

ALL YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS INSIDE!

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Greyfriars

The POPULAR

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

Rookwood St. Jims



THE ATTACK ON THE REMOVE REBELS' STRONGHOLD!

(An exciting episode from the long complete tale of Greyfriars in this issue.)



The Remove Outlaws!

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

:: By ::

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Outlawed!

"I GUESS we're solid," said Fisher T. Fish.

By that the American junior meant that the Remove were standing shoulder to shoulder.

Fish generally expressed himself in the beautiful American language, and sometimes puzzled his friends by so doing.

It was after school, and most of the Remove were in the Common-room. The strike against fagging was going strong. Since the scene with Wingate in the Close the prefects had taken no steps. The Remove were beginning to feel more sure of their ground, and the fellows who were inclined to waver were growing quite firm. Vernon-Smith & Co. were rather regretting by this time that they had not thrown in their lot with the Form. They were pretty generally cut by the rest of the Remove.

"Solid enough," said Harry Wharton. "Some of us howl out when we're licked, and that's all that's wrong."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish grinned serenely.

"I guess I could stand the racket without any chin music," he remarked. "But I reckon it was good bizney to bring Chelchy on the scene—some!"

Harry Wharton frowned.

"We don't want to drag the masters into it," he said, "and we don't want to get Wingate into trouble. We're up against him now, but he's a splendid chap, and it's rotten to put him at loggerheads with the masters."

"Quite so," said Bob Cherry.

The American junior sniffed.

"I guess that's not business," he remarked. "Anyhow, we're solid against fagging, and they can't make us fag while we hold out. I guess the Bounder is sorry he kept on the other side of the fence now. Skinner has changed his mind already, and he's joined. Even Dutton is keen about it."

Dutton, the deaf junior, was standing close to Fisher T. Fish. Dutton was a peculiar fellow. He was generally quite deaf, but sometimes he would hear a remark that was made in quite an ordinary tone, though he generally mistook the meaning. He turned towards Fisher T. Fish with an indignant look.

"I heard you!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Eh? Well, what harm if you did?" said Fish.

"What am I mean about?" demanded Dutton.

"Hey? I said you were keen about it, you ass!"

"Eh?" said Dutton, putting his hand to his ear.

"Oh, I can't talk to you; it's too much like work!"

"Shirk—eh?" said Dutton. "I'm mean, I want to shirk! You blessed Yankee, I'll show you! Take that!"

"Yaroo!" roared Fisher T. Fish.

He took it—on the nose, and sat down on the floor of the Junior Common-room. Dutton gave him an indignant and wrathful look, and walked away. Fisher T. Fish rose slowly to his feet, rubbing his nose.

"I guess if that chap wasn't a deaf duffer, I'd go after him and massacre him!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling duffers! It's no joke! He's nearly wrecked my nose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled out into the Close. They intended to put in a little practice on the cricket ground before dark. The evenings were lengthening now, but they were not long enough yet for the juniors. Loder and Carne and Walker were standing outside the School House, and they looked at the juniors as they came out, but took no other notice of them.

Harry Wharton & Co. walked past the seniors quietly, without any trace of defiance in their manner. Defence, not defiance, was their motto, as Frank Nugent had put it, and they were not looking for trouble. So long as the bullies of the Sixth let them alone they were quite content.

"We're getting on," said Bob Cherry. "Loder would have liked to go for us, I could see that in his face. But he doesn't know how far Wingate will back him up."

"I guess you're right."

There was a shout as the chums of the Remove came on the cricket ground. Tubb of the Third, and Dicky Nugent of the Second, and a crowd of Lower School fags shouted. The Remove seemed no more popular among the Third and Second than among the seniors.

"Yah!"

"Go and do your fagging!"

"Yah!"

Harry Wharton smiled.

"The whole blessed school seems against us," he remarked.

"We're outlawed by the whole giddy show!" said Bob Cherry. "Well, we'll see whether the outlaws of the school

can't hold their own against all Greyfriars. What?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Yah! Go and fag!" roared the Third.

"Oh, shut up, you kids!" said Wharton, laughing. "You're going to do all the fagging in the future, and you may as well make up your minds to it."

"That's just what we're not going to do!" exclaimed Gatty of the Second. "And if you chaps don't come down off your perch, you'll have all the Third and Second on you!"

"I dare say we shall survive it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll jolly well see about that," said Dicky Nugent, in an exasperated tone. "Look here, we've been talking this over in the Second Form-room—"

"You're generally jawing, I believe!" said Bob Cherry.

"And we've decided," went on Nugent minor, in a withering tone, "that we're not going to allow the Remove to sneak out of fagging!"

"Going to lick us, I suppose?" suggested his elder brother sarcastically.

"We're going to back up the Sixth, and put you in your places!" said Nugent minor determinedly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We think this rot has lasted long enough!" said Dicky Nugent wrathfully.

"We're not going to stand it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's time for you to climb down! Are you going to climb down?"

"No fear!"

"I guess not!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then we'll jolly well make you!" Dicky Nugent exclaimed. "Go for them, you chaps!"

"Now, you kids—"

"Keep off, you young donkeys!"

"Go for 'em!" yelled Nugent minor.

And the fags made a rush.

The Remove fellows, laughing, drew together, and stood shoulder to shoulder, hitting out as the fags rushed upon them from all sides. The Removites took it in the light of a joke at first. But there were fags in swarms, and they had the advantage in numbers. The Removites had to break before the rush.

They had knocked down ten or twelve of the heroes of the Third and Second, and then they were overwhelmed by the rush of a couple of score more.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Buck up!"

"Give 'em socks!" roared Dicky Nugent.

"Hurrah!"

"Down with the Remove!"

"Bump them over!"

And the Removites were bumped over. Fags seemed to spring out of the earth—there were so many of them. Fags and fags and fags without number! They swarmed over Harry Wharton & Co., and the Removites, fighting desperately, were borne to the ground, and fags swarmed over them as they rolled on the grass.

The victory was certainly to the fags. The Removites sprawled in the grass, with fags sitting and sprawling on them, yelling with triumph.

Wingate came across from the senior ground.

"What's all this row about?" he asked.

Nugent minor blinked at him through half-closed eyes, what time he mopped up a red stream that flowed from his nose.

"We're backing up the Sixth!" he explained.

"What!"

"We're teaching the Remove that they've got to do their share of the fagging!" Nugent minor went on. "They've been asking for this for a long time!"

The captain of Greyfriars burst into a laugh.

"Well, you'd better chuck it now," he said. "I can see your Form-master coming."

"Cave!" said Nugent minor shrilly.

And the fags vanished.

Harry Wharton & Co. staggered up, bruised and dusty and torn and utterly out of breath. They had had the roughest handling that they could remember for a long time. The fags had done their work very thoroughly.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I—I'm done in! I feel as if I'd been through a coffee-mill! Groo!"

"Oh, my nose!"

"Ow! My head!"

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Harry Wharton laughed ruefully.

"The whole blessed school's against us!" he said. "Never mind! We'll stick to our guns. We'd better get in and get cleaned up, I think. We'll rag those blessed fags baldheaded for this!"

"Yes, rather! Ow, ow!"

The dusty and disconsolate Removites trooped into the house. Loder and his friends grinned hugely at the sight of them. Mr. Quelch was in the hall, and he fixed a stern glare upon the unhappy heroes of the Remove.

"What do you mean by getting into that state?" he exclaimed angrily. "I am disgusted with you! Go and get yourselves tidy at once, and take fifty lines each! Go! Not a word!"

And the wretched Removites went.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Good Advice!

MR. QUELCH was in his study, a little later, when Wingate tapped at the door. The Remove-master's brow was stern as the captain looked in.

"May I come in, sir?"

"Certainly, if you wish."

Wingate went into the study. His face was flushed, and his manner uneasy. But he came to the point in his frank way.

"I want to apologise to you, sir, for speaking to you as I did in the Close!" he exclaimed. "I—I was in a temper, and spoke as I had no right to speak. I'm sorry!"

Mr. Quelch's face cleared.

"I expected that of you, Wingate," he said quietly. "I was very much sur-

prised, and very shocked to hear you speak as you did. It was not like you."

"I wasn't quite myself, sir, and I'm very sorry," said the Greyfriars captain.

"Very well. Let us forget all about it," said Mr. Quelch. "You seem to be in some trouble with the juniors, Wingate."

"Yes, sir," said the Greyfriars captain ruefully. "That was the cause of all of it. I hardly know what to do."

"If my advice would be any use—"

"I hoped, sir, that you might advise me," said Wingate. "The Remove have declared that they will not fag for the Sixth any more."

"And you—"

"I licked 'em."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Well, that was drastic, but probably it may have failed to convince the Remove that they were in the wrong," he remarked.

Wingate laughed uneasily.

"As it's your Form, sir, I thought I'd consult you. Of course, you understand that I am not making any complaint against the Remove. The Sixth are quite capable of taking care of themselves. But what I want is to be just. The Remove have always fagged for the Sixth, the same as the Third and Second. But they say that the Fourth used to, as well, but have chucked it up now."

"That is true. It is a long time ago," said Mr. Quelch. "But there was trouble, and the headmaster at that time decided that the Fourth should not fag. As a matter of fact, Wingate, that was intended at the time as a step towards the abolition of fagging."

"You disapprove of it, sir?"

"Not wholly. As a rule, fagging works out well both for senior and junior. But in the case of a fellow of bad tendencies in the Sixth having a fag it works out for pure evil, and that far outweighs any good there is in the system, to my mind. Take some of the seniors here—I will not mention names, but you know very well that there are some fellows here in the Sixth who certainly could not be trusted to have a strong influence over young and very impressionable minds. There was Carberry, who was expelled some time ago. He had a fag, and used to make him fetch smokes and drink from the village. The fag had to go or be thrashed. What kind of training was that for a boy of thirteen? Carberry was found out, and expelled; but in most cases the bully is not found out."

"They're very rare cases, sir."

"Yes; but one case of the sort is sufficient to condemn the whole system," said the Remove-master.

Wingate was silent for a minute.

"Then you're on the side of the fags, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Quelch shook his head.

"No; I'm not on the side of anyone resisting authority," he said. "I wish they had been able to make some amicable arrangement with the prefects on the subject."

"Well, I must say that they tried to, sir, but—well, the Sixth got their back up at once. I did, as well as the others. It seemed like too much cheek from the juniors."

"But what caused the matter to come to a head so suddenly, Wingate?"

The Greyfriars captain coloured.

"The fags complain of bullying, and of being fagged unnecessarily by some of the Sixth," he said. "I'm afraid there's something in it, too."

"I fear so, Wingate."

"Of course, that's one of the disadvantages of the fag system, and can't be helped," the Greyfriars captain remarked.

"Somewhat rough on the fags, however."

"I suppose so."

"If you could come to a peaceable arrangement—"

"But we can't give in now, sir. There would be an end of all the authority of the prefects if we surrendered to the fags."

"However—"

"Besides, the other prefects won't," said Wingate. "Most of them are dead against the slightest surrender. Loder would cut the young rascals to pieces if I'd let him. I was thinking of trying the effect of a licking all round."

"You are within your rights in doing so, Wingate, and I should not interfere. But if the Remove resist—"

"They would hardly resist the prefects, sir. They have shut us out of the Form-room, but they would hardly go farther than that."

"I do not know. They might."

"Well, sir, if they did—"

"If they did, Wingate, the Head would be brought into the matter, and I think it very probable that he would make a searching investigation, and, if any cases of bullying came to light, he would order fagging of the Remove to be discontinued."

"I don't know that I should object, sir. But I hope the Remove will come to their senses. After all, a row of this kind always blows over."

"Not always, Wingate. I know my Form," said the Remove-master. "But follow your own judgment; you have the authority of head prefect, but my advice to you would be to seek out some graceful mode of surrender."

"Thank you, sir. I'll suggest it to the other fellows, and if they agree, I'll be glad to do it."

"Very good!"

Wingate retired from Mr. Quelch's study. The Remove-master was looking very thoughtful. Many of the Remove regarded him as a hard master, but he had a great regard for his Form, and the welfare of the boys was very dear to him. But he had no right to interfere between the prefects and the juniors in a dispute of this sort. The question of the Remove fagging for the Sixth was outside his province. And Wingate and the rest of the prefects were answerable to the Head alone.

Wingate returned slowly to the prefects' room. The defeated Sixth-Former's were there, discussing the matter angrily. Their defeat at the door of the Remove Form-room had angered all of them. For when they had gone to the Form-room they had found the place barricaded.

"Mr. Quelch's advice is that we let the fags have their way," said Wingate abruptly. "What do you fellows say?"

There was a shout of denial at once:

"Never!"

"Bosh!"

"You're all against it?"

"Yes, rather!"

Wingate gave a shrug of the shoulders. "Very well," he said. "I don't want to set myself against the rest. Have your way."

"I should say so," said Carne. "Hang it all! A pretty set of fools we should look if we gave way to a parcel of fags!"

"Rotten!" said Loder.

Wingate frowned at them angrily.

"Oh, you two can shut up!" he exclaimed. "It's your rotten bullying that's at the bottom of it. Dry up!"

"Look here—" began Loder.

"Shut up, I tell you!"

And Loder shut up. Wingate was not in a mood to be argued with. The Greyfriars captain was keen enough

about the rights of the Sixth and the authority of the prefects, but a doubt had been creeping into his mind for some time as to whether his cause was quite just, and Mr. Quelch's words had made the doubt stronger.

The captain was only half satisfied of the justice of his cause, and that was a very uncomfortable state of mind to a fellow who wanted to do what was right. But the other prefects had no doubt. They were prepared to go ahead at all costs, and they carried the day. They waited for the bedtime of the Remove with grim faces and their canes handy. At bedtime the juniors would have to come out of the Form-room, and then the turn of the defeated Sixth would come.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Remove on the Warpath!

TAP! Half-past nine had rung from the Greyfriars tower. The tap at the door of the Form-room immediately followed. Bob Cherry stepped to the door and called out:

"Who's there?"

"It is I—Mr. Quelch."

"Oh! Very well, sir."

Bob dragged the wedge from under the door at once. The Remove had taken counsel on the subject, and they had determined not to leave the Form-room at bed-time, unless they had some sort of security against an attack from the Sixth. To be assailed in the dormitory by a party of seniors armed with canes would have been, as Bob Cherry said, a little too thick. But the voice of their Form-master outside the door was as law to them. No one dreamed of disregarding Mr. Quelch.

Bob Cherry opened the door. Mr. Quelch glanced in, apparently noticing nothing unusual in the aspect of the juniors, flushed and excited as they looked. Mr. Quelch was always very, very careful never to interfere in Form matters unless he was sure that they were his business.

"Bed-time, my boys," he said pleasantly. "I am going to see lights out in the Remove dormitory to-night."

The juniors exchanged glances. Although Mr. Quelch spoke in the most ordinary tone, they knew very well that he perfectly understood the situation, and that he intended to see them safe from attack that night. With more comfortable minds, the juniors marched out of the Form-room in the company of their Form-master.

At the end of the passage there was a sudden exclamation:

"Here they are!"

Loder rushed into sight, cane in hand, with a crowd of seniors after him. Mr. Quelch strode forward.

"What is the matter, Loder?"

The prefect started back. The other Sixth-Formers did the same, looking very sheepish, and some of them trying to hide their canes behind them.

"Oh!" ejaculated Loder. "I—I didn't expect—"

"If you have any punishment to inflict as a prefect, Loder, this is not the time for it," said Mr. Quelch. "You should see to it before bed-time. Pray go!"

And Loder went. The other seniors followed him. They were breathing very hard.

Mr. Quelch accompanied the Remove to their dormitory, and saw the juniors to bed and turned their lights out. When he retired Bob Cherry stepped out of bed and locked the door.

"Jolly decent of old Quelch to see us through like this!" said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

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

THE POPULAR.—No. 119.

Desmond. "Loder's face was a picture. I never saw the spalpeen look so black."

"Hark!"

There was a sound at the door. The handle was being tried from the outside. The door did not open, and the juniors chuckled softly. Bob Cherry had not locked it too soon.

