klevver and talented jernaist like me can allways make a paper pay for its printing eggspenses, and show a prophet into the bargain!

I had a dredful eggspereience the other day with one of my girl reederers. She came down to Greyfriars to see me; and the paincful interview which folloed is grafikally deskrived by my mineer Sammy in this issew. I'm afraid that Miss Lucy Larkins—that is her name—doesn't luv me. She luvv me not, as they say in the Army. Never mind! Their are skores and skores of girls who do, so I shara't parish of a broken hart

I had three viziters this afternoon. Fatty Wynn, Baggy Trimble, and Tubby Muffin came over to demand there sallerries. I was in rather a piekel, bekwase I had spent there sallerries in treeting Lucy Larkins. The prospekt looked desidedly black, and I was in danjer of being torn lim from lim; but with grate presents of mind I saved the situashun. "I karn't give you any munney, you fellows," I said. "But will you be satisfied with a jolly good feed?"

"Yes, rather!" said Fatty Wynn. "We don't mind weather we have our sallerries in cash or in kind, so long as we get them."

So I went along to Coker's studdy, and looted his cubberd, and came back with a enrent cake, a bagg of jam-tarts, and a veal-and-ham pie. We had a 1st-class feed, and my three subbs went away looking very fed-up.

Don't forgett that grate treet I've got in store for you, deer reederers! I'm not going to tell you what it is, and if you think it's a speshul Holliday Number, I can assure you you're kwite rong!

Hopping for a kontinewance of yore kind kustom (as they say in bizness howses),

I remane,

Yore affeckshunate pall,

Yore Edditer

THE ART OF WRITING HOME!

Being Some Useful Hints to Schoolboy Letter-writers, given Free, Gratis, and For Nothing.

By **WILLIAM WIBLEY.**

The majority of fellows are shocking letter-writers. They don't know what to say or how to say it. They write home about once a month, and their letters are short, uninteresting, and badly spelt.

Take, for example, the letter written by young Tubb the other day. Here it is, in all its native beauty:

"greyfriars skool,
"Friardale, Kent.

"dear mater & pater just a few lines hopping you are kwite well as it leaves me at present with a slite tuch of toothake.

"I shall be glad of a dubbie porshun of pockitt munney this weak as i want to have a jolly good feed at the tuckshopp ever remaning your affeckshunate son gorge."

Did Tubb get his "dubbie porshun of pockitt munney"? Of course not! He didn't go the right way to work.

This is the sort of letter that Tubb should have written:

"Greyfriars School,
"Friardale, Kent.

"My Dear Mater and Pater,—I have not written before, as I have been so frantically busy with my studies. I am anxious to acquire all the knowledge I can, so that I may become a credit to you both.

"I am still in the Third Form, but am making such wonderful strides that I am certain to get my remove into the next Form in a week or so.

"Meanwhile, I am anxious to buy a number of reference books to assist me in my studies—also some bandages to cool my fevered brow while I burn the midnight oil. Would you therefore be good enough to double my allowance of pocket-money this week?

"I think of you ever such a lot. In fact, you are always in my thoughts—except when I'm swotting! I hope your goat is better, pater, and that your children's tea-party, mater, will prove a bumper success.

"Believe me to be,
"Your dutiful and industrious little son,
"GEORGE."

Now, if only young Tubb had written a letter like that, he would have got a "fiveer" by return of post! His people would have been awfully bucked to hear of the progress he was making, and they would have shown their appreciation in the usual manner, by sending along a substantial tip. But when a fellow writes home and says he wants to stuff himself with indigestible pastry at the tuckshop, his people think twice before putting their hands in their pockets.

Another point to remember when writing home is this. Always see that your letters are bright and cheery. No parent likes to read a long-winded tale of woe such as Billy Bunter sent home the other day.

"Deer Mater,—Just a few lines to tell you that I'm suffering from shooting, stabbing pances in the spine, together with kromatic hopping-koff, lumbago, skyattick, new-rutis,

lock-jore, inflewmonia, and St. Vitus' Danse, to say nothing of a wart on my nose.

"I am also suffering from lack of nurishment owing to the fact that I was refused a serventh helping of treetle-tart at dinner.

"I feel certain I shall have to thrope up the sponge before the day's out, and perish mizerably of starvashun.

"I karn't stopp to write any more, bekwase I've been suddenly taken with kramp in the rist, and howsemade's nee.

"Yore retched and eggspiring son,
"BILLY."

There's a melancholy epistle for you! It makes you feel that you'd like to grab the writer of it by the fleshy part of his neck and shake him until his glasses bounced off! (Oh, reelly, Wib! If I didn't happen to be dying I'd give you a jolly good licking!—Ed.)

In marked contrast to Billy Bunter's letter, I will quote a typical one of Bob Cherry's.

"Dear Old Pater,—How are you jogging along, you merry old soul? Still alive and kicking—what!

"I'm getting along famously at Greyfriars. The sun is shining, the prospect is merry and bright, and everything in the garden is lovely!

"If you can see your way to send me a fiveer, I shall be awfully bucked. And if you can't—well, I shall take it smiling.

"Cheerio, old sport!
"Joyfully yours,
"BOB."

This subject of letter-writing is a very wide one, and if I had more space at my disposal I could go on quoting instances of the right sort of letters to send home, and the wrong sort.

You must be careful not to exaggerate too greatly in your letters. The other day Skinner wrote to his pater: "I am now at the top of the class, and likely to remain there. Mr. Quelch is very pleased with me, and he says that if every fellow in his class was a Skinner, he'd have a heavenly time!"

Unfortunately, Mr. Skinner received a letter from Quelch by the same post, saying: "I regret to inform you that your son Harold is at the bottom of the class, and likely to remain there. If every pupil in my class was a Skinner, I should be goaded into a state of lunacy"

Of course, "son Harold" got it in the neck—and it served him jolly well right!

Be natural, be cheery, and stick to the facts as closely as possible. See that your spelling and punctuation are correct, and always write in ink on good notepaper. Don't tear a page out of an exercise-book, and scrawl upon it in lead-pencil. That sort of thing is dreadfully slovenly.

In conclusion, if any fellow would care to take lessons in the art of letter-writing, he will find me in Study No. 6. I shall be pleased to put him through his paces at a fee of a hob a lesson.

Roll up in your billions.
THE POPULAR.—No. 113.

HOW I NEARLY BAGGED BILLY BUNTER'S JOBB!

By TUBBY MUFFIN.

If it wasn't for trickery and fowl play, dear readers, I should now be the Edditer of this jernal. It would be called "Tubby Muffin's Weekly," and it would be run on much better lines than it is at prezzent.

I'll tell you how it come about. The Edditer of the Kompanion Papers wanted to see Billy Bunter and his four subbs in London to diskuss certain matters in konekshun with the paper. Dr. Chisholm aloud me to go, and Jimmy Silver was kind enuff to advance me the raleway-fare.

When the trane stopt at Courtfield Junshun, who should get in but Billy Bunter!

"Hallo, yung Muffin!" he said kondessendingly.

"Hallo, yung Bunter!" I replide, with krushing sarkasm.

"What brings you hear?" he inkwired.

"The Edditer of the Kompanion Papers has sent for me," I said. "I am going up to London to attend the konferense."

"Same hear!" said Bunter. "I say, you don't want all the karridge to yoreself, do you? This seet is suppozed to akkommodate five persons, and yet you're taking up all the room!"

"I refuse to budge for a fat porpus like you!" I said. "If you don't like my presents in this karridge, you'll have to lump it! I got in befour you!"

"Look here, you stuffed skarecrow—"

"Enuuf of yore fancy names!" I cride.

"When I get to London I'll tell the Edditer of the Kompanion Papers a few home trooths about you!"

"What do you meen?"

"I'll tell him that you haven't pade me my salery for over a fortnite! I'll tell him that you're not kapable of edditing a paper, and then, if he's wise, he'll hand over the rains of ofis to me!"

Billy Bunter jumped to his feat. The sparks were flashing from his eyes.

"You—you gutternus, fat tode!" he spluttered. "I—I'll wipe up the karridge with you!"

And then we had a terribel fite, dear readers. The moshun of the trane kawsed our athlettick yung boddies to sway as we attack each other with savvidge vigger.

