

TRICKED BY FATE!

A GRAND TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD, INSIDE.

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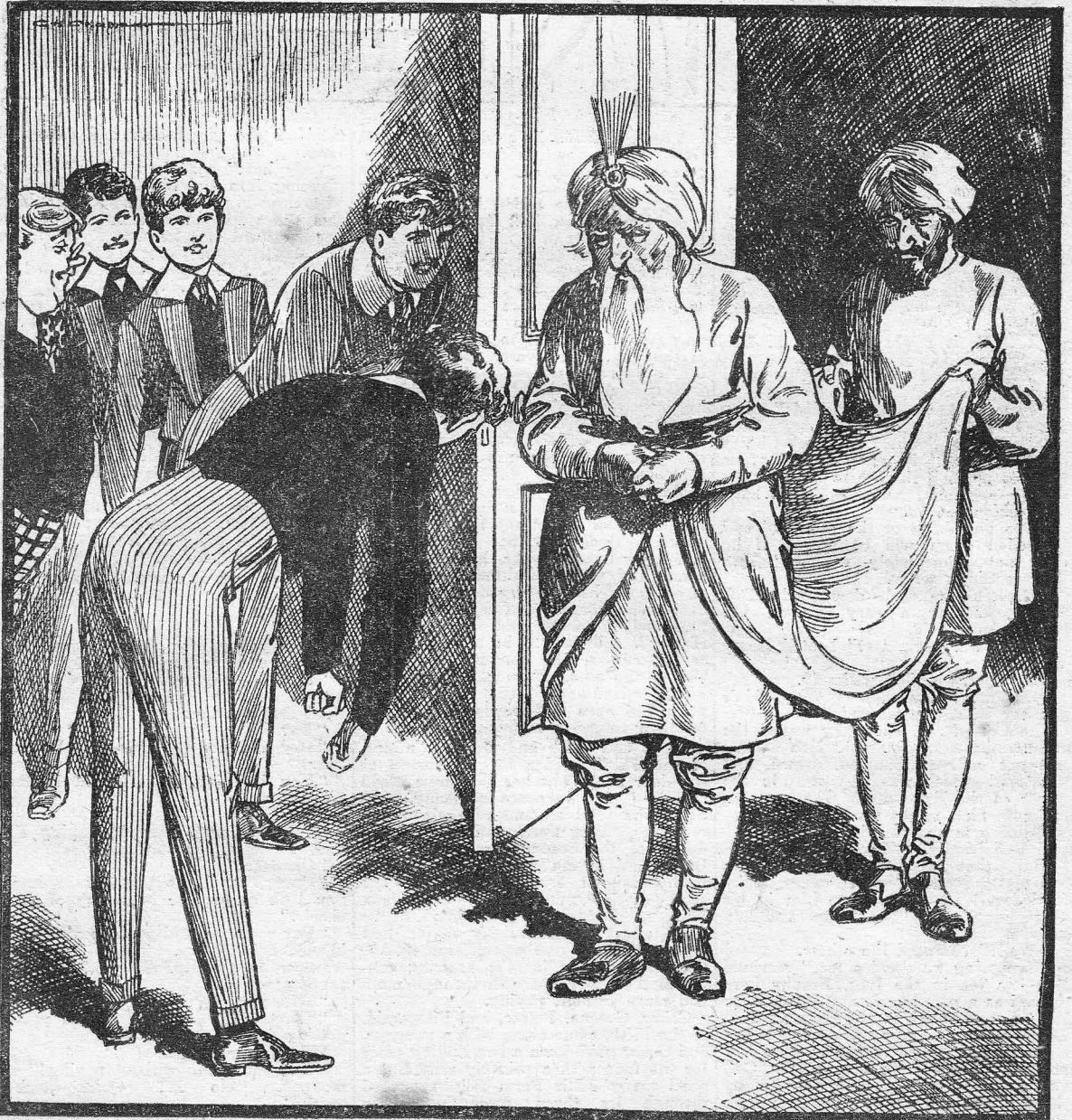


The POPULAR

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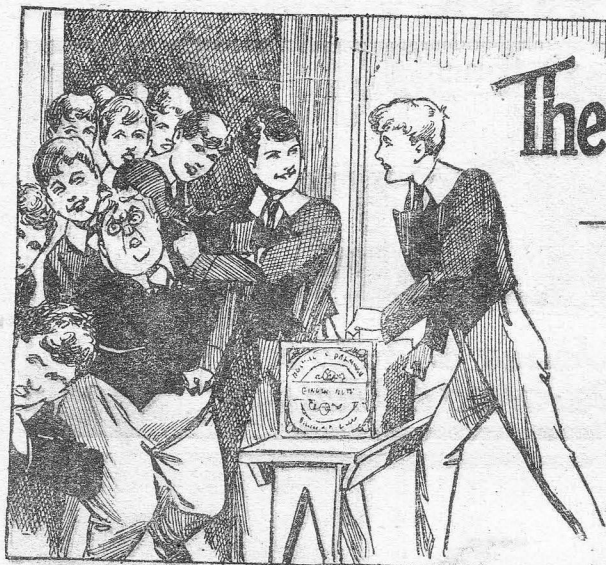
Stories, Jokes & Pictures

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



WELCOMING THE PALMIST!

(An exciting incident from the long, complete story of Greyfriars in this issue.)



The Greyfriars Palmist.

A Magnificent Long Complete Story of the Early Schooldays of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER! A Great Idea.

"I THINK it might work."

Thus Bob Cherry, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

He was sitting in Study No. 1, and in the study were Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur. They were all reading except Bob Cherry, who was gazing moodily out of the study window.

"I think it might work," said Bob Cherry again, as if to himself.

"What might work, ass?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Bunter—if he was pushed?" suggested Frank Nugent.

"No! The wheeze," said Bob Cherry dreamily. "All it wants is two of us to dress up, and the others to work the doing—Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the cushion for, Inky?"

"The bifffulness of the esteemed and fatheaded chum will be terrific if he does not immediately explain," said Hurree Singh softly.

"Explain what?" demanded Bob Cherry, keeping a wary eye on the cushion Inky held.

"What will work, ass?" hooted Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry smiled patiently. "Oh, that!" he said. "Why didn't you say what you wanted?"

The Co. glared, and Inky waved the cushion threateningly. But Bob Cherry was not collared, bumped, drawn, and quartered—which was what was in the minds of the Removites. They wanted to know what might work.

"Just a means of raising the wind," said Bob hastily. "Look here, you remember that palmist chap who was in Friardale recently, and whom Inky bowled out by speaking to him in his own lingo, and the chap couldn't answer?"

"Well?" chorused the others.

"Supposing we stood a tea," resumed Bob—"a tea in the Rag, Franky here dressed as a palmist, charge sixpence for the tea, and chuck in the palm-reading. Might make a bit of profit on the food."

The others looked at one another and nodded. Funds were low in the Co., and any scheme was welcome whereby the much-needed cash could be raised. Bob's idea sounded all right. He meant to make a profit by standing a big tea in the Rag, and charging only sixpence a time. On the basis that quantity and

not quality would be required, and that the greater the number served the greater the profit, Bob's idea was likely to pay.

Then, with the added inducement of a real live palmist, half Greyfriars would roll in!

The idea was taken up, and a notice to the effect posted on the notice-board. The success of the scheme seemed assured a few minutes afterwards, for everybody seemed to make up their minds on the instant to attend the feed in the Rag. Mauleverer obligingly lent the capital required.

Next day the fellows commenced pouring into the Rag at a great speed. The Removites turned up in full force, and Billy Bunter was the first to get in without paying the sixpence demanded as entrance fee.

More and more fellows came in, but it was surprising what a number of them had forgotten to put any money in their pockets. Snoop and Stott and Trevor, and a good many more, had no cash in hand, and were admitted "on tick" after much heated argument. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, calmly proffered a five-pound note to be changed, and had to be admitted free, as, of course, the juniors could not change the note. Fags galore came up, taking advantage of the offer of half-price, but even half-price was too much for their resources in many instances.

Paget and Tabb and Bolsover minor, of the Third, held a long argument at the door as to whether the three could come in for fivepence-halfpenny, that being the total amount of their united resources. They were admitted. Nugent minor of the Second came along with Gatty and Myers of that Form, and boldly claimed free admission on the score of his relationship with Frank Nugent. Bunter minor claimed to be admitted free because his major had been. And the rush was getting thicker and thicker, and in the growing confusion the doorkeepers let through more and more without paying.

Coker, Greene, Potter, and Fitzgerald, of the Fifth, came along with a swagger, and Coker paid down a two-shilling piece for the four with a princely air. But a good many Fifth Form fellows pushed through by sheer strength, calmly smiling as if it was an excellent joke. The Remove committee did not see the joke, but the seniors did, and they laughed over it very much as they

attacked the ginger-beer and cake and tarts.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, glancing into the biscuit-tin, where he was throwing his takings. "I think this will work out at about a penny a head, instead of a tanner. Hallo, hallo, hallo! Sixpence, please, Dutton."

Dutton of the Remove looked at him inquiringly, with his hand to his ear. Dutton had the misfortune of being deaf; or, as Ogilvy had described it, the Remove had the misfortune of Dutton being deaf.

"Did you speak, Cherry?" asked Dutton.

"Sixpence, please!"

"Nonsense!"

"Eh?"

"I say nonsense," said Dutton testily. "It's impossible in this warm weather."

"What?"

"I may be deaf," said Dutton, "but I'm not a fool. What's the good of telling me it's going to freeze, you ass? What do you take me for?"

"I didn't say it was going to freeze!" shrieked Bob. "I said sixpence, please!"

"Eh?"

"Will you pay up, you chump?"

"Play up! What do you mean?"

"Pay up—pay up! Sixpence! Pay up, I said!" roared Bob Cherry. "Admission a tanner."

"Eh?"

"Pay sixpence to come in. Do you hear?"

"You insulting beast!" said Dutton, turning red.

"What?"

"What do you mean by saying I'm queer?" demanded Dutton.

"Oh dear!"

"Queer, am I? I'll jolly soon make you look queer if I have any of your cheek!"

"Pay sixpence, and you can come in!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Saw me coming, did you? Well, I suppose you did."

"Will you pay?"

"What did I say? I suppose you're getting deaf?"

Bob Cherry gasped.

"You can go in without paying!" he moaned. "Go in! Quick—quick—quick!"

"Not so thick as yours," said Dutton.

"Eh?"

"My head's jolly well not so thick as yours, and chance it," said Dutton;

"and if you say my head's thick, I'll give you a thick ear."

"Will you make room for the other chaps to come in?"

"Eh?"

"Will you get out of the doorway?"

Biff!

Dutton landed out with his right, and Bob Cherry sat down on the floor quite suddenly. He roared.

"You blessed ass! You dangerous lunatic! What do you mean?"

"I'll teach you to say I've been brought up in a poor way!" said Dutton furiously.

"Oh dear! Kill him, somebody!"

Bolsover seized Dutton and dragged him into the room, and pushed him in. It was worth untold gold to get him off the spot, let alone sixpence. Bob Cherry rose to his feet, rubbing his nose. Dutton had punched him under a misapprehension, and Bob refrained from dusting the floor with him. While he was on the floor several cheerful Fourth-Formers had pushed in without paying.

The crowd in the Rag was thickening. Nearly all the lower Forms were there, and a good sprinkling of seniors, and Loder and Carne of the Sixth had come in without paying. It was a quarter-past six by this time, and the audience were beginning to shout for the palmist.

There was a sound of wheels in the Close at half-past six.

"Here comes the giddy palmist!" exclaimed Temple of the Fourth, looking out of the window of the Rag.

"Hurray!"

All eyes were turned upon the door. The audience were all in now, excepting a few stragglers who intended to come in later when the door was unguarded. Bob Cherry opened the door wide, and admitted the great man.

There was a buzz of interest and excitement from the crowd in the Rag.

It was Mirza Khan at last!

He was not tall, but he was portly. Ample robes trailed round him as he walked. His face was of a dark bronze colour, and the lower half of it was hidden by a flowing white beard, which gave him a very venerable aspect.

His eyebrows were white, but very thick, and there was a turban coiled upon his head, beneath which escaped wisps of white hair.

There was no doubt that Mirza Khan, the Moonshee from far-off India, was very imposing. Behind him, bearing the train of his robe, was another bronze-faced Hindu, also bearded, and clad in Oriental garb.

He bore Mirza Khan's train with great solemnity, keeping step with him as he advanced into the room.

On the threshold Mirza Khan paused, and inclined his turbaned head.

"Salaam, sahib!"

Harry Wharton bowed almost to the floor in response.

"Salaam!"

Then he led Mirza Khan to his seat.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Wonderful Palmist!

MIRZA KHAN sat down in the large armchair, which had been specially placed for him with its back to the light. His attendant stood beside him, with a face of fixed gravity.

The Greyfriars fellows gathered round with a buzz of interest. The sideboard had been swept almost clean by this time, and the fellows were prepared to give their attention to palmistry.

Billy Bunter was still seeking what he might devour, but the rest of the fellows gathered round the great Moonshee.

Harry Wharton raised his hand.

"Gentlemen, I present Mirza Khan, the great Moonshee, to you! Gentlemen who wish to have their palms read will kindly walk up in turn."

There was a momentary hesitation on the part of the Greyfriars fellows. Exclamations such as "Go it, Russell!" "Buck up, Ogilvy!" "Your turn first, Tubby!" could be heard, but no one came forward for some moments. Then Coker of the Fifth came up with a swagger, and held out his hand.

"I know it's a swindle," he remarked. "I've seen palmists before."

The Khan looked at him steadily under his white eyebrows.

"I don't believe he's a Hindu at all," said Coker cheerfully.

"Ko kam lug poke rug!" muttered the Moonshee in a deep voice.

"Hurree Singh!"

"Inky!"

"Where's Inky?"

"I am here, my worthy chums," purred the Nabob of Bhanipur softly. "What is the esteemed wantfulness?"

"Talk to this chap in your giddy lingo," said Coker. "Show him up, the same as you did the swindler in Friar-dale."

"The readyfulness is terrific."

"Well, pitch it to him."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh grinned and "pitched" it to him as requested.

"Ap kah mizai aj kaisah hai?" he asked. Which, in the Urdu tongue of Hindustan, is equivalent to "How do you do to-day?"

"Ki ko mum pokeylokey coop!" replied the Khan in a language which would have amazed anybody in Hindustan more than even it amazed the Greyfriars fellows.

"Kya kahte hoh?" exclaimed the nabob.

"Pokey lum tum tooral-pop!"

"Ap-rah min bahut ihсан mand hoon," said the nabob, with a bow.

And the Khan bowed, and said:

"Koko loko wop."

"Is it all right?" demanded Coker, rather crestfallen. "What did you say to him last, Inky?"

"I remarked that I was muchfully obliged to him."

"Looks genuine, I must say," said Greene.

And, indeed, the Greyfriars fellows were all very much impressed. There was no doubt that the Nabob of Bhanipur had spoken in genuine Hindustani, and as he was the only fellow there who could speak the language, there was no telling in what kind of Hindustani the Khan had replied.

"Well, read my fist," said Coker, with an air of incredulity still.

"Tell him the past and convince him, O Moonshee," said Harry Wharton.

The Moonshee gazed dreamily at the Fifth-Former's large palm.

"Koko loko toko poke kum andysam jam."

"What does he mean?" said Coker in amazement.

"Translate, Inky!"

"Can't the chap talk English himself?" demanded Coker.

"Ask him!"

"Do you speak English, Mucky Khan?"

"Koko stoney pony hop."

"That is not English, my worthy chums," said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "But I will urge him to speak in the noble language of the esteemed Chaucer and Shakespeare."

And he rattled on in rapid Hindustani. The Khan nodded.

"Be it so!" he said in English in a deep voice.

