

HOLIDAY MONEY FOR READERS!

(SEE OUR GRAND "POPLETS" COMPETITION INSIDE).

Week Ending—
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New
Series.
No. 133.

Greyfriars

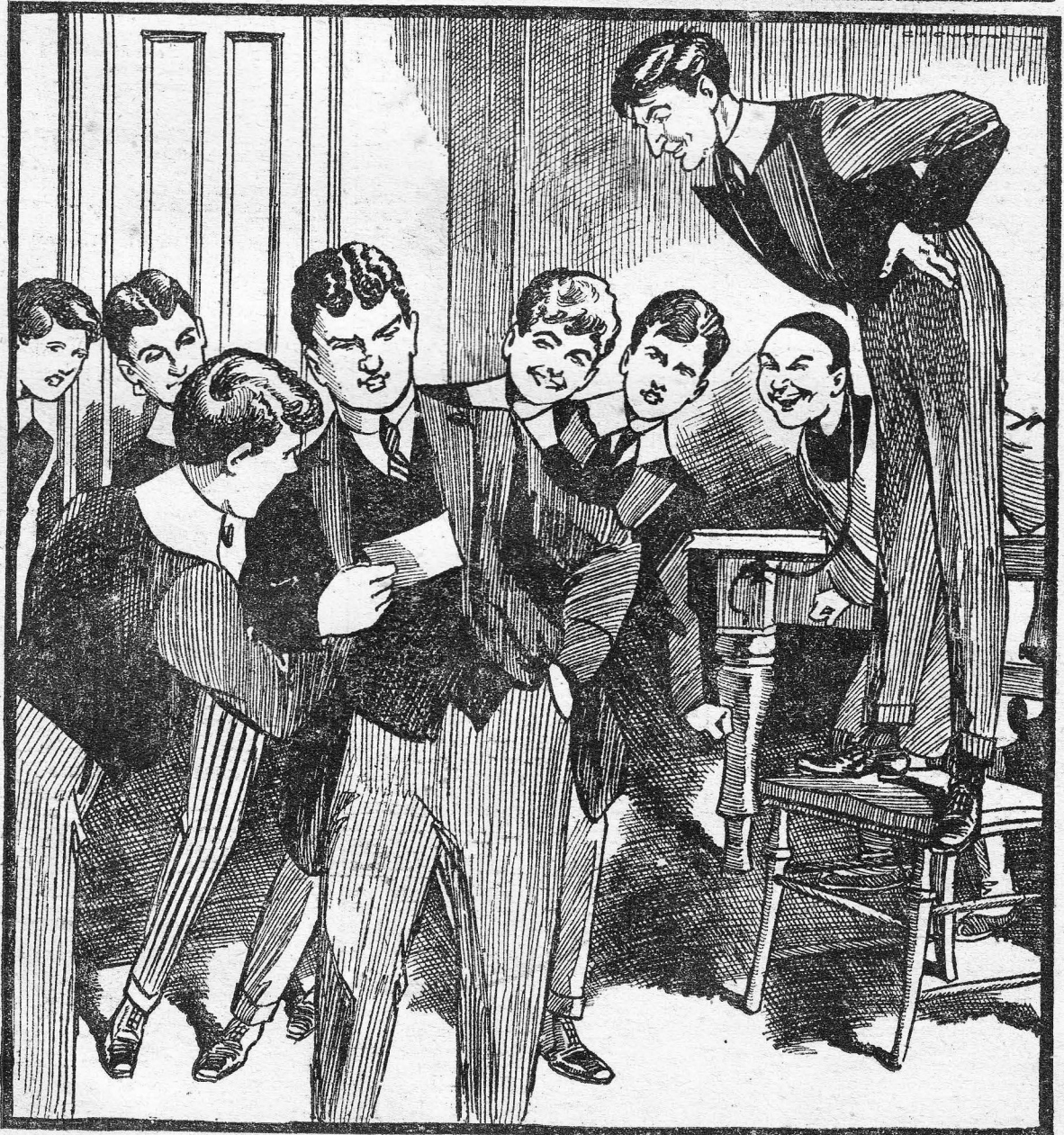
The POPULAR

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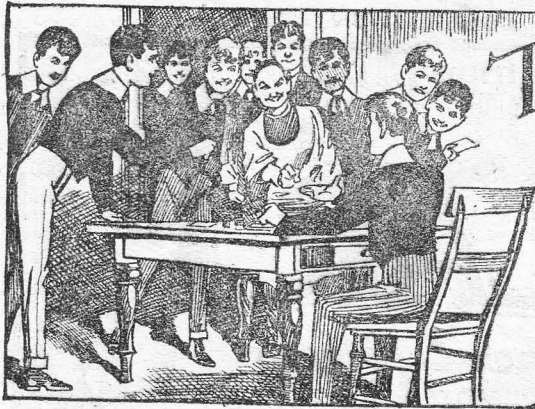
Stories, Jokes & Pictures
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood

St. Jims



A TENSE MOMENT AT GREYFRIARS! WHO HAS WON THE PRIZE IN FISH'S GREAT COMPETITION?
(An exciting incident from the long complete tale inside.)



The Great Fish Puzzle!

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Something New!

A NEWSPAPER was more or less responsible for the competition craze at Greyfriars. Prizes were offered for the solving of picture puzzles, and many were the arguments in the Remove Form as to what the pictures represented.

Fisher Tarleton Fish, the self-styled business man of the Remove, noted the eager way in which the juniors set about the newspaper competition, and began to think.

The result of his thoughts was seen a day later, when a notice appeared on the board in the Remove passage. A crowd of juniors gathered round to read the notice, pushing and barging to get a better view.

"Here, hold on, you fellows!" roared Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove. "You'll push me through the giddy wall in a minute!"

"Read out the notice, then!" shouted someone at the rear of the crowd.

Harry Wharton read the notice aloud. It was written in the big, flourishing hand of the American junior, and signed with a tremendous flourish.

"NOTICE!

"All members of the Remove, and the lower Forms generally, who are interested in a new and ripping competi- tion, are requested to roll up at seven o'clock in the Rag, when the undersigned will put a new proposition before them. Chaps who want to get rich quick are specially invited.

"FISHER TARLETON FISH."

There was a general chuckle.

"Some more of his rot!" said Bulstrode of the Remove.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney of the Fourth.

"Piffle!"

"Bosh!"

"Let's go and hear what the ass has got to say!" suggested Temple of the Fourth. "If it's only some more of his blessed swank we'll bump him round the Form-room!"

"Hear, hear!"

Temple's idea was approved on all sides. And, with that kindly object in view, most of the juniors of Greyfriars turned up in the Rag at the time specified by the American junior in his notice on the school board.

Quite a crowd gathered in the Rag before seven o'clock.

The Rag was a large room on the ground floor in the School House, used by the juniors for their meetings, and it had been the scene of many a roisy gathering, to say nothing of relaxations of the

amateur dramatic societies in the Remove and the Fifth, and meetings of debating clubs that sometimes resembled Rugby scrimmages.

Fellows of all the lower Forms turned up there, and even some of the noble Fifth. The Sixth ignored the meeting, being far too high and mighty to take any interest in a junior gathering, secluded, like the gods on Olympus, from mere mortals far below them. But five or six of the Fifth had condescended to look in, including Coker, Potter, Greene, and Fitzgerald, who had probably come more to "rag" than anything else. As the meeting was called by a Removite, it was "up" to Coker & Co. to rag it if possible, and therefore they had come.

Temple, Dabney, & Co. of the Fourth were there also, probably with much the same object in view as Coker. Hobson and Hoskins of the Shell, and a crowd of other Shell fellows, came in to see the fun, whatever it might be. Even the Removites did not take the meeting seriously, though they were quite ready to tussle with either Fifth or Fourth who should presume to interrupt it. The right of interrupting it they reserved wholly to themselves.

Fisher T. Fish was there to time—in fact, he was ten minutes early. He had placed a chair upon the table, in order to address the meeting from a coign of vantage. He was seated there as the crowd swarmed in, most of them grinning.

"We're here, Fishy!" said Harry Wharton, as seven struck from the tower of Greyfriars.

Fisher T. Fish rose briskly. He had some written notes in his left hand, he raised the right to dominate the meeting.

"Gentlemen, I'm pleased to see so large a gathering," he began. "If you'll kindly be quiet, I'll put my proposition before you. I'm a business man, from the word go; I'm a chap who's never been left."

"Never been right, you mean!" yelled Tubb of the Third.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish smiled serenely.

"I guess that's a smart kid," he remarked; "but, bless you, I don't mind! I've never been left. I always get there. But I didn't call you together to hear me sing my own praises—"

"Going in for a change, then?" inquired Temple of the Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gentlemen," said Fisher T. Fish, unheeding, "I've got a business proposition to put before you. Some of you have been going in for competitions lately. Now, if we want competitions in this school, I don't see why we shouldn't provide 'em ourselves, and keep the money in the family. I therefore have the

honour to propose a new competition, with handsome prizes guaranteed by myself."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish, quite unaffected by the laughter, consulted his notes.

"There will be an entrance-fee of one shilling—"

"My hat!"

"The puzzle will be handed out to each competitor for solution on his applying for same at my study, No. 14, in the Remove passage. A prize of five dollars will be guaranteed to every winner—"

"Phew!"

