

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY! A REALLY FUNNY SCHOOLBOY
SUPPLEMENT IN THIS ISSUE.

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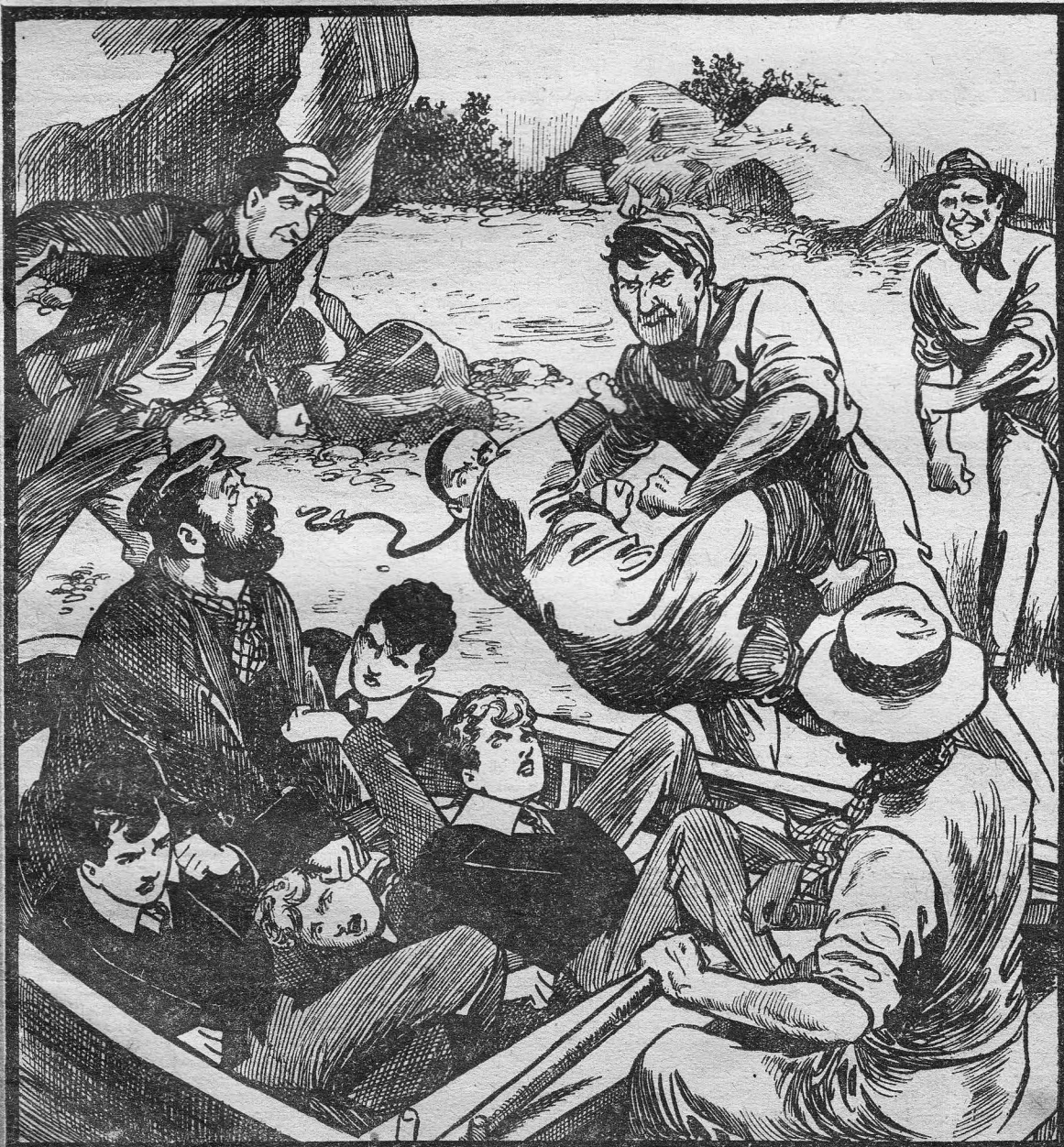
Greyfriars

The POPULAR

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Stories, Jokes & Pictures

Rookwood of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims / St. Jims



SHANGHAIED!

AN ASTONISHING ADVENTURE THAT BE-
FALLS HARRY WHARTON & CO., AND THE
BEGINNING OF A LONG LIST OF OTHERS.

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



A Magnificent Long-Complete Tale
of HARRY WHARTON & Co.'s
Early Schooldays at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Early Risers!

BOB CHERRY sat up in bed in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars and yawned.

The rising-bell had not yet clanged out, and all Greyfriars was sleeping, with the exception of Bob Cherry. And Bob Cherry was very near sleeping, too. The early sun of the July morning was peeping in at the high dormitory windows, and Bob Cherry blinked in it and rubbed his eyes.

"Yaw-aw-awww!" yawned Bob Cherry.

Then he turned out of bed. He stepped to the next bed, and shook Harry Wharton by the shoulder. Wharton opened his eyes and blinked.

"Groo!" he remarked.
"Get up, slacker!" said Bob severely.
"Yaw-aw!" "Tain't rising-bell," murmured Wharton sleepily.

"It's time to go down and bathe."

"Groo!"

"Feel sleepy?" said Bob Cherry, with great sympathy.

"Yaw! Yes!"
"All right! I'll give you something to stop all that," said Bob cheerfully. And he squeezed a wet sponge over Wharton's face.

Harry Wharton woke up then, quite suddenly and emphatically.

"Ow! You ass! Grooh!"

"Time to get up," explained Bob Cherry. "Turn out, and lend me a hand with Nugent and Johnny Bull."

Wharton rolled out of bed. The rest of the Remove were sleeping soundly. Outside, in the Close, the birds were twittering in the old trees, wakened by the sunshine, but the Greyfriars fellows were sleeping on grimly till rising-bell. Wharton rubbed the water out of his eyes, and Bob Cherry went to wake Nugent. He bent over the sleeping junior, and uttered a sudden terrific bellow close to his ear. That was Bob Cherry's playful way of calling him.

Nugent was startled out of his slumber, and he jumped up in bed, and there was a loud crack as his head met Bob Cherry's.

"Oh!" roared Bob.

"Ow!" gasped Nugent.

"You ass—"

"You fathead—"

"Yow!"

"Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton.

"It's time to get up, Nugent, if we're going down to the sea before brekker. Turn out. Wake Bull up, Bob."

"I'm awake, thanks," said Johnny Bull, grinning, as he turned out. "I think Bob would wake the dead when he lets his voice fairly go. What's the time?"

"Half-past six!" growled Bob Cherry, rubbing his head. "Nugent, you silly ass—"

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter, awakened by the disturbance, sat up in bed. "I say, you fellows, this is jolly early to go out for a feed, ain't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha! We're not going out for a feed, you fat duffer!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I suppose you weren't going to wake me!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "I'm jolly well coming, all the same! What have you got to eat?"

"Nothing, ass! You can come if you like, but we're only going out to bathe."

Bunter groped for his spectacles, and lodged them on his fat little nose, and blinked at the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, rats!" he replied. "It's no good telling me that anybody would be idiot enough to get up before rising-bell if he could help it unless there was a feed on! Look here, you fellows, I'm coming!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

The four chums of the Remove dressed themselves. Billy Bunter blinked at them dubiously. He was torn between the desire to stay in bed and the stronger desire to share in the supposed feed. Finally he crawled out of bed.

"I say, you fellows, you might have fixed a more sensible time for the feed," he grumbled. "It's a bit rotten making a fellow get up at this time in the morning. I say, Cherry, you might chuck me over my boots, will you?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Certainly!" he replied.

And he grasped the fat junior, whirled him round, and threw him over his boots, and Billy Bunter sat down on the dormitory floor with a loud bump and a louder yell.

"Yaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you ass!" gasped Bunter, setting his spectacles straight. "You dangerous ass! Wh-wh-what did you do that for?"

"Why, you asked me to!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in surprise.

"You fathead! I asked you to chuck me over my boots!" shrieked Bunter.

"Well, I've chucked you over your boots!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you idiot! I—I meant, chuck my boots over to me."

"Well, you should say what you mean," said Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head. "If you don't say what you mean, you can't expect me to guess. Still, I'll chuck your boots over to you if you like. Catch!"

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter, as he caught one of the boots on his chest.

"Here's the other."

"Yowp!"

"Anything more I can do to help you?" asked Bob Cherry blandly.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "No! Beast!

Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter dressed without further assistance. The Famous Five took their towels over their arms and left the dormitory. Bunter rolled after them.

"I say, you fellows, where's the grub?"

"There isn't any grub, fathead! We're going down to bathe," said Nugent.

"Oh, don't be funny! I suppose you mean it's there already?"

And the fat junior rolled down the passage after the Famous Five, convinced that there was to be a feed, and quite determined not to be convinced otherwise. Bob Cherry led the way downstairs. The house was quite silent—only a housemaid was to be seen, armed with a pail and a mop. Bob Cherry paused on the lower landing.

"Blessed lot of slackers!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Don't you think we ought to call some of them, Wharton? It's rather rotten, fellows staying in bed like this on a lovely June morning."

"Well, we don't get up till rising-bell, as a rule," said Harry.

"Oh, don't argue! I'll call Wingate, anyway."

"You ass! Better leave him alone—"

Bob Cherry went into the Sixth-Form passage and opened Wingate's door. The captain of Greyfriars was sleeping soundly. Bob Cherry shouted into the room.

"Wingate! I say, Wingate!"

The Greyfriars captain started out of his sleep.

"Hallo! What's the matter?" he exclaimed, sitting up in bed, and blinking at Bob Cherry with sleepy eyes.

"Nothing!"

"Eh?"

"It's half-past six."

"What have you called me for?"

"Beautiful morning," said Bob Cherry.

"You young ass!" roared Wingate.

"Pll—Pll—"

"Come out and have a bathe," suggested Bob Cherry. "No slacking, you know! I— Ahem!"

He dodged away and slammed the door, and a pillow smote the door upon the inner side and fell upon the floor. Bob Cherry chuckled as he rejoined his chums on the lower stairs.

"I've called Wingate," he said cheerfully. "I suppose I'd better call Quelch now—"

"You fathead!" said Nugent. "Don't play your japes on a giddy Form-master!"

"But I'd better wake him—"

"You'll jolly well come out without saving up a set of lickings for us when we come back!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, grasping his exuberant chum by the arm. "Take his other arm, Franky!"

Nugent grasped Bob Cherry's other arm, and the sturdy Removite was rushed downstairs at top speed and out into the Close. Having once started, the juniors kept up the rush across the Close and reached the gates. Billy Bunter panted after them. He had several stone of extra weight to carry, and the pace was rather too much for him. Gosling, the porter, was just coming out of his lodge, and he blinked at the juniors.

"Top of the morning to you, Gossy!" said Bob Cherry. "Coming down for a bathe? It will do you good—remind you of your early youth, you know, when you used to wash every morning."

Gosling grunted. "Wot I says is this 'ere—" he began. "Sure you won't come? A complete change is good for the health, you know."

"Which I 'opes as 'ow you'll be drowned, Master Cherry," said Gosling charitably. "Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as a diminutive figure came scudding from the School House. It was little Wun Lung, the Chinese junior. "What are you doing up so early, Confucius?"

Wun Lung grinned.

"Me come, too," he said.

"Yes, rather!" gasped Bunter, coming up breathless. "We're going to be in at the feed, Bob Cherry. You ain't going to leave us out."

"Come on," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "A bathe will do you more good than a feed, Bunty."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

The Famous Five marched out of the school gates into the road, with the little Celestial trotting after them. Billy Bunter yelled after them as they tramped down the lane.

"I say, you fellows, where are you going?"

"To the shore, you ass."

"But where's the feed?"

"Ha ha, ha!"

"Let's give Bunter a race to the sea," suggested Johnny Bull.

"Good egg!"

And the chums of the Remove broke into a run. Billy Bunter followed them for about a dozen paces, and then stopped, quite winded.

"Beasts!" he gasped. "I don't believe there's a feed at all. You've been taking me in. Yah! Beasts!"

And Billy Bunter rolled back into the Close, and went back to bed. And the Famous Five and Wun Lung, laughing merrily, ran on towards the sea.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

"Shanghaied!"

"RIPPING, ain't it?" said Bob Cherry.

It was indeed ripping. The sea rolled, gleaming in the sunlight, laving the soft sands at their feet. The village of Pegg lay

sleeping on their right, and on their left, at the end of the bay, rose the rocky summit of the great Shoulder. Out in the bay a steamer lay at anchor—a dusty-looking old "tramp," with a thin column of smoke rising from her funnel. A man could be seen on the bridge, staring stolidly landward.

"Simply gorgeous!" said Harry Wharton.

"Nicee, nicee!" said Wun Lung.

"That giddy old tramp's been there all night," said Nugent, with a nod towards the anchored steamer. "She put in yesterday. Some of her crew have deserted, I heard Neill say."

"They seem to be interested in us," remarked Nugent.

A second man had joined the first upon the steamer's bridge, and both of them were looking towards the group of juniors. One of them raised a pair of binoculars to his eyes, and scanned the group.

"Well, I'm going in," said Bob Cherry.

In a few minutes the juniors were swimming in the shining water. Little Wun Lung, the Chinese, tied his pigtail very carefully about his head, and protected it with a bathing-cap. All five of the juniors were good swimmers, and they enjoyed their early morning dip. Bob raised himself out of the water after a while, and looked at the steamer out in the bay.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's a boat!" he exclaimed.

"Going to Pegg, I suppose," said Harry Wharton. "If the skipper's short-handed, he will have to get some hands from there."

"Time we got out, I think," said Nugent, as half-past seven rang across the still countryside from the village church. "I'm ready for brekker."

"Same here!"

"Allee samee," grinned Wun Lung, "boatee comee here."

The juniors drew themselves out of the water, and towelled themselves down on the soft sands. They looked towards the boat; it was undoubtedly coming towards them, and not going to Pegg. There were six men in it—a mate and five seamen. A man who appeared to be the skipper was still standing upon the bridge of the tramp steamer, with his binoculars turned upon the group of schoolboys.

The juniors dressed themselves, wondering what the strangers wanted with them.

The bows jarred upon the sand, and a stout man, with a fringe of red hair under his cap, jumped ashore, and the seamen followed him. The mate still sat in the boat.

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

"Aho, my hearties!" said the stout seaman. "Skipper's sent us. Would you like to row out and look at the ship?"

The juniors did not reply for a moment. The suggestion surprised them, and at a closer look at the boat's crew they did not like their appearance. They were not by any means average seamen to look at. The man in the mate's cap in the boat was a truculent-looking fellow, with a black moustache and a foreign air about him. The five men who had landed were ruffians, every one of them, and the stout fellow who had addressed the juniors was the roughest of all.

"Thank you," said Harry Wharton, after a pause. "But we have to get back to the school."

"Oh, you come with me," said the stout seaman. "I'm Joe Cutts' bo'sun of the Pomerania, and I'll take you for a row."

"Thanks! We can't come."

"You'll come, my hearties," said the boatswain coolly. "Captain's orders."

Wharton flushed.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "I suppose we needn't come if we don't want to."

The boatswain of the Pomerania grinned.

"That's where you make a leetle mistake," he replied. "You've got to come willy-nilly, you young swab. Head 'em into the boat, my boys!"

"Ay, ay!"

The five ruffians drew round the juniors in a circle.

Harry Wharton & Co. drew together in amazement.

"Look here!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You'd better sheer off. We're not coming out to your giddy old tramp, and if you bother us we shall hit out!"

"Hittee harddee!" said Wun Lung.

The burly boatswain burst into a roar. "Haw, haw, haw! Collar 'em, my hearties!"

"Line up!" shouted Harry Wharton, as the five seamen rushed upon them.

"Yes, rather!"

And the Greyfriars juniors put up their fists and met the rush of the ruffians manfully.

But their resistance was of little avail.

They had plenty of pluck, but a boy was not of much use against a full-grown man, and the five seamen were all burly ruffians.

In a couple of minutes Harry Wharton & Co. were helpless in the grasp of the boatswain and his mates.

"Bring 'em into the boat!" called out the mate. "By James, they are plucky 'uns, anyway, and they'll be useful, I reckon. Throw 'em in!"

"Let us go!" roared Wharton, struggling in the grasp of the big boatswain as he was carried down bodily to the boat.

"Let go, you scoundrels!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You'll be prosecuted for this!"

The big boatswain chuckled.

"Heave 'em in my hearties!"

Bump!

Harry Wharton landed in the boat. As he picked himself up, somewhat dazed by the shock, Bob Cherry came whirling in.

Bump, bump, bump!

One after another the juniors were flung into the boat.

Last of all came Wun Lung. The little Chinese was not struggling. He was as helpless as a baby in the grasp of the burly seaman who held him, and he was taking the extraordinary occurrence with Oriental philosophy.

The seaman held him up in the air as easily as if he had been a rabbit.

"This any good, sir?" he asked.

The mate chuckled.

"Yes, chuck him in, Bill Haddock. The more the merrier, I guess."

Bump!

Wun Lung landed in the boat beside the others. The seamen followed them in, and took up the oars. The mate shook a warning finger at the five angry juniors of Greyfriars.

"You keep quiet," he said. "I guess you're going to sail in the Pomerania. I guess you'd better take it quietly—what?"

"Sail in the Pomerania!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What do you mean? We've got to go back to school!"