"Well, tell my giddy fortune," said Coker.

"Ah! I see lines—lines—many lines!" murmured the Moonshee. "The past is written here! The young sahib has passed up from a lower Form, without having been able to do the work required."

Coker jumped, and the other fellows stared. It was well-known at Greyfriars that Coker had been put up from the Shell into the Fifth because he was really too big to be in the Shell any longer, and couldn't be kept there, especially with his aunt writing to the Head about it every other week. The Fifth-Formers made a common joke of the stock of learning Coker had brought with him from the Shell. Coker turned very red.

"On the ball first time," remarked Bland of the Fifth.

"Oh, shut up!" said Coker. "Go on, Murky Pan!"

Mirza Khan went on dreamily.

"Ah! I read here—the sahib is somewhat inclined to be a bully. He often attempts to make sport of others, and is made sport of himself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He has much money, and in consequence he has friends who allow him to play cricket with them, and laugh at his jokes, which otherwise are matters to be wept at!"

Coker snatched his hand away amid a roar of laughter.

"I've had enough of this rot," growled Coker. "I told you it was a swindle!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see any swindle there," said Hobson of the Shell. "He seems to me to have you down fine."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Next man in!" said Wharton.

Fisher T. Fish of the Remove submitted a very bony hand. The Moonshee regarded it with his dreamy gaze.

"I see a wide ocean—a ship—and a boy crossing the sea," he murmured. "The young sahib came in a ship from a far-off barbarous country."

The crowd shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish jerked his hand away with a frown.

"It's right about the ship and the sea," he exclaimed. "But I guess you're off the track with the rest of it. The Yu-nited States is the top mark in civilisation, I guess—right at the top notch, sir! You hear me!"

"Jevver get left, Fishy?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Next man in," said Wharton. "Roll Bunter over here."

Billy Bunter was forcibly dragged away from the last remnant of cake. He put out a jammy hand for the palmist's inspection, and the Moonshee took care not to touch it.

"I say, you fellows, I don't believe in this rot, you know," said Bunter.

"Ah! You are fond of eating and drinking," said the Moonshee. "You will eat anything, careless of whom it belongs to."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You talk much on the subject of remittances which you expect—but the remittances do not come. You boast of titled friends whom you do not possess."

"He's got Bunter all right," remarked Temple of the Fourth.

"Oh, really, it's a swindle—"

Bunter jerked himself away from detaining hands, and rolled back to the sideboard. He did not want to have his character told any further.

"Try me!" said Loder of the Sixth.

The Khan scanned his hand.

"Ah, you are a bully of smaller boys! You hold an official position in the school—"

"That's right; he's a prefect!" said Carne, grinning.

"You abuse your authority in dealing with younger boys. Once you came very near being expelled from the school; you had a narrow escape!"

"My hat!" said Coker. "There's something in it!"

Loder scowled.

"I don't want my character!" he said roughly. "Tell me the past!"

The Khan looked very dreamily.

"I see an unhappy home," he said. "I see a father troubled by the disobedience and the wilful blackguardism of his son!"

The Greyfriars fellows exchanged wondering glances. Half the school knew that Loder had trouble with his father at home, and knew the reason. Loder turned crimson.

"He's guessing, and those kids have put him up to this!" he growled. "Let's have some of the facts. How old was I when I came to school?"

"That I cannot tell. You may have been in this school for five years."

"True!" said Carne.

"What Form did I enter in?" asked Loder.

"The Third."

"And when shall I leave?"

"That I cannot tell. But unless you change your habits I see disgrace—deep disgrace—even prison looming ahead for you!"

Loder strode away furiously.

Fellows were coming up eagerly now to have their palms read, convinced by this time that the Moonshee Mirza Khan knew something of his business. And he amazed them more and more by telling them their past.

Micky Desmond heard with astonishment that he lived in County Derry, that he had three sisters, and a brother in the Army, and a brother at sea. All of which statements were in strict accordance with the facts.

Temple of the Fourth was told that he was captain of the Form, that he was ambitious to become a great cricketer, and that his eldest sister had recently become a Suffragette. And Temple retired, looking almost frightened at the uncanny knowledge of the Moonshee.

Fry, indeed, suggested that the Moonshee might have been primed with information before he came. But that hypothesis did not hold water, because the Moonshee was not given their names when they consulted him. And as he was a stranger to all of them, how was he to know which was which, if he had been told things about them beforehand?

Evidently the Moonshee was drawing the knowledge he showed out of his own inner consciousness, or else reading it in the palms of their hands.

Some of the fags looked quite nervous at approaching the Moonshee; but Bolsover minor of the Third came up at last, and gave the palmist a somewhat grubby paw.

Mirza Khan examined it.

"Ah, the line of life is very straggling!" he murmured. "You have changed your residence many times. I see a city street, a railway-station, a slum! You have been very poor, owing to having lost your parents, but—yes—your father is living, and he found you again after many years, and then you were well provided for."

"My 'at!" said Bolsover minor, in amazement.

"Ah, you have run away from school and returned to your old life in the slum!" said the Moonshee. "But again you have been found and brought back."

"My word!"

"True enough!" said Paget. "He's got you down all right, Billy!"

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"My only 'at!" said Bolsover minor in amazement.

It was evident that the Moonshee knew what he was talking about. More and more of the fellows came up and had their palms read, and the amazement grew.

The Moonshee knew something about all of them. His ideas of the future seemed more hazy than his knowledge of the past; but that was really wonderful, since, if he had been inventing, he could easily have invented forecastings for the unknown future, while how was he to guess the past?

And some of his revelations of the past were not complimentary. As when he told Coker so many plain facts, and when he told Temple that he was in rivalry with a lower Form who always got the better of him, and when he told Hoskins of the Shell that he was a producer of fearful noises upon instruments—Hoskins being an amateur musician.

But although the victims did not always agree that the Moonshee had the facts correctly, the fellows listening always agreed that they were all right. And, indeed, there were many things that the fellows themselves did not dispute, as the Moonshee's statements to Lord Mauleverer that he was a millionaire and a titled fellow, and that he had a motor-car of his own, and that he spent his last holiday at Blackpool.

The amazement grew, and the crowd in the Rag looked upon the Moonshee with something like terror as he continued his uncanny revelations.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, came in, hearing that something unusual was on, and he frowned a little as he saw what it was.

"It's only an entertainment, Wingate, old man," said Harry Wharton. "We're not charging for the palmistry, and captains of the school are admitted free of charge."

Wingate laughed.

"Let the Moonshee tell your hand, Wingate," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the Greyfriars captain.

But there was a chorus at once that confirmed the wondrous powers of the Moonshee.

"Try him, Wingate!"

"Oh, all right!" said the captain of Greyfriars good-humouredly.

And he gave the grave-featured Moonshee a big, tanned hand. Mirza Khan

took it in his bronzed fingers, and scanned the lines upon it.

"Well, what sort of a chap am I?" asked Wingate, smiling.

"Great sportsman," said the Khan, bowing. "The young sahib excels at the cricket game, and—yes, I see it—last week one day the young sahib made a century at the wicket!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Wingate, in surprise.

"There you are, Wingate!"

"He can read the past as sure as a gun!"

"Yesterday you caned a junior in your study," said the Moonshee dreamily. "Now you are in doubt about making changes in the First Eleven."

"Great Scott!"

"You have given lines to several members of the Remove Form, but these lines you will not ask for; you will pardon them instead."

"Oh, shall I?" said Wingate, as he walked away, smiling.

"Any more hands?" asked Harry Wharton, looking round.

Several more fellows came up.

Vernon-Smith heard some most unpleasant truths about himself, and retired, scowling; and Snoop received a character that everybody but Snoop said was exact.

Snoop had just retired, gritting his teeth, when a figure in cap and gown appeared in the doorway, and the deep voice of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was heard.

"What is going on here?"

"Oh!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Just our luck!"

And the Form-master strode into the Rag.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Too Sharp!

MR. QUELCH surveyed the scene with amazement.

He stared hard at Mirza Khan and his brown-faced assistant, both of whom showed signs of uneasiness under his piercing gaze.

Mr. Quelch's eyes were popularly supposed to resemble gimlets, from their piercing qualities, and never had they seemed so like gimlets as now.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Quelch.

Wharton hesitated. He had intended to "spoon" the whole school with the Moonshee Mirza Khan, and he had done it. But he had not thought of spoofing the masters; but now it looked as if that would have to be done, too, or else the whole show given away at once.

"If—if you please, sir, it's an entertainment," he stammered.

"What sort of an entertainment?"

"Palmistry, sir!" said Snoop quickly.

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Who is this man?"

The Moonshee looked at him.

"Kam ram loko koko pip!" he said.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Loko koko pop anypandy wop!"

"What does he say?"

"The respect of the teacher sahib is due to the wise man of the East!" said the Moonshee, with dignity. "I am the Moonshee Mirza Khan!"

"If you are a palmist, you cannot expect me to treat you with respect, and you should not have come here imposing upon the credulity of these boys!" said Mr. Quelch bluntly.

"But he's genuine, sir!" came an eager chorus.

"Nonsense!" said the Remove-master brusquely.

"He is, and he's proved it, sir!"

"He can tell the past, sir!"

"The tellfulness of the honourable past is terrific!"

**FERRERS LORD!
CHING LUNG!
GAN WAGA!
PROUT & CO.!**

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starts very shortly in

THE POPULAR

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

"Try him, sir!"
 "Nonsense, I say!" said Mr. Quelch sharply.

"Give me your hand, sahib!" said Mirza Khan, with dignity. "Kam ko loko pap—Let me see the hand of the august teacher sahib!"

"Do, sir!" said Loder, who was not averse to learning any little secrets there might be in Mr. Quelch's past. "Let him try, sir; it's only fair before condemning him!"

"He certainly could not tell me the past, as he is unacquainted with me," said the Remove-master. "To prove it to you, boys, I will let him try. There is my hand, sir!"

Mr. Quelch held his hand out. The Khan scanned the lines upon it with great gravity.

"Ah! A learned sahib—a very learned sahib!" he murmured. Mr. Quelch's lip curled.

"Two years since—nearly two years."

"It is correct!"

"The sahib was laid up with a cold afterwards."

"True."

"Water—more water!" murmured the Khan, scanning the lined palm. "The sahib crossed the sea once more very lately."

Mr. Quelch looked bewildered.

"It is true that I spent the last vacation in Holland," he said.

"The sahib arrived home late for his duties, and for the first day of the term his class was taken by another master."

"Dear me!"

"All true, sir!" chorused the delighted juniors.

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon the Khan.

"Quite true," he said. "So true, that there must be something in palmistry, or—"

"Is he in disguise?" shouted Loder.

"Certainly he is!"

"My hat!"

"The fraud!"

"It's a joke!"

Loder strode forward. Before a hand could be raised to stop him, he had jerked at the Moonshree's beard and eyebrows and turban.

All of them came off together.

A curly head was revealed, and features destitute of any hirsute adornment.

There was a roar!

In spite of the make-up, the features and the curly flaxen hair were enough to give the unfortunate Moonshree away.

"Nugent!"

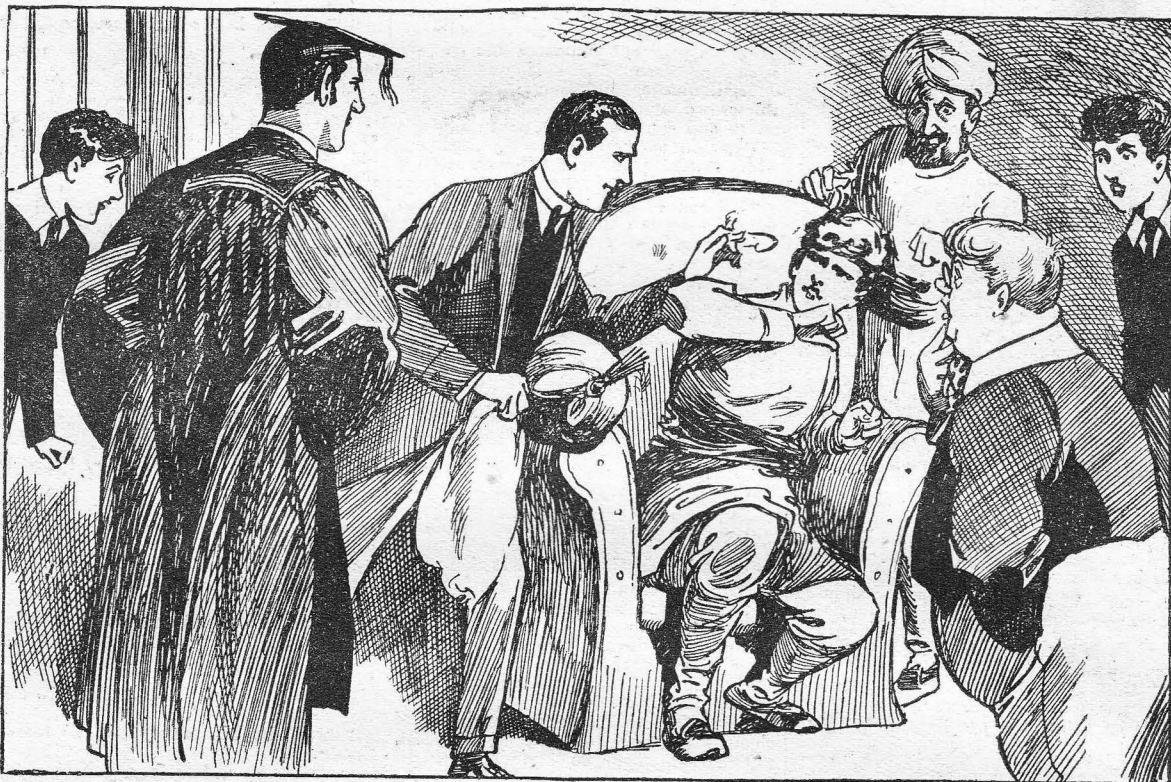
"Nugent of the Remove!"

"You fraud!"

"You awful spoofer!"

"My hat!" gasped Nugent. "I mean—"

—ki ko kam loko poko—



Loder strode forward. Before a hand could be raised to stop him, he had jerked at the Moonshree's beard and eyebrows and turban. All of them came off together. A curly head was revealed, and the features of Frank Nugent. There was a shout from the juniors. "Nugent of the Remove!" "You Fraud!" (See Chapter 3.)

"I do not want any flattery!" he said. "But it's true, sir!" ventured Wharton.

"A very learned sahib!" murmured the Khan. "I see the quiet stream, I see the green banks, I see the old college buildings."

"It is hardly difficult to guess that a Form-master at a public school is probably a University man," said Mr. Quelch.

"That is not all. Ah! What do I see here? The sahib has once had a narrow escape from drowning."

Mr. Quelch started.

All Greyfriars knew that he had been upset in a holiday trip once in the Channel Islands; but how did Mirza Khan know it?

"Have I told the sahib true?"
 "Yes, that is true," said Mr. Quelch slowly. "Can you tell me when it happened?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Or else this gentleman knows the affairs of the school," said Mr. Quelch calmly, his keen eyes still fixed upon the bronze face of Mirza Khan. "And the next time he sets up as a Hindu and a palmist, I should recommend him to fix his eyebrows on more firmly, so that the left one does not come partly off and betray him."

The Moonshree's hand went up instantly to his left eyebrow, before he had time to think.

Mr. Quelch smiled grimly.

There was a buzz of amazement from the crowd in the Rag. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances of dismay.

"Game's up!" murmured Bob Cherry, sotto voce.

"The upfulness of the honourable game is terrific!"

"I—I say—" stammered the Khan.

"I mean, the noble sahib—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Toko poko socks clocks mangy wangy pang pop—"

"Shut up, you ass!" roared Vernon-Smith. "Do you think we believe that's Hindustani now—now that we know you're Nugent?"

