

TWO LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL TALES EVERY WEEK!

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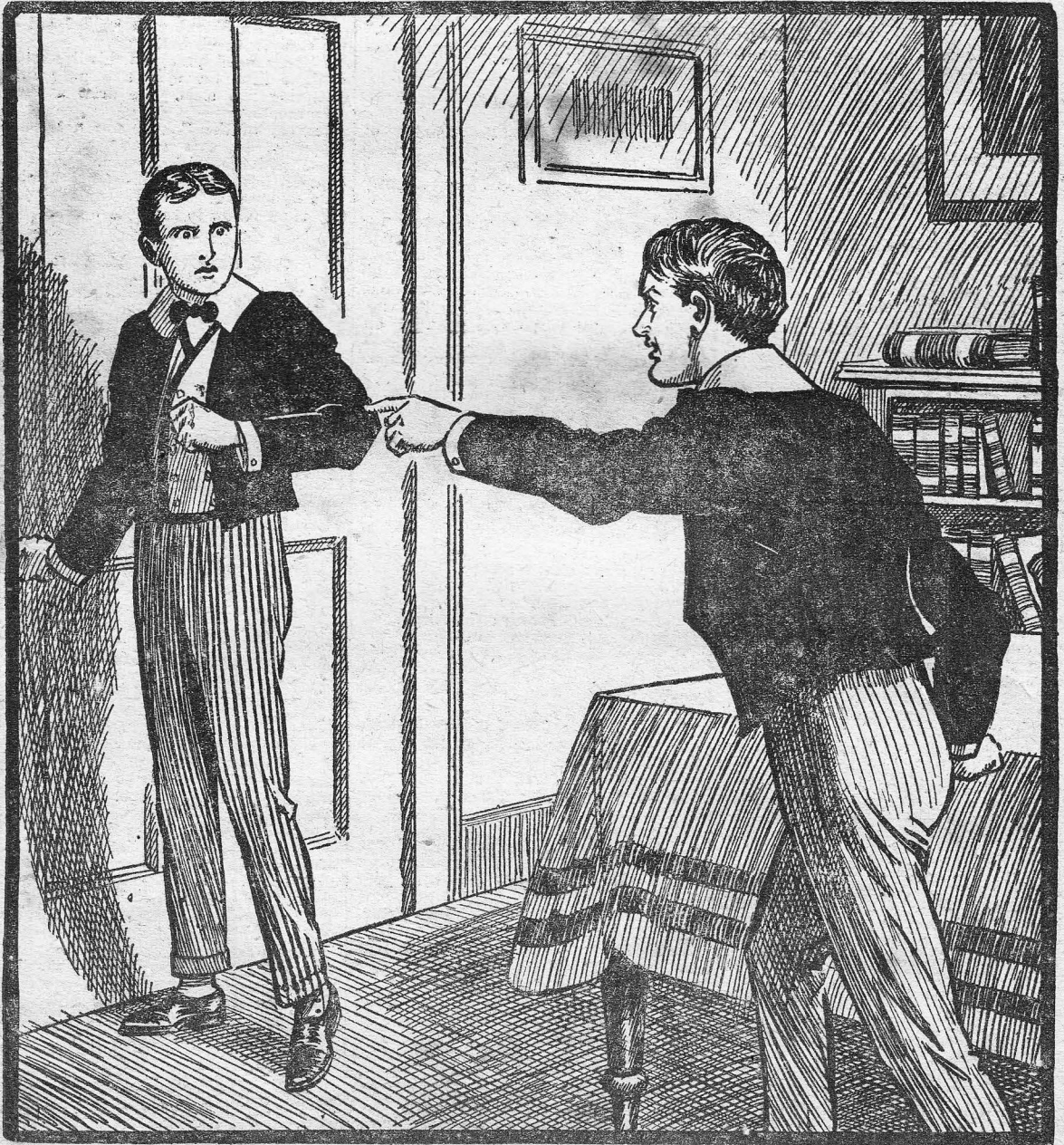
Greyfriars

The POPULAR

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

Rookwood St. Jims



A SHOCK FOR MORNINGTON! "Beggars!" exclaimed Lattrey fiercely. "Beggars and impostors! That's what you are. Money! Your money! You haven't a cent in the world! Every shilling you spend is somebody else's money!" (A Dramatic incident in the long complete tale of Rookwood in this issue.)

∴ MORNINGTON ∴ MEANS BUSINESS!

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

A Splendid Long
Complete Story,
dealing with the Ad-
ventures of the Chums
of Rookwood School.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Mornny's Way!

"MORNny here?"
Lattrey of the Fourth asked the question as he looked into Study No. 4.

It was tea-time, and Peele and Gower, Mornnington's study-mates, were there, with dark and discontented expressions on their faces.

Mornnington, the dandy of the Fourth, was not to be seen.

"Where's Mornny?" asked Lattrey.

Peele gave a grunt.

"Talking to Erroll and Jimmy Silver," he replied. "They're down in the quad."

"You can see 'em from the window if you want to see how chummy they are," said Gower, with a sneer.

Lattrey crossed to the window and glanced out.

Three juniors were chatting near the beeches, apparently on the best of terms. They were Kit Erroll, Jimmy Silver, and Jimmy's old rival, Mornnington.

Lattrey gave them a bitter glance, and turned back into the study.

"I left 'em talkin' cricket!" said Peele. "Mornny's gettin' very keen on cricket. He's goin' to squeeze into the junior eleven, if he can, for the Bagshot match. He's throwin' us over."

"It's that rotter Erroll," said Gower. "Before he came, Mornny was one of us—a bit ahead of most of us. Cricket!" Gower gave a snort of angry contempt. "What's that? Kid's game! Mornny wastin' his time on cricket—and advisin' us to do the same! Us, you know!"

"This won't do!" said Lattrey. "You've said that before. You can't stop it."

"I'm going to try," said Lattrey between his teeth.

He moved restlessly about the study. Lattrey, the blackest of the black sheep at Rookwood, could not quite understand the change that was coming over Valentine Mornnington, and it irritated him all the more because he could not understand it.

The supercilious dandy of the Fourth had been the leader in all the shady escapades of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood till of late.

And Mornny, who was rolling in wealth, was too valuable a pal to be lost by that select circle.

The three juniors looked round sullenly as Mornnington came into the study at last.

He was looking very cheerful.

"Hullo! Tea ready?" he asked.

"If you call it a tea!" grunted Peele. "There's nothin' here but the regular allowance."

"Hard lines!" grinned Mornnington. "But no harder on us than anybody else."

"I've never noticed you look at it like that before," said Lattrey.

"Erroll's been jawin' me, you see. He's pointed out the error of my ways." Mornnington chuckled. "Cricket instead of food hoggin', what!"

Lattrey's eyes glittered.

"Are you always going to do as Erroll tells you?" he sneered.

"Why not? Saves the trouble of thinkin'."

Mornnington finished his tea, and rose. The dark look on Lattrey's face evidently amused him.

Mornny was not an easy customer for even the cunning cad of the Fourth to deal with. It was useless to seek to "put his back up" by sneering at Erroll's influence over him. Mornny enjoyed parading Erroll's influence, as it were, for the amiable purpose of irritating his pals.

Lattrey controlled his temper with an effort.

"Well, sit down, Mornny," he said. "Got the cards here?"

"Cards!" repeated Mornnington.

"Yes—you remember I was going to show you how to play poker."

"Poker!" yawned Mornnington.

"It's a ripping game," said Lattrey. "Beats bridge and banker hollow. A real game for sportsmen."

"Another time," said Mornnington, taking his bat from a corner.

"Where are you going?"

"Cricket practice!"

"Look here, Mornny; I've put off something else to come here."

"Sorry! You shouldn't have—I never do," said Mornnington coolly. "Frinstance, I'm not goin' to put off cricket now."

Lattrey's eyes flamed. Mornnington's cool insolence was hard even for him to bear.

"Has it struck you that fellows may get fed up with your cheek in the long run, Mornny?" he asked.

"Let 'em."

"You may find yourself cut, if you keep on like this," said Lattrey savagely. "You can't ride rough shod over your friends."

"Cut away!" grinned Mornnington. "My dear chap, you wouldn't cut me. You'd never find it in your heart to drop my acquaintance."

"Don't be too sure of that!"

"I'm quite sure of it," said Mornnington coolly. "You wouldn't quarrel with anybody better heeled than yourself, Lattrey."

Lattrey flushed with rage.

"You think everybody wants your filthy money," he said bitterly.

"A good many fellows do—an' I know you do. That's why you're goin' to teach me poker."

"Mornnington! You cheeky cad—"

"Oh, cheese it! As a matter of fact,

I'm goin' to pay for the lessons, and I'll have 'em when I choose. I don't choose now."

With that, Mornnington walked out of the study with his bat.

Lattrey stood quite still, his lips set in a tight line, his eyes like pin-points, glittering like steel. He drew a deep, deep breath.

Lattrey of the Fourth was not sensitive, but Mornny's words would have penetrated the thickest skin. At that moment Lattrey hated Mornnington more than he hated Erroll or Jimmy Silver, or any other fellow in the wide world.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

"N. G."

"I'M ready, Master Mornnington."

A Third Form fag looked into the study, while Lattrey was still standing there, with glittering eyes and clenched hands, a prey to savage rage and hatred and all uncharitableness.

The fag was "Erbert," of the Third, the little waif who had been brought to Rookwood by Mornnington, and was paid for there by Mornny's guardian. He was called Murphy on the school books.

"Ain't Master Mornnington 'ere?" asked 'Erbert, as he saw that the occupant of the study was Lattrey.

"No, confound you!" growled Lattrey.

"What do you want?"

"Master Mornnington told me he wanted me to bowl to 'im, sir," said 'Erbert, looking curiously at Lattrey's furious face. "Has he gone down to the cricket, do you know?"

"You're fagging for Mornnington?"

"Yes."

"Step in a minute, kid," said Lattrey.

'Erbert hesitated a moment, and then stepped into the study. The fag did not like Lattrey of the Fourth. 'Erbert's feelings towards his benefactor amounted almost to worship, and he resented Lattrey's evil influence over the reckless dandy of the Fourth.

Lattrey kicked the door shut.

"You fetch smokes into the school sometimes for Mornny?" he remarked.

"I 'ave done so," said 'Erbert, after a pause. "You know that."

"And you've taken messages for him to the Bird-in-Hand."

'Erbert nodded.

He knew that Mornny's shady associate was aware of the fact, so there was no reason for not acknowledging it.

"Mornny gives you a written note sometimes, I think?"

"Yes."

Lattrey drew a quick breath.

"You don't have any too much tin, Murphy," he said, in a very friendly tone.

"I 'as enough," said 'Erbert. "Sir Rupert Stacpoole sends me an allowance, same as all other chaps in the Third, through Master Mornnington's kindness."

"Still it's none too much. How would you like a quid?"

"I'd like a quid all right," said 'Erbert, in wonder.

He could not suspect Lattrey of intending to "tip" him a "quid." Lattrey was not generous in money matters.

To his astonishment, Lattrey took out a little case, and flicked a pound-note from it, and held it up.

"There's the quid!" he said. "That's for you, kid, if you like. I only want you to do me a little favour."

'Erbert looked dogged at once.

"You can put it away, sir," he said quietly. "I ain't doing nothing of the kind. I does everything Master Mornington tells me, but I ain't fetchin' smokes or carrying messages for you or no one else. It's agin the rules of the school, and I won't do it."

"I don't want you to, you young fool," Lattrey laughed slightly. He was not likely to put anything into writing, to be taken to a place like the Bird-in-Hand Inn. He was a good deal worse than Mornington, but he was not quite so reckless. "I've no messages for you to take. The fact is, the next time Morny gives you a note for Joey Hook or anybody at the Bird-in-Hand—"

He paused.

"Yes?" said 'Erbert.

"I want you to bring it to me."

"Oh!"

"Look here, Murphy, it's for Morny's sake! It may save him from the push if I keep a friendly eye on his correspondence with shady cads like those sporting touts at the Bird-in-Hand. They might keep a letter of his as a hold over him—"

"So might you," said 'Erbert coolly; "and you're more likely to do it."

Lattrey ground his teeth.

The fag's opinion of him was not flattering, but it was well deserved.

"Then you won't do it?" he asked between his teeth.

"No, I won't!"

"I'll make it two quids—"

"You can keep your quids," said 'Erbert scornfully. "I know where you get your quids; you win them from Master Morny at cards. I ain't going to give you his letters, but I'm going to warn 'im that you're trying to get 'old of them, and put 'im on 'is guard."

'Erbert opened the study door with that. The next moment he was torn back by a savage clutch on his collar, and Lattrey's furious fists were beating on him. The cad of the Fourth had lost all control of his temper now. He lashed at the fag with savage force.

'Erbert kicked and struggled and yelled.

"Yow-ow-ow! 'Elp! Yah!"

"Hallo!" The Fistical Four were coming along from the end study, on their way down to the cricket after tea. Lovell and Raby, Jimmy Silver and Newcome, stopped at once. "Hallo! What—"

"'Elp, Master Silver!" panted 'Erbert. Jimmy Silver did not need asking twice.

He rushed into the study, and collared Lattrey. His chums were only a second behind him.

Four pairs of hands fastened on the cad of the Fourth. He was swept off his feet, and he smote the study carpet with a thud.

Lattrey uttered a fiendish yell as he sat down.

"Now, you rotten bully!" said Jimmy Silver sternly. "Now you're going to have a dose of your own medicine."

"Let me go!" shrieked Lattrey furiously.

"Not till you've had your dose."

"Yaroo! Oh, oh, oh!"

The Fistical Four rolled Lattrey over,

and, with cheerful determination, rubbed his nose in the carpet. Jimmy Silver picked up a stump, and laid on six of the best, Lattrey being in a very good position to receive them.

'Erbert looked on, grinning.

He had been hurt by Lattrey's savage attack, but certainly he had not been hurt so much as the cad of the Fourth.

"That's a lesson, Lattrey," said Jimmy Silver, pitching down the stump. "You'll get another if you ask for it! Ta-ta!"

The Fistical Four left the study with the fag. Lattrey sat up, his face white, his breath coming thick and fast.

Matters were not going prosperously with the cad of Rookwood School. His luck was out!

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Morny Loses His Temper!

WELL bowled, Morny!" It was Jimmy Silver who spoke, in hearty tones.

Kit Erroll was at the wicket, and Mornington of the Fourth was bowling to him, when the Fistical Four arrived upon Little Side.

Morny was in great form.

Erroll's wicket had gone down, though Erroll was a very good bat. Conroy took his place, and Jimmy Silver watched with interest Morny's bowling against the Australian.

Conroy was one of the best bats in the Fourth, but he was not quite equal to playing Morny in his present form.

The third ball sent his bails flying.

"By gad, Morny's improving!" remarked Lovell. "I'll give him a trial. Chuck us that bat, Conroy, if you've done with it."

Conroy nodded, and passed the willow to Lovell. Morny grinned as Arthur Edward Lovell took the batsman's place.

Since Morny had chummed with Erroll, he had been on better terms with Jimmy Silver & Co., but he was still very much up against the four.

He put all he knew into the next ball he sent down. Lovell put all he knew into his guard, too; but the leather curled round the bat, and the off stump was whipped up.

"How's that?" chuckled Mornington.

"How's that?" echoed Townsend and Topham and Smythe of the Shell and the rest of the nuts, who were looking on.

"Jolly good!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Try Rawson."

Tom Rawson, the scholarship junior in the Classical Fourth, took his bat to the wicket. Rawson was a solid, stolid batsman of the stonewall variety, and could generally be depended upon to keep his end up.

Morny's bowling was brilliant, there was no doubt about that; but Rawson, in his quiet way, faced it steadily, and knocked away ball after ball.

"Well hit, Rawson!"

"Well stopped!"

Mornington's face changed. He had been enjoying the practice, so far. He liked the limelight, and he liked to hear his name shouted on the cricket-ground. So long as he was triumphant, his good-humour had no limits.

But as he expended all his skill in vain upon Tom Rawson's wicket his handsome face grew darker, and his well-cut lips set hard.

