

POCKET-MONEY FOR THE HOLIDAYS FOR YOU!

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Week Ending—
July 16th, 1921.

New
Series.
No. 130.

Greyfriars

1 1/2d

The POPULAR

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

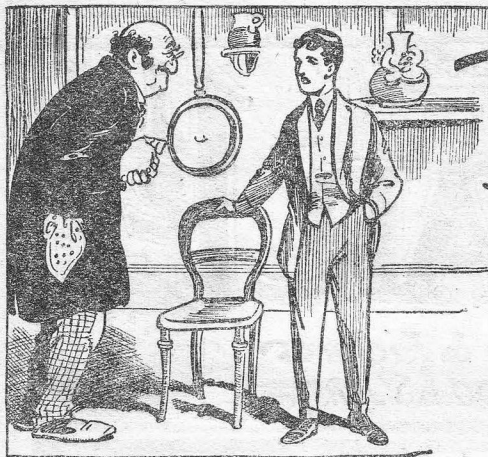
Rookwood

St. Jims



JAPING THE NEW REMOVITE!
HE COMES TO GREYFRIARS SOON AFTER THE THEFT OF THE FOUR HUNDRED POUND STAMP, AND HE IS A MYSTERY TO ALL THE JUNIORS. NOBODY KNOWS WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE CAME FROM!
(READ THE SPLENDID, LONG, COMPLETE TALE OF THE "MYSTERY REMOVITE" INSIDE.)

2 Billy Bunter Gets a Reward of Five Hundred Pounds from A Stranger—



The Mystery Removeite.

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Another of 'Em!

FIRE!" It was Ogilvy, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, who uttered that shout, as he looked out of the School House door after lessons.

There was a rush of the fellows at once.

"Where?"

"What—"

"Why?"

Ogilvy chuckled.

"There!" he said.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, following the direction of Ogilvy's finger with his eye. "It's a giddy blaze, and no mistake!"

It was!

A youth in Etons and a silk hat was coming across the Close, followed by Gosling, the porter, laden with a box. It was easy enough to guess that it was the new Lower School boy, of whom the juniors had heard the previous evening. The stranger had an extremely sandy-coloured face and hair of the brightest auburn, which showed red under the brim of his hat. There had been red-headed boys at Greyfriars before, but never one with so aggressive a red as that.

"Well, my word!" said Nugent. "So that's the new kid?"

"That's the giddy new bouncer!" grinned Bolsover. "My hat! I think we can have some fun with him!"

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Let his hair alone, for goodness' sake!" he said. "Some red-haired people are sensitive about it, though goodness knows why they should be. Red's as good as any colour."

Bolsover put his hands to his mouth, and shouted:

"Hallo, Copper Top!"

The new boy came on calmly. He reached the school steps, and raised his silk hat to the juniors gathered there. He disclosed a really beautiful head of red hair in doing so, and Bolsover & Co. chuckled gleefully.

"Good old Copper Top!"

The auburn-haired youth looked coolly at Bolsover.

"Did you speak to me?" he asked.

"Yes, I did, Red Top!"

"Did you mean to be offensive?"

"Just as you choose to take it!" said Bolsover.

"Because, if you did, I am quite ready to knock some of the cheek out of you!" said the new boy quietly.

Bolsover grinned.

"Come on, and knock it out!" he said.

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"Certainly!"

The new boy stepped up to Bolsover, and the bully of the Remove put up his big fists. In a flash—so quickly was it done that eyes could hardly follow it—his guard was knocked up, and the new boy's fist caught him full on the nose.

Bolsover gave a roar like a bull, and rolled over on the steps, and bumped down to the ground. He sat there gasping, and clapping his nose with both hands.

"Oh! Ow!" he bellowed.

"Take my box in, please, porter!" said the new boy.

"My heye!" murmured Gosling. "My heye!"

And he carried the box in, and the new junior followed him into the House, and disappeared.

"Well, my only summer bonnet!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Bolsover is in the wars now! He has been getting it in the neck lately! Are you hurt, Bolsover?"

"Ow!" groaned Bolsover. "Yow! That red-headed bouncer is as strong as a horse! Oh!"

"Better give him a wide berth," grinned Bob Cherry, "and let his beautiful auburn tresses alone. He can look after them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover made no reply, but walked away, growling. He was generally expected to try conclusions again with the new boy, but he did not seek to do so. Bolsover major was not particularly gifted with brains, but he knew when he had had enough.

The knocking down of the Remove bully by the new junior interested the Removeites in him. And his arrival was a welcome change of topic from the eternal subject of the stolen stamp.

"Master Armitage, sir!" said Gosling, as he showed the new boy into the Head's study.

And the Head rose to receive Master Armitage with a smile of welcome.

The new boy was a quarter of an hour in the Head's study.

When he emerged he inquired of a junior in the passage the way to Mr. Quelch's study. The junior happened to be Harry Wharton.

"This way," said Harry cheerily.

"You want to see Quelch? Does that mean that you are coming into the Remove?"

"That's it!"

"Your name's Armitage, isn't it?"

The new boy nodded.

"What study are you going to have?"

"Mr. Quelch will tell me."

Wharton hesitated. He had some fear that the new boy might be put into

No. 1, as there were only two fellows in it, and the chums of No. 1 did not want to be crowded in their quarters. But it would hardly have been courteous to a new fellow to ask him to ask for any number but No. 1, so Wharton did not speak.

He guided the new junior to Mr. Quelch's study.

"Here you are!" he said. "I'll wait for you and see what study you get, if you like, and take you there."

"Thanks! You're very good," said Armitage gratefully.

He knocked and entered. He was only a few minutes with Mr. Quelch. When he came out, he smiled a little as he met Wharton's anxious look.

"What number?" asked Harry.

"No. 7."

"No. 7? Good!"

"Is it your study?" asked the new boy innocently.

Wharton laughed.

"No; mine's No. 1. No. 7 is all right. There are two fellows in it. Banthorpe, a new chap, who came last week, and Billy Bunter. Don't lend Bunter any money, and don't advance him anything on postal-orders, that's all!"

"Will you show me the way?" asked Armitage, smiling.

"With pleasure! Come on!"

Wharton led the way up to the Remove passage. A good many fellows looked at them as they went, but Armitage was not subjected to any more chipping on account of his auburn hair.

His reply to Bolsover major had become generally known, and the juniors recognised that he was not a safe subject for chipping.

Banthorpe was in the study when they came in, and Billy Bunter was with him.

"This is Armitage," said Harry.

"He's put into this study."

Bunter gave a growl.

"Well, that's nice!" he exclaimed. "I used to have this study to myself. But they seem to think it's the proper place to dump new boys in. First Banthorpe, and now Armitage. Why can't you have him in your study, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You'd better ask Mr. Quelch," he said. "He put him here."

"Well, I think it's rotten."

"Thank you!" said Armitage cheerfully.

"Oh, no offence!" said Bunter quickly, remembering Bolsover major's recent experience at the red-haired junior's hands. "I don't want to row with you."

"You'd better not, I think!" grinned Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You'll find Bunter all right if you cuff him occasionally, Armitage," said the captain of the Remove. "Don't lend him any money, or you'll never see it again!"

"Oh, really—"

"Come out, kid," said Wharton, tapping Banthorpe on the shoulder. "What are you moping indoors for on such a lovely afternoon? Come and have a run in the quad before dinner."

Banthorpe shook his head.

"I'd rather stay here, thank you, Wharton!" he said.

"Why, you young ass?"

"The fellows are all down on me," said Arthur, with a quivering lip. "They think that I took Mr. Capper's postage-stamp."

Armitage looked round curiously.

"What's that?" he said. "Somebody boned a postage-stamp? Not much of a thing to bone, surely?"

"Oh, it was a valuable stamp," explained Wharton. "A British Guiana Ten Cent something—"

"One Cent," said Banthorpe quickly. "1856."

Armitage looked interested at once.

"My hat, I'd like to see that!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that anybody here has got an 1856 British Guiana One Cent?"

"Mr. Capper had," said Banthorpe; "but somebody's stolen it. Do you know anything about stamps?" he added shyly.

"I should say so. I collect them."

Harry Wharton gave a groan.

"Another giddy philatelist! I'm off!" And he ran out of the study.

Armitage laughed.

"You're a philatelist!" said Banthorpe, interested in the new boy at once. "I'm so glad! I wish you could have seen Mr. Capper's stamp. Perhaps he will show it to you when it turns up. I think it must turn up some time, for I'm sure nobody at Greyfriars would steal it."

"Well, it would be a strong temptation if it's really an 1856 British Guiana One Cent," said Armitage, laughing. "Are you sure it was genuine?"

"Oh, yes! Do you know them by sight?" asked Banthorpe.

"Yes; by description, of course. I've seen copies of them, but never the genuine stamp. I always understood there was only one in existence."

Banthorpe nodded.

"Yes; but Mr. Capper got one from a relation who died."

"Printed in black on red," said Armitage, "with a picture of a three-masted ship?"

"That's right."

"My hat! I'd like to see it!"

Billy Bunter gave a grunt.

"If you're going to talk rotten stamps, I'm going!" he said.

"Shut the door after you!" said Armitage cheerfully.

Bunter went out and slammed the door.

"Would you like to see my album, Armitage?" asked Banthorpe shyly.

"Yes, rather! I'll show you mine when I unpack my box," said Armitage.

Banthorpe rose with a very cheerful expression upon his face. He was always willing to talk stamps. And until the bell rang for dinner the two new boys sat with their heads together over the stamp album, in a state of great enjoyment.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Caught in the Trap!

WHAT'S the new kid like?" Bob Cherry asked, as he met Harry Wharton going in to dinner.

Wharton grunted.

"He's a stamp maniac."

"Oh, another of 'em?"

"Yes, another of 'em!"

"He'd better not talk stamps to me!" said Bob Cherry truculently. "I'm getting fed up with stamps. Old Capper jawed me in the Close just now about stamps—fellows are beginning to run when they see him coming. It's awful!"

Armitage came in with Banthorpe. It was evident that the two new boys at Greyfriars had struck up a friendship, doubtless on account of their common interest in stamps. They looked an oddly-assorted pair—Armitage, sturdy and powerful, and little Banthorpe, with his slim form and timid manner. But a good many fellows of Bolsover's kidney who had been in the habit of ragging the timid new boy decided that they had better let that pastime drop for the present, while he was under the protection of the fellow who had "whipped" Bolsover major. Armitage's friendship was likely to be a very good thing for Arthur Banthorpe.

Armitage sat beside Banthorpe at dinner, and they talked in low tones, and the fellows caught scraps of stamp talk—"Cape of Good Hope," "Ceylon," and the like.

Newland showed some signs of interest, and after dinner he joined the two boys as they left the dining-hall.

"You are interested in stamps?" he asked, speaking to Armitage.

Armitage nodded.

"I'm a collector," he said.

"So am I," said Newland. "I'll show you mine, if you like, if you care to come to my study."

"I'm on!" said Armitage emphatically.

And Banthorpe, Armitage, and Newland disappeared together into the Hebrew junior's study, and remained there till the bell rang for lessons.

Mr. Quelch bestowed a somewhat peculiar glance upon Armitage as he came into the Form-room with the rest of the Remove; but it was only for a moment, and beyond that he took no special notice of him.

Armitage's bright hair made him a conspicuous object in the Form-room, but otherwise he fell into his place very quietly. He did the Form work easily and well, and was given a good place in the class.

The three philatelists left the Form-room together after lessons.

"Any more chaps who collect stamps here?" Armitage asked.

"There's Gadsby of the Shell," said Newland.

"Good! I'll look him out," said Armitage. "I've got some stamps I want to swap."

"Too late for swapping with Gadsby," said Newland, with a smile. "He's sold his collection. He sold it yesterday in Courtfield."

"Not much of a collector if he parts with his collection," said Armitage.

"It's on account of that stamp of Capper's being missing. Gadsby says he's fed up with stamps, and doesn't want to have any more to do with them."

"But he'd keep his rarest specimens, surely?"

"I don't know. You can ask him."

"I will," said the new boy.

Gadsby, Hobson, and Hoskins of the Shell were in their study when the new Remove junior appeared there. They were having tea, and it was a lavish tea. From the marked deference Hobson and Hoskins showed to Gadsby it was easy to guess that Gadsby was standing the tea.

"Hallo!" said Gadsby, looking inquiringly at Armitage as he came in after knocking. "Don't set the study on fire!"

And Hobson and Hoskins laughed dutifully.

Armitage smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh, let my hair alone!" he said.

"Yes, rather! Don't want to burn my fingers!" said Gadsby.

And Hobson and Hoskins laughed again.

"Cheese it," said Armitage, "for goodness' sake! I've heard enough about it since I came here. I say, I'm collecting stamps."

"Whose?" asked Gadsby.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Hobson and Hoskins.

"Somebody has collected one of old Capper's stamps, and there's been a row about it," said Gadsby, grinning. "Lucky for you you've only just arrived at Greyfriars, or you'd be under suspicion, too. The fellows can't make up their minds whether Banthorpe or Newland or I boned old Capper's stamp."

Armitage laughed.

"I've got some stamps to swap," he said. "I've heard about your collection from young Banthorpe. You had a good Ceylon set."

"Yes, I had."

"I'm wanting some Ceylon to fill up my set, and I could let you have South American or East Indies."

"Too late, my son!" said Gadsby. "I've sold out."

"Sold the lot?"

"Every one—album and all."

"Oh, rotten!" said Armitage. "I say, where did you sell them?"

"In Courtfield."

"Oh, there's a stamp-dealer in Courtfield, is there?" said Armitage. "I might be able to get some Ceylon from him. Who is it?"

"Chap named Isaacs, in Church Street," said Gadsby.

"Is that where you sold your album?"

"Yes."

"Good! I'll run down and see if I can capture any of your Ceylon," said Armitage. "Is Isaacs a decent chap?"

"Oh, he's all right! You won't get any big bargains out of him, that's all," said Gadsby. "If you've got plenty of money to spend you can get what you like from him. If you haven't, he'll fix you up with cheap stuff. He's got everything."

"Thanks!"

"If you buy any valuable specimens you'd better keep an eye on Banthorpe and Newland and me," Gadsby called out, as Armitage turned to leave the study, and Hobson and Hoskins cackled again.

Armitage's face was very thoughtful as he went back to his own study. He entered the Remove passage, and caught sight of Bolsover and Snoop and Vernon-Smith there. They grinned at him, but he passed on without speaking, and entered his study.

As he pushed open the door and went in there was a sudden swish of water.

"Oh!" gasped Armitage.

A large zinc bowl had been perched skilfully upon the top of the door, filled to the brim with water. He understood now the cause of Bolsover & Co.'s grins in the passage. The bowl had swooped down upon him as he opened the door, and fairly bonneted him, and the water ran down his clothes and his neck.

"Ow—ow! Gr-r-r-r!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from the passage.

Bolsover & Co. expected Armitage to come rushing out in a fury. He had already shown that he was a fighting man, and they did not expect him to take the "booby" trap tamely. To their surprise, he slammed the study door and locked it.

"M-my hat!" ejaculated Snoop, in amazement. "He's taking that quietly!"

Bolsover's eyes gleamed. He was quick to jump to the conclusion that Armitage was funkng

"The rotten funk!" he said. "Come on!"

He ran along the passage to the door of No. 7, and thumped upon it.

"Hallo, in there!" he shouted. There was a sound of gasping within, but no other reply. Bolsover kicked on the door.

"Come on, you funk!" he roared.

No answer.

Bang, bang, bang!

"Funk! Coward! Yah!"

Still Armitage made no reply.

Harry Wharton & Co. came upstairs, Nugent carrying a bag in which were supplies for tea in Study No. 1. They looked along the passage in surprise.

"What's the row there?" demanded Wharton.

"Armitage is funkng," said Bolsover, kicking at the door.

"Oh, rats!"

"He didn't look much like funkng when he baffed you this morning!" grinned Johnny Bull. "I thought you were doing all the funkng, Bolsover."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, he's funkng now," said Bolsover savagely. "Why doesn't he come out? I'm willing to meet him, with or without gloves, and he's hiding in his study."

"Oh, rot!" said Wharton.

"Come and see for yourself."

"I jolly well will!"

Harry Wharton tapped on the study door.

"Are you there, Armitage?" he called out.

"Yes."

"Bolsover's out here, hungry for a row. Are you going to give him a licking?"

"No."

"Eh?"

"I'll give Bolsover a licking presently."

Bolsover laughed.

"We rigged up a booby trap for him," he said. "He's soaked with water. He'll catch cold if he doesn't get himself dry. And he won't come out."

Wharton looked puzzled.