The American mate chuckled again.

"I guess you ain't going back to school jest yet," he said. "We're short-handed, my sons, and you're goin' to work on this here craft."

"What!"

"Great Scott!"

"Work on that ship!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, in angry amazement. "We shall certainly not do anything of the

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sort! Do you mean to say that you are kidnapping us to work on that ship?"

The mate nodded.

"I guess so."

"You'll be sent to prison for this, you villains!" exclaimed Wharton indignantly. "You will be arrested as soon as you touch a British port!"

"I guess we sha'n't tetch at a British port in a hurry," grinned the mate. "And I guess you'll learn to speak civil, and to say 'sir' to an officer, afore you've been long on board this hyer craft. You'll l'arn 'em, bo'sun."

"You bet!" said Joe Cutts, with a grin.

The juniors looked at one another in utter dismay. It was an unexpected and alarming end to their morning bathe. The boat pulled out to the steamer, and a rope ladder dangled down the side.

The skipper looked down with a grin.

"All right?" he asked.

"All right, sir," said the mate.

"Send 'em up!"

The mate pointed to the rope ladder.

"I guess you'll go aboard?" he remarked.

"We won't!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Got your licker about you, bo'sun?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The big boatswain produced a thick rope's-end from his pocket. He took a business-like grip upon it.

"Goin'?" he asked affably.

The juniors looked at him and at one another.

"We will go on board if we must," said Harry Wharton quietly. "But you will be punished for this."

"I guess we'll risk it," said the bo'sun, with a grin. "'Op it!"

And the juniors climbed on board.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

On the Tramp Steamer!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. stepped on the deck of the steamer.

The skipper looked down at them from the bridge with a grin upon his bearded face, but it was a hard and cruel grin. It was easy to see that the skipper of the ocean tramp would be a hard man to deal with.

"Five of 'em," he remarked. "By James, that's luck! As many as we've lost, bar one. What luck! You young swabs know how to work? I jest hope so, for your own sakes."

"We're not going to work," said Johnny Bull.

The grin faded from the skipper's weather-beaten face, and he glared at the junior of Greyfriars.

"Wot's that?" he roared.

"We're not going to work," said Harry Wharton. "You've forced us to come aboard your rotten old ship, but we're not going to touch work here."

"No fear!" said Bob Cherry.

"You'd better send us ashore," said Frank Nugent. "You know jolly well that what you're doing is against the law. You've kidnapped us!"

Wun Lung did not speak. He might have been as angry as the other fellows, but he was perhaps wiser.

"Ho!" said the skipper. "Agin the law! I've shanghai'd hands in more'n one port, from Frisco to Hong Kong. The law ain't tetch'd me yet. You ain't going to work, ain't you? We'll soon see about that, bo'sun!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the boatswain.

"You'll call me 'sir,' and tetch your cap when you speak to me," said the skipper. "I'm Captain 'Obbs, skipper of the Pomerania, my bucks, and if a hand don't work on this ship I make him hop. Understand? I'm short-handed. Six of my men sloped last night, darn their skins! The voyage

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wasn't good enough for them. You're going to take their place. Understand?"

"We won't!" said Harry Wharton.

The skipper clicked his teeth.

"You'll see. Tumble 'em below, bo'sun!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Harry Wharton exchanged a glance with his companions.

"We could swim ashore!" he whispered.

"Here goes!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"All together!"

The juniors made a rush to the side, but before they could carry out their intention the seamen closed around them, and they were dragged back.

"Kick 'em into the fo's'le!" said the skipper. "We'll 'andle them after we've sailed. Engineer!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Git the steam up. We've got to git outter this afore them scallywags ashore tell too many tales and we're stopped."

The grimy engineer grinned and went below.

The five juniors were bundled headlong into the fore-castle, and the door was closed upon them.

They had been pitched roughly down the steps, and they sat up in the gloomy place, feeling bruised and shaken.

"My hat!" Bob Cherry ejaculated.

"This is rather thick, and no mistake!"

Wharton gritted his teeth.

"The hounds!" he cried. "They've kidnapped us, and the law must be able to touch them for it! The rotters!"

"We won't work, anyway," said Nugent. "You can take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink. They can carry us off to sea, but they can't make us touch a rope if we don't choose."

"No fear!"

Wun Lung looked up.

"Better workee," he said.

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Bo'sun lickee with ropee if no workee," said Wun Lung. "Badee jobee, but no good makee worsee. Bettew workee."

Bob Cherry burst into a laugh.

"There's something in what the giddy heathen says," he remarked. "They've got us in a cleft-stick, you know. There are seven or eight seamen, and I don't know how many engineers and stokers. We couldn't do anything against that crowd."

Wharton set his teeth.

"But we won't do what they want!" he said. "It looks to me as if this ship is on some unlawful business. What did six of her men desert her for? And you heard what the captain said about telling tales ashore."

"Yes, rather!"

"Blessed if I know what they can be up to!" Johnny Bull exclaimed, wrinkling his brows in thought. "It must be something fishy, or the captain could ship more hands in the ordinary way, without troubling to kidnap schoolboys."

"It's something very fishy, I think. Besides, what does a tramp steamer like this want with so many hands? There are enough to work the ship without us."

"Right enough. But they look like a gang of hooligans more than seamen. They don't look as if they're fond of work."

"But why should the captain ship such a crew? It shows that the ship has some business that won't bear the light."

"True enough!"

"What on earth can it be?" Nugent exclaimed. "The day of pirates are over a long time ago. The skipper is a regular hooligan, but he isn't a giddy Captain Kidd. What can the ship be going to sea for?"

"Something dishonest, of course, though we can't guess what. And if we lend a hand we may be as liable as they are to be arrested afterwards."

"Phew!"

"It's agreed," said Harry Wharton, looking round. "We're going to refuse to work, and make the skipper understand that he'd better set us ashore and save trouble."

"Hear, hear!"

"We're getting away from the shore, though," said Bob Cherry after a pause. "Listen to the engines! And we're going at a good rate now, too!"

The juniors could hear the engines throbbing.

The motion of the ship showed that they were going through the water very fast. The tramp steamer rocked, and the motion and the close smell of the fore-castle, which was in a decidedly dirty state, made the juniors feel a little queasy. But they were not seasick. They had had many a run upon the salt water, owing to Greyfriars being on the coast, and they were all good sailors.

They waited in the stuffy fore-castle till they should be hauled out on deck again.

They understood very clearly that the skipper was leaving dealing with them until they were out of sight of land. The Pomerania had been "hung up" by want of hands, and now that Captain Hobbs had succeeded in kidnapping five new ones, he was losing no time in getting away from the bay.

The juniors sat about the fore-castle, listening to the thumping of the engines, and the swishing of the water against the sides of the steamer.

An hour—two hours passed.

Still no one came to the fore-castle.

The ship throbbed on over the sunlit sea. The juniors were growing very hungry. They had eaten nothing that morning, and it was now nearly ten o'clock.

"Dash it all!" Bob Cherry exclaimed at last, moving restlessly about the narrow space. "I wish they'd come for us. Anything would be better than being penned up here like this. Blow them!"

There was a heavy footstep outside. The scuttle was opened, and the red face of the boatswain looked in.

"Tumble up!" he roared. "Ere you are, my hearties! Tumble up!"

"Me comee!"

"Oh, we're all coming!" said Bob Cherry. "Would you mind taking your face away, sir? You shouldn't spring a face like that on us too suddenly."

The burly bo'sun choked.

"You tumble up!" he gasped. "By James! By gum! I'll l'arn yer! You tumble up!"

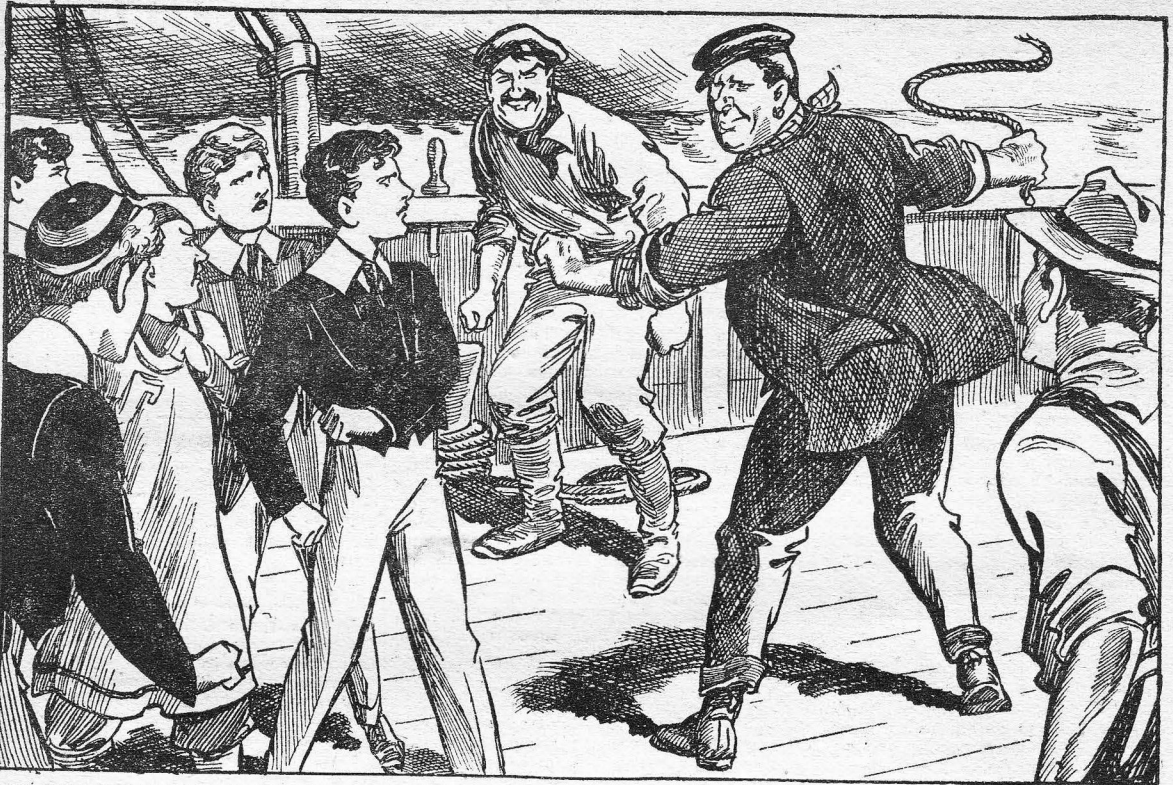
And the Greyfriars juniors tumbled up.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Flogged!

FAR away on the horizon there was a dim outline of cliffs. Round the steamer gleamed the wide blue waters. The Pomerania was far out to sea, leaving a trail of black smoke behind her as she glided through the waters. The eyes of the Greyfriars juniors turned landward, and they started to see how far off the shore was.

Away there, far out of sight behind the cliffs, lay Greyfriars School. And the fellows at that hour would be all in the Form-rooms, grinding away at their lessons, and the kidnapped five wondered what they were thinking of their absence and what the Head was thinking? No one at Greyfriars, certainly, would guess what had happened. The juniors could hardly believe it themselves, as they looked round at the wide, rolling waters,



"You'll begin work by swabbing up the decks. You 'ear?" said Mr. Cutts. "And 'ere's for a start!" He sprang forward at Harry Wharton, whirling the long thick rope. The rope's-end came down across the junior's shoulders, and forced a cry of pain through his pressed lips. (See this Page.)

and at the dirty deck and slovenly ruffians there.

"Oh, hyer you are!" said an unpleasant voice from the bridge, as the skipper came out of the charthouse.

"Now, my lads, you listen to me!"

The juniors looked at him grimly.

"Hyer you are," went on Captain Hobbs, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and wagging it at the juniors from the bridge. "You're in my crew now! Understand?"

"We are not in your crew, Captain Hobbs," said Harry Wharton quietly. "We don't belong to this ship, and we'll have nothing to do with you."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

A ferocious look came over the skipper's rough face.

"By James, is that the way you talk to your captain?" he roared.

"You are not our captain!"

"No fear!"

The captain jerked his little black pipe towards the burly boatswain.

"Cutts!" he rapped out.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"L'arn them manners!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Set them to work," said the skipper.

"If they won't work, teach 'em!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"You're under Cutts' orders," said the skipper. "Joe Cutts ain't easy with slackers. I advise you to work. That's Captain 'Obbs' advice. You take it!"

"Go to the dickens!" said Johnny Bull.

"Set us ashore, or you'll be made to suffer for it, I can tell you that!"

"Cutts!" roared the skipper.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Stop their gab!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The skipper turned away and lighted his pipe. The mate leaned over the rail, and looked down at the juniors with a

grin. The boatswain produced a rope's-end from his pocket.

"Now then, my hearties, you're under my horders!" he said.

"Rats!"

"You'll begin," said Mr. Cutts, "by swabbing up the decks. You 'ear?"

"Bosh!"

"Are you going to obey horders?"

"No."

"Then 'ere's for a start!" said the boatswain.

Swish!

The rope's-end came down across Harry Wharton's shoulders. There was a giggle from the ruffians standing round.

Wharton's face flushed crimson.

He made a sudden spring at the boatswain, and both his fists lashed out at once.

His right caught the burly brute on the point of the chin, and his left crashed into the ruffian's left eye.

Big and powerful as Joe Cutts was, he reeled under the tremendous drive, and went down upon his back with a crash that made the deck ring.

He lay for some seconds gasping, evidently too astounded to realise what had happened.

"Ow!" he gasped. "By James! Ow!"

There was a roar from the bridge.

"Cutts!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" mumbled the astounded boatswain.

"How long are you going to lie there? Are you taking a nap?"

"Ow! By James, sir!"

"Get up, and l'arn those puppies manners!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Cutts leaped to his feet. His face was purple with wrath. He yelled to the seamen.

"Seize them!"

The seamen advanced upon the juniors at once.

The Greyfriars fellows drew together and hit out. But, as with their resistance on shore, it was all unavailing. They were seized by the burly ruffians, and flung upon the deck, and ropes were triced round their limbs.

They lay gasping on the deck.

"Now then, Cutts, put them through it!" roared the skipper.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The boatswain pointed to Harry Wharton.

"Trice that cub up for a flogging, lads!"

Wharton was seized and lifted to his feet.

His jacket was stripped off, and his shirt torn down to his waist, and his wrists secured to a rope above his head.

The boatswain stepped up to him with the rope's-end in his hand.

"A round dozen," said the skipper.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Wharton set his teeth as the boatswain raised the rope.

Lash!

The rope descended upon his bare skin with all the force of Joe Cutts' powerful arm.

Wharton shivered under the blow.

It left a red mark across the white skin, and the pain of it thrilled through every nerve in his body.

But he uttered no cry.

His teeth were set tight together, and though his face went deadly white, not a sound escaped him.

Lash, lash, lash!

The rope rose and fell.

Blow after blow fell upon the junior's bare back, till the blood showed through the lacerated skin.

Wharton's teeth remained hard set.

It was not till the ninth blow that a cry escaped him.

The boatswain grinned.
 "Found yer crow, young bantam, 'ave yer?" he queried.
 Lash, lash!
 Another sharp cry.
 "You brute!" shouted Bob Cherry, struggling in vain with the bonds upon his limbs. "You hulking, cowardly brute!"

The boatswain turned towards him with an evil grin.

"Your turn's coming, my pippin!" he said.

Lash!
 The last blow of the dozen fell, and Wharton hung heavily upon his bound wrists. He had fainted.

"Cut him loose," said the skipper, "and chuck some water over him. He'll come round. He ain't food for fishes yet."

Wharton was cast loose.
 One of the grinning ruffians threw a bucket of salt water over his lacerated back, and a sobbing moan escaped the junior.

His eyes opened.
 Joe Cutts grinned down at him.
 "Come to your senses yet?" he demanded.

"You cowardly brute!" Wharton muttered faintly.

"Oh, you ain't 'ad enough yet?" said said the boatswain. "Shall I give him another dozen, sir?"

"Let him alone, you hound!" shouted Nugent. "Do you want to kill him?"

"Nuff said, young bantam!" said the boatswain, lashing Nugent with the rope as he lay on the deck. "You 'arn to speak civil to your superiors."

"Oh, you villain!"

"Now, then," said the skipper, "you kids belong to my crew. Are you going to turn to, or are you all goin' through it?"

The juniors were silent.
 "Mind, I'm captain of this ship—me, Captain 'Obbs!" pursued the skipper. "I don't allow any back-answers on this hyer craft. Understand?"
 Silence.

"You're goin' to work and stoke, and do as you're told, and I'll make sailors of ye. Better'n larin' rot in a school ashore," said Captain Hobbs. "You're got to toe the mark, younkers—that's what? Will you join my crew and obey orders, or shall Joe Cutts give you a lesson all round?"

The juniors looked at Wharton, with the streaks of red showing upon his back where the cruel rope had lashed him.

They were helpless in the hands of the brutal skipper; it was useless setting themselves up against superior force.

"We'll work if we have to," said Bob Cherry after a pause.

The skipper chuckled.

"Thort you would," he remarked. "Mind, it will be a slogging if you slack, and a cuff for a saucy word. I keep order on my ship."

"Better give 'em a dose all round, sir," said Joe Cutts.

The skipper glared at him.

"Hold your tongue, Joe Cutts! I'm captain of this ship—me, Captain 'Obbs! Cast them loose, and set them to work!"
 "Ay, ay, sir!"

