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# TWO LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL TALES

AND MANY OTHER FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE!

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Greyfriars

# The POPULAR

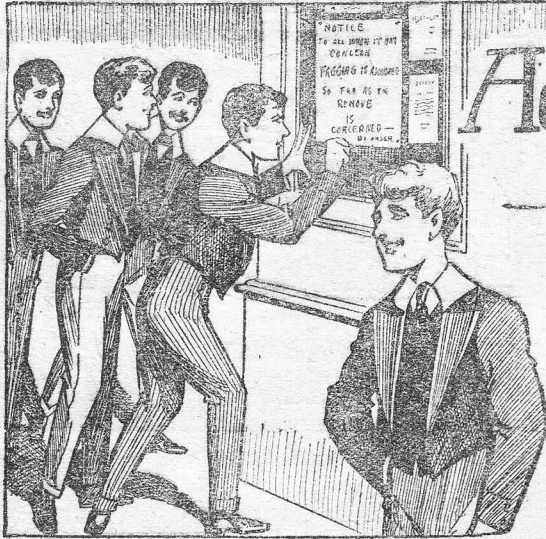
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Stories, Jokes & Pictures  
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood St. Jims



**THE SUCCESSFUL EDITOR!** (BILLY BUNTER, Editor of our grand supplement, looks forward to the time when he will be treated like this!)



# Holding Their Own!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Against the Whole School!

"SEEN the notice?"  
"Yes, rather! Phew!"  
"Wharton's at the bottom of it."  
"Most likely."  
"It means business."  
"What-ho!"

These remarks, and many more of the same sort, were passed among the Greyfriars fellows.

For when the various Forms came out from lessons there was a paper pinned up on the notice-board, written in a large bold hand for everybody to read.

The first fellow who read it gave a shout, and called the attention of all the others to it, and in a quarter of an hour nearly all Greyfriars had read it.

The seniors, as well as the juniors, read it, and sniffed, but in spite of their sniffs some of them looked serious.

Wingate looked very grim when his eyes rested upon it, and he walked away with a thoughtful frown upon his face.

Loder and Carne stopped before the notice-board, and scowled, and sniffed contemptuously.

"The kid who put that up ought to be licked," said Carne.

"Oh, Wingate, won't have that, of course," said Loder savagely; "but I'll have the rag down, at all events."

And the prefect tore the paper from the board, rent it to fragments, and threw them to the wind in the Close. It was useless, however. The authors of the notice were prepared for that. Within two minutes of the departure of Loder and Carne a new notice was pinned upon the board, a facsimile of the previous one. There it was, in large letters, for all Greyfriars to run and read.

### "NOTICE!

"A meeting will be held in the Remove Form-room at seven o'clock this evening to discuss the question of abolishing fagging for the seniors."

"By Order."

There it was, bold and plain. The question of abolishing fagging for the seniors. No suggestion of consulting the seniors in the matter; it was evidently merely a question of the Remove making up their minds about the matter. And if they decided to abolish fagging for the Sixth—what then? It was pretty certain that the Sixth would not decide upon anything of the sort. Then there

would be trouble—war, open war, between the Sixth and the Lower Fourth, between the heads of the school and the fags—a state of affairs that had certainly never obtained at Greyfriars before.

All Greyfriars discussed that notice, with varying comments.

The Remove took it quite seriously. Whether they would decide for or against was not yet settled, but they were going to consider the question very earnestly. But the other Forms openly scoffed.

The Fifth and Sixth, of course, were against the young rebels all along the line. That was only to be expected. They were seniors, and they intended to exercise their prescriptive right of fagging the Lower Fourth whenever they chose.

But the lower Forms, who might have been expected to sympathise with the Remove, were just as much against them as the seniors were.

The Fourth Form, having escaped the servitude themselves, ought to have sympathised with the efforts of the Remove. But they didn't. Temple, Dabney, & Co., regarded themselves as far removed from the Lower Fourth, and they frowned upon the whole thing. As for the Shell, the Shell being the next Form to the Fifth, the Shell fellows regarded themselves as almost seniors, and all their sympathy was with the Upper School.

As for the Third and Second, they were hard against the Remove. They themselves had no chance whatever of escaping fagging, and they thought it a cheek on the part of the Remove to think of getting out of it. Besides, if the Removites did not fag, it was pretty certain that there would be more fagging for the Third and Second to do. And Tubb of the Third, and Nugent minor of the Second, delivered their opinions upon the subject in very plain English to Harry Wharton & Co., and were promptly kicked out of the Remove passage in consequence.

It looked as if the Remove, if they persisted, would be outlawed by the whole school, with every Form against them, from the high and mighty Sixth down to the babes of the Second. Even the masters, if they interfered at all, would be against the Remove, on the principle that all innovations should be frowned upon.

After school Wharton looked at the notice-board and found that the notice had been torn down again, doubtless by

some angry senior. He took a fresh paper from his pocket and pinned it up in the place of the removed notice. A hand fell upon his shoulder as he did so, and he swung round.

It was Walker of the Sixth.

"So you're the cheeky young cub who's been putting those papers up!" the Sixth-Former exclaimed.

Wharton met the senior's angry glance steadily.

"Yes," he said.

"Take it down!"

Harry Wharton put his hands in his pockets.

"We have a right to use the notice-board," he said.

"But not to put up cheeky notices on it," said Walker angrily. "Take it down, or I'll give you a licking here and now!"

"I shall not take it down."

"You cheeky cub!" said Walker.

"Then I'll give you a lesson—"

"Hold on!" said a quiet voice.

It was Wingate. Walker released the junior.

"Look here, Wingate," he exclaimed hotly, "I suppose you're not going to back up the fags in this insolence, are you?"

"They can put a notice on the board if they like," said the Greyfriars captain. "If they make fools of themselves that's their own look out. Let Wharton alone."

Walker strode away sullenly. Wingate fixed a steady look upon Harry Wharton.

"So you are in earnest in this, Wharton?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You mean to refuse to fag for the Sixth?"

"Yes."

"And to lead the rest of your Form to do the same?"

"Yes, if I can," said Wharton steadily.

Wingate shrugged his shoulders.

"It will mean lickings all round for you," he said. "Of course, you will not be allowed to refuse to fag. You will be expected to do so, and you will be licked if you refuse!"

"I can stand the lickings, for one, Wingate."

"You are an obstinate young fool!" exclaimed Wingate angrily. "It's useless showing you kindness, I can see that!"

Wharton coloured.

"We're sorry to be up against you, Wingate," he said. "But it's the others

—Loder and Carne and fellows like that. Besides, fagging is abolished in a good many schools, and it's a rotten idea, anyway. We're willing to make an exception, too—that juniors shall always fag for the captain of the school."

Wingate smiled sarcastically. "Thank you for nothing!" he said. "You'll fag for the Fifth and Sixth as usual, or you'll get into trouble! Better take warning!"

And Wingate strode off. Harry Wharton's face set hard.

"But I won't fag for either the Fifth or the Sixth," he muttered; "and I think the Remove will back me up! We shall see!"

The meeting in the Form-room waxed even more enthusiastic after the malcontents had been ejected. The juniors who remained were all of the same mind, and prepared to back up Bulstrode and Harry Wharton all along the line. It was only a question of ways and means; and these the leaders had already decided upon. Bulstrode had taken a sheet of paper and a pen.

"We're going to send in a round robin to the head of the Sixth," he said; "the names will be signed in a circle, so that they won't be able to pick on anybody in particular. Every chap here will sign it."

"Good!" said Lord Mauleverer. "That's a really ripping idea, my dear fellow!"

"Faith, and it's stunning!"

"I guess it takes the cake!" said Fisher T. Fish. "But are you going to send it to Wingate? That's rather thick."

"It must go to the head of the Sixth."

Bulstrode began to write, and the juniors gathered round him eagerly to read over his shoulder. Bulstrode worked slowly:

"Notice to the Sixth.

"The Remove having decided that no more fagging shall be done by them, they hereby warn the Sixth not to expect them to fag any more. No fagging will be done under any circumstances by the undersigned."

"Is that all right?" asked Bulstrode, looking round.

"Oh, ripping!"

"I guess so!"

"It's all serene," said Harry Wharton. "Now, we've all got to sign our names in a circle. Who's going to begin?"

"Form-captain," said Russell.

Bulstrode wrote his name upon the sheet.

"There you are!" he said. "George Bulstrode."

"Mine next," said Harry.

"H. Wharton" was written next to "George Bulstrode." Then Nugent and Cherry and Bull and Linley and the rest signed in turn. There were nearly two score of names on the paper by the time the writing was finished, and a remarkable variety of handwriting.

"Good!" said Bulstrode. "That will make the Sixth sit up, I think. Who's going to take it to Wingate?"

There was a pause.

It was one thing to draw up the paper embodying the defiance of the Lower Fourth, and quite another to present it to the head of the Sixth, and captain of Greyfriars.

"Let's go in a body," suggested Harry Wharton.

"Good egg!"

"I guess you're right, sonny. Let a crowd of us go, and we can plank it down on Wingate, and then buzz off instanter," said Fisher T. Fish.

Bulstrode nodded.

"Very well," he said. "I'm agreeable. A dozen of us can go, and it will

show the prefects that we mean bizney, too."

"Hear, hear!"

"Shove that letter in an envelope," Hazeldene suggested; "we can give it to Wingate, and leave him to read it after we're gone."

"Good egg!"

The round-robin was folded and sealed up. Then Bulstrode unlocked the door of the Form-room. A shout from the crowd in the passage greeted the Removites. The proceedings in the Form-room had excited the greatest interest among the fellows of all Forms, and they wanted very much to know the result.

"Well," said Coker, of the Fifth, with a grin, "have you decided to ask the Head to retire, and to run Greyfriars yourself in future, Wharton?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not quite," said Wharton, laughing. "But we're fed up with the Fifth. You can go and eat coke!"

"So you're not going to fag any more, eh?" asked Hobson, of the Shell.

"Exactly!"

"You've decided on that?" shouted Blundell, of the Fifth.

"Yes."

"My hat!"

"There's trouble in store for you, my sons!" said Coker, wagging a warning finger at the rebels of the Remove. "You'll get it where the chicken got the chopper—and that's in the neck!"

"Oh, rather!"

"We're ready to risk it," said Bulstrode. "Come on!"

The Removites followed their leader. Bulstrode walked up to the notice-board in the hall and took down the notice of the meeting, turned it round, and scrawled on the blank side:

"Notice to All Whom it May Concern. Fagging is abolished so far as the Remove is concerned.—By Order."

He pinned the notice up.

"That's plain English enough, I think," he remarked.

"Yes, rather!"

"Hurrah!"

"They can't make any mistake about that," Wharton agreed. "Now to take the round-robin to Wingate! Does anybody know where he is?"

"In his study, most likely."

"Yes, he's in his study," grinned Hobson, of the Shell. "He's entertaining some of the prefects to tea."

The Removites looked serious, but Wharton did not hesitate.

"All the better opportunity for handing them the round-robin," he remarked.

"They can all digest it at once!"

"Good wheeze!" said Bulstrode.

"Come on!"

A dozen of the Remove followed Bulstrode to Wingate's study in the Sixth Form passage. Bulstrode tapped boldly at the door. There was a buzz of voices within, showing that the captain of Greyfriars was not alone.

Bulstrode opened the door.

"Hallo!" said Wingate.

He was seated at the head of the table, which was laid for four. Gwynne and North and Walker were with him. All four of the seniors looked at the crowd of juniors outside the doorway.

"What do you want?" asked Wingate, in surprise. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Not exactly," stammered Bulstrode. "Then what have you invaded me like this for?"

"You see—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Walker.

"They've come to tell us the result of the meeting—whether they're going to allow us to live or not!"

The seniors all laughed, and the Re-

movites turned pink. They did not like their revolt to be made fun of in this way. Bulstrode strode in and laid the envelope upon the tea-table, and Wingate stared at it.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"A message from the Remove."

"Oh, a message from the Remove, is it?" said Wingate, taking up the envelope. "Many thanks to the Remove. Shut the door after you."

"It's a round-robin," said Bob Cherry.

"A what?"

"A round-robin," repeated Bob. "I suppose you know what a round-robin is?"

Wingate laughed.

"It appears to be an attempt at humour on the part of the cheeky juniors," he replied. "But I will look at it, if you want me to."

"That's all we want," said Wharton.

"Very good; then clear out, and close the door after you."

The Removites retreated from the study, and closed the door. In the passage they looked at one another somewhat sheepishly.

"The rotters don't seem to be impressed," Bull remarked.

"Wait till they've read the round-robin," said Bulstrode confidently. "It will make them sit up."

"In any case, we've declared war, if they choose to take up the gauntlet," said Harry Wharton quietly. "That settles it, whether they take it seriously or not. We don't do any more fagging for the seniors."

And the juniors all chimed in heartily:

"Hear, hear!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Remove Mean Business!

WINGATE helped himself to more toast, and poured out a fresh cup of tea. The other seniors were looking at the envelope lying on the table. They were curious to know what it contained. But the captain of Greyfriars did not seem curious in the least. He ate his toast serenely.

"Oh, come," said Walker at last, "aren't you going to open it, Wingate?"

Wingate tossed it across to him.

"You can open it if you like," he said. "I will, then."

Walker slit the envelope with his knife, and drew out the folded paper. He unfolded it, and glanced at it, and gave a low whistle.

"Phew!"

"Read it out!" said Gwynne.

"Right you are!" Walker grinned.

"It's straight from the shoulder, at all events. Listen! 'The Remove having decided that no more fagging shall be done by them, they hereby warn the Sixth not to expect them to fag any more. No fagging will be done under any circumstances by the undersigned.'"