"The rotters!" muttered Bulstrode. "They intended to catch us here."

"The cads!"

There was a knock at the dormitory door.

"Open this door, you young sweeps!"

It was Loder's voice. Wingate seemed to have retired from the leadership of the Sixth for the time. Loder was very much in evidence now, at all events.

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Bulstrode.

"We'll smash you in the morning, then!"

"Rats!"

The angry seniors retired. They could not get the locked door open, and they could not think of breaking it in. Their vengeance had to be postponed until the morning. But who was to save the Remove then?

"You fellows are only making matters worse for yourselves," said Vernon-Smith, with his usual sneer. "Quelch can't look after you in the morning, anyway. The prefects will be here soon after rising-bell, and what are you going to do then? They'll lick you all the more for having made them wait."

"I know what we're going to do then," said Bulstrode. "We're not going to be here."

"Eh?"

"Bob Cherry's idea is a good one," the captain of the Remove went on. "If the Sixth get at us again, they'll make us squirm. We're not going to fag for them, and we're not going to be thrashed every day by Loder and his gang. Things have got to come to a head. When the prefects come for us in the morning they'll find us gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"There's a trapdoor on the landing outside our door, leading up to the dorm roof. That's where we're going."

"My hat! Of all the rotten ideas—"

"You needn't come," said Bulstrode.

"The fellows who stay behind will catch it pretty thick from the Sixth, though," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "If Loder comes up with a dozen of them, and they find only Smithy and Snoop and Skinner here, I'd feel sorry for Smithy and Skinner and Snoop. I don't think the seniors will wait to hear them explain that they only meant to be good little boys."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vernon-Smith scowled savagely. He knew that Bob Cherry was right. The exasperated Sixth, when they found that their victims had escaped, and that new trouble was beginning, would be certain to wreak their rage and disappointment upon any Removites who remained in the dormitory. Vernon-Smith and the others who had so far held aloof from the revolt had no choice now but to throw in their lot with the rebels.

"We'll leave it till the whole place is asleep," said Bulstrode quietly, "then we'll get out and get on the roof. We can take the bedclothes there and the mattresses, too, and camp out. We can get all the provisions there are in the studies and raid the larder downstairs. It can't be helped; we may have to stick there a long time. One thing's certain—we're not going to surrender, and we're not going to be licked by the Sixth."

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"Do you mean to hold out after the time for morning lessons?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bulstrode boldly.

"My hat!"

"Unless we have a safeguard to the

Form-room and back again," said Bulstrode. "What we've got to be firm upon is this—that the Sixth don't touch us again."

"Hear, hear!"

"The whole situation will soon become impossible, and the Sixth will have to give in if we don't," said Bulstrode eagerly. "When it's a question of lessons being interfered with because the prefects are ambushing us in the passages something will have to be done. At any rate, we hold out to the bitter end."

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Bulstrode!"

The juniors turned out of bed and dressed. They were far too excited to think of sleep.

The time passed slowly in discussion till it was a safe hour for carrying out Bulstrode's plans. Eleven o'clock had struck when the Remove set to work.

Beds and bedding were prepared for removal, and then Bulstrode unlocked the dormitory door and stepped out into the passage.

Overhead, on the landing at the top of the stairs, was a trapdoor leading to the roof. It was placed there for use in case of fire, but the Removites were to put it to another use now. Bulstrode drew a ladder from a recess and reared it to the trapdoor. He mounted, and opened the trap, and threw it back. A flood of moonlight fell through the aperture into the dark passage.

Bob Cherry lighted a candle. Bulstrode gave his orders like a born general. The Remove studies were visited in turn by Harry Wharton and five or six others, and all the provisions were brought up to the landing.

The juniors passed them up through the trapdoor, and they were deposited upon the roof. The mattresses and bedclothes followed.

Midnight had rung out by the time all was finished.

By that time the whole of Greyfriars was buried in slumber.

Then a party of raiders descended to the lower regions, and the larder was cleared of most of its contents, which were conveyed upstairs and passed up to the dormitory roof.

The Remove were now provisioned for a siege.

Vernon-Smith and his friends had taken no part in the proceedings. But they had no chance of playing the sneak if they had wished to do so. Bulstrode had ordered them upon the roof first of all, and they were there all the time; and as there was no means of descent, excepting through the trapdoor, the rebels were safe from any risk of betrayal by the malcontents.

All was finished at last.

Bulstrode was the last to mount upon the roof, and he drew up the wooden steps after him and closed the trapdoor. It was fastened down above, and the steps were laid across it, and some of the heaviest articles piled on top of them.

"Well, here we are!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath.

"Yes; and here we stay till the Sixth come to terms!" said Bulstrode grimly.

"Hear, hear!"

"Yes; hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll be sorry for this in the morning," growled Vernon-Smith.

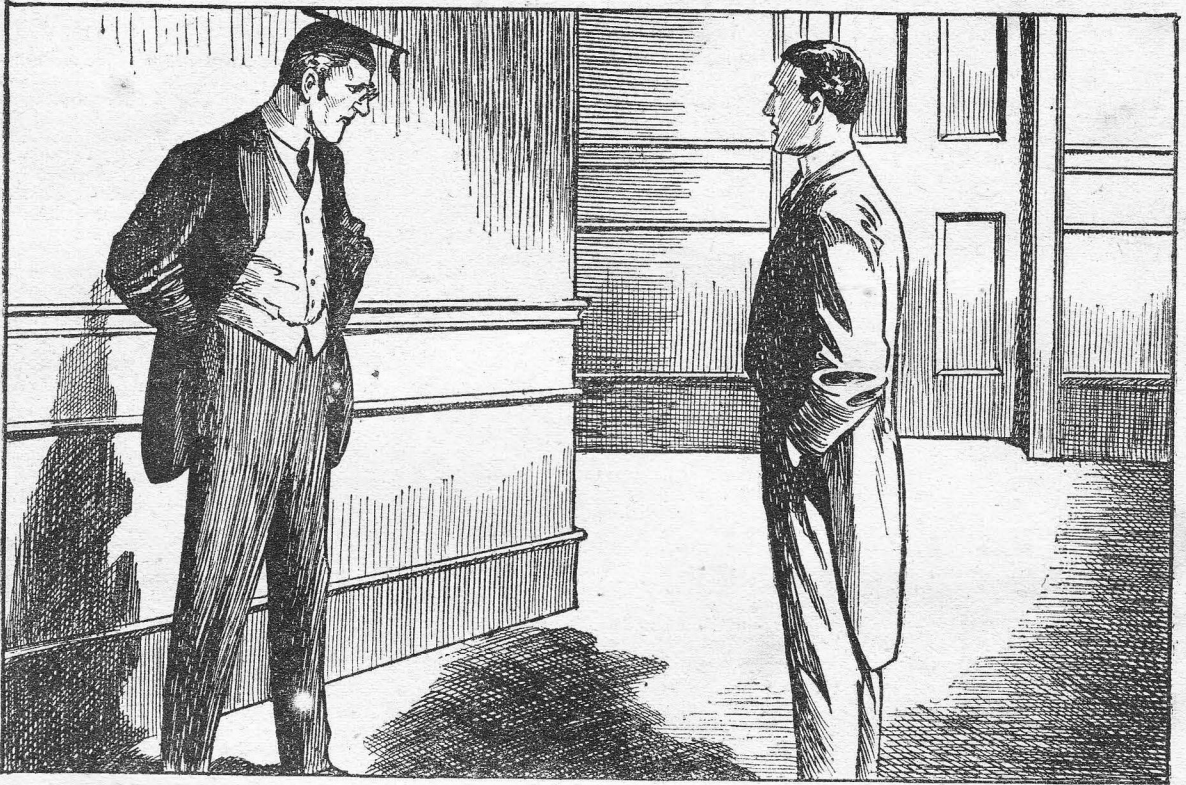
"Oh, rats!"

"Shut up!"

"Don't croak!"

The Bouncer shrugged his shoulders. He was savagely angry. Whether he liked it or not, he was committed to the rebellion now, and had to take the same risks as the others.

The juniors camped out on the flat roof. There was a battlemented parapet



Wingate met the Remove Form-master in the passage. "Don't you think this has gone far enough, Wingate?" said Mr. Quelch quietly. "If the juniors refuse to come down I must call in the Head. He will certainly flog the whole of the Lower School!" (See Chapter 4.)

all round the leads, and no risk of falling over. It was a fine, clear night, and camping out was rather a treat than otherwise.

Bulstrode took first watch, arranging for the sentinels' duties to be taken in turn every half-hour by the most reliable juniors. The rest of the Remove rolled themselves up in their blankets, and were soon sleeping as peacefully as if they were in their beds in the dormitory below.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Victory!

CLANG, clang, clang!
The rising-bell bit the fresh morning air.

It awakened the juniors camping out on the dormitory roof, and they rose from their beds and yawned and stretched themselves.

It was a new sensation for most of them to wake in the open air, and not a disagreeable one. Some of them, like Billy Bunter, were pleased at the prospect of having no washing to do that morning.

Bunter, indeed, did not get up. He lay on his mattress and snored. There was nothing for him to get up for, and as he was committed to the revolt now he thought he might as well have an extra sleep, at all events.

They had their breakfast without interruption. The prefects were probably at a standstill. The Removites wondered what Wingate would do—and they wondered what the masters would do. But they never thought of surrender. If the Sixth chose to give way, well and good. If the Sixth did not choose to give way, neither would they do so. They were prepared to hold out to the bitter end.

As they watched from the roof they saw fellows come out of the house and stand staring up towards the parapet.

There was soon a large crowd in the Close.

Fellows of all Forms—fags of the Third and Second—Shell fellows and Fourth-Formers—seniors of the Fifth and Sixth—stood staring up at the roof till, as Bob Cherry remarked, they must have had cricks in the neck.

Amazement, anger, amusement, all sorts of expressions were on the faces of the fellows as they stared up at the stronghold of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch was seen to come out of the house, and look up; and the Removites immediately drew back out of sight. They did not want to appear guilty of disrespect to their Form-master. If Mr. Quelch ordered them to come down, they did not intend to see or hear him.

Wingate came out, and called up to the juniors. Wharton looked over the parapet. Mr. Quelch had gone in.

Wingate was frowning.
"Wharton! Bulstrode!"
The parapet was immediately lined with heads.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
"Good-morning, Wingate!"
"Come down at once, you young fools!"

"Rats!"
"I order you—"
"Go and eat coke!"
"What!" shouted Wingate furiously.

"Look here, Wingate, we're fed up!" shouted Bulstrode. "I'm captain of the Remove, and I'm speaking for the rest. We're not going to fag for the Sixth. And we're not going to be licked because we won't fag! Do you understand? We're out for liberty, and we're

not coming down until our terms have been granted!"

"You—you cheeky young rascal!"
"You can call us any names you like, but you can't get at us," said Bulstrode. "And we're going to hold out till—"

"Till when?"
"Till the Sixth agree to stop fagging the Remove."

"Hear, hear!" roared the juniors.
"You young lunatic!" shouted Wingate. "I suppose you will have to come down when the bell rings for school?"

"Then your supposer's out of order," said Bob Cherry, "because we're not going to do anything of the sort."
"I guess not."
"Never!"

"Do you want to be flogged or expelled?" demanded the Greyfriars captain.

Bulstrode's face set doggedly.
"We'll risk that," he said. "We're out for liberty. We won't fag for the Sixth, and we won't be licked. That's where we stand."

"Hurrah!"
Wingate pointed to the clock in the tower.

"You'll come down in ten minutes, or I shall get Gosling's ladder and come up to you," he said.

"If you choose to risk your neck, that's your business," said Bulstrode. "If you get on the roof we shall tie you up and keep you a prisoner."

Wingate did not reply to that. He turned away with a frowning brow, and went into the house. The crowd in the Close thickened. A few minutes later the juniors on the dormitory roof saw three or four seniors go in the direction of the stables. That was where the ladders were kept. In a few minutes more they came back, carrying two long ladders among them.

"They mean business," Nugent remarked.

"So do we!" said Harry Wharton grimly.

"You bet!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Bring the ammunition here," said Bulstrode.

The ammunition consisted of eggs, butter, pillows, plus other soft articles. The juniors stood ready with them.

Wingate and the prefects stood below, rearing the ladders against the wall. They reached to the parapet of the roof. That the juniors would throw them down was not feared by the attacking party, for that would have caused broken limbs. It was really taking an advantage of the defenders, as John Bull remarked.

Wingate looked up, and waved his hand to the rebels.

"Will you come down now?" he shouted.

"No!"

"Then we shall come and fetch you!"

"Rats!"

The captain of Greyfriars waited for no more. He clambered up one ladder, followed by Gwynne and North. Up the other ladder came Loder and Carne and Walker, with several more fellows following.

"Fire!" said Bulstrode.

The juniors hurled the eggs with deadly aim. Had Mrs. Kebble, the housekeeper, been there, she would have wept to see her household stores wasted in that reckless manner. Eggs and chunks of butter and cheese rained upon the prefects.

Wingate roared as an egg burst in his eye, another on his nose, and another down his neck. Loder was covered with smashed eggs in a few seconds, and he slid down the ladder, blinded and choked, knocking over Carne and the others behind him. A heap of seniors rolled on the ground, and from above came eggs and butter pelting upon them, smothering them.

The crowd began to roar with laughter.

The outlaws of the school were defending themselves well, although a few moments later they were drenched by a stream of water which one of the angry prefects directed through a fire-hose.

One ladder was cleared. Wingate and North, smothered with eggs and butter, clambered desperately up the other, but their followers had fallen away. They could not stand the fire from above.

Smash—smash—smash!

Wingate was a shocking sight. But he came on furiously. He reached the top of the ladder and grasped the parapet. The juniors could easily have pushed him off, but that would have meant a fall for him into the Close and a broken neck. He clambered on the parapet, and they seized him in their grasp. North, behind him, could not pass him; he had to wait for Wingate to get out of the way. And Wingate could not get out of the way. As many juniors as could find room to grasp him had seized hold of him, and Wingate was helpless in the grasp of so many, athletic as he was.

"Let go, you young sweeps!" he gasped.

"Will you go back?" asked Wharton.

"No!" roared Wingate.

"Then we don't let you go!"

"Nope!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"We're holding on, I guess!"

And they held on, while Nugent slipped a noose over Wingate's right wrist and drew it tight, and then lashed it to the other. The captain's hands were now bound, and he had to depend upon the juniors to hold him so that he should not fall.

"Drag him over and tie him up," said

THE POPULAR.—No. 119.

Bob Cherry. "We're sorry, Wingate, old man—awfully sorry—but this is war, you know."

"You—you—"

"Can't be helped, you know. Drag him over."

"We've got him!"

"Hold on!" gasped Wingate. The Greyfriars captain had a sense of the ridiculous, and he did not want to be tied up like a trussed turkey and kept a prisoner by the juniors. "I—I'll go back!"

"Oh, good!"

"Back you go, then!"

"Untie my hands, confound you!"

Wingate's word was his bond—the juniors knew that. They released him, and he went back down the ladder. North was compelled to retreat to give him room. The crowd below groaned at the prefects as they retreated, and some of the fags started a cheer for the Remove. The success of the rebels was beginning to cause a change of feeling in their favour. Wingate stepped from the ladder and dabbed at his face savagely with his handkerchief. He was simply smothered with smashed eggs, and butter was melting all over him. Loder was in an even worse state, and he was stamping with rage.

From the roof came a ringing cheer from the victorious Removites.

"Hurrah!"

"Hip-pip! Hurrah!"

Wingate gritted his teeth.

"We can't touch them, you fellows," he muttered. "We shall have to leave them alone. They must come down for lessons."

"They won't!" said North, with conviction. "They mean business, George, old man. And—and I think it's about time we chucked it. The whole school is laughing at us already."

Wingate turned away with a grunt. He was beginning to think so himself. The prefects retreated into the house to clean themselves, leaving the crowd of fellows in the Close yelling with laughter.

The bell rang for classes at last. The juniors on the roof heard it, and waited grimly.

They were not surprised to hear Mr. Quelch's voice below in the Close.

"Boys!"