"Faith, and it's a fraud intoirly!"

"Gimme my money back!" said Bunter.

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Wharton, if this is an absurd joke, I have nothing more to say about the matter. But if it is worse than that, I shall take a very serious view of it. Have you been charging money for this palmistry?"

Harry Wharton turned very red.

"No, sir; we charged sixpence each for the feed, but as a matter of fact, what we've had works out at about a penny a time, and we are losing money

on it. But even if the fellows had all paid up as we expected, the palmistry was over and above."

"I gave my services free, sir!" said Mirza Khan.

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Well, I'm glad of that," he said.

"However—"

"Money back!" howled Snoop.

"To prevent any kind of unpleasantness, you had better give the money back to all the boys who demand it," said Mr. Quelch. "If you are then out of pocket, it will be a punishment for having played an absurd joke upon your schoolfellows."

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

And Mr. Quelch stalked out of the Rag. Nugent and Tom Brown exchanged glances, and followed him. A roar of derision followed the two unfortunate Hindu gentlemen. Nugent turned in the doorway and glared.

"Ki ko kam jam!" he roared. "Go and eat coke! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get out!"

"Fraud!"

"Yah!"

And the great Moonshee Mirza Khan disappeared.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

"Pay Up!"

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were surrounded by an excited crowd. There was a roar of voices in the Rag.

Loder and the other fellows who had heard unpleasant truths about themselves were on the warpath now. And Coker & Co. were simply wild at being taken in. In fact, all the fellows were decidedly "wrathful."

There was a roar.

"Give us our money back!"

Many of the fellows took the matter as a joke. But quite a crowd surged round Harry Wharton & Co., demanding the return of the admission fees.

Wharton raised his voice above the din. Study No. 1's scheme of raising money had proved expensive already, and it seemed likely to involve them in further losses.

"Look here, you fellows!" shouted Wharton. "You've had your tea, and you can't say it wasn't worth a tanner! Could you get as much at Mrs. Mimble's for sixpence?"

"That ain't the point!" said Snoop.

"I want my money back!"

"You didn't pay to come in, Snoop!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Yes, I did!"

"You didn't!"

"I did!"

"So did I!" said Bunter. "You remember changing a shilling for me, Bob Cherry."

Bob Cherry gasped.

"Why, you—you— A dozen fellows saw you come in on the nod!" he yelled.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Pay up!"

"Money back!"

"Hand it out!"

Harry Wharton brought out the cash-box. At least half the fellows in the room were demanding their money back; but certainly not more than a third of them had paid for admission, and very few had paid the full sixpence. But Snoop & Co. saw an easy way of making sixpence apiece, and the other fellows regarded it as a ripping joke to make the Famous Four shell out. The excitement and the din were terrific, and it looked as if the chums of the Remove were in danger of being mobbed.

"Money back!"

"Pay up!"

"Bump them!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 132.

"Money back! Pay up! Money back!"

"Come one at a time, and have your money back," said Wharton desperately.

"It's rotten! You know you've had more than a tanner's worth each. The grub cost us four pounds!"

"That's not my business," said Loder. "Give me my sixpence!"

"You came in without paying!"

"Give me my sixpence!" roared the bully of the Sixth.

"You'll have to pay everybody in the room, and serve you jolly well right!" said Coker. "Like your cheek, spoofing the school in this way!"

"Lend us a few golden guineas, then, Coker!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Coker turned very red.

Harry Wharton began to pay out. Whether they had paid for admission or not, and whatever amount they had paid, quite a crowd of fellows insisted upon the return of full money, and the tide was against the hapless entertainers. Wharton paid out sixpences and coppers from the cashbox till it was empty. Indeed, Bunter and Snoop mingled in the crowd and came twice, and in the hurry and confusion were paid double.

Wharton showed the empty cashbox, while a score or more of fellows were still waiting for their money back.

"All gone!" he said. "You've done in the lot, and we shall have to pay four pounds for the grub out of our own pockets!"

"Money back!" roared Coker.

"Pay up!"

"We're waiting!"

"But there's no more money!" yelled Wharton.

"Yah! Pay up!"

"Money back!"

Lord Mauleverer came to the rescue. He passed a handful of small silver into Harry Wharton's hand.

"Pile in, my dear fellow," he said.

"It's all right, begad!"

"Thanks, old man!"

And with the aid of that contribution from Lord Mauleverer, Harry Wharton succeeded in paying off the last claimants.

Then the crowd, hooting and yelling, departed from the Rag, most of them making their way to the tuckshop to celebrate the discomfiture of the Famous Four with ginger-beer.

The chums of the Remove gazed at one another dolefully.

Frank Nugent came in, washed and clean, and in his ordinary clothes. His indignation knew no bounds when he learned what had happened.

"The rotters!" he exclaimed. "They had a good tea! What did they want for their tanner, I wonder?"

"It isn't what they wanted, but what they didn't want," grinned Bob Cherry. "They didn't want to be spoofed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And some of 'em had the money back twice over, and lots had it who didn't pay to come in," said Johnny Bull dismally. "It's the biggest frost I ever heard of. We've been done in the eye all along the line!"

"The donefulness was terrific!"

"Bunter was paid twice or three times," said Bob Cherry. "He—Hullo, hullo, hullo! There he is again!"

The Owl of the Remove came in.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Get out!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I want my money back!"

The Remove entertainers glared.

"You want what?" gasped Bob.

"Money back!" said Bunter, blinking at him. "My sixpence, you know! In the hurry you missed me, you know, owing to my delicacy in not pushing forward—"

"You fat fraud!" roared Bob Cherry. "You were paid twice over, if not three times!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Bob Cherry made a rush at the fat junior. Billy Bunter whirled round and fled for the door. Just as he reached it, Bob Cherry reached him, and Bunter rose gracefully in the air on Bob Cherry's boot. There was the sound of a crash in the passage outside, and a wild yell.

"Ow! Beast! Yow!"

Bob Cherry slammed the door.

"Now, what about profits and losses?" said Johnny Bull. "How much have we made out of Cherry's gorgeous idea?"

"More like, how much have the Remove fellows made out of us?" growled Wharton. "There's none of the takings left, and I've borrowed a pound extra of Mauleverer to pay up the chaps who wanted their money back."

"Phew!"

"The grub, in the first place, cost four pounds—"

"My hat!"

"So we can work it out all right," said Nugent. "Expenses—four pounds for grub, and one pound for refunding expenses, and five shillings for the cab for Mirza Khan. Five pounds five shillings. Profits, nil!"

"Grooh!"

"Total loss, five pounds five shillings, of which five quid is owing to old Mauly, and goodness knows when he'll get it—I don't!"

Harry Wharton laughed ruefully.

"Well, he'll have to have it!" he said.

"We'll write to our paters and uncles and aunts and things, and raise all we can, and make up the rest out of our pocket-money, so much a week. It's got to be paid up, and at once! And—and if you suggest any more ripping ways of making money, Bob, we'll take you out and drown you!"

To which the rest of the Co. heartily assented.

The Famous Four, with rueful countenances, left the Rag, to get those urgent letters home written. A yell from the other fellows greeted them as they emerged into public view.

"Yah!"

"When's the next entertainment?"

"I say, you fellows, you really ought to let me have my tanner back, you know!" said Billy Bunter pathetically. "I'm hungry, and I can't afford to lose the money. I—"

"Give him his money back!" roared Snoop.

"Oh, come to the study!" growled Nugent. "We shall never hear the end of it! I know that! If you start any more entertainment wheezes, Wharton, you can leave me out of them!"

"I!" exclaimed Wharton wrathfully.

"Why, you—"

"Oh, don't argue, for goodness' sake!"

Wharton burst into a laugh.

"Well, it's been a frost, and no mistake!" he said. "But there's no need to rag about it. The fellows will drop the subject when they find something else to jaw about. Let's go up to the study and write home!"

And they did. The evening post took away from Greyfriars more than a dozen letters, all urgently impressing upon parents and guardians and relations of all sorts the necessity for immediate remittances. Which was not the result the Famous Four had anticipated from their little jape in Spoofing the School.

(Another splendid long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "The Great Fish Puzzle!" next week.)

THE END.

TRICKED BY FATE!

By Owen Conquest

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

A Splendid Long Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & CO., the Chums of Rookwood.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Morny Resigns

"TROT in, Morny!"

Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Rookwood Fourth, was sitting on the corner of the table in the end study, needle and thread in hand, repairing a rent in a pink-and-white blazer.

He looked up and nodded cordially as Mornington of the Fourth looked in. Jimmy's manner was very friendly.

It was quite a new thing for Jimmy Silver to be friendly with the dandy of the Fourth, but Mornington had held out the olive branch, and Jimmy, with his usual cheery good temper, had been willing to meet him half-way.

And Morny, who had given up breaking bounds, and smoking in the study with Lattrey and Peele and the other "nuts"—at least, for the present—was quite a new character just now.

Jimmy Silver hoped that the change in him would last, and the Nuts of Rookwood hoped precisely the reverse. There was certainly no felling. Morny was never quite reliable.

There was a cloud on Morny's brow as he lounged into the study.

"Mendin' your clothes—what?" he asked, staring at the blazer in Jimmy's hands.

"Exactly!"

"By' gad!"

Jimmy Silver went cheerfully on with his mending. He could not afford to be so extravagant in clothes, or in anything else, as the wealthy Morny. And he did not want to be.

Mornington's lip curled for a moment, Jimmy affecting not to observe it. He did not want to quarrel with Mornington.

"Well, about the Bagshot match this afternoon?" said Mornington abruptly.

"All serene! We're starting immediately after dinner," said Jimmy. "Don't tell me you're not fit."

"I'm as fit as a fiddle!"

"Good!"

"I suppose you'd miss me a lot if I stood out of the team?" said Mornington sarcastically.

Jimmy Silver looked up.

"I've put you in the team, Mornington, because you can bowl, and we want bowlers," he said. "I think you can be stood in the eleven because you seem to have got over your swank a good deal. But if you want to get out I can replace you easily enough."

"I don't want to get out!"

"That's all right, then. You'll come to Bagshot with us," said Jimmy more

amiably. "I rather fancy we shall pull it off this afternoon. Three bowlers like you and Errol and my humble self will rather surprise Pankley & Co."

"I've looked in to tell you I can't come, after all."

"Oh!"

"I'm sorry!" said Mornington.

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed. He had half expected some "rot" from Mornington on the eve of the match. It was exactly like old Morny to work his way into the junior eleven, and throw it over like this at the last minute.

Jimmy dug the needle savagely into the blazer.

"I was an ass to think of trusting you," he said. "This is just like you, Morny. Another engagement, I suppose?"

"Yes!"

"And it's turned up since your name was put down for the eleven?"

"Yes."

"And you're not coming to Bagshot?"

"I can't!"

"Go and eat coke, then!" snapped Jimmy Silver. "Keep your precious engagement. What is it? Billiards at the Bird-in-Hand?"

"No!"

"Banker in Lattrey's study—what?" growled Jimmy Silver.

"No!"

"Well, I don't care a rap what it is! Buzz off and don't bother!"

Mornington gritted his teeth.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome came into the end study before he could reply.

"Finished that rag, Jimmy?" asked Lovell.

"Just'on."

"It's close on dinner. Hallo, Morny!"

Mornington did not speak.

"You fellows haven't been rowing?" said Lovell, glancing from one to the other. "I thought rows were off now Morny's taken up cricket and joined the eleven."

"Morny's resigned his place!" snapped Jimmy. "He won't be playing against Bagshot this afternoon."

"Isn't that just like him?" exclaimed Lovell, in tones of exasperation. "Right at the last minute. Oswald's gone home for the afternoon. He'd have stayed if he'd known. Morny couldn't tell you before, of course. Just one of his old tricks!"

"Look here——" began Mornington savagely.

"Oh, ring off!" exclaimed Lovell.

"What are you resigning for? Has somebody come between the wind and your nobility? Did you expect Jimmy to

lick your shoes, and the rest of the team to bow down and worship? Br-r-r-r!"

"Did you expect to be kowtowed to, you swanking ass?" said Raby in tones of deep contempt.

"Or did you want to leave the team in the lurch by sticking out at the last minute?" snapped Newcome. "You'll have to play another Modern chap, Jimmy."

"I'll find somebody," said Jimmy. "And I shall know better than to trust Morny again!"

"Does that mean that I'm out of the team for good?" sneered Mornington.

"Yes, it does!"

"I should jolly well say so!" exclaimed Lovell indignantly. "How often do you expect to be able to play tricks like that? Do you want us all to go down on our knees and beg you to play?"

"That's it!" growled Raby. "We've got to be jolly civil, and then the dear fellow will condescend to play, after all! I'd rather kick him out of the eleven myself!"

Lovell threw the door open wide.

"There's your way, Morny, and be glad you don't get a boot behind you to help you out!"

Mornington looked furiously at the Fistical Four of the Fourth. His hands were clenched hard.

"You confounded cheeky cads——" he broke out fiercely.

"That's enough! Get out, or——"

"Or what?" sneered Mornington.

"Or you'll be put out!"

"Put me out, then, you cad, if you think you can do it," said Mornington between his teeth.

"What-ho!"

Edward Arthur Lovell was not slow to accept the challenge. He ran straight at the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington met him fiercely enough.

Lovell grasped him, receiving, without heeding, two or three savage blows, and swung him through the doorway.

There was a crash as Mornington landed in the passage.

He rolled over, gasping, and Lovell glared at him from the doorway. Mornington picked himself up, his brow like thunder, and his eyes glittering. He gave Lovell a deadly look, and went down the passage.

Jimmy Silver slid off the table, and put away his needle and thread.

"Finished!" he said. "Let's get down. There goes the bell!"

And the Fistical Four went down to dinner.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Little Too Hasty!

JIMMY SILVER were a thoughtful look at dinner.

He had the responsibilities of junior cricket skipper on his shoulders. He had been very well satisfied with the eleven he had made up for the match at Bagshot School. Now he had to replace Mornington.

Jimmy could not help feeling exasperated.

Morny had shown up so well in cricket practice lately, and he seemed to have overcome his tendency to "swank" and temper so much since he had chummed with Kit Erroll that Jimmy had put aside his old distrust and let his old rival into the team.

Now Mornington had let him down at the last moment—and at an awkward moment.

Oswald, who could have filled his place, though not so well, had gone home for the half-holiday, and he had taken Rawson, one of Jimmy's most reliable men, with him.

Neither was available now, though either would willingly have played if Jimmy had known in time.

The captain of the Fourth could not help thinking that Morny had timed his resignation on purpose—doubtless with the intention of being entreated to play. That sort of thing was quite in keeping with Morny's old character.

Jimmy Silver was not likely to entreat anybody to play. His problem was to replace Mornington with the least possible danger to the team.

He decided upon Towle, of the Modern side, and after dinner he cut across the quad to Mr. Manders' house to tell Towle.

The three Tommies of the Modern side—Dodd and Doyle and Cook—were in the eleven, and they were pleased to hear Jimmy's news, their opinion being that there weren't enough Moderns in the team anyhow.

"Good for you!" said Tommy Dodd heartily. "Sure you don't want a few more Moderns in the team, old scout? We want to beat Bagshot, you know, and I don't quite see how we're going to do it with such a gang of Classical duffers."

"Rats!" said Jimmy Silver. "But what is Mornington standing out for?" asked Towle. "I'll be glad to play, of course, but my bowling isn't a patch on Morny's to tell the truth."

"His lordship has another engagement," said Jimmy Silver sarcastically. "A merry engagement that's turned up since he was put in the eleven."

"Swanking ass!" commented Tommy Dodd.

"Of all the nerve, to tell you so!" remarked Tommy Cook. "Morny's got plenty of cheek."

"A little too much for a member of the Rookwood junior eleven!" grunted Jimmy Silver. "Get ready, you fellows! We've got to start early, as we're walking over to Bagshot."

