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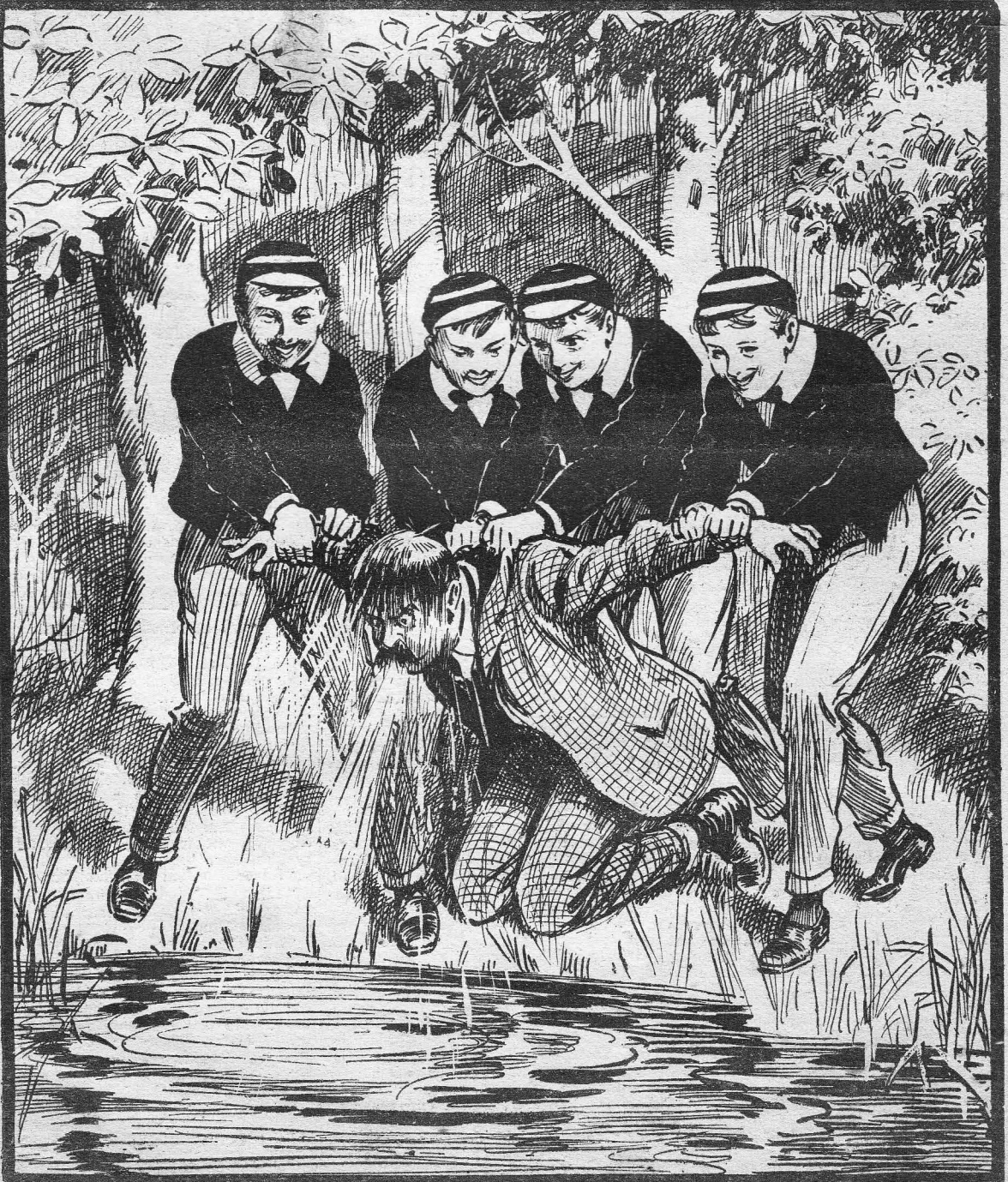
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# The POPULAR

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

Rookwood

St. Jims



**A DUCKING FOR A RASCAL!**

(An exciting incident in the long complete school tale of Rookwood inside.)

# A FRESH START!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.



## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Bothering Mr. Bootles.

**B**UZ-Z-Z!

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, laid down his book with a slight exclamation of impatience.

It was a half-holiday at Rookwood, and while the fellows were sporting themselves on the playing-fields, Mr. Bootles was enjoying himself in his own way, with a ponderous volume of Sophocles.

All Mr. Bootles' thoughts were far away, dwelling upon "the glory that was Greece," and the sudden imperious buzz of the telephone brought him back to the modern world with a jump.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Bootles.

He laid Sophocles carefully upon a chair, rose, and crossed to the table where the telephone stood. All Mr. Bootles' movements were leisurely, and the bell was buzzing away all the time. However, he took up the receiver at last.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Bootles to the transmitter. "What, what!"

"Hallo!" came to his ears. "Are you there?"

"I am undoubtedly here," said Mr. Bootles. "Kindly proceed with your communication with as much rapidity as possible."

Mr. Bootles used words like that even on the telephone.

"That's Rookwood?"

"This is certainly Rookwood Collegiate School."

"I wish to speak to one of the boys."

Mr. Bootles fairly snorted into the transmitter. This, then, was what he had been interrupted for, it was for this that he had been dragged suddenly from the entrancing pages of Sophocles. Mr. Bootles' snort would have done credit to a war-horse.

"Sir," he said to the transmitter, "it is not customary for the pupils of this ancient foundation to receive communications by means of the telephone. The installation was not made for the personal convenience of the pupils."

"Eh? I didn't catch that."

It was no wonder that the speaker at the other end had failed to "catch" all that. Mr. Bootles repeated it with ponderous patience.

"But I want to speak to a junior—"

"A junior!"

Mr. Bootles glared at the telephone as if it had done him an injury. It was not even a senior. If it had been Bulkeley of the Sixth Mr. Bootles might have excused it. But a junior!

"Are you there?" came the voice.

Mr. Bootles was giving the telephone deadly looks, instead of speaking into it.

"I am here," replied Mr. Bootles, "and I respectfully beg to call your attention to the fact that it is not customary to ring up a Form-master for the purpose of communicating with a junior. I have the honour of bidding you good-afternoon!"

And the master of the Fourth fairly

jammed the receiver on the hook, and returned with a heightened colour to Sophocles.

Buz-z-z-z!

Barely had Mr. Bootles reopened Sophocles when the bell started again. Mr. Bootles ejaculated "Dear me!" but his expression suggested that he was inclined to say something more than that.

He took up the receiver once more.

"Hallo! You rang off!" came the voice over the wires. "I hadn't finished."

"I had!" snapped Mr. Bootles, and down went the receiver again.

Buz-z-z-z!

"Goodness gracious! What a dreadfully persistent person!" ejaculated the exasperated Form-master, as the bell restarted after a brief interval. "Hallo—hallo!"

"Hallo! You rang off," came the voice cheerfully. "Is that Rookwood?"

"Bless my soul!"

"Say that again, please. I didn't catch that."

"Dear me! Yes, this is Rookwood. For goodness' sake, what is wanted?"

"I want to speak to a junior—"

"Br-r-r-r!" said Mr. Bootles.

"I can't hear you. What did you say?"

"Upon my word!"

"Thank you! I want to speak to James Silver of the Fourth Form."

"You cannot do anything of the sort," snorted Mr. Bootles. "Are you under the impression, sir, that a telephone in a Form-master's private apartments is intended for the use and convenience of a junior schoolboy in the Fourth Form? If you have that impression, sir, you are labouring under a very serious misapprehension."

"Great Scott!"

"What—what?" said Mr. Bootles.

"Tell Jimmy his uncle wants to speak to him."

"His uncle?"

"Yes."

"Why could you not state at first that you were a relative of the boy in question?" snapped Mr. Bootles. "However, it is not at all customary—indeed, it is a very great and disconcerting innovation to—"

"Exactly! I'm sorry to trouble you, but this is important—very important. In fact, it is a very serious matter, and I must speak to my nephew at once. Pray accept my apologies for troubling you."

"Oh, very well—very well!" said Mr. Bootles, somewhat mollified. "Kindly hold on, and I will endeavour to get the junior in question here. As it is a half-holiday, he is very probably beyond bounds. However, I will endeavour to ascertain."

Mr. Bootles laid down the receiver carefully—he did everything carefully—and threw open his study door. Smythe

of the Shell was fortunately in sight at the end of the passage, and the Fourth Form-master called to him.

"Smythe!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Kindly find Silver of my Form and tell him to come to my study at once."

Smythe of the Shell looked rebellious for a moment. The great Smythe did not like being sent on errands like a fag. However, he reflected that if Jimmy Silver was wanted in his Form-master's study at once, it was probably for a licking. So he said "Yes, sir!" quite cheerfully.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Jimmy Silver's Last Word.

**J**IMMY SILVER of the Fourth was on the football ground. The footballers of the Fourth Form were at practice. Raby, in gaol, was stemming a frontal attack. Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Newcome, and Oswald had a ball each, and they were peppering him. Raby, amid loud cheers, kept all four balls going like a juggler. The Pistical Four were thus busy when Adolphus Smythe of the Shell lounged elegantly on the ground and turned his eyes glass upon them.

"Silver!" called out Adolphus.

"Pile in!" said Jimmy Silver. "Bravo, Raby! That's first-rate! Keep the ball rolling!"

"Silver!"

"Bravo, Raby!"

"Your Form-master wants you in his study, Silver, at once," said Adolphus, and he turned his back and sauntered away. He had delivered the message, and if Jimmy Silver did not choose to heed it, that was Jimmy's own lookout.

But Jimmy did heed it.

"Bow-wow!" he growled. "What does Bootles want now? Just like these blessed Form-masters; they've got no tact."

Jimmy Silver came off the field,

hurried on his coat and muffler, and started for the School House. There was no time to change if his Form-master wanted him at once.

Glowing and ruddy with healthy exercise, Jimmy Silver presented himself at Mr. Bootles' door in a somewhat uneasy frame of mind. He was rather anxious to know why Mr. Bootles had sent for him. He rubbed his hands in anticipation as he came along the passage.

"Ah, Silver!" said Mr. Bootles, looking up from Sophocles. "You are—er—wanted."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, brightening up. This did not look like a licking, at all events.

"A—er—relative of yours has called me up on the telephone," said Mr. Bootles. "Your—er—uncle. Dear me, what is the matter with you, Silver?" asked Mr. Bootles, as the junior started and frowned blankly.

"My—my uncle, sir?" stammered Jimmy.

"Yes. You may speak to him, though it is—ahem!—an unprecedented occurrence," said Mr. Bootles. "I shall leave you my study for five minutes, Silver."

"Thank you, sir!"

Mr. Bootles retired majestically, closing the door after him. His manner indicated that the occurrence was indeed unprecedented.

Jimmy Silver hurried to the receiver.

His face was hard set, and there was a glitter in his eyes. His voice was as sharp as a knife as he spoke into the receiver.

"Are you there?"

"Is that you, Jimmy?"

"I am Jimmy Silver."

"I'm your uncle."

"I know your voice," growled Jimmy. "What do you want? How dare you ring me up here?"

Jimmy detected a chuckle on the telephone. John Silver, the reckless scapegrace and wastrel, was not likely to be abashed by his nephew's anger.

"I want to speak to you, Jimmy. I told you my circumstances before—"

"You told me that money was missed in the office where you were employed in London," said Jimmy, "and that they suspected you."

"Hush! We may be overheard at the exchange."

"That's your look-out," said Jimmy Silver grimly. "I warned you what to expect if you bothered me at the school. You told me you were innocent, and I believed you. Now I think you lied to me."

"Jimmy!"

"You said you needed money to clear off with, and I raised it, and gave it to you, and you gambled it away. So I've finished with you."

"Do you want to see me at Rookwood?"

There was a threatening growl in the voice on the wires.

"No. If you come here you won't stay long. I shall ring up the police-station at once, and give you in charge."

"You young fool! If we are overheard—"

"Most likely we are overheard," said Jimmy Silver calmly. "I don't care! My father refuses to have anything to do with you. I thought perhaps he was hard on you. I can see now that it was like my cheek. My pater was right, and I ought to have known it. He wouldn't allow me to have anything to do with you if he knew. Well, then, you understand—I'm done with you."

"It may pay you better—"

"Rats!"

"Then you refuse to help me?"

"I can't! And I won't! If I found

more money for you, it would all go the same way—I know that. I tell you, I'm done with you."

"Jimmy, I'm desperate!"

"That's your business."

"I can't stay on at the Ship any longer. I owe a big bill—"

"And plenty of gambling debts, I've no doubt," said Jimmy Silver bitterly. "What's the bill for—drink?"

"Don't rub it in, Jimmy. I may have my weaknesses." The voice was wheedling now. "Don't go back on a man when he's down, Jimmy. I give you my word that if I could find honest work I'd do it like a shot. But everything's against me."

"Then I'll give you some advice," said Jimmy Silver. "I can tell you where to get honest work."

"I—I can't do manual labour, Jimmy."

"I don't see why you can't. Better men than you do manual labour," said Jimmy. "There's no excuse for a slacker. But this isn't manual labour. I'm speaking of an honourable profession, such as is followed by the very best men in England—the pick of the whole country. Good clothes, good food, pocket-money and pension, and the best society in the wide world. Do you want the job?"

"Where's that job, Jimmy?"

"In the Army."

"Look here, Jimmy—"

"Nuff said. If you'd do the decent thing, my pater would stand by you—I know that. Good-bye!"

"Hold on, Jimmy! I want money!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Eh? What did you say?"

"Bow-wow!"

"You refuse to help me?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm coming to Rookwood."

"You know what to expect if you come!" said Jimmy Silver between his teeth.

"I'll chance that, Jimmy. I don't believe you would send your own uncle to prison. But if you do, it won't be much worse for me—I'm on my uppers, and desperate. It will be the finish for you at Rookwood. You won't be able to hold your head up in the school, with your uncle in gaol. I tell you I'm desperate! If you refuse to help me, I'll come to Rookwood full of drink, and kick up a shindy—"

"And you're my uncle!" said Jimmy Silver bitterly.

"You're my nephew. Help me out of this scrape."

"I've helped you all I can, and you've spent the money on drink and gambling. Not a shilling more—not a farthing! Come here if you dare!"

"Then expect me in an hour."

Jimmy Silver rang off. He did not choose to have any more words with the rascal. The study door was opened, and Mr. Bootles' cough was heard. Jimmy Silver turned with a flushed face from the telephone.

"Ah! I trust you have had a pleasant chat with your uncle, Silver," said Mr. Bootles graciously.

"Thank you, sir!" said Jimmy.

He left the study, and with knitted brows went to look for his chums.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Lovell's Idea!

"LICKED!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome asked the question with one voice as Jimmy Silver re-joined them on the football ground.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"No; it wasn't a row. Come up to the study, you chaps."

"But the footer—"

"Blow the footer! I want you to advise me."

Lovell & Co. looked rather curiously at Jimmy's flushed, troubled face.

"Right-ho!" said Lovell.

The Fistical Four left the football-ground. Jimmy Silver led the way without a word to the end study in the Fourth-Form passage.

His heart was heavy and his mind troubled. He had had no hesitation in defying his scapegrace uncle to do his worst. But he shuddered at the thought of the scene with which he was threatened.

What would the fellows say if John Silver came to Rookwood—shabby, unkempt, in drink, to "kick up a shindy," as he expressed it. Jimmy's face was flooded with crimson at the bare thought. How his old enemies, the Giddy Goats, would gloat over it—Smythe and Tracy and Howard and Townsend, and the rest, how they would enjoy the scene! What would the Head say? Would he not consider that Rookwood had had enough of a fellow with such relations?

And if Jimmy carried out his threat, and his uncle was taken away from Rookwood with handcuffs on his wrists—what then? The shame would be a stigma he could never live down.

His uncle's sins could not, in justice, be visited upon his head. It was not his fault if John Silver was a wastrel and an outsider. But—

A fellow was judged a good deal by his people. And John Silver, the scapegrace, the drunken waster, the absconding embezzler, was one of his "people."

"What the dickens is the matter?" asked Raby, when they were in the study. "You look as if you were going to a funeral, Jimmy."

"I feel like it," said Jimmy. "I'm in a scrape. I don't want to drag you fellows into it, of course—"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Lovell. "Whatever it is, we're all in it together. But what's the rumpus?"

"It's my uncle! I've told you about him."

Lovell frowned.

"He's given you enough trouble already. You've got talked about through meeting that boozey rotter—excuse me—though the fellows don't know he's your uncle. You've got to keep him at a distance."

"Suppose he won't be kept at a distance?" said Jimmy Silver bitterly.

"You've heard from him again?"

"Yes."

