

SUNKEN GOLD!

A GRAND TALE OF THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS AMONG THE SEA THIEVES.

Week Ending—
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Greyfriars

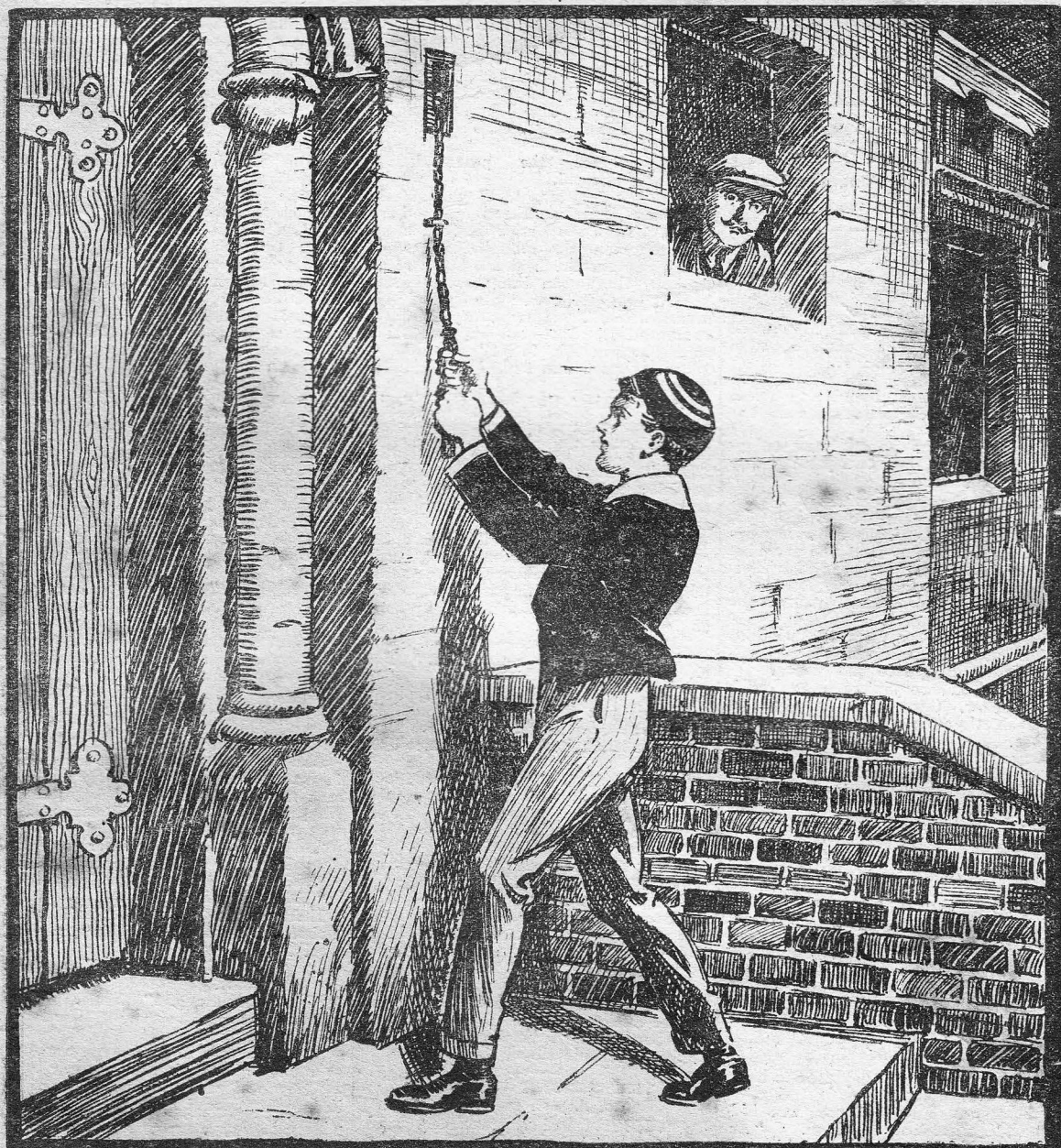
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The POPULAR

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

Rookwood

St. Jims



THE NIGHT ALARM! Kit Erroll's last desperate attempt to prevent the robbery at the school!

(A TENSE MOMENT IN THE LONG COMPLETE TALE IN THIS ISSUE.)

**GENTLEMAN JIM.**

The notorious cracksmán, and Kit Erroll's most dangerous enemy.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.**Morny's New Pal!**

LOOK at them!"

Cyril Peele, of the Fourth Form, contracted his brows savagely as he glanced out of the window of Study No. 4.

Townsend, Topham, and Gower were seated round the study-table. There was a haze of cigarette-smoke in the room.

The nuts of the Fourth were enjoying themselves in their own peculiar way that sunny afternoon.

Through the open window, shouts could be heard from the cricket-field, where Jimmy Silver's eleven were playing a Modern team. But the sunshine and the breeze, and the green of cricket-field, did not call the nuts of Rookwood out of doors. They found banker in the study more attractive.

Peele was staring from the window, but it was not towards the cricket-ground that his glance was turned.

It rested on two juniors in the quadrangle below. One was in flannels, and had evidently come off the field after his innings. The other was an elegant youth in Etons.

Townsend, who was shuffling the cards, looked round lazily towards Peele.

"What's goin' on?" he asked.

"Look at them!" repeated Peele savagely.

The juniors joined him at the window. "Erroll!" said Townsend, glancing downward.

"And Morny!" said Gower.

The two juniors below were chatting cheerily, heedless and unconscious of the dark glances from the study window.

"Thick as thieves!" said Peele bitterly. "Accordin' to what Morny used to say, Erroll is a thief, as a matter of fact. An' now they're chummy."

"Jolly queer!" said Townsend, shrugging his shoulders. "What can Morny see in the chap? And they used to be at daggers drawn, too!"

"That was before Morny was kidnapped," remarked Topham. "Accordin' to his yarn, Erroll got him out of that."

"That don't make any difference."

"It seems to Morny."

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IN HIS TRUE COLOURS!

A Splendid, Long, Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., and Kit Erroll, of Rookwood School.

By **OWEN CONQUEST.**

"What can we do?" growled Townsend. "Morny always has his own way! Look at the way he picked up that little ragamuffin, 'Erbert, an' brought him to Rookwood, an' got the Head to let him enter the school as a new kid. We were down on that; but did it make any difference to Morny? Not a bit!"

"He's an obstinate cad! But we don't want to lose Morny. We can't keep our end up against Jimmy Silver without Morny," remarked Gower.

"He'll be chummin' with Jimmy Silver next, if Erroll can work it," sneered Peele. "That's the cad's game!"

"Blessed are the peacemakers!" grinned Townsend.

"It's jolly queer, too," said Peele, frowning. "When Erroll came here, that kid from the slums, 'Erbert, swore that the man who brought him wasn't really Captain Erroll at all, but a rotter he called Gentleman Jim, the cracksmán. Mornington believed the yarn, an' accused Erroll. I must say I never swallowed it. But—but suppose there should be somethin' in it?"

Peele paused and looked at his nutty companions.

It was evident that, with Cyril Peele, the wish was father to the thought.

"But Erroll knocked the yarn on the head," said Townsend impatiently. "Didn't Morny go to the trouble of gettin' a photograph of Captain Erroll, and didn't it turn out to be as like Erroll as two peas?"

"That's so! But Erroll's father has never been near Rookwood since," said Peele. "There's a chance, at least, that there was somethin' in the yarn. Look here, let's have that kid 'Erbert up here, and question him."

"He wouldn't come—"

"Tell him Morny wants him. You go, Topsy!"

"Silly waste of time," said Topham.

"I tell you there may be somethin' in it. If we could fix it on Erroll an' give him the kybosh, Morny comes back to us."

"Oh, I'll fetch the kid, if you like," said Topham, yawning. "But you're barkin' up the wrong tree, Peele. There's nothin' in it."

And Topham left the study.

The "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood resumed their game while they waited for Topham to return with the waif of Rookwood. In about ten minutes there was a tap at the door, and little 'Erbert looked in.

"Come in, kid," said Peele.

Topham had not returned with the fag. He had gone to join Mornington on the cricket-ground.

'Erbert of the Second came into the study, and Peele closed the door.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.**Mornington Chips In!**

ERBERT looked round the study, puzzled. He had evidently expected to see Mornington there.

"Master Topham told me Mornington wanted me 'ere," he said.

"That's all right! We want you," said Peele. "Don't be alarmed. I only want to ask you some questions."

"Yes, sir," said 'Erbert.

He stood shuffling his feet. The little waif had been some time at Rookwood now, since Mornington, following a generous impulse, had rescued him from want. But he had not yet learned the repose upon which the nuts of Rookwood prided themselves. He shuffled his feet and twisted his thumbs uneasily. "You remember Erroll of the Fourth coming here, a few weeks ago?" said Peele.

"Ye-e-es."

"The man who brought him here was called Captain Erroll—his father."

The fag shifted uncomfortably.

"You told Mornington that the man wasn't Captain Erroll, but a criminal called Gentleman Jim, a cracksmán you'd seen and known when you lived in some slum or other in London," continued Peele.

'Erbert did not reply, but his gaze wandered uneasily to the door. But Cyril Peele had his back to it.

"Now, we didn't swallow that yarn," said Peele. "But I've been wonderin' whether there was anythin' in it. Just you go ahead, kid, an' tell us all you know about that man, Gentleman Jim, an' Erroll. Give us the whole yarn from start to finish."

"I—I can't!" stammered 'Erbert.

"You mean you won't, you cheeky cub!" exclaimed Townsend.

"Well, I won't, then!" said 'Erbert sullenly. "Master Mornington 'ave told me not to say nothin' about Erroll, an' I ain't going to."

"You want your arms twisted, you mean?" asked Peele.

'Erbert backed away a little.

"I s'pose you can bully me, if you want, now you've got me 'ere," he said steadily. "But I ain't sayin' nothin', not agin Master Mornington's orders."

Peele strode towards him.

The fag put up his fists at once. But Townsend and Gower joined Peele, and in a moment 'Erbert was wriggling in the grasp of the three. Peele took a savage grip upon his arm.

"Are you going to answer my questions now?" he asked, between his teeth.

"No, I ain't!"

"Take that, then!"

There was a yell of anguish from 'Erbert as Peele twisted his arm with cruel force.

He struggled in vain in the grip of the three nuts.

"Ow! Lemme go!" panted 'Erbert.

"I ain't going to tell you nothin'! Let me alone, you coward! Yah! Ow!"

The fag's yells rang through the study as Peele twisted his arm again.

"Now will you speak up, you scrubby little cad?" hissed Peele.

"No!" yelled 'Erbert. "I won't! 'Elp! 'Elp!"

"Hallo! What the merry dickens —" The door was thrown open, and Mornington strode into the study.

He stared at the scene in blank astonishment for a moment.

Then his brow grew thunderous. "Bullyin' 'Erbert—what? Let him go at once, you cads!"

He strode at the nuts with his fists clenched and a blaze in his eyes.

Peele & Co released the fag, who scuttled behind Mornington at once. The nuts of the Fourth looked angry and irresolute.

"Have they hurt you, kid?" asked Mornington.

"N-not much, sir," faltered 'Erbert. "It—it's all right."

"What were the cads bullyin' you for?"

"They wanted to know about Erroll and Gentleman Jim, sir!" muttered 'Erbert. "I wasn't saying nothin', as you told me, sir."

Mornington made a gesture to the door.

"Cut off, 'Erbert!"

Peele made a movement forward. He backed away again as Mornington faced him, with a glitter in his eyes.

'Erbert scudded out of the study.

"So you were bullyin' that kid to make him talk about Erroll?" said Mornington. "You won't do that again, Peele!"

"Who's goin' to stop me?" sneered Peele.

"I am! I'll lick you till you can't stand if you put a finger on that kid again!" exclaimed Mornington savagely.

"Understand that! And if I have two words from you, I'll lick you now. You're goin' to leave 'Erbert alone, and you're goin' to leave Erroll alone!"

And Mornington swung out of the study.

Peele gritted his teeth.

"Young cub thinks that finishes it, but it doesn't!" he said. "I'll show Erroll up in his true colours yet! I've got a surprise up my sleeve for Morny and his precious pal!"

And Peele went savagely out of the study.

"What the merry dickens was he drivin' at?" said Gower, in wonder.

"Only gas!" said Townsend, shrugging his shoulders. "Let's get on with the game!"

But there was more than "gas" in Peele's words, as Mornington—and Kit Erroll—were to discover before long.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Gentle Persuasion!

JIMMY SILVER paused. The captain of the Fourth was sauntering through the archway into Little Quad, towards the library, when he came on the scene.

On the old oaken bench near the stone arch four juniors were seated.

Peele held an open newspaper in his hands, and Townsend, Topham, and Gower were gathering close to read it with him.

There was evidently something in the newspaper that intensely interested Peele & Co.

It was the day following the scene in Mornington's study. Since that scene Mornington had been on icy terms with his former chums—a fact that did not seem to worry the lordly Morny in the least.

The four juniors were so deeply engrossed in the newspaper that they did not observe Jimmy Silver. Jimmy would have passed on his way but for the fact that they were speaking of Erroll in a way that struck his attention at once.

"There it is in print!" said Peele, through his compressed lips. "If Captain Erroll is Erroll's father, he can say so. He's still in England."

"So it seems," said Townsend. "I understood that he had gone back to British Honduras. He was a planter there when he joined up. I know that. Erroll thinks he's gone back."

"I know he does—I've heard him say so," grinned Peele. "Now, if he's Captain Erroll's son, as he says, how can he think his father's gone back to America when the newspaper says he's in England?"

"By gad!" said Topham; "it looks as if you're right, Peele."

"I was sure of it," said Peele. "I found this in the paper yesterday. That's what started me on it; and I haven't any doubt at all that Morny knows the truth about Erroll, and is keepin' it dark. It's odd the fellow being like Captain Erroll's portrait. But a son generally knows where his father is."

"Ha, ha! Yes, rather."

Jimmy Silver walked towards the bench. He disdained to listen to the talk of the nuts, though what they had said had made him feel very curious.

"Hush!" muttered Peele, as the captain of the Fourth came up.

He hastily thrust the newspaper under his jacket.

"Something about Erroll's father in that paper?" asked Jimmy.

"Find out!" said Peele coolly.

"I'm asking you to find out. It would interest Erroll. Lend me the paper to show him," said Jimmy Silver.

"Go and eat coke!"

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed. The four nuts rose to their feet and stood together. Four to one; they were not afraid of the chief of the Fistical Four.

Jimmy smiled, and uttered the signal of the Rook patrol. It echoed through the stone archway.

"He's calling those other cads here," muttered Gower. "Let's clear."

There was a patter of feet from Big Quad, and Lovell, Raby, and Newcome came through the archway at a run.

"Hallo! What's up?" demanded Lovell.

Jimmy Silver pointed to Peele.

"That worm's got a newspaper with something about Erroll's father in it," he said. "He won't lend it to me. I want to borrow it."

"Rotten worm!" said Raby. "Why can't you lend your paper?"

"Because I won't!" snarled Peele. "Hands off, you rotters!"

But Jimmy Silver did not "hands off," he put his hands on—hard! Cyril Peele struggled with him furiously.

The Co., grinning, charged the other three nuts off the scene. Topsy and Topy and Gower were scattered before their rush.

Peele struggled in vain in Jimmy Silver's sturdy grasp. The crumpled newspaper was jerked out from under his jacket. Jimmy cheerfully sat Peele down on the ground with a bump.

"Thanks for the loan of the paper," he smiled. "I'll leave it in your study when I'm through with it."

"Hang you!" said Peele, between his teeth.

He scrambled up, and looked for a moment as if he would spring at Jimmy Silver. But he knew that it would be futile; and he turned away, scowling blackly. Lovell and Raby and Newcome rejoined their leader.

"Why didn't the disobliging rotter want to let you see the paper, Jimmy?" asked Newcome, in wonder.

"Blessed if I know! They've got something up against Erroll, I suppose. I'll soon see what there is here about Erroll's pater."

Jimmy opened the paper and scanned the columns in search of the item of news that had so interested the nuts.

He soon found it—a paragraph marked with pencil. The Fistical Four read it together:

"Among the passengers landed from the s.s. Cuba, recently wrecked off the Cornish coast, is Captain Erroll. The gallant captain, who was a planter in British Honduras before the war, was severely wounded in the Somme offensive, and intended to return to his Colonial home. Captain Erroll's many friends will not regret that the accident compels him to remain somewhat longer in his native land."

The Fistical Four looked at one another.

"I suppose Erroll knows?" said Raby.

"I—I suppose so," said Jimmy Silver. "Anyway, I'm going to take this paper to him. If he hasn't heard from his pater, he'll be glad to know that he's safe."