"Ready, my son. If you'd like a few more Moderns in the team—"

"Bow-wow!"

Ten minutes later the Rookwood cricketers walked out of the gates. A good many juniors were going over with them to see the match, but Mornington was not among the crowd that came out into the road.

The eleven was a good one, consisting of Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, Newcome, Erroll, Conroy, Van Ryn (Classicals), and Tommy Dodd, Tommy Cook, Tommy Doyle, and Towle (Moderns).

But Jimmy would have been glad to have Mornington in the ranks, if only

that superb youth could have forgotten his swank and learned to play the game.

Kit Erroll joined Jimmy Silver as the cricketers strode down the lane en route to Bagshot.

"Hard cheese on Morny, isn't it?" Erroll remarked.

Jimmy stared at him. "I don't see it," he answered drily.

"I don't want to say anything against your special chum, Erroll, but I'm sorry I didn't give him a thick ear before I left."

"Jimmy!"

"Blest if I know how you can stand the swanking ass, Erroll!" growled Raby. "Fancy resigning at the very last minute—"

"He couldn't help it, could he?"

"I suppose he could," growled Jimmy Silver. "Banker in Lattrey's study may be awfully important, but not quite so important as a cricket match."

"Didn't Morny tell you why he couldn't come, then?"

"He told me he had another engagement."

Erroll frowned. "He couldn't come, Jimmy. He's bound to stay in this afternoon, as his guardian's coming down to the school especially to see him."

"His guardian coming down?" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Yes; Sir Rupert Stapoole."

"Oh!"

"Sir Rupert's letter was delayed in the post, and Morny only got it just before dinner," said Erroll. "He came to you at once to tell you—"

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy.

The Fistical Four looked at one another. Their faces were rather pink, and they looked sheepish.

Erroll looked at them inquiringly. "Didn't Morny tell you that?" he asked.

"Nunno. I—I don't think—perhaps—I gave him much time," murmured Jimmy Silver. "I—I concluded that it was some more of his swank."

"And I slung him out of the study," mumbled Lovell.

"And—and he wanted to come and couldn't!" said Raby. "I—I must say it was rather hard cheese on Morny."

"I think it was," said Erroll very quietly.

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows as he walked on.

He had been a little hasty.

Morny, in fact, was a dog with a bad name, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had judged him on that bad name, without giving him a chance. Certainly, Morny could not leave Rookwood that afternoon if his guardian was coming down, specially to see him.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Jimmy, at last. "It was so exactly like Morny's old swank that—that—"

"That's how it was," murmured Lovell. "Still—"

"We'll tell him we're sorry when we get back," said Raby.

"Yes, rather!"

The cricketers went on their way, the Fistical Four—and especially Arthur Edward Lovell—wishing sincerely that they had been a little more patient with Mornington of the Fourth.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Mornington's Protege!

"HANG them!"

Mornington uttered that comment as he stood at the window of Study No. 4 and watched the cricketing crowd stream out of the gates of Rookwood.

Mornington was in a savage temper. The misunderstanding in the end

study had enraged him, and certainly he had some cause for complaint.

He could have nipped that misunderstanding in the bud by hastening to explain to Jimmy Silver; but he had not chosen to do so, his lofty temper being at fault. He really had himself to thank for it, but he did not look at it in that light.

He was annoyed at having to cut the cricket match, enraged with Jimmy Silver for the way his resignation had been accepted, and discontented generally.

The visit of his guardian was not a pleasant matter either. Morny had his own reasons for looking forward to it with uneasiness.

As he stared gloomily from the window, Lattrey of the Fourth passed below, and, glancing up, caught his eye.

Lattrey smiled sneeringly.

Lattrey, at least, knew of the secret misgiving that weighed upon Morny's heart, and he rejoiced to know of it, since his bitter quarrel with the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington watched him savagely out of sight. Then he swung round from the window as the study door opened.

Peele and Gower and Townsend looked in.

"Comin'?" asked Peele.

"Where?" snapped Mornington.

"We're going to have a little game in the abbey ruins. As you're not playin' cricket it seems—"

"Be a sport, old scout," said Townsend. "Lattrey's goin' to be there, an' he's willin' to overlook your little tiff with him."

"I'm not!" growled Mornington.

"Are you keepin' this game up?" asked Peele, with a sneer. "Is banker off for good—and billiards?"

Mornington glared at the smiling nuts. "Get out!" he snapped.

"You're not coming, dear boy?"

"No!"

"Go an' eat coke, then!" grinned Peele, and he slammed the door; and the nuts of Rookwood went their own way.

Mornington paced the study with knitted brows and restless strides. He had broken with his old friends—the nuts—as much for Erroll's sake as anything else. He had taken up cricket and got into the eleven, and now—

He was in a savage and discontented mood. He spun round angrily as a tap came at the door. It was a fag who entered—Murphy of the Second Form, more familiarly known as "Erbert."

The waif of Rookwood glanced timidly at Mornington's scowling face.

Much as little 'Erbert' admired the superb youth who had rescued him from want, and to whom it was due that he was admitted to Rookwood, he was generally a little timid in approaching him.

Morny's temper was uncertain.

He was capable of great generosity, as when he picked up the little vagrant on the road and brought him home to Rookwood. He had stood 'Erbert's steady friend, and he had prevailed upon his guardian to enter the little waif at Rookwood and pay his fees there.

But for Mornington, the little nameless waif would still have been tramping the roads in misery and want.

But all the same, Morny was as likely as not to snap his head off when he approached, as 'Erbert' had learned from experience.

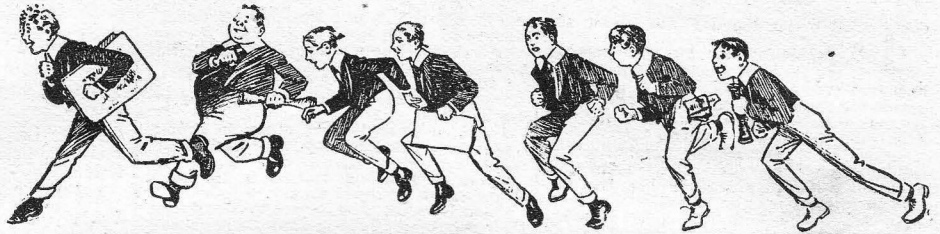
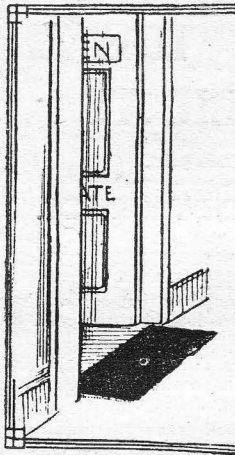
He might be overflowing with generous kindness, or in a savage and irritable mood. There never was any telling.

It was the latter mood that had the

(Continued on page 13.)

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

A CALL TO ARMS!

By DICK PENFOLD.

Boys of Greyfriars, rally round!
Billy Bunter, so renowned,
Chief of his Patrol is crowned.
Join the Owls!

Billy's keen to get to biz.
What a ripping Scout he is!
Guess he'll make things hum—gee-whizz!
Join the Owls!

If a famous Scout you'd be
Both on land and on the sea,
Go to Bunter, W. G.
Join the Owls!

If your manly spirit yearns
To do your fellow folk good turns
By healing scratches, cuts, and burns,
Join the Owls!

If with cricket you are "fed,"
If the bathing place you dread,
Take up scouting, boys, instead.
Join the Owls!

Boys of Greyfriars, once again,
Rally round! Your course is plain.
Prove that you are quite insane!
Join the Owls!

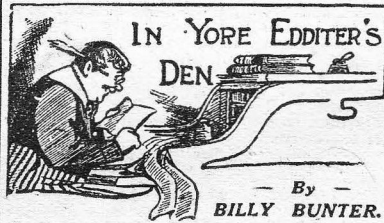
(A topping peace of poetry, eggsept
for the 3rd line of the last verse.—Ed.)

: THE NEW : "MOTHER HUBBARD"!

A greedy young porpoise named Muffin
Was constantly stuffin' and stuffin'.

We sent him a hamper,
With joy he did scamper,
Till he lifted the lid and found—nuffin'!

Supplement I.]



IN YORE EDDITER'S
DEN

By
BILLY BUNTER.

My Deer Readers,—The other day a little bird came and whispered in my ear to the effect that Harry Wharton was thinking of getting out a Sheshul Scouting Number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

Now, I had this same idear long before Wharton ever thort of it, and I have maid up my mind to be first in the feeld.

I dare say Wharton's scouting number will appear in dewr corse, but it won't be a patch on mine!

I have nevrer told you anything about my scouting achievements, have I? Never the less, I am a very fine Scout. I am in the Owl Patrol—although Loder of the Sixth often refers to me as a young Cub!

Scouting is a very fine and manly pursoot. Sir Robert Baden Powell rendered a grate serviss to yewmanik when he organised the Scout movement. By the way, I have got a signed fotygraph of the Chief Scout, and it has a place among my most trezzured possessions.

Greyfrairs has always been a sort of ronyd-voo, as the French call it, for Scouts. Very little has been written of late in the companion papers concernig our activvities. That is why I am perducing this number, which will make a refreshing change.

I am, of corse, the patrol leeder of the Owls; and the other members of the patrol are my miner Sammy, Alonzo Todd, Wun Lung, Tom Dutton, and Fishy. You will read all about our merry anticks in this issed.

And now, deer readers, I will leeve you to enjoy this feest of fickshun to yore hart's contempt, and I hope that when you konsume yore neckst glass of jinger-pop, you will drink the health of

Yore Old Pal,

Yore Edditer

:: SCOUTING :: SNAPSHOTS!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

Of corse, I belong to Billy's patrol—the Owls. This is not my first eggspere-ense of scouting. I've dun kwite a lot of it in my time—scouting for grubb cheefly!

Dicky Nugent asked me if I belonged to the Leppard Patrol. I said "No; why do you ask?" And he replide: "Bekwase yore coller is covered with spotts!" That's what I call a very feeble joak.

Yung Bolsover miner isn't a Scout, but he beleeves in good terns. The other nite he drest up as a ghost, and scared me out of my wits. "Their!" he cride, larfing at my discomfitcher, "I've given you a really good tern!" The neokst time I see Bolsover miner I shall grabb hold of his arm, and give that a good tern!

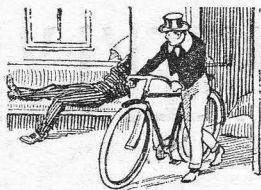
Tubb of the Third has got a blister on his heal. I suppose that is why they call him a "Tenderfoot"?

Sumboddy has suggested that we should call ourselves the Dogg Patrol. To this suggestion I wood say, "Bow-wow!"

Their will be a grate Scout Rally on Satterday, but as no grubb will be provided, I am inclined to "scout" the idear!

Why is "Billy Bunter's Weekly" like a kangaroo? Bekwase every week it has a nice long tail!

THE POPULAR.—No. 132.



The Day and the Deed

By Fatty Wynn.

"THE better the day the better the deed!"

"It was George Alfred Grundy of the Shell who uttered that time-honoured maxim.

The day was Sunday, and the St. Jim's fellows were resplendent in their spotless Etons and shining silk toppers.

Grundy, who was usually careless about his appearance, was as smartly attired as anybody. His topper shone like the sun shineth in his strength; his collar was spotlessly white; he wore silk spats over his shoes. He was as smartly attired as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy himself.

"What's this deed your contemplating, Grundy?" inquired Monty Lowther.

"Kildare's new bike arrived last night," said Grundy. "It was sent down by rail from Coventry, and it's in the luggage-room at the station waiting to be collected."

"Kildare can collect it himself, ass!" said Tom Merry.

"True; but I want to save him the fag. So I shall go down to the station this afternoon, and bring the jigger up to the school."

"My hat!"

"They won't hand it over to you," said Manners.

"Why not?" demanded Grundy.

"Firstly, because it's Sunday; and, secondly, because the bike belongs to Kildare, and they won't hand it over to any unauthorised person."

"Rats! I'm going to fetch that bike," said Grundy, in his obstinate way. "Kildare will be awfully bucked. It'll save him fagging all the way down to the station to-morrow to collect it."

"But why this sudden desire to do Kildare a good turn?" exclaimed Jack Blake.

"I'm a Scout," said Grundy proudly. "I always make a point of doing one good deed a day."

"Well, you've already done a good deed today!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "You've washed your neck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy looked daggers at the humorist of the Shell.

"If it didn't happen to be Sunday, I—I'd pulverise you!" he growled.

"But, seeing that it's the Sabbath I'm safe from assault and battery," said Lowther.

"That's the best of Sunday. One can always be as cheeky as one likes."

Grundy ignored that remark.

"I'm going to fetch that bike," he said, turning on his heel. "So-long, you fellows!"

We didn't envy Grundy his tramp to the station.

It was a scorching hot day, and exertion of any sort—even walking—was distasteful. The majority of us intended to laze underneath the trees all the afternoon, reading.

But Grundy had made up his mind to do Kildare a good turn. He plodded along the dusty road, perspiring profusely, but undaunted.

When he reached Rylcombe Station he found few signs of life.

Sunday trains were like figs in the average fig-pudding—few and far between.

The platforms were deserted. The solitary porter on duty had dozed off to sleep in the waiting-room, with a Sunday newspaper spread over his face to keep the flies away.

Grundy noticed that the door of the luggage-room was open. He made his way towards it.

There was a mass of miscellaneous luggage within, and standing against the wall was a brand new bicycle. The frame and the handlebars of the machine were carefully wrapped in paper.

"Good! Here's the jigger!" said Grundy.

He removed the paper wrappings, and wheeled the machine out of the luggage-room.

His movements were unobserved. The porter still slept; the platforms were still deserted.

It was Grundy's original intention to push the bicycle up to St. Jim's, and place it in the shed without Kildare's knowledge.

The heat, however, was so oppressive, and

the bicycle looked so tempting, that Grundy decided to mount it.

It would be far more comfortable to ride to St. Jim's than to walk.

"This is a topping jigger, by Jove!" he murmured. "Wish somebody would buy me one like it!"

The road seemed to be clear, so Grundy was not troubled by any considerations of speed.

Then, on rounding a bend in the road, Grundy gave a gasp of dismay.

Coming towards him were several cows, on their way to the nearest farm to be milked.

The beasts seemed to take up the whole of the road, and Grundy realised that unless he took instant action there would be a collision.

He had no time to jam on the brake and dismount. There was only one thing to be done, and Grundy did it. He swerved off at a tangent into the hedge.

There was a tearing, rending sound as the bicycle crashed through the prickles.

Grundy's brain was in a whirl. He seemed to have got mixed up with an earthquake.

When at last he was able to get his bearings, Grundy found himself in the middle of the hedge.



Grundy picked up the machine, and endeavoured to push it. It would not budge, so he was obliged to carry it.

Of Kildare's bicycle there was no sign. "I hope the jigger's all right!" he murmured.

But his hopes were ruthlessly shattered when he crawled out of the hedge, and discovered the machine.

It looked anything but a new machine now. The tyres were flat as pancakes, the handlebars were twisted, the oil-bath was leaking, and a more sorry specimen of a bicycle it would have been impossible to imagine.

Grundy picked up the machine, and endeavoured to push it. It would not budge, so he was obliged to carry it.

He had staggered along a few yards, when he bumped into the last person in the world whom he would have wished to encounter just then—Kildare of the Sixth!

The captain of St. Jim's darted one keen glance at the battered bicycle.

"Whose machine is that?" he demanded sharply.

Grundy's tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth; but he managed to stammer out:

"Yours, Kildare!"

"What!" The glare which Kildare bestowed upon the unfortunate Grundy was almost homicidal. "What are you going with my bike?"

"Ahem! I—I was doing you a good turn, Kildare!"