As you no, I am a grate fiting-man, and within a couple of minnits I had Billy Bunter in the hollo of my hand, so to speak. I smote him without mersy on all parts of his annatemy, and, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he cride:

"Packs! Packs!"

"No } shall be given!" I replide. "You have called me rood names, and you shall pay the pennalty!"

Blif! Thudd! Blif! Thudd! Evvery blow I struck drew blud! Eggsuse me droppng into poertory, dear readers, but the rekolekshun of that skrapp rowse me to a high litty pitch.

When the trane rolled in at the London terminus Billy Bunter was in a terribel state. He had a pear of black eyes, a swollen nose, a broozed lip, a collidour ear, a dammidged fore, and no end of akes and panes. It was only with grate diffuklty that he maniggided to alite from the karridge, and I gave him a helping hand with my boot!

A minnit later I saw Billy Bunter krawl away in the direkshun of the refreshment buffy.

I through myself into a taxi.

"Fleetway Howse!" I called to the driver. "If you get their inside five minnits, I'll give you an extra tuppence!"

The taxi thredded its way threw the London traffick, and befour you could say "Grubb!" it halted at the entrans to a magnifiscent-looking bilding.

The neekst minnit I was in the presents of the Edditer.

"Well, Muffin," he said, eggstending his hand, "I trussed you are fat and well?"

"Although I look pail, I'm in the pink, sir!" I replide breathlessly. "Have any of the others arived yet—Wyb, or Trimble, or Bunter minner?"

"Not yet. You are the 1st arival."

"That's good," I said, "bekaws I want to

have a hart-to-hart tork with you. It's about the 'Weekly,' sir. I don't think Billy Bunter is a fitt and propper person to be the Edditer of it!"

"Indeed! Afte I arsk why?"

"In the 1st plaice, sir, he hasn't the nessasary nollidge. He isn't a fello of branes and eddukashun—like myself, frinstanse. Sekkondly, he duzzent look after his staff propperly. I have reseved no wages for a fortnite."

"Bless my sole!"

"So I think, sir, that you ought to chuck Billy Bunter out of it, and hand the jobb over to me!"

The Edditer gave a garsp.

"But what do you suppoze my readers would say if I took such a stepp?" he said.

"They'd be hartly in faver, sir. They're fed-up with Bunter, and kwite a lot of them have been klammering for me to take his plaice."

"Well, Muffin," said the Edditer, after stroking his mistosh in silense for sum minnits, "I am kwite prepared to give you a fare chause. I have a depputashun of thirteen readers coming up to see me this afternoon. I will call them into my ofis one at a time, and put the matter to the vote. Your own and Bunter's name will be ritten on slippis of paper, and my readers



Billy Bunter sprang at me. "I'll wipe the karridge with you—you fat tode!" he crid.

will be arsked to put a cross against the name of the person they wish to be Edditer."

And then the ofis-boy looked in.

"Thirteen readers to see you, sir!" he announced.

"Show them in one at a time," said the Edditer.

The 1st reader came in, and the Edditer told him what was in the wind. Without a sekkond's hezzitashun, the reader put a cross against my name.

The neekst reader voted for me, too; and so did the neekst. In fakt, the 1st six readers of the real put krosses against my name.

"Hooray!" I chortled.

"Don't tork too soon, Muffin!" said the Edditer. "Their are seven more readers to come."

Well, would you belevee it? Those seven readers, to my unspeakable horror, voted for Billy Bunter to remane in ofis!

It wasn't untill I staggered out into the korridor that I diskoverred what had happened.

That beest Billy Bunter had come along just as the sixth reader had given his vote, and he had bribed the remaning seven, with chokittis and wipped-kreem wallnuts, to vote for himself!

The rezult was that Bunter skraped threw by a majority of one.

Trickery and fowl play, bribery and korrupshun, that's what it was!

REARING A BULLDOG!

By GEORGE HERRIES
(of St. Jim's.)

Most people keep pets of some sort. Kids in the Second go in for white mice; tame rabbits are all the rage in the Third; while in the Fourth there's only one real pet, and that's dear old Towser, my faithful and devoted bulldog, who loves his master, and makes no bones about it; either!

Some fellows have a very queer choice in the matter of pets. I really can't understand why a chap should choose a monkey for a pet—unless it's because they are like twins in appearance!

White mice, too, are a beastly nuisance. They require no end of attention; and so do rabbits.

It all boils down to this—that a bulldog is the only sort of pet worth keeping.

Just think of the usefulness of such a creature! If any crime is committed, he can track down the offender quicker than the finest sleuth that ever sloth—you know what I mean. If there is a raid on your study, your bulldog goes for the raider; and you can always discover the culprit's identity afterwards by the fact that he has an enormous ventilation-hole in his "bags."

Now, we'll assume that you intend to keep a bulldog. You must catch it young, and in order to win its affection you must give it proper treatment. Make a kennel for it, and see that the kennel is stacked with nice juicy bones.

On Sundays and on special occasions your bulldog should be allowed to have tea with you in the study. Make it sit upon a chair, and pin a serviette to its frontispiece. Feed it with a spoon, and let it curl up on the hearthrug after the meal.

Never, under any circumstances, muzzle your bulldog. Let it wander fancy-free and take a snap at anything that appeals to it. If a fellow like Gussy comes up to you and says: "Your bulldog has no respect whatevah for a fellah's twousabs!" take no notice. It simply means that your pet doesn't approve of striped "bags."

Some fellows object to keeping a bulldog on account of the cost. Let me assure them that a bulldog can be fed, clothed, and housed at an outlay of fourpence-halfpenny a week—unless you're going to feed it on cold chicken and cream crackers, or anything like that. Of course, the licence will cost you seven-and-a-tanner, but it is money well spent.

Personally, nothing would ever induce me to part with dear old Towser. We understand each other perfectly and are close chums. Blake says this is only because I feed the brute, but that's all rot. Towsy would be fond of me even if he were on the verge of starvation.

I have taught Towser to do all sorts of tricks. He can beg, he can perform acrobatic stunts, and he can actually talk! You might not believe this latter statement, but it's a fact. Only the other day I distinctly heard Towser say, "Bow-wow!"

I hope this article of mine will be the means of flooding St. Jim's with bulldogs. Every fellow ought to make a point of getting one. They are noble creatures, and if you rear them properly, and teach them their manners, you can safely introduce them into the highest society.

THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS—

As an Expert Juggler : : By OLIVER KIPPS.

It is chiefly as a conjurer that I have won fame and glory. I'm a sort of Maskelyne and Devant rolled into one, and I can hold an audience enthralled by my skill and magic.

But I don't propose to let the reader into all the secret of my conjuring tricks. It wouldn't do. They might develop into quite as good conjurers as myself—or even better.

This being so, I will confine my remarks to juggling, which may rightly be styled the twin-brother of conjuring.

Now, you cannot become a successful juggler without a good deal of patience, practice, and perseverance. You are bound to make a hash of things at the start; therefore, it is advisable not to attempt to juggle with your own crockery, but to use some other fellow's.

One of the most simple juggling feats is to get two sugar-basins, both full of sugar, and to shy them up in the air, keeping both of them on the go at the same time without spilling so much as a grain of sugar.

Even this simple feat cannot be successfully performed at the first time of asking. The first time I tried it was at a tea-party in Study No. 1. I kept the sugar-basins going

for about two seconds, and then—why, it simply rained sugar. The spectators were smothered, and the things they said would scarcely bear repetition. Anyway, their compliments were much less sweet than the sugar!

After you have tried this trick about two thousand times, however, you will become remarkably proficient, and you will get no end of invitations to study tea-parties, because of your skill as an entertainer.

Another ingenious trick is to walk from the tuckshop to the gate-porter's lodge, balancing on your napper a crowded tea-tray. You must keep your hands in your pockets, and walk along in a perfectly natural manner.

When I first attempted this I upset the whole box of tricks on top of the kitchen cat, and the unfortunate beast was nearly exterminated! I was subsequently sued for damages by Mrs. Kebble, the owner of the cat, and I had to go up to Harrod's and buy it a new fur coat.

The second time I tried it, however, I met with more success. I actually got as far as the porter's lodge before the laden tray shot off my cranium, and disported its contents

over Gosling, who was standing on the door-step.