"Why don't you come out, Armitage?" he asked.

"Because I don't want to."

"Are you wet?"

"Yes."

"You'd better go up to the dorm and dry yourself, then."

"That's all right."

"Dash it all, you don't want to catch cold!" said Frank Nugent. "What silly game are you playing, Armitage? You didn't look as if you were afraid of Bolsover this morning."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"Why don't you unlock the door, then?"

"All in good time."

Bolsover gave a taunting laugh.

"Yah!" he roared through the keyhole. "Coward! Funk! Yah!"

There was no reply from Armitage. Apparently the taunts of the Remove bully left him unmoved, or else he dared not venture out into the passage while Bolsover was there. The chums of the Remove looked at one another in wonder.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Funk!

A CROWD gathered in the Remove passage, outside the door of No. 7. Bolsover major was swaggering in a really remarkable way. He felt that all his old prestige was returning to him. He was willing to fight, and the boy who had knocked him down was not willing; so much was

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evident. And Bolsover major plumed himself very much upon it. He meant to give Armitage the licking of his life when once he could get at him. He banged on the door again, and yelled taunts through the keyhole:

"Yah! Funk! Yah! Come out!"

"I say, you fellows, that's my study," said Billy Bunter. "I want to go in. Who's been locking my door?"

"The new chap," grinned Ogilvy. "He's hiding from Bolsover."

Bunter knocked at the door.

"I say, Armitage, let me into my study."

"Go and eat coke!" came Armitage's reply from within.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Open the door!" shouted Russell.

"What are you funkng for, Armitage? We all know you can lick Bolsover."

"Why doesn't he come out and do it, then?" demanded Bolsover. "He's a rotten coward, and he's hiding himself behind a locked door!"

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond. "If a fellow talked like that to me, I'd come out, if I had to squeeze through the keyhole."

"Armitage!"

"Come out!"

"Open the door!"

Armitage did not reply, and the door remained locked. Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Looks as if he were a funk, after all," he remarked. "He didn't strike me in that light, though. Well, it's no business of ours."

And the Famous Four went along to Study No. 1 to tea.

"I'm jolly well going to have this door open!" said Bolsover, who was in great spirits now. "Somebody get a hammer, and we'll smash the lock in!"

"Good egg!"

"I say, you fellows, you're not going to bust the lock on my door, you know!" said Billy Bunter, in alarm. "I—"

"Shut up!" said Bolsover.

"But I say—Ow!"

Bunter went whirling across the passage as the Remove bully gave him a violent shove.

Snoop had slipped away, and he returned in a few minutes with a heavy coke-hammer he had brought from the regions below. Bolsover grasped the hammer and swung it over his head.

"Stand clear!" he said.

The crowd backed away. Bolsover brought the hammer down upon the lock with a terrific crash.

"Phew!"

"That's done it!"

The lock was not built to stand an attack like that. The heavy swipe of the coke-hammer had smashed it to pieces. The door was loose enough, and Bolsover shoved it. But it did not open. It gave about half an inch, and then jammed again. Bolsover shoved at it in vain.

"He's barricaded it!" yelled Snoop. "I can see the corner of the table. He's got the study table under the handle!"

"My hat!"

"Cave!"

There was a rush of the fellows to escape, but before Bolsover & Co could retreat, Mr. Quelch came striding along the passage. He was frowning angrily.

"What does this riot mean?" he exclaimed. "Who has broken the lock of that door?"

"If you please, sir," said Bolsover, with wonderful meekness, "Bunter wants to go into his study to do an imposition, sir, and Armitage won't let him in."

"He's got the door barricaded, sir," said Snoop.

Mr. Quelch fixed a frowning glance upon Bolsover.

"Have you been bullying him, Bolsover?"

"I, sir?" exclaimed Bolsover, with well-done astonishment. "Not I, sir! He struck me this morning, sir, and I did not return his blow, because—because fighting is against the rules, sir. These fellows can tell you so."

"Quite true, sir," said Ogilvy. "Everybody thought that Bolsover was funkng it, sir, and that he was afraid of the new chap."

Bolsover ground his teeth. Ogilvy's evidence was not given in a way that was exactly flattering to him.

Mr. Quelch looked puzzled for a moment.

"You had no right to break in the lock, Bolsover," he said. "If Bunter could not get into his study, he should have reported the matter to me. You had no right to take the law into your own hands. You will take a thousand lines for this behaviour, Bolsover. Disperse at once, you others. If there is any further disturbance here I shall cane every body who takes part in it."

And Mr. Quelch strode away.

"My hat!" said Bolsover.

And in one minute there was not a single Removite left near Study No. 7.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Very Queer!

BOLSOVER MAJOR sat in his study writing lines. He had a good many to do. A thousand lines take a considerable time, and Bolsover was not a rapid writer. But only half Bolsover's attention was given to his imposition. He had one eye almost incessantly on the door of his study, which was open.

The bully was waiting for Armitage.

The only explanation of Armitage's extraordinary conduct was that he was funkng a meeting with Bolsover, and for that precise reason Bolsover meant the meeting to come about.

He had his thousand lines, as well as his swollen nose, to avenge now, and he meant to make Armitage pay for both.

But Armitage did not come.

Bolsover had had his tea, and written several hundred lines, and yet Armitage had not passed along the passage.

It was uncertain whether he had come out of his study or not. Bolsover did not venture to linger there after the Form-master's warning. Armitage had doubtless taken advantage of the raising of the siege to go up to the dormitory to dry himself. But even so, why did he not come? Did he mean to stay in the dormitory all the evening to avoid Bolsover?

The summer evening was yet light in the Close, and most of the fellows were out of doors after tea. Bolsover remained alone, grinding out Latin lines and watching for his victim, somewhat like a spider in a web.

When Armitage did appear at last he would have him all to himself, and he promised himself the treat of giving the new Removite the biggest licking he had ever given anybody.

There was a footstep up the passage at last. Bolsover laid down his pen, and made a step towards the door. Surely it was Armitage coming at last!

But it was a figure in a grey lounge-suit, with flaxen hair and a pink necktie, that came along the passage.

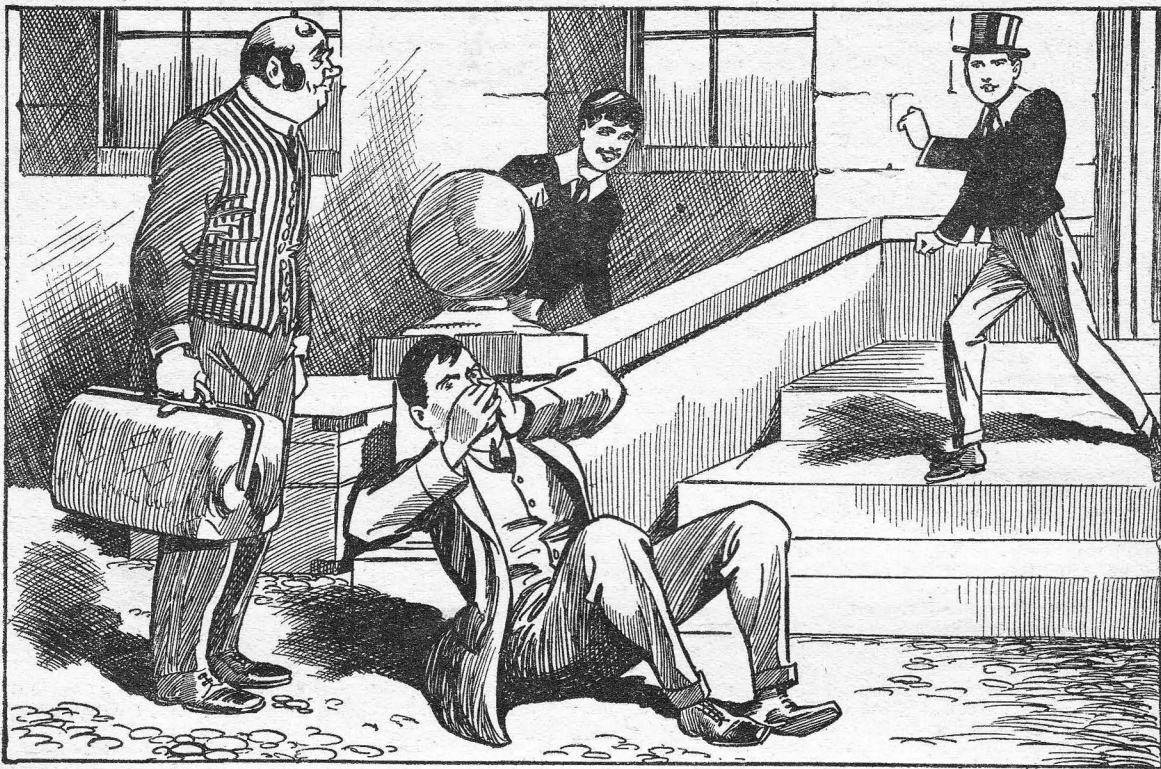
Bolsover growled.

"Gadsby, you ass! Have you seen Armitage?"

The junior shook his head, without replying, and passed on.

"Shall rotter!" growled Bolsover; and he returned to his table, and sat down, and resumed the weary drive of the pen.

But he watched and waited in vain for



The new boy stepped up to Bolsover. In a flash the bully's guard was knocked up, and the new boy's fist caught him full on the nose. Bolsover gave a roar like a bull, and rolled over on the steps, and bumped down to the ground. He sat there gasping, and clasping his nose with both hands. (See Chapter 1.)

Armitage. Five hundred of his lines had been completed, when Bolsover, losing all patience, rose and threw his pen down, and, in spite of Mr. Quelch's stern warning, went along the passage to Study No. 7.

The door with its broken lock was half open, and Banthorpe was sitting at the table doing his preparation.

He looked up timidly at the scowling face of Bolsover.

"Where's Armitage?" asked Bolsover savagely.

"I don't know, Bolsover. He was gone before I came in."

"Is he in the dorm?"

"I don't know."

Bolsover, with a growl, turned and made his way upstairs to the Remove dormitory. At that hour it was naturally deserted. Bolsover looked in. Armitage was not there.

"The rotten funk!" muttered Bolsover, greatly incensed. "He must have sneaked down the back stairs while I was waiting for him in the passage. Never mind, I'll find him."

And, leaving his imposition unfinished for the present, Bolsover went out into the Close.

Harry Wharton & Co. were on the cricket-field, making the best of what light remained, and the Close was full of fellows enjoying the fine weather. But among them it was impossible to find Armitage.

"Looking for somebody?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Yes," growled Bolsover. "Have you seen Armitage?"

"No; isn't he in his study?"

"He's not in the House at all," said Bolsover savagely. "He must be hiding away somewhere. But I'll see him at calling-over, I suppose."

"Perhaps he's gone out," said the

Bounder of Greyfriars. "Ask those Shell chaps."

Hobson and Hoskins of the Shell were adorning the gate with their persons, and looking out into the road. Bolsover bore down on them.

"Have you seen Armitage go out?" he asked.

"No," yawned Hobson.

"Confound him!"

And Bolsover tramped away to resume his unprofitable search. The earth seemed to have opened to swallow up Armitage. If he had not gone out, it was very curious what had become of him.

A figure came down to the gates a few minutes after Bolsover was gone, and Hobson and Hoskins exclaimed together:

"Hallo, Gaddy!"

"Hallo!"

"Going out?"

"Yes."

"Like us to come?"

The junior shook his head.

"Not this time. I'm in a hurry. So long!"

And he walked quickly down the road towards Friardale. He passed out of sight of Hobson and Hoskins, and then, curiously enough, he leaped over a fence, crossed a field, and took a new direction, which in a few minutes brought him into the Courtfield road. Then he walked on quickly towards Courtfield.

Hobson and Hoskins strolled into the Close, rather wondering at the unusual abruptness of their study-mate's manner.

"Time we did our rotten prep!" said Hobson.

"Yes, or I sha'n't have any time for my piano practice," Hoskins remarked.

"Would you care to hear me play the march from 'Tannhauser,' Hobby?"

Hobby grunted.

"No fear!"

And the misunderstood musical genius

of Greyfriars accompanied Hobson to the study in the Shell passage. There was a light under the door, and Hobson frowned as he saw it.

"Somebody's in our study!" he exclaimed. "It can't be Gaddy—he's gone out."

"Some kid looking for the missing stamp, perhaps," grinned Hoskins.

"Bunter was found searching in Newland's study this morning, and Newland kicked him out."

"If he's in our study, we'll make an example of him," said Hobson angrily. "Step quietly, and let's catch him, whoever it is."

The two Shell fellows trod on tiptoe towards their study door.

Hobson turned the handle silently, and flung the door open with great suddenness, and they rushed in.

"Now, then!" shouted Hobson.

"What—why—how—my hat!"

A junior seated at the table jumped up, startled by their sudden entrance, and scattering blots from his pen over the sheet before him.

"You fathead!" he roared. "What do you mean? What are you playing rotten tricks like that for?"

Hobson and Hoskins looked at him blankly.

It was Gadsby, of the Shell.

"You fool-idiot!" snarled Gadsby.

"You've made me spoil this now! What on earth do you play those kids' tricks for?"

"We—we thought it might be some outsider in the study," gasped Hobson.

"How on earth did you get here?"

Gadsby stared.

"How did I get here?" he repeated.

"What are you talking about, you ass? Why shouldn't I be here, in my own study?"

"But—but you're gone out!" stammered Hoskins.

"Do I look as if I were gone out?" said Gadsby sarcastically.

"But we saw you go out!" shouted Hobson. "We were at the gates. We saw you go out ten minutes ago. You went down towards Friardale."

"Oh, you're off your rocker!" said Gadsby.

"You must have dodged round and got in again over the wall," said Hoskins.

"What did you do it for?" Gadsby snorted.

"I tell you I haven't been out!" Hobson and Hoskins stared at him dumfounded.

"You haven't been out?" gasped Hobson.

"No, ass!"

"But—but we saw you!"

"Oh, you were dreaming!" snapped Gadsby. "I've been in here for the last half-hour, doing my prep. And if you'll shut up talking rot I'll go on doing it."

Hoskins and Hobson did shut up. They were too amazed to say anything further. But they looked at Gadsby with very deep suspicion and uneasiness in their glances. They felt that he was deceiving them, though why he should do was a mystery they could not fathom.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Visitor for Mr. Isaacs.

MR. ISAACS looked up in his dark, dusty little shop in the Church Street at Courtfield as a junior in elegant grey clothes and a pink necktie came in. Mr. Isaacs rubbed his fat little stubby hands together, and bowed to the newcomer across the counter.

"Ah, Mishter Gadsby!" he said. "It is kind of you to look in and seee your old friend Sammy—Sammy Isaacs."

Gadsby nodded coolly. "Same oily old bounder!" he remarked, looking curiously at the dealer.

Mr. Isaacs wriggled deprecatingly.

"But I am ferry glad to seee you, Mishter Gadsby," he said. "If you have come to talk pizness, ve goes into der little parlour. Perhaps some customer come in here, and den perhaps they hear. Ha, ha, ha!"

Gadsby grinned. "And that wouldn't do," he remarked.

"No, no, no! He, he!"

"Well, I've come to talk business," said Gadsby abruptly.

"Goot! Goot!"

"So let's get in."

The dealer opened a flap in the counter and signed to Gadsby to pass through, and then the Greyfriars fellow followed him through a creaky door into a dusky little parlour behind the shop, thick with dust, and half full of cases of furniture. Mr. Isaacs closed the door leading into the shop, and signed to Gadsby to sit down.

"Take dat seat, my tear Mishter Gadsby," he exclaimed. "Now, vat can I do for you? You have not altered your mind, and vish to buy stamps again?"

"Oh, blow the stamps!"

"I still have dat album, if you vish to buy him back."

"I don't want to."

"I give you good price for him, and if you want him back I let you have him same price, with a little per cent. for mein brofit—a verry leetle."

"Rats!"

"You tink tat te less you have to do with stamps the petter now?" grinned the old Jew dealer, chuckling.

Gadsby nodded. There was a strange gleam in his eyes now, but he was sitting with his back to the shadowy window, and his face was in gloom, and the old Jew did not notice it.

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"Vell, vell, perhaps tat is right," said Mr. Isaacs, nodding too. "And I give you good price, is it not?"

"I'm not grumbling."

The stamp dealer chuckled. "You grumble te other day," he remarked.

"Oh, never mind!"

"Tat is all right. But now to pizness." Gadsby sat silent, as if in thought.

The old Jew dealer watched him cunningly from beneath his heavy lids. He looked strangely like an old spider with a fresh young fly in the web.