"Then the names come in a circle," added Walker, holding up the paper. "Pretty nearly all the Remove in it, too, I think."

"Cheeky young beggars."

Wingate calmly munched his toast.

"What are you going to do about it, Wingate?" asked North.

"Nothing," replied the Greyfriars captain serenely.

"Nothing!"

"Nothing—only put it in the fire. I'm hardly likely to take notice of rot of that sort from the Lower Fourth. I suppose."

"But the young rascals mean business," Gwynne remarked.

"We shall see. If they refuse to fag, we shall know how to deal with them."

said Wingate grimly. "I don't believe in treating juniors harshly, but I believe in discipline, and I'll keep it going, or know the reason why."

"Yes, rather," said Walker.

"I think this will blow over, and they'll come round," said Wingate carelessly. "Throw the paper in the fire."

Walker tossed the famous round robin into the flames, where it was crumpled up instantly. Wingate munched his toast.

"We could easily tell if they mean business by calling for a fag," Valence remarked.

Wingate shrugged his shoulders.

"Call for one if you like," he said.

"We shall see."

"Very well."

Walker opened the study door and looked out. Two of the Remove were in sight, and they promptly vanished as Walker came into view. The senior called down the passage.

"Fag!"

There was no reply. There was a sound of footsteps, but they were going away from him, not coming towards him, and they died away in a few moments. Valence called out again

"Fag!"

Silence.

"Fag!"

No reply. Walker turned back into the study with a grin.

"Looks like business," he remarked.

"I know jolly well that at least three or four of the young beggars heard me perfectly well."

Wingate frowned.

"I'll call out," he said. "I don't think they'll venture to disregard me."

"Try, then."

Wingate stepped to the door, and his deep voice sounded down the passage.

"Fa-a-ag!"

Footsteps were heard at once. Bob Cherry came from one direction, and Nugent from another, and they arrived breathlessly at the door of the study.

"Yes, Wingate," they exclaimed together. "Did you call?"

Wingate laughed.

"Yes, I called," he said. "I don't want a fag, but it was on account of your precious round robin. That's all."

"Oh, I see," said Bob Cherry. "That's all right, Wingate. We make an exception in your favour, you know."

"What!"

"We're not going to fag for anybody else," Nugent explained. "But we'll fag for you all the time, Wingate. Bulstrode ought to have put that in the round robin."

Wingate looked at them angrily.

"Do you mean to say that you mean the rubbish you have written down there?" he demanded.

"Yes, rather!"

"And that is why you didn't come when Walker called?"

"Yes, that's why."

"You heard him?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You cheeky young scoundrels!"

"Oh, draw it mild, Wingate. We'll fag for you till all's blue, you know!" urged Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

"That's as cheeky as the rest of it," said Wingate angrily. "I suppose if you didn't condescend to like me, you wouldn't make an exception in my favour, would you?"

The juniors considered.

"Well, no," admitted Bob Cherry.

"But we do like you," said Nugent.

"You're a good sort, Wingate. We should be glad to go on fagging for you."

"You'll fag for all the Sixth that want

fags, and the Fifth as well," said the Greyfriars captain sharply.

"Can't be did!"

"Impossible!"

"Do you mean to say that you'll refuse?" demanded Wingate, raising his voice.

"Must!"

"We've agreed with the rest of the Form," Nugent explained. "There's nothing else to be done. Fagging the Remove is abolished."

Wingate stepped back into his study, and took down a cane.

"Come in here," he said.

Bob Cherry and Nugent exchanged glances, and hesitated. It was a great deal like being invited into the lions' den.

"Come in!" rapped out Wingate angrily.

The juniors obeyed.

"Now," said Wingate, "I'm going to cane you for your cheek. I shall cane every boy in the Remove who refuses to fag when ordered to do so by a member of the Sixth. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Wingate."

"Then you know why I am going to cane you."

"Yes, Wingate; because you're bigger than we are."

"What!" roared the Greyfriars captain, somewhat taken aback. "I'm going to cane you to maintain discipline and order in the school."

"I wish I'd known you wanted to maintain discipline and order, instead of wanting a fag!" sighed Bob Cherry. "I shouldn't have come."

Gwynne smiled, and Wingate burst into a laugh, and put down the cane.

"Perhaps it is not quite cricket to cane you this time," he said. "You can go, you young rascals. But remember, any more of this rot, and you will be caned. I have told all the Sixth to report to me if there is any refusal to fag, and I shall deal with every case. And I sha'n't spare the rod and spoil the child, I promise you."

"Yes, Wingate," said the juniors meekly.

"You are going to fag, then, when called upon?"

"No, Wingate."

"What!"

"No, Wingate."

The Greyfriars captain turned red with anger.

"Get out of my study, or I shall change my mind about letting you off!" he exclaimed angrily. "Get out at once!"

"Yes, Wingate."

And Nugent and Bob Cherry promptly got out, and Wingate slammed the door after them, and returned with a ruffled countenance to the tea-table.

"There's going to be trouble with those impertinent young rotters!" North remarked. And Wingate nodded without replying.

In the passage, Bob Cherry and his comrade grinned. From up the passage, in the direction of Loder's study, came a call that echoed.

"Fag!"

"Loder wants a fag," murmured Bob Cherry. "He's going to get one immediately—I don't think."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fag!"

Bob and Frank scuttled away, and the passage was empty. Loder stared out of his study, calling out angrily for a fag. But no answer came to his call. A dozen juniors heard his voice, but they were very careful to give Loder a wide berth.

"Fag!"

Only the echo of Loder's voice in the empty passage answered him.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### No Fags!

THE next morning, when the Remove came down, they kept their eyes very much open. They were at open warfare with the Sixth now, and they expected reprisals. They kept together in threes and fours, and kept a good look-out. But the Sixth were letting them alone for the present. Wingate was of opinion that the whole matter would soon blow over, and that the fags would return to their duties of their own accord. But the Greyfriars captain, keen as his judgment was in most matters, was mistaken in this. The Remove had made up their minds; and their leaders especially were determined never to give in. There was to be no more fagging at Greyfriars so far as the Remove were concerned.

During morning school the Remove exchanged whispers on the subject, to the surprise and annoyance of Mr. Quelch, their Form-master. Mr. Quelch had been away from Greyfriars, his place being taken by another master for a time, and he had only returned to the school that morning. He came back without the least knowledge of the unsettled state of politics in the Lower Fourth, and the ferment in the Form took him by surprise. Lines were given out and knuckles were rapped in the Remove Form-room that morning, but the juniors cared very little. What were maths and Latin to them when they were at war with the Sixth, and had not the faintest idea, so far, how the tussle would end?

They came out of their Form-room later prepared for war. Harry Wharton & Co. expected to be called into Wingate's study for another caning. But they were not. Wingate seemed to be studiously taking no notice of them. The juniors were surprised, and a little annoyed. Having worked themselves up to the pitch of offering battle to the Sixth, it was exasperating to be totally disregarded.

"It's all right," said Nugent. "They're only lying low, and one of them will break out soon—one of them with a lovely temper like Loder or Walker."

Nugent was quite right. It was Loder who broke the ice. He called to Harry Wharton & Co. as they were sunning themselves on the steps after dinner, and some of the Sixth were going down to the football-ground.

"Wharton! Fetch the footer out of my study!"

Wharton looked at him calmly. The tussle was coming, but Harry Wharton was quite ready for it.

"Sorry!" he replied politely.

"Fetch my footer—quick!"

"If you ask it as a favour, I'll fetch it with pleasure," said Harry. "But if you mean to be fagging me, I won't fetch it."

Loder gritted his teeth.

"Will you fetch that footer?" he demanded.

"No, I won't!"

"You cheeky young sweep, I'll—"

Wingate broke in.

"Hold on, Loder. Wharton, go and fetch that footer at once!"

"I'll fetch it for you, Wingate!"

And Harry turned away. The Greyfriars captain frowned.

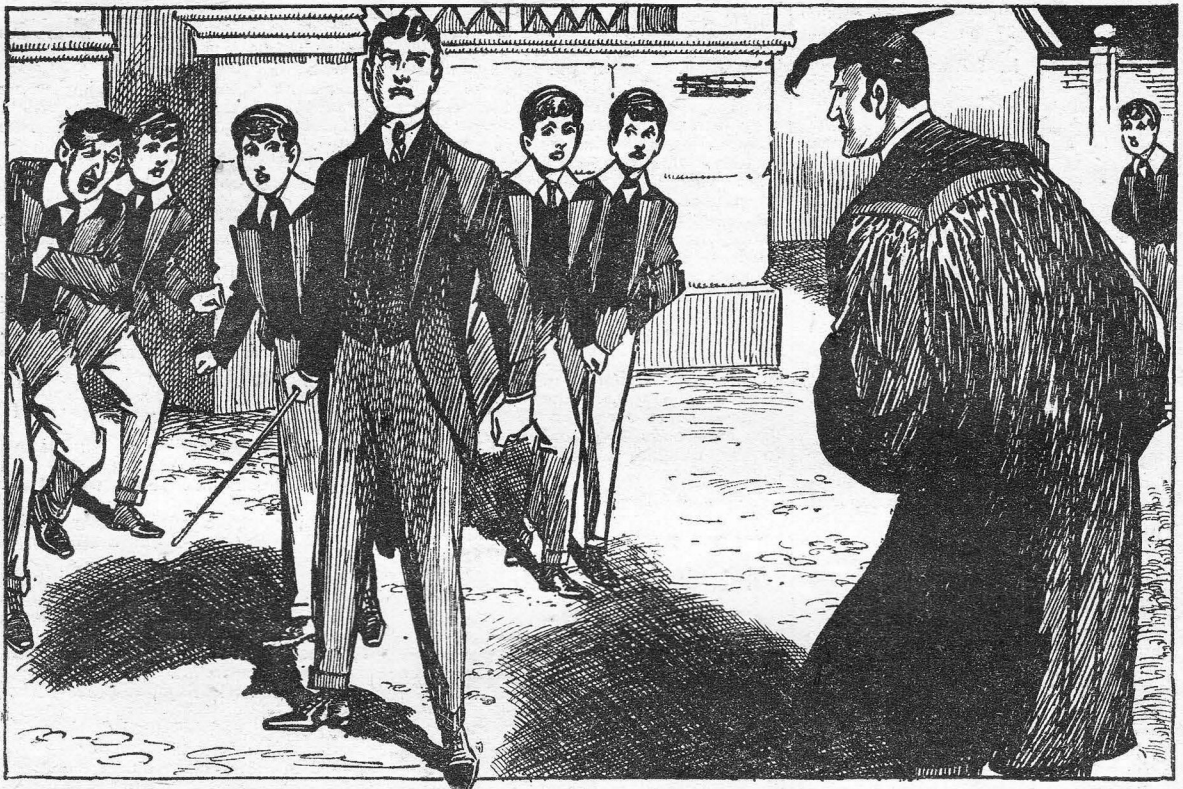
"You'll fetch it for Loder," he said.

"Can't be did!"

"Then you'll go into my study and fetch me a cane," said Wingate.

"Very well!"

Wingate waited for Harry Wharton to return. The junior came back with the cane in his hand, but without Loder's



"You do not seem to be able to keep your boys in order, sir," said Wingate. "And so it falls to me to do it." Mr. Quelch looked hard at the Greyfriars captain. "What—what! How dare you, Wingate!" he gasped. "That is not the way to speak to a master." (See Chapter 3.)

football. Wingate took the cane from him.

"Now, are you going to fag for Loder?" he asked.

"No!" said Harry.

"Not when I order you to?"

"No!"

"Then hold out your hand!"

Wharton held out his hand. The right of caning was vested in the prefects, and there was nothing to do but to take it. Wingate gave the junior two strokes, and hard ones, that made Wharton almost wriggle with pain, but he did not utter a sound. The Greyfriars captain gave him a grim look.

"Now you can take the cane back," he said. "Nugent, go and fetch Loder's footer."

"I'll fetch it for you, Wingate."

"Enough of that," said Wingate angrily. "You will fag for Loder, or any other fellow in the Sixth. You can't even pretend that Loder was bullying you this time. You will fag for Loder, I tell you."

"I won't!"

"Then hold out your hand, Nugent!"

"Very well."

Frank was caned, and he bore it calmly. By this time a crowd of fellows had collected. It was extremely unusual to see canings inflicted in the Close, but Wingate was very angry now, and he did not stop to reflect upon appearances.

"Cherry!" he rapped out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Will you fag for Loder?"

"No!"

There was no hesitation about Bob Cherry's reply. It came out directly, like a blow straight from the shoulder. There never was any possibility of mistaking Bob Cherry's meaning.

"Hold out your hand."

"Right-ho, my pippin!"

Bob was caned. He put his hands under his arms and squeezed them, and made a wry face, but he uttered no complaint. Bob Cherry was not soft. He could have grinned and borne severer punishments than that.

Fellows were gathering from all sides now. Wingate's face was a dark red with anger, and his eyes were gleaming. He felt that his authority was being defied, as indeed it was, in a way, though the young rebels were far from wishing to offend Wingate personally. But there was no doubt that they were directly disobeying orders. The Greyfriars captain had never had such an experience before, and he was in a most unusual temper about it. The look that was upon his face now was one that had very seldom been seen there before. One of the masters, hearing the noise in the quad, had come to his window, and was looking out curiously. Wingate seemed blind to the fact that a hundred eyes were upon him.

"Bull!" he said.

John Bull came up smiling.

"Right-ho!" he said. "You needn't ask the question—I won't fag for Loder, or for Carne, or for anybody else in the giddy Sixth. I'll see them all hanged first! I dare say some of them will be hanged some day, especially Loder—and there's my hand!"

And John Bull held out his hand for the cane. The crowd grinned at his observations, but Wingate did not smile. He brought the cane down with a lash that made the junior, strong and courageous as he was, give a sharp, short gasp.

