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TOPPING TALES OF ROOKWOOD & GREYFRIARS EVERY WEEK!

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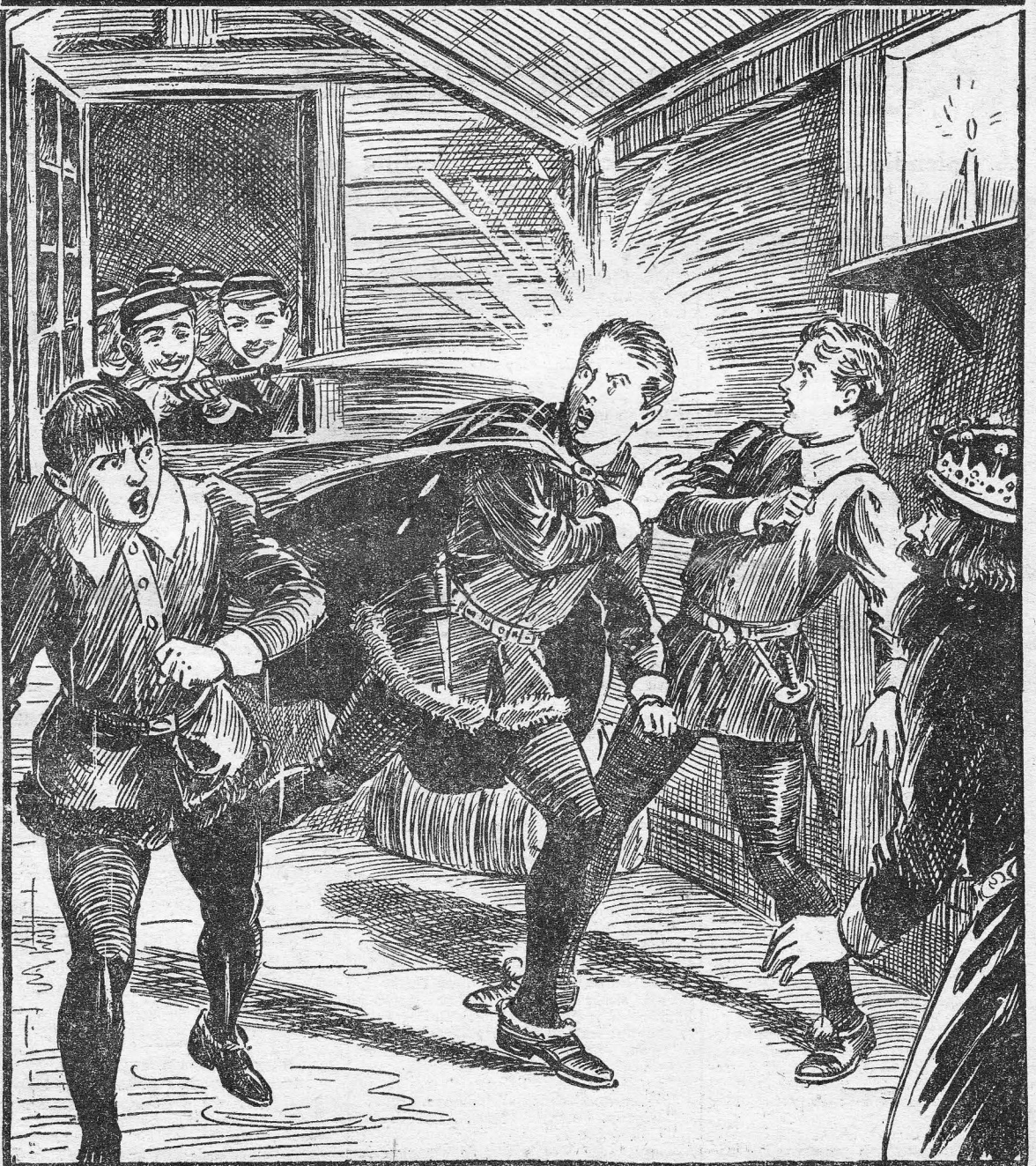
Greyfriars

The POPULAR

11d
12d

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

Rookwood St Jims



A DAMPING FOR THE FIFTH FORM ACTORS!
(An amusing episode from the long complete Rookwood tale in this issue.)



* AT *

FEUD WITH THE FIFTH!

By OWEN CONQUEST.



A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale, dealing with the Adventures of
JIMMY SILVER & Co., the Heroes of Rookwood.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Awful Cheek!

CRASH! The door of the end study was hurled open suddenly and very forcibly.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stared round wrathfully. The Fistical Four—Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome—were all at home. The heroes of the Fourth were working hard at their prep, having left it rather late.

"What the dickens—" began Jimmy Silver, as the door crashed open.

Then he blinked in surprise.

The doorway was filled by a crowd of fellows—not members of the Fourth, as Jimmy naturally expected.

Hansom, the captain of the Fifth, stepped in, and following him came four other Fifth-Formers—Talboys, Lumsden, Duff, and O'Rourke.

Jimmy Silver & Co. jumped up at once. It was but seldom that seniors of the Fifth condescended to call in at junior studies. And it was easy to see that this was not a friendly visit.

Jimmy Silver's hand strayed to a ruler. "Hallo, Cabby!" he said, quite cheerfully. "What's the game?"

Hansom frowned majestically. It always annoyed him to be called Cabby—a playful allusion to his surname.

"If you've come to tea, you're too late!" remarked Lovell. "Besides, we don't want the Fifth to tea. We draw the line somewhere, you know!"

"Our aim," said Jimmy gravely, "is to keep this study perfectly respectable. Consequently, the Fifth are barred!"

"I dare say you know why we've come here," Hansom said grimly.

Jimmy shook his head.

"Can't guess. If you want help with your prep, you will have to wait till we've finished ours, and then we'll do the best we can for you."

Lovell and Raby and Newcome sniggered. It was not really likely that the seniors had come to the end study to request junior assistance with their prep.

"We've come to talk to you," said Hansom.

"Sorry, old scout. We're not holding a conversation this evening," said Jimmy Silver. "Besides—if you don't

mind my mentioning it—you're a bit of a bore."

The Fifth-Formers sniggered at that, excepting Hansom. Hansom frowned. He gave his comrades a glare.

"We've come to talk to you plainly," said Hansom. "You kids in the Fourth have been getting cheekier and cheekier. This afternoon you tied a kite-tail to Jobson's coat, and he walked about with it for an hour or more before he found it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You actually had the cheek to bump a Fifth-Form chap in the quad yesterday, and—"

"He was bullying a Fourth-Form chap," explained Jimmy Silver. "We thought we ought to give him a lesson. We're always willing to help bring the Fifth up in the way they should go."

"Fags have to be kept in order," said Hansom. "Perhaps Muggins was a bit drastic, but fags have to toe the line.

The fact is, ever since you came to Rookwood, Silver, there's been too much cheek from the Fourth, and especially from this study. Having talked it over, we've decided to put an end to it. It's really for your own sakes. Discipline is good for fags."

"You're awfully good," said Jimmy, taking a tighter grip on the ruler. "How are you going to set about it, Cabby?"

"You're going to have a licking all round, to begin with—"

"My hat!"

"And your study will be ragged, as an example," said Hansom. "I've brought a strap for the licking."

"Well, of all the cheeky idiots!" exclaimed Lovell. "Do you think this study will stand it, you dummy?"

"I rather think so," grinned Hansom. "This study will be rather roughly handled if it makes a fuss. Better take it quietly, like good little boys."

"You come on and see!" roared Lovell.

"Lock the door, Talboys!"

"What-ho!" chuckled Talboys.

"Rescue, Fourth!" bawled Lovell.

"Collar them!"

Then there was a terrific struggle in the end study.

The Fifth-Formers had come there to vindicate the lofty dignity of a senior Form, and to give the cheeky juniors a lesson they badly needed, in the opinion of the Fifth, at least. Hansom & Co. felt that they were performing a painful duty. They did not expect much trouble. But on that point their expectations were not up to the mark.

They received a good deal of trouble.

Hansom, very much to his surprise, found his hands very nearly full with Jimmy Silver.

Still more to his surprise, one of Jimmy's well-known upper-cuts took him under the chin, and landed him on the study carpet with a crash.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were struggling desperately in the grasp of the seniors.

They had no real chance, but they fought it out to a finish, and by the time they were downed, the invaders of the end study were looking very flushed and dusty and ruffled.

Jimmy Silver had rushed to help his comrades, but Hansom was up in a moment, and rushing on.

Jimmy closed with the captain of the Fifth.

"My hat!" gasped Hansom. "You cheeky little beast—yaroo!"

Jimmy hooked his leg in his assailant's and Hansom rolled over. He dragged Jimmy Silver down with him, however, and they rolled on the carpet together.

Then the senior came uppermost.

"Ow!" gasped Jimmy, as the heavy Fifth-Former sat on his chest.

"Sit on those cheeky cads!" howled Hansom. "Come and sit on this one, Talboys!"

"Right-ho!"

Hansom staggered to his feet. The Fistical Four were on the carpet, each with a panting Fifth-Former sitting on their chests.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Hansom Comes Down Heavy!

THERE was a thump at the study door, and the handle was shaken without.

"What's the row here?" It was Oswald's voice.

"Yow-ow!"
Hansom chuckled.
"Lucky we locked the door," he remarked. "We don't want a mob of fags crawling over us, by gad!"

"Rescue, Fourth!" stuttered Lovell.
"Shut up!" said Lumsden, tapping Lovell's head on the floor; and Lovell gave a howl of anguish.

"You cheeky rotters!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "We'll make you sit up for all this!"

"Still the same cheeky little rascal!" grinned Hansom. "We'll give you something to cure all that, my pippin!"

He took a leather strap from his pocket.

"Look here, you rotten bully—" gasped Raby.

"My dear kid, this isn't bullying," explained Hansom. "It's a much-needed lesson—a long-felt want supplied, as they say in the advertisements. It's really for your own good. Roll him over, Talboys!"

Talboys grinned, and rolled Jimmy Silver over.

Then the captain of the Fifth got to work with the strap.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yaroooh!"

"Rescue!" yelled Lovell.

There was a hammering on the door. The voices of Van Ryn and Pons and Conroy were heard, and Oswald's and Higgs' and Jones minor's. The Classical Fourth were rallying to the rescue.

But the locked door stopped them effectually.

They raged in vain outside the end study, while the Fistical Four "went through it" within.

Hansom was doing his work thoroughly.

Jimmy Silver received a dozen with the leather strap, wriggling and yelling the while.

Then came Lovell's turn, and he had six. Six each followed for Raby and Newcome.

Then Hansom surveyed the wriggling four with a grin.

Jimmy Silver & Co. gave him Hannish glares. Never had such an indignity been inflicted upon the end study.

The cool cheek of the Fifth-Form fellows took away the breath of the four juniors; but even that was not so bad as the strapping.

"I fancy that's about enough!" remarked Hansom. "Mind, we've done this for your own good, Silver. It's discipline!"

"Ow, you rotter!"

"Now, we'll be off," said Hansom. "We've wasted enough time on these fags. Mind, any more cheek from this study, Silver, and you get a little more of the same."

"Grooh!"

"I say, there's a crowd of fags out there," remarked Talboys, rather uneasily.

"Rats! We'll knock 'em right and left if they bother us," said Hansom disdainfully.

"Well, come on," said Duff.

The Fistical Four were released, and Hansom unlocked the door. Jimmy Silver & Co. scrambled to their feet, prepared to renew the combat. But Hansom & Co. rushed into the passage at once.

"Stop them!" yelled Lovell.
The Classical juniors closed up round the five seniors, but the rush of the big fellows drove a way through the crowd.

The heroes of the Fifth went down the passage at a run, knocking the juniors right and left, though they did not escape unscathed themselves. Van Ryn was still clinging to Hansom's neck when the Fifth-Formers reached the stairs.

There he was dragged off and bumped down, and the five seniors went downstairs rather hurriedly. As a matter of fact, they were glad to get out of the hornets' nest they had roused.

In the end study Jimmy Silver & Co. rubbed their injuries and gasped. They had been severely handled.

"The cheeky rotters!" exclaimed Oswald, grinning a little. "Did they have the nerve to come here and lick you?"

"Yow-ow! Yes!"

"Like their cheek!" chuckled Higgs.

"Yow! There's nothing to cackle at, you chump!"

"Sure, it's hard cheese on yez," said Flynn, but he was grinning, too. "You ought to make the Fifth sit up for this, intirely, Jimmy!"

"Yow-ow! We're going to! Ow!"

There was unlimited sympathy for the sufferers. But somehow all the juniors, excepting the victims, seemed to see a humorous side of the affair.

Jimmy Silver was not sorry when the grinning sympathisers left.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Sauce for the Gander!

"COME in!"
Hansom of the Fifth called out carelessly as a tap came at his study door later in the evening.

Hansom and Talboys, who shared that study, had finished their prep, and were just finishing a Welsh rabbit for supper. They had been chatting over the raid on the end study, which was a very entertaining subject for them.

They quite agreed that that drastic lesson would have its effect, and that the cheeky members of the Fourth would henceforward treat the great and mighty Fifth with due respect.

They were somewhat surprised, therefore, when the study door opened and revealed Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Hallo! What do you fags want?" demanded Hansom.

The fags did not reply.

Jimmy, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome marched in quickly, and after them came the Colonial Co.—Van Ryn, Pons, and Conroy. Seven sturdy juniors were in the study, and Conroy, the Cornstalk, locked the door.

Hansom and Talboys started to their feet.

It was surprising, after they had taken so much trouble to reduce the end study to a proper state of discipline and respect for their elders, but it was quite clear that this visit meant war.

"Unlock that door at once!" thundered Hansom.

"Bow-wow!"

"By gad! What do you want?" stammered Talboys.

"We want you!" said Jimmy Silver grimly. "Sauce for the gander, you know. As you're rather big beasts, we're taking you in detail—two at a time. Where's that strap, Hansom?"

"That—that strap?" stuttered Hansom.

"Yes. I'm going to lick you!"

"Lick me?" yelled Hansom.

"Yes!"

"Why, you—you—you—"

Words failed the Fifth-Former. The bare idea of the captain of the Fifth being licked by a junior was astounding; in fact, appalling. If such a thing happened, it was time for the skies to fall. But it was pretty clear that it was going to happen.

"Better take it quietly," grinned Lovell. "We're doing this for your own good, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see, we think the Fifth are too cheeky!" explained Lovell.

"Too cheeky by half!" said Conroy. "After this, you will treat the Fourth with proper respect—what?"

Hansom found his voice at last.

"You cheeky young scoundrels!" he roared. "Get out of my study before I pitch you out!"

"You'd better begin with the pitching, Cabby."

"Go ahead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hansom advanced on the juniors with frowning brow and clenched fists. Even yet he could hardly believe that the Fourth-Formers meant to lay sacrilegious hands upon so great a person.

But he was quickly undeceived on that point.

"Collar them!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four jumped at Hansom as one man.

Talboys struggled in the grasp of the Colonial Co. at the same moment.

Singly, the juniors would have had no chance, naturally, against the big seniors. But seven to two was long odds.

Hansom, to his surprise and rage, found himself dragged down and bumped on his study carpet with a mighty bump.

Lovell sat on his chest, and Raby on his head, and Newcome trampled recklessly on his sprawling legs.

"Got him!" trilled Lovell.

Talboys was down even more quickly, in the grasp of the Colonial Co.

Two of them sat on him, and pinned him down.

"This looks like business!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Are you ready, Hansom? Sauce for the gander, you know!"

Hansom spluttered with rage and apprehension.

"You young rotter! Lemme gerrup!"

"Where's that strap?"

"Lemme gerrup!" roared Hansom.

"Well, a cricket-stump will do!" Jimmy Silver picked a stump from the cupboard. "Roll him over!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even yet the captain of the Fifth could not quite believe it; but proof was immediately forthcoming.

Struggling furiously, he was rolled over. Then the cricket-stump rose and fell.

Whack, whack, whack!

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

Hansom roared in quite another manner.

"Go it, Jimmy!" yelled Lovell. "Give him two dozen! We must pay a debt with interest, you know!"

"Yah! Oh! Oh! Oh! Help!"

"Oh, by gad!" gasped Talboys.

"What's Rookwood comin' to? Oh, gad!"

"Your turn's coming!" chortled Conroy. "Wait a bit?"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yah! Help!"

The door-handle was tied from without.

"What's the matter?" shouted Lumsden from the passage. "Fire, battle, murder, or sudden death!"

"Yow! Help!"

Hansom made a terrific effort, and almost broke loose. The juniors fastened on him like cats. They bumped into the table, and the table went flying. Crockery and Welsh rabbit were mixed up in the grate.