The lofty Morny could not endure opposition or defeat, and it always roused his hasty, passionate temper.

It was for that reason that, in spite of his really first-class powers as a bowler, he was little use as a regular member of the Junior Eleven. A fellow who could not control his

temper, or keep in check his desire to "swank," was of no use as a cricketer.

Morny's bowling fell off in quality as his temper rose.

It became faster and more erratic, and Rawson played it more easily than ever. Rawson was grinning now.

To his quiet, sedate mind, there was something ridiculous and amusing in the resentful annoyance of the defeated bowler.

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

He had been thinking of Morny as a rod in pickle for the Bagshot Bouncers in the next match. But as he watched Morny's face now he was changing his mind. Mornington was making himself ridiculous, as well as spoiling his bowling, and Jimmy knew how a Bagshot crowd would have cackled if they could have seen such an exhibition on their ground.

"Silly ass!" commented Raby.

"Swanking duffer!" grunted Newcome. "Why, he's simply chucking the ball! Call that bowling?"

"Keep your temper, Morny!" yelled Higgs of the Fourth—a remark that made Mornington all the angrier. It was followed by a loud laugh.

Mornington cast a savage look at the onlookers.

It was bitter enough to his lofty pride to find that he was being laughed at for a childish exhibition of temper. He had drawn it upon himself, but that did not make it any pleasanter.

Kit Erroll had a troubled look.

His sincere friendship for the dandy of the Fourth did not blind him to Morny's faults, and he was feeling keenly the ridicule his chum was bringing upon himself.

He had urged Jimmy Silver a dozen times to give Morny a chance in the Junior Eleven. Morny deserved it, on his form. But what was the use of a cricketer who could only keep his temper so long as he was winning?

"My hat! Call that bowling?" exclaimed Van Ryn. "For goodness' sake chuck it, Morny!"

"He is chucking it!" said Pons, with a chortle. "You can't call it anything else. Give somebody else the ball, Morny."

Mornington gave the Colonial juniors a fierce look. He sent down the ball again with savage force, and it rose from the pitch like a bullet and caught Tom Rawson on the shoulder with a heavy shock. Rawson uttered a sharp cry of pain.

Whether Morny had done that deliberately, or whether it was simply rotten bad bowling due to his temper, was not clear. But the result was the same—Tom Rawson was hurt. He dropped the bat, and came off the pitch.

"Clumsy fool!" said Oswald.

"Clumsy rotter, you mean!" exclaimed Lovell. "The cad meant to hurt Rawson."

"Faith, and it looks loike it!" exclaimed Flynn. "Morny, it's a sneaking Hun ye are!"

"Rotter!"

"Dash it all, be fair!" exclaimed Erroll. "Morny didn't mean that—it was an accident!"

"Rats!"

"You can bat to Morny, then, if you like!" said Rawson savagely. "I've had enough of his bowling. Better let him take your wicket, or you'll get a crack like this!"

Mornington strode off the pitch.

"It was an accident, Rawson," he said, his eyes gleaming.

"Well, I've had enough of your accidents," said Rawson, rubbing his shoulder. "You won't catch me batting to you again in a hurry."

Mornington clenched his hands.

"Do you dare to say I did it on purpose?" he cried.

"I dare say anything I choose!" retorted Rawson contemptuously. "I don't say that, because I don't know. But if you didn't do it on purpose, you did it because you were in a temper, and didn't care where the ball went; and it was because you couldn't take the wicket. You wouldn't have done it if you hadn't been a silly, swanking cad!"

"Hear, hear!" said Lovell.
"You rotten scholarship bounder!" said Mornington thickly. "You dare to talk to me, you poverty-stricken cad!"

"Shut up!" said Jimmy Silver savagely.

Mornington turned fiercely on the captain of the Fourth, but Erroll slipped an arm through his, and drew him away. He gave Erroll a fierce look for a moment, as if about to turn on his own chum, but he restrained himself and left the field with him. A derisive shout from the juniors followed him.

"Hang them!" muttered Mornington. "Hang them all!"

Erroll set his lips a little.
He would not argue with Morny in his present frame of mind, but his face expressed pretty clearly what he was thinking.

Mornington jerked his arm away.
"You're down on me, like all the rest?" he snapped.

"Why can't you keep your temper, Morny?"

"Oh, let my temper alone!"
"Morny—"

"Do you think I hit Rawson with the ball intentionally, then?"

Erroll shook his head.
"No. But, as Rawson said, you didn't care where it went—"

"So you agree with that scholarship cad?"

"Rawson isn't a cad," said Erroll quietly. "He's one of the best, and it's caddish to throw his poverty in his face, Morny."

Mornington's eyes glittered.
"Thanks! That's enough!" he said, between his teeth. "If you think so much of Rawson, you'd better go and chum with the fellow, and leave me alone!"

And the dandy of the Fourth strode away, leaving Kit Erroll with a very dark shade on his brow.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A Startling Revelation!

TUBBY MUFFIN smiled a genial smile of welcome as Mornington of the Fourth came into the first study.

Lattrey, Tubby's study-mate, was there, finishing his prep. He did not even look up. But Tubby was all smiles.
"Come in, old chap!" said the fat Classical affectionately.

Mornington gave him a cold stare.
Tubby's affection was founded upon Morny's ample wealth, but it was not in the slightest degree reciprocated by the dandy of the Fourth.

"You can cut off, Muffin!" said Morny curtly.

"Eh?"
"Cut off! I've come here to speak to Lattrey."

"Oh!"
"Outside!" said Mornington.

Even the worm will turn, and Tubby Muffin, instead of cutting off, gave a snort of indignation.

"Cut off yourself, you snob!" he said independently. "You're not going to turn me out of my own study!"

"Get out, Tubby!" said Lattrey, rising.

"Look here—"
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"I'll kick you out if you don't!"
"I'll kick him out, anyway!" said Mornington.

Tubby Muffin dodged out of the study, and fled. Mornington closed the door after him, and turned to face Lattrey.

The latter eyed him sneeringly.
"I've no time now for poker," he said.
"Thanks! I haven't come to play poker, dear boy!" said Mornington.
"I've come to tell you what I think of you!"

"You needn't trouble!"
"You want to get something in my writing," said Mornington—"something addressed to Joey Hook, or a chap of that kind, that would get me into trouble if it came out. You asked young Murphy to sell me out."

"Did he tell you so?" sneered Lattrey.
"Yes; to put me on my guard."

"Well, it's a lie!"
"It isn't a lie," said Mornington calmly. "Erbert doesn't tell lies; his upbringing has been quite different from yours, Lattrey. It's the truth; and you were schemin' to get me under your thumb, you cad!"

Lattrey shrugged his shoulders.
"I knew all the time that you were a sneakin' cad!" went on Mornington. "I've been friendly with you because I've a queer weakness for the company of rotters and out-and-out rascals!"

"Take care what you say!" muttered Lattrey.

"It's my way," said Mornington. "I chum with Towny and Topsy, a pair of vicious duffers; and Peele and Gower, a pair of vicious rascals; and you, worse than the lot of them put together! I find you all rather amusin'. As for you, of course I knew you were after my money all the time, and I never bothered. It doesn't hurt me to lose a few quids at banker and bridge, and I dare say you're hard up an' want the money."

Lattrey's eyes glistened like a rat's.
"But that's comin' to an end now," added Mornington. "I was a fool ever to speak to a fellow of your sort. I knew you were a schemin' cad, but I didn't know what a dangerous scoundrel you were."

"Take care!" muttered Lattrey, clenching his hands almost convulsively.
"What else are you?" sneered Mornington. "You wanted to get somethin' compromisin' written in my hand, to hold over my head, to make me dance to your tune—what! That's what lawyers call blackmail. You're a blackmailin' scoundrel, Lattrey!"

Lattrey made a step forward. Mornington stood cool and calm, his face scornful, quite prepared for an attack, and welcoming it. But it did not come.

"Come on, if you choose!" said Mornington coolly. "I'm feeling just inclined to wipe up your study with you, you treacherous cad!"

Lattrey's eyes burned, but he did not come on.

"After this," continued Mornington, "you can give me a wide berth. I'm going to drop your acquaintance, dear boy! I'm goin' to warn the other chaps what to expect from you—what kind of a pal you are, an' what it may cost them if they trust you. Savvy?"

He smiled grimly.
"You're a criminal, Lattrey, that's what you are! Goodness knows where you come from. From a family of criminals, I should say. But that kind of thing won't do for Rookwood. It may be all right in the reformatory you ought to belong to, but it's not quite good enough for Rookwood. You'll have the exceedin' kindness not to speak to me any more, and to keep your distance. I fancy the other fellows won't want much to do with you, when they know the kind of game you're prepared to play. I'm

sorry I sha'n't be able to learn the wonderful game of poker from you." He laughed satirically. "You've seen the last quid you're goin' to see from me!"

Lattrey drew a deep breath.
"Keep it up!" he muttered. "You will come down off your perch some day, Mornington, I can tell you that. Your money! You've shoved your money at me pretty often. Your money!" He burst into a bitter, sarcastic laugh. "Your money, you beggar!"

Mornington was turning to the door, having said his say. But he turned back at that.

"What did you call me?" he asked.
He was not angry, only surprised and amused. Truly, "beggar" did not seem quite the description to apply to the richest fellow at Rookwood, who had more fivers in his pocket-hook than any other fellow had half-crowns.

"Beggar!" repeated Lattrey. "Beggar and impostor! That's what I call you! Money—your money! You haven't a cent in the world. Every shilling you spend is somebody else's money. And if that somebody else claims it, what are you going to do then? You'll lose your fine feathers. You may be glad to speak to me then, you swanking pauper!"

"Pauper!" repeated Mornington.
"Yes, pauper! You like me to believe that you don't know it!" sneered Lattrey. "You didn't know I knew it, certainly!"

Mornington looked at him in wonder.
"Have you gone off your rocker?" he asked calmly. "I don't see how you can know anythin' about my affairs, anyway!"

"You see that I do!"
"Not at all. Unless you're mad, you're dreamin'," said Mornington. "But you're going to explain, Lattrey. What do you mean by what you just said?"

Lattrey gave him a hard, searching look.

"You mean to say that you don't know?" he asked at last.

"I know you're talkin' out of your hat! That's all."

"By gad!" Lattrey breathed hard. "Then your guardian's kept it dark from you. Sir Rupert Stacpoole hasn't told you—"

"Told me what?" exclaimed Mornington, a vague sense of uneasiness creeping over him, in spite of his scornful disbelief. "What do you mean? Out with it!"

"That you're a beggar!" Lattrey enunciated every word with slow relish. "That you haven't a quid in the wide world of your own money. That every shilling you spend may have to be accounted for if the right owner turns up, and he will—he will!"

Mornington searched the hard, bitter face with his eyes. There was intense earnestness in Lattrey's look. He was telling the truth, or so he believed. The dandy of the Fourth stood very still.

Could there be anything in it, he was wondering.

"Tell me what you mean, Lattrey?" he said at last, and his voice was very low and quiet.

"I'll tell you fast enough. You stand to inherit twenty thousand pounds a year when you're twenty-one. What?"

"That's so, though I don't see how you know it!"

"You see that I do know it. And the Mornington estates—yours, if your cousin does not turn up; but whose, if he does?" grinned Lattrey.

"My cousin?"

"Your cousin, Cecil Mornington, the heir of your father's elder brother," said Lattrey. "And you never knew?"

"It's a lie!" said Mornington. "I have no cousin Cecil!"

"Your uncle never told you?" Lattrey laughed. "No. I dare say old Stacpoole thought it wouldn't make you exactly happy to know the facts, and Cecil Mornington may never turn up. So he never told you."

He laughed. "My father and his brother are both dead," said Mornington. "I was my father's only son, and his brother had no children. So I always believed."

"Your father's brother had a son. He married late in life, and his son is younger than you. That son was lost when he was a baby, and never found. But there has been search going on for him for ten years, and it's still going on. Sir Rupert Stacpoole is still paying the inquiry agents who are searching for him. If he's alive, he will be about twelve years old now. And why shouldn't he be alive? And if he's found, he takes everything—everything!" Lattrey gave the dandy of the Fourth a gloating look. "You're left a beggar—your father was a beggar, dependent on his elder brother for an allowance. Old Stacpoole knows it. You'll be dependent on him for the bread you eat if your cousin turns up. And he will!"

"And how do you know all this?" asked Mornington quietly.

Lattrey shrugged his shoulders. "Because my father's the head of Lattrey & Co., the inquiry agents," he said coolly. "That's how I know."

"Your pater's a detective, you mean," Mornington's lip curled. "Do inquiry agents confide matters of this kind to their sons?"

"Ha, ha! I imagine not! But there's precious few things went on at home that I did not know about, all the same!"

"I see! Followin' in your father's footsteps like a spy. What!"

"Put it like that if you like. You see that I do know it."

"I shall ask my guardian if it's true."

"Do!" sneered Lattrey. "You'll find that it is!"

"But whether it's true or not, you've no right to know anythin' about it," said Mornington, his eyes glittering, "an' whether I'm goin' to be a beggar or not, I don't allow a sneakin' spyin' cad to call me one. Put up your hands, Lattrey! I'm goin' to thrash you!"

The dandy of the Fourth came on as he spoke.

Lattrey put up his hands quickly. But his defence did not save him.

For five minutes there was a trampling and scuffling of feet in the study, and fierce panting and gasping.

Then Lattrey lay on the floor on his back, knocked completely out. He blinked at Mornington through half-closed eyes, with blood on his face, groaning.

Mornington gave him a contemptuous look, and left the study.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
A Change of Prospects!**

LET me alone, confound you!" Peele and Gower looked darkly at their study-mate.

It was the day following Mornington's interview with Lattrey of the Fourth. He had not spoken to the new junior since.

All that day Mornington had been in a thoughtful and irritable mood.

He said to himself a dozen times that he did not believe a word of Lattrey's story. But, in spite of himself, belief crept into his mind.

Lattrey could not wholly have invented such a tale.

But if it was true—

If his wealth, his prospects, every-

thing depended upon whether the right claimant to the Mornington estates was found!

What then? It haunted Mornington.

What if he was, as Lattrey sneeringly declared, a beggar? He had always been used to plenty of money—more money than was good for him. To be poor—poor like Rawson, whose poverty he had ungenerously thrown in his teeth—poorer than Rawson, for Rawson had gifts, brains, that Morny did not share. What would it be like?

Peele and Gower knew nothing of what was in his mind. Morny was not likely to confide it to them. Lattrey had said nothing. Probably it was only

"Leave him alone!" growled Gower. "I'm sick of him! Let's get out."

The sulky nuts left the study, and Mornington was alone.

He remained in the armchair, his legs stretched out, his hands driven deep into his pockets, thinking, with a deep pucker in his brow.

Was it true? He had written to his guardian to ask him. He expected that Sir Rupert Stacpoole would come down to Rookwood. Until he came Morny would not know.

But if he knew—what then? Knowing it would not alter the facts. Did his wealth, his consequence, his position in the world, depend upon a mere chance? Might it all be swept away in a moment



Four pairs of hands were fastened on Lattrey, and he was swept off his feet and flung down on the study carpet. "Now, you rotter!" said Jimmy Silver sternly. "Now you're going to have some of your own medicine!" Jimmy picked up the cricket stump, and laid on six of the best. (See Chapter 2.)

his vindictive rage that had made him betray his knowledge to Mornington himself.

It was only by surreptitious means that Lattrey could have learned so much of his father's business. It was not to his advantage to let it be known that he knew. He had told Mornington because Morny's bitter insolence had goaded him into it as retaliation.

Was it true? Morny was in no mood to be troubled by Peele and Gower, and when they proposed a game of nap after tea he burst out on them savagely. He had not spoken a word during tea. He made up for it now.

"Give us a rest! Hang your cards, you measly, blackguardly rotters! Don't play the giddy ox now! Clear out, and let me alone."

Peele gritted his teeth.

"By gad, I'm getting fed up with you, Morny!" he said savagely. "I sha'n't stand much more of your airs and graces, I warn you!"

"Oh, shut up!"

by circumstances over which he had not the slightest control?