Jimmy Silver explained what he had heard on the telephone in Mr. Bootles' study.

His chums listened with startled looks.

"Coming here!" ejaculated Raby.

"Yes, here!" said Jimmy. "Boozey and raging—to kick up a shindy, and disgrace me before the whole school."

"Oh, Jimmy!"

The Fistical Four looked at one another almost helplessly. As a rule, they rose to meet an emergency—that cheerful quartette seldom found themselves at a loss. But how to deal with a situation like this beat them hollow.

"He—he mustn't come!" said Newcome. "Great Scott! You'd never hear the end of it, Jimmy."

"Fancy Smythe and Townsend, if they got hold of it!" muttered Raby.

"And the Modern cads!" groaned Lovell. "Oh, Jimmy, what an awful scrape!"

"I couldn't stay at Rookwood afterwards," said Jimmy Silver miserably. "I've got plenty of nerve, but not nerve enough for that. When he comes he'll go straight from here to the police—"

station; I'm determined on that. And then I shall have to go home."

"Leave Rookwood!" exclaimed the three chums together blankly.

Jimmy smiled bitterly. "Rookwood will be pretty well fed-up with me after a scene like that," he said. "The Head won't blame me—he can't; but it stands to reason he'll be glad for me to go. And—and I couldn't stay, anyway. I couldn't look the fellows in the face."

"But—but you can't go!" said Lovell, aghast. "Dash it all, Jimmy, you can't chuck us like that! And the footer and cricket—where shall we be without you? The Moderns will beat us all along the line!"

"You can't go, and you jolly well sha'n't!" said Raby.

Jimmy did not reply. He felt it as much as his chums, or more; but he did not see what was to be done. After that black disgrace, he could not stay at Rookwood. There was silence for some minutes.

"Sure he's coming?" asked Lovell at last.

"Yes; I know he means business this time. In an hour," he said. "That's a quarter of an hour ago. And he'll come full of drink."

"The rotten hound!" said Lovell, gritting his teeth. "Jimmy, old man, how on earth did you ever have an uncle like that?"

"Look here, he mustn't come!" said Raby. "He must be stopped somehow."

"I don't see how. If we stopped him to-day, he'd come to-morrow," said Jimmy Silver wretchedly. "I'm fairly in for it!"

"If your pater knew, he might do something."

"There's no time. I could telephone home, but—but the villain will be here in forty minutes or so!"

"Do you know where he is at this minute? If you knew, you could put the police on him in time—"

"I don't know where he is."

Silence again.

"Don't you chaps worry about it," said Jimmy. "I had to tell you. I shall have to clear off—you can explain to the Head when I'm gone. I shall go straight home. I think I should die of shame if I stayed after that!"

"You can't go, you won't go, you sha'n't go!" said Lovell. "There must be some way of dealing with him." He wrinkled his brows in an effort of thought. "Hang it, Jimmy, you're generally bursting with good ideas! Can't you think it out?"

"Nothing doing!" said Jimmy.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Lovell. "I've got a wheeze! Look here, it's true that the bobbies want him—they're after him—"

"He told me so."

"And if they got him they'd take care of him, and he couldn't come here. That's the wheeze, Jimmy. We'll wait for him—outside the school." Lovell's eyes glistened with excitement. "We'll meet him outside, and stop him, and then—"

"Then what?"

"Yank him away somewhere, and keep him safe, while one of us fetches the police."

"Hurray!" ejaculated Raby and Newcome.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"Lovell, old man, you've got a better headpiece than I have!" he said. "If we could work that, and he never came here at all, it would be all serene. Nobody would ever hear of it then. Or

if they did it wouldn't be so rotten if he's kept away from the school. He deserves it!"

"I should jolly well say he does!" exclaimed Raby warmly. "Let's change, and get out at once."

"Right-ho!"

No more was said. The Fistical Four had decided. They rushed away to the dormitory to change out of their footer garb. That did not take them long. They came downstairs, Lovell thoughtfully providing himself with a coil of cord, in case it should be wanted. The Classical chums were not disposed to stand on ceremony with John Silver.

Flynn of the Fourth called to them as they left the house, but they did not answer. In the quadrangle they ran into Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern side. The three Tommies greeted them with remarks.

"What are you chucking the footer for?" demanded Tommy Dodd.

"Slackers!" said Tommy Cook.

"Lazybones, begorra!" said Tommy Doyle.

The Modern heroes lined up as they made those remarks, prepared for a "scrap." But for once the gauntlet was thrown down in vain to the Classical heroes. The Fistical Four took no more notice of the three Tommies than of the fountain or the old beeches in the quad.

They hurried on to the gates, leaving Tommy Dodd & Co. in a state of considerable astonishment.

"Well, my hat!" said Tommy Dodd, with a whistle. "What's the matter with them? I was ready to mop up the quad with them! Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows, the Classical side at this school is going to the dogs! They're played out—quite mouldy! Let's go and chivy Smythe!"

The three Tommies went to look for Smythe of the Shell, with the kind intention of chivying the elegant Adolphus. Careless of what the Moderns thought of them just then, Jimmy Silver & Co. hurried out of the gates of Rookwood.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Nipped in the Bud.

"SISTER ANNE! Sister Anne!" murmured Raby. "Do you see a booby bounder coming?"

The Classical Four were on the watch.

They had taken up their position on a knoll near the road, whence they could watch every approach to the gates of Rookwood. If John Silver came along that afternoon they could not fail to spot him.

Jimmy Silver was somewhat glum and silent, but his comrades buzzed with excitement. They were very anxious to get their hands upon the reckless blackguard who had been worrying their old pal for weeks past. In spite of John Silver's rascality, Jimmy could not forget that the man was his uncle—his father's brother. The same blood flowed in the veins of that boozy waster.

And he was about to hand him over to the police. He had been driven to it, and the rascal deserved no better. But Jimmy Silver could not be cheerful at the prospect.

Several Rookwood fellows passed along the road, and the watching juniors caught sight of Pankley and Poole, of Bagshot, whizzing along on their bikes. At any other time they would have hailed their old rivals of Bagshot School with uncomplimentary remarks. But now Pankley and Poole were suffered to pass in peace.

They heard four o'clock boom out from the clock-tower of Rookwood.

"He must be coming now, if he keeps his word," said Jimmy Silver.

They watched with increased vigilance. About ten minutes later Jimmy uttered an exclamation.

"He's coming!"

A look of disgust came over the juniors' faces; Jimmy Silver flushed with shame. From the direction of Coombe a man had come in sight. He was tramping unsteadily along the road to Rookwood. Sometimes he zigzagged from one side of the road to the other. It was only too clear that he was under the influence of drink. Probably even John Silver, waster as he was, had needed to prime himself with strong liquor to find nerve enough to fulfil his rascally threat.

"That's my uncle," said Jimmy bitterly.

"Come on!" said Lovell abruptly. "Cut him off from Rookwood, as far from the gates as possible. We don't want the fellows to see him."

The juniors ran down the slope to the road.

Then, leaving Rookwood behind them, they sprinted along the white road to meet the man who was reeling along from Coombe.

They reached him in a few minutes, at a spot where the road was deeply shaded by trees. The man came to a halt as the four juniors, breathing hard, stopped directly in his path.

"Jimmy boy!" he exclaimed. "So you've come to meet me—what?"

"Yes," said Jimmy grimly.

"Goo' boy!" said John Silver, lurching and nearly falling. "Gimme hand! Not too proud to shake hands with poor old uncle—what? Wharrer marrer with this road? Why can't this road keep still? That's wharrer want to know!"

"Collar him!" said Lovell, in a tone of utter disgust. "The filthy brute can't stand!"

"Lemme 'lone! Don't you lay hands on a gentleman!"

The juniors laid their hands on him promptly enough. John Silver began to struggle, but even if he had been sober, his resistance would not have been of much use against four sturdy juniors. Before he knew what was happening, he was dragged out of the road, and in among the trees.

"Now the beast won't be seen!" panted Lovell.

"Hands off!" mumbled the wretched man. "Don't you handle me! I've had my misfortunes. Ungrateful nephew, who won't help his poor old uncle! I'll show him up! You wait a bit! I'll show him up!"

"Will you?" said Lovell. "Keep quiet, you beast!"

"Who are you calling names—what?" John Silver attempted to draw himself up into a dignified attitude, he caught his foot in a root, and rolled over on the ground in a most undignified manner.

"My hat!" murmured Raby. "Suppose the disgusting brute had got to Rookwood—in that state! My hat!"

"There's a pool the other side of these trees," said Newcome. "Bring him along! We'll sober him!"

"Come on, you rotter!"

"Hands off!" mumbled John Silver. "I refuse to move! If a gentleman can't go to bed in his own bed—"

"Lay hold!"

"Grooooch!"

John Silver came up out of the grass and ferns in the grasp of four pairs of hands. He was yanked through the

trees to the pool. Without ceremony, his head was ducked in the cold water.

"Gerrrrg! Groooogh!"  
 "Give him another!"  
 Splash!  
 "Yarooooooogh!"  
 John Silver struggled wildly in the grasp of the Fistical Four. They dropped him, and he sat in the grass blinking, with water streaming down his face.

"Gerroooh!" he gasped. "Oh! Ah! Oh! Wharrer marrer? I'm wet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 John Silver blinked at the juniors dazedly, and rubbed his streaming face. The shock of the cold water had considerably sobered him.

"Jimmy!" he gasped.  
 "You drunken brute!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Only a drop!" pleaded the wastrel. "Just a drop, Jimmy, to keep the cold out! Don't be hard on a man. Jimmy, you're going to stand by me, after all—I know you are. You're going to help an old friend. I'm not giving you away to the young gentlemen, Jimmy. I'm mum!"

"You can't give me away," said Jimmy coldly. "My pals know that you are my uncle!"

"Oh, they know that, do they? Well, all Rookwood will know it soon, Jimmy, if you don't come up to time!"

"That's where you make a mistake," said Jimmy Silver. "You're not going to Rookwood, Uncle John!"

"Who'll stop me?"  
 "We will," grinned Lovell. "We're here to do it!"

"If you lay a hand on me—"  
 "We'll lay a hand on you fast enough—and a boot, too, if necessary," said Lovell. "You've worried our pal Jimmy enough, and we're fed up. We're going to deal with you now, my pippin!"

John Silver staggered up. He was sober now, as far as his head was concerned; but his legs were still decidedly unsteady, and he sat down again abruptly. A push from Lovell's boot on the chest helped him down.

"You young villain!" roared John Silver.

"Oh, shut up!"  
 "You'll stand by, Jimmy, and see your uncle handled like this?"

"Yes, rather!" said Jimmy Silver.  
 "Which of you fellows will cut off to the police-station?"

"I'll go," said Lovell. "Mind the brute doesn't get away while I'm gone, that's all. Better tie his hands. I've got a cord!"

John Silver's jaw dropped.  
 "The—the police-station!" he exclaimed.

"I told you what to expect if you came to Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver moodily.

John Silver resisted feebly as Lovell and Raby grasped his hands, and bound his wrists together. Raby held on to the cord when his wrists were bound.

"Safe enough now," he said. "Cut off, Lovell!"

"We'll keep him here till you get back," said Newcome. "If he gives any trouble, we'll tie him to a tree!"

"Stop!" panted John Silver.  
 "Jimmy—Jimmy, you can't do it! You won't let your own uncle go to prison!"

Jimmy Silver's brow was dark and gloomy, but there was no sign of relenting in his face. The wastrel had driven him too hard.

"You chose it yourself, Uncle John," he said. "You started to come to Rookwood and disgrace me, and we only stopped you in time. I told you I'd hand you over to the police if you came. It's not my fault!"

"Jimmy, don't do it! Jimmy!" The

rascal was panting now. "Jimmy, your own father's brother—you can't do it! Your father wouldn't let you if he were here—"

"What did you expect?"  
 "I—I was squiffy, Jimmy. I—I wouldn't have come if I'd been sober. Jimmy, go easy, and—and I'll join the Army, as you told me!"

Lovell gave a snort of contempt.  
 "As if they'd have a boozy scarecrow like you in the Army!" he exclaimed.

"They don't want your sort!"  
 "Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver hesitated. His heart was always soft, and he was not proof against the pleading and the terror that were visible in the face of the now thoroughly sobered rascal.

"Oh rats! You look innocent, don't you?" snorted Lovell.

"It was a trumped-up charge, Jimmy—"

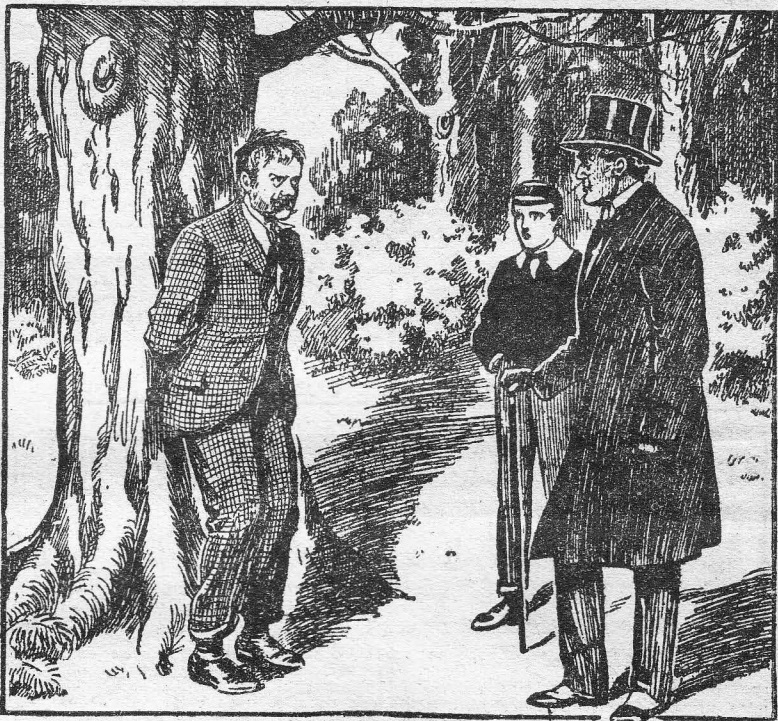
"Ring off, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Lovell. "We don't believe a word you say, if Jimmy does! You're an embezzling thief, and a drunken blackguard, and you're going where you belong! I'm off!"

"Jimmy, stop him!" John Silver's voice rose to a howl. "Jimmy, ask your father—leave it to him—let him decide!"

Jimmy caught Lovell by the arm.

"My father's not here," he said.

"Get him here! I'll wait—I'll do anything!" John Silver's voice was husky and broken. "Jimmy, I'm sorry; and—"



Mr. Silver looked grimly at the scapegrace. John Silver rose to his feet. "Well, you've found me, brother James," he said, with a sneer. "You have only to call the police. I have to thank my dear nephew for this." He gave Jimmy a bitter look. "I shall not forget!" (See Chapter 5.)

"I—I say, you chaps—" muttered Jimmy Silver uneasily.

Lovell uttered an angry exclamation.

"Don't be a silly ass, Jimmy Silver! If we let him off, he'll be along at Rookwood to-morrow!"

"I won't—I swear I won't!" howled John Silver. "I'll clear off, I'll get out of the county—I'll go back to London! Jimmy, I never thought you'd come to this—your own uncle, that carried you when you were a kid—"

"I—I can't do it, you chaps!" muttered Jimmy. "After all, it's true what he says—he's my own flesh and blood. He was decent to me when I was a kid!"

"You mayn't be able to do it, but I can—and will!" said Lovell savagely.

"That rotten, blackmailing hound is going to prison!"

"Lovell, old man—"  
 "Jimmy, you thundering ass—"

"You can't trust him," said Raby, shaking his head. "Let him off this time, and he'll know he's safe in coming to Rookwood. You'll never get him off your neck. Let the police have him!"

"I was innocent—"

and I'm not such a bad chap when I'm away from the drink. I'm nobody's enemy but my own. They oughtn't to be allowed to sell the stuff! It isn't my fault; I'm a victim!"

"Let go my arm, Jimmy!"

"Hold on, Lovell! I—I want to give him a chance," said Jimmy Silver, in a low voice. "Let my father decide!"

"He can't be allowed to go," said Lovell grimly. "I won't agree to that. And it will take time to get to your father!"

"There's the telephone at the post-office."

"I'll wait!" mumbled John Silver.

"You jolly well will!" growled Lovell.

"I suppose you've got to let Jimmy have his way, you chaps; he's as obstinate as a mule! Get off and do your telephoning, you thumping, chicken-hearted duffer! We'll take care of this beauty!"