Gossy's garments were swamped with scalding tea, and he pranced about like a cat on hot bricks. Even a half-crown "tip" failed to mollify him.

A very simple experiment—but rather a dangerous one—is to place a ruler in your mouth during lessons, and balance an inkpot on the end of it. If you can keep this up for five minutes without drenching the fellow in front of you with ink or without being spotted by Quelch—well, you're a giddy, marvel!

I tried this dodge once, but a sudden spasm of toothache caused me to relax my grip on the ruler, and there was the very dickens of a clatter! Quelch called me out in front of the class, and said that if any juggling required to be done, he could easily do it with his cane. And he did, too—the sarky beast!

The dining-hall is an excellent training-ground for a would-be juggler. He has heaps of crockery at his disposal, and he can try all sorts of tricks, from spinning a couple of cups in the air to balancing a soup-tureen on his eyelash!

But, as I said before, you can't become a successful juggler without plenty of patience, practice, and perseverance. You yourself must provide the patience and perseverance; and I'll give you the practice in the form of daily lessons at a bob a time.

All remittances should be made payable to Oliver Kipps, Study No. 5.

FADS AND FANCIES! Collected by FATTY WYNN.

	TOM MERRY.	ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.	BAGGY TRIMBLE.	GEORGE FIGGINS.	COUSIN ETHEL.
What is your favourite colour?	Dark blue.	Purple.	Lemon.	Green.	Cerise.
Your favourite pets?	Terriers.	Tame Rabbits.	White Mice.	Dogs.	Kittens.
Your favourite pastime?	Footer.	Dancing.	Marhels.	Running.	Dancing.
Your pet aversion?	Being asked idiotic questions.	Herries' bulldog.	A fello who over-feeds himself.	Gussy's tenor solos.	"Swelled head" in a boy.
Your favourite hero?	Sir Walter Raleigh.	Beau Brummel.	Wellington Bonypart.	The fellow who put a rattlesnake in Ratty's desk.	My favourite heroine is Joan of Arc.
Whom do you envy most?	The Prince of Wales.	Myself!	Dame Taggles.	Charlie Chaplin.	Glady's Cooper.
Which is your lucky day?	Saturday.	Sunday.	I'm not soopersthus.	Wednesday (because Cousin Ethel comes round).	Wednesday (because I have tea with Figgy).

HOW I SWAM THE CHANNEL!

The Most Amazing "Story" Ever Written : By TUBBY MUFFIN.

Up to the time of writing, there are three people who have accomplished the magnificent feat of swimming the Channel. Captain Webb done it in 1870; a Yorkshireman named Burgess done it a few years before the war; and me, Reginald Muffin, of Rookwood, done it larst weak.

Impossible, you will say. Nevertheless, dear readers, it's a sollum fact.

For years it had been my ambition to swim the Channel, but I had to wait until I became sufficiently plump. You see, you've got to be ever so fat before you can attempt a feat of that sort. Yore rolls of fat will keep you warm in the water—even in March. Whereas, if you happen to be a skinny skellington, you'll only get ½-way across, and then have to give it up owing to frost-bite!

Larst weak I wayed myself, and found that I terned the scale at thirteen stone.

"Good!" I eggclaimed. "The time is now ripe for me to achieve my ambition."

And I went along to the Head's study.

"If you please, sir," I said, "I want to take a week-end off."

"Bless my sole! Have you got trubble at home, Muffin?"

"Nunno, sir!"

"Then why do you want a week-end?"

"I am anksius to swim the Channel, sir. It's the berrin ambition of my life."

The Head gave a gasp.

"You full-hardy boy! How do you suppose you can akkplish a feat wich wood baffle a fool-grown man? If you attempt to cross the Channel you will be drowned!"

"Of course not, sir. You see, I shall have a bote neer me all the time. That will be necessary, bekwase I shall have to be fed every ½-of-on-hour."

"Very well, Muffin," said the Head. "You may go; but if you happen to get drowned don't blame me afterwards."

Well, dear readers, I went down to Dover, and had a good look at the tide. I saw that it was favorable, and I told a group of botemen of my intenshuns.

"I meen to swim the Channel!" I said. "Will you feloes come with me in a bote, and feed me at reglar intervals?"

After sum bozzitashun, the men konsented. At 3 o'clock that afternoon I dived off Dover peet.

As my bansom, graceful figger swooped

threw the air, cheer after cheer went up from the krowd on the beach.

"Hooray!"

"Good old Muffin!"

"He meens to swim the Channel!"

"And he'll do it, too—povided he keeps kler of the sharks!"

I struck out with my powerful breast-stroke, and the botemen had all there work cut out keep pace with me. I was ½-way across the Channel before you could say "Nife!"

Of course, I had plenty of arrishment. Rabbit-pies were passed out to me on the ends of bote-hooks, and juizer-pop was pored down my parched throte.

After swimming hard all nite and the best part of neckst day, I sited the French town of Cally in the distanse.

And I done it! I done it, dear readers! Alone I done it, as Shakespeare says. And the French people hugged me in there delite, and eride:

"Oh, tray bong, tray bong, mes ongfung!"

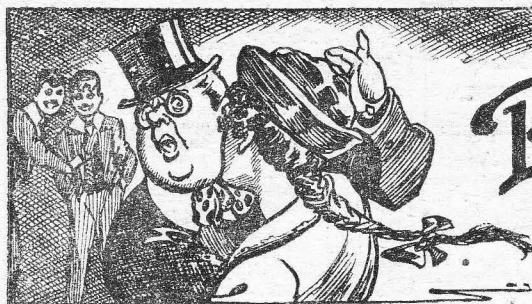
I returned to England on a speshul crooser, and when I landed on my natif shore, I eggpected to find everybody talking about my wonderful feet. I thort I should find the newspapers fool of it.

But the only thing I saw on the placcards, dear readers, was this:

"PORPOISE WASHED ASHORE AT CALAIS!"

After that crool remark, I sha'n't attempt to swim the Channel any more!

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Billy's Little Romanse!

Describing my Major's Advenchers with a Member of the Fare Secks.

By SAMMY BUNTER.

MEXNY letters this mornung?" asked Billy as he rolled into the editorial sanctum when I was bizzy opening the korrespondence. "Their are skores and skores," I replide. "Yore loyal readers are simply bombardung you."

"What do they say about my 'Weekly'?" "Sun have nutting but praise for it. Others are as kritikal as can be. Hear's a letter from Jack Simmonds, of Highgate. He says yore 'Weekly' is more amusng than 'Punch'."

"Good old Jack! He nose a good thing when he seize one." "And hear's a letter from Percy Piggott, of Blackheath. He says yore 'Weekly' is only fit for waist-paper."

"The cheiky yung rotter! Neckst time I go down to Blackheath I shall make a point of skaping him."

"But, look here, Billy. Hear's a letter that'll interest you. I new direktly I opened it that it came from a girl reeder, bekwise it was sented. If you lissen karefully, you'll be able to smell the portroom."

"Don't tork rot! Hand over the letter." "I did so; and Billy devoured it with relish. It ran as folloes:

"My dear Billy,—For many weeks—ever since your 'Weekly' came out, in fact—I have been one of your silent admirers. But I now feel that I can remain silent no longer. I am weary of studying Mr. Chapman's portrait of you, and I want to see you in the flesh. I feel a frantic desire to walk and talk with you, and laugh and chaff with you, and read and feed with you, because I feel sure you are a most entertaining boy."

"And so, dear Billy, I am coming down to Greyfriars on Wednesday afternoon, and I hope we shall have a tip-top time together. I shall arrive by train which reaches Friarsdale at three o'clock."

"Meanwhile, I enclose my photograph, and remain,—Ever your chum and admirer,
"LUCY LARKINS."

I could see that Billy was vizzibly moved, for he paced up and down the room.

"Lucy Larkins!" he mermered. "What a sweet name!"

"Yes, and her fotygraph's even sweeter!" I chimed in. "Just look at the tilt of her nose and the curl of her eyelashes! It's enuff to make a fello fall in luv at 1st site!"