There were several other juniors in the group on the steps. They were all looking defiant and determined. Canings or no canings, they did not mean to fag. They had made their declaration of in-

dependence, and they meant to stand by it.

"Linley!"

"Yes, Wingate?"

"Are you going to fag for the Sixth?"

"No, Wingate."

"Stand forward, then, and hold out your hand."

Mark Linley obeyed, and was caned. Then came the turn of Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. Fish had been loudest of all in his declarations that he would never dream of giving in, but Fish was known to be a swanker. He eyed Wingate's cane very nervously as he was called forward, and put his hands in his pockets. Wingate's glance fell upon him sternly.

"Are you going to fag for the Sixth?" he demanded.

"I guess I'd rather turn that over in my mind," said Fisher T. Fish cautiously. "As a business man, I'd rather not give an answer off-hand."

"Play up, Fish!" came a voice from a Remove.

"I guess I can run alone, thanks, without any help!"

"Answer me, Fish!" said Wingate harshly. "You are either in this silly scheme or you are not. Are you going to fag for the Sixth?"

"I haven't been asked, I guess."

"Well, if you are asked, or ordered?"

"That makes a difference, of course," said Fish.

"Will you give me a direct answer?" thundered Wingate.

"I guess so."

"Will you, or will you not, fag for the Sixth?"

Thus driven into a corner, Fish cast a helpless glance around him. His chums were looking at him steadily, and their looks told what he might expect afterwards if he betrayed the good cause now.

But the cane in Wingate's hand, and the look upon Wingate's face, had sapped away the courage of the American junior.

"I guess—" he faltered.  
 "Well?"  
 "Buck up, Fishy!"  
 "Play the game, old fellow!"  
 "Not!" concluded Fish. "I guess not!"  
 It was out now. Even Fish had stood by his colours. Wingate raised the cane.  
 "Hold out your hand!" he ordered.  
 "You see, I—I—I—"  
 "Hold out your hand!" shouted Wingate.

Fisher T. Fish held out a bony hand in a very gingerly way. Wingate brought down the cane, and it swept the empty air as Fish snatched his hand away. There was a chuckle among the crowd, and Wingate became quite crimson.

"Fish, how dare you!"  
 "I—I guess it's all right," said Fish.  
 "You can't consider that you've caned me, and I'm quite agreeable to let it go at that, and—"

Wingate took him by the collar, and brought down the cane upon his shoulders. Fisher T. Fish gave a terrific yell.

"Yarooop!"  
 Lash, lash, lash!  
 There was no doubt that Wingate had lost his temper. He lashed the junior across the back with the cane half a dozen times, and Fish danced and yelled and roared as if he were being massacred. His cries rang through the house.

"Shut up!" muttered Bob Cherry in disgust. "Take it like a man!"

"Wingate, stop that instantly!"  
 Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, strode upon the scene from the interior of the School House.

Wingate stopped the caning. He released Fisher T. Fish, who staggered away groaning, with much louder groans, as a matter of fact, than the occasion demanded. He leaned up against Bob Cherry, but Bob pushed him off without any ceremony. Bob Cherry had no sympathy with fellows who could not take their punishment quietly.

Wingate fixed his eyes upon the Form-master. He realised that he had placed himself in a false position by losing his temper, but he was too angry to care.

"Did you speak to me, sir?"  
 "Yes, I did, Wingate. I am surprised and shocked at you. I never expected to see the captain of Greyfriars acting in this way, in sight of all the windows of the school, of any stranger who might come in at the gates!" Mr. Quelch exclaimed.

Wingate flushed.  
 "I have a right to punish the juniors for insolence," he exclaimed, "and I do not want any instructions about my personal conduct, sir!"

"Wingate!"  
 "I mean what I say, sir. The boys of your Form have broken out into insolence and defiance, and refuse to obey the orders of the prefects, and they will have to be punished until they come to their senses. You do not seem to be able to keep them in order, sir, and so it falls to me to do it."

Mr. Quelch looked hard at the Greyfriars captain.  
 "That is not language to be used to a master, Wingate," he said. "I think, and hope, that when you are cool you will apologise for having used it. For the present, I decline to enter into a discussion. That is enough."  
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Mr. Quelch turned back into the house.

The Remove-master evidently thought the matter closed, as indeed it should have been. Never once had Wingate been guilty of insolence to those above him in position, and he had always been very careful to set the younger boys a good example in respect to the masters. But Wingate was not himself now. He had completely lost his temper, and being called to account by the master, under the eyes of all the crowd, had given him the finishing touch, so to speak. He was determined to keep on. The boys, as Mr. Quelch moved away, had begun to disperse, but Wingate did not move.

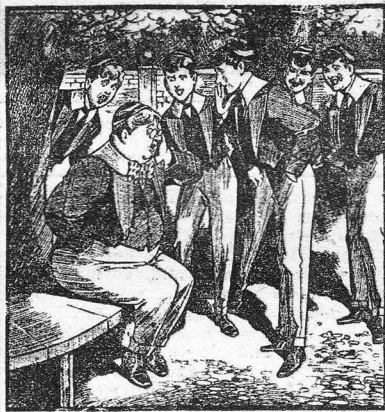
"Brown!" he exclaimed harshly.

Tom Brown started. He could hardly believe that Wingate meant to continue the scene. The New Zealand junior liked the captain of Greyfriars, like everybody else, and he was sorry to see Wingate place himself in such a position.

"Yes, Wingate?" he said quietly.

**LONG COMPLETE GREYFRIARS STORY.**

**THE MAGNET**



"Deaf Bunter!" By FRANK RICHARDS.

**THE COVER OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF OUR COMPANION PAPER.**

"Are you in the scheme to defy authority?"

"I put my name on the round robin," said Tom Brown.

"Do you refuse to fag for the Sixth?"

"Yes."  
 "Hold out your hand!"

"Very well."  
 The New Zealand junior held out his hand. Wingate caned him, but the junior, hurt as he was, for the strokes were terribly hard now, did not give a murmur. He was anxious not to draw Mr. Quelch back to the spot, and so came serious trouble for Wingate.

"Hazeldene!"

"Ye-e-es?" said Hazeldene.

"Are you going to fag for the Sixth?"

"N-n-no!"

"Hold out your hand!"

Hazeldene shivered as he held out his hand. He had seen the cuts that Tom Brown had received, but Hazeldene

was not made of the same stuff as the New Zealand junior. He felt every nerve in his body shrink from the coming pain.

Lash!  
 The cane came down stinging across his palm, and Hazeldene gave a shriek.  
 "Quiet, you fool!" muttered Bob Cherry.  
 "Ow! Ow! Ow!"  
 "Hold your row!"  
 "Shut up!"

"You'll bring Quelch back, you dummy!" whispered Harry Wharton.  
 "Yow! Oh! Ow!"

Hazeldene did not care if he brought Mr. Quelch back; indeed, he would have been very glad if Mr. Quelch's coming had saved him from a second cut. The Remove-master, as a matter of fact, was already returning. There was a deep frown upon Mr. Quelch's face.  
 "Wingate!" he exclaimed.  
 "Well?"

"Don't answer me like an impertinent fag!" said Mr. Quelch sharply. "I understood that this scene was at an end."

"I am going to punish every junior who refuses to fag for the Sixth!" said Wingate, between his teeth.

"You are in no state to punish anybody, I think," said Mr. Quelch. "Before you inflict any punishment you should be sure that you are calm and dispassionate, and not in a fury, as you seem to be at present. I command you to cease at once! Boys, disperse immediately!"

Wingate gritted his teeth.

"If you interfere with me, sir—"  
 "I do interfere with you. I command you to cease this disgraceful scene immediately," said Mr. Quelch. "How dare you make such an exhibition in the Close? I am ashamed of you!"

"If you interfere with me in carrying out my duties as a prefect I shall complain to the Head, sir!"

"You may please yourself about that," said Mr. Quelch. "I hardly think the Head would allow you to retain your position as prefect at all if he knew what has just been passing here. You had better go to your room, Wingate."

"I shall do nothing of the sort!"

"Boys, disperse at once," said the Remove-master, affecting not to hear Wingate's reply, which made most of the boys gasp.

The crowd broke up.

The Remove-master walked away in a bunch. Most of them were rubbing their hands. Wingate had hurt them, but their hurts were not what they were thinking of most. They were thinking of the captain of Greyfriars, and the position he had placed himself in by losing his temper.

"Silly ass, to cheek Quelch in that way!" Bob Cherry remarked. "I can't understand it in Wingate; he's always been so decent."

"He's got his rag out now, and no mistake," said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"I suppose he will apologise to Mr. Quelch when he's cool," said Harry Wharton, in a thoughtful way. "It's very awkward for him. He was punishing us for insubordination, but we've never done anything so flagrant as checking a master to his face. He's gone a great deal farther than we have."

"I'm sorry, all the same," said John Bull. "But it can't make any difference to us. Wingate or no Wingate, we're not going to fag any more for the Sixth!"

THE END.

(There will be another splendid long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's issue of the POPULAR. Do not miss it.)



# UNDER A CLOUD!

A Splendid, Long, Complete School Story, introducing JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Shady Acquaintance!

**C**OME on, Jimmy!"

The Fistical Four, of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, were sauntering along Coombe Lane towards the school.

Jimmy Silver had suddenly stopped. The chums of the Fourth were passing the stile in the lane, and upon the stile was seated a disreputable-looking individual, a stranger to Lovell and Raby and Newcome.

They had glanced at him in passing with somewhat contemptuous glances. He was a man of about thirty, and might have been a good specimen of manhood if he had chosen. But evidently he had not chosen. His reddened face, his loose lips, and heavy eyelids, and his general hangdog look, told their own story of late hours and drink. He looked a blot upon the fresh countryside, as he sat on the stile, fouling the atmosphere with the scent of a strong black cheroot.

He grinned as the juniors passed him, and beckoned to Jimmy Silver.

And Jimmy halted.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome stopped and looked back at him. Jimmy's sunny face had suddenly clouded over. He glanced at his chums hesitatingly, and glanced back at the man on the stile.

Lovell hurried back.

"Come on, Jimmy!" he repeated.

"Here we are again, Jimmy!" said the man on the stile cheerily. "Don't hurry away; I want to speak to you."

"Come on, Jimmy!"

"You go on, Lovell," said Jimmy Silver, in a low voice. "I'd better speak to—to this chap."

Lovell's brow set grimly.

"I'm not going on," he said. "You're not going to speak to a bounder like that. What the dickens does he mean by calling you Jimmy?"

The man on the stile chuckled. The remark seemed to amuse him.

"Come on, Jimmy!" called out Raby.

"Wait for me up the lane," muttered Jimmy Silver. "I—I must speak to this chap. I'll explain afterwards."

"Here's Townsend coming up the lane," growled Lovell. "Do you want to be seen talking to a rotter of that sort, Jimmy?"

"I must!"

"Oh, rats!"

Lovell shrugged his shoulders angrily, and tramped on with a dark brow. Jimmy Silver stepped nearer to the man on the stile.

"What are you doing here, so near to the school?" he muttered. "Do you want to get me into trouble at Rookwood?"

The wastrel blew out a thick cloud of smoke.

"That's your own look-out!" he said coolly. "I'm as keen to get away from here as you can be for me to go. You know what I want."

"Money?"

"Exactly!"

"I've given you all I could."

"You'll have to give me more if you want me to go."

Jimmy Silver clenched his hands hard. His eyes were fixed upon the bloated, dissipated face, with bitter contempt and anger. Up the lane, from the direction of Coombe, came Townsend, the dandy of the Fourth. He started as he saw Jimmy Silver in conversation with the man on the stile. Jimmy did not notice him, and Townsend, as he came nearer, heard Jimmy's next words.

"Get out of this! Haven't you any sense of shame? You've let my friends see you now—"

"They'll see more of me unless you help me to clear!"

"I can't!"

"You must find a way, my boy. I can do it on five pounds. If you don't let me have a fiver, you can expect me at Rookwood."

"I tell you I can't do it!" said Jimmy Silver. "I had to borrow money to help you before, and you gambled it away. I should be in an awful fix now if my chums hadn't paid up for me!"

"Let 'em pay up for you again!"

"You rascal!"

"By gad!" ejaculated Townsend.

Jimmy Silver spun round. The dandy of the Fourth backed away from the look in his eyes.

"You spying cad!" Jimmy broke out angrily.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Townsend. "I couldn't help seeing you, could I? You shouldn't meet your boozy friends so near the school, you know. Is that the chap you used to go to see at the Ship, that all the fellows have been talking about? Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver made a stride towards Townsend, but he stopped.

"Get out!" he muttered. "If you don't want to go into the ditch, you'd better clear off!"

Townsend grinned, and strolled on towards Rookwood. He had an item of news for the fellows in the Fourth, and he was anxious to impart it.

Jimmy Silver turned back to the man on the stile, his eyes gleaming under his knitted brows.

"You see what you've done for me!" he said savagely. "This will be the talk of the Lower School!"

"Your own fault, Jimmy. Help me to clear, and I'll clear!"

"I don't believe you!" said Jimmy, between his teeth. "I helped you before, and you spent the money in

gambling and drink. I sha'n't again. Come to Rookwood if you dare!"

"I'll come right enough, and show you up, Jimmy. I'm a man of my word!"

"Come, then; and you'll go away again with handcuffs on!" said Jimmy. "Set your foot inside the gates of Rookwood, and I'll ask the Head to telephone for the police. They will be glad to see you."

The man on the stile started a little, and looked searchingly at the schoolboy's set face.

"You don't mean that, Jimmy. You wouldn't have a goal-bird for a relation. You wouldn't give me away."

"I would, and will, if you come to Rookwood!"