And Jimmy hurried off to the School House with the newspaper in his hand.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Under the Shadow!

WHAT'S the trouble?"

Mornington asked the question. He was lounging in the window-seat in

Erroll's study. Higgs and Jones minor, Erroll's study-mates, were out of doors.

Mornington had just come in, and he had found Erroll, with a moody brow, in deep thought. Erroll smiled slightly as the dandy of the Fourth spoke.

"Nothing!" he said.

"Thinkin' about Gentleman Jim?"

"Well, yes," said Erroll, colouring. "I can't help thinking of him, Morny."

"You've seen the last of the rotter," said Mornington. "You've told me you are sure that he is not your father—and I feel sure of it, too. Why bother about him?"

"I am sure he is not my father, though he has always called himself that," said Erroll quietly. "I am not the son of a cracksmen. But—but if the other fellows knew all you know, Morny, they would believe—"

"They don't know, and they won't know."

"I'm not so sure," said Erroll. "I haven't finished with that man yet, Morny. Since I told you my story you've palled with me, and I'm jolly glad of it; but the others wouldn't look at it as you do. If it came out that the man who brought me here, and called himself Captain Erroll, was in reality Gentleman Jim, the cracksmen—" He paused. "It's not my fault! But—but I'm here under a name that does not belong to me."

"But you don't know your own name," said Mornington. "You're as much entitled to that as any other."

"That's true. I must be called something," said the junior, with a slight smile. "I may as well be called Erroll as anything else. But—"

"Why did Gentleman Jim pick out that name for you?" asked Mornington. "It's not a common name."

"I don't know, unless—" Erroll paused. "You remember, Morny, when you got the real Captain Erroll's photograph it turned out to be exactly like me. Gentleman Jim may have known of the resemblance, and that may be why he chose that name for me to come to Rookwood under. It's queer. I—I've been thinking, Morny—"

He broke off again.

"There's nothin' to worry you. Give it a rest."

"But it does worry me," said Erroll quietly. "I'm not doing wrong in using the name, since I must use some name."

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But I am represented here as the son of Captain Erroll—and I am not his son. That does worry me."

"I don't see that it hurts him. Didn't you tell me that Captain Erroll went back to British Honduras after leavin' the Army?"

"Yes, Gentleman Jim told me so."
"Well, it won't hurt a man in America to be supposed to have a son at Rookwood," said Mornington, laughing. "Besides, you'll do him credit."

Erroll smiled.
"I can't quite square it with my conscience," he said. "I don't really know what I ought to do; but—but I've thought it all over, Morny, and I'm afraid I shall have to clear out of Rookwood."

"What rot!" exclaimed Mornington. "I should miss you. Look here, Erroll, your fees are paid for this term, and you're going in for a scholarship to pay your own exes after that. You can do it."

"My fees were paid by Gentleman Jim in Captain Erroll's name. You know how he gets his money," said Erroll, in a low voice.

"But it can't be handed back now. By gad," exclaimed Mornington, "you're not thinking of telling the Head!"

"I've been thinking whether I ought to."

"It means clearin' out of the school." Erroll nodded.

Mornington moved to and fro restlessly in his study. He was plainly perturbed.

Strange enough as it was that the reckless dandy of the Fourth should have chummed up with the son of Gentleman Jim, it was a very real friendship that had grown up between the two.

Mornington knew the whole of Erroll's dark story—of his boyhood passed in seclusion and shadow—of his determined and successful resistance to the cracksmen's efforts to draw him from the path of honour and honesty. Erroll had told him all.

"Look here, Erroll!" said Mornington at last, "there's no need for you to jaw to the Head, take my word about that! Gentleman Jim may never turn up again, now that he know's you're done with him. It may never come out."

Erroll shook his head.
"He will turn up, and soon," he said. "I was placed here to help him rob Rookwood. I was to get invitations to fellows' homes, and give him other chances there. He had it all cut and dried. He thought he would force me, by threatening to show me up here, if I refused. He will not let me off scot-free, Morny. Besides, he will not give up the idea of robbing Rookwood. Every night I expect him to come."

"Good gad!"
There was a tap at the door. Mornington uttered an impatient exclamation, but Erroll said quietly:

"Come in!"
Jimmy Silver entered the study with a newspaper in his hand.

"News here about your pater, Erroll!" he said cheerily.

Erroll started.
"About whom?" he muttered.
"Captain Erroll. He sailed for America, didn't he?"

"Yes."
"Well, he's back in England."
"Oh!"

"Safe and sound," said Jimmy Silver at once. "Nothing to worry about, Erroll. The steamer was wrecked, but the paper says he landed safely. Here it is."

Erroll's face was crimson.
Hardest of all to bear, in his strange situation, was the hateful, implied deceit of his position in the presence of the cheery confidence of Jimmy Silver & Co.

He read the marked paragraph, and handed the newspaper back to Jimmy Silver, who was eyeing him oddly.

"Thank you, Jimmy!" he said.
"Didn't you know?" asked Jimmy.

"No."
"Oh? I thought your pater would have written."

"I have had no letter."

"Then that's jolly good news to you!" said Jimmy. "I made Peele lend me the paper, and I'm glad I did!"

"Peele!" said Mornington, with a start.

"Yes. Your merry pals were nosing over it, but Peele didn't want Erroll to see it, for some reason," said the captain of the Fourth. "The fact is, Morny, your pals seem to have taken up that old yarn you used to spin about Erroll and they're trying to make something out of it."

"The rotten cads!" growled Mornington.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Well, they're only following your example," he said. "Still, they're cads, there's no doubt about that. It really seems as if that yarn will never die out, at this rate."

And Jimmy left the study.
Erroll looked at Mornington.

"You see," he said, in a low voice, "I—I can't keep it up. I can't be taking in fellows who trust me! I can't stand it!"

And Mornington was silent. He felt, too, that the junior was right—that it could not last.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Good-Bye to Rookwood!

ALL eyes were turned upon Kit Erroll when he came into the junior Common-room that evening with Jimmy Silver & Co. Peele & Co. were grinning, as over some good joke. All the fellows looked curious.

"Hallo! What's the merry joke?" asked Jimmy Silver, looking round.

"Your friend Erroll is!" chortled Townsend.

Rawson came over to Erroll.
"I hear your pater's in London, Erroll," he said, in his direct way.

"Peele says he's wired to him to come here."

Erroll started violently.

"Why, you cheeky cad, Peele!" exclaimed Lovell. "What business is it of yours to wire to Erroll's pater?"

"Only to show whether Captain Erroll is Erroll's pater at all," said Peele, with a mocking grin.

"I've told these fellows, an' now I'll tell you. I telephoned to my cousin, who's got an Army job in Whitehall, to get Captain Erroll's address; an' he got it for me. And then I wired to Captain Erroll. Nice telegram, in perfectly good taste, pointin' out that his son's friends were awfully anxious to see him, because of his gallant conduct in Flanders, an' gettin' the D.S.O. Askin' him if he couldn't come down to Rookwood before he sailed next time, because his son's pals were so anxious to see him. Nothin' to complain of in that, was there?"

"Well, no," said Jimmy Silver. "Only, you're not a friend of Erroll."

"If Captain Erroll's his father, no harm's done," grinned Peele. "He'll take it as a schoolboy compliment. But if the merry captain hasn't got a son at Rookwood, it will be rather a surprise—what?"

"You rotter!" shouted Mornington.
"What are you complainin' about?"

said Peele coolly. "Don't you want Erroll shown up, if he's an impostor? You were keen enough on it at one time."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the nuts, in chorus.

Erroll's face was deadly pale.
"You needn't mind, Erroll," said Jimmy Silver. "No harm done if your pater does come here. We'd all like to see him."

Erroll nodded without replying. With the pallor as of death in his face, he walked out of the Common-room.

There was a buzz after he had gone. Mornington followed him, but the rest of the juniors remained in excited discussion.

When the school page came into the Common-room with a telegram in his hand, the excitement was very keen.

"Master Peele!"
"Here you are!" smiled Peele.

He took the telegram and opened it.

His brow grew a little perplexed as he read. The other fellows crowded round him to read it, too.

"Arriving Rookwood early morning.—ERROLL."

"Well, my hat!" said Gower.
Peele's jaw dropped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"That rather knocks you out, Peele! The merry captain's simply accepted the invitation! Looks as if he thinks he's got a son here, anyway!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"By gad!" muttered Peele, utterly crestfallen.

The laugh was against the plotting Fourth-Former.

Jimmy Silver, still laughing, hurried away to Erroll's study. He found him pale and troubled.

"Right as rain, old fellow!" said Jimmy. "Your pater's coming down to-morrow morning early!"

Erroll gave him a strange look.

"How do you know?" he asked dully. Jimmy chuckled.

"He's wired back to Peele. Rather queer he didn't wire to you instead. But it's come to Peele, and it says he's arriving early in the morning. Of course, he doesn't guess that it was a cad asked him, for a rotten trick. No need to tell him that, either!"

"Well, it's a good thing Erroll's pater's coming," said Higgs, looking up from his prep. "It will stop the jaw about Erroll."

"A very good thing," said Erroll tonelessly.

"Of course, it's a rotten cheek of Peele," said Jimmy, looking queerly at Erroll's colourless face. "But you'll be glad to see your pater, Erroll, won't you?"

Erroll nodded, and Jimmy left the study with that old chill of strange doubt in his breast again. Why did Erroll look like that? Jimmy Silver asked himself the question without being able to find an answer.

Erroll had been working at his prep, but he did not resume it when Jimmy was gone. He remained idle for some minutes, with contracted brows, and then rose.

He went out into the shadowed quadrangle.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

Long, in the dim starlight, the unhappy junior paced to and fro under the old beeches, thinking—thinking!

The end had come; he knew that! Captain Erroll, whose name he bore, was coming to Rookwood in the morning. The man he so strangely resembled, and whom he did not know—whose name had been chosen for him by Gentleman Jim, doubtless on account of that strange likeness. He was coming, and the imposture would be discovered!

One thought was borne in upon the boy's mind—no must go! No need to wait and face out the shame and humiliation of exposure. Before Captain Erroll arrived at Rookwood he must be gone.

Erroll was not seen again by the Rookwood juniors till bedtime. He came into the dormitory of the Classical Fourth with a face that was a little pale, but set and calm. His mind was made up.

When all the school was sleeping he was to leave Rookwood quietly, and the discovery that now must come would come after he had gone for ever.

Long after the rest of the Fourth were asleep, Erroll lay with wide-open, sleepless eyes, while the hours passed.

It was at midnight that he slipped quietly from his bed, and dressed in the darkness. The Classical Fourth were still sleeping soundly as the hunted junior closed the dormitory door quietly behind him. A few minutes more, and he had dropped softly from a window, and the cool wind of the summer night blew fresh upon his face.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
The Last Blow!

CLINK! Erroll stopped, his heart beating violently.

He was skirting the great building, with silent footfalls, in the dim starlight, to cross to the wall on the road, when that faint sound struck his ears, faint but clear, in the silence of the night.

His heart beat almost to suffocation as he listened, breathing hard.

Clink!
One thought rushed into his mind as he listened to that sound from the lower hall window in the dark recess of the School House porch.

"Gentleman Jim!"
He stood as if rooted to the ground for some minutes. He knew that the clink was of a fragment of glass that had fallen from a pane under the penetrating diamond of the cracksman.

Gentleman Jim had come at last! Every night Erroll had feared it—had dreamed of it! Now, on his last night at Rookwood, the cracksman had come, and the unhappy lad breathed a prayer of thankfulness that it was still in his power to save the old school from the lawless hand of the thief and outcast.

There was no fear in his heart as he stepped silently towards the porch. He knew—none better—the desperate nature of the cracksman. He knew that death itself might be his lot! And he did not falter!

He stepped noiselessly into the porch. The little window by the door was open. The cracksman had reached the fastening within by removing a fragment of glass. The window was open, and within the dark building was the unseen thief of the night.

Erroll smiled bitterly in the gloom. He had been sent to Rookwood to help in this work—to make it safer for Gentleman Jim to carry out the robbery. And now he was there to baffle it. He stood for some moments in thought, undecided. Then he grasped the great bell-handle beside the door, and dragged upon it.

Clang, clang, clang!
The sudden clanging of the bell rang with a din like thunder through the silent School House.

Clang, clang, clang!
A light gleamed from a window above. There was a sound of an opening door. Clang, clang, clang!

The School House was awakened from end to end.
Even from outside the House, where he stood, Erroll could hear the sound of startled voices.

He let go the bell, and stepped to the open hall window. There was a sound within—a hurried footstep—a panting breath. A figure loomed up within the window—a white and savage face looked out in the dimness. Even in the dark Erroll knew the hard, desperate face of the man he had called his father!

The alarm had been given, and the baffled cracksman was thinking only of

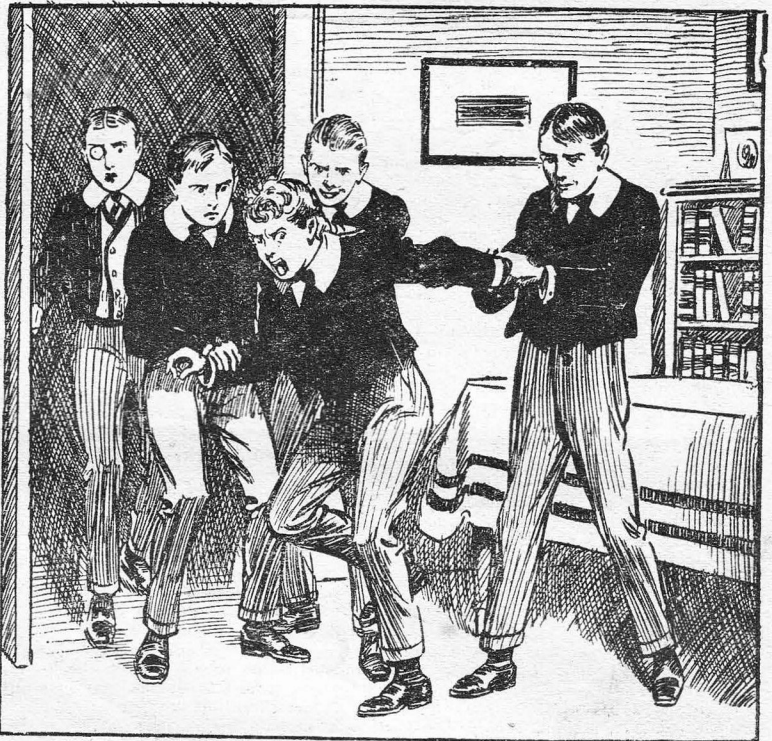
Gentleman Jim was scrambling, head-foremost, through the window.

But as he did so a strong grasp was laid upon him from behind.

"I've got the rotter!"
It was the deep voice of Bulkeley of the Sixth, captain of Rookwood.

"Here he is!"
There was a fierce struggle, and Gentleman Jim disappeared from the window, dragged back into the house by the stalwart Sixth-Former. Erroll heard the fierce struggle within, and he scrambled furiously in at the window, fearful of hearing again the cracksman's revolver.

There was a flood of light in the hall. Mr. Bootles was down, and he had switched on the electric light. Bulkeley and the cracksman were struggling on the floor, and Gentleman Jim had freed his right hand to use his weapon. Erroll leaped upon him, and grasped his wrist, and turned the revolver to the floor.



"Will you speak now, you scrubby little cad!" hissed Peele, giving 'Erbert's arm another cruel twist. "No!" yelled the fag, struggling. "I won't."
"Hallo! what's the row about—?" The door was flung open, and Mornington strode into the study. His brow grew thunderous. "Bullying young 'Erbert, what? Let him go at once, you cads!" (See chapter 2.)

escape. Already lights gleamed on the stairs.

But Gentleman Jim started back at the sight of the face without the window.

He panted.
"You!"

He knew the schoolboy, even in the gloom. For a moment they looked at each other through the open window. Erroll's handsome face pale and tense—Gentleman Jim snarling like a cornered wild beast.

"You!" The cracksman choked with rage. "You!"

There was a glimmer of metal, and Erroll started back.

Crack!
The enraged cracksman had fired through the open window, and the bullet passed within a foot of the schoolboy, as he sprang aside. The next moment

With a fierce twist of the wrist he forced the ruffian to drop the weapon.

The stairs were crowded with startled fellows. Jimmy Silver and Carthew of the Sixth ran forward and collared the struggling villain. It was the signal to the rest. A moment more, and twenty pairs of hands were on the cracksman.

"Got him!" yelled Jimmy Silver.
"Sit on him!" shouted Lovell.

"Hurrah!"
"Bless my soul!" Mr. Bootles was gasping. "Dear me! Oh, bless my soul!"

The crowd moved back as the Head of Rookwood, in dressing-gown and slippers, hurried on the scene. Dr. Chisholm was startled, but very calm.