"How much is that in real money, Fishy?"

"One pound in your queer old coinage in this little island," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Five dollars in real money. That prize will be guaranteed to every winner, each person who solves the puzzle to be reckoned a winner."

"Each person who what?" gasped Wharton.

"Solves."

"Oh, he means solves!" said Bob Cherry. "We ought to get an American dictionary when Fishy is making a speech."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Each successful solver will get a prize of five dollars," said Fisher T. Fish. "That is guaranteed, and will be provided by the capital I put in the business."

"Hurray!"

"If the entrance fees do not cover the amount, it will be found by myself out of my own resources," said Fisher T. Fish. "On the other hand, if the fees overlap the amount required for prizes I make a profit. That's only fair."

"Looks to me like gambling," said Coker.

Fisher T. Fish smiled condescendingly. "That's only your want of intelligence, Coker!"

"What?" roared Coker.

"I—I mean that's a slight misapprehension," said Fish hastily. "You see, all competitions are run on those lines. Besides, that's the way men in the City speculate on the Stock Exchange. It's the same thing."

"And what guarantees have we for the prizes?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"The word of an American business man!" said Fisher T. Fish pompously.

This statement did not have quite the effect he anticipated. It was greeted with a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" exclaimed Fish indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have you got the tin, Fishy?" piped Nugent minor of the Second Form.

"Yaas, that's the question, dear boy,"

said Lord Mauleverer, of the Remove. "Have you got the capital, you know?" "I guess I can raise the greenbacks for this proposition," said Fisher T. Fish disdainfully. "Chaps who can't trust to my honesty can stay out of the competish."

"Well, that's all right," said Bob Cherry. "After all, if Fishy didn't pay up, we could bump him baldheaded, and make him sorry for himself."

"Right!" said Harry Wharton. "Fishy is an ass, but he's not a welsher. Let's give him a chance."

"Hear, hear!" Fisher T. Fish smiled with satisfaction. It looked as though the competish, as he called it, was going to catch on in the Remove.

"What's the puzzle, Fishy?" asked Nugent.

"I'm not giving that out yet," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'm going to have it printed on a card at the printer's in Friardale, and the cards will be handed out to competitors when they pay their shilling entrance fee. The answers must be written on the cards, and sent into Study No. 14 within three days. Then the prizes, if any, will be distributed."

"If any!" howled Johnny Bull. "I mean, if any are won."

"Oh!" "And who's the judge of the answer to the puzzle?" remanded Bolsover major.

"The editor's decision is final."

"Rats!" "Bosh!" "If you hand out a puzzle, we can't leave you to make up an answer to please yourself, unlike all those that are sent in," said Tom Brown. "We know American business methods, old son, and we're not going to get left."

"No fear!" "I guess—" "No spoofing, Fishy!" "I calculate—" "Yah!" "Spoofer!"

Fisher T. Fish waved his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen—" "Yah!" "Spoo!"

"Gentlemen, in order to establish complete confidence in the genuineness of the competish, the answer to the puzzle will be written out beforehand, sealed up in an envelope, and placed in the hands of some disinterested person. This disinterested person will open the envelope on the day agreed upon and announce the answer. I guess that will prove to you that the answer hasn't been made up to disagree with the solutions sent in."

"Well, that's fair enough," said Johnny Bull. "You weren't going to do that, though."

"Ahem! I'm going to do it now." "Who's the disinterested person?" demanded Bolsover major. "We'll have his name and know him before we put our money into the scheme."

"Yes, rather!" "What-ho!"

"I guess," said Fisher T. Fish hesitatingly—"I guess I should about fill the bill myself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Of all the cheek!"

"If you're not satisfied to rely on me—"

"No fear!" "You see, we know you, Fishy."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I will select someone else we can all rely upon equally well," said Fish.

"Select somebody we can rely upon better than that," said Bob Cherry, "otherwise it won't be much use."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I will ask one of the prefects," said Fisher T. Fish, "or, rather, I would, only we don't want to let the prefects into this. Some chap who's not going to enter the competish would do, if we could all rely upon him."

"Good enough!" "A senior would be best," said Harry Wharton. "What price Coker?"

"Will you do it, Coker?" Coker smiled benignantly. He was always pleased to be called upon to act in the capacity of an umpire, or a person of authority among the juniors.

"Certainly," he said. "The envelope can be placed in my hands, and I'll undertake that it sha'n't be opened until the day appointed for settling the prizes." "You won't be able to enter the competish, then," said Fisher T. Fish.

Coker grinned. "I don't mind that," he said. "I wasn't thinking of entering it. I've got something better to do with my bobs."

"Gentlemen," said Fisher T. Fish, "the printed puzzles will be ready for you to-morrow afternoon. All who desire to enter the competition can apply at my study after school, and hand in their entrance fees, and the cards will be handed out. Prize of one pound, or five dollars, guaranteed to every chap who correctly solves the puzzle. Mind, it will be a jolly hard one."

"Never mind that, so long as there is an answer," said Harry Wharton.

"The answer will be in a sealed envelope in Coker's charge."

"Good enough!" Fisher T. Fish waved his hand. "Gentlemen, the meeting is over!" And he descended from the table.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Great Fish Puzzle!

GREYFRIARS—or the junior portion of the old school, at all events—entered very keenly into the Fisher T. Fish scheme. Certainly, it seemed reasonable enough, on the face of it.

Puzzle competitions were run in periodicals on the same lines, and there was no reason why Fisher T. Fish should not run his successfully.

If the answer to the puzzle was written out and placed in safe hands, that would be a guarantee of the genuineness of the competition; and without that precaution, it was not likely that any of the juniors would have trusted their entrance fees in Fisher T. Fish's hands.

Fish prided himself upon his sharpness in business matters, and it was quite well known that in making a bargain for himself, his sharpness sometimes developed into what other fellows called sharp practice.

As for the prize, Fisher T. Fish had talked so much about his "popper's" millions that most of the fellows swallowed the dollars whole, so to speak; and although Fish certainly did not seem specially flush with money, it was supposed that there was something in it.

At all events, a fellow could not be suspected of failing to keep his solemn engagements in money matters. Such a failure would be called at Greyfriars by the ugly name of swindling; and it was not fair to suspect Fisher T. Fish of anything of the kind, until the time came, anyway. Then, certainly, it would be too late; but that could not be helped.

The juniors were very curious to see the great puzzle which Fisher T. Fish declared he had invented and perfected himself. The fact that he had announced it as excessively difficult only whetted the keenness of the juniors. All the fellows were keen to try their hands upon that wonderful puzzle.

It is to be feared that the next day in

the Form-rooms quite as much thought was given by some of the juniors to the Fish puzzle as to the work they were supposed to do. Certainly, Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, found some members of his Form very trying, and was unusually liberal with lines.

When school was over, and the Remove came out in the afternoon, there was a big gathering round Fisher T. Fish in the passage, and the strut of the American junior was even more pronounced than usual.

"Got it ready, Fishy?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yep." "Good! Where is it?" "In my study. All ready in a few minutes, my sons."

A big crowd followed Fisher T. Fish to his study at the end of the Remove passage.

Fisher T. Fish strutted into it, and the juniors crowded in after him, and many more remained in the passage. The study was not large enough to accommodate a quarter of the number.

Fisher T. Fish sat down at the study table and opened a packet tied with string that lay on the table.

The juniors watched him curiously. A neat little stack of printed cards came into view as the American junior opened the packet. This was evidently the great Fish Puzzle.

"Now, gentlemen," said Fisher T. Fish, "walk up and hand over your entrance-fees, and here you are!"

"Hold on!" said Bolsover major. "You haven't handed the answer to the puzzle in the sealed envelope to Coker yet."

"I guess, as Coker isn't here—"

"Coker's here!" said the owner of that name, pushing his way forward. "I'm quite ready to take charge of the sealed envelope."

"Ahem! Very well!" Fisher T. Fish groped in the table-drawer and brought an envelope to light. It was sealed, with a great dab of red sealing-wax upon the flap.

"Here you are!" he said. "Is the answer to the puzzle in that?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yep." "No larks, you know!" said Johnny Bull suspiciously.

"Nope." "The answer contained in that envelope is to be the official answer to the puzzle," said Nugent categorically, "and every chap who gets his answer the same as that is entitled to a prize of one pound?"

"Correct!" "Well, that's clear enough," said Bolsover major. "Better to have it out plain. Take care of that envelope, Coker, won't you?"

Coker grinned. "Yes, rather! I'll lock it up in the desk in my study."

"And now, gentlemen," said Fisher T. Fish, "the puzzle is ready, and will be handed over to every chap who pays his entrance-fee of one shilling. Now's your chance to make a small fortune! You've got a Chancellor of the Exchequer who gives you ninepence for fourpence; but I offer you a pound for a bob—five dollars for a quarter! What offers?"

"Begad, I think I'll have one, my dear fellow!"

"Faith, and so will I!"

"Me, too, velly much!" murmured Wun Lung, the Chinese.

"The very muchfulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

And indeed it was! There was a rush for the printed cards containing the great Fish Puzzle. Fisher T. Fish handed

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them out and received the shillings as fast as his slim, active hands could work. Shilling after shilling rattled into the drawer of the table as the juniors came and went, coming with shillings in their hands, and going away with the great Fish Puzzle.