The Remove did not look down, and did not reply.

"Boys! Bulstrode! Wharton! It is time for school!"

No reply.

Mr. Quelch waited a few minutes, and went back into the house. Wingate met him in the passage, a peculiar expression on his face. He did not know what to do—the situation had got beyond his powers.

"Don't you think this has gone far enough, Wingate?" said the Remove-master quietly. "If the juniors refuse to come down, I must call in the Head. He will certainly flog the whole of the Lower Fourth for refusing to obey orders, but there is no doubt at all in my mind that when he has examined the matter under dispute, he will order that the flogging of the Remove shall cease, and probably there will be serious trouble for the members of the Sixth who have been guilty of bullying, and so started the trouble. My advice to you all is to let this stop at once before worse happens. The juniors are quite out of control."

Wingate nodded.

"I think so myself, sir, but if the Sixth gives in the juniors will always be getting their ears up—"

"It will always be in the power of the prefects to punish any insubordination, Wingate, and I do not think there will be any when the cause of the trouble is removed."

"Very well, sir. I don't want to bring the Head down upon the young rascals, and—and I dare say Loder and Carne would rather keep the Head out of the matter."

"Consult the prefects, then, and come to some decision."

Wingate called the prefects together. Loder was obstinate at first, but he was alarmed at the prospect of a searching investigation by the Head. His own conduct was certain to come to light, and he was not likely to be allowed to remain a prefect, even if worse did not befall him. He understood that, and he gave in. When Loder had surrendered, the rest of the seniors submitted to Wingate.

"It's agreed, then?" said the Greyfriars captain. "The Remove don't fag for the Sixth any more—confound them!"

"Yes, it's agreed."

Wingate went out into the Close and called up to the Remove. The parapet was lined with heads again immediately.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"You can come down!" said Wingate grimly. "If you don't, the Head will be fetched out, and you will be flogged for refusing to go into lessons. The other Forms have all gone in, as you can see. The Sixth are willing to waive their right of flogging the Remove."

"Honest injun?" asked Bulstrode.

"My word for it," said Wingate.

"The Remove will not be fagged against their will any more so long as I am captain of Greyfriars."

"Hurrah!" roared the Remove.

They had won!

The Sixth had been beaten!

The dormitory roof rang with cheers.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Stop that row, and come down!" growled Wingate.

"Right-ho!" sang out Bulstrode cheerily.

The juniors opened the trapdoor and lowered the steps inside, and flocked down into the house. They marched into their Form-room in the most orderly manner in the world. It was their cue now to be as orderly and obedient as possible—to show that they had only been resisting tyranny, and that they knew how to respect constituted authority. Mr. Quelch tactfully avoided noticing that they were late for class.

During morning lessons there could not have been in any school a more orderly and respectful Form than the Greyfriars Remove. When Mr. Quelch dismissed them they walked out as meekly as lambs.

They met Wingate in the Hall. The captain of Greyfriars gave them a grim look. Loder saw them, and strode away scowling.

"I—I say, Wingate!" said Bob Cherry rather nervously. "You're not raty, are you? We were only on strike against the bullies, you know. We'll all fag for you any time, and—and we're sorry we made you so eggy!"

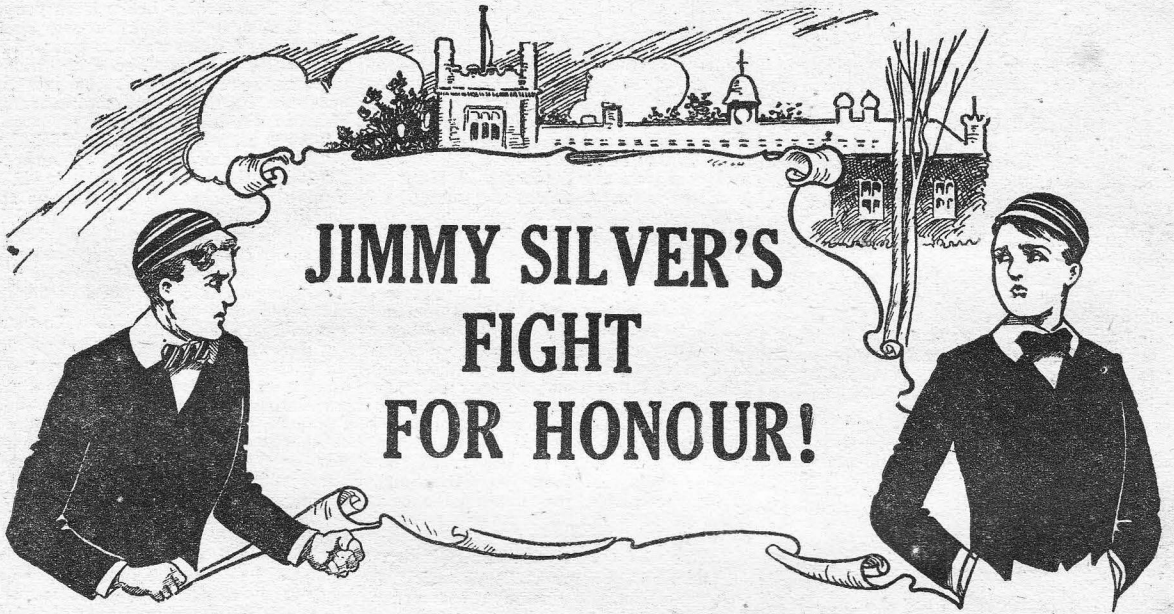
Wingate burst into a laugh.

"You are a set of cheeky young rascals!" he said. "But it's all right! Get out!"

"And you don't bear any malice, Wingate?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Of course not, you young ass!"

And the Remove gave Wingate a cheer; and then they streamed out into the Close, and gave themselves a cheer. Nothing succeeds like success, it was said of old, and so it was proved now, for the other fellows who had been so much against the Remove during the tussle joined heartily in a cheer for the Outlaws of the School.



JIMMY SILVER'S FIGHT FOR HONOUR!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Downfall of Jimmy Silver!

JIMMY SILVER sat alone in his study—the end study in the Fourth Form passage at Rookwood.

His look was downcast and grim. Fellows who knew Jimmy Silver well would hardly have known him at that moment. It was unusual to see Jimmy Silver looking anything but cheery and sunny. But now, as he sat with his hands driven deep into his pockets, and his brows knitted grimly, he looked as if most of the troubles of the world had descended upon his young shoulders.

He had been a long time alone. He was wondering why his chums did not come to him in his trouble, and whether they would come at all.

He started as there was a tramp of feet in the passage. The door of the end study was thrown open.

But it was not Lovell and Raby and Newcome, his chums, who appeared. Six or seven fellows of the Classical Fourth crowded into the doorway. They were led by Townsend and Topham.

Jimmy Silver did not rise. He stared moodily at the Fourth-Formers, without speaking.

"Here he is!" said Townsend.

"We've got a few words to say to you, Silver, you cad!" said Topham.

"Sure, ut's a thafe ye are!" said Flynn.

"And your own pals proved it!" said Hooker.

Jimmy Silver did not speak or move. He had expected this, and he was prepared for it. Even Jimmy Silver, full of courage as he was, was almost overwhelmed by the misfortune that had fallen so suddenly upon him. The Classical Fourth had condemned him, and even his own pals seemed to have concurred.

"It's proved that you boned the club funds from Newcome's desk," went on Topham. "You may as well own up to it. Have you got anything to say?"

"Nothing," said Jimmy Silver, breaking his silence at last.

"You admit it?" ejaculated Townsend.

Jimmy shook his head.

"No. I hadn't the least idea that the six quids had gone from Newcome's desk till he told me. I helped to look for the thief. When we found the pocket-knife blade in the desk, I thought that would help us find the beast. I hadn't the least idea that the blade belonged to my own knife. Whoever burgled Newcome's desk used my knife. That's all."

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Perhaps you'd like to accuse somebody else?" said Townsend, with a sneer. Again Jimmy shook his head.

"No. Somebody did it. I don't know whom. Some beastly cad did it, and left my penknife-blade there to put it on me. That's all I know."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Topham. "You can't expect us to swallow a yarn like that, you know! Tell us an easier one!"

"It's in keeping with what you've been doing lately, too," said Townsend. "I dare say your boozy friend at the Ship could account for the money."

"Is that what you've come to say to me?" asked Jimmy Silver quietly. "If it is, and if you've finished, you may clear off!"

"That isn't all," said Topham. "You've got to understand how the matter stands, Jimmy Silver. You've been proved to be a thief. Thieves are not wanted in the Fourth Form at Rookwood. We're going to keep this dark, so that the Modern cads can't chip us about having a thief on this side. But we're not going to put up with you. You've got to get out!"

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"And if you jolly well don't, we'll let the prefects know what you've done, and

you'll be sacked, and you know it!" exclaimed Topham.

"Draw it mild!" said Townsend. "We don't want to go as far as that. Now we know who the thief is, we can let the matter drop. Jimmy Silver will have to make up the money, that's all."

"Not a penny," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "I owe the club nothing, and I shall pay nothing—not a halfpenny."

There was a shout of wrath from the Classical juniors.

"Do you think the club's going to lose the money?" shouted Topham.

"Yes—unless they find the thief."

"The thief's found!" said Townsend.

"He's not found! But he's going to be found!" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"I'm not going to take this lying down. Whoever did it is going to be bowled out, if I can work it. And if I can't, you needn't trouble about giving me away to the prefects. I shall go to Bulkeley myself!"

"You—you're going to make it public?" gasped Townsend.

"Yes, if necessary."

"You—you duffer! You'll be expelled from the school!" exclaimed Townsend.

"The best thing you can do is to get your friends to help you make up the money, and let it drop."

Jimmy Silver looked curiously at Townsend. The dandy of the Fourth was strangely agitated.

"It's not going to drop!" said Topham hotly. "If the rotter had a rag of decency, he'd get out! And if he won't he'll be made to! And we'll jolly well begin now, Jimmy Silver! You can't brazen it out, you thief—Oh crumbs!"

Topham uttered a yell as a Latin dictionary whizzed from Jimmy Silver's hand and caught him under the chin. He staggered back on the juniors behind him in the passage.

"Keep off my feet, you spalpeen!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 119.

yelled Flynn, as Topham's boot came down on his toe. "Oh—cooh! Tare and 'ouns! Yaroooh!"

"Rag him!" yelled Topham furiously. Jimmy Silver jumped up. "Get on with the ragging!" he exclaimed.

The Classical juniors took him at his word. There was a fierce rush into the study, and Jimmy Silver was collared on all sides.

But the champion fighting-man of the Fourth was not an easy customer to tackle even with the odds heavily against him.

Jimmy Silver's blood was up. He hit out from the shoulder. Topham roared and went over on his back, and Hooker fell across him. Townsend backed out of the study. But Flynn and Jones minor fastened on the captain of the Fourth and dragged him down.

"Collar him!"
"Bump him!"
"Rag him!"

Jimmy Silver struggled fiercely, hitting out with all his force. But the raggers piled on him, and he was pinned down.

"Bump him!"
"Rag him!"

And bumped and ragged Jimmy Silver would certainly have been, but as he struggled in the grasp of Townsend & Co. there was a rush of feet in the passage, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome dashed into the study.

"Go for 'em!" roared Lovell.

"Hold on!" spluttered Townsend. "Chuck it! Oh, my hat!"

Townsend went sprawling along the passage, Topham staggered out after him, with Lovell's knuckles on his nose.

There was a terrific scrap in the study for a few minutes. Then the raggers fairly fled. The Fistical Four were too much for them.

Hooker went last, with Lovell grasping his neck and Newcome his legs. Hooker landed in the passage with a bump, and Raby slammed the door after him.

"Licked the cads!" panted Lovell. "Buck up, Jimmy, old scout! Your old pals are standing by you, at any rate!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver's Programme.

JIMMY SILVER breathed hard, and dusted down his clothes. All the Fistical Four were showing signs of combat. But there was weeping and wailing among the raggers as they retreated down the passage. The chums of the end study had come off best.

"So you're standing by me?" said Jimmy, at last.

"Yes, rather!"

"You've been a jolly long time making up your minds about it!" said Jimmy Silver sarcastically.

Lovell coloured.

"We—we were knocked into a cocked hat!" he continued. "Dash it all! It was a bit of a shock to us, Jimmy! We had made up our minds that when we found the owner of that broken blade we'd have found the thief. And it turned out to be yours!"

"And you were as sure about it as we were," said Raby. "You said it was a certain clue to the rotter."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"I know I did. I thought so. I hadn't the faintest idea that the rotter had used my knife, of course."

Lovell looked uneasy.

"It looks jolly black against you, Jimmy. You can't blame the fellows for being down on you."

THE POPULAR.—No. 119.

"I don't blame them," said Jimmy moodily. "I think they might know me a bit better by this time, that's all."

"Well, you see, there's a thief in the Fourth somewhere, and the evidence was all against you," said Raby. "The fellows don't know what we know, either. They know you were really pally with a boozy blackguard at the Ship. They don't know that the rotter's your uncle, and that you can't get rid of him. If you told them as much as you told us they—"

"I'm not going to tell them," said Jimmy. "I'm not proud of a boozy uncle, and I'm going to say nothing about it. Besides, it wouldn't make much difference. They think I pinched the tin to bet with him; but if they knew he was my uncle they'd think I pinched it to give to him. Townsend heard him asking me for money the other day, and threatening to come to Rookwood."

"Well, what's to be done?" said Lovell glumly. "We stand by you, of course. That isn't so jolly easy, either. If that broken blade had turned out to belong to somebody else, we should have been down on him. On the same evidence, we ought to be down on you."

"Then why aren't you?" said Jimmy.

"Oh, don't be an ass! We stick to you, of course. We know you're not a thief!" growled Lovell. "But it's a rotten state of affairs. It's being kept dark now, so that the Moderns won't get hold of it; but it's bound to come out sooner or later. It looks as if you're booked for the sack, Jimmy."

"We're going to make up the money, though," said Raby. "That will help to—"

"You're not!" said Jimmy.

"What!"

"We—we must!" said Newcome. "I'm responsible as secretary of the footer club. The money was taken out of my desk, and—"

"If it's made up by this study, that's as good as admitting that the study pinched it," said Jimmy.

"Well, but—"

"We're not going to admit anything of the sort, as it's not true!"

"I say, they'll go to the prefects about it," said Lovell uneasily. "Besides, the club can't afford to lose the money, Jimmy."

"We've got something else to do," said Jimmy quietly. "All those duffers think the matter is proved. The thief, who ever he is, thinks that it's safely fixed on me, and that he's all serene. He doesn't know me, though. He's going to be bowled out, and if I can't do it on my own, I'm going to Bulkeley or the Head about it."

"Jimmy!"

"Do you think I'm going to lie down quietly under an accusation like this?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver fiercely. "The truth is going to come out somehow. If we can't handle it, I shall demand a public inquiry by the Head. But I think very likely we can handle it ourselves. I'm going to try, anyway!"

"Blest if I can see what's to be done! There ain't any clue—only that clue of the broken penknife, and that's turned out against you."

"It's got to be done, all the same," said Jimmy. "I've been thinking it over while you fatheads were making up your minds whether I'm a thief or not."

"Oh, draw it mild, Jimmy!"

"The money was taken from Newcome's desk this afternoon," said Jimmy. "I've thought it out. It must have been taken while we were at footer practice—the thief couldn't be sure of being undisturbed at any other time. I had left my penknife in the study. It was easy enough for him to use it to open Newcome's silly old desk. Then, I suppose,

it occurred to him to leave the blade there. I believe he broke it on purpose. That drawer in the desk was easy enough to open, and there was no need to break a penknife over it. The chap, whoever he was, knew all about the jaw there has been about me, and took advantage of it to make himself safe."

"What an awful rotter!" said Raby.

"A regular criminal!" said Newcome. "Well, there isn't any chap in the Fourth who'd be a criminal if he could help it," said Jimmy. "He's been driven to it. Of course, he's a pretty rascal; but I don't believe any chap here would be rascal enough to do such a thing unless he was fairly driven into a corner. He owed money, and had to pay it. That's how I work it out."