"Pin him!" shouted Jimmy.

"We've got the beast!" gasped Lovell.

"Lay it on!"

Whack, whack, whack!

There was a sharp knock at the door.

"What is this disturbance? Open this door at once!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy
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Silver, as he recognised the voice of Mr. Greely, the master of the Fifth.

The avengers of the end study had not counted on that; but they really might have expected it.

In the Fourth Form passage rags and rows frequently failed to attract attention, but in the august quarters of the Fifth it was quite a different matter.

"Hansom!" thundered Mr. Greely. "Open this door at once!"

"Yow-ow! I—I can't!"

"What! I command you to let me in, Hansom! How dare you create such a disturbance in a senior study? Admit me instantly!"

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Lovell.

There was nothing for it—the victims of vengeance had to be released.

Form-masters were not to be argued with.

Hansom staggered to his feet as the juniors let go, and unlocked the door.

With rustling gown and frowning face Mr. Greely strode into the study.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Rather a Frost!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. stood crimson and silent.

They waited for the storm to burst.

Although reprisals were strictly justified—from the junior point of view, at least—they did not quite expect the Fifth Form-master to see the matter in that light.

Mr. Greely stared at the disordered study, the overturned table, the smashed crockery, the panting Fifth-Formers, and the silent juniors.

"What does this mean?" he thundered. "Is it possible—I repeat, is it barely possible—that this study has been wrecked by insubordinate juniors? Silver, what are you doing here?"

"Ahem!"

"Hansom, what has happened?"

"These cheeky little rotters—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, these juniors, sir, have wrecked the place!"

"Silver, how dare you?"

"It was tit for tat, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "Hansom licked us, so we licked him!"

Mr. Greely gave him a thunderous look.

"You dare to admit, Silver, that you came here to assault members of a senior Form?"

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all! Only—only to lick them!" murmured Jimmy.

"Don't use foolish, slang expressions to me, boy! I can scarcely believe my ears," said Mr. Greely. "Had you been administering correction to these juniors, Hansom?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"You should have reported them to a prefect, Hansom, if they were at fault. But nothing could excuse this outbreak of hooliganism. Silver and the rest, follow me at once. I shall take you directly to your Form-master, and I have no doubt that Mr. Bootles will deal with you severely—as severely as you deserve!"

"But—but, sir—"

"Silence! Follow me!"

The Fifth Form-master fairly flounced out of the study. The seven juniors, with grim looks, followed him.

Hansom and Talboys exchanged a grin. They had had a somewhat rough experience; but there was no doubt that the mischievous juniors would have the lessons of their lives, and would learn that the seniors of the Fifth could not be handled in that manner.

Jimmy Silver & Co. followed Mr. THE POPULAR.—No. 122.

Greely to their Form-master's study. They went in a doleful mood.

It had seemed exactly the thing to take reprisals on the Fifth in that drastic manner, but they realised now that they had been a little reckless. Sauce for the goose, it seemed, was not invariably sauce for the gander.

Mr. Bootles looked astonished as the Fifth Form-master marched the delinquents into the study.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "What is the matter?"

"I have brought these juniors to you, Mr. Bootles," gasped the Fifth Form-master. "They have raided a Fifth Form study and wrecked it. I need say no more. I leave them to you!"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Greely whisked out, and Mr. Bootles took up his cane.

"I am surprised at you, my boys!" he said severely. "You have acted outrageously! I think you must have been out of your senses!"

"If you please, sir—"

"You do not contradict Mr. Greely's statement, I presume?" said Mr. Bootles sternly.

"Nunno, sir! But—"

"You need not acquaint me with your motives for this act of outrageous insubordination," said Mr. Bootles. "The fact itself is sufficient. There is no possible justification. Hold out your hand, Silver!"

"But, sir, we—"

"Enough! Hold out your hand!"

Swish, swish, swish!

For several minutes there was a steady sound of swishing in Mr. Bootles' study, to an accompaniment of gasps and mumbling.

Mr. Bootles was not often severe, but he felt that this was a case for severity, and he did not spare the rod.

It was but seldom that such a licking had fallen to the lot of Jimmy Silver & Co.

When he had finished the Fourth Form-master looked somewhat breathless. It had been an unaccustomed exertion for him.

He pointed to the door with his cane.

"You may go!" he said sternly.

And the juniors went.

Afterwards, in the end study and in No. 3, there was a chorus of groans. Like Rachel of old, the unhappy sufferers mourned, and could not be comforted.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Mornington on the Warpath!

FOR the next day or two Jimmy Silver & Co. understudied the celebrated Brer Fox, and lay low.

When the effects of the licking had worn off, their determination revived in full force to vindicate the inviolability of the end study, and to make Hansom & Co. thoroughly sorry for themselves. But they realised that they had to tread warily.

It was no light matter for juniors to tackle senior fellows in the Fifth; the heavy hand of authority was only too likely to intervene, as it had already done once.

But it was a maxim with the Co. that the end study never gave in, and the four were only biding their time.

Meanwhile, Hansom was quite satisfied with his drastic measures. The cheeky juniors had been put in their places for good. The Fistical Four were giving

Hansom a wide berth at present, and the captain of the Fifth grinned when he noted it. But after a day or two he dismissed them from his mind.

Such insignificant persons as juniors of the Fourth were not worthy of the attentions of a high and mighty Fifth-Former. They had been chastised and brought to their senses, and Hansom was done with them. They were not done with Hansom, however, by any means.

There were many discussions in the Fourth Form studies, especially No. 5 and the end study. It was agreed that, as the Fifth had declared war, they should be the first to cry, "Hold, enough!" and that the terms of peace should be stiff. Exactly how to make them sue for peace, however, was not an easy problem to solve. But Jimmy Silver's active brain was at work.

Not only the Fistical Four and the Colonial Co., but Mornington, had taken up the matter. The outrage to the prestige of the end study only amused Mornington, and he had no sympathy to waste on Jimmy Silver.

But Mornington knew that if he could succeed in bringing down the overbearing Fifth-Formers from their perch, it would help him very materially in his ambition to oust Jimmy Silver from his place as leader of the Fourth Form.

Morny dearly loved the limelight; and limelight would fall in an ample share to the fellow who succeeded in making the foes of the Fourth squirm.

So Morny discussed it in his study, where he found a plentiful lack of enthusiasm.

Peele and Gower weren't enthusiastic. Neither were Townsend and Topham, and the other nuts. They carefully avoided "scraps," as a rule, and a scrap with seniors of the Fifth was an idea that made them gasp.

"But think of it," urged Mornington to a meeting of the nuts in his study. "It's up to somebody! The Fifth can't thrash our Form as much as they like, I suppose. By gad, they might give us the next turn!"

"Jimmy Silver can look after himself," said Townsend. "Let's keep out of their rows and rags. They're no good."

"Leave it alone," said Peele. "We don't want to get the seniors down on the study."

Mornington sniffed. He had more pluck than the rest of the "Ciddy Goats" put together, and he was not afraid of the seniors.

"The chap who downed the Fifth would have a chance of squeezing Jimmy Silver out," he said.

"Well, you can't do it!"

"I could with some backing."

"Ask Jimmy Silver to back you, then," yawned Topham.

"Oh, rats! Look here, suppose we caught Hansom and Talboys outside the school; they generally go out together on a half-holiday, when there's no match on. There's enough of us to collar them!"

"Oh, rot!"

"And tie 'em leg by leg, and send 'em hoppin' home," said Mornington eagerly. "The school'd laugh 'em to death. They wouldn't dare to show their faces afterwards. And it would show all the fellows that Jimmy Silver isn't the great chief they think he is if we did it."

"Too jolly risky," said Topham.

Mornington's lip curled.

"Oh, don't keep harpin' on that. Suppose they put up a fight, and you got your necktie disarranged, you'd recover in time. Look here, I know they're going down to Coombe to-morrow afternoon to see about the costumes for their rotten play-actin'. They've been rehearsalin' 'Hamlet' for their silly

ANSWERS
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amateur theatricals. They rehearse in the wood-shed, and I've heard 'em spoutin'. They go there to play the goat, because the other fellows chip 'em when they rehearse in the senior room. Well, Hansom and Talboys will be goin' out together, and we could lay for them. Look here, we'll rig 'em up in their merry theatrical costumes and make 'em come home to Rookwood like that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even the nuts were tickled at that suggestion.

The difficulty was that the Giddy Goats of Rookwood were not fighting men, and had a deep antipathy to getting hard knocks.

But Morny gained his point at last.

He pointed out that even two seniors wouldn't have much chance in a scrap with half a dozen fellows; it would be a cheap victory, and no end of glory to be won without much risk.

That was the kind of glory that appealed to the nuts, and they gave way at last, though with inward misgivings. Mornington had a masterful character, and he generally had his way with his followers in the long run.

On Wednesday afternoon the nuts were prepared to go on the war-path, though only Morny was looking forward to it. But Morny kept his men up to the scratch. The merry party were lounging about the school gates when Hansom and Talboys came down together, the former carrying a bag.

Hansom was great on amateur theatricals, and rehearsals went on almost every evening in the wood-shed of the drama that was to stagger humanity at Rookwood when it came off. Costumes for the play were on order, and they had been promised for that day for the dress rehearsal, and Hansom was going for them.

The two seniors did not even glance at Morny & Co. as they went out. Fourth-Formers to them were trifles light as air. Morny grinned after them as they went down the road.

"Come on!" he said.

"I—I say, suppose we make an afternoon of it at the Bird-in-Hand?" suggested Peele. "We could have the billiard-table!"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Morny. "We're goin' for Hansom."

"Hallo"—Jimmy Silver came out with his chums—"what's that? Are you after our game, Morny?"

Mornington stared at him angrily. "You're not going after them?" he exclaimed.

"We are—we is!" said Lovell.

"Leave 'em to us!" said Mornington. "I'm goin' for them! I've got a scheme for makin' them sit up, and I don't want you fellows shovin' your oar in."

"Rot!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver smiled. "Oh, give 'em a chance," he said. "I didn't know you merry nuts were on the war-path! Isn't there some risk of getting your neckties soiled or your hair disarranged?"

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

"Oh, heese it!" snapped Mornington. "If you want to see somethin' be at the gates in an hour's time or so, an' you'll see Hansom and Talboys come hoppin' home with their legs tied up."

"I'll believe that when I see it," grinned Jimmy.

"Well, you'll see it this afternoon." Mornington & Co. walked away down the road, leaving the Fistical Fourth grinning. Jimmy Silver was quite willing to give Morny a chance, as he was keen on it; but he doubted very much whether the nuts of the Fourth would stand up to the big fists of

Hansom and Talboys, however great the odds were in their favour.

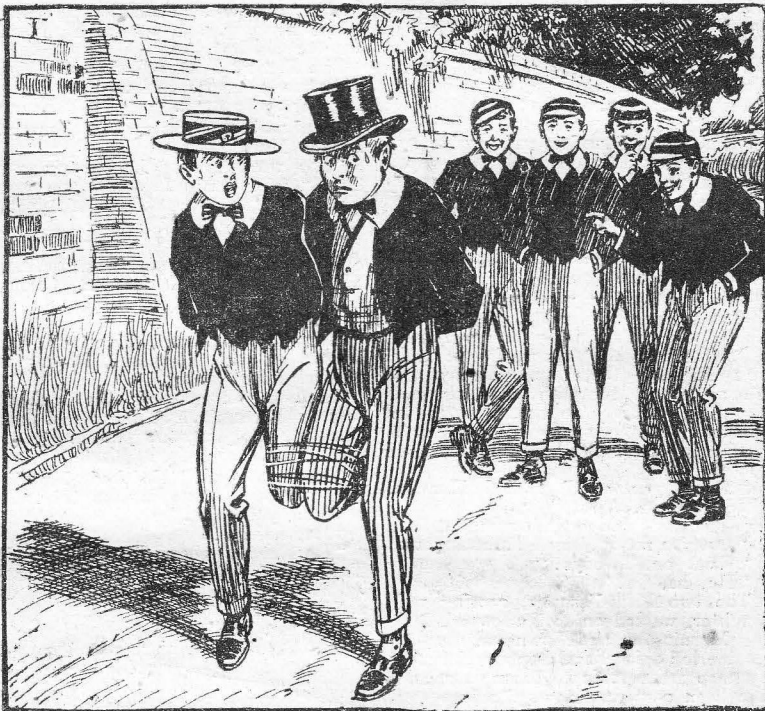
Morny was looking quite keen. He had a strong whipcord in his pocket all ready to tie the Fifth-Formers leg to leg. There was no doubt that if the scheme succeeded the Fifth-Formers would be the victims of much merriment at Rookwood, and would never get over the humiliation.

But Morny's followers looked anything but keen. There were certainly enough of them to handle two seniors. But—but somebody would be hurt before the enemy were downed, and

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Not as Per Programme!

"W HAT the thunder—" "Gerrup!" Mornington grinned down at Hansom, on whose broad chest his knee was planted. "No good wrigglin'," he said coolly. "We've got you! Take the whipcord out of my pocket, Towny, an' tie their hands!" "What are you up to?" roared Hansom. "I'll tell you," chuckled Mornington. "We're goin' to tie you leg to leg, and



A yell of merriment greeted the unfortunate pair as they hopped in through the gates. "Let us loose!" shrieked Mornington. "We can't go in like this. Let us loose!" "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "So the trick has worked out the wrong way!" (See Chapter 6.)

each of the merry nuts had a strong objection to being the fellow that got hurt.

In the loneliest part of the lane Morny & Co. stopped, and took cover among the trees. There they waited for their prospective victims to come by on their return from the village.

They had some time to wait, which they filled in by smoking cigarettes in their nutty way. But the enemy came in sight at last.

Hansom and Talboys came sauntering along the lane from Coombe, chatting, and quite unconscious of danger.

Mornington's eyes gleamed. "We shall take the cads by surprise!" he muttered. "When I give the word, rush on 'em. We'll have them down before they know what's happenin'!"

And the nuts looked a little brighter at that prospect.

The two Fifth-Formers came abreast of the ambush, still unsuspecting. Morny gave a sudden yell.

"Go for 'em!"

He led the rush. "My hat!" ejaculated Hansom. "What! Oh, crumbs!"

He went down on his back, and Talboys sprawled beside him, with half a dozen juniors sprawling over them.

"Got 'em!" grinned Mornington.

send you hoppin' home to Rookwood. We're goin' to daub mud on your chivvies, and rig you up with the theatrical clobber you've got in that bag."

"My hat!" gasped Hansom.

"Then perhaps you'll see that you'd better let the Fourth alone—what?" smiled Mornington. "Get 'em tied up, Towny!"

Hansom made a terrific effort, and almost threw Mornington off. The dandy of the Fourth clung to him savagely.

"Pin 'em down!" he gasped.

Hansom got one hand loose, and smote with it, and Topham rolled over in the road with a howl. He smote again, and Peele jumped away in time to avoid the blow. He was left with Mornington to deal with, and he grasped Mornington, and scrambled to his feet with Morny still in his grasp.

Mornington was fighting like a cat; but, alone and unaided, he had no chance whatever against the big senior.

"Buck up!" shrieked Mornington.

But alas for the nuts!

Topham and Peele were already in full flight. They had had quite enough of Hansom's heavy fists at close quarters.

Talboys was rolling on the ground with three more nuts; but one of them broke away and ran, and Talboys pitched

6 "The Vengeance of Woo Fing!" Fine School Tale of Mystery & Adventure—

on the other two and jumped up. Gower was hurled into the road, and he stayed only to pick himself up before he burst through a hedge and fled.

Townsend would gladly have followed his example, but Talboys had a grip of iron on Towny's collar.

Hansom burst into a roar of laughter. The tables had been turned with startling suddenness.

Four of the assailants were fleeing as if for their lives, and Morny and Towny were wriggling helplessly in the grasp of the Fifth-Formers.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the captain of the Fifth. "Hold that young beggar, Talboys! Don't let these two get away!"

"No fear!" chuckled Talboys. "Let go, hang you!" panted Mornington, frantic with rage and apprehension. "I'll kick your shins! Yow—ow! Leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I understand you've got some whipcord in your pocket. I'll borrow that whipcord," said Hansom.

Mornington's struggles were not much use. The big senior held him with one hand, and turned out his pockets with the other. He found the whipcord, and shook it loose.

The two juniors were quite helpless. Hansom, grinning hugely, proceeded to tie Mornington's right leg to Townsend's left. He bent the legs up at the knee, and fastened them so. Morny and Towny were left with one leg each to stand upon. Townsend submitted meekly, but the dandy of the Fourth ground his teeth with rage, and wriggled to the last.