Jimmy Silver turned away, without another word. But his look showed that he meant all he said, and meant it in deadly earnest.

"Jimmy!"

The junior did not answer. He strode up the lane, and the man on the stile looked after him with savage chagrin on his face.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Secret!

**J**IMMY SILVER rejoined his chums, and they walked on towards Rookwood in silence.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were looking grim.

Townsend had gone on, and they knew that before long all the Classical Fourth, and probably the Moderns as well, would have heard of Jimmy Silver's meeting with the blackguard in the lane.

Lovell broke the silence at last.

"Look here, Jimmy, this won't do!" he blurted out.

Jimmy did not reply.

"There's been talk enough about you already!" said Lovell savagely. "It's growing into a regular scandal. You've visited the Ship, that low den that no decent fellow would go into. Tommy Dodd saw you meet a blackguard there—the same chap you've just spoken to, I suppose. You told us it was all over, and you were never going there again. We took your word for it that you hadn't been playing the giddy ox, like Smythe and his set."

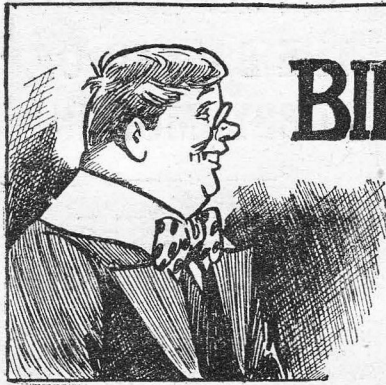
"My word's good enough, I suppose?" said Jimmy Silver.

"We've taken your word, Jimmy," said Newcome. "But—but you are putting rather a strain on a fellow's faith, I must say."

"I know that," said Jimmy Silver miserably. "I wouldn't be surprised if you fellows thought I was a bigger blackguard than Smythe. I've told you I couldn't explain; it wasn't my secret. But—but now that rascal has shown him-

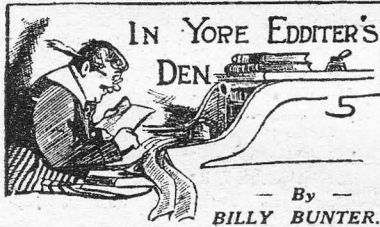
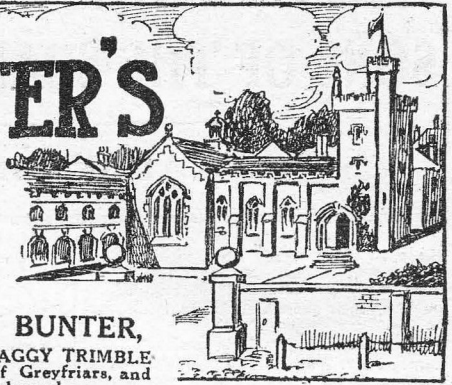






# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

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.



## Sekkond Form Snaps!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

## A Public Apology to Billy Bunter.

By **BOLSOVER MAJER.**

My Dear Readers,—When I larst had the onner of addressing you I was in the sanny, suffering from orful panes in the head, kawsed by Bolsover majer throwing a boot at my napper with malis a-4-thort, and with grate forse!

I am kon-soled by the fakt that my wound is now heeled. All that remanes to tell the tail is a bump the sighs of a dux-egg.

I have been releesed from the sanny, and the editorial chare wunce more grones under my edditorial wate; and unwelcome kon-tributors are agane beginning to feel a taste of my edditorial boot!

Of corse, the first thing I did on coming downstares was to lick that broot Bolsover. I dun it with plezure, bekwase I had skores and skores and skores to pay off on him.

We fort for ninety minnits in the Jim, and everybuddy said it was a grate scrapp.

Bolsover never dun badly, konsidering what he was up against.

In the 91st minnit, however, his day of rekkerning come. He got in the way of one of my smashing strate lefts, and went down for the kount, looking very battered and broozed and bludstaned. They had to take him away on the amberlance, and I hope he will have to spend a week in the sanny, same as I had to. May he be fed on thin grool and soop, and may his boans soon be sticking threw his flesh!

I no this sounds very harsh, but these booties must be tort that they karn't throw boots at edditors with imponity, and if they forget theirselves to such an eggstent, they must eggspect trouble!

I have no simperthy to waist on Bolsover. Nun! And I sinserely hope he will prophet by the terribil licking I was kompelled to administer to him.

Serve the beestly broot rite, deer readers! He will no better in fewcher than to throw boots at the devvoted head of

Yore Chum,

*Yore Edditer*

P.S.—The latest bulletin says that Bolsover's got a very high temperament, and is not eggspekted to recover!—B. B.

Me and yung Nugent started our grate kampagne against fagging the other day. But, alas! we found that we had bitten off more than we could chew. The pretex got on our track, and they gave us a terribil lamming with kriket-stumps. We had Rite on our side, too; but I always did say that Mite was stronger than Rite!

\* \* \*

I have been dewly appoynted subb-vice-deputy-subb kaptin of the Sekkond Form kriket team. I am also the Trezzurer, so anybuddy who's got any munney to spare for batts and bawls should forward it to me!

\* \* \*

Yung Gatty has sported a clean colter three days, running, so we can eggspek the world to come to an end soon!

\* \* \*

My bootlaces still have a tendensy to come undun every time I pass the dore of the Head's studdy. I shall recilly have to start tying up my boots with string. Myers does it, and everybuddy ad-Myers the neet appearence of his feat!

\* \* \*

Reeders who pattronize my fride-fish bar may look forward to a good time on Satter-day nite. I have cort two fat place from the Rivver Sark, together with a number of minnoes and tadpoles. The bar will open at seven p.m. N.B.—No connectshum with Gatty's Stout and Oyster Bar!

\* \* \*

When is my majer going to give me an inkreese of sallery? I don't no; but the kooks are torking of an inkreese of sallery neckst time we have cold meet for supper!

\* \* \*

Sumboddy stuck sum sekkertine on to my chare this mourning, so I am afraide the wether prospekct is "glue-me"!

I want awl my admyrers to be sure and get our neckst week's issew, bekwase my bit is eggstra good.

I, **PERCY BOLSOVER**, pewgilst and prize-fiter, of Studdy No. 10, Remove Passidge, Greytriars Skool, in the kounty of Kent, in the kountry of England, do hearby humbly, sinserely, and kontritely appollergize to my plump skoolfello, William George Bunter, for having chucked a boot at his head in the Remove dormitory, at 9.30 p.m. on the evening of the 32nd instant.

At the time of throwing the boot I did not foolly realize what dammdige it was likely to kawse, being under the impression that Billy Bunter's head was maid of wood. I eggspekted to see sum sawdust come out, but I diskovered, to my horror, that Billy Bunter possessed a reel brane, and that I had dun him serious injury.

For sum days I went about in a state of terribil mentle angwish, being afraide that Billy Bunter wood get konkussion or brane-fever. I was off my feed; my mind waudered when I was in the Form-room, and I thort I should go mad!

I am now grately releeveld to find that Billy Bunter has rekovered from the crool blow I gave him. The first thing he did, on being releesed from the sanny, was to meet me in the Jim and give me a terribil thrashing. I am now going about on krutches, and I am kwite prepared to admit that Billy Bunter is a better boxer than me, and that I thoroughly deserved the llicking he administered.

And I do hearby sollumly prommis, in the presense of Peter Todd, kommissioner for oaths, that I will never agane—no matter what the provverkation—throw a boot at Billy Bunter's head.

I have shed menny bitter teers of sorro for my konduckt, and I hope and trusted that my plump schoolfello will forgive me for what I dun.

In fewcher I will be as meek and jentle as a lam, and will never harm a hare of Billy Bunter's head.

Given under my hand and seal, this unteenthy day of April, in the Yeer of (Dis)Grace, 1921.

**PERCY BOLSOVER.**

(Before going to press, I showed this appollery to Harry Wharton & Co., and they deklare that I maid it up myself! They say that Bolsover majer would never dream of appollergizing to anybuddy for anything. Mroover, they say that he would not spell so shockingly.)

I will levee my reeders to judge weather the above appollery recilly came from the pen of Bolsover majer, or weather I komposed it myself. I feel sure you will all agree that it is a perfectly jenuine document.

I have desided, after a grate deel of re-flecksshum, to axsept Bolsover's appollery, and I trusted he will behave like a little jentleman in fewcher.—**BILLY BUNTER.**

**THE POPULAR.—No. 118.**



# "Field Punishment" for Ponsonby!

By JACK DRAKE.

"You're wanted on the phone, Wharton," said Wingate of the Sixth, glancing into the Junior Common-room. "Ponsonby of Highcliff would like a word with you."

Wharton frowned. There was little love lost between him and Cecil Ponsonby, the "Nut" of the Highcliff Fourth.

"I've left the receiver off, and asked Ponsonby to wait," said Wingate.

"Thanks!" said Wharton.

And he went along to the prefects' room.

"That you, Wharton?" drawled a voice, in response to his "Hallo!"

"Yes. What do you want with me?"

"I want to fix up a cricket match with your team," said Ponsonby. "Will Wednesday afternoon suit?"

Wharton looked astonished.

"I thought Frank Courtenay was skipper of the Highcliff eleven?" he said.

"Of the official eleven—yes," chuckled Ponsonby. "An' I'm Boss of the unofficial one. You needn't have any hesitation in fixin' up a match with us, Wharton. We're hot stuff, an' we shall give you a good run for your money. Goin' to accept our challenge?"

Wharton hesitated.

"I made a vow that I'd never play against any team of yours again, Ponsonby."

"That was way back in the Middle Ages, my dear fellow! You're not goin' to keep on nursin' an old grudge, I hope? Be a sport, an' accept the challenge!"

"There's going to be no trickery?" said Wharton.

"Trickery!" echoed Pon. "I don't know the meanin' of the word!"

"Everything will be straight and above-board?" said Wharton.

"Quite!"

"Then we'll play you. Match to take place at Greyfriars on Wednesday afternoon. And let's hope it'll be a clean, sporting game."

"Not much room for foul play in cricket," said Ponsonby. "Cheerio!"

And he rang off.

Wharton walked back to the Junior Common-room in a thoughtful mood. He expected to be criticised by his chums for having fixed up a match with a cad like Ponsonby, and his expectations were realised.

"Ass! Chump! Imbecile!" growled Bob Cherry, when Wharton told him the news.

"You know jolly well that Pon's up to some shady trick or other. You ought to have washed your hands of the whole bizney!"

"I don't see how Pon can play any tricks," said Wharton. "You see, the match will be played on our own ground, and the Highcliff bounders will be mobbed if they start any funny business."

"We shall certainly be able to keep an eye on them," said Nugent. "All the same, I wish you'd left Pon's challenge alone, Harry. He's bound to have something up his sleeve."

"They can never hope to lick us by fair means," said Peter Todd. "We shall skittle 'em out for about ten, and then proceed to make a century apiece!"

"Perhaps," said Wharton. "You must remember that it's the beginning of the season, and we haven't had much practice."

We looked forward rather eagerly to Wednesday afternoon, wondering what Ponsonby's little game was, for we felt sure he would not act "on the square."

We were practising at the nets when the Highcliff team arrived.

Ponsonby, Gadsby, Monson, and Vavasour headed the party; then came four others of the same kidney, while Merton and Drury brought up the rear. Between them walked a grotesque-looking figure.

"Who—what—?" began Bob Cherry, in amazement.

Ponsonby followed Bob's glance, and grinned.

"That's our eleventh man, begad!" he explained.

"But it—it isn't a fellow at all!" protested Wharton. "It's a mechanical toy!"

"Quite right, dear boy. It goes by clockwork. Matter of fact, it's our fast bowler!"

"My hat!"

We saw in a flash what Ponsonby's scheme was.

The leader of the Highcliff "Nuts" had either begged, borrowed, or stolen—for he could not possibly have invented it himself—a mechanical bowler. It was not a new invention, Bernard Glyn of St. Jim's having constructed a similar device a few seasons previously.

The clockwork creature was set in action by the turning of a key in its back. Then it took six paces forward, and its right arm swung round, propelling the ball with terrific force.

Most of us felt that we would rather stand up against a human bowler than a clockwork one any day. Moreover, we felt that Ponsonby's "check" was colossal.

"This isn't playing the game!" said Wharton sharply.

"Eh? Why isn't it?" said Ponsonby, in surprise.

"We didn't bargain on your bringing over a clockwork bowler."

"My dear old top, you're at perfect liberty to include one in your team, if you like."

"I haven't a clockwork bowler, and even if I had I shouldn't dream of making use of it in a match. I should only use it for practice purposes."

"Afraid we must ask you to dispense with the clockwork fellow!" said Johnny Bull.

"But that'll leave us with only ten men!" protested Ponsonby.

"That's your look-out!"

"If we can't include our mechanical bowler," said Gadsby, "we sha'n't play! We shall call the match off!"

"Dash it all!" said Peter Todd, turning to the rest of us. "We'll play them, and lick them, in spite of their blessed toy!"

"Yes, rather!"

After a good deal of discussion, Harry Wharton decided to allow Ponsonby to make use of his mechanical bowler.

Our great hope was to get Highcliff out cheaply. If we could skittle them out for about 30, we felt that we could exceed that total ourselves, in spite of the hurricane deliveries of the clockwork man.

It was to be a single innings match, and nearly all Greyfriars had collected, enormous interest being taken in Ponsonby's "eleventh man."

Pon won the toss, and decided to bat first. Inky and I shared the bowling, and between us we made short work of the elegant Nuts.

Ponsonby scratched and scraped until he had made a dozen; but the others did little, and the whole side was out for 32.

Highcliff were at a disadvantage in the batting department, for they had only ten men. The mechanical bowler could not, of course, handle a bat.