"A burglar, sir!" said Bulkeley, panting.

"So I see, Bulkeley! Secure the man,
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but do not hurt him," said the Head. "Take up that pistol, please, Mr. Bootles!"

"We've got the rotter, sir!" chortled Lovell.

Gentleman Jim was dragged to his feet. With a dozen pairs of hands upon him, the cracksman could not even struggle. He stood, panting, with flaming eyes, exhausted by the savage struggle.

The Head eyed him grimly.

Erroll stood quiet, silent, with deadly pale face. He was the only fellow there who was fully dressed, and already curious glances were turned upon him.

"Someone gave the alarm," said the Head. "Who was it that rang the bell?"

"It was I, sir," said Erroll quietly.

"You, Erroll! You are dressed!" Dr. Chisholm frowned. "Is it possible, Erroll, that you were up at this hour of the night?"

"I was in the quadrangle, sir, and I heard that man enter," said Erroll dully. "I gave the alarm at once."

"You have prevented a robbery," said the Head. "I shall inquire to-morrow, Erroll, how you came to be out of doors at such an hour. This man must be secured till the morning, when the police—"

There was a fierce exclamation from Gentleman Jim. His eyes burned at Erroll with deadly animosity.

"Send for the police!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Let them take me, and let them take that boy at the same time! He is my son and accomplice!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Head sternly. "How dare you!"

"It's the truth!" said Gentleman Jim, between his teeth. "Look at me, Dr. Chisholm—look at me, and you will remember my face! It was I who brought that boy to this school—under the name of Captain Erroll!"

The Head started violently. He bent forward, and scanned the sullen features of the cracksman, and his face became darker. Peele, on the staircase, pressed Townsend's arm.

"It's out now!" he whispered.

"By gad, yes!" murmured Townsend. "But what the thunder did Erroll give his pater away for?"

"It is true!" said the Head, at last, in hard, icy tones. "I recognise you! You came to this school as Captain Erroll, bringing that boy with you! Who are you?"

"Gentleman Jim, the cracksman!" said the outcast, with a reckless laugh. "The father of that boy! We shall go to prison together!"

"Erroll!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

Erroll did not speak. His face was like stone. Mornington drew to his side, and slipped a hand through his arm. The unhappy lad gave a faint smile.

Dr. Chisholm fixed his eyes upon Erroll.

"You hear what this man says, Erroll?" His voice was cold and hard.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you anything to say?"

All eyes were upon the son of the cracksman. Erroll's head was drooping, but he raised it proudly.

"Only this, sir," he said, in a firm voice. "That man has told part of the truth. I was brought up as his son, but I never believed that he was my father. He tried to make a thief of me. He ill-used me because I would not consent. He placed me in this school, making me believe I was to be free of his influence here—that I was to have a chance in life. He deceived me. He told me later that I was to help him rob you—and others. I broke with him then for ever. I left my dormitory this night to leave Rook-

wood because Captain Erroll is coming here to-morrow, and I could not face him. I should have been gone, but—but I heard that man breaking into the house, and I stayed to give the alarm. That is all, sir. He lies when he says that I am his son, and he lies when he says that I am his accomplice. I have never been a thief!"

There was a quiet dignity in Erroll's look and in his tone that carried conviction with it. A deep silence followed his words. It was broken by a scoffing laugh from Gentleman Jim.

"A likely story! I repeat—"

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head sternly. "That the lad is not your accomplice is proved by the fact that he has prevented your crime. Bulkeley, take that man to the cellars, and see that he is secured for the night."

"Yes, sir."

Gentleman Jim was led away by half a dozen of the Sixth, darting a last malevolent glance at Erroll as he went.

"Erroll," said the Head, after a long pause, "this matter must be inquired into. I forbid you to leave Rookwood. You will return to your dormitory. My boys, you may go back to bed."

"Let me go, sir!" said Erroll. "I have done you a service, which helps to make up for the wrong I have done—unintentionally, Heaven knows!—in deceiving you. I cannot remain at Rookwood. Let me go now!"

Dr. Chisholm shook his head.

"You must not go, Erroll. I shall hear your story in full in the morning, and will decide what is to be done with you. For the present, go back to bed."

Erroll bowed his head.

"Very well, sir!"

Mornington kept his arm as they went up the stairs. In the dormitory there was a scoffing chuckle from Peele, and Jimmy Silver turned upon the cad of the Fourth with fierce eyes.

"Silence!" he said, between his teeth. "One word to Erroll, and I'll smash you!"

And Peele & Co. thought it better to be silent. There was no word from Kit Erroll as he turned in. But it was long ere sleep visited his eyes.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Erroll Finds His Father!

"CAPTAIN ERROLL!"

Dr. Chisholm rose to greet the handsome, soldierly man who was shown into his study.

It was early morning, and the Head's look showed his surprise at so early a visit. Dr. Chisholm had barely breakfasted when the captain's card was brought in. He received him in his study. The captain's handsome, sunburnt face was pale, and as the Head glanced at it the strange resemblance to Erroll of the Fourth struck him forcibly.

"I beg you to excuse this early call, Dr. Chisholm." The captain's manner was courtly, though hurried. "You are doubtless aware of the telegram I received yesterday from this school—"

"I was not aware of it!" said the Head, in astonishment.

"A telegram from someone named Peele," said the captain. "A schoolboy, I presume. It was stated in this telegram that my son's friends wished me to visit Rookwood. I replied that I would come early in the morning. As I have, of course, no son at Rookwood, I should have taken the telegram for a foolish practical joke, but for one reason—"

"One moment," said the Head. "You are Captain Erroll, formerly a planter in British Honduras, later an officer in the British Army?"

"Certainly!"

"I am very glad to see you. Pray be

seated," said the Head. "Your name has been used by a most conscienceless scoundrel. A month ago, Captain Erroll, a man came here, under your name, to place his son in the school. I had previously been in written communication with him, and had not the slightest doubt that he was the man he professed to be. I have since made the discovery that this man is a criminal, and, in fact, he attempted to rob the school last night, and is now in custody here awaiting the arrival of the police."

"By gad!" said the captain, in astonishment.

"The boy he called his son was the means of his being defeated in his attempt upon the school. That boy bears your name, and was—until last night—supposed to be your son, by all Rookwood."

"That explains the telegram, then," said the captain, tugging at his moustache. "I came here—foolishly enough, perhaps—with a vague hope. I have no son, Dr. Chisholm. But I had a son. He was stolen from me in early childhood, and I was never able to trace him. This telegram went to my heart like a dagger. It gave birth to a hope, foolish enough, as I see now, that perhaps something had been heard of my boy—something discovered." His voice faltered a little. "I have never given up hope, though ten years have passed since I have seen my boy. I am sorry that I have troubled you, sir."

"Not at all," said the Head. A strange expression had come over the Head's kind old face. "You might care to see the boy who has borne your name here?" He paused a moment. "It is an extraordinary coincidence that he bears a most remarkable resemblance to you. Such a likeness I have seldom or never seen. Stay, I will send for him."

The Head touched the bell, and the page was sent for Erroll. In a few minutes the junior, pale and quiet, entered the study.

The captain rose to his feet, his eyes upon the schoolboy's face.

His lips were trembling.

"Good heavens!" he muttered. He started towards the junior. "Boy! What is your name? Who are you?"

"I do not know, sir," said Erroll quietly.

"You do not know!"

"This is Captain Erroll," said the Head.

The junior started, and the crimson crept into his face.

"Do not be afraid, my boy," said the captain, his eyes still upon Erroll's flushed face. "From my heart I believe that Heaven has been merciful to me at last. You say you do not know your name?"

"I never knew it, sir."

"Tell Captain Erroll your story," said the Head.

The junior obeyed. In few words he told it, as he had told Mornington—the strange life of the son of Gentleman Jim, of the hard fight he had fought to keep from following in the criminal's footsteps, of the belief always fixed in his mind that Gentleman Jim was not his father. The captain listened without interrupting him once. Erroll's voice died away at last.

"This man, Gentleman Jim, is still here?" he asked, turning to the Head.

"Yes—I was about to telephone to the police, when you came—"

"Let me see him!"

"Certainly. Remain here, Erroll."

The captain followed Dr. Chisholm from the study. Erroll remained alone—silent and pale, but his heart was beating with a strange hope.

Gentleman Jim, in the locked cellar,

(Continued on page 12.)



Sunken Gold!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Wun Lung's Plan!

"WELL, here's a go!" Harry Wharton of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, made that remark in tones of deep disgust. Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Wun Lung—Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was in India—had gone down with him to the bay to have an early-morning bathe, and it was unfortunate for them that Captain Hobbs, of the Pomerania, was also up early and down on the beach.

For the captain was short of hands, and had taken his chance and "shanghaied" the five juniors, and transported them aboard his boat, which promptly set out for sea.

At first the juniors thought somebody—notably Captain Hobbs—was playing a joke. But they soon learned differently. For the captain produced a boatswain of mighty strength, and the boatswain produced a rope's-end. The two made things decidedly uncomfortable for the juniors when they refused to work.

But they had to work in the end. It was not a bit of good after Harry Wharton was cruelly lashed by the burly bo'sun. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull were down in the stokehold before they quite realised that Captain Hobbs was deadly serious. Harry Wharton, Wun Lung and Frank Nugent were put to work on the deck.

There was no doubt that the Pomerania had a peculiar crew—or what was left of the crew. Before they had been long aboard the juniors guessed that the vessel was bound upon no ordinary voyage.

What the object of the voyage was they could not as yet guess, but they knew that it was something underhand.

The men did what work was necessary, and idled and smoked for the best part. The engineer was the most active man aboard, and it was necessary for him to be alert and active, for his engines were in a crazy condition, and required constant care. He kept his amateur stokers at work till they were ready to drop.

Land was long out of sight now, but in what direction the ship was steaming the juniors did not know. The course was southward, but that was all they could tell by the sun. And they had little leisure to think about the matter.

They were kept constantly at work, and a moment's resting was enough to call down upon them a volley of abuse.

They snatched meals as they could—odds and ends from the galley, which they ate hastily as they worked under the savage eye of the big bo'sun.

It was a strange and peculiar change

for the juniors of Greyfriars, and sometimes it seemed to the stolen schoolboys like some evil dream.

They were worn out with fatigue as the hot July day wore on to a close, and they were glad when the shades of evening fell upon the sea.

More than once they had seen ships passing—coasting smacks, and big sailing-ships and handsome steamers—once a magnificent liner.

But there was no chance of communicating with the passing vessels and obtaining help; the tramp steamer did not pass near enough to them for that.

Night fell upon the sea at last.

Then the vigilance of the boatswain relaxed, and the juniors crept away to a shadowy part of the deck to rest.

They threw themselves down, and for a long time they were too exhausted even to talk.

The stars came out over the sea, and their reflected light shimmered on the bosom of the deep.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry, at last, as seven bells sounded. "Half-past seven! The chaps will be doing their preparation at Greyfriars now."

"Lucky bargees!" said Nugent, with a sigh. "I wish I were back there, even if I were fagging for Loder."

"Yes, rather!"

"If this is going to sea, I'm fed up with it!" grunted Johnny Bull. "I used to think I'd like a life on the ocean wave. Ugh!"

"Not nice!" murmured Wun Lung.

"You blessed heathen!" growled Bob Cherry. "You've got off best of the lot. You haven't had half the licks we have had."

Wun Lung grinned.

"Bettee takee calmee," he suggested. "No goodee kickee against blick wall. We no helpee ourselves. Bettee takee quietly, and keepee stiff uppee lip."

"That's all very well. I wish we had Wingate and a dozen other big chaps here. We'd make these rotters hop."

"We'll make them hop, anyway," said Harry Wharton, with a glitter in his eyes. "The rotters! We'll turn the tables on them, somehow."

"But how?" grunted Nugent.

"Me tinkee."

They stared at the little Chinese.

"Eh? What have you got in your pig-tailed noddle?" asked Bob Cherry. "How are you going to turn the tables on those beasts, kid?"

"Me tinkee."

And more than that the little Celestial did not say. He curled himself up in a dark corner and went to sleep. The others followed his example. It was a

very warm night, and they could have slept anywhere after their hard day's work.

A roar from the boatswain aroused them.

"Now then, you shirkers, where are you?"

"Here, sir!" said Bob Cherry, jumping up.

There was a hoarse chuckle in the gloom.

"Larnin' manners, are you?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Two of you go below. Mr. Biggs wants you."

Mr. Biggs was the engineer.

"Right-ho!"

"No shirking while I'm 'ere," said the boatswain, as Wharton and Nugent went below. "You others can come and swab out the boat."

The boatswain had evidently been drinking. His speech was thick and his gait unsteady. A bottle peeped out of his pocket, still a quarter full of liquor. He drew it out, put it to his mouth, and took a long swig.

"Now then, lively, my hearties!" he roared.

The juniors moved off. Wun Lung curled up in his corner, remained motionless, and the half-intoxicated boatswain did not notice him.

"Fetch me a pannikin from the galley, one of you!" he roared.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Johnny Bull fetched the pannikin. Then he and Bob Cherry moved off. They knew that they had only to get out of sight of the boatswain to be left alone. He was sitting on the deck now, with his back against the bulwark, with the bottle in one hand and the tin pannikin in the other. The liquor gurgled into the pannikin, and the boatswain took another swig, and then his eyes closed and he snored.

Then Wun Lung sat up.

The little Chinese was evidently awake.

He crept away into the darkness, but returned in a few minutes, and Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull saw that he had something in his hand.

It was a can of strong-smelling oil, which he had been using some time before to fill the smoky little lamp which illuminated the fore-castle.

Bob Cherry caught his breath.

"My only hat! Look at him!" he murmured.

Johnny Bull chuckled.

"Good egg!"

The little Celestial's hand, with the can of oil in it, hovered over the pannikin

for a moment, and there was a gurgling sound.

Then the little Celestial vanished in the shadows.

The boatswain snored on.

It was about ten minutes before he opened his eyes and blinked round him. He grunted, and swished liquor out of the bottle into the pannikin.

It overflowed, and the boatswain lifted it to his lips and drained it almost at a single draught.

The next moment there was a fearful yell.

The burly ruffian leaped up, and the bottle went to the deck with a crash, and smashed into a hundred pieces.

The boatswain staggered to and fro, pressing both his large hands to his stomach.

"Ow!" he roared. "Grooh! Oh! I'm pizened!"

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

"Ow, ow! 'Elp! I'm pizened! Grooh! Ahoy, lads, 'elp a shipmate! I'm pizened!" yelled the unhappy boatswain.

"Better get out of this," murmured Bob Cherry. "We don't want to be suspected."

"Ha, ha! No."

And the two juniors scuttled away.

The watch on deck surrounded the unfortunate boatswain, and looked at him in wonder and alarm.

Joe Cutts was staggering wildly to and fro. His face was deadly white, and his chest was heaving with sickness.

"Wot's the matter, mate?" demanded Bill Haddock.

"Ow! I'm pizened!"

"Pizened be blowed!" said Haddock contemptuously. "Who's pizened yer? You've took too much rum."

"I'm pizened, I tell yer!" shrieked the boatswain. "It wasn't rum! It was pizen—deadly pizen! Ow! I'm a dead man!"

"You're making a lot of row for a dead man, bo'sun," said one of the seamen.

And there was a grim chuckle.

The boatswain staggered towards the bridge, and collapsed upon the steps, gasping and gurgling wildly. The skipper came out of the chart-house.

"What's the matter, there?" he roared.

"Joe Cutts says as 'ow he's pizened, sir," said Bill Haddock.

"Drunk, more like," said the skipper. Cutts raised himself on the steps.

"You've pizened me, George 'Obbs!" he gasped. "It's a game to keep the gold ingots all to yourself, you villain!"

"You're drunk, you fool!"

"I'm pizened!"

"Oh, go to your bunk, and sleep it off!"

"You villain!" gasped the boatswain. "You gave me that there rum—you gave it to me with your own 'ands! You villain!"

He came clambering up the steps of the bridge, taking out a clasp-knife as he did so. There was a yell from the crew:

"Look out, skipper!"

But the skipper was looking out. The barrel of a revolver looked into the tanned face of the boatswain, and he stopped short.

"One more step, and you're a dead man, Joe Cutts!" said the skipper coolly.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Wun Lung Does Not Savvy!

CUTTS stopped, glaring at the levelled pistol, and the cool, hard face behind it.

Bob Cherry caught his breath. "My hat!" he whispered to Johnny Bull. "Do you see that? What sort of a shiplod of murderous villains have we got into?"

Johnny Bull nodded without speaking.

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There was a soft chuckle behind them, and they turned their heads to see the little Chinese. Wun Lung was grinning cheerfully.

"Allee lightee!" he murmured.