Jimmy Silver gave his uncle a last look, and turned away in silence. He disappeared through the trees.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
John Silver's Last Chance!**

**L**OVELL & CO. sat down on the grass round their prisoner, and ate toffee.

John Silver sat with his back against a tree, his hands bound, his head falling forward on his breast. His attitude was one of utter dejection.

The effects of the vile liquor he had swallowed were passing off. He was left limp and flabby. The three juniors could not help feeling a kind of scornful pity as they looked at him.

Jimmy Silver came back through the trees at last.

"Well?" said Lovell.

John Silver raised his eyes.

"I've spoken to my pater," said Jimmy quietly. "He's coming."

"Coming here?" said Lovell.

"Yes. I'm going to watch for the car in the road. He will be here in an hour."

"Good egg!"

"Jimmy"—John Silver spoke huskily—"don't keep me here till he comes! Let me go, Jimmy! I swear I will get out!"

Jimmy shook his head.

"You asked me to leave it to my father, and I'm going to do it," he said. "I've promised the pater that you shall be here."

John Silver's head sank dejectedly on his breast again.

Jimmy went back to the road.

The juniors waited. John Silver did not speak. He seemed to be plunged

into despair. The Rookwood chums could guess that he expected little mercy from the brother he had wronged and disgraced.

There was the hum of a car on the road at last. Jimmy Silver ran out and waved his hand, and the car stopped.

A somewhat severe-looking gentleman descended.

"Jimmy!" he said.

"I'm jolly glad to see you, pater!" said Jimmy Silver. "I—I thought I'd better tell you about it!"

"You should have told me sooner, Jimmy!" said Mr. Silver. "At your first meeting with your Uncle John, you should have told me."

Jimmy hung his head a little.

"I—I didn't want to worry you, father. And—and I believed all that he told me—"

"He told you falsehoods, Jimmy. But let me see him."

"This way, father."

Mr. Silver followed the junior into the wood. They came out by the pool, where John Silver sat dejectedly in the grass, watched by the Rookwood chums.

Lovell and Baby and Newcome raised their caps to Mr. Silver, and discreetly retired to a distance. They could guess that Jimmy's father would not wish them to hear his talk with his wastrel brother.

Mr. Silver stood looking grimly at the scapegrace.

John Silver rose slowly to his feet.

His face was an unhealthy pallor now, save where it was blotched red by drink.

"Well, you have found me, brother James," he said, with a sneer. "You have only to call the police now. I have to thank my dear nephew for this." He gave Jimmy a bitter look. "I shall not forget."

Jimmy's face was troubled, but he did not speak.

"You have to thank your nephew if you are given another chance," said Mr. Silver sternly. "My first thought on hearing that you were here was to communicate with the police at once. Jimmy pleaded for you—and I have come instead."

John Silver's look softened a little.

"Another chance!" he repeated.

"I have given you chances more than once," said Mr. Silver. "I obtained an honourable post for you. You cheated your employers of five hundred pounds, and fled."

"And you came here to blackmail my son. You told him you were unjustly accused to enlist his sympathies, and he believed you."

"Give me another chance—"

"Jimmy has made a suggestion, and I shall act upon it," said Mr. Silver quietly. "You shall have your chance, if you choose to take it. Take it, and I will see that the money you embezzled is refunded, and the prosecution stayed."

The wastrel's face lighted up.

"There is a way—one way—in which you can prove your determination to lead a decent life," said Mr. Silver. "One

(Continued on page 12.)

**ENTER FOR OUR "POPLETS" COMPETITION NOW!**



**A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR**

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

**FOR NEXT FRIDAY:**

We have two splendid, long, complete school stories for next Friday. The first deals with the brothers Nugent and Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, and is entitled:

**"THEIR HONOUR AT STAKE!"**

By Frank Richards.

Both Frank and Dick Nugent are suspected of stealing the banknote which Lord Mauleverer has reported losing. Their honour is at stake, and, despite the firm belief in their chum's innocence, Harry Wharton & Co. are bound to admit there is plenty of evidence to support the rest of the Form's suspicions. You must follow up the adventures of the brothers Nugent, my chums, by making certain of your copy of the "Popular" by ordering it in advance.

The second story is of the chums of Rookwood, Jimmy Silver & Co., which Mr. Owen Conquest has written, entitled:

**"CLARENCE OF GANDER'S GREEN!"**

Clarence is a new boy who arrives at Rookwood and goes into the Modern House. He is as "green as grass," and Jimmy Silver & Co., meeting him at the station instead of Tommy Dodd & Co., jape him to their hearts' content. This leads to more fun, for Tommy Dodd is represented by the Classics as being "off his rocker."

This is, perhaps, the funniest story Mr. Conquest has ever written, which is another reason why you must have next week's issue of the "Popular."

**"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."**

There will be another grand supplement in next week's "Popular," when Billy puts THE POPULAR.—No. 120.

before you a magnificent budget of fun and fiction. Some of Billy's ways are funny, but they are not half so funny as his "Weekly." You will, of course, know all about "Billy Bunter's Weekly," because there is an issue in this number. Don't miss next week's, whatever you do.

**"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 14.**

Below you will find the twelve examples for this week's competition for our money prizes.

- |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Green as Grass.          | When Downhearted—     |
| Circumstantial Evidence. | Where Wharton Scores. |
| Getting in Way.          | Go Gently When—       |
| Give Credit When—        | Coker's Aunt.         |
| Piet Delarey's Way.      | An Easy Victim.       |
| Works Wonders Daily.     | Ordering In Advance.  |

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

Select two of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE of the words in your sentence must commence with one of the letters in the example.

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

1. All "Poplets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poplets" can be sent in by one reader each week.
2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets" No. 14, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.
3. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with "Poplets."
4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be

strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.

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 12th.

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

**RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 8.**

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each have been awarded to the following readers:

F. D. Hoskins, Tunstall, 71, Longland Park Road, Sidcup, Kent.

Example: Bumping Billy Bunter.

Poplet: A "Talbot" necessary order.

P. L. Read, 68, Sprules Road, Brockley, London, S.E. 4.

Coker's motor-bike. Not "Ariel" success.

R. Bell, 14, Queen Street, Redcar. Being Bunter's friend. A "paying" game.

William Neate, The Nidus, High Street, Buntam, Bucks.

Coker's motor-bike. "Fouls" many fowls.

William Clarke, 15, Trafalgar Road, Tenby, S. Wales.

When words fail. Contestants retire to gymnasium.

Leslie Flynn, 1, Blythwood Villa, Lysons Avenue, Ash Vale, Surrey.

Coker's motor-bike. Makes Bunter "Hop Hi."

John Henry, 63, Anderson Street, Partick, Glasgow, N.B.

When words fail. Fists become "handy."

Sydney Bartlett, The Trench, Wem, Salop. Mrs. Mimbles' tarts.

"Wynn" praises always.

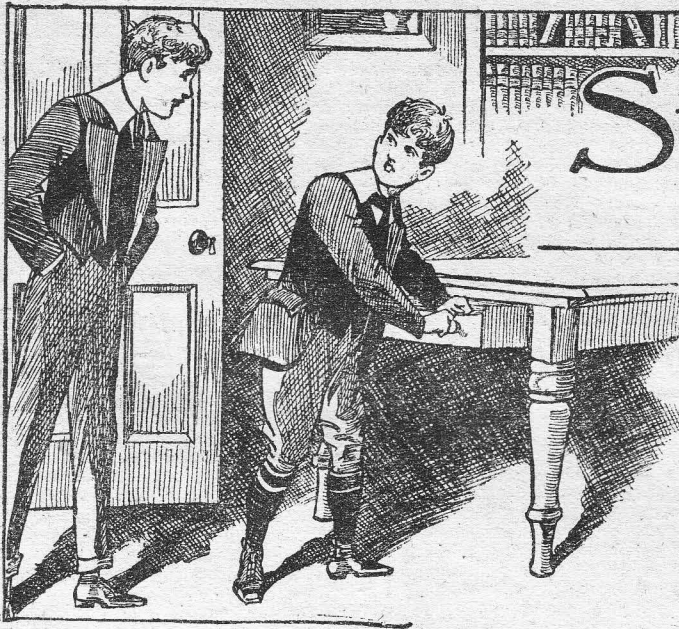
Alfred Baker, 128, Winston Road, Stoke Newington, London N. 16.

The uninvited guest. Fly at meal time.

Miss M. Glaypoole, 167, High Street, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

Wangling a feed. Food for thought.

Your Editor.



# Suspected!

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

... By ...

FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Major and Minor!

**D**ICKY, what are you doing here?"

Dicky Nugent swung round with a startled exclamation, the colour flushing into his face.

"Hallo, Frank!"

Frank Nugent, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, looked sharply at his minor. Frank had stepped into Lord Mauleverer's study in the Remove passage. The study door was partly open, and as he heard somebody moving inside the room Frank Nugent had expected to find Mauleverer there. But it was not Mauleverer of the Remove whom he saw as he entered; it was his minor, Dicky Nugent, of the Second Form, and a Second Form fag certainly had no business in a Remove study. And Dicky Nugent looked decidedly red and guilty as he turned to face his brother.

"What are you doing here, Dicky?"

Frank asked the question sternly. Dicky had been bending over an open drawer in the study table, and Frank had seen it, quick as Dick's movements had been. The colour deepened in the fag's face.

"N-nothing!" he muttered.

"What were you looking in Lord Mauleverer's drawer for?"

"Nothing!"

"Don't be an ass, Dicky!" exclaimed Nugent, major sharply. "You came here for some reason. What was it? How dare you enter a Remove study and look into the table drawer? What were you looking for?"

Nugent's face became sullen.

"I suppose I can come into a study if I want to, Frank?" he muttered.

"You've no right to come in here while Mauleverer is out," said Frank sharply. "You know that as well as I do."

"You've come in yourself."

"That's different. I'm in Mauleverer's Form, and on intimate terms with him. You're not. Besides, I thought he was here when I heard someone move. I came to borrow his Caesar; I've lost mine. What are you doing here? Playing some rotten Second Form jape on Mauly, I suppose?"

"Find out!"

It was not a very brotherly or polite reply; but Dicky Nugent was not always brotherly, and seldom polite. Although there was a strong bond of affection between the two brothers, they were not always on the most civil terms. Frank Nugent regarded himself as responsible in some degree for his minor, in which he was undoubtedly right. But Dicky Nugent laughed the mere idea of that to scorn. As a matter of fact he was very much inclined to give his elder brother advice.

"Dicky——" began Frank.

"Oh, rats!" said Nugent minor. The flush had died out of the boy's fair, handsome face now, and he had quite recovered his ordinary manner. "What are you catechising me for? Do you think I came here to steal something, you ass?"

"I shouldn't think that of you, Dicky," said Frank. "But you ought not to be here, and I want to know what jape you've been playing."

"I haven't been japing."

"Then what are you here for?"

"Find out!"

"Answer me, Dicky."

"Rats!"

"Dicky——"

"More rats!" said Nugent minor.

"You cheeky young sweep!" exclaimed Frank savagely. "If you don't answer me I'll give you a licking. Now, then——"

"You'd better not try."

"I tell you——"

"Look here, I'm going out of this study," said Dicky Nugent angrily. "Get out of the way, you silly ass, or I shall biff you!"

"I tell you——"

"Are you going to let me pass?"

"No," said Frank, between his teeth. "I'm not. I'm going to give you a whacking with a cricket-stump. That's what you want. I—— Ah!"

Dicky Nugent made a rush forward. Frank grasped him by the collar, and his minor closed with him. With a ju-jitsu trick he had learned from Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, Dicky Nugent twisted his brother round, and Frank

found himself sitting on the floor of the study.

"Oh!"

Dicky had the door open in a twinkling. He glanced back and grinned at his major, and chuckled.

"Done, old man!" he ejaculated.

Then he slammed the door and fled. His rapid footfalls died away down the Remove passage.

Frank Nugent staggered to his feet. He had had a nasty jar in sitting down so suddenly, and he was gasping for breath. He was very angry indeed, and it would have gone hard with his minor if he had been within reach at that moment. But he was well out of reach now.

"The young rascal!" muttered Frank. "The cheeky young bounder! I——"

The door opened, and Frank clenched his hands. But it was not Nugent minor returning. It was Lord Mauleverer, of the Remove, the owner of the study, who entered. He looked in surprise at Nugent, noticing his flushed face and unusual manner.

"Hallo, Nugent, my dear fellow!" said his lordship, in his soft, pleasant voice, with his kind, irresponsible smile. "Hallo!"

Frank Nugent calmed himself. He knew that Mauleverer noticed his manner, but he did not feel inclined to explain that he had been "scrapping" with his brother in another fellow's study.

"Can you lend me your Caesar, Mauly?" he asked.

"With pleasure, my dear fellow!" said Mauleverer. "Lemme see, where did I leave it? Oh, here you are!"

He picked the Gallic War out of the table drawer.

"You're welcome to it, begad!" he said. "Rather you than I, my dear fellow, when it comes to reading Caesar. What!"

Nugent laughed.

"I'm not going to take it as a relaxation," he replied. "I've got fifty lines from old Quelch, and I've lost my Caesar. Thanks, very much!"

"Not at all, my dear fellow!"

And Frank Nugent quitted the study with Julius Caesar under his arm.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

## The £50 Banknote!

"FIFTY pounds!" said Billy Bunter, with a deep-drawn breath.

"Yes," said John Bull.

"I've seen it."

"My word!" said Bunter. "A banknote for fifty pounds! That's ripping! You know, I never get a remittance as big as that."

There was a roar of laughter from the juniors in the Common-room. Billy Bunter never had any remittances at all, as a matter of fact, although he was always in a state of expectation, and diligently attended each arrival of the post. Bunter was always in a state of impecuniosity, which he generally relieved by borrowing. When a fellow in the Remove had any money, it was hardly safe to let Bunter know anything about it. Bunter's arts and dodges for obtaining possession of some of it were endless.

Bunter blinked round at the juniors indignantly through his big spectacles. Bunter had talked so much about his expected remittances that he had almost come to believe in them himself.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you know! As a matter of fact, I am expecting a cheque now from a titled friend of mine."

"Oh, come off, Bunty!" said Bob Cherry. "Don't begin that again. We're getting fed up with your postal-orders. But has Mauly really got a banknote for fifty quid, Johnny?"

John Bull nodded.

"I've seen it," he said.

"My hat!"

"It's a lot of money for a junior to have," said Harry Wharton seriously. "I'm blessed if I think Mauly ought to have so much money, especially as he's so jolly careless with it."

"Let's go and have a look at Mauly's banknote," said Tom Brown, pouring oil on the troubled waters, so to speak. "It will be interesting to look at."

"Yes, rather!"

"I think one of us ought to offer to mind it for Mauly," said Billy Bunter. "I would take charge of it for him with pleasure."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blest if I can see anything to cackle at!" said the fat junior peevishly. "I'd do more than that for a fellow I like."

"Yes, you'd change it and spend it, wouldn't you?" suggested Skinner.

And there was another laugh.

Billy Bunter snorted angrily.

"I say, you fellows—"

But the fellows did not stop to listen to Bunter. They streamed out of the Common-room to visit Lord Mauleverer and see the banknote. A banknote for such a sum of money was naturally interesting and exciting to lads whose pocket-money was counted by shillings.

There were, of course, other fellows at Greyfriars who were rich as well as Lord Mauleverer. John Bull always had plenty of money, and Wun Lung, the Chinese boy, had plenty of it, and Bulstrode and Harry Wharton were generally well supplied. But Lord Mauleverer simply rolled in it. By the terms of his father's will his guardians had to allow him as much money as he liked, and as he was to be a millionaire several times over when he came of age, whatever he wasted was not likely to be missed. And unlimited money did not spoil Lord Mauleverer's character, as it might have spoiled some.

He was not in the least inclined to "swank," although he was the only

titled fellow at Greyfriars, and therefore might have swanked if he had liked. He never showed off his money; he was too accustomed to it to regard it as anything but a convenience. He had a simple, kind, affectionate nature that made him liked by all the Form, and there was no fellow in the Remove who had less nonsense about him.

But the banknote for fifty pounds was something out of the common, even for Lord Mauleverer. The juniors trooped up to the Remove passage, and Harry Wharton put his head into Study No. 1 as he passed.

Frank Nugent was seated there, grinding away at his lines from Cæsar.

"Nearly finished, Franky?" asked Wharton.

Nugent grunted.

"Getting that way—about fifteen more. Blow Cæsar! I'm beginning to wish that those pirates had settled his hash, after all!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Let me shove in a dozen, then," he said. "Quelchy won't notice."

"No. It's all right; I'm nearly done."

