

SPECIAL SUMMER SPORTS NUMBER OF "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY" **INSIDE!**

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New
Series.
No. 129.

Greyfriars

The POPULAR

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

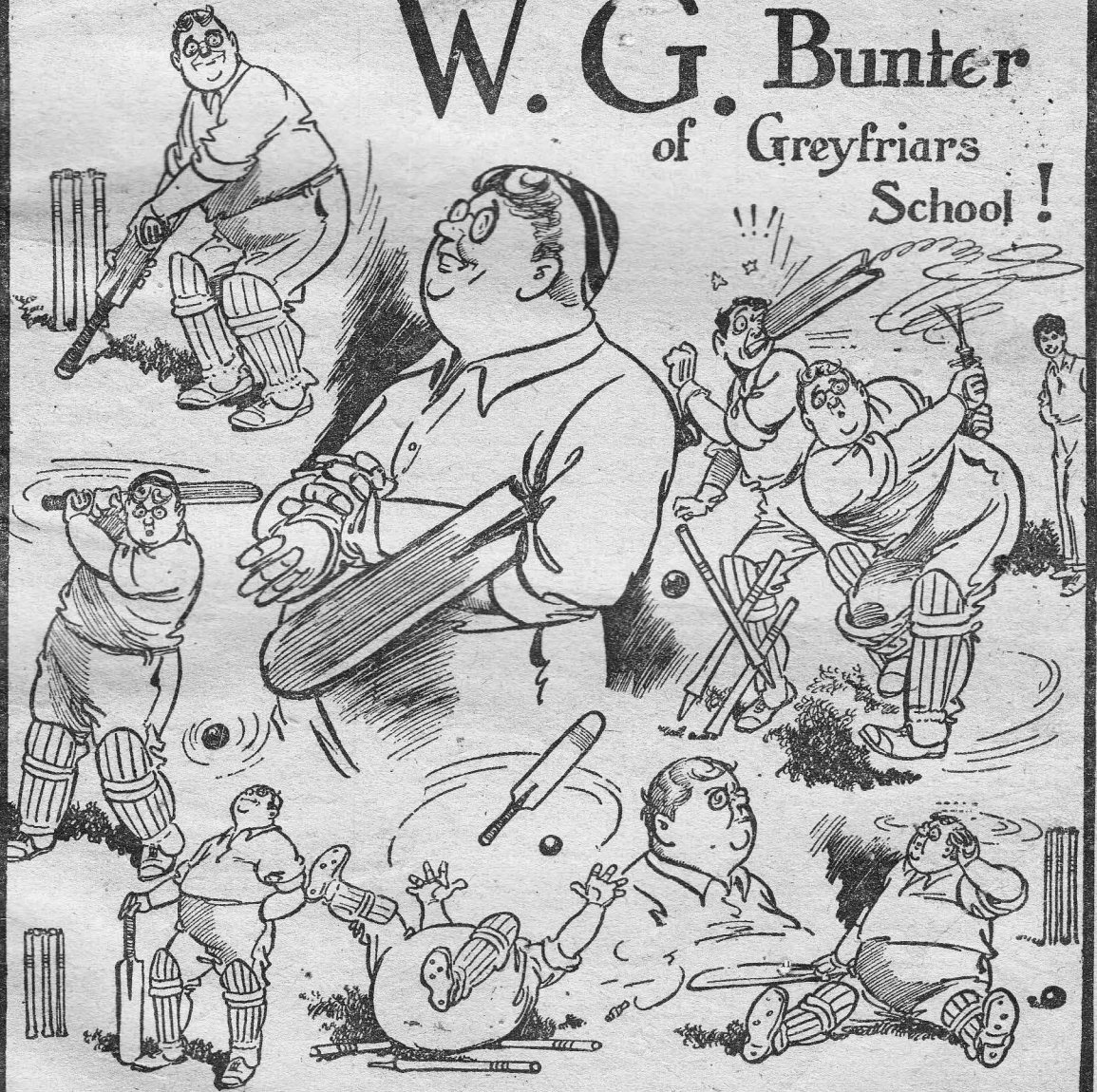
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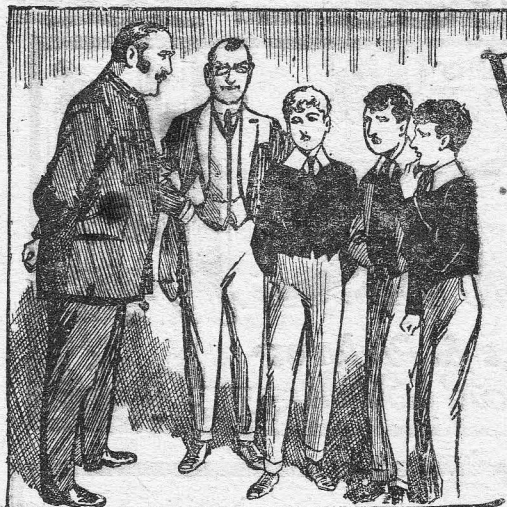
The Eminent

W. G. Bunter

of Greyfriars
School!



THE EDITOR OF OUR SUPPLEMENT "IN FORM!"



Who is the Thief?

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co's. Early Schooldays at Greyfriars. By Frank Richards.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Victims!

BOB CHERRY groaned. It was a rather unusual proceeding on the part of Bob Cherry. As a rule, he was more inclined to laugh than to grumble, and he generally took things as they came with great equanimity.

But just now his sunny face bore an expression of the most lugubrious kind. He rose from his seat at the table in Study No. 13, in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, and groaned.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, of the Remove, had just looked into the study, and their faces were as lugubrious as Bob Cherry's.

"It's time," said Wharton.

"Better go down," said Nugent.

Whereupon Bob Cherry groaned emphatically.

Wharton and Nugent might have called for him to accompany him on his way to execution, to judge by his expression.

"Time, Marky!" said Bob Cherry, turning a doleful look upon his study-mate, Mark Linley, the Lancashire lad.

Mark smiled, as he rose and closed his Xenophon.

"Buck up, Bob!" he said. "It will only last an hour, anyway."

Bob Cherry snorted.

"An hour on a half-holiday, and the best of the whole summer! What price the cricket?"

"We can go to the nets afterwards."

"Oh rats!"

"Yes, rats!" said Harry Wharton warmly. "An hour out of a half-holiday! It's rotten! If it was our own Form-master it wouldn't be so bad, but Capper—"

"Quelchy ought to have stood up for us!" said Nugent.

"Yes, rather!"

"He's left us to go like giddy sheep to the slaughter!" growled Bob Cherry. "I'm surprised at Quelchy! I'm disappointed in him! Yah!"

"Come on!" said Mark. "Better not be late!"

And the four juniors left the study.

They proceeded downstairs, falling in with several more Removites going the same way. All the Remove fellows were looking serious and solemn.

"Faith, and it's too bad intirely!" said Micky Desmond. "Sure, I've been thinking, couldn't we ask Capper to leave it till to-morrow, and give us the lecture instead of one of the lessons?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'm afraid that wouldn't work," he

said. "We've got to stand it. Of course, it's really very kind of Capper, in a way—"

Bob Cherry groaned deeply.

"People have been killed with kindness before now," he said. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! There goes three! Come on!"

And the juniors hurried down.

In the "Rag"—the big room on the ground floor that was used by the juniors for their meetings—quite a crowd was collecting. They all looked very solemn. Nearly all the Remove and the Upper Fourth were gathering there, but they did not seem to be preparing to enjoy themselves.

Temple, Dabney, & Co. of the Fourth looked as woebegone as the Removites. Generally, Removites and Fourth-Formers met with mutual chipping, but on the present occasion there was a bond of sympathy between them, as if they had met on the sad occasion of a funeral. Temple nodded lugubriously to Wharton & Co.

"Bit rotten, ain't it?" he said feelingly.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Better try to look a little more cheerful when Capper comes in," said Newland. "He won't take it as a compliment if we look like a blessed set of mutes!"

Temple growled.

"All very well for you. You're a giddy philatelist, and interested in rotten stamps. But what price us? We want to play cricket!"

"And we've got to look as if we like it!" said Bob Cherry, with a snort. "I call that insult added to injury!"

And the juniors groaned in chorus.

It was a lovely summer's afternoon, and a half-holiday. The cricket-field was simply calling out to the juniors, and the thought of the river was especially attractive to the rowing fellows in the Lower Forms.

But that was not to be!

Mr. Capper, master of the Upper Fourth, was an enthusiastic philatelist. He collected stamps, and he talked stamps, and he was popularly supposed to live merely for the sake of stamps.

Perhaps it was his pleasant little chats with Newland and Banthorpe on the all-absorbing subject that had made Mr. Capper fancy that an hour's lecture on the subject of philately would be keenly interesting to the juniors.

At all events, Mr. Capper had announced that he would give the lecture, and, at the same time, show his album to the juniors, and he never dreamed of

the spirit in which his kind offer was being received.

Of course, the fellows were not bound to attend the lecture. They had been asked. But the requests of Form-masters are very much like the invitations of Royalty—they are supposed to be complied with.

Probably only two fellows in all the Upper and Lower Fourth wanted to attend the lecture, but all of them felt that they must attend it.

It was timed for three o'clock in the Rag, and at that hour most of the victims had turned up.

But they were not joyful.

Even the news that Mr. Capper had a very rare stamp to show them—a stamp which was supposed to have only one fellow in the wide world—did not make them enthusiastic.

An 1856 One Cent British Guiana was no more to the average junior than the common or garden stamp bearing the effigy of his Majesty King George the Fifth, and sold at all post-offices for one penny.

Mr. Capper's stamp might be—and doubtless was—worth a fabulous sum, and might be a most remarkable thing for a Form-master to possess; but the juniors would rather have played cricket.

Which would have been quite incomprehensible to Mr. Capper.

Mr. Capper had shown that wonderful One Cent to several fellows interested in philately. Newland and Banthorpe, of the Remove, had almost wept over it. Gadsby, of the Shell, was said to have offered Mr. Capper five pounds for it.

This was taken by the fellows as a clear proof that Gadsby, of the Shell, was off his rocker. Newland, who knew as much about stamps as Bob Cherry knew about cricket, declared that the stamp was worth hundreds of pounds.

"Here he comes!"

But it was not Mr. Capper; it was Gadsby, of the Shell, who looked in. Gadsby glanced at the juniors and grinned.

"You fellows waiting for Capper?" he asked.

"Yes!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Something's gone wrong. I heard him yelling in his study as I passed," said Gadsby. "Hope you'll have a good time!"

And the Shell fellow whistled, and went on his way.

"He may have lost his album," said Bob Cherry, with a gleam of hope, "or some good Samaritan may have bunged it in the fire!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hark!"
 "Here he comes!"
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
 The door opened again. Mr. Capper, the master of the Upper Fourth, rushed in. He had a stamp album in his hands, and a wild expression on his face. His eyes were simply glaring, and his hair was untidy. He gasped for breath, and tried to speak, but could only stutter.

"Great Scott!"
 "What's the matter?"
 "The matterfulness is terrific!"
 The juniors gathered round Mr. Capper in great concern. Although he had "mucked up" their half-holiday, as they regarded it, they rather liked "old Capper." Apart from his hobby, he was a very kind Form-master, and popular.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked Harry Wharton. "Anything gone wrong?"

Mr. Capper stuttered spasmodically. "My stamp!"

"We're waiting to see it, sir," said Newland.

"M-m-m-my s-s-stamp!"

"Yes, sir. I've been telling the fellows about it," said Newland, in wonder.

"They're all—ahem!—very keen to see it, sir."

"Awfully keen!" groaned Bob Cherry.

"M-m-my s-s-stamp!" spluttered Mr. Capper, looking as if he were about to fall in a fit.

"Isn't it there, sir?"

"Gone!" shrieked Mr. Capper.

"What?"

"Gone! Stolen!"

"Great Scott!"

Mr. Capper waved his stamp album high in the air.

"Gone! My stamp! The British Guiana One Cent! Gone! The 1856 issue! Gone! Only two in existence, and this was one of them! Gone! Stolen!"

"Lost, stolen, or strayed!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Gone!" roared Mr. Capper. "Gone! Some unknown villain has purloined my stamp! Boys, I am sorry I shall not be able to give you the lecture now—"

The juniors tried to look sorry, too. There are times, as Nugent remarked afterwards, when hypocrisy seems to be almost a virtue.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Temple, with a really artistic look of dismay.

"Yes, I am sorry, but I am too upset; and it will be necessary for me to look for my stamp!" said poor Mr. Capper.

"Boys!" He tried to calm himself. He realised that at a moment like that calmness was necessary. "Boys, if any lad here has taken that stamp for a—a joke, I will forgive him if he will return it at once!"

There was silence.

Much as the juniors had been exasperated by Mr. Capper's incursion into their half-holiday, nobody had thought of interfering with his stamp album.

And it was well known that Mr. Capper would rather have lost a limb than his 1856 British Guiana One Cent.

"Boys," said Mr. Capper, hoping against hope, "I trust that this is only a joke—a foolish joke! I hope that my stamp will be restored. If any lad here has thoughtlessly removed it, let him give it back to me, and I will forgive him—I will thank him."

But there was no reply.

"Then," said Mr. Capper, with a haggard look, "I can only conclude that the stamp has been stolen—stolen for its value!"

"Was it worth anything, sir?" asked Billy Bunter.

"Worth anything!" shrieked Mr. Capper. "It was one of the only two in existence! It was worth a thousand

pounds! Oh, my stamp—my stamp! My 1856 British Guiana One Cent!"
 And with that wail Mr. Capper staggered out of the Rag.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Under Suspicion!

SILENCE fell upon the crowd of juniors in the Rag. That they were glad to be left off the lecture could not be denied. But they were really sorry for Mr. Capper; and they were troubled, too, by his declaration that the stamp had been stolen.

It was not pleasant to think that there was a thief in the school.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry, breaking the silence at last. "This is pretty rotten. What can have become of his stamp?"

"Stolen!" said Ogilvy. "What should anybody steal a rotten stamp for?"

"It was worth a hundred pounds," said Newland.

"Oh, rot,"

"But it was!" said Newland. "Rare stamps, fetch big sums. There was a Mauritius stamp once sold for fifteen hundred pounds."

"Phew!"

"The 1856 British Guiana One Cent is very rare," said Newland. "There is supposed to be only two in existence.

And Capper had one. He told me he got it from a relation who died some time ago, and it was the apple of his eye. It would certainly have fetched three or four hundred pounds in the market."

"Worth a burglar's while, I should say," remarked Bob Cherry. "Blessed if I knew old Capper was such a giddy millionaire! All the same, I don't believe anybody's stolen it. It must be a lark."

"If anybody's stolen it, it's somebody who wants it for his collection, I should say," remarked Bolsover, the bully of the Remove.

Newland turned red.

"If you mean that for me—" he began.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," drawled Bolsover. "This is what comes of letting blessed Sheenies into the school at—"

Bolsover did not get any farther.

Newland, the Sheeny, as Bolsover elegantly termed him, rushed right at the bully of the Remove, hitting out with his right.

Bolsover caught the blow on the point of his chin, and he went down on his back with a crash that shook the Rag from end to end.

Newland stood over him with blazing eyes.

"Good man!" chortled Cherry. "You asked for that, Bolsover. It was simply caddish to hint that Newland might have taken the stamp!"

"Yes, rather!"

Bolsover sat up dazedly.

"I—I'll smash him!" he gasped. "I'll squash the rotter! Let me get at him, that's all!"

And Bolsover major staggered to his feet.

"Hands off!" said Bob Cherry. "You'd no right to accuse Newland of—"

"Get aside!"

"Rats!"

"Let him come on!" said Newland grimly. "He's bigger than I am, but I'll stand up to him till I drop. Nobody shall call me a thief so long as I can hit!"

"Bravo!"

Bob Cherry shrugged his shoulders and stepped aside.

"You'll get hurt!" he said.

"I'm ready!"

Bolsover rushed at the Hebrew-junior

like a bull. Newland did not give way an inch. He met the attack with perfect coolness and perfect boxing. Bolsover staggered back as he caught the junior's right in his eye and his left on his nose.

"Good old Newland!"

"Go it!"

"Hurrah!"

Bolsover breathed deeply. He was more than a match for the slim, handsome Hebrew lad, and he knew it, if he did not lose his head. He came on again more carefully, and his big fists began to hammer upon Newland.

Newland put up a good fight, but he was driven back before the bully's onslaught, and Bolsover's crashing blows fell heavily upon his face and chest. The bully of the Remove was grinning savagely now.

"I'll smash you, you cad!" he said between his teeth.

The door of the Rag was thrown open. Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, looked in, with a frown upon his face.

"Stop that at once!" he exclaimed sharply.

The interruption came in good time for Newland. He was panting, and almost at the bully's mercy by this time. Bolsover dropped his hands unwillingly.

"What's this fighting about?" demanded Wingate angrily.

"I'm licking that Sheeny," said Bolsover sullenly. "He started it!"

"Did you strike the first blow, Newland?"

"Yes," said Newland quietly.