"You young ass!" said Bob Cherry. "There may be murder done!"

"Allee bettee!"

"What?"

"S'posee skippee killee Cutts—s'posee Cutts killee skippee—allee bettee fol us," said Wun Lung, with perfect coolness.

"Why, you awful young heathen!"

"No savvy. Me tinkee allee bettee."

Bob Cherry did not reply. He was used to Wun Lung at Greyfriars; but he had to remember sometimes that the Chinese came from a far Oriental land, where life was held cheap, and that his ideas were not English ideas.

The juniors watched the scene on the bridge. For several moments Joe Cutts faced the levelled revolver, the knife still in his hand. It was evident that the idea that the skipper had attempted to poison him had impressed itself upon his intoxicated imagination, and, but for Captain Hobbs' readiness, there might, indeed, have been murder done under the stars. But the boatswain was not drunk enough to rush upon a levelled revolver.

He backed away a step, with a savage oath, at last.

"Throw that knife overboard!" rapped out the skipper.

Splash!

The knife fell into the sea.

"Now get to your bunk, you drunken fool, and let's have no more of this! Next time you get your ears up like this, I shall pull the trigger! You can't play these hyer tricks on me, Joe Cutts!"

The boatswain lurched down the steps.

A violent fit of sickness seized upon him as he reached the deck, and he collapsed, as sick as any "greenhorn" on a first Channel trip.

"Take him away," said the skipper, in disgust. "Yank him into the fo'c's'le!"

And Bill Haddock and another seaman helped the boatswain away. The man looked so white and sick, and the two ruffians handled him so ungently, that Bob Cherry came forward to lend a hand. As he lurched into the forecabin and clutched hold of a bunk to steady himself, the boatswain turned to the two roughs.

"You keep your weather eye on the skipper!" he muttered thickly. "He gave me that rum with his own 'ands. He put pizen in it."

Haddock grinned.

"You're dreaming, bo'sun."

"Wot's made me sick like this hyer, then?" demanded Cutts fiercely. "Ain't you seed me drink my bottle of rum like a man afore now—two bottles, or three, fur that matter? Wot's made me sick if the rum wasn't pizened?"

"But why should the skipper go for to pizen you, Joe Cutts?" asked the other man incredulously.

"Cause why he wants the gold ingots of the Red Earl fur himself," said the boatswain thickly. "It's a game to git me out of it, Tom Hicks."

"You're dreamin'!" repeated Haddock.

"You mark my words," said the bo'sun.

And he rolled into a bunk, and groaned himself to sleep.

Bob Cherry returned to Johnny Bull and Wun Lung. The little Chinese was chuckling in his peculiar silent way.

"You awful young bounder!" said Bob Cherry, grinning. "You've made that drunken hooligan believe that Captain Hobbs was trying to poison him!"

"Allee bettee."

"You don't mean to say you knew—"

Wun Lung shook his head.

"Me no savvy that he tinkee poison," he answered. "But me savvy that he awful sickee, and to-morrow he no swearce and whackee. He too sickee."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Me knowee someting," grinned the Chinese. "To-morrow me dosee other lotters, allee samee, mister bo'sun. If tinkee poison, allee bettee. If killee one another, allee bettee fol us—p'laps we takee ship. What you tinkee?"

"Oh, you take the cake!" said Bob Cherry. "I suppose it's no good talking to you. But I'd rather go on swabbing decks than see them murder one another."

"No savvy."

"Better drop the idea, Wun Lung."

"No savvy."

"Look here, you young ass," said Johnny Bull, "we want to turn the tables on those scoundrels, but we don't want any bloodshed. Do you understand that?"

"No savvy."

"You savvy well enough when you choose, you young rascal!"

"No savvy."

And Wun Lung, who was evidently determined not to "savvy," glided away.

"We've got into a jolly crew, I must say," Bob Cherry remarked. "Did you hear what that ruffian said—the gold ingots of the Red Earl? The Red Earl's a ship, I suppose."

Johnny Bull nodded.

"Must be! Are they pirates, after all?"

"That's not possible. They're after a robbery of some sort, but it can't be robbery with violence on the high seas. They're not armed for it; only the skipper seems to have a pistol, and he needs it with this kind of a crew."

"Gold ingots!" said Johnny Bull thoughtfully. "I don't see how they're going to plunder the other ship without a tussle."

"Nice for us to be dragged into it, anyway. We may not be able to prove afterwards that we had no choice in the matter."

It was not a pleasant prospect before the stolen schoolboys. But there was evidently nothing to be done just then; and they laid down on the deck again to sleep. This time they were not disturbed. They slept until the sun was up, and when they awoke it was full morning, and the July sun was blazing on the sea.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent came up from the stokehold, dropping with fatigue.

"You two are wanted below," said Wharton.

And Bull and Bob Cherry, after a few minutes' talk with their chums, went down to take their turn with the stoking. It was evident that the crew of the Pomerania did not care for that work themselves, and they intended to make the Greyfriars juniors earn their meagre rations.

Harry Wharton looked out over the sunlit sea.

There was no land in sight; in the distance a steamer was leaving a black trail of smoke against the sky.

"Where are we, Franky?" said Wharton.

"Blessed if I know!"

"Twenty-four hours at sea, old chap, and no chance of getting away. What are we going to do?"

"I'm going to sleep," said Nugent.

Wharton laughed.

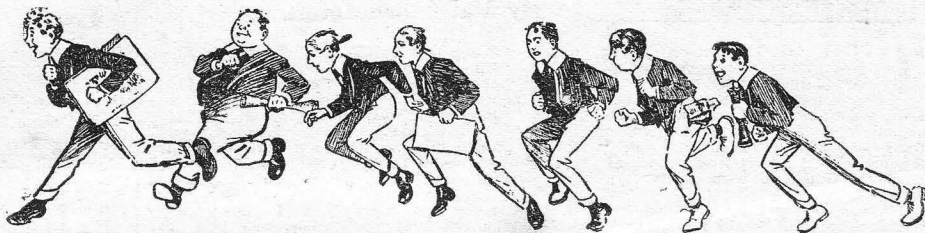
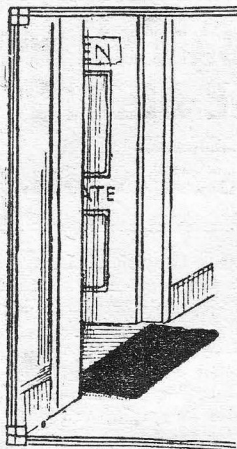
"So am I!"

And in one minute more the two fatigued juniors were sleeping soundly, while the sun climbed higher in the heavens.

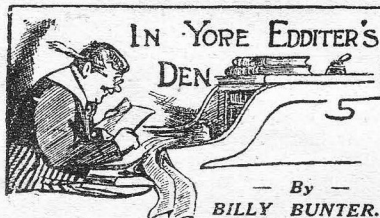
(Continued on page 9.)

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,—Their are few outdoor sports which delite our harts to such an eggstent as cycling. (I always thort it was spelt "sigh-cling" untill I konulted the dickshunary.)

When yore mind is fool of trubbles, when you are wayed down with care, when things go rong, and the world seems out of tune, their's nuthing like the open road to set you rite.

Whenever I feel in a despondent mood, dew to the non-arrival of my postle-order, I aways fetch my bike (or sumboddy else's) from the bike-shed, and go for a good long spin of about five hundred yards. It cleers the kobwebs from my brane (don't larf, reeder. I do possess a brane), it works off my scooper-fluous flesh, it makes me feel like a jiant refreshed.

Yes, cycling is a grate pastime, and no mistake. It beets kriket and footer into fitze.

I can never understand why sporting writers don't interduce cycling more into there stories. Think of the eggstement of a cycling race. Why, it's even more eggsting than a Marrathen—and yet their's a Marrathen race in nearly every sporting story you read.

I think it's a shame that cycling should be negleckt like this, and I have decided to publish a spesul cycling number of my famus "Weekly." I no it will be popular, bekwase nearly every boy and girl rides a bike, whereas their are menny who never play kriket, and do not understand such terms as "off-sighed," "pennalty-kick," and "sent-her-forward."

Trussed yore Uncle Bill to supply a long-felt want by publishing a spesul cycling number.

It takes a born jernalist like me to understand what the reeding public really wants, and to deeliver the goods akordingly.

Well, deer readers, I will now leev you to enjoy the wonderful feest of fun and fickshun which has been kompiled by the mity brane of

Yore Edditer

JIGGER JOTTINGS

By Bob Cherry.

NOTICE! The fellow who borrowed my bike the other day without permission, and brought it back in a punctured and battered condition, will likewise be battered and punctured as soon as I discover his identity.

Bolsover major's bike has gone into dock for alterations and repairs. Like its owner, it has a screw loose.

Cecil Reginald Temple has been busy tightening up the nuts on his machine. One of them gave him a lot of trouble, and he wrestled with the beastly thing for nearly an hour. Like himself, it was a frightful "nut."

The letters "C.T.C.," which frequently appear on signboards, do not necessarily stand for "Cyclists' Touring Club." They mean, "Coker, take care!" Many brave hearts have been mixed with spare parts, so beware, beware!

We understand that Tom Brown was unable to go for his usual Wednesday afternoon spin this week. Quelchly, by giving him five hundred lines, had put a spoke in his wheel.

SCENES AT ST. JIM'S.



No. 4.—
ST. JIM'S v. GREYFRIARS.

ANSERS TO KORRISPONDENTS!

By BILLY BUNTER.

GERALD R. (Golder's Green).—It was downrite cheeky of you to address yore letter "Sir W. G. Bunter, Inspector-General of Keyholes." I don't no what you meen. Do you infer that I peep threw, or lissen at, keyholes? If so, frend Gerald, let me tell you that you are kwite off-sighed.

"AN ADMIRER OF FAT PEOPLE" (Plumpton, Sussex).—The last time I was wayed, I terned the scale at 14 stoan. But these heat-waves we've been getting have melted me down konsiderably. I am but a shaddo of my former self.

R. V. P. (Basingstoke).—Why don't I ask Wingate for a plaice in the first eleven? Bekawse, like Wharton, he's eaten up with personal jellussy.

"WARRIOR" (Hampstead).—Afrade you've got things a bit mixed. It wasn't the Battle of Bunter's Hill that my uncle fort in. It was the Battle of Bunker's Hill. It was so called bekwase the enemy bunked at the site of my uncle's face.

"STRAIGHT LEFT" (Kennington).—Thanks for yore kind offer to become my Fighting Edditer, but the fakt is, I don't need one. I can fite my own battles, thanks.

ELSIE J. (Epsom).—Yes, I have heard of the Fat Boy of Peckham. But he's a skinny, skraggy, skellington kompared with me.

TEDDY G. (Bermondsey).—Sorry I karn't invite you to Bunter Court. I'm not a snobb, but titled people karn't mix with kommoners, you no. It isn't dun.

VERA AND MADGE W. (Barnstaple).—Thanks for the poem addressed to myself. You two are a fine pear. You nearly gave me an apple-plectic fit.

JACK D. (Glasgow).—Who is my favorite karrackter in litterature? Falstaff, of corse!

"DOUBTING THOMAS" (Dewsbury).—My famby tree has alreddy been published, and I'm not disposed to publish it agane for sinnicks like you to pick holes in.

PHYLIS M. (Nottingham).—No, I haven't lost my hart yet. I'm far too bizzy with my "Weekly" to think of falling in luv.

THE POPULAR.—No. 127.



By Val Mornington.

TUBBY MUFFIN stood gazing with longing eyes into the window of a cycle-shop in Latcham. All sorts of up-to-date models were displayed there, and Tubby would have given all his worldly wealth (which amounted to fourpence-halfpenny and a New Guinea postage-stamp) to possess one of those machines, complete with all modern accessories.

"If only I were rolling in riches, like that fellow Mornington," said Tubby, with a deep sigh, "I could pay my money and take my choice then! I've been wanting a bike for ages and ages!"

After pondering deeply for some time, Tubby Muffin rolled into the shop.

A man in overalls came forward, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, sir? What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

Tubby pointed to a brand-new "Raleigh" which stood close by.

"I want this bike," he said. "You might fix on a couple of lamps and a pump."

"Very good, sir!" said the man in overalls. "That'll be twenty-three pounds altogether!"

Tubby Muffin solemnly counted out the princely sum of fourpence and handed it to the man.

"What's this for?" demanded the astonished manager.

"Ahem! That—that's the first weekly instalment! I'll pay you fourpence a week regularly until I've cleared off the amount!"

"You—you cheeky young jackanapes!" roared the manager.

He hurled the four coppers at Tubby Muffin, and then dismissed that podgy youth from his presence with a well-planted kick. "Yarooooooh!"

With a wild yell of anguish, Tubby alighted on the pavement without.

After a time he scrambled to his feet, and rolled disconsolately away. Dusk was falling, and it would soon be locking-up time.

Tubby's dreams of possessing a brand-new bike had been rudely dispelled. He knew that his father would not advance him sufficient money to buy a bike; and it looked as if he would have to go bikeless, not only for the rest of the term, but till the end of time.

And then Tubby came to a sudden halt, and his meditations were cut short.

He was passing the wall which skirted a private orchard, the property of Sir Pompuss Powers a governor of Rookwood.

It was not the thought of raiding the orchard that caused Tubby to stop. He was not sufficiently athletic to clamber over the wall.

What made him pause was the sight of a green bicycle reposing against the wall—a glorious machine, admirably suited to Tubby's own requirements.

Tubby glanced around to see if he could discover the owner of the green bicycle. But there was no sign of life in the deserted lane.

For upwards of ten minutes Tubby waited for the owner of the bike to turn up. But no one came.

Tubby stroked his chin thoughtfully.

Here was an ownerless bike abandoned by the wayside. Surely he was justified in taking possession of it until the rightful owner turned up to claim it?

It would not be an act of theft. Far from it. It would be an act of kindness to the owner of the machine; for if the bike were left lying there it would probably be stolen by the next pedestrian who happened to come along.

Having eased his conscience in this way, Tubby Muffin took the bicycle. He mounted it with a fast-beating heart and rode rapidly away towards Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were standing in the school gateway when Tubby came in.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "Here's a conundrum for you, you fellows! When is a porpoise not a porpoise?"

"Give it up!" said Raby.

THE POPULAR.—No. 127.

"When he's awheel!"
"Ha—ha, ha!"
"Where did you pick up that bike, Tubby?" inquired Lovell.

"Bought it," was the prompt reply.
"My hat! Have you come into a fortune?"

"I'm a jolly sight richer than you fellows think," said Tubby. "Because I don't go round parading my wealth you always think I'm stony!"

"Look here, Tubby!" said Jimmy Silver seriously. "If you've borrowed that bike when the owner wasn't looking—to put it mildly—I should advise you to return it at once! Being a green bike, it can easily be identified!"

"Oh, really, Silver! You're practically accusing me of theft! I bought this bike in Latcham, I tell you! Gave twenty-three quid for her. Ripping machine, isn't she?"

"Didn't know you spoke of bikes in the feminine gender," said Newcome. "She certainly is a fine machine, but I doubt if she's your property!"

The rest of the fellows doubted it, too.

And they predicted stormy times ahead for Tubby Muffin.

During morning lessons next day the storm broke.

Bootles was taking us in latin, when a short, stout, red-faced merchant burst into the Form-room.

"Good-morning, Sir Pompuss!" said Bootles. "I trust I see you well?"

"If not, I'll lend you a microscope!" said Sir Pompuss, with crushing sarcasm. "I have not come here for formalities, sir! I wish to inform you that my private orchard was broken into last night by one of the young rascals at this school. I am visiting every Form-room in turn, in the hope of discovering the culprit!"

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Bootles. "Have you any clue, sir, as to the young rascal's identity?"

"Yes. One of my gamekeepers saw him from a distance. His features were indistinguishable; but he had a green bicycle, which he propped up against the wall whilst he helped himself to my fruit—my rare and refreshing fruit, sir!" said Sir Pompuss, becoming Parliamentary.

All eyes were turned towards Tubby Muffin.

Bootles looked up sharply.

"Why are you staring at Muffin in that way, my boys?" he demanded.

"He's got a green bicycle, sir," said Peele, who had no compunctions about sneaking.

"Ah," cried Sir Pompuss, "then I have run the rascal to earth sooner than I anticipated! Take him before Dr. Chisholm, Bootles, and see that he is soundly flogged for his pilfering!"

Tubby Muffin was on his feet. His knees were knocking together with alarm.

"Oh crumbs!" he gasped. "It—it's all a mistake, sir! I didn't raid your orchard—honour bright, sir!"

"Then how do you account for the fact

(Continued on foot of column 3.)

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(Continued on foot of column 3.)

THE BALLAD OF THE BIKE!

By Dick Penfold.

Bill Bunter was a Greyfriars chap
Of "credit" and renown.
He borrowed Bulstrode's brand-new bike
And turned her upside-down.