Mr. Isaacs was a rather peculiar character. He was a dealer in curiosities of all sorts, and especially stamps—and many rare stamps could have been obtained in Mr. Isaacs' little shop—for a good price. But Mr. Isaacs did not bear the most savoury reputation. He was the deadly rival in trade of Mr. Solomons', in the High Street. Mr. Isaacs was very sharp in business, and some Courtfield people considered that he was not above turning a dishonest penny if he had a very safe opportunity. But if that was the case it had never been proved against Mr. Isaacs. He was too careful for that. His dealings in rare stamps were extensive. He sold six-penny and shilling albums for youthful beginners, and he sold rare specimens that ran into scores of pounds each. If a stamp was wanted, and it was obtainable anywhere, Mr. Isaacs was the man to get it if his price were paid—and his price was generally high. Mr. Isaacs wanted his little profit—generally about cent. per cent.

"Vat you tink?" Mr. Isaacs asked, after a pause. "You talk peezness?"

"Oh, go ahead," said Gadsby.

"But it is for you to go ahead," said Mr. Isaacs, in some surprise. "All I want to know iz vezeer you have come to accept mein offer. You promise me tat you let me know by Saturday, and to-day is der Friday."

"I've been thinking it over."

"You tink dat I offer you not enough?"

Gadsby nodded.

"But twenty pound!" exclaimed the old dealer, raising his hands. "Twenty pound for a poy at school! It is a fortune."

"Twenty pounds! Pah!"

"Have you ever had so much money before?" the old Jew exclaimed sharply.

"I know tat you are in debt, Mishter Gadsby."

"How do you know that?"

The old man chuckled.

"Because you haf pawn der vatch mit David Jacobs in der High Street."

Gadsby started, and the Jew chuckled again.

"Ah! You not tink tat I know tat. Mr. Jacobs is my ferry goot friend."

"Hang him!"

"You sell him also der scarfpin," said Mr. Isaacs, "so I know tat you vant money. I tink I know where you owe der monish, too."

"Where?" snapped Gadsby.

"At Highcliffe School," said Mr. Isaacs, watching him. "You have a cousin dere, named Gadsby also, and you mix much with Ponsoby and Monson, and der rest. Dey are ferry expensive young shentlemen. Dey run you into expense, and dey play cards for monish, I tink."

"What on earth do you know about the Highcliffe set?" demanded Gadsby angrily.

Mr. Isaacs chuckled his fat chuckle.

"I know all about dem," he said.

"Tat is all right. Mishter Ponsoby he come to me to sell someting sometimes, and he raise money mit Mishter Jacobs, too."

"Oh!"

"You owe der money at Highcliffe, I tink," said Mr. Isaacs coolly. "You play der part of der gay dog, and you have not der money to pay up. So you get in debt—you pawn your watch mit Mr. Jacobs, and you sell your stamp album to me. And because I like you I offer you twenty pound for vat you have to sell."

Gadsby paused.

"It's a low figure," he said at last.

"It is mooch—mooch," said Mr. Isaacs, with a shake of the head. "I make a verry small brofit; I make small brofit indeed."

"Oh, rats!"

Mr. Isaacs only grinned. He took Gadsby's growing annoyance as a sign that he meant to yield.

"Der truth," he said, "only der truth. I get dat ting for a shentleman who wants him in France, but he verry close man—he pay little. I do it for friendship."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Isaacs laughed, too.

"Perhaps der is a leetle brofit," he said—"a leetle! But a man must live."

"Look here, what's the highest figure?" said Gadsby.

"Twenty pound."

"Make it twenty-five."

The dealer shook his oily head.

"Impossible, my young friend. Impossible. You vill ruin me!"

"Twenty-five," repeated Gadsby, "and money down!"

"If I say twenty-five," said Mr. Isaacs hesitatingly, "tat is te top figure. You make me starve in my peezness, Master Gadsby. But perhaps I pay twenty-five, if you bring te article here and lay him down in my presence first."

"The article?" said Gadsby.

Mr. Isaacs grinned cunningly.

"Te article dat you have to sell," he said.

"Very good. When shall I come?"

"To-morrow," said Mr. Isaacs, "if tat is possible. But—" he paused. "You have him?"

"Yes, I've got it all ready."

"Has dere been drouble apout it?"

"Oh, that's all right."

"You must be ferry careful," said Mr. Isaacs anxiously—"ferry careful indeed! I do not want der bolice in mein shop."

Gadsby laughed.

"That's all right, Mr. Isaacs. Twenty-five pounds, then, when you see me to-morrow."

"Yeth; if you pring der article mit you."

"Good!"

And Gadsby rose to his feet. Mr. Isaacs showed him out of his little shop into the street, with many bows. Then he returned to his murky little parlour, chuckling.

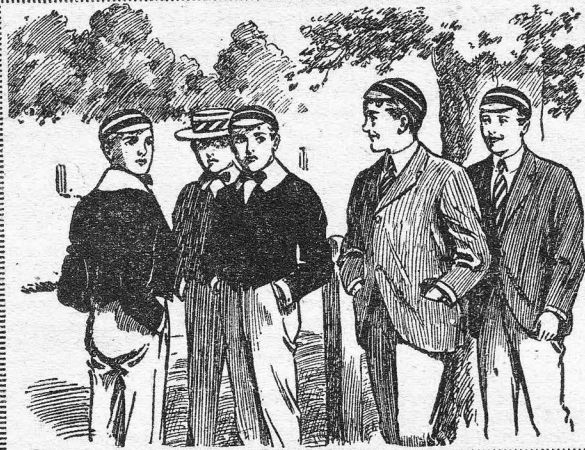
"Goot! Goot!" he murmured.

"Twenty-five pounds is a large sum—a ferry large sum—but dere vill be mooch left out of four hundred and feefy. Ha, ha, ha!"

And Mr. Isaacs congratulated himself very much upon a handsome stroke of business. If he could have followed his visitor after the latter left the shop, he would not have congratulated himself so much; and the satisfaction in his breast would have turned into keenest alarm.

For Master Gadsby, after strolling carelessly along the High Street of Courtfield, turned into the lane that led towards Greyfriars, and entered a footpath in the wood. It was dark now, but he seemed to know the way perfectly well. He paused at last at an old hut, half-hidden in tangled thickets that had grown over the ruin, and turned on the light of a pocket electric-torch. The light gleamed upon thick and silent woods.

(Continued on page 12.)



For the Honour of Rookwood!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

Author of the famous Rookwood Yarns in "The Boys' Friend."

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Rivals of Rookwood!

CECIL KNOWLES, of the Modern Sixth at Rookwood, was not looking agreeable as he came into Bulkeley's study.

His hard face was grim in expression, and his close-set eyes had a somewhat unpleasant glint in them.

There had never been any love lost between the captain of Rookwood and the Modern captain.

Bulkeley had always tried, with almost inexhaustive patience, to pull with Knowles, for the sake of Rookwood generally. But he found in Knowles a cold and suspicious nature that was difficult to pull with.

Bulkeley, as captain and head of the games, had the cricket in his hands, and it was Knowles' favourite belief that he favoured his own side—the Classical side—and left the Moderns out in the cold as much as he could.

And Knowles did not want any evidence of that, excepting what was supplied by his own restless and suspicious mind.

"You asked me to give you a look in, Bulkeley," he remarked coldly.

"Yes, Knowles." Bulkeley paused in his walk to and fro, and looked at the Modern senior. "It's about the St. Jim's match.

"Oh, good!" said Knowles. "You've decided to give us a bit better show in the eleven? I'm glad to hear it. There's been a good deal of dissatisfaction on our side."

Bulkeley bit his lip.

"Not exactly," he said. "The fact is, I want to have a little friendly talk about it, Knowles. I know there's been some grumbling among the Modern seniors, because there are only three in the first eleven, and eight Classicals, for this match."

"It's rather disproportionate, isn't it?"

"Not the way I look at it. In making up the team, I don't consider Classicals and Moderns as two sides, but Rookwood as a whole."

"But it's a little odd that all the players should be discovered on the Classical side—your own side! Don't you think so?"

"It happens that way just now," said Bulkeley patiently. "The fact is, the Modern members of the club have been a bit slack in practice. We've got to beat Kildare's team at St. Jim's, if possible, and we've got to play our best men to do it. I'm playing you, Frampton, and Catesby from the Modern side."

"And eight Classicals!" sneered Knowles

"Yes. I'm sorry the proportion falls as it does, but it can't be helped. I've been over the team carefully; but there isn't another man on your side I could put in without leaving out a better man to make room for him. I'd like you to put it to the fellows of your side—"

"I can't put it to them like that."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't agree with you. I claim at least five places in the eleven for Moderns. That leaves you with a majority."

Bulkeley made a gesture.

"It isn't a question of this side or that," he said. "It's a question of putting a winning team into the field."

"We sha'n't agree, that's clear. But, as you're captain, you have the casting vote. You will have your way, I suppose."

"I'd rather we agreed, Knowles."

"We can't agree unless you give us what we consider fair play."

"You don't think you're getting fair play?" exclaimed Bulkeley, a blaze coming into his eyes.

"Well, to be quite frank, we don't," said Knowles coolly. "Of course, we know you mean well. But we think you're prejudiced in favour of your own side, and you want to play your own friends. I could point out three or four Modern members as good as any of your men."

"If you were skipper, wouldn't you follow your own judgment?"

"Of course."

"Then you can't blame me for doing so."

"I'm not blaming you," said Knowles icily. "You asked me what I thought, and I've told you."

"Well, if we can't agree, we can't!" said Bulkeley. "I feel bound to play the team I've selected, and I'm sorry I can't meet your views, Knowles."

"Then there's nothing more to be said."

Bulkeley was silent, and the Modern prefect quitted the study. He left the captain of Rookwood in a thoughtful mood.

Knowles crossed the quadrangle to his own side, and met his chum, Catesby, in the doorway of Mr. Manders' house. Catesby gave him an inquiring look.

"Well, what's the verdict?" he asked.

"What I expected," said Knowles, with a sneering smile. "Soft sawder, and no concession. It's practically going to be a Classical team, and I'm going to have our fellows jawing me for not sticking-up for their rights."

"Blessed if I don't feel inclined to resign from the eleven!" said Catesby sourly.

"If you did, Bulkeley would have in

another Classical, and be glad of the chance.

"Well, I won't give him that chance, anyway."

"I've got a better idea than that," said Knowles, in a low voice. "Bulkeley isn't going to have it all his own way as he thinks. Come up to my study, and bring Frampton."

Catesby gave him a look, and nodded.

"Right-ho!"

Cecil Knowles went on to his study, his eyes glinting. There was a scheme working in his keen, unscrupulous mind which would have startled George Bulkeley if he could have guessed it.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

What Tubby Heard!

OH dear!" Tubby Muffin uttered a gasp of dismay.

The fat Classical had penetrated to Cecil Knowles' study in Mr. Manders' house. Most of the Modern fellows were out of doors, and Tubby had "sneaked" in unseen.

He knew that Knowles was over in the School House, and he believed that the coast was clear, and he was busily engaged in searching for any stray fragments of grub that Knowles might have incautiously left lying about.

Tubby suddenly ceased his prying and peeping, and stood rooted to the floor in dismay as he heard a quick step in the passage outside.

Tubby knew that step. "Knowles!" he gasped.

The fat junior shivered all over at the thought of being caught there by the bully of the Sixth. Already, in anticipation, he could feel the prefect's cane lashing all round his plump person.

He looked wildly round for a hiding-place.

There was a screen in a corner of the study shutting off the corner, and as Tubby's terrified eyes lighted upon it he made up his mind. In a second he had squirmed behind the screen.

There, with his back in the corner, and his knees hunched up against the screen, he almost collapsed, scarcely daring to breathe.

He was none too soon. The study door opened, and he heard Knowles come in. He wondered dismally whether the Modern prefect had come in to tea.

A scent of tobacco-smoke greeted his nostrils.

Knowles had lighted a cigarette.

That incident increased Tubby's terrified uneasiness. He had discovered a Sixth-Former—a prefect, too—smoking! There would be no limit to Knowles' fury if he found him now.

It was Knowles' duty to put down that kind of thing among the juniors, and here he was smoking a cigarette in his study, like Mornington, the black sheep of the Fourth!

It was evident that Knowles did not suspect that there was a junior in the study. Tubby breathed as silently as he could, only hoping that Knowles would go when he had finished his smoke.

There were footsteps in the passage, and the door opened again. Frampton and Catesby came in, and again the door closed.

Tubby Muffin groaned in spirit. He did not dare to groan aloud. It was a meeting of Knowles & Co., and goodness knew how long it was going to last!

Knowles nodded to his two chums, and handed them his cigarette-case.

"I've seen Bulkeley," he began. "Catesby told me," said Frampton. "His lordship is kind enough to leave us our places in the eleven, it seems."

"Us three," said Knowles, "and eight Classicals! The question is, are we going to stand it?"

"I don't see what else we can do," said Catesby doubtfully. "Some of the fellows—especially Hoke and Tresham—think we ought to resign. Hoke says we're leaving our friends in the lurch for the sake of keeping our own places."

"Some are against our resigning, though," said Frampton. "We don't want a match with the Modern side quite unrepresented. And—some of the fellows seem to think that Bulkeley knows best."

Knowles sneered.

"Well, we're not going to resign," he said. "I know a trick worth two of that. Bulkeley is very keen on winning at St. Jim's. Suppose he turned up at St. Jim's with three players short?"

"What!"

"Nobody's going with the team, owing to the restrictions of railway travelling—you know that. Suppose we lost our train at Latham, say, or Lexham?"

"Pshaw!"

"Bulkeley would arrive on the ground with his eight precious Classicals, and could pick up three substitutes." Knowles grinned. "You know what that would mean—a thorough licking!"

"But—but we don't want Rookwood licked," said Frampton, hesitating.

"Do we want Bulkeley to win with a team nearly all Classicals?" said Knowles, between his teeth. "Kildare's eleven is a strong one, and if Bulkeley beat them with what is practically a Classical team, how should we stand here? Over on the other side they'd be crowing over us; and next match, very likely, our places would be reduced to two, or one, or none. I might be the next to go. Bulkeley would be glad to drop me out of the eleven, I believe."

"But—but—"

"They're not going to win," said Knowles viciously. "It wouldn't be a Rookwood win, either; it would be a Classical win!"

"Well that's so."

"If they get licked, we can say they're licked because they were nearly all Classicals!"

"Good!"

"If they make out that they lost through us leaving them in the lurch, that will be admitting that they need Moderns in the team."

"You've got a head, Knowles!"

"But—but if the fellows knew!" muttered Catesby.

"It's got to be kept dark, of course. We change trains at Latham, and there isn't a long wait. We three stroll off to the buffet for ginger-pop, and lose the train. Trains are few and far between now."

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Knowles grinned.

"I've looked that out," he went on, "and we should have to wait over two hours for another to follow them, and that means arriving at St. Jim's too late to play. Of course, our missing the train would be entirely an accident!"

"Better be careful to keep that up, anyway."

"Of course! Bulkeley will be three men short at St. Jim's. If he picks up three substitutes there they won't be much good. And even if he wins with St. Jim's fellows in the ranks he can't call it a Rookwood win. But he won't win. The match would be touch-and-go in any case, and with three of his best men dropped out he must be beaten."

"It looks a dead cert," agreed Frampton. "But—"

"But what?" snapped Knowles.

"I'm blessed if I half like the idea!"

"You'd rather be walked over by the Classicals?" sneered Knowles. "You'd rather let Bulkeley and Neville and the rest walk roughshod over us, and make out that their side is the sporting side of Rookwood, and all we can do is German and mathematics and chemistry!"

"Well, no."

"Then it's a go?"

There was a short silence, and then Frampton and Catesby answered together.

"It's a go, Cecil!"

"Good!" said Knowles. He threw away the stump of his cigarette. "Now let's get down to practice. We've got to keep up an appearance of being awfully keen about the match."

The three Modern seniors left the study.

When their footsteps had died away Tubby Muffin crawled out from behind the screen, pale as chalk, and trembling in every podgy limb.

The fat Classical had overheard every word, and he was terrified by what he had heard. If Knowles should discover that he knew! Tubby shuddered at the thought.

His knees knocked together as he crawled out of the study.

He had forgotten all about the prefect's tuck now. Even food did not appeal to him in his present scared frame of mind. He fairly crawled out of Mr. Manders' house, and did not breathe freely until he was safe in his own study on the Classical side.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Tubby Muffin Feels Worried!

"WHAT'S the matter with you, fat face?"

Lattrey, the cad of the Fourth, asked that question as he came into his study, which Tubby Muffin had the honour of sharing with him.