"I don't no about that," said Billy. "Their are girls at Cliff House who are just as hansom as Lucy. All the same, I'm simply dying to see her! She must be a girl of orfully good taste, or she wouldn't admire me like she does. Just fancy! She's coming all the way down to Greyfriars to see me!"

Billy was feverfully eggsted about the affare. He had numerus admirers all over the world, but they never came to vizzit him. Lucy Larkins, however, found it impossibul to stay away any longer. It was the hering ambition of her yung life to see Billy in the flesh.

Billy trezured her fotygraph so much that he stuck it on the mantelpeace, giving it the place of onner betwene George Robey and Fatty Arbuckle.

When any of the feloes inkwired who the yung lady was Billy would throce out his chest and eggscclaim:

"Why, that's a yung fieldmale who admires me very much—in fact, she's coming to see me on Wensday afternoon!"

Most of the feloes rored with larfter, but Billy said they were only jellus.

Billy did no wurk at all that day. Like the lilies of the valley, he toyled not, neither did he spinn. His thorts were fool of Lucy.

Evvery now and agane he through a glanse at the fotygraph on the mantelpeace, and he side deely.

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Billy can thank his lucky stars that he's got a kapable subb-edditer in his miner, or the "Weekly" wouldn't have come out at all that week. I had to do all the donkey wurk, and I korrekted kwite a krowd of spelng mistaiks in the varyus kontribushuns.

Well, the days went by. They have a habbit of so doing. And prezently Wensday afternoon dorned; and what with eggstement, and the fact that he had eaten fifteen helpings of blommonge and kusterd at dinner, Billy had violent palpittashun of the hart.

Long befour three o'clock he went up to the dorm and chanjed into his Sunday best. Billy can make himself look very smart when he likes to take the trubble; and when I saw him coming threw the Close, with a glossy silk topper on his head, and the very latest in fasy wastecotes, I said to myself:

"My hatt! Hear's the Prinse of Walls coming along!"

"How do I look, Sammy?" asked Billy.

"1st-rate!" I replide. "Tork about Bow Brummel! You've got him licked to a frazzel!"

"Lucy will fall on yore neck when she seize you," I added.



"I thin, I can manage a plate of ham and a dish of pastries," said Lucy.

"I hope not. I dislike pubblyssity on a rale-way-platform."

Billy rolled away to keep his apynment, and kwite a krowd of Remove feloes folloed him to the stashun. Evidently they eggspckted sun fun.

Just as Billy rolled into the stashun the frane rolled in, too. And then Lucy Larkins rolled out. She at wuncc cort site of Billy, and rushed towards him with a woop of delite.

"Billy—my adored one! I have pined for this moment!"

So saying, she put her arms round Billy's waste—as far as they would go—and gave him a sounding kiss on the cheek.

"Har, har, har!" rored Harry Wharton & Co.

Billy jumped back, flushed and flusterd. "Hark at those kackling kadds!" he said. "Let's get out of this, Lucy! Have you any lugidge?"

"Of course not! I did not think it necessary to bring my trunk and portmanter, as this is nearly a flying vizzit. Oh, Billy, how hansom you look! May I kiss you agane?"

"If you do," said Billy, "I shall get feverfully ratty. You have alreddy maid a larfng-stock of me. I objekt to being kist in a publik place."

"Don't tork of yore check as if it were a

krowded thoroughfair!" said Lucy. "I'll kiss you on the lipps, if you like."

"You'll spoyle yore own, if you do. I've been eating chokliet!"

Lucy smiled britely at Harry Wharton & Co. as Billy took her arm, and toed her out of the stashun.

"Is their a bunshopp anywhere neer?" she inkwired. "I'm simply ravvenus!"

Billy led the way to the bunshopp in the High Street, and Harry Wharton & Co. brought up the rear.

"Eggscuse me, Lucy," said Billy, as they sat down at one of the tables, "but are you going to pay for what I konsoom?"

"Sertingly not!" said Lucy, frowning beneath her rooge. "It is yore privvildge to stand treet to yore girl reeders."

Billy groined. He had in his pockitt the salleries that were dew to Baggy Trimble, Fatty Wynn, and Tubby Muffin. But as there yewitted salleries only came to four shillings, that wasn't likely to help him much.

"I must go stedy," he reflected, "or I shall be getting into dett."

At that moment the waitress came on the seen.

"What can I get for you, sir?" she asked. "Bring me a small rock-cake and a glass of water," said Billy. "What are you going to have, Lucy?"

"I think I could manidge a plate of ham and tung, and a dish of assorted pastreys," said the girl.

"Oh crumms!"

"No, I don't want any crumms. You see, I'm despritley hungry."

Harry Wharton & Co. had come into the shopp. They were seeted at anuther table, larfng as if they would eggsploide.

Billy soar them kackling, and his suspishuns were arowded. He through a serching glanse at Lucy.

"My only ant!" he muttered. "What a fool I've been! This is a jape! That bownder Wibley has got himself up as a girl for my bennyft! No wunder those feloes are enjoying the joak!"

Lucy looked up.

"What are you muttering and mumbelling about?" she demanded.

Billy jumped to his feat.

"Imposter! Frawd! Cheet!" he cride.

"What! What!"

"You're not one of my girl reeders at all. You're Wibley of the Remove!"

"Look hear—"

"You're wearing a false wigg!" showed Billy.

And with that he klutched at Lucy's hare. To his horrer, the golden lox refused to budge. It wasn't a wig at all—and Lucy Larkins was a perfectly jenuine person!

The girl rose to her feat with a skream of anger. And Billy fervently wished that the floor would open and swallo him up.

"You are a broot to attack a defenseless girl!" cride Lucy. "For weeks I have gioted over yore portrate, and thort you a nobel and shivvalrous fello. And now that I meet you in the flesh, all my dreems are shattered!"

"Oh, help! I—I—"

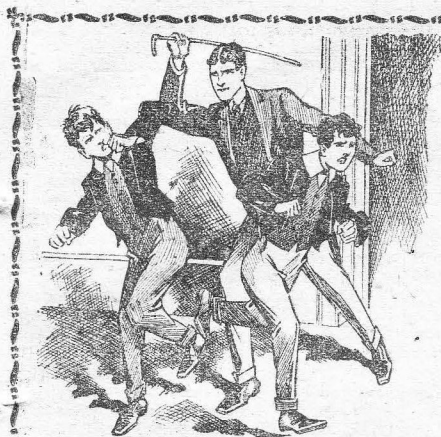
"Don't tork to me!" skreemed Lucy. "I refuse to be kontaminated any longer by yore presence! I am going back to London, and the 1st thing I shall do when I get their will be to go to the noose agent and kansel my order for yore 'Weekly.' In fewcher, I shall stick to the 'Greyfriars Herald!'"

So saying, Lucy Larkins terned on her heel, and fflowced out of the bunshopp.

Pore old Billy was in such a terribul state that the waitress had to administer smelling-salts!

Needless to state, the fotygraph of Lucy Larkins no longer okkupies the place of onner on Billy's mantelpeace!

THE END.



THE ROOKWOOD VENTRILOQUIST!

A Sp'endid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Trouble in the Form-Room!

CARTHEW smiled as he came into the Fourth Form-room. The bully of the Sixth Form at Rookwood was feeling on very good terms with himself. Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form, was indisposed, and to Carthew fell the task of keeping the Fourth Form juniors in order until his return.

Carthew's idea of keeping juniors in order was based on the use of the cane, and plenty of it. And among the Fourth-Formers were a number of juniors the prefect had a special "down" on. Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome, known throughout Rookwood as the Fistical Four; and Van Ryn, Pons, and Conroy, the Colonial Co., were likely to feel the full weight of his authority.

Already he had succeeded in exasperating them to the point of revolt, and had caused Van Lyn, the South African junior and amateur ventriloquist, to declare that he would stand no more bullying. The Fistical Four had actually "piled on" to their tormentor in sheer self-defence, only to find that they were worse off than before. They were reported to the Head and severely caned.

The bully of the Sixth had been somewhat roughly handled by Jimmy Silver & Co.; but he was not sorry the incident had occurred. The Head had been drawn into the matter, and had, as was to be expected, supported the prefect with his authority.