It was a bitter thought to the proud-spirited junior.

There was a tap at the door, and Erroll looked in. He glanced rather doubtfully at Morny. They had not spoken since they had parted in anger the previous day, after the scene on the cricket-ground.

Erroll was not a fellow to bear malice, and he was quite ready to go on as if nothing had happened, if Morny had got over his tantrums.

Mornington gave him a dark look for a moment, but then his face cleared.

"Come in," he said.

"Coming down to the cricket, Morny?"

Mornington laughed.

"I'm not thinkin' of cricket just now," he said.

"The fellows are going down to practice," remarked Erroll.

"If you want to go—"

"Not if you want me, Morny. Don't be so touchy."
 "I'm a touchy ass!" said Mornington. "I'm a purse-proud, swanking idiot, Erroll, and I wonder you were ever ass enough to pal with me!"
 "Wha-a-at!"
 "But you did," said Mornington. "And you never gave a thought to tin, did you?"
 Erroll flushed.
 "You think too much about your money, Morny," he said. "You surely can't imagine that I gave it a thought?"
 "I know you didn't! You wouldn't think any different of me if I lost it?" said Mornington, eyeing him.
 Erroll laughed.
 "Not much danger of that, I suppose," he said. "I can't imagine you without plenty of money."
 "I can't, either; but it might happen."

"What rot!" said Erroll. "Your money isn't invested in shoddy companies, is it?"
 "It's a landed estate, worth twenty thousand a year, and no end of tin in ready money in the bank," said Mornington. "Something to swank about—what! But suppose it all melted away, like fairy gold?"
 Erroll looked at him sharply, and then closed the door of the study.
 "Has anything happened, Morny?" he asked. "Tell me, if it has. Whatever should happen, you know I'm your pal."
 "I do know it," said Mornington, with a nod. "So I'm goin' to tell you. You won't jaw about it, of course. Listen to this!"

Erroll did not interrupt him once as he related what Lattrey had told him the previous day. His face became very grave, however.
 "Well, what do you think, Erroll?" concluded Mornington.
 "I'm afraid there's something in it, old chap," said Erroll. "Lattrey couldn't quite have made up a yarn like that. But your guardian will tell you, when you ask him. And I don't think you need feel alarmed. If the kid was lost ten years ago, and hasn't been found, there isn't much chance of his turning

up now. It's a queer state of things, but it's not likely you will ever see your Cousin Cecil. I—I don't know whether you want to—"
 He hesitated.
 Mornington laughed sarcastically.
 "Of course, I ought to be eager to have him found, and restored to his rights!" he sneered.
 "No, I don't think that could be expected of you," said Erroll quietly.
 "Luckily, it doesn't depend on you, either way."

"I wish it did!" Mornington gritted his teeth. "I'd make jolly sure that Cousin Cecil didn't turn up!"
 "You wouldn't," said Erroll. "But that's neither here nor there. There isn't one chance in a million of the other claimant turning up. If he does, you'll have to make the best of it, and you've got pluck enough to face it like a man. But it's not likely to happen."
 "If it did, I should be a beggar, as Lattrey says—a miserable worm like Rawson—"

"Rawson isn't a miserable worm, Morny. He's quite as happy as you are, in his own way. He's going to work his own way in the world; and, to come down to facts, that's a bit more manly than living in idleness on dead men's money. It mightn't be a bad thing for you to have to fend for yourself instead of browsing on other people's work."
 "What rot!" said Mornington.
 Erroll was silent.

"All the same, I think I could face it," said Mornington, after a pause. "I like money and comfort, but I've got some grit, too. But, by gad, how the nuts would stare! I should lose a lot of charmin' acquaintances at this school!" He laughed bitterly. "They'd give me the go-by, an' no mistake!"
 "There's one pal you wouldn't lose, Morny."
 Mornington smiled.
 "An' that one's worth all the rest," he said. "Well, I'm not goin' to brood over it. I'm goin' to shove it out of my mind till I see my guardian. Let's get down to the cricket."
 "Good!" said Erroll, relieved.
 The chums of the Fourth went down-

stairs, and passed Lattrey in the lower passage.
 Lattrey gave Mornington a quick look. The dandy of the Fourth passed him without a glance, looking as cool, as cheerful, and as supercilious as of old. Whatever he felt inwardly, he did not intend to give the cad of the Fourth a triumph over him.
 Lattrey looked after him darkly as he sauntered out into the quadrangle with Erroll.

He had lost Mornington. All was over between him and the dandy of the Fourth. And, so far as he could see, he had not even succeeded in making Morny troubled and disquieted.
 "Hang him!" muttered Lattrey between his teeth. "If—if his cousin could only be found, that would bring his pride down a bit lower. If only—"
 Lattrey's mutterings were interrupted as the Fistical Four came out with their bats. Lattrey was in the way, and the quartette walked into him. They went on their way, smiling, leaving the cad of the Fourth sitting on the steps, his face black with rage.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
 A New Leaf!**

MORNINGTON'S handsome face wore a very thoughtful expression as he walked down to Little Side with Erroll.
 Lattrey's story was true—in its main facts, at least. He felt it to be so. And the uncertainty it introduced into his future was troubling. It would have disturbed most fellows' equanimity. But Mornington, slacker as he often was, blackguard as he generally was, dandy and nut as he always was, had grit.
 He found a peculiar sardonic amusement in contemplating the change in his condition, if the rival claimant should be found.
 Smythe of the Shell, and Towny and Topham, and the rest—he knew how they would treat him. Their friendship was of the fairweather sort. They had no use for a pal who was down on his luck.

The nuts would give him the "go-by"—fellows like Peele, in fact, would rejoice over his downfall. The best he could expect from any of them was a supercilious pity.

If he received any sympathy, it would not be from them, but from—he smiled as he thought of it—his old rival, Jimmy Silver, and very likely Rawson, the scholarship fellow. They would feel for a chap who was down.
 Jimmy Silver, whose enemy he had always been—Tom Rawson, whom he had called a scholarship cad, and twitted with his poverty!

"Erroll!"—he broke the silence at last—"I've been a silly fool, old chap!"
 Erroll looked at him. He was aware of that fact.

"I think Lattrey's done me good with his precious yarn," said Mornington. "It seems to have opened my eyes—to some things. You never preach at me, old scout, but I know what you think. Look here, I'm goin' to have a jolly good try to—"
 He paused, and laughed. "I'm goin' to try to cut out a rather different line. I've been wastin' my time playin' the fool with those duffers. By gad, I'm not quite the important fellow I thought I was! There's goin' to be a bit of a change, Erroll."
 "Yes?" said Erroll.

"Hallo, Morny!" Smythe of the Shell bore down upon them. "I've been lookin' for you. Come on!"
 "Where?" asked Mornington.

"Cheery little party in the study," smiled Adolphus. "Howard and Tracy, and Townsend and Topham, an' you, old
 (Continued on page 12.)

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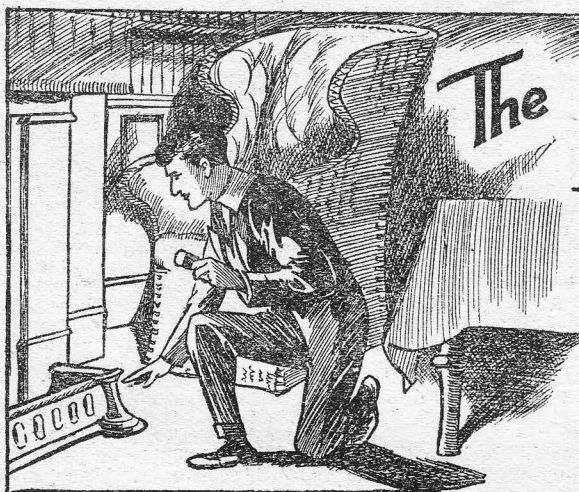
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THE FIRST CHAPTER. Armitage Turns Up!

THE junior Common-room at Greyfriars was in a buzz.

Armitage, the mysterious new boy of the Remove, had disappeared after he had been japed by Bolsover. First of all, he had locked and barricaded himself in his study. Cries for him to come out were of no avail. He stopped where he was. Bolsover called him a funk; even Snoop felt safe in adding that Armitage was a rotten funk!

Nobody connected Armitage, the new boy with the flaming hair, with the British Guiana One Cent stamp, stolen from Mr. Capper, the Fourth Form-master. Nobody dreamed that Armitage was in reality Dalton Hawke, the wonderful schoolboy detective, engaged by the Head—Dr. Locke—to find the missing stamp and the thief.

Gadsby, Banthorpe, and Newland, the keenest philatelists in Greyfriars, had in turn been suspected of stealing the stamp. The least suspicion was directed upon Gadsby of the Shell, the greatest upon meek and mild Banthorpe of the Remove.

The fact that the missing Armitage was at that moment changing his disguise as Gadsby of the Shell, in which he had visited Isaacs, the stamp-dealer, of Courfield, to that of Armitage of the Remove, would have staggered the Remove still more had they known.

But they didn't know. They thought the new boy was dodging Bolsover, who had threatened to lick the funk into some semblance of a man.

"Faith, and he's bound to turn up by bed-time, I suppose?" said Micky Desmond.

"I'll wallop him in the dorm," said Bolsover.

"Or he'll wallop you!" snorted Bob Cherry.

Bolsover laughed sneeringly.

"It doesn't look like it," he said.

"Hallo, Gaddy!" he added, as the Shell fellow came in with Hobson and Hoskins.

"Have you seen Armitage?"

"Not since this afternoon," yawned Gadsby. "Are you still hunting for his scalp, you dreadful fellow? Aren't you afraid of terrifying the whole school into fits if you carry on in this way? I tremble whenever I come near you."

There was a cackle, and Bolsover turned red.

"Look here! If I have any more of your cheek, I'll lick you instead of waiting for Armitage!" he said threateningly.

"Not at all," said Gadsby politely.

"I'm not looking for trouble, Bolsover,

dear boy. I was only remarking what a terrible fellow you were. You are, you know!"

And Gadsby strolled carelessly away.

It was getting very late in the evening, and bed-time was at hand. It was puzzling a good many fellows what had become of the new junior.

The only explanation of his absence was that he was hiding away from the bully of the Remove, and that explanation could only cause general contempt.

Yet it was strange, after the cool way in which Armitage had disposed of the Remove bully, when trouble had first arisen between them.

"He's a rotten coward, Bolsover," said Snoop. "I could lick him myself, as far as that goes. When I see Armitage I—"

"Are you inquiring after me?"

It was a cool voice at the door.

The Removites stared round in surprise.

The red-headed junior stood in the doorway, with a placid smile upon his face, and certainly with no symptoms of terror in his looks.

"You want me, Snoop?" he asked.

Snoop backed away behind Bolsover. He did not quite like the looks of the new boy.

"Bolsover wants you!" he stammered.

"Well, I'm here."

Bolsover stared at Armitage in amazement. The cool manner of the new boy was not at all in keeping with the theory that he had been hiding away in fear. But if he had not been hiding away, why had he locked himself in his study, and where had he been ever since?

The Remove bully swaggered towards the new junior.

"I've been looking for you, Copper Top," he said.

"Thank you!"

"You've been hiding away."

Armitage shook his head.

"Not at all."

"Where have you been, then?"

"Out for a walk."

Bolsover laughed mockingly.

"And you locked yourself in your study because you wanted a little rest. I suppose," he said, with heavy sarcasm.

"Never mind why I locked myself in my study," said Armitage cheerfully, "and never mind where I've been. I don't see that it's any business of yours."

"Wallop him, Bolsover!"

"That's just what I'm going to do," declared Bolsover. "Are you ready, you funk?"

Armitage hesitated.

"I haven't got much time now," he said. "I was late in, and I haven't done my preparation yet, you know."

There was a yell of derisive laughter from the juniors.

"I guess that's too thin!" said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. "I reckon that cock won't fight, sonny."

"No fear."

"Take your licking, you funk!"

Bolsover stepped between Armitage and the door.

"You're not going out of this room until you've taken a licking," he remarked.

Harry Wharton jumped up.

"Hold on, Bolsover! If the new kid doesn't want to fight you, he's not going to be made to. You're a head taller than he is, and you can let him alone. I don't care whether he's a funk or not. You're not going to bully him!"

Bolsover glared savagely at the captain of the Remove for a moment, and then he burst into an angry and scornful laugh.

"All right. If the rotten coward wants to skulk behind somebody else, let him! He's not much worth licking."

"But I don't want to," said Armitage, smiling.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Wharton. It's your duty as Form-captain to protect smaller boys against that big brute. But as it happens I can take care of myself."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if that's how you look at it, pile in!" he said. "But if you don't want to fight Bolsover, he sha'n't touch you."

"I'm quite ready to fight him if he wants me to, and I'll let the prep stand over."

The Removites stared at Armitage in amazement. They were utterly perplexed, but Armitage evidently meant what he said. He had taken his jacket off as he spoke, and now he rolled up his sleeves.

"Now I'm ready," he remarked.

"Come on, Bolsover. I will make your ears match your nose, if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, and it's a broth of a boy he is, after all!" exclaimed Micky Desmond enthusiastically.

"Pile in, Armitage darling, and wallop him!"

"Go it, Red Top!"

Bolsover stared blankly in amazement at the new junior for some moments. Then, with a scowl of rage, he doubled his big fists and rushed to the attack.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bolsover Takes His Medicine!

ARMITAGE met with the rush of the Remove bully with perfect coolness.

His hands were up, and his cool and steady eyes were fixed upon

Bolsover's face. As the big fists of the Remove bully lashed at him, Armitage swept up his left, and Bolsover's hands were knocked into the air with perfect ease. Then Armitage's right came with a crash on Bolsover's nose, and the burly Removite reeled back.

Bump!

Bolsover fell with a crash that shook the room.

"Ow, ow, ow! Groo!"

There was a buzz of amazement in the Common-room. Why a fellow who could fight like this should have hidden himself away all the evening was a mystery. It was pretty clear that he had nothing to fear from Percy Bolsover in a stand-up fight.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "That was a beauty! Bolsover will have a proboscis as big as an elephant's to-morrow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"Get up, Bolsover!"

"Pick your man up, Snoopy."

"Put him on his feet."

"Bravo, Ginger!"

But Snoop did not pick his man up. He had no desire to make himself conspicuous just then, in case he should take the next turn after Armitage had finished with Bolsover. Snoop was making himself as small as possible. It was Monty Newland who went forward and helped the fallen bully to his feet, returning good for evil in the moment when his enemy was down.

Bolsover staggered up with Newland's assistance, and stood unsteadily upon his feet. There was a crimson stream flowing from his nose, and he dabbed at it savagely with his handkerchief. His eyes had filled with water from the force of that doughty blow, and his head was swimming a little. Gladly enough would the Remove bully have relinquished the combat then, as he realised with painful clearness that he had tackled more than his match. But after "swanking" about for hours, looking for his enemy, he could not abandon the combat in the first round.

"Go it, Bolsover!"

"Pile in, Ginger!"

"Ginger for pluck! Hurrah!"

Bolsover cast a look of helpless rage at the crowd. His bullying ways had not made him liked, and there was hardly a fellow in the room who was not glad to see him getting the worst of the combat.

He gritted his teeth, and rushed at the new boy again. He hoped to clinch with him, when his great strength would give him an advantage.

To his surprise and satisfaction, the new boy did not seek to avoid the close encounter. Bolsover grasped him.

"Now then, you hound!" the bully muttered, between his teeth.

Armitage grinned.

"Yaroo!" roared Bolsover.

He felt his feet suddenly swept from under him, and he was bumping on the floor before he knew what was happening. The new junior had tossed him there like a bundle of rags.

"Bravo, Copper Top!"

"Hurrah!"

Newland helped Bolsover up again. The Remove bully looked dazed. But he came on again, not seeking to get too close quarters this time.

But even his length of reach failed to give him an advantage. Armitage forced the fighting, and the Remove bully was driven fairly round the Common-room. The juniors, laughing and cheering, made room for him to pass, and he was driven back step by step, resisting fiercely all the way, and taking heavy punishment.