"Queer sort of good turn, to smash a fellow's bike to pieces!" growled Kildare. "You can carry the wreckage up to the school, and I shall expect you to contribute towards the cost of repairing it. And you will also report to me in my study after breakfast to-morrow morning."

That was the last good turn Grundy attempted. He had had enough.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY!

By TEDDY GRACE.

When the next vacation comes along I sha'n't be at a loss how to spend the time.

My plans are already cut and dried. I'm going to have the best holiday of all—the scouting holiday.

A cricket week is very enjoyable; a week on the river is equally so. Walking tours, cycling tours, and caravanning also have their delights. But the joys of scouting are, to my mind, superior to any of these.

Just think of it! Pitching one's camp in a secluded meadow, cooking one's own grub, and waking up in the morning to indulge in a delightful "dip" in the nearest stream. Then during the day to follow up trails, to organise manoeuvres, to hold all sorts of scouting contests, and to squat round the campfire when dusk falls, deliciously tired, and to wind up the day with an impromptu concert.

Nobody but the laziest of slackers would have any fault to find with a holiday of this sort.

The cricket enthusiast would be able to get a game occasionally; ditto the tennis player. The swimmer could swim to his heart's content; the fellow who was fond of walking tours would enjoy being "on the march."

The scouting holiday combines every attraction, and perhaps one of its greatest advantages is that it is so inexpensive. The hiring of the meadow will cost you little or nothing; your grub will cost you much less than if you obtained it at a restaurant.

I am going to ask any fellow in the Classical Fourth at Rookwood who feels the "Call of the Wild," and the desire for a scouting holiday, to join me in my enterprise. I can hire a dozen tents, if necessary, and we shall be assured of a really ripping time. (N.B.—Tubby Muffin need not apply. We don't want to be eaten out of house and home.)

There's nothing like a scouting holiday for promoting friendship and good feeling.

All our feuds at Rookwood will be forgotten. We shall also forget, for a time, the stuffy Form-room, and the Latin and Greek, and we shall come back to these things in a better humour when the holiday is over.

'Pon my word, I am getting quite excited at the prospect!

If those who wish to join me will drop into my study for a chat, I shall be pleased to talk everything over with them.

I hope Jimmy Silver and the other members of the Fistical Four will come. Dash it all, we sha'n't be able to buy the grub unless we have our Silver!

Hats off to the man who invented the Scout movement. It's the finest thing ever!



ALONZO'S GOOD TURN!

BY TOM BROWN.

"HAVE you done your good turn to-day, Lonzy, like a loyal Scout?" It was Skinner who asked the question, as Alonzo Todd, the duffer of the Remove, came into the junior Common-room.

Alonzo was in scouting garb. He was a member of the Owl Patrol, under the leadership of Billy Bunter, and the afternoon had been devoted to scouting operations in Friardale Woods.

There was a ripple of laughter as Alonzo came in. His bare calves looked so painfully thin and scraggy that it was marvellous how his legs managed to support the rest of his body.

In response to Skinner's question, Alonzo shook his head. He looked quite distressed. "I regret to say, my dear Skinner, that I have not done my good turn to-day."

Skinner raised his hands in mock horror. "You've not? Why, you're not fit to be a Scout! Every Scout is supposed to do one good turn a day."

"I am perfectly aware of that, my dear fellow," said Alonzo. "But the fact is I have had no opportunity to-day of doing anybody a service."

"Here's an opportunity close at hand," said Bob Cherry. "You can reform Skinner."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Alonzo looked worried. "I shall not be able to lay my head on the pillow to-night until I have performed at least one act of kindness," he said.

Several of the fellows chuckled, but Skinner looked perfectly serious.

"I'll tell you what you can do, Lonzy," he said. "You can do Loder of the Sixth a good turn, by pointing out to him the error of his ways. He's going down to the village this evening to play billiards with a man who's staying at the Cross Keys, and he won't be back until just before midnight. You must meet him when he comes in, and remonstrate with him."

Alonzo looked doubtful. There had been occasions in the past when he had tried to persuade Gerald Loder to turn aside from the broad road which led to destruction. And Loder had been angry—so angry that he had brought his ashplant into play. Alonzo did not desire a repetition of those painful experiences.

"I am afraid Loder will be cross if I interfere with him," he said.

"He won't know it's you," said Skinner. "Won't know it's me! What do you mean?"

"Simply this," said Skinner. "You'll be in disguise. Among our theatrical props is a policeman's uniform—likewise a truncheon. If you get yourself up as a bobby, it will be far more effective. Loder will think twice about breaking bounds again. By intercepting him, and threatening to report him to the Head at the next offence, you will be doing him a real good turn."

"Hear, hear!" said Bolsover major. "But—but supposing he flies into a temper?" said Alonzo.

"You'll have a truncheon handy, and you can give him a gentle rap on the boko."

"Oh!" "You simply can't afford to miss this chance of doing Loder a service," said Skinner persuasively. "Tell him it's very naughty for senior boys to break out at night, and that if he does it again you'll haul him up before the Head. That'll put the wind up him to such an extent that he won't dare to break bounds again. Your action will probably save him from getting sacked from the school."

Alonzo's eyes glistened. The thought of saving a schoolfellow from expulsion and disgrace was very dear to him.

He did not stop to reflect that Skinner was seeking to pay off an old score against Loder. The cad of the Remove was merely using him as a catspaw, but that thought did not seem to occur to the guileless Alonzo.

"Very well, my dear Skinner," he said "I shall be happy to do as you suggest."

"Good! I'll bring the policeman's togs up to the dorm at bed-time."

At that moment Wingate of the Sixth came in to shepherd the Removites up to bed.

Skinner slipped away to the box-room, and when he entered the dormitory a few moments later he carried a large brown-paper parcel. This he placed under Alonzo's bed.

"You won't need to get ready until eleven," he said. "Mind you don't doze off in the meantime. Think how awful it would be to fall asleep without having done your good turn for the day!"

Alonzo shuddered. "That would be terrible!" he said. "Bunter would turn me out of his patrol."

"Yes, I would!" said Billy Bunter. "I don't want any slackers in the Owls. We've all done our good turns to-day except you, Lonzy."

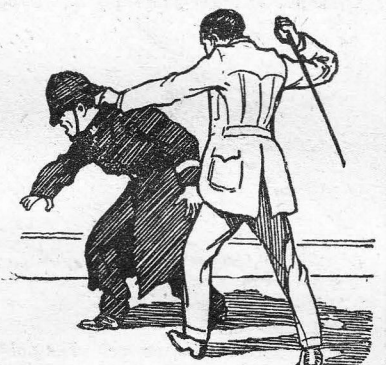
After lights out the majority of the fellows settled down to sleep. But Alonzo Todd lay awake, staring into the darkness, and waiting for eleven o'clock to strike.

When the school clock tolled out the hour Alonzo slipped out of bed and lighted a candle.

"Is anybody awake?" he inquired softly.

"I am," said Skinner.

"Same here," chuckled Bolsover major.



Loder picked up an ashplant, and commenced to belabour his victim.

"Get into that uniform, Lonzy, and don't make a row."

Alonzo dragged the brown-paper parcel into view, and untied the string. Then he donned the trousers and tunic over his pyjamas, afterwards putting on the belt and helmet.

Alonzo's appearance was so comical that Skinner had to stuff a portion of sheet into his mouth to keep from laughing outright.

The trousers were very long and very baggy; the tunic hung very loosely on Alonzo's spare frame; the peak of the helmet came down over his eyes, and he looked even more comical than the policeman on the comic films at the cinema.

"Got the truncheon?" inquired Bolsover.

"Yes, my dear Bolsover."

"Go ahead, then. Take up your position by the school wall, and pounce on Loder directly he comes in."

Grasping the truncheon firmly in his right hand, Alonzo left the dormitory.

An explosion of merriment followed his departure, but he was out of earshot.

With some difficulty—for he was considerably handicapped by the clothes he wore—Alonzo made his way to the box-room window, and clambered through into the Close. Then he crossed over to the school wall, and waited beneath one of the ancient elms.

He must have been standing there quite half an hour before the sound of footsteps

came to his ears. Then he drew himself up, eager and alert.

Loder was coming! The next moment a tall figure drew itself up on to the wall, and dropped down into the Close within a couple of yards of Alonzo. "Halt!"

Alonzo tried to imitate the deep voice of P.-c. Tozer. But he failed dismally.

Loder—for it was he—stopped short in amazement.

"What the merry dickens—" he gasped. Alonzo planted himself right in the path of the Sixth-Former.

"Desist!" he cried. "Desist from these pernicious practices!"

"What—what!" gasped Loder, staring in astonishment at the ridiculous figure in policeman's garb.

"Abandon this folly, ere it be too late!" Alonzo went on. "I know where you have been, Loder. If Dr. Locke were possessed of the same knowledge, you would not see another sunrise at Greyfriars!"

"You—you—?"

"You have been playing billiards at the Cross Keys—probably for money!" said Alonzo sternly. "This practice—or, rather, malpractice—must cease forthwith. I shall not report you on this occasion, but if you transgress again—"

"Todd!" Loder was able to speak coherently at last. "What is the meaning of this? Why are you out of bed at this hour? And why have you got yourself up in this ridiculous way?"

"I have come," said Alonzo, "to point out to you the error of your ways. If you will not listen to me with a patient ear, I shall be compelled to chastise you with my truncheon!"

So saying, Alonzo swung the instrument above his head.

That was too much for Loder! With a snarl like that of a wild beast, he darted forward, and wrested the truncheon from Alonzo's grasp. Then his hand fell upon the junior's collar, and he marched Alonzo towards the building.

"You cheeky young cub!" he hissed. "I'll make you sit up for this!"

"Oh dear! Pray do not be so violent, my dear Loder! I was merely pointing out to you the error of your ways."

Without replying, Loder bundled Alonzo through the box-room window. Then he clambered through himself, renewed his grip on Alonzo's collar, and piloted the unfortunate youth along to his study in the Sixth Form passage.

Arrived there, Loder picked up an ashplant, and proceeded to belabour his victim.

Fortunately for Alonzo, the trousers he wore were of thick material, and he had his pyjamas underneath them. Otherwise, he would have suffered severely. Even as it was, the castigation made him squirm, and his yells of anguish would certainly have been heard had not Loder's study been situated at a safe distance from the masters' quarters.

"Swish, swish, swish!"

"Yaroooooogh!"

"Now cut off to bed!" panted Loder, administering a final stroke. "And if you ever interfere with me again, you'll know what to expect!"

Alonzo limped painfully away to the Remove dormitory.

He found Skinner and Bolsover eagerly awaiting his arrival.

"Hallo, Lonzy! Done your good turn?" inquired Skinner.

"Yow-ow-ow! Never again shall I point out to Loder the error of his ways!" groaned Alonzo. "He has treated me with great violence! I am a mass of bruises!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Alonzo Todd spent a restless night. And when he does his next good turn he won't select Gerald Loder as his object!

THE END.

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For One Nite Only

By Tubby Muffin.

"I'M going to camp out to-nite, you fellows," I said. "I've got the Head's permishun!"

"Camp out!" gasped Jimmy Silver, staring at me in ass-tonishment. "Wherefore this thussness?"

"Every trew Scout ought to sleep under canvass," I said. "It isn't natcher for a Boy Scout to sleep in a bed, with a roof over him. Will you fellows join me? I can easily hire a duzzen Army tents."

Jimmy Silver larked. "We'd join you with plezzure, Tubby," he said. "But it's going to reign to-nite, and we should get swamped out."

"Rot!" I retorted. "The whether is simply perfect. We've had no reign for nearly a month."

"We're goin' to get it to-nite, in bucket-fools!" said Lovell. "Their's an omnisun cloud in the sky. It's only the sighs of a man's hand at prezzant, but it's getting bigger and bigger."

"Ratts!" I said. "I'm a better whether profit than you, Lovell, and I predict a scorching hot nite, without a drop of reign. If you chapps won't camp out with me, I shall go on my own."

"Where are you going to pitch yore tent?" inkwired Jimmy Silver.

"In Farmer Jones' meddo," I replide. "I shall take plenty of grubb with me, and my fool scouting ekwipment. For the last time, will you fellows come along?"

"The anser is in the neggative," said Newcome.

"Bar! Call yoreselves Scouts!" I cride, in tones of crushing content. "No Scout worthy of the name funks a dropp of reign. And, anyway, it's not going to reign to-nite."

"We shall see!" said Jimmy Silver, with a chuckle.

I terved skornfully on my heal, and walked away.

All that afternoon I was bizzy making preparations for a nite under canvass.

First of all, I hired an Army tent from Latcham, and carried it to Farmer Jones' meddo.

It took me a long time to pitch the beestly thing, bekwase I had no help. More than wunce I tript up over the ropes, and went sprawling.

Finally, however, the last peg was driven. With a grunt of satisfaction, I went back into the ground with my trusty mallet.

To Rookwood. I stripped the blankets off my bed, bought a supply of grubb at the tuckshopp, filled my water-bottle with jingerpop, and then carried everything to the meddo in which I had desided to spend the nite.

By this time it was dark, and I was weery from my eggseritions.

I crawled into the tent, and maid myself comfortable. I ate a lite snack of about a duzzen doe-nutts, but I didn't eat any more, bekwase I new I should want a good breakfast when I woke in the mourning.

"This is grate fun!" I mermed. "Jimmy Silver & Co. don't know what they've mist! I shall make three mouths water when I tell them my eggserienses."

At ten o'clock I peeped threw the flapp of the tent to see what sort of a nite it was.

The sky was cleer and cloudless, and the moon was shining. The countryside lay rapped in slumber. It was a perfect nite.

"I'll tern in now," I refeckted, "and get a nice long sleep. Hope sum mad bull duzzent come charging into my tent during the nite!"

I maid my bed, and crawled into it, feeling delishusly tired.

For sum time, however, I was unable to sleep, owing to my strange surroundings. I started counting sheep going threw a hedge—this is an infallible way of getting to sleep—and by the time I had counted a

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billion my eyes were closed, and I was sleeping piecefully.

I awoke in the cold grey lite of dorn. Never shall I forgett that awakening! I sat up and blinked around me, and, low! everything in the tent was swamped—inktlood-ing myself!

It was reigning in torrents, and it must have been pelting down for hours!

The water was pouring threw the canvass. Their were puddles all over the tent-boards, and the blankets were simply soaked.

My toggs—I had gone to bed with my clothes on—were clinging to my boddy.

"Oh crumms!" I ejaulated. "This is a pretty go!"

The only thing which could cheer me up in such a distressing situation was a jolly good feed.

With this objeckt in view, I looked round for the grubb.

Atass! The paper baggs containing the tarts and pastries were soaked threw and threw.

The grubb was skwashed—I had been laying on sum of it—and their was nothing fit to eat at all!

The skies were still weeping, and I began to weep too!

"If only I had lissened to Lovell!" I sobbed. "He was a trew whether profit, after all!"

Then, just as I was wondering what to do



The tent kollapsed upon me. The pole, as it fell, struck my napper with a sounding thudd.

neckst, a sudden feerce gust of wind came along, and the tent kollapsed on top of me! The tent-pole, as it fell, struck my napper with a sounding thudd!

It took me about ten minnits to extricate myself from the day-bree—I think that's what they call it—and then I limped away, threw the pouring reign, in the direckshun of Rookwood.

The skoot clock was striking five when I reeched the gates.

Noboddy was up at that early hour, and I had to throw gravel at the porter's windo before I could rouse him. He seemed in no hurry to come down and open the gates, and I stood outside, eggsposed to the elements, for another twenty minnits.

When I at last gained admittanse, I crawled away to the sanny, and told the matron my troubles.

"You foolish, foolish boy!" she gasped. "You will get newmonier!"

I didn't, as it happened. But I got sum-thing neerly as bad, if not worse—the floo.