He closely scanned each screw and nut,
"A ripping bike—" quoth he.
"I'll take a nice long spin, and get
An appetite for tea."

He mounted; then he rode away,
Just like a streak of light.
"Come back!" roared Bulstrode savagely,
But Bill was out of sight.

Away he sped, o'er hill and dale,
At quite a reckless speed,
Past wood and coppice, moor and fen,
And many a flowery mead.

He then espied, some way ahead,
A hefty brewer's dray.
(The dray would not be there at all
If "Pussyfoot" held sway!)

Bill tried to jam his brakes on quick,
But they refused to act.
The brewer's dray, and Bulstrode's bike
Came into fierce contact.

A limp and podgy form was then
Borne off upon a stretcher.
But Bulstrode's battered bike was left,
For there was none to fetch her.

For many moons, our hero lay
Upon a bed of pain.
And when to Greyfriars he returned,
He got laid up again.

For Bulstrode, in a towering rage,
Hit out with all his might,
And incapacitated Bill
From thence till Sunday night.

We understand Bill holds strong views
Against the "right to strike."
And ne'er again will he set forth
On Bulstrode's borrowed bike.

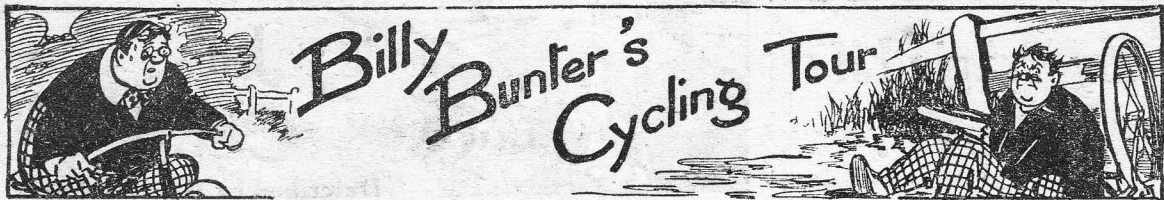
that a green bicycle is in your possession, Muffin!" asked Mr. Bootles sternly.

"I—I found it, sir! It was standing up against the wall of Sir Pompuss' orchard. The owner didn't seem to be anywhere about, so I thought I'd take charge of the bike until it was claimed."

For once in a way Tubby seemed to be telling the truth, and to his great relief his explanation was accepted. But he received a lecture from Bootles on the subject of picking up stray property, and the bike was taken away from him and sent to the police-station.

It was claimed the next day by the owner, and thus the orchard-raider was discovered. He proved to be a Latcham youth, and not a Rookwood fellow at all.

Sir Pompuss Powers addressed the culprit at some length with his hunting-crop. And Tubby Muffin could account himself fortunate that he did not receive a like fate!



Billy Bunter's Cycling Tour

A Short Tale that will keep the readers of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" laughing from beginning to end.
Told by DICK RUSSELL.

IT was the third day of the summer vac. Night had fallen, and in his sumptuous drawing-room—not at Bunter Court, but in a dull thoroughfare in London—Mr. Bunter, of the Stock Exchange, awaited the return of his son Billy. Sammy Bunter had retired to rest long since, and Billy had gone "up West" in order to "do" a theatre, as he expressed it.

It was getting on for midnight, and Mr. Bunter grew restless and uncomfortable. All sorts of uneasy thoughts passed through his mind.

"Why is William so late?" he kept repeating to himself. And he conjured up visions of startling newspaper headlines next morning:

"Porpoise Lost in London!"

or,

"Plump Schoolboy Obstructs a Motor-bus!"

Billy Bunter, however, was not lost. Neither had he got in the way of a motor-bus, and been admitted to Guy's Hospital. He arrived home shortly after midnight, breathless and excited.

"I say, pater! I've seen such a ripping revue! It was called 'Cheerio, Old Fruit!' and Freda Footlyte took the leading part. I couldn't get a seat in the pit, so I went into the dress circle."

Mr. Bunter frowned.

"This riotous extravagance, William, must cease forthwith," he said sternly. "You have only been home three days, yet you have spent a small fortune. You are eating me out of house and home; you are constantly visiting places of amusement; you are spending your substance in riotous living. As I say, this extravagance must cease forthwith."

"But you're rolling in quids, pater!" protested Billy. "You're making money hand over fist on the Stock Exchange, dabbling in bulls and bears and other queer animals!"

"I am not a millionaire, William," said Mr. Bunter drily. "I cannot allow you unlimited luxuries. Why, you will ruin me if you go on at this rate! I have been thinking the matter over whilst awaiting your return from the theatre, and I have decided to send you away to-morrow."

Billy Bunter gave a gasp.

"S-s-send me away, pater?" he stammered.

"Yes, I intend to send you on a solitary cycling tour."

"My hat!"

"I fail to see what your headgear has to do with it, William," said Mr. Bunter coldly.

"But—but I can't go on a biking tour without a bike—" protested Billy.

"You may borrow my own machine from the shed. It is rather an old-fashioned bicycle, having been invented when I was a boy. I have ridden some thousands of miles on it, and it is very dear to me; so I want you to take great care of the machine. You will be absent for exactly a week, and it should prove a very inexpensive tour. If I give you five pounds, in order that you may get meals and sleeping quarters, I think it will be ample."

"A tanner would be better," hinted Billy.

"Be silent!" snapped Mr. Bunter. "How dare you dictate to me in this manner? You are becoming a most unruly and ill-mannered boy. Go to bed at once, and prepare to start on your cycling tour first thing in the morning."

It was with mixed feelings that Billy Bunter went up to bed.

Although he professed to be fond of cycling, the exercise was far too strenuous to please him. And he wondered how he was going to rub along for a whole week on five pounds. The majority of fellows would have managed it comfortably; but

then the majority of fellows did not have Billy Bunter's voracious appetite.

After breakfast next morning Billy was sent packing. His father gave him a map, which showed the route to be taken. He also gave him a five-pound note and a very weather-beaten machine, which looked as if it had come out of the Ark with Noah. The handlebars were absurdly wide and high, and the front wheel was enormous.

Sammy Bunter saw his major off.

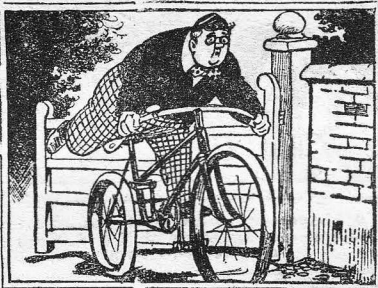
"I don't envy you, Billy!" he said, with a chuckle. "I expect that bike will be in bits before long—and so will you!"

"Rats! I can manage any sort of bike!" said Billy loftily. "If all else failed, I could make a handsome living as a trick-cyclist. I'm as much at home on a bike as on my feet."

So saying, Billy mounted his father's machine. He had to climb on to the gate in order to do so.

Then, with a yell of farewell to Sammy, he sped away at a reckless pace.

Fortunately, there was not much traffic



"I'm as much at home on a bike as on my feet." So saying, Billy Bunter climbed up the high gate and mounted his father's old fashioned machine.

about at the time, or Billy Bunter would have got mixed up with a tramcar or a motor-lorry.

On and on he sped, completely at the mercy of the machine, over which he had no control whatever.

He soon left the London suburbs behind, and found himself whizzing through the glorious scenery of Surrey.

The perspiration was streaming down his flabby cheeks, and he was clinging to the handlebars for dear life.

He badly wanted to dismount, but he dared not make the attempt. It was even harder to get off than to get on.

Bunter did dismount at last—not in a premeditated manner, but as the result of an accident.

He was whizzing down a steep hill, and he promptly jammed on the brake. Unfortunately it was the wrong brake, and the action caused Billy Bunter to turn a complete somersault over the handlebars. "Yarooooooh!"

There was a howl of anguish from the victim as he alighted in a prickly hedge.

It took Billy some moments to extricate himself, and to remove the thorns and briars from his flesh and clothing. Then he looked round for the bike. He found it lying in the ditch, bent and battered and scarcely recognisable.

"Oh, crums!" he ejaculated. "The pater will be awfully ratty about this! He simply worshipped this old creak of a bike. I suppose I'd better drag the wreckage along to the nearest repair shop."

It was now getting on for midday, and the sun was intensely hot.

Billy Bunter dragged the battered bicycle along the dusty road, shedding "spare parts" as he went.

At last he sank down exhausted by the wayside. He could not endure his burden any longer.

"I can't be handicapped any longer by this beastly grid! I'll leave it here."

Freed from his burden, Billy Bunter rolled on his way, arriving at length, faint, famished, and fatigued, at the quiet old town of Guildford.

Arrived here, he entered a bicycle-shop, in the window of which some brand-new machines were displayed.

"I want to buy a bike," he said to the assistant who came forward. "And can you fix a motor to it? It's such a beastly lag, pedalling."

Billy Bunter selected a machine to suit his peculiar build, then he chose an auto-wheel—one of those strange devices which transform a push-bicycle into a semi-motor-cycle.

"That will be twenty-five pounds altogether," said the assistant.

Billy Bunter rummaged in his pocket and produced a visiting-card bearing his father's name and address.

"The pater will foot the bill," he said loftily.

The assistant looked doubtful. He retired to an adjoining room to converse with the manager, who consulted the London Directory in order to make sure that such a person as Mr. Bunter actually existed. He was evidently satisfied, for he instructed the assistant to hand over the bicycle, complete with auto-wheel, to Billy Bunter, and to send in the account to Bunter's father.

Having secured his purchase, Billy Bunter adjourned to a restaurant in the High Street, and devoted one crowded hour of glorious life to feeding his inner man. On this occasion he paid the bill, but it made a big hole in his "iver."

Five minutes later Billy Bunter was speeding along the road once more, without any expenditure of effort or energy.

His next halt was at a small town in Hampshire, not many miles from Rookwood School. Here he selected a comfortable hotel, ate an enormous tea, and decided to stay the night. He received such excellent treatment that he was loth to leave. He remained at the hotel for three days, living like a fighting-cock, and waited on hand and foot by the obsequious staff.

When the time came for him to commence his homeward journey, Billy Bunter was handed a bill for eight pounds. The treatment he had received was not only excellent, but costly.

Once again he produced one of the paternal visiting-cards, and the proprietor of the hotel was obliged to forward the bill to Bunter's father for settlement.

At the end of that never-to-be-forgotten week, Billy Bunter arrived home. He found his father on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"William!" shouted the irate parent. "I cannot find words to express my anger and disgust at your outrageous conduct! I sent you on a cycling tour, thinking it would be an inexpensive holiday. Inexpensive, forsooth! I have received a bill for twenty-five pounds from a cycle manufacturer's at Guildford; I have also received an enormous bill for your hotel expenses! It is abominable! And where is my machine—the bicycle which I so dearly cherish?"

"Oh, crums! It—it fell to pieces, pater!" stammered the unfortunate Billy.

"You mean that you wantonly destroyed it! Come into the drawing-room, sir, and I will deal with you as you deserve!"

A round dozen with a hunting-crop was the price that Billy Bunter had to pay for his amazing cycling tour!

My Tragic Life History!

By A BICYCLE.

I WAS born—or rather, made—in the city of Coventry. I first saw the light of day through the windows of a large factory, in which I was immured with hundreds of my fellow-bikes.

I was a very good-looking chap, though I say it myself. I was made of all steel, and my sturdy frame was bright and sparkling—likewise my handlebars and spokes. I was fitted with splendid tyres; and, unlike many of my comrades, I boasted a front and rear lamp, and a steel pump.

I didn't remain long at Coventry. I was packed off to a cycle agent at Wayland, in Sussex. For many moons I stood in his window, the envy and admiration of passers-by. I was a constant source of attraction to fellows who wore the St. Jim's colours. Many of them would have loved to claim me; but my price was high. I was no cheap, second-hand, obsolete type of machine. I was a latest model.

So far, I had never been ridden. I had been brought by train from Coventry to Wayland, and had been treated with scant respect by the railway-porters, who had thrown me about as if I were a lump of old iron. I resented this indignity greatly, and told them so by several harsh clangs of my bell.

I remained in the window at Wayland for such a long time that it seemed as if I should never be sold.

Then, one glorious summer's day, in walked a young aristocrat in Etons. His eyes sparkled as he pointed to me.

"How much is that bike, deah boy?" he inquired of the manager.

"Twenty pounds, sir. She runs beautifully. I'm sure you'll fall in love with her, Master D'Arcy!"

I quivered all over as I awaited Master D'Arcy's reply.

Would he purchase me, or would he consider the price excessive?

Then I heard the rustle of notes, and a moment later I was taken out of the window and handed over to my purchaser.

The next year was one of the happiest of my life. I was given a delightful home in the bicycle-shed at St. Jim's; I was cleaned and overhauled regularly by my master's gentle hands. Often he took me out on glorious jaunts, and I felt that it was good to be alive.

I was in such excellent condition that I overtook nearly every other push-bicycle on the road. And the clear, musical tinkle of my bell became a familiar sound in the vicinity of St. Jim's.

After a time, however, I began to lose my good looks. I still had an imposing figure; but the enamel had come off me in several places, and I was troubled with thorns in my tyres.

One day, whilst I was leaning against the school wall, forsaken and neglected, my owner came up to me. He was accompanied by a fat boy named Wynn, whom I had often seen before, but who had never attempted to lay hands on my sacred person. And then I heard the words which spelt my death-warrant.

"Heah you are, Fatty! You can have her for fifteen bob!"

The fat boy seized me with rough eagerness, and wheeled me away.

I was broken-hearted.

A year before I had been worth twenty pounds. And now I was valued at the paltry sum of fifteen shillings!

The last straw came when Fatty Wynn attempted to mount me. His fourteen stone descended upon my saddle with such force that I completely collapsed!

Numerous efforts were made to revive me, but it was no use. I had broken down completely, and Fatty Wynn's only recourse was to sell me as scrap-iron, which he did next day.

Thus ended my tragic career as a bicycle. THE POPULAR.—No. 127.



The St. Jim's Cycling Race.

Described by Baggy Trimble.

EVER since I was a baby in arms I have taken a frantick interest in cycling races.

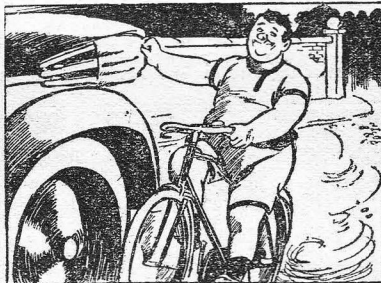
In those far-off days my pater used to ride a bone-shaker, and sumtimes he wood ballance me on the handle-bars and take me for a nice spin. Then moters became poplar, and my pater swopped his bone-shaker for a Ford car. I still dout weather he had the best of the bargain.

At the age of two I had a bike of my own, but I wasn't aloud to go very far on it, for fear of axcidents. You see, I was such a plump kid that my pater feared that the saddle mite give way beneath my wate.

After that I had a new bike on every berthday, and always contrived to smash it to peaces before the neckst berthday came round.

At the prezant time, however, I am an eggspert cyclist, and can ride anybody's bike without danger of braking either the masheen or my neck.

Their was a grate deel of larfter in the Skool House at St. Jim's when I entered



A hooge car swept past me, and I klutched at the back of it and hung on like grim deth.

myself as a candied date for the five-mile cycling race.

"Fansy Baggy kompeting!" said Tom Merry. "He'll make himself the larfing-stock of the skool! He karn't ride a bike for toffy!"

"Har, har, har!"

"And you," I retorted, "karn't ride a bike for kream karramells!"

Tom Merry chuckelled.

"You'll be in the ditch before you've gone a duzen yards," he said.

"And you'll be in the soop when you see me come in an easy first!" was my rejoinder.

"When!"

"I won't argew," I said, terning on my heal. "But you'll soon discover that I meen bizziness."

Well, deer reeders, the day of the race dorned, and I felt in grate spirrits.

I had been in strickt training for sum hours, having ridden as far as Rylcombe and back. I was satisfied that I should give all the cycling eggsperts of the School House a run for their munney.

We all gathered in the skool gateway with our bikes, and Mr. Railton fired the pistle.

Away we sped down the dusty road, amid an eggsted chorus of shouts from the speeked taters.

It was easy to see that Tom Merry was the favorite. But the favorite duzzent always win, as hoarse-starters know to there cost!

As for me, I started off at such a terrifick pace that you couldn't see rider or masheen for dust.

I was a long way in frunt of everybody else when I reached Wayland. But I realized that their were still three miles to go, and I was puffied out. I had biked myself to a standstill.

What was to be dun?

I dared not dismount and sit down by the roadside. If I did that, my rivals wood

never let me here the end of it. They wood larf and chaff at me for the rest of the term.