"Then you—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "Bolsover accused him of stealing old Capper's stamp! That was what he hit out for."

"Oh, that alters the case!" said the Greyfriars captain. "What reason had you to say anything of the kind, Bolsover?"

"Well, he collects stamps," said Bolsover rather lamely.

"So do I," said Wingate—"or, rather, I used to; and so do several other fellows. Is that all?"

"Well, I think very likely he took it!" growled Bolsover, feeling himself cornered.

Wingate's eyes gleamed.

"You think very likely he took it!" he exclaimed scornfully. "That's reason enough for you to call a decent fellow a thief, is it? You are a cad, Bolsover! You'll take five hundred lines for fighting in the House, and you'll stay in this afternoon and write them out!"

Bolsover gritted his teeth. But he had nothing to say. At a word, the Greyfriars captain would have licked him there and then.

Wingate turned contemptuously away from the bully of the Remove.

"You fellows are all wanted," he said to the crowd of juniors.

"Going to have the lecture, after all?" asked Bob Cherry, in dismay.

Wingate grinned.

"No. The school's to be assembled in Big Hall."

"Phew! What for?"

"The Head's going to inquire for the missing stamp."

"My hat!"

Wingate strode away. Remove and Upper Fourth followed him out.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
No Takers!

ALL Greyfriars had gathered in Big Hall.

Cricket and other occupations had been interrupted; fellows of all Forms had gathered from far and near.

All the fellows, from the head of the THE POPULAR.—No. 129.

Sixth down to the youngest fag, looked very serious.

The whole school recognised that the matter was a serious one.

A stamp of great value, whether it was worth hundreds of pounds or not, had been taken from Mr. Capper's stamp-album, and it had to be found.

If it was not found, it meant only one possible conclusion—that there was a thief in Greyfriars school who had taken it.

Fellows in the school who were addicted to philately looked extremely uncomfortable. They felt that some degree of suspicion rested upon them. What Bolsover had said in the Rag was in a good many minds.

Only fellows who collected stamps were likely to understand the great value of Mr. Capper's wonderful specimen. The other fellows knew little, and cared little, about it—indeed, some of them even now did not believe its value to be so great.

Three fellows, at least, were stamp collectors, and known to be very keen on the subject. They were Gadsby, of the Shell, and Newland and Banthorpe, of the Remove. Bolsover had already done his best to fasten suspicion upon Newland. Banthorpe, the new boy, was a quiet, timid little fellow, and most of the Removites regarded him with a kind of contemptuous liking. His one strong feeling of any kind seemed to be his keenness for stamps.

But that Banthorpe would have nerve enough to steal anything, even if he were dishonest enough, few fellows were inclined to believe. But Banthorpe, owing no doubt to his natural timidity, was looking quite crimson as he took his place with the Remove in Big Hall. Newland was looking very self-conscious, too. The thought that Bolsover's reckless accusation might have taken root in the minds of his Form-fellows was enough to disturb the junior.

Gadsby, of the Shell, seemed cool enough. He had cheerfully asked Hobson and Hoskins of his Form to search his pockets, apparently considering it rather a joke that he might be suspected of having stolen the stamp.

Gadsby passed the Removites as he came into Hall rather late, and nodded cheerfully to Newland and Banthorpe. "We'd better stand together," he said, with a grin. "We're under suspicion, you know!"

"Silence!" said Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, had entered by the upper door. Mr. Capper was with him, looking very white and worried. It was evident that the loss of his specimen weighed very much upon Mr. Capper's mind.

Dr. Locke turned very serious, too. It was an unpleasant matter to him, and in his heart he probably wished Mr. Capper's stamp album at the bottom of the sea, and perhaps Mr. Capper with it.

"Boys," said the Head, his deep voice sounding through the hall—"boys, you have been called together for a most unhappy and unwelcome cause. You have, doubtless, all heard by this time that Mr. Capper has lost a stamp from his collection."

There was a murmur of assent. "This stamp is a very valuable one," said the Head. "Mr. Capper assures me that it cannot possibly have been lost by accident. It was fastened down in his album, and the album was secured by a catch, and was kept in his desk in his study. Someone must have gone to his study and opened the desk and the album, and taken the stamp out. Now, I am unwilling—very unwilling indeed—to believe that any Greyfriars boy would have taken this valuable stamp with dis-

honest intent. I prefer to believe that it was taken as a joke—a foolish joke—to give Mr. Capper a fright. Such an absurd and unfeeling practical joke deserves the severest punishment. But in order to get the unpleasant matter cleared up the boy who has done it will be forgiven, and nothing more will be said upon the matter if he immediately restores the stamp to Mr. Capper."

The Head paused. There was deep silence in the hall. "I call upon the boy who removed Mr. Capper's stamp to stand forward and hand it back to Mr. Capper."

Silence! There was a stir in the crowded ranks of boys; but it was only a stir of uneasiness and excitement. No one left his place.

"Not good enough," murmured Gadsby. "No takers!"

And his comrades chuckled softly. "Are all the boys here, Mr. Prout?" asked Dr. Locke, turning to the Fifth Form-master.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Prout.

"Very well, boys. I have made an appeal to you, for the sake of the good name of the school. Full forgiveness awaits the boy who has played this foolish joke on Mr. Capper. I appeal to him to come forward."

No reply. "Otherwise," said the Head, his voice growing deeper, "as an article of very great value has been taken, it will be necessary to communicate with the police."

"The police!" A shiver ran through the crowded hall. "I see that you feel this as much as I do," said the Head. "The good name of Greyfriars, I hope, is dear to every boy here. Again I appeal to the thoughtless boy who has done this to come forward and set the matter at rest."

There was a long pause. But there was no answer to the Head's appeal, and a dark frown settled upon Dr. Locke's brow. His voice was sterner as he resumed.

"Very well. If my offer is not accepted, I can only conclude that the boy who has taken this stamp intends to keep it. In short, that he is a thief! That boy shall be sought out, and he will be expelled from Greyfriars immediately he is discovered. I shall send for a detective immediately!"

The Greyfriars fellows gasped a little. Gadsby, of the Shell, came forward. "May I speak, sir?" he asked.

The Head looked at him. "Certainly, Gadsby. What have you to say?"

"Under the circumstances, sir, most of the fellows seem to think that suspicion falls upon fellows who are stamp-collectors."

"That is unfair," said the Head. "I hope no boy will suspect any other boy until proof of some kind is forthcoming."

"But they do," said Gadsby. "And it's rather rotten for us who happen to be philatelists. May I suggest, sir, that all the stamp-collectors in the school should be searched, and their studies and boxes should be searched, too, before any other step is taken. If the stamp should be found, that's all right; and if it isn't, it will set us right with the school."

Dr. Locke nodded. "Quite so, Gadsby. It is a good suggestion. But the search must be carried out by an experienced and responsible person. I shall send for a police-

inspector from Courtfield, and ask him to make the search."

"Thank you, sir!"

The assembly broke up. There was no more to be said. It was pretty clear by this time that the stamp had not been taken for a "jape on old Capper." Whoever had taken it intended to keep it, at the risk of being found out, expelled from the school, and perhaps arrested for theft. Whoever he was, he was, as Bob Cherry remarked, a cool beggar—a very cool beggar indeed.

The Greyfriars fellows streamed out of the hall, and the Remove were free at last to get down to the cricket-field. But, keen cricketers as they were, they did not give much thought to the great summer game for the remainder of that afternoon. All Greyfriars, from fags to the Sixth, were thinking and talking of one thing only now—the mystery of the missing stamp.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Very Unsatisfactory!

INSPECTOR GRIMES arrived in due course from Courtfield.

The fellows saw him arrive, and quite a crowd gathered to see the search conducted. A great seriousness had fallen upon all the fellows. There was very little doubt in their minds that the stolen stamp would be found by the inspector, and they were anticipating a scene in Big Hall—of the delinquent, discovered and exposed, being expelled from the school by the headmaster. The stolen stamp was certain to be still within the house, and it was only a few hours since it had been taken, and a thorough search could hardly fail to discover it. Indeed, it was quite on the cards that when the inspector left Greyfriars he would take a prisoner with him on the charge of theft.

The public disgrace that would follow was almost as annoying to the fellows as to the Head. There were very few at Greyfriars who did not think of the good name of the old school. If the thief were discovered, and taken away, he would be followed by the scorn and contempt of every fellow in Greyfriars.

Inspector Grimes was shown first into Mr. Capper's study. The Fourth Form master was there, and with a most troubled expression upon his face. Mr. Capper, too, felt the unpleasantness of the coming disgrace, but he was determined at all costs to recover his stamp. He could hardly be blamed for that. It was almost a unique specimen, and its actual value was very large. Mr. Capper was not a rich man, and the rest of his collection was in proportion to his means; but that rare specimen had come to him by a stroke of good luck, and he had prized it very highly, and had refused many offers for it. Naturally, he was determined to move heaven and earth to restore it to its place in his collection.

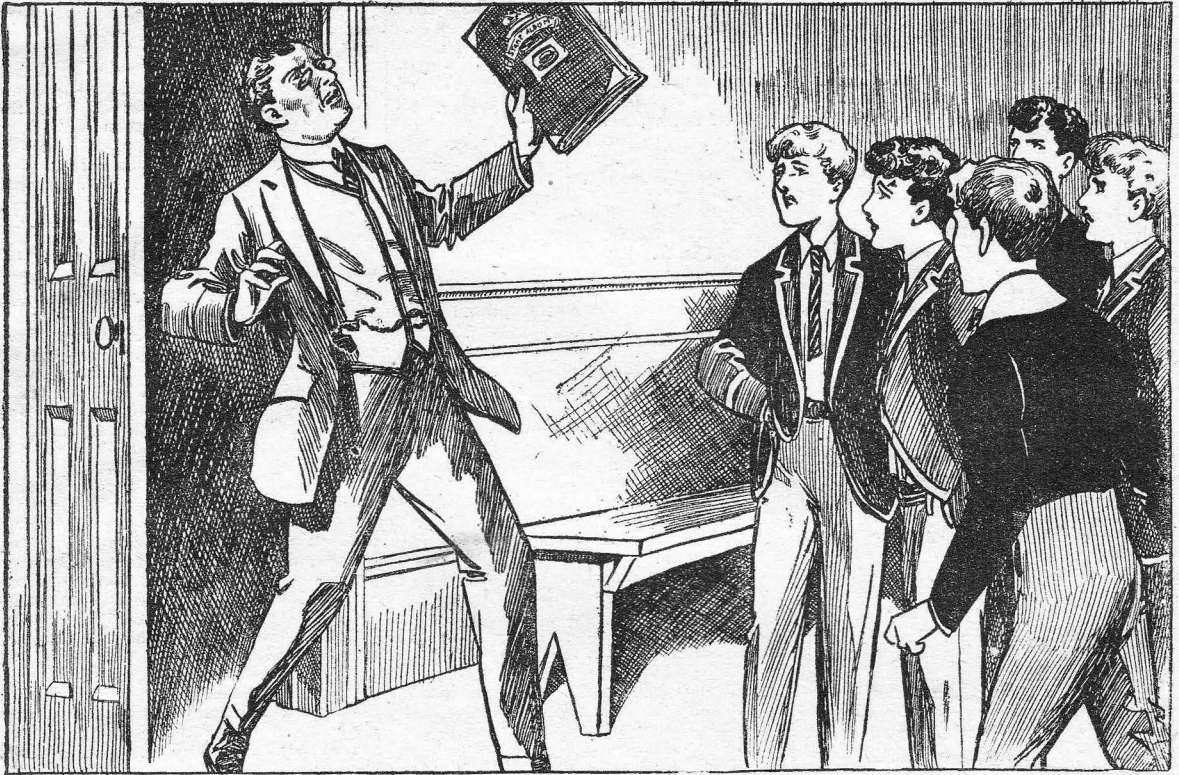
The inspector looked very serious and knowing as he listened to the explanation of the Fourth Form master. He shook his ponderous head solemnly, and produced a fat notebook, and moistened a stump of pencil. He was prepared to take copious notes, although whether that would lead to the recovery of the British Guiana One Cent was another matter.

"You had better give me all the details you can, sir," said the inspector. "The stamp was in this album, I take it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Capper, opening the album. "This is its place. The stamp was mounted on this page along with the rest of my British Guiana. You see that the mount has been snipped through—not torn off. I suppose the boy who did it used a penknife?"

The inspector nodded. "And when was the stamp taken?" he asked.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



Mr. Capper came dashing into the room. He had a stamp album in his hand, and a wild expression on his face. The juniors crowded round him. "What's the matter, sir?" asked Harry Wharton. "Matter?" roared Mr. Capper. "Why, my four hundred pound British Guiana stamp has been stolen!" (See chapter 1.)

"Not more than a few hours ago I was looking over my album just before dinner, as I had intended to give a lecture to the juniors on philately this afternoon, and I intended to show my album, and especially that rare specimen of the British Guiana One Cent 1856 issue." Mr. Capper lingered lovingly over these words, which, indeed, were enough to make a keen philatelist's mouth water. "After dinner I came up here to look up some notes of my lecture, and just before going down I glanced into the album as I took it out of my desk. Of course, I did not fancy anything might have happened to my stamp, but I looked in to see it. Imagine my feelings when I saw that it was gone!"

Inspector Grimes could not, as a matter of fact, imagine Mr. Capper's feelings at that moment, but he nodded sympathetically.

"The album was in your desk?" he asked.

"Yes—this desk."

"Desk locked?"

"No. I never keep it locked."

"Was the stamp valuable, sir?"

Mr. Capper stared at him.

"Was a stamp of the 1856 issue One Cent British Guiana valuable?" he repeated. "My dear sir, the value was incalculable!"

"To you, of course, sir; but the thief—what would it fetch in the market?" asked the inspector. "A pound, perhaps?"

"A pound!" shrieked Mr. Capper. "I have been offered four hundred pounds for it, and have refused!"

The inspector jumped.

"Oh!" he said. "Four hundred quid! Great Scott!"

"There is only one other specimen in existence!" said Mr. Capper.

"This is a serious matter, then, sir," said the inspector. "If the stamp was worth four hundred pounds, that alters

the case. How many people know that it was here?"

"Everybody in the school, I suppose," said Mr. Capper. "I have made no secret of possessing a British Guiana One Cent 1856 stamp. Naturally, I was proud of it. I have shown it already to several boys interested in stamp collecting."

"Did everyone know how valuable it was?"

"Well, no. But the stamp-collectors, of course, knew."

"Good!" said the inspector, moistening his pencil again. "Their names?"

Mr. Capper hesitated.

"It must be understood that I do not suspect them in the slightest degree," he said.

"Of course. But as they had seen the stamp, and knew how valuable it was, naturally they fall under suspicion first. Their names, please!"

"Newland and Banthorpe, of the Remove, and Gadsby, of the Shell."

The inspector made a note.

"Now, why do you suppose this stamp has been taken?" he asked.

"To add to a collection, of course."

"But then the collector would not dare to let it become known that he had such a stamp," the inspector remarked. "It would be known to be yours."

Mr. Capper shook his head.

"Not at all," he said. "There was an issue of the stamps, and others may survive in different parts of the world. A collector might come by one, as I did, for instance, in the collection of an aged relation who died and left his album to me. If such a stamp appeared in another collection, I might suspect it was mine, but I could not prove it."

"But that would not apply to a Greyfriars boy?"

"No," said Mr. Capper, with a sad smile. "But you are evidently not a philatelist, inspector. A keen philatelist

would be glad to have a unique specimen, even if he could not show it in public. It would be enough for him to possess it, and to gloat over it in private."

"Oh!" said the inspector, evidently under the impression that such conduct would be a plain proof of lunacy, but ready to take Mr. Capper's word for it. "I—I—see. You do not, then, think that the stamp has been taken to be sold?"

"It is quite possible. There are dishonest stamp-dealers, and they would give a great deal for such a wonderful specimen. If a dealer gave fifty or a hundred pounds for it, he could sell it again at an immense profit—perhaps in France or America."

"A chance for a keen young rascal to make a pot of money," the inspector remarked. "But it is not likely that a Greyfriars boy would be acquainted with a dishonest dealer, I suppose?"

"Well, no—it is extremely improbable."

"In that case, he would have taken the stamp for himself, to—enjoy it in secrecy?"

"I suppose so."

"Which makes it clear that it must have been a stamp-collecting boy."

"H'm! Yes. I must admit it."

"And the stamp was taken—"

"Between one o'clock and half-past two," said Mr. Capper.

"Your room was empty all that time?"

"Quite."

"Where were the boys?"

"From one to half-past they were in the dining-hall. After that, it is hardly possible to tell where they were."

"Then if a boy has taken the stamp, it was taken between half-past one and half-past two?"

"Exactly."

"Good! Will you send for the boys you have named? I will question them."

"Certainly."

Mr. Capper rang, and Trotter, the page, was sent for the three youthful philatelists of Greyfriars. They came in a few minutes. They had been expecting the summons.