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The new junior's face had hardly been touched. He was cool and calm as ever, and smiling cheerfully.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "He is a cough-drop, and no mistake! Why, Bolsover hasn't had a look-in from the beginning."

"What on earth was he dodging Bolsover so long for, then?" said Harry Wharton, in great perplexity. "And why did he lock himself in his study this afternoon?"

"It's a giddy mystery, but he ain't a fun."

"Perhaps he was leading Bolsover on to play the giddy ox," grinned Frank Nugent. "If it was that, he's succeeded."

"The giddy oxfulness of the honourable Bolsover is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "He is down again!"

Bump!

Bolsover reclined on his back on the floor.

He did not rise very soon this time. He was knocked out, and he had no fight left in him. He realised it himself now.

Newland helped him up, and guided him to a chair, where Bolsover sank down, gasping. His nose was terribly swollen, and one of his eyes was closed.

"Done?" said Ogilvy, with a grin.

Bolsover panted.

"Yes, hang you!"

"Well, he looks done—done brown," remarked Morgan.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle, you rotters!" growled Bolsover. "There isn't another fellow here who could have done it."

"Swank is cheap to-day!" remarked Elliott, with a grin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up, you chaps!" said Bob Cherry. "Let him alone. Don't chip a fellow when he's down. Bolsover's put up a good fight, and he never had a chance from the start. Copper Top is a giddy prizefighter."

"Bravo, Ginger!"

Armitage smiled.

"I'm sorry I had to hammer you, Bolsover," he said. "You wouldn't let me get out of it, would you? You can't blame me."

"Oh, hang you!" growled Bolsover.

"Give us your fist, and let's say no more about it," said Armitage, holding out his hand frankly enough.

Bolsover put his hands in his pockets.

"I'll lick you some day!" he gasped.

"Just as you like," said Armitage.

"But what on earth did you lock yourself in your study for this afternoon, Armitage?" demanded Bob Cherry. "You made the whole Form think you were funking."

"Why didn't you come out and wallop Bolsover, if you could do it so easily?" asked Bulstrode.

"My dear chaps, what a lot of questions you ask," said Armitage. "I didn't care to. That's enough, isn't it? I'm going to do my prep now."

And Armitage left the Common-room and went up to his study. Little Banthorpe followed him quietly. He left the room in a buzz behind him.

"Blessed if I ever saw a giddy champion like that before!" said Bob Cherry. "He's got a ripping upper-cut with his left. Did you notice it?"

"Bolsover did!" grinned Hazeldene.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It reminded me of that chap who was here a few weeks ago," said Bob Cherry. "You remember that chap, Dalton Hawke. He had an upper-cut with the left like that."

Gadsby came quickly towards Bob Cherry, with a startled look on his face.

"What's that?" he exclaimed sharply.

Bob looked at the Shell fellow in surprise.

"You remember?" he asked. "I had the gloves on with him in the gym once, and he downed me in the same way. Lucky we had the gloves on. Never seen any other chap with that same upper-cut with the left."

Gadsby nodded, and, with a queer expression on his face, quitted the Common-room. He went up to the Remove passage and looked in at No. 7.

Armitage and Banthorpe were seated at the table, cheerfully enough, Armitage working away at his preparation, and Banthorpe with his stamp album before him. They looked round as the Shell fellow glanced in. Gadsby surveyed Armitage with a piercing glance.

"Hallo!" said Armitage cheerily. "Did you manage to get your Ceylon stamps?" asked Gadsby.

"I haven't seen about it, yet," said Armitage. "I'm thinking of going down to Courtfield to-morrow. Did you say Church Street?"

"Yes. Isaacs, in Church Street," said Gadsby.

"Thanks!"

"Good-night!"

Gadsby closed the study door and walked away. There was a strange paleness in the Shell fellow's face.

Bob Cherry thumped on the door of the study a few minutes later, and it flew open.

"Bed-time, you new fellows," said Bob Cherry. "My hat! Stamps again!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the open album on the table. "Br-r-r-r!" And he fled.

Armitage laughed, and rose to follow him.

Bolsover elaborately took no notice of the new boy when he came into the dormitory.

And Armitage took no notice of him. There was no suspicion of swank about him, although he had laid low the great fighting-man of the Remove. He went to bed quietly. And no one in the Remove suggested ragging the fellow after lights-out. It had been made very clear that Armitage was not a fellow to be ragged with impunity.

Wingate saw lights out for the Remove, and left them all very quiet and orderly. Armitage was soon breathing steadily, and one by one the juniors, after the usual chatting, dropped off to sleep.

But if anyone had been able to see Armitage in the darkness of the dormitory he would have discovered that the new boy's eyes were wide open.

Armitage was breathing the regular breathing of a sleeper, but he was not asleep.

Eleven o'clock tolled out from the old tower of Greyfriars, and there was no sound in the Remove dormitory save the breathing of the juniors and the deep, unmusical snore of Billy Bunter.

Another hour glided away.

Twelve strokes rang faintly through the night.

Midnight!

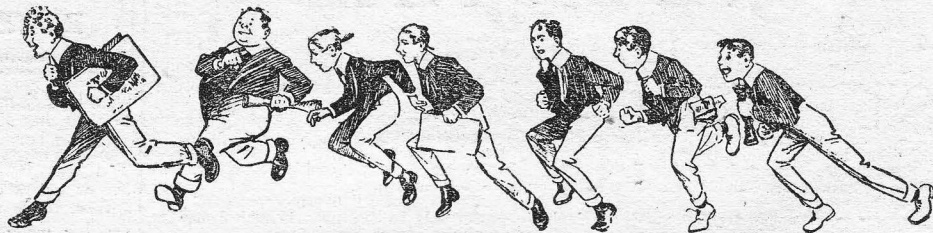
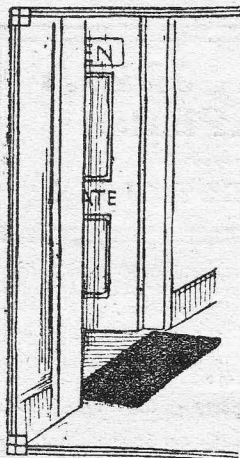
Armitage sat up in bed. By that time all Greyfriars was sleeping. The new boy slipped quietly out of bed, and without a sound drew on his clothes and a pair of rubber shoes. Noiselessly he crossed the dormitory to the door, and let himself out into the passage.

It was quite dark outside; all the lights were turned out in the house. For a new fellow, Armitage certainly knew his way very well about the School House. He moved on, silently and without a pause, to the Shell passage, and opened the door of Gadsby's study. The study was dark and silent.

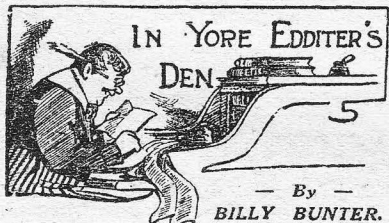
(Continued on page 9.)

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!

Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER.



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



— By —
BILLY BUNTER.

My deer Readers,—Sumboddy wrote to me the other day, and said, “Do you evar have lessens at Greyfriars, Billy? Bekawse we never seem to here anything of yore eggsploits in the Remove Form room.”

Another reeder wrote in a similer strane. He said, “We here a lot about yore acheevements on the playing-feelds

and in the Jim. I wish you wood give yore reeders a peep into the Form-room, so that we can see the funny anticks that go on their.”

These rekwests seem kwite reezonable, and I am, therefore, giving to the world **A SPESHUL FORM-ROOM NUMBER** of my deliteful “Weekly.”

Personally, I think lessens ought to be abolicated (good word that!). As a yewthful poet wunce observed:

“What’s the use of going to school?
What’s the use of learning Greek?
All one goes for is to fool,
And get impots all the week!”

That is very trew. The writer of that verse has hit the nail on the nut. Form-masters and Form-rooms ought to be dun away with.

Still, we can generally mannidge to skweeze a bit of fun out of the hours we spend in the Remove Form-room. With my wonderful ventrillockwisin and other stunts, things often become very lively. And, judging by the kontributions I have reeseved from St. Jim’s and Rookwood, the felloes their can generally mannidge to eggstract sum enjoyment from the dull routine of lessens.

I trusted, deer reeders, that this will be a number after yore own harts. I have spared no panes in getting it together, and if you have an ounce of grattytude you will return a harty vote of thanks to that brilliyunt and brany fello,

Yore Edditer

ESSAY ON A FORM-ROOM!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

A Form-room is a plaice where silly duffers swot, and where sensibul felloes do no manna of work.

A Form-room is a plaice where mister twigg runs rampant, and gives us lines and lickings and gatings, and other forms of corporal punishment.

As a rool, a Form-room is a very bear sort of plaice, without much in the way of furniture. Bekawse it is bear it is often referred to as a bear garden!

A Form-room always seems to smell of rotten apples, ink, indiarubber, and other kinds of froot.

A Form-room makes an eggshellent fride-fish shop. You ask yung Gatty. He’s set up a fish-and-oyster bar in our Form-room, and he’s got a branch of the bizzness in the faggs’ kommon-room.

A Form-room is very hot in summer, owing to the heet, and very cold in winter, owing to the cold. Their is a barometer on the wall which shows you what degree of temperament it is. Mister twigg’s temperament is generally at boiling-point!

A Form-room is a plaice where I write most of my kontributions for my majer’s “Weekly.”

In yeers to come, I eggspeckt thowsands of peep will make a speshul pilgrimage to Greyfriars, in order to see the plaice where the famus Sammy Bunter dun most of his work. They will find my name carved on the desk, and just below the mantelpeace.

On the hole, a Form-room is a very kweer sort of plaice, bekawse you get comedy, drama, and tragedy all mixed up.

Hallo! mister twigg is looking over my sholder to see what I am writing.

Oh crumbs! I think this is going to be a tragedy!

Thank goodness I had the foursight to rubb sum rezzin into the palms of my hands before coming in to lessens! I shall brake twigg’s cane, and I shall brake his hart, too, before I’ve finnished!

A Form-room is a plaice—

No time for more, deer reeders. I’ve just been kommanded to hold out my hand!

:: ODE TO :: MR. QUELCH!

By **Harold Skinner.**
(Mr. Quelch’s Pet Pupil!)

I do not love thee, Quelchy dear.
The reason thou shalt shortly hear.
Thy presence makes me quake in fear.
I do not love thee, Quelchy dear!

Thy gimlet eyes in anger roll,
They seem to pierce my very soul.
Thy frown, forbidding, fierce, and grim,
Gives me the creeps in every limb!

Thy gown and mortar-board I dread,
I fain would see thee clad, instead,
In garments of a striking hue—
Bright pink, vermilion, and blue!

Quelchy, a stern, strong man thou art,
Such as Napoleon Buonaparte.
Thou floggest Harry, Dick, and Tom—
well,
With all the vigour of a Cromwell!

When thou beholdest this in print
I’d love to see thy wrathful squirt.
Within thy study, after dinner,
Six strokes will fall on Harold Skinner!
THE POPULAR—No. 131.



THE JAPER JAPED

By FATTY WYNN.



SIX fellows in the Form-room sat. Ratty had had them on the mat. (Oh, I forgot. This isn't a special verse number! We go back to prose this week.)

Let me resume. Figgy and Kerr and Reddy, Pratt and Koumi Rao and my humble self, were in the tolls.

It was a summer evening, and we had been ordered by Ratty, our Housemaster, to spend two hours under detention in the Form-room.

Ratty's a beast and a tyrant. I think I have mentioned this fact in previous articles, but it's as well to emphasise it.

It was raining out of doors, so we had been playing cricket in the corridor.

All went well until it came to Figgy's turn to bat.

Figgy is something of a slogger. And the first ball he received he drove clean through the open door of Ratty's study.

It was a rising ball, and it struck Ratty under the chin, causing him to topple over in his chair.

Ratty went straight off into a sort of apoplectic fit, and as soon as he had recovered he ordered the six of us to be detained during his Rattyship's pleasure.

We sat in the Form-room, fuming.

"Just our luck!" growled Kerr. "There's the junior chess tournament coming off this evening. We shall miss it."

"Unless——" began Figgins thoughtfully.

"Unless what?"

"We take the law into our own hands and clear off."

"My hat!"

"It's a desperate wheeze," said Pratt, "but I'm in favour of it."

"Same here!"

"Those in favour, show their hands," said Figgins.

Every hand went up.

"That settles it," said Redfern. "We'll clear off to the Common-room, and play chess."

We rose to our feet, the light of resolution gleaming in our eyes.

Before we could leave our places, however, the door of the Form-room opened, and Knox of the Sixth came in.

Dusk was falling, and the light in the Form-room was rather uncertain. Still, the newcomer looked like Knox, and his voice confirmed the impression.

"Mr. Ratcliff has sent me along to keep an eye on you kids," said the prefect.

Figgins groaned. Kerr grunted. Redfern snorted.

"That's fairly done it!" I murmured.

"Sit down, all of you!" ordered Knox.

And he himself took a seat in the master's chair, in front of the desk.

For some moments we sat in silence, as if resigned to our fate. Then I saw Figgins making deaf and dumb motions to me, and I noticed that he had a coil of rope underneath the desk.

I could see what was in Figgy's mind. He was going to lead an attack upon Knox, and bind him to the chair!

In the ordinary way, we should not have dreamed of laying hands upon a prefect. But we were rendered desperate through fear of missing the chess tournament.

There was a whispered conversation between us. Then—

"Rush him!" cried Figgins.

Knox had his face buried in a novel, so he was unprepared for what followed.

With one accord we sprang to our feet, and rushed at the prefect.

Figgins did the stringing-up part of the business, while the rest of us held Knox down.

"Hands off, you young rascals! How dare you attack a prefect in this way! I'll get you expelled for this!"

"Bow-wow!"

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"Leggo!" panted Knox, struggling desperately.

"Not this evening," said Figgins. "Some other evening!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the half-light we could just discern the prefect's furious face.

Knox was speedily overpowered, and fastened securely to the chair, in such a manner as to render escape impossible.

"He might yell, and raise the alarm," suggested Kerr.

"Nobody will hear him," said Figgins confidently. "And I fancy Ratty's gone out for the evening. We'll go along to the chess tournament, and release Knox afterwards."

Leaving our victim struggling vainly to free himself from his bonds, we strolled out of the Form-room.

"There will be an unholy row about this later on," remarked Redfern. "Still, we're not afraid to face the music."

We went along to the common-room, arriving there in time to take part in the chess tournament, which was won by Kerr after a very exciting game with Manners, the School House chess champion.

In our excitement at Kerr's victory we almost forgot Knox, whom we had left struggling in the Form-room.

With one accord we sprang to our feet and rushed at Knox.

It was Koumi Rao who remembered the prisoner.

"Hadm't we better let Knox loose?" he asked, with a grin.

"My hat! I'd clean forgotten him," said Figgins. "Come on!"

On returning to the Form-room we found it in darkness.

Kerr switched on the electric-light, and then, for the first time, we saw our victim clearly.

It wasn't Knox at all! It was Monty Lowther, of the Shell!

Lowther had made himself appear taller by wearing rubbers on his shoes, and he had dressed in the manner of Knox. He had also imitated Knox's voice to perfection; and in the uncertain light we had taken him for the cad of the Sixth.

"My only 'aunt!' gasped Figgins. "It's Lowther!"

"I suppose this was your idea of a jape?" said Redfern, with a chuckle. "Well, it's a case of the japer japed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Untie me, you cackling asses, for the love of Mike!" growled the humorist of the Shell. "I've got pins and needles in every limb!"

We released the unfortunate japer, who had paid dearly for his practical joke. And then we went our way rejoicing!

I don't think Monty Lowther will pose as Knox, the prefect, again in a hurry!

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THE JOLLY JAPERS!

By TEDDY GRACE.

Ten jolly japers, sentenced to detention For playing jokes and tricks and pranks, too numerous to mention.

Ten jolly japers, sitting in a line, Silver slipped beneath the desk, and then there were nine!

Nine jolly japers, grumbling at their fate, Lovell through the window climbed, and then there were eight!

Eight jolly japers, humming "Glorious Devon,"

Newcome broke a blood-vessel, then there were seven!

Seven jolly japers, sentenced for their tricks,

Raby swooned, was carried out, and then there were six!