"Now, you fellows," said Wharton, "we've got to get 33 to win. If only we can keep our end up against that beastly clockwork contraption, we shall be able to make our runs off the bowler at the other end. Who'd like to go in first with me?"

"I will, Harry," said Bob Cherry.

There was great excitement as Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry walked out to the wickets, and Ponsonby got his clockwork bowler ready for action.

Pon was chucking, for he imagined that our wickets would go down like ninepins before the mechanical bowler's attack.

Harry Wharton got ready to receive the first over.

There was a whirring sound as Ponsonby wound up the clockwork bowler. Then it darted forward six paces, its arm revolved in the air, and the ball whizzed down the pitch.

Wharton watched the ball closely. To his delight, he saw that it pitched short, and he dispatched it without ceremony to the boundary.

"Hurrah!"

"Well hit, sir!"

Ponsonby scowled fiercely. He had hoped to see Wharton's stumps spreadeagled. But there seemed to be no possibility of that

happening, for every ball that was bowled by the mechanical bowler pitched in exactly the same spot, and the captain of the Remove drove it to the railings every time.

Harry Wharton had scored 24 runs off the first over! In our delight, we fairly shouted ourselves hoarse.

Now came Bob Cherry's turn. Bob had to face Ponsonby, and Pon is no great shakes as a bowler. Bob punished him mercilessly. He hit a 4, and then a 6—clean out of the ground—and the Remove had won!

Ponsonby's face was a study. He had counted on the mechanical bowler taking a wicket with every ball that was sent down. But the deliveries pitched painfully short, and Wharton and Cherry flogged the ball to all parts of the field.

Bernard Glyn's clockwork bowler of a few seasons before had been a really good one, and it could vary its deliveries. But Ponsonby's was faulty; it could only bowl one type of ball, and that was a very bad one.

The score rose by leaps and bounds; 40, 50, 60 went up on the telegraph-board.

Ponsonby & Co. were perspiring profusely in the broiling sun, and they had smoked too many cigarettes to be in good condition for leather-chasing.

"Hadn't you better declare, Wharton?" growled the Highcliff leader at length.

"I'll declare when I've made 50," was the reply. "Then somebody else can come and have a go!"

"Oh crumbs!"

It didn't take Wharton long to complete his 50. Then Smithy came in, and lashed the tired bowling.

Bob Cherry completed his half-century shortly afterwards, and his place was taken by Peter Todd.

Smithy and Toddy enjoyed themselves for about an hour. Then they retired, and Nugent and I carried on the good work.

The Highcliff fieldsmen were in a state of complete collapse by this time, and the score was getting on for 300!

Ponsonby & Co. were in such a state of distress that Wharton took pity on them at last, and declared the innings closed just as the third hundred went up.

As he limped off the field, Ponsonby beckoned to Dicky Nugent of the Second.

"I say, kid," he said, "run and fetch me a coke-hammer, will you?"

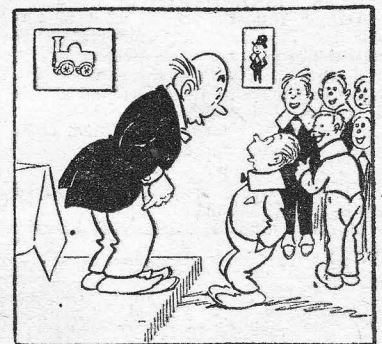
"Certainly!" said the fag cheerfully.

The coke-hammer was duly obtained, and then Pon made a savage attack upon the mechanical bowler until he had reduced it to a bent, battered, and twisted wreck.

And I venture to think it will be a long, long time before Pon challenges the Remove to another cricket match!

THE END.

## Understood, But—



Professor (after lecturing on "What Propels Locomotives"): "Well, I suppose you know all about steam-engines now, boy?"

Bright Boy: "Yes, sir; all but one thing."

Professor: "And what is that, pray?"

Bright Boy: "What makes them go?"

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# ROUGH ON RATTY!

By FATTY WYNN.

"What's the little game, Reddy?"

Figgins, Kerr, and I halted in astonishment in the doorway of Dick Redfern's study.

Reddy was in his shirtsleeves, experimenting with a number of medicine-bottles which stood on the table.

The bottles contained liquid of various kinds and odours, and Reddy was juggling with them in a very mysterious way, adding a little of one kind to a little of another, and so forth.

For a moment Reddy ignored our questions. Then he looked up with a grin.

"This is Monteith's benefit," he explained. "Poor old Monteith! He's been suffering agonies during the past few days with indigestion."

"He's got Fatty Wynn's complaint," said Figgins. "He eats too much, and doesn't take enough exercise."

"You may be right," said Reddy. "All the same, it's pathetic to see our head prefect racked with the tortures of indigestion. And I'm going to cure him!"

"My hat!"  
"What have you got in those bottles?" asked Kerr.

"Various medicines, all of which contain digestive properties," explained Reddy. "When properly mixed, they form an ideal cure for indigestion."

"But you'll never persuade Monteith to take that muck!" growled Figgins.

"He won't need any persuasion, dear boy. He'll take it without his knowledge. Some of it will be poured in his tea; the remainder will be sprinkled over his food."

"Great Scott!"  
"And it'll do him a power of good. He'll never complain of indigestion any more."

"When are you going to work the oracle?" asked Kerr.

"To-morrow morning, at brekker."  
We were very interested in Reddy's stunt, and we were curious to see how it would pan out.

On going into the dining-hall next morning

we found that the place at the head of the table which was usually occupied by Monteith was vacant.

Evidently the prefect was expected in a few moments, however, for the maid served his tea and his eggs and bacon.

"Here goes!" muttered Redfern. And he took a medicine-bottle from his pocket, uncorked it, and poured a liberal quantity of physic into Monteith's tea. Then he sprinkled the remainder over the eggs and bacon.

No sooner had Reddy slipped the empty bottle into his pocket than Ratty, our House-master, came stalking in.

To our dismay, he seated himself at the head of the table in Monteith's place.

"My appearance is doubtless an unpleasant surprise to some of you," said Ratty, in his sour way. "It so happens that Monteith is too unwell to be present. I have told him to stay in bed."

Having delivered himself of this little speech, Ratty raised the teacup to his lips and took a liberal draught. Then he set down the cup rather hurriedly, and his complexion became a sickly yellow.

"Bless my soul! There is something very strange about this tea!" he muttered. "It would almost seem as if it were drugged! Is your tea all right, Figgins?"

"Quite all right, sir!"

"Then perhaps it is my imagination."  
So saying, Ratty proceeded to pitch into his eggs and bacon. After a couple of mouthfuls he made a fearful grimace.

"Dear me! I feel sure there must be something wrong with the food. Can you detect anything amiss with the bacon, my boys?"

"It's as tough as usual, sir," said Kerr; "otherwise, it's quite O.K."

"And the eggs—"

"Perfectly fresh, sir!" said Figgins. "They were only laid last Friday."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Silence!" snapped Ratty. "This is no

laughing matter! It really seems to me as if the food is poisoned!"

"Nonsense, sir!" I said. "It's a slur on the cook to say things like that. As if anybody would ever dream of poisoning the food of such a popular master as you, sir!"

"Be silent, Wynn! Perhaps, after all, I am imagining things. Or it may be that my digestion is out of order. I will endeavour to finish my breakfast."

"And Ratty did. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the breakfast finished Ratty!"

By the time he had got through the eggs and bacon, and drank the remainder of his tea, Ratty was in a terrible state. He moaned aloud, like a wild beast in pain, and his complexion had changed from yellow to deathly pale.

"Ow! Oh! Yow! I—I feel certain there is something wrong!" he groaned. "Are you feeling any pains, Figgins?"

"No, sir—except the pain of seeing you in pain!"

"Are you all right internally, Redfern?"

"Perfectly, sir!" said Reddy, stifling a grin.

"Did you notice anything—er—peculiar about the eggs and bacon, Wynn?"

"No, sir. I've had three helpings, and I could cheerfully tackle a fourth!"

"Ow! I—I wish I had left my breakfast severely alone. I feel certain the food was poisoned! I shall remonstrate severely with the cook—Ow-ow-ow!"

Much as we disliked Ratty, we could hardly help feeling sorry for the poor old beggar. You know how it feels at Christmas-time, after you've had too many helpings of turkey? Well, that was how Ratty must have felt then!

Presently the torture became so acute that he could stand it no longer. He rolled out of his seat, and tottered to the door of the Hall.

Kildare and Knox, of the Sixth, jumped up from their places, and escorted the unfortunate Ratty to the sanny.

And there he remained for two whole days. And we had a joyous time in the New House, left practically to our own devices.

Whether Redfern's mysterious mixture would have cured Monteith's indigestion or not, it was impossible to say. It certainly didn't cure Ratty's!

And it didn't cure Ratty's temper, either, for when he resumed duty again he was a beastlier beast than ever!

THE END.

# The Perfectly Priceless Photograph!

By MONTY LOWTHER.

"Ah! It has awvived at last, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Toby, the page, came into the junior Common-room at St. Jim's, and handed Gussy a large brown-paper packet. We noticed that the outside wrapper was marked, "Photograph—With Care."

Arthur Augustus was in what he himself described as "quite a fluttah." He untied the package with feverish fingers, and drew out, with great care—as if it were a delicate piece of Dresden china—a cabinet photograph.

Nursing the photo on his knee, Gussy gazed at it long and earnestly.

Presently he gave a deep sigh.  
"How perfectly charmin', bai Jove!" we heard him murmur.

Manners and I exchanged knowing winks.

"It's cousin Ethel!" muttered Manners.

"Rats!" I retorted. "It's the adorable young damsel at the bunshop!"

"Bet you a bag of doughnuts it's cousin Ethel!"

"Bet you a bag of cream-buns it's the bunshop beauty!"

The bets were duly registered in Tom Merry's notebook. And then we waited, in a state of expectancy, for Gussy to show us the photograph.

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But he didn't. He sat staring at it like a moonstruck silly idiot. Feasting his eyes upon it, he was, as if it were the grandest sight he had ever seen.

And ever and anon we heard him murmur, "Divine!" or "Exquisite!" or "Perfectly pviceless, begad!"

We spoke to Gussy. We shouted to him. We bellowed to him. But he didn't take a scrap of notice. He was far too absorbed in the photograph he was fondling on his knee.

Somebody announced that it was tea-time, and we all scuttled off to our studies—all save Gussy. The swell of St. Jim's had no thought of eating or drinking in that supreme moment.

When we returned to the Common-room after tea we found Gussy still seated in the same position—still caressing the photograph—still gazing at it with an expression of fondness and longing which it would take a greater pen than mine to describe.

"Must be something extra-special in the way of photographs for Gussy to lose himself in it like this," said Jack Blake. "Is it cousin Ethel, Gussy?"

No answer.

"Some fair young thing you met during the vac?"

Still no answer.

"Is it the Mayor of Wayland's daughter?" asked Tom Merry.

Silence!  
We tried to steal a peep at the photograph, but in vain. Gussy rose haughtily to his feet.

"I am suppwised that you should try to pwy into my affairs!" he said indignantly.

And he stalked out of the room, still hugging the photograph.

And he was still hugging it when we went up to the dorm that night.

"Wish I could get a glimpse of that giddy photo!" said Manners. "I feel certain it's of cousin Ethel, and that I've won my wager!"

"And I'm equally certain it's the girl at the bunshop!" I said.

"We'll find out soon," said Tom Merry. "Gussy's bound to sleep with the priceless thing under his pillow. We'll pop into the Fourth Form dorm at midnight, and clear up the mystery!"

We stayed awake until twelve boomed out from the clock-tower. Then I tiptoed into the dorm in which Gussy slept, and Tom Merry cautiously slipped his hand under the pillow. When he withdrew it we saw that it held the photograph.

Manners eagerly flashed on his electric torch. And then an exclamation of amazement burst from the lips of all three of us.

For the photograph over which Gussy had gone into raptures was not of cousin Ethel, nor was it of the girl at the bunshop.

It was a photo of Arthur Augustus himself!

With feelings too deep for words, we crept back to bed!

## Under a Cloud!

(Continued from page 8.)

Townsend's eyes sparkled for a moment.

"Better take care of it," he said. "Six pounds is a lot of money."

"Of course I'll take care of it!" said Newcome testily. "You don't think I'd be careless with the club money, do you? I don't carry it about in my trousers-pocket."

"Better keep it locked up."

"So I would if there was a lock on my desk," said Newcome. "What are you getting at, Towny? You don't think there's any burglars in the Fourth, do you?"

"You've got a chap in your study who's hard up for money."

"What!"

"Jimmy Silver was borrowing right and left last week."

Newcome's eyes blazed.

He did not make any verbal reply to Townsend's insinuation. He hit out without troubling to speak.

Crash!

Townsend caught Newcome's knuckles with his nose, and he went down on the floor like a sack of coke.

"Now, you cad, get up and say that again, and I'll give you some more," shouted Newcome.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Townsend sat on the floor and nursed his nose, and Newcome, with a snort of contempt, left him there.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A Surprise for the End Study.

**B**ULKELEY of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, stopped at the end study and knocked. Bulkeley, great man as he was, always knocked at a junior's door before entering, and on little points like that Classical juniors often contrasted him with Knowles, the Modern prefect, who never wasted politeness of that kind on fags. The Fistical Four were at home, and they rose at once as Bulkeley looked in.

It was evening, and they were at work on their prep. Something of his old cheerfulness had returned to Jimmy Silver. It was several days now since he had seen his scapegrace uncle, John Silver, and he had not heard from him. He was in hopes that the wretched waster was gone from the neighbourhood of Rookwood.

Once he was gone, the unpleasant talk in connection with Jimmy would doubtless die away of its own accord. Jimmy felt it keenly, though he gave no sign, and his chums felt it for him more keenly still.