They wore very different looks as they came in. Arthur Banthorpe was pale and frightened, and his colour came and went. The inspector's eye fastened upon him at once. If ever there were signs of guilt in a human face, they were in Arthur Banthorpe's. Montague Newland was calm and composed, but there was a frown on his brow. Only Cecil Gadsby was perfectly normal. He was very quiet, but very cool, and evidently not in the least put out.

Inspector Grimes singled out Banthorpe first with a stern eye.

"What is your name?" he asked.

Banthorpe turned crimson.

"B-a-a-Banthorpe, if you please," he stammered.

"Where were you between half-past one and half-past two this afternoon?"

Banthorpe tried to think.

"I—I don't remember," he muttered.

"You had better try to remember!" said the inspector sternly. "It may be a serious matter for you if you don't!"

"I—I was in the Close, sir, after dinner. After that I came into the Rag, to be ready for Mr. Capper's lecture in good time, sir."

"Anybody with you?"

"I talked to some of the fellows part of the time, sir."

"Were you in public view all the time?"

"No, no, no, sir!"

"Where were you, then?"

"Part of the time I—I was in the Head's garden, sir."

"In the Head's garden!" exclaimed Mr. Capper. "What were you doing there? You know very well, although you are a new boy, that juniors are not allowed in the Head's garden."

"I—I—I—"

"What were you doing in the Head's garden?" asked the inspector grimly.

"I—I went there, sir," stammered Banthorpe.

"What did you go there for?"

"I—I just went there, sir."

"Were you alone?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Did anybody see you go there?"

"I—I think not, sir."

"You went there secretly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you go there secretly?"

"Because I—I—I didn't take the stamp, sir!" exclaimed Banthorpe, turning a tearful face upon Mr. Capper. "I—I never thought of doing such a thing, sir, I assure you."

"I am sure of it," said Mr. Capper.

"How long were you in the Head's garden?" asked the inspector.

"About—about a quarter of an hour, sir."

"Until you came in to the lecture?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had you any special reason for spending that time in the Head's garden all by yourself?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"What was it?"

Banthorpe's lip trembled, but he did not reply.

"Answer the inspector, Banthorpe, my boy," said Mr. Capper kindly. "It is better to be quite frank. You will not be punished for trespassing in the Head's garden this time. I assure you on that point."

Banthorpe did not reply. He burst into tears instead.

Inspector Grimes turned a very significant look upon Mr. Capper.

"I don't think you will have to look

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much farther for the thief, sir," he said, in a low tone.

Mr. Capper looked very agitated.

"I cannot believe it," he said. "Banthorpe is a timid lad, and is frightened. It is very curious that he cannot explain himself better, but—but—"

Mr. Capper paused, discouraged very much by the inspector's grim expression, and, indeed, by wretched doubts that began to creep into his own mind. There was an uncomfortable silence in the study, broken only by little Banthorpe's sobs.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Banthorpe Cannot Explain!

GADSBY and Newland stood waiting. Inspector Grimes, with a last, expressive look at the sobbing fag, turned to the other two boys. He scanned the dark, handsome face of the Hebrew junior very closely.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Montague Newland, sir."

"Where were you between half-past one and half-past two to-day?"

"In my study, sir, looking over my stamp album."

"Anybody with you?"

"Yes, sir! Ogilvy shares my study, and he was there doing an imposition set him by Monsieur Charpentier, our French master."

"All the time?"

"He left the study to take in his impot only a few minutes before half-past two, sir. I remember hearing the half-hour chime, and Ogilvy must have heard it, too. He was in the French master's room by that time, I suppose."

"How long were you left to yourself?"

"Not more than five minutes."

"During that time you were quite alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was time enough to slip down here and take the stamp from Mr. Capper's desk, and escape before he came in at half-past two?"

Newland flushed.

"I dare say there was time, but it would have been very close," he said.

"You must not mind these questions, Master Newland," said the inspector kindly. "I am not hinting that you did take the stamp, but I am trying to make it clear who had the opportunity to take it."

"I understand, sir."

The inspector turned to Gadsby, who was able to prove that Hoskins had been with him. Then a search of the juniors' studies was made, but the stamp was not found.

Inspector Grimes looked somewhat baffled as he finished. He had fully expected to find the stamp in Banthorpe's quarters or in his belongings, but he had not done so. When the search was over, he repaired to the Head's study with Mr. Capper. Dr. Locke was waiting in uneasiness to hear the result of the search.

"Have you been successful?" he asked, as the inspector entered.

Inspector Grimes shook his head.

"I am sorry to say not, sir," he said.

"The young rascal has hidden the stamp well. But I have little doubt that he would produce it if proper pressure were brought to bear."

The Head started.

"You have fixed upon a person, then, in your mind?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; Master Banthorpe."

"Banthorpe! The new boy! You astonish me! He is a very timid little lad," said the Head. "I can hardly believe that it is possible."

The inspector drew himself up a little. "Banthorpe showed every sign of

guilty confusion, and burst into tears while I was questioning him, sir," he said.

"He is, as I said, a very timid lad, Mr. Grimes. He has been brought up somewhat harshly, I understand, and frequently blushes when spoken to."

"He has failed to account for how he spent the time during which the stamp must have been taken from Mr. Capper's desk."

"Ah, that is serious! I will send for Banthorpe!"

Arthur Banthorpe was sent for. He was pale, and trembling as he came into the Head's study. Dr. Locke looked at him searchingly.

"Do not be uneasy, Banthorpe," he said. "It appears that you have failed to satisfy the inspector in your answers to his questions. Will you tell me where you were between half-past one and half-past two this afternoon? Have no fear. Whatever you may have done it will be forgiven if you can satisfy us that you did not go to Mr. Capper's study and take the missing stamp."

"I—I have told the inspector, sir," faltered Banthorpe, showing signs of tears again. "I went into your garden, sir, for a quarter of an hour, and remained there until I came into the house to be ready for the lecture."

"Why did you do so, Banthorpe?" asked the Head kindly.

Banthorpe burst into tears.

"Come, Banthorpe!" said the Head, a little more sternly. "You must see that your conduct now lays you open to very grave suspicion. Why did you go into the garden?"

Banthorpe sobbed.

Dr. Locke frowned darkly.

"This is very strange," he said. "You may go, Banthorpe. I shall have to consider about this. I have a few words to say to the inspector, Mr. Capper."

Mr. Capper followed Banthorpe out of the study. The few words Dr. Locke had to say to the inspector may have been accompanied by some reward for the trouble the inspector had taken, for Mr. Grimes looked quite cheerful and satisfied as he emerged.

Mr. Capper returned to the Head's study after the inspector had gone. Dr. Locke was looking very worried.

"This is a terrible occurrence, Mr. Capper," said the Head. "I really wish you had taken more care of your valuable stamp, though I suppose it is useless to say that now. It looks decidedly black against Banthorpe."

The Head frowned thoughtfully.

"I was thinking of a detective, sir," Mr. Capper remarked. "You remember Dalton Hawke, the Schoolboy Detective, who cleared up the affair of the pick-pocket who took Coker's pocket-book? He is exactly what is wanted now—a boy who could mingle with the other boys as one of themselves, and detect the thief."

"His father, Inspector Hawke, of Scotland Yard, has told me that the lad is an adept at disguises, and it is possible that he might be able to come to Greyfriars under another name, and be unknown to the boys while he is making his investigations."

"I shall communicate with Inspector Hawke upon the subject," said the Head. Mr. Capper's face brightened up.

"That would be splendid, sir!" he exclaimed. "I have every faith in him—if he could come and the other boys did not know that he was a detective. But—"

"We shall see," said the Head. "It appears to me to be the only chance of recovering the stolen stamp."

And they did see!

THE END.

SAVED BY HIS CHUM!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Morny's Chum!

ERROLL of the Fourth joined Jimmy Silver as the juniors came out after morning lessons.

Jimmy gave him a cheery nod.

It was a sunny summer's day, and Jimmy Silver's face, always cheerful, was beaming with contentment.

"Ripping weather!" he remarked. "I hope it will be like this when the Greyfriars team comes over on Saturday."

"I hope so," assented Erroll. He hesitated a moment or two. "Do you mind if—I speak to you about—?" He broke off.

"Go ahead!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're playing on Saturday, of course. We couldn't leave you out."

"You've made up the team?"
"Well, it's pretty well settled," said Jimmy Silver. "Raby's crooked his wrist, and he may have to stand out."

"Of course, I'm not going to give you advice about making up the team—"

"You can if you like," said the captain of the Fourth, laughing. "I get no end of advice about it, and a little more won't hurt."

"I was thinking of Mornington."
"Oh, Mornington!" said Jimmy Silver, frowning a little.

"He's a good bowler, Jimmy. The eleven isn't too strong in bowlers."

"I know that," assented Jimmy Silver, wrinkling his brows a little. "But Morny is out of the question. He never will toe the line on a playing field. There can't be two skippers to a team, you know."

"Well, I won't say any more," said Erroll. "You're skipper, Jimmy."

Jimmy wrinkled his brows.

"Of course, I want to be fair to Morny," he said. "I dare say he can't help being a blackguard in some ways. If he did his best, he would be very useful in the cricket. Look here, I'll tell him to come down to practice, and see how he turns out, if you like."

"Good!" said Erroll.
Jimmy's chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, came out of the School House with bats under their arms.

"Come on, Jimmy!" called out Lovell.
"Wait a minute. I'm going to speak to Mornington."

"Oh, bother Mornington! Come along!"

"Yes, come on," said Raby. "I've got your bat, Jimmy. Blow Morny!"

"I'll follow you," said Jimmy.

"Oh, rats!" said the Co. together, and they walked away to the cricket-ground.

Jimmy Silver smiled, and crossed over to Mornington, who was chatting under the beeches with Peele and Gower and Townsend, and Lattrey, the new junior in the Classical Fourth.

"Coming along to the cricket, Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver.

The nuts looked at him.
"Cricket!" yawned Townsend. "What a fag—in this weather, too!"

"Horrid bore!" remarked Peele.

"Rotten waste of time!" sneered Lattrey. "You're not going, Morny?"

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he said. "I was thinkin' of goin' down to the nets, in any case. What's the good of slackin' about?"

"Hear, hear!" said Jimmy. "Come on!"

Mornington gave his companions a cool nod, and joined Jimmy Silver and Erroll, and walked away with them.

The nuts looked rather blank.

"That's just like Morny!" said Townsend viciously. "No dependin' on the chap."

Lattrey closed his lips.

"It's Erroll," he said. "I haven't been here long, but I've noticed that Erroll's got a lot of influence over Morny. He's always trying to keep the peace between him and Jimmy Silver."

"Can't be helped!"
"It might be helped," remarked Lattrey thoughtfully.

And he walked away, his hands in his pockets, and a wrinkle of thought on his brow.

It was a little problem for the cad of the Fourth to think out.

Morny's intimacy with Erroll was exasperating to all the nuts, but Townsend & Co. contented themselves with sneering and shrugging their shoulders. But Lattrey was considering whether he could not put a spoke in the wheel. Morny, under good influence, was not the Morny he wanted to know.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Tubby Muffin Knows Too Much!

JIMMY SILVER kept his eyes on Mornington on Little Side.

The dandy of the Fourth was throwing himself into the cricket practice with great keenness and zest.

There was no doubt that Morny, when he liked, was a first-rate cricketer, and on his best days he was a bowler very nearly equal to Jimmy himself.

The Rookwood Junior Eleven was weakest in bowlers, and Jimmy Silver would have thought of Morny before as a possible recruit if only his form had to be considered. But Morny was a little too intractable.

He had a passionate and unreasonable temper, and he regarded the game as being centred round himself. And if he cut up rusty during a match—as he was quite likely to do—there was no telling what his actions might be. He was as likely to play into the hands of the enemy as not.

But the captain of the Fourth admitted to himself that there had been something of a change in Mornington of late, and he wondered whether he might not, after all, give him a chance.

As the Fistical Four left the ground after practice, Jimmy discussed that point with his chums.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were dubious.

"He's had a chance before, and he wanted to run the team," said Lovell. "It would only be the same story over again. But do as you think best, Jimmy. The giddy leopard may have changed his spots."

"I'll see how he sticks to practice during the week, and decide later," said Jimmy. "If he means business, he ought to have a show, and we may as well let bygones be bygones."

The Fistical Four were entering the School House as Jimmy made that remark, and they passed Lattrey in the doorway. The cad of the Fourth looked after them with a sarcastic smile.

"Morny in the Eleven!" he murmured. "I fancy that won't quite suit me, my estimable Jimmy! I fancy it won't come to pass if I can help it!"

Lattrey joined Mornington as he came in, with his bat under his arm, looking unusually ruddy and good-humoured. Erroll was with him, also looking extremely cheery.

"Enjoyed yourself?" asked Lattrey, with a suppressed sneer.

"Oh, rippin'!" said Mornington.

"I noticed your bowling—it was topping," said Lattrey. "I didn't know you were so keen on cricket."

"I don't know that I am!" yawned Mornington. "It's one way of killin' time, that's all."

"I suppose you'll be playing on Saturday?"

"I don't know."

"Silver can hardly leave you out of the eleven, I suppose. I hear that the Greyfriars match will be a pretty tough tussle."

"Silver will please himself," said Mornington, with a satirical curl to his lip. "Silver is a little tin god, and all we common mortals have to do is to bow down and adore."

Lattrey laughed.

"I can't quite fancy you in that role, Morny," he said. "Coming up to the study? Peele and Gower are waiting."

"Right-ho!"

Mornington nodded to Erroll, and followed Lattrey up the big staircase. Tea was ready in Study No. 4. Morny pitched his bat into a corner.

"By gad, I'm hungry!" he remarked. "Same old workhouse fare!"

As a matter of fact, Morny's study was much better provided than most of the junior studies. In all articles of diet the dandy of the Fourth expended his money freely. And Peele and Gower did very well in that line out of their wealthy study-mate.

"Now, about Saturday," said Lattrey, as they sat down to tea. "We're getting up a little party for Saturday afternoon, Morny."

"Hope you'll enjoy it," said Mornington. "Pass the sugar."

"You don't want to come on Saturday?" asked Lattrey.

"What's on?"

"We're going to the Ship," said Gower. "Rather a merry afternoon, I think. But it will be spoiled if you don't come, Morny."

"Thanks."

"Oh, we shall have a good time," said Lattrey. "There's going to be some sporting fellows there, and there'll be a little game—and a decent feed—and champagne. We're all standing our whack. But if you'd rather play cricket, of course—"

"I don't know that I would," said Mornington. "If Jimmy Silver asks me to play for Rookwood, of course—"

"He's not likely to," said Gower.

"I don't know."

"Dash it all, you can't leave Saturday open, in case his lordship chooses to ask you to play," said Lattrey warmly. "Let him ask you now if he wants you."

"Well, yes. But—"

"I'll tell you what. We shall have to make the arrangements in advance for the affair on Saturday. If you're booked, we'll leave it to the following Saturday. Only let us know."

"Yes, you can do that, Morny!" chimed in Peele.

Mornington nodded.

"All serene! I'll speak to Jimmy Silver about it. Erroll thinks he may want me, but I don't see why he can't make up his mind. Dash it all, I'm not hangin' up on a nail for Jimmy Silver to take me down when he pleases."

"I should jolly well say not!"

"It will be rippin' at the Ship," went on Lattrey. "A real gay time—we haven't seen much gay times lately. I think—"

He broke off, and rose quickly to his feet, his teeth snapping together.

"What's the row?" asked Mornington in surprise.

Lattrey did not answer. He stepped quickly and quietly to the door, and threw it suddenly open.

There was a gasp, and Tubby Muffin of the Fourth almost fell into the room.

Lattrey grasped him by the collar.

"Yow!" roared Tubby. "Leggo! I—"

—I was only coming to see if you were coming in to tea, Lattrey!"

"You fat, spying cad—"

Lattrey looked round, and caught up Mornington's cricket-bat. Tubby Muffin roared with apprehension. There was a cruel gleam in Lattrey's eyes.

"Yaroooh! Stop it!" yelled Tubby.

"I haven't heard a word—I mean, if you touch me I'll go straight to Bulkeley and tell him you're going to the Ship on Saturday!"

"Let him alone, Lattrey!" muttered Peele hastily.

Lattrey held his hand.

Tubby's hoarse voice had rung along the passage, and several juniors, who were coming in to tea, had heard him.

"Faith, it is going to the Ship you are?" exclaimed Flynn of the Fourth. "Sure, it'll serve yez right if a prefect drops on yez there!"

Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"Nothing of the sort!" said he hurriedly. "It's only Muffin's silly rot!"

"Lucky for you, Bulkeley or Neville didn't hear his silly rot!" said Dick Van Ryn drily.

"They're going," said Tubby Muffin. "I heard them—"

"Come on, Tubby!" called out Gower. "We've been expecting you to tea, old chap."

Tubby Muffin smiled at once.

"Yes, I was just coming," he said affably. "Thanks! I say, what have you got for tea?"

The fat Classical rolled into the study.

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Lattrey closed the door, his face dark and savage.

Tubby dropped into his chair at the table.