Tubby was sitting in the armchair, gasping.

"Oh, dear!" he said.

"Been pinching somebody's grub and getting a thick ear?" asked Lattrey.

Tubby Muffin rose and strolled disconsolately out of the study. He was heavily burdened with the strange secret he had discovered on the Modern side.

He wanted somebody to confide in, but he did not intend to confide in Lattrey, the cad of the Fourth.

Tubby was a youth whose thoughts ran chiefly upon food, especially in the form of pastry. Food was his first thought, his second, and his third. But Tubby was not a bad fellow when he could get his mind off that all-important subject.

He was deeply worried by what he had learned of Knowles' dastardly

scheme for betraying the senior cricket match at St. Jim's.

Tubby liked and admired Bulkeley, as all the Classicals and most of the Moderns did. It worried him to think of Bulkeley making all his preparations for a keen match at St. Jim's, only to be left in the lurch by three members of his team whom he never dreamed of distrusting.

He thought of telling Bulkeley, but immediately decided against that step.

He knew that Bulkeley would not believe a word of it, especially as Tubby's reputation for truth-telling was not great.

Even if Bulkeley believed or half-believed it, he would tackle Knowles on the subject, and then Knowles would know that Tubby had played the eaves-dropper in his study.

Tubby shuddered at the thought.

He knew the revengeful nature of the Modern bully. Knowles would make him smart for it, if he had to wait a whole term for his vengeance. The bully of the Modern Sixth was a more fearsome personage to Tubby than the Head himself.

But what was he to do?

He took a pride in the glory of the Rookwood First Eleven, though he was no cricketer. Every Rookwood fellow did, even fellows like Leggett and Lattrey.

Was he going to keep quiet about what he knew, and let Knowles & Co. give the match away by treachery?

But what was the use of spinning a yarn that would be disbelieved. And what about the most important consideration of all—the safety of his own fat skin?

Tubby wandered along the passage with an expression on his podgy face which hinted that all the troubles in the British Empire had suddenly descended upon him.

He was brought up by a slap on the shoulder as he nearly ran into Van Ryn, Pons, and Conroy, the Colonial chums of Study No. 3.

"You!" roared Tubby.

"What's the trouble?" asked Dick Van Ryn.

"Have you only been able to get enough for two at tea?"

"I'm not thinking about tea."

"You're not thinking about tea!" yelled Pons.

"Nunno!"

"But it's tea-time!" said Conroy, in a dazed tone.

"Yes, I know."

"It's tea-time, and you're not thinking about tea!" gasped Van Ryn.

"No!" yelled Tubby.

"My hat! This is where we faint!"

The three Colonials staggered against the wall, apparently overcome. Van Ryn fanned himself feebly.

The fat Classical glared at them, gave an angry snort, and rolled on.

He wandered into the quadrangle to think it out. Tubby Muffin was not much given to thinking, but he tried hard.

Bulkeley and Neville came along from the cricket-ground, going towards the house, and Tubby blinked at them. The captain of Rookwood wore a satisfied look.

"The team's in topping form!" Tubby heard him say. "Knowles' bowling has never been better, too!"

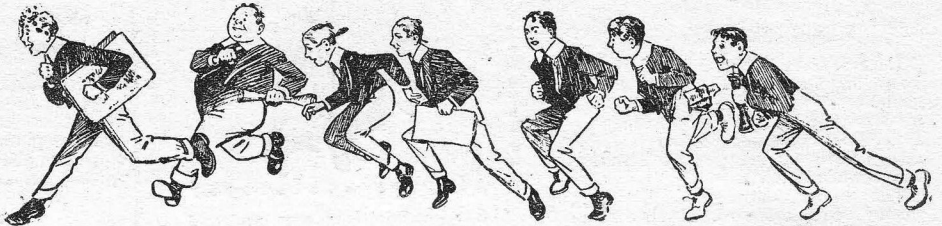
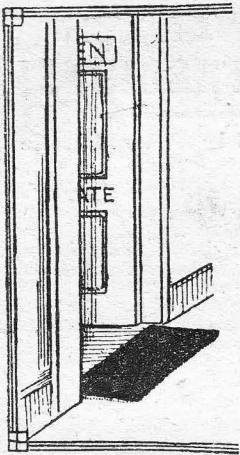
"I fancied those Modern chaps were going to give some trouble," Neville remarked.

"Well, I had a talk with Knowles, and it didn't seem to get us much forrader," admitted Bulkeley. "But that makes no difference to the cricket.

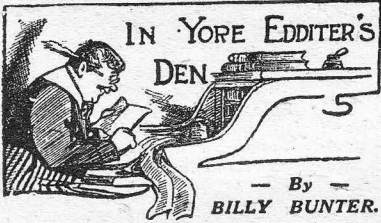
(Continued on page 9.)

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.



And so, deer reeders, hear we are. In other words, we re hear. This speshul number is by far the best we've had. (Here, here!) A speshul issev, all in verse, is good, says Wun Lung, "Velly." It makes the feloes think that I'm a Byron or a Shelley!

I don't no what to write about—the kriket or the whether. It's kwite as much as I can do to string these rimes together. It takes a very clever chap to do a job like this. I trussed no reeder chum of mine this speshul treet will miss!

'Twill be a shock for Wharton, and his pal, the grinning Bob. When they perseeve what I have dun, they'll both begin to sobb. They little drem that I can write in anything but prose. They'll stagger when they see this Chat, as if they're struck by blows!

I've had no help from Penfold, or from any other bard. I have performed this task alone, and found it jolly hard. But if it makes my reeders smile, the work won't be in vane. And I shall find it well worth wile—this proddukt of my brane!

I have instruktet all my subs to write there stuff in verse. And eggstra payment I shall give, to swell each writer's purse. Instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ a krown a page, I'll give them two and six. But what's the differense, you will ask. The differense, sir, is nicks!

And now I must be getting on. Their's such a lot to do, that I shall be a lucky chap if ever I get threw. Sum stories and sum artikles have been sent in in prose. I've got to change them into verse—a tuffish job. Hear goes!

I hope this number will be read by every frend and foe. It's up to you to pass it on, and boom it all you no! For this amazing feot of verse, I am the publik's kredditer. I also am, for wheel or whoa,
Yore loyal pal,

Yore Edditer

Deer Reeders all, both grate and small, I think you will agree, to get this speshul number out was very smart of me!

When Wharton got an issev out, and did it all in verse, we all agreed, without a doubt, it couldn't have been worse. The "Greyfriars Herald" staff don't no the proper way to rime. It needs a chap of push and go—a Bunter every time!

ANSERS TO KORRISPONDENTS!

By BILLY BUNTER.

Margaret (Twickenham).—I thank you for yore ripping letter, and trussed yore bruther Dick is better. Neckst time he has a Sunday treet, don't let the duffer over-eat!

Bertie R. (Manchester).—I have reeseved yore letter, Bert, and hope you won't feel very hurt when I eggplane that yore bad speling set all the Greyfriars feloes yelling! It is a pity, you'll agree, you're not a clever chap like me.

R. G. (Southend).—I trussed yore summer hollidays will not be mellancholy days. I hope you'll never have such shocks as being stranded on the rox. When you go swimming in the sea, I hope you'll "make a splash," like me.

Joan K. (Southfields).—In anser to yore letter, Joan, my wate's just over 14 stoan!

"Sportsman" (Bristol).—I reelly cannot say offhand who's the best athlete in the land. But it, wood take a clever hunter to find a better one than Bunter!

Jack H. (Walthamstow).—I don't like having tea in hall. Their's not enuff to feed us all. I much prefer my studdy, Jack, whene'er I feel I'd like a snack!

Tom R. (Chester).—Yore queschuns, Tom, about the skool, I cannot anser hear in fool. I'll just kontent myself with saying that I'm the finest athlete playing. And Harry Wharton's "also ran." Let him deny it if he can!

(A very large amount of letters from my inferiors and my betters I cannot deal with in this kolum. To anser them wood take a vollum. I trussed my chums will understand. I'd like to ring them by the hand.—Ed.)

SEKKOND FORM SNAP-SHOTS!

Written in Very Blank Verse by Sammy Bunter.

My majer, Billy, says to me, he says to me, says he: "We're going to get a number out in poertory, see?" I says to bruther Bill, I says, says I to Bill, says I: "I ain't no hand at poertory, but still, I'll have a try!"

* * *

I sits and thinks for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, untill my brane is tired Then I pick up my fountain-pen, and writes like one inspired! "It's time for bed," says Paget, and his manner's short and terse. But still I writes untill I've dun a kolum all in verse!

* * *

It is a grate acheevement for a jungster such as me. A wonderful acheevement, and I think you will agree. I've nevvver had no practtiss at these sort of rhyiming feets. But those who read these lines will cry, "Why, Sammy is a Keats!"

An hour ago, I had a snack in Gatty's Oyster Bar. They say that fish assists the brane; if so, why, hear you are! Unless I'd had that little snack, this verse wood not be ritten. (I'm jolly glad I didn't feed those oysters to the kitten!)

* * *

When Billy sees this verse of mine, he'll slapp me on the back. And I egg-speckt he'll treet me to another little snack. This kolum's certain to increase my wundruss reputation. I also think it will increase the "Weekly's" serkulation!

* * *

I cannot write no more, bekwase I've got an aching head. Besides, my fello fags have all gorn trooping up to bed. I'll hand this in to Billy now; he'll praise me up no end. And if I'm lucky I shall get an eggstra bob to spend!

My Tail of Woa!

By Tubby Muffin.

Deer reeders, I am dying fast. I can keep on no longer. Good wholesome grubb's the only thing on earth to make me stronger. A good skware meel is all I need to make me fit and fatter. I'd rather have a feest of tuck than frends who fawn and flatter!

The dinner served in hall to-day, it woodn't feed a sparrow. A slice of beef, sum cabbage, and a mouldy chunk of marro! A tiny plate of apple-pie, that neerly blew away; that's all I've had to eat, yo no, the hole of this long day!

Sum lucky chapps have hampers sent by relatives and others. And then they whack out all the grubb betwene there frends and bruthers. But I, alas! must go without; no hampers come for me. It reelly is atrosus luck, I'm sure yo will agree.

Sum fellos into Latcham go, and patronize the shoppes. They spend the merry afternoon devouring stakes and chopps. They scoff and eat, they eat and scoff, they stuff and stuff and stuff; whilst I am starving in despare. I never get enuff!

Mine is a sad and sorry lot, for I am always "broke." When other chapps enjoy themselves, with envy I could choke! It reelly is a trajjick thing, I don't care what you say, to see a fello like myself waist gradually away!

I used to be so fat and plump, they thort that I wood burst. I'm now a skellington, and I begin to feer the worst. Unless I get sum nurrishment, I'm certain to kollapse—a fackt that will cause grate delite to all the hartless chaps!

Just fancy Billy Bunter's "rag" without my kontribution! Among the reeders it will cause a sort of reverlution! They'll say, "Wear's Tubby Muffin gorn? We cannot do without him. We simply love old Tubby's stuff—he's such a stile about him!"

Deer reeders, I am sinking fast (I mentioned this before). I reelly don't think I shall last above an hour or more. My appetite grows more acute with every word I write. Unless I get sum grub I shall eggspire before to-night!

You'll think of me at times, I no, when I am dead and gorn. You needn't wear black neckties, 'cos I don't want you to morn. Just spare a thort from time to time for poor old Tubby Muffin—the fello who gave up the ghost, and in his will left—nuffin'!

Good-bye, yo fellos—good-bye, all! My time is getting short. No longer shall I linger in the world of skool and sport. No longer will my work appear in Billy Bunter's paper. No longer hear at Rookwood will I cut a merry caper!

If only sum kind frend wood come and bring me food and drink, I'd make a kwick recovery, I honestly do think. But what's the use of hoping? I'm sinking in despare. I do not feer the world to come—if their's a tuckshopp their!

Good-bye, yo fellos, wunce again, and think of me at times. Think of my massive, mity brane, my smart and skilful rhymes. Beside the tuckshopp dig a hole, and lay me down to rest. Oh deer! Oh crumms! I'm going West! No flours, by rekwest!

THE POPULAR.—No. 130.

OUR AGGERNY KOLLUM.



(Advertisements—long ones preferred—are charged at $\frac{1}{2}$ a krown a word.—Ed.)

A HANSOM MOTOR-BIKE FOR SAIL! Must be disposed of, without fail. It has a pear of brand new tyres. It is the speediest of fiers. The owner of it's on the rocks; their's nuthing in his munney books. All those who wish this bike to buy to HORACE COKER should apply.

FOR SALE—a number of white mice. They all look very clean and nice. They'll go on living till they're dead, so long as they're not underfed. Two shillings for the lot's my figure. They're full of life and health and vigour. They're small, but they will grow much bigger, if fed on best Dutch cheese (don't snigger!). They're ripping beasts, and no mistake. Apply for them to RICHARD RAKE.

I lost a bob the other day. I dropped it in the public way. Be jabers! If you've found the coin, return it right away. It's moine!—MICKY DESMOND.

In Mrs. Mimbble's shop you'll see some ices and some ginger-beer. (Sorry, ma'am, but I karn't axcept yore advertisement. It duzzent rime. You karn't rime "see" with "ginger-beer." You mite as well try to rime "ocean" with "champagne."—Ed.)

I lost a fiver in my den. Also a gold-nibbed fountain-pen. I also lost a quid or more upon the gym. or box-room floor. I trust some body will endeavor—er—to hand them back to LORD MAULEVERER.

A box of cigarettes for sale. I find they make me thin and pale. Besides, I cannot stand the odour. Apply at once to GERALD LODER. (Advertisements of this sort, Gerald, are better in the "Greyfriars Herald."—Ed.)

I've lost a worthy penful knife. I value it above my life. If finder will return to me, he'll be rewarded bobfully. I cannot bear to lose the thing. I prize it muchly.—HURREE SINGH.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY CAT? I left it snoozing on the mat. Its absence will create a stir. I cannot think it's wandered fur. If you should find it, boys, yo orter return the beast to GOSLING (Porter).

I'm lecturing in Big Hall to-night, on "How to shoot a bird on sight." I hope you'll all turn up, my boys, and that you won't make too much noise. You'll learn a lot, without a doubt, from such an expert as PAUL PROUT.

LETTERS TO THE EDDITER!

A FAG'S TRIBUTE!

To the Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

Dear Editor,—I beg to st-8
Your jolly paper is first-r-8!
My brother Bob and sister K-8
Agree that it is simply gr-8.
There's nothing stale or out-of-d-8,
There's nothing to dislike or h-8,
And nothing to abomin-8.
It's the best journal in the St-8
For those who run or shoot or sk-8.
It's wonderful how yo cre-8
Such ripping stories while we w-8!—
Believe me, Yours, as sure as f-8,
George Gatty, fag of George Wing-8.

WINGATE WORRIES!

To the Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

Dear Bunter.—The other evening I proposed to hold a celebration, and for the purpose I brought up much tuck from Friardale Station. But when I went into my room to get the supper ready I found that you had been there first. (Oh, I say, Wingate—steady!) I should be very much obliged if you will, Bunter dear, come to my room at eight to-night and own up. (Oh, no fear!)—Yours grimly.

GEORGE WINGATE,
Captain of Greyfriars.

SUMMER :: :: FASHIONS!

A Speech by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.
Reported by Monty Lowther.

It isn't ewevy chap, I guess, who knows the pwopah way to dwess. Wear heaps of clothin' if you're scwaggy, but not if you are plump an' baggy. An' always cultivate the art of lookin' neat, an' spwuce, an' smart!

Your twousahs should be neatly cweased. Your hair should be well bwashed an' gweased. Your toppah should be nice an' shiny; your tiepin bwilliant, but tiny.

Your flannels should be white an' clean; your necktie should be pink an' gween. Your cwicket-shoes should look a tweat, pwovided that they match your feet!

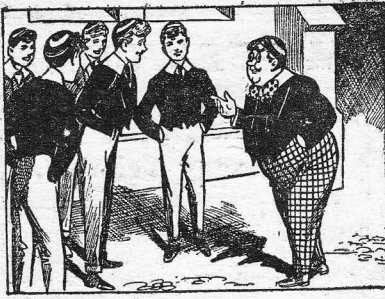
Your socks should be of stwikin' hue. I would suggest wed, white, an' blue. A cwicket-cap you should look smart in. But mind it doesn't spoil your partin'.

Your buttonhole should be of pink; an' though a monocle you should blink. But if it's done too much, I'm thinkin' you'll jolly soon get tired of blinkin'!

Your cane should have a silvah nob. (They can be bought for just a bob.) Your fancy waistcoat should be smart, an' capture ewevy damsel's heart!