Six jolly japers. One cried, "Man alive! The room's on fire!" So Erroll bunked, and then there were five!

Five jolly japers. One rose to shut the door.

He put himself the other side, and then there were four!

Four jolly japers, longing to be free. One vanished up the chimney, and then there were three!

Three jolly japers. One said "Toodle-oo! My maiden aunt has just arrived!" and then there were two!

Two jolly japers. One got a water-gun, And potted at his schoolmate, and then there was one!

One jolly japer, at Bootles fired the water-gun.

And when the startled master regained consciousness, and looked round for his ten pupils, he found that they had vanished—the whole jolly lot had run!

(Your last line is about ten yards too long, Teddy. In fact, the whole poem is a dis-Grace!—Ed.)

THE TALE OF SAMMY BUNTER

By Frank Nugent.

I'll tell thee everything I can— Allow me to expound!

I saw a fat and shiny youth A-sitting on the ground.

"Who are you, my fat friend?" I asked;

"And how is it you're there?"

Such specimens as you, I trust, Are surely very rare!"

"I hunted for a loan," he said.

"I asked that beast, Tom Brown.

But—what d'ye think?—he rushed at me,

And roughly sat me down!

I offered—er—to fight, of course;

But he is such a funk,

That when he saw my fiery eye

He did a sudden bunk!"

Such lying methods I abhor.

I thumped him on the head.

He roared as if my fist were made

Of iron or of lead.

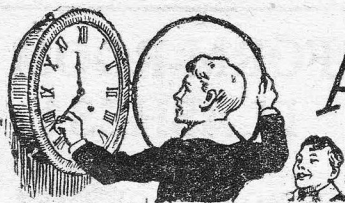
Whereat I grasped his cranium,

And Browney grasped his feet.

Roars—yooops—yaroooghs—and anguished

walls

As earth and Sammy meet!



A FORM ROOM TRAGEDY

By PETER HAZELDENE.

BUNTER!" Mr. Quelch's voice was not loud, but deep. Morning lessons were in progress at Greyfriars.

The atmosphere of the Remove Form-room was sultry and oppressive. It always was sultry when Mr. Quelch was on the war-path!

Billy Bunter, rendered drowsy by the July heat, had lulled himself off to sleep. His head rested on the desk in front of him, and his spectacles had slipped down his nose.

The fat junior was dead to his surroundings. Possibly he was dreaming of postal-orders or tuck-hampers. Mr. Quelch's deep voice failed to make any impression on the slumbering Owl.

"Bunter!" The name was repeated. This time Mr. Quelch's voice sounded like the detonation of a bomb. It made a lot of fellows jump, and it caused Billy Bunter to open his eyes with a start.

"Bunter! You have had the effrontery to go to sleep in the Form-room!"

"Nunno, sir! Not at all, sir! I shouldn't dream of going to sleep during lessons, sir! In fact, I couldn't if I tried! I suffer dreadfully from insomnia in the daytime, sir!"

There was a titter from the class. It died rapidly away when Mr. Quelch picked up his pointer.

"How dare you tell me such arrant falsehoods, Bunter? Stand out before the class!" Billy Bunter reluctantly obeyed.

"Hold out your hand!" commanded Mr. Quelch.

"I—I can't, sir!"

"What!"

"I've got a wart on my left hand, sir, and pins and needles in my right."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" roared Mr. Quelch. "Hold out your hand instantly, Bunter!"

"Which one, sir?"

"Both!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "I will visit them in turn!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Billy Bunter gingerly extended both hands, and he received a couple of stinging cuts on each.

Wild yells of anguish floated through the Form-room. Billy Bunter was neither a Spartan nor a Stoic. He was not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

"There!" panted Mr. Quelch. "If you go to sleep again during the lesson, Bunter, I shall take you before Doctor Locke. Go to your place!"

After that incident the Removites were on their mettle. They had a wholesome dislike for Mr. Quelch's pointer, and they determined to be on their best behaviour. They knew that if they showed any signs of slacking, they would share the fate of Billy Bunter.

The minutes passed on leaden wings. The atmosphere of the Form-room grew more and more oppressive. Everybody seemed to be thoroughly drowsy, with the exception of Mr. Quelch. The Remove-master was alert and energetic, pouncing first upon one fellow, and then another, and giving out impositions galore.

Presently the door of the Form-room opened, and the Head's voice floated in from the passage.

"Will you step outside and have a word with me, Quelch?"

"Certainly, sir!"

As soon as Mr. Quelch had left the room Bob Cherry jumped to his feet. Everybody stared at him in great surprise as he advanced stealthily towards the Form-room clock.

"What's the little game, Bob?" inquired Harry Wharton.

"I'm going to put the clock on ten minutes," said Bob.

"My hat!"

"There'll be an awful row if Quelch finds that the minute hand has been put forward," said Mark Linley.

"I know; but I'm going to take the risk.

I'm fed up to the teeth with lessons—in fact, we all are—and it'll be ripping if we can escape ten minutes before the proper time."

"Hear, hear!" said Billy Bunter. "Go ahead, Cherry!"

"Why not put the clock on half an hour, instead of ten minutes?" suggested Skinner.

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"That would be simply asking for trouble," he said. "I'll just change it from half-past eleven to twenty to twelve."

So saying, Bob opened the glass front of the clock, and altered the position of the minute hand.

There was a murmur of approval from the class.

"That's ten minutes' torture saved!" said Nugent.

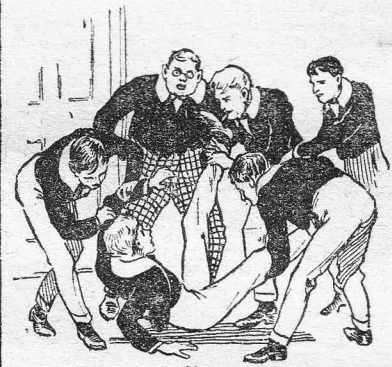
"Yes, rather!"

"Good old Bob!"

Bob Cherry glided back into his seat just as Mr. Quelch returned.

The Remove-master glanced at the clock before resuming the lesson, but whether he noticed that the minute hand had been tampered with was uncertain. Anyway, he said nothing.

Slowly the minute hand worked its way round to twelve o'clock. In reality, it was only ten to twelve. But Mr. Quelch hadn't



The juniors rushed at Bob Cherry and swept him off his feet.

a watch on him, so he was unable to verify the time.

"Close your books!" said the Form-master.

The class promptly obeyed.

"The Head has just informed me, my boys," said Mr. Quelch, "that I may give my Form a half holiday to-day."

"Cheers!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"Dr. Locke suggested that ten minutes of the usual lesson-time should be devoted to a debate on the subject of how the half-holiday should be spent," Mr. Quelch went on. "I find, however, that it is twelve o'clock, and I therefore have no right to detain you."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"In the circumstances, therefore, the debate will not take place, and neither will the half-holiday."

Mr. Quelch smiled grimly as he spoke. Evidently he had "twigged" that the clock had been altered, and this was his punishment—to deprive the Form of the half-holiday.

"The class will now dismiss!" said Mr. Quelch abruptly.

Bob Cherry was on his feet in a twinkling

"If you please, sir—"

"Well, Cherry?"

"It isn't twelve o'clock yet, sir. It's only ten minutes to!"

"Nonsense, Cherry! Surely your eyesight is not so defective that you cannot see the correct time," said Mr. Quelch, pointing to the clock.

Bob Cherry flushed crimson.

"Ahem! I—I—while you were out of the

room just now I put the clock forward ten minutes, sir!" he stammered.

Mr. Quelch nodded grimly.

"By so doing you have deprived the Form of a half-holiday," he said. "This will teach you not to tamper with the clock in future."

Bob Cherry's jaw dropped.

"I say, sir, that's rather drastic—"

"Silence, Cherry! The class is dismissed!" With feelings too deep for words, we filed out of the Form-room.

The prospect of a glorious half-holiday had been dangled before our noses, only to be withdrawn.

If Bob Cherry hadn't tampered with the clock there would have been a ten-minute's debate as to whether the afternoon should be devoted to scouting, picnicking, cricket, or bathing. And now there was to be no half-holiday at all!

When Bob Cherry quitted the Form-room he found himself surrounded by a hostile crowd.

"Cherry, you ass—"

"Cherry, you burbling duffer—"

"You've put the kybosh on our half-holiday!"

"Bump him!" shouted Bolsover major. Bob Cherry backed away in alarm.

"I acted for the best!" he exclaimed. "I'd no idea that Quelch would see that the time had been altered. Stand clear, you silly asses!"

But the fellows, furious at having been balked of their half-holiday, made a rush at Bob Cherry.

Three times in succession he was swept off his feet, and bumped on the hard floor of the passage.

"Give him another for luck!" said Skinner. Bump!

"Yaroooooh!" roared Bob, in anguish.

The avengers strolled away with their hands in their pockets, leaving Bob Cherry to sort himself out.

"Ow! This is what a fellow gets for trying to render a public service!" groaned Bob. "If Quelch hadn't twigged the alteration in the time, I should have been a giddy hero. But because he twigged it, I'm bifed and bruised and bumped! Such is life!"

From that time onwards, Bob Cherry avoided the Form-room clock as he would avoid a leper. And he has no sympathy for any daylight saving schemes, or for any wheeze to lessen lessons!

THE KISS OF KONTEMT.

By HORACE COKER.

LITELY she tript along the streat in the direction of home and bliss and breakfast, carrying an eg in won and a siab of baykon in the uther, when the villan of this romans slipt out of a dorway and nearly tript her up.

"Rotter!" she cried.

"Will yew be mine?" he snarled.

"No! Go home!"

"To the casule ward? Bah! Will yew marry me?"

"Whot! A rotter like you! Puff!"

"Ah!" he sied, skweezing her hand. "Ow devign!"

Partly becose she loathed the man, and partly becose the hand he skweezed contained the eg, and did it no good, the bewtys made agane cald him a rotter.

"I feel as if I am tredding on air!" he sed.

"Villan!" she hist. "Yew are tredding on my fut!"

"Kiss mel!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Kiss me, wumon, or yew die!"

"Then I suppose I must die wether or not," she sed desparingly. "Here goes!"

She kist him; but—
Twoz the Kiss of Kontemt!
(Annuther fine romans next weak!—
Author.)
(Perhaps!—Editor.)

: If I Were a : Form-master !

By Tubby Muffin.

I foolishly egg-speckled to become a Form-master one of these days.

I am well qualified for the job, because I understand grammar and spelling so perfectly.

Even my worst enemy would say, "Tubby Muffin is a very skollery sort of fello. He has a mity brane."

The only reason why the Head won't appoint me a Form-master right away is that I am too young. I should have to lay down the law to fellows older than myself, and that would lead to complications.

If I were the master of the 4th Form at Rookwood, I should make a lot of new rules. Their wood be no discipline, or restrictions, or anything of that sort. Everything would run smoothly (like Hansom of the 5th's motor-bike!).

To begin with, their wood be no such subjects as Latin and Greek. What is the use of learning these dumb languages?

Take a fello like Peele. When he grows up, he will probably be a pork-butcher. Of what use will a nollidge of Latin and Greek be to him? He will stand in front of his shop shouting "Buy! Buy!" If he were to shout the odds in Latin, he wouldn't get any customers!

Latin and Greek would be cut out of the school routine. So would French, German, Irish, and other foreign languages.

History and joggraphy would have to go, too. Both are silly subjects. Of what use is it to no the date when William the Konkeror signed the Magna Charter? And how does it help a fello to no that the capital of France is St. Petersburg? Yes, history and joggraphy will have to go.

Reading, writing, and arithmetick will remain, of course. These subjects are necessary. No eddukashun is complete without a nollidge of them.

Then I would interjuice a lot of new subjects.

The first lesson would consist of a game of norts and crosses, in which the whole class would participate.

The next lesson would be reading, writing, and arithmetick. Then their wood be an interval of about a couple of hours, so that my pupils could go round to the tuckshop and refresh themselves.

In the afternoon, I would read "Billy Bunter's Weekly" allowed to the class. This wood be gratefully enjoyed, I feel sure.

During lessons, fellows would be allowed to suck booleyes, smoke cigarettes, and amuse themselves generally.

The cane and the poynter wood be done away with. I don't believe in giving a fello two stripes—in other words, "corporal" punishment!

If only I could take charge of the 4th Form, everything in the garden would be lovely!

Wish I was a few years older! Then my ambitious wood be realized, and I should find myself in a gown and mortarboard, conducting operashuns in the Form-room.

Karn't you imagine it, dear readers?

(Continued at foot of col. 2.)

THE POPULAR—No. 131.

: My Diary : For the Week!

By Adolphus
(The Kitchen Cat).

MONDAY.

Got up early from my bed in the woodshed, and went indoors to raid the kitchen, only to find that Billy Bunter had been there during the night! Felt very thirsty until the milkman came. Then I put my head in one of the jugs, to have a good drink, and I couldn't get it out again! I was chased through the Close, with the jug dangling like a nose-bag in front of me. Finally, Bolsover major smashed the jug with a stone, and I was able to get my head free. But it was an awful experience—in fact, what you might call a "cat"-astrophe!

TUESDAY.

The best day of the week! I always look forward to Tuesday, because my friend and benefactor, the cats' meat man, visits Greyfriars. Had a thoroughly enjoyable feed, and slept all the afternoon in an upturned "topper"—the property of Mr. Prout.

WEDNESDAY.

I'm feeling down and out this morning. I was strolling on the roof of the gym last night, singing one of the Indian Love Lyrics, when a boot smote me with great violence in the ribs, bowling me over. I identified the boot as Skinner's, and the next time he stoops down to stroke me I shall give him a jolly good scratching!

THURSDAY.

Declared war on the gardener's dog, and reduced him to a pulp after a fierce encounter. I believe they'll have to send him away to the vet for repair. Serve him right, the snarling beast!

FRIDAY.

Attacked by a hostile crowd of Removites, armed with peashooters. Fortunately, most of the shots were erratic, or I should not be alive now to tell the tale. I believe the trouble arose through my going into Bulstrode's study and swallowing his goldfish. But I've got to do something to stave off the spectre of starvation!

SATURDAY.

A delightful day! I tumbled into a large milk-can, and quickly lapped up all the milk to prevent myself from drowning! I was eventually rescued from the can by Nugent minor, who treated me with great kindness. He took me along and showed me his white mice. They are no longer on view—for the simple reason that I've bolted them! It isn't every day that I get a nice feed of white mice; and I feel in the best of health and spirits. They talk about leading a dog's life; but I'd rather lead a cat's life, any day!

(Continued from col. 1.)

And when that happy day dawns, wouldn't you like to be committed to my care? You'd have the time of your lives.

Just think of it! No more Latin or Greek or other idiotic subjects. Their wood be plenty of sport and fun, and life would be one long holiday.

Hear's to the time when I'm a Form-master!

FORM-ROOM FLASHES!

By MONTY LOWTHER.

Who was the merchant who put a tame hedgehog in Mr. Linton's desk the other morning?

* * *

When Tom Merry brought his pet monkey into lessons, how could the master distinguish between the monkey and Herbert Skimpole?

* * *

The other day George Alfred Grundy was made to stand in the corner with a fool's cap on his head. Why did he have to wear a fool's cap? Because, dear reader, he had spoilt his sheet of foolscap! Grundy's initials being "G. A. G." the fellows decided afterwards to gag him!

* * *

I have often been asked the question: "Who is the finest athlete in the Shell?" I generally reply Tom Merry; but when I am asked to name the best scholar I must reverse the order of things. It's "M. Lowther first—the rest nowhere!"

* * *

The governors' exam takes place in July, and the brilliant Montague is bound to give the other animals a run for their money!

* * *

Montague hopes to get his remove into the Fifth next term. And it won't be very long before he's a tall and stately prefect. Mind your optics, O ye Shellfish! I shall always be on your track with an ashplant, from purely Shellfish motives!

* * *

Jack Blake sends me the following conundrum: "Why does the atmosphere of the Shell Form-room resemble one of Dame Taggles' cakes?—Because you can cut it with a knife!" I have yet to see a tuckshop cake which can be severed with the aid of a hacksaw!