"Come and have a look at Mauly's banknote," said Bob Cherry, looking in. "Mauly's got a fifty-pound banknote, and we're going to feast our optics on it. Bunter's got a scheme for transferring it to himself—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"And he's going to pay it back by instalments as his postal-orders come in," said John Bull. "Twopence this term, and a penny next, and fourpence next year, and the rest—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Bull, really—"

"Oh, I'll see it another time!" said Nugent, yawning. "I've got to get these blessed lines done and taken to Quelchy before seven, and it's ten minutes to now. Buzz off, will you, and let a chap get done?"

"Right you are, Franky!"

Wharton pulled the study door shut, and the juniors marched on towards the end of the passage.

Lord Mauleverer's study was the end one, and was, in fact, a new room that had been added to accommodate his lordship. Mauleverer had the study to himself, and it was furnished and fitted up most gorgeously.

Harry Wharton knocked at the door, and a soft and gentle voice bade him enter. Lord Mauleverer was always soft and gentle.

He had never been seen in a temper, but that was probably because he regarded a temper as so much unnecessary exertion. And Lord Mauleverer disliked exertion in any shape or form.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, tramping in with his heavy footsteps.

Lord Mauleverer sat upon his sofa.

"Hallo!" he said politely. "Do you fellows want anything?"

"Yes, fifty quid!"

"Eh?"

"We want to see your giddy banknote," Hazeldene explained. "We hear that you've got a banknote for fifty quid to roll in, and we want to see it. My governor always forgets to send me fifty-pound banknotes; he sends postal-orders for five bob instead. Pure absent-mindedness, of course!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Show up, Mauly!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We're really curious to see it, you know. I've never seen one, as a matter of fact!"

"Same here," said Russell. "Show up!"

Lord Mauleverer yawned.

"Only too pleased, my dear fellows," he said. "I put it somewhere. One of you fellows saw me open the letter. Was it you, Leigh—"

"It was I, you duffer!" said John Bull.

"Begad, so it was! Where did I put the banknote?"

"Ha, ha, ha! You put it in your waistcoat-pocket, you ass!"

"By Jove, so I did!"

Lord Mauleverer felt idly in his waistcoat-pocket, and his fingers came out empty. He felt in the other pocket, with the same result. Then he stretched his slim and graceful limbs on the couch again.

"Well, have you got it?" demanded Wharton.

"No. It's not there."

"Do you mean to say you've lost it?"

"I don't know."

The juniors stared at Lord Mauleverer. That a fellow should miss a fifty-pound note from his pocket and not know or care whether he had lost it surprised them, even in his lordship.

"You ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "If you've dropped it somewhere it's got to be found. You can't lose fifty pounds!"

"It will turn up, my dear fellow."

"Look here—"

"I've always noticed that things turn up," said Lord Mauleverer lazily. "Now, do buzz off, you fellows, and let a fellow have a rest. I've got my prep to do presently. I'll show you the banknote when it turns up."

Bob Cherry ran forward, grasped his lordship by the shoulders, and whirled him off the sofa in the twinkling of an eye.

Mauleverer gasped for breath.

"Oh, really, my dear fellow—"

"That banknote's got to be found!" said Bob Cherry. "You can't distribute quids about in this way, tempting fellows to pinch them."

"My dear fellow, there isn't any thief here—I'm sure of that," said Lord Mauleverer. "You shock me, you know—you do, really."

"Fathead! Where's that banknote?"

"How should I know?"

Bob Cherry shook him.

"Think what you did with it. Did you take it out of your pocket, or didn't you? Did you put it anywhere? Think!"

"Really—"

"He can't," said Skinner sympathetically. "He hasn't the necessary apparatus, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad, I know!" exclaimed his lordship suddenly.

"Well?"

"I remember now. I used it for a bookmark," said his lordship.

"A what?" roared Bob Cherry.

"A bookmark," said Lord Mauleverer innocently. "You remember in class to-day Mr. Quelch found fault with my construing? I don't know why—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Because it was rottenly bad!"

"Well, perhaps so. He said I was to go over it again and again till I understood it. I went over it again and again in my study here," said Lord Mauleverer pathetically, "but I don't understand it. However, I remember when I was fagged out with it I had to find a bookmark to mark the place, and the banknote was handy, so—"

"You careless ass!"

"Really, my dear fellow—"

"It was Cæsar we were doing in class to-day," said Wharton. "Where is your Cæsar?"

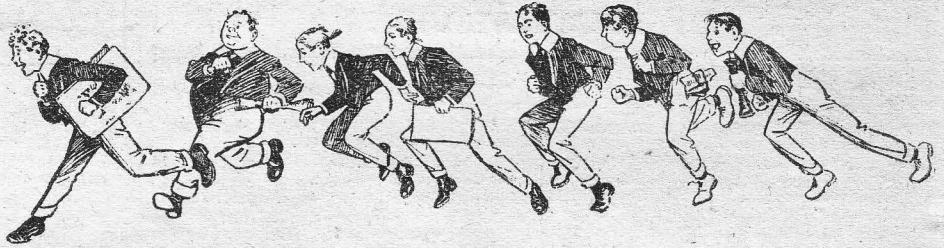
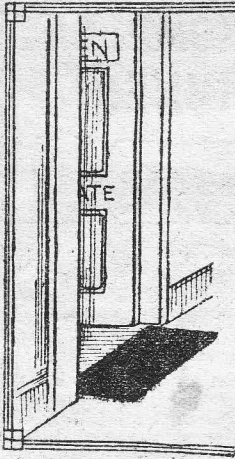
"Let me see! Isn't it in the table drawer?"

(Continued on page 9.)



# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!

Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER.



ASSISTED BY BAGGY TRIMBLE AND FATTY WYNN, OF ST. JIM'S, SAMMY BUNTER, OF GREYFRIARS, AND TUBBY MUFFIN, OF ROOKWOOD.

## TEACHING TUBB TO SWIM!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

Tubb of the Third is a very accomplished fello in menny ways. He can play kricket, he can bocks, he can spin a topp better than anyone else in his Form, but he karn't swim. In fackt, their's hardly anybuddy in the Third who can!

The other day Tubb come to me in grate distress.

"I say, Sammy!" he said. "I'd give anything to be able to swim like you! You're only a pewny dwarf in the Sekkond, but the way you flash threw the water is wonderful! Be a brick, and show me how it is dun!"

"If I was a brick," I ansered, "I should sink!"

"Well, be a wisp of stror, then," said Tubb. "I'm despritly ankshus to put up a good show when the fags' race comes off; and up to the prezrent I karn't swim a stroke."

"Look hear," I said, "if I teech you how to swim, you'll have to make it worth my wile."

"Oh, sertingly!" said Tubb. "I'll give you a narf-krown."

"In advance?" I erged.

"No, no! When the course of instruckshun is over."

"Well, deer readers, I set to work to teech yung Tubb how to glide threw the water like a sea-nimf. I found him very roar material. You'd think that a fello with a name like Tubb woud be able to swim almost from berth, woudn't you? On the contrary, he gave me kwite a lot of trouble. I couldn't even perswade him to enter the water! He woud stand shivvering on the brink, and fear to take the plunje.

At the end of a duzen lessens, however, Tubb was able to swim the breath of the Rivver Sark. I told him that if he kept on practissing for about fifty years he'd be able to swim the length of it!

At larst the day of the fags' race dorned, and I found that my pewpil, Tubb, had desided to kompete.

"Well dun!" I said. "You stand a very good chance of finishing tenth—espeshully if their are only ten swimmers!"

And then a terribul thing happened, deer readers. I karn't think of it without a shudder.

I had set my hart on winning the fags' race—the first prize was five pounds in cash—and I new that nobuddy in the Sekkond or Third woud stand the gost of a chance against me.

But a lass! Yung Tubb covered the distance in grate stille, and he come in an easy first. As for me, I come in a wheezy sekkond.

So it was Tubb who won the five—Tubb, who couldn't swim a stroke until I took him in hand!

And I had already ordered five kwids' worth of grubb from the tuckshopp!

It tort me a very bitter lesson, deer readers.



By BILLY BUNTER.

My Deer Readers,—Now that the swimming seazon has begun, and is going on swimmingly, I thort it only rite to perduce a Seshul Swimming Number of my ever-poplar "Weekly."

I can immajin sum fellos terning up there noses and saying, "We don't want to here anything about swimming. We karn't swim, and we're not at all interested in this form of aquattick sport."

It is my objekt to make such fellos sit up and take notiss—to make them realize that swimming isn't a silly, senseless sort of sport, like loodo and snakes-and-ladders, but one of the most deliteful pursoots of modern times.

Of course, it isn't to be eggspekked that every fello should become as good a swimmer as me. My rolls of fat keep me afote and make me very boyant, but a skiunny skinnifint like Skinner woud not enjoy this advantage.

But you karn't get away from the fackt that swimming ought to be fort in all our skools. Think what a terribul thing it is to be a non-swimmer! I wunce new a chap who couldn't swim a stroke, and while he was on his way to Australier his ship went down in mid-Atlantick. Instead of being able to swim across to Newfoundland or Ireland, like the others, the poor fello sank like a stoan!

Then, agane, how can you reskew a person from a wartery grave if you've never been tort how to swim? All you can do is to stand on the bank and say, "Sorry, old chap! I'd save you if I could, but I karn't. You'd better get on with yore drowning!"

A good swimmer, on the other hand, woud meerly remove his jackitt, wastecote, collar, necktie, boots, spatts, and rist-watch, and plunje in to the reskew. And he will probably reseve a nice fat reward for his panes.

Yes! Swimming ought to be fostered and encurridged in our skools. Their's no dont about that. I was figgering it out the other day that their are forty-two fellos in the Greyfriars Remove, and only 1/2 that number can swim the width of the Rivver Sark. As for the remainder—well, I don't want to indulge in sarkasm, but if they should tumble into the rivver, then the Sark has 'em! They'd blow a few bubbles, think of all there past misdeeds, and then go under for the larst time. They mite have tride to strike out, but, like Lucifer, son of the mourning, they will never strike agane!

*Yore Edditer*

## SWIMMING SNAPSHOTS!

By S. Q. I. FIELD.

I was very grieved to see Bob Cherry appear in the dock of the Greyfriars Police Court this week on a charge of stealing. What did he steal? Well, it appears that before diving into the Rivver Sark he took a deep breath!

Billy Bunter is claiming to be the best swimmer in the Remove. From what we know of Billy, wild horses woudn't drag him down to the Rivver Sark. He seems to follow the advice of the lady in the nursery rhyme:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"  
"Yes, my darling daughter,  
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,  
But don't go near the water!"

Tom Brown seems to have mixed swimming up with footer. When Skinner was ducky in the rivver the other day Browney described it as a good "throw-in"!

Fisher T. Fish declares that he could swim long before the rest of us knew our alphabet. We can quite believe this. Being a Fish, our Yankee friend ought to be quite at home in the water!

When Wibley was bathing in the Sark a short time back he discovered some silver coins on the bed of the rivver. Wib was afterwards heard to describe it as a "lucky dip"!

You've only got to see Oliver Kipps performing stunts in the water to know that his ancestors were Kippers!

Harry Wharton is hot favourite for the Remove Swimming Championship. Our own fancy is Tom Redwing, the sailor's son. Anyway, it will be a great race. Bob Cherry and Mark Linley are competing, and I shall also be "in the swim"!

In a swimming race at Greyfriars, among fellos from Rookwood and St. Jim's who came over to kompete, were the staff of Billy Bunter's "Weekly." The race was timed to start at 3.30. At the appointed hour we all lined the end of the baths. At the word "Go!" we all plunje into the water. Next moment we found ourselves mingling with struggling spectators outside. The water had risen from the bath like a great tidal wave as an extra seventy-five stones of human flesh had struck it. Quite half an hour we were struggling in the water; then, when it had subsided, there was a rush made for the staff of the "B.B.W."!

# A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR PEELE!

By JIMMY SILVER.

"I say, you fellows!"

Tubby Muffin rolled into the junior Common-room at Rookwood, with an excited gleam in his little round eyes.

"What's the latest, porpoise?" inquired Lovell, looking up. "Has the Head had an apoplectic fit, or Manders cloped with the school plate?"

"Oh, rot!" growled Tubby. "I say, you chaps, he's on his way to Rookwood now! I've seen the telegram he sent to the Head."

"Eh? Who's on his way to Rookwood?" I asked. "The Prince of Wales?"

"No. One of the vice-presidents of the Royal Life-Saving Society."

"My hat!"

Cyril Peele, the cad of the Fourth, began to sit up and take notice. His eyes gleamed, and he looked even more excited than Tubby Muffin.

"This is my benefit, chaps," he said. "You remember I fished an old gent out of the river the other day?"

Raby laughed scornfully.

"I suppose you call that an act of gallantry?" he said. "You were afraid to jump in and rescue the old-buff, and you hitched him out with a boathook!"

"I saved his life, anyhow," said Peele. "It was in the local paper. An' I expect it's been brought to the notice of the Royal Life-Saving Society."

"That's about it," said Gower. "An' one of the vice-presidents is comin' down to present you with a diploma, or a certificate, or somethin' of that sort."

"He may give you a cheque for fifty quid into the bargain," said Lattrey. "You're in clover, old man!"

Peele turned to Tubby Muffin.

"You say you saw a telegram from this merchant?" he said.

"Yes. The Head happened to drop it in the passage, and I couldn't help seeing what was written. It said, 'Arriving Rookwood five o'clock.' And it was signed, 'R. E. Ward, Vice-President, Royal Life-Saving Society.'"

"Oh, good!" chortled Peele. "I think I'd better go an' put on my best togs. This is goin' to be a red-letter day for me, an' no mistake!"

Newcome gave a snort.

"Well, if they reward you for a paltry thing like that, it'll be the absolute giddy limit!" he exclaimed. "You didn't do anything heroic. Any ass could have grabbed hold of a boathook and heaved a fellow out of the river."

"But no other ass had the chance, you see!" cackled Peele. "I was the only fellow on the bank at the time, an' I did the needful. An' now I shall get a fat reward!"

"I wish you joy of it!" grunted Raby.

Peele strolled out of the Common-room, and when we saw him again, half an hour later, he was togged up to the hilt. Striped "bags," a canary-coloured waistcoat, and even a monocle, formed part of his make-up. He evidently wished to make a good impression on Mr. R. E. Ward.

"It's close on five," he said, glancing at his watch. "I think I'd better stroll down to the station an' meet this Mr. Ward."

"There is no need," interposed a quiet voice. "Mr. Ward is here."

We turned, and beheld a tall, distinguished-looking man standing in the doorway.

"Is Master Peele here?" he inquired.

"That's me, sir!" said Peele, stepping to the fore.

"Ah! I particularly wished to see you, my boy."

"Trot it out, sir!" said Peele.

"Eh?"

"I'd rather take the certificate now. Or

p'raps you'd like to present it to me before the whole school, sir?"

Mr. Ward looked completely bewildered. He stared blankly at Peele.

"I—I am afraid I don't understand!" he gasped.

Peele shuffled his feet impatiently.

"I'm the fellow you're lookin' for, sir," he said. "It was I who fished Mr. Chumley out of the river. An' it's jolly good of you to come down so soon after the event to reward me! I hope there's a big cheque, sir, as well as the certificate!"

But no big cheque was forthcoming. The only thing Peele received was a "big check."

"I—I am quite in the dark!" stammered Mr. Ward. "I have not the remotest idea what you are talking about!"

Peele nearly fell down.

"You—you mean to say you haven't come to give me a reward?" he almost shouted.

"Certainly not! I know nothing of this alleged act of gallantry on your part."

"Oh crumbs!"

"You do not strike me," continued Mr. Ward, "as being the sort of boy who goes around saving people's lives."

And there was a chuckle at Peele's expense.

"But—but aren't you a vice-president of the Royal Life-Saving Society?" gasped Peele.

"I certainly have that honour."

"Then what brings you to Rookwood? An' why did you ask particularly for me?"

Mr. Ward smiled.

"I happen to be an Old Boy," he explained. "I wired Dr. Chisholm to the effect that I was coming down this afternoon to look round the old place."

"Oh!"

"And I made inquiries as to who was the tenant of Study No. 5 in the Fourth Form passage, Classical Side. You see, I used to occupy Study No. 5 myself. Perhaps you would be good enough to conduct me thither and give me some refreshment? I am both hungry and thirsty after a long journey."

Peele's face was a study. As for the rest of us, we could scarcely refrain from laughing outright.

"You don't seem very pleased at the idea of entertaining me, Peele!" said Mr. Ward.

"I'm not!" growled Peele. "I thought you'd come down to present me with a certificate, and a fat cheque into the bargain."

"I am sorry to shatter your hopes. Your rescue-work could not have been very meritorious, or it would have been reported to the society. Perhaps you will have better luck next time."

Peele scowled, and strode savagely out of the Common-room.