They put me to bed, where I remained for a hole week, brooding over my terribul eggserienses.

My conversation during that week konsisted of one word, which I repeated about a hundred times a day.

"Atishoo!"

Never agane, deer readers, shall I camp out on my own.

I have lernt a bitter lessen, and I shall never trussed our trecherus English climate agane!

"BE PREPARED!"

By Baggy Trimble.

If with others you'd kompeet,
If you wish yore foes to beet,
Mark my words, ye Tenderfeet—

Be Prepared!

If you want to make a splash,
If you want to cut a dash,
Don't do anything that's rash—

Be Prepared!

If you'd be a famus Scout,
Cutting all yore komrades out,
Putting rival troops to rout—

Be Prepared!

When you're scouting in the wood,
Let my words be understood.
With a hamper fool of food—

Be Prepared!

If you're hauled before a master,
And you feer sum dread disaster,
With a roll of strapping plaster—

Be Prepared!

When you're boxing in the gym,
If you valew life and lim,
You'll see that yore opponent's slim!—

Be Prepared!

If you stand behind the wicket
Watching old Kildare play kriket,
When the ball comes, he mite snick it!—

Be Prepared!

Follow Baggy Trimble's rool:
Never slack, or play the fool.
Then you will succeed in skool—

Be Prepared!

Don't start playing munky-trix,
Never get into a fix.
Take this wise advice (for nicks!)—

Be Prepared!

SCENES AT ST. JIM'S.



No. 8.—TEA IN THE HALL.

[Supplement IV.]

Tricked by Fate!*(Continued from page 8.)*

upper hand now, and as soon as 'Erbert saw his face he repented him that he had come to the study.

"Well?" snapped Mornington.

"I—I— Ain't you going over to Bagshot, Master Mornington?"

"No."

"I—I was going over with Snooks and Jones to see you play, sir," said 'Erbert.

"As you didn't start with them—"

"Well, I'm not going. Old Stacpoole's coming this afternoon!" growled Mornington.

'Erbert, who was backing through the doorway, stopped.

"Your guardian coming, sir?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps he'll want to see me, Master Mornington. I'd better not go out."

"Why should he want to see you?" growled Mornington. "Don't be a young ass!"

'Erbert's face crimsoned.

"I—I—"

"Oh, don't stutter!"

"No, sir—I—I—thought—Sir Rupert generally does say a word or two to me when he comes," faltered 'Erbert.

"I—I shouldn't like 'im to think as I wouldn't stay in to see 'im."

"Oh, rot! Old Stacpoole's comin' down specially to see me about a private matter," said Mornington impatiently.

"You won't be wanted. You can clear off with the fags, and the sooner the better."

'Erbert's lip quivered.

"Yes, sir," he said, in a low voice.

Mornington caught his expression as he withdrew hastily into the passage, and his own expression changed.

"Hold on, 'Erbert!" he said. "Come in, kid! Don't mind my beastly temper; I'm worried horribly to-day."

The little waif's face cleared at once.

"I don't mind, sir," he said brightly.

"I didn't mean for to bother you, sir, only—"

"That's all right, kid." Mornington paused, and looked curiously at the fag.

"I believe you care a little bit about me, 'Erbert."

"I'd do anythin' for you, Master Mornington," said 'Erbert earnestly.

"Only you jest say the word."

Mornington smiled.

"You were pretty hard up when I found you, 'Erbert, weren't you?"

"Starvin'," said 'Erbert simply.

"Dashed queer position for a chap to be in," said Mornington musingly.

"Suppose—suppose for a minute, 'Erbert, that I got into the same fix—what?"

'Erbert stared.

"You, Master Morny?"

"Yes. Suppose I lost my money, and hadn't anything left but the clothes I stand up in—what?" Mornington laughed sardonically.

"Then I'd be in your old fix, 'Erbert—except that I have a name to be called by, and you hadn't."

"But—but there ain't no danger of that, Master Morny!" exclaimed 'Erbert breathlessly.

Mornington did not answer.

He moved restlessly about the study, and the waif of Rookwood watched him with uneasy, troubled eyes.

The dandy of Rookwood turned to him at last, with a smile.

"All serene, 'Erbert! I was only gassin'. Are you goin' over to Bagshot to see the match?"

"Not if you ain't playin', Master Morny," said 'Erbert simply. "Snooks and Jones would rather come for a swim,

so we'll be goin' up the river, if you don't want me to stay in."

"Right-ho! Cut off, and I hope you'll have a good time. Don't get out of your depth."

'Erbert grinned.

"I'm a good swimmer, Master Morny."

"Yes—I remember your fetchin' Jones minimus out of the river," said Mornington. "How do you get on with Jones now?"

"We're pals," said 'Erbert. "Old Jonesy don't mind my droppin' my aitches now—he's a good sort."

The little waif left the study, much cheered by Morny's return to good-humour. But there was something of a cloud on his face.

Morny's reference to a possible fall from his high estate troubled him, though he could not think that the Fourth-Former was speaking seriously.

Mornington continued to pace the study restlessly.

'Erbert's devotion to him, which, with all his cynicism, he knew was genuine, touched him a good deal.

'Erbert, with his queer language and his dropped aspirates, had been looked down upon and sneered at by Morny's friends, the Nuts; but he would be loyal to his benefactor if disaster came.

Certainly he was not so aristocratic as the elegant Townsend or Topham—he did not even know what his name was; Murphy merely being the name of the kind-hearted soldier who had taken charge of him, and who had long since given his life for his country.

But the nameless waif of Rookwood had qualities in his nature that Townsend and Topham did not share.

It came into Morny's mind that, if the worst happened, he would not be able to carry out his plans for 'Erbert's future—the waif of Rookwood would be left without a friend again.

Somehow, that was a troubling thought, even to the cynical black sheep of the Fourth.

The sound of wheels in the quadrangle aroused him from moody thoughts, and he went downstairs to meet his guardian.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**The Missing Heir!**

SIR RUPERT STACPOOLE came up to Study No. 4 with his ward.

The baronet had come down specially to see Mornington.

There was a grave expression on the old gentleman's face as he sat in Morny's armchair.

The junior stood before him, with knitted brows.

"You know what I wanted to see you about, uncle?" he said, plunging directly into the matter.

"I gathered from your letter that someone had been talking indiscreetly to you, my boy."

"I want to know whether it's true," said Mornington abruptly.

Sir Rupert pursed his lips. He tugged uneasily at his white moustache. It was easy to see that this interview was not a pleasure to him.

"What is it you have been told, Valentine?" he asked.

"There's a new fellow here, in my Form, named Lattrey—"

"Lattrey?"

"You know the name?"

"Yes. Go on!"

"Lattrey's the son of a man who runs an inquiry agency, or somethin' of the kind—sort of private detective," said Mornington. "At least, so he's told me. He's a sneakin', spyin' sort of cad, and, accordin' to his own account, he's spied into his pater's business, and learned a lot of things that don't con-

cern him. He's told me that his father is employed by you, sir."

The baronet shifted uneasily.

"That is true, Valentine."

"That you've employed Mr. Lattrey for years and years, making an inquiry."

"That is correct. The boy has no right to know anything about it, however," said Sir Rupert, frowning.

"And he's told me about the inquiry."

"The young rascal!"

"He says that my pater's elder brother had a son, who would be my cousin," continued Mornington quietly. "My cousin Cecil. You never told me that I had a cousin, uncle."

Sir Rupert was silent, gnawing his moustache.

"It sounds a queer yarn," went on Mornington. "Accordin' to Lattrey, this kid Cecil was lost, stolen, or strayed, and never turned up. He's younger than I am—a mere kid, Lattrey says. If he's alive, he's the heir to the Mornington property, and I'm a beggar. Is it true, uncle?"

"My dear boy—"

gently. Mornington drew a quick breath.

"That means that it's true?" he said.

"I had not intended to tell you, at least, till you were older," said Sir Rupert quietly. "There is not one chance in a hundred that your cousin will ever be found, Valentine. But the search for him is still proceeding. That matter was left in my hands, and a large sum of money set aside for the purpose. Naturally, it is my duty to do all that can be done. But I have no hope of success."

"How did it happen, uncle? I never heard of this fellow, Cecil—never saw him."

"You were a child at the time, Valentine. You were only five or six years old when your cousin was three. He was lost at that age."

"Then he would be nearly thirteen now?"

"About that."

"And all that time he's been searched for, and hasn't been found?"

"That is so."

"Not a clue to him?"

"None."

"It looks as if he won't be found, then?"

"Most likely not, Valentine! He may be dead; it is quite probable. It is simply by the wish and the arrangement of his dead father that the search is still carried on. It was not necessary for you to know anything about the matter; it would simply have made you uneasy without cause. It was infamous for this boy Lattrey to tell you what he knew—infamous of him to have found out anything about it. I shall speak very severely to his father, and dispense with his further services."

Mornington hardly seemed to hear.

"But if it happened that the kid turned up, uncle, he would take everything, I suppose?"

"I—I fear so. The Mornington estates are strictly entailed."

"And there would be nothing left for me?"

"You would still be my nephew, Valentine. And I am not a poor man, though not a rich one," said the baronet.

Mornington repressed an angry shrug of the shoulders.

"You have sons of your own," he said bitterly. "I couldn't take their money."

"I wish you could have got on better with my sons, Valentine," said the old gentleman, with a sigh. "I am afraid you were mostly to blame."

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"I shouldn't wonder!" said Mornington coolly. "I generally do quarrel with fellows. Still, I couldn't pull with them."

The baronet was silent.

Mornington took a turn up and down the study. If he had to choose between beggary and dependency upon his guardian there was not much to choose.

His Stacpoole cousins, whom he had always disliked, and who had always disliked him, would regard him as an interloper and a rival. He could imagine their sneers if he became a dependent on their father's bounty.

His cheeks crimsoned at the thought. Better a life like 'Erbert's old life than that!

He stopped as a new thought came into his mind, and looked at his uncle.

"But the money I've had, uncle! I've always had lots of money. That was my own at least, not my cousin Cecil's!"

Sir Rupert nodded.

"Cecil Mornington's death is presumed," he explained. "Of course, if he should be found living the estates go to him. But for legal purposes his death is presumed. Your late uncle's instructions with regard to money matters are quite legal, and are carried out by me."

"Then if Cecil Mornington turned up I should be in his debt?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Every shilling I've had, then, really belongs to him, and he could claim it?" exclaimed Mornington.

"He would not, Valentine! Your cousin would not be likely to be grasping. If he did—" The baronet paused. "But he would not, and could not. As his death has been legally presumed, it would be a difficult point in the law. But it is absurd to consider such a point. I have not the slightest doubt that if Cecil Mornington were found he would be ready and willing to make proper provision for you!"

"By gad! A choice of beggary for me!" said Mornington bitterly. "I could sponge on you or on my cousin Cecil—what?"

"You should not look at it in that light, Valentine."

"But how did it happen?" exclaimed Mornington. "How was it that Cecil was lost and never found?"

"By chance. He was lost by a careless nurse, and it was supposed at first that he would be found in a few days at the furthest. He had wandered away from his nurse, who returned without him, and he was searched for at once, and for days following. It happened on the moor near Mornington Manor, within two miles of his father's home. It was learned later that a band of gipsies had passed that way, and it was surmised that they might have taken the child. But the gipsies were never traced. And from that day to this nothing has been seen or heard of the boy."

"By gad!"

Mornington was silent for a minute.

"But if he was found then he would have to prove his identity!" he said at last, with a gleam in his eyes. "That wouldn't be easy for him."

"If he is found, Valentine, his identity will be easy enough to establish. Like yourself, and all the Morningtons, he bears the Mornington birthmark on his shoulder."

The junior started.

"By gad! I'd forgotten that!"

"Other evidence would certainly be forthcoming if he were found. That alone would be sufficient to establish his identity, however."

"I—I suppose so."

"But you need not be uneasy, Valentine. Ten years have passed, and no trace has been found of him. It is only because his father's dying wish cannot be

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disregarded that a useless inquiry is still proceeding."

Mornington looked sharply at his uncle.

"Must it go on?" he muttered.

"Valentine!"

"After all, if he's alive, he doesn't know he's a Mornington—he doesn't know what he's entitled to. It's no loss to him, when he doesn't know it. He may be a beggar, or a thief; he can't be educated; he can't be decent. What's the good of dragging such a wretch out of poverty and making him master of the Mornington estates. It would be foolish, rotten—"

The baronet rose.

"I am sure you do not speak from your heart, Valentine," he said severely.

"I repeat, there is practically no chance that Cecil will ever be found, even if he is living, which I doubt. But if any efforts of mine can discover him, he will be restored to his rights. And when you are calmer you will wish the same. If it should happen, you will always have a friend and protector in me. I shall see that Master Lattrey is punished for having disturbed you with this story. Dismiss it from your mind!"

Mornington did not speak.

"I shall now call upon the Head, Valentine." Sir Rupert moved to the door. "I repeat, Valentine, dismiss the whole matter from your mind, and do not allow yourself to be disturbed by shadows."

Sir Rupert Stacpoole left the study, evidently troubled and shocked by the suggestion Mornington had made.

The junior did not speak. He looked after his uncle with gleaming eyes.

"He won't be found—he can't be found—he can't still be livin'!" he muttered. "But—but if he should be—" He gritted his teeth. "A beggar—a pauper! I! And they're goin' to hunt for him still—to make him head of the Morningtons in my place! Bah!"

In a savage mood the dandy of the Fourth strode from the study. He did not want to see his guardian again. He jammed the straw hat on his head, and strode out of the School House. He was still out of gates when the station cab bore Sir Rupert Stacpoole back to Coombe.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Under the Shadow!

MORNINGTON of the Fourth paused as he came in sight of the school. He had tramped away from Rookwood in a savage and sulky mood.

Everything seemed to be wrong that day.

The discovery of his cousin's existence, of the possibilities it involved, had shattered his sense of security. Doubtless it would fade in time, but now it weighed upon his mind and troubled him, and would not be dismissed.

In the bright sunshine of the late summer's afternoon his face was dark and clouded, and restless discontent gnawed at his heart. He was sick of solitude and sick of company.

He thought of Lattrey, Peele, Gower, and the rest, and the dismal gambling in the recess of the old abbey at Rookwood. That was better than nothing to distract his thoughts. A game of bridge in the study, at least, would distract his mind, and he quickened his steps.

And then as he strode on there came a sudden ringing call along the shining river.

"Help!"

Mornington started and looked round him.

He was about a mile from Rookwood now, and the towing-path, shaded by thick old trees, was deserted.

"Help!"

"What the dickens—"

He caught sight of two diminutive figures in bathing-pants by a clump of willows at the river's edge.

They were Snooks and Jones minimus of the Second Form at Rookwood.

They were standing, with looks of helpless terror, staring out into the river.

Mornington, as he ran up, followed their gaze.

Far out in the river appeared a dark head on the water, and a white face gleamed up at the sun—the face of 'Erbert of the Second.

"'Erbert!" gasped Mornington.

Snooks and Jones minimus started round at the sound of the steps.

"Help!" panted Jones. "He's got cramp or something! He'll be drowned! I—I can't swim out there! I'm going to try, though—"

Jones made a desperate move into the shallows, but Snooks caught him by the arm.

"You can't get half the distance, you duffer!"

"I—"

"Don't be a fool, kid!" snapped Mornington. "Leave him to me! Stick it out, 'Erbert! I'm coming!"

The black, savage mood had passed from Mornington, like a dark cloud driven away by the sun, at the sight of the Rookwood wai's deadly peril.

'Erbert was struggling feebly in the deep water, evidently a victim of sudden cramp.

Under him there was a depth of twenty feet at least, and the two fags on the bank, terrified by his danger, were unable to help him.