A REVIEW OF THE LASTEST BOOK!

"NINETY YEARS A GATE-PORTER." By William Gosling. Messrs. Moss & Fungus. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Gosling is one of the best of our younger writers. When he is about a hundred-and-fifty, with a beard that trails along the ground, we have no doubt he will do much better work. At present his English is inclined to be faulty. Every sentence in the book commences with "which," and the phrase, "which wot I says is this here," occurs no fewer than sixteen hundred times. There are plenty of flaws in the narrative, but we have no doubt that Mr. Gosling will improve with age.

The Last of Gadsby!

(Continued from page 8.)

Armitage closed the door when he had entered, and laid a rug along it to prevent a beam of light from escaping into the passage, and hung his handkerchief over the keyhole. Then he drew down the blind. The interior of the study was now as dark as the tomb.

The new boy turned on the light of his electric lamp, and the study was lighted up.

In the clear light of the electric lamp, Armitage set to work.

He was searching the study.

Not as Inspector Grimes had searched it, but minutely, not leaving a single inch of walls, floor, and furniture unsearched.

One boomed from the clock-tower!

Two!

Three!

With untiring patience the searcher went on, while the hours glided away, and it was not till three had struck that the light went out in Gadsby's study.

In the Remove dormitory the juniors were sleeping soundly, and no one heard the faint creek of the door as it opened again.

Armitage undressed in the dark, and slipped into bed. In two minutes more he was asleep.

He was still fast asleep when the rising-bell rang out on the clear morning air of July, and Bob Cherry sat up in bed and yawned.

The new boy was awakened by a hearty shake, and he opened his eyes and found Bob Cherry looking down upon him.

"Hallo!" said Armitage sleepily.

"Time to get up, lazybones!" said Bob Cherry. "Didn't you hear the rising-bell?"

"No," yawned Armitage. "I suppose I was fast asleep."

"I suppose you were!" grinned Bob. "You can't let Gosling expend his energy on the rope for nothing. Get up, you slacker!"

And Armitage laughed, and turned out.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Gadsby Gets a Shock!

GADSBY of the Shell was down early that morning.

Before the rest of the Shell were down Gadsby was wheeling out his bicycle across the Close, and he mounted it at the gates, and pedalled away towards Courtfield. He had gone into his study for a few minutes, and came out with his jacket buttoned up over something he had placed in his inside pocket. If anyone had observed Gadsby's movements, he would have fancied that Gadsby had something very valuable there. Perhaps he had. Perhaps there was a reason for the peculiar smile with which Armitage of the Remove watched Gadsby wheel his bicycle out.

Gadsby put on good speed as he dashed away towards Courtfield. His face was looking unusually serious, and his brows were knitted. He rode into Courtfield, and jumped off his machine before the little shop of Mr. Isaacs, in Church Street. The shop was not yet opened; Mr. Isaacs did not begin the day's business at such an extremely early hour. But Gadsby rang loudly at the bell at the side door.

After about five minutes' delay, Mr. Isaacs' head, adorned with a nightcap, looked out of a window above.

"Vat is dot?" demanded Mr. Isaacs. "Mein cootness! It is Mishter Gadsby!"

"I want to speak to you—it's important!" said Gadsby.

"My cootness! Is anything wrong?" "No, no; it's all right. But buck up—I've got to get back to brekker."

Mr. Isaacs grumbled, and withdrew his head. He was not an early riser, and he did not like being disturbed. But he came down presently, in a musty old dressing-gown and loose slippers, and opened the side door. Gadsby had leaned his bicycle up against the shop-front, and he was waiting impatiently. He came in immediately the door was opened.

"Come into der parlour," said Mr. Isaacs. "Haf you brought it?"

"Yes." "Goot! But vy so early?" asked Mr. Isaacs, as he ushered the Shell fellow of Greyfriars into the murky little parlour beyond the shop. "Der afternoon—dot would be all right."

"I wanted to get rid of it—never mind why. I'd feel safer with it gone," said Gadsby uneasily. "I had a queer suspicion in my mind last night. I suppose there was nothing in it, but—but there it was. I feel safer without that rotten thing hanging about. If you like to come to decent terms, it's yours."

Mr. Isaacs closed the door carefully. "I haf come to derms," he said. "I offer you twenty-five quids."

"What? You offered me twenty!" said Gadsby. "But, twenty or twenty-five, it's all the same; I sha'n't take it. You know perfectly well that it's worth four hundred to you. Mr. Capper was offered four hundred."

The old Jew's eyes glistened. "Dot is all right," he said. "But dere is der risk, and I have to find der customer."

"Don't tell lies!" said Gadsby savagely. "You've got the customer. It was because you had a good customer inquiring for the specimen, and offered any price for it, that you put me up to this."

Mr. Isaacs raised his hands in protest.

"I put you up to it!" he exclaimed. "Now, dat is not true! You come to me and say dot you have stamp to sell, and I say I buy him."

"I told you that Capper had one in his collection," said Gadsby, "and you went specially to Greyfriars to ask Capper to let you see it, to make sure that it was genuine. When you did that, I knew you had an eye on it."

"My dear Mishter Gadsby—"

"And for weeks after that you were hammering away at me on the subject whenever I saw you!" snarled Gadsby. "You put this idea into my head, and now I've got the stamp you want to screw me down to twenty quid, and sell it for four hundred yourself."

"I give you twenty-five." "You'll give me fifty, or I'll throw the rotten thing into the river, and have done with it!" said Gadsby savagely. "I don't dare to take it back to the school."

Again Mr. Isaacs' dirty hands came into eloquent action.

"Mein dear Mishter Gadsby! Mein dear young shentleman—"

"Will you give fifty? You'll make a whacking profit then—about seventy-five per cent."

"Yesterday you say you take twenty-five—"

Gadsby stared. "Yesterday? What are you talking about? I didn't see you yesterday."

Then Mr. Isaacs stared.

"Ah, you are dreaming, my dear Mishter Gadsby," he said. "In dis parlour here you offer me to bring dot stamp for twenty-five."

"You're mad, or else I am!" said Gadsby hoarsely. "I tell you I never came into Courtfield at all yesterday!"

"My cootness!"

"Are you lying to me, or did somebody come here calling himself by my name?" demanded Gadsby, in anxiety and alarm.

"Somevun certainly came, and it vas you—unless you have a twin brozzer who is as like you as two peas, Mishter Gadsby."

"My hat!" said Gadsby, in a deep breath. "That accounts! Hoskins and Hobson both swore yesterday that they saw me go out of the school, when I was in my study doing my prep all the time! Somebody made himself up as me!"

"My cootness!"

"That proves it! That red-headed villain—that upper-cut with the left! My Heaven, then he knows—he knows! Good heavens!"

The Jew gazed at him in alarm.

"My dear Mishter Gadsby—"

"Look here, will you have the stamp or not?" shrieked Gadsby, his face pale as ashes. "I tell you there is a detective in the school watching me!"

"Vat!" gasped Mr. Isaacs, turning pale.

"I thought the matter was ended when that old fool Grimes went away. He was convinced that young Banthorpe had taken the stamp. I thought it was all serene. Then that red-headed villain came! Don't you understand?"

"No; I don't!" growled Mr. Isaacs.

"Listen to me, then! Coker lost his pocket-book some weeks ago, and a young detective chap named Dalton Hawke came to the school to look into the matter. After it was settled, we found that he was a detective. I was thinking he might be sent for again over old Capper's stamp, and I was on the watch; but I never suspected that red-headed kid until Bob Cherry mentioned last night about his upper-cut with the left. Then I thought of it for a minute, but it seemed impossible. Only, if you say a chap came here yesterday disguised as me—"

"My cootness!"

"Did you say anything to give me away?" asked Gadsby anxiously.

The Jew wrung his hands.

"Dot awful rascal!" he gasped. "I dink it vas you, Mishter Gadsby! I speak not of der stamp—I speak of 'dot article you have to sell.' But—but I speak about you—about your being in debt, and—pawning your vatch—"

Gadsby clenched his hands.

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"Oh, you ass! You fathead! You've given me away! That was the information he was after, of course! Hang him!"

"Be calm, my dear Mishter Gadsby! If you have dot stamp, it is all right! You give him to me for twenty-five pounds, and I get rid of him. Then dere is no proof against you—dere cannot be proof if dot stamp is not found."

"True!" Gadsby calmed down a little. "When I've got rid of the rotten thing, it will be impossible for Dalton Hawke to prove anything, even if he suspects. But, I tell you, you sha'n't have it for twenty-five! I'd rather throw it into the river!"

"Dot would be a sinful waste, Mishter Gadsby! But it is all right. I give you dirty."

"No—a thousand times no!"

Mr. Isaacs sighed.

"You ruin me!" he said. "You ruin your poor old fren't Isaacs! But you are so greedy, and you are my nice young friend! I give you forty-five!"

"Fifty, or it goes into the Sark!"

"Oh, my dear Mishter Gadsby—"

Gadsby, with a furious gesture, turned towards the door. The old Jew shrieked after him:

"It is all right! I giff you feefty, but you ruin me!"

"Buck up, then!" said Gadsby.

"Show me dot stamp first!" said Mr. Isaacs, locking the door. "You lay dot stamp on der table, and I lay der monish beside it!"

"All right!"

Gadsby took a pocket-book from his inner pocket, and opened it. He jerked out a stamp that was fastened to one of the leaves by a gummed mount. The stamp is printed in black on red, with a little design of a three-masted ship in the centre. Along the top and bottom were the lines: "British—Guiana," and along the sides, "Postage—One Cent."

"There you are!" said Gadsby.

Mr. Isaacs looked at the stamp. Then an exceedingly disagreeable look came over his wizened old face. He regarded Gadsby with a bitter sneer, and made a gesture of contempt towards the stamp.

"You are in a hurry?" he asked.

"Yes, yes; I want to get back!"

"Go pack, den!"

"Give me the money for the stamp, confound you!"

"You can take back dot stamp instead!" said Mr. Isaacs contemptuously. "I giff you one halfpenny for him! Dot is der value! Mein cootness! You tink dot you take in der old Jew mit dot imitation? My cootness! I sold stamps and bought dem before you was born, you dishonest young rascal!"

Gadsby seemed transfixed for a moment.

"Imitation!" he breathed.

"Yeth, you young villain! You dink to take in der old Jew! He, he, he!"

And Mr. Isaacs cackled unpleasantly. "That's the stamp that came out of Mr. Capper's album!" panted Gadsby.

"You saw it there yourself. You saw it was genuine! You told me so!"

The Jew nodded.

"Mishter Capper's stamp was genuine," he said. "But dot is not Mishter Capper's stamp! Dot is a sheap imitation—printed!"

Gadsby caught up the stamp and examined it. A terrible pallor came over his face.

"Vell?" said Mr. Isaacs sarcastically.

"You're right!" said Gadsby hoarsely.

"It's an imitation!"

"He, he, he!"

"Don't cackle at me, you old fool!" hissed Gadsby. "I didn't know it was an imitation! I hid the stamp in my

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study, and I took this from the same place this morning! Somebody must have found it and changed them!"

"You hid it ferry carefully, hein?"

"Yes, yes! I raised the wallpaper in one corner, very carefully, and put the stamp on the wall, and gummed the paper down again over it!" said Gadsby dazedly. "No one would have thought of such a dodge. Inspector Grimes didn't! But—but somebody must have searched my study last night, and—and found it, and—and taken the real stamp away, and put this in its place for a trick!"

The old Jew's face expressed the greatest incredulity.

"Dot is fery fine!" he said. "I do not pelieve vun word of it! You are a dishonest young rascal! I have noddings to do with you! Take away dot cheating imitation, and leave my house! I have noddings more to do with you at all!"

Gadsby staggered, rather than walked, from the house.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Capper is Made Happy!

"COME in!" said Dr. Locke. His study door opened, and Armitage entered, with a very quiet and grave expression on

his face.

"Good-morning, Armitage!" said Dr. Locke. "You wish to see me?"

"Yes, sir, and Mr. Capper!"

"I will send for him."

Dr. Locke rang, and Trotter was sent to summon the Fourth Form-master to the study. Mr. Capper came very quickly, and there was an eager expression upon his face. He did not place the greatest faith in the schoolboy detective, but he was eager to avail himself of the slightest chance of getting back the 1856 British Guiana One Cent, like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

"You have something to tell me?" he exclaimed eagerly.

Armitage closed the door.

"Yes, sir."

"You have looked for my stamp, Hawke—I mean, Armitage?"

Dalton Hawke smiled.

"You may call me by my right name now, sir," he said. "My work here is finished."

The Head drew a deep breath.

"You mean to say, Hawke—"

"You have found my stamp," shrieked Mr. Capper—"you have discovered my 1856 British Guiana One Cent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good heavens!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the Head.

Dalton Hawke laid the stamp on the Head's desk. Mr. Capper pounced upon it with an almost inarticulate cry.

"Is that it, sir?" asked the schoolboy detective, with a smile.

"Yes! My goodness! My British Guiana One Cent—my 1856 issue! My dear, dear boy, you have saved my stamp! How can I thank you?"

"I am amazed!" said the Head. "I am only too thankful that I sent for you, Master Hawke! But how did you find the stamp, and where?"

"In Gadsby's study, sir."

"Gadsby, of the Shell?"

"Yes, sir. I searched the study last night; it occupied me nearly three hours."

"Bless my soul!"

"I should not have searched it so thoroughly, but that I had suspicions to go upon. I knew that Gadsby had taken the stamp, and so it was only a question of searching until I found it," said Dalton Hawke quietly.

"But how did you know it? Three boys have been somewhat under suspicion, but of the three Gadsby was the least suspected," said the Head.

Dalton Hawke smiled.

"I made it a point to observe the three of them when I came here," he said. "I was put into Banthorpe's study, and so had every opportunity of observing him. It did not take me long to decide that whoever had taken the stamp, it was not he. Newland impressed me in the same manner, and, besides, his alibi was almost perfect. But with Gadsby—he declared he had been with Hobson and Hoskins by the river at the time; but I was sure that he could easily have slipped away from them, as undoubtedly he did. I learned, too, that Gadsby was in the habit of spending money freely—standing feeds, and so on, in his Form, and yet his people were not supposed to be rich; also, that he was on chummy terms with a set of Highcliffe fellows, about whom, and whose little ways, I had learned something when I was here before. Upon the whole, Gadsby seemed to me to be the fellow to watch, and I watched him!"

"But—but then—"

"My methods were a little original!" said Hawke, with a smile. "I doffed my present disguise, and adopted another—that of Gadsby himself. He is rather a striking-looking fellow, and dressed in a somewhat striking way, and it was no difficult. I visited Mr. Isaacs, the stamp-dealer, in Courtfield, under Gadsby's name and appearance, and Mr. Isaacs, without a single suspicion, was good enough to give the whole game away!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I learned—quite unintentionally on his part, of course—from Mr. Isaacs, that Gadsby was in debt; that he had pawned his watch and sold a scarf-pin in Courtfield; and that he had been led into extravagance by the Highcliffe set. He was badly in need of money, and it was pretty clear to me that Mr. Isaacs had played upon that to induce him to purchase Mr. Capper's stamp. Doubtless he had had a big offer for such a specimen from some keen philatelist. There are collectors who would give a thousand pounds for that stamp to complete their set."

"True, very true!" said Mr. Capper.

"The villain!" said Dr. Locke. "The wretch, to tempt a foolish boy to his ruin! The law shall deal with him for that!"

"I came away knowing that Gadsby was the thief, sir. It was only a question then of finding the stamp. I searched his study, and found it at last. It was hidden under the wall-paper, which had been raised in part and stuck down again over it; and certainly I should never have succeeded if I had not known something of the dodges of criminals in concealing stolen banknotes."

"Does Gadsby know?" asked the Head slowly.

The schoolboy detective smiled.

"He must by this time. I came here with a printed facsimile of the stamp in my possession—in order to impress it upon my mind, so that I should easily recognise the original when I found it. The idea occurred to me of placing the imitation in the place of the stolen stamp, and I did so. Gadsby's feelings when he finds it out will not be pleasant; but he deserves that punishment."