"Jolly decent of you fellows to ask me to tea!" he remarked. "Of course, I'm not going to say a word—among pals, you know!"

Mornington glared at him. He had no intention of being claimed as a pal by the fat Classical. But Morny's companions laboured to be civil to Tubby. They did not want their intended expedition to be tatted up and down the school. The Ship Inn was a place with a most unenviable reputation, and Rookwood fellows going there would have been in great danger of the "sack," short and sharp.

Lattrey controlled his temper, and was quite civil to Tubby. Morny rose from the table, his lip curling scornfully.

"Not goin', Morny?" said Peele.

"I'm not goin' to sit down to tea with that fat cad!" sneered Mornington. "If you want him, I'll clear off."

"Look here, Morny," began Tubby hotly, with his mouth full. "Don't you be a cheeky rotter! I'm visitin' your study-mates, and you can shut up! See?"

Mornington left the study without replying, and slammed the door. Tubby Muffin did not leave so long as there was anything eatable left on the table. The fat Classical was in clover for once.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Morny Makes Up His Mind!

"JUST a word, Silver!"

It was the following day, and Mornington had dutifully turned up for cricket practice after

lessons.

He joined Jimmy Silver when the latter left the field.

Jimmy gave him a cheery nod.

"Go ahead!" he said.

"What do you think of my form?"

"First rate!"

"Oh, you think so?" said Mornington, somewhat taken back by this unstinted commendation from the captain of the Fourth.

"Yes. I should not say so if I didn't."

"Well, what about the match on Saturday?" asked Mornington. "I'd like to play for Rookwood against Greyfriars. Are you going to play me?"

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful.

"That depends, Mornington," he said. "You are—excuse me—a bit unreliable. You're sticking to practice now, but it may be only a flash in the pan. I'd rather leave deciding a bit later."

But Mornington was not in a reasonable mood. He seldom was when his lordly will and pleasure were crossed.

"You mean I'm to keep hangin' on in case you want me?" he sneered. "Well, that's not good enough."

"Then go and eat coke!"

And with that Jimmy Silver walked on, leaving the dandy of the Fourth alone. Mornington clenched his hands.

For some minutes he stood in angry thought, and then he went in search of his friends. He found Lattrey & Co. in the quadrangle.

The nuts of the Fourth exchanged glances as he came up, with knitted brows, and his eyes gleaming under them.

"Fixed it up with Jimmy Silver about the match?" asked Lattrey carelessly.

"I'm not playin' on Saturday. I'm comin' with you fellows," said Mornington. "You can make your arrangements, and count me in."

"Good egg!" said the nuts heartily.

"Now you're talkin'!" said Townsend.

"We're goin' to have a high old time,

Morny—a bit more lively than knockin' a silly ball about."

"Oh, rats!" said Mornington unexpectedly.

Townsend coughed.

"I'd rather play in the Greyfriars match," said Mornington deliberately.

"I'd rather, no end!"

"Play in it, and be blowed, then!" said Townsend sulkily.

"Only I'm not hangin' up on a nail for Jimmy Silver, that's all. If he wants me he can say so—an' he won't! Well, I'm comin'. How are we goin' to get to the Ship? It's miles from here."

"Bike it," said Topham.

"Might get a trap in Coombe," said Mornington. "I'm not goin' to bike it! Hang bikin'! What about a trap? I'll stand the trap."

"Good! I'll see about it, if you like," said Lattrey. "I'll arrange for it to pick us up on the road on Saturday. Better not come here—fellows might get askin' questions."

Mornington walked away to Erroll's study. Jones minor and Higgs were there with Erroll. Both of them were fellows whom the lofty Morny regarded with disdain. But Morny constrained himself to be civil, though he did not often take that trouble.

After tea Higgs and Jones minor left, and Morny stayed chatting with his new chum. Erroll was looking thoughtful, and he noticed it.

"Thinkin' about the Greyfriars match?" he asked, with a laugh.

"Yes. I think there's a good chance of your getting into the eleven, Morny. And if you do, you may keep in for the rest of the season. That will be worth while, won't it?"

"That's all off."

Erroll's face fell.

"Off!" he repeated.

"Yes. Jimmy Silver wanted me to hang about till Friday for his answer, and I told him I wouldn't."

Erroll's face was very grave.

"Besides, I'm goin' out on Saturday now," said Mornington. "I've fixed it up with some fellows. You're playing, of course? You wouldn't care to come with me, anyway."

"Not if it's to the Ship, certainly!"

"You've heard about that, then?" growled Mornington.

"I think a dozen fellows heard Muffin howling it out in the passage yesterday," said Erroll. "There's been some talk about it in the Common-room, too. It's rather serious going to a place like that, Morny!"

"You're not goin' to begin preachin' to me, are you?" asked Morny, laughing. "You know our agreement when we became pals—live an' let live."

"I know. And you need not fear I shall interfere with you. All the same, I wish you'd look at things a bit differently," said Erroll quietly. "It's a mug's game, really, Morny."

"Mugs are born, not made," said Mornington. "I must have some excitement!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Precious Pair!

MORNINGTON of the Fourth was not seen at cricket practice again for some days.

Having had his answer from Jimmy Silver, as he regarded it, Morny decided that cricket was a waste of time, and Erroll could not induce him to go to the nets.

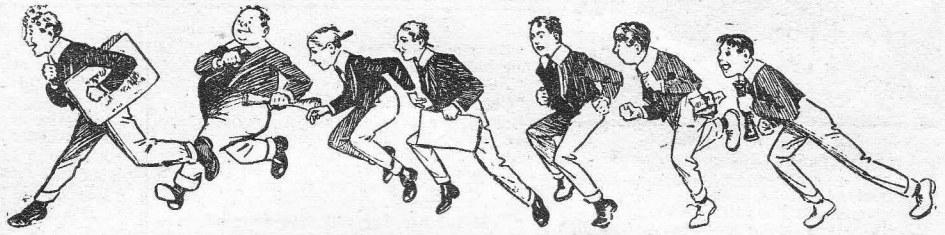
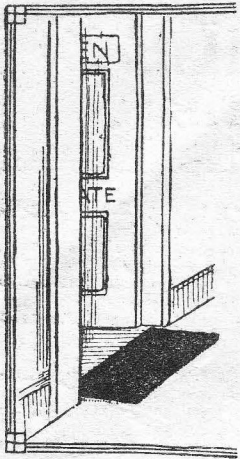
Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders when he noted it, but made no remark.

Had Morny played up at his best, Jimmy would have been glad to put him in the Rookwood Junior Eleven; but there were plenty to choose from.

(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.

ANSERS TO KORRISPONDENTS!

By BILLY BUNTER (Editter).

Harry H. (Windsor).—Who is the biggest glutton in the Remove? Well, I karn't give a truthful anser, but I should say it was Toddy. He's always deskribing himself as fed-up!

Herbert L. (Whitstable).—The line, "Let me have men about me that are fat," was written by Shakespeer. He new what he was torking about!

"Whartonite" (Bournemouth).—If, as you say, you are a reeder of the "Greyfriars Herald," I pity you from the bottom of my hart! Why don't you stick to my "Weekly," and lern how to write and spell korrekctly?

Gerald R. (Launceston).—I am always glad of telling reeders who is the best athlete in the Remove Form. ME, of corse!

"Merry and Bright" (Kilburn).—Larf and grow fat by all means. But if you want to grow as fat as me, you'll have to splitt yore sides!

J. G. H. (Putney).—The reezon why I'm always borrowing other felloes' bikes is bekwase I haven't got one of my own. Possibly you wood like to buy me one for a berthday prezzant?

Mabel K. (Chatham).—My inishuls are W. G., not G. W. The latter were the inishuls of George Washington, the fello who told the trooth!

Jack H. (Harrow).—I refuse to have a speshul Prize Porpus Number, as you suggest. I'm too much in the limelite already!

"Straight Left" (Birmingham).—Could I lick Bob Cherry with the gluvs? Yes, and with my bear fists, too!

Billy C. (Glasgow).—The peace of poetry you sent me, commencing "There was a fat boulder named Bunter," has been koinstined to the yorning depths of my waistpaper-basket!

fault if my kontributors choose to lord me up to the skies.

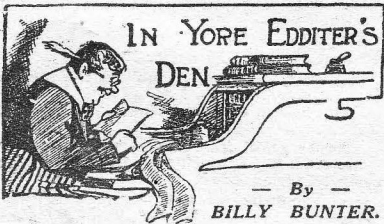
One of my reeders has suggested that their should be a sports kaptin in the Remove as apart from a Form kaptin. This is an egg-sellent idear. Harry Wharton is kaptin of cricket, but we want a fello who will be the rekernized leader of all sports—swimming, rowing, cycling, leap-frogg, and so fourth.

Don't you think that I should make an ideal sports kaptin, deer reeders? You'll think so after you've read this issew, anyway.

As a swimmer, I stand soopreem. As a noesman, my abilities are wonderful. As for biking, I'm the last wurd!

I told Wharton that we ought to have an cleckshun for the post of sports kaptin, and he replide, with a mocking larf, that I should find myself at the foot of the pole. But I reckon I should be at the topp, with Wharton among the "also rans."

Well, deer reeders, I will leeve you to devour this magnifilissent issew in piece. And don't forgett to write and tell yore Uncle Bill what you think of it. I love to make Wharton jellus by showing him the hundreds of letters of praise that I get from my loyal reeders!—Ever yore pal,



By BILLY BUNTER.

My Deer Reeders,—I vencher to say that this issew of my "Weekly" will be even more popular than any of its four-runners.

Everybody knows what a wonderful sportsman I am, but it isn't often that you get a chance to reed of my eggsploits. Being a modest fello, I always keep my own doings in the background, and wood never dream of blowing my own trumpitt threem the meedyum of this paper.

So meny reeders have been klammering for a speshul number deeling with summer sports, however, that I feel bound to axede to there wishes. I have instructed my four fat subbs to write artikles of a sporting nature, and the rezult is that I have got together a perfeckt dreem of a number—a number that will go down to prosperitty, as the saying goes. If my name crops up pretty frekwently in these kollums, you mustn't think I'm swanking. It's not my

THE ¼ MILE RACE!

Deskribed in Wonderful, Up-to-date Verse.

By Horace Coker.

The runners crouch upon there toes, Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! the pistle goes. Speeked taters shout, and cheer, and scoff: "They're off! They're off! They're off! They're off!"

See! Harry Wharton leeds the way! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! And Billy Bunter's in the reer; He'll be the last man home, I fear.

But suddenly he makes a spert, Though neerly choked with dust and dirt, Yet on and on he bravely goes! He'll win it yet—who nose? Who nose?

See! Wharton now gives up the ghost; He fails to reech the winning-post. And Bunter, running in grate stile, Resolves to win the ¼-mile!

Buck up their, Billy! Don't be slow! Go on! Go on! Go on! Go on! A few more yards—pleasee don't kollapse. Well run, sir! Bunter's won, you chapps!

IMPORTANT NOTISS!

Great News, reders! My Special Verse Number of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" will make its appearance next week.

Don't Miss This Great Treat, W.G.B.

Yore Edditer



SCENE—the Remove dormitory. Time—six a.m. Dramatis personæ—as the playwright johnnies say—Lord Mauleverer and Bob Cherry.

Mauly was sleeping peacefully, and Bob stood over his bed with a soaking sponge.

For a moment he hesitated, gazing down upon his lordship's aristocratic features. Then he squeezed the sponge, and as the icy deluge splashed over his countenance, Mauly awoke with a smothered gurgle.

"Gug-gug-gug!"

"Up you get, Mauly!" said Bob Cherry tersely.

Lord Mauleverer fished out a silk handkerchief from under his pillow, and dabbed his streaming face.

"Run away an' pick flowers, begad!" he said. "Ris'n'-bell hasn't gone yet."

"I know that," said Bob. "And before it does go you're going to put in some exercise."

At the mention of the word exercise a shudder ran through Mauly's frame. He didn't like the word at all. It was twin brother to the word "work."

"What are you going to do with the merry slacker, Bob?" asked Wharton, laughing.

"Run him three times round the Close," was the reply.

"Oh, begad!" groaned Mauly.

"You see," explained Bob, "the sports are coming off to-morrow, and Mauly has entered his name for the mile—at least, I've entered it for him. I don't suppose he's at all willing, but that's a detail."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mauly would never win a mile in a thousand years!" said Johnny Bull. "It's as much as the lazy slacker can do to drag one leg after another."

"He's going to win this race, anyway," said Bob Cherry. "Look in the Stop Press column of the evening paper to-morrow, and you'll see the result of the mile. First—Lord Mauleverer. The rest nowhere. Winner trained by Cherry."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer threw an appealing glance at the humorous Bob—a glance that would have melted a heart of stone.

But Bob was a stern taskmaster. He had made up his mind to take Mauly out for a preliminary canter, and wild horses would not have turned him from his purpose.

As Mauly showed no inclination to rise, Bob jerked the bedclothes on to the floor, and hauled his lordship out after them. He waited impatiently whilst Mauly performed his ablutions, and then marched his pupil out of the dormitory by the scruff of the neck.

"Don't be too hard on him, Bob!" chuckled Squiff. "As you are strong, be merciful!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mauly protested volubly on the way downstairs, but Bob Cherry was deaf to his protests.

"Off you go!" he said, as they emerged into the Close. "Three times round without stopping!"

"Oh, crumbs! I—I shall expire!"

"That'll be no loss to Greyfriars!" said Bob caustically. "Now, then, get a move on!"

Mauly started off at a tired jog-trot. But Bob Cherry soon altered all that. He planted a well-placed kick on the rear of his lordship's person, and Mauly had perforce to quicken his pace.

When he had been once round the Close he was puffing and blowing like a grampus. When he had been round twice he felt ready to drop.

"I—I can't go on!" he gasped.

"Rats! Put a jerk in it!"

"I'm whacked, I tell you!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 129.

MAULY'S MILE!

By H. VERNON-SMITH.

"Do you want me to apply my boot to your lazy carcass again?"

"Nunno!"

"Get on with the washing, then!"

Groaning and grunting and gasping, Lord Mauleverer, like the ploughman in the poem, continued to plod his weary way. When he had made a circuit of the Close for the third time he sank down on to the flagstones, utterly exhausted.

"That tired feeling will soon wear off, with a little more practice," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Report to me after morning lessons for another canter."

"Groo!"

Mauly limped into the building, feeling that life was not worth living.

On four separate occasions that day his trainer insisted on making him run round the Close. Mauly was dead tired by the evening, and he lay panting on his study sofa until bed-time.

Next day there was great excitement in the ranks of the Remove.

The sports were due to take place in the afternoon, and the mile was the chief attraction.

Not for one moment did anybody believe that Lord Mauleverer stood an earthly



There was another growl from behind. Mauly gave another spurt, and the tape came fluttering down. He had breasted it first!

chance, especially as such fleet-footed runners as Wharton and Nugent were competing.

The only fellow who seemed to place any sort of faith in Mauly was his energetic trainer, Bob Cherry.

Bob went down to the village directly after dinner, and when he returned he was leading a ferocious-looking bulldog by a chain.

"My hat!" ejaculated Wharton. "Been buying yourself a new pet, Bob?"

"No. I've just borrowed this beast—Growler, his name is—for the afternoon."

"What on earth for?"

"You'll see by-and-by."

When Lord Mauleverer caught sight of the bulldog, he looked greatly alarmed. Mauly's greatest aversion in life, next to hard work, was a bulldog.

"Hold the beast tight, dear boy!" he called to Bob Cherry. "Don't let him get near my legs!"

"They're not plump enough for Growler's liking," said Bob, with a scornful glance at Mauly's calves, which were bare beneath his

running-shorts. "I hope you're feeling in trim for the mile, Mauly?"

His lordship heaved a deep sigh.

"I wish you'd let me stand out, begad!" he said. "How can I hope to beat fellows like Wharton and Nugent?"

"All things are possible, when you've got a trainer like me," said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was not until fairly late in the afternoon that the mile took place.

Wingate of the Sixth shouted through his megaphone for the runners to line up, and Lord Mauleverer wearily took his place with the rest. Mauly's entry into the race caused much merriment. Everybody seemed to regard it as one of the best jokes of the term.

Bob Cherry was not running. He had already covered himself with glory by winning the half-mile and the high-jump. During these performances Growler had been securely chained up.

Bob had now resumed the custody of the bulldog. He took up his position close behind Mauly, at whose socks Growler sniffed suspiciously.

Bang!

The pistol went off and so did the runners.

To use a racing expression, Mauly "started slowly." He had no ambition to win the mile. All he wanted to do was to get round the course with the minimum of exertion and fatigue.

He was joggling along at an easy stride, when suddenly a startling thing happened.

Bob Cherry released his grip on Growler's chain, and pointed to Lord Mauleverer's shambling figure.

"Go for him!" he exclaimed. "Seize him! Good dog!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mauly heard Bob Cherry's instructions to Growler, and a cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. He turned his head, and saw that the bulldog was in hot pursuit of his noble person.

It is said that fear lends wings. It certainly lent Mauly wings at that moment.