"Rookwood manners have changed since I was here," observed Mr. Ward. "Evidently Master Peele doesn't believe in extending hospitality to Old Boys."

"Come along and have tea with us, sir!" I said promptly.

"Thank you, my boy!"

Mr. Ward proved to be a very interesting guest, and he regaled us with anecdotes of his school days.

As for Peele, he was not on view for the remainder of the evening. He stayed in his study, and was reported to be suffering from a bad headache.

Personally, I think he was suffering from a pain in his temper!

# THE KOMPLEAT SWIMMER!

By TUBBY MUFFIN.

Sum people say that swimming is a fine art. I don't agree. I kinsider it's a jolly wet one! But I will show you in the breef space at my kommand how to become a 1st-class swimmer and keep dry at the same time.

If you carry out my instruckshuns, you will be able to swim the Channel in neckst to no time—and possibly the Atlantick as well!

Most feloes wood tell you that the best plaice to lern swimming was the bath, or the rivver. This is all rong. The best plaice to lern is the dorm. The only apparatuss you will rekwire is a bed.

Now for the lessens!

## SWIMMING ON THE BREST.

Lie across the bed face downwards, and kick out yore leggs with all yore mite, first of all making sure ther is noboddy standing behind you! Shoot out the arms at the same time, and take a number of deep breths. Keep on doing this untill you become profishunt at the art—or untill a prefect comes up behind you with a nash-plant!

## SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

This is the same thing, only different. You lie on yore back, and shoot yore arms behind yore head, at the same time kicking the legs forward. Practiss deep breathing wile you are doing this eggssersise, and keep on untill you are eggssorsted.

## SWIMMING ON THE SIGHED.

This is just the same as swimming on the brest and back, eggsept that you lie on yore sighed. Be careful not to have any jam-tarts in the sighed-pockitt of yore coat, or you will skwash them!

## HIGH DIVING.

Suspend yoreself by the legs from the bell-rope in the quad at a height of twelve feat. Then get sumboddy to cut the rope. After you have performed this feet wunce, their will be no need for you to praktiss it agane!

When you have carried out all these instruckshuns to the letter, you may kinsider yoreself a reelly fine swimmer.

Whatever you do, don't go neer the rivver or the swimming-baths, or you will be liable to catch a narsty chill. I wunce new a fello who got kronnick roomatism threw swimming in a rivver. Another pore chap had the shivvers for two yeers afterwards.

Besides, cold water is allways damp and unplezzant, and you don't want to run the risk of drownin.

Do all yore swimming on terror firmer, and you will soon blossom fourth into a Burgess or a Kaptin Webb.

I shall charje nuthing for giving you these tipps. They are suplide to readers of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" free, graytiss, and for nicks!

# LUCKY FOR LINLEY!

By FRANK NUGENT.

"Hallo, Marky!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Had a merry windfall?"

Mark Linley, the Lancashire lad, was standing in front of the post-rack, with an opened letter in his hand and a happy smile on his face.

"Not exactly," he said, in reply to Bob's question; "but I'm expecting one very shortly."

"Good!" said Harry Wharton. "Glad to hear somebody's in clover. Some generous uncle going to send you a fiver, Marky?"

"No. The—the fact is," said Mark Linley, with a modest blush, "I've won that short story competition that I went in for last week in 'The British Boy.'"

"My hat!"

"Good business, Marky!"

"Jolly well played, old fellow!"

Mark smiled.

"You mean to say you've captured the first prize?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes. Fifty quid."

"Oh, how ripping!"

"You've heard the result jolly quickly," said Peter Todd. "I thought it took weeks and weeks to judge a competition."

"Praps there weren't many entries," I suggested.

"Or perhaps after reading Linley's story the judges knew there would be nothing else to come up to it, so they labelled him the winner right away," said Johnny Bull.

"They've certainly lost no time in judging the competition," said Mark Linley. "Jolly good of the editor to drop me a line before the published result comes out."

"May we see the esteemed letter?" asked Hurree Singh.

"Certainly!"

Mark Linley handed over the letter, and we gathered round and read it.

The document seemed genuine enough. It had a printed heading

"The British Boy,"

Milton House,

Fleet Street, London,"

and the letter ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you that your story, entitled 'The Boy Who Made Good,' is the best we have received in connection with our short story competition.

"You will therefore be awarded the first prize of fifty pounds, and a cheque for this sum will be forwarded in the course of a post or two.

"Heartily congratulating you upon your success,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN BROWN (Editor)."

"Fifty quid!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "It fairly makes a fellow's mouth water! What are you going to do with it, Marky, when you get it?"

"I shall send the bulk of it home to my people, and buy a new bike with the balance," said Mark Linley, his face lighting up as he spoke. The good-hearted Lancashire lad was delighted at the opportunity of assisting his people.

Most of us felt as pleased as Marky himself. But Peter Todd looked rather serious.

"Do you mind if I keep this letter for a bit, Linley?" he asked.

"Not at all!" said Mark, in surprise. And he was about to ask Toddy if anything was wrong; but Peter had walked away.

The news of Mark Linley's success travelled swiftly through the Remove, and dozens of fellows swarmed round him and congratulated him.

During the morning, Mark wrote home to his people, telling them of his good fortune. He also went over to Courtfield, and ordered a brand-new bike.

We were having tea in Study No. 1, and discussing Mark Linley's success, when Peter Todd came in.

Peter was looking very grim.

"I say, you chaps," he said, "I've made a discovery!"

"Get it off your chest, Toddy!" said Bob Cherry.

"I had my suspicions from the first that the letter Linley received this morning wasn't genuine," said Peter. "And now my suspicions have been confirmed."

"My hat!"

"I got through on the telephone to 'The British Boy,' and inquired the name of the editor. I was told it was Kennedy. And Linley's letter was signed by 'John Brown.' It's quite clear, therefore, that the letter's a fake."

"Great Scott!"

"But who could have faked it, Toddy?" gasped Wharton.

"Somebody who has a grudge against Linley."

"But what an awfully low-down trick!"

"If I can only find out who did it," said Peter Todd grimly, "the fellow will get short shrift!"

So saying, Toddy left us, and went along to his own study.

The door was half open, and there was a sound of angry voices within. Peter Todd hesitated.

"Look here, Skinner," Billy Bunter was saying, "I know jolly well that you faked that letter to Linley! I saw you print the heading with your printing apparatus, and I watched you go along to Quelch's study and type out the letter. Then you signed it 'John Brown, Editor.' It's not a bit of use denying it, Skinny, and if you expect me to



Peter Todd dashed into the study, and caught Skinner by the shoulders. "So it was you who played that dirty trick on Linley, was it?"

keep my mouth shut about this, you'll have to make it well worth my while."

"You—you blackmailing toad!" hissed Skinner.

"Fancy names don't hurt me," said Bunter. "I want five bob to be going on with, and I'll trouble you for another five next week."

With a muttered imprecation, Skinner fumbled in his pocket for a couple of half-crowns; but before he could produce the coins Peter Todd dashed into the study, and caught the cad of the Remove by the collar.

"Leggo!" roared Skinner.

"Not likely!" said Peter grimly. "I know now that it was you who played that low-down trick on Linley, and you're going to answer for it! Come on!"

Ignoring Billy Bunter, who was feeling none too comfortable—Peter Todd marched out of the study—Skinner, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, accompanied him.

The cad of the Remove struggled and protested, but in vain. He was propelled into Study No. 1, and we glanced up in astonishment from the tea-table.

"Hallo! What's Skinner been up to, Toddy?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"This is the cad who faked that letter!" was the reply.

"What!"

In a moment we were on our feet, glaring at the white-faced cad who squirmed in Toddy's grasp.

"Oh, you rotter!" said Wharton. "You shall pay dearly for this!"

"It was only a jape," said Skinner sullenly. "You've played japes of this sort yourself before now. You spoofed Billy Bunter in exactly the same way."

"We didn't write and tell him that he'd won fifty quid!" said Bob Cherry. "We simply pulled his leg about a tuck hamper. That was different. But you—you've made Mark Linley believe that he's won the first prize. He's written home to his people about it, and he's ordered a new bike on the strength of it."

"More fool he, for being so gullible!" said Skinner.

Johnny Bull gave a snort.

"What shall we do with this precious cad, Harry?" he asked.

"He ought to be made to take a Form-licking right away," said Wharton.

"Hear, hear!"

Hastily we summoned the fellows together, and Skinner was marched away to the Rag.

Form-lickings are not pleasant functions, and Skinner found himself up against one of the most painful ordeals he had ever experienced. There were twenty fellows present, and each of them was entitled to give the victim one hefty swipe with a cricket-stump.

Skinner's howls of anguish fairly awakened the echoes. And Mark Linley came in to the Rag to see what it was all about.

"What's going on, you fellows?" he asked, in astonishment.

"We're teaching Skinner a lesson," explained Bob Cherry. "You remember that letter you had this morning, Marky? Well, it was faked. It was Skinner's idea of a joke."

Mark Linley turned pale.

"You—you mean that the letter wasn't genuine?" he faltered.

"No."

Mark Linley's brain seemed to swim. He had lived all day in the seventh heaven of delight, and now all his dreams were shattered. He wasn't the winner, after all. He was the victim of one of Skinner's caddish jokes.

"This—is this an awful blow!" he gasped. "You see, I've told my people that I'm sending them a nice little nest-egg. I've ordered a new bike, into the bargain, and I shall have to find the money to pay for it. Oh, it's hard—terribly hard!"

And Marky sat down at one of the desks, and buried his face in his hands.

We were wondering what we could say to comfort our chum, when one of the windows was thrown up from without, and the grizzled face of the aged postman peered into the Rag. He dropped a packet of letters on to the inner sill, closed down the window, and withdrew.

Vernon-Smith picked up the letters, and ran through them.

"Here's one for you, Linley," he said.

Mark looked up, and we could see that his eyes were misty. He took the letter and opened it mechanically. Then a great change came over his countenance, and he uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Good news, Marky?" said Bob Cherry eagerly.

"Yes, I've won the short story competition, after all! And this is a genuine letter from the editor, enclosing a cheque for fifty quid."

"Oh, good!"

Of course, we were awfully bucked at this unexpected turn of events, and even Skinner had the grace to congratulate Linley on his good fortune.

The Lancashire lad's luck had held good, in spite of all!

# THE ST. JIM'S SWIMMING SPORTS!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

(I must appologise for the shocking spelling wich eggists in the following article, but Talbot got hold of my manusscripp just before it went to press, and he told me that the spelling was all rong, and that he wood korrekct it. The silly duffer has kompletely ruined my article, for every other word is—lemme see, what's her name?—Miss Spelt!—B. T.)

As far back as last Christmas I went into strict training for the St. Jim's Swimming Sports.

You see, it was my ambition to collar quite a lot of prizes, and I practised every morning in the bath-room. Of course, there wasn't much room in the bath for long-distance swimming, but I did my best.

When the day of the sports dawned, I was feeling in fine fettle. I sent a telegram to my Uncle Pompuss, asking him to come down to St. Jim's and see his favourite nephew pull off all the prizes.

Uncle Pompuss arrived just before the races started.

"I trust, Bagley, that you are not pulling my leg, as the saying goes!" he said. "I could ill afford to leave my business to-day, and I shall be very disappointed and angry if you fail to win a prize."

"Set your mind at rest, uncle!" I said cheerfully. "There are six events for the juniors, and it's quite on the cards that I shall win the lot!"

Uncle Pompuss smiled.

"You have only to win one prize," he said, "and you shall have a substantial 'tip.'"

"Oh, good!" I exclaimed.

And then I hurried into the dressing-room to change into my pink-and-purple bathing costume.

The races were taking place at the swimming-baths at Wayland, and the first event was a simple affair of two lengths. Tom Merry & Co., and Blake & Co., and Figgins & Co., were competing, but, of course, I had nothing to fear from such feeble swimmers. I offered to lend Tom Merry a pair of water-wings, in case he was unable to keep afloat, but he rejected my offer with scorn.

Mr. Railton blew his whistle for the race to start, and the rival competitors took the plunge.

All except me! The water looked so chilly and uninviting that I couldn't nerve myself to take the dive. But I had to take it, eventually, for Uncle Pompuss gave me a savage push, and I landed in the bath with a mighty splash.

As soon as I was able to bob up and take notice, I found that the other fellows had already completed one length of the bath, and were on their way back.

With a dozen chaps swimming in one direction, and myself in the opposite one, what hopes did I have?

The honours went to Tom Merry. It was a bitter pill for me to swallow, but I made up my mind to win the rest of the events. I had got thoroughly used to the water by this time, and all my old confidence came back to me.

When I crawled out the bath, Uncle Pompuss started letting off steam.

"Bagley!" he barked. "You are a coward, sir—a white-livered funk! Had I not pushed you from behind, you would not have taken part in the first race at all! You are giving a disgraceful exhibition—positively disgraceful!"

"Never mind, uncle!" I said, shaking myself like a drenched porpoise. "I'm a dead cert for the swimming-in-clothes race. You can put your money on me, and back Tom Merry for a place!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" snapped Uncle Pompuss. "Out of my sight, you young rascal, or I shall be tempted to chastise you with my walking-stick!"

I promptly hopped into the dressing-room and attired myself in an old and shabby suit of clothes.

Other fellows were doing the same, and soon a dozen of us stood on the edge of the bath, waiting for the whistle to sound.

THE POPULAR.—No. 120.

I anticipated no difficulty at all in winning this race; but alas! Never count your birds in hand before they are hatched, as the proverb says.

As soon as I hit the water I sank like a stone. The hefty pair of boots I was wearing added to my own avoirdupois—which is something like fourteen stone—made it impossible for me to make any progress.

I seemed to be under water for ages, and when my handsome face at last appeared above the surface, I found that the race was over and won!

Jack Blake was the first fellow home, and the crowd were cheering him like mad; while ironical laughs went up at my expense.

"Disappointment number two!" I spluttered, as I battled my way to the ladder at the side of the bath. "Still, there are four more events yet, and I shall astonish the natives before I've finished!"

And I did astonish them, too—but not by winning a race.

Everything seemed to go wrong, and nothing came off for me—except the dye from my bathing costume. It ran down my legs, making me look like an advertisement for blue-black ink.

After my long period of training—after all my ambitions and dreams of success—I failed to win a single race! I didn't even qualify for a consolation prize.

You ought to have seen my uncle's face. It was like a stormy landscape. While I was putting on my togs he came into the dressing-room and proceeded to address me—with his walking-stick!

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"You have dragged me down from London for nothing!" roared Uncle Pompuss. "You led me to believe that you were the champion swimmer at St. Jim's. Instead of which you are the laughing-stock of the school. I fear you will never make your mark, Bagley!"

Perhaps not. But uncle did! In fact, he made several marks, and for some time afterwards, I was unable to sit down in comfort.

My visions of a substantial "tip" from Uncle Pompuss vanished into thin air. All I got was a jolly good lamming. Ow! I feel awfully sore about it still!

On thinking the matter over since, I have discovered that the Swimming Sports were held on my unlucky day. It was a Friday, and the 13th of the month. Also, it was the thirteenth anniversary of the day I fell out of my pram and got concussion of the brain.

## Greyfriars Limericks

By A. N. O. N.

His appearance is certainly odd;  
But he's wide—don't try on him your  
"cod"!

His pluck's without flaw.  
He's a dab at the law  
And at games and in classes, is Todd!

There's a chap at Greyfriars named  
Bunter,  
Who of grub's a most wonderful  
shunter.

If the Prime Minister learned  
About him, it's interned  
He'd be—or else "stied" as a grunter!

From the far land of Hind he did bring  
His queer English, which knocks every-  
thing

You heard in your puff.  
But he's O.K.—enough  
Said about Hurree Jamset Ram Singh!

## ODE TO THE RIVER RYLL.

By FATTY WYNN.

O River Ryll, O River Ryll,  
Of which I've often drank my fill!  
I love to wander on your banks  
And—(wait till I've a rhyme, please.  
Thanks!)

Thou flowest like the ginger-pop  
We buy at Mrs. Taggles' shop.  
Your currents—swift, and no mistake—  
Resemble those we find in cake!

Your reeds and rushes (Gee! Some  
ballad!)  
Remind me of a tempting salad.  
Above your surface pops a trout;  
I'd give the world to fish him out!

You play a game of pitch-and-toss  
With rowing-boats, and when you're  
cross  
You send them whirling to the weir;  
The oarsmen shake with sudden fear!

And when we try to swim in you  
Your coldness turns our noses blue.  
I wonder why your water's damp  
And gives a chap the giddy cramp?

O River Ryll, O River Ryll,  
With all your faults, I love you still!  
For once, when diving to the bottom,  
I found some pearls—and I've still got  
'em!