Unless you follow these instnwuctions, there's pwetty certain to be wuctions! For if you're lookin' like a twamp, they'll duck you—an' the water's damp!

So evah let it be your passion to study ewevy latest fashion. In flannels, or in tweeds of Hawwis, you'll look just like a swell fwom Pawis! In fact, you will be quite a "nut." Almost as smart as me—tut, tut!



I say, you chaps! in Courtfield Town
There's a nice resterong.
Perhaps you'd like to saunter down?
Don't keep me waiting long.

CHARACTERS.

BILLY BUNTER.
THE FAMOUS FIVE OF THE REMOVE.
GEORGE GRILL, Proprietor, Elysian Cafe,
Courtfield.
A WAITRESS.

ACT I.

SCENE: The gateway of Greyfriars. Harry Wharton & Co. are standing in a group, when Billy Bunter rolls up to them in a state of great excitement.

BUNTER:
I say, you chaps! In Courtfield Town
There's a nice resterong.
Perhaps you'd like to saunter down?
Don't keep me waiting long.

WHARTON:
How can we go with you, you ass?
You've got no tin. Keep off the grass!

BUNTER:
I'm going to treat the five of you
To rabbit-pie and Irish stew.
To nice delicious currant buns,
And sugary doughnuts—tuppy ones!

CHERRY:
But where's the money coming in?

BUNTER:
From home I've just received some tin!

NGENT:
My hat! His postal-order's come!
Billy, I'm your eternal chum!

BUNTER:
Well, get a move on, everybody!

BULL:
One moment! Won't you wait for Toddy?

BUNTER:
No. Toddy has been rude to me,
So I'm not going to treat him—see?
And as for that deaf duffer, Dutton,
He's such a gormandising glutton
That if he joined our merry throng—
Why, he'd devour the resterong!

HURREE SINGH:
My ludicrous and worthy chum—

BUNTER:
No time for jawing, Inky! Come!

HURREE SINGH:
I would proposefully suggest—

BUNTER:
Oh, give your wagging tongue a rest!

WHARTON:
You'll be in quite a ghastly fix
If you can't foot the bill for six!

BUNTER:
Now, Wharton, don't be such a fool!
I've enough cash to treat the school!

CHERRY:
All right! We'll take you at your word.
Don't blame us if you get "the bird"!

(The party moves off in the direction of
Courtfield.)

THE FATAL FEED!

A PLAYLET IN TWO ACTS.

Composed by DICK PENFOLD.

ACT II.

SCENE: The Elysian Cafe, Courtfield. Enter the Famous Five and Billy Bunter. The latter commandeers a large table, and the juniors sit down.)

WAITRESS:
Good-afternoon, young gentlemen!
What would you like to eat?

BUNTER:
We'll have a four-course dinner, then
We'll have a further treat!

NGENT:
You're ordering on a lavish scale.
I hope that you can pay!

BUNTER:
Let not such gloomy thoughts prevail
Upon this joyous day!

BULL:
You've had some tin from home, you say.
Well, how much was it, anyway?

BUNTER:
You speak in an offensive manner,
As if I only had a tanner!

BULL:
That's all it is—at least, so Skinner—

BUNTER:
Confound the fellow! Here's our dinner!

CHERRY:
Tomato soup and fresh-caught fish.
What choicer viands could we wish?



Here, what is all this fuss about?
He cannot pay? Then put him out!
Meanwhile, I'll ring up Dr. Locke.
The news will give him quite a shock!

BUNTER:
It beats the Greyfriars dinners hollow.
And there is plenty more to follow!

(The juniors commence their meal with hearty appetites. After the soup and fish a joint is served, followed by apple-tart and custard. The Famous Five lean back in their chairs, with sighs of contentment; but Billy Bunter isn't finished yet!)

BUNTER:
Waitress, fetch yonder dish of tarts!
They will delight our youthful hearts.

WAITRESS:
If I might make so bold, sir, you
Have polished off enough for two!

BUNTER:
What matters if I polish off
Enough for twenty chaps to scoff?

WAITRESS:
I think you're something of a glutton!
You've had soup, fish, and tart, and mutton.
And you are not contented yet—

BUNTER:
I shall be shortly, don't you fret!

(The waitress brings the tarts, and Billy Bunter continues his orgy, the Famous Five watching him in silent wonder. When the last tart has disappeared, the waitress comes up with the bill.)

WAITRESS:
I want the sum of one-pound-five—

CHERRY:
Pay up, my porpoise! Look alive!

BUNTER:
Of course! Who said I wasn't willing?
Miss, take this P.O. for a shilling!
I'll pay the balance, if you like,
As soon as I have pawned my bike!

WAITRESS (grimly):
I want another one-pound-four!

BUNTER:
Ahem! You see, I'm very poor!

(At this juncture the proprietor comes on
the scene.)

PROPRIETOR:
Here, what is all this fuss about?
He cannot pay? Then put him out!
Meanwhile, I'll ring up Dr. Locke.
The news will give him quite a shock!

BUNTER:
Oh crumbs! I wonder what he'll say
When he discovers I can't pay?

WHARTON:
I s'pose we'll have to foot the bill.
Then we'll put Bunter through the mill!

(The Famous Five settle the bill; then they seize Billy Bunter, and hustle him off the premises.)

BUNTER:
I say, you beasts— Hands off! Leggo!

CHERRY:
We're going to bump you, porpoise—so!

(Billy Bunter descends to the pavement with a series of violent concussions. Wild yells of anguish rend the air. And it will be a long time before Billy Bunter forgets the sequel to that fatal feed!)

CURTAIN.

IMPORTANT NOTISS!

This Playlet can be performed at any Concert or at School under the condition that BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY is mentioned on the programmes or notisses, for nothing.

Only a good-natured and generous chap like me would allow this!

W.G.B.

THE POPULAR.—NO. 130.

A TERRIBLE ORDEAL!

By Fatty Wynn.

When Bunter wanted to produce a number all in verse, I felt inclined to speak my mind, to fume and rave and curse! By "curse" I just mean "Bother it!" I never really swear. But Billy Bunter's latest stunt will drive me to despair!

I never could express my thoughts in poetry sublime; it's quite as much as I can do to hit upon a rhyme. I've tied wet towels round my head, I've cooled myself with ice. But poetry I simply dread. "Don't touch it's" my advice.

At eating contests I'll compete with any other chap. I'll show the merchant how to eat, devouring every scrap. I'll eat up everything I see upon the study shelf. Oh, yes, at gorging, you'll agree, I'll beat "B. B." himself!

If anyone is insolent, I'll meet him in the gym, and slog at him and punch at him until my eyes grow dim. I'll face the finest fighting-man that all St. Jim's can boast. And I will lick him if I can. I hit as hard as most!

At cricket I can hold my own, at bowling or at batting. I hit out while the other chaps content themselves with patting. My skill and smartness in the field has won us many a match, and I have never been afraid to hold a fiery catch.

But when it comes to writing verse, I must confess I'm done. This latest scheme of Bunter's—well, it fairly takes the bun! This column that I'm writing now will take me hours and hours. I'll claim an extra bob for it—I will, by all the powers!

This awful strain of mind and brain will jolly quickly tire me. Say, Figgy, bring some lemonade. Perhaps it will inspire me. And while you're at the tuckshop, you can get some currant-buns. Then I can munch them while I write. But mind they're twopenny ones!

Thank goodness Baggy Trimble's got a job as bad as mine. I'd like to see him write in verse. I'll bet he'll wail and whine. Say, what amazing ignorance the silly duffer shows! It will be killing if his verse is written like his prose!

Here comes my lemonade at last. Good, Figgy! You're a brick! I'm making rapid progress now; I've nearly done the trick. If you and Kerr will help me out, I sha'n't be very long. And then we'll have some cricket. Gee! A game will be "tray bong"!

If Billy Bunter should invent another stunt like this, I'll hand my resignation in, and give the job a miss. I've never been in such a fix in all my merry days. And I am getting quite fed up with Bunter's little ways!

This lemonade is jolly good, the buns are simply ripping. I had a rotten tea in Hall—two chunks of bread-and-dripping. A little snack is very nice; it helps me concentrate. (Can't find a rhyme for "concentrate"—oh, dash it! Such is Fate!)

But now my task is really done. I lay my pen aside. If Billy Bunter came here now, I'd tan the beggar's hide! This column's been an awful strain—I'm sure I shall collapse. But see! They're putting up the nets. Hurrah! Come on, you chaps!

THE POPULAR.—No. 130.

Billy Bunter's Rise to Fame!

By Dick Penfold.

Bill Bunter was an editor
Of merit and repute.
To sit and scribble day and night
Was Billy's pet pursuit.

He formed a weekly magazine,
And ran it on his own.
It made the British public laugh,
The Greyfriars public groan!

Bill's weird and wondrous "rag"
appeared
Each Friday in the "Pop."
"Twil beat all rival rags," said he,
"And make 'em shut up shop!"

The circulation grew apace,
It rose to dizzy heights,
And Billy dreamed such dreams of
wealth,
He couldn't sleep o' nights!

"My mag will be," quoth W. G.,
"The brightest of the bunch.
And later on I'll get a job
Upon the staff of 'Punch.'"

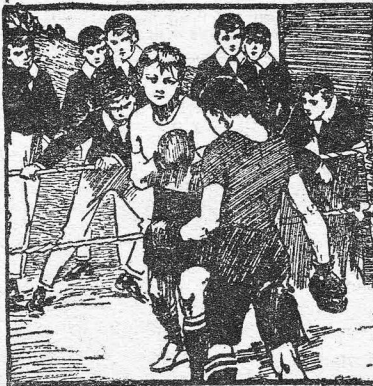
So Billy went from strength to strength,
Became a millionaire,
And drove to Greyfriars in his car,
To swank and swagger there.

"I say, you fellows," he exclaimed,
"I'm flourishing and famous,
And yet you called me, years ago,
A beastly ignoramus.

"No journalist so great as I
Has ever pushed a pen.
I'm now the editor and boss
Of fifty thousand men!

"Gone are those dark and dismal days
When I was stony broke."
But were they gone? No jolly fear!
At this point Bill awoke!

SCENES AT ST. JIM'S.



No. 17.—BEHIND THE GYM.

MY FEWCHER PROSPEX!

By Baggy Trimble.

Bunter came rolling up to me,
And he said, "I want you to do yors
neckst kontribution in poortory—see?"

It didn't worry me a jot,
Bekawse, don't you see, I write poortory
kwite a lot!

What could be nicer, smarter, neeter
Than my rhyming, my spelling, and
partikularly my wonderful metre?

Sum day I trussed 'twil be my fate
To become the mistiest bard in the land—
in other words, the Poet Lorry Ate!

The works of me, Sir Bagley Trimble,
Will be read by the grave and gay, the
glad and sad, the weery and the
nimble!

So famus will become my name
That all the korridors and passidges of
St. Jim's will re-echo with my fame!

I shall be very, very rich,
While the felloes who sneer at me now
will be starving in the ditch!

I shall have karridges and pears,
And in my stately ansestral manshun I
shall have moving stares!

I shall have frends in Court and Bar
(By this I'm not alluding to the tap-
room at the Star!)

I shall be fat and famus, too,
And a hansom dutchess I shall be sure to
win and woo!

Then let us drink with joobilation
To the joyuss, happy day when me,
Baggy Trimble, will be the greatest
man in all the nation!

BUNTER'S LITTLE SNACK.

'Twas the voice of the Bunter—I heard
it declare:

"My pater's just sent me ten bob; but
I swear
I won't stand you anything, Skinner, you
beast!

A small snack for myself—'nuff's as
good as a feast!

A mere bun or two, p'r'aps, which is
all that I need."

And Bunter departed to seek that small
feed.

As I passed by the tuckshop I marked
with one eye

How the tarts and the doughnuts were
piled up on high

On the plate of the porpoise. I saw,
with a frown,

That some six to the minute he gobbled
them down.

And I watched, fascinated, but void of
surprise,

The Owl getting fatter in front of my
eyes!

And I said to myself, "If there ever
was one,
Here's a case for the matron, Bunter,
my son!"

For the Honour of Rookwood!

(Continued from page 8.)

Lucky we've got Knowles as a bowler. He's first-class! We couldn't spare him."

"Oh dear!" murmured Tubby. "I rather think we shall win, too," said Bulkeley, who did not even see the fat junior under the beeches. "I want to, specially as it's a new fixture. I've taken a lot of trouble with the team. I fancy we shall uphold Rookwood's colours on the St. Jim's ground. Hallo!"

He broke off as Muffin rolled out from under the beeches.

Tubby had made up his mind—almost.

He couldn't—he simply couldn't!—let old Bulkeley go on in this unsuspecting way, while he knew what Cecil Knowles was plotting and scheming behind his back.

"I—I say, Bulkeley!" he stammered.

"Well, what is it, Muffin?"

"I—I say—"

"Cut it short!" said the captain of Rookwood tersely.

"I—I say—" Tubby spluttered helplessly. The yarn he had to tell sounded so "steep," so unlikely, that his words died on his lips under Bulkeley's clear glance.

"I—I say, I—I think I—I ought to tell you, Bulkeley."

"If you've got anything to say, buck up! Don't tell tales, if that's what's in your mind, though!" snapped Bulkeley.

"About—the Moderns—"

"Somebody been ragging you, you young ass?"

"No-n-no!"

"Been over-eating yourself?" asked Neville, with a grin.

"Nunno! I—I know something has—"

"Time you did," said Bulkeley.

"Your Form-master will be glad to hear that."

And the seniors laughed.

"I—I say—Knowles—Knowles, you know—" stammered Tubby.

"Suppose a chap heard him say—suppose a chap was—behind something, and heard Knowles say—say—"

Bulkeley's brow darkened.

"You slimy little cad!" he exclaimed.

"Have you been eavesdropping, and are you coming to tell me what you hear?"

"I—I—yes—you see—Yaroooooh!" roared Tubby, as the Rookwood captain took his fat ear between a finger and thumb.

The two great men of the Sixth walked on, leaving Tubby Muffin rubbing a crimson ear.

"Oh, gear!" mumbled Tubby.

He drifted away disconsolately. Evidently it was not of much use approaching Bulkeley on the subject.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Doubting Thomases!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. came in hungry to tea, and found a fat figure in the doorway of the end study. Lovell took Tubby Muffin by the shoulder, and spun him into the passage.

"If you've touched our grub—" he began.

"I—I haven't—"

"I'll scalp you if you have! Look in the cupboard, Raby."

"I tell you, I—"

"Dry up! Is the tommy all right, Raby?"

"All serene," said Raby, after a look in the cupboard in the end study.

"Good! You can cut off, Fatty."

Arthur Edward Lovell followed his comrades into the study. The Fistical Four were quite ready for their tea.

Tubby Muffin followed.

"Buzz off, Tubby!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Can't have a porpoise to tea. Scat!"

"I—I've got something to tell Jimmy Silver!" said Muffin desperately.

"I—I must tell somebody."

"Go ahead!" said Jimmy Silver, who was slicing up the bread.

"Cut it short!"

"You know Bulkeley's lot are going over to St. Jim's on Wednesday."

"Yes, I fancy I've heard something of it."

"There's three Modern rotters in the eleven," said Tubby.

"They're going to leave Bulkeley in the lurch!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Don't tell anybody I told you!" gasped Tubby.

"Knowles would slaughter me if he knew! You know what a beast Knowles is!"

"I'll jolly well slaughter you if you pitch us silly yarns like that!" growled Lovell.

"Keep to the truth, you fat Prussian!"

"It's the truth!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Let Tubby run on. If he's making up one of his yarns, we'll stump him. But we know Knowles is cad enough for anything. He played Bulkeley a trick once before over a match, as I know. Get on with the washing, Tubby!"

"You won't repeat it?" gasped Tubby.

"Knowles would—"

"He would skin you if he heard you telling a yarn like that about him," growled Lovell; "and serve you right!"

"We'll keep it dark," said Jimmy Silver reassuringly.

"Go ahead!"

Tubby, in mysterious whispers, related what he had overheard in Cecil Knowles's study on the Modern side.

The Fistical Four listened, quite forgetting that they were hungry for the time.

There was strong disbelief expressed in three faces when Tubby Muffin had finished.

Only Jimmy Silver's face was serious and thoughtful.

Tubby, in his usual exaggerative way, had enlarged upon some of the details, and that trick of his gave an air of unreality to his whole yarn—unlikely enough in itself.

"There!" concluded Tubby, swelling a little with the importance of his secret.

"What do you fellows think of that?"

"I think it's all whoppers!" said Lovell at once.