Removites and Fourth-Formers and Shell fellows and Fifth-Formers and fags of the Second and Third came and went till Fisher T. Fish's harvest of shillings must have been enormous.

The American junior's face wore a grin of satisfaction.

He had, he believed, with his unequalled Yankee ingenuity, evolved a puzzle so difficult that it could not possibly be solved—or, as he called it, "solved." The entrance fees were, therefore, so much clear gain to him, and he would not be called upon to pay out any of those pound prizes. What would happen if, by chance, a large number of fellows guessed the puzzle, and he was called upon to pay out fifty or sixty pounds, he had not considered. His wonderful gifts as a business man did not include foresight.

The crowd thinned down at last, until only Harry Wharton and Billy Bunter remained. And Billy managed to borrow a shilling for a card before Fish was left alone.

The American junior locked the door, and proceeded to count over his gains; and the amount of them caused him to chuckle with delight. There was no doubt, in Fisher T. Fish's mind, that he was a very great business man, and worthy to rank with the Jay Goulds and Rockefellers and other big men of finance.

But the competition was not over yet!

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Catchy!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. stood in a group under the old elms in the sunny Close, with the puzzle-cards in their hands, guessing.

The puzzle was not at first sight a very difficult one. It was upon the old lines of a missing-word competition—Fisher T. Fish's genius did not extend so far as the invention of anything quite original. The cards bore the inscription:

**"THE GREAT FISH COMPETITION!
PRIZE OF £1 FOR EVERY CORRECT
SOLUTION!"**

ENTRANCE FEE 1s.

The Missing Words in the Following Sentence to be Supplied:

THE EARLY.....CATCHES THE.....

Fill up the blanks, and win!

All solutions to be handed in at Study No. 14, Remove passage, by Saturday.

GO IN AND WIN!"

The chums of the Remove read over the card, and looked at one another in surprise.

"Does the silly ass call that a puzzle?" said Bob Cherry. "Why, a bat would guess that at one look! 'The early bird catches the worm,' must be the sentence." "That's as clear as daylight!" said Johnny Bull.

"The clearfulness is terrific!" Harry Wharton shook his head.

"I don't think it's quite so clear," he remarked. "It's a catch!"

"What do you mean? What sort of a catch?"

"It's not as simple as it looks. Fishy wouldn't offer a pound prize for anybody who could fill in the words of a well-known
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proverb. It's a catch. Of course, there are a lot of words that would make a grammatical sentence. For instance, 'The early traveller catches the train.'

"Oh!"

"Or, 'The early angler catches the fish.'"

"Oh!"

"Or, 'The early letter catches the post.'"

"My hat!"

"Seems to me that we've handed out our bobs for nothing!" said Bob Cherry wrathfully. "Why, there could be almost any number of sentences made up of that!"

"Of course there could!" said Wharton, with a grin. "And you can bet that Fishy has made the most unheard-of sentence he could possibly think of. He told us it was a hard puzzle, you know."

"Well, that isn't a puzzle," said Nugent; "that's a rotten catch!"

"Fishy is a great business man, you know!"

"Well, we'll all send in different answers, and catch him somehow," said Bob Cherry grimly. "We've got to think of the most unlikely answers and shove them in. And if a dozen or so of us happen on the right one—"

"It will be rough on Fishy!" grinned John Bull.

And the chums of the Remove set their wits to work.

The number of sentences that could be made by filling in various words in the empty spaces was very great. Nugent made a long list of them in his pocket-book; and when the list was made there were still innumerable others that could be added.

Temple, of the Fourth, came up while the Famous Five were still coining sentences.

"I've got it!" he remarked. "This is easier than the railway-station puzzles, you bet! 'The early bird catches the worm.' I don't mind telling you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Temple, in surprise. "Isn't that right?"

"No fear!"

"What do you think it is, then?"

"The early Yankee catches the Britisher,' very likely," said Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Temple. "It's a catch!"

"Jever get left?" grinned Nugent, quoting the famous question which was always upon Fisher T. Fish's lips.

"Looks to me as if we've been done!" growled Temple.

"Well, we shall jolly well be done if Fishy can do us," said Wharton. "But we've got to try to do Fishy. It would be the joke of the season if we could get it right, a heap of us, and give him fifty pounds to pay out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't believe he'd pay out so much as that!" growled Temple.

"Oh, he'd have to, you know! He's got our entrance fees!"

"And very likely some blessed Yankee trick ready for the winners, if there are any!" growled Temple. "How do you know he's got the money?"

"His popper's a giddy millionaire, he says," said Tom Brown.

"He says!" snorted Temple. "I should like to see some of the dollars before I swallow that. He says a lot of things that don't square with the facts."

"Well, it's rather late in the day to raise that point," said Bob Cherry.

"After all, we're bound to believe that he's honest, unless he proves that he isn't. Let's jolly well slam in fifty correct answers on him!"

"The early master catches the pupil," said Nugent thoughtfully.

"The early fish catches the bait," suggested Johnny Bull.

Wharton uttered an exclamation.

"Good! 'The early Fish'—Fisher T. Fish, you know—'catches the shillings,'" he said. "What price that for an answer?"

"Very likely."

"Might be anything!" growled Temple. "We've been done!"

And that was the impression most of the fellows had, after puzzling for a considerable time over the great Fish Puzzle.

Many of the juniors filled in the simplest answer, and were satisfied that they were right; but the knowing ones kept their cards open till they had thought the matter out very carefully.

Thinking it out, however, did not seem likely to benefit them very much, for the thing was evidently a catch.

Fisher T. Fish was approached on the subject by a good many fellows, with wrathful faces and loud voices, who wanted to know what he meant.

"Is it a catch, you bouncer?" demanded Bolsover major, cornering the Yankee schoolboy in the Close.

Fisher T. Fish smiled blandly.

"It's a puzzle," he explained.

"Have we got to make a proverb of it?" asked Hazeldene.

"Make anything you like, my son. Just make a grammatical sentence of it, and that's all right. If you get the right one, you get the prize. The missing words are written down on the paper Coker's got in his desk, and it's all fair and square."

"But it might be anything!" howled Bolsover.

Fisher T. Fish nodded.

"So it might," he agreed.

"Why, you—you—"

"I guess I warned you it was hard," said the American junior cheerfully.

"You didn't expect to rope in a pound for a bob quite easily, did you?"

"Well, no. But this isn't a guessing competition, it's a gamble," said Bulstrode of the Remove. "We've got to shove in words on spec."

"Shove 'em in any way you like, my son!"

"Well, anyway, if we do get 'em right he can't wriggle out of it, as the words are written down in Coker's charge," said Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. "I suppose we're allowed more than one guess, Fishy?"

"As many as you like at a bob a time!" said Fish.

"Oh!" said the Bounder.

"I've got heaps of the cards," said Fish. "The answers have to be written on them, in the spaces provided. You can have any number of the cards at a bob each."

The juniors did not seem anxious to accept that generous offer. Fisher T. Fish smiled serenely. He had taken more than a hundred shillings already, and he was quite satisfied that he would be able to keep them in his pockets, without having to hand any of them back in the shape of pound prizes.

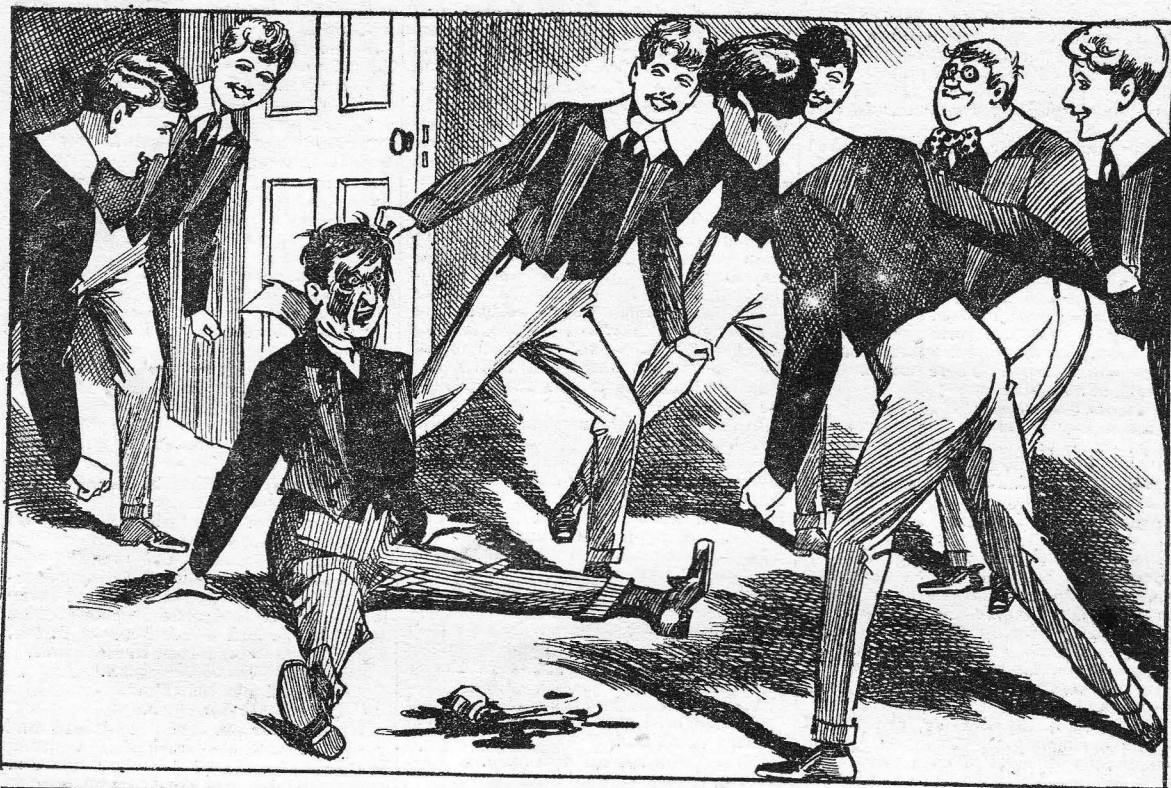
"It's a catch, of course!" said Vernon-Smith. "It might be 'The early American catches the Britisher.'"