O teach me how to run like thee,  
A champion runner then I'll be.  
Teach me to gurgle just like you  
(But not when I am drinking stew!).

And when I try to steer a punt,  
Or any other sort of stunt,  
Don't—please don't make me tumble in.  
Think how the other chaps will grin!

I'll be your pal for weal or woe  
If on your waters I may row  
Without upsetting boat and all,  
And wrestling with a waterfall!

O River Ryll, O River Ryll,  
Protect this porpoise, if you will!  
For drowning is a fate I dread;  
I'd much prefer to die in bed!

A fellow of courage and muscle,  
Who can well hold his own in a tussle,  
Who plays up, never flagging,  
Yet is quite free from bragging—  
Can you guess his cognomen? Why,  
Russell!

He can give of can take a good biff  
Without losing his temper; and if  
There's a jape on he's in it.  
I fancy he'd win it—  
The first prize for japing—would Squiff!

He's just like a cow with the croup.  
He mooches about with a droop  
To his shoulders. He sneers,  
Funks, lies, sneaks; but—cheers!—  
He's not twins—that's one merit in  
Snoop!

It's no wonder the chaps are suspish  
Of one who so oft tried to dish  
Them out of their oof.  
Now we want some good proof  
Ere we swallow the statements of Fish!

## SUSPECTED!

(Continued from page 8.)

"No, it isn't," said Bob Cherry, looking in the drawer.

"H'm! Oh, I remember! I lent it to Nugent. He has some lines to do from it, and he's lost his Cæsar. Nugent's got it."

Lord Mauleverer reclined upon the sofa again.

"It's in Cæsar, and Nugent's got it. Go and look at it, and mind you put it back in the same place when you've done. I forget the chapter, and it would be dreadful to have to find it again."

"Well, of all the asses——" said Bob Cherry.

"Of all the frajulous chumps——" said John Bull.

"Really, you know, my dear fellows——"

"Oh, scat!"

The juniors trooped out of the study. They had seen Frank Nugent doing his lines in No. 1, and so they had not far to go to see the banknote.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Straight from the Shoulder!

HARRY WHARTON opened the door of Study No. 1. The room was empty, and the gas was turned low. Nugent had evidently finished his lines and taken them to Mr. Quelch. Wharton turned up the gas.

"Here's Cæsar!" exclaimed Bulstrode, the captain of the Remove. He picked up the volume, which Frank had left on the table after his task was done.

It was easily recognised as Lord Mauleverer's Cæsar. Lord Mauleverer had a splendid set of books, bound in Russia leather, with gilt edges, which were, of course, easy enough to be distinguished from the ordinary schoolbooks in use at Greyfriars. Lord Mauleverer was inclined to be magnificent in all his tastes.

"That's Mauly's book, and no mistake!" said Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. "No mistaking that. It must have cost a guinea."

Vernon-Smith spoke in a somewhat unpleasant tone. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was the son of a millionaire, and until Mauleverer came he was easily the richest fellow in the Form—if not in all Greyfriars. It was not difficult to see that the Bounder did not quite like being surpassed in magnificence—especially by a fellow who was so quiet and unassuming as Lord Mauleverer. Somehow the Bounder, with all his wealth and swank and force of character, never made such an impression as the quiet and soft-mannered schoolboy earl.

"Yes, that's Mauly's Cæsar," said Harry Wharton. "I suppose Frank's used it without noticing that the banknote was in it. Shake it out, Bulstrode."

Bulstrode took the book by the cover and shook it. The juniors watched to see the banknote flutter from the leaves.

But it did not. Bulstrode shook the book again and again, but no banknote came to light.

"Let me shake it," said Leigh.

Bulstrode handed him the book. Cecil Leigh shook it, and then ran over the pages with his thumb. There was no sign of the banknote.

"It's not there," said Leigh.

"Frank must have seen it, then, and taken it out to put it into safety," said Harry Wharton. "Wait till he comes

in. He's only gone down to Quelch's study with his lines."

"Good!"

"Here he comes!" said Russell, looking out of the study.

Frank Nugent entered Study No. 1. He looked in surprise at the crowd of juniors.

"Where's the banknote?" asked several voices.

"Eh?" ejaculated Nugent.

"The banknote!"

"The fifty-pounder!"

"Where is Mauly's fifty?"

Frank Nugent stared blankly at the Removites.

"How on earth should I know?" he demanded. "I suppose Mauleverer will know where his own banknote is."

"Oh, come off!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Mauleverer used the banknote as a bookmark in his Cæsar, and lent you his Cæsar."

"The ass!" said Frank Nugent. "He ought to be kicked for using a banknote as a bookmark. But if he put it in the Cæsar, I dare say it's still there."

"We've looked," said Bulstrode.

"Let me look."

Frank Nugent took the volume. The juniors watched him very curiously. Nugent's manner was perfectly natural. He shook the book so that if a banknote had been contained among the leaves it must fall out.

"You haven't taken it out of the book, then?" asked Bob Cherry.

Nugent stared at him.

"Taken it out?" he repeated.

"I mean, we thought you might have taken it out to put it in safety," Bob explained.

"Oh, I see! No, I haven't! I hadn't the faintest idea that there was a banknote in the book, of course. Fellows don't, as a rule, use fifty-pound banknotes as bookmarks."

"I guess not," remarked Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. "And I reckon that Mauly ought to be scragged for being such a careless ass—some!"

Nugent laid down the volume. The banknote was certainly not in it.

"It's not there," he said.

"Then where is it?" asked Vernon-Smith, in a most unpleasant tone.

"Blest if I know! I've seen nothing of it!" said Nugent. "I suppose Mauly has taken it out, and forgotten it. You know what a memory he has!"

"Yes, very likely," said Mark Linley.

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders. Vernon-Smith was in one of his most unpleasant moods. The Bounder of Greyfriars had a most uncertain and unpleasant temper, and whenever he acted decently for a time, he was certain to have a relapse into his worst ways afterwards.

Lately he had been very decent, backing up the Remove in a football difficulty in a really splendid way, but since then he had made himself so obnoxious that any feeling of gratitude was soon banished. His old enmity with the chums of No. 1 Study had broken out more strongly than ever; but to do Vernon-Smith justice, he was of a suspicious nature, and he really believed that he was on the track of something suspicious in the present case.

Frank Nugent looked at him with glittering eyes. That shrug of the Bounder's shoulders put his back up at once.

"What do you mean, Smith?" he exclaimed hotly.

"I mean that it won't do," said the Bounder coolly.

"What won't do?"

"The banknote was in that book," said the Bounder, with unpleasant distinctness, "and you had the book. The banknote isn't there now. I should imagine

that you were keeping it back for a jape on Mauleverer."

"I tell you I have not even seen it." The Bounder shrugged his shoulders again.

"Well, until the banknote turns up I shall take the liberty of having my own opinion upon that point," he said.

"What! Do you mean to say that I am telling lies?" shouted Nugent.

"I haven't said so."

"But that's what you mean, you insinuating hound!" exclaimed Nugent, clenching his fists.

The Bounder knitted his brows.

"Well, if you want it in plain English, I do mean that!" he exclaimed. "I believe your jolly well know where the banknote is— Hands off!"

He started back, putting up his hands, but not in time. Nugent, with blazing eyes, drove his fist full into the face of the Bounder, and Vernon-Smith went with a crash to the floor.

"Hold on——"

"Stop him!"

"Frank——"

"Let him get up!" shouted Nugent furiously. "I'll teach the lying hound to call me a liar! Let him get up!"

Half a dozen fellows caught hold of Nugent, and dragged him back. Vernon-Smith staggered to his feet, looking dazed from the blow, his lip bleeding.

Frank Nugent struggled to free himself.

"Let me get at the cad!" he panted.

"Bob Cherry, let go my arm! Do you hear?"

"I'm not deaf," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "But you're not going to get at him. You can punch Vernon-Smith's head any time, but just at present we've got to settle what has become of the banknote."

"Look here——"

"Hold on, Frank," said Harry Wharton quietly. "It's no good having a row about it now. Let's get along and see Mauleverer on the subject. I dare say he put the note somewhere else, and forgot it."

Vernon-Smith wiped his mouth with his hand.

"You've heard my opinion on the subject," he said. "I think——"

"Nobody wants to know what you think," said Bob Cherry. "Hold your tongue!"

"I tell you——"

"Shut up!"

Several of the fellows drew Frank Nugent out into the passage. Nugent was still looking savage as they marched him into Lord Mauleverer's study. Lord Mauleverer was still lying on the sofa, with an open book in his hand. But as he was holding the book upside down, and had his eyes half closed, it did not look as if he was studying very hard.

But as he saw the excited looks of the fellows crowding in, he started up. Lord Mauleverer had an exceedingly careless and irresponsible nature, but he could be serious when occasion required. He looked quickly at the excited juniors.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

What's the Matter with Nugent?

FRANK NUGENT breathed hard. He was angry with Vernon-Smith, angry with Lord Mauleverer, angry with himself—with everybody. Everything seemed to be going wrong that day. The trouble with his minor was weighing on his mind, for Nugent never preserved enmity for long, and he was already sorry for having been rough with Dicky, though, as a matter of fact, he had had the worst of it himself. Now Vernon-Smith's insinuations had excited him to an anger and bitter-

ness he had seldom experienced before. His usually sunny face was very dark, and Lord Mauleverer saw it with surprise.

"Matter enough!" snapped Nugent. "You lent me a Caesar half an hour ago—"

"Yes, my dear fellow."

"Now the fellows say that you left a fifty-pound banknote in it, as a bookmark."

Lord Mauleverer nodded.

"Yes, that's quite correct," he said.

"Well, you didn't do anything of the sort!" said Nugent angrily. "We've looked through the book, and can't find it."

"All serene, my dear fellow," said Lord Mauleverer pacifically. "If it isn't in the book it's somewhere else, I suppose. Don't bother!"

"That won't do! Vernon-Smith is insinuating that I've found the banknote, and kept it," said Nugent savagely.

"For a jape, I suppose," interposed Skinner.

"Yes; but he meant worse than that, only he hadn't the nerve to say it, the cad! You all know jolly well what he meant," said Nugent angrily.

Lord Mauleverer's face became very serious.

"Begad! That's rotten!" he said. "It's beastly! But we all know what a hopeless cad Smith is! Don't take any notice of him."

"That banknote's got to be found," said Nugent.

"Begad—"

"You've got to find it."

"Oh dear!" said Lord Mauleverer, looking greatly distressed. "I—I can't, you know. If it wasn't in the book I haven't the faintest idea where it might be. Of course, it might have fallen out of the book."

"Where was the book before you lent it to Nugent?" asked Harry Wharton.

"In the drawer of my table," said Lord Mauleverer.

Nugent gave a start.

"In that drawer?" he exclaimed.

"Yaas."

Nugent stared at the drawer. It was still open. Lord Mauleverer had not taken the trouble to close it. Back to Nugent's mind came the remembrance of his minor, of his crimson, guilty look as he turned from the open drawer, of his refusal to explain why he was in the study.

Frank Nugent's heart turned sick within him.

Was it possible—

His sudden paleness, the look almost of terror that leaped into his eyes, did not escape the others. Every eye was turned upon him, and some of the juniors exchanged looks. What was the matter with Frank Nugent?

"Pull yourself together, old man, for goodness' sake!" whispered Harry Wharton. "What on earth is the matter with you?"

Nugent did not reply. He was gazing in a dazed way at the table drawer. Lord Mauleverer was turning over the articles in it with lazy fingers.

"Frank, old man—"

"It's all right," muttered Nugent, in a harsh, unnatural voice. "Of course, the banknote must have slipped out of the book in the drawer there, and Mauleverer will find it in a minute."

"Most likely."

Vernon-Smith smiled sneeringly.

"You don't look as if you expect it to be found there," he said.

Nugent did not reply. He did not seem to hear the sneering remark of the Bounder of Greyfriars. But Bob Cherry turned a dark look upon the Bounder.

"You'd better hold your rotten tongue

if you don't want to go down the passage on your neck," he muttered.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. He had uttered the poisoned words, and the poison was taking its effect.

Lord Mauleverer had turned away from the table-drawer, with a very distressed expression upon his simple, kind face.

"It's not here!" he said.

"I'll look," said Bulstrode.

He searched the drawer. There was no trace of the banknote, or of any banknote. The juniors were silent now, with tense faces. They realised that there was something more in this than a banknote being lost. The banknote had not been lost; it had been taken by somebody. That was the thought that was in every mind now.

"Oh dear! What can have become of it?" said Lord Mauleverer miserably.

"I'm so sorry, Nugent, my dear fellow! I'll find it if I possibly can."

"You are a careless ass!" said John Bull. "Nobody has a right to be so careless with money."

His lordship nodded contritely.

"I know!" he said. "But, of course, I never suspected there was a thief in the school. I—I mean—I—I mean—"

He floundered off helplessly.

Wharton wrinkled his brows in an effort of thought. What could have become of the banknote? That Frank Nugent was a thief was an absurd suspicion. Wharton would just as soon have believed himself a thief. But where was the banknote? It seemed to be established that it had been in the book, and Nugent had had the book.

"Are you sure that the banknote was in the book when it was placed in the drawer, Mauly?" asked Tom Brown.

"Yes, quite. You see, I had been studying the beastly book, and I shoved the note in as a bookmark to keep the place, and laid the book in the drawer," said Lord Mauleverer. "Then Nugent came in to borrow the book, some time after, and I took it out of the drawer and handed it to him."

"Why, he may have dropped it in the passage!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in sudden relief. "He had to carry the book the length of the passage, from here to Study No. 1, and as he didn't know the banknote was in it, he wouldn't notice. And it's dark in the passage, and a banknote, of course, wouldn't make any noise falling. That's what happened. It's in the passage, and I dare say we've trodden on it a dozen times."

All the juniors looked suddenly relieved. It was a very probable explanation. New hope seemed to flush into Nugent's face. The tense strain of his features was relaxed. His eyes brightened wonderfully.

"Why, of course!" he exclaimed. "Lemme see. I put the book under my arm when I left the study, and I remember it slipped down and dropped on the floor when I was passing Bunter's study. I picked it up, but, of course, I never thought of looking to see whether a banknote had dropped out of it. I didn't know anything about the blessed banknote being in the book."

"Of course not!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ten to one it's lying in the passage now!" said Harry Wharton. "Get some bicycle lanterns and let's look, you chaps."

"Good egg!"

The Remove passage was lighted, but only with a glimmer of gas, and it was very shadowy. Dozens of banknotes might have lain about in the dark corners without being seen. But the Removites set to work to make a thorough search, half a dozen bicycle lanterns being lighted for the purpose.

Up and down the Remove passage they went, in an excited crowd, looking into every corner and every recess, opening all the study doors, and glancing inside, in case the banknote might have slipped under a door.

Harry Wharton and Bulstrode, and several more made a most minute examination of the passage, beginning with No. 15, Mauleverer's study, and working their way down to Study No. 1, and past it to the staircase.

But they discovered nothing.

If the banknote had been dropped there, it had been picked up, or else blown or tramped away. It was not there now.

The search went on for twenty minutes or more, until the whole passage had been ransacked half a dozen times by a score of fellows. But the result was the same. There was no trace of the fifty-pound banknote.

Frank Nugent did not take part in the quest. If the banknote had been found, there might have been suspicion that he had had it, and had, been afraid to keep it, and had, therefore, dropped it there to be found. He remained in Mauleverer's study, waiting anxiously.

The searchers began to drop into the study, dusty, and tired, and disappointed.

Their faces were very grave and grim.

"We can't find it," said Bob Cherry.

"It's not there, I guess!" Fisher T. Fish remarked.

Nugent's face grew haggard.

"Buck up, old man!" said Harry Wharton. "Nobody but a cad and a fool would suspect you of having taken the note."

"Just one moment," said Vernon-Smith, in his biting tones. "If Nugent knows nothing about it, will he explain why he went as white as a sheet when Mauleverer said that the book had been in the table drawer. You all noticed it, I think."

There was a painful silence.

Every eye was upon Nugent. The unfortunate junior opened his mouth to speak, but he closed it again. He said nothing. Wharton looked at his chum very anxiously.

"What was it, Franky?" he asked.

"You did look a bit sick, you know. Of course, I know you must have been feeling rotten. I suppose that was it."

"Of course it was," said Bob Cherry.

"I guess so!"

Frank Nugent did not reply. He stood facing the juniors, with a hunted look growing in his eyes. Vernon-Smith watched him with a mocking glance.

"Well, what has Nugent to say?" he asked.

Nugent drew a deep breath.

"I have nothing to say," he replied.