"Same here!" remarked Raby.

"My sentiments, too," said Newcome.

"Somebody got a cricket-stump!"

"Why, you rotters!" shouted Muffin.

"It's all true—every word!"

"Rats!"

"Jimmy Silver! You believe me, don't you, Jimmy?"

"Of course he doesn't!" grunted Lovell.

"I say, Jimmy—"

"I'm blessed if I know whether to believe you or not, Tubby!" said Jimmy Silver at last.

"It sounds jolly steep!"

"I heard every word they said, you know."

"Mean little beast to be listening at all!" snorted Lovell.

"I couldn't help it, could I? I had to get out of sight when Knowles came in. The best would have licked me for being there!"

"Serve you right if he did!"

"Anyway, it's no good pitching that yarn to us," said Newcome.

"Bulkeley's the chap you ought to tell, if it's true."

"I—I did begin to tell him, but—"

but— Besides, I don't think he would believe it."

"I'm jolly sure he wouldn't."

"Well, then he'd lick me for saying a thing like that about Knowles if he didn't believe it."

"Just what you want!"

"Why, you beast—"

"Go and tell it to Bulkeley, or tell it to the Marines," said Lovell.

"Hallo! The kettle's boiling. Where's the tea?"

"Well, I think you're a lot of silly asses and rotters!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin indignantly.

"I'm risking a lot in telling you this. Knowles would skin me if he knew. He's a revengeful beast!"

Jimmy Silver was standing in deep thought. From what he knew of Knowles, he did not regard such a scheme as improbable. But he knew that Bulkeley would regard it as very improbable indeed. True or false, it was useless to think of spinning such a yarn to the captain of Rookwood.

"I—I say, you believe me, Jimmy Silver?" said Tubby, almost beseechingly.

"It's all true, you know. The cads were smoking while they talked—just like Morny and Townsend do in their studies. Knowles was awfully vicious. He wants Roodwood to lose the match, to show 'em that they can't win without the Moderns. Something ought to be done."

"Something ought to be done if it's true," said Jimmy Silver.

"Don't you believe me?"

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

"You're such a blessed Prussian, Tubby! I don't believe you know half the time whether you're telling the truth or not."

"It's all true, every word! Knowles was grinding his teeth like anything."

"Rats!" snapped Lovell.

"Well, perhaps he wasn't grinding his teeth," acknowledged Tubby.

"He was looking frightfully vicious."

"And perhaps you weren't there at all, you fat spoofer!"

"I was!" yelled Tubby.

"And I think Jimmy Silver ought to do something about it, as captain of the Fourth."

"If it's true, it will leave Bulkeley in an awful fix," said Jimmy Silver seriously.

"There won't be any other Rookwood fellows there. Knowles and Catesby are the best bowlers in the team. It will leave him awfully weak in bowling. Knowles has counted on that, of course."

"You don't believe Tubby's yarn?" asked Lovell, with a stare.

"I'm blessed if I know!" confessed Jimmy Silver.

"Well, I've told you," said Tubby loftily.

"I leave it to you, Jimmy Silver. Now I've told you, it's your responsibility, as captain of the Form. If you don't do something, you'll see Rookwood licked, that's all!"

And Tubby Muffin retired from the end study, slamming the door after him, to indicate his scornful opinion of the doubting Thomases there.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver Thinks it Out!

JIMMY SILVER was very thoughtful over tea.

The fact that he took Tubby's story seriously had some effect upon his chums.

After due debate, they agreed that it was possibly true. Certainly, it would be like Knowles of the Sixth! But they agreed, too, that it would be simply idiotic to spin such a yarn to Bulkeley, with the idea of warning him—a steep yarn, founded on the evidence of an eavesdropper.

"We can't tell Bulkeley," said Jimmy

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Silver at last. "He wouldn't believe a word of it, even if he listened to us at all. The fact is, I couldn't even tell him I believe the yarn myself. I think I about half-believe it."

"About a quarter for me," grinned Raby.

"But something's got to be done, in case it's true," said Jimmy.

"I don't see what."

"Well, there might be some more Rookwood fellows on the ground to play in case Knowles & Co. don't turn up."

Lovell snorted.

"Going to tell some of the Sixth to spend a quid on a railway-ticket on account of Tubby's yarns? I can see them doing it!"

"I'm not thinking of the Sixth." Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. "Look here, we're on friendly terms with the junior chaps at St. Jim's—Tom Merry, and D'Arcy, and the rest. Why shouldn't we pay them a visit on Wednesday?"

"Oh!"

"We could get leave to go over, and cut dinner," said Jimmy. "We could catch an earlier train than Bulkeley's crowd, and Knowles wouldn't know anything about it."

"We're going up the river on Wednesday."

"Blow the river! We'd like to see the first eleven play at St. Jim's, anyway, if it only comes to that."

"Yes. But—"

"If we were on the ground, and Bulkeley was three men short, he'd play us. He'd rather play Rookwood juniors than strangers in the team," said Jimmy, who had thought it out. "It's bowlers he'll want chiefly, and I'm the best—ahem!—junior bowler at Rookwood—as good as most of the Sixth, if not better—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Erroll's the next best, and Mornington the next," said Jimmy. "We'll get them to come over—"

"Mornington's booked up for a shady excursion with Towy and that lot. I've heard them jawing it over."

"Well, Erroll won't be with them. We'll take Erroll. Depend on it, if Bulkeley wanted bowlers, and he found Erroll and me on the spot, he'd play us like a shot. It won't hurt us to spend an afternoon at St. Jim's. The chaps there are hospitality itself."

"That's so," said Newcome. "But—"

"Oh, bother your buts!"

"But the money, fathead! Railway fares have gone up. I believe it's about fifteen bob return to St. Jim's now."

"Oh, my hat!"

There was silence. Financial considerations had not yet entered into Jimmy Silver's reflections on the subject.

"Well, we can't all go," said Jimmy at last. "We can raise enough tin for two—among the lot of us. Erroll can pay his own fare. I know he'll be willing, when I tell him how the matter stands. If you chaps agree, I'll get along and speak to Erroll now."

Lovell looked dubious.

"I suppose it's all right," he said. "Looks to me like going over there on a wild-goose chase, though. Still, if there's a possibility of the Rookwood team being given away by a sneaking traitor, I suppose we ought to play up."

"Agreed, then."

And Jimmy Silver went along to Study No 2 to speak to Kit Erroll.

He came back in about ten minutes.

"All serene!" he announced. "Erroll doesn't believe Tubby's yarn, but he thinks we might as well be there, in case of accidents."

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"Well, that's sensible," agreed Lovell. And so it was decided.

Excepting for Kit Erroll, the matter was not mentioned outside the end study.

Tubby Muffin, for the sake of his own fat skin, did not confide it to anyone else. He was haunted with the fear of what Knowles would do if he learned.

And, having told Jimmy Silver, Tubby cheerfully shifted all responsibility in the matter off his own fat shoulders on to those of the captain of the Fourth.

If there was anything to be done Jimmy Silver would do it, and there was no need for him to worry his fat brain about it any more. That was how the Falstaff of the Fourth looked at it.

Jimmy Silver was quite content to shoulder the responsibility.

As a matter of absolute fact, Jimmy would not have been wholly sorry if Cecil Knowles had contemplated that treacherous trick and carried it out.

For if Bulkeley arrived at St. Jim's without his bowlers, and found the champion bowlers of the Rookwood Fourth there, he was certain to play them, juniors as they were, rather than pick up strangers.

And the honour and glory of playing in the First Eleven was dazzling.

For ever after it would be remembered that the end study had furnished recruits for the Rookwood First.

So Jimmy Silver looked forward to Wednesday with calm equanimity, prepared for either event—a run to St. Jim's to see his old friends, and to watch the senior match, or the glorious chance of playing in the First Eleven itself.

And on Wednesday it was easy enough to get leave from Mr. Bootles to start before dinner to pay a visit to their old friends at the distant school on a half-holiday.

While the rest of Rookwood went in to dinner, Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Kit Erroll walked down to the gates. Money was too tight for the whole of the Co. to join in the excursion. Railway fares were too steep for that.

But Raby and Newcome heroically stood out, contributing their cash towards the general expenses. Funds were a good deal in common in the end study, and the Co. could always be relied upon to play up.

The three juniors walked cheerily down Coombe Lane with their bags. They were taking their flannels and their bats, in case they were wanted.

In any case, they would get some cricket with Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's. Jimmy had already wired the previous day to announce that they were giving St. Jim's a "look in," and had received a cheery reply from Tom Merry welcoming them.

The train they caught from Coombe was considerably earlier than the one the senior eleven were travelling by. They turned out at last at Wayland, and walked by the woodland path to the school.

In Rylcombe Lane they were met by an elegant youth, who turned an eye-glass upon them with a benignant smile. It was D'Arcy of the Fourth.

"I came out to meet you, dear boys," remarked D'Arcy. "Very glad to see you at St. Jim's. Bai Jove, you've got your cricket things!"

"Yes. Might get some cricket—what?"

"Yaas, wathah!" said D'Arcy, though he was surprised. "Weally, a vevy good ideah. Twot in, deah boys! You're wathah late for dinnah, but that's all right. Tom Mewry's awwanged all that."

And Jimmy Silver & Co. trotted in with the hospitable St. Jim's junior.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Left Behind!

BULKLEY and his men left Rookwood School immediately after dinner. They were looking in good trim, and a good many fellows walked down to Coombe Station to see them off, Raby and Newcome among the rest.

The train rolled out of the station with the eleven on board.

Bulkeley was in great spirits. Knowles, who was in the same carriage with him, was very agreeable.

The cad of the Sixth seemed to have forgotten all animosity.

Knowles had no scruple about the trick he intended to play, but he knew very well what all Rookwood, with the exception of his confederates, would think of it.

It was very necessary that the three deserters should be left behind by "accident." And, to disarm all suspicion, Knowles assumed a manner of hearty cordiality, and seemed as keen about the match as Bulkeley himself.

Bulkeley was relieved and glad. He would never have doubted that Knowles would play up his hardest for the old school, whatever he thought and felt. But it was agreeable to find the Modern prefect accepting the situation in this good-tempered way, and banishing all thought of rivalry or disappointment.

It was quite a merry party in the carriage as it ran on to Latcham Junction.

There was a change of trains at Latcham, and the party had to wait ten minutes before the express came in to carry them on to Wayland.

Knowles and Frampton and Catesby strolled into the buffet for refreshments.

Frampton and Catesby, to do them justice, looked and felt doubtful and troubled now. But they were too much under Knowles' influence to think of resistance to his schemes.

"Train's signalled!" said Neville, looking in at the door.

"Right-ho!" yawned Knowles.

The train came in. The Rookwood cricketers hurried to take their places. Knowles & Co. were still in the buffet. Bulkeley's voice was heard shouting from the platform.

"Knowles! Catesby! Buck up, you fellows! You'll lose the train!"

The three Modern seniors rushed out.

Porters were slamming the doors already. Bulkeley, with an anxious face, was leaning out of an open door.

"Come on, Knowles!" he shouted.

"I'm coming!"

Knowles dashed across the platform, with Frampton and Catesby at his heels.

"Look out!" shouted Bulkeley.

Knowles apparently did not see a trolley in his path.

At all events, he stumbled over it, and rolled over on the platform, and Catesby and Frampton rolled over him.

The engine shrieked.

"Knowles!" yelled Bulkeley. "Hold on a tick, porter!"

But the door was slammed, in spite of Bulkeley. The guard was waving his flag.

"Right away!"

Knowles jumped up—several seconds too late—and ran towards the train. The porter pushed him back. The train was in rapid motion now, and it was too late, as the cad of the Sixth very well knew.

"Stand back there!"

Bulkeley's face was seen at the window of the carriage as the train glided out of the station.

"Sorry, Bulkeley!" shouted Knowles. "You see how it is!"

The train glided round a curve, and vanished.

Knowles watched it go with a serious face, till he could no longer be seen from

the train. Then he smiled at his companions.

"Rather a surprise for Bulkeley—what!" he drawled.

"I—I don't half like it!" muttered Frampton.

"Oh, rot! Let's get out. We can drop in at the Ship on our way home, and get a game of billiards."

And the three Modern seniors left Latham Station.

Meanwhile, the express was rushing on towards Wayland Junction, many a long mile distant, and Bulkeley was sitting in his carriage with utter dismay in his face.

Three of his team had been left behind. He knew that it was impossible for them to overtake the eleven. He had to turn up at St. Jim's three men short.

"It's sickening!" muttered Neville.

"Rotten!" said Carthew. "What utter idiots to miss the train!"

"Just like those Moderns!" growled Hansom of the Fifth.

Bulkeley was silent. He was bitterly exasperated, but there was not much use in complaining. Calling Knowles & Co. names would not undo what had been done.

The train buzzed on, and Bulkeley thought it out, while his comrades continued to "slang" the train-missers.

"We can't play three short!" said Bulkeley at last. "I wish I'd brought some reserves now. But, of course, one couldn't foresee a thing like this, and we're bound to travel as little as possible just now. We shall have to ask Kildare to lend us some substitutes."

"Three St. Jim's chaps in a Rookwood team!" grunted Neville. "It's good-bye to a win for us. Oh, those utter asses!"

"Blessed if I don't half think those Modern cads have left us in the lurch on purpose!" growled Carthew.

"Oh, rot!" exclaimed Bulkeley sharply. "That's not possible, and you'd better not suggest such things. The question is, what are we going to do? We've got to play the match, and we're three men short. Three unknown substitutes means a licking for us, I suppose. It would have been touch and go, anyway. But I don't see how it's to be helped."

"Can't be helped," said Neville. "Grin and bear it, that's all."

"Here's Wayland!" said Bulkeley at last.

The Rookwood First changed into the local train for Rylcombe. There they found a brake waiting to convey them to St. Jim's.

Eric Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's, was there, too, and he greeted Bulkeley warmly. In the brake, the Rookwood captain explained the mishap that had occurred.

"We can find you three men quite easily," said Kildare. "Any number you wanted, in fact. I'll pick out three of the best for you."

"Thanks!" said Bulkeley.

But it was not a happy prospect, and Bulkeley was very thoughtful when the cricketers arrived at St. Jim's.

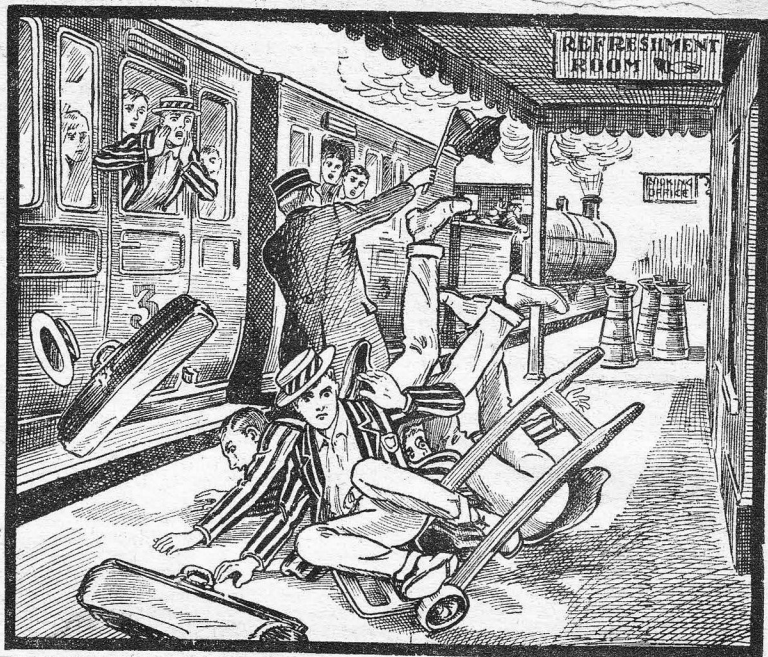
THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

"How's That?"

"HEAH comes Wookwood!" remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, had gathered on Big Side to watch the Rookwood match, and Jimmy Silver, Lovell, and Erroll were with them.

Jimmy and his comrades had received a warm welcome from the St. Jim's juniors, whom they knew well, having a regular fixture of their own with the St. Jim's Junior Eleven. They were on Big



"Come on, Knowles!" yelled Bulkeley. "You'll miss the train!" The three Modern Seniors dashed across the platform. A porter with a trolley got in their way, and, unable to stop, they collided with the trolley, and rolled over on the platform. The train commenced to move. Bulkeley leaned out of the window. "Knowles!" he shouted frantically. "Look sharp!" (See Chapter 6.)

Side with the St. Jim's crowd, which was increasing in numbers as the time for the match drew near.