Mornington threw his jacket down in hot haste. He was a good swimmer, and though the task before him was dangerous enough, he never thought of hesitating. With all his faults, the dandy of Rookwood had boundless pluck.

"He would try to swim across!" muttered Jones minimus. "I—I told him not to try it! Didn't I, Snooks?"

Splash!

Mornington was in the water now.

With swift, steady strokes he swam towards the struggling fag.

There was a groan from the two fags on the bank. 'Erbert's dark head had disappeared under the swirling water.

Mornington swam on desperately, though his clothes clogged his movements and dragged him down.

"He's under!" muttered Jones minimus.

The dandy of the Fourth had disappeared from sight. But he came up again into the red sunlight, and a dark head rose beside him in the swirling water. Mornington's strong grasp was on the drowning fag.

"He's got him!" panted Jones.

"Help!" Snooks was crying mechanically. "Help!"

"He's got him!"

With straining eyes the fags watched. Mornington was supporting 'Erbert's head above the water, and struggling towards the bank.

But his wet clothes were heavy, and the current was strong; burdened as he was, it was a fearful struggle, and there was no help at hand. The wide, shining river was deserted.

Mornington set his teeth hard, and struggled on.

The two fags plunged up to their necks in the water to help him as soon as he should be near.

He had almost reached them, with failing strength, when a swirl of the river swept him out again.

The fags watched with frozen gaze. Mornington's face was white and hard, his eyes strangely fixed. Again he was struggling, with grim determination,

shoreward. Alone he could have won his way, but burdened with the helpless fag the result was more than doubtful.

Yet he never thought of letting his burden go. The thought of it did not even cross his mind.

The strain in his hard, white face could be seen as he struggled nearer and nearer to the shallows where the two Second-Formers stood. This time he reached them, with a last desperate effort, and Jones minimus caught at his hair.

It was that catch that saved Mornington from being whirled away to death in the depths of the river. But Jones held on desperately, and Mornington fought his way into the shallows. Snooks grasped 'Erbert, and dragged him into the rushes.

Mornington stumbled through crashing reeds, and fell at full length on the towing-path.

His brain was swimming, and he very nearly fainted. But he managed to pull himself together.

For several minutes he lay, so utterly spent that he could do no more than breathe in sharp gasps.

It was 'Erbert who recovered first.

The fag, with tears streaming down his wet face, bent over the dandy of the Fourth.

"Master Morny!" he muttered huskily. "Master Morny!"

Mornington moved at last. He turned his head and looked up at 'Erbert's stricken face with a faint smile.

"All serene, kid!" he whispered.

"Oh, Master Morny!"

"You young idiot!" growled Jones minimus. Jones' alarm and fear had changed to wrath now that his comrade was safe. "Didn't I tell you you couldn't swim across? I've a jolly good mind to punch your head, Murphy!"

"I got the cramp," said 'Erbert.

"Well, I told you you couldn't do it. You ought to be jolly well bumped!" said Jones. "Nice row we should have got into if we'd gone back to Rookwood and said you were drowned, you image!"

"I should 'ave been drowned but for Master Morny," said 'Erbert, in a husky voice.

"You would, you young ass! Serve you right, too!" said Snooks. "If you'd been drowned we should have got licked for going in to bathe without a blessed master or prefect present. Nice for us!"

Mornington sat up. He was recovering now, and the strength was coming back to his aching limbs.

"All right, Master Morny?" said 'Erbert, unheeding the wrathful reproaches of his chums.

"Right as rain, kid. By gad, my clothes are in a rippin' state! Get the handkerchief out of my jacket, will you?"

'Erbert reached for the elegant jacket in the grass. Mornington's glance was following him carelessly, but suddenly the dandy of the Fourth gave a violent start. The colour that was returning to his cheeks faded away, leaving him a ghastly white.

As if he no longer felt his weakness, he leaped to his feet, and his grasp fell on 'Erbert's shoulder, with a grip that made the surprised fag utter a cry of pain.

He would have turned, but Mornington's fierce grasp held him helpless.

"Master Morny!" he panted.

Mornington did not speak. His eyes were fixed in a deadly stare upon the fag's shoulder. 'Erbert was in bathing costume, and his skin gleamed white in the sun.

On the shoulder, just above the arm, was a dark, strange mark, a deep, dull

crimson in hue, and in shape strangely like a wolf's head.

It was evidently a birthmark.

"'Erbert"—Mornington spoke at last, his voice cracked and hoarse—"what's that—what's that mark on your shoulder?"

"Let me go, Master Morny! You're 'urtin' me!"

Mornington shook him fiercely.

"Answer me, you young fool—answer me! How came that there?"

Snooks and Jones minimus stared dumbly at him. They wondered whether Mornington had suddenly gone out of his senses.

"Answer me!" shouted Mornington.

'Erbert's face was startled, almost terrified.

"I—I don't know, Master Morny.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Hair of Mornington!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. arrived in a cheery crowd at the gates of Rookwood. They had beaten Bagshot, and they were in great spirits.

Three fags were tramping in as they arrived.

"Hallo, 'Erbert!" said Jimmy cheerily, as he clapped the waif of Rookwood on the shoulder. "What's up? You look like a merry ghost!"

'Erbert's lips quivered.

"The young 'ass has been in the river," said Jones minimus. "Mornington came along and fished him out, or he'd be there still."

"My hat! Good for Morny!" said Jimmy.

"Morny was in an awful wax,



Mornington struggled on until he was within reach of the two waiting Second-Formers. Then, as he felt his strength give, Jones minimus caught at his hair, and dragged him into the shallow water. At the same time Snooks grasped 'Erbert, and pulled him into the rushes. (See Chapter 5);

It's always been there," he faltered. "Wot does it matter?"

"You never told me of it."

"Why should I 'ave told you, Master Morny?" said 'Erbert, in wonder. "You—you're 'urtin' my shoulder, Master Morny."

A fierce oath, that startled and scared the three fags, left Mornington's white lips. He hurried 'Erbert from him so savagely that the fag reeled and fell into the grass.

'Erbert gave a cry as he fell.

Mornington did not heed him. He turned away from him, his face white and set. Without a word, but with the same fixed, furious look upon his face, he threw on his jacket and strode away.

'Erbert staggered to his feet.

"Master Morny!"

It was like the pitiful cry of a wounded animal. Mornington did not turn his head. The terrible look, unchanged, was on his face as he strode swiftly away and disappeared among the trees.

though," grinned Snooks. "Jolly neat pitched into Murphy. Didn't he, 'Erbert?"

'Erbert did not reply.

He hurried in at the gates, leaving his two comrades explaining the matter to the interested cricketers.

The waif of Rookwood hurried across the quad, and up to the Fourth Form passage. He paused outside Study No. 4.

Within there was a sound of restless movement. He knew that Mornington was there. The dandy of Rookwood was pacing the study, tirelessly, restlessly.

'Erbert's little face quivered, and his lip trembled.

What was the matter with Mornington?

The scene on the river-bank had astounded and troubled him. Why was Master Morny, who had just risked his life to save him, so angry with him? What did it matter about the queer

mark on his shoulder? What was there for his benefactor to be angry about? What was the meaning of that white, terrible look on Valentine Mornington's face?

The fag was troubled and almost terrified. He wanted to see Mornington again, but he dreaded to face him. A vague uneasiness and fear was tugging at his heart. Why had Morny been so harsh, so cruel?

The juniors came in a crowd along the passage, and passed him. Kit Erroll stopped, and tapped at Mornington's door and opened it.

"You here, Morny?"

Mornington paused in his fierce pacing, like that of a tiger in a cage, and gave him one glance.

"Don't come in now!"

"But, Morny—"

"Let me alone!"

Erroll gave one look at the white, savage face, and withdrew, and quietly closed the study door. Mornington of the Fourth was in no mood then to be spoken to, even by his best chum.

'Erbert touched Kit Erroll on the sleeve timidly as he turned away from the door.

"Is there something wrong?" he muttered. "Something wrong with Master Morny, sir?"

"I don't know—better not go in now," said Erroll quietly. And, with a kind nod to the fag, he went down the passage.

'Erbert lingered outside Study No. 4.

Within, the steady tramping had been resumed. Mornington was unable to keep still. 'Erbert listened to it with a throbbing heart. He knew—he was quite certain—that Mornington's fierce anger was directed against himself. Why, he could not even surmise.

What had happened? What did that mark on his shoulder mean? What did it matter to Mornington? He dared not enter the study, and he could not go. He stood there almost covering, like a dog whose master is angry, waiting in dumb misery.

Unconscious that he was there, Mornington of the Fourth was tramping in

the study with savage tread. Peele and Gower had looked in earlier, and had been driven away by Mornington's furious looks.

Weariness seized upon the junior, and he threw himself into a chair. He sat with bent brows, his eyes fixed straight before him, glittering.

His guardian had told him that Cecil Mornington would never be found. At the bottom of his heart he had believed so himself, in spite of haunting doubts. And now he had been found, and he, Valentine Mornington, had found him! There was no doubt in Mornington's mind.

He recalled with sardonic bitterness that in his thoughts of the missing heir of Mornington he had pictured his cousin Cecil as a ragged, untaught little waster like 'Erbert.

That thought had been nearer the truth than he had dreamed.

'Erbert!

The nameless waif, the adopted son of a soldier killed in the war, the famished tramp whom Mornington had picked up by the wayside and brought to Rookwood!

The little outcast who had mingled with thieves and rogues at Dirty Dick's tenement in London—the ragged, footsore tramp of the country roads—and he was Cecil Mornington, master of broad acres and a stately home!

Mornington had no doubt. He knew the birthmark of the Morningtons, which he bore himself—which all the Morningtons had borne for countless generations.

Once the clue was given he knew the truth. The missing heir was a nameless waif of 'Erbert's age. He wondered now that he had never thought of 'Erbert in connection with him.

It was 'Erbert, and he might have remained unknown till the day of his death had not Mornington rescued him from want, and brought him to Rookwood!

Mornington ground his teeth savagely. A terrible thought was in his mind. If he had left the waif where he was—in the river— He shuddered, but the

bitter thought would return. If he was robbed of all he had, it was by his own act.

At least he would be silent. He had saved the boy's life. That would be a set-off against—against what? His cheeks burned. If he kept silent, if he kept 'Erbert in ignorance of his rights, he would be a thief!

And if he did not—

He sprang to his feet again, tortured by his thoughts. There was a timid tap at the door, but he did not hear it. The door opened softly.

"Master Morny!"

It was 'Erbert! The little waif could bear it no longer. He had to speak—to learn what it was that he had done.

Mornington spun round, his eyes blazing at the fag. At that moment, it was only a bitter, overwhelming hatred that he felt for the boy he had befriended and saved.

"You!" he muttered, between his gritting teeth. "You!"

"Master Morny! Wot 'ave I done?"

"You! You beggar—you tramp—you thief—"

Mornington started towards the startled fag, his fists clenched with fury. 'Erbert stood rooted to the floor, his eyes growing wide with horror.

"Master Morny!"

It seemed for a moment that Mornington would strike him, and 'Erbert did not move a hand to defend himself. He only gazed dumbly at Mornington, with the look of a dumb, patient animal, the victim of a wrath he could not understand.

Mornington's hand dropped to his side.

"Get out!" he muttered. "Get out of my sight, before I do you a mischief! Do you hear?" His voice rose passionately, furiously. "Get out!"

Without a word, without a sound, stricken to the very heart, the fag dragged himself from the study, and the door closed upon him.

Mornington was alone with his fury and despair. He felt that he was the victim of a cruel trick of Fate. In the Second Form room, dark and deserted at that hour, the waif of Rookwood leaned upon his desk, his face buried in his hands, sobbing as if his heart would break.

THE END.

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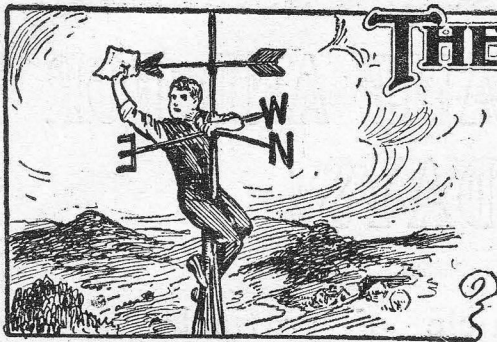
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THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

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.)

The Sinking of the Target.

DICK clung desperately to the mast-head, which shook and quivered beneath the shock. The wind whistled round him, chilling him to the bone. He glanced down at the deck of the wrecked vessel and shuddered.

The three direct hits which the expert gunners had made upon the old hulk were beginning to tell upon her.

Already she was settling down at the head, and had a distinct list to starboard.

Dick, in his perilous position at the mast-head—and a position from which he could not return without the use of the shirt, which was the last shred of hope he had left—waited with his teeth grit together—waited for the next shell to come screeching across the sea—the next, and what Dick knew full well would be the last required to finish off the derelict, if it hit it, and send him to his fate.

Then there came a strange lull in the firing, and a curious silence, but for the hiss and swirl of the wind-swept waves, fell upon the ocean.

"What did it mean?" Dick half murmured. Did it mean that the gunners had ceased their firing for the day, in any case, and that they would return to their quarters, leaving Dick to the mercy of the cruel waves?

Or did it mean, although they still had further shells to fire to complete their practise, that the officer on observation duty had perceived Dick's bloodstained shirt?

He could but hold his breath and wait in ghastly suspense, straining his eyes out across the foam-flecked ocean for some sign of a rescuing boat coming out towards him.

Dick's glance strayed down to the deck of the old hulk, and he saw that it was already awash, and the whole vessel would shortly be beneath the angry waves.

She was sinking fast! The realisation of this new horror struck Dick's blood cold in his veins.

But then, with hope springing ever in his breast—whilst there's life there's hope—a last desperate chance occurred to him.

Perhaps the depth of the water at that point—and, after all, he was not so very far out from land—was not greater than from the bottom keel plates of the ship to the top of the highest mast to which Dick clung!

Perhaps, he thought, the old derelict might sink, its bottom rest upon the bed of the ocean, and yet the summit of the mast still be above the surface level of the water.

Then Dick remembered having seen the top-mast spars of a vessel sunk by a German submarine during the war still showing above the surface of the ocean.

It was just possible that the vessel he clung to would not sink altogether out of sight. It had been splendidly built, and would stand any amount of strain. It was Dick's last hope.

Even as these thoughts were flashing through his brain the boat was rapidly sinking!

Already the summit of the mast to which Dick clung was nearer the surging waves, which now broke over the poop-deck and the captain's cabin and chart-house.

The lurching from side to side was now terrific.

An idea occurred to him of a sudden. And he undid the buckle of his belt, and, placing the leather strap of it about the masthead, he drew it tight again, thus strapping himself to the mast itself, and assuring himself from being swept off.

As he did so he realised that it was at the same time an act fraught with no little danger to himself, for if the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and sank in a second, he would be drawn down with the wreckage without the remotest hope of freeing himself before he was sucked down in the whirlpool which the sinking ship would cause.

However, he decided he must chance that! Then what he had feared took place.

The vessel gave one convulsive shudder, and then, with a final and terrific lurch, it sank beneath the waves.

The Lifeboat!

"CEASE FIRE!" The words rang out loud and shrill in one of the gun-turrets in the fort upon the cliffs above Brancaster.

The officer in charge of the battery, with his powerful marine glasses strained to his eyes, held up his hand to stay the Marines from firing the shell which had just been placed in the six-pounder gun.

"Cease fire!" echoed the words of the non-commissioned officer in charge of the gun, as he repeated the order, as is the custom.

"Unload!" cried the officer again.

"Unload!" repeated the non-com.

"Come here, Sergeant Marshall!" cried the officer, as he lowered his glasses. "Am I mad, or is that something flying from the masthead of our target?"

The sergeant took the glasses from his superior officer, and, adjusting them to his sight, he gazed through the small loophole in the gun-turret.