"He has not found it out yet, then? I must send for him at once."

"He has probably discovered it by now," said Dalton Hawke. "He went out this morning on his bicycle, and did not come in to breakfast. I looked into his study, and found that the wall-paper in that particular place had been disturbed again. He has taken the imitation stamp away—to take it to Mr. Isaacs, I presume."

"The dreadful young rascal!" said Mr. Capper. "I have treated him with

every confidence. He deserves to go to prison."

Dr. Locke frowned. "I am afraid, Mr. Capper, that by leaving so valuable an article unguarded you, to some extent, placed temptation in the wretched boy's way," he said. "And the influence of that scoundrel, Isaacs, did the rest. Gadsby will be expelled from Greyfriars, but there I think his punishment may stop."

Dalton Hawke nodded. "I think so, too, sir. But if he is not punished, Mr. Isaacs must escape, too! But the police will watch him very closely after this, and it will not be long before he is caught napping; for a man who deals in this kind of thing once will

"Going home," Armitage explained.

"Good-bye!"
"Well, my hat!"

The chums of the Remove shook hands in amazement with the schoolboy detective. They had to hurry into the Form-room, and had no more time to ask questions. Dalton Hawke bade farewell to Banthorpe in the passage, and Arthur, as amazed as the Famous Five, said good-bye sadly enough to his new friend. By the time the Remove had settled down for morning lessons, Dalton Hawke was on his way to the station. His work at Greyfriars was done, and much as his sudden departure surprised the Remove, few, if any of them, guessed that the new boy in the Remove had been no

Gadsby had confessed and left Greyfriars for ever.

"Gadsby!" said Bob Cherry, as the school streamed out of the hall, amazed. "My hat! I hope you'll have the decency to tell Newland you're sorry now, Bolsover!"

Bolsover grunted. "And young Banthorpe, too!" said Harry Wharton. "Some of the silly asses said it was young Banthorpe!"

"Oh, I don't mind now!" said Arthur. "I'm sorry for Gadsby. The poor fellow must have been very much tempted. Poor Gadsby!"

"Poor rats!" said Bob Cherry, with a snort. "A thief's a thief! Jolly good thing he's gone! But I wonder why



"Mister Capper's stamp is genuine," said the old Jew, "but this is not Mister Capper's stamp. It is a cheap imitation—printed!" Gadsby caught the stamp up and examined it. A terrible pallor came over his face. "Vell?" said Mr. Isaacs, sarcastically. "You're right!" said Gadsby hoarsely. "It's an imitation!" (See Chapter 3.)

do so again, and he will be laid by the heels before long."

"I agree with you," said the Head. "You have done wonderfully well, Hawke, and I am very grateful. I suppose you will be leaving us to-day?"

"Yes, sir," said the schoolboy detective, with a smile. "I should like to say good-bye to the fellows before morning lessons, and catch the early train. I have other work waiting for me in London."

Dr. Locke shook hands warmly with the schoolboy detective, and Dalton Hawke left the study.

Harry Wharton & Co. met him in the passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here you are!" said Bob Cherry. "Head warm?"

The schoolboy detective grinned.

"Thanks, no," he said.

"Bell's gone," said Harry Wharton. "Aren't you coming into the Form-room?"

Armitage shook his head.

"No; I'm leaving."

"Leaving!" exclaimed the Famous Five together. "What on earth for?"

other than Dalton Hawke, the famous Schoolboy Detective.

There was another fellow missing from his place that morning at Greyfriars. It was Gadsby, of the Shell.

Dr. Locke waited for his return, ready to deliver sentence upon the wretched junior; but Gadsby did not come.

He knew that the game was up, that the stolen stamp had been found in his study, and that he was known to be the thief. What fate awaited him at Greyfriars he did not know. Expulsion at least, and perhaps arrest as well. The wretched boy, overcome with fear and remorse, did not return to the school. In Courtfield he wrote and despatched a miserable letter to the Head, begging for forgiveness and confessing his misdeed, and then he fled to his home.

And after morning lessons, when the Head had received Gadsby's letter, and read it, sadly enough, the school was assembled once more in Hall, to hear a brief announcement by the Head. It was then that Greyfriars learned that the thief had been discovered, that Mr. Capper had his stamp again, and that

young Armitage went so suddenly? That's a giddy mystery!"

"Mysterious young beggar altogether," said Harry Wharton. "I suppose we shall never know why he locked himself in his study yesterday?"

It was, indeed, mysterious. But if the Greyfriars juniors had seen Armitage washing the dye from his hair and his face, and transforming himself into Dalton Hawke again, they would not have been so surprised at the fact that he had locked himself in his study after the booby-trap had drenched him with water. It was only the locked door that had saved Dalton Hawke, in that emergency, from being discovered to be in disguise. But the Head had not seen fit to take the school into his confidence on the subject of the real identity of the red-headed junior. He wisely considered that the less said the sooner mended, and it remained a secret that Dalton Hawke, the Schoolboy Detective, had visited the school in disguise to track out the stolen stamp.

THE END.

(Now turn to my "Chat."—ED.)
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MORNINGTON MEANS BUSINESS!

(Continued from page 6.)

chap. Smokes galore, an' a merry little game. You come, too, Erroll."

"Thanks, I'd rather not!" said Erroll drily.

"Oh, buzz off an' play cricket, then!" said Adolphus. "You're comin', Morny?"

"No, I'm not comin'," said Mornington. "I'll give you a tip instead, Smythey."

"Eh? For to-morrow's racin'?" said Smythe.

"I don't mean that kind of tip, fat-head!" Mornington grinned. "My tip is this—chuck it!"

"What?"

"Chuck playin' the giddy ox!" said Mornington, enjoying the astonishment in Smythe's somewhat vacant face.

"When you're smokin', Smythey, you don't know what a ridiculous ass you look!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"When you're playin' cards you think you're awfully sportin', but you're not. You're only a shady ass!" said Mornington. "I'm goin' to chuck it. You do the same, old chap, an' try to cultivate a little hoss-sense!"

"You cheeky ass!" gasped Smythe.

"I'm really self-denyin' in givin' you this tip. I've found you no end entertainin' with your sportin' ways," said Mornington calmly. "You're no end of a funny merchant, Smythey, when you're paintin' the town red. You're as good as a comic paper without knowin' it. Chuck it, old chap, and I'll find somethin' else to amuse me in dull times!"

Mornington walked on, leaving Adolphus Smythe stuttering with wrath. Jimmy Silver & Co. were already on Little Side, and some of the cricketers

looked rather grimly at Mornington. His exploit of the previous day had not been forgotten. Unheeding the looks of the Classical juniors, Mornington came up to Rawson, who was talking with the Fistical Four.

"Excuse me a minute!" he said.

Rawson stared at him.

"I owe you an apology," said Mornington, while the chums of the Fourth stared at him blankly. "I hurt you yesterday. It was an accident, but it was owin' to my rotten temper, just as you said."

"My hat!" ejaculated Rawson.

"I'm dreaming!" murmured Lovell.

"Morny talking like a decent chap! Pinch me, somebody!"

"I'm sorry it happened, Rawson," continued Mornington. "I called you names afterwards. It was caddish, and I'm sorry. I can't say more than that."

"I suppose you're not pulling my leg?" gasped Rawson.

"Not at all. I'm serious. I apologise."

"All serene!" said Rawson.

Mornington took the ball, and went on to bowl to Erroll, leaving Jimmy Silver & Co. blinking.

"Something's happened to Morny!" said Raby, in wonder. "Dash it all, perhaps we've been a bit hard on him. Fellow can't do more than own up."

"We'll see how he shapes now," remarked Jimmy Silver, his fixed intention with regard to Mornington beginning to waver a little.

Mornington was bowling in great form. There was no doubt that he was a bowler any junior team might have been proud of—at his best.

Jimmy signed to Van Ryn to take the bat, and the South African junior went on. Van Ryn's batting was as good as any in the Fourth, and he stood up to Morny's bowling without turning a hair.

Whatever Mornington sent him he sent back, and half a dozen overs ended with the same result.

Then Mornington threw the ball to Oswald, and came off. He paused to speak as he passed the Africauder at the wicket.

"Good man!" he said. "I'm goin' to

keep on till I can take your wicket, old scout! Try you again later."

"I'm your man!" grinned Van Ryn. Jimmy Silver gave Mornington a peculiar look. A momentary suspicion had come into his mind that the dandy of the Fourth was playing a part. He knew Morny's duplicity of old.

But Morny's face was quite frank and Jimmy could not help being convinced. He joined Mornington and Erroll when they left the field after the practice.

"Not booked up for Wednesday, Morny?" he asked.

"No."

"Care to play in the Bagshot match?"

"My hat!"

Erroll's face lighted up.

"Morny's worth his place," he said. "He'll be a rod in pickle for Bagshot, Jimmy."

"That's why I'm asking him," said the captain of the Fourth.

"I'm your man!" said Mornington, with a smile. "I had a little engagement on for Wednesday, but, as it happens, I had already decided to put that off permanently."

"Good! Only"—Jimmy paused a moment—"no more smokes between now and Wednesday, Morny. You've got to be fit."

"I've given up smokin'."

"Oh, my hat!"

"An' if you want a pack of cards, quite good, an' a set of bridge markers, I've got some you can have—as a present."

"Put 'em in the fire!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "I don't quite make you out, Morny, but if you mean business I'm jolly glad."

That evening the cricket list for the Bagshot match was posted up, and the name of Mornington was in it. Lattrey had the pleasure of reading Mornington's name among the others, and the additional pleasure of seeing the dandy of the Fourth in deep discussion of cricket with Erroll and the Fistical Four, all apparently on the best of terms. Lattrey did not look as if he enjoyed the pleasure.

THE END.

OUT ON MONDAY!

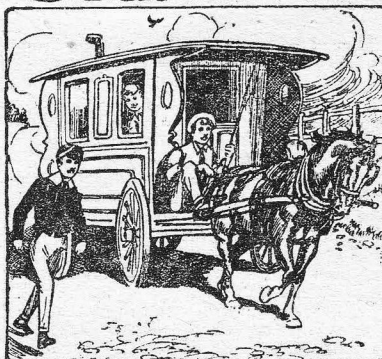
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POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 23.—DICK REDFERN.



Dick Redfern, with Owen and Lawrence, came to St. Jim's as a scholarship boy, proud of his achievement at having passed the examinations, considered very

hard, and a little surprised at his welcome. There are fellows at St. Jim's who are down on all scholarship lads, and there are a few who, though not exactly down on them, are apt to look at them as being below them in class, and, therefore, impossible to be friends with.

The three scholarship boys felt this attitude of contempt very much on their first appearance; but they were boys full of wit and humour, and they devised a jape to play on the whole school. It worked like a charm. And when the truth was revealed the fellows who had been inclined to be snobbish felt a little bit ashamed of themselves. They had certainly been fairly scored off.

Reddy & Co. were up against Figgins & Co. from the outset. They were the New Firm, they said, and they meant to make the New House cock house at St. Jim's.

Figgy and his chums got Tom Merry to help them handle the New Firm. But even with such illustrious aid Figgy failed to pull it off. It was plain that the New Firm were fellows of more than common resource.

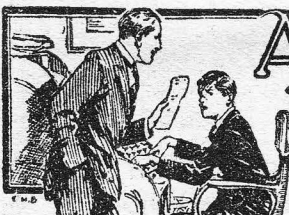
Redfern's leadership in several affairs at the school, one of which was a big barring-out, increased his prestige among the juniors of the New House. But the New Firm, hefty as they were, never quite got on top of Figgy & Co., and, though they may try again, are never likely to.

This rivalry led to more rows. There is not space here to mention them, but no doubt some of you will remember reading all about them in the stories which have appeared.

On the whole, with occasional squabbles and constant rivalry, Redfern and Figgy have been the best of friends. Of course, there is bound to be some feeling of hostility among members of the Form who cannot bring themselves to be friendly with boys of "no birth or position," as they might express it. But the good-natured Reddy and his two firm friends do not care about this. They have many chums in both Houses, boys like Tom Merry & Co., who admire the scholarship boys for their pluck and determination.

Reddy is considered very brainy, and is, in fact, the best of Mr. Lathom's pupils. He is also among the most prominent members of the Fourth Form on the playing-fields. He ranks with Figgins, Kerr, and Patty Wynn in the New House elevens. Those four are worth very nearly as much as the other seven in the team, though there are good men among the seven.

One of the best is Redfern, frank, honest, full of fun, too, but never wicked mischief; an all-round athlete of rare calibre—cricketer, footballer, runner, swimmer—with first-class brains in addition.



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

FOR NEXT FRIDAY.

"THE GREYFRIARS PALMIST"

By Frank Richards.

The above is the title of the first grand long complete school story, and deals with the further adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of the Remove. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, coming across a palmist who states that he hails from Hindustan, talks to him in his native language. The result is, the man is proved a fraud. The exciting events which follow this disclosure will keep you amused for a long time.

"TRICKED BY FATE!"

is the title Mr. Owen Conquest has given his next yarn of Rookwood. In this story we discover that Mornington, the black sheep of the Fourth, at Rookwood, gets the shock of his life. He is not the only one who gets a shock, either; but you must read all about it in our next grand issue.

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER

will present to you another of his funny supplements, which he calls "Billy Bunter's Weekly." There is added interest in next week's supplement, for it is a Special Scouting Number.

Don't miss this budget of good things!

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 25.

Examples for this week's Competition: A Splendid Tonic. Visiting the Head. Arguing With Dutton. When Bunter Dines. A Successful Match. Often Causes Trouble. Looking for Trouble. Seldom Comes Off. Jimmy Silver's Delight. When Baggy Runs. Leads to Complications. Looking Ahead.

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poptets," No. 25, the "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

3. No correspondence may be entered into in connection with "Poptets."

4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.

5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD, and that it is received on or before the date of closing.

All efforts must be received on or before July 28th.

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

RESULT OF

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 19.

The 10 prizes of 5s. each have been awarded to the following readers who have

sent in the best efforts of the above Competition:

Sidney Beebe, 90, Pensehouse Street, Walsall.

Example.—Ending the Quarrel.
Poptet.—Shook "Hands" not "Fists."

C. Bovingden, 66, Colville Road, South Acton, W. 3.

Bunter the Bowler.
Batsmen "Duck" and "Run."

William Brown, 10, Moat Street Edinburgh.

Bunter the Bowler.
Produce "Paneful" Result.

Lionel C. Stebbing, 167 High Street, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

D'Arcy and Dignity.
Towler "Takes" "Apart."

Cecil R. Turner, 90, Knighton Lane, Aylestone Park, Leicester.

For the Present.
Please Send Five Bob.

Miss Jones, 135, Church Street, Chelsea, London.

Wasting Good Food.
Cooking—and a "Fag."

W. Welsh, 15, East Bridge Street, Bridgend, Perth, Scotland.

Makes Matters Worse.
"Cuts" and Hard "Knox."

Fred A. Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Glam.

Attracts Many Readers.
Notice Giving "Selected Team."

Ernest Denny, 58, Norton Road, Reading, Berks.

Makes Matters Worse.
"To Argue with Dutton."

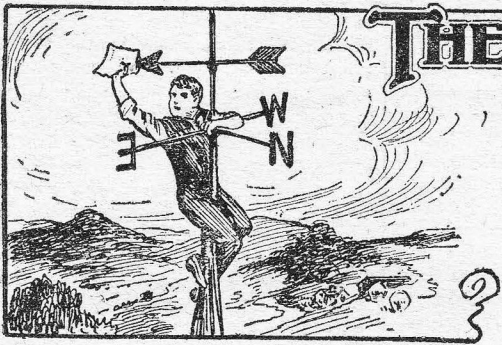
N. Finch, 9, Lawton Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.

A New Excuse.
Always "Win Gate" Passes.

Your Editor.

THE POPULAR—No. 131.

THE FINEST CINEMA STORY EVER WRITTEN!



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, is expelled from St. Peter's School by Dr. Jasper Steele, the unscrupulous headmaster, out of revenge. Dick is on the look-out for a job, when he falls in with a film company, and saves the life of the manager, Mr. Henderson.