He had been at the tail-end of the runners, but now he started to overhaul them in rapid style. He sped over the course as if fiery dragons were in hot pursuit.

The spectators were rocking with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Mauly!"

"Growler's gaining on you!"

Lord Mauleverer had only a dim recollection of what followed. He saw, as in a mist, the athletic figures of Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent.

Another growl from the rear, and another spurt from the terrified Mauly, and the tape came fluttering down.

And Mauly had breasted it first!

The schoolboy earl promptly collapsed on the grass, with the yells of the multitude dinning in his ears.

Wingate of the Sixth scoured the bulldog, and prevented it from doing any harm to the victorious runner.

Everybody was cheering and shouting and applauding, and Bob Cherry, in particular, was overjoyed. He embraced Mauly as if the latter were a long-lost brother.

"Oh, well run, Mauly! It did my aged eyes good to see you gallop like that!"

"Begad, I'm fagged out!" groaned Mauly. "Take me by the hand, an' lead me to some quiet spot where I can take forty winks."

"Well, you've earned a nap, and no mistake," said Bob. "Come along!"

And he piloted Mauly away to a quiet spot beneath the trees.

For several days afterwards we could speak of nothing but Mauly's mile!

THE END.



The Misadventures of Mr. Manders!

By Charles Pons.

THREE of the Rookwood masters were having lunch with the Head. They were Bohun, Mooney, and that tyrant Manders.

When the meal was over, and pipes were lighted, the conversation turned on sport.

"Let me see, Bohun," murmured the Head. "You were never a great athlete, were you?" Poor old Bohun blushed.

"In my younger days I was always too busy with my studies to devote much attention to sports," he said.

"What about you, Mooney?"

Mr. Mooney sighed.

"I can send a golf ball a good distance, if I am lucky enough to hit it," he said. "Apart from that, I do not shine at sports."

The Head nodded.

"And you Manders?" he said. "Are you anything of an athlete?"

Manders glanced scornfully at his two colleagues, and then turned to the Head.

"When I was at Oxford," he said, "I was the greatest athlete of my year. I carried off heaps of honours at cricket, football, lawn-tennis, golf, Badminton—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Head. "We have heard of these exploits before. You never weary of telling us how you made a century against Cambridge, though Wisden, and other reference books of cricket, are strangely silent concerning that achievement. By the way, can you row a boat?" Manders flushed hotly.

"I regard that question as an insult, sir!" he exclaimed. "As an oarsman I enjoyed a great reputation. I should have rowed for my Varsity had not an unfortunate attack of whooping-cough kept me out of the boat. Even now, though I am past the prime of life, I can handle a rowing-boat with skill and dexterity."

"Indeed!" said the Head. "Then perhaps you would be good enough to do me a favour. There are two boys in the Fourth Form here—Muffin and Peele—who are prevented through injury from taking part in sports. Muffin has hurt his shoulder, and Peele has sprained his wrist. They propose going on the river this afternoon, and they want somebody to row for them."

Mr. Manders gave a gasp.

"Are you suggesting, sir, that I, a master, should act as a menial to two of the boys?"

"Not at all. But I thought you would like to take them on the river out of sheer kindness of heart. It will not put you to much inconvenience, especially as you are such a fine oarsman!" added the Head, with a dry smile.

Manders looked very uncomfortable.

"Can you not enlist the services of one of the prefects, sir?" he asked.

"No. There is a first eleven match being played this afternoon, and the junior boys will be engaged. I am sure you will not object to giving Muffin and Peele an outing on the river. If you decline, it means that they will have to mope indoors all the afternoon. And neither Bohun nor Mooney can take them out, because, on their own admission, they are poor oarsmen."

"The least you can do, Manders," said Bohun, "is to fall in with Dr. Chisholm's wishes."

"Oh, very well!" snapped Manders. "I will instruct Muffin and Peele to wait for me at the boathouse, and will take them on the river for half an hour."

"Make it an hour," said the Head. "And I will take a stroll along the towing-path to see how you are progressing."

Manders was awfully ratty, and he would have given anything to be able to wriggle out of his predicament. He wished he had not described himself as such a brilliant oarsman. But after the way he had boasted, he could not bring himself to eat his words.

Out in the quadrangle he discovered Peele and Tubby Muffin. Peele's wrist was bandaged, and Tubby's right arm hung limply at his side.

"I have arranged with the Head to take you two boys for a row on the river!" snapped Manders. "You will proceed to the boathouse, and await my arrival."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said Peele.

"You're a brick, sir!" added Tubby Muffin.

Manders went to his room, and changed into boating flannels. He had not worn his flannels for a long time, and they seemed absurdly tight fitting.

Half an hour later he kept his appointment with the two juniors. They pretended that their injuries prevented them from helping to launch the boat, so Manders was obliged to run it down to the water's edge himself.

"Get in!" he commanded curtly.

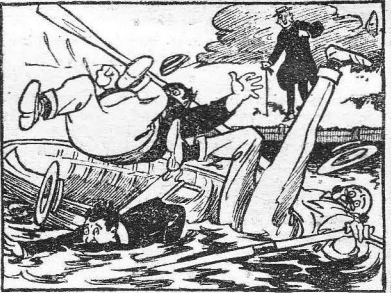
Peele stepped in first, and made himself comfortable on the cushions.

When Tubby Muffin got in he very nearly capsized the boat. It rocked dangerously for a moment, and Manders gave a snort.

"Muffin, you clumsy boy!" he exclaimed. "You should always step gently into the middle of a boat, instead of lumbering into it like an elephant. Sit perfectly still while I get in."

Despite his advice to Tubby Muffin, Manders himself didn't seem to know how to board a boat. He would have toppled over the side had not Peele supported him with his sound arm.

At that moment Manders saw the Head



The boat tilted on one side, swayed for a moment in uncertainty, and then capsized, hurling master and juniors into the water.

advancing along the towing-path, so he picked up the oars and got busy. He rowed in such a jerky style that the water was churned up on each side, and before the boat had proceeded a dozen yards, Tubby Muffin and Peele, and Manders himself, were drenched.

Manders was unused to violent exercise, and he was soon perspiring in every pore.

Tubby Muffin's weight was considerable, and the boat scarcely made any progress.

The Head surveyed the proceedings with a grim smile. As for Manders, he was nearly choking with rage and chagrin.

By the time the bend in the river was reached, Manders was in a state of exhaustion, besides being so considerably overheated.

The scorching sun beat down fiercely upon his semi-bald head, and the perspiration was now streaming down his thin face.

Tubby Muffin and Peele were thoroughly enjoying themselves. They reclined lazily on the cushions, gazing dreamily up at the blue sky. Manders, as he looked at them, felt that he could cheerfully have brained the pair of them with an oar.

"You do not seem to be making much progress, Manders," observed the Head.

Snort!

"I should have thought that a man of your ability would make the boat fairly leap

through the water!" added the Head, piling on the agony.

Another snort from Manders!

"Your hand seems to have lost a great deal of its cunning," said the Head, Peele cackled aloud.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Be silent!" thundered Manders. "How dare you snigger at my discomfiture?"

"Sorry, sir!" spluttered Peele. "But your face is a picture! You look as if you were trying to roast yourself!"

That was altogether too much for Manders. Forgetful of the Head's presence—forgetful of everything save Peele's grinning face—he lifted one of the oars, and prodded the cad of the Fourth savagely in the ribs.

A wild yell rang across the water.

"Yaroooh!"

Manders again brought his oar into action, and Tubby Muffin, who had no desire to share Peele's fate, promptly shifted his seat.

Tubby's action was fatal.

The boat tilted over to one side, swayed for a moment in uncertainty, and then capsized, hurling master and juniors into the water.

Three separate and distinct cries for help arose, and Manders' cry was the loudest and shrillest.

"Help!"

The Head stopped short on the towing-path, with an expression of alarm on his countenance.

In his time Dr. Chisholm had been a good swimmer, but he was now past the age when he could plunge into the water and rescue three persons.

Fortunately, however, help was at hand.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had been watching the proceedings from the boathouse, and when they saw the boat turn turtle they promptly armed themselves with boathooks, and raced towards the scene of the calamity.

Meanwhile, a lively struggle was going on in the water.

Tubby Muffin had gone under once, and when he came to the surface he threw his arms lovingly round Manders' neck.

Peele, who was a bit of a swimmer, was making frantic efforts to reach the bank. But he swallowed so much water in the process, that he didn't feel capable of reaching his destination.

It was at this stage that Jimmy Silver & Co. came on the scene, and the Head gave a gasp of relief when he saw them.

"Quickly, my boys!"

Jimmy Silver rescued Peele without much difficulty, and then a couple of boathooks were extended towards Manders and Tubby Muffin.

Two minutes later the rescue work was complete.

Manders looked like a drowned rat, Tubby Muffin like a porpoise which had just emerged on to dry land, and Peele like a drenched terrier.

"Dear me!" gasped the Head. "I shudder to think what might have happened had not these boys come opportunely to the rescue. You had better hasten to the school and change your attire, Manders."

In his wrath Manders flourished his clenched fist under the Head's nose.

"Never again, sir," he spluttered, "shall I handle a pair of oars!"

"For the simple reason," said the Head calmly, "that you are quite incapable of doing so! You will be wise not to boast in future of attainments which you do not possess."

Manders strode away in a terrible huff. Tubby Muffin and Peele followed, squelching water as they went.

As for Jimmy Silver & Co., they were gurgling with merriment all the way back to Rookwood. And I believe they are laughing still!

HINTS TO THE HEAD!

By Sammy Bunter.

(Doctor Lock is bound to adopt Sammy's brilliant and brany suggeshuns—we don't think!—Ed.)

It is high time that the Greyfriars kook was given the sack, and that a reelly competent kook was appoynted in her plaice.

Sum people will say, "Ah! Very trow! But wear will you find a reelly competent kook?" My anser is that they need not look any farther than Me!

Kook? Why, at the tender age of four I could kook a tender stake. At the tender age of five, I could serve up mutton as tender as Mary's little lamb! If I am rong in making these statements, I tender my apologies. (This is all very "tender" and tuching!—Ed.)

It is only fare that I should look after the skool fair.

I wood suggest to Dr. Locke that he appoynts me cheef kook right away. Then Greyfriars will be a happy plaice, and everyboddy will be properly fed. (Properly fed-up, you mean!—Ed.)

For brekker, their wood be hot rolls and koffee, like they have on the Kontinong. Their wood also be sossidges and bacon and ham and eggs and tung and preserved pairs and rissoles, and other kinds of tinned froot.

For dinner, there wood be tably doe. If you've ever been to a resterong, you will no what that means. If you havent', then I'm not going out of my way to enlighten yore iggnence.

For tea, their wood be ham-sandwidges and meet-pies and doe-nuts and sardeens and other fanny pastries. (We don't "fancy pastries" that are served in tins like sardines!—Ed.)

For the first supper, at eight o'clock, their wood be cold chicken. For the second supper, at nine, their wood be annother variety of foul. For the third supper, just before bed-time, their wood be biskitts and Gorgonzola cheeze. (We don't want to "gorge on zola" cheese!—Ed.)

After the third supper, another light snack would be served in the dormitories, followed by— (Hideous nightmares!—Ed.)

Oh, yes! I wood farely make things hum if I had sooprem kontrol over the skool kooking.

I think I ought to put it before the Head right away. I think I will. (We should advise you to slip a cushun down yore "baggs" fers!—Ed.)

The Head is bound to be warmly in favor of my idear. (In fact, he'll be quite heated about it!—Ed.)

With S. T. B. performing the honour-us dewties of sheff, everything in the garden will be lovely! Feloes like Wharton and Cherry will rappidly get as fat as me, and the kwality and kwantity of the grubb will make Greyfriars the most sort-after skool in the land. Everybody will be sending there kids hear, and it will be necessary to build an annecks. (What on earth's that?—Ed.)

I hope the happy day will soon dawn when I shall be King of the Kitchen.

Eggscuse me now, deer reeders. I must be off to put my suggestion before the Head.

THE POPULAR.—No. 129.

:-: Sport :-: Snapshots!

By Monty Lowther.

The St. Jim's Junior Sports took place on the 13th. That's why Baggy Trimble was unlucky. He finished last in every event with the exception of the sack race, in which he finished first, being the only runner!

The donkey race was won by George Alfred Grundy. We always did think that Grundy was rather an ass!

What did Fatty Wynn? The race to the tuckshop, of course!

In the House cricket match the School House stalwarts defeated the New House weaklings by 70 runs. No wonder Tom was Merry!

The special race for members of the staff was won by Taggles, the porter. Jack Blake ran in front of him all the way, dangling five bob under his nose!

In a relay race between masters and boys the masters won. But we had been beaten by masters before, so we quite expected it!

The race for infants under thirteen was won by D'Arcy minor. We understand that the first prize was a feeding-bottle.

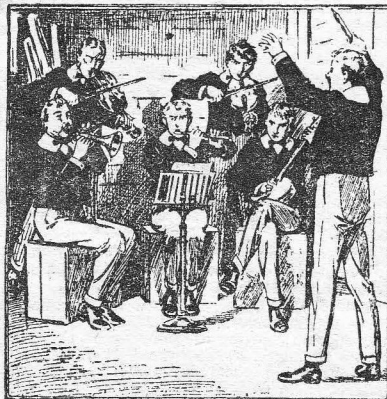
The swimming race was won by Buck Finn. This success ought to Buck Finn up!

The rifle-shooting contest was, appropriately enough, won by Gunn! When it was over, we understand he went along to the tuckshop and got a further batch of bulleyses!

The kitchen cat took part in a race of its own. It saw a saucer of milk in the quad, and rushed towards it, expiring at the last lap!

What is the difference between Arthur Augustus D'Arcy taking his chest measurements and the winner of a race? One tapes his breast, and the other braces the tape!

SCENES AT ST. JIM'S.



No. 6.—THE FOURTH FORM CONCERT PARTY IN TRAINING.

HOW TO TRAIN FOR SPORTS!

By Fatty Wynn.

A great deal of nonsense has been written on this subject—not by me, but by other people.

The cranks always lay down a number of hard-and-fast rules concerning training. Thou shalt not drink; thou shalt not smoke, thou shalt not stuff thine inner man—these are their precepts.

My own advice is, drink as much as you like—so long as it's ginger pop. Smoke as much as you like—so long as you only smoke herrings. And stuff your inner man "to yore hart's contempt," as Billy Bunter would say.

How, in the name of sportsmanship and common-sense, can a fellow be expected to win races, if he has to be continually worrying about what he should do and what he should not do?

Personally, I never observe any of these faddy rules and restrictions. And what is the result? I am considered by the critics to be one of the best bowlers in the New House; and those same critics pronounce me to be the best junior goalie at St. Jim's.

If, however, I started stinting myself in the matter of food and drink, I should no longer be able to bowl a good length ball or guard a net.

When training for sports, the one thing to remember is to lay a solid foundation.

If you fast for umpteen days before the events come off, you'll probably collapse in the middle of the race, and be carried off the field in an ambulance.

No good ever came of fasting. The hunger-strikers will tell you that. Good, wholesome grub, such as steak-and-kidney puddings and pastries, help to build up your confidence.

If you are a Marathon runner, train on pork-pies and ginger-pop—both to be taken in liberal quantities just before the race. You will then be able to stay the course.

If you are a sprinter, train on doughnuts. Speaking for myself, I can never sprint a hundred yards unless I've got half a dozen doughnuts inside me.

If you want to win a weight-lifting contest, apply to Baggy Trimble! He'll show you how it's done, because he's jolly good at "lifting" things! Only the other day he pinched a plum-cake from my study cupboard.

Don't take any notice of the faddists and fanatics. Figgins is one of them. He tries to tell me that I should train on beef-cubes, and things of that sort, and give cakes and pastries a miss. Figgys isn't very partial to pastries himself. That's why he's such a scraggy scare-crow!

Eat what you like and drink what you like. And don't worry about anything. You'll only make yourself thoroughly miserable if you start going without food.

Just before the race starts fortify yourself in the tuckshop. You will then line up with a feeling of confidence, and with the will to win.

No fellow ever won a Marathon Race by fasting for a month, and nobody is ever likely to.

So follow the advice of one who knows, and victory will be yours!

Saved by His Chum!

(Continued from page 8.)

On Friday the eleven was finally made up, and the list was posted on the notice-board, and Mornington's name was not included in it.

The list ran: Silver, Erroll, Lovell, Conroy, Van Ryn, Oswald, Rawson, Tommy Dodd, and Towle.

Mornington read the list down with a sneer upon his face.

"I wish you were going to play," said Erroll.

"The emperor of the end study has decided not!" grinned Mornington.

Erroll drew his friend's arm through his own, and they walked away.

"Look here! It mayn't be too late, Morny," said Erroll. "Come down to the cricket now; there's plenty of light. Silver's a bit doubtful about Rawson, and Rawson's not keen on playing. I mean, he'd just as soon have an afternoon with his books. You know he's working for a prize!"

"I don't know anythin' about the prize-huntin' cad!"

Erroll bit his lip.