As D'Arcy announced the arrival of Rookwood, Jimmy Silver looked round quickly. The matter was to be settled now, whether Tubby Muffin, was right or whether the fat Classical's wonderful imagination had been at work.

"My hat!" muttered Jimmy.

"Eight of them!" said Lovell. "All Classics! My hat! Jimmy, Tubby was right, after all!"

"Knowles isn't there," said Kit Erroll, "nor Frampton, nor Catesby. Tubby was right."

Jimmy Silver drew a quick breath. It was only too clear that Tubby Muffin's amazing story had been the frozen truth now that it was seen that the three Moderns were missing from the Rookwood team.

"Lucky we came!" grinned Lovell.

"Lucky that Jimmy took notice of Tubby's yarn!" said Erroll. "That's why we're here."

"Good old Jimmy! What about speaking to Bulkeley?" Lovell looked doubtfully at his leader. "He'll play us, Jimmy—what!"

"Bound to!" said Jimmy. "But the end study doesn't ask favours. If Rookwood wants us, Rookwood can say so. Let's let Bulkeley see us. It's his move next."

"Good!"

The three Rookwood juniors emerged from the crowd before the pavilion, so that Bulkeley could not fail to see them as he came up.

The captain of Rookwood started as his eyes fell upon them.

"Rookwood kids, here!" he exclaimed.

"Come here, Silver!"

Jimmy obediently advanced.

"What on earth are you doing here, Silver?"

"Come over for the match, Bulkeley," said Jimmy affably. "We want to see you stagger humanity, you know!"

"My hat!" said Bulkeley. He turned to Neville, a glimmer in his eyes. "This is a real luck. What do you think?"

Neville nodded.

"You're not thinking of playing fags in a First Eleven match, I suppose?" said Carthew, with a sneer.

"That's exactly what I am thinking of," said Bulkeley coolly. "I've seen these kids play. Silver and Erroll are topping bowlers, and it's bowlers we want, as Knowles and Catesby got left behind. This is real luck. Lovell's a good bat for a junior, too—as good as a substitute, I dare say. Here, you kids, how would you like to play for Rookwood this afternoon?"

Jimmy's eyes danced.

To do him justice, he was more pleased at having helped old Bulkeley out of the scrape than at his own luck in getting a chance of playing in Rookwood First. But he was very pleased upon his own account, too.

So were Erroll and Lovell. Their looks were an eloquent reply to Bulkeley's question.

"Topping!" said Jimmy. "Quite at your orders, Bulkeley!"

"Oh, rather, Bulkeley!"

"I dare say some of the kids here will lend you some flannels," said the Rookwood captain dubiously.

"That's all right!" said Jimmy at once. "We've brought our own flannels and our bats, too."

"The dickens you have!"

"We—we thought we might get some cricket here, you know," explained Jimmy.

"All serene! You'll come in and change with us, then."

"What-ho!"

"We sha'n't want to borrow men, Kildare," said Bulkeley quite cheerily to the captain of St. Jim's. "I find there are three Rookwood chaps here. Just the number we want, by chance."

"Juniors!" said Kildare, with a glance at the three.

"Yes, juniors, but first-rate at cricket, for their age," said Bulkeley. "I think they'll do very well."

Tom Merry & Co. congratulated their Rookwood friends when the three came out in spotless flannels, with their bats under their arms, looking as if they were walking on air.

"This is a stroke of luck for you," Tom Merry remarked, "and for your skipper, too! Odd that you should be here, three of you, when it's just three men he's mislaid somewhere!"

"As that Indian chap at Greyfriars would say, the oddfulness is terrific," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "But there you are!"

Not for worlds would the Rookwood juniors have revealed the wretched trick by which Knowles & Co. had schemed to leave their team in the lurch. The honour of Rookwood forbade that.

With great pride and satisfaction the three juniors joined the ranks of the Rookwood seniors.

Bulkeley's side batted first, and the three Fourth-Formers were left to the tail of the innings. That was only to be expected. But when they batted, Jimmy Silver secured 6 runs before being bowled out by Darrel, and Lovell and Erroll made 5 each.

The total for the innings was 60. And Carthew, who had sneered at the latest recruits, left off sneering, for he had been bowled for a duck's egg by Monteith of St. Jim's. The juniors had beaten his score, at least.

Bulkeley led his men into the field when the Saints' turn came to bat. He bowled the first over himself, and tossed the ball to Jimmy Silver for the second. "Do your best, kid!" he said. "What-ho!" said Jimmy.

The Fourth-Former went on to the bowling-crease in a mood of great determination. He was the champion junior bowler of Rookwood and he was at the top of his form.

Bowling against great batsmen like Kildare, Darrel, Monteith, and the rest was rather difficult from bowling in a junior match, of course. But Jimmy had great reliance on his own powers, and he was prepared to perform the impossible to defeat Knowles' plot.

And Jimmy Silver's bowling was very good.

Darrel was clean-bowled for 4, and a catch came from Monteith which gave Bulkeley a chance in the field. Bulkeley's face brightened up. This was as good as Knowles himself could have done against bats like St. Jim's.

Erroll's chance came next, and there was a buzz as the athletic junior knocked over two wickets in succession. It was not quite the hat-trick, but it was enough to cheer the Rookwood team very much.

St. Jim's first innings ended for 65, quite early in the afternoon.

"Five ahead on the first innings!" Bulkeley remarked to his men. "Not bad when we're playing three juniors. How jolly lucky those kids happened to be here!"

This remark made Jimmy Silver & Co. grin. There was not so much "happening" about it as George Bulkeley supposed.

Rookwood's second innings brought in exactly the same score as the first—60—the juniors again closing the innings fairly creditably. In the red western sunlight St. Jim's went in for their last innings.

Kildare and Darrel were batting, and the score jumped up. When Kildare was caught at point by Neville the board registered 30.

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"All ovah bah shoutin', deah boys!" Arthur Augustus confided to his friends.

But Arthur Augustus was not quite on the wicket.

Erroll went on to bowl, and St. Jim's stared when Darrell's wicket went down to the junior. They stared harder when Monteith's followed it for a duck's egg, and harder still when Langton's followed suit. Bulkeley clapped Erroll on the shoulder in huge delight when the field crossed over.

"The merry hat-trick!" he said. "Good for you, kid! We'll save the match yet!"

And, juniors as they were, Erroll and Jimmy Silver did most of the bowling for Rookwood after that, and the wickets went down at a good rate.

"Fifty for nine wickets!" said Tom Merry at last. "Last man in, and five wanted to tie, six to win!"

Bulkeley tossed the ball to Jimmy Silver.

"Go in and win, kid!"

Jimmy went on to bowl against Le-fevre of St. Jim's in the mood of a fellow prepared to do or die. And the Fifth-Former of St. Jim's knocked the ball away for 4.

Jimmy received it back from the field after the batsman had made good. The Rookwooders looked serious now. It was pretty plain that the next ball would be the last in the game, one way or the other.

Jimmy's lips were set, his eyes were glinting. The ball went down, and the batsman dove at it—where he thought it was. But the ball curled in under the bat, and there was a smack.

"How's that?" shrieked Jimmy.

"How's that?" roared the whole Rookwood team.

"Out!"

"Bravo, young 'un!"

"Rookwood wins!"

Half Rookwood turned out to meet the returning team in the dusk of the summer evening.

"Awfully sorry, Bulkeley," said Knowles. "You saw how it was at Latham."

"Hurrah!" roared the Rookwood crowd.

"Some juniors happened to be here, and I played them," explained Bulkeley. "Silver, Erroll, and Lovell. Here they are! They did rippingly for Rookwood, too, and in fact saved the match!"

"Hurrah!" roared Raby.

"Congratulate-us, Knowles!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

Knowles did not congratulate them. He turned away, his heart so full of bitter disappointment and rancour that he dared not let his face be seen.

And Catesby and Frampton followed him, and gave him their opinion of his scheming, and what it led to—an extremely unfavourable opinion, and expressed in very plain language, which Knowles swallowed as best he could.

All Rookwood was pleased by the victory; but it was the end study that rejoiced the most. They had saved old Bulkeley from a scrape, they had helped to beat St. Jim's, and they had frustrated Knowles' knavish tricks.

THE END.

The Mystery Removite!

(Continued from page 6.)

The junior pushed aside a tangled mass of creepers, and entered the ruined hut. There he set the electric-lamp upon the ground, and the interior of the place was brightly lighted.

He dragged a bag from under the creepers, where it had been hidden, and opened it. He took clothes and a good-sized mirror from the bag, and a case of making-up paints.

Any fellow at Greyfriars, as well as Mr. Isaacs of Courtfield, would have been astonished to see the junior now.

Gadsby, of the Shell, had never been known to enter into private theatricals as an amusement, and, even so, his proceeding in such an extremely secret way would have amazed his friends.

But as the junior set to work, his resemblance to Gadsby of the Shell faded away. His complexion departed under the touch of a sponge, his eyebrows altered their hue, and a flaxen wig was detached from his head; his very features seemed to change.

And then, as he stood clear in the light, the fellows who had seen him on a previous visit to Greyfriars would have recognised Dalton Hawke, the schoolboy detective!

But he was not finished yet.

He changed his clothes, and packed away the grey suit in the bag, and dressed himself in Etons. Then he resumed making-up—but in a very different character this time. His hair grew a bright auburn under his deft touch, and when he had at last finished, it was the face of Armitage, the new boy at Greyfriars, that looked back at him from the mirror.

Ten minutes later the hut was deserted, and in darkness Armitage, the new boy in the Remove, whom Bolsover had sought in vain for so long, was on his way back to the school.

THE END.

(Another long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "The Last of Gadsby!" in next week's issue of the POPULAR.)

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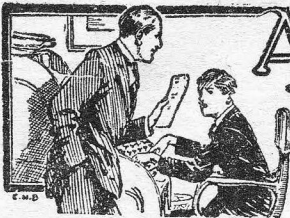
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FOR NEXT FRIDAY.

Included in the splendid programme of stories for next week there will be another magnificent, long, complete story dealing with the early schooldays of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, entitled:

"THE LAST OF GADSBY!" By Frank Richards.

This is an exceedingly clever and exciting yarn, describing the activities of the mysterious new boy, Armitage, and the solving of the disappearance of Mr. Capper's valuable stamp, which had caused such a sensation at the school. I shall not reveal any more of the story, as I do not want to spoil it for my chums; but I can say without hesitation it is one of Mr. Frank Richards's best yarns.

The second long complete tale concerns the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the famous Rookwood chums. This story is entitled:

"MORNINGTON MEANS BUSINESS!" By Owen Conquest.

In this story Mornington is brought to the realisation of the light in which his conduct appears to others, and, in his usual headstrong way, astonishes everyone by a sudden change of front. There is also a hint of a mystery connected with his fortune in this grand yarn. It is a very thrilling story, which is just the sort my readers are certain to enjoy, so be sure you do not miss it!

To follow this will be another four-page supplement of

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

Billy tells me it will be a Special Form Number, and from that you will guess it will be funnier than ever. When friend William gets on to a good notion like this he puts his back into it and turns out something quite out of the ordinary. If you want a real good laugh, then don't forget to read next week's supplement!

Besides this there will be a further thrilling instalment of our wonderful cinema serial, and a chance for my chums to win one of our money prizes in the "Poplets" Competition. Altogether, we have one of the best numbers to look forward to. So I advise my readers to order their copy of the "Popular" well in advance, to avoid disappointment.

CORRESPONDENCE. A Touching Letter.

I value very highly a letter which comes to me from Bondi, N.S.W., sent by a "sincere pal," who speaks of the "bosker little paper," otherwise the MAGNET. Long ago the writer's brother used to bring the MAGNET home, and, of course, the stories were read by the rest of the family—especially the "naughty sister," and by the good mother, who has now gone away. I regret that the MAGNET is so hard to come by at Bondi, near Sydney; but, after all, a standing order will meet the case, for the agents will supply what is ordered. The note is signed "Waratah," but for my part that cognomen, pleasant-sounding as it is, does not in the least convey the real Australian good-feeling and sense of humour which were lurking behind the writer's trusty pen as she wrote.

The Land of Dogs.

Ostend is a rare place for dogs. So a Birmingham chum tells me. He has just come back from a grand trip through Belgium, during which he saw Zebrugge and Waterloo and a crowd of

other places whose names figure large in history. My correspondent was vividly impressed with Bruges—with its canal system, reminiscent of Venice. As a scout he travelled under most favourable conditions, and, thanks to the scout-master, saw all there was to see. The party visited Antwerp and Ghent, where they lunched in the Castle of the Counts. There was the annual procession at Antwerp, with decorated carts and people in their gala dress. One or two good days were put in at Brussels, and the visitors did not forget to see Ypres, travelling for miles through land devastated by shell. I am extremely obliged to my chum for his admirable letter. He puts facts in simple fashion, and his narrative is of the best.

Searching for Nests.

A person who is in a hurry will never make a successful nest-finder. You want to move slowly, and to be well on the alert. However keen you may be, you will pass by many a nest unless you allow the birds to help you. Beat likely hedges and bushes with a stick, and, if there is a rustling, search that particular spot. Keep on the shady side of the hedge, so that the nests and birds can be silhouetted against the light. Don't overlook the rough bottoms of hedges, as these are the favourite nesting-places for many birds.—C. R. Chantler, 18, Croft Street, Bangor, Co. Down.

[The writer of this paragraph shows some little natural history knowledge, but I hope he, and those who read his hints, will be careful to take only one egg from a nest, and to leave the little home unharmed.—EDITOR.]

A Kirkealdy correspondent tells me that the realistic yarns cheer her up amazingly when she feels fed up with the world. "I read one," she says, "and, behold, my whole outlook is changed. They are veritably corn in Egypt. Can you possibly print more poetry? A poetry competition would be splendid. Thanks awfully for the happy hours your papers have afforded me.

Excuse the writing,

Blame the pen,

Think of the writer

Now and then."

Unfortunately there is so little room for poetry in the C.P.'s.

NOTICES, Etc.

J. Volker, 16, Hereford Road, W. 2, London, wishes to hear from readers in China or Japan.

H. Singleton, Green Lane P.O., Green Lane, Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, especially with those interested in stamp-collecting.

Arthur H. Uden, Hedgerly Park Stables, Stoke Poges, Bucks, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, 14-17.

Miss Ivy Marlow, 164, Replingham Road, Southfields, London, S.W. 18, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, 14-16.

G. Butler, 20, Britannia Row, London, N. 1, would like to correspond with cricket enthusiasts who are readers of the companion papers. This corres-

pondent would put G. L. Jessop first in the list of great cricketers. He played the game as it should be played, and it is a pity there are not more like him. S. M. J. Woods, Somerset, ranks second.

Frederick Eld, 22, Brighton Grove, Rusholme, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 18-21.

B. J. Harrison, Ingleside, Peterborough Road, Leyton, E. 10, would like to hear from readers with a view to starting an amateur magazine.

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 24.

Examples for the above competition:

A Troublesome Time.	A General Election.
A Simple Disguise.	The First Round.
Ups and Downs.	Keep Mum When.
A Straight Left.	Expensive Dinner
Fellow Feeling.	Means.
Bob Cherry's Smile.	Billy In Form.
	Nothing to Do.

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

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

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

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 24, 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 July 21st.

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

RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 18.

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

Eric Jonson, 29, Turret Road, Liscard, Cheshire.

Example: Japing Kildare.

"Poplet": Means a "Spanking" Reward.

Harry W. E. Thom, 26, Ruvigny Gardens, Putney, S.W. 5.

Masters on Strike.

They're "Able" to "Cain."

Max Hollis, 29, Richmond Road, Oxford.

Coker's Opinion.

Makes Phyllis "Howl."

A. Charles, 519, Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol.

Coker's Opinion.

Not "Sweet" Though "Candid."

Nellie Shroll, 94, Grafton Road, N.W. 5.

The Winning Team.

Said "Do" not 'Die.'"

S. Taylor, 24, Rushmore Road, Clapton.

Stick Together When.

"Tarred" with Same Brush.

A. Young, 17, Beryl Road, Chessels, Bristol

Full of Troubles.

Coker's Motor-bike.

John Sullivan, 57, Albert Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Full of Troubles.

Erroll's "Early" Schooldays.

H. Miller, 2, Gregge's Cottages, Ulverston, Lancs.

Masters on Strike.

"Able" with "Cain."