"There you are!" smiled Hansom. "Now you can hop it!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Townsend.

"Oh, you rotter!" hissed Mornington.

"Come on, Talboys!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two Fifth-Formers, roaring with laughter, walked on to Rookwood, leaving Mornington and Townsend standing on one leg apiece, and hopping furiously to keep from falling. Morny's scheme had been a success—the wrong way. It was the unfortunate Morny himself who had to hop home.

Hansom and Talboys found quite a little crowd at the school gates. The word had passed round of Morny's campaign, and half the Classical Fourth and half a dozen Moderns had gathered to see the luckless Fifth-Formers hop in. They stared as Hansom and Talboys came sauntering up sedately.

"My word!" said Tommy Dodd, of the Modern Fourth, as the two Fifth-Formers walked in. "What's happened to Morny? The circus hasn't come off!"

"Funked it, of course!" said Lovell, with a sniff.

"Hallo! Here's some of them!"

Peele and Topham came slinking in, looking dusty and rumpled. They had kept their distance till the Fifth-Formers were gone.

"Well, what's happened?" asked Jimmy Silver. "You look as if you've been dust-collecting!"

"Oh, rats!" snapped Peele.

The nuts tramped in without satisfying the curious questioners. A few minutes later Gower and St. John arrived, also dusty and rumpled and savage-tempered. They were not allowed to pass unanswering. The Fistical Four surrounded them. Jimmy Silver meant to know what had happened.

"What did you do to Cabby?" demanded Jimmy.

"Oh, rats!" snorted Gower. "We got licked, and we bunked for it."

"Where's Morny and Towny?"

"Don't know, and don't care!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 122.

Gower and St. John went in. The juniors looked down the road, but there was no sign of Mornington or Townsend. Some of the fellows walked down the road towards Coombe. They were curious to know what had happened to the leaders of the nutty brigade.

"Hallo!" roared Lovell suddenly. "Look!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy Silver. A curious-looking object had come into sight.

At a distance it looked like a very fat fellow with legs very wide apart. But on closer view it proved to be two juniors with a leg each tied up behind them, hopping, one on his right and one on his left leg.

The Fistical Four yelled at the sight. The two crimson, furious nuts hopped clumsily up to them.

"Let us loose, you cacklin' hounds!" howled Mornington.

"It's worked out the wrong way, then!" said Jimmy Silver, wiping away his tears. "That was Hansom's part in the show, wasn't it?"

"You silly fool, let us loose!"

"Go and eat coke!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Keep on. You're right for Rookwood!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington ground his teeth, and hopped on with Townsend, leaving the Fistical Four yelling.

Another yell greeted the unhappy pair as they arrived at the school gates. They reeled against the gate, and gasped for breath.

"Let us loose!" shrieked Mornington. "We can't go in like this! Let us loose, you fools!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do let a chap loose!" pleaded Townsend. "Conroy, old chap, don't let us go in like this, you know! Oh, dear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Cornstalk junior, weeping with merriment, opened his knife and cut through the whipcord. The unhappy twins were free at last.

And Townsend strode away furiously. Mornington ground his teeth and followed, his face crimson with rage and humiliation, and a roar of laughter followed them both.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Cornering the Enemy!

"ALL here?"

"Yes."

"Good!" said Hansom.

It was evening, and the Fifth-Form Thespians were getting down to business.

The Thespians were quite an institution—miles above the Classical Players of the Fourth in importance and dignity. The Thespians sometimes gave Shakespearean performances, to which even the Head condescended to come.

It was a little humiliating for the lofty Thespians to have to hold their rehearsals in the wood-shed. Certainly, it was quite a spacious apartment—for a wood-shed. There was plenty of room, and it was quiet and secluded—away from the vulgar herd, as Talboys expressed it.

In the senior Common-room, the Sixth-Form fellows simply refused to be bored by Thespian rehearsals, and the Form-room was not always at their disposal; and, moreover, mocking fags would sometimes howl in at the door or the window there, and spoil the effect of Hamlet's soliloquy or Mark Antony's oration.

"Hamlet" was the play now, and Hansom & Co. were going to make a

tremendous success of it when it came off. And this was the dress rehearsal, and the costumes were all ready.

There were eight Fifth-Form fellows in the wood-shed, every one of them a born Roscius, more or less. Hansom was the last to arrive, and after he came in he slipped the bolt on the door. Even in the secluded precincts of the wood-shed the Thespians had sometimes been interrupted by cheeky juniors with peashooters.

"Now, we've got an hour," said Hansom briskly. "Get into your dobbies, you fellows, and let's get going!"

Hansom, Lumsden, O'Rourke, Duff, Jobson, Muggins, Talboys, and Brown major were very soon in costume.

There were small parts which were going to be played by other fellows, but they were not present. The exigencies of lines, prep, and other occupations kept them away. Ever long the voice of Hansom was booming through the wood-shed, Hansom being Hamlet—though, as Jimmy Silver had remarked, under the circumstances Hamlet was not handsome.

"To be or not to be—that is the question!

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles."

Hansom was going quite strong. Naturally, he did not hear some slight sounds outside the wood-shed. Indeed, it was difficult to hear anything else when Hansom's voice was booming away.

"That's Cabby's toot!" murmured Jimmy Silver, as he paused outside the shed door. "He's going it!"

"He is—he are!" grinned Lovell; and Raby and Newcome chuckled softly.

The Fistical Four were on the war-path.

From the shed window came only a faint gleam of light. It was a small window, and covered with a dark blind. Outside, it was very dark.

In the gloom the forms of the Colonial Co. loomed up, with Oswald and Flynn.

Jimmy drew a small bundle from his pocket. His comrades blinked at it in the gloom, and Conroy whistled softly.

"Gimlets!" he said.

"Just so."

"What on earth are you going to do with half a dozen gimlets?" asked the mystified Australian.

"Screw up the door," said Jimmy cheerfully.

Jimmy Silver had not imparted his great plans to his followers yet. He was content to let them wait and see.

The half-dozen gimlets were handed round, and the Classical juniors set to work. It was not easy to drive them into the hard wood, but they progressed steadily with the work. There was little danger in their being heard in the wood-shed. The rehearsal was going great guns, and the Fifth-Form Thespians had no ear for anything but their own spouting.

Slowly but surely the gimlets were driven in, through door and doorpost, right to the hilt.

The wood-shed door was as fast then as if it had been screwed up. It was a simpler process, but just as effective.

"That's done!" said Jimmy Silver, in tones of satisfaction.

"Is that all?" asked Pons.

Jimmy sniffed.

"No, fathead! We've got them
(Continued on page 12.)



A Brother's Sacrifice!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Nugent Minor Speaks Out!

ALL Greyfriars was agog with excitement. The reason is soon told.

Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove Form, had lost a fifty-pound banknote. Frank Nugent had been found in his study just before the note was missed, and Frank himself had seen his brother in the study a moment before he himself arrived.

There seemed no doubt about the matter. Fifty pounds was a large sum of money. Even Lord Mauleverer realised that. Frank would not say anything about having seen Dicky in the study. His chums had urged him to speak, but he had refused.

But Loder, the bullying prefect of the Sixth, had heard the appeals of the Removites, and had found therein a chance to get a bit of his own back. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were not friends of Loder's.

But it appeared as if Dicky Nugent was going to upset all Loder's plans, for, after an hour's meditation, he made his way to the Head's study.

Loder was there.

The prefect had just finished acquainting the Head with the story of the missing banknote. It was Loder's duty, as a prefect, to place the matter before the Head, there could be no doubt about it.

In any case, it would soon have come to Dr. Locke's ears, with the whole school ringing with it as it was. But Loder found a spiteful satisfaction in it.

The affair of the fags on the previous evening rankled in his breast. He could not injure Harry Wharton or Bob Cherry, but he could strike at them through their chum, and he explained the matter to the Head, dwelling with scrupulous care upon every point that told most heavily against Frank Nugent.

So careful was he upon that point, indeed, that the Head remarked it.

"You seem to be perfectly convinced yourself of Nugent's guilt, Loder," said Dr. Locke, with a searching glance at the prefect.

"Oh, quite, sir," said Loder. "The evidence seems to me to be indisputable. But, of course, it is for you to decide, sir."

"I trust, Loder, that you have not allowed any personal dislike to influence you in this matter," suggested the Head.

Loder coloured.

"Dr. Locke!" he exclaimed.

"I believe you have had trouble before with the boys in Study No. 1 of the Remove," said the Head. "I hope you

have not unconsciously allowed some prejudice to warp your judgment, Loder."

"I—I hope not, sir," said Loder.

"This is a terribly serious matter for the boy. Unless he can clear himself he must be expelled. Of course, the investigation will be most searching. You state that Nugent refuses to account for the six or seven minutes he spent in Lord Mauleverer's study before Lord Mauleverer came in. He admits that he was there, but refuses to say how he occupied the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is very extraordinary. If he was innocently occupied, there is no reason whatever that I can see why he should refuse to account for every single minute of the time," said the Head musingly.

"That is what I thought, sir," said Loder. "But he has refused, not only to me, but to his own friends in his own Form. He would not even tell Wharton."

"It is extraordinary." The Head rested his forehead upon his hand for a moment, in deep reflection. "Was Nugent bound to tell you how long he was in the study, Loder? I mean, was it known by any other evidence?"

"I think not, sir."

"He could have said that he was there only a few seconds before Lord Mauleverer came in, if he had chosen to tell an untruth?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"And then the case would not have been nearly so strong against him," the Head remarked.

"Apparently not, sir. Of course, it would have been only his word. The fact remains that Lord Mauleverer found him there, with the table drawer open, which Mauleverer had left closed, and there was nothing to prove he had only just come in, even if he had said so."

"But he did not, yet we are to suppose he is telling an untruth in stating that he has not taken the banknote. A boy who will tell one lie will generally tell two if required, Loder."

"I suppose he never thought of it in time, sir."

"H'm! A lie is the first thing that a dishonest nature thinks of, Loder. To a thief, lies would come more easily than the truth, I think. Did it not occur to you that Nugent might have some more honourable motive for refusing to account for what happened in Lord Mauleverer's study in those six or seven minutes? It looks to me very much as if he may be shielding somebody else."

Loder started. Certainly such an idea would never have crossed his mind. And all his respect for the Head could hardly

keep a derisive grin from his face at the thought.

"Oh, sir, I can hardly imagine that a boy would get himself into this position to shield another fellow!" he exclaimed.

"Such things have happened, Loder, and the boy he is shielding may be a very close chum. At all events, I shall investigate so searchingly that the truth will certainly come to light. You had better send Nugent to me. Ah, come in!"

It was at that moment that Dicky Nugent's knock came at the Head's door.

Dicky opened the door and went in.

Dr. Locke glanced at him, and so did Loder. Both of them were surprised to see the scamp of the Second Form. Dicky's pale and miserable look touched Dr. Locke at once, and had even some effect upon Loder's hard heart.

"Ah, Nugent minor," said the Head gently, "I am sorry, my dear lad, for this bad news about your brother, but you must not despair yet. I think it is quite possible that Nugent major may be cleared."

Dicky's face flushed. Was it possible that Frank might be cleared, then, without his making the confession he had come there to make.

"Oh, sir!" he exclaimed.

"I think it quite possible that your brother is shielding someone else," the Head explained. "And in that case, we have only to find out the person who is undoubtedly the guilty party."

Dicky's heart sank.

"Undoubtedly the guilty party!" The doctor's words struck him like a blow. Was that the view the Head would take, then, when he knew who it was that Frank Nugent had been shielding? "Undoubtedly the guilty party!" For a moment, as in a vision, Dicky saw the crowded hall, the tense faces of the assembled school, the stern brow of the doctor as he pronounced the sentence of expulsion. The room seemed to swim round the unhappy fag.

But he recovered himself.

"If you please, sir, I—I—"

The Head looked at him attentively.

"Is it possible that you know something about this unhappy affair, Nugent minor?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me what you know."

"I know that my brother Frank is innocent, sir."

"Indeed? Please explain," said the Head, while a sneer crossed Loder's face.

"I know that he was shielding someone, sir."

"Do you know whom?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Dicky.

"Whom, then?"

"He was shielding me, sir!" faltered Dicky Nugent.

The Head started. Loder looked curiously at the fag. This was beyond him. That a fellow should sacrifice himself to shield another, and that the other should own up without being forced to it—all this was past Loder's comprehension.

"You!" ejaculated the Head.

"Yes, sir!" muttered Dicky. "I—I came here to tell you, sir!"

"Did you steal Lord Mauleverer's banknote, Nugent minor?"

Dicky gave a cry.

"Oh, no, sir—no! No, no!"

"You did not? Then how is your brother shielding you? I hope you have not come here with a nonsensical, unfounded story, in the hope of thereby helping your brother to escape his just punishment!" said the Head sternly.

"He was shielding me, sir. I—I was in Mauleverer's study when Frank came in. He wouldn't explain what he was doing there, because he couldn't, without saying that I was there—that he found me in the study when he came. Besides, then they would have asked him what I was doing, and he'd have had to say that I had opened the table drawer," groaned Dicky. "That's why Frank wouldn't say anything, sir!"

The Head's brow was very stern.

"So you had gone into Lord Mauleverer's study, and you had opened the table drawer?" he exclaimed. "The drawer where the book was with the banknote in it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why?"

"A chap in my Form, sir, bolted with a tin of sardines belonging to me, and dodged me in the Remove passage. When I caught him, he pretended he had hidden it in the drawer of Lord Mauleverer's study table. I went there to look."

"That is a very lame story. I suppose the boy you allude to will corroborate it?"

"I think so, sir. It was Sammy Bunter—Bunter minor."

"Very well. Had you known anything about Lord Mauleverer's having a banknote for fifty pounds before you went to his study?"

"Oh, no, sir; nothing at all."

"Did you see it in the drawer when you were there?"

"No, sir."

"Why," said the Head, looking fixedly at Nugent minor, "why did your brother refuse to mention that you were in the study at such a terrible risk to himself?"

"To shield me, I suppose, sir."

"But if you had a perfectly innocent explanation, and he knew it, why should he take so much trouble?"

Dicky faltered.

"I—I never explained to Frank, sir, till—till after he was suspected. That was how the time went in the study that he won't account for. He wanted me to explain, and I wouldn't!"

"Oh!" The Head's voice grew deeper. "And why would you not?"

"Because—because I was obstinate, I suppose, sir," muttered Dicky. "I—I thought Frank looked suspiciously at me when he came into the study, and I—I thought that if he suspected me of spying, or anything rotten, he could go on thinking so, and be hanged to him! That's all, sir, I wish I had told him, now."

"It would certainly have been better if you had," said Dr. Locke sternly.

"Even admitting that you went to the

study because of Bunter minor's untruth—and we shall easily ascertain about that—admitting, that, however, you acted in a very willful and unreasonable way in refusing to explain to your brother, and the inference is that you had the banknote in your possession and were conscious of guilt, and your brother's refusal to speak shows that he suspected you, too. Nugent minor, tell me the whole truth!"

"I—I have done so, sir."

"Did you take the banknote?"

"No, sir!" said Nugent minor, white to the lips.

"Very well. You may go, Nugent minor, and an investigation will be made," said Dr. Locke. "Your brother is cleared. Loder, you will kindly explain that to the school immediately. For the present, Nugent minor is under suspicion—and we shall see!"

"Very well, sir," said Loder, and he quitted the study.

Dr. Locke gave Nugent minor an earnest look.

"My boy, if you have done this wicked thing your best course is to own to the truth," he said. "Have you told me all the truth, or only part of it? This is the last time I can speak to you in private on the subject."

"I've told you all the truth, sir," said Nugent minor bravely.

"Very well," said the Head, with a sigh. His belief was evidently otherwise.

"You may go, Nugent minor."

Dicky left the study. The Head remained alone, his brow resting upon his hand in an attitude of deep thought.

An hour later all the school knew that Dicky had owned up to being in the study. Frank Nugent accepted the news with mixed feelings.

But—Dicky would be expelled. His father was away from home. His mother had been written for. There would be a scene. He was thinking of that when the Bounder entered Study No. 1.

Frank Nugent had his head resting in his hands. He raised it, and looked at the Bounder.

"What do you want?" he asked harshly. "What do you want to come here for, Vernon-Smith?"

The Bounder coloured.

"I want to say I'm sorry," he said.

"Very well; now get out."

The Bounder did not go.

"I'm sorry," he repeated; "only in justice to myself I must say that I really believed you had the banknote. I believed it sincerely."

"And now you believe Dicky has it?" said Frank.

"Yes."