Fisher T. Fish started a little.

The keen eye of the Bounder was upon him, and he did not fail to note that little sign the Yankee schoolboy gave.

Fisher T. Fish sold out a dozen or more cards that evening, many of the fellows making up their minds to have a second chance.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



The Juniors gathered round Fish, who was sitting on the floor, looking a pitiful object. "Well, you do look a picture, Fishy!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Honesty is the best policy, old man." "Groo-oo-ooch!" spluttered Fisher T. Fish. (See chapter 6.)

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Pleasant Prospect!

FISHER T. FISH sat in his study. There was a serene smile upon his thin, sharp face.

Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, grinned as he looked in. It was Friday evening, the last day before the close of the great Fish competition.

Vernon-Smith had a card in his hand, and Fish, looking up, made a gesture towards a heap that were already lying on the table.

"Put it there!" he said.

"I suppose you've had most of them in by this time?" the Bounder remarked.

"Yep."

"Any answers right?"

"You'll see to-morrow, I guess!"

"You've been blowing a lot of tin lately," the Bounder remarked, glancing round the study.

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"I guess that's all right," he said.

"I'm a business man, and I reckon to make something out of running a competition."

"So long as you have some tin left for the prizes," said the Bounder.

"Oh, I guess that's all O. K.!"

The purchases of Fisher T. Fish had indeed excited a good deal of comment in the Remove during the last few days. He had bought himself a new bat and a new fishing-rod, and he had purchased Russell's white rabbits, and a set of stamps from Banthorpe. The innumerable shillings received as entrance-fees in the competition must have been very nearly all expended.

"Well, here's my card!" said the Bounder.

"Shove it on the table!"

"Oh, look at it!"

Fisher T. Fisher took the card and glanced at it carelessly, and then his

face became fixed for a moment. Vernon-Smith was watching him carefully.

"Snakes!" murmured the American junior.

"The early American catches the Britisher!" was the sentence written upon the card.

"That the right answer?" asked the Bounder.

"You'll see to-morrow, I guess!" said Fish.

"All serene! A good many other fellows are going to send that answer in."

"Oh!" said Fish, his jaw dropping a little. "Are they?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Well, it's all O.K."

"I hope you've got the tin for the prizes!" said Vernon-Smith, in a slightly unpleasant tone. "Otherwise there will be trouble!"

"Yep!"

"You're not anxious about the result—eh?"

"Nope!"

Vernon-Smith grinned and left the study. In spite of Fisher T. Fish's belief in his own keenness, the Bounder of Greyfriars could see through him quite easily, and he had ten times the cunning of the American junior. As soon as the Bounder was gone, a worried look came over Fisher T. Fish's face.

"Great snakes!" he murmured. "Bust it! I—"

He broke off, and tried to compose his features into a cheerful grin as Harry Wharton came into the study.

"Here you are!" said Wharton cheerily. "Here's my answer, Fishy!"

"What may it happen to be?"

"The early American catches the Britisher!"

"Oh!" said Fish.

"Is that right?" asked Wharton.

"I guess you'll see, to-morrow!"

Wharton laughed and went out, and the

worried look on Fisher T. Fish's countenance deepened.

"Two quid!" he murmured. "Ten dollars! My hat! I haven't got quite that left, I reckon! I kinder guess that I've let myself in for something this journey! I've got left!"

His uncomfortable reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Frank Nugent all together, with cards in their hands. They nodded to Fish, and laid their cards upon the table.

"Here you are!" said Bob Cherry. "The early American catches the Britisher." Is that right? Vernon-Smith gave me the tip, and I think it's a good one!"

"Oh!" said Fish.

"We've all put the same," said Nugent.

"If that's the right answer, you'll have a good bit to hand out, Fishy!"

"Oh rats!" said Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha! I believe it's the right answer!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Well, there's no altering the answer, anyway. Coker's got it safe!"

"Count out the quidlets ready, Fishy!" said Bob Cherry.

"Jevver get left?" grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the chums of the Remove quitted the study laughing. Billy Bunter came in next, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh followed him in. They laid their cards on the table, grinned, and retired. Fisher T. Fish glanced at the cards they had laid down. Both of them bore the inscription his eyes were now growing accustomed to.

His face fell lower that ever.

"Seven!" he muttered. "That's seven pounds! My only hat!"

He almost groaned as Temple and Dabney, of the Fourth, came in. They were grinning joyously.

"I fancy we've got it, Fishy!" said Temple. "Vernon-Smith seems so jolly certain about it that we've taken a tip from him, and put it on our cards!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "The early American catches the Britisher!" grinned Temple. "Is that it?"

"Is that it, Fishy, old man?" asked Dabney.

"You'll see to-morrow!" said Fisher T. Fish desperately. "Close of the competition to-morrow, when the answer will be given out!"

"Oh, all serene! We'll wait!"

"Oh, rather!"

And the Fourth-Formers left the unhappy Yankee junior alone.

Fisher T. Fish rose from the comfortable armchair, where he was feeling no longer comfortable. There was a deep wrinkle in his brow.

"Great Christopher Columbus!" he murmured. "What am I going to do? How was I to know the blessed guys would tumble to it in this way? Blow them! Unless I can alter the answer I'm done in!"

A flush came into his cheeks at the thought.

Fisher T. Fish was very keen in business, and his keen business methods had sometimes been denounced as sharp practice, but to take the answer back from Coker and alter it, so as to make the right answers wrong, was a little too sharp even for his tough conscience.

He coloured at the thought, but it did not leave his mind.

He had not the slightest prospect of raising the money for the prizes, and he was already in need of nine pounds for the nine competitors whom he knew were correct.

And he knew perfectly well that he had not the slightest prospect of raising nine pounds; indeed, he had not nine shillings left at that moment!

"There's only one way, I guess," he murmured. "I shall have to get that envelope back from Coker somehow. I guess I don't like doing it, but it's got to be did! After all, business is business!" "Business," with Fisher T. Fish was evidently like charity—a word that covered a multitude of sins.

He was pacing the study recklessly, with a troubled brow, when Bolsover major came in. He put his card down, and chuckled.

"The early American catches the Britisher!" he remarked. "Smithy seems to be set on that, and I'm taking his tip. May be a case of the early Britisher catching the American! Ha, ha, ha!"

And Bolsover retired, laughing. "Ten of 'em!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "That's ten quid! Great pip!"

But it was not the end. Tubb and Paget of the Third came into the study, and then Hobson, of the Shell, and they all had the same answer. They, too, had evidently taken a tip from the Bounder of Greyfriars.

"Get the quids ready, Fishy!" said Paget, as he retired. "I shall want mine to-morrow!"

Fisher T. Fish granted. "Thirteen quid!" he murmured. "And I'll bet there are others to come! Oh, what a giddy idiot I was to get myself into this rotten fix! Br-r-r!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Early American Does Not Catch the Britisher!

SATURDAY morning was a morning of great excitement among the entrants of the Great Fish Competition.

The juniors were waiting anxiously THE POPULAR.—No. 133.

for the declaration. The railway-station puzzle, which some of the juniors had entered, was quite forgotten in the great interest excited by the native article, so to speak. The Great Fish competition absorbed all the interest of the Remove.

Whether Fish would pay up?—how he would get out of it?—these were questions that the juniors asked themselves and one another all Saturday morning, somewhat to the detriment of their lessons.

Fisher T. Fish maintained silence all the morning. He was not to be drawn upon the subject, and he would commit himself to nothing. All entrants into the competition were to meet in the Rag after dinner, when Coker was to open the envelope that had been placed in his charge, and, in the presence of all, the right answer was to be read out.

After dinner the juniors swarmed into the Rag.

So convinced were most of the juniors that Vernon-Smith & Co. had the right answer that there had been many applications to Fish for extra cards that morning; but the supply had apparently run short. At all events, Fisher T. Fish declined to supply any more.

Perhaps he felt that he had already enough winning answers.

Coker came into the Rag with Potter and Greene of the Fifth, and he was grinning serenely. He was by no means sorry to lend a helping hand in taking down the insufferable swank of Fisher Tarleton Fish.

A shout from the crowd of assembled juniors greeted Coker:

"Got it, Coker?"

Coker nodded, with a chuckle.

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

"Sure Fish hasn't been at it?" asked the Bounder.