"Come what may, I must finish the course!" I muttered. "I mustn't give up the sponge!"

It was at this junckcher that I heard the humming of a naughty mobile.

A hooge car swept past me, and I klutched at the back of it and hung on like grim deth.

To my delite, the car prosceeded along the same roof which had been mapped out for the cyclists. It went threw Wayland, and then cut back towards St. Jim's by a by-road.

Still hanging on like grim deth, I was whizzed along at umpteen miles an hour. And it was not until the car drew near to St. Jim's that I let go, and completed the distance off my own bat.

Of course, I was easily the first man home. In fackt, Tom Merry, the second man, was two miles behind.

For a moment the feloes were too amazed to cheer. And then they gave vent to there feelings by rores of applaws.

"Bravo, Baggy!"

"Goodness knows how you did it, but you've won!"

My hand was seazed and shaken like a pump-handle. It was a rowsing, hole-hearted demonstration.

The Head was standing neer, and he patted me on the back.

"Well rowed, my boy!" he said. "Or perraps I should say, 'Well ridden!'"

"I understand that the first prize is five pounds, sir," I said. "I'll have it now—in cash, please, if you don't mind."

Before the Head could reply, a car swung into the skool gateway. Dr. Roberts, of Wayland, was at the wheel.

"Pardon me, Dockter Holmes," he said, "but I think it only rite to point out to you that this boy Trimble cheeted in the race."

"What!" eride the Head.

"He clung to the back of my car, and caused me to toe him over the course. I wood have stopped and told you this before, but I have just been to attend an urgent case of hooping-koff."

The Head looked grim.

"Am I to understand that Trimble is not entitled to the first prize?" he said.

"Most certainly he is not! The only thing he is entitled to is a good thrashing!"

The Head terned to me with an angry frown.

"You will go and await me in my studdy, Trimble!" he said.

I krawled away with a hart like lead. And a few minnits later, from the Head's studdy window, I had the mortification of seeing Tom Merry ride in at the skool gates. He was hailed as the winner of the grate race, whereas I, the reel winner, was doomed to a paneful ordeel.

Prezzantly the Head came in.

"Yore kondukt has been most unspors-manlike, Trimble!" he eggscclaimed. "If Dr. Roberts had not eggspained the serkumstances, you wood have secured the first prize by false pretenses. I will now deel with you as you deserve!"

So saying, the Head reached for a cane, and belabered me without mercy.

Sicks on each hand was the only reward I got for finishing first in the grate race!

THE END.

COMING SHORTLY!

MY
SPESHUL VERSE No.

W. G. B.

SUNKEN GOLD!

(Continued from page 8.)

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Salvage!

JOE CUTTS looked white and sick when he emerged from the forecastle in the morning. The big boatswain's ruddy colour was gone, and he had evidently not quite recovered from Wun Lung's little joke. But he had no suspicion of the little Chinese. His suspicions were directed against the captain. Captain Hobbs was on the bridge when the boatswain came up, and he hailed him.

"Got over it, Joe Cutts?" Cutts gave him a venomous look. "Ay, ay; I've got over it!" he said. "You'd better let the rum alone arter this."

"I'll let your rum alone, Captain Hobbs," said Joe Cutts.

The skipper burst into a roar. "Haw, haw, haw! Do you still think that you were pizened last night, Cutts?" "I know what I think!" growled the boatswain.

"It was the rum, you fool!" "I never tasted rum like that afore, skipper."

"Oh, you're a fool!" said Captain Hobbs.

And he turned away. Joe Cutts was in a very bad temper that morning, but he was less brutal to the stolen schoolboys than he had been the day before. A great deal of his energy was gone, and his cursing and rope's-ending fell off in consequence, and the juniors were very glad of it.

Not that they were not kept hard at work.

The men of the Pomerania did not seem to fancy labour themselves, but they were all willing to lend a hand in making the boys work.

Harry Wharton & Co. had certainly never worked as they did now as members of the crew of the tramp steamer.

But they were beginning to get used to it, and in the intervals of their labour they thought a great deal about the steamer and its destination, and about its mysterious voyage.

They had not discovered yet for what purpose Captain Hobbs had put to sea with that lazy and ill-conditioned crew. Certainly the steamer was not a trader. That there was some object in view was certain, and the juniors knew that it was connected with the "gold ingots" the boatswain had mentioned, but they could discover nothing further.

They observed that a good look-out was kept from the bridge, either the captain or the mate scanning the sea through the binoculars almost constantly.

And more than once the course of the Pomerania was altered to avoid some other vessel, resulting in loss of time.

In the afternoon watch the crew of the tramp-steamer began to show signs of some activity. They joined in scanning the sea, and they talked together in low tones, and more than once the juniors overheard the words "ingots" and "Red Earl."

They felt that they would know soon. When the crew of the Pomerania got to work the secret could no longer be kept.

The juniors knew well enough now the cause of the desertion of the six men at Pegg. It was evident that Captain Hobbs had had some decent sailormen among his crew, and that they had fled from the ship on learning upon what

errand she was engaged. The men who remained were a gang of rascals equal to anything.

"Coming to business now," Bob Cherry remarked to Harry Wharton in the afternoon watch.

Wharton nodded. The rascals of the Pomerania were getting busy now. A pump was rigged up on the deck, and a couple of diving-suits brought up from below. The juniors looked at them with great interest. It was clear that the Pomerania was to be engaged in diving operations, but where and why they did not yet know.

Captain Hobbs called to the boys. "You see them pumps?" he asked.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"You're goin' to work them pumps."

"Sprung a leak, sir?" asked Nugent.

The captain guffawed.

"No, you young fool! Them are air-pumps."

"Oh!"

"They're for pumping air to the divers," the captain explained. "You have to keep 'em goin'. You understand?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"You are going to send divers down?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Mind your own business!"

And that was all the satisfaction the juniors could get on that subject. They listened eagerly to the scraps of talk among the men.

The Pomerania had slackened speed now, and the work of the schoolboy stokers was lighter. Captain Hobbs was taking observations on the bridge.

There was a sudden hail from the look-out man in the bows.

"Land ahoy!"

There was a rush of the crew to look.

The juniors stared ahead, eager to see what land it was. Where the ship was they had no idea, excepting that it was still in the North Sea.

Over the curling waves ahead of the tramp steamer a bluff rock rose into view, rising more and more distinctly as the steamer churned on.

The faces of the ruffians of the Pomerania were very keen and eager now.

"That's the Anchor Rock, my lads," said the skipper—"that's it! And that white curl to starboard of it is the sunken reef, where the Red Earl went down."

"I guess so," said the mate; "and there's nobody on the spot, skipper."

The captain nodded with much satisfaction.

"Not a soul!" he said.

"I guess they don't know we're arter the ingots."

"Not yet."

"I guess we'll have time to lift them before there's a salvage ship here, sir."

"I guess so, Buck."

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances.

They knew the truth now.

The Pomerania was upon a salvage voyage, but she was not entitled to save the Red Earl.

It was an attempt to steal a valuable cargo before the regular salvage men could get to work upon the sunken ship.

It was all clear now.

Somewhere under the curling waves that broke on the Anchor Rock lay the hull of a ship, a victim of some storm on the North Sea.

A consignment of gold was a part of the Red Earl's cargo, and Captain Hobbs and his men were hurrying to the place to lay their thievish fingers upon it before it could be salvaged by the owners or the insurance company.

It was sheer robbery—robbery as bare-

faced as that of a highwayman on the King's highway.

No wonder Captain Hobbs had been enraged by the desertion of the men who would have no hand in his dishonesty, and had been glad to kidnap any hands he could for the work.

It was a question of time with the sea-thieves.

Ere long the salvage ship must arrive, and if the Pomerania were found there, arrest and imprisonment would be the lot of Captain Hobbs and his crew of rascals.

Their only chance was to get to the spot quickly and raise the sunken gold, and carry it off before the salvers arrived.

If they succeeded, it meant perhaps a fortune for every rascal on board the tramp steamer.

The juniors understood now that the tramp would not be likely to return to a British port. After such an audacious robbery, Captain Hobbs would head for a foreign harbour, where he would be able to dispose of his booty, and to escape discovery.

And what would happen to the juniors of Greyfriars then?

They would be landed in some distant foreign country. Indeed, for the sake of securing themselves, the rascals might maroon them in some lonely spot from whence there would be no escape. It was more than possible; it was quite likely. If Captain Hobbs succeeded in his lawless salvage, the juniors had a very unpleasant prospect to look forward to. And they had to lend a willing hand in the work which was to lead to that unpleasant result for themselves.

"We're in for it," said Bob Cherry, in a low voice; "but we may get a chance."

"By Jove, I'd scuttle this rotten old craft if I could rather than be taken away to a foreign port!"

"Yes, rather!"

"But just now we've got to toe the line," said Nugent. "Better make the rotters think we've knuckled under—they'll be less on their guard."

"Allee lightee!" murmured Wun Lung. "Beatee lascals in long lun! What you tinkee?"

"I wish I could be sure of that," said Johnny Bull. "They're too many for us."

"Me savvy."

"Hyer we are," said the skipper on the bridge; "and not a soul in sight on the sea, my lads. I guess this is a soft thing for us."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Bill Haddock.

"Let go the anchor!"

And the tramp steamer anchored within a biscuit's throw of the big rock on the calm and sunny sea.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Diving For Gold!

HARRY WHARTON stood silent and grim while the ship was brought to anchor, and the crew made their preparations for their thievish work.

But the juniors were not left long undisturbed.

The unpleasant voice of Joe Cutts was heard. The big boatswain seemed more himself again now. The famous "licker" was in his hand, and he was evidently in a temper to use it.

"Hands to the pump!" he called out.

The juniors looked at one another. They had no choice in the matter; their kidnappers were too many for them.

But to lend a hand in work which was open robbery went very much against the grain with the chums of the Greyfriars Remove.

"You 'ear me?" roared the boatswain.

Captain Hobbs shouted from the bridge:

"Set them 'ands to work at the pump, Joe Cutts!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Bill Haddock had donned the diving-dress, and he was already being lowered over the side. It was necessary for air to be pumped through the tube into the helmet of the diving-dress, when the diver descended below the surface of the sea.

The boatswain took a tighter grip on the rope's-end.

"Pump!" he said grimly.

Harry Wharton turned to the skipper. "You have no right to touch the cargo of the ship sunk there, Captain Hobbs," he said, in a clear and steady voice.

The skipper stared at him.

"By James! Are you gitting your ears up agin?" he roared.

"It is stealing!"

"What!"

"We want to have no hand in it," said Harry Wharton steadily. "We will work the pumps if we are forced to, but we protest against it, and we shall give evidence against you when you are taken up for this and brought to justice!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

The skipper seemed to choke with wrath for a moment. The seamen cast black and surly looks at the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

"Set 'em to work, Cutts!" spluttered the enraged skipper at last. "Make 'em pump! By James, I'll cut the skin off their backs if they give me any more jaw!"

Lash!

The rope's-end descended upon Harry Wharton's shoulders, still sore from the castigation of the previous day.

The junior swung round with blazing eyes and clenched fists.

Hicks and another man leaped at him at once, and he was borne to the deck.

The boatswain stood over him with flourishing rope.

"Now, then," he roared, "are you goin' to work or not, young shaver?"

"I will work," said Wharton quietly; "I've had my say."

"Then you'd better turn to!"

Wharton was permitted to rise, and without further words he took a hand at the pump.

The juniors did not demur again. They were at the mercy of the salvage stealers, and they had made their protest, and their consciences were clear. They worked at the air-pumps quietly, and there was no need of the rope's-end.

Bill Haddock disappeared over the side, and sank with his lead-loaded boots drawing him down into the calm waters.

The rope and the tube were paid out. The water closed over the huge diving-helmet, and the man disappeared.

The juniors pumped away steadily.

Bill Haddock was under water for some considerable time, but at last came the signal, and he was hauled up.

The diving-helmet was open, and his rough face was seen, with a grin of satisfaction upon it. The skipper eyed him eagerly.

"You've spotted it?"

"Right over the spot, sir!" said Haddock. "It's down there in fifteen fathoms. It will be easy as winkin' to get at the strong-room, but it will want axes."

"Good!"

The captain rapped out orders. Three of the men donned diving-dresses, and went down with Bill Haddock. All hands were now at the ropes and pumps. The juniors of Greyfriars had no respite. Even the engineer had come to lend a hand.

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Wharton glanced round the deck of the ship.

Four men were below the surface now, and on the ship there remained four more, including the boatswain, and there were in addition the captain, mate, and engineer, and themselves.

Four men, at least, must attend to the pumps, or it would mean death to the divers in the depths below them.

If the juniors chose this moment for a struggle, they would therefore have only three foes to encounter; and there were five of the juniors.

The thought came into their minds all at once, apparently, and they exchanged quick and eager glances.

But probably the skipper guessed what was passing in their minds. He drew the revolver he had threatened Cutts with the night before.

"You'll keep at them pumps, you yonkers!" he said. "You see this barker? If there's any hanky-panky, you get it, dead sure."

And the new-born hope of the school-boys died away. They knew that the scoundrel would shoot, rather than risk losing the plunder he had come so far to win; and against a deadly weapon they had no chance.

"No go!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Wharton nodded.

"Stick to it!" he said.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Sunken Gold!

BUBBLES rose to the surface of the sea beside the anchored steamer. Deep below, the axes of the divers were crashing upon the woodwork that protected the precious consignment.

The captain watched the water anxiously; and at times he turned his binoculars upon the horizon. It was evident that there was a strong fear upon him that at any moment the salvage ship might heave in sight, or one of the gun-boats patrolling the North Sea might come stealing by. If the work were interrupted now, it meant failure to the desperate venture—and the juniors wondered what it might mean to the men below the surface of the sea. Would their comrades stay for them if they were threatened with capture? But no steamer came in sight of the lonely rock. Once or twice, afar in the distance, a

white sail glanced on the sea, but that was all. The Red Earl had been driven out of her course by a fierce storm when she ran upon that lonely rock and sank, and the place was not in the regular route of steamers.

There was a signal from below, and the captain uttered an exclamation.

"Pull away!"

Joe Cutts and his men were ready. They dragged upon a rope passed over a windlass, and slowly up through the blue waters came the first of the plunder of the wrecked steamer.

It was an oblong case with metal corners, and as it swung in over the ship's side, and descended upon the deck, there was a heavy thud.

Captain Hobbs sprang towards it. He had an axe in his hand, and he hacked quickly and fiercely at the metal-bound case. But it was strong, and it required half a dozen heavy crashing blows to break it open.

And when it opened, there was a gleam of yellow.

"Gold!"

The exclamation came sharply from every man on deck, and they caught their breath. It was the glimmer of gold!

Captain Hobbs caught the heavy ingots in his hands, and held them up, his eyes gleaming, his face flushed with exultation.

"Gold!" he said. "Gold ingots! We've scored, boys!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Urray!"

"By James!" said Joe Cutts. "By James!"

"Pull away, you beasts!" said the captain.

Case after case was swung up from the depths of the blue waters.

The divers were busy below, and the men on deck were equally busy, and there was not a moment's respite for anybody. The Greyfriars juniors kept at the pumps. The work went on steadily, till the hardest of the ruffians was fatigued, but it hardly slackened.

Fatigued as they were, the sea-thieves seemed hardly to feel it, in their delight at capturing the unsalved gold of the Red Earl.

Case after case was piled on the deck. The juniors wondered what was the value represented by those cases of solid gold ingots.

Greed and savage eagerness were in every face now. For the moment the ruffians were thinking only of winning the gold which belonged to others. When the time came for division of the spoil, there would very probably be trouble.

The afternoon sun was sloping down in the west, towards the distant shores of old England, when the signal was given that the work below was finished.

Biggs, the engineer, went down to the engine-room, calling to Bob Cherry to follow him.

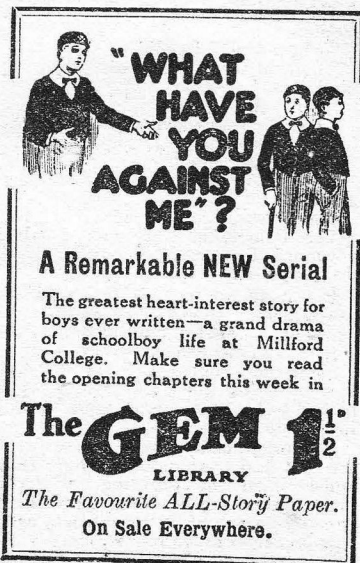
The other juniors were busy at the pumps. A black column of smoke soon rose from the funnel of the tramp steamer. The sea-thieves did not mean to linger upon the spot when their nefarious work was once done.

"It's a pity—a durned pity!" Wharton heard the captain remark to the mate. "There's a good valuable cargo down there, if we had the time for it!"