"Well, nearly everybody believes the same. Now get out, and leave me alone."

Vernon-Smith still hesitated.

"I'm sorry," he said; "I was wrong, and—and I don't suppose you'll believe me, Nugent, but—but I wish I could do something to help you."

"Find out who's got the banknote, then," said Nugent savagely.

"Your minor has it."

"I don't believe it. I believe it fell out of the book when I dropped it, and that somebody picked it up and kept it."

"You mean you're trying to believe that," said the Bounder, with a nod; "but—but it's just possible. Look here"

—he paused, and went on almost immediately—"look here, Frank Nugent, I owe you something; I'll do what I can. If any chap has that banknote—other than your minor, I mean—I'll find it out."

"How will you do that?"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know yet. But I've more brains than the rest of the Remove put together—excuse me—and if it's so I'll

find it out. I'll manage it somehow. That's settled." And the Bounder, without another word, quitted Study No. 1.

Nugent made a gesture of repugnance. He did not like the Bounder, and he found it hard to forgive him. Yet there was something in what the fellow said. Vernon-Smith had the keenness of an experienced man of the world rather than a schoolboy. If anybody could get at the truth in the perplexing case it was the Bounder.

But the hope was light. Nugent dismissed the thought from his mind; he had his mother to think of. In the morning she would be at Greyfriars, and he had to face her. What was he to say to her?

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Frank Nugent—Thief!

"MOTHER!"
"Frank—Frank! What have you done?"

Mrs. Nugent sank down in a chair in her son's study. It was morning, and time for first lesson in the Form-rooms. But the Greyfriars fellows had not gone in for lessons. The school was assembled in Big Hall—they knew what for. Dicky Nugent was to be expelled from the school.

Frank had taken his mother to his study as soon as he arrived. Mrs. Nugent was in tears behind her veil. She had not seen the Head yet, though she was determined to see him, and to plead for her boy.

She sobbed a little, as Frank stood before her, with pale face and downcast eyes.

For a moment a bitter expression was on Frank Nugent's face.

What had he done? That was what his mother had asked him. He had done nothing. But he was responsible for the scapegrace of the family—for the unruly young rascal who never asked his advice, or listened to it if he gave it.

"Mother!"

That was all Frank could say. What more could he say? What could he do? His mother should never have come; that was his miserable thought. She could do no good there. The Head had made every investigation possible, and every investigation pointed to one conclusion—Frank more than half-believed in his brothers' guilt.

"Frank, what—what has happened since—the doctor wrote to me?" asked Mrs. Nugent, trying to steady her voice.

"There has been an investigation, mother."

"Well?"

"The Head has decided that Dicky took the banknote."

"Impossible! He did not take it."

Frank was silent.

"You should have taken better care of him," sobbed Mrs. Nugent. "He was sent to Greyfriars in the first place so that he could be under your care, Frank. Is this the care you have taken of your younger brother?"

Frank did not reply. The bitter injustice of it cut him to the heart; but it was no business of his to reproach his mother. He felt too much for the suffering woman even to think of it.

"He is not guilty, Frank. I hear that they suspected you first, and then him. How did it happen?"

Nugent, in dreary accents, explained the miserable story.

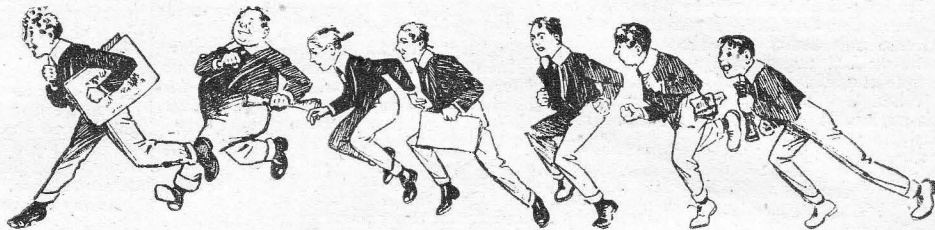
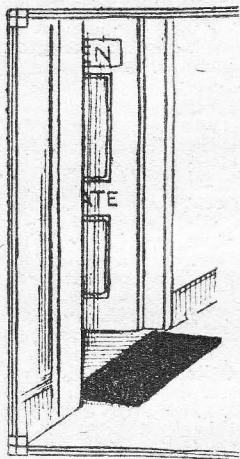
"And you let Dicky do this, Frank—you let him go to the Head and incriminate himself in this way?"

"I tried to stop him, mother; I told him not to do it. He went without my

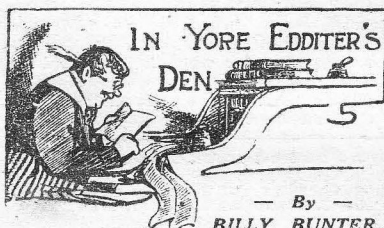
(Continued on page 9.)

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!

Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER.



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



— By —
BILLY BUNTER.

My dear Readers.—It is a very sick and sorry spessimen of yewmanity who addresses you this week!

The fackt is, I have got into hot water. I don't mean that I've just had a barf—I always avoyd that paneful eggspensiense—but I've just been licked by Quelchy!

This is how it come about. Owing to the hot weather, I got all behind with my "Weekly" stuff, and the printers were klammering for kopy. They're always klammering for sumthing, these printers!

I had kwite a lot of stuff to do, and I didn't see the fun of writing it out by hand. Kontinual scribbling is very bad for you. I wunce new a fello who got housemade's knee threw it!

But I die-gress, as a novelist word say. Knowing that Quelchy was out playing golf with Prout, I konseived the brillint notion of borrowing his typewriter. As you no, I am an eggspert typist, and I resolved to get my editorial dashed off in neckst to no time. So I vizzited Quelchy's studdy by stealth, and bagged his masheen. I carted it off to my editorial sanktum, and got bizzy.

But low! just as I was beginning to make the sparks fly the door opened, and in walked Quelchy!

It was a terribul moment of eggspense for me, dear readers. I promptly clapped my hand over the typewriter in the hope that Quelchy's keen eyes woodn't spot it.

But a lass! a lack! it wasn't any good trying to play bo-ep with Quelchy.

"Bunter," he toared, "you have taken my masheen from my studdy!"

"Nunno, sir!" I said. "It—it came here on its own accord, sir!"

"What! Do you suggest, Bunter, that a typewriter can walk?"

"Yessir! Anyway, it can travel at a grate speed, sir!"

Quelchy gave me a feendish glare. "I will chastise you severely for this, Bunter!" he cried. "You will bring that masheen back to my studdy, and then I will deel with you!"

I felt very sick when sick's stingin' cuts descended on to my palm; and my hands are so soar that it's a wunder I'm able to write this editorial.

But dewty must be dun, and "Billy Bunter's Weekly" without an editorial wood be like a plum-pooling without the plums!

I trusted this number will go down well, dear readers. Bon Swore!

Yore Edditer

Joovenile Jottings!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

I've often wundered why the felloes in the 2nd and 3rd Forms are called "fags." P'r'aps it's bekwase they're always smoking—herrings, of course!

I reelly don't see why we shouldn't be called "siggars." Can you imagine Loder of the 6th standing outside his studdy door and bellowing, "Siggar! Siggar!" or Wingate of the 6th saying, "That lazy 'sheroot' 'ol mame hasn't laid my tea yet!"

Yung Gatty suggests that we should be known as "pipes." But I don't agree with this. If we were pipes, the prefox wood be konstantly getting tunes out of us by licking us with ashplants!

I think, after all's said and dun, that "fag" is the best so-brick-ay. (Good word, that! Sum people spell it s-o-b-r-i-q-u-e-t.) But it wood be rather a good idea if the best atherletes in the jewnier Forms were known as "Players"!

Essay on a Pig!

By **BOB CHERRY.**

(Smuggled into "Billy Bunter's Weekly" without the editor's knowledge on the eve of going to press.)

The pig is a two-legged, domesticated animal, residing in Study No. 7, Remove Passage. It eats anything that is put before it, and its appetite is colossal and inexhaustible. It is covered with hairs, owing to the fact that it never brushes its clothes.

Most pigs possess good eyesight; but the particular pig to which I refer wears an enormous pair of spectacles.

The conversation of most pigs consists solely of grunts; but this two-legged pig can actually talk! Its most frequent observations are "I say, you fellows!" and "I'm expecting a postal-order!"

Performing pigs are not common, but this one is. In fact, he's a very common creature indeed! He has studied the art of ventriloquism, and he also prides himself on his journalistic abilities.

I have remarked that this pig is a good talker, but he is an even better listener. His ear is frequently to be found glued to key-holes. It sometimes happens that a jet of ink is squirted through the aperture, in which case the pig squeals loudly!

Pig-killing takes place regularly at Greyfriars. The executioner is either Quelchy or the Head, and the implement used is a cane or a birch. You can always tell when pig-killing is in progress by the unearthly row made by the victim!

This prize porker of the Remove responds to the name of "Billy." It has a relative in the Second, known as Sammy, and they are tarred with the same brush. There is also a piggress (I think that's the right word) at Cliff House school.

At the beginning of this essay I stated that the pig was a domesticated animal. But it has a tendency to get wild at times, and when this happens I generally contrive to tame it. A severe bumping is the best remedy.

The pig has few good qualities. It is criminally lazy, and remains in its bed long after rising-bell. A wet sponge is the most effective means of waking it.

When it eventually turns out in the morning, the pig shows extreme reluctance to wash its neck. This cleansing duty also falls to my lot, and I usually have to go over the animal with a vacuum-cleaner!

On the whole, the pig is a detestable sort of creature. For my own part, I much prefer a Bull or a Drake, or even a Fish.

However, we may look forward with confidence to the time—not far distant—when the pig and all his tribe will be exterminated!

(Cherry, you rotter, I'll never forgive you for smuggling this trash into the "Weekly" without my nollidge—never!—Ed.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 122,

SCENES AT ST. JIM'S.



No. 2. — THE BOAT-HOUSE!

**FAKTS KONSERNING
ROOKWOOD.**

By **TUBBY MUFFIN.**

Rookwood dates back to the rain of Richard Cur de Lion. It used to be the private rezidence of Baron Rooke, a cunning old rogue who used to fleece people at cards.

When the bold bad baron dyed sum pie-us monks came along and collared the estate.

One day, while fishing in the rivver for minnows, the Fryer had a brane-wave.

"I say, you fellos!" he said. "What do you say to terning our plaice into a publick skool?"

"Karn't be dun," said one of the others. "Wear are our pewpills coming from?"

"Leeve that to me," said the brainy Fryer. "I'll tellyone to all the big pots who are looking round for a sootable plaice to educate there sons. And we'll wack out the term-fees between us. Odds fish! By my hallbut! We shall live like fightin'-cox!"

This arranjement was agreed upon, and the Fryer promptly rang up all the grate and welthy men of that period.

The rezult was wonderful.

Over two hundred new kids arrived neckst day. Most of them came on hoarse-back, as the railways in those days were not so safe to travel on as they are now.

The new kids had studdies and dormitories allotted to them, and they soon settled down in their new 4's.

Rookwood began to flurrish in a wonderful manner. At kricket and footer no other publick skool could tuch them—for the simple reezon that their was no other publick skool in eggisistence at that time!

The norty prefox used to brake out at nite and play bowls on the villidge green. They wood play for fifty peaces of silver, and there winnings wood arrive at the skool neckst day by Carter Patterson.

Ah! If only I could have lived in the days of the nights of old! Odds boddikins, but they were stirring times!

Well, the yeers rolled by, as yeers have a habit of doing, and Rookwood became more and more poplar. All my ansestors sent there sons their. Baron Muffin de Muffin was educated at Rookwood, and his inishuls are still to be seen karved on the basin of the fountain, wear he used to wash his barronial neck.

The Muffins have always been closely koneckted with the history of Rookwood. They were such fine atherletes, and had such an abundance of grey matter in there crumpets.

About twenty yeers ago sum of the Rookwood fellos went clean out of there minds, and had to be isolated from the rest of the skool. For this purpuss, the Modern Side was konstruckted; and from that time onwards, all new kids who show sines of insanity are pitchforked into the Modern Side.

The Classicals strongly object to being neckst-door to an asylum, and I am thinking of getting up a petition about it to put before the Head. I konsidder that Tommy Dodd & Co. ought to be transferred "ong block," as the French say, to Colney Hatch.

At the prezant time, Rookwood is one of the finest skools in England for the sons of gentlemen. That's why I'm hear, of course!

The Headmaster is Dr. Chisholm—so called bekwase he is always sneezing! He is ably supported by a staff of masters, and the only drawback we have to kontend with is the skool kooking, wich is too appawling for words! The kwality of the grubb is bad enuff. And as for the kwantity, why, we don't get enuff to keep bobby and sole together!

THE ST. JIM'S PARLIAMENT!

By **MONTY LOWTHER.**

When the St. Jim's Parliament assembled in the woodshed on Saturday evening the place was packed to suffocation point.

Great public interest was taken in the meeting, as the Prime Minister (Mr. Tom Merry) had an important statement to make concerning the recent fags' strike.

The Speaker (Mr. Ralph Cardew) took his seat on the sack (it wasn't a Wool-sack) at 7.59 p.m.

The Premier: "I say, you chaps, I've mislaid my speech!"

Mr. George Figgins (leader of the Opposition): "That's all right, old fellow. We'll cut out your speech, and get on with the real business!"

The Premier: "Rats! It seems that some silly ass has pinched my papers to play noughts and crosses on. Never mind. I'll try and manage without them. We are here this evening, gentlemen (and members of the Opposition), to discuss the extraordinary situation which has arisen owing to the action of the fags. Hitherto, it has been their custom to fag for us at the nets during cricket-practice—to recover the ball whenever I happen to slog it out of the ground—"

Mr. Figgins: "You've never done it yet!" (Laughter.)

The Premier: "Silence, you saucy leave! Gentlemen, the fags have declared that they will not field at the nets any longer unless they are given an increase in wages. At present each fag receives tuppence a week. They are now clamouring for a tanner per head. What are we going to do about it?"

Viscount D'Arcy. "Wefer the mattah to the House of Lords, deah boy!"

The Premier (sarcastically): "If we adopt that course we sha'n't get a settlement for years and years! You members of the nobility are too slow and incompetent for words!"

Mr. Herbert Skimpole (Socialist Member for the School House): "Is there a representative of the fags present, Mr. Prime Minister?"

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Wally D'Arcy: "Yes, I'm here! And you've jolly well got to agree to our terms!"

The Premier: "Be silent, brat!"

Wally D'Arcy: "I won't be silent! We're not going to fag for you at cricket practice unless you make it worth our while! We're quite happy on strike. The Fags' Union is giving us tuppence a week strike-pay, and we're going to arrange to draw the unemployment dole. And we flatly refuse to return to work until you've agreed to our terms!"

Mr. Reginald Talbot (Independent) said it would be a grave mistake if the St. Jim's Government yielded to the impudent demands of the strikers.

Wally D'Arcy: "You've jolly well got to yield!"

The Premier: "Why do you say that?"

Wally D'Arcy: "Because, my sons, you're all locked in! I arranged for the door of the woodshed to be locked on the outside, and young Frayne's got the key. I've given him orders not to unlock the door until you've agreed to our terms!"

The Premier: "You—you—you—"

Wally D'Arcy (cheerfully): "Same to you, and many of 'em!"

The Premier: "What are we going to do now, you chaps? It's a question of being penned up in this place till further orders, or consenting to pay the fags a tanner a week for fielding at the nets!"

Mr. Wynn (Member for the Tuckshop Division): "Oh, give 'em their own way! We shall miss supper if we stay in this hole, and I'm jolly hungry!"

After a heated debate, the matter was put to the vote, and the ultimate decision was as follows:

For yielding to the fags	...	31
Against " " "	...	26

Majority 5

The strike terminated forthwith, and Wally D'Arcy's face was wreathed in smiles as he left the House.

D'YOU KEN CYRIL PEELE?

(A "Modern" Version of a "Classical" Song.)

By **TOMMY DOYLE.**

D'you ken Cyril Peele, in his brand-new togs,
Who breaks out at night and goes to the dogs?

Yes, you'll ken Peele squeals when the Head soundly flegs

His precious young hide in the morning!

D'you ken young Gower, and Lattrey, too?

They don't a-Peele to me, and they won't to you.

And methinks they will both look rather blue

When the birch comes down in the morning!

D'you ken Jimmy Silver, of the Classical side,

Who struts about with a peacock's pride? He'll find himself biffed, and bumped, and "guyed"

When I meet him in the quad in the morning!

D'you ken Tubby Muffin, the porpoise plump?