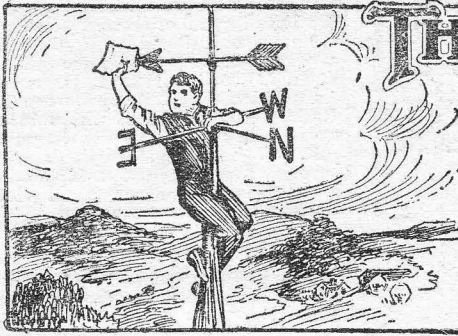
A. E. Ambrose, 26, Trinity Street, Rhos-tyllen, near Wrexham.

Stick Together When.

Fly Meets Jam-tart.

Your Editor.

THE POPULAR.—No. 130.



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 tied in an aeroplane by Clive Foster, another actor, and the machine is set off uncontrolled. Dick should have been able to control the plane unseen by the camera, but Clive Foster had made it his opportunity of getting rid of Dick, whom he hates like poison, and had tied him so that Dick was rendered helpless. But by a wonderful piece of good fortune the young actor is saved at the critical moment.

(Now read on.)

The Shipwreck!

IT was six o'clock that same evening, and the leading artistes of the World-Famed Cinema Company were grouped about the chief, Mr. Eustace Henderson, in his private office at the studios in Brancaster. The chief, with his producer, Mr. Samuel K. Beech, at his elbow, was turning over the pages of the plot of the film, "The Heir to Millions."

"Now," he said, as he consulted these notes, "we have successfully filmed the portion where the boy is tied in the aeroplane. Originally, the 'plane was supposed to 'crash,' but since the intervention of the dog came into the picture I have decided to

THE POPULAR.—No. 130.

slightly alter the plot to fit this fortunate accident.

"The next move in the picture is to be on board a private steam-yacht.

"Detectives are hot upon the trail of the kidnapppers of young Phillip Hodson, and the scoundrels realise that things are getting too hot for them.

"Part of their equipment is this magnificent steam yacht. I expect you've noticed that there has been a steam yacht out there," added the chief, as he motioned out to the bay, where, through the windows of the office, could be seen a superb vessel riding at anchor upon the swell of the incoming tide.

"Very well," went on the chief, "the plot is that the kidnapppers, becoming nervous, and afraid that the police will trace them—they are already hot upon their heels—decide to pack up and decamp, making for the yacht, and getting across the water to some other country, from which they can still carry on their blackmailing business with the millionaire father of the boy they hold in their power, and yet at the same time be safe from the attentions of the police.

"This is done.

"One dark night the boy is carried bodily on board the yacht, and the vessel steams silently away, without showing lights, under cover of the darkness.

"Just after dawn, however, the yacht strikes a submerged rock.

"The yacht is badly damaged, and is tossed to and fro on the tide. At length the captain orders everyone to the boats.

"Then it is discovered that the lifeboats, of which there are only a couple, small ones, have been badly damaged in the storm, and are useless, and the only hope is to trust to some hastily-constructed rafts.

"To this end wooden seats and planks are hastily pressed into service, and lashed in such a fashion that they will keep air-filled barrels or petrol-tins in position, and thus make sure of the rafts floating slightly above the surface of the water.

"Naturally, in the eyes of the chief of the kidnappping gang, the most valuable life on board the vessel is that of the millionaire's son.

"Without this boy as hostage for the money they hope to get, the syndicate is practically bankrupt.

"And so it is young Phillip Hodson who gets first attention.

"He is, you will remember, supposed to be only a very young boy, and the precaution is therefore taken of lashing him to the raft, for fear he should be washed from it.

"This is accordingly done, and he is slid from the deck of the yacht into the water in the hope that some liner will come along and rescue him.

"Then the other members of the gang hastily launch the next raft, upon which others leave the sinking yacht.

"At length they are all away, and, by a timing fuse, we shall arrange for the yacht to be blown up, and, of course, a good picture taken of it.

"But, meanwhile, we have the situation of the millionaire's son lashed to the raft, floating upon the sea, whilst other members

of the gang are upon similar, but larger, rafts.

"Upon one of them is the chief of the gang, and the same fellow who was supposed to have previously tried to take the life of young Phillip Hodson.

"A quarrel now arises between these two once more, and a fight upon the raft ensues.

"The chief of the gang is overpowered and flung back into the water, where he sinks from sight, leaving the man—the part of which, of course, will be played again by Mr. Foster—alone upon the raft.

"This raft drifts in the direction of the one upon which the millionaire's son is lashed, and then it is that the scoundrel makes a second attempt to kill the boy, who has incurred his hatred, by attacking him with the spanner and knocking him senseless earlier in the story.

"This fellow—Jake in the play—notices that the raft, upon which the boy is resting, is only kept afloat by virtue of the air-filled petrol-tins which are lashed in the body of the raft.

"Then a desire for revenge springs up in the breast of this scoundrel, and, feeling in the hip-pocket of his jacket, he withdraws a revolver.

"Then, levelling it, he takes careful aim at one of the petrol-tins, fires, and the next instant the petrol-can is perforated, and the water rushes in.

"He fires three more shots, and with each shot another of the petrol-cans is emptied of its air by the water, which rushes in through the holes caused by the bullets. At length they are all full of water and utterly useless, and the raft commences to sink, with the boy lashed to it.

"I want you, Mr. Trafford," went on the chief, turning to Dick, "to stick it as long as you can before you release yourself from the raft and swim towards those of us who will be waiting near and filming the incident.

"Don't go and get drowned, of course; but, at the same time, stick it as long as you can, so as to make a good picture."

"I will," promised Dick.

"Good!" returned Mr. Henderson. "Well, I think that's all for the time being. You understand your part, don't you, Mr. Foster?" he added, turning to Clive Foster.

"Well, no, not quite," returned that scoundrel. "Do I have real live cartridges, and really shoot at these petrol-tins?"

"Good heavens, no!" gasped Mr. Henderson, in dismay. "It would be much too dangerous. Why, with the raft heaving this way and that upon the sea, you might easily hit Mr. Trafford himself. No, no; you will not use real cartridges—only blanks!"

"But then what is to make the petrol-tins fill with water?" exclaimed Foster, in surprise.

"Why, they will not really be air-tight, although they are supposed to be in the picture, and you are supposed to be shooting holes in them. But, actually, we shall so arrange that within a certain time, which will coincide with your shooting, the cans will have filled with water and the raft sunk!"

"Very good!" returned Clive Foster. "I understand. It will be all right, Mr. Henderson."

"Good! Well, that's all," concluded the chief, as he rose from his chair. "We can leave this now until to-morrow morning, when, if the weather gives us a chance, we will film what I have just described. I have

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2:

the rafts already made and waiting upon the yacht."

The artistes rose to their feet and fled slowly out of the chief's office.

Dick was chatting gaily to Mr. Beech about the picture, but the expression upon the face of Clive Foster showed that Dick would be a lucky lad if he got safely through this next incident in the film without injury.

The Shipwreck!

WHEN Samuel K. Beech, the producer of the World-famed Cinema Company, awoke the following morning and gazed out of the window of his bungalow, he gave a little grunt of satisfaction.

A high wind was blowing, and this was lashing the surface of the sea into white-crested waves.

"Good!" murmured Beech. "Just the sort of sea I want for the shipwreck picture!"

He tumbled out of bed, and, hurriedly dressing, he hastened out to the plot.

But here he found Dick Trafford had beaten him. He was already there, and chatting to Clive Foster, who was to act in that part of the picture, too.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Henderson himself arrived on the scene.

"This is all right, isn't it?" he remarked, jerking his thumb in the direction of the surging sea. "Just what we want! Guess we might as well go right ahead with the 'take' before the wind dies down. Are you ready, Trafford?"

Dick announced his readiness, and the first part of the picture was filmed.

It represented the incident where the kid-napping gang, knowing that they are being hotly pursued by the police, and fearing capture, creep away under cover of the night to the steam yacht in the bay.

Needless to add, although this incident is supposedly happening in the dead of night, for the purpose of the photography the acting is filmed in daylight, and then made to appear as if night-time by the placing of a blue screen over it before it is shown in the theatres.

A small motor-pinnace was pressed into service for this portion of the picture, and Dick, after being gagged and blindfolded, was carried bodily into the boat, which set off immediately.

The operators, with their cameras, followed in another motor-boat alongside, steadily turning the cranks of their machines to take a picture of Dick's struggles.

At length the proud, white yacht was reached.

The next task was to get the helpless boy from the small motor-boat to the deck of the yacht.

This proved no light task, for a heavy sea

was running now, and each time those in the motor-boat tried to make fast to the rope ladder which was lowered over the side of the yacht, a great yawning wave would sweep them away out of reach.

At length, however, after repeated efforts a secure hold was made of the rope ladder, and then Clive Foster, playing the character of Jake, hoisted Dick upon his shoulder, and carried him bodily up on board the yacht, whilst the operators steadily cranked their machines.

Steam was already up, and as soon as the camera men had been drawn up on board, the yacht moved gracefully forward through the surging waters.

The two small motor-boats ploughed their way through the waves in the wake of the yacht.

Once on board the yacht the gag was removed from Dick's mouth, as was the bandage from his eyes, and he had an opportunity of gazing round, and taking in the appointments of the yacht.

"Did I understand you correctly to say that you were going to blow the yacht up as soon as the rafts were launched?" he asked in surprise, turning to Mr. Henderson, who stood at his elbow.

"Yes, that's right," returned the cinema magnate. "Why?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Dick; "but it seems such a beautiful boat to send to the bottom of the sea for the sake of a mere picture!"

"Mere picture!" echoed Mr. Henderson.

"I'd have you know, Mr. Trafford," he added, with a good-natured laugh, "that that is the wrong adjective with which to describe my pictures. Nothing's too good for them! I'd sink a battleship if I needed to for the sake of a picture."

"I'm glad you think the yacht's a fine one. So will the public, then, when they finally see close-ups of it on the screen."

Dick nodded.

"I suppose it is necessary?" he said quietly.

"Sure, it is!" answered Mr. Henderson. "When any steam-vessel sinks, and the water rushes into the engine-room, the boilers invariably explode, and blow the ship to pieces."

"This yacht is supposed to be sinking in the picture once it has struck a rock, and so, in order to give the realistic touch to the picture, I am arranging for a time-fuse to blow the yacht up, once we're all clear of it. But let's get to business. I don't want to be many miles out before we take. It's a trifle too rough out there, I fancy," added the chief, as he pointed at the surging sea beyond the bay.

"This'll do for us!" he cried. "Now, then, Beech, get busy with your arrangements. Start the striking of the rock, and then the making and launching of the rafts."

Samuel Beech nodded, and placed his operators side by side, facing the captain's bridge.

"Now wait till I give you the word, and then give both the machines a sudden tilt to get the effect of the boat having struck a rock and taken on a sudden list to starboard. Your cue for that is when the man playing the part of the captain comes rushing down from the bridge shouting, 'Man the lifeboats! Man the lifeboats!' Are you ready, Mr. Davis?" he added, turning and speaking to one of the actors who was dressed in the uniform of a captain.

"Yes, sir!" answered the man, as he rose to his feet and hurried up the steps to the bridge.

"Right you are, then!" cried Beech. "Let her go!"

Davis then turned about, and rushed frantically down the steps towards the camera, shouting out at the top of his voice:

"Man the lifeboats! Man the lifeboats! We've struck a rock, and we'll sink in a few minutes! Hurry!" He gesticulated wildly, and his face assumed an expression of mingled horror and fear, all of which was duly recorded upon the film by the operators, who both gave their machines the sudden sideways tilt as arranged.

"That's good," cried Henderson approvingly. "Now the rafts!"

Samuel Beech shouted to his camera men to swing their machines round at an angle in the direction where the impromptu rafts were waiting.

"Come along, Mr. Trafford!" he cried excitedly. "And you, Mr. Foster, tie him to the smaller raft, and you can help!" he added, pointing to one of the other actors dressed as one of the kidnaping gang.

Then it was that Dick suffered himself to be roughly seized by the two men, and dragged towards the raft containing the air-filled petrol cans.

He struggled as he was intended to do, but was eventually securely bound to the raft.

"Good! Good! Splendid!" cried Henderson, as he watched the performance. "Get him into the water now as quickly as you can!"

But no encouragement from the chief was required. The supers had all been well rehearsed, and knew their parts to the second.

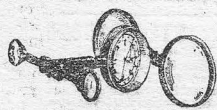
The next instant the raft had been lifted bodily, and slid over the edge of the yacht into the heaving waves.

Next the larger raft was launched, and Clive Foster, playing the part of Jake, took his place upon it, together with the man who played the part of the leader of the gang.

Meanwhile, the camera men had slid down the rope ladders into the two waiting motor-boats, and once within them set up their tripods.

(Continued on the next page.)

This wonderful instrument represents, as a whole, the following:—



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3. A Double Magnifying Glass.
4. A Long-Distance Spy-Glass.
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This instrument can be adjusted by means of a very simple device. When closed, it measures 3½ ins. in length. Send us 3/6, and an extra 3d. to cover postage, and we will forward one to you, together with instructions.

LANE BROS., LTD., 8, ARTHUR ROAD, HOLLOWAY, N.

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All Applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Department, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.

They had two incidents following quickly upon each other to record.

First there was the fight upon the raft between the chief of the gang and the man Jake.

This was now taking place.

The two men were certainly good actors, and no one would have thought that it was all pretence, so vicious did the expression upon their faces become.

Gripped in each other's arms, they rocked to and fro, until at length Clive Foster succeeded in forcing the other back over the edge of the raft.

His victim fell backwards, and landed in the water with a splash.

He gave a pretence of drowning, and then a line was thrown to him from one of the motor boats, and he was drawn in to safety.

The man could swim, but it would take more than the average swimmer to live in the sea which was running.

"Everybody's clear of the yacht now!" shouted Henderson through a megaphone, as he—the last to leave—stepped down from the deck of the yacht into one of the motor-boats. "The fuse is set, and the whole thing should go sky-high in a couple of minutes. Keep as near as you dare, you camera men, but look out for the vortex when she goes down. Don't get drawn into it. You fellows responsible for the driving of the motor-boats had better be ready to go full speed ahead, immediately she blows up. We don't want any more accidents in this picture!"

The motor-boats were now standing-by, with the camera men training their machines upon the yacht.

But in a few seconds that snow-white vessel would be a mass of torn and jagged wreckage floating upon the surging surface of the sea.

"Look out!" cried Henderson, a moment later through his megaphone from one of the motor-boats, as he perceived a wisp of smoke come from one of the cabins, where he had placed the time-bomb. "She'll be going up in a second, so start to crank—and you men at the helms of the motor-boats be ready to steam full speed ahead away from the yacht once she goes up!"

(Another thrilling instalment of our splendid serial of the cinema world next week.)

POPULAR FAVOURITES.

No. 22.—WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER.



With all his faults—and he certainly has many—Greyfriars would not be the same without William George Bunter. Being so important a personage—ahem!—we cannot leave him out of these articles, for Billy is certainly a favourite with all the readers of the Greyfriars stories.

His chief characteristics are an insatiable appetite, and a habit of tying his bootlaces outside a study door so that his ear is just on a level with the keyhole. Once he gets hold of a secret you might just as well shout the whole thing from the housetops, for it is certain to become known. Another characteristic about him is his borrowing. He is always trying to borrow shillings and half-crowns from his school chums on the strength of imaginary postal-orders, which

are supposed to come from imaginary titled relatives or his father, at Bunter Court. But they never do—at least, hardly ever.

Now and again small remittances arrive from home. But what is a shilling or two to a fellow like Bunter. No sooner does he get the money than he makes a beeline for the tuckshop, and "blues" it all in jam-tarts and ginger-pop.

His habit of using "abominable prevarications," to use Mr. Quelch's expression, is another thing which is always getting him into heaps of trouble. With Bunter romancing comes quite natural, unless he is in a tight corner; then he lies to save his skin, and invariably comes a cropper through his shocking memory. They say that liars have very bad memories; it is certainly the case with Billy.

With all his faults, as I have stated before, Greyfriars would not be the same without him. He is a good ventriloquist, and this is his great accomplishment. Fellows have marvelled at his ventriloquial performances, and there have been times when he has got other fellows out of awkward positions by using this natural gift.

As to the funny side of his character—well, you have only to read his famous weekly to be acquainted with it. Billy labours under the delusion that he is a great wit and author. His efforts at being both are to be seen in the special four-page supplement, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," a piece of journalistic genius, according to Bunter. I need hardly say any more, for all the wit and humour there is in him can be seen in his little paper which is contained in the "Popular" every week.

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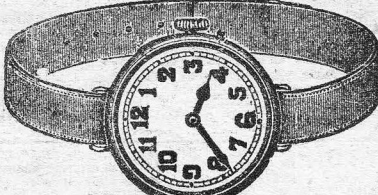
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