"But who—"

"Listen to me a minute! A chap owed money running into pounds, and was desperate about it, desperate enough to steal. There's only one way a fellow could get into debt as bad as that. It was one of the Giddy Goats, one of those silly blackguards who go in for betting and card-playing."

"Looks like it," said Lovell. "That's what I thought at first."

"We've got to find out which," said Jimmy. "Of course, it might be some chap in the Shell—Smythe, or one of his friends. But there are some of them in the Fourth, and I think most likely this was a Fourth Form chap. A Shell fellow wouldn't know so much about the junior club funds and Newcome's desk, and so on. Shell chaps don't come into this study very often. Of course, he could have found it all out. But it looks to me more likely that it was a Fourth Form chap. Now, we know there are some of the Classical Fourth who smoke and gamble, and play the giddy ox generally. Townsend and Topham, for instance."

"They've both been jolly down on you, Jimmy," said Raby.

"I don't accuse anybody," said Jimmy. "I only want to get at the right man."

"But how are we going to do it? Depend on it he's hidden the money safe enough, if he hasn't already parted with it."

"Hidden it right enough," assented Jimmy. "Not parted with it yet, I should think. Put it that he's taken it to pay a debt he dare not leave any longer. Well, what kind of a debt would that be? Money owed to some book-maker or some sporting rascal, one of the low crowd at the Bird-in-Hand most likely."

"Well, he might have paid him, mightn't he?"

"He might, but it's not likely. Those silly asses who sneak down to the Bird-in-Hand never go there in the daylight; they're afraid of being spotted. It would mean the sack if they were bowled out. I think the rotter, whoever he is, would be most likely to hide the loot, and sneak out after dark to pay the rascal he owes it to."

Lovell nodded thoughtfully.

"Blest if I see how we're to spot him, if he does that!" he said.

"We can spot him by keeping our eyes open, if I'm on the right track. It's not dark yet, and if I've worked it out right, the rotter hasn't taken the money out of the school so far. We've got to keep our eyes peeled, and see whether one of the Giddy Goats go out of the gates or clears over the wall. If any fellow is missing this evening we've got to know the reason why."

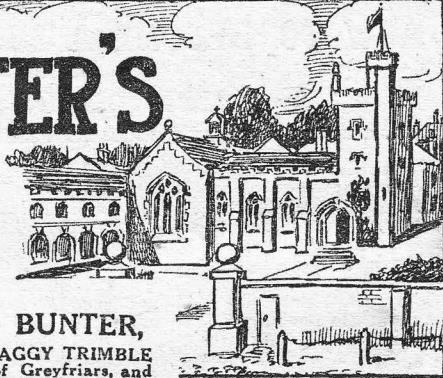
Lovell whistled.

"But suppose he doesn't go this evening?" he said. "More likely to break bounds out of the dorm to-night, I should say."

(Continued on page 9.)



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY



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

WHY I LOST THE PRIZE!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

Their's a kid in the Sekkond called Marsden. I never did, like the fello, and I hate him like poysion now!

It was like this, deer readers. The other day the Form Eggssamination took place, and I had desines on winning it. I new that I shouldn't be able to do it off my own batt. But I ment to wangel it sumhow.

I spoke to yung Nugent on the subjick. "I want to win the prize," I said. "Karn't you give me a useful tipp how to go about it?"

"Sertingly!" said Nugent. "You no yung Marsden?"

"The fello I sit neckst to in class?"
"Yes. He's the brainiest kid in the Form, and you karn't do better than take yore kew from him. You'll be sitting neckst to him when the eggssam comes off. Peep over his sholder now and agane, and cribb freely. Then you'll stand a fine chanse of finnishin first."

This seemed to be very good advice, and I determined to act on it.

Neckst mourning found us herded together in the Form-room, with old Twigg in kommand.

"Now, boys," he said, "we will get bizzy. The first thing I want you to do is to rite an essay on Nappoleon."

I had never herd of Nappoleon in my life, but I looked very wise as I seazed my pen and dipt it in the ink.

Then I stole a glance over yung Marsden's sholder to see what he had ritten.

His first paragraff began like this:

"Nappoleon was one of the grate British sea-kaptins who flurished in the rain of Elizababeth. He tied the Spannish Armada up into notts, and then set sale and diskoverred America. For his wonderful services he was given the bennyfit of a publick eggsecution on Tower Hill, in the time of Kromwell."

I rote this down wurd for wurd, and kontinewed to take peeps over Marsden's sholder from time, to time. He soar that I was cribbing, but he showed no sine of resentment.

When the eggssam was over, Twigg kollected the papers and started to check them. With a fast-beating hart, I waited for him to announce the rezult.

Prezently he rored out, in a terribul voice:

"Bunter miner! Stand out before the class!"

"Have I won, sir?" I inkwired.

"No, you retched boy! Yore papers are the wurst I have ever seen, and I am going to

And the beest did! I hopped round the cane you severely!"

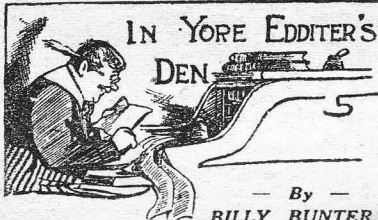
Form-room in aggerny.

Twigg then announced that the Form prize had been won by Eric Marsden.

I could scarcely beleave my ears!

And then it came out that Marsden had been fooling me. He had deliberately ritten rong ansers for me to cribb, and he had been riting the reel ansers on anuther sheet of paper wich was out of my site.

The horrid little beest! Neckst time I meet him I men to give him the licking of his life!



By
BILLY BUNTER.

My Deer Readers.—As their are several important eggssaminations taking place this week, I thort I could not do better than bring out

A SPESHUL SWOTTING NUMBER
of my wonderful "Weekly."

On the hole, I am not in faver of swotting, and I have a holesome kontempt for the fello who indulges in such a pursoot. We all no him, deer readers. His type is fammiliar to us all. He has a head wich is much too bigg for his boddy, and he wears an enormous pear of specks. When he torks to you he uses long words that you have never herd before. And be generally finnishes up by killing himself threw swallowing two menny dickshunaries!

Much as I detest the avveridge swot, however, I realize that a certain amount of swotting is necessary at times. If you want to pool off a big eggssam, you've simply got to swot for it. Even a brilliyunt and brany fello like me still has a lot to lern. If I were to sit down and fold my arms I should be beeten by sum ploddin bounder like Mark Linley. It wood be the race betwene the hair and the tortuss over agane.

I have set my hart on winning the Founders' Prize this week. And I men to swot and swot and swot untill their's nothing left for me to swot! I shall leeve nothing to chause, bekwase their's the magniffisent some of fifty kwid going beggin, and I am very ankshus to buy a moter-bike, theiry cutting out Coker of the 5th.

For the neckst few nites, deer readers, I shall be sitting in my sanktum with a damp towel round my head, and a lump of ice on my brow, and skores and skores of Lattin primers and things all around me. I shall bern the midnite oil in gallens, and my labor won't be in vane. For when the Head comes to announce the rezult of the eggssam he will say: "That brilliyunt, brany boy, Bunter, has beeten all comers! I have plezzure in banding him a check for fifty kwid, together with my harty congratters!"

I am so certain of bagging that fifty kwid, deer readers, that I'm going to order that moter-bike in advanse!

Mark Linley and the others will have to understand that Billy Bunter meens bizzy-ness, and that there chanches of finnishin first are very remote, now that I'm on the warpath!

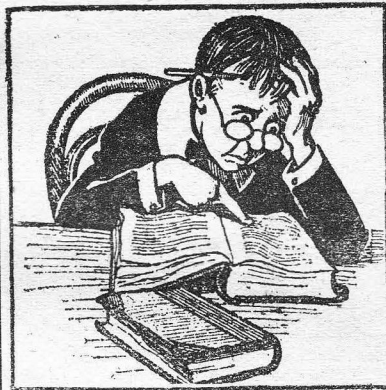
In the mist of all this eggssitement I am not forgetting my jernalistick dewties, and neckst week's number of my "Weekly" will be the best wich has appeared for a hole week!

For the prezzant, deer readers—bong swore!

Yore Edditer

THE SONG OF THE SWOT!

By **DICK PENFOLD.**



With fingers aching and cramped,
With lumps of ice on his head,
A schoolboy leaned o'er a littered desk,
Haggard and well-nigh dead.
Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!
His pen shed many a blot;
And still in a voice of dolorous pitch
He sang the song of the swot!

Latin and French and Greek,
He tackled them one by one;
Muffled and faint came the midnight
chimes,
But his task was not yet done.
Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!
His pen did the turkey-trot;
And still in a voice all drowsy and queer
He sang the song of the swot!

He wracked his aching brow
Throughout the darkest night,
His hands were covered with black ink
stains,
His face was chalky white.
Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!
He felt nearly off his dot!
And still, in a husky, trembling voice,
He sang the song of the swot!

Next morning they found him there,
His body all stiff and stark;
The pen was clutched in his nerveless
hand,
And they heard his faint remark:
"Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!
Brain-fever I've surely got!"
So they bore him away on the ambulance,
Still singing the song of the swot!

THE POPULAR.—No. 119.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL SWOT!

By RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW.

Personally, it is not my ambition to become a swot—successful or otherwise. But some fellows' ambitions run in queer channels, and there may be several readers of BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY who are anxious to distinguish themselves in the swotting line.

The prospective swot will not need very much in the way of equipment. A pair of enormous spectacles, a humped back, and a mass of long hair falling about his shoulders—these are the principal ingredients.

The finest sample of a swot we've got at St. Jim's is Skimpole. You should study Skimmy's peculiar make-up, and model yourself on it accordingly.

Having acquired the spectacles, the humped back, and the long hair—a flowing beard may also be worn, if you can coax it into existence—you should prepare your study in readiness for swotting. See that the window is tightly closed, and that the blinds are pulled

down. Then you won't be distracted by what is going on in the quadrangle outside.

Your study should be well lighted, reading-lamps, a couple of electric lights, don't forget. Half a dozen powerful reading-lamps, a couple of electric lights, a few gas-heaters, and a roaring fire, should provide sufficient light and warmth.

Now we come to the question of books. Make a tour of the studies, and lay your hands on all you can in the way of reference-books, grammars, and dictionaries.

You must be careful to barricade your study door, otherwise you won't be able to do any swotting at all! You will have a constant procession of fellows trooping in, asking idiotic questions about cricket, boxing, and other topics which a swot cannot bear to talk about.

Then, of course, you must keep a supply of damp bandages to tie round your

napper. Large lumps of ice are also indispensable.

Having made all your preparations, you will begin swotting in earnest. Your working hours should be from 5 a.m. till midnight, and you adhere to this timetable faithfully, and let nothing put you off your stroke.

Eating and drinking should be strictly avoided. The brain cannot operate smoothly, for instance, after a snack of a dozen doughnuts. Neither can you imbibe knowledge if you have just imbibed about a gallon of ginger-pop.

It is said that fish is good for the brain. If you eat anything at all, therefore, your diet should consist of two small sprats per day. They should be tastefully cooked, and served hot on soup-dishes.

Smoking is sometimes an aid to swotting. This being so, there will be no objection to your smoking an occasional herring!

On no account must you play any games, or take any exercise. "Labor Omnia Vincit" must be your motto. I believe that means "Work overcomes everything." It will certainly overcome YOU, if you stick to it long enough! Stick to these rules, and you come out first in the exam. That is, if you are alive when the time arrives.

Ralph Reckness Cardew declares it is too much fag to go in for any of the exams. Ralph, you're a queer card, you!

We understand that Fatty Wynn has written to the governors, requesting that ten tuck hampers be awarded to those who bag the first ten places in the Governors' Exam. We fear that our fat friend will be unlucky!

When we saw George Figgins going about with a bandage round his head, we concluded that he belonged to the Select Society of Swots. But it transpired that he was merely nursing a black eye—a present from Jack Blake!

When we saw George Figgins going about with a bandage round his head, we concluded that he belonged to the Select Society of Swots. But it transpired that he was merely nursing a black eye—a present from Jack Blake!

harty breakfast. As a rezzult, I haven't been able to do much swotting to-day. Never mind! I'll eat nothing else until after the eggsamination, and then I'll have a reel beefeest! Stayed up till midnite kramming nollidge into my napper as hard as I could go!

FRIDAY.

Worked like a nigger from the rising up of the sun to the going down their off. Feel so hungry to-nite that I could eat a donky's hind legg off! But I must try and hold out till the finnish now. If I have anything to eat at this juncker, I shall spoyle all my chansen. Dreedmed of rabbitt-pies and lushus stake-and-kidney poodings!

SATTERDAY.

A day of bitter trajjidy. Feeling kwite unable to hold out any longer, I went to the tuckshopp after brekker and treeted myself to a good sware meel. This had the effect of making me drop off to sleep. When I awoke, I rushed away to the eggsamination-room, only to find that the eggsam was over! Jimmy Silver & Co. larfed at my sorry plite, and I shed bitter tears of anguish. Crool luck, wasn't it? After a hole week's swotting, 2! I feel certain that I should have 1! Never be-4 have I been so unforchun-8!

Swotting Jottings!

By MONTY LOWTHER.

We understand that Baggy Trimble took a boat out on the River Ryll, and foundered. Baggy evidently imagined that he was competing for the "Founders' Prize!"

A query has arisen at Greyfriars—"Should Stott swot?" Personally, I don't see how anyone on the spot can stop Stott swotting!

Grundy, the duffer of the Shell, staggers us with the news that he successfully passed an examination. Must have been a medical one!

There's a new kid in the Third called Cribb. I sincerely hope he doesn't, or he will be asking for trouble!

Mellish, of the Fourth, solemnly asserts that he's going to win the Governors' Exam. Well, he ought to, being such an excellent "crammer!"

Joe Frayne assures us that he's a "dead cert" for the Third Form exam. We re-Frayne from making any comments.

Tubby Muffin writes to say that he is certain to win all the Rookwood examinations. Have you been studying the works of Professor Balmcrumpet, Muffin?

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy says he was disturbed in his swotting by Herries' bulldog, who took a slice out of the rear

EXTRAX FROM THE DIARY OF A SWOT!

By TUBBY MUFFIN.

MONDAY.

Maid up my mind to kompete for the Founers' Eggsamination, wich takes plaice on Saterdag neckst. Their will be menny rivals in the feeld, but if I roll up my sleeves and put my beef into it, I'm certain of success. Nollidge is power; and I've got more nollidge in the tip of my little finger than Jimmy Silver & Co. have got in there kombineed kranjums! Yes, I shall win all rite, pervided I abstane from grubb during the neckst few days. No fello can swott properly when he's under the influwense of food. So I shall have to give the tuckshopp a wide birth, and keep my brane clear and actiff.

TEWSDAY.

Started swotting in grimm Ernest. Gave brekker a miss; had no dinner; and cut tea. Their is a terribul voyd inside me, but the sacrifice is necessary. THE POPULAR.—No. 119.

The only sort of grubb I've had to-day is food for thort. I've polished up my French, and lerned all the Lattin verbs by hart. Had a jaw with old Bootles (my Form-master) this evening, and he said: "You're bound to carry off the onners on Saterdag, Muffin—unless you perrish of brano-fever in the meentime."

WENSDAY.

Still slogging! I was up at five this mourning mugging up English history. I find the Stuart period very fassinating—espeshully where they lopped off King Charles' head! He isn't the only fello who's lost his head in a krisis! I've been without food all day, and I feel very faint and famished. If only I can last out till Saterdag, I shall be all rite!

THURSDAY.

I fainted this mourning threw lack of nurishment, and was obliged to eat a

Gussy's Generous Way!

A Short Complete Story of St. Jims.

-:-

By SIDNEY CLIVE.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy adjusted his necktie, screwed his celebrated monocle into his eye, and tapped on the door of Kildare's study.

The deep voice of the captain of St. Jim's bade him enter.

"If you please, Kildare," said the swell of the Fourth, "I've bwrought my lines!"

"Leave them on the table!" growled Kildare.

Arthur Augustus noticed that the captain of St. Jim's was looking very worried.

"Is anythin' w'ong, Kildare?" he asked.