"Rawson's not a cad, Morny."

"Oh, he's an angel, if you like!" grinned Mornington. "Look here, Erroll, I'm booked for to-morrow, anyway!"

"Oh, come down to the cricket! You've been chucking it for days!"

Mornington hesitated, but Erroll had his way, and they went down to Little Side, where Jimmy Silver & Co. were at practice. It was the last practice before the Greyfriars match, and Jimmy was putting his men through their paces, so to speak.

"Come and give us a ball, Erroll!" called out Jimmy cheerily.

Erroll, next to Jimmy Silver, was the best bowler in the eleven. A great deal depended on him in the morrow's match.

Erroll went on to bowl, Mornington watching carelessly, with his hands in his pockets. But after an over Erroll called to him:

"Try Silver's wicket, Morny!"

"Oh, all right!" yawned Morny.

He went on, and Jimmy Silver faced his bowling. It was seen at once that the dandy of the Fourth was in great form, in spite of his recent neglect of practice.

Two balls were stopped by the captain of the Fourth, but the third whipped his leg stump out of the ground.

"Good man!" said Jimmy Silver, with perfect good-humour.

"Let him try me," said Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy handed the bat to the Modern junior. Tommy Dodd was a mighty man with the willow, and there were few junior bowlers at Rookwood who were dangerous to his wicket. But Morny was on the warpath now. With the first ball he sent Tommy Dodd's bails flying.

"My hat!" ejaculated Tommy, in astonishment.

Mornington grinned as he tossed the ball to Oswald, and came off the ground.

He sauntered away, leaving Erroll with the cricketers. Jimmy cast rather a curious look after him.

"It's a pity!" he remarked.

"You might do worse than play Morny to-morrow," said Erroll.

Jimmy shook his head.

"The eleven's made up now."

"Rawson isn't specially keen, and we want bowlers."

"Rawson's the man, though. It'll do him good to get away from his books for an afternoon, whether he wants to or

not," said Jimmy, laughing. "I think, if Morny had been reasonable, I'd have decided on him instead of old Oswald; but I'm jolly well not going to drop Oswald at the last minute for Morny!"

"Well, you couldn't very well do that. I suppose it can't be helped," said Erroll; and the subject dropped.

As Erroll came back to the School House in the growing dusk he passed Lattrey of the Fourth in talk with Leggett under the beeches. Leggett, of the Modern Fourth, was a fellow after Lattrey's own heart.

Arthur Edward Lovell had remarked humorously that Leggett ought to be glad that Lattrey had come to Rookwood, as now Leggett wasn't the biggest blackguard in the school. The two juniors ceased speaking suddenly as Erroll came by.

Erroll's lips curled as he walked on. He had no doubt that the two dingy young rascals were discussing "geegees" or billiards.

He was mistaken on that point for once, however. Lattrey's eyes gleamed after him in the dusk.

"You'll do it, Leggett?" he muttered, when Erroll was out of hearing.

"It's risky!" muttered Leggett.

"Where's the risk?" said Lattrey impatiently. "You couldn't be bowled out; it will be an accident. I'd handle him myself, but it would be a bit too palpable, considering the terms we're on, and I don't want a row with Morny. You can work it easily enough; only see that he loses his precious cricket-match! Hang it, and hang him!" Lattrey ground his teeth. "He's so keen on playing in the Greyfriars match, I don't think anything could cut him up more than that!"

Leggett grinned.

"I'm willing to make it worth your while," went on Lattrey. "You don't get a half-quad for nothing every day, Leggett!"

"Well, I'll try," said Leggett.

And the two juniors separated.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were discussing the morrow's match in the Common-room that evening, when Lattrey came in.

The cad of the Fourth listened to the discussion, with a mocking curl of his lip.

"We're strong enough in batting," Jimmy remarked; "but the bowling will be chiefly between you and me, Erroll, and we've got to go out for hat-tricks!"

"We'll try, anyway!" said Erroll, laughing.

Lattrey strolled away, smiling, with a mocking light in his eyes. Jimmy Silver & Co. would not have been anticipating the match so cheerily if they had known the thoughts that were in the mind of the cad of the Fourth.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Tubby Does Not Go!

TUBBY MUFFIN, of the Fourth, rolled out of the School House the next day after dinner with a determined expression upon his fat face. He posted himself on the steps and waited.

He was waiting for Mornington.

Lattrey came out, and sauntered away towards the gates, and Tubby grinned after him. A few minutes after Peele appeared, and took the same direction, and Tubby gave another grin.

In the leafy lane, at some distance from Rookwood, the trap was waiting which was to take the nutty party on their excursion that afternoon. But the nuts of the Fourth were very careful.

Had any of the prefects got wind of the intended expedition there would

have been serious trouble—a flogging all round, at least.

And the nuts had arranged to leave the school one by one, and meet where the trap was waiting—at a distance. Each fellow looked as if he were going on an innocent stroll that sunny half-holiday.

Gower was the next, about ten minutes later, and he also disappeared through the gates. There remained only Mornington. Townsend and Topham had declined to join the party after all, having had "words" with the lordly Morny.

Towny and Topy were not on the list of the "spongers," and there was a limit to the amount of insolence they would stand from the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington having passed the limit, Townsend and Topham had bestowed the honour of their company for the afternoon upon Smythe of the Shell—a matter of the utmost indifference to Morny, as a matter of fact.

Mornington came out at last, as elegant as usual. Erroll was with him, but the latter was in flannels. He walked down to the gates with Mornington, and Tubby Muffin rolled after them.

At the gates the two chums parted, Erroll going towards the cricket-ground, and Mornington starting down the road at a good pace. Tubby Muffin broke into a run after him.

"Hold on, Morny!" he gasped.

Mornington looked round.

His face darkened at the sight of the panting fat Classical.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"I'm coming, old chap!" gasped Tubby, joining him.

Mornington stared at him.

"You're what?" he ejaculated.

"I'm coming," smiled Tubby. "You don't think I'd desert my old pals on a half-holiday, do you? Are you walking to the Ship, Morny?"

"You silly, fatheaded chump!" shouted Mornington. "Clear off!"

"I—I say, Morny—"

Mornington turned his back on Tubby, and strode on. Tubby dashed after him.

The fat junior had quite made up his mind that he was going to be one of the merry nutty party that afternoon.

It was true that money was required for such a treat, and Tubby hadn't any money. But Morny had plenty, and Tubby was prepared to borrow some.

Considering that he knew all about the excursion, and that a word from him to a prefect would have meant discovery and punishment, Tubby felt that he held the whip-hand.

The nuts ought to have felt ever so much obliged to him for holding his tongue, Tubby considered. He had extracted several small loans from Peele & Co. on the strength of what he knew, and the danger that lay in his tattling tongue. Now he was going to be a "nut" for the afternoon, at Morny's expense.

And Tubby meant business. He kept pace with Mornington, as the angry junior strode on fast.

"Don't walk so fast, old chap!" gasped Tubby. "You're making me run, you know. I say, have you got a car somewhere?"

Mornington stopped, and turned back, gritting his teeth.

"Will you clear off?" he hissed.

"Don't you want me to come with you, old chap?" asked Tubby, in an injured tone.

"No, I don't!"

Tubby Muffin snorted; he was beginning to get angry, too.

"If you put it like that, Morny, I shall have to consider whether I can

allow this kind of thing to go on," he said loftily. "You're going to disgrace the school and— Yaroooooh!"

Tubby Muffin broke off suddenly, with a wild yell, as Mornington seized him by the collar.

The light cane the Fourth Form dandy carried whisked round Tubby's fat legs.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Yoop! Yaroooooh!" roared Tubby. "Leggo, you beast! Stoppit! I don't want to come! Yarooooh! Help!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow-wooop!"

"There!" panted Mornington. "Now, clear off, you tubby little scoundrel!"

And Mornington strode on, leaving Tubby Muffin sitting in the grass by the roadside, gasping and groaning.

Tubby Muffin deserved his licking, doubtless; his attempt to "plant" himself upon Morny for an expensive excursion was very much in the nature of blackmail. But Tubby did not realise that himself, and he was feeling very injured and ill-used. He sat in the grass and groaned.

"Yow-ow-ow! Yow-wow-wow! Wow!"

"Hallo! What's the matter with you?"

Tubby blinked up at Bulkeley of the Sixth. The captain of Rookwood had paused, in passing, at the sight of the anguished Tubby.

"Been run over?" asked the big Sixth-Former, with a smile.

"Yow-ow-ow! That beast Morny!" howled Tubby. "Yow-ow! He's been whacking me—yaroooh!—just because I told him he was disgracing the—yow-ow!—school."

"Eh?"

"I wouldn't go with him if he asked me, the rotter! Yow-ow-ow! I wouldn't be found dead at the Ship! Yaroooooh! I told him so plainly. Groogh!"

Bulkeley, his face becoming suddenly grim, caught Tubby Muffin by the shoulder and jerked him to his feet.

"Now, then, what's that?" rapped out the captain of Rookwood. "Has Mornington of the Fourth gone to the Ship?"

"I—I say, I—I'm not going to sneak, you know!" gasped Tubby, realising that he was speaking to a prefect, whose duty it was to see that sportive youths like Morny & Co. did not follow all their sportive predilections.

Bulkeley shook him.

"Who's gone to the Ship?" he exclaimed. "Now, then, sharp!"

"Groogh! You're chook-chook-chooking me! Yarooooogggggg!"

"Answer me!"

"Yow-ow! Morny and Peele and Gower and Lattrey—yooooogggghh!"

Bulkeley scanned the fat junior's face, and then released him. He had been walking towards Coombe when he came upon Tubby. He changed his direction now, and strode away by a path that led to the moor. Tubby gasped, and blinked after him. He knew that Bulkeley was heading for the Ship Inn—a long walk across the moor.

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Tubby. "If they've gone in a car or a trap they'll get there first—an hour first—and—and Bulkeley will spot 'em! Oh dear! They'll think I've sneaked, the rotters! Well, it's all Morny's fault! Blow 'em!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Chance for Mornington!

THE Greyfriars chaps will be here pretty soon," Jimmy Silver remarked as he stood outside the pavilion, with a very cheery face. It was a brilliant summer's afternoon, and the well-rolled pitch was green

as an emerald and smooth as a billiard-table. "What a topping day! This is something like!"

"Ripping!" said Lovell.

Erroll nodded. He was cheerful enough, and keen on the match, but he could not help thinking of his chum a little. Morny had gone on his shady excursion—even now the nuts of the Fourth were driving for the Ship Inn, bowling along in a trap from Coombe—to spend a sunny afternoon in smoking, gambling, and playing billiards.

What attraction they could find in it was a puzzle to Kit Erroll. But for Lattrey, and his cunning working on Morny's unreasonable temper, the dandy of the Fourth might have been on the cricket-ground, playing with his chum for Rookwood.

Leggett of the Fourth came along to the pavilion. He had a cricket-ball in his hand, which he was carelessly throwing up and catching. There was a furtive gleam in the eyes of the Modern junior

"Hallo! Are we going to have the honour of playing under your eyes, Leggy?" asked Jimmy Silver; and there was a laugh. Leggett seldom troubled the cricket-ground with his presence.

"Oh, I'm going to see you begin!" said Leggett. "But I'm going to do some bowling for Carthew of the Sixth over yonder, when he comes down."

"Fagging at bowling?" said Van Ryn. "That's a new departure for you. Don't knock Carthew's brains out!"

"I could bowl your head off!"

"I dare say you could. You couldn't bowl a wicket down, though."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!" said Leggett. "Here, Erroll, you're the giddy champion in the field. I'll give you a catch you can't hold."

"Done!" said Erroll, with a smile.

Leggett stopped a dozen paces from Erroll to toss him the ball. Instead of tossing it, however, he hurled it with a sudden deadly aim, and Erroll staggered back with a cry. He raised his right arm, and then dropped it to his side again.

"Ha, ha!" roared Leggett. "You didn't hold that!"

The cricketers looked on in blank amazement for a moment. Then Jimmy Silver caught Leggett by the collar. Erroll's face was pale with pain. The ball had struck his right arm with terrific force, numbing it.

"You howling cad!" shouted Jimmy Silver, shaking Leggett like a rat. "What do you mean by that?"

"Ow! Let go!" spluttered Leggett. "Only a—a joke! I said he couldn't hold the catch."

"Are you hurt, Erroll?"

Erroll tried to smile.

"Yes. My arm's hurt. Don't touch the silly fool, Jimmy. I suppose it was meant as a joke."

"Crooking a chap with a cricket-ball a joke!" exclaimed Lovell wrathfully. "I call it a hooligan trick!"

"It—it was a joke!" gasped Leggett. "I haven't really hurt you, have I, Erroll? I'm sorry—awfully sorry!"

"You've hurt me, you idiot! You've crooked my arm!"

"I don't believe it was a joke!" growled Van Ryn. "Leggett fairly pitched the ball at Erroll."

"I—I meant it to give him a tap,"

Jimmy Silver ran to Erroll anxiously. Lovell & Co. surrounded Leggett, and helped him away with their bats, amid loud roars from the Modern junior.

Whether it was a foolish joke or an ill-natured trick, Leggett was punished for it.

Jimmy knitted his brows. It was hard lines, on the very eve of one of the

biggest matches of the season, to lose his best bowler. He could have spared a couple of batsmen more easily.

"And that silly fool Morny's gone out blagging!" muttered Jimmy, with savage anger and contempt.

Erroll's face brightened through its pain.

"Jimmy, if you want Morny——"

"Well, he could take your place, if you can't play. He can bowl. But he's gone, goodness knows where!"

"I know where he's gone, Jimmy. Shall I go after him?" asked Erroll eagerly.

"You can't; you're crooked."

"I can bike all right with one hand. I could run down their trap in a jolly short time," said Erroll. "Morny would come. I'm sure of that. Give me the chance, Jimmy. Raby, old chap, get my bike out, there's a good fellow!"

Raby looked at Jimmy Silver, who nodded, and then he cut out to the bike-shed. Erroll was smiling now, in spite of the bitter pain in his bruised arm that drove the colour from his cheeks.

"Morny mayn't come!" growled Jimmy Silver. "He's rotter enough to cut up rusty, being asked at the last minute! You mayn't find him, either."

"If he's not here in time, you can play another chap. Let me try."

"Well, no harm in trying!" conceded Jimmy. "I'll play Morny if he comes in time. If we bat first it will be all right, anyway."

"And if you don't, you can put a substitute in the field till Morny comes."

Jimmy laughed.

"Oh, all right!"

Kit Erroll hurried down to the gates whither Raby was wheeling his machine.

Raby held it for him to mount—he could not use his right arm. With his left hand gripping the centre of the handlebars, Erroll pedalled away, going down Coombe Lane at great speed.

His arm hurt him severely, but he hardly noticed it. He was keen to run down the trap, and fetch Morny back to the cricket-ground, to play in the match, instead of playing the blackguard with Lattrey & Co.

He knew the road the trap must take, and he knew that he was cycling at more than double the rate of the horse, and Morny had not had a very long start.

He left the lane behind, and rode hard on the high-road where it bordered the heath.

He passed vehicle after vehicle with a pause. The perspiration ran down his face in streams, and the dust rose round him, but he did not heed. Without a pause he drove on at the pedals, which whizzed round at lightning speed.

And at last he sighted a trap ahead with four juniors seated in it, one of whom was driving. And one of the juniors, looking back, spotted the dusty cyclist, and ejaculated:

"Erroll, by gad! Hold on, Peele! Hold on, I tell you! Stop!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

"Well Done, Morny!"

ERROLL jumped off his bicycle by the halted trap. Mornington jumped down, and Peele, Gower, and Lattrey eyed him from the trap, the latter with eyes that seemed to burn.

"What on earth are you doin' here, Erroll?" exclaimed Mornington, in amazement. "What's the matter with your arm?"

"Crooked!" said Erroll briefly.

"By gad!"

"Missing the match—what?" drawled Lattrey. "How did it happen?"

"Leggett fooling about with a cricket-ball," said Erroll.

"What rotten luck!" smiled Lattrey. Erroll gave him a glance of sudden suspicion. He remembered the whispered talk of the precious pair under the beeches the previous day.

The mocking light in Lattrey's eyes seemed to enlighten him, and it flashed into his mind that it had been no foolish joke of Leggett's. It had been a cunning scheme devised by the cad of the Fourth to "crock" him for the Greyfriars match.

He made a step towards the trap, but he paused. There was no time to call Lattrey to account, and he had no proof. He turned again to Mornington.

"You're comin' with us, Erroll?" asked Peele, from the trap. "You're welcome! We're goin' to have a high old time!"

Erroll did not heed him. "Morny! Get on my bike, and scoot back to Rookwood," he said. "You're wanted in the team."

"Oh, gad!" said Mornington. "You're going to play in my place," explained Erroll hurriedly. "Buck up, and you may get back to Rookwood before the Greyfriars fellows arrive. You'll do-it, Morny? I've raced after you for that. You'll do it?"

Mornington laughed. "What-ho!" he said at once. "I'll do it like a bird! It's jolly good of you to come an' tell me, Erroll! It can't have been easy riding for you."