He's fourteen stone—what a hefty lump! We'll duck his fat carcase under the pump.

For he must look clean in the morning!

D'you ken young Grace (not "W. G.")? A more asinine ass you never did see!

We'll duck him, too! What a merry old spree

The Moderns will have in the morning!

D'you ken Kit Conroy, the chap from "down under"?

He prides himself he's a perfect wonder. But his pride will be put in his pocket, by thunder,

When he meets Tommy Dodd in the morning!

How Bunter Made History!

By MICKY DESMOND.

BILLY BUNTER, our fat, fatuous, and fatheaded editor, doesn't strike you as being much of a cricketer, does he? (Don't tork rot, Desmond!—Ed.) And yet Billy's name will go down to posterity, and will be mentioned with awe by future generations of Greyfriars fellows.

Last Wednesday we played St. Jim's on our own ground. There was terrific excitement, because the Saints are our oldest and biggest rivals.

The team which Wharton fielded was beyond reproach—because he had included me!

We won the toss, and batted first. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry opened the innings, and they piled up the runs at a ripping rate. It was a treat to see bowlers like Fatty Wynn and Jack Blake being slogged all over the field.

"Faith, an' we shall win this match hands down!" I remarked. "Wharton an' Cherry have already knocked off fifty, an' if they keep this up I'm afraid some of us won't get an innings."

"We shall want all the runs we can get," said Mark Linley. "The Saints are a fine batting side, and Wharton musn't take any risks. He oughtn't to declare until we've made at least two hundred."

Whilst Linley was speaking, Fatty Wynn captured Bob Cherry's wicket with a ball that broke in from the off and had the batsman beaten all the way.

"Hallo! The merry partnership's dissolved at last!" said Peter Todd. "Your turn, Smithy!"

Vernon-Smith searched for his favourite bat, and strolled out to the wickets. The St. Jim's fieldsmen, weary of their exertions, were sprawling on the cool grass. They jumped up as the Bouncer took his guard.

"We'll soon get rid of this merchant!" said Monty Lowther confidently.

But Smithy refused to be got rid of. He played sparkling cricket, like Bob Cherry had done before him; and he and Wharton took the score to over a hundred. They would probably have remained together until the cows came home, so to speak, had not a calamity happened.

A fast, rising ball from Fatty Wynn struck Smithy on the temple, and he was temporarily laid out. He soon recovered, but he didn't feel equal to carrying on. A large bump was already forming on his temple.

"I'm awfully sorry!" said Fatty Wynn, in distress. "I'd no idea the beastly ball was going to get up like that."

"That's all right," said the Bouncer, with a smile. "If you don't mind, Wharton, I'll be a spectator for the rest of the game. We're in a strong position, otherwise I shouldn't dream of dropping out."

Wharton nodded. "I'll play somebody in your place," he said.

Tom Merry gave a groan. "Hope you're not going to select an expert," he said. "We're fairly up against it as it is."

"Set your mind at rest," said Wharton, laughing. "I'm going to give Billy Bunter a game. He's been beging for one ever since the season started."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the ordinary way, Wharton would not have dreamed of playing Bunter. But, as Smithy had pointed out, we were in a strong position, and could afford to include a dud in the team. (Desmond, you rotter, if you call me a dud agane I shall ask you to meet me in the Jim!—Ed.)

"Of course, Bunter won't bat," Wharton went on. "He'll simply take his place in the field when our turn comes."

"Oh, do let him bat!" pleaded Tom Merry. "Yaas, do, dear boy!" chimed in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I'd walk a dozen miles to see the spectacle of Billy Buntah battin'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All serene!" chuckled Wharton. "It'll give a touch of light comedy to the game."

Then, making a megaphone of his hands, the Remove skipper shouted for Billy Bunter.

The fat junior was standing in front of the pavilion, in flannels. Bunter often donned flannels before a match, on the off-

chance that he would be asked to play. He generally donned them in vain.

At the present moment he was holding forth to a group of fellows on the subject of his cricketing ability.

"My grandfather played for Gloucestershire, I tell you! And my great-great-grandfather played for England. He used to go in first with Henry VIII."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You needn't cackle, you rotters! It's perfectly true! And my uncle, Sir Quackleigh Duxegg, has charge of the scoring-board at Lord's—Hallo! I thought I heard my name!"

"Somewhere a voice is calling," said Skinner. "Wharton wants you, porpoise!"

"Ah! So he's realised at last that he can't do without me?" said Bunter.

And he strutted out on to the playing-pitch.

"Look here, Bunter!" said the captain of the Remove. "Smithy's crooked, and we want somebody in his place. Will you play?"

"I've a jolly good mind to decline my services!" said Bunter loftily. "You should have invited me long ago. Still, since you press me, I'd better pull the game out of the fire for you. Do I bat next?"

"No, you don't!" growled Wharton. "You're to go in last."

Billy Bunter was very indignant about this. It was like sending Jack Hobbs in at



There was a cheer from the fellows as Billy donned his gloves and strutted out to the wicket.

the tail-end of the Surrey eleven, he said. But Wharton had his way, and Billy Bunter went back to the pavilion to wait his turn.

The Remove batsmen continued to go great guns. Nugent and Toddy and Johnny Bull all got good scores, and Wharton was well on the way to making a century. He had actually made 97 when the last wicket but one fell.

"Rough luck, Wharton!" said Tom Merry. "You'll never get your century now. Billy Bunter won't survive a single ball."

"I'm afraid you're right," said Wharton. "If only the fat duffer could keep his end up! But he won't. It's my own fault for playing him."

Fatty Wynn was bowling, and he had three more balls to complete his over. Nobody imagined for one moment that Bunter would survive one of them, let alone all three.

There was an ironical cheer as the Owl of the Remove, adjusting his batting-gloves with a lordly air, strutted out to the wickets.

"Play up, Billy!"

"Slog a six," shouted Bob Cherry, "and half my kingdom is thine!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The hope of his side—out first ball!" murmured Nugent.

Well, I don't know how the miracle happened. But happen it did.

Perhaps Fatty Wynn deliberately sent down some soft ones on account of the fact that he was one of Billy Bunter's sub-editors. Perhaps it was because he wanted Wharton to reach his century. Anyway, the first ball he sent down simply asked to be punished.

And Billy Bunter administered the punishment! He rushed half-way down the pitch to meet the oncoming ball, and had he missed it he would certainly have been bowled or stumped.

But he didn't miss. He put all his strength into one blind swipe, and the ball went soaring away, over the head of mid-on, to the boundary!

For a moment the spectators were too amazed to cheer. They were utterly flabbergasted. Bunter—Bunter, of all people!—had hit a ball to the boundary! (Ratts! I could perform a similiar feat every day! Ed.) Then the tongues of the ~~blow~~ ~~is~~ ~~and~~ ~~ad-~~ ~~denly~~ became loosed, and they thundered their approval.

Fatty Wynn put more ginger into his next delivery. We expected to see the batsman's stumps spranged.

But no! Billy Bunter took one quick pace to the right, and chopped the ball round to leg. Square-leg dived for it, but it evaded his clutch and sped on to the railings.

"Hurrah!"

"Another boundary!"

We were rubbing our eyes in astonishment. And we rubbed them even harder the next moment, for Billy Bunter survived the last ball of the over. It was coming straight for the middle stump, but Bunter stopped it dead.

And while the cheering was still in progress Harry Wharton completed his century.

Of course, Bunter didn't last long after that. The first ball he received from Jack Blake sent his off-stump whizzing past the wicket-keeper's ear. But Billy had scored a dozen, and we carried him off the field in triumph!

This isn't the end of the story. Not by any means! It was merely on account of his batting that Billy Bunter made history, as you will see.

The Remove had put up the splendid total of 249. And nobody in his sober senses imagined that St. Jim's would get anywhere near that figure.

But the unexpected happened.

By means of brisk and forceful batting, Tom Merry & Co. scored runs at an amazing rate.

Wharton tried nearly every bowler at his command, but the batsman could not be shifted.

True, wickets fell at intervals, but they were very long intervals. And when the last man came in the Saints only wanted three runs to win.

Their last man was Levison major—a fellow who didn't seem to be troubled with nerves.

Hurree Singh, who was bowling, resolved that the "big hit" wouldn't come off. He sent down the best ball he knew, and Levison carefully patted it back to him.

The second ball was treated in similar fashion, but the third pitched a trifle short, and Levison opened his shoulders to it.

Crack!

There was the familiar sound of bat meeting ball, and the latter went soaring away into space.

We echoed deep and hollow groans.

"It's all up!" muttered Bob Cherry.

But it wasn't, by Jove!

The ball whizzed through the air at a terrific speed, and smote Billy Bunter—who was hovering about in the long-field—full in the chest.

"Yaroooooh!" roared the fat junior.

His hands went instantaneously to his chest, and he clutched the ball to it!

"Oh, well caught!"

The roar that went up from the excited spectators might have been heard in Friar-dale.

To put it poetically, Bunter's catch had won the match!

It was a howling fluke, of course. But the fact remained that we had won. And Harry Wharton will never regret the day when he included Billy Bunter in the Remove eleven. (But you'll regret the day, Desmond, when you wrote this story! Flook, indeed! It was my wonderful judgment that was responsible for that katch.)

THE HISTORY OF A LOAN!

By FATTY WYNN.

"I say, Blake, lend me half-a-crown, there's a good chap!"

As a rule, when Baggy Trimble entered Study No. 6 with this request he went out again in a hurry—not with half-a-crown, but with a well-shod foot behind him. After he had alighted on his head in the passage, however, Baggy generally felt as if he had only "half a crown" left!

On this occasion, though, Jack Blake was in a generous mood. He had just hit up a good score at cricket. Moreover, he was in funds. He actually beamed at the fat junior who confronted him.

"With pleasure!" he said.

And he tossed a half-crown to Baggy Trimble, who was so taken aback by Blake's unexpected action that he was unable to stammer a word of thanks.

"You'll refund the loan within a reasonable time, I take it?" said Blake.

"Oh, of course! I—I say, Blake, you're a brick! I'll remember you when my rich uncle in Australia dies!"

And Baggy Trimble rolled out of the study, and made a bee-line for the school tuckshop.

The years passed.

Jack Blake won for himself a place in the Sixth, and was a prefect while Tom Merry was captain of St. Jim's.

Baggy Trimble was still wallowing in ignorance in the Fourth.

One evening, when Blake was seeing lights out in the Fourth Form dormitory, he paused, and addressed himself to Baggy Trimble.

"I say, kid, do you remember borrowing a half-crown from me some years back?"

"Oh, certainly, Blake!"

"Well, when am I going to get it back?"

"As soon as my postal-order comes."

"And when will that be?"

"Oh, in a day or two!"

"All serene!" said Jack Blake. "Good-night all!"

"Good-night, Blake!"

The lights went out, and Jack Blake followed suit.

More years passed.

Jack Blake was at Cambridge, and he had been selected to row in the Varsity Boat Race.

The Light Blues were at practice one day, when Blake espied a familiar figure among the onlookers.

"Baggy Trimble!" he ejaculated.

And, on landing, he approached his old schoolfellow.

"Hallo, Baggy! What are you doing in this part of the world?"

"I'm a chef at one of the colleges," was the reply. "I say, Blake, old chap, it's a treat to see you again! Can you lend me—"

"One moment!" said Blake grimly. "Some generations ago I lent you half-a-crown. I'm not a mercenary sort of fellow; at the same time, I shall be obliged if you will square up the little debt."

"Oh, really, Blake—I'll pay you as soon as my postal-order arrives!"

"What? You mean to say it hasn't turned up yet?"

"No. There's been a slight delay in the post."

"A slight delay of five years—eh?" said Blake. "Well, you won't get another penny out of me! Au revoir!"

"Look here, Blake, old fellow—"

But the tall Cantab had passed on.

Jack Blake was a captain in the Loamshire Regiment, stationed in India.

One day a new cook came to the regiment, and Blake recognised the newcomer as Baggy Trimble.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "The world's a small place. You keep on turning up, Baggy, like a bad penny. But I'm glad to see you, all the same. You'll be able to square up that little matter of half-a-crown!"

"Really, Blake, I don't remember—"

"Then I'll refresh your memory. 'When we went to school together,' as the song says, you borrowed half-a-crown. I'll trouble you to pay it back. Several years' interest has accumulated on the loan, but I don't press you for that. I shall be quite satisfied with half-a-crown."

"I'm awfully sorry, Blake, old fellow, but that postal-order I told you about—"

"Is still on the way?"

"Yes."

"I guess it will have grown a beard and side-whiskers by the time it reaches you!"

"Don't be sarcastic, Blake! I say, would you be good enough to advance—"

Blake obliged. He advanced his boot!

Forty years passed away.

Colonel J. Blake, D.S.O., was on the retired list, and living in seclusion at an English seaside resort. He spent most of his time in a bathchair, for he was growing old and feeble.

He was taking the air one day in his



Baggy Trimble went—with one of Jack Blake's crutches behind him!

garden when he observed a very corpulent but doddering old man coming towards him.

"Baggy Trimble!" he wheezed. "At last! After all these years you have sought me out, in order that you might square up your debt!"

"Ow! Not at all! I've come to solicit your help."

"Eh?"

"The—the fact is, I've just been badly bumped by the Post Office people. I tried to draw my old-age pension, but they twigg'd that I was only sixty-nine, and therefore not entitled to it. Ow! They've given me such a rough handling that my back's broken in three places! And I've come to ask you if you'll be good enough, in memory of the jolly times we had together as playmates, to—"

"To what?" gasped Blake.

"To pay my funeral expenses! I—I'm going fast!"

Baggy certainly was the next moment—with one of Jack Blake's crutches behind him!

YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR PHOTOGRAPH!

By Arthur Newcome.

Photographs should be sent to me at Study No. 10, Classical Side. Modern bounders must enclose a fee of a bob. No charge will be made to Classicals.

JIMMY SILVER.—I was very much struck by your photograph—considering that you threw it at me! You have an intelligent face, soulful eyes, and a manly chin. I think you will go far—especially if someone explodes a jumping-cracker behind you! Yes, there is no doubt that you will make a great leader of men. (Can you advance me a bob, Jimmy, old fellow?)

TUBBY MUFFIN.—Judging by your photograph, you are a fellow of great weight, and it wouldn't be a bad plan to reduce some of it. By the way, how did the photographer manage to get you all in? With regard to your future, you will become a general one of these days—a cook-general, I mean.

TEDDY GRACE.—You have a nice kind face, and an abundance of curly hair. It is a real pleasure to sit and gaze at your photograph. I wonder that every flapper doesn't fall in love with you at first sight. By the way, I hear you are giving a big study feed on Wednesday afternoon. What hopes?

CYRIL PEELE.—I am forwarding your photograph to Scotland Yard. They will doubtless want to include it with those of other notorious characters. Your head is shaped like that of a criminal, your lips are thin and treacherous, and your eyes are like those of a ferret. In years to come, when you are sitting in the solitude of your prison cell, you will agree that I have given you a pretty accurate description!

MARK LATTREY.—"Take, oh, take your face away! It frightens me no end. To size you up in any way, I wouldn't condescend!"

TOMMY DODD.—You have a much more handsome face than the majority of monkeys. In fact, if you refrain from shaving for a few years you will resemble Tarzan of the Apes. I am placing your photo, with those of the other animals, in my album, and I am so delighted with this addition to my collection that I am sending over a bag of monkey-nuts to the Modern Side for your consumption.

E. HANSOM.—Judging by the photograph you send, Hansom, you are nothing of the sort! I strongly advise you to wear a mask.

MARK CARTHEW.—I'm sure I shall have a nightmare after looking at your photograph. Of all the hideous sights I have ever seen it takes the bun! Faces like yours are, I believe, frequently to be seen in the dock at the Old Bailey. I have no doubt you will be standing there one of these days.

ARTHUR NEWCOME.—You are, beyond all question, the most handsome fellow at Rookwood. Your photograph is simply stunning! You must have an enlargement made, and hung on the wall in Study No. 10. (Not on your life, you conceited ass!—Jimmy Silver.)

A BROTHER'S SACRIFICE!

(Continued from page 8.)

knowing. I would have stopped him if I could."

"You should have found out a way. You should not have let the silly boy ruin himself to save you. It was selfish—it was cruel of you, Frank. Now you will stay at Greyfriars, and my poor boy—my dear boy—will be ruined—expelled—branded as a thief for life!"

And Mrs. Nugent burst into tears afresh.

Frank's heart throbbed in his breast. If Dicky had not suffered, he must have suffered, and was not he her boy, too? But he put the thought from his mind.

"I did all I could, mother."

"With this result?"

"What more could I have done?"