"Eh? Of course not, you young ass!"

"But you're lookin' dweadfully wowwied, deah boy—"

"So would you look worried if you were trying to write a letter and kept getting interruptions at the rate of a dozen a minute!"

Arthur Augustus placed his lines on the table, and as he did so his glance fell upon the letter which Kildare was writing.

Gussy is by no means an inquisitive youth, but he simply couldn't help seeing the sentence which Kildare had just written. It was a brief sentence, but it contained a world of tragedy.

"I haven't a single bean!"

Arthur Augustus started violently.

He could understand now the cause of Kildare's worried look.

The captain of St. Jim's was in the state known as "stony." He was on the rocks—broke to the wide. To use his own expressive term, he hadn't a single bean!

Gussy was stirred to sympathy at once. He was wondering how he could help Kildare out of his tight corner, when the Sixth-Former exclaimed gruffly:

"What are you waiting for, D'Arcy? Clear off!"

Arthur Augustus hesitated.

"I twust you will not take offence at what I am about to say, Kildare," he said, "but I shall be vewy pleased, in the circo, to lend you a fivah."

"What!"

"I had a big wemittance this mornin' f'rom my patah, an' I can advance you a fivah without any inconvenience—"

"D'Arcy"—Kildare's brow was like thunder—"have you suddenly gone potty?"

"Not at all, deah boy! I know what it's like to be on the wocks, an' I shall be weally delighted to help you!"

Kildare rose to his feet.

"Leave my study at once!" he thundered.

"Weally, Kildare, I do wish you would be reasonable—"

"Travel!"

There was such a wrathful expression on Kildare's face that Gussy promptly "travelled."

Out in the passage he encountered Tom Merry & Co.

"Hallo! Young man in a hurry!" ejaculated Monty Lowther. "What's the trouble, Gussy?"

Arthur Augustus looked greatly distressed.

"Kildare has dwiven me f'rom his studay, deah boys. I feah that I have slightly wuffed his feathahs."

"How?" asked Manners.

"I offahed to help him in his extwemity, an' he wejected my offah with scorn!"

"Kildare in an extremity!" gasped Tom Merry. "What do you mean?"

"He's bwoke, deah boy—absolutely stony! Bai Jovel! I happen to know that he hasn't a bean in the world!"

"My hat!"

"So I offahed to lend him a fivah, an' he got quite watty."

"That's not surprising!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "It isn't likely that the skipper of a school would borrow money from a fellow in the Fourth."

"I feel considerably wowwied about the mattah," said Arthur Augustus. "I feel that it's up to me to help Kildare in some pwactical way. He's a jolly good sort, an' I don't like to see him in financial difficulties. As he wufuses to accept the money, I must send it to him anonymously."

"I suppose you'll enclose a note—'From A. A. D.'" said Manners.

"Meaning 'An Anonymous Donor!'" chuckled Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothin' of the sort," said Arthur Augustus. "I shall entah Kildare's studay by stealth, an' place a fivah in his desk, without a word of explanation."

Tom Merry & Co. pointed out that this would be a very risky thing to do. Moreover, it was quite on the cards that Kildare would refuse to accept the money.

But Gussy had made up his mind, and wild horses could not have dragged him from his purpose.

Just before bed-time that evening Arthur Augustus made his way to Kildare's study.



Kildare strode forward and seized the note from D'Arcy's clasped hand.

No ray of light shone from beneath the door. The apartment was in darkness.

"Good!" muttered the swell of the Fourth. "Kildare's not in!"

He cautiously opened the door, and advanced into the darkened study.

Groping his way towards Kildare's desk, he raised the lid, and then produced a five-pound note from his pocket.

"Heah goes!" he murmured.

And he was about to drop the note into the desk, when there was a quick footstep without, followed by a click as the electric-light switch was turned on.

"D'Arcy!"

Gussy turned, with a guilty start, to find Kildare standing on the threshold.

"What are you doing at my desk?" demanded the captain of St. Jim's.

"Oh cwumbs! I—I—"

"Were you about to play some practical joke on me?" asked Kildare sternly.

"Nunno, deah boy!"

"Then what do you mean by opening my desk? Come, D'Arcy! I am determined to get to the bottom of this."

As Kildare spoke, Arthur Augustus crumpled something in his hand.

"What have you got there?" exclaimed the captain of St. Jim's.

Gussy made no reply. Whereupon Kildare strode forward, seized the junior's hand, and unclasped the fingers.

"Why, it's a fiver!" he ejaculated, in amazement. "You couldn't have taken it

from my desk, because I don't keep my money there. What the thump—"

Kildare broke off, looking utterly bewildered.

"I—I wasn't takin' it out, Kildare," stammered Arthur Augustus. "I was puttin' it in."

Kildare gave a low whistle.

"I can only conclude that you've got bats in your belfry, D'Arcy," he said. "This afternoon, for some unknown reason, you insisted upon lending me a fiver, and now I catch you in the act of slipping one into my desk! What, in the name of all that's wonderful, do you mean by it?"

"I—I—"

"Have you got so many fivers in your possession that you don't know what to do with them? If so, I can mention a number of charities which are in need of funds."

"You—you don't undahstand, Kildare. I was twyin' to wendah you financial assistance—anonymously, you know. It was just my luck that you should come in."

Kildare looked thunderstruck.

"You silly young duffer!" he exclaimed. "I'm not in need of financial assistance!"

"Eh?"

"I'm not exactly rolling in riches, but I've enough pocket-money to last me till the end of the term."

"Bai Jovel!"

"What ever made you think otherwise, D'Arcy?"

Arthur Augustus turned crimson.

"When I bwought in my lines this aftahnoon, Kildare," he explained, "I happened to catch sight of a lettah you were witin'. I saw the words, 'I haven't a single bean,' an' I concluded you were on the wocks!"

For a moment Kildare looked stupefied. Then he threw back his head and broke into a peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus looked pained.

"I fail to see any reason for wibaldwy—" he began.

"You silly young ass!" gurgled Kildare. "You shouldn't be so ready to jump to conclusions. It is true that I wrote the words in question, but I wasn't referring to money. My brother had written to ask me how my allotment was getting on—the allotment I planted near the cricket-ground a month or so back—and I replied that it was a hopeless failure—that I hadn't a single bean!"

"Oh!"

"When I used the word bean I meant it literally," said Kildare. "I wasn't referring to cash."

"Oh cwumbs!"

Arthur Augustus realised that he had put his foot in it—as usual. And he wanted the floor to open and swallow him up. At the same time he felt relieved to know that Kildare was not in a state of poverty.

The captain of St. Jim's smiled.

"You're a young ass, D'Arcy," he said. "But you're a good-hearted ass. If every kid here had your generous temperament, St. Jim's would be a happier place. I'm grateful to you for your intentions, and I'm going to ask you to come and have tea with me to-morrow afternoon."

Arthur Augustus brightened up at once.

It's a very rare thing for a junior to be invited to tea in a senior study—and by the captain of St. Jim's at that! And Gussy appreciated the honour which had been bestowed upon him.

When Tom Merry & Co. heard the joke about Kildare not having a single bean, they laughed loud and long. And Monty Lowther remarked that although Kildare mightn't have had a single bean, St. Jim's possessed one—a priceless old bean called Gussy!

Concerning a Pair of Trousers!

By DICK RODNEY.

Sir Hilton Popper, the fussy and peppery baronet, came stamping into the Remove Form-room in the middle of morning lessons.

Judging by Popper's face, he was in the very dickens of a temper. Still, you can't always tell to what extent the old bird is ruffled, because even in his most genial moments he always looks as if he were about to have an apoplectic fit.

"Good-morning, Sir Hilton!" said Quelchy politely. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

The baronet nodded.

"I wish to make a few inquiries, begad!" he said. "One of your boys—I'm pretty certain it was a Remove boy, judging by the description I had of him—visited my house last night."

"Bless my soul!"

"Visited my house," repeated Sir Hilton, "and entered it—in the middle of the night!"

"Good gracious!"

"I am anxious to learn the name of that boy," said Sir Hilton—and his glasses swept the room, as a novelist would say.

Quelchy turned to the class.

"If the boy who broke into Sir Hilton Poppers' house is present in class, I call upon him to stand forward!" he exclaimed. No one stirred.

Several fellows looked rather uneasy, but the housebreaker, whoever he was, preferred to keep his own counsel.

"Ah! The boy will not come forward," said Sir Hilton. "Very well; there are ways and means of discovering his identity. I have reason to know that, on leaving my premises, the boy had his trousers bitten through by my dog. An examination of trousers, therefore, will give us the information we require."

"But the boy may have changed his trousers in the meantime, sir," said Quelchy. "Possibly; but I rather think not. Anyway, we will examine all the trousers at present being worn in this Form-room, and ascertain if there are any rents in them, such as might have been caused by a dog."

Whereupon Quelchy commanded every boy to stand up in his place. After which they were ordered to stand out, one by one, in front of the class, and our "bags" were subjected to a searching inspection.

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Bob Cherry, Jack Drake—all were allowed to return to their places.

When it came to Billy Bunter's turn, it was easy to see that the fat junior was trying to hide something. He kept his hand behind him.

"Remove your hand, Bunter!" rapped out Quelchy.

Reluctantly, Bunter obeyed. An alarming hole in his trousers was revealed to the public gaze.

Quelchy frowned, and Sir Hilton gave a snort.

"How did you come by that hole in your trousers, boy?" demanded the baronet.

"Ahem! I—I was sliding down the banisters, sir, and I had the misfortune to tear my bags!"

"You were at Sir Hilton Popper's house last night?" demanded Quelchy.

"Nunno, sir! I haven't been within a mile of it, sir! I don't even know where it's situated, sir!"

Quelchy frowned.

"You will stand over there, Bunter," he said, "until this examination is finished."

The remainder of the class were examined in turn, and the next person in whose "bags" a hole was discovered was Skinner.

Skinner strongly denied having been to Sir Hilton's house in the night. He said the hole had been caused by his having inadvertently sat on a tinctack.

"But this is a tremendous hole!" protested Quelchy.

"Yessir. But a small hole soon grows until it reaches an awful size!"

"You will stand over there with Bunter, Skinner."

"Very well, sir."

There was only one other fellow possessing a ventilation-hole in his "bags." This happened to be Vernon-Smith.

THE POPULAR.—No. 119.

The Bounder was looking rather uncomfortable.

"Did you visit Sir Hilton Popper's house at any time during the night, Smith?" demanded Quelchy.

"No, sir."

"Will you give me your word of honour on that point?"

Vernon-Smith hesitated.

"Ah!" cried Sir Hilton. "He will not give his word of honour, for the simple reason that he knows very well that he was at my house last night. Come, boy! Own up!"

"Yes, I was, sir," said the Bounder quietly.

"Ah, I knew it—I knew it! I knew that neither Bunter nor Skinner would have proved himself such a hero!"

Bunter and Skinner started violently. So did the class. We wondered what was coming.

"I congratulate you, my boy!" said Sir Hilton, grasping the Bounder by the hand.

"You modestly tried to hide your identity, but it was useless. You are the boy who was successful in frustrating what might have proved a serious burglary at my house!

I shall reward you for your courage."

I shall reward you for your courage."

Then up spake Billy Bunter.

"It's all a mistake, sir!" he exclaimed.

"It was me who was at your house last night. It was me who overpowered the burglars!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, Bunter!" roared Quelchy. "Smith, you appear to have behaved with great gallantry and courage. At the same time, I must ask you for an explanation as to why you were out of bounds last night."

"I overheard the burglary being planned in advance, sir," said the Bounder quietly, "so I thought I should be justified in breaking bounds, and going to Sir Hilton Popper's house to nip the affair in the bud."

"Quite right, too, begad!" said the baronet.

And when Sir Hilton left the Form-room Smithy was the richer by a fiver.

As for Bunter and Skinner, who had been so eager to deny having been near the baronet's house, their feelings were altogether too deep for words!

THE HOPE OF HIS SIDE!

A Cricketing Ballad.

By DICK PENFOLD.

When Bunter struts to the wicket,
With a smile on his plump, round
face,

You expect to see real cricket,
As played by Hobbs or Grace.

But you ought to hear the uproar
As Billy comes rolling back:

"He's out—he's out!" the fellows all
shout—
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"

The first ball bowled by Inky
Took Bunter's middle stump;

And Wun Lung said, "Me tunkee
That Bunter's got the hump!"

The umpire's hand is raised aloft,
And Billy looks black as black

As his schoolmates shout, "He's out!
He's out!
Quack! Quack! Quack!"

He can't play cricket for toffee,
And Wun Lung safely swore,

"Me cutee pigtail o'fee
If Bunter make a score!"

For Billy's hopeless, though he vows
That Surrey are on his track.

They need him (how rich!) to roll the
pitch!—
Quack! Quack! Quack!

(This poem refers, of course, to a
"duck," and is not intended as an insult
to "Drake"—ED.)

How to Make Exams Popular!

By TOMMY DODD.

Nobody but a hopeless swot will agree that the sort of exams that are set nowadays are popular.

The three greatest ordeals which a schoolboy has to endure are as follows:

(a) A public flogging; (b) a visit to the dentist; and (c) sitting for an exam.

You can't get away from the fact that the Modern exam is a terrible ordeal. You have to answer all sorts of asinine questions.

Only last week I went in for an exam where the list of subjects was as follows:

1. Write an essay on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

2. Solve the following mathematical problems.

3. Translate the following paragraph into French, German, Portuguese, and Yiddish.

4. Describe a ramble along the seashore, with descriptions of the various shells, weeds, and fungus which are to be seen.

5. Draw a map of Timbuctoo from memory.

6. Write a brief essay, showing what your father did in the Great War.

Now, did you ever hear of such absurd tommy-rot? I was only able to tackle one subject properly, and that was the last. My pater was a special constable in war-time, and he did all sorts of heroic deeds. As for solving mathematical problems, and describing slimy chunks of seaweed—ugh!

Examinations, I venture to think, could be made much more popular provided the subjects given were of a "sporty" nature.

Here is an ideal list of subjects for an exam:

1. Write an essay on the last cricket match you played in.

2. Write a brief article showing how the Modern side at Rookwood is superior to the Classical.

3. Write an essay on "How to Organise a Pillow-fight."

4. Draw a plan of the school tuck-shop.

5. State your views concerning bumpings and Form lickings.

6. Write an imaginary invitation to a study feed.

Compare this list with the one I first quoted, and see how healthy and interesting it is by comparison.

If only examiners would use a little sense in selecting their subjects, it would no longer be an ordeal to sit for an exam. It would be a genuine pleasure. In fact, the fellows would begin to prefer examinations to cricket matches.

I hope our respected Head will read this article, and make a point of carrying out my suggestion.

JIMMY SILVER'S FIGHT FOR HONOUR!

(Continued from page 8.)

"More likely," agreed Jimmy Silver. "I'm going to stay awake to-night in the dorm and see."

"But suppose it was a Shell chap? We can't stay awake in the Shell dorm, you know," said Raby, with a grin.

"One of us can scout out and keep watch on their dorm, if necessary," said Jimmy Silver. "I'd do it while you fellows watch in our room, if you like."

Lovell rubbed his hands.

"My hat! You ought to be a giddy detective, Jimmy! Looks to me as if we shall bag the cad."

There was a tap at the door, and the chums of the Fourth ceased speaking at once. Dick Oswald of the Fourth came in. He was looking a little red and confused, and he reddened still more under the eyes of the Fistical Four.

"Well, what's wanted?" snapped Jimmy Silver.

"Nothing," said Oswald.

"Only—only I want to tell you that I've thought it over, and I don't believe anything against you, Silver. You stood by me when I was down on my luck, and I'm standing by you—if you want me."

Jimmy Silver's face cleared.

"Good man!" he said. "If you're sure you mean that I—"

"Honest Injun!" said Oswald.

"Done!" said Jimmy. "Shut the door, and we'll tell you what we've been planning. You can lend us a hand."

"I'd do anything if I could," said Oswald earnestly. "I haven't forgotten all you did for me, Jimmy, when the fellows were down on me."

"Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return after many days—battered!" grinned Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And in much cheerier spirits the five juniors discussed in low tones the scheme Jimmy Silver had formed; and they left the study as the dusk began to deepen over Rookwood.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Under Suspicion!

JIMMY SILVER came into the School House with a clouded brow.

With the exception of his chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome and Dick Oswald, not a soul on the Classical side of the Fourth Form chose to speak to him. So far, the Moderns had not heard the story, and Tommy Dodd & Co. had nodded cheerily to him in the quad.

But Jimmy knew that the story must soon spread, though all the Classical Fourth agreed in wishing to keep it from the Moderns.

By the morrow he would be cut by all the Lower School, unless he succeeded in discovering the thief, and clearing his name.

Several of the Shell had heard it already, as he could see by the mocking glances he received from Howard and Tracy and Selwyn when he passed them.

He went into the Common-room to

look for his chums. Several of the Classical Fourth were there, and there was a hiss as Jimmy Silver came in.

Wegg of the Third was drying a pair of muddy boots over the fire, and he looked round as he heard the hiss.

"Hallo, what's this about?" asked Wegg.

Jimmy Silver went out, and no one replied to Wegg's question. But the peculiar way the Classical juniors were keeping the secret made it pretty certain that in twenty-four hours it would be all over Rookwood.

"Hallo, here you are!" said Lovell, meeting Jimmy in the passage. "The gates are closed." He lowered his voice. "Nobody's gone out."

Jimmy nodded.

"We'll see at call-over, too," added Lovell.

Calling-over was held in Big Hall. The Fistical Four noted that every fellow answered to his name.

After call-over, Lovell and Newcome

Townsend went out on the steps. Lovell glanced at Newcome significantly. Townsend might be going for a stroll in the quad because he had a bit of a headache. On the other hand, he might be the very fellow they wanted, and his intention might be to scale the wall and clear off, trusting to luck not to be missed if he came back before bedtime.

"Well, I don't mind a bit of rain, either," said Lovell. "I'll come for a stroll with you, Towny."

Townsend stopped suddenly.

"You needn't trouble," he said.

"No trouble at all."

"Look here, Lovell, we're not friends, and I don't want your company!" said Townsend abruptly.

"What beautiful manners these nuts have," said Lovell cheerfully. "Still, I suppose we can walk in the quad if we like? Come on, Newcome!"

Townsend had gone down the steps. Lovell and Newcome followed him. The dandy of the Fourth stopped again, biting his underlip.

"What are you following me for, you rotters?" he muttered in a low, tense voice.

"Following you?" repeated Lovell. "My dear chap, you haven't bought up the quad, I suppose?"

"Will you let me alone?"

"Wouldn't touch you with a barge-pole, Towny! But I am going to walk in the quad if I like, and as long as I like," said Lovell coolly.

The dandy of the Fourth stood silent for a minute, biting his lip. His eyes were glittering. Lovell and Newcome strolled on a few paces, and then strolled back again. They did not mean to lose sight of Townsend. Jimmy Silver stepped out of the doorway and called after them.

"Come on, you chaps! Time for prep!"

"No hurry," said Lovell.

"Come out here, Jimmy. Beautiful night for a saunter. Nice and rainy, you know."

Jimmy Silver laughed, and joined them. Townsend muttered something under his breath, and went back into the house. Lovell looked at his chums, his eyes glistening with excitement.

"You spotted it, Jimmy?" he said breathlessly.

"Yes; I saw it all," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "He wanted to go out, and he wanted to dodge you chaps."

"Yes. And why?" whispered Lovell.

"He's our bird, Jimmy."

"It begins to look like it. He might only be going out for one of his usual little games," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "He might have one of his precious appointments for this evening. But I fancy it will pay us to keep an eye on Towny. I don't know much about him, but I had an impression that he'd got lots of money, though. Not the chap to be so hard up as I figured it out."

"That's all you know!" said Newcome. "I've had to dun him no end for his footer subscription. We had a row about it to-day. He's paid up since, though."

Jimmy Silver started. "He's paid up since!" he exclaimed. "So he was out of money before, and he's got into funds again—what!"

"I suppose so. He came to the study and paid up his five bob," said New-

THE POPULAR.—NO. 119.



"If I don't find the thief I'm going to the Head!" said Jimmy Silver, looking gloomily at the table.

stood in the big doorway, chatting. They chatted with their eyes well open.

They were there to "spot" any fellow—especially any Fourth-Form fellow—who went out into the quadrangle.

It was a misty evening, and rain was beginning to fall. A little later, Townsend of the Fourth came down to the big door, which was not yet closed.

Lovell and Newcome exchanged glances as Townsend stood looking out into the misty quad. Was he going out?

Townsend was not in any way a special object of their suspicions any more than any other member of the select society of Giddy Goats. But, on Jimmy Silver's theory, they were prepared to suspect—and to watch—any member of that detectable circle who showed a desire to get outside Rookwood that evening.

"Going out?" asked Newcome affably, as Townsend stood hesitating.

"No," muttered Townsend. "I—I was thinking of a stroll in the quad, that's all. I've got a bit of a headache."

"It's raining," said Lovell.

"I don't mind a bit of rain."

"What about your clobber?" grinned Lovell. "Suppose you should spoil your beautiful trucks, Towny?"

"Oh, rats!"

come. "I was going to my desk to put his money with the rest, when I found out that the club funds were missing. That's how I came to discover it to-day." "Then it was through Townsend—"

"Yes. If he hadn't paid up to-day I shouldn't have gone to the money-drawer, certainly. Mightn't have gone to it for days," said Newcome.

"And all that time the thief would have been on tenterhooks," said Jimmy Silver.

"Whoever collared the cash and left my knife-blade there must have been anxious for it to come out, and to get it fixed on me. He put the blade there, and chucked the knife into Flynn's study, where Flynn was sure to find it and notice that it was broken—as he did. If I'd found the knife before that discovery was made, I should have been hunting for the chap who took it from my study and busted it. That would have spoiled the whole game. The discovery had to be made about the money before the knife came into my hands again. See?"

"Yes, rather!"

"And by paying up his subscription Townsend caused the discovery to be made," said Jimmy Silver. "It may be chance, but it looks mighty like a clue. Then, he had the money to pay, and earlier in the afternoon he hadn't. And now he's trying to sneak out of the school without being seen, and gives it up because you fellows have kept your eye on him."

Lovell drew a deep breath.

"We're on the giddy track!" he said. "I think we are," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

After Dark.

"BED!" said Bulkeley, looking into the junior Common-room.

The Classical Fourth were mostly in the Common-room, and mostly discussing Jimmy Silver and his iniquities. The discussion ceased as the captain of Roodwood looked in.

The juniors went to the dormitory. Townsend was there, with his chum Topham. Lovell was also there, with one eye on Townsend.

Hardly a minute that evening had Townsend escaped the observation of one or other of the Classical chums.

They had their eyes open for any other possibly suspicious person; but it was upon the dandy of the Fourth that their suspicions centred.

He was one of the Giddy Goats, and they knew that he dabbled in betting. And now that their attention was turned to him, they remembered that he had been looking worried and distraught for days past. They had observed, too, that he was no longer speaking to Smythe of the Shell, and they heard that Towny had tried to borrow money of Smythe and several other wealthy Goats, and failed. Townsend had made so many attempts to raise by borrowing the debt he owed to Joey Hook that a good many comments had been passed on his state of hard-upness.

It was all additional evidence, and the Fistical Four were extremely interested in Townsend just now.

There was not likely to be much sleep for any member of the Co. that night.

According to Jimmy Silver's astute theory, the thief could not yet have disposed of the money taken from Newcome's desk. If Townsend was the thief, and if that had been his object in seeking to get out of the school that evening, he had been baffled. He was not likely to leave it till the morrow. Only desperate fear of a hard creditor could have driven him to such a crime, and that

fear would drive him to paying over the stolen money as quickly as possible, and getting rid of it. The thief, whoever he was, was almost certain to attempt to break bounds that night if there was anything in Jimmy Silver's theory.

Bulkeley put out the lights in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth. There was a buzz of talk among the juniors for some time. They did not speak to Jimmy Silver, but they spoke at him. Topham related a story of a burglary, Flynn told of a case he had read in a paper of a robbery, Jones minor discussed the manners and customs of pick-pockets. It was all for Jimmy Silver's ears.

But Jimmy gave no sign of having taken it to himself. He uttered no word.

His tormentors gave it up at last, concluding, in disgust, that he had fallen asleep, and that their eloquence was wasted on him.

By ten o'clock all was quiet in the dormitory.

But all the juniors were not sleeping.

There was one who watched the starlight at the high windows with sleepless, haggard eyes. And there were five who waited and watched, but made no sound.

Eleven o'clock sounded dully from the clock-tower over the Modern side of Rookwood.

By that time Newcome and Raby were in the land of dreams, and Oswald was nodding off. Their intention was to keep wide awake, but they dozed off unconsciously. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.

But Jimmy Silver's eyes never closed for a moment, and Lovell was equally wide-awake.

Jimmy Silver's honour and good name were staked on the happenings of that night. He was not likely to sleep.

Midnight!

The last stroke of twelve died away in the silence of the night. By that time all Rookwood was plunged in darkness and slumber, save for the two chums in the Fourth Form dormitory and one other.

A few minutes after midnight there was a faint sound in the dormitory.

Jimmy Silver, without a sound or a motion, listened, striving with his keen eyes to penetrate the surrounding gloom.

He knew what that sound was. It was the faint creak of a bed, as its occupant left it with infinite caution.

One of the Classical Fourth was getting up—at past midnight!

Jimmy Silver's heart beat faster.

He had hoped and believed that the theory he had formed was correct. He had proof of it now—or almost proof. It was always possible that one of the Giddy Goats was going "on the razzle," as the elegant Adolphus would have described it. But it was very unusual for the giddiest of Giddy Goats to leave his razzle to so very late an hour. By that time even the merry sporting-party at the Bird-in-Hand would be thinking of bed.

Whoever was going out, therefore, was not a Goat on the razzle, in all probability. It was more serious than that.

Jimmy Silver listened.

Faintly in the darkness came vague sounds, and he knew that whoever had risen from his bed was dressing himself in the dark with great caution.

Then there came a sound of an opening door, and of its closing again. Then Jimmy heard Lovell turning out of the next bed.

"Jimmy!" Lovell's voice was husky with excitement. Jimmy, are you awake, old chap?"

"You bet!" said Jimmy Silver tersely.

"You—you heard—"

"Yes! Get your clobber on, Lovell!" Jimmy was out of bed in a twinkling.

"Wake the other chaps, they're asleep; we've stuck it out, though—"

Lovell chuckled softly.

"I wasn't likely to sleep!" he muttered. "Jimmy, old man—"

"Whisper!" said Jimmy.

"He'll get clear if we're not after him at once."

"No good collaring him in the passage," Jimmy whispered back. "No good nailing him unless he's got the plunder on him. It's more likely he's hidden it somewhere, and he's going to get it and clear out over the wall. We've got to get down to the school wall, and head him off."

"Right!"

Lovell shook Raby and Newcome, and they woke up at once. Jimmy Silver awakened Oswald. A whispered word was enough. The five juniors hurried on their clothes, and the rubber shoes they had concealed in the beds in readiness.

Jimmy opened the dormitory door cautiously.

There was no sound in the passage.

"He's clear!" whispered Raby.

"Wait a tick!"

Jimmy Silver crept silently to Townsend's bed. He was almost certain of the identity of the junior who had quitted the dormitory, but he intended to be quite certain.

Townsend's bed was in darkness.

He bent over it. There was no sound of breathing. Then his hand glided over the pillow. No head rested there. The bed was empty.

Jimmy rejoined his chums, and drew the dormitory door shut when they were in the passage.

"It's Towny?" whispered Oswald.

"Yes; his bed's empty."

"I knew it!" muttered Lovell.

"I knew it!" said Jimmy. "But now we're sure! Come on! Follow your leader!"

Without a word or a question, the chums of the Fourth followed Jimmy Silver. Silent in the rubber shoes, they glided quickly along the dark passage.

Jimmy Silver opened the window at the end of the passage.

"The ivy!" whispered Lovell.

"Yes."

"Towny would get out by the box-room. He hasn't nerve enough for this." "I know that. We shall head him off this way."

Lovell grinned in the darkness.

"Good!"

Jimmy Silver led the way. It required some nerve to swing out of the window and descend by the thick ivy that covered the old stone wall thickly. In the daylight it would not have been a dangerous feat, but with darkness around and below them the juniors needed all their nerve for the task. But they did not hesitate.

Jimmy swung himself out.

"I'll cut off to the wall as soon as I get on the ground," he whispered. "You follow on as soon as you're down. The corner by Little Quad."

"Right-ho!"

Jimmy Silver vanished into the darkness.

Only the rustling and shaking of the ivy told of his rapid descent. Lovell waited one minute for him to get clear, and then clambered through the big window.

Jimmy Silver was safely on the ground.

He did not pause a second.

With quick, silent feet he raced across the quadrangle and through the archway into Little Quad.

There, where two walls joined at a sharp angle, an ancient beech-tree was half embedded in the stonework, and rendered it easy for the clumsiest climber to scale the wall. It was a spot well-

known to fellows who had their own reasons for quitting the school occasionally at forbidden hours. Jimmy Silver & Co. certainly had seldom made use of their knowledge, but they knew all about it.

That was the spot Townsend would make for. Jimmy Silver knew that. Jimmy Silver himself might have scaled the wall in some more difficult place, but not the Slacker of the Fourth.

If Townsend was going out of bounds he was certain to make for that corner of Little Quad. Many a time had Townsend, Topham, Smythe, and the other Giddy Goats climbed the wall in that place for their surreptitious visits to the Bird-in-Hand at Coombe.

Jimmy Silver panted a little as he reached the dark corner under the gloomy shade of the old beech.

He was sure that he was ahead of Townsend. The latter had had five minutes' start, but he had to descend by the box-room window at the back of the School House and make his way round the great building. And he had no occasion to hurry as Jimmy had done.

Jimmy, too, suspected that the money had been hidden, and that Townsend would have to take it from its hiding-place. He was not likely to have kept it upon him.

Jimmy waited. A faint shadow loomed up. It was Lovell. He joined the captain of the Fourth silently.

"That you, Jimmy?"
 "What-ho!"
 "You haven't seen him?"
 "Not yet!"

Silently in the darkness Raby and Newcome and Oswald joined them. There was a few whispered words, and then silence.

The juniors waited with tense eagerness.

Was Townsend coming, or were they on the wrong track, after all? Yet for what reason could Townsend have risen after midnight and dressed himself and left the dormitory in such a stealthy fashion unless it was to break bounds? Once, when caught out of his dormitory at a late hour, he had told a story of toothache, and getting something for it from his study. But, though that story had satisfied Mr. Bootles, the juniors had known that it was false.

Was he coming?
 If he was coming, there was no doubt that they were ahead of him. But was he coming?

Faintly through the silence in Little Quad came a sound—the faint sound of a stealthy footstep. The vigil had lasted a quarter of an hour.

Lovell gripped Jimmy's arm silently. The five juniors backed against the wall, leaving clear the path to the tree. The footsteps came on.

Dimly, barely seer, a form loomed before their eyes. The rain was still falling in light drops. They heard a horried breathing and a scraping sound of boots upon the sloping trunk of the old beech. "Collar him!"

Jimmy Silver muttered the words, and sprang forward.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Held by the Enemy!

"**C**OLLAR him!"
 There was a faint shriek in the darkness. The climbing form on the tree, collared by five pairs of hands at once, came tumbling down in the grasp of the juniors.

Townsend did not resist. He lay heavily in the hands of the juniors who had seized him.

"Got him!" muttered Lovell jubilantly.

"What's the matter with him?" exclaimed Oswald.

"Townsend, you rotter!"

"Towny, you cad!"

"Scared!" grinned Lovell. "Scared out of his silly wits! Don't be frightened, you funky ass, it's only us!"

"Little us!" chuckled Raby.

There was a deep, gasping breath from Townsend. He began to struggle. That sudden collaring in the darkness had indeed scared him almost out of his wits for the moment.