"I guess we've done well, skipper; we've got the yellow!"

"Ay, ay, that's so! It's a pity to leave the rest, but we daren't risk it! A gunboat now would ruin every-thing!"

"By gum! It would!"



"WHAT HAVE YOU AGAINST ME?"

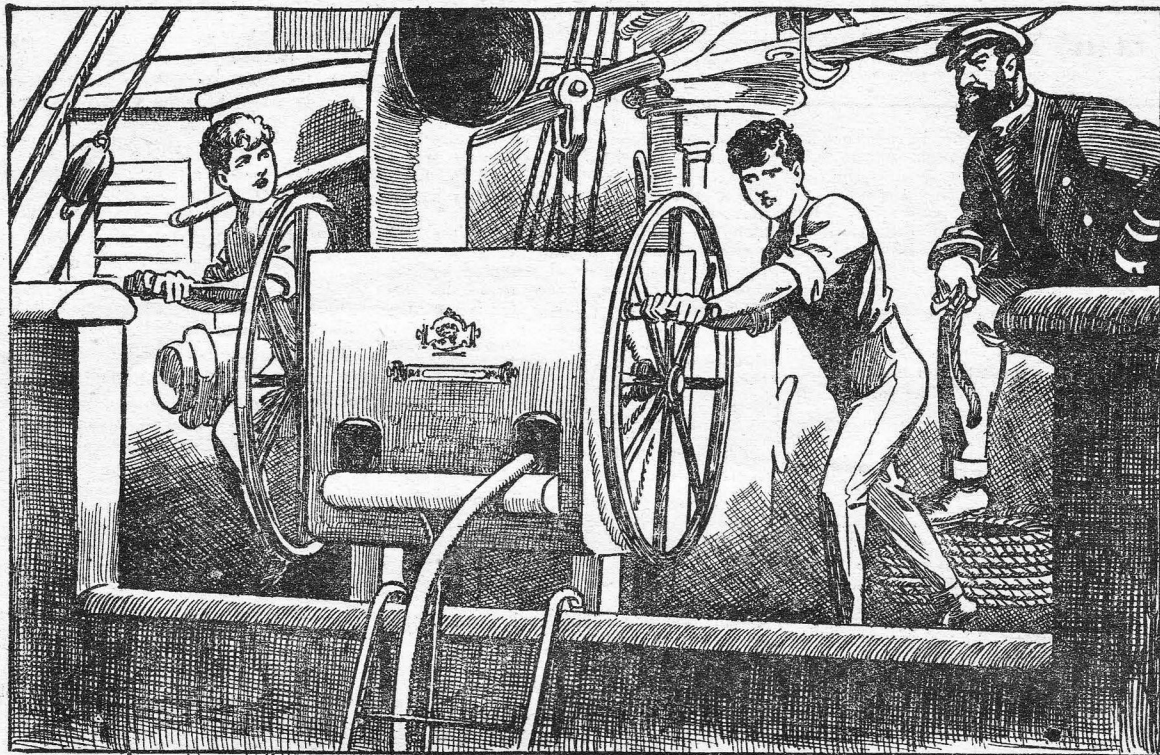
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"Now then, young shaver," growled the boatswain, flourishing the rope's end. "Get on with that pumping!" "I will work!" said Wharton. The juniors were at the mercy of the gold stealers and there was nothing to do but obey their commands. Harry Wharton caught hold of the other wheel and commenced to turn the air pumps. (See Chapter 4).

The divers were hauled in. The diving-dresses were taken off, and the pumps stacked away, and in a very short space of time only the cases of gold packed on the deck remained to show the work the lawless salvagers had been engaged in.

The crew were worn out with labour—unaccustomed to most of them. But there was no respite.

The moment the divers were on board the Greyfriars boys were ordered into the stokehold, where they were soon as black as negroes with shovelling coal.

The Pomerania began to move through the water.

Captain Hobbs had a very anxious expression on his face.

A blur of smoke showed against the sunset towards the coast, and it showed that a steamer was approaching, and the blur was getting larger and blacker.

The mate regarded it anxiously through the glasses.

"What do you make it, Buck?" asked the skipper.

The mate shook his head.

"Nothing yet, sir."

"Not a passenger steamer?"

"Oh, no!"

"A gunboat!" almost whispered the skipper.

"I guess it's possible!"

"By gum!"

The captain called to the weary ruffians.

"Get those cases stacked away below! Look lively there!"

Bill Haddock growled.

"We're wore out, skipper. Give us a rest."

And a growl from the rest of the ruffians backed him up. The skipper poured out a volley of savage oaths.

He raised his hand, and pointed to the blur of smoke in the west.

"Do you see that?" he roared.

The seamen looked.

"Wot is it?" growled Hicks.

"A steamer!"

"There's plenty o' steamers in this 'ere sea, skipper."

The skipper raved.

"It's a gunboat, you fools!"

"Gosh!"

"We've got to look as innercent as we can!" growled the skipper, whose face was pale under his tan. "Then they won't search us if they do—"

His hand jammed on the bridge telegraph.

"Full speed!" he roared.

The engines were throbbing loudly.

There was no more talk among the men of slacking. They carried the cases below one by one, with quick alertness. The danger of capture banished every other thought.

One by one the cases disappeared.

Captain Hobbs looked anxiously at the blur of smoke, now larger and larger to the view, and rolling in a cloud against the sunset.

Through his glasses he could now make out the ship.

"By James, it's a King's ship!" he muttered thickly. "There must be some suspicion abroad, Buck. Them scallywags who deserted at Pegg—"

The mate nodded, gritting his teeth.

"They've talked," he said.

"Must be that!"

"Or else the underwriters have got uneasy," said Buck; "though, if that's so, they might have seen about it sooner. No, I guess it's them curs at Pegg who's peached on the game."

The skipper clenched his hands.

"I wish I had 'em in front of my barker now," he said.

"No good wishin' that, skipper. My word! Listen to the engines! Biggs will crack them scrap-iron chunks if he piles on the speed like that!"

"Better that than Portland Prison."

"We can't beat a King's ship in speed, skipper."

"The night's coming on, and thank our luck there's no moon. We've got a good chance for a run."

Down below the Greyfriars juniors slaved at the stoking.

They understood.

The engineer's face was enough to tell them that there was danger. The furnaces roared, and the engines throbbled. The schoolboy stokers were aching with fatigue, grimy and foul with coal-dust, breathless with heat. But they worked on. But there came a time when they could work no more, and they sank under the task. The engineer yelled to the deck.

"Hands—hands for stoking!"

"Make them yonkers work!"

"They're dead beat!"

And the ruffians of the tramp steamer, much against their will, had to turn to at the stoking. Harry Wharton & Co. staggered on deck, black as sweeps, and sank down there, too exhausted to move, or sleep, or think.

Unfortunately for them, the King's ship failed to get up with the Pomerania before darkness set in, and the gunboat's sweeping searchlights showed everywhere save on the sea-thieves' vessel.

The chums of Greyfriars were still in the power of Captain Hobbs, and were to undergo more stirring adventures before they at last got away.

THE END.

Another magnificent story of Harry Wharton & Co. at sea will appear in next Friday's issue of the "Popular." By the way, have you seen this week's grand number of the "Magnet Library"? If not, get a copy to-day.

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IN HIS TRUE COLOURS!

(Continued from page 6.)

turned savagely as he heard the key grate in the lock. His hands were bound. He rose from a stool as the door opened, and Dr. Chisholm rustled in. Then he started, and his desperate face grew white as Captain Erroll strode in. His eyes gleamed like a hunted animal's as he backed away.

Captain Erroll strode to him, and scanned his face in grim silence. He spoke at last.

"James Stanton!" he said.

The cracksman shrugged his shoulders. "Gentleman Jim, at your service," he said.

"I have found you at last," said the captain, quietly. He turned to the Head. "Ten years ago, Dr. Chisholm, I was a young lieutenant, and this man—James Stanton—was in my regiment. He was discovered selling military information to a German agent, and it was I who exposed him. He fled, a ruined man, and a month later I received a letter from him. He had avenged himself by stealing my little son. He told me, in his letter, that the boy was to be placed in the hands of thieves to be brought up a thief. That was his revenge upon me. I sought him for years in vain—till I lost all hope, and went out to the colonies, giving up hope at last. And this is the man who brought that lad to the school?"

"This is the man!"

"It is enough!" said Captain Erroll. "James Stanton, I can almost forgive you now—now that I have found my son!"

"You have found him!" muttered the cracksman. "You have found him—but beware; you have not done with Gentleman Jim yet!"

The captain quitted him without replying. His face was bright—years of age seemed to have dropped away from him. It was the call of duty that had brought him home from a distant colony to fight for the old flag—and it was so that he had found his son! Erroll, in the Head's study, was waiting—when the captain came in. He held out his hand to the boy.

"My son!" he said softly.

Erroll stood, with catching breath.

"It was your own name that the scoundrel gave you, my boy, when he brought you here," said the captain, as he took the junior's hands. "Your own name! He believed that I had gone back to Honduras, and it was safe to use my name—it is by chance, or rather by Heaven's mercy, that I was still in England—and have found my son! My son!"

Only one word fell from Erroll's trembling lips!

"Father!"

It was a nine days' wonder at Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver & Co. rejoiced when they heard the news—and Mornington almost danced with satisfaction.

Only Peele of the Fourth looked glum.

Gentleman Jim was taken away by men in blue; and in the strong grip of the law he was not likely to give more trouble to the gallant soldier whom he had so cruelly wronged, or to the boy

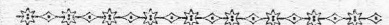
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who had suffered so much from his revengeful rascality. He was gone from Erroll's life.

Erroll of the Fourth, as even the nuts had to admit now, was not the son of a cracksman—he was the son of Captain Erroll the brave soldier to whom he had been so strangely restored. There was no more thought of his leaving Rookwood. The shadow of the past had been lifted—the future lay before him bright and sunny—the reward of the long struggle he had made for honour and right. And in his happiness he fully forgave those who had schemed against him—and, indeed, could afford to forgive Peele of the Fourth—for it was due to Peele's cunning scheme that he had, at last, found his father, and that from the shadows of the past he had come into the light at last.

THE END.

(In next week's issue of the POPULAR there will be another splendid long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled "Jimmy Silver's Enemy!" By Owen Conquest.)



POPULAR FAVOURITES!
No. 19.—
REGINALD TALBOT.



I think I am very safe in saying that Reginald Talbot is one of the most popular characters at St. Jim's, and a great favourite with the girl readers. He is a few months older than the other fellows in the Shell, and a somewhat quiet and reserved fellow.

Some people, looking at him, would say, "He has been through a hard time; it has made him a man before his time." They may be right, to a certain extent. A few years ago, before he entered St. Jim's, Talbot had a very hard life to live. Many of you know the history of his dark past, when he was a

member of a gang of cracksmen, and known as "the Toff."

He was very young then, and, having been brought up with such notorious characters and horrible surroundings, he did not know the difference between right and wrong. But as time passed, the horrible truth dawned upon him, and he shuddered at what he had been doing.

He left the old life, resolved to commence on the straight path, despite the black character he held in the eyes of the police. A little later he gained the King's Pardon through saving a troop train from disaster.

There are few fellows at St. Jim's who are not acquainted with Talbot's past, yet he is the most popular fellow in the school. Many respect him for his courageous, steadfast, and now honest nature, and a few hate him for it.

Gerald Crooke, his cousin, comes under the latter heading.

Between these two there has been a long feud, although it is a very one-sided affair. Crooke hates Talbot for many reasons, one being the close friendship between Colonel Lindon, their guardian, and the Shell fellow. Crooke has got it into his head that Talbot has "toaded up" to the old gentleman, in an attempt to get into the will, though that is all wrong. But on Talbot's side it is very different. He is quite prepared at any moment to be friends with his cousin. He bears no malice, although Crooke has many times tried to get him expelled from the school and into the black books of the colonel.

Many acquaintances of the olden days have turned up, like a bad penny, all doing their best to get Talbot to return to the old life, where he had been almost indispensable to them. Among these so-called friends was the Professor, or John Rivers, the head of the gang. He in particular proved a dangerous foe to Talbot, and long was the battle which raged between these two and the Professor's pretty daughter, who, through loyalty to her parent, stuck to John Rivers, hating herself all the time.

But there is an end to all things, good or bad. The fight finished, Talbot triumphed, and has the satisfaction of knowing himself responsible for the reformation of the Professor and his daughter. When the war broke out, John Rivers answered the country's call, distinguished himself on the field, and came back to take a post in Scotland Yard. Marie Rivers came to the school as a nurse in the sanatorium, and there she still is, looked upon as a fairy god-mother, and loved by all.

Now thoroughly reformed, and absolutely above suspicion, Talbot continues his career of success at St. Jim's, a great sportsman, a splendid scholar, and a friend to all.

Here is his signature:

Reginald Talbot

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 hears all about the new film he is to play in. Mr. Henderson explains the plot to the other actors.

(Now read on.)

His First Part!

YOUNG Phillip Hodson is playing with his miniature railway system, and as his constant companion he has a large black retriever dog, whom he calls 'Dandy.'

"This dog is the inseparable companion of the millionaire's son, and is also some medium of protection as well, for the dog adores his young master, and would allow no one to harm him whilst he were about."

"Very well, then," went on Mr. Henderson, "we now have the scene of the youngster playing in the grounds with his model railway, and the retriever faithfully at his side."

"The two detectives are not far off. They are seated upon a bench in the shade of a massive cedar-tree, reading newspapers."

"Suddenly, however, their attention, and that of young Phillip Hodson, is attracted by a humming noise overhead, and, glancing up, they all three perceive an immense aeroplane, travelling fairly low at a high rate of speed.

"The plane is about half a mile away, and flying at about a thousand feet."

"Suddenly, however, and without the slightest warning, the aeroplane zooms down in a swoop, and a long rope with a noose at the end comes curling out of the fuselage of the machine."

"The noose falls over the head and shoulders of the heir to millions. It is drawn tight, and the next instant the lad is whisked up off his feet, and the plane soars up into the air again, with the kicking, struggling, and frightened lad dangling at the end of the rope."

"The rope is gradually hauled in until those in the plane are able to drag the lad into the body of the machine, and it then disappears into the blue sky, and Phillip Hodson is kidnapped at last!"

"The two detectives, and even Dandy, the retriever, are left there helplessly gazing after the disappearing plane, utterly unable to move a finger to stop the kidnapping act which has taken place before their very eyes."

"Meanwhile, strange happenings are taking place in the aeroplane, which will be filmed from another machine flying alongside."

"Young Phillip Hodson is full of grit and spirit, and he fights like a young tiger with those who seek to kidnap him. He snatches up a heavy spanner and strikes one of his would-be kidnappers upon the head with it, felling him senseless. But all this time the machine has been flying steadily and rapidly away towards the open prairie, where it at length comes to earth."

"Here the gang have a shack, and young Phillip is hustled into it. It is here where he is to be kept prisoner whilst his father is mulcted of many thousands of dollars to regain his child."

"But an argument ensues between the chief of the gang, and the fellow whom Phillip struck with the spanner, and has since recovered consciousness. The latter is all for revenge upon Phillip, but the chief stands in his way. He will not have the boy harmed in any way."

"No!" he says. "He is merely going to be kept a prisoner until his father produces the cash we demand. I will not have him ill-treated!"

"The man who seeks his vengeance—the part of which will be played by Mr. Clive Foster," added Mr. Henderson, "is not satisfied with this, however, and in the dead of night he enters the shack where Phillip is sleeping, and, overpowering the lad, drags him and carries him towards the aeroplane, which is resting a little distance away upon the prairie."

"Here he ties the lad into the fuselage, and then, hastily starting up the engine, he sets the aeroplane into full flight. The machine soars up into the air, but the scoundrel has taken care to see that there is not sufficient petrol in the tank to carry it far before it must get out of control, since no one is piloting it, and must crash to earth."

"At any rate, that is the effect which we wish to give for the purpose of the picture. Actually, of course, Mr. Trafford here being the expert pilot that he now is, will not be so helpless as is suggested in the film."

"He will, of course, not be really drugged, for instance, and in tying Mr. Trafford in Mr. Foster must take great care to see that his feet are allowed to rest upon the rudder-bar, whilst at least one of his hands is free

to work the controls and hold the joy-stick, out of sight from the lens of the camera in the other aeroplane."

"He will thus be able to simulate the effect of an aeroplane getting out of control, and allow it to go into a spinning nose-dive to earth, and then pull it out of the spin, flattening out just before the ground is reached, and thus alight in safety."

"That roughly is the idea of the picture," concluded Mr. Henderson. "We shall, of course, substitute a dummy for the purpose of the real crash. And now," he added, turning to Dick Trafford, "do you think you will be able to carry out the part?"

Dick nodded his head with joy and confidence.