"Quite sure!"

"Where's Fish?"

"I guess I'm right here," said Fisher T. Fish, coming into the Rag, with a bundle of cards in his hand. "You fellows ready for the finish?"

"Yes, rather!"

"The readiness is terrific."

"All velly leady!" murmured Wan Lung.

Fisher T. Fish looked round upon the eager assembly. He seemed to have recovered all his coolness.

Vernon-Smith felt a momentary mis-giving as he looked at the Yankee junior. Had he been wrong, after all?

Or had Fish succeeded in getting at the sealed-up answer? The Bounder wondered.

Fisher T. Fish did not look at the Bounder. He mounted upon a chair and waved his hand to the excited crowd.

"Gentlemen—" he began

"Buck up! What's the answer?"

"Faith, and we're waitin' for the answer intirely!"

"Gentlemen, the time has now come to declare the answer to the Great Fish Puzzle—the biggest and best competition ever run at Greyfriars, and guaranteed to beat hollow any rotten old railway-station puzzles!"

"Hear, hear!"

"What's the answer?"

"Cut the cackle and get to the hosses!"

"Gentlemen, here are the answers handed in at my study. Mr. Coker, I call upon you to produce the sealed-up answer placed in your hands to ensure the absolute genuineness of the Great Fish Competition."

"Now we're getting to bizney!" said Temple of the Fourth.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Show it up, Coker!"

"Buck up, Cokey, old man!"

Horace Coker produced the sealed envelope from his pocket. He held it up in the air, so that all the juniors could see that the seal was unbroken, just as when it had been placed in his hands.

"Open it!" shouted Nugent.

"Buck up, old man!"

Coker slit the envelope.

He took out the card it contained, and read out the answer aloud, a dozen fellows looking over his shoulders and reading it aloud at the same time.

And the answer ran:

"THE EARLY AMERICAN CATCHES THE BRITISHER!"

That was the sentence that had been evolved by the genius of Fisher Tarleton Fish!

It was undoubtedly "cute."

But there happened to be fellows at Greyfriars as cute as Fisher T. Fish, and even a little cuter; and so the cute American had been—as he generally was—"left."

That sentence had been a clever catch; and it also contained a gibe at the Greyfriars fellows, which would have been very telling if none of them had guessed the right sentence, as Fish had fully anticipated.

But under the circumstances of the sentence having been guessed by nearly twenty fellows, the laugh was very much against the cute competition merchant.

There was a roar as the answer was made known.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Fishy, did you ever get left?"

"Jever get left, old man?"

"Pay up!"

"I've got that answer!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

"The gotfulness is terrific!"

"Sure, and I want me pound prize intirely!"

An excited crowd of prize-winners surrounded Fisher T. Fish, holding out their hands for the promised sovereigns. It looked for a minute as if the chair the American junior was standing upon would be swept over into the swarm.

Fisher T. Fish waved his hands soothingly.

"I guess it's all right, you chaps—"

"I've won!"

"So have I!"

"Pay up!"

"Sure, I want me pound!"

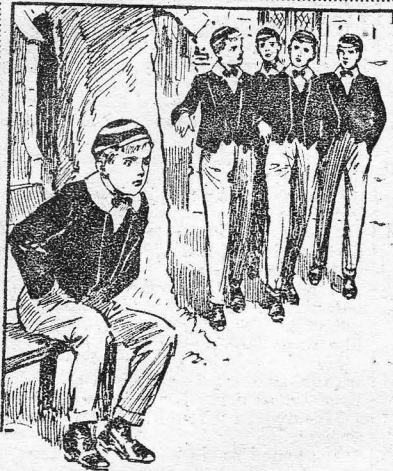
(Continued on page 17.)



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COMIC LIFE
The "Priceless" Coloured Comic.



THE WAIF'S SECRET!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Kind Uncle!

"THERE'S something jolly wrong with that kid!" said Jimmy Silver.

Arthur Edward Lovell yawned lazily.

"Eh! What kid?"

"Young 'Erbert!"

"Lost his aspirates, perhaps!"

"Rats! Look at him!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four, of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, were sauntering in the quadrangle, killing the last ten minutes before afternoon lessons. They sauntered through the old stone arch into Little Quad, and there they sighted 'Erbert.

Lovell was talking cricket and Raby was talking holidays with a genial disregard for one another's remarks.

Newcome was requesting both of them to give him a rest. Jimmy Silver was silent and thoughtful, and he looked more thoughtful than ever when he spotted 'Erbert on the old oaken bench in a shady corner of Little Quad.

Jimmy having drawn the general attention to 'Erbert, the Co. looked at him.

The fag did not see them.

He was sitting on the old bench, with his hands in his pockets, staring straight before him at the fountain and the pigeons fluttering round it, but evidently without seeing them.

His little face was dark and troubled, and there was a suspicious redness on his eyelids.

He did not look up.

"Somebody's been ragging him," opined Lovell. "Let's ask him who it was, and get on his track and strew the hungry churchyard with his bones."

"Something more than that!" said Jimmy. "He's been like this for days. I've noticed him."

"My hat! I can't say I have," said Lovell.

"You're not Uncle James to all Rookwood!" grinned Raby. "What do you want us to do, Jimmy? Are we to kiss him and call him Albert?"

"Fathead!"

"He does look bothered," said Newcome. "Fags have their own blessed little troubles in the Second Form, you know. Perhaps they've started on deponent verbs."

"Ass!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. had stopped, but still 'Erbert did not observe them. The Second Former was evidently buried deep in his own gloomy meditations.

"He was always a cheery little chap," said Jimmy. "Even when Mornington first brought him here, a ragged little waster he picked up on the high road, he was cheery enough. Now he's a Rookwood chap, and he's made no end of friends in the Second Form, and he ought to be merry and bright. And for days he's been looking as if he's going to be hanged. I'm going to look into it."

"It's Morny, perhaps," said Lovell. "He was kind to the little bouncer when he took him up, but he's got a beastly temper. May have been slanging him. 'Erbert's no end fond of Morny, for some reason I've never been able to guess."

"Well, I'm going to jaw him."

Jimmy Silver bore down on the waif of Rookwood. His chums followed him, really concerned about 'Erbert, now that his evident trouble had been brought to their notice.

It was not easy to guess what that trouble was.

The little tramp and outcast had become a fag at Rookwood, and made friends in the school; and that change in his life was surely enough to make him happy. And, as a rule, he was very bright. Mornington, his protector, was generally kind to him.

Only a few days before 'Erbert had gone out of his depth in the river, and Mornington had saved him from drowning at the risk of his life. And 'Erbert's miserable mood, as Jimmy had noticed, dated from that day.

"Hallo, young 'un!"

Jimmy clapped the fag on the shoulder.

'Erbert looked up quickly then.

"'Allo, Master Silver!" he stammered.

Jimmy seated himself on the bench beside the fag.

"Now, 'Erbert, what's the row?" he asked.

The fag was silent.

"For some days now you've been looking as cheery as a Hun," went on Jimmy. "Been rowing with Snooks and Jones minimus, and the other personages of the most noble and respected Second Form?"

"N-n-o."

"Carthef of the Sixth been twisting your arm?"

"No."

"Oh! Lattrey, perhaps; that new cad in the Fourth," said Jimmy, frowning. "Has Lattrey been worrying you, kid? If he has, tell your Uncle Jimmy,

and he'll make Lattrey sorry he was ever planted on Rookwood!"

"Tain't Lattrey, sir."

"Well, what is it?"

Silence.

"Come," said Jimmy Silver, with kind patience. "There's something up, kid, and your Uncle Jimmy is the merchant to set it right. Can't you tell me what the trouble is?"

'Erbert looked at the chums of the Fourth, and his lip quivered. He saw only kindness in the four cheerful faces.

"I—I ain't going to complain of Master Mornington, sir," he said, with a tremble in his voice. "He's been good to me; more'n I ever deserved, I know that. He found me starving, after old Bill Murphy was killed in the war, and he took me in, and got his guardian to send me 'ere to school, and—and I can't never pay him nohow for all he's done for me!"

"So it's Morny!" said Jimmy Silver, very quietly.

"He ain't done nothing," said 'Erbert quickly. "I—I done something to offend Master Morny, and he won't speak to me."

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"I—I wish sometimes that he 'ad left me in the river," muttered 'Erbert. "It was splendid of 'im what he did, sir. He might have been drowned, and he fetched me out. And immediate, sir, he—he called me names; and—and since then he won't speak to me, but he looks at me when I see him like—like he hated the sight of me." 'Erbert's voice broke down. "I don't know as I've done nothing to offend him, sir."

Jimmy Silver's brow set very darkly. Jimmy had pulled much better with Mornington of late, since the bouncer of the Fourth had given up many of his blackguardly ways. But Morny's uncertain and bitter temper was unchanged, and it looked as if the defenceless fag had been the latest victim of it.

"He don't mean to be 'ard, sir," went on 'Erbert. "P'raps he thinks I don't care if he don't speak to me. I don't want to worrit 'im. But—but why does he look at me like that when he sees me. I ain't never meant to do nothing to make him hate me like he does."

"He doesn't, you young ass," said Jimmy Silver. "It's only his temper, and he'll come round."

'Erbert shook his head.