"I trusted him to you," said Mrs. Nugent between her sobs. "I thought he would be better at Greyfriars, with his elder brother to look after him. Oh, Frank, how could you—how could you let him come to this?"

Frank gave a groan.

"I couldn't help it, mother. He ought never to have gone to Mauleverer's study, in the first place. That was the beginning of it all. How could I help it if he played the fool? You are—"

He was going to say unjust, but he stopped himself. "You don't know how I've tried to help him, mother."

"You might have saved him. He would have been better off if I had sent him to another school, where he had no brother."

"Oh, mother!"

"He must be saved. He shall not be expelled. What will his father say? He was always hard on my poor boy. I will see the doctor; I will plead with him."

Mrs. Nugent rose excitedly. "Take me to the Head, Frank."

"It will do no good, mother," Frank groaned. "The Head has done all he could. It's all come out about Dicky being hard up, and writing home for money, and not getting it. He owes money at the tuckshop here, and at Uncle Clegg's in the village. It all came out when the doctor questioned him yesterday. It's all clear—I mean, the doctor thinks it's all clear. Nothing you can say to the Head will make any difference."

"Do you think I am going to stand by and see my boy branded for life?" Mrs. Nugent exclaimed. "He has his mother to help him, if his brother has abandoned him in his distress."

Frank winced.

"I haven't abandoned him, mother; only there's nothing to be done."

"Something must be done—shall be done! Where is the real thief? That is the question. Why have you not found him?"

"How could I find him?"

"They suspected you first, Frank."

"I know they did."

"It was cruel of you to let Dicky take the blame. It almost makes me believe that you were guilty."

"Mother!"

"You are cruel and unnatural, at all events, to let him be punished instead of you," sobbed Mrs. Nugent.

"Mother," said Frank huskily, "you don't understand. After Dicky went and owned up to the Head, I couldn't do anything more. That was the finish."

"You must save him, Frank," said Mrs. Nugent, almost wildly. "If you do not save him, I will never see you again."

"Mother!"
"I mean it. If you let Dicky suffer in your place you are no son of mine."
Frank staggered away. He leaned his throbbing, burning forehead upon the cool stone of the mantelpiece, and tried to think.

Mrs. Nugent sobbed unchecked. Her son did not look at her. He tried to think. What could he do? The cruel injustice of it did not trouble him so much. But how could he save Dicky, even at any sacrifice to himself?

How could he take the blame upon himself and save Dicky? There seemed no way. It was what his mother wanted, if there were no better way of saving Dick. But how—how?

The boy gave a sudden start, and turned towards his mother with black bitterness in his face and in his heart.

"Mother!"

"Don't speak to me!" said Mrs. Nugent. "You have ruined your brother! Don't speak to me! You will not help Dicky. I will go to the Head."

"You—you want him to be saved, mother—even if I had to take the blame in his place?"

"You are the elder. He was in your care."

Frank set his lips.

"Very well, mother. I only wanted to know what you wished. I can save him."

"Frank!"

"Come!" said Frank.

Mrs. Nugent caught her son by the arm and gazed breathlessly into his face.

"Frank, you are not torturing me? You can do it?"

"Yes."

"Then let us go—let us go!" she cried.

She did not ask how; perhaps she did not care. She followed the junior from the study, and Frank led the way into Big Hall.

The hall was crowded. All the Forms were ranged there, and the Head was on the platform, and all the masters were present.

Dicky Nugent stood before the Head, and his face was chalky white, his eyes cast upon the floor. He seemed to be dazed, stunned, by the turn events were taking.

Mrs. Nugent uttered a cry.

"Dicky, my son!"

There was a murmur in the hall. Every face was sombre. The sight of a mother's anguish touched the hardest heart. Even Loder was grave, and some of the fellows felt a choking sensation in the throat.

Dicky Nugent's eyes turned upon his mother, and his look was haggard.

"Mother," he muttered, "what did you come for? I—I can't stand it! Take her out, Frank."

"I will not go!" Mrs. Nugent reached her youngest son, and she turned her wet eyes upon the doctor. "Dr. Locke, you must not—you shall not—"

"Madam—" faltered the Head.

"My boy is innocent!"

"This is no place for you, madam. Nugent major, take your mother away."

Mrs. Nugent repulsed Frank with a gesture.

"Dr. Locke, my boy is innocent!"

"He has been proved guilty, madam, and I have my duty to do, even if you remain. Nugent minor, you are expelled—"

"Stop!"

It was Frank Nugent's voice. With a face as white as death, Nugent of the Remove stepped forward.

Dr. Locke looked at him with a frown.

"Nugent, how dare you speak! Stand back!"

"I must speak, sir! I—"

"Silence!"

"I must speak. My brother is inno-

cent, sir!" said Frank, in a low, suffocated voice. "I can prove it, sir!"

"What? What do you mean, Nugent major?"

"I am the thief, sir!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Brother's Sacrifice!

FRANK NUGENT'S voice rang out clearly now.

He stood facing the Head, careless of the myriad of eyes upon him—his face white, set, resolute.

There was a cry of astonishment from the crowded hall.

Dr. Locke's face was a study.

"Nugent major, are you mad?"

"No, sir. I am the thief!"

"You—you confess—"

"Yes, sir."

Nugent's face was calm and steady. Harry Wharton stepped out from the ranks of the Remove, his eyes flashing.

"It's not true, sir!" Wharton's voice rang through the hall. "He's saying so to save his brother, sir! It's not true!"

"Nugent major, is that the case? Are you guilty of the incredible folly—"

"I am the thief, sir!"

"It's not true—"

"Silence, Wharton! The next boy who interrupts will be ejected from the hall, and severely punished. Nugent major, do you solemnly declare that you are the thief who took Lord Mauleverer's banknote?"

"Yes, sir."

Silence fell upon the crowded hall. Dicky Nugent gazed dazedly at his brother. The thought had haunted him that perhaps Frank was guilty; he had even fancied that perhaps at the last moment his major would own up to the theft, and save him. He was almost giddy with the sudden turn of fortune. Mrs. Nugent looked at Frank once, and then at Dicky, and her face was bright. Dick was saved. Of Frank she had no time to think for the moment.

"And when, sir," said the doctor, his voice very deep and stern, "did you steal Lord Mauleverer's banknote?"

"It was in the book—the Caesar he lent me, sir," said Frank Nugent dully. "I found it when I took the book to my study."

"And you kept it?"

"I—I was short of money, sir, and Lord Mauleverer has such a lot," said Frank, amazed himself with the gibbliness with which falsehoods rolled from his lips now that he had once started. "I—I kept it, sir."

"And where is it now?"

Frank turned cold all over. He had forgotten that. He was silent. The Head looked at him with frowning brows.

"Where is the banknote, Nugent? You must return it to its owner before you leave Greyfriars—for ever."

"I—I cannot, sir."

"Cannot! Why not?"

"I have destroyed it, sir."

"What! You have destroyed a banknote for fifty pounds?"

"I—I was scared, sir, when I was suspected of having taken it, and I—I thought the fellows were going to search my study, so I ran up and burnt it at a candle, sir."

"Nugent, this callous effrontery—"

"I never meant to own up, sir, only—I only I could not see my brother expelled for what I—what I had done, sir!" said Frank, in a faltering voice. "Now you know the—the truth, sir! I don't ask for mercy."

"You would ask for it in vain, Nugent. Such dishonesty and reckless wickedness I have seldom encountered—and never in a boy!" said Dr. Locke, in utter disgust.

THE POPULAR.—No. 122.

"You have allowed your younger brother to go through all this distress and agony of mind, knowing all the time that you were guilty! It is appalling! Frank Nugent, you are expelled from Greyfriars, sir! You shall leave instantly the school you have disgraced and contaminated with your wickedness! Go!" Dr. Locke's hand pointed towards the door.

Frank, with slow and faltering steps, turned and left the hall.

"It's—it's a doored shame, that's what it is!" said Lord Mauleverer, nearly blubbering. "I don't believe he did it, either!"

"I know he didn't!" said Harry Wharton, between his teeth.

"Dismiss!" said the Head curtly. There was a murmur in the hall. The great door swung to behind Nugent major.

"One word more," said the Head. "It is to you, Mauleverer. You have been criminally careless with your money. Your carelessness is the cause of all this wretchedness. I trust that the lesson will not be lost upon you. Now dismiss!"

The Head turned and left the hall. Slowly the boys filed out.

Outside, in the passage, a hubbub of voices broke forth. Fellows of all Forms were discussing the matter, and many were the opinions expressed.

Many held Harry Wharton's view—that Frank Nugent had accused himself to save his brother. But that quixotic theory was a little too "thick" for most of the juniors. Many were glad to find that they had been right, after all—that Frank Nugent was guilty. Bolsover and his friends swung back to their first opinion with great facility and satisfaction.

"Didn't I say so all along?" said Bolsover. "Of course, he had some dodge for making his young brother do what he did—bullied him, perhaps."

Bob Cherry strode up to the bully of the Remove, his fists clenched, and his eyes flashing fire.

"It's a lie, Bolsover!" he cried. "A dirty, cowardly lie, and I'll knock it back down your rotten throat, you cur!"

And his knuckles crashed upon Bolsover's mouth, and the Remove bully went sprawling his full length upon the floor.

"Hurrah!" said John Bull.

"I guess you're a bit too previous, Bob," said Fisher T. Fish. "It's all pretty clear now. Here, hands off!"

Crash!

Fisher T. Fish measured his length beside Bolsover.

Bob Cherry looked round upon the crowd, his eyes ablaze, and his chest heaving.

"Now, who dares to say that Frank Nugent is a thief?"

"I do!" said Loder, the prefect. "As for you, Cherry—"

Biff!

Prefect and Sixth-Former as he was, Loder reeled under Bob Cherry's savage blow. If it had been a master, Bob would have struck out in the same way. The senior sprang savagely towards Bob, but Mr. Quelch's voice broke in:

"Stand back, Loder! Cherry—"

"Did you see what he's done?" roared Loder.

"I saw what he did. Don't speak to me in that tone, Loder."

"He has struck me—"

"I tell you I saw it! Cherry, go to your study instantly, and stay there. You will be severely punished for striking a prefect."

"I don't care!" said Bob recklessly. "Frank Nugent is as innocent as I am, and Loder is a liar and a rotter!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 122.

"Go to your study instantly, sir!" blundered Mr. Quelch.

And Bob Cherry went, still bursting with rage. Harry Wharton followed him up the Remove passage, and went into Study No. 1. Frank was there.

Frank was sitting alone, his face white, and an unnatural gleam in his eyes. His glance turned upon Wharton without changing.

"Frank! You madman!" Wharton's voice broke. "What have you done? How dared you say that you were the thief? You know it's not true!"

"I was the thief!" said Frank, in a dull, strained voice. "I found the banknote in the book, and kept it. I burnt it when I thought the study would be searched. That's all."

"It's not true!"

"It is true!"

"Frank!"

"Let me alone, Harry. I'm a thief—I'm leaving Greyfriars this morning. It serves me right. Don't speak to me. I shall go mad if you do!"

"It shan't be done!" said Wharton, grinding his teeth. "You are lying to save your brother! Hang him! You shan't do it!"

"Let me alone, I tell you!"

Wharton hurried from the study. He was maddened by what had happened, and he hardly knew what he was doing. Dicky Nugent and his mother were in the passage. Wharton stopped, and looked at the fag fiercely.

"Well, you're saved now," he said, between his teeth. "You've got off, and a fellow worth fifty of you is going to be expelled instead! Hang you! I wish you had been kicked out of the school when Frank saved you before! Hang you! I believe now that you are the thief!"

He strode on savagely.

Dicky was white as a sheet. He caught his mother's arm.

"Mother, is it true what Frank said, or is Wharton right? Has Frank—"

His mother shook her head. They entered Frank Nugent's study, and he rose to his feet. His handsome face was set into an unnatural hardness.

"Frank," said his mother, "I thank Heaven that you did what was right at the last moment, though this is a terrible blow to me, and will be to your father! I shall not desert you now that you are disgraced—neither will Dick. And I shall pray that your wickedness may be forgiven you!"

Frank's face was convulsed for a moment, but he calmed himself at once.

"Thank you, mother!"

Dicky sprang towards him.

"Frank, is it true? Did you do it, or have you lied because mother—"

"I have not lied!"

"You did it?"

"Yes!" Frank's voice went on dully, as if repeating a lesson learned by rote. "I found the banknote in the book, and kept it. I burned it afterwards when I thought that the fellows would search my study."

"Come, Dicky," said Mrs. Nugent quietly. "Frank, I shall wait for you. You will leave Greyfriars with me when you are ready."

"Very well, mother."

Frank Nugent was left alone.

—

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder Comes Out Strong!

IT was some time later that Vernon-Smith looked in to see Harry Wharton. At first, the Remove captain was for throwing the Bounder from his study. But at the first sign of violence Vernon-Smith held up a warning hand.

"No rows!" he said quickly. "I've got a plan. I told Nugent I meant to do my best for him. I'm going to keep my word."

"A fat lot you can do!" said Harry Wharton irritably.

"I can!" said the Bounder coolly. "Listen to me. There's a lot in what Bunter said about a reward being offered. The note is useless to the chap who has it—a reward would surely tempt him. You get Mauleverer to offer a reward—and I'll be in Billy Bunter's study. It's my theory that the fat ass knows where to find the note!"

"My hat!" said Wharton, and paused.

It was worth trying—anything was worth trying to save Frank Nugent. And, much as he disliked Vernon-Smith, the cool, hard-headed junior was to be respected for his ideas.

"I'll do it!" he said at last.

He left the study, and found Mauleverer speaking to Bunter. The Owl was urging his lordship to offer a reward—and Harry Wharton backed him up in the appeal. The reward was offered, but to Billy Bunter only. Any other fellow would have felt insulted had a reward been offered to clear a chum. Billy was not insulted.

Billy Bunter rolled away. Harry Wharton looked after him with a peculiar expression. The fat junior was indeed as much fool as rascal. He had given himself quite away to anyone less simple than Lord Mauleverer.

Bunter looked back once to see if he were being followed. But Harry Wharton was standing talking to Lord Mauleverer. Bunter disappeared in the direction of his own study in the Remove passage.

Vernon-Smith was in the study.

He had placed himself in cover behind the book-case in the corner, whence he could survey the whole room without much danger of being spotted by so short-sighted a fellow as the Owl of the Remove.

The Bounder waited patiently, but, as we have seen, he had not long to wait.

The hope of reward certainly hurried matters in Billy Bunter's case. The fat junior came into the study, his eyes blinking and glistening behind his big spectacles.

He locked the door, and then went directly to the hearth, turned back a corner of the carpet where it overlapped the hearthstone, and drew out an envelope. He opened the envelope, and took out a crisp, rustling banknote.

Vernon-Smith's heart beat hard. There was a grin of triumph upon his face now. His theory had been correct. He had fathomed the mystery, and he had brought the truth to light. He felt a sense of grim satisfaction. But he made no movement to betray himself.

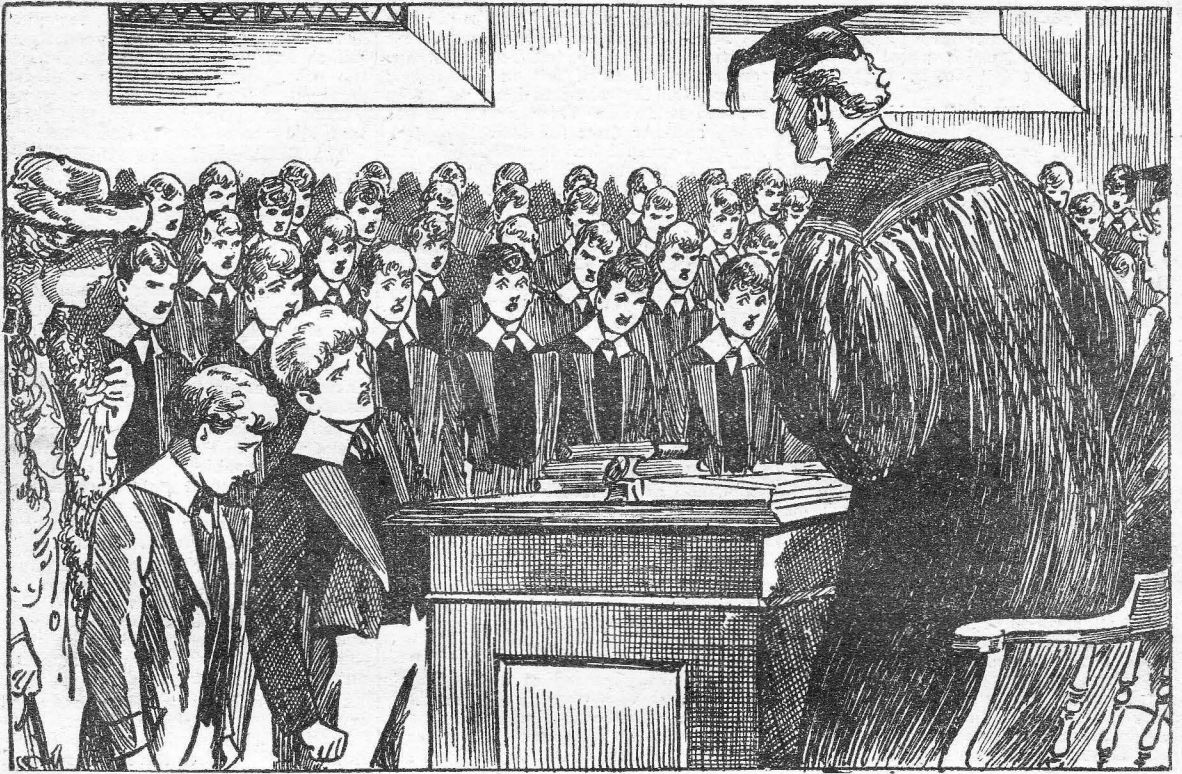
He was curious to see what Bunter would do—to know what elaborate falsehood he would tell to account for having found the banknote so soon. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, had a certain sympathy for all rascals, and he was in nowise disposed to give Bunter away to the masters and get him expelled.