In any further resistance, the Fistical Four would be backing up against their headmaster, as well as against Carthew. Their old enemy felt that he had them in a cleft-stick, as it were. If they did not resist, he could persecute them at his own sweet will; and if they did resist, the Head would be down upon them again more severely than before. Carthew would have been quite pleased at being bumped on the Fourth-room floor, if it had resulted in a flogging in Hall for Jimmy Silver & Co.

The chums of the end study understood the position as well as Carthew. They came into the Form-room with glum faces. They meant to stand Carthew as long as they could, but if he went too far, and they couldn't, they knew what would follow resistance. They felt that they were caught, and that they were at the mercy of the mean-natured prefect; and it was not a pleasant feeling.

As for the South African junior's intention of "chipping" in, they thought little of it. If the end study couldn't back up against the bully, what good was any other study? None at all! But the Fistical Four, as well as Mark Carthew, were to be surprised that afternoon.

Carthew gave the four a malevolent look. He did not waste time before beginning on them.

"Silver!" he rapped out, before the juniors had fairly taken their seats.

"Yes, Carthew," said Jimmy, very quietly.

"Have you done the lines I gave you this morning?"

"No."

"I told you to bring them to me before afternoon lessons."

"My hands were too bad for writing, Carthew. I can't handle a pen yet."

"Don't pitch me any lying yarns, Silver! You are the biggest liar in the Form, I think."

Jimmy's eyes glistened, but he was silent. But at that moment through the half-open door of the Form-room came a thundering voice.

"Carthew! Is that the language you use to a junior?"

Carthew spun round in alarm.

For it was the voice of the Head!

"Sir!" stammered Carthew, taken utterly aback. He had supposed that the Head was in the Sixth Form-room, or in his study.

"Follow me at once, Carthew!" came the stern, commanding tones.

"Ye-e-es, sir!" stuttered Carthew.

He almost limped towards the door. The Head had not appeared there, and though it was a little singular that he had spoken to Carthew without looking into the room, Carthew had no choice but to obey him. The Fourth-Formers exchanged glances of keen satisfaction. The bullying prefect was in a row at last.

Carthew went into the passage, and stared. The Head was not in sight. How the old gentleman could have got out of the corridor already was surprising. —Dr. Chisholm did not usually move in a hurry. But he was gone, and Carthew made his way reluctantly to the Sixth Form-room.

He entered the senior Form-room, where the top Form were at work with the headmaster. Dr. Chisholm was deep in Euripides with the Sixth; the Sixth, perhaps, not being quite so keenly interested as the doctor was. He looked round somewhat sharply as Carthew came in.

"Carthew! Why have you left the Fourth Form? I trust there is no more trouble with the juniors?"

Carthew stared at him blankly.

"I—I—," he stammered.

"Well, what is it?"

"I—I—P've come, sir," stuttered Carthew.

"I can see you have come, Carthew," said the Head testily. "I am asking you why you have come."

The Sixth-Formers all looked curiously

at Carthew. The latter's face was growing crimson.

"But you—you told me to come, sir," stammered Carthew, in helpless bewilderment. He wondered whether the reverend Head had taken leave of his senses.

"I told you, Carthew?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have no recollection of doing so," snapped Dr. Chisholm. "When I placed you in charge of a junior Form, on your own offer to undertake Mr. Bootles' duties during his indisposition, it was understood that you would sacrifice your own work in this room."

"Yes, sir, but—but—"

"When did I tell you to come here, Carthew?"

"A—a few minutes ago, sir," stuttered the prefect.

"What!"

"You—you called to me from the corridor, sir, and—and—told me to follow you here."

"Carthew! Is this a joke?" thundered the Head. "Have you ventured, sir, to play a foolish joke on your headmaster?"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Carthew.

The prefect would sooner have played a joke on a wild Hun than upon the Head of Rookwood.

"Then what do you mean, sir, by stating that I called to you from the corridor a few minutes ago?"

"But you—you did, sir."

"I have been in this room for ten minutes, Carthew."

Carthew felt as if his head were turning round. The seniors were beginning to grin. They could only suppose that—unheard-of as it was—Carthew was really venturing to "pull" the leg of the headmaster.

"I—I—I—" babbled Carthew.

Dr. Chisholm was looking at him very hard.

"If someone called to you from the corridor, Carthew, it was not I. Perhaps some junior was deceiving you, from a mistaken sense of humour."

"I—I suppose so, sir!" gasped Carthew.

"I—I'm sorry I've interrupted you, sir."

Dr. Chisholm had already returned to Euripides, and Carthew left the senior room. He rubbed his nose in wonder as he went down the passage. Unless he was dreaming, Dr. Chisholm had called him out of the Fourth Form room; yet he denied having done so. If it was some wag's practical joke, the wag had imitated the Head's voice wonderfully. And what wag could it have been, when all the juniors of Rookwood were at classes?

Carthew returned to the Fourth Form room in a dazed state, blinking. He

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found the juniors all in their places; and some of them smiling. The expression upon the face of Dick Van Ryn was child-like and bland; Conroy and Pons were grinning; and Jimmy Silver & Co. looked remarkably cheerful. They knew now that the voice from the passage had been produced by the Rookwood ventriloquist, and they could have hugged the junior from South Africa.

Carthew scowled at the class, and singled out Conroy, whose grin certainly was very noticeable.

"What are you laughing at, Conroy?"

The Australian junior became serious at once.

"Was I laughing, Carthew?" he asked.

"Yes, you were. Come out here."

"Carthew!"

It was the Head's voice from the passage again.

Carthew jumped to the door.

He peered out into the passage; it was empty. Carthew stared at the blank walls, and gasped. Then he spun round to the class again.

"Some junior is playing a trick!" he shouted. "Who is it that has been calling out from the passage? I know you know who it is!"

Silence.

"Silver!" thundered Carthew.

"Yes, Carthew."

"Someone has been calling to me from the passage, and imitating the Head's voice. Do you know who it was?"

"I don't think there was anybody in the passage, Carthew," said Jimmy Silver meekly.

"You know there was!" roared Carthew furiously. "I believe you have a hand in it. Come out here!"

Carthew snatched up Mr. Bootles' cane. The practical joker in the passage, apparently, dodged away too quickly to be caught, but Carthew intended that someone should smart for it.

"Carthew!"

It was the Head's voice once more. But Carthew did not look into the passage; he strode towards Jimmy Silver.

Swish! Swish!

"Yow-ow!"

Carthew pitched the cane on the desk again.

Jimmy Silver rubbed his hands, and gave Van Ryn an expressive look. The South African junior, certainly, had made Carthew "sit up" with his queer ventriloquist gifts; but Jimmy had not benefited much, so far. But Van Ryn was not finished yet.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

An Exciting Time for Carthew!

"CARTEHW, you cad!"

Carthew jumped, and looked round. The voice did not come from the class. It came from the wall-cupboard at the end of the Form-room, where the blackboards and easels were kept.

"Who—what's that?" ejaculated the prefect.

"Yah! Cad! Rotter! Bully!"

Carthew's face became crimson with rage.

He strode to the desk, and grabbed the cane, and then strode to the big cupboard.

Evidently some fag was hidden there—at least, that was the only explanation Carthew could think of.

The Fourth-Formers watched him, grinning, while he hurled the big door open, and peered in among the lumber in the cupboard.

All the Fourth knew by this time that the Rookwood ventriloquist was at work. Mornington & Co. were exchanging

dubious glances. They could have informed Carthew of the exact nature of the mysterious voice; but "sneaking" was a serious offence at Rookwood.

All the protection he could have obtained from Carthew would not have made Morny's life worth living afterwards, if he had betrayed Van Ryn. He knew it, and he was silent. He did not want to be mercilessly ragged and sent to Coventry; neither did the rest of the nuts.

As for Towny & Co., they were enjoying the prefect's bewilderment and discomfort, and would have been sorry to spoil the joke.

Carthew's movements certainly were interesting. He peered among the lumber in the wall-cupboard, without finding anyone hidden there. He shoved the cane into every recess that was large enough to conceal a cat. But the practical joker did not come into view.

"Silly ass!"

Carthew spun round at the voice behind him.

"Who spoke?" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" yelled Carthew.

"Fathead!"

The voice came this time from Mr. Bootles' desk. Carthew rushed to it, and peered under it. But the space was empty.