"You're going to obey orders—eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob, gritting his teeth. "We can't help ourselves."

"More sensible if you'd thought of that afore!" chuckled the skipper. "Cast 'em loose!"

The juniors were unbound.
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Bob Cherry ran to Wharton and helped him to his feet. Wharton drew his jacket on with shaking hands.

His eyes were gleaming.
 "Take it quietly, old chap," said Bob in a whisper. "Our turn will come, but they've got us at their mercy now."

Harry Wharton nodded. He realised that.

"Now, then, no palavering there!" roared the boatswain. "Work's the word, my hearties. And if there's any shirkin', look out for my licker, that's all."

And the juniors, with furious faces, set to work.

Captain Hobbs watched the juniors, with a grinning face. The skipper had apparently not paid much attention hitherto to the cleanliness of his ship, but that was perhaps because he had sailed with such a very peculiar crew. Now the juniors were set to work swabbing up the decks and cleaning out the forecabin, whilst the seamen stood idly by or sprawled about smoking. There seemed to be little or no discipline on the ship. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull were sent down to act as stokers, and they slaved at the work, with bullying and curses from the engineer as their sole reward. The others slaved above, with curses and an occasional lick from the rope's-end to keep them to the task.

It all seemed a dream to the juniors. They wondered what Dr. Locke, at Greyfriars, would think when their absence was reported to him. Perhaps he would send out a search-party, but certainly he would never think that they were out at sea.

Whatever Dr. Locke did was not likely to help the juniors at the moment. Whether they liked it or not, they were sailors, and for the time being they were not schoolboys, but slaves to the will of Captain Hobbs.

And not one person aboard could even guess how long they were likely to remain sailors.

THE END.

(The further adventures of the Remove sailors will be detailed in the next issue of "The Popular," which will be on sale next Friday. In the meantime, be sure and read the grand long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. in the "Magnet Library." You can get it on Monday.)

TALES TO TELL!

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

They had spent the day, in a cold, driving rain, fishing. But they were returning with empty baskets and tried tempers.

As they entered the village, a large dog ran at them, barking furiously. One of the fishermen kicked it away carelessly.

"Aren't you afraid he'll go for you if you do that?" asked a friend.

His companion looked sadly and sorrowfully into his face.

"I only wish he would!" was the other's reply. "I'd chance almost anything to be able to go home and say I'd had a bite!"

HER VIEW!

"I asked her to remove her hat so that I could see the stage."

"Wouldn't she do it?"

"No; she said if she held her hat in her lap she couldn't see the stage herself!"

ALL HE GOT!

It was three o'clock on a cold and frosty morning, and a weary cyclist had still many miles to go.

Passing through a lonely village, he saw a lighted window. Perhaps, he thought, he might be able to get something to eat and drink. So he knocked.

"Who's there?" came a gruff voice from within.

"A traveller," the cyclist replied in clear tones.

Back like a shot came the answer:
 "Then travel!"

ONLY THAT, AND NOTHING MORE!

The injured orator was venting his furious indignation.

"When I started to speak," he exclaimed, in his best platform-voice, "someone threw a base, cowardly egg at me, and it hit me violently in the chest!"

"And what kind of egg might that be?" inquired a sympathiser.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the orator, in condescending tones, "is one that hits you, and then runs!"

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

First Tramp: "If it wasn't such a long way off, Mike, we might go to the South Sea Islands, where there are cocoanuts and bananas all over the place, which can be had for nothing."

Second Ditto: "Well, I suppose you have to pick 'em?"

First Tramp: "Yes, of course!"

Second Ditto (disgustedly): "Ugh! I knew there'd be some drawback!"

HIS EXPLANATION.

"No, m'lud," cried the counsel for the prosecution, as he drew near the end of his speech, "it was not an accident! Let me try to make my point clearer."

But the judge was really getting tired of having things cleared. Still, for the time, he said nothing.

"Suppose," went on the eloquent barrister—"suppose someone hit me in the eye, and as a consequence my eye became black. That could not be called an accident."

His lordship nodded.
 "Perhaps not," he agreed thoughtfully; but there was a faint twinkle in his eye. "Quite probably not. But there's very little doubt that that is how you'd try to explain it!"

LONG COMPLETE STORY OF

Stringer

THE DEMON BOWLER

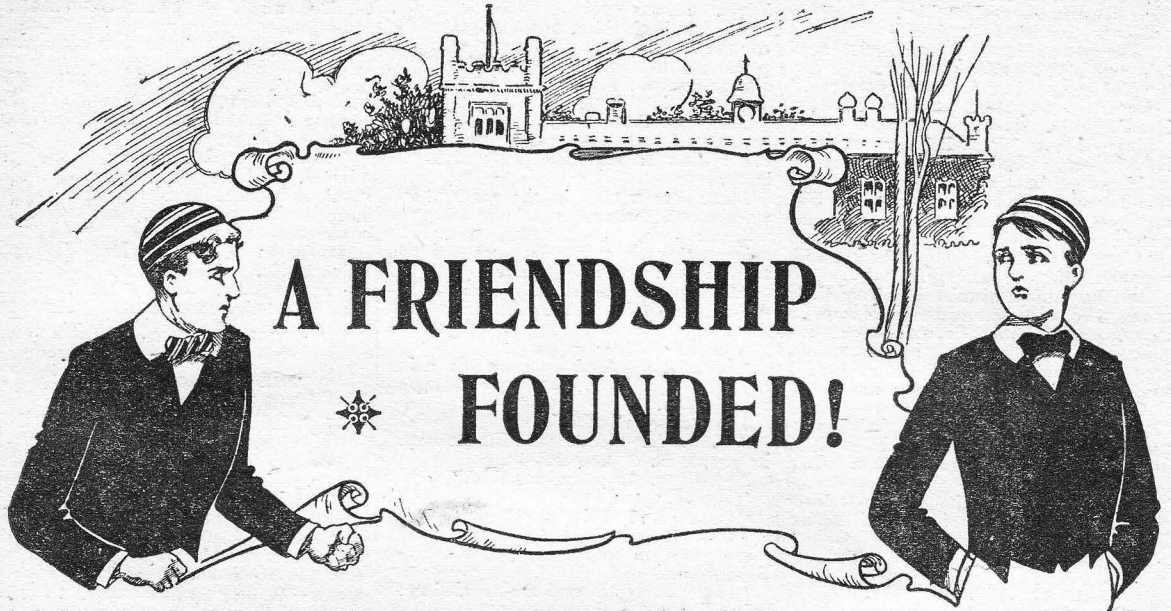


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THE END OF THE LONG FEUD.



A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

No News!

TOMMY DODD of the Modern Fourth at Rookwood came into the School House with a serious expression upon his face.

It was Saturday, and morning lessons were over at Rookwood.

There was a match fixed between Moderns and Classics for that afternoon, but for once the thoughts of the Rookwood fellows were not turned on cricket, though it was a sunny, smiling afternoon, ideal weather for the great summer game.

The Fistical Four of the Fourth—Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome—were chatting by the hall window, looking graver than usual. Erroll, the new boy in the Fourth, was with them, but he was not speaking. Tommy Dodd looked round, and came over to the group.

"Looking for you, Silver!" he said.

"Here I am."

"About the match this afternoon," said the Modern junior hesitatingly. "I suppose we're going to play, all the same?"

"We were just talking about it."

"I suppose it won't look unfeeling to be playing cricket when nobody knows what's become of Mornington of the Fourth?" said Tommy Dodd. "Of course, a chap doesn't want to seem unfeeling, but—"

"Might as well play," said Lovell.

"Well, Mornington was a Classical chap," said Tommy Dodd. "It's for you fellows to say. If you'd rather chuck it, say so."

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

It was a strange situation.

Mornington, the dandy of the Fourth, had disappeared from school—vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

For twenty-four hours the police had been seeking him in vain.

What had become of him Rookwood could only surmise.

It was true that he had been on bad terms with Jimmy Silver & Co., but they felt a deep sense of concern for the miss-

ing junior. Indeed, they felt more concerned, to judge by appearances, than Morny's own friends—Townsend, Topham, and the rest of the "Nuts" of Rookwood.

Townsend & Co., in fact, seemed to be bearing their loss with great fortitude.

It did not seem likely that any accident had happened to Mornington.

The police theory was that he had been kidnapped by some person or persons unknown. But nothing could be discovered for certain so far.

The mystery that hung over Mornington's fate cast something of a cloud on the Lower School. Even fellows who had not liked him shared in the general anxiety.

Nobody wanted to appear unfeeling, as if "business as usual" was going on in spite of what had happened to Mornington. But it did not seem that it would do Morny much good to cut cricket and "mooch" about Rookwood doing nothing.

"Better play, all the same," said Jimmy Silver at last. "No good wasting the afternoon doing nothing, as far as I can see."

Tommy Dodd nodded.

"Well, I thought I'd ask you," he said. "Don't want to look as if we don't care. But mooching about with our hands in our pockets won't help poor old Morny, wherever he is. We play, then?"

"Yes."

"Right-ho! Stumps pitched at two."

And Tommy Dodd walked out.

"What do you think, Erroll?" asked Jimmy Silver, with a rather curious look at the new junior.

Erroll was the fellow who had seemed to be quite knocked over by Morny's strange disappearance, which was odd enough, for Mornington had been his bitter enemy.

Kit Erroll started.

"Eh? You said—"

"Better play this afternoon—what?" said Jimmy.

"Oh! Oh, yes! Why not?"

"You seem to be jolly cut up about Morny, Erroll!" said Lovell, in wonder.

"At least, ever since he vanished you've

been looking jolly blue. You didn't like the chap, did you?"

Erroll shook his head.

"Well, I don't see how you could, considering how he treated you," said Lovell. "I can't say I expected you to care. Considering that Morny was down on you from the day you came, and accused you of being the son of a merry burglar, or somethin', the silly ass—"

"Oh, never mind that now!" said Jimmy Silver. "We proved that was all rot. But really, Erroll, you do seem knocked over by it. I expect Morny's safe enough, if it comes to that."

"He's been kidnapped, right enough," remarked Lovell. "But they won't hurt him. Why should they?"

"It can only be a dodge to get money," said Newcome.

"And the bobbies may find him any minute and bring him home," added Raby comfortingly.

"I—I don't suppose he'll come to any harm," said Erroll. "But I've been thinking about the poor chap. Must be having a rough time, wherever he is."

Erroll nodded to the Fistical Four, and sauntered out into the quadrangle.

He left the chums of the Classical Fourth looking very puzzled.

"Blest if I see why Erroll should worry over it!" said Lovell. "Morny was a beast to him."

"Tender heart, I suppose," said Jimmy Silver. "Hallo! There's old Stacky!"

Under that somewhat irreverent title Jimmy alluded to a white-moustached old gentleman who was coming across the quad to the School House.

It was Sir Rupert Stacpole, one of the governors of Rookwood School, and uncle and guardian of Mornington of the Fourth. The old gentleman's face was darkly clouded.

He had been staying at Rookwood since he had been apprised of his nephew's disappearance, hoping for news of the missing junior.

Jimmy Silver left his chums, and approached the baronet as he came into the House.

"Excuse me, sir! Any news of Mornington?" he asked.

Sir Rupert glanced at him.

"None, my boy!" he said.

"The police haven't found out anything yet, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"Nothing so far, I am sorry to say."

Sir Rupert passed on towards the Head's study.

Jimmy's face clouded for a moment. He had hoped that there might be news.

It seemed certain that Mornington of the Fourth had been kidnapped. Yet no demand had yet been made to his guardian for money, and it seemed that that could be the only object of the kidnapers. It was puzzling.

But the juniors dismissed it from their minds when the time came for stumps to be pitched. Jimmy Silver's Eleven went down to Little Side, with one exception. Erroll was not there, and Jimmy looked round for him. But he was not to be found.

"Gone off by himself again, I suppose!" growled Jimmy. "Blest if I know what's come over that chap lately!"

And, grumbling, the junior cricket captain went off to find a substitute for Erroll.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Prisoner of the Quarry!

"BY gad, I can't stand much more of this!"

Clink! Clink!

It was the rattle of a chain.

Some miles from Rookwood School, in the heart of the old moor, where the ancient disused quarries offered many a trap for the unwary, Mornington of the Fourth paced to and fro in a deep excavation in the deep quarrryside.

On the moor the afternoon sun was shining warmly, but little sun penetrated into the old quarry.

In the cave in the quarrryside a dim light reigned, almost of twilight.

About the cave lay several rugs, blankets, cooking utensils, and a camp-stool or two.

Few would have dreamed of looking for dwellers in that dark and remote recess.

But it was there that the kidnapped junior of Rookwood tramped to and fro.

He was alone in the quarry cave.

He looked little like the Mornington of Rookwood—the dandy of the Fourth—whose elegance was secretly envied even by Sixth Form "nuts."

His well-cut clothes were thick with mud and dust. His hands and face were dirty, his hair unkempt.

Camping out in the quarry cave had left its mark on the dandy of Rookwood.

It was Saturday afternoon, and he had been there since Thursday afternoon. His eyes were burning under his knitted brows as he tramped to and fro.

Clink! Clink!

A long chain was padlocked round the junior's waist, the other end riveted to a strong stake in the ground.

The kidnapers were running no risks with their prisoner.

"By gad! How long is this goin' to last?"

Mornington muttered savagely as he tramped to and fro on the narrow confines of the cave, dragging the chain.

His breast was seething with rage and bitterness.

He had hoped at first that the police would soon find him. He had looked forward with malicious anticipation to the arrest of the kidnapers and their punishment. He would not have regretted his discomforts if they had led to penal servitude for Gentleman Jim and the Badger.

But rescue did not come.

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After forty-eight hours he despaired.

He realised that he would not be found. It was probable that the police would not even think of looking for him so near Rookwood.

He had to remain there, in dirt and discomfort and fury, till it pleased his captors to let him go.

He clenched his hands and ground his teeth as he thought of it. It was a bitter blow to the lofty pride of Mornington.

There was a step in the quarry, and a thick-set, heavy-jowled man stepped into the cave, with a couple of rabbits slung over his arm. He grinned and nodded to the restive junior.

"Change fur you to-day, young feller-me-lad," he said. "Look at these 'ere! They ain't cost me nothing, either!"

And the Badger grinned.

"Look here! How long are you going to keep me here, my man?" hissed Mornington.

The Badger chuckled.

"That's for Gentleman Jim to say," he answered. "You wait!"

"You'll go to prison for this!"

"Maybe."

"Look here! I'll make it worth your while to let me go," said Mornington. "My guardian would pay you what you liked to ask—"

"More likely to send me to chokey!" grinned the Badger.

"I will give you my word you shall be safe!"

"And what's that worth?" asked the Badger.

"You impertinent hound!" shouted Mornington.

"Oh, chuck it!" urged the Badger. "Do you want a lick with this 'ere stick? If you do, you've only got to keep on like that."

And the ruffian proceeded to prepare the poached rabbits for his repast, Mornington watching him with savage eyes.

He threw himself down to rest at last. How long was this going on? How long before he saw the light of day again?

He knew why he was kept a prisoner—because he had discovered that Gentleman Jim, the cracksman, had placed his son at Rookwood; because he knew that Kit Erroll of the Fourth, supposed to be the son of Captain Erroll, was in reality the son of that nameless adventurer who had kidnapped him.

He knew, but now he could not tell. Erroll's secret was safe, so long as Mornington remained a prisoner in the old quarry.

How long did the rascals intend to keep him there?

As soon as he returned to the school, Kit Erroll would be shown up in his true colours; he would have to go, if he was not arrested.

It could not be long—days or weeks at the most.

What was the object of the cracksman in taking such desperate measures to keep the secret which must ere long be revealed?

Mornington was fatigued with thinking over it.

His thoughts turned to Rookwood. It was afternoon now, and the Classical and Modern match would be going on on Little Side.

Jimmy Silver & Co. would be playing Tommy Dodd's team, and Erroll would be prominent among the cricketers.

"Erroll!"

Mornington's eyes blazed as he muttered the name.

The cracksman's son, who had cheated Rookwood into believing that a gallant Colonial soldier was his father, he was enjoying—the limelight at Rookwood, while the fellow who knew his real identity was chained like a dog in the cave in the quarrryside!

He ground his teeth at the thought. When would the hour come when, before all Rookwood, he would denounce the impostor, and hold him up to contempt, derision, scorn? Would that hour never come?

The savoury smell of the rabbit boiling over a spirit-stove filled the cave. The Badger glanced at the sullen-faced, furious prisoner.

"Take it quiet, young gent," he advised. "Take it heavy! You ain't goin' to be 'urt. Only enjoying my serciety fur a day or two! Ain't that 'ere a pleasure—wot?"

And the Badger chortled good-humouredly. Mornington, savage and sullen, did not answer. When would the hour of deliverance come? That was his only thought.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Parting of the Ways!

"YOU'RE late!" growled Gentleman Jim.

Kit Erroll came up breathlessly to the old woodman's hut in Coombe Wood.

It was the same spot where the junior had met Gentleman Jim on a previous occasion, when Mornington of the Fourth had played the spy, and learned the secret—learning which had cost the dandy of the Fourth so dear.

The man who had appeared at Rookwood as "Captain Erroll" was waiting with knitted brows, chewing a cigar with savage impatience.

He muttered an oath as the Rookwood junior came up.