Lovell & Co. were in great uneasiness lest a whisper of it should reach the ears of those in authority. Certainly, any prefect who had known of Jimmy's undesirable acquaintance with the man at the Ship Inn would have felt it his duty to look into the matter, and with a very stern eye.

As Bulkeley came into the study, the Classical Four exchanged a quick glance that was full of uneasiness.

The thought came into each mind at once that Bulkeley had heard something, and that he had come to question Jimmy Silver, as in duty bound.

The Rookwood captain's face was very serious, and did not wear its usual genial expression.

"Come in, Bulkeley!" said Lovell.

"I—I say, will you have some chestnuts?"

"Thanks, no! I've looked in to speak to Silver," said Bulkeley.

"Here I am!" said Jimmy cheerily, though with a sinking heart.

Bulkeley fixed his eyes on the junior. "It's come to my knowledge that there's been a lot of talk about you, Silver," he said abruptly.

"It's the penalty of fame," said Jimmy flippantly. "Naturally, I loom rather large in the eyes of the Fourth, you know."

Bulkeley frowned, and Lovell & Co. gave Jimmy warning looks. The captain of Rookwood was quite plainly not in a humorous mood.

"I dare say I'm rather unsuspecting," said Bulkeley. "Some prefects would have heard of this earlier, I dare say. I haven't heard till to-day, when a couple of juniors were chatting under my study window. Of course, I shouldn't, as a rule, take any notice of any chance talk not intended for me, but what I heard made me call Townsend and Topham into my study and question them."

"Yes?"

"You needn't blame them for speaking out. They had to when I ordered them," said Bulkeley. "They had the choice of that, or going before the Head. It's not a case of sneaking."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Well, it seems that you have some precious acquaintance who put up at the lowest den in the county, the Ship, on the moor," said Bulkeley. "You meet him near the school. I don't like to believe it of you, Silver. I've always had a good opinion of you."

"I hope I've deserved it," said Jimmy.

"I hope you have," assented Bulkeley.

"But that's what we've got to clear up now. Is there any truth in it? Townsend says that he saw you talking with the man three days ago at the stile in Coombe Lane."

"That's true enough!" said Jimmy, growing a little pale.

"You know the man, then?"

"Yes."

"Is he some betting blackguard?"

"I'm afraid so."

Bulkeley stared.

"You've got the cheek to admit that you're acquainted with such a man!" he exclaimed.

"Not of my own accord," said Jimmy steadily. "I don't like the man, and I'd never see him if I could help it. I've never done any betting, or anything of that kind. The man spoke to me against my will when Townsend saw us."

"It seems that he asked you for money."

"Yes."

"And threatened to come to Rookwood unless you gave him money."

"That's true, too."

"Oh, that's true, is it?" said Bulkeley gruffly. "And what did you say to him?"

"That if he bothered me here I would call in the police."

"Oh!" said Bulkeley, a little taken aback. "You don't want the man's acquaintance, then? You mean he's forcing himself on you?"

"Yes."

"It's jolly odd. How did you come to know him in the first place, if you've had no shady transactions with him?"

"He knew me when I was a kid."

"Oh! And then—"

"He was respectable then, and my father knew him. He's gone to the dogs since."

"Oh, I see; and he's claimed acquaintance with you on the strength of having known you when you were a kid?" said Bulkeley, his brow clearing.

"Yes."

"Well, that puts a different complexion on the matter," said Bulkeley. "But you ought never to have had a word to say to a bad character, Silver. I dare say he pitched you some yarn, though."

"He did!" said Jimmy bitterly—so bitterly that Bulkeley looked at him very curiously. "I believed him, too. Now I know he's an unscrupulous rascal, and I sha'n't ever see him again if I can help it. If he should come here, I shall go to the Head at once about it."

"Well, that's all right," said Bulkeley, mollified. "I've always thought you a straight kid, Silver, and I take your word. If the man troubles you again, let me know, and I'll deal with him. A good hiding is what he wants, and he'll get it if he hangs round Rookwood!"

And, with a kindly nod to the juniors, Bulkeley left them.

"It's all right, Jimmy!" said Lovell. "I'm glad you spoke out straight to Bulkeley. He was bound to take notice of it, you know."

Jimmy nodded.

"I suppose I wasn't bound to tell him the man was my uncle?" he said moodily. "I've told him the truth. I don't want the relationship to be the talk of Rookwood if I can help it."

"No need at all to mention that," said Lovell. "I dare say the bouncer has cleared off by this time, too, as he can see there's no money to be had from you. The rotter ought to enlist—he's young enough. They'd make a man of him in the Army."

"I've told him that," said Jimmy. "Pity he can't be made to go. Bulkeley is an innocent old duck. I'd bet a cricket-bat to a hatpin that Townsend was jawing under his study window on purpose for him to hear—he's sneak enough!"

"I shouldn't wonder. Still, there's no harm done."

The four chums returned to their preparation.

When it was over, Jimmy Silver went along to the next study to see Oswald, and Lovell went down to the Common-room. Newcome and Raby remained in the study—the former to do his accounts. They were thus engaged when Townsend of the Fourth looked in.

"Hallo, sneak!" greeted Raby.

"What's the matter?" asked Townsend.

"Do you generally hang about under a prefect's window to jaw about a chap?" asked Raby contemptuously.

Townsend flushed.

"It was quite by chance. I didn't know Bulkeley was there—"

"Oh, tell that to the Marines!"

"I didn't come here to jaw with you, Raby!" said Townsend sulkily. "I've come to pay my sub. There you are, Newcome, and I'll have a receipt."

Newcome gave him a receipt, and Townsend quitted the study. Newcome took up the five shillings, and went to his desk and opened it.

"Towny must have had a remittance," he remarked. "I've been trying to screw his sub out of him for days. All in but two now. Hallo! What the thumping thunder—"

Newcome gasped.

He had opened the little chocolate box in his desk, in which he kept the funds of the junior football club.

He was staring into it blankly. "What's the row?" asked Raby, looking up from his imposition.

"The—the money!"

"What money?"

"The football club funds!"

"Well, what about them?" asked Raby, puzzled.

"They're—they're gone!"

Raby jumped up.

"Gone!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"Every cent!" gasped Newcome.

"Great Scott!"

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### A Clue!

RABY ran to the desk.

He, too, stared into the chocolate-box, which, when Newcome had last opened it, had contained the sum of six pounds, mostly in silver.

It was empty.

Not a coin remained.

Newcome picked up the box, and turned it over in his hands. He blinked in a dazed way about the desk. It was impossible that the money could have been spilled there; but he had a faint hope of seeing some of it. It seemed incredible that the money had been taken away. But not a coin was to be seen.

The two juniors stared at one another blankly.

"Well, this beats it!" said Raby at last.

"It—it's gone!" said Newcome dazedly.

"Somebody's taken it."

"I—I suppose so."

"Sure you haven't put it somewhere else?" asked Raby.

"Quite sure. I always keep it there in that chocolate-box in a drawer in the desk. Somebody's been to my desk and taken it away," said Newcome, in an agitated voice. "Some awful beast! Who'd do such a thing?"

"We've got to find out," said Raby. "If we don't get it back, this study will have to make it good. You ought to have kept it locked up."

"Well, the lock on the desk has been broken since last term," said Newcome. "You remember when I lost the key, and we had to bust it open. The drawer was locked."

"Oh, it's rotten! Who'd have thought it?" said Raby. "Some utter beast! But we'll nail him, all the same. I shouldn't have thought there was a chap at Rookwood who'd do a thing like that. Hallo! What's that?"

Raby was scanning the desk, and a gleam of metal had caught his eye.

It was the half of a small penknife blade.

Raby's eyes glittered as he caught it up.

"Look at that!" he muttered excitedly. "That isn't yours, I suppose?"

"No fear!"

"Well, nobody uses that desk except yourself," said Raby. "That blade belongs to the thief, then. You say that drawer was locked?"

"Well, I generally keep it locked," said Newcome. "Sometimes I forget. It opened just now to a touch. But I'm pretty certain I locked it yesterday. I keep the key of it under the inkpot in the desk; it's safe there."

"Fathaced place to keep a key," said Raby.

"Well, the thief didn't find it, anyway, or he wouldn't have wanted to use a penknife to open the drawer."

"That's so. He jabbed the drawer open with his knife, and broke this blade," said Raby. "I dare say he finished the job with another blade, and forgot this bit, or didn't see it among all that precious rubbish you've got there. That lock on the drawer is no good; it wanted only a snap to make it open."

"Well, if a chap came here to bone the cash, any lock wouldn't have stopped

him," said Newcome. "If it had been a stronger lock he'd have used the poker."

"I shouldn't wonder. Anyway, we'll keep this, and nail the beast," said Raby. "We've got to find a chap with his penknife broken."

"Most likely he'd chuck it away when he found he'd lost this bit," said Newcome. "He'd remember breaking it in the desk."

"Well, then, we shall have to find a chap who's not got his penknife any longer."

"Good!"

"Let's tell Jimmy and Lovell."

Jimmy Silver and Lovell were soon called into the study. Oswald came along with Jimmy Silver. The three juniors heard the story of the rifled desk, and looked startled and dismayed.

Jimmy Silver examined the desk, and looked at the fragment of blade that Raby had discovered.

"We ought to be able to nail the rotter, with that as a clue," said Jimmy.

"Easy enough," said Oswald. "Suppose we get all the Fourth together in the Common-room, and put it to them? If we can find the miserable beast, and make him hand the money back, we can give him a jolly good ragging, and keep our heads shut about it. No good letting the Modern cads know there's a thief on the Classical side."

"That's jolly thoughtful of you, kid," said Lovell approvingly. "The Moderns would make no end of a song about it."

"Better keep it dark," agreed Jimmy Silver. "The chap must be a horrible worm, but we're not called on to give him away to the prefects. We can deal with him ourselves."

"Pretty sickening to have a thief in the school," said Raby. "I think he ought to be shown up and sacked, and blow what the Moderns say."

"Oh rats!" said Lovell warmly. "We're not going to have Tommy Dodd & Co. crowing over us. Lovely story it would make—a thief on the Classical side! I'd make the money good myself rather than that."

"Well, it's got to be got back or made good," said Newcome. "I'm responsible for it as secretary. The fellows will say I ought to have taken more care of it."

"So you ought!" growled Lovell. "Oh rot! There was a lock on the drawer—"

"Flimsy rubbish!"

"Well, if there'd been a lock on the desk, too, the thief wouldn't have stopped short at that, I suppose?"

"No good jawing," said Jimmy Silver. "We've got to find the rotter before he's got rid of the cash. When was it boned? That's the question. I mean, when did you see it last?"

"Blest if I know!"

Newcome reflected. "This morning," he answered. "I got Flynn's sub in this morning, and I make it a rule never to carry any of the club money in my pockets. It gets mixed with a fellow's own tin. I remember now—I put Flynn's bobs there just after morning lessons. I haven't been to the desk since."

"Most likely the rotter came here while we were at footer practice," said Lovell. "He would be sure of finding the study empty then, and most of the fellows out of doors. It was safe enough then."

"How much was there?" asked Jimmy.

"Six quids. I paid some away yesterday, but Flynn paid up this morning, and that made it up again. Just six quids, nearly all in silver."

"Well, if it was only taken this afternoon it can't have gone far," said Jimmy Silver. "We shall get it back

all right, and the sooner the quicker. Blest if I can figure out who took it, though."

"Some of the precious Giddy Goats!" grunted Lovell. "A fellow would have to be pretty hard driven before he'd steal, I suppose. It's some blackguard who's got himself into trouble over gee-gees, and couldn't pay up. We've got to find some chap who is known to be hard up and badly in want of money—"

Lovell paused abruptly. A strange look came over his face, and it was reflected upon the faces of Raby and Newcome and Oswald.

Jimmy Silver started a little. "Dash it all, Lovell, that would apply to me as much as anybody!" he exclaimed. "Every fellow in the Form knows that I was borrowing money last week, and most of the silly asses believe that it went on gee-gees."

"I—I was talking out of my hat, of course," stammered Lovell. "I—I didn't mean that, really. Of course, a chap might be hard up without collaring another fellow's tin. There's that broken blade—that will settle it."

"Let's get the Fourth together, and ask them," said Oswald uneasily.

"Right! Pass the word round for a meeting," said Lovell.

The juniors left the study hastily. Jimmy Silver's brow was sombre as he went with his chums.

He had observed that sudden look on the juniors' faces. That his chums would suspect him was out of the question; they would hardly have believed that Jimmy Silver was a thief if they had seen him taking the money with his own hands.

But the other fellows? The theft had been committed in Silver's study. He, at least, had had every opportunity. It was known that he had been borrowing money; it was known that his chums had paid for him a heavy debt to Leggett of the Fourth. It was generally suspected that he was engaged in betting transactions, owing to his acquaintance with the blackguard he had been seen with.

And even his chums knew that he was threatened with disgrace by his scape-grace uncle unless he handed over money to him.

From the bottom of his heart Jimmy Silver blessed the carelessness of the thief in leaving the broken blade in the desk.

With that clue the rascal could be discovered; without it, suspicion would almost certainly have fallen upon Jimmy Silver.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### A Startling Discovery.

A CROWD of the Classical Fourth gathered in the Common-room.

The juniors were surprised and curious.

Word had been passed round for a meeting, and it was understood that the object of the meeting was extremely important.

The meeting was confined to the Classical Fourth. The Moderns, whose quarters were distant from those of the Classics, had nothing to do with it, and the Shell were left out.

Jimmy Silver & Co. kept watch and ward on the door as the Fourth-Formers came in one by one and in twos and threes.