"By gad!" gasped Carthew, in utter bewilderment. "I—I—I can't understand this! It's a trick of some sort!"

He glared at the grinning class.

The opprobrious epithets having ceased, Carthew took up the lesson again, in a very red and flustered state.

He was in a villainous temper by this time, and he rapped knuckles right and left with a ruler by way of solace.

Mornington came in for a rap, and scowled like a demon. Carthew was not in a mood to distinguish friends from foes now. Anybody who happened to be near him was in danger from the ruler.

"Mind what you're doin'!" shouted Mornington, sucking his knuckles furiously.

"Hold your tongue, Mornington!" snarled Carthew savagely.

"Well, let my knuckles alone, confound you! Yaroooh!" roared Mornington, as the angry prefect dealt him a terrific box on the ear.

There was a howl of laughter from the Fourth. Mornington had enjoyed Carthew's rule in the morning; he was not enjoying it so much in the afternoon. The prefect was in too savage a temper to think of favouritism.

"Now shut up!" snarled Carthew.

"I'll keep order in this class or I'll know the reason why!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" mumbled Mornington, rubbing his ear. "Oh, by gad! Oh, ow!"

"Silver, what are you laughing at?"

"Mornington, please," said Jimmy meekly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Hold out your hand, Silver!"

"Don't be such a beastly bully, Car-

thew!" came a voice from the back of the class.

"Who spoke?" shrieked Carthew.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Was that you, Muffin?"

Tubby Muffin jumped in dismay and terror.

"Nunno. No, please, Carthew, it wasn't!" he howled.

"Who was it, then?"

"Find out, fathead!" came the voice.

And, for the life of him, Carthew could not tell from which junior it proceeded.

He gripped the ruler hard, and went in among the desks, gritting his teeth.

There was a sudden sound of yapping and snarling fairly under his feet.

"Gr-r-r! Bow-ow-ow! Gr-r-r!"

Carthew jumped almost clear off the floor.

"Who's got a dog here?" he yelled. "Who has dared to bring a dog into the Form-room?"

No reply.

Carthew glared under the desks in search of the dog. But there was no dog to be seen. He came back towards Jimmy Silver, with a deadly gleam in his eyes.

"This is a trick!" he said hoarsely. "I don't quite know how you are doing it, Silver, but I know it is you! I'll thrash you within an inch of your life, you cheeky young cad!"

He grasped Jimmy by the collar, and dragged him out of his desk.

"Leggo!" roared Jimmy wrathfully.

"Oh, my hat! Yow-ow! Stoppit!"

The ruler was crashing on his shoulders: Carthew was in too great a rage to care how hard he struck. "Let go, you rotter! I'll kick your shins—"

"I'm not standing this!" roared Lovell. "Come on!"

He rushed out of his place, and drove his fist fairly into Carthew's face. The prefect reeled away, releasing Jimmy. Taby and Newcome rushed forward the next moment—the Fistical Four were always shoulder to shoulder. Both the juniors crashed into Carthew, hitting out; and the Sixth-Former went to the floor.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Van Ryn.

His ventriloquism had brought about rather unexpected results.

"Back up!" yelled Oswald.

Carthew staggered to his feet. He was gripping the ruler to rush on the Fistical Four, who faced him with gleaming eyes.

Oswald joined them, and the Colonial Co. were only a second later. Then came Flynn with a rush.

"Go back to your places!" roared Carthew.

"Let Jimmy Silver alone, then, ye spalpeen!"

Carthew struck furiously at Flynn by way of reply. The next moment the ruler was torn from his hand, and six or seven juniors surrounded him and seized him.

"Frog's-march!" roared Lovell.

"Hurrah!"

"May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb!" grinned Conroy. "There'll be a thumpin' row, anyway!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him socks!"

"Let go!" howled Carthew. "Release me! Oh, crumbs!"

The struggling prefect was caught up in the grasp of the juniors, and round and round the Form-room he went, experiencing, for the first time since he had been a senior, the joys of the frog's-march. Evidently the Fourth Form were quite out of hand.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Fall of the Tyrant!

THE Form-room door was flung suddenly open.

Framed in the doorway appeared the awe-inspiring figure of the Head, towering in wrath.

"Cave!" stammered Jones minor.

Bump!

The Fourth-Formers dropped the prefect like a hot potato. Carthew sprawled on the floor, utterly breathless, unable to speak.

Dr. Chisholm strode into the Form-room, his brow like thunder.

"Carthew! Is this the way you keep order in this class?" he exclaimed.

"Gurrh!" came from Carthew.
"Go to your places!" thundered the Head.

The juniors scuttled back to their desks like rabbits. Mornington & Co. had not joined in the rag; but most of Fourth had helped to give Carthew the frog's-march, and now they sat palpitating. But Van Ryn was as cool as a cucumber; he had not finished yet.

"Carthew!"
"Oh, don't yell at me!"
The Fourth-Formers jumped at that reply, in Carthew's sulky voice. Dr. Chisholm stood rooted to the floor.

"Wha-a-at!" he stuttered.

"I say, don't yell at me!"

"My hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Carthew! Are you out of your senses? How dare you address your headmaster in that manner?" thundered the Head, hardly able to believe his reverend ears.

"Groogh!" gasped Carthew.

As a matter of fact, he had not spoken a single word; he was still trying to get his second wind. The Rookwood ventriloquist had kindly spoken for him.

"I—I have never heard of such insolence!" gasped the Head. "Get up, Carthew! Do not sprawl upon the floor in that ridiculous manner!"

"I'm fed up with this, Dr. Chisholm! You can get somebody else to look after the Fourth! The little beasts won't let me bully them!"

"Wha-a-at!" articulated the Head.

Carthew stared blankly.

"I—I didn't speak, sir."

"Carthew, I begin to believe that you have taken leave of your senses! Are you in your right mind?" roared the Head.

"I—I never said——"

"I shall certainly not leave you in charge of the Form after this, Carthew! I should not think of it for one moment! You have the audacity—the unparalleled audacity—to tell me that you wish to bully these boys? I can scarcely credit my ears!"

"I—I didn't—— I—I never—— I—I——"

"Do not interrupt me, Carthew! You tempt me to administer corporal punishment, Sixth-Former as you are!"

"I—I——"

"So when you offered your services, Carthew, in Mr. Bootles' place, it was your intention to bully, as you call it, these juniors. And you have the unheard-of audacity to tell me so!" exclaimed the Head. "I am glad, Carthew, that in your unseemly excitement you have blurted out the truth. I begin to understand why there has been so much disturbance in this Form under your charge."

"I—I—I——"

"It is too late to attempt excuses, Carthew. You have addressed me, your headmaster, insolently. Unless you apologise for it this instant, I shall expel you from the school."

Carthew almost staggered.

"I—I apologise, sir!" he stammered, hardly aware of what he was wanted to apologise for. "I—I beg your pardon, I'm sure, sir! But I didn't——"

"That will do. You have shown your unfitness, Carthew, for the position I have placed you in. You will go to the Sixth Form-room at once, and ask Bulkeley to step here!"

Bulkeley came into the Form-room. Smiling faces from the Fourth greeted him. The juniors were only too glad to be put under the authority of the popular captain of Rookwood.

"Bulkeley, I should be glad if you would take charge of this class until Mr. Bootles is able to do so again. Carthew has proved totally unfit for the post!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Bulkeley.

The Head swept out of the Form-room. Bulkeley eyed the juniors rather grimly. But they smiled at him sweetly. And from that moment lessons proceeded in the Fourth Form-room without a hitch.

As soon as the Fourth came out,



Framed in the doorway appeared the awe-inspiring figure of the Head. "Cave!" muttered Jones minor. Bump! The juniors dropped Carthew like a hot potato, and stood breathlessly by, as Dr. Chisholm strode into the room, his brow like thunder. (See chapter 3).

Carthew, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, limped out of the room.

"I found this Form-room in a state of uproar!" said the Head sternly. "But for Carthew's amazing confession that he had been bullying, I should punish you all most severely. As it is, I shall pass over the matter. According to Carthew's own words, he was chiefly to blame."

The juniors were silent. Only Van Ryn closed one eye at Pons, who was next to him.