"Another cricket match?" he asked sarcastically.

"No; but I had some trouble getting out of it," said Erroll quietly.

"Well, this won't last much longer!" said Gentleman Jim.

"You mean, I shall not be at Rookwood much longer?"

"Naturally. Mornington cannot be kept a prisoner for long. It is not likely that he will be discovered where he is hidden, but it is always possible, and I want the matter to be finished up. There is always risk."

"Why not let him go, father?"

"Don't be a fool, Kit! The moment he sets foot in Rookwood again you will be known as the son of Gentleman Jim; he knows the whole business. You will be arrested."

"I can leave at once."

"It does not suit my plans for you to leave at once!" sneered Gentleman Jim.

"The game is up so far as your staying permanently at Rookwood is concerned. But all the trouble and expense is not going to be taken for nothing. We shall not leave empty-handed."

Kit Erroll set his teeth.

"I shall leave empty-handed," he said.

"What has been done about Mornington since I last saw you?" asked the cracksman, unheeding.

"His guardian is at the school now. The police are still searching for him."

"In what direction?"

"I don't know. Latham, I think."

Gentleman Jim grinned.

"They have not thought of looking near the school?" he remarked. "I calculated on that."

"I don't know," said Erroll, "but I have not heard anyone suggest that he might be still near the school."

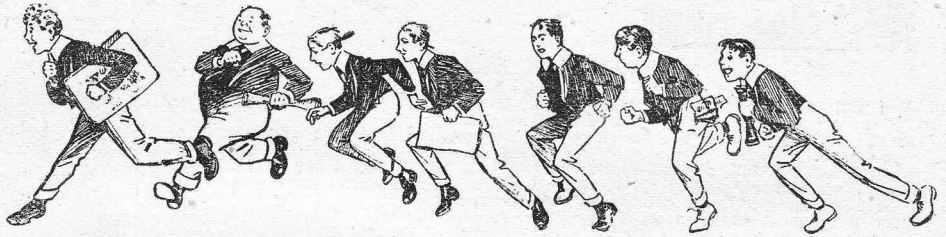
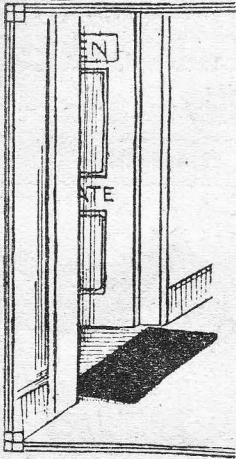
"Good! It was the easiest plan, and the safest. He could not have been taken to a distance without risk. Now, about your plans, Kit. Have you brought the plan with you that I told you to draw up?"

"No."

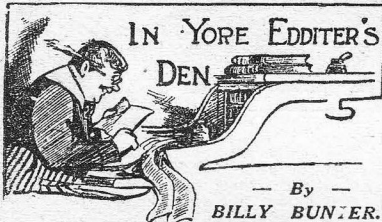
(Continued on page 9.)

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 Deer Readers,—Many of you will be enjoying yore summer hollerdays when this issew appeers. I hope you will all have a good time, and enjoy yoreselves to the fool.

Sum of you will play kricket—either in green fields or on stretches of sand at sum popular seaside result. Others will play tennis, and those who are eager to have a little flutter will seek out sum kwiet spot and indulge in the bracing and eggssiting pastime known as shuv-hapenny.

When it is wet, however, and kricket and tennis are out of the queschun, you will want sumthing to keep you brite and cheerful. And this is wear my "Weekly" comes in. Their is no finer cure for the blews than my wonderful perduction. As one of my readers aptly eggsspressed it:

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The stories which fall from our editor's pen."

My chum duzzent no how to spell "edditir," but you can see what he meens, and I thank him for his pocttick tribute.

Wet hollerdays are an abominashun—but not when there is a kopy of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" handy. You will forget all about the whether when reading the splendid stories and artikles which my brite little jernal kontains. You won't care if it snoes!

I pitty from my hart any fello who has not yet become a reader of my "Weekly." Do you no of such a fello? If so, then it's yore bounden duty to hand him a kopy of this supplement when you have dun with it, and tell him to purchass the "Popular" every week, if he wants to keep merry and brite.

I notiss that the edditir of the "Magnet" has been saying, on his Chat Page, that my idears of running a paper are peculiar, to say the leest of it. Now, this is sheer per-fessional jellusy. The factk of the matter is, the "Magnet" edditir is shivering in his shooze. He nose that I am a more capabile edditir than he is, and he is afrade that all the readers will insist upon my edditing the "Magnet" in his plaice! I mite menshun that if I did eddit the "Magnet," the paper woud be out of print within a few minnits of publicashun, their woud be such a terrifick demand for it!

But enuff of this sort of tork. I am above these exhibitions of jellusy. You can see for yoreselves, deer readers, that my "Weekly" nocks all its kontemporaries (good word, that) into fitze.—Farewell till neckst week, deer readers!

Yore Edditer

ANSERS TO KORRISPONDENTS!

By BILLY BUNTER.

(Edditer's Note.—It isn't to be wundered at that popular Billy should reseeve Billy-uns of letters. This being the case, I have natchurally been unable to ansere them all. Will those of my chums who have been dissappointed at not heering from me axcept my best thanks for there letters of approval, jennerus krittisism, and simperthy? —Ed.)

Edwin (Carlisle).—So glad you kossider my "Weekly" nocks the "Greyfriars Herald" into fitze. Of corse, the jernalists on my staff are far sooperior to those on the staff of the "Herald." Yes, I am quite fat agane, thanks, after the unforchunate eggssperiences described by Mr. Frank Richards in the story called "Thin Bunter." An artikle deeling with my younger days appeers in this very issew, at yore suggestion. Hartty good wishes to you, Edwin, and may yore shaddo never grow less, as they say in the Klassicks.

Archibald (Putney), writes: "I'm not a Shylock, Billy, but could you oblige me with a pound of flesh?" No, Archibald, sertingly not!

Gladys M. (Cardiff).—"I enclose a bottle of medicine for your consumption, Billy." Not being a konsumptive myself, I have passed on yore remedy to Wun Lung. After taking a few doses, he may develope two!

Percy R. (Wrexham).—"If you persist in listening at keyholes, Billy, you're bound to feel the draught sooner or later." Perhaps so, but I never get the wind up!

"Troubled Joe" (Birmingham).—"Say, Billy, can you give me a cure for corns?" Try the same treatment as for hay-fever, old chapp!

J. P. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne).—"Have you heard that all tuckshops are going to be abolished, Billy? What will the Bunter-bird do then, poor thing?" If I thort their was the slightest mezzure of trooth in such a statement, I should throw myself into the dark on a Sark nite—I meen, into the Sark on a dark nite!

Herbert L. (Mansfield, Notts).—"Your 'Weekly,' Billy, is sublime! It beats the 'Herald' every time. You are an editor of skill. I wish I had your knowledge, Bill!" I thank you for these words, my friend, but haven't anything to lend!

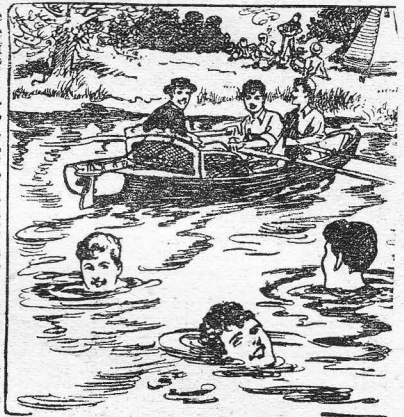
"Querist" (Maidstone).—"Here's a conundrum for you Billy. What is the difference between a fellow who pelts you with rotten eggs, and Mr. Justice Wharton, of police-court fame?" I supoze the former tries to scent us, and the latter is sent to try us!

Ethel B. (Blackpool), Janet L. (Wands-worth), "An Admiring Flapper" (Bourne-mouth), and many others.—Sorry I have no fotygraph of myself available. Mr. C. H. Chapman, M.A. ("Magnet" artist), drors my likeness two or three times a week. Afrade you will have to rest kontent with that.

Johnny Summers (Maidenhead).—"I am passing through troubled waters!" And I'm passing threw troubled mineral waters. Bob Cherry's just ducked me in a barrel of ginger-popp!

AN ODEFUL TRIBUTE TO THE ESTEEMED AND LUDICROUS SEASON OF SUMMER.

By HURREE SINGH.



I sing the praise of summer days,
Of japeful fun and mirthfulness.
Of fistful scraps with Highcliffe chaps,
We wipe them off the earthfulness!

We oft embark upon the Sark,
And pull upon the oarfulness,
Except for Mauly, who reclines
And loudly snores the snorefulness.

We rise at five, and then contrive
To have the dipful swimfulness.
It's simply 'it'! It makes us fit
And sound in wind and limbfulness.
Our Bunter chum will never come;
He dreads the water fearfulness.
And when we go to swim or row,
The porpoise won't come nearfulness.

(That's a libel, Inky, and I shall soo you for dammidges at the neckst meeting of the Greyfriars Police Cort.—Ed.)

In flannels white, we take delight
In cricket's worthy gamefulness.
And when I'm in, I play to win;
'Twill always be my aimfulness.
Sweet summer days, I sing your praise
In perfect English rhymefulness.
Dick Penfold! Gee! Compared with me,
He's beaten every timefulness!

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By TUBBY MUFFIN

You will doubtless be wondering, deer readers, why neither Fatty Wynn, Baggy Trimble, or Sammy Bunter has kontributed to this issue.

Theirby hangs a tail, as Shakespeare said when he surveyed the monkey at the zoo.

Last Saterdag my welthy uncle, who is a keeper of big game on the Stock Exchange, and deals in bulls and bears, came down to Rookwood in his car to pay me a vissit.

"Reginald," said he, when he arrived, "I am mity pleased to see you, my deer boy! I notiss that you are still as rotund as ever. Matter of faktt, I like fat boys. They are openhearted and jennerus, whereas thin boys are generally kraffy and kunning. Have you any fat frends at Rookwood?"

"Not at Rookwood, uncle," I replide. "But I have sum stouf chums at Greyfriars and St. Jim's."

"Wood it be possibul for them to come over to Rookwood for the day? I shall be delighted to entertane them."

"I'll wire them to come over at wunce, uncle," I said.

"That's the stile!"

Well, deer readers, I biked down to the post-office and despatched tellygrams to Fatty Wynn, Baggy Trimble, and Sammy Bunter, as folloes:

"If you wood like a topping time at the eggspense of my rich uncle, come over to Rookwood at wunce."

I didn't send Billy Bunter a wire, bekwase I new he was very busy with his "Weekly," and had no time to spare. Besides, Billy has such an enormus appyite that he wood have eaten us out of howse and home, so to speak.

In dew corse, Sammy Bunter arrived. His fat face was beeming like a fool moon at the prospekt of a day out with my uncle.

Shortly afterwards, Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble terned up.

After I had performed the necessary interducksuuns, my uncle pointed to his magniffisnt car.

"Jump in, my deer boys!" he said. "Their is accomodashun for six normal persons, but I have no dout it will hold five fat ones at a pinch."

It was certainly a tite skweeze. My uncle was a very korpulent man, and as for the rest of us, it is well-known that our waste mezzurements are beyond the ordinary.

When we had skweezed ourselves on bord, my uncle set the car in moshun, and we were soon speeding along the road to Latcham.

"Now, I am going to give you boys a magniffisnt lunch," said my uncle, slowing up, outside the George Hotel.

"Oh, good!" said Fatty Wynn. "You're a reel sport, sir!"

"Here, here!" said Baggy Trimble.

We jumped out of the car with avidity, and trooped into the dining-room of the hotel.

"Waiter!" said my uncle. "We want a twelve-course lunchen!"

"Very good, sir!"

"I trusted it will be very good, or I shall have to complain to the management!" said my uncle drily.

Five minnits later we were all going strong.

The soap, the fish, the ong-trees, and the joints disappeared with litening rapidity.

We are all pretty good feeders, as you no, but my uncle could have eaten as much as the rest of us put together, and then called for more. I never saw a man with such a kolossal appyite!

We disposed of one course after another untill we began to feel uncomfortably fool. Then my uncle ordered coffee for four, and a bottle of port for himself.

The atmosphere of the plaice became very drowsy, and after a time my uncle's head nodded on his chest, and he dropt into a doze.

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It was at this junckcher that the kalamity started.

"I say, you felloes," I said. "How wood you like a nice joy-ride in the car while uncle is taking forty winx? I'm an eggspert driver, and a six-secter car is a meer toy in my hands."

Fatty Wynn grunted doubtfully, and so did the others. But the prospekt of a joy-ride in my uncle's car was too tempting a thing to be mist.

The neckst minnit I was seeted at the steering-wheel, and the others had clambered in behind.

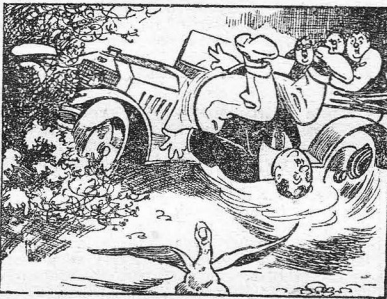
The car was a self-starter—in faktt, it started so suddenly that my passengers were shot backwards in there seats.

We went through the High Street of Latcham like a flash of lite.

I had a vision of a pompuss perfice-constable yelling to me to slacken speed.

We were going at a dizzy speed, and we soon left Latcham far behind, and plunged down a steep hill.

"The break—the break!" shrieked Sammy Bunter. "Put the break on, Muffin, you ass!"



"I was flung high over the car like a stoan from a caterpult."

But I seemed to be in a parralized kon-dishun. All I could do was to hug the steering-weal and hope for the best.

Facing us at the bottom of the hill was a tall prickly hedge, and the road branched off to the rite.

I tride to swing the car round, but I was too late.

Crash!

The car was prespitated into the hedge, over the top of which I was shot like a stoan from a caterpult.

I landed on all fores in a meadow, and when I staggered to my feet and looked round for my kompanions, their was no sine of them.

Prezently, however, they came crawling out from the prickly hedge.

Fatty Wynn's face was a mass of cuts and skratches; Baggy Trimble was groning horribly, and complaining that his back was broken; and Sammy Bunter was in a shocking state.

As for the car, it was a totle reck. Not being a motor meckanick, I was unable to do anything with it, and I left it lying on its sighted in the hedge.

We had to wait neerly an hour before help arrived, in the form of another car. Then my three kompanions were taken away to the hospital to reseeve attenshun, while I walked back to Latcham to ackwaint my uncle with the trajick news.

I then maid the painful discovery that my uncle was a callus and hardharted man. For he eggspresed no simperthy whatever with the viktims of the moter-smash. His soul konsern was for the car.

As for Fatty Wynn, Baggy Trimble, and Sammy Bunter, they were detained at the hospital for repairs, and they were kwite unable to do anything for "Billy Bunter's Weekly" this week.

The Childhood :: of Billy Bunter!

By HIMSELF.



As a rool, little is known of the early lives of sellybrated people.

The childhood of such mity men as Napoleon Bonypart is rapped in mistery. And it's the same with myself.

Mr. Frank Richards has never, to my nollidge, described my babyhood. But the faktt remanes that I was a baby wunce—a jolly plump baby, too, by all accounts. The first pram I had kollapsed under my weight, and my mater had to have a speshul pram konstruktred. She also had to employ a hooqe giant of a man to weal me about.

I took prizes at all the Baby Shows, of corse. Everybody admired "Baby Bill" for his taking ways.

Bessie, my sister, was a very noisy and trubblemus baby. She eride all day and all nite—eggsept at meal-times.

I, on the kontrary, was a very well-behaved yungster. I ate my food in such a dainty manna that it wasn't necessary to affix a bib to my neck. And my table-mannas were perfeckt. I never took musterd with mutton, I never ate peas with a nife, and I always ate jelly with a fork.

When I was six munths old I walked and talked at the same time. It so happened that I fell out of my pram, owing to the carelessness of my mail nurse, who didn't strapp me in properly. I alighted on the ground with a terrifek konkussion.

"Yarooooh!" I rored.

And then I skrambled to my feat, rushed at my nurse, and hit him in the knee, which was as high as I could reach.

"Take that, you klumy beast!" I said. And just fancy! I was only six munths old when I said it.

My jernalistic abilities asserted themselves at kwite an early age. I spent my first berthday studdying Plato and Livvy. I used to sit up ½ the nite in my cot swotting, and my parents thort it advisible to get me a pear of spectacles.

It is bekwase of my early studdies that I am now able to spell so perfecktly, and to write in such a skollary and floocent stile.

When I was three yeers old a private tutor was engaged, but my pater had to give him the sack, bekwase it transpired that I new more than he did, and their was nothing he could teech me! I rely was an awfully brany kid, you no!

Meenwhile, I was already becoming a grate athlete. I used to play kriket on the lorn, and I slogged the ball over into the orchard so often that I became known as the "Bowler's Despare."

And all the time I kontinewed to put on flesh, and you never saw such a bonnie, bounding baby boy in all yore natcheral.

I was five yeers old when I had my first love affare. The object of my affektsuuns was the skwires dorter, a charming little flapper of three and a ½. But she kwicky transferred her affektsuuns to sumbody else, and I was erooly jilted.

Their are lots and lots of things that I could tell you about my babyhood and early boyhood, but space does not permitt. I shall doubtless retern to this fassinating toppick later on.