Bunter put the banknote in his pocket, and unlocked the study door and went out. There was a very thoughtful expression upon his fat face. He was evidently thinking out what yarn he was to tell.

Vernon-Smith stepped out of the study after him, and stood in the passage watching him with a cynical smile. Bunter rolled along, still thinking it out, and finally he seemed to come to some decision, for he quickened his pace, and almost ran down to the Form-room passage.

"Mauleverer— Oh, sir!"

He almost ran into Mr. Quelch. The



"Stop!" Frank Nugent, his face as white as a sheet, stepped forward to the platform. "Nugent, how dare you!" thundered Dr. Locke. "I must speak! My brother is innocent, sir!" said Nugent in a low, suffocated voice. "What! What do you mean, boy?" "I can prove it—because—I am the thief!" (See Chapter 2.)

Remove-master was gathering his boys—very late—for classes. He looked at Bunter severely.

"Oh, sir! It's all right, sir, I—I've found the banknote!"

Mr. Quelch jumped. "You have found what banknote, Bunter?"

"The one Nugent stole, sir—I—I mean, the one Nugent didn't steal, sir," stammered Billy Bunter. "I've found it."

He held out the banknote.

"What are you saying, Bunter? Nugent has confessed that he stole Lord Mauleverer's banknote, and that he burned it for fear of discovery. How can you possibly have found it?"

"This is it, sir. Nugent was gammoning."

"Look at that note, Mauleverer," said Mr. Quelch. "Is it yours?"

Lord Mauleverer took the banknote.

"Yaas, sir," he said.

"Are you sure?"

"Yaas, sir."

"Do you know the number?"

"No, sir; but I know this blot on the corner," said his lordship. "Besides, nobody else has lost a fifty-pound note for Bunter to find, sir."

"I suppose not," assented Mr. Quelch.

"The note is yours, I suppose. Nugent was not telling the truth when he said that he had burnt it."

"Begad, no, sir!"

"Where did you find the banknote, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch, eyeing the Owl of the Remove very keenly and suspiciously.

"Why, sir, it was very odd, sir," said Bunter confidentially. "You remember, sir, Nugent said he dropped the Cæsar outside my study, and the note must have fallen out of it then. Well, sir, the wind must have blown it into my study. I expect the door was open, and

perhaps I may have trodden on it. Anyhow, it got shoved under the edge of the carpet near the door, where it's ragged and torn, and it's—it's been lying there ever since, sir."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, indeed, sir! Wasn't it curious?" said Billy Bunter, blinking at the Form-master through his big spectacles.

"Is that where you found it, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what made you look there?"

"I—I was thinking it out, sir—trying to think of some way of helping poor old Nugent. He's one of my best chums, sir, and I'd do a great deal for a chap I like. Well, sir, I knew he was innocent, so I knew the note must have dropped out of the book when he let it fall, so—so after a lot of thinking about it, sir, I worked it out, and—and found the note, sir."

"Very well, Bunter. Your explanation is extraordinary, but I must accept it for want of any other. I cannot think you would have been wicked enough to keep the note back, if you had found it, while Nugent was suffering so much misery."

"Oh, sir!"

"It seems clear now that Nugent's statement in the first place was correct, and that he knew nothing of the note; and his minor, too, cannot have had anything to do with it. Yet we have Nugent's explicit confession that he is guilty."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Harry Wharton, "don't you see, sir? He did it to save his brother. His mother's here, and she's fonder of Dicky than of Nugent major, and—and that's why he did it, sir."

"It was very wrong to tell a lie, for whatever reason," said Mr. Quelch.

"But I suppose it is as you say, Wharton. Find Nugent at once, and send him

to the Head's study. I am going there. I will take the banknote with me."

"Yes, sir."

Harry Wharton rushed off in search of Frank Nugent. His heart was beating with joy. Frank was saved. The shadow was lifted from his name. He was not to be expelled from Greyfriars. For the moment, Wharton was grateful even to Bunter, forgetting that the young rascal's dishonesty had been the cause of the whole trouble.

Nugent was in the Remove dormitory. He had just finished packing his box, and he turned a white and dreary face towards his chum. He started as he saw the gladness in Harry Wharton's face.

"Frank—Franky, old man!" gasped Wharton. "It's all serene!"

"What?"

"The banknote's found!"

Nugent staggered back, and sat upon a bed.

"Found!" he murmured faintly.

"Yes, Hurray! It was in Bunter's study. The young hound had hidden it to screw a reward out of Lord Mauleverer, but he pretends that he found it. It's all right, Frank. And you owe it all to the Bounder. He found Bunter out."

"Oh, Harry!"

"And Mr. Quelch has taken the note to the Head, and you're to go to him, and it will be all right, Hurray!"

And Wharton, in his delight, seized Frank, and waltzed round the packed box with him till Frank was gasping with breathlessness and relief and gladness.

"Off you go to the Head!" said Wharton, dragging Frank from the dormitory. "Hallo! Here's—the Bounder! It's all right, Smithy, all serene!"

The Bounder grinned.

"I was in Bunter's study when he

found the note," he said. "He had it in an envelope hidden under the carpet near the hearth. He had it there all the time. He must have picked it up after Nugent dropped it out of the book. The fat cad ought to be ragged for this!"

"And he will be," said Wharton grimly.

"I think I've made it up to you now, Nugent!" said the Bounder, with a grin. "You'd be starting for the railway-station now if I hadn't bowled Bunter out."

"Quite right," said Wharton. Nugent held out his hand to the Bounder.

"Thank you!" he said simply. Then he hurried to the Head's study. He found Dr. Locke very much disturbed. It was all quite clear now, of course, and the Head realised that he had come very near to committing a terrible injustice.

"Why did you make that confession, Nugent, when there was not a word of truth in it?" he asked sternly.

Frank hung his head. "I—I wanted to save Dicky, sir," he faltered. "You—you don't know how the mater feels about him, sir. It would have broken her heart if he had been expelled, and—and—"

"And you sacrificed yourself for him?" "Well, sir, I—I'm the elder, and it was my place to look after him, and—and I'm sorry I told an untruth, sir, but—but there was no other way."

"You are pardoned, Nugent. I am only too glad that the matter has turned out so well, and that no one is guilty," said Dr. Locke. "The way the note was lost was extraordinary, but, thank Heaven, it was found in time! You may go, Nugent, and I need not say that there is no stain upon your character, or upon your brother's, either."

"Thank you, sir!"

And Nugent went. He found his mother waiting with Dicky in Study No. 1. Mrs. Nugent listened in amazement to what he had to tell her. Perhaps remorse made itself felt in her heart; she realised that she had been unjust to a noble lad. She drew Frank to her heart, and her tears fell fast.

"You—you did that to save Dicky, and—and I believed it was true," she faltered. "Oh, Frank, forgive me! Can you forgive your mother?"

"Don't talk like that, mother!" said Frank huskily. "It's all over now, and, thank goodness, it's turned out so well!"

"My dear, dear, noble boy!" "It was jolly decent of you, Franky, old chap," said Dicky, nearly blubbering. "I—I—I think it was jolly decent, but—but what an ass you were!"

Frank laughed. He could afford to laugh now. The two brothers saw Mrs. Nugent to the station, and she departed with a happy face. Morning lessons were nearly over when they returned to Greyfriars. Frank entered the Remove Form-room, and as the junior entered the Remove rose as if by clockwork and cheered him. Even the fellows who had been the hardest on him, even Snoop and Skinner and Bolsover, joined in that cheer. Mr. Quelch looked up in amazement, then he smiled, and allowed the juniors to shout to their heart's content.

"Hurray!" "Hip, hip, hurray!" The cheering ceased at last. Frank took his seat with a very red face. Mr. Quelch gave him a kind smile.

"I join in the congratulations of your Form-fellows, Nugent," he said. "I am heartily glad that the matter has turned out so well, and I am proud to have such a lad in my Form. We will now resume."

And they resumed. But after lessons

that day Frank Nugent was the hero of the Remove. Billy Bunter expected to take up that position, the fat junior having by this time come to regard himself as having been the good genius in the case. But he was woefully undeceived. The Remove knew what Vernon-Smith had seen in the study—they knew what Bunter had done.

The Head would have expelled him if he had known. He did not know, but the juniors knew, and they made Bunter sorry for what he had done. Lord Mauleverer insisted upon giving Bunter the five-pound note he had promised him; but that fiver was solemnly burnt under Bunter's nose, and then he was licked. It was a record licking!

Every fellow in the Remove had a swipe at Bunter, and some of them several swipes, and by the time they had finished, Bunter felt very much swiped indeed.

And after justice had been done upon Bunter, Lord Mauleverer expended a very considerable portion of the recovered fifty-pound note in standing a tremendous feed to celebrate the occasion. It was a feed that broke the record in the Greyfriars Remove.

Lord Mauleverer's study was crammed. Fellows sat on chairs and stools, and on the fender, and on the window-sill, and the table and the bookcase. Some stood, and some sat on the floor. It was a crowded house, as Bob Cherry remarked, and everybody was joyful.

Frank Nugent was the guest of the evening, and he was the most cheerful of all. It was an ending very different from what might have followed the schoolboy's sacrifice!

(A further splendid long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next week.)

THE END.

At Feud With the Fifth!

(Continued from page 6.)

prisoners now. The window isn't big enough for those fatheads to get out without squeezing, and we shall see that they don't do that. Get round the wood-shed, and bring the garden hose here!"

Oswald and Conroy groped round the shed for the hidden hose. They came back with it in a few minutes.

Jimmy's plan was dawning upon his comrades now, and they were grinning joyously.

"Where are you going to fix it?" murmured Lovell.

"The tap in the yard, of course!"

"Good! It's more than long enough."

"Plenty long enough—yards over. Come and help me fix it."

The hose was soon secured and ready for action.

Then Jimmy Silver carried the nozzle to the window of the wood-shed. He tapped at the window with it.

Voices in the wood-shed stopped suddenly. Jimmy Silver tapped again imperatively.

"That's some blessed fag!" said Talboys' voice.

"Keep on with the bizney!" growled Hansom.

Tap—tap—tap!

"My hat! I'll go out and skin him!" muttered Hansom. "Wait a minute till I've squeaked him, you fellows!"

Hansom caught at the door to open it. The door did not move. Hansom dragged at it—in surprise at first, and then in rage.

THE POPULAR—No. 422.

"By gad, they've fastened up the door!" he ejaculated.

"How could they?" said Talboys.

"Try it yourself, fathead!"

Talboys tried it, but the door did not open. The Thespians were looking exasperated and furious by this time.

Tap—tap—tap! came the summons at the window; and Hansom strode up to it angrily, and dragged the blind aside. Through the glass he could see the grinning face of Jimmy Silver.

The captain of the Fifth tore the little window open, and glared at the junior.



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"You cheeky young rotter! Have you fastened up the door?" he shouted.

Jimmy nodded coolly.

"Right on the wicket!" he assented.

"I'll come out and— Yarooooo!" spluttered Hansom, as Jimmy raised the nozzle of the hose and let fly.

Squish—swish—splash! "Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the darkness outside.

Hansom was in all the glory of Hamlet's costume before the sudden flood of water smote him. By the time it had played upon him for a few seconds he looked more like a half-drowned tramp.

"By gad!" stuttered Talboys. "You young demon! Ooooooh!"

The jet of water smote Talboys and fairly bowled him over, and Laertes rolled on the floor, spluttering. And from the rest of the dramatic personæ came wild yells and hoots as the water swamped right and left.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. The Fall of the Fifth.

"G ROOOH!" "Gug-gug-gugg!" Swish—squish—splash! Behind Jimmy Silver a crowd of grinning faces looked into the wood-shed, the juniors craning their necks round the little window.

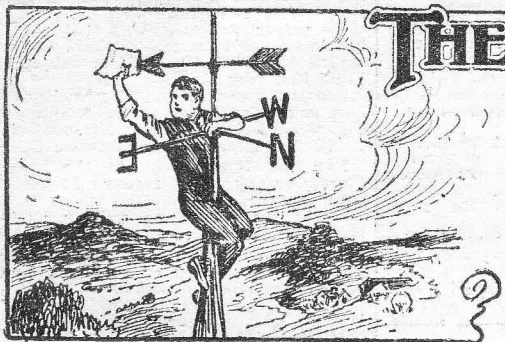
To and fro in the wood-shed the Thespians dodged and rushed, in vain attempts to escape the searching stream.

Hansom led a rush to the window, with a wild idea of squeezing through somehow, and getting at close quarters with the enemy. The powerful jet struck him fairly under the chin and threw him back.

The yells and splutters of the Thespians rang through the wood-shed.

(Continued on page 15.)

ABOUNDING IN SURPRISES AND THRILLING INCIDENTS!



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 turned away from home by his father. He comes in touch with a cinema company on "location," and acts as deputy "stunt" actor for them. Whilst doing this he saves an express from disaster. Among the passengers whom he has saved is the manager of the World-famed Cinema Company, who comes forward to congratulate Dick on his bravery, and offers him a job in the company. Dick accepts the splendid offer and travels down to the Cinema King's home to sign the contract.

There he meets Dr. Steele, who is a guest at the house, but he decides to say nothing to Mr. Henderson concerning their previous acquaintance.

A theft occurs at the Towers, and the stolen pearls are discovered in one of Dick's suit-cases. He is accused of the theft, but through Mrs. Henderson's pleadings is saved from the police.

(Now read on.)

Mrs. Henderson's Trust!

"HE has far too honest a face to be a thief, and, Eustace," Mrs. Henderson added, turning to her husband, "I want you to think before you take any hasty action that you may afterwards regret. I want you to deal leniently with this lad—for my sake."

She ceased to speak, and Dick stepped forward towards her.

"Thank you, Mrs. Henderson, for those few words!" he said. "I swear that I am innocent. But," cried Dick, turning once again upon Mr. Henderson and the doctor, "I want no leniency from you. If you think me guilty, then have me arrested; but I promise you that before many hours are passed I will prove to you that I am innocent, and reveal to you the true identity of the real thief!" And as Dick spoke the words his gaze rested ominously upon Dr. Steele.

"Listen to me, Trafford!" remarked Mr. Henderson. "I want to ask you one or two questions. You cannot expect me to believe you entirely innocent, because, since you have been in this house, you have acted in a deceitful manner!"

"I!" exclaimed Dick in amazement. "How have I deceived you?"

"Why did you try to hide the fact that you had met Dr. Steele before?" asked Mr. Henderson. "Why did you pretend to me, when I introduced you, that he was a stranger to you?"

Mr. Henderson waited for Dick's answer. "I think," said Dick slowly, "that if you ask Dr. Steele himself he will be able to explain that!"

"Exactly!" returned Mr. Henderson. "I have asked him, and he has given me his explanation. It is that you were expelled from St. Peter's School for theft, and that you naturally preferred to pretend you had never met the doctor before. Is not that the truth?"

"No, no, no!" cried Dick, his voice rising upon each word. "It is not the truth! It is nothing but a wicked lie upon the part of Dr. Steele. The reason I did not wish to

apparently know the doctor was to avoid a scene in your house Mr. Henderson, when you had acted so kindly towards me. It might interest you to know, Mr. Henderson, that Dr. Steele is no longer headmaster of St. Peter's, although he has probably not told you so.