"He hates me!" he said, in a low tone of miserable conviction. "Arter all he's done for me too! I—I wish he'd left me 'ungry on the road, like he found

"The Invisible Raider!" Grand Sidney Drew Serial Starts Next Week

me. He hates the sight of me now, sir. I—I wish I could leave Rookwood. I know he wants me to."

Clang!

"Hallo, there's the bell!" said Raby. Jimmy Silver rose.

"Come on, Erbert, and buck up," he said. "It's all right—only one of Morny's tantrums. I'll speak to him in—"

"Don't you go for to let him think I've been complainin' of 'im, Master Silver," said the fag in alarm. "I wouldn't ave Master Morny think that."

"Of course I won't, you young duffer! It's only his tantrums, and if he knew you were taking it to heart he would stop it at once. Morny's not a bad fellow."

"He's one of the best, sir. But—" "There's that cad, Lattrey," growled Lovell.

Lattrey of the Fourth came through the trees behind the oak bench, and glanced sneeringly at the chums as he passed without speaking.

"The rotter was listening," said Newcome.

Lattrey heard that remark as he passed, but he walked on without taking note of it. The bell had ceased to ring, and the juniors hurried away to the class-rooms, and 'Erbert's troubles had to be left over till after lessons.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Uncle James Loses His Temper

DIRECTLY after lessons that afternoon Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of Study No. 4, and as there was no reply from within he opened it.

Mornington was there, with a cigarette between his lips.

He scowled at the sight of the captain of the Fourth.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Only a word or two, Morny."

"Don't talk cricket to me. I don't want to play in the eleven, if that's what you've come about."

"I haven't."

"Well, shut the door after you."

"Out of sorts?" asked Jimmy, in wonder. Mornington had been very keen indeed on a place in the junior eleven only a few days before.

"Mind your own bizney!"

Jimmy Silver coloured. It was Morny of his very worst period over again, and Jimmy felt strongly inclined to take him by the scruff of the neck and rub his aristocratic nose in the hearthrug. With a really noble effort of self-restraint, Jimmy refrained from doing so.

But he did not go. He went in, and closed the door behind him, Mornington watching him with sullen, savage eyes.

"I'm not going to bore you long, my infant," said Jimmy, as cheerily as before. "I want to speak to you about young Murphy—'Erbert, you know."

"Hang 'Erbert!"

"The kid's been in dolorous dumps for days," said Jimmy. "You're not really treating him well, Morny. He thinks no end of you, because you took him up and brought him here, and when you scowl he takes it seriously. I thought I'd mention it, because I know you don't mean to wound the poor kid's feelings."

Mornington sneered.

"How do you know?" he snapped. "Well, I take it that you don't," said Jimmy.

"Perhaps you're mistaken."

Jimmy Silver looked long and hard at the sneering face before him. Mornington was in a mood Jimmy did not quite understand.

"You can't mean, Morny, that you don't care that you're making that poor

kid thoroughly miserable?" he said very quietly.

"Why should I care?"

"Well, anybody but a Prussian Hun would care, I suppose," said Jimmy warmly. "You've done a great deal for 'Erbert, not to mention fishing him out of the river the other day. He looks on you as a sort of little tin god. It would be only good-natured to live up to it."

"I wish I'd left him in the river!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Can't you understand English?"

asked Mornington, with a sneer.

"That isn't English—more like German," said Jimmy Silver contemptuously. "You wish you'd left that poor little beggar to drown? Are you mad?"

"Find out!"

"Then," said Jimmy, a glitter coming into his eyes, "it isn't simply your silly temper, as I thought. You're deliberately making that poor kid miserable, because he's idiot enough to be worried by your airs and graces."

"Oh, leave me alone!"

"What has he done?"

"Nothin'."

"Then why can't you be decent to him?"

"Find out!"

"You can't have taken a dislike to him," said Jimmy, in perplexity. "He's a good little chap, though he has his funny ways. Towny and Topsy and the rest sneer about his having been a vagrant, and about his having no name of his own, but you're not a silly snob like that."

"Thanks!" sneered Mornington.

"Murphy's as good a name as any other, and it's the name of the splendid chap who took care of him, and who was killed in Flanders," said Jimmy.

"Surely you're not setting up as a snob like Townsend, Morny?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"I don't understand you, Morny."

"No need for you to understand me. Get out of my study and leave me alone."

Jimmy breathed hard.

"Then you're going to keep on like this—scowling at the kid and making him wretched with your rotten temper?" he exclaimed.

"Hang him! I hate the sight of him! I was a fool to bring him to Rookwood!" The words came in a savage, passionate outburst. "What did I want to pick him up on the road for? Why couldn't I leave him to starve, as other vagrants starve? I must have been out of my senses! Hang him! Why couldn't I have left him in the river? Oh, I'm a fool—a fool—a fool!"

"You're not a fool," said Jimmy Silver, in measured tones. "You're a rotten, rascally, cowardly villain and blackguard!"

Mornington sprang to his feet, his eyes flaming.

"You're very tender about 'Erbert!" he said, between his teeth. "Well, listen to this, then. I'll make his life a burden so long as he stays at Rookwood, and I'll get my guardian to take him away and turn him adrift. As soon as I can shove him out of the school, he goes, and he goes to starve and beg as he did before. Hang him, and hang you! Now get out!"

"So that's the programme?"

"Yes, confound you!"

"And why?"

"Find out!"

Jimmy's hands clenched so hard that the nails almost dug into his palms.

"You rotter!" he said. "I don't know what you've got against 'Erbert, but you sha'n't act like that without paying for it! Put up your hands, you sneak-

ing, skulking cad! I'm going to lick you!"

"You won't have to ask me twice!" sneered Mornington. "I'm just in a humour for you, or any other meddling fool! Come on!"

Without waiting for Jimmy Silver to come on, Mornington rushed savagely to the attack.

Jimmy Silver's hands went up like lightning.

In a second the two juniors were fighting fiercely.

Jimmy had come to the study with friendly intentions. His friendly intentions were gone now. There was anger and scorn, and something almost like hatred, in Jimmy's breast at that moment. Mornington seemed to him like some foul reptile.

He drove blow after blow at the savage, sneering face, receiving, without heeding, as many fierce blows in return.

Mornington fought with savage energy.

It seemed as, in his black humour, he was glad to have someone upon whom to wreak the rage that consumed him.

But Jimmy Silver was a dangerous customer to choose for that purpose.

For ten minutes the fight went on, and then Mornington lay on his back, gasping for breath and utterly "done." He had received about the severest thrashing of his career.

Jimmy Silver looked at him grimly, panting, and left the study without a word. He went to the dormitory to bathe his face; it needed it.

When he turned up on the cricket-ground a little later his chums stared at him. His nose was swollen, his lip was cut, and there was a dark "mouse" under his left eye.

"Morny?" asked Lovell, with a grin.

"Don't speak of him," said Jimmy. "He makes me sick! Let's get some cricket."

And he said no more than that.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Last Word!

COME into my study," said Peele.

"Morny's there."

"Blow, Morny!"

The nuts of the Fourth were standing in an elegant group in the window of the Fourth-Form passage.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at cricket practice, but that kind of occupation did not appeal to Peele and Gower, Townsend and Topham and Lattrey.

The merry nuts were thinking of the delights of "banker" in the study.

But the "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood were under difficulties. Townsend and Topham shared their study with Rawson, the scholarship junior, and Rawson wouldn't allow either smoking or card-playing in No. 5.

It was like Rawson's cheek, the nuts considered. But Rawson was too burly and too hard a hitter to be argued with. Lattrey shared a study with Tubby Muffin, the fattest junior at Rookwood, and the most inveterate talker and tattler.

A quiet game was impossible there. Peele and Gower belonged to Mornington's study, which had generally been the headquarters of the nutty brigade.

But Mornington of late had become savage and disagreeable, and he seemed to have quite thrown over his old amusements.

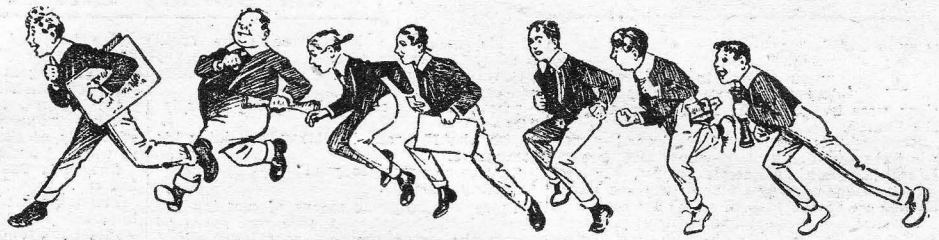
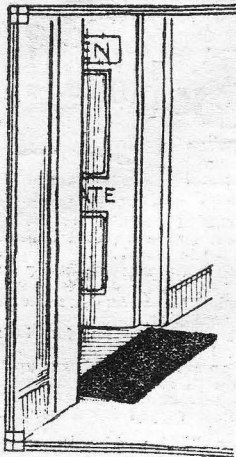
Peele was looking angry and obstinate now, however.