The latter sees in Dick a very promising young actor, and he offers him a job in his company, the World-Famed Cinema Company, and a handsome salary. Dick is delighted at the prospect of becoming an actor, and at once accepts the offer.

A film is about to be produced, and Dick is given a part in it. In one of the scenes Clive Foster, another actor, who is jealous of Dick's popularity, tries to get rid of the young actor by tying him in an aeroplane and setting the machine off uncontrolled. But Dick manages to slip out of the ropes and stop the machine at the critical moment.

In the next scene in the film Dick is taken on board a yacht, which sets sail out of the bay. But the sea is so rough that the wind drives her on to the reefs. A raft is made, and, with Dick tied on it, set adrift. Then the others leave the ship in boats.

(Now read on.)

Clive Foster's Treachery!

HARDLY had Mr. Henderson finished giving his orders than there sounded an ear-splitting, rending crash, and the next instant all those looking on witnessed the awe-inspiring spectacle of the magnificent yacht burst into a mass of flames in the centre.

Amidships then suddenly shot up into the air with a mighty roar, and then the stern and prow of the vessel slid inwards towards each other, to disappear a few seconds later beneath the waves.

Simultaneously the men at the engines of the motor-boats started them forward at full speed ahead, and it was as well they did so, for the sudden sinking of the yacht caused a kind of suction towards the whirlpool which the sinking ship had made.

The camera men had secured wonderful pictures of the sinking of the yacht, and now came the next incident where Clive Foster, in the character of Jake, shoots at the petrol-tins contained in the raft upon which Dick is bound.

No time was lost!

The men at the helms of the motor-boats skilfully navigated them towards the spot where the raft upon which Dick was lashed was being tossed about on the waves.

The larger raft, upon which now stood Clive Foster, after having disposed of the man Davis, who had at first been with him, was rapidly drifting towards Dick's raft.

"Ready?" cried the producer, through his megaphone. And Clive Foster waved his hand as a signal.

"Right! Carry on!" roared the producer once more. "Crank away, you fellows! One on Mr. Foster, and the other on Mr. Trafford. Shoot away, Foster!"

Clive Foster nodded, and whipped a heavy automatic pistol from his pocket.

He gave a glance at the slide which contained the cartridges, and an evil expression stole over his features.

No surprise was experienced by those who witnessed this, however, for it was all in the part that Foster should look so.

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But could it have been possible for them to have known that the cartridges in the pistol he was now raising at arm's length and pointing in Dick's direction were not blank, as they were intended to be, but that they were live cartridges, each one capable of killing at a couple of hundred yards, they would have been a little more concerned regarding the safety of Dick Trafford as he lay there bound upon the raft.

Crack!
The automatic pistol spoke for the first time, but the heaving of the waves caused the raft to be tossed away at the critical moment, and the bullet went crashing into the sea with a splash.

Fortunately for Foster, the splash was not noticed above the white crests of the waves, and, with a muttered oath, he raised the pistol once more, and took cold and deliberate aim at Dick's heart.

Crack! sounded the pistol again; and the next instant Dick felt a stinging, burning pain in his left arm.

Fortunately, the shot had miscarried, and had only slightly wounded him.

Then, with terrific force, the realisation came to Dick that the man who had already tried once to take his life, and whom he had forgiven, was now trying to do so again.

All Foster's manifestations of repentance and regret for his act when he had bound Dick in the aeroplane were, then, so much pretence. He still nursed his deep hatred for Dick, and was determined to kill him.

Realising this, Dick began to struggle and grope for the loose end of the rope, which, when he pulled it, would allow him to slip from the raft and swim towards any one of the motor-boats.

Had Foster once again tied the cords so that he would be unable to escape? wondered Dick. But no, this could not have happened again, for Foster was not alone responsible for the tying of the ropes. He had been assisted by another man, and this fact alone would have prevented him from once more practising his base treachery in this direction.

At last Dick's hand closed over the loose end of the rope, and he tugged frantically at it.

Again and again Dick tugged at the rope in a wild effort to free it and himself as well; but the rope would not budge another inch. The salt water had caused the rope to swell, and to jam the knot.

And all the time the scoundrel Clive Foster was persisting in firing at Dick.

Fortunately, thanks to Foster's faulty aim and the tossing target presented by the rising and falling raft, no other bullets found their mark anywhere near Dick.

Truly Dick's position was a desperate one. He might lose his life in more than one way.

It only wanted just one of those bullets to find its mark in a vital spot, and Dick would be beyond all human aid!

The air was already rapidly escaping from the petrol-tins which had up to now supported the hastily-constructed raft, and the waves were now breaking over Dick.

The raft was now drifting away from the motor-boats which contained the camera men; there seemed to be a current which was taking Dick away, and out to sea!

Yet another terror to add to his already appalling position.

Then suddenly, when Dick was almost losing

consciousness from sheer mental shock, there sounded a rending, tearing crash.

The raft had been thrown with great force upon one of the rocks which abounded the coast at that point.

Crash! Once again the raft was mercilessly picked up by the waves and dashed against the rocks.

But this second time the impact had been even greater than the first, and Dick, with an exclamation of intense relief, felt the ropes about him give.

The sharp edge of one of the rocks had cut through one of the strands of rope.

And now the jam which had been occasioned by the water causing the ropes to swell gave way, and the rope became loose and slack in Dick's grip.

Another tug, and he was free, and rolled from off the raft into the water!

The salt water striking at his wounded arm increased the pain, and Dick clenched his teeth together as he struck out towards the waiting motor-boats. But as he swam he realised that he could not reach the boats.

The wound in his left arm reduced his swimming strength by half, and, furthermore, the same current which had carried him to the rocks, and by dashing the raft against them had freed him, was now setting against him, and making it practically an impossibility for him to make any headway against them at all.

And the motor-boats were unable to come nearer to him to rescue him, for the jagged rocks which showed through the surface of the water would have meant certain ruin to them.

Any one of those cruel, jagged points would have pierced the sides of the motor-boats like a knife, and would have sent it floundering to the bottom of the ocean.

Dick and Eustace Henderson both realised the terrible predicament at the same instant.

"Quick," roared the chief—"throw a line to the boy! The sea's too strong for him to swim against, and we dare not go nearer those rocks ourselves!"

A line was procured, and, although it was repeatedly thrown out to Dick, drawn in, recoiled, and thrown again, it failed to drop within reach of the wounded boy.

And all the time the outgoing tide was carrying Dick farther and farther from the shore and from the motor-boats.

Now he was almost lost to the sight of those in the motor-boats.

Eustace Henderson was dancin' from side to side in his boat with pent-up anxiety for the lad, and impotent rage at being so helpless to aid the poor boy.

"Good heavens! What is to become of him?" he gasped. "We dare not try to pierce our way through that reef of rocks! We shall be dashed against the rocks! We must get at him some other way!"

Even as he spoke, Dick's head appeared again, now but a tiny little black spot on the waves, as he was lifted up by the swell for a second. But he was farther out to sea now, and it seemed impossible to help him.

The Target!

AND, meanwhile, Dick was by no means blind to his peril.

Had his left arm not been badly injured he might, he thought, have perhaps stood a chance; but it seemed absolutely hopeless.

He was forced to swim with but his legs and one arm, and the fury of the sea re-

dered this a far more difficult task than it is possible to describe.

The waves dashed themselves over him every now and then. He was swallowing great quantities of salt water, and he already felt his strength ebbing from him.

Clive Foster had certainly succeeded in his mad desire for revenge.

How long he continued to mechanically battle with the waves in a forlorn effort to keep himself afloat he could not tell.

It seemed hours—although actually it was but a few minutes.

Then, as his last vestige of strength was about to slip from him, he was aroused to full consciousness by a blow upon his side.

He gazed wildly up, and perceived a gaunt black something towering over him.

The next instant he uttered a prayer of thanksgiving as he realised he had fetched up against a ship at anchor.

His hopes now buoyed up, he seemed to gather fresh strength, and, assisting himself by the side of the ship, he worked his way slowly round until he reached the chain of the anchor.

Seizing this in both hands—an act which caused him excruciating pain in the left arm, which was so badly injured—he managed to drag himself clear of the waves.

He remained there, half hanging, and half sitting upon the chain for a few minutes to

regain his breath, and then continued with his climb up the inclined chain towards the deck of the ship.

"Would he, he wondered, find anyone on board to attend to his wounded arm when once he reached the deck?"

Fortunately the climb up the slanting chain did not place a great deal of strain upon his injured arm.

He was able to scale the chain by means of his legs, by hanging under the chain and crooking his legs at the knees round the chain, one above the other, and taking the rest of his weight upon his right arm.

At length his fingers came in contact with the gunwale of the vessel, and with one last superhuman effort he dragged himself up and over the edge, and fell sprawling weakly to the deck.

Then, the strain released, his nerves gave way, and he collapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

He knew, or, rather, believed himself to be, safe now for a time.

He had cheated the cruel waves of their prey. He had once more outwitted the foul plot of Clive Foster to take his life from him; and, realising this, he sank into the oblivion of sleep for the time being.

How long after his collapse upon the deck it was that he once more regained consciousness Dick never knew; but as he opened his

eyes and gazed about him, he realised what had happened to him, and, with a gasp of joy to find himself still alive, he struggled to his feet.

His arm still pained him, but he nursed it in the other as he proceeded to make a tour of inspection of the largish vessel he found himself upon.

It seemed strangely silent and deserted, thought Dick, as he moved forward, and then, as he gazed about him, and noticed the absence of fittings upon the vessel, he realised that he was on board a deserted hulk.

"They've stripped it of everything!" he exclaimed in amazement. "And I suppose they've left it anchored out here for the sea to break up. Here's a pretty fine position for me! Heaven knows whether anyone will ever come near enough to this old hulk for me to attract their attention. Instead of dying from drowning it looks as if I'm going to starve to death!"

Crash! The whole vessel shook from stem to stern, and one of the masts broke in two and came toppling over to land with a mighty splash in the sea.

Dick jumped nervously. "What was that?" he cried aloud to himself; but the next instant the dull boom of a

(Continued on the next page.)

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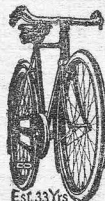








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THE POPULAR—No. 131.

gun on the mainland told him the dread truth.

The old hulk was being fired upon! He realised now that it had been placed there purposely as a target for the Marine Artillery to practise upon!

He remembered now he had seen the big guns in the fort above Brancaster, and had heard that they intended carrying out target practice that very day.

Dick gazed with terror-stricken eyes back at the land and distinctly saw a wisp of smoke floating away in the wind from the spot where the fort was situated.

S-s-s-s! Crash!
Another shell came screaming across the water to strike the vessel in the stern, and carry away its steering gear.

"The Distress Signal!"

TRY to imagine the position in which Dick Trafford now found himself!

He had but just escaped from one death which the scoundrel, Clive Foster, had tried to mete out to him, only to find himself faced by another—and, if possible, a more terrible one.

The derelict upon which he was seeking refuge was still quivering from stem to stern with the vibrations of the last shell which had carried away a portion of the stern.

"Oh, what can I do—what can I do?" cried Dick aloud to himself, as he nursed his injured arm in the hand of the other. The pain was excruciating, but the mental torture through which he was passing rendered him half-unconscious of the pain of his arm.

He sank upon the deck in a hopeless attitude, and, burying his head in his hands, thought desperately—he racked his brains through and through in a forlorn attempt to think of some means whereby he might save himself from the ghastly death which threatened to befall him.

Would it, he wondered, be of any use trying to set fire to the vessel?

But even as the idea occurred to him, he realised what an utterly futile scheme it was.

In the first place, how was he to ignite the vessel? He had no matches to set fire to anything, and, too, even if he had, they would have been saturated and thus rendered useless by his immersion in the water.

Then Dick laughed aloud—a hollow, mirthless laugh—as the realisation came to him that if it were possible for him to fire the vessel, those in the gun batteries on shore would only attribute it to the fact that one of the shells had set the vessel on fire! Here was another danger!

Supposing the next shell which came

screaming across the water should in actuality set the old hulk into a blaze!

Death by burning! Could anything be more terrible? Better a thousand times that he should have drowned in the sea.

"If only I could attract their attention in some way," murmured Dick to himself again; and as he did so he gazed down at the bloodstained sleeve of the shirt he wore. Then suddenly—like a flash of lightning out of the darkened heavens—an idea came flashing into his brain.

"I'll do it—if I can with this injured arm!" he cried; and even as the words slipped from his whitened lips he commenced to strip off his bloodstained shirt.

Then, twirling it into a rope-like length, he tied it about his waist and hurried towards the one remaining mast of the vessel.

Fortunately for him, the mast had slanting rope-ladders running from half-way up down to the sides of the vessel.

Dick dragged himself up on to the lowest rung, and then commenced his perilous and painful climb.

His left arm was practically useless to assist him in his climb, and with the vessel rocking dangerously from side to side in the fury of the storm, Dick found it a difficult task to save himself from being hurled from his precarious foothold.

But slowly and surely he commenced to ascend the slanting rope-ladder, which terminated at a spot where the mast was spliced.

The remainder of the mast presented but a sheer slippery elm-pole.

As he regarded it—dubiously, it must be admitted—the recollection of how he had scaled the spire at St. Peter's School came back to him.

"If I could do that, then I can do this!" he muttered between his teeth, clenched with determination.

But when Dick climbed the spire of St. Peter's and stuck that incriminating document upon the weathercock, and thus showed up the duplicity of that scoundrelly headmaster, Dr. Jasper Steele, he had had the use of both his arms.

Now one was practically useless. How was he to accomplish this last portion of his climb?

The terrifying thought that another shell might come hurtling its way into that old hulk, and possibly be the last that would be needed to send it disappearing beneath the waves, stung Dick to activity.

Rapidly he drew the rolled-up shirt from about his waist, and, making a slip-knot in it, he slid his injured left arm through the noose, until the shirt encircled his arm near

the shoulder and above the injury in the forearm.

Then he drew it tight, and passed the loose end around the base of the second mast.

Next he gripped this loose end with his right hand and drew it taut.

This held him close up against the mast, and his next move was to entwine his strong young legs about the mast itself.

He now felt more or less secure, and by first working his legs up the mast and then slackening the shirt-made rope, and slipping that up the mast and re-lightening it, he commenced the second half of his climb.

The strain was, however, enormous, and it needs but a moment's thought to realise that the higher he ascended the mast the greater was the sway to and fro as the vessel lurched and rolled upon the turbulent sea.

More than once was Dick nearly shaken from his hold, but at length—out of breath, and well nigh exhausted—he reached the top-most portion of the mast.

This done, he crooked his uninjured arm about the narrow summit, and loosened the slip-knot which had held him against the mast.

The noose slid off over his wrist, and then with the same slip-knot Dick looped it over the top of the mast and drew it taut.

Then he released all hold of the shirt, and the fury of the wind blew it out and kept it horizontally on the air.

The linen ripped and rustled in the air, but it stood the test, and bravely sent forth its signal of distress.

Hi-s-s-s! C-r-r-r-rash!

Another shell came screaming across the ocean to carry away the prow of the once proud vessel.

The poor old hulk rocked and staggered under the blow, but it had been made in the days when men were not afraid of work. The prow was well made, and the wood was hard as a rock.

Still, the valiant old vessel stood the test, and proudly rode the waters.

Realising that firing had recommenced, Dick's hopes sunk low. Surely the observation officer in the fort from which the shells were being fired must be watching the effect of the firing through his powerful field-glasses, and he could therefore not fail to see Dick's bloodstained shirt flying out at right-angles from the very top of the mast.

S-s-s-s! Crash!
Yet another shell, and this time the grand old vessel was struck amidships, and a large portion of the boat was carried away.

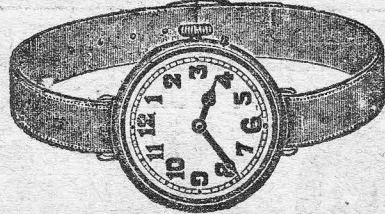
(Further instalment of this splendid cinema serial in next week's issue of the POPULAR.)

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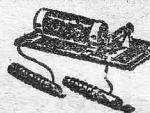
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