"Good heavens, sir!" he gasped. "You're right! It looks like a man's shirt! And good heavens, sir, there's someone clinging to the top of the mast—a man or boy!"

The officer almost snatched the glasses back from Sergeant Marshall, and rapidly replaced them to his own eyes.

"You're right, sergeant!" he cried. "Perfectly right! How in the name of thunder did anyone get on board the old derelict. Quick, sergeant! Phone through to the other guns, and tell them to on no account fire another shot!"

But even as the officer spoke there sounded the dull boom of one of the other six-pounders sending its missile of death across the water.

It was the last shot of which Dick had been conscious, and the one which had struck the

vessel right amidships—the best shot of the day!

The sergeant sprang to the telephone, and sent the message through to the other guns in the battery, and then silence reigned in the fort, but for the shouted orders of the officer on observation duty.

"Quick, Sergeant Marshall!" he cried. "Now get on to the Coastguard Station, and warn them that someone is on board our target. They'll know how to act! The lifeboat shed is right below them!"

In a flash the sergeant had plugged himself through to the Coastguard Station, and sent the message over the wire.

Meanwhile, the officer, with the glasses jammed to his eyes, strained his sight as he watched the effect of the last shell.

And, meanwhile, in the Coastguard Station all was activity and hustle.

Already the bell which summoned the lifeboat crew was tolling forth its call, and fishermen and the like immediately dropped the work they were engaged upon, and raced for the shed where the motor lifeboat was housed.

Within four minutes the blue-and-white boat was running down the slipway, and taking the water with a graceful bound.

The propellers sprang into action, and the most gallant and impressive of all vessels upon the sea commenced to cleave its way through the angry waves, heading straight for the old derelict.

The skipper of the lifeboat had placed himself in the prow of the vessel, and was gazing out over the heaving, surging waves, his eyes shaded to keep the salt spray from them.

And even as he looked he gave a gasp of horror, for at that instant the grand old vessel foundered, and commenced to sink quickly.

Strapped to the mast-top of the artillery target, Dick was unable to save himself from the inevitable fate which awaited him.

But then, as if some divine power had stretched forth His hand to protect the brave lad, the sinking of the ship was arrested.

Immediately beneath the spot where, by some marvellous coincidence, the gunners had anchored their target, there existed a reef of rock which made the depth of water considerably less at this point.

The keel plates of the old derelict were already resting upon this reef of rock, and the ship would sink no farther.

And the skipper of the lifeboat could still see half the mast of the vessel protruding through the water—the one remaining mast, and the one to which Dick had strapped himself with his belt.

Now the motor-boat was within measurable distance of the semi-sunken derelict; and the man at the helm was manoeuvring for a position alongside the mast, which pierced the surface of the water.

At length a rope in the hands of the skipper in the prow, was thrown and made fast about the mast.

Without wasting a moment of precious time—for he could not tell how long the slender mast would stand the strain placed upon it—the skipper swung himself out over the nose of the lifeboat, and with his strong, brawny arms unbuckled the strap which held the unconscious form to the mast.

The next instant he had him safely in his arms, and had got back into the lifeboat.

And not a second too soon, for the next instant there sounded a report like a pistol-shot, and the slender mast snapped in two to disappear entirely beneath the angry, surging waves.

(This splendid serial will be concluded next week.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 132.

GAMES FOR THE CAMP AND FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS!

A Bright and Breezy Article of particular interest to Boy Scouts and Amateur Campers.

:-: BY AN OLD CAMPER. :-:

SWIPE THE MONKEY.

A FEW pals camping together can have some good sport if they know some rollicking games. "Swipe the Monkey" is one. This is how you play it. Make a stuffed club with a short piece of stick and lots of rags tied at the end. Two boys are chosen. One must have a bell or a whistle—an old tin with a pebble in it will do. The other has the club and is blindfolded. When the "monkey" rings his bell the blindfolded boy tries to swipe him with his stuffed club.

When these two are tired, change over—the "monkey" has the club, and the blindfolded boy becomes the "monkey" with the bell. Now tell the "monkey" in a low whisper to lie flat on the ground, ring his bell, then quietly roll over. The club man, having been the "monkey," thinks he knows just how the "monkey" will act, and the situation develops into one long scream of laughter!

"NOT I, SIR!"

Here is another good camp game: The boys sit on the ground in a half-circle and are numbered in order. One boy is chosen as "teacher." He turns to some member of his "class," and the following conversation takes place:

Teacher: "I heard something about you, No. 2, sir."
 Pupil: "What, sir—me, sir?"
 Teacher: "Yes, sir—you, sir!"
 Pupil: "Not I, sir!"
 Teacher: "Who, then, sir?"
 Pupil: "No. 5, sir!"
 No. 5 then tries to ask, "What, sir—me, sir?" before the teacher can say, "No. 5 to the foot!"

If he fails he goes to the bottom of the class, but continues the conversation with the "teacher." The player at the head of the class when the game ends is declared the winner.

ROADSIDE WHIST.

While the boys are out for a walk along the road, one half of the gang watch one side, and the rest the other side.

Scoring:
 A baby 2 points.
 A black horse 1 "
 A white house 2 "
 A ladder against a wall 3 "
 A black-and-white cow 2 "
 THE POPULAR.—No. 132.

Other things can be added from time to time. A given number of points—say 20—wins the game. This can be varied by counting dogs, guessing the colour of horses' tails, or how many red-headed people have been seen, or how many cyclists have passed.

KEEP THE MEDICINE SCALP.

Hang up the Big Medicine Scalp. This can be anything you choose, such as a handkerchief, an old shoe, a cap, etc. Hang it on a flagpole or a tree—which is somewhere near the centre of your camp—where it can be easily seen but well out of reach of the tallest camper.

Pick a number of "spies" from the gang, who must try during the twelve hours of the day to get down the scalp and hide it. Just who the "spies" are should be kept a secret until they reveal the fact by being caught in an attempt to get the scalp. This is a really good camp game.

DEERSTALKING.

The leader of the gang is the "Deer." He is not allowed to hide, but stands

erect, and is allowed to move occasionally for a few feet.

When the leader has been away ten minutes the "hunters" start out to stalk the "deer," each being careful not to be seen by the deer.

If the deer sees the hunter he directs him to drop out of the game. After a given time, the leader blows a whistle or gives a yell, and all the hunters stand up where they are. The one nearest the deer wins the game.

COP THE FOX.

One boy is called the "Fox." He starts out from camp and hides himself in the woods. About fifteen minutes after the fox has left camp the other boys go out to find him. The object of the game is for the fox to get back to camp before the hunters catch him. When he is spotted the hunters dash after him and try to "cop" him. The boy who "cops" the fox becomes the fox, and the game goes on again.

"WATCH YOUR STEP!"

The boys form a circle and hold hands. A bottle, or a stool—or something which will tip over easily—is placed in the centre of the circle. The players swing round and round this object, and each tries to make the other tip over the object in the centre. The boy who tips it over drops out, and the game goes on until one boy remains, and he is the winner.

TWISTED FISH.

Here's a game to play in the tent on a wet day. Each boy has a piece of paper with the following words to untwist into the name of a fish:

1. Lee (Eel).
2. Utort (Trout).
3. Sasb (Bass).
4. Hercp (Perch).
5. Uns (Sun).
6. Kermacel (Mackerel).
7. Kipe (Pike).
8. Laashw (Whale).
9. Odrws (Sword).
10. Kshar (Shark).
11. Pkericle (Pickerel).
12. Tea (Cat).
13. Rpac (Carp).
14. Lodg (Gold).
15. Ogd (Dog).

(Continued next page.)

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For full particulars see this week's GRAND COMPETITION NUMBER of

ANSWERS

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TWIG THE TUNE.

Divide the gang into pairs, one of each pair standing one side of the camp ground and the other opposite. Each boy on one side is handed an envelope containing the name of some well-known tune. At the word "Go!" from the leader each boy opens his envelope, finds out the name of the tune, and then runs across and tries to whistle that tune to his partner. As soon as the partner recognises the tune he writes it on a card and runs back to the starting-place. The first one back with the correct tune on his card wins.

SHOE THE HORSE.

All the campers form a circle and sit down. Then they take off their boots or shoes. Next the laces are taken out of each and stuffed into the toe of each boot or shoe. These boots and shoes are now piled up in a heap anyhow in the centre of the circle. At the word "Shoe!" from the leader, each camper rushes to the pile and tries to find his own pair. Having done so, he now has to take out the laces from the toe of each, and lace them up just as they were before he took them off. Now he must put them on and tie them up. The first boy finishing is the winner. This game creates no end of fun and laughter, as some boys cannot recognise their own shoes, and others try to put a left boot on a right foot, and so on!

STATUES.

One boy is called the "Sculptor." The rest are his "statues." While he is looking at them they dare not move; they must remain in a fixed position like statues. The sculptor turns his head and counts up to seven. During the count the statues may move. But when the sculptor turns round again, if anyone is moving he is sent back to the end of the camp-ground. The object is to get from one end of the ground to the other without being seen to move. The one who goes from one end to the other without being seen to move by the sculptor wins the game.

(These splendid Camping Out Articles appear in the "Magnet" Library every week. Get this week's copy at once.)

POPULAR FAVOURITES.

No. 24.—HORACE COKER.



Some of our readers say they don't like Coker. Perhaps a very young reader, with his sympathies enlisted on behalf of the fags, may be pardoned for disliking him, for we all know that Coker has a very heavy hand with the fags. You might therefore call him a bully, but not the usual bully, who does it out of sheer cruelty, who gives pain because, to him, giving it affords pleasure. Invariably this sort of bully is a coward.

Coker is not like this at all. Nobody who knows Horace Coker would call him a coward. He may be thick-skinned and bumptious. His vast notion of his own importance leads him astray. But he has no intention of being cruel, and he has never been a coward. Set against Coker's heavy hand, his swanking and his bluffing, the very real good qualities he possesses, you must admit that the scale bumps heavily on the right side.

He is a very generous fellow, and has the heart of a lion. He would not do a dirty trick to save his life. Leave out one or two of his weak points, and you have a really good fellow.

We all know his ignorance of scholastic subjects is appalling, and it was not through hard swotting that he attained his present position in the Fifth. He is a big fellow, and getting on in age, and that was partly

the cause of his promotion. It was also partly due to the fact that Coker's Aunt Judith wished him to go up, and paid the Head a visit to pull the strings in that direction for her beloved nephew. It is a well-known fact that Aunt Judith always has the better of an argument with the Head.

Horace is the apple of Aunt Judith's eye. Nothing is too good for her "dear boy," as she has often said herself. Moreover, she is the only person who takes him at his own valuation.

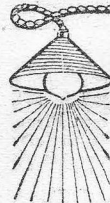
It is very fortunate for Coker that she has lavish notions as to the scale on which tips should be given, and, in consequence, Horace is always in funds.

It is no good attempting to tell here one-tenth of the things Coker has done and suffered. But who has read of them can ever forget them? Coker, the footballer, and the time when he captained a team to play against Blundell; Coker in love; Coker engaged; his foolish attempts at poetry; his dramatic attempts; Coker as a detective. But it is useless committing them to paper in this small space. I should need a whole page to mention them briefly, so numerous are they.

At times his amazing exploits have caused him excessive trouble. On one occasion he was accused of theft. It might have ended very unpleasantly for him, but, fortunately, the truth was revealed, and he was saved from the disgrace of expulsion.

He has been told again and again what an absurd fellow he is, and that one day he will land himself in some difficulty which will cut short his school career very abruptly; but he is never able to see it, and still goes on in his blundering, good-natured, high-handed way through all, backed loyally by his two study chums, Potter and Greene.

He is always up against Harry Wharton & Co., and in constant collision with them. But the chums of the Remove know what a really good fellow he is at heart, and what an absolute ass he is openly, so they make allowance for him, like the good sportsmen they are. So, on the whole, Coker's career at Greyfriars is quite bright, and will remain so so long as the great man keeps himself away from trouble; but as to becoming a successful scholar—well, I'm afraid that will never be!



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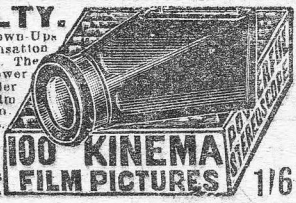


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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS BE SURE TO MENTION THIS PAPER.

ARE YOU AMONG THE "POPLETS" PRIZEWINNERS THIS WEEK?



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

FOR NEXT FRIDAY.

"THE GREAT FISH PUZZLE!"

By Frank Richards.

The above is the title of the first grand complete school story to be found in our next issue of the "Popular." It is, needless to say, a story of the chums of Greyfriars, and deals with a fine idea which Fisher T. Fish gets hold of. The fact that the juniors eventually get hold of Fisher T.—Well, read all about it next Friday.

"THE WAIF'S SECRET!"

By Owen Conquest.

is the title of our second complete school story for next week. The story tells you of a very important fact which becomes known to Mornington, of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood. When there's a secret about, it is hardly wise to tell you much concerning it, is it? So, once again, my chums, make sure of getting your copy of our next issue by ordering it in advance.

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!"

There will be another splendid supplement next week, entitled as above, and which Billy has called his Special "Jim-nastick" Number. 'Nuff said!

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 26.

Examples for the above competition:

The Early Bird.	Working Overtime.
A Painful Position.	What Mornington
	Wants.
Bunter Refuses Grub.	Asking for Trouble.
Stands Every Test.	Form-room Tragedy.
Surprising Mr. Quelch.	Fighting in Corridor.
Greyfriars Without	Where Sportsmen
Tuckshop.	Score.

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

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

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

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 26, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

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

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

5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD, and that it is received on or before August 4th.

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"POPLETS" RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 20.

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

J. Marriott, 193, Conran Street, Harpurhey, Manchester

Example: In Bunter's Favour.
"Poplet": Wealthy New Boy.

S. Farrant, 87, Vernon Avenue, Raynea Park, S.W. 20.

Aiming Rather High.
Shooting Peas at "Head."

George Rowland, 38, Redvers Street, Manchester.

Craving For Limestone.
William Wibley's Ambition.

E. A. J. Crook, West Street, Banwell, Somerset.

In Bunter's Favour.
Leaving Him "A-Load."

E. L. M. Paintin, 119, Peckham Rye, S.E. 15.

When Bunter's Chummy.
Sure Sign—Empty "Tummy."

R. L. Gray, The Grove, Main Road, Handsworth, near Sheffield.

Aiming Rather High.
When Prout Shoots Game.

H. Taylor, 51, Lavercock Street, Handsworth, near Sheffield.

Getting Along Nicely.
Quelch's "History of Greyfriars."

Miss B. Lee, 114, Hither Green Lane, Lewisham.

Contributed to "Herald."
Robbing Art: In Dig—"nity."

A. C. Tipping, 46, Dame Agnes Street, Nottingham.

Scholars and Scoundrels.
Bad "Combination" in "League."

Billy Barnes, 5, Lindore Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W. 11.

Harry Wharton's Guardian.
Hard "Nut"—Fine "Colonel."

READERS' NOTICES!

S. Carter, 15, Jamieson Street, Cape Town, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. Subjects, picture postcards and sports.

Charles Chapman, 368, Pietermaritzburg, Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa, would like to hear from readers in England, Australia, and Canada.

George W. Smith, care of G.P.O., Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Ernest W. Ashton, 8-139, Sherborne Street, Ladywood, Birmingham, wishes to hear from readers of the companion papers, ages 16-17.

P. L. Reed, 68, Sprules Road, Brockley, London, S.E. 4, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere interested in art.

Wilfred Sim, 25, Temple View Place, East Park Road, Leeds, wishes to hear from readers interested in stamp collecting.

George Barwood, 41, Eldred Road, Barking, E., who is learning French, wishes to hear from a French boy who is learning English, with a view to mutual improvement.

Your Editor.

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