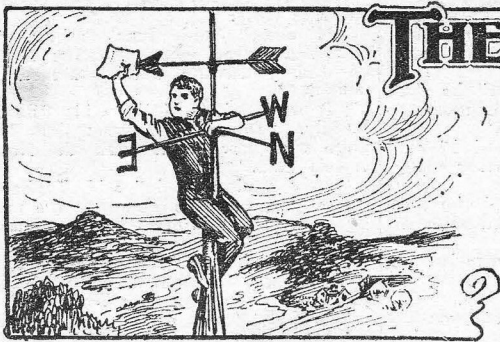
"Pretty nearly all in, I think," said Raby, as Oswald came in last.

Jimmy Silver ran his eye over the crowd.

"All but Flynn," he said. "Where's Flynn?"

"Couldn't see him," said Oswald. "Look here, what the dickens is





# THE DAREDEVIL SCHOOLBOY

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

By PAUL PROCTOR.

## THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Dick Trafford, a high-spirited, fearless boy of St. Peter's School, brings about the downfall of Jasper Steele, the unscrupulous headmaster, and is expelled by the latter out of revenge.

Dick is wandering along the country road, driven from his father's house in disgrace, when he comes in touch with the World-Famed Cinema Company on "location" near the railway. The "stunt" actor jumps the dangerous jump over the bridge at the last moment, and Dick comes forward and offers to take his place. The producer sees at once that Dick is no ordinary boy, and accepts the offer: Dick, dressed in the uniform of a convict, waits on the parapet for the train on which he is to jump. The train comes roaring through under the bridge, and Dick, at the signal from the producer, jumps. He lands on the tender, and is surprised to see the driver and stoker lying unconscious on the platform. At a great risk Dick crawls forward and stops the train just in time to avoid a crash with another in front. Among the passengers whom Dick has saved is the manager of the World-Famed Film Company, Mr. Henderson. This man comes forward to congratulate Dick on his bravery, and also offers him a job in his firm.

The next day Dick calls at the studio in a large car to sign the contract. He is received by the clerk and shown to Mr. Henderson's private office.

(Now read on.)

## Mr. Henderson's Handsome Offer.

SEATED at a flat-topped desk in the centre of the room, Dick perceived the figure of Mr. Eustace K. Henderson, but that gentleman presented a very different appearance from when Dick had first met him.

The shiny top hat and the fur-lined overcoat were gone, and only the inveterate cigar which protruded from the corner of the cinema producer's mouth struck a familiar note in Dick's memory.

Not only was the fur-lined coat gone, but so was the underjacket.

Mr. Eustace K. Henderson was an American, and, although his work forced him to have his offices in London, he could not shake off those inbred American habits.

He sat there in shirt and trousers, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbow.

He was at that moment examining a length of cinema film against the electric lamp which burned upon his desk.

The sound of the door closing behind Dick caused him to look up.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "So you got here all right?"

"Y-y-yes," faltered Dick.

"M-m!" murmured Mr. Henderson.

"Waal, I guess you look a bit better in THE POPULAR.—No 118.

that rig than you did rigged up as a convict. D'they fit you all right?"

"Yes, thanks," answered Dick. "But—er—how did it all happen? How did I get to London? The last I can remember is being carried shoulder high by the other passengers on the train which I had the good fortune to save. I remember that distinctly," went on Dick; "then everything went, and the next I knew was to find myself waking up in a bed-room in the Astoria Hotel, London."

Mr. Eustace Henderson burst into a roar of laughter.

"M-yes!" he returned. "I kind of thought that might puzzle you!"

"It certainly did," answered Dick. "Won't you tell me how it all happened?"

"Oh, it's quite simple!" replied Mr. Henderson. "You see, you went through a pretty rough proposition when you leapt off that railway-bridge and landed sprawling upon the coal-filled tender of the express. Then, too, the effort of bringing the train to a standstill, when you discovered that both the engine-driver and fireman were unconscious, was in itself a big thing.

"As I say," went on Mr. Henderson, "that was enough to go on with; but then, I suppose, your meeting with me, and my offer to star you on the screen, coupled with the reception you got from the grateful passengers, must have been a trifle too much for you. Anyway, you collapsed—and small wonder, either. You had done wonderful work, and there's a limit to nature's endurance.

"Then when I found you had kind of fainted I felt it was up to me to see

you right, and so I rang up from Peterfield Junction for an automobile to be sent along. We both got into this, young fellow, and I brought you away up to London in it.

"You'd been hit pretty good and strong, and you were still in a half-unconscious state when we reached the Astoria.

"Then I rang up for the prize nerve expert from Harley Street to come and see you. He took a sight of you, and reassured me that by the morning you would have slept off all the ill effects of your adventures.

"And I might tell you, young fellow, that I had a certain amount of difficulty in getting this doctor fellow to believe that you weren't really the escaped convict which you represented in that get-up of yours. It was only the fact that your hair was not cropped short which saved the situation.

"Waal," went on Mr. Henderson, "I kind of thought that a tunic with broad arrows bespattered about it wasn't the best rig out for you to climb into when you woke the next morning. You'd look kind of strange coming out of the Astoria got up as a convict, and trying to hail a taxicab. Guess you'd have got arrested by the cops for a certainty, and so I had to get around this. There wasn't much time, but thanks to the fact that some live Americans have come over to this little old village of London and started up a quick-serve store, I was able to get pretty well everything I wanted.

"You see, I knew the guy when he ran a two-floor store in Chicago, so when I rang him up and told it was Mr. Eustace K. Henderson speaking it sort of set things on fire, and before you'd been in that hotel more'n half an hour I had a motor delivery truck around with a complete make-up for you.


"Yes, sir, even down to your size in hats. They brought a whole bunch, and we tried 'em on you while you were unconscious, and took your size in gloves and boots at the same time.

"I guess you were a trifle surprised when you found that your hat, gloves, and boots fitted you as if they'd been made for you—ch?"

For a second Mr. Eustace K. Henderson ceased to speak, which was in itself somewhat in the nature of a surprise to Richard. This enthusiastic American seemed to be wound up like an eight-day clock, and when he ceased to speak Dick could only gasp at him with amazement.

"Yep, I thought you'd be surprised; but that's the way I am," resumed Mr. Henderson. "You're all half asleep over in this England of yours. You ought to go to bed with a brace of alarm clocks tied to your feet for fear they go to sleep. But never mind about all that. You're the fellow I've been looking for. You've got the right stuff in you, kid. You're true British, and I like yer. You saved my life—not that that's worth

The Young Forester



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anything. But you're worth five figures a year in American dollars to me; and, what's more, I'm going to see you get it. "I promised you five thousand pounds a year in English money, and you're going to get it; but, mark you, my lad, you've got to earn it. Eustace K. Henderson isn't the title of any philanthropic institution. I pay good money, and I expect good service—not that I've any fear that you won't hand it out to me good and strong."

"But what have I got to do?" exclaimed Dick, in surprise, finding an opportunity to interject a question.

"You haven't to do anything for a week," replied Mr. Henderson. "You need a rest, and I guess you'd better take that rest in roaming round my London studio. You'll get to learn a few things there—pick up one or two points on motion-picture photography and emotional acting. But I don't expect you to do that for nothing. I promised you five thousand a year; a big salary, it's true, but I guess you're worth it—every cent."

"And so," added Mr. Henderson, as he placed his finger upon one of the many bell-pushes at his elbow, "I guess we'll get this contract drawn up right now."

Even before the sound of the producer's voice had died away a second door to his office opened, and another clerk entered.

"Tell Mr. Robinson I want him," ordered the cinema producer.

"Mr. Robinson is our legal expert," he explained, turning once more to Richard. "He thrives on parchment and pink tape, and exudes the air of the Law Courts from every pore. And, what's more," added Mr. Henderson, with an amused twinkle in his eye, "he's an honest lawyer. Ever met one?"

Dick had hardly time to smile at the American's witticism before a grey-haired, middle-aged gentleman, with a benevolent expression, hurried into the room.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson," exclaimed the producer, "this is a new discovery of mine! You haven't met—eh?"

Both the lawyer and Dick looked a trifle embarrassed. They were unaccustomed to the American methods of introduction.

"Mr. Richard Trafford—Mr. Henry Robinson!" went on the producer, as he waved his hand from one to the other.

Dick took the outstretched hand of the lawyer.

"I want you," went on Mr. Henderson, "to draw up an agreement—a contract between Mr. Trafford and myself; you know the sort of thing. I'm engaging him to work for the World-Famed at a salary of five thousand pounds a year to start forthwith."

Not the faintest suspicion of surprise crossed the countenance of the legal man.

He had been with Mr. Henderson for some months, and, although that gentleman had at first been rather inclined to take his breath away, by now the lawyer had become accustomed to his methods and his quick decisions.

"Very good, sir!" he said, and was upon the point of retiring from the room when one of the telephone instruments upon Mr. Henderson's desk rang forth loud and shrill.

"Just a moment, Robinson!" exclaimed the producer. "Better wait! You never know who this may be, and I believe in witnesses, even to a telephone conversation."

The lawyer nodded, and hesitated in his stride towards the door.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Henderson, as he lifted the receiver from its hook and placed it to his ear. "Who's that? Mr. Henderson speaking this end."

A momentary silence ensued in the room, which was broken a moment later by the voice of Mr. Henderson, which now assumed a tone of annoyance.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed irritably. "That's too bad of me! I'm so sorry, Bud; I'd clean forgotten every word about it! I'll come right along now! Expect me in fourteen minutes!"

Mr. Henderson slammed back the receiver upon its hook, sprang to his feet, and rang another bell.

A slightly-built, pale-faced man hurried

into the room, a frightened expression upon his face.

"Y-y-yes, sir?" he stammered. "How much do you get a week, Hopson?" snapped out the producer, in an angry tone.

"Five pounds, sir," answered the clerk, in surprise, obviously wondering what was coming.

"What for?" "I'm afraid I don't understand, sir." "Well, what's your most important job, anyway?"

"To keep you acquainted and reminded of your appointments, sir."

"Pre-cisely!" snapped out Mr. Henderson. "And you've allowed me to forget a most important date with Sir Oscar Budgeley! You're fired, Hopson! Tell the cashier to give you a month's money, and clear!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Trafford," went on Mr. Henderson, turning to Dick, "but I've a most important business appointment with Sir Oscar! You must excuse me!"

Then, turning to the lawyer, Mr. Henderson added:

"Robinson, arrange for Mr. Trafford, here, to spend the week-end at Shortcut Towers. Come yourself, and bring a clerk. We'll fix everything there. You'd better come together. I'll fix the blue car for your use. Good-bye now! Sorry I can't stop any longer!" added Mr. Henderson, in a tone of finality, as he turned towards Dick, and extended his hand. "You understand, don't you? See you to-morrow morning at my place in the country! G'-bye!"

The producer snatched up his jacket, swung himself into it, crammed his hat upon his head, and the next instant had burst out of the room, leaving Dick, the lawyer, and the clerk alone, and gazing after him with blank amazement.

Dick was about to speak to the lawyer when he heard a sound behind him.

He swung round, and perceived one of the most harrowing spectacles it is possible to witness—a man in tears.

The clerk—Hopson—was standing there, a drawn expression upon his pale, ill face, and tears welling into his eyes.

A wave of sympathy passed over Dick, and in a couple of strides he was at the clerk's side, and had placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Cheer up!" he said. "You'll get another job!"

"Perhaps," answered the clerk, in a dull, lifeless tone. "But it'll be too late! You don't understand London these days, sir, perhaps. Jobs aren't so easy to get, especially a clerk's job! There's hundreds out of work, and some of 'em married men, too. Heaven knows how they live! And now I'm going to be one of them, too! I'm married, too, sir! I have a wife and a sick child. Heaven knows what'll happen to us!"

The poor fellow broke down completely, and, sinking into a chair, buried his head in his hands.

It broke Dick's heart to see this spectacle of the poor clerk thus nearly worried out of his life, and, with a sorrowful, grave expression, he approached him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Listen to me, Mr. Hopson," he said quietly. "Mr. Henderson wants me to act for his moving pictures. He's offering me five thousand pounds a year to do so, but unless he reinstates you, Hopson, I shall refuse to sign the contract! That is my condition, Mr. Robinson," added Dick, turning to the lawyer. "I will not sign unless Mr. Hopson is reinstated—you understand?"

(To be continued in next week's issue.)

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# THE MYSTERY OF THE VACANT HOUSE!

A Splendid Complete Story, featuring Herlock Sholmes, the Amazing Detective.

By Dr. JOTSON.

With the approach of the holiday season I noticed alarming symptoms in my amazing friend, Mr. Herlock Sholmes. At frequent intervals his eyes would turn inwards and concentrate on the end of his aquiline nose. Then he would make a vicious sweep with his hand as though to remove an imaginary fly from the tip of his highly-developed proboscis. He would awake at night yelling that spotted starfish were jumping at him. These symptoms led me to the reluctant conclusion that Sholmes was suffering from a condition known to the medical profession as temporarius non compos mentis, or, in other words, a temporary attack of bats in the belfry.

For a few days a natural delicacy forbade me to broach the subject that was worrying me even more than the demise of a brace of my wealthiest patients. But as Herlock Sholmes became more restless and absent-minded I determined to exert the prerogative of an old friend and colleague. For my task I selected breakfast-time one morning.

"My dear fellow," I said, as Sholmes absent-mindedly helped himself to my kipper, after devouring his own, "it is imperative that you should take a holiday. You have been working far too hard. Now, I know a little country place called Wigglesmire, in Wapshire, nine miles from the railway, where I propose you shall accompany me for a complete rest and change."

"An excellent suggestion, my dear Jotson!" exclaimed Sholmes. "But where do you propose to obtain the wherewithal with which to pay for our fares and lodgings?"