By Ralph Reckness Cardew.

"MAY I have a late pass, please, Kildare?" inquired Baggy Trimble meekly.

"Certainly, kid!" replied the captain of St. Jim's, who had scored a century that afternoon against Abbotsford, and who was feeling on the best of terms with everybody.

Kildare scribbled out a pass, but he omitted to state what hour it would be available up to. So Baggy Trimble, as soon as he got out into the passage, calmly inserted the words "Until midnight."

Then, chucking gleefully to himself, the fat junior went up to the dormitory and donned his Sunday best. He dressed with elaborate care, and we hardly recognised him when he came down. He wore a spotlessly white shirt, a bow-tie, an evening-jacket, and a pair of beautifully-creased trousers. In one hand he carried a shining silk topper; in the other hand he clutched a brown-paper parcel; an overcoat was carried on his arm.

"Whither bound, my barrel-like Bean Brummel?" inquired Monty Lowther.

"I'm going to a dance," said Baggy.

"Where?"

"At Lady Trumpington's."

"My hat!" ejaculated Tom Merry. "It's jolly curious that Lady Trumpington should invite you and nobody else from St. Jim's. You've got a late pass, I take it?"

"Of course!"

Baggy Trimble passed on, and many envious glances were bestowed upon his retreating figure.

Lady Trumpington, who lived just outside Wayland, in a fine old ancestral mansion, was a lavish entertainer, and she seemed to devote all her energies to organising private dances. It was astonishing that her ladyship should invite a person like Baggy Trimble—at least, it would have been astonishing if she really had invited him—for, truth to tell, Baggy was going to Trumpington Hall without invitation.

It was a very risky thing to do, and the chances were that Baggy Trimble would be ejected neck and crop by her ladyship's indignant manservants. At the same time Baggy did not mean to miss this gilt-edged opportunity of obtaining a glorious feed, free, gratis, and for nothing.

The fat junior had overheard some people discussing the dance in a railway-carriage. That was how he came to know what time the function started, and so forth.

"I shall have the time of my life to-night, if I don't get spotted!" he muttered, as he strode along the country lane.

Presently he was overtaken by a couple of cars, brilliantly lighted fore and aft. The cars were crowded with men and women in evening-dress. Then a motor-cyclist whizzed by, and a dogcart rattled along in the rear.

All these vehicles were proceeding in the direction of Trumpington Hall.

Baggy Trimble quickened his pace. As he entered the well-kept drive leading up to the mansion, his heart beat faster than usual. If only he could succeed in getting into the drawing-room all would be well.

Lady Trumpington had invited so many people—some of whom she only knew by name—that she was not likely to suspect Baggy of being an interloper.

The fat junior had donned his overcoat, for the evening was inclined to be chilly. In the brown-paper parcel which he carried were his dancing-shoes.

As he mounted the steps of the mansion he saw three fellows immediately in front of him. They were evidently public schoolboys like himself—though they did not hail from St. Jim's.

Baggy tacked himself on to the trio, and a powdered flunkey held open the front door, and admitted the four without suspicion. Baggy followed his unknown guides to the cloak-room, where he removed his overcoat, which was taken from him by a servile footman and hung upon one of the pegs.

Then, trembling with suppressed excitement, Baggy followed the other three into the drawing-room.

Another pompous-looking flunkey stood on the threshold.

"Names, gentlemen, please!" he said politely.

Two of the public schoolboys produced visiting-cards and handed them over. The third drew out "Bernard de Vere, begad!" Then the flunkey turned to Baggy Trimble.

"The Honourable Marmaduke Miggs!" said that youth.

Whereupon the flunkey announced, after the manner of a town-crier:

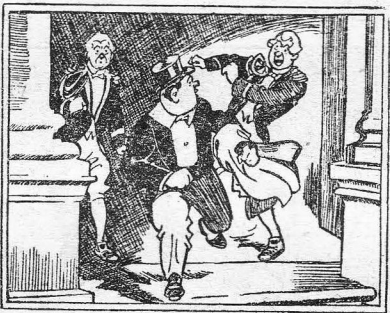
"Master Rupert Stacey, Master Cuthbert Cholmondeley, Master Bernard de Vere, and the Honourable Marmaduke Miggs!"

The drawing-room was crowded with fair ladies and young gallants, but very little attention was paid to the four newcomers. For which Baggy Trimble was devoutly thankful.

Lady Trumpington was flitting about here, there, and everywhere, like a restless spirit. Baggy Trimble was careful to give her ladyship a wide berth.

Presently a benevolent-looking old gentleman bore down upon Baggy.

"How d'you do?" he said affably. "My daughter is without a partner for the second



Baggy darted into the hall, and fairly hurled himself through the open doorway.

dance. I wonder if you would be good enough—"

"Certainly, certainly!" said Baggy, cutting the speaker short.

He was then introduced to the daughter in question.

"No wonder she couldn't find a partner!" he reflected, as he looked at her. "She's got a face like—like nothing on earth!"

Baggy could dance tolerably well, and his partner couldn't dance at all. They blundered through the second dance somehow, and then Baggy broke away rather abruptly, and made tracks for the refreshment-room.

Arrived here, he found himself in a land flowing with milk and honey.

Baggy had the place to himself, and he soon got busy. Cakes, dainty sweetmeats of every description, strawberry and vanilla ices, and ginger-beer, were consumed with amazing rapidity.

As we have already observed, Lady Trumpington was a lavish entertainer, and she had provided a most tempting array of eatables.

The other guests were not thinking of refreshments yet awhile, so Baggy had a clear field. He wandered around the room, sampling everything he saw, and enjoying himself to the full.

At last, even Baggy's enormous appetite was satisfied. He picked up some chocolate-fingers, with a view to thrusting them into his pockets, when he was suddenly interrupted by the entry of a footman.

Baggy spun round with a guilty start.

"It—it's a nice evening, isn't it?" he stammered.

The man looked hard at Baggy, and then at the greatly depleted store of refreshments.

"Strikes me you've been having a regular breakfast, young gent!" he said grimly. "Let me see. You're the Honourable Marmaduke Miggs, I believe?"

"That is my name," answered Baggy, with what dignity he could muster.

"Then I'll trouble you for your invitation card."

"Eh?"

Baggy could see that the footman's suspicions were aroused, and he was greatly alarmed.

"Mum-mum-my invitation card?" he stammered.

"Yes."

"I—I left it in my overcoat pocket, you know! How jolly careless of me! I'll pop along and fetch it."

So saying, Baggy made a bolt for the cloak-room. He grabbed at his overcoat, and without waiting to put it on, darted into the hall, nearly knocking one of the powdered flunkeys over. Then he fairly hurled himself through the open doorway, and raced down the drive.

Voices hailed him from the rear, but Baggy took no heed. He found it difficult to run after his tremendous orgy in the refreshment-room, but he was determined to put as much distance between himself and Trumpington Hall as possible.

It was not until he had proceeded about a mile that he made a startling discovery.

The overcoat he carried wasn't his property at all!

Baggy halted in dismay, and fished in the pockets of the coat. But there was nothing to show him the identity of the owner of the overcoat.

To return to Trumpington Hall was impossible, and Baggy hurried on towards St. Jim's, hoping against hope that his adventure would not end in disaster.

Meanwhile, there was a hue-and-cry at Trumpington Hall for the Hon. Marmaduke Miggs.

Then one of the three public schoolboys—Bernard de Vere—made the discovery that his overcoat was missing.

"That fat impostor has bagged my coat, and left his own here!" he exclaimed.

"In that case," said Lady Trumpington, "there may be something in his pockets which will afford us a clue to his identity."

De Vere groped in the capacious pockets of Baggy Trimble's overcoat, and drew forth a letter.

"Master Bagley Trimble, St. James' School, Rylcombe, Sussex!" he announced.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Lady Trumpington. "I do not remember having invited anybody from St. James' School!"

"Of course you didn't, your ladyship!" said one of the flunkeys. "It's pretty clear what's happened. This boy Trimble came without invitation, and gave an assumed name. After the second dance he went into the refreshment-room and stuffed himself in a disgraceful manner. Then, when he found himself in danger of detection, he made a bolt for it!"

Lady Trumpington compressed her lips.

"I shall telephone to Dr. Holmes in the morning, and acquaint him with the facts," she said.

Unfortunately for Baggy Trimble, her ladyship kept her word. She reported the affair to the Head, and the Falstaff of the Fourth received a public flogging in Big Hall.

When Bernard de Vere called at St. Jim's for his overcoat, he found Baggy Trimble writhing in anguish on his study sofa.

"You look as if you've been through the mill, begad!" said De Vere, with a grin. "Well, all I can say it, it serves you jolly well right!"

And that was all the consolation that fell to the lot of the uninvited guest!



Bolsover Major's Blunder!



By OLIVER KIPPS.

A VERY sick and sorry specimen of humanity came staggering along the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

The strange-looking object, with ruffled hair, battered features, and rent clothing, was Bolsover major. But even Bolsover's parents would have had difficulty in recognising him just then.

"My hat!" ejaculated Skinner, stopping short in astonishment as he encountered the bully of the Remove. "Have you been through a mangle, Bolsy?"

"Ow-ow-ow!"

"That's hardly an intelligible reply to my question," said Skinner, with a grin. "What have you been doing to your face?"

"It's that boulder Cherry!" growled Bolsover, dabbing at his nose with a handkerchief. "I went along to Study No. 1 to give Wharton some advice as to how the 'Greyfriars Herald' should be run, and he set his Fighting Editor on to me."

"You mean to say Cherry chucked you out?"

"Neck and crop. But it took him the best part of a quarter of an hour to do it."

"I'm disappointed in you, Bolsy," said Skinner. "I thought you could hold your own with anybody in the Form, but it seems that Cherry's one too many for you."

"I'll be one too many for him before I've finished!" growled Bolsover.

"You're hankering after revenge?"

"Well, you don't suppose I'm going to turn the other cheek, do you?"

"I shouldn't challenge Cherry to a scrap, if I were you," said Skinner. "He'll only give you an encore of what you had just now."

"Oh, I sha'n't challenge him!" said Bolsover. "I shall get my revenge in a more subtle way."

"How?"

"I haven't thought it out yet. I'm just going to take a stroll as far as Courtfield and set my wits to work."

"If any!" murmured Skinner.

"Eh? What did you say?" demanded Bolsover sharply.

"Nothing of consequence."

"You never do!" grunted Bolsover.

And he passed on to the nearest bathroom.

It took the bully of the Remove nearly half an hour to make himself presentable—passably presentable, that is. He still bore obvious traces of his tussle with Bob Cherry.

Bob took his duties as a Fighting Editor very seriously, and he had been none too gentle in ejecting Bolsover from the editorial sanctum.

As Bolsover set out in the direction of Courtfield, he pondered deeply on the subject of getting his own back. He lacked the craft and cunning of Skinner, and, try as he would, he could not think of a suitable scheme.

He had arrived at no solution of the problem by the time he reached Courtfield.

Outside the public hall he halted. Sounds of hand-clapping and the stamping of feet came from the building.

Then Bolsover remembered that a boxing tournament was taking place. It was a local affair, and had aroused considerable excitement in Courtfield.

"Might as well drop in and see what's going on," muttered Bolsover.

He purchased a ticket at the door and passed into the building, which was packed almost to overflowing.

A fierce bout was taking place on the raised platform at the end of the hall.

The boxers concerned were sturdy young fellows of sixteen of thereabouts. They both lacked science, but there was plenty of power in their punches.

Bolsover had only been watching the contest about a minute when the heftier of the two boxers administered a smashing knock-out to his opponent, who fell to the boards with a crash.

"Hurrah!"

"Knocked out, by Jove!"

A wonderful reception greeted the victor, who stood looking down at his fallen foe

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with a grin of malicious triumph, which was unsportsmanlike, to say the least of it.

"What's the name of the fellow who won?" inquired Bolsover, of the man who was next to him.

"Bill Huggins," was the reply.

"Is he a Courtfield chap?"

"Yes, but he's new to the district."

"In that case, nobody at Greyfriars will know him," reflected Bolsover. "Thanks!" he added aloud to his informant.

When the boxing tournament was over, Bolsover made his way to the back of the hall. The first person he encountered was the hard-hitting Bill Huggins.

"That was a jolly fine performance of yours!" said Bolsover heartily.

Huggins grinned.

"There ain't many fellows of my own weight that I can't lick," he said, in conceited tones.

"Did you make much money out of it?"

"Only a quid."

"Perhaps you'd like to earn another?" suggested Bolsover, looking keenly at Huggins.

"Sure. I'm always on to any money-making scheme that's going. What do you want me to do?"

"We won't discuss it here," said Bolsover, with a furtive glance round. "Let's come outside."

Even when they were alone in the darkened street, Bolsover spoke in a stage-



Before Coker could say a word the professional boxer was upon him, hitting out right and left.

whisper. He was very anxious that his little scheme should not be overheard.

"There's a fellow at Greyfriars called Cherry, who's been giving me a lot of trouble," he said. "He's not so big as I am, but he can fight like a tiger. I've no doubt you'd be able to lick him, though."

"With pleasure," said Huggins.

"When can you do it?"

"Any time you like."

"Then you'd better make it to-morrow night, about eight. I happen to know that Cherry will be alone in Study No. 1 then, working on the 'Greyfriars Herald'—that's our amateur rag, you know. Cherry's pals will be playing chess in the Common-room, so they won't worry you."

Huggins nodded.

"How shall I get into the school building?" he inquired.

"I'll see to that. I'll meet you at eight sharp, and help you over the school wall. Then I'll direct you to Study No. 1."

"And what about the dibs?" said Huggins, who had an eye to business.

"I'll give you ten bob now, and another ten after you've wiped up the floor with Cherry."

"That's fair enough."

The money was handed over, and after a further discussion the plotters parted.

Bolsover chuckled to himself several times as he tramped back to Greyfriars.

The caddishness of his action did not seem to occur to him. He was overjoyed at the prospect of getting his revenge on Bob Cherry.

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When the time of the appointment

arrived Bolsover was waiting out in the darkness, beneath one of the old elms.

Presently there came the sound of footsteps from the roadway on the other side of the wall.

The footsteps halted, and a couple of hands appeared on the top of the wall. The hands were followed by a face—the heavy, rugged face of Bill Huggins.

Bolsover hurried to the spot, and assisted his pugilistic friend over the wall.

"Glad you've turned up," he said. "Are you feeling in trim for licking Cherry?"

Bill Huggins clenched his fists aggressively. "I could lick anything on two legs, at the moment!" he said.

"That's good! Follow me, and I'll direct you to the study."

Bolsover and his companion encountered nobody on their way, which was fortunate for the presence of Bill Huggins at Greyfriars would certainly have caused awkward questions to be asked.

Leading his companion round a maze of corridors, Bolsover halted at length outside the door of Study No. 1 in the Remove passage.

"Go ahead!" he muttered.

Without any preamble, Bill Huggins rushed into the study.

Arrived within, he found himself face to face with a very burly fellow—a much bigger person than he had been led to suppose Bob Cherry was.

As a matter of fact, Bob Cherry had finished his "Greyfriars Herald" contribution, and was now in the junior Common-room, watching the chess tournament.

The fellow whom Bill Huggins encountered was Coker of the Fifth, who had just brought along the first instalment of a pirate serial for Wharton's consideration.

Coker stared at the newcomer in amazement.

"What the thump—" he began.

Before Coker could say another word the stranger was upon him.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

Coker recoiled in amazement from the avalanche of blows. Then, realising the necessity for retaliation, the Fifth-Former pulled himself together and rushed at Bill Huggins.

A fierce fight followed.

Huggins, as we have already seen, was a powerful hitter. But Coker went one better. He had the advantage of height and reach, and he soon had his opponent tied up in knots.

Gradually Huggins was driven towards the doorway, and then a smashing straight left from Coker knocked him clean through the aperture. He landed in a sprawling heap in the corridor.

"I don't know who you are," panted Coker, "and I don't much care. But that'll teach you to keep your paws off me in future!"

Bill Huggins staggered to his feet. Then he fixed a ferocious glare upon Bolsover major, who was standing near with an expression of stupefaction on his face.

"You led me to understand that Cherry was a fellow of my own size and weight!" said Huggins savagely. "And when I get here I find he's a hefty lout, with a four-point-seven punch!"

"There—there's been a mistake!" gasped Bolsover.

"I should say there had! Hand over my ten bob, and then I'll hand over something in return!"

"But you haven't licked Bob Cherry—"

"Hand over my ten bob, I tell you!" roared Bill Huggins.

Very reluctantly Bolsover complied. And then, to his astonishment, he received a blow in the chest which nearly doubled him up.

"Yaroooooh!" he roared. "You've got a quid out of me for nothing, and then you go and turn on me like this! I—I'll jolly well—"

But Bolsover major's intentions, whatever they were, were not carried out.

For Bill Huggins had vanished, the richer by twenty shillings, a thick ear, and a swollen nose!

A FRIENDSHIP FOUNDED!*(Continued from page 8.)*

"You had ample time to get it through."

"I know."

"You fool!" said Gentleman Jim between his teeth. "Do you understand that you are wasting time that cannot be recovered? It is always possible that Mornington may be found. It may occur to the police to search the old quarries on the moor. It is not likely, but it is always possible. If he should be found the game is up. You know that."

"I know it," said the schoolboy dully. "Then why have you not done your work?"