"Dr. Steele was relieved of his position at St. Peter's by the governors for conspiracy to defraud. But, of course, I do not expect you to believe me," added Dick, as he saw the expression of doubt creep over Mr. Henderson's face. "Write to the governors themselves, and ask them why Dr. Steele was discharged. You'll learn the truth from them. It's true enough I was expelled from St. Peter's, but that was only the spiteful revenge of Dr. Steele there. His last act whilst headmaster was to expel me, and that's the solemn truth!"

As Dick was hurling forth his accusations at the doctor that individual was standing there, his teeth clenched together, and indescribable hatred writ clear upon his face.

This was not lost upon Mrs. Henderson, and it made her all the more convinced that Dick was speaking the truth.

But now the doctor sprang forward again.

"There!" he exclaimed. "What do you think of that, Henderson? Did you ever hear a more impromptu and accomplished little liar in your life?"

At that moment there sounded a knock upon the door.

"Yes, yes!" cried Mr. Henderson impatiently. "Who is it? What do you want?"

The door opened to reveal the figure of old Mr. Robinson, the solicitor.

"I have the copy of the contract here, sir," he said. "You told me to bring it to you."

Mr. Henderson's eyes blazed.

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "Give it to me!"

And he almost snatched the document out of the lawyer's hands.

Then, stepping towards Dick, Mr. Henderson flourished the contract in his face.

"You young fool!" he cried. "You young idiot to throw away a chance like this for a string of pearls! See, this is what I will do with the contract you signed!"

And as Mr. Henderson spoke he ripped the parchment across this way and that. He put the pieces together again, and ripped them across once more, and then, beside himself with anger, he flung the pieces at Dick's feet.

"Eustace," pleaded his wife, "try and control yourself! Try and think this thing over before you act so! I tell you the poor lad is innocent! He's the victim of some vile plot! What are you going to do?"

"Do!" retorted Mr. Henderson, swinging round and glaring angrily at his wife. "I'm going downstairs to ring up for the police, and give the young scoundrel in charge for attempted theft! I won't be made a fool of like this!"

"Listen, Eustace!" said Mrs. Henderson, as she approached her husband and laid her hand upon the lapel of his coat. "Listen to what I am going to say, for I mean every word of it! If you give that poor boy in charge and send him away, I shall go, too!"

Eustace Henderson gazed at his wife in amazement.

"Are you mad, Brenda?" he cried. "Do you mean to say that you would desert me for the sake of a young scamp like this—for a low, common thief who comes into a man's house and steals his wife's jewels?"

"I have told you, Eustace," said Mrs. Henderson, again, "that the boy is not guilty,

and if you send him away as you threaten, then I shall go, too!"

Mr. Henderson bit his lip.

It was not often his wife made a stand like this; but he knew from past experience that, once she did, she meant every word she said, and that she would not hesitate to do as she threatened.

He fell back, baffled.

"Well," he said, at length, "what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to let him stay here the night, and—"

"What!" roared Mr. Henderson. "Let him stay here the night, so that he can clean up everything in the house! Why, we'll wake up in the morning to find the very rings gone from off our fingers!"

"Listen, Eustace!" went on Mrs. Henderson, quite untouched by her husband's tirade of words. "I want you to let him remain here the night—he will have no objection, I am sure, to your locking him in his room, if you so desire—and then I want you to let him go free to-morrow!"

"You're mad, Brenda!"

"I want you to let him go free," repeated Mrs. Henderson, "in order that he may have an opportunity of proving his innocence and bringing the guilty person to book. That is what I want you to do. You can take your choice. Either you do as I wish, or I go when you send this boy away with the police! It is up to you to choose!"

Eustace Henderson gazed helplessly from Dick to his wife.

"You've got me, and you know it, Brenda!" he said, at length. "You know I wouldn't let you go if it meant letting loose every criminal in England to keep you! All right. It shall be as you wish. He shall remain here for the night; but there is one thing I do insist upon, and that is he must leave here by the first train in the morning. I don't want to ever see him again!"

"Thank you, Eustace!" said Mrs. Henderson softly, as she kissed her husband upon the cheek. "I am sure you will not regret your decision!"

Little did Mrs. Henderson realise the truth of those last words of hers.

The Sleep-Walker!

IT was with a sad and heavy heart that poor Dick Trafford took his leave of this painful interview, and made his way to his own room.

The enraged Mr. Henderson followed closely in his wake, and Dick winced as he heard the key turned in the lock of the door upon the outside as soon as he had passed into his room.

Once alone in his bed-room, where prying eyes could not watch him, Dick almost broke down.

He sank into one of the comfortable arm-chairs before the fireplace, and, propping his elbows upon his knees, buried his head dejectedly in his hands.

"What was to become of him now?" he wondered.

All hope of becoming the star cinema actor seemed to be vanishing into thin air.

Mr. Henderson was quite convinced that he—Dick—was a thief, and he had destroyed the contract. It was only thanks to the intervention upon his behalf by Mrs. Henderson that Dick was not now the inmate of a cell in the neighbouring police-station.

Dick had but little doubt that his first-

while headmaster, Dr. Jasper Steele, was at the bottom of all this trouble.

He remembered how the doctor had excused himself during dinner that very evening upon the pretence of ringing somebody up on the telephone.

Dick felt certain, in his own mind, that it was at that time that the doctor had first taken the pearl necklace from the dressing-table in Mrs. Henderson's room, and had then entered Dick's room and hidden it in the toe of one of the boots in his suit-case.

Of that Dick had not the slightest doubt whatever; but to be sure of a thing and prove it were two very different things.

However, he had heard Mr. Henderson's promise to his wife that the following morning he—Dick—should be allowed to depart unmolested, and Dick swore that he would devote every minute of his time to trying to prove his innocence, and, incidentally, the guilt of Dr. Jasper Steele.

Perhaps—who could tell?—once Dick had succeeded in proving his innocence, Mr. Henderson might reconsider his decision, and decide to employ Dick in his immense cinema studio, after all.

The time slipped by whilst Dick thus sat there turning things over in his mind, and at length eleven o'clock struck.

Dick stretched his arms above his head, and yawned wearily.

"Well, I might as well turn in and get a good night's rest before I start off to try and prove my innocence to-morrow," he murmured, as he proceeded to divest himself of his clothes, and don the silk pyjamas which, like the rest of his wardrobe, had appeared so mysteriously, thanks to the arrangements of Mr. Eustace Henderson.

Dick tumbled into bed, and switched off the electric light beside his bed.

He tried to settle down to sleep, but no repose would come to him.

He tossed fretfully from side to side, his brain active, and his ears keenly aware of the murmur of the sea at the foot of the cliff upon which stood Shoreton Towers.

At length Dick sat up in bed with a weary sigh.

"It's no use!" he murmured. "I can't get to sleep! I might just as well get up and read!"

And so saying Dick switched on the light again, and, slipping from his bed, donned a dressing-gown. He took up a book, and tried to read himself to sleep.

But even the book gave him no respite. He could not keep his mind and attention upon what he was reading.

Finally he flung it into one corner of the room in disgust, and, switching out the light once more, crossed to the open windows of his bed-room, and, seating himself in the bay window seat, looked out over the moonlit bay.

It was a wonderful sight, and one which would have called forth admiration from one less worried than was poor Dick at that moment.

In the making of Shoreton Towers a wide terrace had been built right along that side of the house which faced the sea, and this ran right out to the very brink of the cliff itself.

This terrace had been beautified by the planting of tubs of gorgeous flowers here and there, and the whole picture was one of beauty and restfulness.

Dick was upon the point of throwing open one of his French windows, and going out on to this terrace, when he gave a sudden cry of alarm, as his attention was drawn in the direction of a figure upon the terrace.

At first the figure looked almost like a ghost in the moonlight.

It was the figure of a woman, garbed in a long white-silk dressing-gown, and she walked with slow, faltering footsteps along the very edge of the raised and balustraded parapet of the terrace.

Her arms were extended before her, and although Dick could see her eyes were open, they were wild and staring, with no expression in them.

"Good heavens!" gasped Dick. "It's Mrs. Henderson! What can she be doing out there at this time of night? She'll be over the cliff in a moment. She must be waking in her sleep!"

Then there flashed through Dick's brain all he had heard of people walking in their sleep.

Now, it was supposed to be dangerous to wake them whilst they were in this state.

And yet, if Dick did not do something the poor woman would go hurtling head foremost over the parapet of the terrace, to be dashed to certain death upon the cruel, jagged rocks hundreds of feet below at the foot of the cliff.

Dick's mind was quickly made up, and pushing wide open one of the French windows he sprang lightly out, and hurried forward towards where Mrs. Henderson was unconsciously walking so perilously near the edge of the terrace.

Now he had reached her side, and although the poor woman's gaze was directed in his direction, she looked through him with unseeing eyes.

At a loss to know quite what to do, Dick sprang on to the parapet, and, at the risk of his own life, walked along the narrow edge at the side of the woman.

He placed himself between the sleep-walker and the sea.

She could not turn and fall over the edge of the parapet without pushing Dick over with her.

There were only a few inches for Dick upon which to walk, and to this day he does not know how he managed to balance himself upon so little.

Suffice it to say, however, that he did so.

Inch by inch and foot by foot he crept along beside Mrs. Henderson, trying to impel her to continue her journey until she reached the spot where the parapet swung off to the left at right-angles again, and would take her back to safety.

Then, as Dick walked upon the very edge of that parapet between Mrs. Henderson and the sheer drop to the rocks below there appeared another figure upon the scene.

It was Mr. Eustace Henderson himself, garbed in a hurriedly donned dressing-gown.

He had awakened to find his wife missing from her bed, and being aware of her habit of sleepwalking when at all worried, he became alarmed for her safety, and had come out to search for her.

As he perceived her there, walking along the narrow, balustraded parapet of the terrace, with Dick trying to guide her back to safety, he gave a gasp of mingled dismay and admiration for Dick's bravery and resource.

Spellbound, like one hypnotised, Eustace Henderson watched his wife and Dick without being able to utter a sound.

He stood there rooted to the spot, with fear and anxiety for the safety of the woman he loved.

And then, even as he watched this thrilling drama which was being enacted before his eyes, a sudden thought kept recurring to him.

"How could this boy be a thief?" he found himself asking himself.

Surely no lad who had such infinite bravery and resource could descend to common theft? Why, the boy had already saved his own life when he saved the Petersfield express from destruction, and now here he was saving the life of Mrs. Henderson herself!

And as Eustace Henderson realised what the presence of Dick at that moment meant to his wife and himself, he offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving that his wife had interceded upon Dick's behalf, and persuaded him from turning him out of the house that very night.

Had Mr. Henderson had his way, he would have had Dick arrested and taken away, and that would have meant that Mrs. Henderson would have most surely gone to her death.

Now the turning-point in the perilous journey along the narrow balustraded parapet was reached.

Would the woman go walking straight ahead instead of turning at that right-angle?

If she did, nothing on earth could save her from certain destruction.

Eustace Henderson watched, with his breath held, praying hard that Dick's efforts to guide his wife back to safety might be successful.

Now Dick, with only a few inches of foothold for himself, was just a little in advance of the sleepwalker at the very point where the parapet turned at right-angles.

He had both his arms extended in an endeavour to guide the woman round in safety.

Mrs. Henderson, with her own arms extended before her, came in contact with Dick's arms as he thus held them rigid.

For a moment she hesitated as she fumbled at Dick's arms, and then slowly but surely she commenced to alter her direction, and turn away to the left and towards the house once more.

The danger for her was now almost passed. But what of Dick?

As Mrs. Henderson had placed her extended arms upon Dick's, he was ever so slightly pushed backwards.

If he should lose his balance, then his would be the fate from which he had saved Mrs. Henderson.

Eustace Henderson watched, holding his breath for Dick, and praying for his safety.

By a superhuman effort Dick managed to regain his balance, and a gasp of relief escaped from the lips of Eustace Henderson.

"Thank Heaven!" he breathed. "Thank Heaven, my dear wife is saved, and that that brave lad has not sacrificed his life!"

Mrs. Henderson was now heading straight for the house once more.

Already she had reached the end of the parapet where there were a few stone steps leading down to the level of the terrace itself.

(To be continued.)

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At Freud with the Fifth!

(Continued from page 12.)

"Oh, dear! Oh crumbs! Stoppit!"

Jimmy Silver shut off the water at last. He was laughing too much to take aim. The floor was swimming with water, the actors were drenched and dripping, and their drenched costumes clung around their limbs. Hansom gouged water from his eyes, and glared at the grinning faces in the window.

"I'll smash you for this!" he roared. "I'll pulverise you! I'll slaughter you! I'll—I'll—I'll—"

"Do you all apologise?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

The Fifth-Formers glared at him as if they could eat him. But Jimmy was on the safe side of the window, and the deadly nozzle was in his hands. There was nothing for it but peace terms.

"We—we—we apologise!" stammered the unhappy Thespians.

"Good!" remarked Jimmy. "That's

a beginning. Now, better get to bizney, or you'll catch cold. I suppose you feel a bit wet?"

"These are our peace terms," said Jimmy Silver. "You give us a written apology, you tip Mack to clean up the shed so that there won't be a row about this swamping, and you make it pax. Is that agreed?"

"Yes—yes—yes! Stoppit!"

"Right!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Chuck in a pencil and paper, Lovell. You'll write down the apology, Hansom, and all the rest will sign it. And sharp's the word!"

Hansom simply gasped with rage. But there was no help for it. He could not face the steady stream of icy water for ever; he had had enough of that. With a face like a Hun, he wrote at Jimmy Silver's dictation, and the rest of the Thespians ground their chattering teeth and signed, and the paper was passed out to the grinning Lovell. Jimmy Silver grinned and nodded as he looked at it.

"Good! I'll mention to a Fifth-Form chap that you're here, and he can come down and let you out," smiled Jimmy Silver. "Ta-ta, dear boys, and

think twice before you tackle the Fourth again!"

Later that evening a paper was pinned up on the wall of the Junior Common-room, which the juniors read with great glee and roars of laughter. It ran:

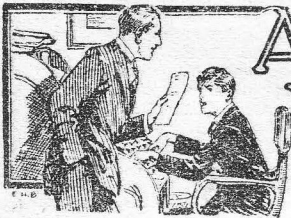
"We, the under-signed, apologise humbly for having checked the Fourth Form, and beg to be forgiven, as witness our signatures:

- EDWARD HANSON.
- PHILIP LUMSDEN.
- PAUL MUGGINS.
- TOBIAS JOBSON.
- HARRY DUFF.
- PELHAM O'ROURKE.
- CECIL TALBOYS.
- H. BROWN major."

The Fourth Form—Classical and Modern—read that paper, and yelled over it. The Shell and the Third read it, and howled. Even some of the Sixth came in and read it, and chortled. And even Mornington had to acknowledge that the Fistical Four had scored.

THE END.

(See the Chat page for particulars about next week's story.)



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 another splendid programme for our next issue, which will appear next Friday. The first long complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., and is entitled:

"THE SIXTH FORM MYSTERY!"
By Frank Richards.

In this story we find that Loder comes to grief, but the name of the assailant becomes a mystery. Several juniors are suspected, and the great question of the time at Greyfriars is, Who "biffed" Loder? You must not miss this grand story.

The second complete school story concerns the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, and is entitled:

"PUT TO THE TEST!"
By Owen Conquest.

Readers of the famous school stories written by this talented author do not need to be told that next week's story is a good one. They are assured of that!

There will be a further instalment of our grand new serial, and the four-page supplement.

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY,"

will appear in the centre of next week's "Popular."

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The following are the examples for this week's competition:

Under a Cloud.
When Suspecting—
A Snob's Way.
Spooing Dr. Holmes.
Too Many Friends.
Enemies Who Smile.

Why Bunter Fled.
Protecting the Food.
Claiming Postal-Orders.
Getting Up Early.
Stories That Please.
Next Best Thing.

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. 16, the "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

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

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

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

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YOUR EDITOR.

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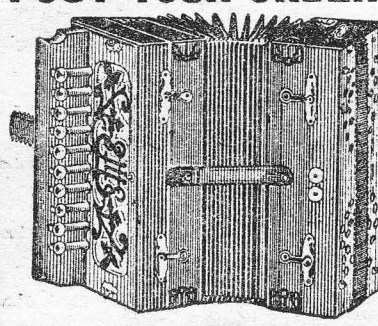


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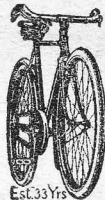
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