And he strode out of the study. The juniors drew aside in wonder to let him pass. He disappeared, and his footstep died down the corridor. The crowd of juniors in Lord Mauleverer's study remained to talk about the amazing affair. It was unfortunate they did so, for Loder, the cad of the Sixth, stopped as he was passing the door, and listened to the conversation.

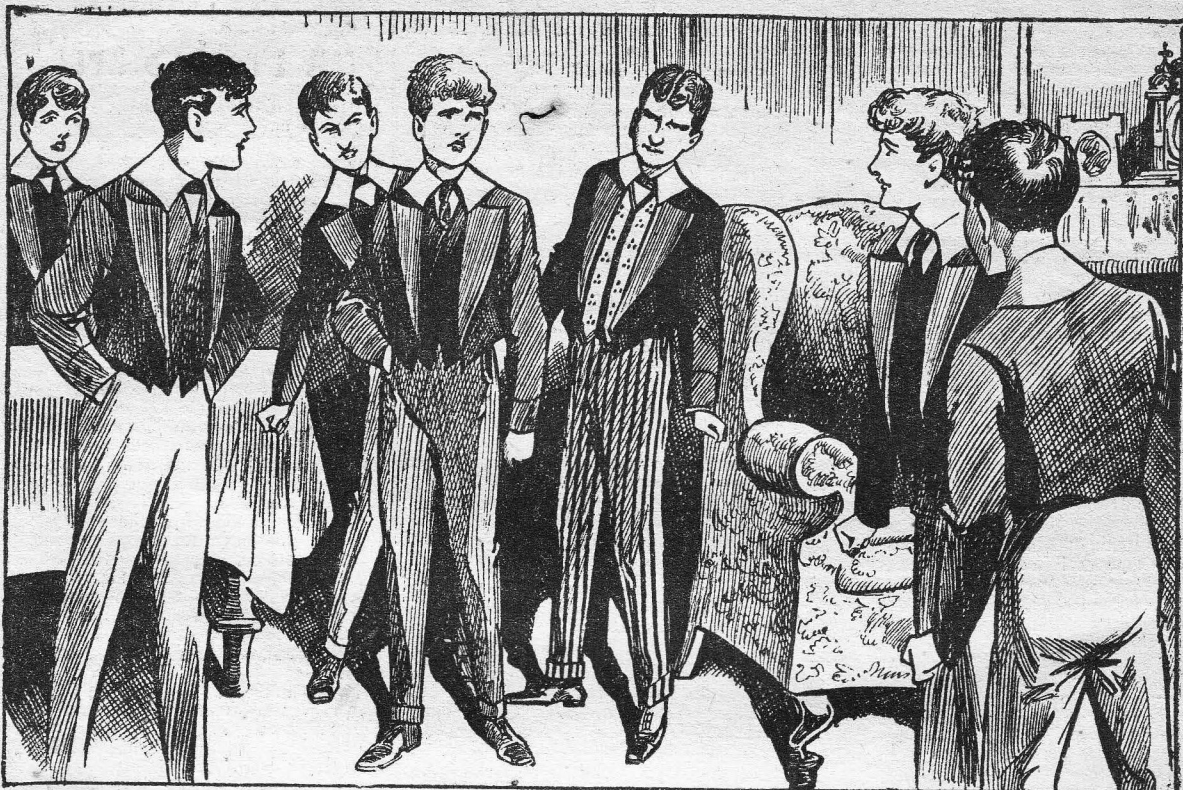
At last, with a smug grin, he turned on his heel and went straight to Nugent's study.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### Nugent Cannot Explain.

FRANK NUGENT was alone in Study No. 1.

The unhappy junior was pacing up and down the room, his hands deep in his pockets, his brow darkly lined, when the door was opened, and Loder, the prefect, came in, with a crowd of the Remove at his heels. Frank



"If Nugent knows nothing about the banknote," said Vernon-Smith, "will he explain why he went as white as a sheet when Mauleverer said that the book and note had been in the table-drawer? You all noticed it, I think." There was a painful silence. Nugent drew in a deep breath. "I have nothing to say!" he replied. (See Chapter 4.)

Nugent looked sharply round. The haggard expression upon his face escaped no one.

"Well, what do you want?" he exclaimed sharply. The strain upon his nerves seemed to have completely conquered Nugent's usually sunny temper, and he was as snappish as the worst-tempered fellow in the Remove.

"We want to know something about the missing banknote," said Loder; and he spoke very quietly and calmly. He had too good a case in his hands to risk spoiling it by any bullying on this occasion. "It will be best for you to explain, Nugent."

"I've nothing to explain," said Frank harshly.

"There is very little doubt that Lord Mauleverer's banknote for fifty pounds has been stolen," said Loder. "It seems that Lord Mauleverer found you in his study, with the table-drawer open, when he entered it. You told him you had come there to borrow his Cæsar."

"That is so," said Frank sullenly.

"You came for nothing else?"

"No."

"You did not interfere with the table-drawer or its contents?"

"Of course I didn't!"

"There is no 'of course' about it," said Loder quietly. "Somebody has done so, and has stolen a banknote. Was the table-drawer open when you went in?"

Frank remembered that scene—it seemed burnt upon his memory now—of his minor bending over the open drawer of the table, and his sharp cry and guilty flush as his brother came in. Would he ever be able to forget that?

"Well," said Loder, "answer me."

"The table-drawer was open," said Frank.

"Then, as Mauleverer declares that he closed it before leaving the study, either

you or someone else who came into the study before you must have opened it," said the prefect.

"I suppose so."

"How long were you in the study before Lord Mauleverer came in?"

"I don't know."

"I mean, had you just gone in to borrow the book, or had you gone in some time previously, and waited till Lord Mauleverer came back?"

"I wasn't there long."

"As much as five minutes?"

"Yes, more than five minutes."

"As much as ten?"

"No, I don't think so."

"We will say six or seven minutes," suggested Loder.

"Very likely."

"Very well! You were waiting in Lord Mauleverer's study six or seven minutes. What were you doing all that time?"

Frank flushed. He had not the slightest intention of explaining that his brother had been in the study. However black matters might look against him, he had determined that Dicky's name should not be mentioned. For Frank had not forgotten his promise to his mother. He was to look after Dicky, and if Dicky, in some horrible moment of temptation, had taken money that did not belong to him, Frank would shield him still. Punishment, certainly, the thief would deserve, but it was not Frank's place to betray his brother to punishment, however well-deserved it might be.

Loder waited patiently for Frank to answer. The juniors waited, too. Some of them were beginning to look derisive. Matters were too plain for further doubt it seemed to many of them. If Nugent was innocent, why could he not explain frankly? What did his hesitation mean? Even Wharton and Bob Cherry felt

cold chills creep over them. But they did not doubt Frank Nugent. They could not! Their faith in the honour of their chum was firmly founded, as upon a rock.

"Franky," muttered Wharton, "why don't you answer? What's the matter with you? Tell us what you were doing while you were Mauly's study."

"Buck up, Franky!" muttered Bob Cherry huskily. "Can't you see how important it is?"

Frank Nugent nodded.

"I've nothing to say," he replied.

There was a murmur. Vernon-Smith's sardonic laugh was heard again, but this time there was no one to rebuke him. Bob Cherry seemed dazed.

"Come!" said Loder sharply. "You seem to be bent on incriminating yourself, Nugent. You must have done something during those six or seven minutes. Did you sit down?"

"No."

"Did you look out of the window?"

"No."

"Did you walk up and down the study?"

"No."

"Did you look at a book?"

"No."

"Did you do nothing at all—simply nothing? Were you totally and completely unoccupied while you were waiting for Lord Mauleverer to come in?" demanded Loder.

"No," said Frank, in a very low voice.

"Ah! You were doing something?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"I've nothing to say."

"Nothing to say! Do you know that that is practically a confession of guilt?" demanded Loder, staring at the junior.

Loder wondered why the junior, whom he now fully believed to be a thief, could

not have sense enough to tell a lie or two. Lies came very easily to Loder, and he could not imagine a nature to which a lie would not come at the spur of the moment. Frank Nugent, deeper and deeper as he was getting into the web, did not even think of telling a falsehood.

Nugent was silent. Loder turned to the door. "There is nothing more to be done here," he said. "I should recommend you to return the banknote to Mauleverer, Nugent, and make a clean breast of it to the Head. That is about the best thing you can do under the circumstances."

Nugent burst into a laugh of angry scorn.

"I'm not likely to do that, when I know nothing whatever about the banknote!" he exclaimed. "I have never seen it even, and I know nothing at all about it!"

There was a murmur from the juniors. "That won't wash!" said Bolsover. "It's pretty clear now, I think!"

"Faith, it does seem so!" said Micky Desmond. "Nugent darling, and why don't ye explain yourself better?"

"I've nothing to explain. If any fellow wants to believe me a thief, he can!" said Frank bitterly. "Only a cad would believe that of me, that's all!"

"Hold on, Loder!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "There's a chance of finding the banknote yet. Nugent dropped the book he was carrying somewhere in the Remove passage, and the banknote very likely dropped out, and it may have blown away."

"Have you searched?" "Well, yes."

"Thoroughly?" "Ye-es; but there's a chance yet." Loder hesitated. He did not wish to report the case to the Head, and have it turned into utter ridicule afterwards by the discovery of the missing banknote in some odd corner.

"Very well," he said. "I will let the matter rest until to-morrow, and in the meantime, you can all search for the

banknote. If it is not found I will place the matter before the Head in the morning."

"Very well, Loder." The prefect went out into the passage. He turned his head in the doorway, with a very unpleasant expression upon his features.

"By the way, I want a couple of fags," he said. "Two of you go to my study—Wharton and Cherry will do—and get my tea."

And Loder walked away. He left the Removites murmuring loudly. Fagging of the Remove had been solemnly abolished, and it was exactly like Loder to take advantage of the present state of affairs to endeavour to force the juniors into their old servitude. But Wharton and Cherry hardly noticed what the prefect said. They were thinking of their chum, and of the terrible blow that was impending over him.

Wharton crossed over to Nugent, and dropped a hand upon his shoulder.

"Frank, old man, can't you explain?" he said.

Nugent shook his head. "I've nothing to say," he replied. "It's—it's impossible! I can't say anything more than that. But—but you don't doubt me, Harry?"

"Never!" said Wharton quietly.

Nugent nodded his thanks, and walked away. He wanted to be by himself. He was suspected of the theft of the banknote, and Dicky had been at the drawer in Lord Mauleverer's desk. Had he—

Frank Nugent shuddered, and wondered bitterly what had made him consider it at all likely that Dicky had taken the note. One thing was certain. Loder wouldn't let the matter rest until the note was found!

(Look out for another splendid long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, entitled "Their Honour at Stake," by Frank Richards, in next week's issue of the POPULAR. Out on Friday.)

## "A Fresh Start!"

(Continued from page 6.)

way in which you can atone for your many rascalities, and the shame you have brought upon your connections. You know to what I allude—Jimmy has spoken of it to you."

"The khaki!" muttered John Silver.

"Yes." "And you will see me clear if—if—" "I will see you clear when you are doing your duty for your country and King."

There was a long pause. "What is your answer, John?"

"If they'll take me, I'll go—"

"They will take you," said Mr. Silver. "You are young, and you can be fit—if you choose. You will come home with me—"

"With you!"

"To my home, and there you will stay till you have recovered sufficiently from the effects of your evil life to offer yourself to the recruiting officers. Then you will enlist. It will be the making of you if you do your duty. If you do not, you know what to expect. It is your last chance, and I give it you for Jimmy's sake."

Jimmy's face was bright as he followed his father and his uncle to the car. John Silver stepped in.

"Good-bye, Jimmy!" said his father.

"Good-bye, dad!" Jimmy Silver hesitated a moment, and then he held out his hand to his uncle. "Good-bye, Uncle John, and good luck!"

The wastrel grasped his hand for a moment.

Then the car hummed away down the road.

Jimmy Silver stood looking after it, his brow wrinkled with thought, but his eyes very bright. The car vanished down the long, white road.

A slap on the shoulder recalled Jimmy to himself. His chums joined him.

"All serene?" asked Lovell.

"I think so," said Jimmy soberly. "He's got the chance of a lifetime. I hope he'll make the best of it. It's his last chance."

And the Fistical Four walked home thoughtfully to Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver was often in a thoughtful mood during the following week.

He thought a good deal of his uncle. He wondered a little whether he had done wisely in begging his father to give the wastrel that last chance.

John Silver was going into khaki. Perhaps that new life might mark the turning-point in his career. But what if the old vicious inclinations were too strong for him, and if he disgraced the King's uniform as he had disgraced his own name?

But the following week there came a letter from John Silver, which was read in the end study with great satisfaction. It came from Aldershot:

"Dear Jimmy,—I'm in khaki now. I feel a new man already. There are some things I want you to forget, Jimmy; but always remember that you did the best thing in your life when you got me this last chance. I'm going to make the most of it.—Your affectionate uncle,  
JOHN SILVER."

John Silver had made a fresh start.  
THE END.

(Full particulars of the next grand long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., in the Editor's "Chat.")

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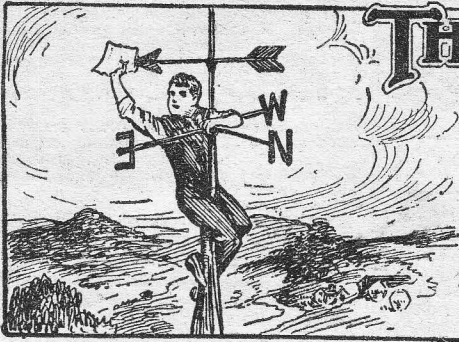
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THE POPULAR.—No. 120.



YOU WILL ENJOY READING THIS GRAND CINEMA SERIAL!



# THE DAREDEVIL SCHOOLBOY

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

By PAUL PROCTOR.

## THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

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

Dick is wandering along the country road, driven from his father's house in disgrace, when he comes in touch with the World-famed Cinema Company on "location" near the railway. The "stunt" actor junks 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.

Mr. Robinson, the lawyer, arranges to meet Dick at the station after the latter has finished his day's tour of London. The two find a corner in a Pullman. Dick is looking through some papers when he sees a portrait of himself, evidently taken that afternoon at the hotel.

(Now read on.)

## Shoretton Towers

**L**AUGHINGLY Dick handed the paper across to the lawyer for him to see.

"They don't waste much time in London," remarked Dick. "That was only taken about four hours ago, and here it is in print already!"

The lawyer smiled.

"If you think that's quick," he remarked, "just you wait until you get in the studio of Mr. Henderson's company. They hold the record for speed in motion-picture photography. Why they took a picture of the Grand Prix horserace, which took place at about three o'clock in France one afternoon, and the film was shown the same night in London at all the leading theatres.

"The film was developed, and printed in a specially constructed dark-room on board the privately-owned aeroplane of the company, which flew the film over from France to England!"

"Phew!" exclaimed Dick. "That was

certainly smart work! I can see I'm going to enjoy myself soon!"

"Myes!" murmured the lawyer. "But you'll find it all harder work than you think. Mr. Henderson pays good salaries, but he expects a lot for them. He's a good enough master to work for—mark you, don't think I'm running him down—but, great Scott, you hardly have time to breathe when he's about!"

"I don't mind how hard I have to work!" returned Dick. "I know I'm going to love it all!"

"I hope you will," returned the lawyer, with a kindly smile. "You're a young man still, but I'm getting on, and—well, Mr. Henderson leaves me breathless sometimes!"

And Mr. Robinson gave a weary sigh, which almost made Dick smile with amusement.

The lawyer laid aside the newspaper which Dick had handed him, and gave vent to a smothered yawn.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed, "Traveling always makes me so sleepy. You'll excuse me if I should drop off to sleep directly."

"Why, of course," returned Dick. "Don't you worry about me. I shall be quite happy with all these illustrated books and papers you have been thoughtful enough to obtain for me."

The lawyer nodded, and before very long his head had fallen forward upon his chest, and he was sleeping peacefully.

The train which Mr. Henderson's lawyer had picked out for Dick to travel down to Shoreton upon was the best train of the day.

It was not scheduled to stop until it reached its final destination, and it was fairly flying along over the well-laid track at that moment.

It was a fifty-two mile run to Shoreton, and the train was advertised to do it in just under the hour, an accomplishment which it almost invariably succeeded in carrying out.

And to-day was no exception to the rule.

Punctually at four minutes to six the express ran into Shoreton Station and came to a standstill.

The cessation of movement of the train caused Mr. Robinson to awake with a start.

"Dear, dear! Tut, tut!" he exclaimed. "Are we here already? I must have been asleep nearly all the time."