Erroll did not reply.

"Listen to me!" said the cracksman. "There is danger, and time is precious. As you have not drawn up the plan of the school, I shall act without it. You will let me into the House, and you will be my guide. The sooner the job is over the better. I shall remain in the vicinity, and come to Rookwood to-night."

Erroll drew a deep breath.

The parting of the ways had come, and he was prepared for it.

"You will not come!" he said. "If you do, I shall not let you in. If you force your way in, I shall alarm the House."

Gentleman Jim started back, his eyes glittering.

"Are you mad, Kit?" he ejaculated.

The schoolboy smiled bitterly.

"I've made up my mind. I told you so before. Isn't it enough for me to be at Rookwood under a false name, with a disgraceful secret to keep? Do you think I am going to repay the kindness I have received by letting in a criminal to rob the school? If you'd told me that before I went I would never have set foot in Rookwood!"

"My son will obey my orders!" said Gentleman Jim.

Erroll looked him in the face.

"I do not believe that you are my father," he said. "I have always had doubts, ever since I was old enough to think, and ever since I knew what you were. I do not believe it. But even if you are my father, you have no right to tell me to commit a crime. I will not do it!"

The cracksman bit through his cigar in his suppressed rage.

The boy's determination was clearly to be read in his face.

He was pale, but his face was hard and set, his eyes gleaming. Every line in the handsome face told of a resolution that was not to be shaken.

There was a long silence. Gentleman Jim broke it at last.

"You think that you will stay at Rookwood after defying me?" he muttered. "Take care!"

"I shall not stay at Rookwood. I cannot now Mornington knows. I must go. And I shall go! I was mad to think that I could stay there, that a decent and honourable life was possible for me!" said the junior bitterly.

"And what will you do if you cast off your friends?"

"I shall be better without such friends as the Badger," said Erroll, "and without such a father as you!"

"Take care!"

"You have driven me to speak out. So long as you did not ask me to help in what you did I owed you obedience, I suppose. It seemed so to me. Now that you have done so I shall never see you again!" said Erroll.

"And what will you do?" answered Gentleman Jim.

"Leave Rookwood."

"And then?"

"Work!"

"And what work are you capable of?" said the cracksman contemptuously. "You have been educated to take your place in the Lower Form of a public school. Are you going into the labour market, saying that you can construe Virgil, that you can compose tenth-rate Latin hexameters, that you are passably good at French and mathematics? When will you get a job?"

"I can work with my hands. Other fellows do. I have envied the grocer's boy who comes to Rookwood with groceries," said Erroll. "I would gladly take his basket and do his work rather than keep on as I have done."

"Oh, you are out of your senses! And even a grocer's boy's job is not easy to get by a helpless public schoolboy."

"I know that. But I will work at anything I can find," said Erroll, his eyes glistening.

Gentleman Jim gnawed his lip and stared at the boy. He seemed at a loss for words.

"You mean, then, to throw me over, and everything—to begin for yourself?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And if you starve—"

"I shall face that. I am not afraid."

"And you think I shall let you go?"

said Gentleman Jim. "You think that I shall pardon your desertion? You think you will be allowed to start this wonderful new career without your past being revealed to your new employer every time you succeed in getting a job?"

Erroll compressed his lips.

"I only ask you to leave me in peace," he said.

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall face that, too. But"—his eyes flashed—"I warn you, too, to take care! I know enough of your doings, and the Badger's, and the rest, that the police would be very glad to know. If I am meddled with I shall make you all sorry for it!"

"By gad! And this is my son!" said Gentleman Jim. "Rookwood has done this in a few weeks!"

"I do not believe I am your son."

The cracksman did not reply.

He stood looking at the schoolboy, his hands clenched, his eyes glittering. It looked for some moments as if he would hurl himself at the lad.

But he repressed his fury.

"You will think better of this, Kit!" he said at last.

"I shall not change my mind!"

"Listen to me! The haul I could make at Rookwood may come to two thousands pounds—even more. You can be started at another school, under another name, at a distance, and lead there the life you wish to lead."

Erroll was silent.

"What do you say, Kit?"

"That I will be a beggar before I am a thief!"

The cracksman muttered an oath.

"You will think better of this!" he said. "You had better, or—" He left the threat unfinished. "I shall see you again, Kit."

"You will not see me again."

Without replying, the cracksman turned and strode away into the wood. Gentleman Jim's plans—for that night, at least—had to be abandoned.

Erroll waited till his footsteps had died away, and then he, too, moved from the spot. But he did not go in the direction of Rookwood.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**Erroll to the Rescue!****CLINK!**

Mornington was moving restlessly.

The summer sun was sinking over the moor, and in the deep quarry dim twilight reigned. In the cave in the quarry-side there was a deep dusk.

The Badger was stretched on a heap of rugs and coats, dozing. He had been refreshing himself from a black bottle, and he was half-asleep. He moved, with an irritable growl, as the chain clinked.

"Keep still, can't you?"

Mornington gritted his teeth and stood still. More than once he had felt the heavy hand of the ruffian when he had irritated him.

He sat on a slate block, and stared moodily out of the cave over the recumbent ruffian into the dim quarry.

How long was this to last?

Escape was impossible, rescue seemed hopeless. His liberty depended on the caprice of his captors. How long? Even the prospect of revenge upon Kit Erroll had little comfort for Mornington now.

A moving shadow in the old quarry caught his eyes, and he watched it curiously.

He knew it meant that someone was moving along the quarry, though he could hear no sound.

Was it the cracksman returning?

Mornington felt his heart beating.

If it was the cracksman, why was he moving so silently? But if it was someone else—

He glanced at the Badger.

The ruffian lay half-asleep, breathing stertorously, on the rugs. He did not see the shadow.

Mornington suppressed a cry as a figure appeared in the opening and peered into the cave.

Then, as he recognised the newcomer, he snapped his teeth.

"Erroll!"

He gave the Rookwood junior a glance of bitter hatred. It was not the rescue he had dreamed of for a wild moment; it was only one of his enemies who had come.

The Badger stirred and sat up.

"Hallo! You 'ere?" he mumbled.

"Did the boss send you 'ere?"

Erroll stepped quietly into the cave. His eyes rested on Mornington for a moment and gleamed. Then he faced the Badger.

"Gentlemen Jim does not know I am here, Badger. I have been two hours hunting for this place. I knew you were hidden on the moor, that was all. Now I have found you."

"What do you want 'ere, then?"

"I have come to release Mornington."

"Wot?"

Mornington started.

"You heard me, Badger," said Erroll coolly.

The Badger grinned.

"Them ain't Gentleman Jim's orders!"

he said. "I can't take no orders from you, Kit."

"I am going to release Mornington," said Kit coolly. "If you try to stop me, Badger, it's between you and me!"

He stepped towards the dandy of the Fourth, who watched him dazedly.

"Don't you play the goat, Kit!" said the Badger. "Look 'ere, Gentleman Jim is coming 'ere later, afore he goes back. You wait till he comes!"

"Gentleman Jim would be against me, Badger, and that's a good reason for not waiting till he comes," said Erroll quietly. "Have you the key to this padlock?"

"I 'ave, and I'm keeping it."

"I want it, Badger."

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"Mind, I shall 'urt you" said the ruffian, as the sturdy junior advanced upon him.

He picked up a billet of wood.

Erroll did not recede.

"Will you give me the key, Badger?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then I shall take it!"

"I'll brain you if you come on another step!" roared the ruffian.

Erroll sprang forward.

The heavy billet of wood swung down, and Erroll would certainly have fallen, stunned, if the blow had reached its mark.

But a quick backward spring saved him, and the Badger, almost overbalanced as his arm met with no resistance, staggered forward.

Before he could recover the Rookwood junior was upon him.

A drive straight from the shoulder caught the ruffian upon his stubby chin, and he went over backwards as if he had been shot.

The schoolboy was upon him the next moment.

His knee was planted on the Badger's chest, and the billet of wood was in his hand now, and it circled over the ruffian's terrified face.

"Better give in," said Erroll grimly.

The Badger twisted his head aside frantically.

"Ow! Don't! Give over!" he yelled.

"I give in!"

"Which pocket is the key in?"

The Badger sullenly indicated the pocket. With his left hand, Erroll groped in it, and drew out a small key. He tossed it to Mornington.

"Unlock the padlock," he said.

Mornington, dazed, wondering whether he was dreaming, picked up the key. It slid into the padlock, and in another moment the dandy of Rookwood was free.

"Help me to put the chain round him," said Erroll.

"Look 'ere, Kit——"

"Shut up!"

Mornington grinned faintly.

He grasped the Badger, not gently, and the two juniors dragged the wriggling ruffian within reach of the chain.

It was passed round the Badger's waist and padlocked.

Erroll rose, breathing hard.

Mornington looked at him. He was so astounded by the sudden turn of events that he could hardly realise what had happened. The Badger, confined by the padlock that had lately held Mornington a prisoner, poured out a stream of oaths as he sprawled helpless.

"You've not been hurt?" said Erroll.

"No," Mornington gasped.

"You are free now."

"And you have set me free?" said Mornington.

"Yes."

For a moment some ray of gratitude, of friendly feeling, had flickered in Mornington's breast, as he had watched Erroll struggling with the Badger. But it was gone now.

It was with his old sardonic smile that he looked at Erroll.

"What game is this?" he said bitterly.

"Did you think I should be found soon? I suppose you did. Sooner or later, anyway. I tell you plainly, you nameless hound, that this doesn't buy you off! The minute I get to Rookwood you'll be known in your true colours!"

Erroll smiled contemptuously.

"I did not expect it to buy me off," he said. "I do not want you to keep silent. I leave Rookwood to-day for ever. But I would not leave you a prisoner, and I have searched for you and saved you. That is all. You can go!"

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Mornington, without another word, strode out of the cave.

He was free!

He drew in a deep breath of enjoyment as he stepped into the open quarry from the cave, and his heart beat.

But the next moment his face changed.

On the rugged path that led into the quarry from above a form appeared, and Mornington recognised Gentleman Jim.

The cracksman sighted him at the same moment, and his face darkened with rage. He quickened his steps.

Erroll followed Mornington from the cave. A hunted look came into his face as he saw the cracksman hurrying down the rugged path.

Well he knew that Gentleman Jim's plans, though postponed, were not abandoned—that his design on Rookwood still held good, and that for the accomplishment of that design Mornington's imprisonment was indispensable.

He caught the dandy of Rookwood by the arm.

"Come!" he muttered. "We've got to run for it!"

"He's barring the way out!"

"The other way—quick!"

Mornington made no demur. His fate was in Erroll's hands. The two juniors rushed along the bottom of the old quarry, and disappeared from Gentleman Jim's sight as the cracksman came panting up to the cave.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Saving His Foe!

"I—I can't run!" panted Mornington.

He stumbled blindly.

The prospect of liberty had for the moment endowed Mornington with strength. But as he ran his limbs almost failed him. He realised that his imprisonment in the cave had told more upon him than he had imagined. He was weak in all his limbs, and his breath came in gasps.

Erroll's strong grasp on his arm saved him from falling.

"Keep up if you can!" muttered Erroll, as he drew his companion on. "They will be after us. Gentleman Jim is armed, and he is capable——"

He did not finish, but ran on, helping the panting dandy of Rookwood.

They ran on and stumbled over the rugged ground, with its jagged edges of half-hewn slate. How far the old quarry extended they did not know. They were ascending, and Erroll hoped to emerge upon the moor. But the dusk was deepening into darkness now.

In the distance behind they heard the clatter of stones under hurrying feet, the echo of a shouting voice.

"I—I'm done!" Mornington stopped, and sank on his knees from sheer weakness. "I'm done! Let me alone!"

Erroll halted in despair.

He looked back. The last twilight of the quarry was vanishing. Above, on the moor, a glimmer of light yet lingered, but it did not penetrate into the depths. Two voices were calling in the distance. He knew that Gentleman Jim had found the Badger in the cave and released him.

The two scoundrels were in hot pursuit, and if they came up—— Erroll wondered dully. He knew the savage temper of Gentleman Jim. Mornington would be dragged into captivity again, where Kit Erroll would not be able to help him. And Erroll? In his case, would the savage cracksman stop short at threats?

But it was not of himself that Erroll was thinking, but of the wretched junior who lay exhausted at his feet—who was his enemy, but whom he was determined to save.

Mornington peered up at him in the growing gloom.

"You can cut off, Erroll," he said. "I—I thought at first it was some trick you were playing. I'm sorry! Get out, and leave me."

"I'm not going to leave you," said Erroll. "Come!"

He stooped, and, exerting all his strength, lifted Mornington over his shoulder. Thus burdened, he tramped on up the rugged slope, stumbling, but never losing his footing.

Mornington said no more.

Erroll clambered and stumbled on.

The slope was growing steeper. Would he ever reach the top, and emerge upon the moor?

Below a voice sounded, echoing.

"Kit! Kit Erroll! Stop!"

The panting junior stopped, and looked back. Deep in the gloom below the cracksman stood invisible. But a ray of the dying sun penetrated to the higher ground where Erroll stood, and he was visible to the man below.

"Come back!" shouted the cracksman, his voice hoarse with rage. "You shall suffer for this, Kit!"

"I will not come back!"

"I warn you, Kit!" Gentleman Jim's voice was shaking. "By all the powers of darkness, Kit Erroll, if you do not obey me, I will shoot!"

"Shoot, then!"

Kit Erroll let Mornington slide from his back to the ground. He grasped a jagged fragment of slate from the soil.

"Keep back!" he called out steadily.

"If you come on one step farther I will stop you!"

There was a scrambling of boots on the rugged slope. With a steady hand Kit Erroll hurled the fragment in the direction of the sound.

There was a howl of pain. It was the Badger's voice, and the juniors heard him roll down the slope.

"By gad!" muttered Mornington.

"By gad! Erroll, old scout, if they get to us I'll stand by you! I've got a kick left in me yet!"

"They will not get to us," said Erroll quietly. "I could keep a dozen men down with these stones. They cannot overtake us now."

"And that man's your father!" muttered Mornington.

"I do not believe he is my father! But I am done with him, in any case," said Erroll, setting his teeth.

Deep below, in the gloom, the Badger was groaning and cursing. Gentleman Jim did not venture to follow his attempt. The fragments hurled from above would have swept him from his footing. And he knew that the Rookwood junior was in deadly earnest.

"For the last time, Kit!" There was a snarl, as of a wild animal, in the cracksman's voice. "If you do not come down, I shall shoot!"

Erroll did not reply.

He seized Mornington, and lifted him behind the shelter of a jutting spur of slate.

Crack!

The sudden report filled the old quarry with echoes. Gentleman Jim, in his fury, had kept his word.

Erroll gave a sudden gasp. Then he crouched behind the spur, a heavy stone in his hand ready for hurling.

"By gad!" said Mornington. "Erroll, you're not hit?"

"No; it was near enough." Erroll laughed grimly. "There's a hole in my sleeve, Morny! And I'm glad of it! I know now that what I've always sus-

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pected is the truth—that that man cannot be my father."

He waited and watched. There was no second shot. Perhaps even the infuriated cracksmen realised that his rage had borne him too far. There was a scraping of boots on the rough quarry side, and Erroll, with unflinching hand, hurled the slate fragment. It crashed down the slope, and there was a cry and an oath.

Silence followed—a minute that seemed like a century to the Rookwood juniors.

Then there was a sound of receding footsteps, dying away into silence in the distance.

"They've gone!" panted Mornington. "They've gone," said Erroll, "to try to cut us off at the top, Mornington. I don't think they'll be in time. Come!"

"It's no good!" groaned Mornington. "I can't walk. I'm done!" "I can carry you."

Erroll lifted the exhausted junior upon his shoulder, and tramped on. The slope was steeper, but the rugged slaty earth offered good foothold, and Erroll had one hand free to help.

But it seemed an age to the juniors before he scrambled out at last upon the moor, and sank down in the gorse.

Exhausted by his efforts, Erroll lay without motion for some minutes.

But he knew that there was no time to waste.

It was certain that the cracksmen had left the quarry in the other direction, and were hastening to intercept the fugitives. Erroll struggled to his feet.

Mornington peered at him with a strange expression on his white face. He made an effort to rise, but sank back. Without speaking, Erroll picked him up, and staggered away with him across the moor, now buried in deep darkness.

More than a mile had passed under his weary feet before he stopped at last, under the first trees of Coombe Wood.

There he lowered Mornington into the grass, and sank down himself against a tree-trunk.

"Safe now!" he said. Mornington drew a deep breath.

"Thanks to you!" he said. "You're a queer beggar, Erroll. You know I'm going to denounce you as soon as I get to Rookwood?"

"Yes, yes!" said Erroll impatiently. "And yet you're taking me there?"

"As soon as I've rested, I'm going to take you to the gates of Rookwood," said Erroll quietly. "I shall not enter!"

"You're going, then?" "Yes."

"Not going back to that gang, I suppose?"

"Scarcely!" "What are you goin' to do?"

"I don't know." And then there was silence.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
From Foes to Friends!

FOR an hour or more the two juniors lay in the grass under the sombre trees, in silence. Both were utterly exhausted, and they lay resting while their strength came slowly back.

They were safe from pursuit. A mile lay between them and the old quarry, and on the wild moor there was no track, in the darkness, to guide their enemies.