"Bulkeley will take charge of the class until Mr. Bootles recovers," added the Head. "I need not say that if there is any further disturbance, the punishment of the offenders will be most exemplary!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. rushed up to Van Ryn, and collared him.

"Hallo! What's the game?" roared Van Ryn.

"Shoulder high!" shouted Lovell.

"Oh, I see!" The South African junior grinned. "Any old thing!"

On the shoulders of the Fistical Four Dick van Ryn was carried out in triumph into the quadrangle, amid cheers from the Fourth.

The Fourth Form had done with Carthew, and their trials and troubles were over; and they owed their rescue from the tyrant to Dick van Ryn, and for the present, at least, there was no more popular junior in the school than the Rookwood ventriloquist.

INKY MINOR!

(Continued from page 7.)

"And we've lost that study feed. Nugent minor wins it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I rather think I do," said Nugent minor coolly. "You'll stand it this evening, if you please, and I'll bring Gatty and Myera, and Greene, and Hop Hi. And now you've found me out, you'll hold your tongues—you're not going to give me away."

"What!" exclaimed Frank.
 "I'm keeping this up," Nugent minor explained coolly. "You'll have to go and fetch me some more complexion from my box. I'm not going home for that week. I'm staying here as Inky minor until the week is up, you see. I've told mother I'm not going to be at home, and I'm not. See?"

"Look here—"
 "We haven't punished him yet for taking us in," said Bulstrode. "I recommend frog's marching round the dorm."

"And a ducking."
 "And a bumping!"
 "And a licking!"

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Nugent minor. "I—"

Crash, crash, crash!
 It was a terrific attack on the dormitory door. Gatty & Co. had returned to the rescue. Crash, crash, crash! A large and heavy hammer was crashing on the lock, and, strong as it was, it was pretty certain that the lock would not stand an attack of that kind for very long.

Crash, crash!
 "Open the door!"
 "Let us in!"
 Crash!

"Stop that, you young asses!" shouted Harry Wharton. "You'll break the lock!"

"Ha, ha, ha! That's what we're going to do!" yelled Gatty. "You let Nugent—I mean, Inky minor out, then!"

"Rais!"
 Crash, crash! The door shook and groaned. Then there was a sudden exclamation of alarm in the passage.

"Cave! Here comes Quelch!"
 There was a scattering and pattering of feet. The steady tread of the Remove-master was heard approaching. The handle of the door was tried, and there was a sharp knock.

"Open this door at once!"
 The jurors exchanged looks. There was nothing else to be done. Bob Cherry began hastily to untie the prisoner, with some idea of getting him out of sight of the Remove-master. But there was no time. The door was unlocked, and Mr. Quelch came in, frowning.

He gazed at the crowd of juniors in the dormitory in amazement.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. Before anyone could reply, Mr. Quelch's gaze fell upon Nugent minor. Bob Cherry had just succeeded in untying him.

"What!" exclaimed the Remove-master. "What! Nugent minor! I understood that you were at home! Why, what—what!"

His glance turned upon the basin of discoloured water, the blackened sponge, and upon the Jam's hands, which were still black. He understood.

"Nugent minor! Is it possible that—that—"

"If you please, sir—" began Dicky Nugent, with his meekest and mildest look.

"Explain yourself at once, Nugent!"

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minor!" exclaimed the master of the Remove sternly

"Yes, sir; I—I was Inky minor, sir."

"What!"

"I—I went home, sir, when I was sent, but—but my mater was so worried, sir," said Dicky Nugent pathetically. "I—I couldn't bear to be a trouble to my mother, sir, so I—I came back."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I—I got myself up as Inky minor, sir, and—and came back," said Dicky Nugent. "I—I hope you don't think I've done wrong, sir!"

"Wrong!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, astounded. "Of course, you have done wrong!"

"Oh, sir, I'm so sorry!"

"You have come back without permission—"

"Not as myself, sir, but as—"

"That is a mere quibble, Nugent minor."

"Oh, sir!"

"You have deceived us—"

"Have I, sir?" stammered Dick, in great contrition.

"Certainly you have. We believed you to be the brother of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and you are nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir, I—I suppose I've done wrong," said Dicky, softly and meekly. "I—I acted for the best, sir. It was so hard to see mother cry, sir!"

"Ahem!" Mr. Quelch coughed. "You have acted in a most unjustifiable way, Nugent minor! I have never heard of so wild an escapade. But—but since your motives were good, I will do my best to induce the Head to pardon you, and—to allow you to remain without being sent home to complete your term of absence."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed Nugent minor, and there was real gratitude in his face now. "Oh, thanks! You are very kind, sir!"

Mr. Quelch waved his hand.

"See that you deserve my kindness, that is all!" he exclaimed.

And he left the dormitory.

"Quelch is a jolly good sort," said Harry Wharton, "and he's treated you a jolly lot better than you deserve, you young rascal. But I suppose you've got out of this scrape now, as you always do get out of scrapes, somehow!"

Nugent minor grinned.

"Quite so—I mean, quitefully so!" he replied. "The exactfulness of my honourable chum's statement is terrific!"

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Enough of that."

"My worthy chum—"

"Stop it!"

"Very well—only, don't forget that study feed," said Nugent minor. "I've beaten you all along the line, and you've got to own up, and stand the feed! I'm going to bring Gatty and Green and Myers and Hop Hi, and—"

"Oh, bring the whole blessed Second, if you like!" said Harry Wharton.

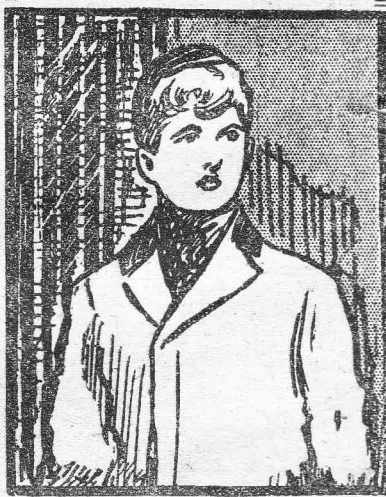
"You've done us!"

And Nugent minor did bring quite a number of the heroes of the Second to that Study feed—quite as many as Study No. 1 would hold. And they contrived to have a very good time.

THE END.

POPULAR FAVOURITES!

 No. 7.—
FRANK NUGENT.



HARRY WHARTON'S STUDY MATE.

Like Harry Wharton, Nugent is sunny-natured, chivalrous, and bold, and never vindictive, though he lacks Wharton's strength of character. But this is not a thing to be said against him. Frank is as good a fellow as one might hope to meet in a long day's march—"A good sort all round," as a boy would say; "A really nice fellow, and awfully handsome," as a girl might put it.

It is often said that boys with girlish features, more often than not, cultivate unconsciously, or have it in them, a girlish nature. This rule, so to speak, has many exceptions to the case; and Frank is one of those exceptions.

The majority of people have the idea that boys, especially schoolboys, at this age, are persons who want very careful watching, owing to their light spirits, reckless ways, and love for adventure, and other such characteristics. This is the case with a great majority. But there are some who seem to have "leapt" this period of boyhood into the next stage, when it is "every man for himself."

They have still their boyish ways to a certain extent, but it is their mental section which has developed infinitely quicker than their mates, and they begin to study life under a new light.

It is into this state that Frank Nugent has leapt. This will help to explain that thoughtful, considering manner of his.

But to get back to his position at Greyfriars.

He is a prominent and popular member of the Famous Five, and a good sportsman, and, within the limits of his strength, an able opponent with the gloves.

For his minor, Dicky, who now rules the roost in the Second Form, Frank has borne a great deal—more than any other brother would have borne. In the stories which dealt with the coming of Nugent minor, the spoilt child, you will remember the trouble Frank had with him, and the battle he fought for his sake. There you have Frank in his true self, when only Dicky's welfare counted.

There is not space in these articles to deal very much with the past history of each boy, but mainly to mention their good points, or bad ones, as the case may be.

NEXT WEEK: H. MANNERS.

LOOK OUT!

for another Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton and o's early schooldays at Greyfriars, entitled, "Passing the Test!" next week.

A MARKED MAN!

Conclusion of Our Grand Detective Serial.

IT was, however, the totally unexpected that happened. A few minutes before a quarter-past five Demottsen, smiling urbanely, appeared in the bloom-covered porch. John Firth was just about to leave.