"Yes, you were," answered Dick, with a laugh; and then, as he perceived that the lawyer was about to apologise again: "But it was quite all right. I have had a most pleasant and comfortable journey—thanks to these books you provided for me."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that," returned Mr. Robinson. "But come along! I arranged for one of Mr. Henderson's cars to be here to meet this train. Come along this way!"

Dick fell into line, and followed Mr. Robinson out of the station.

A large yellow touring-car, which had the appearance of possessing immense power, was drawn up in the station yard, and as the liveried chauffeur perceived Mr. Robinson coming towards him, he hurried forward and relieved him and Dick of their suit-cases, which he placed in the car beside him.

Mr. Robinson motioned for Dick to enter the back of the car, and then followed him in.

Almost simultaneously the great, powerful car slid forward.

"You'll like Mr. Henderson's house here," remarked the lawyer, as he leaned back upon the comfortably-padded seat. "It is situated right high up there upon the cliffs," he added, pointing to the cliffs in the distance. "A perfect position, and the views, both out to sea and inland, are too wonderful for description."

Dick nodded.

He was all anxiety to reach Shoreton Towers, as Mr. Robinson had told him the place was called, and to hear from Mr. Henderson's own lips when he was to start working for the pictures, and what was to be his first job.

With a pleasing purr of its well-timed engines the great car fairly ate up the road like a greedy monster.

The steep hills, too, seemed to make but very little difference to the speed of the car, and within ten minutes the outline of Shoreton Towers appeared in the distance.

"That's the place!" murmured Mr. Robinson, as he pointed to it. "Wonderful position, isn't it?"

"It is indeed!" exclaimed Dick admiringly. "What a magnificent building. Has Mr. Henderson always lived there?"

The lawyer gave a queer little laugh, and shook his head.

"No," he said. "Mr. Henderson bought the land, and had it specially built to his own ideas. You see, Mr. Henderson has not always been the wealthy man you see him to-day. He has made an immense fortune, however, out of the cinematograph industry, and this house is but one of the proofs of his wonderful success."

Dick nodded.

"Then how did Mr. Henderson start?" he asked.

"When he was a boy still younger than you," replied the lawyer, "he sold newspapers in the streets of New York."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Dick. "What a wonderful man! That makes me think all the more of him!"

"Yes, he is a wonderful man!" agreed the lawyer. "A very wonderful man. And he has the knack of getting the right people round him to do his work—although I do not speak from any sense of conceit upon my own part as representing him in a legal manner. You'll



# THE DAREDEVIL SCHOOLBOY

(Continued from previous page.)

find he's a wonderful talent for getting the right man for the right job!"

"Well, I only hope he hasn't made a bloomer in me this time!" murmured Dick almost to himself; but his tone was loud enough for the lawyer to hear.

"I don't think he has," he said quietly.

By this time the car had reached the entrance gates to the spacious grounds upon the cliff-top, where was built Shoreton Towers, and Dick had an opportunity of admiring the graceful lines of the structure.

It was modelled upon an old Tudor castle, and the architect had certainly made a wonderful job of it.

Although, as Dick had heard, it was a comparatively modern building, it had all the appearance of a majestic old castle, with its towers and battlements.

Instead of being an eyesore, as many a modern building unfortunately is, Shoreton Towers was an added beauty spot to this garden of England.

The car came to a standstill, and Dick stepped down from it.

The lawyer followed him, and, taking him by the arm, led him through the fine old oak door into the spacious square hall of the cinema producer's home.

The rich hangings, the suits of armour, the magnificent carved oak fire-place—everything were in keeping, and breathed of wealth and luxury.

Even at that moment Dick could not help wondering if perhaps one day—by his efforts upon the film—he would be able to have such a place as this for himself.

His thoughts in this direction, however, were suddenly disturbed by the sound of a familiar voice.

"Hallo! So you've got here all right!"

Dick turned, and found himself gazing into the jovial, smiling face of Mr. Eustace K. Henderson.

He was garbed in a beautifully-cut suit of Harris tweed now, and was smoking his inevitable cigar.

Dick found it difficult to realise that the man who stood before him had once sold newspapers in the streets of New York in order to earn his living.

"Yes," returned Dick. "Mr. Robinson arranged everything beautifully for me. I had a very pleasant journey, thank you very much!"

"Good!" returned the producer. "And I'll wager that that old lawyer man of mine went fast to sleep!"

Dick could not help roaring with laughter.

"Well, yes," he admitted, with a smile in Mr. Robinson's direction; "but he was very kind and thoughtful in providing me with plenty of interesting literature before he did so."

Mr. Henderson nodded, shooting an amused glance in the direction of his lawyer.

"Did you bring everything down with you, Robinson?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the lawyer, as he made to open his attache-case. "I have the draft of the contract you wish Mr. Trafford to sign all ready here."

"All right—all right!" cut in Mr. Henderson.

"I don't want it now; keep it until I ask you for it." And then, turning to Dick, he added: "I have a rule never to transact business in my private house until my guest has been there for at least a night. There is no hurry. We can go into all this to-morrow some time. Meanwhile, come along, and I'll show you all over my place."

"Thanks!" murmured Dick. "You certainly have a most wonderful home here. I love it!"

"Yes; it isn't so bad, is it?" returned Mr. Henderson. "All made out of the pictures, my lad—and to my own design. I'm glad you like it!"

## Dr. Steele Again!

**A**FTER having been shown over Shoreton Towers by the owner, Mr. Eustace K. Henderson, whose pride in his wonderful residence, which stood there upon the white cliffs of England, may perhaps be understood and pardoned, Dick Trafford took his leave, and retired to his room to dress for dinner.

The gong sounded as he descended the broad staircase to the hall, and found Mr. Henderson awaiting him there.

Standing beside the cinema magnate was a tall, imperious woman, garbed in a beautiful evening-gown, and wearing a necklace of priceless pearls.

Dick rightly guessed this handsome woman to be Mrs. Henderson.

"Allow me to introduce a new discovery of mine, Brenda," remarked Mr. Henderson, stepping forward. "This is Mr. Richard Trafford, and but for his bravery and resource in saving the Petersfield express from disaster, you would have been a widow by now, my dear."

"I am pleased and proud to meet you, Mr. Trafford!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson, coming forward. "And now, will you give me your arm and take me in to dinner?"

Dick shook his hostess by the hand, and then, placing her arm through his, led her in the direction of the dining-room.

This room was no less magnificent than any of the others. It was all panelled in dark oak, and silver candlesticks, with dainty little pink shades, shed a pleasing light upon the beautiful glass and silver upon the table.

Dick noticed that the table was laid for four, and for the moment he wondered who the fourth might be.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Henderson, as he nodded towards the fourth and empty place. "Where's the doctor? Isn't he in to dinner this evening?"

Mrs. Henderson shook her head. "No," she said. "He's gone to see poor old Martin. He's had another attack of his old trouble, and the doctor promised to go and sit with him for a few hours this evening."

"I see," murmured Mr. Henderson. "Well, we had better not wait, then," he added, as he took his seat at the table, and Dick did likewise.

This Mr. Henderson, thought Dick, must be an exceedingly wealthy man indeed to have his own private medical man constantly in attendance in the household.

But in believing the person referred to as the "doctor" to be a physician Dick made a mistake which he was shortly to discover, and in a most disconcerting manner.

Dinner passed off pleasantly enough, both Mrs. Henderson and the Cinema King carefully avoiding any reference to "shop" or to Dick's future career upon the pictures.

At length the meal was at an end, and at a signal from Mrs. Henderson both her husband and Dick rose and followed her into the drawing-room, where coffee was served.

Mrs. Henderson played with perfection

upon the grand-piano there, and then Dick retired early to bed.

He awoke to find the sun streaming in through his window, which overlooked the English Channel, and so charming was the view and the sweet smell of the ozone-charged air, that Dick decided to rise early, dress, and have a stroll round the grounds.

Half an hour later Dick strolled out into the spacious grounds, and was sauntering along one of the garden-paths when he found himself suddenly come face to face with a figure which was at once familiar and unpleasant to him.

"Dr. Steele!" he gasped.

And, sure enough, the rascally late headmaster of St. Peter's stood before him.

What was the doctor doing here? thought Dick quickly.

He had heard, of course, that Dr. Steele had been relieved of his position as headmaster of St. Peter's after Dick had shown up his dishonesty before the governors of the school, but he could not understand what he was doing there.

"Dr. Steele!" he exclaimed again, in surprise.

"Yes, Trafford," said the doctor, in an icy, cutting tone; "you are quite right. Your eyes do not deceive you. I am Dr. Steele—and may I ask what you are doing here?"

"I am here as a guest of Mr. Henderson," retorted Dick, "although I don't see what it has to do with you, Dr. Steele! But since you ask me the question, perhaps you will allow me to put the same to you. What are you doing here, Dr. Steele?"

"That is my affair!" retorted the doctor brusquely. "But you may learn before long!" And the tone in which Dr. Steele spoke the words boded ill for Dick Trafford.

However, he was not to be abashed, and he shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Well," he said, "we might as well understand each other, and decide where we stand. Our last meeting was hardly a pleasant one; but since we are both the guests of Mr. Henderson, I presume we shall sink any personal animosity there may be between us, for his sake. We don't want any scenes here, and I hope we sha'n't have any."

"I hope not," replied the doctor, with a slight sneer.

"Well," returned Dick, "you will, of course, do as you please, but so far as I am concerned I shall not trouble to tell Mr. Henderson that I have met you before. If I do, you see, he is sure to ask me where, and then I may be forced into telling the truth, and the whole story of how you—shall we say 'retired' from the headmastership of St. Peter's may come out!"

A savage expression of hate and anger crossed the headmaster's face.

"You dare say a word of that," he snarled, "and I'll—"

Dick looked him straight in the eyes.

"I have already said," he retorted, "that I shall endeavour to avoid any reference to that unpleasant incident; but really, Dr. Steele, I can't see what you can do, even if I should decide to tell Mr. Henderson the truth about you!"

"Can't you!" snarled the doctor once more. "Well, you take my advice, and don't put me to the test, otherwise you will find yourself in the wrong box, my boy. You've already done me enough harm as it is, and I've not forgotten or forgiven you for that. I've still that debt to wipe off against you!"

"Really!" returned Dick. "I don't feel inclined to bandy words with you, Dr. Steele. As I say, I shall try to recollect my manners, and be polite to you before my host and hostess, but beyond that I do not wish to have anything to do with you. And now, if you will kindly allow me to pass, I shall be obliged!"

The doctor stepped back a pace, and Dick walked slowly past him, and even as he did so Dick could almost feel the inclination of the doctor to strike him in the face with his clenched fist.

He only drew in his breath with an angry hiss, however, and allowed Dick to pass.

## The Contract Signed!

**E**VENTS passed without interest until about eleven o'clock that same morning, when Mr. Henderson requested that Dick should join him in his study for the discussion of the terms of the contract and the signing of the document.

Dick found Mr. Henderson most generous in the wording of the contract. He was to receive the sum of five thousand pounds a year for a period of not less than five

years, and the only really binding condition was that during that time Dick should not appear for any other cinema company nor upon the stage of any public theatre or music-hall without the permission of Mr. Henderson.

"Do you agree to the conditions, Mr. Trafford?" asked Mr. Henderson.  
"Certainly!" answered Dick. "I think they are most generous."

"Then I think, Mr. Robinson," added the cinema magnate, turning to his lawyer, who was, of course, present at the interview, "that there is nothing more to be done beyond Mr. Trafford affixing his signature to this contract, and then you had better take it to have a copy made."

"Quite so, sir—quite so," agreed the solicitor, as he picked up a pen and handed it to Dick Trafford.

"Sign there, please," he said, denoting a dotted line. "The other line is for the witness. I shall myself be happy to witness your signature, Mr. Trafford."

Dick nodded, and, taking the pen in his hand, affixed his signature to the foot of the contract.

"Good!" remarked Mr. Henderson, as he reached forth his hand. "After the signing of such contracts I usually suggest the cracking of a bottle of champagne; but, if I may say so, Mr. Trafford, I am afraid you are a trifle young for that."

Dick gave a light laugh.  
"Yes," he said, "I'm afraid I am. I've never even tasted champagne yet."

"Never mind—never mind!" returned Mr. Henderson. "There's plenty of time for you to acquire a liking for it yet. Perhaps after your first successful picture we may share a bottle."

"Well, in that case," returned Dick, with a smile, "I hope I shall soon taste it, for I am all anxiety to get to work and to produce my first picture. When are we to start?"

"Very shortly now," replied the producer. "I want you to remain my guest here for a couple more days, and then we'll go straight away to the studio. There you will meet the other members of the company and become known to them, and start your real life before the motion-picture camera."

Dick nodded.  
"And now," went on Mr. Henderson, "I have several things to attend to. I shall be lurching out, but I shall meet you again at dinner. If you should feel inclined for a spin in the country, just ring the bell, and tell the footman to have a car sent round for you. Do just as you like, Mr. Trafford—so long as you amuse yourself and don't get bored."

"There's not much fear of that," replied Dick, with a laugh. "One simply couldn't be bored amidst these delightful surroundings."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," concluded Mr. Henderson, as he rose to his feet and held the door open for Dick to leave the study. "You must excuse me now!"

Dick did not ask for a car to be placed at his disposal for the rest of the day, but went for a long tramp along the gorgeous cliffs.

His thoughts were occupied by the anticipation of his future life of excitement, and more than once he found himself wondering what was the meaning of Dr. Steele's presence in the house.

He did not care to ask his host, for fear he might think it impertinent, and yet he could not help wondering how the scoundrelly headmaster came to be there.

Dick did not return to Shoreton Towers until it was time to dress for dinner that evening, and he did not meet his guest again until he entered the dining-room.

This time Dr. Steele was present at table, and Mrs. Henderson wore an even more striking gown, and in the place of the pearls she had worn the previous evening, her neck was ablaze with diamonds.

(To be continued.)

## POPULAR FAVOURITES!

.....  
No. 14.—GEORGE HERRIES.



You will find many stories of St. Jim's with George Herries in, but very few in which he is in the limelight. There are many fellows like this—fellows who are always willing and ready to follow, but cannot lead. They have not the leading instinct in them. Tom Merry, Harry Wharton, Figgins, Talbot—all are born leaders—we have read of them, we know them as that—but we should be surprised to see Herries come forward, right in the limelight, alone.

But this is not a thing to say against him, however. There must be people who will follow, otherwise we should be all leaders, and would get nowhere. Gilbert puts it very well: "If everyone is somebody, then no one's anybody."

George Herries is such a fellow as this: a very good chap, a loyal chum, not a duffer—though he is apt to give one the appearance of being so—and is, on the whole, the slowest and less clever of the four in Study No. 6.

In some ways George is like Johnny Bull, of Greyfriars. They both have that habit of growling remarks. They have a certain amount of shrewdness, though perhaps, Johnny is the quicker thinker of the two. Then there is that prominent vein of obstinacy which shows so well in Herries.

He is a burly fellow, perhaps one of the heaviest in the Fourth, but by no means the best boxer, or even a good one, so that his weight and strength does not avail him much in this line. On the field of play he has given some fairly bright performances at times—at other times he has been pretty rotten—and is conspicuous rather as a good, honest worker—one who can be relied upon in the case of emergencies—than a clever player.

Things which distinguish Herries from the rest of his schoolmates are his devotion for Towser, his dog, and his passionate love for music.

Perhaps you can understand the first trait easier than the second. George is just the fellow who might be expected to love a bulldog. You may not have thought it, but there is any amount of affection in a bulldog.

So there is nothing which "Old Towser" can't do—according to his master. I think Herries overrates the dog's intelligence a lot. Nevertheless, Towser is expected to be far in advance of any bloodhound in the sleuth line. This, of course, is absurd. Herries fancies the dog understands every word he says. That doesn't matter; it only shows the deep affection he has for his pet.

In the musical line he does not excel so much. He can play, undoubtedly. In fact, he came in first in a concert competition in connection with the school. That was a great contest for George. You doubtless remember the story, when he made a "one-man band" and played several instruments at once.

Although he does not give the appearance of being a musician, I suppose we have to take it he has real musical abilities.

"Is he popular?" you might ask. Yes, to a certain extent he is. There are few fellows who can't help liking him. There are also a few who hate him, simply because he is straight as a die and detests anything underhanded and sly.

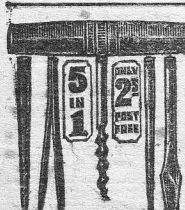
He lives and thrives in the background. You simply couldn't get him to come forward, and perhaps it is well that he does not. It is often said that a listener will learn more than a chap who lets his tongue wag too much. Obviously, George has come to this conclusion. Time will tell.

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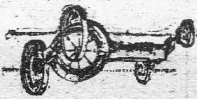
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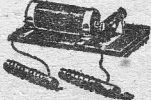
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