They were no longer thinking of Gentleman Jim and his ruffianly companion. Both had food for thought. Erroll was thinking dully of the blank and dreary future that lay before him. Ousted from Rookwood—the only home he had ever known—cut off from his old association, that inspired him only with horror.

Yet, through it all, there was one

satisfaction—his doubts were set at rest. He was sure now that he was not the son of Gentleman Jim. That murderous shot fired in the old quarry had convinced him of that. And Mornington's brain was busy; and the thoughts that worked in his mind were strange.

It was Mornington who broke the silence at last. His voice was low, and there was a tone in it that struck Erroll strangely.

"Erroll, that bullet might have knocked you out!"

"It didn't," said Erroll.

"What did you fish me out of their clutches for?"

"I thought I owed you that much before I went. They might have kept you there for months. You might have died there! Gentleman Jim would never have released you till I had carried out his instructions—and that I should never have done!"

Erroll stared at him in the gloom. "That's rather a change, isn't it?" he said.

"It's rather a change what you've done for me."

"Yes; I suppose so."

"How did you come to be mixed up in such a gang?" said Mornington. "You might tell me that. I don't understand!"

"I don't mind telling you," said Erroll wearily. "I'd rather you knew I wasn't—what you've supposed. Not that it matters—now!"

"It does matter," said Mornington. "Tell me!"

There was a pause, and then Erroll spoke in a low voice.

"It's a queer story. A good bit outside your experience, Morny! I was brought up by that man—Gentleman Jim. We never lived long in one place. Sometimes we had plenty of money,



A drive straight from the shoulder caught the ruffian upon the chin, and he staggered back. Erroll was upon him the next moment. (See chapter 4.)

"What were his instructions, Erroll?" "To admit him to the school at night, and help him rob Rookwood," said Erroll quietly.

"By gad!" There was another silence. Again it was broken by the dandy of the Fourth, whose eyes were glimmering curiously in the gloom.

"You're a queer beggar, Erroll. When I found out that you were really the son of that rotter, I thought you'd been planted at the school to help in a robbery."

"I had," said Erroll. "But I did not know it—then."

"I've done you an injustice!" "It doesn't matter."

"It does matter—to me," said Mornington. "If we're going to part for good to-night, Erroll, we shall part friends, I hope?"

sometimes we had none. He called himself my father; but, even when I was a little kid, I had my doubts about that. He was a hard and cruel man. I did not have a happy time then. I never knew any other relation, and I doubted whether he was really my relation.

"Sometimes I had a tutor, and sometimes I did not study for months together, unless I chose. But I was always a bit of a swot, in a way, and I did pretty well in that line. Sometimes he was away for months at a time, and I stayed in lodgings in the country. Sometimes I used to make friends, and joined in cricket, and so on; but there always came an end of it. He took me away somewhere else. He never liked me. I can remember being beaten as a child—more times than I could count."

"The brute!" muttered Mornington. THE POPULAR.—No. 126.

"I was about fourteen when I discovered what his profession was. I had never known till then. The Badger let it out when he was tipsy. But I suppose Gentleman Jim would have told me sooner or later—as soon as I was old enough to be of use him. It was a shock to me. You can guess that. After that my life was a misery. I thought of clearing off. I did so once, but he found me, and took me back. He found me starving. A score of times he tried to make me enter into his schemes, and I would not. I couldn't have stood it much longer. But then came Rookwood!"

"How did that happen?"
 "He told me I should have my way—and keep clear of his way of life. He was going to put me into a good school, and leave me to make my way there, and live my own life afterwards. I thought it was kindness. He chose the name of Erroll for me. I don't know why. I suppose he had a reason, but I had never heard the name before, and it seemed as good as any other. I—I ought not to have come to Rookwood in a name that wasn't my own. I know it. But there was what I had to escape from. Anything seemed good that took me out of that."

"I meant to play the game—to study, to get on, and find some way of earning my own bread. He told me I could, if I liked, work for a scholarship, and owe him nothing, perhaps, after the first term. I could not understand his kindness, as I thought it, but I was glad and grateful then. Only lately I've found out what he really wanted."

"And that was?"
 "He thought that when I'd got used to Rookwood I'd do anything rather than give it up and go back to what I'd come from. He thought I'd help him in his schemes rather than give up everything. It was a temptation, but—"

"But you refused?"
 "Yes. When you found me out, that brought matters to a head. The game had to be played at once, or not at all. It won't be played at all. I think he had further schemes in his head, too—not only Rookwood. But if I made friends, and

was asked home to fellows' places, I could help him all round. There was to be no end to it. I can see it all now. I should have been worth a fortune to him, if I'd been worth anything. But I think he understand at last that it's all over."

"By gad, you've had a queer life!" said Mornington, his voice curiously soft. "And you think that man isn't your father, after all?"

"I am sure of it now!"
 "You remember nothing of the time before you knew him?"

"Yes, in a vague way," said Erroll. "I've got some dim recollection of another country—a tropical country, with a blue sky and palm-trees and lagoons, like the things I've read about since. I think I was brought from a foreign country when I was too young to remember."

"But it's all dim. I can't fix anything. I can remember the sea, too—a long voyage. But it's like a dream. But I've heard Gentleman Jim say that he's never been out of Europe, and that was another reason why I doubted that he was really my father. But how I came to him I don't know."

"You must have people somewhere," said Mornington.

"I suppose so. I never knew them."
 "It's a queer story. If I'd known it all—" Mornington paused. "Look here, Erroll, need you go?"

"What!"
 "Why not stick it out at Rookwood?" said Mornington.

"It's too late."
 "It's not too late." Mornington's voice was low and earnest. "Look here, that man won't dare to trouble you again there! He daren't show his face at Rookwood, where he palmed himself off as Captain Erroll. It does no harm for you to call yourself Erroll. You must use some name, and you don't even know your own. Why not stick it out?"

"You ask me that?" said Erroll. Mornington coloured in the darkness. "You don't think I'd give you away after what you've done?" he said. "Why shouldn't you?"

"Well, I'm not going to!" said Mornington. "I've been against you; I know that. But—but that's all over now, if you choose. We've been through some things together to-night. By gad, Erroll, you're just the chap I'd have chosen to make a pal of if I'd known you better! Why shouldn't we be friends?"

"Friends!" echoed Erroll.
 "Well, why not?"

"You're dreaming, Mornington!" Erroll peered at the dim face of the dandy of the Fourth in utter amazement. "You, the nephew of a baronet, the wealthiest fellow at Rookwood, with no end of titled people; and I, a nobody and an outcast, not knowing my own name, brought up by a thief!"

"You're a jolly good sort, I know that," said Mornington. "You've got no end of pluck, and if you choose to stick it out at Rookwood, I'll stand by you like a pal."

Erroll was silent. He was too astonished to speak.

"Do you mean that, Mornington?" he asked, after a long, long pause.

"Every word of it," said Mornington; "and there's my fist on it, Erroll!"

Kit Erroll grasped the hand that groped towards him in the gloom.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were looking out of the School House doorway into the gloomy quadrangle. It was nearly bedtime, and Erroll of the Fourth had not yet returned.

Some of the fellows were beginning to surmise that Erroll had been kidnapped, like Mornington, and Mr. Bootles had been asking anxious questions. There was a sudden ring at the bell at the gate, and a minute or two later the two shadowy forms came across the quad.

"Here's Erroll!" said Lovell. "Who's that with him?"

"Morny!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Mornington! My hat! Erroll's found him!"

"Morny's come back!" shouted Raby. The news spread through Rookwood like wildfire. A buzzing crowd surrounded the two juniors as they came into the House.

"So you were looking for Morny, Erroll?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Yes."

"And you've found him!" said Lovell. "My hat! Was he kidnapped, after all? Were you kidnapped, Morny?"

"I was," said Mornington; "and Erroll found me and fished me out. We've got to go and tell the Head. Come on, Erroll, old chap!"

Mornington slipped his arm through Erroll's, and they went to the Head's study. Jimmy Silver blinked after them.

"Looks as if those two have made friends!" he remarked.

"By Jove, it does!"

"Well, I'm jolly glad of it!" said Jimmy Silver heartily. "Morny won't do Erroll much good, but Erroll may do Morny heaps of good."

"Ha, ha!"

It was later that Jimmy Silver & Co. heard of the happenings on the moor, and they did not hear all the story. What was told was true, but there was no need to tell all, for Kit Erroll had resolved to take Mornington's counsel, and to make a fight for his place in Rookwood.

And in that struggle his firmest friend was to be his former enemy—Mornington, the dandy of the Fourth.

THE END.

(Another grand Rookwood Story next Friday. In the meantime you must not miss the grand "Jimmy Silver" Story in the "BOYS' FRIEND." Out on Monday.)

Grand Value for Money Story Books

| | |
|--|---|
| BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY 4 ^o each | No. 558.—THE RIVAL CAPTAINS. A topping school yarn of Jack Jackson & Co. at Wycliffe. By JACK NORTH. |
| | No. 559.—SPORTSMEN OF THE RIVER. A grand tale of the river. By HENRY T. JOHNSON. |
| | No. 560.—THE RAJAH'S FORTRESS. A thrilling story of adventure in India. By ALFRED ARMITAGE. |
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Now on Sale Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

THE POPULAR.—No. 126.

POPULAR FAVOURITES.

No. 18.—ALONZO THEOPHILUS TODD.



The most simple-minded fellow in the whole of the school is Alonzo Todd, cousin of the renowned Peter of Study No. 7 of the Remove. Was ever a chap made the butt of so many japes as he?

From the very first when he arrived at the school he has always been an easy

victim for japers. Sometimes they are done in a very friendly, good-humoured way, from fellows like the Famous Five and their friends, and other times they have been cruel and caddish. That's when they come from Skinner & Co.

In his simple honesty, his extraordinary gullibility, and his readiness to oblige, he gave Skinner a great chance to show his humour. Being a new kid just arriving at the school, the cads thought they would show him the ropes. Unfortunately for the poor, guileless Alonzo, the help they gave was not of the correct nature; in fact, they got him into very hot water with the masters. However, it proved all right in the end when explanations were forthcoming.

No one ever had a kinder heart than Alonzo has. He is very happy when doing someone a good turn. He simply can't help it. Everywhere he went it was the same. He beamed almost benevolently at the whole world, a good word to all those he spoke to.

He has been despised by fellows like Skinner, who are not worthy to black his boots; but liked by the majority of fellows, though you couldn't call him popular.

Alonzo bores a fellow with his per-

sistent talking and referring to Uncle Benjamin. According to him, Uncle Benjy, if he visited the school, would be shocked and disgusted. But Uncle Benjy did pay Greyfriars a visit, and, if you remember, thoroughly enjoyed himself.

His uncle has put into him such lessons as are for good boys—not to sneak, swank, steal, or lie. No doubt they are good lessons, and Alonzo has certainly learnt them well, with others such as always be polite and kind to anyone you may meet.

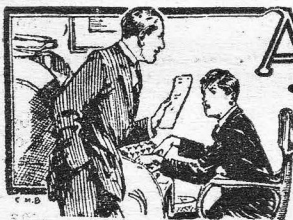
He is not without pluck, although he abhors anything in shape fighting. And let it not be forgotten that very early in his career at Greyfriars Alonzo saved Marjorie Hazeldene from drowning. He can swim, as he showed everyone that memorable day, but he is a hopeless duffer on the playing-fields.

Besides being always ready to help other people and even share their troubles, he uses much of his spare time among books which would, as the juniors often have remarked, have given them headaches, he has also interests in a South Sea missionary, which occupies his time considerably.

Alonzo has been comparatively peaceful and happy up to now, and who will grudge him his better times? It is sometimes those fellows who bring greater happiness to the world.

Alonzo Todd

"POPLETS" WANTED! SEE CHAT BELOW!



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

For next Friday we have two more splendid complete school stories. The one of Greyfriars is entitled:

"SUNKEN GOLD!" By Frank Richards.

and deals with the further adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at sea, on the Pomerania. There they are forced to assist divers in recovering sunken gold, and have a narrow escape from being sunk by a gunboat. This is a grand story, which will appeal to all my chums.

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

"IN HIS TRUE COLOURS!" By Owen Conquest.

This story ends the magnificent series which has proved so popular with my readers, as it establishes Kit Erroll firmly in the Classical Fourth as one of the best.

There will also be another splendid supplement, entitled:

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!"

which is as funny as ever, another magnificent instalment of our splendid serial, and a further chance to win one of our money prizes for "Poplets." Altogether, we can consider our next issue one of the best we have ever had, so I advise all my chums once again to order their copies well in advance.

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 20.

Examples for this week:

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Getting Along Nicely. | Get Out When Aiming Rather High. |
| When Bunter's Chummy. | Ask Bolsover When. |
| Announces Mr. Quelch. | Contributed to "Herald." |
| Harry Wharton's Guardian. | Craving for Limelight. |
| Easy to See Bunter's Favour. | Scholars and Scoundrels. |

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. 20, the "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.
3. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with "Poplets."
4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.
5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent

in on a POSTCARD, and that it is received on or before the date of closing.

All efforts must be received on or before June 23rd.

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

RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 14.

The ten prizes of five shillings each have been awarded to the following readers:

L. C. Stebbing, 107, High Street, Lowestoft.

Example: Where Wharton Scores.
Poplet: On Little "Side."

Netta Ferranti, Central Pier, Morecambe, Lancs.

Green as Grass.
Bunter's Face at Sea.

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

Circumstantial Evidence.
Bunter "Jammed" in Cupboard.

W. Harrison, 127, Brownhill Road, Catford.

Green as Grass.
Greyfriars "Blades."

Miss O. Kidger, Fernleigh, King's Road, Binstead, near Ryde, I.O.W.

Ordering in Advance.
Means Fun, Not Run.

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

Green as Grass.
Boarding-house Cabbage Rarely Is.

W. Brock, 118, Marine Parade, Brighton, Sussex.

Where Wharton Scores.
Always "Playing Straight Bat."

James K. Walker, 15, Wellbeck Road, Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Green as Grass.
"Blades" Generally Are.

Arthur Kimber, 13, Harford Street, St. James, Bristol.

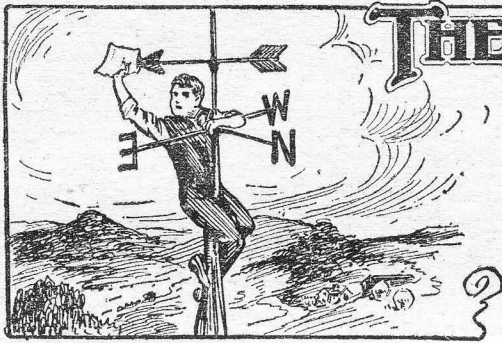
Coker's Aunt.
"Judy" With a "Punch."

A. Lynch, jun., 2, Dene Street Gardens, Dorking, Surrey.

Coker's Aunt.
"Judy" With a "Punch."

THE POPULAR.—No. 126.

A YARN WITH MANY EXCITING INCIDENTS AND BREATHLESS MOMENTS!



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.

Dick Trafford is just a boy like yourself.

You will enjoy reading his thrilling adventures with the famous film company.

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 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, and locked in his bed-room. That night he leaves his room by the window and saves Mrs. Henderson, who has been sleep-walking, from a terrible death. Her husband afterwards refuses to believe that Dick is a common thief, and in his gratitude he phones to Hesketh Moir, the great detective.

Moir arrives and commences his investigations. Through the help of one of Mr. Henderson's clerks he is able to gain some very important information which leads to the discovery of the real thief, who happens to be Dr. Jasper Steele. But Steele is too quick for them, and he leaves the Towers before Moir can catch him. Meanwhile, Dick travels to the great cinema town which Mr. Henderson has built up, and as they are driving through the main street the manager explains all the wonders of the place.

(Now read on.)

The Wonders of Cinema City!

AS Mr. Henderson had been talking to Dick and explaining everything to him, he had still continued driving at a very fair pace through the village of Brancaster.

As he went, one and all of the inhabitants touched their caps to him.

Eustace K. Henderson was like a "good fairy" to them.

Now they were through the village and running out towards the spot where Henderson had built his garden city.

At that moment they were passing a huge oval-shaped closely-mowed field, which was enclosed in a high corrugated-iron fence.

Within this field and over the top of the high fence Dick could just see the curved tops of several low sheds.

From within the enclosure there came the roar of a high-powered petrol engine.

The sound was familiar to Dick.

THE POPULAR.—No. 126.

"Surely that's an aerodrome!" he exclaimed, turning to Mr. Henderson. "That's an aeroplane I can hear, isn't it?"

"Quite right," answered Mr. Henderson, with a laugh. "I told you I had everything here. My own aerodrome and machines. They're very useful—in fact, indispensable—in the taking of first-class up-to-date pictures. I also have a private railway and race track—both for motor-car and horses, flat and steeplechase.

"You haven't seen anything yet of Cinema City, as I call it," added Henderson with a smile.

"But, speaking of aeroplanes at the moment," he continued, "can you pilot a machine?"

Dick shook his head. "No," he said. "I've been up once or twice for joy-flips on my holidays with friends of mine who were in the Air Force during the war—I've even looped the loop—but I can't pilot a machine myself as yet, although I can drive a motor-car."

Mr. Henderson nodded. "Well, that will be one of your first jobs," he announced. "You must learn to become an expert pilot right away, as I shall require you to fly a machine on your own in your first big picture. I have the scenario of it here," he added, as he tapped a bulky package in his breast-pocket, "and the big 'thrill' scene in it consists of a stunt in an aeroplane in mid-air. Do you think you'd be capable of doing it?"