"Lovell!" he panted.

"Yes, you rotter!"

"Hold him!" muttered Jimmy Silver, as Townsend struggled. "Don't make a

Townsend peered at them in the darkness.

"What do you mean? Let me go!"

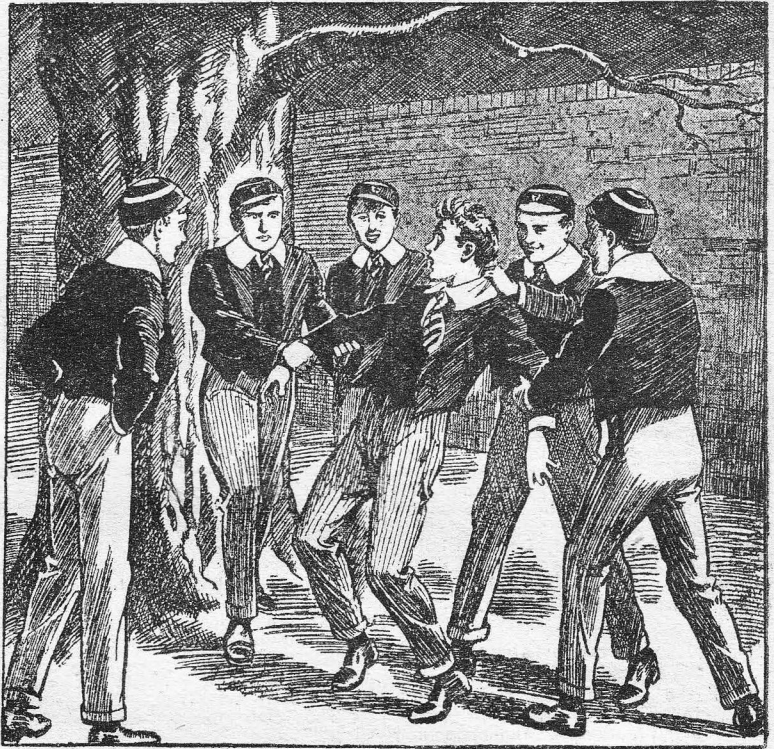
"No fear!"

"You've no right to interfere with me!" panted Townsend.

"Go hon!"

"You interfering cads! Suppose I'm going down to the Bird-in-Hand!" said Townsend. "Is it any business of yours? Smythe goes, and so does Topham sometimes, and Howard and Tracy. Yes, and Knowles of the Sixth; you know it. What are you chipping in for? Mind your own business, hang you!"

"This is our business," said Jimmy Silver. "As for your blackguardly doings, they're not our business, and we shouldn't chip in for that. What have



A faint figure loomed up before them. "Collar him!" Jimmy Silver muttered the words, and sprang forward. The climbing form on the tree came tumbling down in the grasp of the five juniors. Townsend did not resist. "Got him!" muttered Lovell jubilantly. (see Chapter 5.)

row, Townsend, you idiot! Do you want to wake the school?"

"Jimmy Silver!"

"We're all here!" chuckled Raby. "Five of us, my pippin! And if you wriggle like an eel, you won't get away, so you can chuck it!"

Townsend seemed to realise that, for he ceased to resist. He was securely held by the five juniors, and there was no chance for him. He panted breathlessly, his heart beating in great throbs.

"Well, you've got me," he said, trying to speak calmly, though his eyes were burning in the darkness. "You startled me at first. But now what do you want? Have you set up as prefects, to look after fellows who break bounds?"

"We're looking after you specially," said Jimmy Silver. "You are the apple of our eye at the present moment, my dear boy."

"What-ho!" grinned Lovell. "We wouldn't lose you for your weight in gold, Towny!"

you been doing since you were out of bed? We got here a good quarter of an hour ahead of you, and you had a start."

"I—I had to be careful, picking my way in the dark—"

"You didn't have to spend any time looking for something you'd hidden somewhere?" asked Jimmy Silver caustically.

Townsend started violently, and the juniors who were holding him felt him tremble in their grasp.

The wretched black sheep was shaking from head to foot, in a spasm of sudden terror caused by Jimmy Silver's question.

"No need for him to answer that question, I think," said Oswald soberly. "It's answered pretty plainly. He's got the money about him now!"

"The—the money!" panted Townsend.

"Bring him along," said Jimmy Silver shortly.

Townsend began to resist.

"What are you going to do? Where are you going? What do you mean?" His voice rose to a shriek. "Let me go! I'll scream and wake the school!"

"Wake the school if you like," said Jimmy Silver. "If you prefer to have the Head deal with the matter, you can take your choice. It will mean the sack for you. It's your own affair!"

"What do you mean, you—you thief?" hissed Townsend.

"Shut that, you lying villain!" exclaimed Lovell fiercely.

But Jimmy Silver only laughed.

"I'll tell you what I mean, Townsend," said Jimmy Silver. "It's true enough, I dare say, that you were going to the Bird-in-Hand. But you were not going there to gamble; it's too late for that. You were going to see somebody there specially. And my belief is that it's a man you owe money to, whom you're anxious to square up at once!"

"Nothing of the sort! I'm stony, too. Anybody who knows me will tell you I'm out of tin!"

"That's what we're going to see," said Jimmy Silver. "It's known well enough that you were out of tin—your own tin. I know that. But enough said. Bring him along, you chaps. We've got to get back to the dorm!"

"I—I'm going out!" stammered Townsend.

"Your mistake—you're coming in!"

With a hard grasp upon his arms and collar, the juniors marched Townsend across Little Quad, and then across Big Quad to the School House.

Round the dark and shadowy School House they marched him, and, still with a grip on his collar, he climbed in at the box-room window, the way he had left the house. He did not utter a word. He was powerless. He was in the hands of the Philistines, and he had to submit to his fate.

Jimmy Silver fastened the window after the juniors were inside. Then, with silent steps, they trod the passage to the Fourth Form dormitory.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Thief!

AS the juniors entered the dormitory Lovell groped in his pocket, and produced a candle-end, and placed a match to it. Lights and shadows danced on the white walls.

A sleepy voice came from Flynn's bed. "Faith, thin, and what's that? Who's got a light?"

"Wake up!" growled Lovell. Flynn sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes.

"Howly Moses! What's up?" he exclaimed. "Is the school on fire?"

"No, fathead; but it'll be masters or prefects if you howl out like that in the middle of the night!" snapped Lovell.

"But phwat's the matter?"

"What the dickens—" said Topham. "Hallo! What's the little game?" demanded Hooker.

The Classical Fourth were all waking up now at the sound of voices and the glimmer of light. Fellows sat up in their beds, and blinked in astonishment at the strange scene revealed by the glimmering candle.

"Get up!" snapped Jimmy. "If you want to know, we've found the thief!"

"You're the thief!" growled Topham.

"We've found him," repeated Jimmy Silver, "and we want all the Form to witness the proof of it. Get up!"

The Classical juniors turned out of bed at that in wonder. Another candle-end was lighted, and another. The light glimmered on Townsend's colour-

less face. The wretched junior had made more than one attempt to slide his hand into his breast, but he was too securely held for that. Whatever he had concealed about him was not to be disposed of till it had been seen by the whole Form.

A crowd of startled faces were round him now. There was no mistaking the import of Jimmy Silver's words. It was Townsend who was accused.

Jimmy Silver's eyes dwelt with a sarcastic glance upon the surprised crowd of juniors.

"You're going to hear the facts now," he said. "Just after midnight Townsend sneaked out of bed. We were keeping awake, and we spotted him!"

"Spyin' on him!" sneered Topham.

"Watching him," said Jimmy Silver calmly, "because we suspected him of being the thief, and of wanting to get out of the school secretly with the money he had taken from Newcome's desk."

"Oh, by gad! Tell him he's a liar, Towny!"

Townsend did not speak.

"We waited for him in the corner of Little Quad, and collared him as he was getting out," said Jimmy Silver. "We brought him straight back here. Now he's going to be searched in the presence of all you fellows. My belief is that he had the money hidden somewhere, and that he took it from the place to take it out with him—to pay a debt to some rascally betting rotter, I imagine. Anyway, I believe it will be found on him!"

"Rats!"

"Rot!"

"Why don't you tell him he's a liar, Towny?"

Townsend trembled, and his lips quivered, but no word came from him.

"Flynn, old man, come and turn out his pockets," said Jimmy Silver. "We won't have a hand in it."

Flynn hesitated, but he came forward. Townsend's jacket was buttoned up; Flynn jerked it open. A pallor as of death was in Townsend's cheeks, and he was trembling like an aspen.

Click, click, click!

"Bogorra, there's plenty of money here!" muttered Flynn.

"The club money was mostly in silver," said Newcome quietly. "I shoved it in my desk just as the fellows paid it to me."

Flynn turned the pocket out. A shower of silver coins came out into his open hands. Shillings, half-crowns, a five-shilling piece, and a number of florins. The Fourth-Formers looked on breathlessly. It was evidently the money that had been taken from Newcome's desk. There could not be the slightest doubt upon that point. Indeed, Flynn himself remembered having paid his subscription in a five-shilling piece.

Townsend leaned heavily on Lovell, who was still holding him. His strength seemed to have forsaken him.

Flynn, in grim silence, poured the handful of money upon a bed.

"Count it!" said Jimmy Silver.

Flynn counted it.

"Five pounds fifteen shillings," he said.

"Six pounds was taken from my desk," said Newcome, "and after that Townsend paid up his subscription—five shillings."

"Sure, it's plain enough."

"By gad!" said Topham.

"Do you want any more proof?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Townsend was sneaking out of the school after midnight with the money in his pocket."

"I'm done with him," said Topham, shrugging his shoulders.

Townsend's look was haggard. His own

chum was convinced, and had turned his back on him. The wretched junior groaned aloud.

"Haven't you anything to say?" exclaimed Hooker savagely. "You stole the club funds, and planted Jimmy Silver's knife in the desk to put it on him. You've led us all by the nose."

"Sure, I'm sorry," said Flynn repentantly. "But, faith, it was all Lovell's fault. He was so jolly sure about his clue of the penknife, and he told us he was going to find the thief with that silly clue, and so—"

Jimmy Silver pointed to the ghostly Townsend.

"There's the thief," he said, "and there's the money. I'm going to bed."

Newcome gathered up the money. Townsend tottered to his bed. Glances of contempt were thrown upon him from all sides.

With a moan of utter misery, the dandy of the Fourth turned into bed, and lay there silent, as the candles were blown out and the juniors returned to bed. After a time the Fourth Form slept, but no sleep came to Townsend's haggard eyes. In dumb misery he lay, and watched the dawn stealing in at the high windows.

Jimmy Silver's name had been cleared.

The repentant Classics the next day showed their repentance in many ways; and Jimmy Silver, who never bore malice, kindly condescended to accept their apologies. Townsend was avoided as if he had been a leper.

That evening Oswald dropped into the end study, where the Fistical Four, in the cheeriest of spirits, were starting their prep. There was curious expression on Oswald's face.

"Have you heard?" he asked.

"What—and which?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"About Townsend?"

"Found out and sacked?" asked Lovell.

"Oh no! He's got out a new version of the story," said Oswald. "The chaps are talking it over—they don't know what to make of it. It seems—according to Townsend—that it was all a practical joke."

"A what?" ejaculated Raby.

"His story is that he took the cash out of Newcome's desk, and left Jimmy's knife there simply as a joke on Jimmy."

"Oh crumbs!" said Newcome.

"Last night he got up, intending to put it back again, with a note explaining that it was a joke, and telling Jimmy he had been spoofed."

"Great Scott!"

"But he had an appointment at the Bird-in-Hand, and he was going there first, and then you fellows collared him and—"

"Phew!"

"So he wasn't able to carry out his intention. In the dorm, he felt that appearances were against him, and he was so knocked over that he didn't explain. He's explained now."

"And are we going to let the miserable cad crawl out of it with a lie like that?" exclaimed Lovell hotly.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"We are—we is!" he said. "Towny's had his lesson; he won't burn his fingers again, I imagine. Give him a chance to live it down. Least said soonest mended. Let him crawl out of it. Besides, it might be the truth."

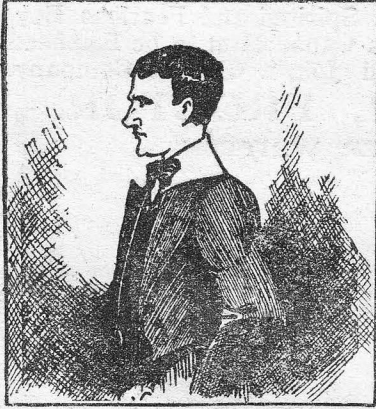
And the Fistical Four kept to that, and declined to say a word on the subject of Townsend's remarkable explanation, so Townsend had the benefit of the doubt.

THE END.

(Full particulars of the next splendid story in the "Editor's Chat.")

POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 13.—VERNON-SMITH.



Among the early stories which have appeared were those which told of the long contest between Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith for the leadership of the Form.

When the Bounder first came to Greyfriars he was the biggest outsider and cad in the whole Form, and despised by all. The only child of a purse-proud, strong-headed man, Vernon-Smith was entered into the school mainly because his father held the Head in the "palm of his hand," as he thought. Those were very hard times for Dr. Locke, for the Bounder took advantage of this state of affairs.

He could do anything he chose; he knew he was safe. The Head dare not expel him; Mr. Vernon-Smith would see to that. That was the attitude he adopted.

But at last Dr. Locke got out of Samuel Smith's clutches. Bob Cherry's pluck had much to do with his escape; but there were signs of better feelings on the part of the Bounder in the affair.

Herbert was very keen to become captain of the Form—so keen that he saw his wild follies would not get him there. The only remote chance that offered itself he took; he dropped several of his caddish ways, and fell into line a little with the rest.

It was a battle which is talked about even now—that fight for the captaincy. Honours at cricket and football helped to give him a firmer standing. To give him his due, he worked very hard and laboriously. But his way was not the way which wins in the long run. If craft availed him, he would have got there. But pluck and honesty beat him down in the end.

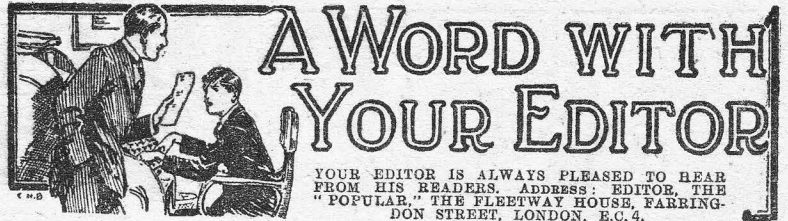
There was any amount of goodness and decency in Vernon-Smith at that time, but it was hidden too deep to be brought to light. It wanted gradually unearthing, and when it broke to the surface it appeared to everyone as a surprise.

To Harry Wharton he owed a great deal, and when at last the change came he recognised the debt. He thanked Harry for the stern but fair way the latter and the Form had treated him. Fairness was a new thing to him. It puzzled him not a little. He was not stirred to emulate it, but his brain was too keen for him to overlook it. It surprised him, but taught him a lesson.

He is dead straight now, and one of the finest athletes in the school. With such resolutions as he possesses, backsliding is for him almost unthinkable. Yet the Bounder is still the "wildest" fellow at Greyfriars.

Here is his signature:

Vernon Smith.



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:

THERE WILL BE ANOTHER SPLENDID LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY OF HARRY WHARTON & CO. NEXT WEEK, ENTITLED:

"SUSPECTED!"

By Frank Richards.

This story deals with a very unfortunate position in which Frank and Dicky Nugent find themselves. Lord Mauleverer reports the loss of a banknote, and suspicion falls on the two Nugents. That is as much as I am going to tell you about next Friday's story of Greyfriars.

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

"A FRESH START!"

By Owen Conquest.

Jimmy Silver's uncle, John Silver, carries out his threat to come to Rookwood, and meets with a mixed reception. Things are just being brought to a head when an unsuspected development occurs. You must see next week's "Popular" and read these two grand, complete school stories.