He had had enough of Morny and Morny's temper. If Morny chose to stand outside the select circle of the Giddy Goats, let him. But let him mind

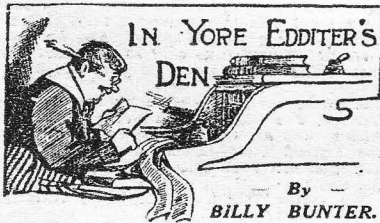
(Continued on page 13.)

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



JIM-NASTICK JOTTINGS!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

AFTER THE FIGHT!

By DICK PENFOLD.

My Deer Readers,—Most of you, I think, are interested in Jim-nasticks. I don't mean a fello of that name, but the acrobattix, and all that sort of thing that you perform in the Jim.

It's a very fine thing to develop yore mussels, and become a plump, well-proportioned fello like me. Every chapp ought to learn how to do stunts on the parallel bars, how to vault the box-hoarse, and how to ballance himself on the trapeeze.

Ever sinse I was a small fag—as the cigar said when it was writing its life history—I have been keen on Jim-nasticks. I have always spent at least an hour a day in the Jim. That's why I'm always in the pale-blue—or is it pink?—of kondishun. That's why my biseps are bigger than the biseps of any other fello in the Remove, barring Bolsover major, who's got the strength of an ocks.

The time is now ripe for me to perduce a Special Jim-nastick Number. Lots of reeders have klammered for it, and they have not klammered in vein.

You will find sura very interesting and instructiff artikles in this issew. I have spared no panes—as a window-slasher wood say—to bring out a reelly top-whole number. With the assistanse of my four fat subbs, I have worked with mite and mane, and the first froots of our labers are prszented to you hearwith.

I hope to get lots and lots of letters on the subjectk of this Special Number, lord-ing it up to the skies, and telling me what a reelly fine edditer I am.

Can you imagine this brite and poplar jernal being run by anyboddy else? I kann't!

Weak by weak we are going stronger and stronger, and I have reeders and frends in every part of the English-speaking world. That I may retaine the loyal support of those reeder chums, threw storm and shine, is the Ernest wish of Yore Jim-nastick Pal.

Yore Edditer

[Supplement I.

It is rumoured that my Bruther Billy is an eggspert at terning dubble summersalts. The only time I saw him tern a dubble summersalt was when Bob Cherry kicked him down the Skool House steps!

The Jim, curiously enuff, is the plaice where we box. Personally, I konsider that the most appropriate place for scrap-ping is the box-room!

Wun Lung is able to proseed the hole length of the Jim walking on his hands Rather an amazing feet!

Tubb and Gatty, who have always been such good frends, have now quarrelled. I understand that when Gatty was engaged in a wrestling match with Tubb the latter "threw him over"!

Yung Myers intends to fortify himself with a glass of jinger-pop, and then ballance himself on the highest trapeeze in the Jim. He will bitterly regret having "taken a drop."

The grate fite betwene Bolsover miner an' Wingate miner will take plaice on Saterdag afternoon. That's the worst of these miners. They're always "striking"!

Hurree Singh has prommist to give an eggshibition of Indian clubb swinging in the Jim. Those who don't want to be brained are rekwested not to go within a radius of a hundred yards!

Napoleon Dupont, the French jewnier, challenges anyboddy to a fencing kon-test. No, I sha'n't take you on, Napoleon, lest I pœerce you threw yore bony part!

Here, a sheer hulk, lies Bolsover major, The bully of the Form; He fought Bob Cherry for a wager, Bob made the pace too warm! Within the gym they fought and bled, Like Trojans they were smiting. (To be precise, the bully bled While Cherry did the fighting!)

Just like a log the victim lies, His nose is swollen double; When Cherry blacked the bully's eyes They both began to bubble! Up to the matron Skinner scoots To fetch some strapping plaster; He always licks Bolsover's boots And aids him in disaster!

Here, a sheer hulk, lies Bolsover major, An inmate of the sanny; I think he's wiser now, and sager, He's what they call "ca' canny." For his success our Bob deserves A sceptre, crown, and mitre; He's fit and fearless, has no nerves, And he's a champion fighter!

ARE YOU FIT?

Can you run a mile without getting out of breath?
Can you Box and Wrestle?
Can you Swim?

IF YOU ARE NOT

an athlete come to FISH'S ATHLETE SCHOOL in Study 14, and learn how to

BE ONE!



Surprising the School!

By Jimmy Silver.

"YAH!"

"Funk!"
"You deserve to be kicked!"
These far from friendly expressions were hurled at the head of Fleming of the Fourth.

None of the readers of Rookwood yarns will have heard of R. J. Fleming. He doesn't figure in Owen Conquest's stories, for the simple reason that he's a nonentity—at least, he was up to the time of which I write.

Fleming was a quiet and retiring youth—a milk-and-water sort of chap, who didn't shine either in the Form-room or on the playing-field. He had a study to himself, he made no friends, and he seemed to shut himself off from the rest of the world.

The only time when Fleming came before the public eye was at gymnasium class. On those occasions he made himself conspicuous by his cowardice; there was no other word for it.

Fleming funk'd the most simple feats. When it came to his turn in the high jump, his knees would knock together with fright. If he was ordered to vault over the box-horse he would run a few paces, stop short suddenly, and stammer out:

"It—it's no use, you fellows! I can't do it!"

In these circumstances it is not surprising that he came to be known throughout Rookwood as "Funky" Fleming.

On the occasion of which I write we had to walk on our hands from one end of the parallel bars to the other—not a difficult feat for any fellow with an ounce of nerve.

Everybody managed it except Fleming and Tubby Muffin. We could forgive Tubby because he's such a fat duffer, and he couldn't walk on his hands on the floor, let alone on the parallel-bars.

But there was no excuse for Fleming. Whereas on Tubby Muffin's part it was sheer physical inability to perform the feat, on Fleming's part it was sheer funk.

When it came to Fleming's turn, he ran forward, hesitated, and stopped short altogether. And then came the derisive shouts of "Yah!" "Funk!" and "You deserve to be kicked!"

Fleming faced round upon the crowd. His face was white.

"It's no use your yelling at me like that!" he said. "I tell you I can't do it, and I'm not going to try!"

"You ought to be at a girls' school," said Teddy Grace contemptuously.

Fleming went back to his place, and his schoolfellows edged away from him as if they were afraid of contaminating themselves by rubbing shoulders with such a funk.

We all regarded "Funky" Fleming as an awful funk! Within twenty-four hours, however, something happened which caused us to revise our opinion.

On the following afternoon Fleming was taking a solitary stroll along the towing-path of the river, when he heard a shrill cry for help.

He thought at first that the cry came from someone who had fallen into the river, and was in danger of drowning.

When he glanced across at the opposite bank, however, he saw what was happening.

Lattrey of the Fourth had Lovell minor across his knee, and was labelling him with a boathook.

It appears that Lattrey had ordered young Lovell to punt him down the river, whilst he—Lattrey—lay back on the cushions and read a novel. Lovell minor, being a youth of spirit, had refused. Whereupon Lattrey, who seemed to think that he had been sent into the world for the express purpose of bullying fags, had picked up a boathook, and was now wielding it with savage brutality. Fleming stopped short.

In the ordinary way he would not have dreamed of opposing a fellow like Lattrey; but the sight of young Lovell's helplessness roused him to unwonted anger.

"Drop that, you cad!" he cried hotly. Lattrey paused, with the boathook uplifted.

in his hand. He looked as if he could scarcely believe his ears.

Could this really be "Funky" Fleming addressing him?

"Drop that!" repeated Fleming sharply.

"Or—"

"Or what?" sneered Lattrey, regaining his composure.

"I'll come across to you!"

Lattrey laughed.

There was only one means of crossing the river at that part. A pole was extended across the water, the ends of it being edged into the respective banks.

Only a fellow of considerable nerve would have attempted to walk across that pole. It was as precarious as walking the plank.

Moreover, if a non-swimmer attempted to cross the river by means of the pole, he would be running a grave risk. And Fleming could not swim a stroke!

"It'll take you about half an hour to cross the river," said Lattrey, with a grin. "You'll have to walk nearly half a mile along the towing-path, and cross over by the foot-bridge. And when you do get across, what do you suppose you're going to do?"

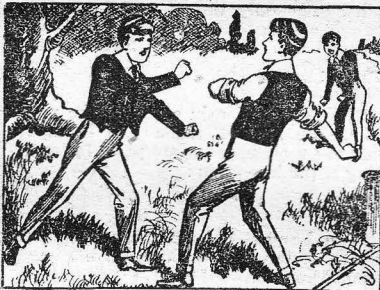
Fleming's reply made Lattrey gasp.

"I'm going to give you a thundering good hiding!"

"Eh?"

"And I sha'n't cross by the foot-bridge, either. I'm taking a much shorter cut."

So saying, Fleming started to walk across



"Now, you cad!" said Fleming as he advanced towards Lattrey. "I'm going to lick you!" A well-directed blow caught the cad of the Fourth on the nose.

the pole. Lattrey watched him in a dazed sort of way.

This was a new Fleming. Surely this could not be the same fellow who had funk'd the exercise on the parallel-bars only the day before!

As he advanced slowly across the pole, with arms outstretched to balance himself, Fleming's face was pale as death. He knew that if he made a false step he would be precipitated into the river. And then it would be all up. For he could not swim a stroke, and it was hardly likely that Lattrey, who was as big a coward as he was a bully, would make any attempt to rescue him. Lovell minor watched Fleming's progress with bated breath. Lattrey, with the boathook still upraised in his hand, watched, too.