"Rather!" returned Dick, without a moment's hesitation. "I should love to learn how to fly, and once I know how, you may safely rely upon my being ready and willing to do anything in the air that you may require of me!"

"Good!" ejaculated Eustace Henderson, with a chuckle. "I knew I'd got the real thing in you, my lad."

The car now swung round a bend in the road, and Dick had a panoramic vista of the whole of Cinema City as the proprietor of the World-famed Cinema Company dubbed the garden city he had built.

And it was a perfect picture. What had once been but waste meadowland had been transformed into a luxuriant, flower-bedecked village.

Each and every little cottage was of a distinct design of its own—no two were alike—but all had their little strip of flower garden in the front, and a useful, well-stocked kitchen garden in the rear.

The garden city came first, and then in the distance, upon slightly higher ground, Dick could see the immense, glass-roofed studio, in which before long he was to enact so many thrilling incidents before the lens of a moving-picture camera.

At length a house, larger than any of the others, was reached, and Mr. Eustace K. Henderson brought the car to a standstill.

"Here, we are!" he announced. "This is my own house and offices. Will you step down, Mr. Trafford?"

A liveried servant had already appeared quickly from within Mr. Henderson's house, and had opened the door of the car.

Dick leapt lightly down, and stood aside for Mr. Henderson to join him.

The proprietor of the World-famed Cinema Company stepped briskly down and motioned for Dick to follow him to his offices.

The offices themselves were a marvel of efficiency.

A large, flat-topped desk stood in the centre of Mr. Henderson's own private room,

and every contrivance to save time and labour was there.

At the side of his chair stood a dictaphone, to which he could dictate letters, which were taken down upon a wax phonograph record, which, in its turn, was collected by a typist, who, fitting it upon the reproducing instrument in her own room, was able to type the letters from Mr. Henderson's dictation whilst he was proceeding with other business.

Telephones and tape-machines were ranged round the sides of the office, whilst upon the walls were hung large-scale maps and coloured proofs of posters which were to decorate the hoardings and advertise the output of the company when the films were released in the open market.

Mr. Eustace K. Henderson walked briskly into his office, and Dick followed, closing the door after him.

Eustace Henderson walked towards his desk and flicked over a little lever.

It was the switch upon an improvement of the dictaphone.

It consisted of a small oblong box, in which were two conical-shaped openings.

"Anything for me to-day, Matthews?" said Mr. Henderson, in quite a natural tone—he did not raise his voice a fraction.

Dick found himself looking round to see who it was to whom Mr. Henderson had addressed his question.

He had heard no one enter the room. No, the room was quite empty.

Then suddenly—it seemed from nowhere—there answered a strange voice:

"No, sir—nothing of importance."

Dick gazed in amazement.

This office of the cinema magnate seemed like a magician's cavern.

Suddenly Mr. Henderson looked up, and, perceiving the expression of perplexity upon Dick's face, he laughed outright.

"You look surprised," he remarked.

"Well, yes," admitted Dick. "I am surprised. Who were you talking to just now—and where did that mysterious voice come from?"

Again Mr. Henderson laughed, and waved his hand in the direction of the black oblong box upon his desk, the small lever in which he now flicked back again.

"From there," he announced. "I told you we were up-to-date here in my Cinema City. That's what is known as a dictaphone. You see those two openings in the front of the box—the side facing me?"

Dick nodded.

"Well," went on Mr. Henderson, "one collects any sound vibrations in this room and transmits them to a similar instrument in the room occupied by my private secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews. It saves such a lot of time. You see, it leaves my hands free whilst I'm talking. I don't have to hold the ear-piece of an ordinary telephone instrument, and, too, I can be in any part of the room whilst I speak. Have you never seen one before?"

"Never!" exclaimed Dick.

"Oh, they're very common in the States!" went on Mr. Henderson. "I brought this one over with me. But now to business!"

Another sixty seconds and the last of Mr. Henderson's morning correspondence had been disposed of.

"Ready?" he said quickly, looking up towards Dick.

"Waiting!" answered Dick, taking the cue, and adopting his own style to agree with

that of the man who had done so much for him.

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Henderson, with a smile. "Come on, then!"

The cinema magnate led the way out of the office.

A uniformed chauffeur was now seated at the wheel of the car in which Dick had journeyed from Shoreton-on-Sea with Mr. Henderson.

The cinema magnate climbed into the back of the car, and Dick followed him.

"Studio!" remarked Mr. Henderson, and immediately the car shot forward.

The huge glass-roofed erection was not more than a couple of hundred yards from Mr. Henderson's office, but the astute American knew the value of time, and when he was working never wasted it by walking when he could save time by motoring.

A minute later the car pulled up before one of the doors admitting to the studio.

"Send for Mr. Cowell!" he commanded a burly porter. "I want him to meet Mr. Trafford personally. I have work for him!"

"Very good, sir!" answered the porter.

In a few minutes there were four people in the studio.

They were Mr. Eustace Henderson, Mr. Samuel K. Beech, the producer of the World-faced Cinema Company, Dick Trafford, and the man Cowell, whom the proprietor had sent for.

"This is Mr. John Cowell!" announced the cinema magnate, as he gave Dick a personal introduction to the man. "This gentleman, Mr. Cowell," he went on, "is my new discovery, Mr. Richard Trafford."

John Cowell nodded.

"You'll find him full of grit," continued the cinema magnate. "I doubt if you've ever had better material to work upon. Teach him all you know, and he'll improve upon it!"

"Very good, sir!" answered Cowell.

"I forgot to explain to you, Mr. Trafford," resumed Mr. Henderson, "that Mr. Cowell here is in charge of our private aerodrome. The one you remarked as you came into Cinema City. He is an expert pilot himself, and, unlike many a good pilot, he is also a wonderful instructor. I want you to make it your first duty to acquaint yourself with aeroplanes, and make yourself thoroughly conversant with all forms of flying, especially trick 'stunt' flying. Don't overdo it, Cowell," added Mr. Henderson, turning to the aviator. "I don't want it rushed—I don't want time wasted—but I want it thorough. Don't take unnecessary risks; Mr. Trafford's life is far too valuable."

"Very good, sir," answered Cowell. "I thoroughly understand what is required. When do I start?"

"At once!" returned Henderson. "You're ready, aren't you, Mr. Trafford?" he added, turning to Dick.

"Ready and anxious to start!" answered Dick promptly.

"Very well, then; cut along with Cowell. I'll leave you in his charge for the next week or so," concluded the proprietor of the company. "And you, Mr. Beech, might come along with me to my offices. I want to read the scenario over to you of the new play I've got. The one in which I intend to feature Mr. Trafford. It's called 'The Heir to Millions,' and it's up to you to see that you've got all your 'props' and 'sets' ready by the time Mr. Trafford has mastered the air. Get me?"

"Sure thing, boss!" answered the producer, as he fell into the wake of his chief and followed him into the waiting car and back to the offices.

Meanwhile, Dick Trafford stood alone with the aviator in the centre of the studio. He was breathing quickly—just the least bit excited.

And no small wonder, for one of Dick's greatest ambitions in life was about to be realised.

Ever since his first "joy-flip" with a cousin who was a flight-commander in the Royal Air Force, Dick had yearned to master the controls of an aeroplane, and to be able to fly one himself.

If, as Mr. Henderson had hinted, he would be able to learn to fly in a few weeks, he would be the youngest pilot in the world.

A distinction in itself, which the Press agents of the World-faced Company would not fail to seize upon when writing up the boost for "The Heir to Millions."

John Cowell was quick to notice the ex-

pression of keen anticipation and pleasure upon Dick's face.

"You like the idea?" he asked.

"Rather!" returned Dick.

"You've been up before?" was the aviator's next question.

"Yes—three times altogether," answered Dick. "And I was looped the last time."

John Cowell nodded, and gave a dry laugh.

"That's good! Then you know what it's like to be in the air," he said. "Did you feel at all nervous, or suffer from air-sickness?"

Dick shook his head.

"No," he said. "I simply loved it!"

"Splendid!" remarked Cowell. "You'll probably make a first-class pilot, but don't drop into the common error of the tyro at the game that because you've been 'looped,' you've done the trickiest stunt. As a matter of fact," went on the aviator in a kindly tone, "the loop's dead easy. Can't think why they make such a darned fuss about it. Any idiot can loop. But just you wait until I put you into a spinning nose-dive or a double-roll—that'll make your hair curl, me lad!"

"You're trying to put the wind up me, I believe!" said Dick, with a laugh.

"No, I'm not—really I'm not!" returned the aviator kindly. "I'm only trying to correct a very popular error about flying. The loop's nothing. But now come along to the 'drome, and I'll give you your first elementary lesson in flight theory. You'd better start from the beginning and get a thorough knowledge of everything. The best pilots always know why their machines fly—not merely that they do fly."

John Cowell led Dick out of the studio and towards a high-powered two-seater car.

Dick could not help thinking that everyone seemed to possess a car in Cinema City—and he was very nearly right.

In Los Angeles, which is the pre-eminent "Cinema City" of America, and the home of almost every leading American picture star, the average is one motor-car to every five inhabitants. The average in Brancastar under the regime of Mr. Eustace Henderson was exactly double that number!

Dick stepped into the car, and Cowell, apparently contemptuous of a ground petrol engine, sent the car spinning forward at a terrific speed. Dick realised that a man who was accustomed to throw a machine twenty times as large, and one hundred times more powerfully engined, about in the air at a speed of over one hundred miles an hour, would naturally think nothing of whizzing about on terra firma at a speed bordering upon a mile a minute.

It seemed less than a flash the car came to a jolting, grinding standstill outside the gates of the aerodrome.

"Honk! Honk! Uurrrk! Uurrrrk!" sounded horn and Klaxon, and a moment later the doors to the 'drome slid back upon their oiled wheels, and the car shot forward.

It finally came to a standstill outside one of the hangars, in which were some half-dozen high-powered aeroplanes.

They were of all varieties.

Monoplanes, biplanes, and huge leviathan triplanes. Machines to take a single passenger, and great "air-liners" to accommodate a couple of score of passengers.

Dick stepped down, his skin tingling with delight.

"To think that within a few days I shall be able to steer and control one of those huge machines in the air!" he thought.

But his thoughts were suddenly interrupted.

"Come along, Mr. Trafford—there's a machine just going up on a test. I'll take it myself, Jenkins," added John Cowell, "and I'll take Mr. Trafford with me. I want to see how he shapes in the air before I start on him."

"Very good, sir!" answered the pilot, who was about to take a machine up upon a test flight; and, climbing out of the cockpit, he gave way to his chief.

"Give Mr. Trafford your tunic and goggles," ordered Cowell; and Dick took the articles, and slipping them on himself he climbed into the passenger's seat in the plane.

John Cowell, in the pilot's cockpit, raced the engine to warm it; and then, with a wave of the hand to signal the mechanics to stand clear, he sent the huge machine taxiing across the tarmac, and then a moment later Dick saw the earth slipping away beneath him.

They were in the air!

The Plot of "The Heir to Millions!"

IT was three weeks later, and Dick, as anticipated by both Mr. Henderson and the aviator John Cowell, had proved a most adept and fearless pupil.

Already he was as expert in the handling of any class of air-machine as was the chief of the aerodrome himself.

But John Cowell had no feeling of jealousy for the fearless lad—only a feeling of pride in having trained so accomplished a pupil.

His report had been sent in to Mr. Henderson that Dick was now just as capable of doing anything in the air that he—Cowell—was able to do himself.

And so Mr. Eustace Henderson had summoned Dick to his private office.

Already seated in the room were the departmental heads of the huge cinema-producing concern.

Samuel K. Beech, the producer-in-chief, was there, and so, too, was John Cowell.

Matheson Hall, the author of the scenario, also was present, and when Dick entered the company was complete.

"I have called you all together," commenced Mr. Henderson, addressing them collectively, "as I want to outline to you the plot of the first picture in which Mr. Richard Trafford will be featured. I hear he is now thoroughly conversant with aeroplanes, and an expert pilot."

Mr. Henderson glanced towards John Cowell, and that gentleman nodded his head emphatically.

"Very well, then," continued Mr. Henderson; "I mention that fact first because the big thrill in 'The Heir to Millions' takes place in the air. Briefly the plot of the picture is as follows:

"As you know, the title of the film is to be 'The Heir to Millions,' and our young friend, Mr. Richard Trafford, here, is to play the title-role.

"For the purpose of the picture he will impersonate the character of a lad much younger than himself. That can easily be done by dressing him in short breeches, and socks, and a little sailor tunic. The name he will be known by is 'Phillip,' and he will be the son and heir of another character in the picture, named Mr. Silas P. Hodson, an American millionaire.

"A gang of kidnapers have sent a threatening letter to the millionaire, in which they state that unless he submits to subtle blackmail, and sends them one hundred thousand dollars to keep them quiet for a month, it is their intention to kidnap little Phillip Hodson and hold him as ransom for a sum far greater than the amount demanded.

"Now, Silas P. Hodson is passionately fond of his one and only child, whose mother died when he was a tiny baby, and although he is willing to do almost anything to safeguard the safety of his child, he is not prepared to lie down under this impertinent demand and desperate threat.

"He accordingly engages a couple of private detectives, and seeks their advice.

"Now," went on Mr. Eustace Henderson, as he proceeded to unfold the plot of the film, "The Heir to Millions," to those members of the World-famed Cinema Company who were seated before him in his private office, "Silas P. Hodson has been brought up in a hard school. He has had to fight for every penny of his wealth, and although nothing is too good or expensive for him to buy to please his child, it goes against the grain to submit to the demands of the kidnapers.

"Thus, when both the detectives advise the millionaire to make a stand against the scoundrels, he decides to do so.

"As they very wisely point out to Mr. Silas P. Hodson, if he once submits to their demands, then they will become more exacting and avaricious upon each subsequent occasion.

"Now every effort is taken as a precaution against young Phillip Hodson falling into the hands of those who are seeking to kidnap him.

"In the first part of the picture Mr. Hodson keeps the child inside his New York mansion on Fifth Avenue, only allowing him to go out in a closed car accompanied by the two detectives, who guard him as if he were some Eastern potentate.

"One of the incidents in the film will be where the chauffeur of this closed car is overpowered, and a member of the gang substituted in his place.

"This fellow attempts to drive the car off to the gang's stronghold, and thus kidnap

the boy, but a stand-up fight with loaded pistols takes place between a couple of members of the kidnaping gang and the two detectives. The latter are successful in beating off the would-be kidnapers, and the boy is saved.

"Although this incident will appear first in sequence when the picture is actually shown on the screen, Trafford," explained Mr. Henderson, turning to Dick, "we shall actually screen it after the big aeroplane thrill which is to be the climax of the story.

"You see," went on the manager of the film company, "it will be necessary for us all to journey to New York to take this portion of the picture. True, we could build a Fifth Avenue here, but I think one gets better 'local colour' if, wherever possible, one goes to the actual spot where the incident is really supposed to take place.

"However, for the moment we are concerned with filming the big aeroplane 'stunt' of the picture.

"I believe in getting your final filmed first and then work backwards.

"But I am side-tracking from the plot of the picture.

"As I say, several minor attempts, each more desperate than the last, are made by the gang to kidnap young Phillip Hodson, as I will call Mr. Trafford whilst talk-

ing about this picture, which are each in their turn frustrated by the two detectives. "But as the gang, who are utterly unscrupulous and not lacking in funds to carry out their schemes, find themselves balked at every turn by the detectives, they put their heads together and evolve a most desperate and amazing plot to gain possession of the heir to millions.

"And this is where the big aeroplane incident comes in, for they decide to bring an air-machine in to assist them in their schemes.

"In the meantime, however, the lad's millionaire father has decided that in view of the various and desperate attempts which have been made to kidnap his son in New York, the city is none too safe a place for his boy to be, and he has, therefore, in the meantime, had a large bungalow hastily erected in the country.

"This bungalow is to stand in many hundreds of acres of ground—a young park, in fact—which, in its turn, is surrounded by a double wall or fence of ten feet high, on top of which is fitted miles upon miles of thick barbed-wire, interspersed with alarms, which would go off and herald the approach of any evilly-designed persons who attempted to brave the barbed-wire and scale the fences, and thus warn the two detectives to be all the more upon the alert.

"It is to this bungalow-fortress that Mr.

Silas P. Hodson takes his son and heir, in the belief that he will at last be safe from the machinations of the kidnapers.

"But in this he makes a great mistake, as you will shortly learn.

"In order that young Phillip shall not feel that he is virtually a little prisoner in this bungalow, Mr. Hodson has spared no pains nor expense to make the place as attractive and pleasing as possible for the boy.

"Now," continued Mr. Henderson, "in the book upon which I am basing the film I am going to call 'The Heir to Millions' the youngster has a passion for toy trains. Clockwork and model steam-engines, you know. And so I have arranged for a picture to be taken which purports to be of the boy playing in the grounds of the bungalow with the miniature railway system which his father has had erected in the park for him.

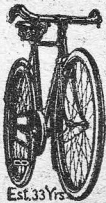
"Here is everything from a fully-equipped station to bridges over miniature rivers, and tunnels through mole-hill-like mountains.

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"I have already had this laid out upon one part of our plot here; you shall see it later.

"Well, to continue with the idea of the story."

(To be continued next week.)



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