From his hiding-place Locke caught the doctor's jovial laugh and heard his parting words.

"I hope you'll excuse me not driving you to the station, but I've a most important engagement I must keep."

Locke tried hard to conceal his growing impatience, and to keep under control the desire to act immediately. And yet he knew, until Firth had spoken, the signal must not be given. He turned with a start as a hand touched his arm. It was Baker.

"Well?" he said tensely.

"I have spoken to Mr. Firth. He has seen his son. He is safe and well. Demottsen has agreed to surrender him as soon as the money is paid."

"Good!" nodded Locke. "We need wait no longer. Stay! What's this?"

He clutched Baker's arm and pointed through the trees. Demottsen himself swept into view, seated at the steering-wheel of a big limousine which drew up

before the front door. Then, almost before Locke could recover from his astonishment a man appeared in the porch, holding by the arm—Harry Leigh.

He vanished within the closed car. The whole affair had taken less than six seconds. Before the alarm could be given the door banged and the giant motor slipped down the drive.

The two dashed away to Locke's waiting car. The chief constable joined them.

Demottsen looked round and saw the long fawn-coloured car in swift pursuit, and knew it for Locke's. A mile of straight road at a steep gradient lay before him, ending at the bottom in a bridge spanning a broad and placid stream. The car thundered down the incline at ever-increasing speed. He shut off the engine and pressed down the foot-brake. There was a momentary jarring, a sudden snap, and a clatter of metal as the coupling behind the brake-drum broke and the cardan shaft fell into the road. Under its terrific impetus the car flashed downwards. Demottsen saw the coming calamity. He gave a shrill scream and strove to jump free. The door at the side caught him, flung him heavily into the road, just as the car

crashed into the stonework and toppled, amid a shower of bricks and mortar, into the river below.

Locke was on the scene of the disaster not ten seconds later. He saw the mangled, lifeless form of Demottsen lying in the roadway, and heard the hiss of the stricken engine as it buried its bonnet into the water. He leapt through the breach, dived, and vanished into the flood as the car settled slowly down. Blindly he groped in the darkness for Harry, felt the clinging form; then, struggling free, he struck out. A dozen powerful strokes carried him to the river bank.

Harry lay back in the detective's arms.

They drove back in Locke's motor, after Demottsen's body had been carried to the nearest town. Harry listened in growing amazement to Locke's astounding story. It seemed inconceivable that Justin Leigh was not his father, that his real parent was none other than John Firth.

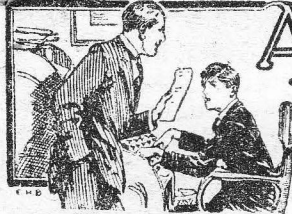
Around them the countryside was sinking to sleep. In the west a gleaming glow lay against the heavens; the towers and spires of Exeter rose majestically through the haze.

"There you will meet your father," Locke said. "It will be a fine reunion after all the long, weary years of waiting. Now that it is all over, I must get on with my next case."

--- THE END. ---

Full particulars of the next Splendid Serial will be found in Chat below.

WRITE TO YOUR EDITOR ABOUT IT!



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

FOR NEXT FRIDAY:

For next Friday we have another magnificent programme. The first long complete school story is of Harry Wharton & Co.'s adventures at Greyfriars, entitled:

"PASSING THE TEST!"
By Frank Richards.

This story deals with the arrival of Lord Mauleverer, whom Bob Cherry alludes to as the champion slacker at Greyfriars. The extravagance of the Lord Mauleverer leads to a little plot, which works out just as it was wanted to. Mauleverer is tested in no easy manner, but he comes through all right, as you will see when you read next week's grand long story.

"A CLEAN SWEEP!"
By Owen Conquest.

This, the second grand long complete story in next week's "Popular," concerns Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood. Tommy Dodd & Co., of the Modern House, plan a great jape, and their rivals of the Classical House soon know all about it—Jimmy Silver & Co., in particular. Readers must not miss this grand story!

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

There will be another magnificent supplement in next week's issue of the "Popular," and I can tell you that it is funnier than ever. There are stories and articles of Greyfriars, Rookwood, and St. Jim's, edited in Billy Bunter's own little way.

I might here mention that this supplement is being extensively advertised during the coming week, so I ask all my readers to order their copies of the "Popular" well in advance, because there is bound to be a great

rush for the issue by boys and girls who have not as yet seen "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

NEW SERIAL.

Our next issue will also see the first instalment of a grand new serial, entitled:

"THE DAREDEVIL SCHOOLBOY!"
By Paul Proctor.

The story opens with trouble at a famous public school, and the manner in which the Daredevil Schoolboy enables the governors of the school to see how badly things are being managed. After we come to exciting events which eventually lead to the hero being expelled from the school.

However, I am not going to tell you all about the story now. I will leave it for you to read in next week's issue of the "Popular."

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 7.

Here are the examples for this competition: A New Serial. There's Always Giving Masters Trouble. A Brutal Prefect. Admitting Defeat. In Headmaster's. Telling the Truth. Eating in Class. Study. Sammy Bunter's Spelling.

Now, select Two of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE of the words in your sentence must commence with One of the letters in the example.

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

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets" No. 7, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

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

4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.

5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD and that it is received on or before the date of closing.

All efforts must be received on or before March 24th, 1921.

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Readers are asked to note that TWO efforts may be sent on one postcard, and only one postcard may be sent in by any one reader each week.

NOTICES.

Football.

Players wanted for football team; age 14-16. —A. E. Seaman, c/o T. P. S., Hamilton House, Mableton Place, W.C.1.

Electricity.

S. Peter, 19, Fairfield Crescent, Newsham Park, Liverpool, is desirous of forming a club for boys, 14-16 years of age, interested in electricity.

James H. Lawrie, 263, Ferry Road, St. James, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers of the Companion Papers in Africa or Asia.

N. Edwards, Glendale, Queen's Park Avenue, Bournemouth, wishes to hear from readers of the Companion Papers who collect stamps.

Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, c/o Bruce Herald, Milton, Otago, New Zealand, will be glad to hear from girl readers anywhere.

Ernest Goodwin, 99, Chester Street, Hulme, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers, age 18-20. Carnarvon readers specially asked, as advertiser served in a Welsh regiment.

Your Editor

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Any aids can be employed in the construction of an exhibit. Such as fretwork or a framework of wood or wire. But the main construction of the model must necessarily consist of four or more empty Adams Chiclets boxes.

Competitors are free to construct just what they desire. In awarding prizes the adjudicators will take into account the originality, skill and resource evidenced in the making of the exhibit. In the case of the more bulky exhibits, it is permissible to send a photograph of a model, but it must be clearly understood that the original model is kept intact, so that at any given period before the final award is made Adams & Beemans, Ltd., may call for the original to be submitted to them for a more detailed examination.

All exhibits submitted for entry become the sole property of Adams & Beemans, Ltd., and competitors may only enter on this distinct understanding. Observance of these simple conditions is an express condition of entry, and the adjudicator's decision is final.

Entries must be sent before May 7th, addressed to "Competition," Adams & Beemans, Ltd., 89, Great Eastern St., London, E.C.4.

Names and addresses of prize-winners will be announced in the "Daily Mail" of June 6th, 1921.

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"I think I ought to tell you how much I value 'The Amateur Mechanic.' It has proved of great assistance in a variety of jobs, and especially as to the article on Wireless Telegraphy. I constructed an instrument entirely according to the instructions, and was rewarded with success on the first trial. Sunday last was for me a red-letter day, as I succeeded with the same instrument in picking up the telephonic message from London to Geneva at 9.40 a.m. Considering that my aerial is only 42 inches long and 18 inches high, I think this is grounds for self-congratulation. I may add that until I became interested in your article in 'The Amateur Mechanic' I had not the slightest elementary knowledge of Wireless Telegraphy."

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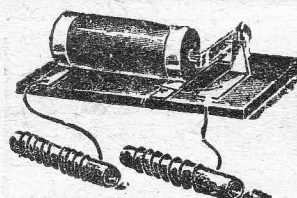
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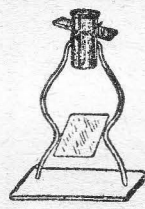
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