"Why, yes," he said. "It's quite easy so long as my legs are so tied in the machine that I can keep them on the rudder-bar, and one hand can work the controls."

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Henderson. "It ought to make a grand picture, and I propose trying it out this very afternoon if you are feeling up to it, Mr. Trafford."

"Oh, I'm all right!" answered Dick. "I'm game, as soon as you like."

"Very good!" returned Mr. Henderson. "Mr. Cowell will play the part of the aviator in the first instance where you are kidnapped, and I have had an expert lariat-thrower practising for the last week with Mr. Cowell, lassoing dummies from off the ground out of the same machine as we shall use in this picture."

"These dummies have been weighted so as to be the same weight as you, Trafford, and the lasso-thrower has become part perfect. I don't think we need have any fear of there being a hitch in this part of the performance."

"And now, Trafford, if you will go along with Mr. Beech, he will assist you in your make-up of the young boy. He has all the clothes all ready made to fit you."

"As soon as you are ready, please join us in the aerodrome."

Dick nodded, and straightway rising from his chair he left Mr. Henderson's office accompanied by his friend Mr. Samuel K. Beech, who was the producer of the company.

They were bound for the property-room to get Dick fixed up in the young boy's clothes he was to wear for the part.

The Filming of the Picture!

HALF an hour later Dick strolled into the massive aerodrome of Cinema City, and came towards Mr. Henderson, who was standing beside a large aeroplane, the propeller of which was already swinging and the engine roaring.

"Well!" exclaimed Dick, as he struck an amusing attitude in his child's clothes. "How do I look?"

"Splendid!" cried Mr. Henderson. "You've eclipsed yourself, Beech," he added, turning to the producer. "The make-up's simply perfect. And now," he went on, speaking once more to Dick, "I want you to come along and see the little model railway with which you are supposed to be playing when you are whisked up off your feet by the rope from the aeroplane."

Dick Trafford nodded, and, snapping his fingers for the retriever dog Dandy, who was also to play a part in the picture, he followed Mr. Henderson towards the centre of the aerodrome.

Here, as Mr. Henderson had said, a wonderfully complete model railway was laid out, such as one could only find in the garden of some millionaires.

Although the system was all in miniature, it was perfect in every detail, and the tiny coaches were large enough for Dick to sit astride and be pulled along by the real steam-engine, which was modelled upon one of those powerful locomotives used by the Canadian Pacific Railway, with a large funnel and huge cow-catcher ahead of it.

Although Dick was some years older than the boy he was supposed to represent, he could not help feeling a sudden thrill of pleasure as he gazed down upon the model railway system.

As a younger boy himself, he had been much the same as the lad he was impersonating, and had loved all forms of steam-engines—especially locomotives.

It was this love of railway-engines which had prompted him to learn how to drive a real locomotive upon one of his holidays from school—a fact which it will be remembered had enabled him to save all the people on the Petersfield express, and incidentally gain for himself the position he now held in the World-famed Cinema Company.

Mr. Henderson was quick to note the expression of keen pleasure in Dick's face.

"I believe you'd really like to play with it!" he said in bantering tone.

Dick coloured slightly. He was supposed to be a grown-up cinema actor now, and no longer a boy; but he had the natural love of an overgrown boy for anything of a mechanical nature.

"I'm afraid you're right," he said. "It's such a wonderful model, but we're not here to play," he added the next moment. "Let us get ahead with the picture."

"Good lad!" ejaculated Mr. Henderson, as he beamed with pleasure upon his protege. "You're the real stuff, my boy. Now, you get along down on your hands and knees and start to be apparently playing with the model track. Keep the dog well in the picture with you, whilst the operators get a few feet of that."

"Then," went on Mr. Henderson, "when you either see or hear the 'plane rushing down towards you, stand up so as to give the man with the lasso as good a chance as possible of dropping the noose over your head and shoulders."

"If you can so arrange for your arms to be over it—then so much the better. You might reach up with your arms at the critical moment, so that the rope can slip down over them, and then you can lower them again and get the rope caught under your armpits."

It would have a more secure hold upon you that way, and would accordingly be safer. You understand?"

Dick nodded. "Yes," he said, "I think I can manage it!"

"Good! Then we'll get right ahead." Mr. Henderson turned, and signalled for Cowell in the aeroplane to 'take off' with the expert lariat-thrower and a couple more men in the fuselage.

The two extra men would be useful to haul in the rope and drag Dick up into the body of the machine.

Cowell waved away the chocks from before the 'plane, and the next instant he was soaring up into the air.

Meanwhile, the operators on the ground were busily training their cameras upon Dick, and cranking to take the picture of him playing with the toy railway system.

"That's good!" cried Henderson through the megaphone he held in his hand. "That's splendid! Keep it up!"

Meanwhile, Cowell in the aeroplane was climbing to about a thousand feet, flying away and out from the aerodrome.

But now he was banking and turning round to make his way back to Dick.

Now he was barely half a mile from the spot upon the ground where Dick was still playing with the model railway system.

"Get ready!" cried Mr. Henderson. "Cowell's coming now. You are supposed to see it coming, remember. You would naturally hear the noise!"

Dick nodded, and, rising slowly to his feet, he raised both his arms and shaded his eyes with his hands.

This he thought would give the noose in the rope full opportunity of falling right over his arms and gripping him beneath the armpits.

The two men who played the part of the detectives also placed down the newspapers they had been pretending to read until that moment and also glanced up into the sky.

Now the giant 'plane was rushing down in a zooming stunt. It was now within a couple of hundred feet of the earth.

Suddenly a coil of rope came curling out of the fuselage, deftly thrown by the expert lariat-thrower in the machine.

Dick saw it coming, and braced himself for the shock of the noose being drawn tight about his body, and his being jerked up off his feet into the air.

"Z-z-z-zipp!"

The noose fell over his head and raised arms. The very next instant Dick lowered his arms and made to arrange the noose under his armpits, when Dandy, the retriever,

not quite understanding what was really happening, gave a leap towards Dick, and in so doing passed his head and front legs through the noose of the lasso.

A second later, before Dick had time to wave the dog aside, or the animal could withdraw, the noose grew tight, and the dog was securely roped to Dick.

The next instant both boy and dog were jerked up off their feet into the air.

"Hang it all!" cried Mr. Henderson. "It's spoilt the picture!"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Samuel Beech, the producer. "It will improve it, if only they can both be safely drawn up into the 'plane, and the rope will stand the strain of the extra weight!"

But would that rope stand the strain? That was the question!

What if the unexpected extra weight caused the rope to snap?

For the 'plane was now upon the upward curve of its zoom, and with every revolution of its huge, powerful propeller, Dick and the dog were being swung up higher and higher into the air.

Already they were five hundred feet above the ground.

If anything went wrong—if the noose in the end of the rope should slip owing to its double burden—nothing on earth could save them.

But Dick had not lost his head at this unexpected and unrehearsed incident.

He realised the danger, and in order to minimise it, he placed his strong, young arms about the black, furry body of the dog and hugged the animal to him.

At the same time he cried softly into the dog's ear to calm him.

The poor animal was terrified at the sudden whirl up into the air. He could not understand it, and was already starting to struggle violently, which increased the danger of both he and Dick slipping from out of the noose.

"Good boy!" cried Dick into the dog's ear. "Quiet, boy! It's all right!" And he tightened his clasp about the dog's body. "It's all right, old chap! I won't let you fall!"

It seemed almost as if the dog understood the words that Dick cried into his ear, for he ceased his struggling and looked up into Dick's face with his deep brown eyes; and to Dick it seemed that an expression of trust and understanding crept into them.

And those above in the aeroplane—the one from which Dick was swinging so perilously, and the second one in which sat a couple of camera men filming this part of the picture from the air—saw what had happened, and were anxious for the safety of the brave young lad at the end of the rope.

Those in the 'plane which had snatched Dick and the dog from the ground were losing no time hauling in the slack of the rope.

A miniature windlass had been installed in the machine for this express purpose, worked off the same petrol-engine which drove the 'plane through the air at eighty miles an hour.

This capstan was now rapidly revolving, and with every revolution Dick and the dog were drawn up nearer the aeroplane and to safety.

Dick felt the rope being drawn in, and he gave a sigh of relief.

The strain of the rope round his body, with the extra weight of the dog, was becoming almost unbearable, despite the fact that he was wearing thick, protective clothing beneath his child's make-up.

But the dog had nothing of this sort, and the cord was cutting cruelly and mercilessly into his skin.

Dick did his utmost to relieve what he could of this by slipping his hands under the rope and trying to hold it off from the dog, but this only meant that the rope cut into his hands with vicious force.

"Can I hang on until they can drag me into the machine?" was the terrible thought which came to Dick at this moment.

The strain and cut of the rope was becoming intolerable now.

Dick clenched his teeth in an effort to stop himself crying out with the pain and mental agony of it all.

It flashed through his mind that Mr. Henderson was right when he had said it was not "all toffee" working for the pictures.

It certainly was not!

Then another terror came to Dick. He felt his senses slipping from him.

The rope, as it was drawn, started to turn, and Dick and the dog were now spinning round like a teetotum, which caused the lad to become sick and giddy.

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He exerted every effort in his body to hold on to his senses.

He realised that if he once lost control of them he would no longer be able to hold on to the dog.

The animal—unable to help itself—would slip through the noose and go hurtling down to the ground, now nearly a thousand feet below, and, too, so might Dick if the noose did not draw tight immediately afterwards.

If he did not lose consciousness, he might be able to reach up and seize the rope above his head, and thus holding it, support his weight until the noose drew tight again.

But if he should lose consciousness, it seemed it must mean certain death.

True, he could loose his hold upon the dog now at once, and by sacrificing the life of the animal save his own, whilst he still had possession of his senses, but Dick could not bring himself to do this.

He loved all animals, and this dog in particular, and it gave him a cold shudder to think of that poor, helpless, dumb animal hurtling down to the ground to have every particle of breath and life crushed out of its inoffensive body when it struck the earth.

No, at all costs he must hold on to the dog, he decided.

Little did he realise as he made this praiseworthy and self-sacrificing decision that before long he would live to thank the moment when he tried to save the dog's life.

Before long the circumstances would be reversed, and it would be the retriever, Dandy, who would be responsible for the saving of Dick's life in return.

Dick made one last superhuman effort to hold on to the dog, and, glancing up above his head, sought to see how much more rope need be drawn in before those in the machine would be able to reach out, and, clasping him in their outstretched arms, draw him up into the safety of the fuselage of the machine.

Barely a dozen feet now remained to be drawn in, and Dick gave a sigh of relief; but then, as he did so, the strain became too much for him, and he felt his senses slowly slipping from him.

No effort upon his part seemed the slightest use to keep those senses with him.

Everything was going black and red alternately.

He knew that another moment and he would be hanging there unconscious in mid-air—and then what would happen?

"It's no good, Dandy!" cried Dick, in an agony of despair. "I can't stick it any longer! It's all up with me! Heaven help us!"

And then his voice trailed off into a whisper as his muscles relaxed, his chin fell forward upon his chest, and he became unconscious.

The Stunt that went Wrong!

AS Dick's body became limp and inert at the end of the swaying rope, those in the aeroplane above, into which he was gradually being hauled, were quick to realise what had happened.

"Good heavens!" gasped Cowell, who, it will be remembered, was piloting the machine. "He's fainted! Get busy, you fellows!" he added, as he switched off the engine for a moment, in order that the two men who were working the windlass might hear him above the roar of the engine. "Get busy, and haul in as quick as you can! Trafford's lost control of his senses! For Heaven's sake, be quick!"

Cowell switched on his engine again, and the two men, nodding their understanding, bent with a will to the windlass.

Dick had only been a dozen feet below the rapidly-flying machine when he had lost consciousness, and the windlass, which was quickly winding in the slack of the rope, soon brought his head and shoulders within the reach of the two men, whose duty it was to drag Dick into the fuselage of the flying-machine.

A moment later and their hands passed under his armpits, and he was lifted bodily—together with the dog "Dandy," who had caused all the trouble—into the body of the machine.

"Thank Heaven! You've got him safely!" breathed Cowell, in a tone of great relief. "You were only just in time!"

And he was true, for even as the two men had caught Dick in their grip, the noose

which had previously held Dick had begun to slip.

A couple more seconds and first he and then the dog would have slipped from its hold and gone hurtling down through the air to be dashed to death upon the earth beneath!

Dick was safe, and, realising this, Cowell immediately made preparations to descend.

It was hopeless to attempt to carry out the next part of the film as originally rehearsed—where Dick snatched up a spanner and struck one of the men in the machine upon the head with it, in the struggle which was to take place, and thus knock him senseless with it.

That portion of the picture would have to be filmed at some other time, when Dick had recovered.

In fact, it looked as if the whole of what they had done that afternoon would have to have a "retake," owing to the fact that the dog "Dandy" had spoiled the effect by jumping up at the critical moment when Dick had been whisked off his feet by the lasso!

However, there was only one thing for Cowell to do now, and that was to return to the ground; and so, banking round, he made for the private aerodrome of The World-Famed Cinema Co. at Brancaster.

At length he reached it, and, circling over it, he signalled that he intended to alight.

"What on earth's he up to?" exclaimed Mr. Henderson, as he and Samuel K. Beech, the producer, gazed up into the sky and saw Cowell's signal that he intended to descend. "Why don't they go on with the other part of the picture? Even though the first part was spoiled by that dog, there's no reason why they shouldn't carry on with the other part!"

"Perhaps something's gone wrong," suggested the producer.

"But what should have gone wrong?" exclaimed Eustace Henderson irritably.

He was, of course, unaware that the extra strain upon the rope cutting into Dick's body had caused him to lose consciousness and render him incapable of carrying out the next part of the programme.

(Another gripping instalment of this grand Cinema serial in next week's issue.)

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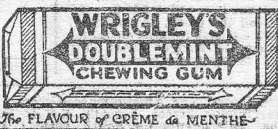
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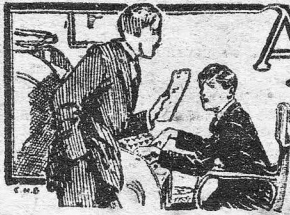
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For next Friday we have an extra grand number of the "Popular," in which we shall give two splendid complete stories, a magnificent supplement of four pages, a splendid instalment of our serial, and another chance for you to win one of our money prizes in "Poplets."

The first complete school story is entitled:

"THE SCHOOLBOYS' VICTORY!"

By Frank Richards.

As you know, our heroes of the Remove Form at Greyfriars have been at sea for the last two weeks, but in next week's story we learn how they gain a splendid victory over their enemies.

The story of Jimmy Silver & Co., complete in our next issue, is entitled:

"JIMMY SILVER'S ENEMY!"

By Owen Conquest.

Readers will enjoy this grand story, but, for obvious reasons, I cannot tell you anything about the story here. You will learn all about Jimmy Silver's enemy next Friday.

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY,"

as usual, will be packed full of fun and action, and its appearance next Friday will not by any means lower its very high reputation. Billy Bunter might be something of a fat ass, as Bob Cherry would say, but he certainly edits his "Weekly" very well—for Billy Bunter!

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 21.

Examples for this week's competition.
Sitting Down Gently. Bob Cherry's Hint.
Reading the "Magnet." Losing Cheerfully.
Very Disappointing. Comes Out Best.
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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.

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3. No correspondence may 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 30th.

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

RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 15.

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each have been awarded to the following readers, who have sent in the best efforts in the above competition:

A. Williams, 55, Hyde Street, South Shields.
Example—Figg's Long Legs.
"Poplet"—Carry a Good "Soul."

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

Japing the Moderns.
A "Modern" Classical Pastime.

Thomas G. Parry, 12, Timpron Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool.

Fishy's Grand Idea.
Getting Greenbacks from Greenhorns.

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

Figg's Long Legs.
An Advantage in "Long-Run."

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

Fishy's Grand Idea.
Wealthy Fellows Hear First.

A. F. Ramage, 11, King's Terrace, Nightingale Lane, Hornsey, N. 8.

The Early Riser.
Secures His "Popular."

Albert Lynch, 2, Deno Street Gardens, Dorking, Surrey.

Bunter's Daily Task.
Resembles the Dentist's—Extraction.

C. Bovingden, 66, Colville Road, South Acton, W. 8.

Figg's Long Legs.
Raise Smiles—Race Miles.

Ernie Smith, 4, Stafford Parade, Halifax, Yorks.

Forgetting One's Prep.
Oh, What a "Mourning!"

C. Fredericks, 521, Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol.

All Work.
Bunter "Twigs," Then "Leaves."

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There will be a simple competition for nice prizes, complete stories—one of which is about the now world-famous Stringer, the demon bowler—another fine instalment of the popular naval serial, and altogether you may feel sure that our grand, enlarged companion paper, the "Boys' Herald," is very much worth having.



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