I smiled serenely.

"I have quite sufficient for the purpose," I replied. "A fortnight ago I helped an old gentleman—one of my patients—to make his will. A week later he submitted to an operation at my hands. Needless to say, the operation was a complete success. Fortunately—er—I mean, unfortunately—the patient kicked the bucket before he had time to reap the full benefit of my skill."

"Quite so," said Sholmes. "And you have now received the legacy? Good! I will pack my dressing-gown, my violin, and the cocaine cask immediately after breakfast, and accompany you to Wigglesmire this very day."

Needless to say, I was delighted in having so easily persuaded Sholmes to take a well-deserved holiday. That afternoon we set off on our journey. We travelled all night on the Mudbury, Metropole, and Mausoleum Railway to Mudbury Junction. Thence we proceeded on foot towards the rustic village of Wigglesmire. Daft Jimmie, a well-known local character, preceded us with our luggage.

Midway between Mudbury and Wigglesmire, three miles from anywhere, Daft Jimmie suddenly stopped short. A crash of broken glass sounded as he dropped our luggage on the road. Then he stared ahead, his mouth wide open, heedless of the flies which took refuge therein.

"Well, Oi be fair blessed!" he ejaculated. "Old Jerry Jobbs' house! Look at it!"

Sholmes and I gazed in the direction indicated by the yokel's grubby forefinger. All we could see was a scattered pile of bricks, plaster, tiles, broken glass, and splintered wood.

"A house!" I exclaimed. "That heap of rubbish!"

"It were a house when Oi come by here first thing this mornin'," mumbled Jimmie. "That be a fair knock-down, that be! Oi be blessed if tain't!"

Sholmes hooked his stick affectionately round my neck!

"Come, let us proceed on our way, my dear Jotson," he said.

Together we walked down the lane, leaving Daft Jimmie to pick up the luggage. As we approached the wreckage we discerned a stout figure, wearing side-whiskers, sitting huddled in despondent attitude on the main heap of rubbish.

"That be poor ole Jerry Jobbs, the

builder," said the voice of Daft Jimmie from behind us.

We halted by the side of the lane, and the dejected figure raised his head. His eyes lighted upon the lank form of my companion. Then, with a cry of joy, Jerry Jobbs leaped from the debris.

"Mr. Sholmes!" he exclaimed. "I recognised you at once from your portraits in the 'Popular'! 'Tis a wonderful coincidence! You have stumbled across a great mystery!"

I groaned aloud.

"My dear sir," I protested, "my colleague, Mr. Herlock Sholmes, has come to the country for complete repose. As his friend and medical adviser, I could not dream of letting him exercise his already overtaxed brain on any intricate problem."

"Bow-wow, Jotty!" ejaculated Sholmes, removing an imaginary fly from his nose. "There is no mystery here. The solution of Mr. Jobbs' trouble is as clear as the nose on your face on bath night."

Like the builder, I gazed at my amazing friend in utter astonishment.

"Why, my dear Sholmes," I exclaimed,



With a cry of joy, Jerry Jobbs leaped from the debris.

"Mr. Jobbs has not even told us his trouble yet, so how the dickens—"

"Simplicity itself, my dear Jotson," said Sholmes. "This pile of debris is obviously the remains of a new vacant house built by Mr. Jerry Jobbs. The wallpaper was quite thick enough to keep the walls up. Yet the place collapsed. The house did not just fall down, as the manner in which the doors are splintered amply testifies."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated the wide-eyed Mr. Jobbs. "My men finished erecting the house yesterday. This morning I walked out to look at it. It was a total wreck. I was so surprised you could have knocked me down with a brick!"

"Maybe you have an enemy, Mr. Jobbs?" I suggested.

"Ah, I fear you are right, sir," said the builder sadly. "Several people have bought similar four-roomed dwellings from me, though why they should have their knives in me I can't make out. I only charged them two thousand pounds apiece."

Feeling I had unearthed an important clue. I looked towards Herlock Sholmes for approval. My famous friend merely smiled.

"A good attempt, my dear Jotson," he said; "but you are quite off the track. Cast your eyes about you."

I looked at the wreckage carefully.

"H'm!" I remarked. "It seems rather as though an anarchist has set off a bomb here." Sholmes regarded me with his peculiar smile.

"Have you ever heard of a four-legged anarchist, my dear Jotson?" he asked quietly.

I shook my head sadly. In that moment I feared that my famous friend's overworked brain had given way completely. Just then an angry shout came to our ears from across some meadows. We swung round. Then, with a dramatic gesture, Sholmes pointed towards a small wood.

"There is your anarchist unless I am greatly mistaken, Jotson!" he said.

Mr. Jerry Jobbs and I gazed in amazement. From the wood trotted an old dilapidated grey mule, followed by a perspiring rustic.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" gasped the builder. "Old Podger's Army mule!"

"I think you will be able to claim substantial damages against friend Podgers, Mr. Jobbs," said Sholmes. "But leave the matter to me for the present. Let us accost the fellow."

Leaving Daft Jimmie to sleep by our luggage, we set off across the meadows.

By this time the mule was about played out. So was Podgers, but he managed to clutch the halter that was fastened round the animal's neck. The mule halted, and started cropping grass. Sholmes strode up to the man, with Jerry Jobbs and me close at his heels.

"Good-morning, Mr. Podgers!" said Sholmes amiably. "A nice mess your mule has made of my friend's house."

Mr. Podgers' jaw dropped with a resounding click.

"Herlock Sholmes?" he breathed hoarsely. "You—you've found out? I felt in my bones when I bought this Army mule that one day I should land into trouble through the beast!"

"You should not have allowed the fierce animal to break loose, Mr. Podgers," said the great detective severely.

"Allowed him!" snorted Mr. Podgers indignantly. "I was just hitching him into my baker's cart this mornin' when he took a bit out o' my left leg with his teeth. Then he made off like a streak. I chased him three miles down the road, I did. Then I caught him by Mr. Jobbs' new house. The beast backed, and lashed out with his heels. Good-bye, house! I followed him over ten fields, across six streams, and through three woods; but I got him at last. Kim up, you brute!"

"Stop!" cried Jerry Jobbs. "This morning's work will cost you a pretty penny. I'll—I'll sue you, and—"

"Send my commission to the Cow and Cartwheel Inn," said Herlock Sholmes. "Good-morning, Mr. Jobbs! We'll leave you to it."

And, with the toe of his boot, Sholmes helped me back to where we had left Daft Jimmie.

As we resumed our walk to Wigglesmire my admiration for my amazing friend found expression in words.

"You are superb, Sholmes!" I said. "How you knew that a four-legged creature had been responsible for the damage before ever Podgers' mule came into sight beats me hollow! Did you note some specific clue that escaped our eyes?"

"No," replied Sholmes. "I deduced the fact by a process of elimination. Directly I saw the wreck of Jerry Jobbs' newly-erected house, I knew that such damage could only have been done by a South Sea hurricane, a Zeppelin bomb, or a British Army mule. We have no South Sea hurricanes in this country, thank goodness, and the war is over. Therefore, it was obvious to even an average intelligence that an Army mule must have been responsible for the complete annihilation of the building. By searching for clues, I easily could have tracked the animal to its lair, as you well know, my dear Jotson. However, I was saved that trouble, thanks to the timely appearance of the brute. I trust Jobbs' remittance to us will be a substantial one."

THE END.

POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 12.—GEORGE RABY.



In sketching the characters of the "celebrities" at Rookwood we meet our first obstacle in Raby.

The greatest thing about him is his entire lack of greatness! This, I know, sounds rather ambiguous, but when analysed is quite apparent and clear. For instance, he has never led his Form in any sort or kind of adventure—he couldn't. He has never had a great fight as most of the juniors in the Fourth have to look back on with pride—he's not a fighting man! No one can say "Do you remember when Raby scored a century in such and such a match?" or "Wasn't Raby wonderful the other day in the gym—did you see him knock out So-and-so in two rounds?" Raby couldn't—or, more probably, could, but wouldn't—do these things!

Another example. If Silver were to say to him, "We're japing the Moderns to-night, and I want you to go to old Manders and sit on his head and keep him quiet," George would do it; but if Jimmy were to ask him for an idea for a jape, George would mutter something about "Silly ass!" and take no further notice. That's him all over. Tell him to do anything, no matter what the risk, and he'll do it, and do it well; but expect him to utter some wonderful and original idea, and you've drawn a blank.

If you look up in your "Holiday Annual" for particulars of this junior, all you'll find are the following curt remarks: "Raby, George. Age, 15 years, 7 months. Height, 5ft. 4in. Good follower," or something to that effect.

That sums George up absolutely and entirely. You want his support, and you get it—all of it—and you've got something worth having. But that's all you must expect, and it's certainly all you'll get.

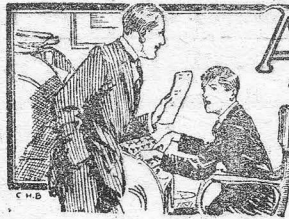
Having said what little there is to be said about this character, we must close with the remarks that George Raby for moral support has probably no equal among all Rookwood. As a scholar he is of medium value; as a fighting man he can claim nothing out of the ordinary; but as a clean, healthy youngster with an extremely steady-going temperament he is all there—the sort of chum you might be proud to have!

As I say, George Raby is the chief of the Moral Support Department of the Fistical Four at Rookwood School—he knows his job, and does it well!

Here is his signature:

*George Raby*

OUR WEEKLY FEATURE!



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!

We have another splendid budget of stories for next Friday, my chums. The first grand, long complete story is of Harry Wharton & Co.'s early schooldays at Greyfriars.

This week you will have read how Harry Wharton & Co. hold their own against the prefects. In next Friday's story, which is entitled:

"THE REMOVE OUTLAWS!"  
By Frank Richards,

you will discover the lengths to which the Removees have to go in order to win their fight against the bullies of the Sixth. This is the kind of story all my chums like to read!

The second long complete school story is of the chums of Rookwood, Jimmy Silver & Co. The story is entitled:

"JIMMY SILVER'S FIGHT FOR HONOUR!"  
By Owen Conquest.

This tells of a great blow to Jimmy Silver, and despite the fact that he is almost shunned by the whole of the Fourth at Rookwood, he shows the stuff he is made of by fighting hard for his honour. Everybody will enjoy this great story; and Jimmy Silver will rise in the estimation of my chums—for he sets a good example by absolutely refusing to be down when the clouds are blackest.

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

There will be another magnificent issue of Billy Bunter's famous paper next Friday, when it will appear in the centre of the "Popular" as usual. We are promised an extra special collection of stories and articles—full of fun, you may guess, by the time Billy Bunter has edited them!

Will all my chums please do their best to let all their friends know about Billy Bunter's "Weekly"? I am sure that boys and girls have only to see one copy of the screamingly funny "Weekly" to become regular readers!

POPLETS COMPETITION No. 12.

Here are the examples for this competition:

- |                          |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Waiting for Billy.       | Very Welcome Tips.        |
| A General Upset.         | Accepting Loder's Advice. |
| Laying in Grub.          | When Bunter Bored.        |
| Keep Steady When—        | Getting Too Frisky.       |
| Asking Many Questions.   | Mr. Quelch's History.     |
| Harry Wharton's Letters. | When Prout Shoots.        |

Read the following rules carefully, and then send in your postcard. Readers should particularly note that TWO efforts can be sent in on one card, but no effort may contain more than FOUR words.

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. 12, 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 April 28th.

TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH to senders of the TEN BEST "POPLETS."

RESULT OF "POPLETS" No. 6.

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each have been awarded to the following readers, who sent in the best efforts for Competition No. 6:

D. White, 82, Lowfield Street, Dartford, Kent.

A Hot Shot.  
Inevitable in "Heated" Argument.

Miss Dorice Huntley, 41, Severn Avenue, Western-super-Mare.

Gussy's Silk Hat.  
Soon "Spotted" by Boys.

Arthur E. Ambrose, 26, Trinity Street, Rhostyllen, nr. Wrexham, North Wales.

Raids at Night.  
Makes 'Em 'Sit Up.'

Thomas H. Ambrose, 23, Trinity Street, Rhostyllen, nr. Wrexham, North Wales.

Eating Too Much.  
The Reason "Buttons" Depart.

A. W. Dickinson, 16, Highbury Road, Headingley, Leeds.

Playing the Game.  
Pays in Long Run.

Thomas Bramley, 51, Bonner Hill Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

Playing the Game.  
Pays in the End.

William Scott, 424, Parliamentary Road Glasgow.

Eating Too Much.  
Often Causes "Ill" Feeling.

John Chapple, jun., 16, Wian's Terrace, Walthamstow, E. 17.

Knox and Loder.  
Always in Bad Odour.

T. B. F. Thomas, Bleneathra, Kingston Hill, Surrey.

When D'Arcy Sings.  
A Perfect Scream.

George Burns, 68, Isaac Street, Liverpool.

Eating Too Much.  
Nightmare Follows "Tucking In."

THE CUP FINAL.

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Your Editor.  
THE POPULAR.—No. 118.

# A BEAUTY GIFT FOR YOUR HAIR

"Harlene Hair-Drill" Ensures Real Hair Health and Beauty.

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

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It is wonderful what only two minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the cultivation and preservation of a glorious head of hair. Try it free for one week. Accept one of the 1,000,000 Gift Outfits.

This is really a Four-in-One Gift, for it includes:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and natural tonic for the hair.



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

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
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4. A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual of instruction.

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Any of these preparations may be obtained from Chemists and Stores all over the World.

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#### NOTE TO READER.

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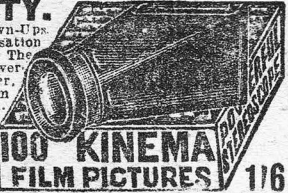
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