"It wasn't. But it's all right, if you get back," said Erroll, smiling. "Take my bike I can walk it."

"Good man!" "Look here, Morny!" shouted Lattrey. "You're not deserting us?"

"Morny!" chorused Peele and Gower. "Sorry!" smiled Mornington. "Call of duty, you know!"

"Oh, don't be a fool!" hissed Lattrey, utterly dismayed and enraged by this unexpected outcome of his plotting. "You can't go, Morny! The fellows are expecting us at the Ship!"

"Tell 'em I'm sorry I can't come. I'll look in another day. Sure you can get back all right hoofin' it, Erroll?"

"Yes, yes. Off you go!" "Morny!" Lattrey's voice was husky with rage. "You've got to come, Morny! Why, we've made all arrangements! You can't back out!"

"I'm paying my whack, in any case," said Mornington coolly. "You can rely on me for that. If it's my sweet company you want, you can do without it for once. I'm not missin' the biggest match of the season, if I know it."

He had put his leg over Erroll's machine, and, as he spoke, he slid into the saddle, and the pedals whizzed round.

Erroll drew a breath of relief as the slim figure of the dandy of the Fourth, bending low in the saddle, vanished down the road in a cloud of dust towards distant Rookwood.

He had won that round, at all events! He had beaten, for once, the rascal who was contesting with him for Mornington's honour. And he started on the long tramp home to Rookwood, heedless of the biting pain in his arm and of the fatigue and the hot sun.

In the halted trap Lattrey & Co. looked at one another with feelings too deep for words. Lattrey was pale with rage. Peele, shrugging his shoulders at last, drove on again.

"By gad!" muttered Lattrey, through his clenched teeth. "By gad! I'll make them suffer for this, somehow—both of them!"

"Oh, we can get on all right without Morny!" said Gower. "After all, he's paid his whack—and a bit more, if you come to that. Morny's not mean."

"I'm not thinking of that. Hang him!"

"Rotten unlucky that Erroll should have got crocked, wasn't it?" remarked Peele.

Lattrey gave him a black look, and did not reply. It was due to his scheming that Erroll was "crocked" for the cricket-match, but he had never dreamed that the outcome of his treacherous scheming would be—this!

His face was dark and savage as the trap drove on, and he was still scowling when the three roysterers arrived at the Ship and joined their sporting friends.

And he would probably have been still less satisfied if he had known that at that moment Bulkeley of the Sixth was tramping along the footpath over the moor, heading for the same destination.

fully. "Started five minutes after you left. Jimmy won the toss, and we batted first. Morny arrived in time to be sixth man in. Sixty for us first innings. Morny took ten of them. His bike-ride didn't seem to have tired him much. The darkey bowled him."

"That inky chap's a good bowler," remarked Raby.

"Yes; his name's Jampot, or something," said Raby. "Well, Greyfriars took fifty-nine for their innings, leaving us one run ahead. Now we're thirty up for five wickets, and there you are."

"Good!" said Erroll. He moved on to the pavilion, and sat down on one of the seats. He was tired out, and he had a heavy, dull ache in his arm, but he meant to see the match through. Jimmy Silver, whose



Leggett stopped a few paces from Erroll to toss him the ball. Instead of tossing it, however, he hurled it with a sudden deadly aim and Erroll staggered back with a cry. He raised his arm and dropped it to his side. (See chapter 6.)

Neither did Kit Erroll suspect that as he tramped homeward in the sun-blaze. He had done well for Mornington that afternoon, but he did not know yet from what he had saved his scapegrace chum.

It was a long tramp back to Rookwood, and Kit Erroll was almost dead-beat by the time he reached the school. He knew that the Greyfriars' match must have been long under way. He went directly to Little Side when he arrived.

"Hallo! Been dust-collecting?" grinned Newcome, as he arrived on the ground.

"Morny here?"

"Can't you see him batting, fathead?"

"Oh, good!"

Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, were in the field. A dusky junior, of Indian complexion, was bowling against Mornington's wicket. The dandy of the Fourth had evidently arrived in time to play.

"How's it going?" asked Erroll. "Good, so far," said Newcome cheer-

wicket was down, joined him, with a smile.

"I'm glad you sent Morny back, Erroll," he said. "He's in great form. He's taken three Greyfriars' wickets in their innings, and his batting is pretty good, too."

"I'm glad," said Erroll.

"Rotten!"

"Leggett's feeling pretty rotten, too, I think," said Jimmy. "He's had a frog's-march, and his head ducked in the fountain!"

Erroll laughed.

"Serve him right!" he said. "Hallo, there goes Lovell's wicket!"

Lovell, clean bowled by Frank Nugent of Greyfriars, carried out his bat. Van Ryn joined Morny at the wickets.

Jimmy Silver looked on cheerily, but his ruddy face became grave as Hurrey Janset Ram Singh, of Greyfriars, went on to bowl again. For Morny's wicket fell to the first ball from the dusky junior, and Tommy Dodd's followed

when he took Morny's place; and Towle, who followed him in, was dismissed with a duck's egg.

There was a cheer from the Greyfriars cricketers.

"The hat-trick! Hurrah!"

"Good old Inky!"

"Last man in!" said Jimmy Silver.

Last man in was Dick Oswald, and he and Van Ryn piled up 10 runs between them before a catch from Harry Wharton at point downed the South African's wicket.

"All down for forty!" said Lovell.

"You never know your luck!" said Jimmy Silver philosophically. "Keep smiling!"

"How are you feelin', old scout?" asked Mornington, joining his chum.

"Oh, not all roses!" said Erroll. "Never mind that. You'll have to pile in with the bowling, Morny, if you're going to beat them."

"I think we can do it!" said Mornington cheerfully. And Erroll smiled. Morny looked now nothing but a keen cricketer, very unlike what he would have looked had he carried out his own intentions that afternoon.

Mornington nodded to his chum when the call came to go into the field, and followed Jimmy Silver & Co. Greyfriars opened the innings with Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, mighty batsmen both.

The Greyfriars fellows seemed to be in a confident mood. They were one behind on the first innings, but they had no doubt of topping the Rookwood total for the second.

And the batsmen started well. Bob Cherry had knocked up 15 when he was caught out by Tommy Dodd, and Wharton had added 12 to the score when he fell. Jimmy Silver tossed the ball to Mornington.

"Go it, Morny!" he said.

And Morny smiled cheerily, and went it.

Erroll's eyes were on his chum; and all eyes, indeed, were soon on Mornington. The dandy of the Fourth was at the top of his form. And his luck, as well as his form, was phenomenal.

Nugent, Field, and Hazeldene, of Greyfriars, fell one after another to his bowling, and the Rookwood crowd roared. It was the hat-trick for Rookwood, and they needed it.

But that was not the end.

Johnny Bull followed at the wicket, and to his surprise he was caught out first ball from Morny's masterly bowling. And Hurree Singh, who was next man in, saw with dismay his leg stump levelled with the ground. And even that was not the finish, for Peter Todd, a mighty bat, was dismissed with a duck's egg to wind up that wonderful over.

Rookwood simply roared.

The "double hat-trick" was, naturally, uncommon enough on the Rookwood ground. And it was Mornington, the dandy and slacker, the recruit brought by chance into the team, who had performed it.

Jimmy Silver clapped Mornington on the back as the field crossed over.

"Good man! Bravo! Good man!" roared Jimmy, in exuberant delight.

"Rather good—what?" grinned Mornington.

"Topping! Bravo!"

Eight down for 27 was the record! Harry Wharton & Co. eyed Mornington curiously. They did not often come across bowling like this. And Jimmy Silver, who bowled the next over, seemed to have caught Morny's wonderful luck.

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He took a wicket with the second ball, and from the third a catch was given to Conroy in the field.

The innings, which had opened in a way that bade fair to last out till dusk, had come to a sudden termination, with what the Greyfriars fellows regarded as a run of phenomenal bad luck, but which was, naturally, regarded in quite a different light by the Rookwooders.

"Hurrah!" roared the Rookwood crowd.

"Well, cricket's an uncertain game," remarked Bob Cherry to his comrades. "But this beats records! It beats me hollow!"

And Hurree Singh remarked that the hollowfulness was terrific, a remark that made the Rookwooders chuckle.

Jimmy Silver & Co. saw the Greyfriars fellows off at the station. As they came back to Rookwood a peculiar sight met their gaze. Bulkeley of the Sixth was striding in at the gates, and after him, with sullen and apprehensive faces, slunk three juniors—Peele, Gower, and Lattrey.

"My only hat!" said Jimmy Silver. "That looks like a catch!"

It was a "catch." An hour later the school was assembled in Hall to witness a public flogging. Lattrey & Co. were the victims. And as all Rookwood knew that the prefect had caught them at the Ship, chumming with a gang of "boozy" blackguards, there was little sympathy for them. Mornington's face was very grave as he came away from the Hall, and he pressed Erroll's arm.

"Rather lucky you came after me, old chap—what?" he murmured.

Erroll drew a deep breath.

"Thank goodness I came, and that you came back!" he said. "You wouldn't have liked to figure in that scene, Morny! Look here, Morny! I'm not going to sermonise you, but you know it's not good enough! Why don't you stick to the cricket, and let those shady rotters slide?"

"Blessed if I don't think it over!" said Mornington.

And Erroll could only hope that Morny's thinking it over would have a good result.

THE END.

GAMES FOR THE ODD HALF-HOUR.


FOR the best enjoyment of some of our most popular British sports such as cricket, a fairly large area of ground and ample time is needed. It is my intention in this article to bring to your notice two little outdoor games that can be played by any number of boys anywhere, even if they only have a short time at their disposal. These games are not new ones, but they are not so widely known as they should be. If you have never tried them get your chums to join in with you when next you have a few minutes for recreation in the field or playground. Besides being very amusing, both the games can give excellent bodily exercise if conducted properly.

"The Drill Sergeant!"

Any number of players can join in this game, and one fellow should be selected for the role of the "drill sergeant." The sergeant having been selected, all the other players line up like a squad of recruits in a row. The drill sergeant then gives the rest of the players the order "Do as I do!" cautioning them that on no account are they to laugh. He then proceeds to indulge in a series of physical feats without, however, moving away from the place he has taken up on the playground. He can raise his legs, turn his toes inwards, and perform all kinds of contortions in as ludicrous a manner as he pleases. Needless to say, when you get a dozen fellows all doing the same actions together, the effect at times is screamingly funny. Although the actions may be irregular and amusing, they can also be of great benefit to the various muscles in the body. If any of the recruits chortles or bursts into a yell of laughter during the performance of the exercises, he is ordered out of the squad. When half the players have been sent out for laughing, the remainder of the recruits leap on to the backs of the offenders for a ride at their expense. The drill sergeant takes a knotted handkerchief from his pocket and belabours on the most convenient portion of the back, any "horse" that shows any unwillingness in his task.

"Baiting the Bear!"

For this game a player has to be selected by lot to act as "bear," and the chosen one has the right of picking his own "keeper." The preliminary arrangement having been made, the keeper ties a rope about five feet long round the waist of his charge and draws a circle about four feet in diameter on the ground with a piece of chalk. The bear then gets on his hands and knees inside the circle, his keeper standing also within the ring, holding the end of the rope. The rest of the players can then begin their sport of bear-baiting, which they do by hitting him over the back with knotted handkerchiefs. To do so they must, of course, run close in, and it is up to the bear and his keeper to try and catch one of the baiters. The bear must not get up to do this, nor must he nor his keeper leave the chalked circle. When a player is caught he becomes the bear and a fresh keeper is chosen by him. Great nimbleness of movement is required for this little outdoor game which can also be played by any number of fellows, and plenty of good exercise can be derived from it.



G.L. JESSOP

The famous all-English cricketer has written in "Fighting Jack Cresley," the most exciting tale of Sport and Adventure ever penned—it's a real thriller.

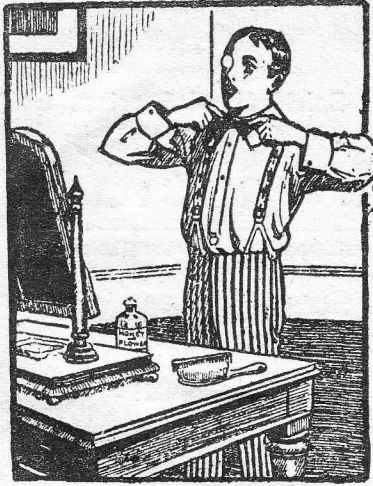
Begin it TO-DAY in

The Boys' FRIEND

The Story-Paper for Every Boy

Popular Favourites!

No. 21.
ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.



Gussy, to call him by his famous nickname, is a very old friend. He was at St. Jim's with Herries and Blake some time earlier than the Terrible Three.

A short time back I mentioned Arthur Augustus when comparing his character with Jack Blake's, the leader of Study No. 6. No two fellows could be greater chums than Blake and Gussy are. The tremendous difference between the two make them all the better friends. They look at nearly everything that does not matter very much in different ways; but when it comes to things that do matter—loyalty, straightforwardness, courage—then they stand shoulder to shoulder.

Too many fellows like Gussy would mean a fine harvest for the spongers and swindlers. He is too soft-hearted, his sympathy is too easily enlisted. But he is no fool—far from that; he is one of the finest fellows breathing. One could not wish for a better pal in any circumstances.

His particular way of speaking, which affords much merriment to his schoolfellows, is not unpleasant; it is, as a girl might put it, rather fascinating and quaint. He is always threatening to "administrate" fearful thwashes, but the threat is rarely carried out. He is often described as the Swell of St. Jim's. His fancy waistcoats, his gorgeously tinted ties, fashionably cut suits, and "toppers," make him the laughing stock of the school. He spends far too much time and money on dress; it is his weakest point.

Often has he lectured the inmates of Study No. 6 on the "advantage of bein' well dressed," and many other subjects. But his audience invariably have to suppress him rather forcibly, and Gussy has to retire hastily from the room. In Talbot of the Shell he can always find a sympathetic listener.

There are few stories appearing that do not mention Gussy. In many he is fairly to the fore, in a few he is the hero.

In one story of note not very long ago Gussy showed himself in a new light altogether, as a dashing, daring hero. It all happened through Mr. Selby bullying Gussy's minor, Wally. Gussy interrupted, threatened the rascally master of the Third, and, as a punishment, was locked up in the detention-room for that afternoon until he apologised. It also happened that there was an important "away" match. Gussy was a member of the team, but now it was impossible for him to play. But the swell of St. Jim's was awfully keen to play, so he broke detention, and ran away, pursued by Mr. Selby. A very exciting motor-car chase ensued, but Gussy escaped, and arrived in time to play in the team. All the fellows will tell you that the match was Gussy's. He was brilliant, superb. Then, on the return journey they came upon Mr. Selby struggling in the water. Gussy daringly jumped to the rescue of his enemy, and saved him from a terrible death. Of course, it all came right in the end, and Gussy was the hero of the hour.



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

FOR NEXT FRIDAY.

"THE MYSTERY REMOVITE!"

By Frank Richards.

This is the title of the next grand long complete school tale of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, which deals with the arrival of a new boy at the school and the mystery which surrounds his name and movements. Nobody knows Armitage, and certainly nobody connects him with the British Guiana One Cent Stamp belonging to Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth Form, which had been stolen. There are only two persons at the school who are aware of the new boy's name. But I will not say any more—it's for you to read all about "The Mystery Removite!" and his strange exploits in next week's issue.

Besides this there will be another splendid long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled

"FOR THE HONOUR OF ROOKWOOD."

By Owen Conquest.

The story is centred round an important cricket match. Knowles, the most unpopular prefect, is up against Bulkeley, and concocts a scheme to "let down" the captain in the St. Jim's match. It is nothing to Knowles that this would mean the letting down of Rookwood also. But the honour of the school is very dear to the hearts of Jimmy Silver & Co., and they decide to take a hand in the game! This is a grand tale, and I am sure you will vote it as one of the best yarns we have received from the gifted pen of Mr. Owen Conquest.

The Splendid four-page Supplement, "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

will also be included in the programme, and it will be a Special Verse Number. Billy and his four fat subs have worked very hard indeed to get out a number with all the contents written in poetry. It is a great feat, and I must say that Billy has accomplished it remarkably well.

There will also be a thrilling instalment of the exploits of Dare-devil Dick Trafford in our popular cinema serial, and the usual weekly "Poplets" competition.

I can only conclude my chat by giving the same advice as before—order your copy of the "Popular" to-day, and you will avoid disappointment next Friday. In the meantime, get a copy of the "Magnet Library," and read about the further adventures of the chums of Greyfriars in

"COKER'S CONQUEST!"

By Frank Richards.

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 23.

Examples for the above Competition:

- A Record Hit. A New Boy.
- Coker the Poet. Force to Leave.
- Turning up Late. Stick to Facts.
- When Providing Amusement. Picnics Without Bunter.
- The Downward Path. A Difficult Problem.
- When Taking Advice. Not Easily Beaten.