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

There will be another splendid supplement, entitled as above, in our next issue. It is a special number, dealing with that very popular summer sport, swimming. Billy edits the "copy" in his own wonderful way, and the Special Swimming Number of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" is as funny as ever!

Order your copy of the "Popular" now, my chums, and be sure of getting one!

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 13.

The examples for the thirteenth "Poptets" Competition are as follows.

Frank Richards' Best. When Help Required.
Billy Bunter's Magnet. Refusing to Fag.
Explaining to Dutton. Led Into Mischief.
When Cash Disappears. Sportsmen Smile
Cheering the Loser. When—
Takes Bunter's Fancy, Bunter's Favourite
Gussy's Tenor Solo. Pastime.

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poptets" No. 13, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

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

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

5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly 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 May 5th, 1921.

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

THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY'S COMPETITION.

I just want to tell my chums that in our famous companion paper's Editorial Chat there is an offer of a prize of Ten Shillings, and two prizes of Five Shillings, to the readers who succeed in making up the most words out of the letters contained in a certain other word.

The prize must be won this week, and I cannot guarantee to offer any more prizes or have another competition in the "Magnet" for some time. I advise you all, therefore, to take your chance at once, and have a shot for one of the above-mentioned cash prizes.

Particulars will be found in this week's issue of the "Magnet," now on sale at every newsagent's shop. Next Monday's issue will contain directions of where, how, and when to send in your effort.

RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 7.

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

James Hampton, The Wilderness, Hatchford End, Cobham, Surrey.

Example—In Headmaster's Study.
"Poptet"—"Striking" Interviews Take Place.

Victor Cherrington, 4a, Eglinton Lane, Glasgow, S.S.

Admitting Defeat.
Rainbow, Seeing Gussy's Waistcoats.

F. Revell, 32, Willow Vale, Shepherd's Bush, Uxbridge Road, London.

There's Always Trouble.
Coker and "Remove."

Dorice Huntley, 41, Severn Avenue, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.

Sammy Bunter's Spelling.
A "Minor" Incident.

Lilly Bachelor, 19, Kettering Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.

A Brutal Prefect.
Fags Rebelled—Prefect Expelled.

B. Smart, 25, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants.

Sammy Bunter's Spelling.
Simply a "Minor" Affair.

G. Hatton, 4, George Street, Gloucester.

Eating in Class.
(S)queched by Quelch.

F. Gould, 9, Spout Lane, Walsall.

There's Always Trouble—
When Secrets Reach Trimble.

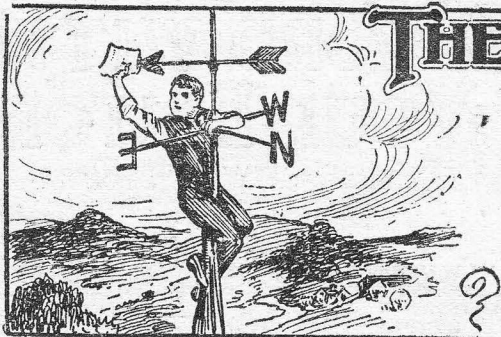
H. Downey, 21, Miriam Road, Plumstead, S.E. 13.

Admitting Defeat.
Good Sportsmen Always Do.

H. Hobercraft, 75, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, E.

There's Always Trouble—
When "Flu" Attacks Sweep.

Your Editor.
THE POPULAR.—No. 119.



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 FINEST STORY OF THE FILMS EVER WRITTEN.

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 funks 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 Cinema 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 Mr. Henderson's private office. It is arranged for the signing of the contract to take place at the Cinema King's home during the week-end. In the outer office Dick befriends a clerk, who tells him he has just got the sack. Dick takes pity on him, and tells the lawyer that he will not sign the contract until the clerk is taken back.

(Now read on.)

Dick's Resolution!

I UNDERSTAND, sir," said the lawyer. "And, if I may say so, I heartily agree with you!"

The clerk—Hopson—for his part, looked up, and regarded Dick with an expression of mingled relief and gratitude.

He rose slowly to his feet once more, and caught Dick's hand in his.

"Heaven bless you, sir!" he said fervently. "I don't know who you are, sir, but you're a white man, and I thank Heaven that you happened to come into this office to-day! If you can persuade Mr. Henderson to give me another chance, you will earn my undying gratitude. Perhaps, sir—who can tell?—I may be in a position to do you a good turn some day."

"That's all right, Mr. Hopson," Dick returned. "I'm only too glad to be of service to you, and I know, without your mentioning it, that if you should have the opportunity of doing me a good turn in repayment, you will not hesitate to do so."

THE POPULAR.—No. 119.

"I certainly won't sir!" replied the clerk. "You've made a good friend in me, sir; and one can do with all the friends one can find in the world these days!"

Dick nodded.

He little realised what immense truth there was in the little clerk's words; but before long he was to learn that in this poor little clerk he had so staunch a friend that he ultimately came to owe his life to him.

But Mr. Robinson, the lawyer, broke into the conversation.

"Excuse me, sir," he said respectfully, addressing Dick, "but you heard the instructions Mr. Henderson gave me?"

"Oh, yes, about taking me down to his country house to fix up and sign the contract!" answered Dick.

"Quite so," went on the lawyer. "Well, sir, if I may suggest it, I would propose that we catch the five o'clock train down this afternoon. That will give me the opportunity of getting through a full day's work—I am rather busy—and, doubtless, you would like the opportunity of seeing a little more of London."

"I understand that you have your car waiting, and the chauffeur is a London man. He could take you round to show you all the sights. Perhaps you might even care to go to a matinee, and meet me on the five o'clock train at Waterloo Station for Shoreton-on-Sea, which is where Mr. Henderson's country residence is situated? Of course, if you require any money on account, I could arrange for—"

"Oh, no, thanks!" answered Dick quickly. "I have the sum of fifty pounds in my pocket now; that will be ample for the time being."

"Very good, sir! Then I shall see you on the five o'clock train to-night at Waterloo?" remarked the lawyer.

"Yes," answered Dick. "I'll be there!"

Little did Dick realise what was in store for him at the other end of that railway journey.

Had he done so, he might even have hesitated to take the journey.

A great shock awaited Dick, and one which was going to remain in his memory to his dying day!

Around the Town!

AFTER having fixed up to meet the solicitor upon the five o'clock train for Shoreton that afternoon, Dick strolled leisurely out of the London offices of the World-famed Cinema Company.

His magnificent car, with the liveried chauffeur, was at the curb, the engine running with a soft, purring sound.

Immediately the chauffeur perceived Dick emerging through the heavy plate-glass, swung doors of the Cinema offices, he stepped quickly forward, and brought his gauntlet-gloved hand to the peak of his smartly-cut cap.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

For a moment Dick was at a loss to reply.

"I hardly know," he said at length.

"As a matter of fact I really haven't anything to do between now and five o'clock this afternoon, when I have to catch the Shoreton train from Waterloo. Can't you suggest something?"

"Thank you, sir," returned the chauffeur. "May I ask if you are well-acquainted with London?"

"Of course you may," answered Dick. "No, I'm not a Londoner, and I've only visited the city once or twice in my life before, and that was when I was quite a kid!"

The chauffeur inclined his head, and an air of understanding seemed to exude from him.

"Quite so, sir; quite so, sir," he said, as if he were thoroughly accustomed to be called upon to plan a day for those who rode in his car.

"Well, sir," he went on, "if I may suggest it—how would you like me to drive you round London, and show you the sights? If you would care for me to do so, you might sit in front beside me, and I could explain what the many buildings and thoroughfares are as we come to them! It is only a suggestion, sir," added the fellow respectfully.

"And a very good one, too," returned Dick. "Excellent! I will certainly come in front with you; and, by the way, what's your name?"

"Dagnell, sir—Herbert Dagnell!"

"Very good, Dagnell," said Dick, with a light laugh. "You hop it into the jolly old driving seat and I'll come and sit beside you."

"Thank you, sir!"

As soon as Dick Trafford had seated himself beside his chauffeur the magnificent car slid gracefully forward with hardly a sound along Wardour Street.

It will be remembered that Dick had entered this street of cinema fame from the Piccadilly end; but now Dagnell drove the car along in the direction of Oxford Street.

Then he swung it round to the left, and headed for the Marble Arch and Hyde Park.

There is no need to weary one with a description of Richard Trafford's trip round London that morning; suffice it to say that his guide and informant was a born and bred Cockney, and knew every inch of his London.

The Horse Guards, the War Office, the Tower Bridge, and the Tower of London were but a few of the varied sights which Dick Trafford drank in with his eyes as he listened to the interesting little anecdotes which the chauffeur had to tell him about them all.

At length midday arrived, and Dagnell drove Dick back to the Astoria Hotel.

The car came to a gentle standstill under the glass-roofed portico of the

hotel, and Dick stepped down from his seat beside the driver.

"Thanks, very much, Dagnell," he murmured, as he stood upon the pavement beside the car. "You're a splendid guide; and when I come back to London again we must see some more of it!"

"What about this afternoon, sir?" suggested Dagnell. "Would you care to go round again; and what time will you want me?"

"No, thanks!" smiled Dick. "I sha'n't want you at all this afternoon. You see, Dagnell, I'm going to be a cinema actor; in fact, I have already worked for the World-famed Company, and I thought this afternoon I would go to that huge cinematograph theatre you pointed out to me in one of the streets this morning—the one you told me used to be an opera house—and so

you see I sha'n't want you. I'll just get a taxi-cab to drive me there!"

A shade of disappointment showed in the chauffeur's face.

As was always the case, Dick had unconsciously endeared himself to the fellow, and he would have done anything for him.

Dick was like that!

His charm of manner and his winning personality found friends for him wherever he went.

He had been the most popular boy at St. Peter's before the headmaster, Dr. Steele, had forced Dick to leave.

Dick was quick to notice the expression of disappointment upon his chauffeur's face when he learned that his services would not be required.

"I'm sorry," said Dick. "I would really prefer to go round some other parts of London with you this afternoon,

but I feel that I really ought to start upon my cinema career in fairness to Mr. Henderson, who has made me such a magnificent offer. And I don't think I can do this better than by going to the picture-theatre I spoke of, and seeing some of the films produced by the World-famed Company, and get a thorough idea of the class of picture in which they specialise."

Herbert Dagnell inclined his head.

"Quite so, sir; quite so," he said.

"I entirely understand; and if I may, sir, I wish you every kind of good luck in your new venture."

"Thanks, Dagnell!" returned Dick, as he extended his hand towards the man.

Dagnell half-hesitated, but the frank, smiling face of Richard Trafford disarmed his fears.

There was obviously no cheap affecta-

(Continued on the next page.)



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THE POPULAR.—No. 119.

tion or "side" about this fresh young boy! His success—unexpected and marvellous as it was—had not spoiled him.

Dick now turned upon his heel, and passed through the massive doors of the Astoria Hotel, which were held aside for him by two page-boys in smart uniforms.

Dick passed along through the luxurious vestibule of the hotel, and on into the lift, which whizzed him away to his own sumptuous suite of rooms.

Here the valet was waiting in attendance, and ten minutes later Dick emerged once more, washed and refreshed and ready for his lunch.

He chose to take this in the large public restaurant of the hotel.

Breakfast in his own private room was one thing; but now he was anxious to see the life and animation of the elite of London Society—for the Astoria was the super-hotel of all London.

As Dick strolled into the magnificently furnished dining-room, and passed down the centre towards the table to which the head-waiter was now piloting him, many admiring glances were shot at him by the others who were lunching there.

Quite apart from his recent brave performance before the motion-camera, Dick's appearance alone was arresting.

His clear-cut features, his bright, fearless blue eyes, and the proud aristocratic angle at which he carried his well-shaped head were in themselves sufficient to attract attention.

And, too, the illustrated newspapers had not been idle.

All that morning there had been a constant stream of reporters and photographers inquiring for Dick.

They had, of course, been informed that he was out, but this had not prevented them from scouring the photographic studios of London, and requesting the proprietors to search their records to see if at any time they had taken a picture of Richard Trafford.

Their energies had not been entirely without success, for they had secured about half a dozen, ranging from when Dick was a tiny, toddling tot—and when brought to London by his mother had been photographed at one of the West End studios—to photographs of him taken in school groups.

Each of these were to appear in the afternoon editions of the latest illustrated evening newspapers.

And, too, unbeknown to Dick, he had been "snapped" by an enterprising

camera man as he had entered his hotel upon his return to lunch.

Some of these photographs had already appeared in the early-morning editions of some of the London illustrated "dailies," and thus there were many in the palatial dining-room of the Astoria who recognised Dick from these pictures in the paper.

"That's Dick Trafford!" ran the whispered voice.

"He's the young fellow who saved the Petersfield Express!"

"They say he's received a wonderful offer to appear on the pictures."

"I must go and see them when he does. He's a fine-looking chap—every inch a hero!"

Such were the admiring comments which were whispered as Dick passed down the aisle between the tables. But they did not reach Dick's ears. And even had they done so, he was far too well mentally balanced to get that shocking complaint known as "swelled head."

Dick partook of his lunch—enjoying every course of it, for he had the usual schoolboy's appetite—and then at length he rose from his table, and passing out into the lobby of the hotel, sent a page for his hat and overcoat.

Donning these, he passed out into the street and hailed a taxicab.

At his request the shade was lowered in order to enable him to see still more of this city which he found so delightfully entralling, and then the cab sped off for the largest cinema theatre in London.

Dick particularly wanted to visit this actual theatre, as that morning he had seen advertised a film which was produced by the World-famed Cinema Company.

Dick alighted from his cab, and walked up the broad marble steps of the theatre, and soon he was watching the film.

All manner of "stunts" took place in the story, from changing from one aeroplane to another in mid-air down to a fight at the bottom of the sea between two divers.

Dick's blood tingled with excitement as he watched the progress of the story, and a feeling of pleasureable anticipation came to him as he realised that before long it would be his name which was splashed across the front of half the theatres in the United Kingdom, as was that of the leading actor in this case.

"I'll be doing those 'stunts' before

the camera before long!" he murmured to himself with satisfaction; and the thought of this made him all the more anxious for five o'clock to come when he could catch the Shoreton train from Waterloo.

He glanced at his wrist-watch. It was still only four o'clock.

"Still another hour," he murmured to himself, and settled down to enjoy the other pictures.

Punctually at five minutes to five Dick Trafford stepped down from his cab at Waterloo Station, and a porter came forward to take his suitcase from him.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

"Five o'clock for Shoreton," replied Dick. "Where's the booking-office?"

The porter was about to point out where Dick might obtain his ticket, when a voice sounded behind him.

"I've got a ticket for you, Mr. Trafford!"

Dick swung round, and perceived the figure of Mr. Henderson's solicitor, Mr. Robinson, standing there bag in hand.

"I was a little early," he went on to explain, "and as I did not see you on the train I guessed—and rightly so—that you had not yet arrived. And thinking that, being unaccustomed to London, you might cut it a bit fine, I decided to get your ticket for you. Come this way, Mr. Trafford; I have two nice corner seats reserved in the Pullman!"

"Thanks very much!" murmured Dick. He was becoming a little dazed at the manner in which everyone ran round him. Was he never to be allowed to do anything for himself? They almost seemed to do his thinking for him, too!

The comfortable Pullman car reached. Dick took his reserved seat, and the lawyer the one opposite, the little table between them.

Hardly had Dick had time to open one of the evening papers which Mr. Robinson had bought for him than the Shoreton express slid forward.

A little cry of surprise escaped Dick's lips as he perceived a picture of himself staring at him from out of the centre of the front page of the evening paper.

It was a reproduction of the one which the patient and enterprising photographer had secured of Dick when he returned to the Astoria Hotel for lunch.

(To be continued.)

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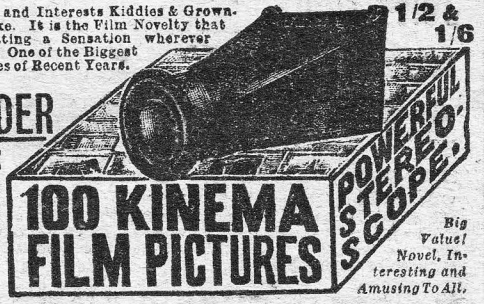
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