Read the following rules carefully, and then send in your postcard. Readers should particularly note that TWO efforts can be

sent in on one card, but no effort may contain more than FOUR words.

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

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

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 23, the "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

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 July 14th.

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

RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 17.

Ten prizes of Five Shillings each have been awarded to the following readers, who have sent in the best efforts in the above competition:

Arthur Molyneux, 5, Dene Street Gardens, Dorking, Surrey.

Example: Bunter's Bootlace.
"Poplet": Always Tripping Him Up.

Charles Ralph, 18, Lenthall Street, Walton, Liverpool.

Cause and Effect.
Lessons—After Strain "Pupils."

L. I. Tweedale, Granham Lodge, Hadleigh Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Bunter's Bootlace.
Has a Delicate Constitution.

Geoffrey Brady, 97, St. George's Road, Bristol.

Making Feeds Compulsory.
Poultry Bree-Ders Before Christmas.

W. Smith, Lyveden, Benefield, Oundle, Northants.

Bunter's Bootlace.
Handy for Excuse.

H. Head, Victoria Road, Coleford, Glos.

Cause and Effect.
Bad "Corn"—"wry" Countenance.

Harry W. E. Thom, Ruvigny Gardens, Putney, S.W. 15.

Double Rations Wanted.
Compliment to Cook.

H. Gaskin, 10, Gleave Street, Everton, Liverpool.

Feeds Compulsory.
"Gorge"-ous Dream.

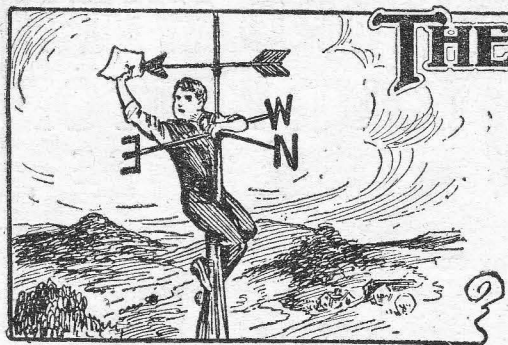
F. Winchester, 23a, Takleway, Old Town, Hastings, Sussex.

Bunter's Bootlace.
A Boot-iful Excuse.

H. E. Young, 255, Narloro' Road, Leicester.

Well Marked.
Pages of "Holiday Annual."

COMMENCE READING THIS THRILLING CINEMA SERIAL TO-DAY!



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 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.

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, and 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 is given a part in a film which is about to be produced. In one scene Dick is drawn into an aeroplane from the ground by a rope.

Dick has a narrow escape of being killed, but is saved at the critical moment. Mr. Henderson is very pleased with his work, and decides to produce another scene, where Dick, acting as the small boy in the film, is kidnapped and taken to a tent. Mr. Clive Forster, another actor, has to come into the tent and drag the boy away, tie him in an aeroplane and set it off uncontrolled. Dick lies down and prepares for the scene.

(Now read on.)

Dick Trafford's Peril!

MEANWHILE, Clive Foster, a cloth supposed to be drugged in his right hand, was creeping stealthily towards the spot where lay the boy, apparently sleeping.

At length he was within the tent, and, with a spring, he flung himself upon the sleeping heir to millions, and clapped the drugged rag over Dick's mouth and nostrils.

Dick gave a realistic display of trying to struggle away from the sickly-smelling drug, and then, slowly, as had been rehearsed, he

THE POPULAR.—No. 129.

allowed his struggles to become less and less until they finally ceased altogether, and he fell back, apparently unconscious.

All the time the several cameras stationed at different angles had been steadily cranked by the operators who stood beside them.

"Great!" cried Mr. Henderson. "It's going fine! Now pick him up, and carry him to the aeroplane!" he cried to Foster, through the megaphone. "And you camera-men, turn your machines slowly round, so as to keep them both in the centre of the picture!"

Clive Foster now bent down, and, picking the limp and inert figure of Dick up from the bed of straw, he carried him out of the tent and towards the waiting aeroplane.

Here he dumped Dick's body in the fuselage of the machine, and with the length of rope which had been provided for the purpose, he proceeded to bind Dick securely into the body of the aeroplane.

And Dick, lying there, helplessly gagged with the rag which was supposed to be steeped in an overpowering drug, felt himself being tied into the machine; but as the cords were passed about his body, and the knots drawn tight, it slowly dawned upon Dick that this part of the performance was not being carried out exactly as at rehearsals.

The cords were being drawn taut, and, it seemed, with fendish force and cruel tightness.

"Good!" cried the producer. "That's fine! Life-like! Keep it up!"

Then suddenly it flashed through into Dick's brain that the man Foster was really carrying out the part he was supposed to be playing.

He was not, as previously rehearsed, tying Dick into the machine in such a manner that he—Dick—would be able to reach the controls with his hands and feet; but in such a manner that when he had finished, Dick would be utterly helpless, and at the mercy of this scoundrel.

This, then, thought Dick, was the meaning of that strange expression he had seen upon the fellow's face earlier in the day.

The scoundrel was cold-bloodedly sending Dick to his death, and Dick was utterly helpless to raise a finger to protect himself.

The gag in his mouth prevented him from crying out, to warn those who were standing idly round watching the scene with interest. He could not shout to them that treachery was afoot, and that the man Foster was not carrying out his part as rehearsed.

Moreover, any struggles that he tried to put up—and there was little chance of this now, for the scoundrel had almost completed his work—would only have been taken for a piece of clever acting upon Dick's part.

Dick's brain reeled as he realised that he was being sent to his death whilst a score of men, who would have saved him had they realised the truth, were calmly watching the act of this scoundrel; and half a dozen operators were nonchalantly photographing the crime which was taking place before their eyes.

The ghastly irony of it all gave Dick a spasm of mental agony, and he strained his head round to gaze appealingly for mercy into the eyes of the man who was drawing tight the last strand of rope.

But, as he did so, Dick realised that he might expect little hope of mercy from this scoundrel.

Foster's face, was now contorted with savage hate and rage, and his breath came quick and hot as it beat upon Dick's face. "I'll fix you this time!" he hissed into

Dick's ear. "I'll get you out of the way you young upstart! I'll teach you to rob me of my job! You'll never be able to control the machine now! And they'll never know it was I who was responsible for your death! You'll crash beautifully, my lad, and the machine—and you, too, for that matter—will be smashed to pieces, so that there will be no evidence that it was I who sent you to your death!"

And, with a maniacal laugh, the scoundrel drew taut the last strand, and knotted it tight.

Then he sprang down from the machine, and, running round to the front of the engine, seized the huge propeller in both hands and gave it a swing.

With a roar, the engine sprang into action, and the propeller spun round at hundreds of revolutions a minute.

The scoundrel waited until the engine was roaring away, "full out" at top speed, and then deftly kicked away the chocks from the wheels.

And, as he did so, the huge aeroplane sprang forward like an arrow from the bow.

It went careering madly across the aerodrome, and then suddenly soared up into the air.

Those below watched its flight with awe and appreciation.

"Wonderful!" cried Mr. Henderson. "Terrific!"

But, meanwhile, bound and gagged helplessly in the cockpit of the aeroplane, which had now climbed to over a thousand feet, poor Dick was going through mental torture.

He tugged and strained at the ropes which held him a helpless prisoner in the cockpit, but he could not as much as free a finger. The ropes cut into his flesh with cruel fierceness, and Dick realised that indeed his last moment had come.

Dandy to the Rescue!

THEN one of the extended wings of the machine flew into an air-pocket, and the whole machine dipped dangerously.

If only Dick could free a hand, he could pull the machine out of the side-slip into which it had fallen—but it was hopeless!

But then, just as Dick was giving himself up for lost, there sounded a noise behind him, which caused him to catch his breath with amazement and forlorn hope.

It was the bark of a dog!

The next instant the retriever Dandy was beside the helpless young cinema actor, rubbing his nose against his master's face.

Here was a hope, thought Dick.

Could the dog possibly save him in any way?

With a wonderful sense of relief, Dick gazed at the figure of the big black retriever which now crouched at his side in the body of the aeroplane.

Could he, Dick wondered, manage to convey to the animal that he wished him to bite through the cruel bonds which held him prisoner in the spinning plane?

But, even as the thought came to Dick, the dog realised the peril his master was in, and, with his sharp, white teeth, was biting through the cord which held Dick's right hand down.

With wonderful care, the animal managed to gnaw through the rope, without even scratching the skin of Dick's wrist.

At last the cord gave with a snap, and Dick's right arm was free.

It was but the work of an instant for Dick to snatch the gag from his mouth and to pull over the control-lever of the aeroplane, thus righting it from the dangerous side-slip into which it had fallen, and saving it from going into a "flat spin."

The next moment the plane was flying upon an even keel once more, and Dick devoted his attention to freeing his left wrist from the ropes which held it lashed to the side of the fuselage.

At length, he had it done, and, with both hands now free, it was the simplest of tasks to remove the cords from about his ankles.

A minute later, and he was free of all his bonds.

Dick patted the dog fondly upon the head. "Good boy!" he said. "Thank Heaven you were in the machine—though, how you got there I can't think!"

Then Dick climbed into the pilot's seat, and, placing his feet upon the rudder-bar, and his hand upon the "joy-stick," he proceeded to pilot the machine back to earth once more.

A confliction of feelings were taking place amongst those below as they watched the huge plane circle about in the air, and then start to descend.

Eustace Henderson and Samuel K. Beech both imagined that everything had gone off satisfactorily, according to the rehearsal, and were congratulating themselves upon the success of the stunt.

But there was one who had very different feelings about what he had witnessed.

And that, of course, was Clive Foster, the man whose place Dick Trafford had taken as the leading stunt actor for The World-famed Cinema Company. The man who was so wildly jealous of Dick, and who had—in full sight of all—tied Dick into the aeroplane a short time back, but not as rehearsed.

He had first gagged, and then tied Dick cruelly tightly into the machine.

He had not arranged for Dick's hands or feet to come in contact with the controls as intended, but had placed him in such a position that it was utterly impossible for Dick to control the machine as had been intended.

And Dick—gagged as he was—was unable to lift a finger to help himself, nor could he shout out to the others who were calmly looking on, that this man, Clive Foster, was trying to send him to his death.

And so it can easily be realised that when Clive Foster perceived the aeroplane right itself from the side-slip into which it had fallen, the earlier spectacle of which had afforded the scoundrel malicious glee, he was at a loss to understand what had happened.

"How on earth could the boy get at the controls to right the machine?" he murmured to himself, his face a picture of perplexity. "I tied him tight enough, and yet the machine is obviously becoming under control once more! Good heavens! He's coming down safely, too! This is going to be awkward for me! I wonder how he's managed it?"

But, then, of course, Clive Foster knew nothing of the retriever Dandy, who had come to the rescue in so dramatic a manner.

"Guess I'd better make myself scarce!" he muttered again; and was about to move away when, with a rush and a roar, the giant aeroplane came to earth, and taxied across the "drome."

Then, realising that escape was impossible before Dick sprang from the body of the machine, Clive Foster stood there, rooted to the spot, gazing at the aeroplane with a fascinated expression upon his face.

"Now for it!" he thought. "Now I shall get—shown up!"

But he was reckoning without Dick's wonderful generosity.

Dick Trafford sprang out of the fuselage of the machine, and, as he did so, both Eustace Henderson and Samuel Beech gasped their surprise.

"But, what's this?" exclaimed the producer. "How did you get free from the ropes? We thought you were operating the controls with your arms and ankles still bound, as originally rehearsed?"

Dick gave a light laugh, and shook his head.

"You wonder how I got free?" he said.

"Yes, yes, of course!"

"I'll show you," answered Dick.

And, pursing up his lips, he gave a sharp whistle.

Immediately, the figure of the black retriever, Dandy, leaped out of the aeroplane.

"That's how I got free!" went on Dick. "Dandy, somehow, got into the machine with me, and, believing me to be in real danger when he saw me bound and gagged, the dear old chap gnawed through the ropes. I didn't stop him, as I thought it would make a good picture for the other 'plane to take!"

And, as Dick spoke, he motioned above to the other machine, still in the air, in which sat the camera-man, who had filmed Dick's adventures in the air.

Then Dick shot a glance in the direction of Clive Foster, who stood there, his mouth half open with astonishment, but with an expression of indescribable relief upon his face.

"Could it be possible," he wondered, "that Dick was not going to divulge his treachery?"

It seemed too good to be true, and yet to this scoundrel's way of thinking it seemed impossible that Dick, knowing that he had tried to send him to his death, should refrain from exposing him.

Dick was speaking again.

"Of course," he said, "if you would have preferred that I had not allowed the dog to free my wrists, I can always do the 'stunt' again, as originally rehearsed. I could very easily be tied in again. In fact, I'll do it right away, if you like! Mr. Foster here can tie me in again—couldn't you, Mr. Foster?" added Dick, as he gazed straight into the shifting eyes of the man who had tried to take his life.

Dick's philosophy of life was that if you show a man that you trust him—no matter how big a scoundrel he may be—he will appreciate it, and not betray that trust.

Honour amongst thieves!

But we shall see how well—or how badly—this trust which Dick now tried to show Foster he had in him succeeded.

But, for the moment, Foster was so taken aback by the surprise he felt upon hearing Dick's words that he was unable to speak.

He stood there, his eyes shifting from side to side, not daring to meet Dick's eyes.

"Come, come, Mr. Foster!" exclaimed Dick, with a laugh. "You're not afraid to tie me

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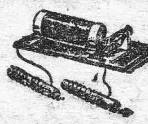


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in the machine again, if Mr. Henderson wishes it?"

Foster shook his head. He could not speak.

But at that moment Mr. Henderson cut in. "There's no need to have a retake," he said; "I'm quite satisfied with what has already been filmed. I think it's great! It only means altering the story slightly to fit the incident; but it's much too good to waste. Why, we might have spent months trying to train a dog to act as this one has done!" he added, as he patted Dandy upon the head. "He's worth his weight in gold to us, this dog!"

"Very good!" answered Dick. "If you think it's all right, I won't trouble to do it again. And now, when do you want me again, Mr. Henderson?"

The chief of The World-Famed Cinema Company conferred with his producer, Mr. Samuel K. Beech, who, upon consulting a sheaf of papers in his hand, spoke in answer to his chief's question.

Mr. Henderson turned back to Dick. "That's all for you to-day," he said. "We'll get to work upon the shipwreck scene to-morrow. But you might come along to my office, about six, all of you—you, too, Mr. Foster—as I want to go through the scenario with you all."

"Very good, sir!" answered Dick. "I'll be there. I'll bring Mr. Foster along with me."

And as Dick spoke he moved across to where stood the man who had but a short time back tried to take his life, and, slipping his arm through his, led him away. Foster was in a mental maze.

He could not understand such treatment from the man whom he had so cold-bloodedly tried to "crash."

His warped, crooked brain strove to see some deep-laid plot in Dick's charitable action, and he immediately became suspicious.

"What's the idea?" he demanded of Dick. "The idea?" echoed Dick, in a surprised voice, as he glanced at the man beside him.

"Yes!" went on Foster. "What's your little game in not telling the others that I tried to do you in? What are you up to?"

"Nothing!" returned Dick, in a more serious tone. "After all, I'm still alive and kicking—thanks to Dandy!—and so I won't bear you any ill-will or malice! Now, if I really had crashed, and been a cripple for the rest of my life, I might have felt a little bitter towards you!"

Clive Foster gasped again. All this was beyond his comprehension. "And you're not going to give me away at all?" he said.

Dick shook his head, and laughed. "No," he said. "Why should I? After all, I feel sure you don't really wish me any harm. It's only because I've been engaged to play 'lead' in the films that you are a

trifle disappointed! But let's be friends about it! After all, you couldn't play lead in 'The Heir to Millions' film, even if I were not here. It must be a young boy for that part!"

Clive Foster nodded. He quite clearly heard all Dick was saying, but his own brain was so vicious and depraved that he could not realise that Dick was really speaking the truth, and that he did not intend exposing Foster as the scoundrel he was.

"Look here," said Dick, as he held out his hand to the villain, "I don't bear any malice for what you did—can't we shake and be friends?"

Then it was that Clive Foster resorted once more to base treachery and deceit. "Sure!" he exclaimed, as he gripped Dick's outstretched hand. "I'm your friend, and I can't say how sorry and repentant I am at having lost my head to the extent of trying to send you to your death. Forgive me—I'll try to make amends for it. Your generosity in not giving me away has opened my eyes to what a fine fellow you are! You can stand on me to be with you from now on."

"I'm sure I can," answered Dick, as he gripped the other's hand. "I'm sure you won't attempt to do me an injury again."

And Dick inwardly congratulated himself that his philosophy of "Trust a man and he'll trust you" had succeeded once more.

But could it have been possible for him to have seen into the inner workings of Clive Foster's brain, he would have been surprised and disappointed to learn that, for all his words, the scoundrel was still nursing hatred and desire for revenge in his heart for Dick. (Another thrilling instalment of our splendid serial of the cinema world next week.)

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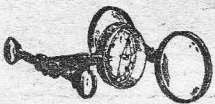
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