To Fleming it seemed an eternity before he reached the opposite bank. He felt as if he were walking a tight-rope, and that at any instant he might miss his footing.

Fortune favoured him, however, and he gained the bank without mishap.

The whole thing had taken about thirty seconds, although it seemed to Fleming that he had passed through a cycle of time.

"Now, you cad," he said, advancing towards Lattrey. "I'm going to lick you!"

Lattrey started to laugh, but the laughter died away on his lips as Fleming hit out, dealing him a blow in the chest which caused him to stagger.

"Oh, well hit!" said Lovell minor admiringly. "Go it, Fleming!"

The boathook had fallen from Lattrey's grasp, and the cad of the Fourth, seeing that Fleming meant business, pulled himself together, and rushed to attack.

He did not anticipate much difficulty in putting "Funky" Fleming on his back, especially as Fleming had never been known to win any fistic encounter.

But there was a surprise in store for Mark Lattrey.

Fleming rained an avalanche of blows upon him, and he retreated so hurriedly that he would have toppled backwards into the river had not Lovell minor rapped out a word of warning.

Nobody was more surprised at Fleming's success than Fleming himself. A thrill of joy ran through him. For once in his life he was not afraid. On the contrary, he was filled with the joy of battle. And he was more determined than ever to carry out his threat, and to give Lattrey a good thrashing. Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

A further avalanche of blows rained upon Lattrey, who offered but a feeble resistance. And it was at this stage of the fight that the Fistical Four—Lovell, Raby, Newcome, and the writer of this narrative—came on the scene.

We stopped short on the bank, scarcely able to believe our eyes.

"My only aunt!" gasped Lovell. "Am I dreaming, or is that Fleming administering the knock-out to Lattrey?"

Even as Lovell spoke, Fleming floored his man with a straight left, which had all the weight of his body behind it.

Lattrey measured his length on the ground, and made no effort to rise.

We ran to the spot, and bombarded Lovell minor with requests for an explanation.

"It was like this, you fellows," said the fag. "This cad Lattrey ordered me to punt him down the river, and I refused. So he started lamming me with a boathook. Fleming came along on the opposite bank, saw what was happening, and walked across the pole—"

"He—he what?" gasped Newcome faintly.

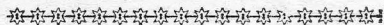
"Walked across the pole, and went for Lattrey. You know the rest."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Raby. "What duffer said the age of miracles was past? Here's a fellow who we've always looked upon as an out and out funk, risking his life—for that's what it amounted to—in order to chip in and prevent Lovell minor from being bullied."

"And he licked Lattrey!" I exclaimed. "Not that Lattrey's anything to lick, but fancy Fleming licking anybody! Here, where's the fellow gone? I should like to shake hands with him."

But R. J. Fleming, with becoming modesty, had vanished.

THE END.



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ARE SPESHUL NUMBERS
POPULAR?

YES!!

Therefore I am having
another Speshul Number
Necks Week.

Order To-day—Don't Delay!

[Supplement II.]



Bunter's Gymnastic Class!

By Johnny Bull.

NOBODY ever suspected Billy Bunter of being a gymnast until the following announcement, in the familiar handwriting and spelling of the Owl of the Remove, appeared on the notice-board in the Hall:

"NOTISS!

A GRAND DISPLAY

of Boxing, Wrestling, Fencing, Clubb-swinging, Dumb-bell Eggeriseses, and other Jim-nastic Feets

will be given by

BILLY BUNTER'S JIM-NASTICK TROOP on Friday evening at 8 sharp.

Prices of admishun to the Jim will be as folloes: Prefecks, 2/6d. per head. Fifth Form, Shell, and Upper Fourth, a bob per head. Removites, a tanner per head. Faggs can come in for nickes.

½ the propheets will be given to the organiser of the Troop, and ¼ to his miner Sammy. The ballance will be sent to the Cottage Hospital.

ROLL UP IN YORE THOWSANDS!"

"My only Aunt Ermyntude!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "This is the first I've heard of Billy Bunter's gymnastic troop."

"If you had kept your optics open," said Frank Nugent, "you would have noticed that Bunter and several other fellows have been spending all their spare time in the gym lately. The gymnastic class was started about a week ago, and it's now in full swing."

"But Bunter's not a gymnast!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "He can't box, he can't wrestle, he can't fence, he can't swing a club or a dumb-bell—he's a hopeless duffer at all gymnastic exercises."

"Still, it will be worth a tanner to see this exhibition," I chimed in.

"Yes, rather!"

"I wouldn't miss it for anything!" said Bob Cherry. "We'd better take a stretcher along to the gym with us, in case Bunter breaks his neck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No such luck," said Nugent. "Whom the gods love die young—and they don't love Bunter!"

From that time until Friday evening Billy Bunter and the members of his gymnastic class were constantly rehearsing. On these occasions the door of the gym was strongly barricaded, in order that the rehearsals should be kept private.

From what we could gather, the members of Bunter's troop were Wun Lung, Fisher T. Fish, Alonzo Todd, Napoleon Dupont, Sammy Bunter, and Hop Hi.

When Friday evening came there was no mad rush on the part of the Greyfriars fellows to get to the gym.

Not a single Sixth-Former turned up. Evidently they didn't see the fun of paying half-a-crown to witness the weird antics of Billy Bunter & Co.

Coker, Potter, and Greene were the only Fifth-Formers who put in an appearance.

Neither the Shell nor the Upper Fourth was represented; but there were a score of fellows from the Remove, and the sight of them did Billy Bunter's heart good, for twenty tanners meant ten bob in the pockets of the plump organiser and his minor.

The fags, who didn't have to pay for admission, were present in full force.

The gym had been partitioned off by means of a screen. Behind this screen the members of Billy Bunter's gymnastic class were getting ready for action.

When eight o'clock chimed out, the screen was withdrawn, and we beheld the performers standing rigidly at attention, and clad in sweaters and shorts and pilmsoles.

Billy Bunter was looking very pompous and important. This was a great occasion for him, and he was swelling visibly, like the frog in the fable.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows!" he announced. "We are here to-day—"

"And gone to-morrow!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, Cherry! We are here to-day for the purpose—"

"Well, we didn't suppose you blew in accidentally!" said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter frowned at the interrupter.

"We are here to-day for the purpose of giving a grand gymnastic display, details of which have appeared on the notice-board. I hoped to see a full house to-night, and I'm awfully disappointed. Still, I should like to thank those who have thought it worth while to turn up—"

"Cut it out!" growled Bolsover major, "and get on with the washing!"

"All serene," said Bunter. "Now, the first item in our programme is a friendly boxing bout between Fisher Tarleton Fish, of Amercia, and William George Bunter—"

"Of Bunter Court, Bunkumshire!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, ye cripples!"

Billy Bunter and Fisher T. Fish stepped out from the ranks, and put on the gloves. Then they rushed at each other, hitting out furiously, as if each was trying to wipe the other off the face of the earth.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jack Drake. "If this is what they call a friendly bout, what's going to happen when they get angry?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Smite him, Bunty!"

"Smash him, Fishy!"

There was neither science nor skill in the

methods of the two boxers. All that Bunter wanted was to get at Fishy, and all that Fishy wanted was to get at Bunter.

Billy Bunter was too short-sighted to do much damage to his opponent. Whenever he struck at Fish, he smote the empty air.

But presently, by an amazing fluke, he happened to hit his man.

Bunter put all his weight behind that blow—and his weight is fourteen stone.

Fishy stopped the blow with his ribs, and he made a hissing noise, like a punctured tyre, and sank to the floor.

"Come on!" urged Bunter. "Up you get, Fishy! Let's finish our friendly scrap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow! I guess you've stove in one of my ribs!" groaned Fishy.

Billy Bunter turned to the audience, and patted himself proudly on the chest.

"William George Bunter wins!" he said majestically.

"Hurrah!"

The next item was a wrestling match between the two Chinese brothers, Wun Lung and Hop Hi.

It was a really clever exhibition, and, to misquote Goldsmith, "fools who came to scoff remained to cheer."

Of course, Wun Lung won by virtue of his superior strength; but Hop Hi had put up a very plucky show.

Napoleon Dupont then came into the pic-

ture. He fenced with Alonzo Todd, and struck terror into the heart of the meek and mild Alonzo, who retreated half a dozen yards, and then dodged behind Billy Bunter, yelling to the audience to seize Napoleon and pin him down. Meanwhile, Napoleon amused himself by calling his opponent—in French—a funk and a coward. He shouted excitedly to Alonzo Todd to come on, but the duffer of the Remove wisely remained behind Billy Bunter's broad back.

The fencing exhibition having fizzled out, owing to Alonzo's reluctance to come out and be slain, Billy Bunter conducted his class through a series of club-swinging and dumb-bell exercises.

Fisher T. Fish, swinging his clubs with great vigour, accidentally smote Hop Hi on the head.

The fag's knees sagged under him, and he collapsed on the floor with a howl of anguish.

Harry Wharton & Co. rushed to the spot, and assisted Hop Hi to his feet.

The fag was not seriously injured, but he was too severely shaken up to be able to take part in the last event of all—the human tableau.

"Fishy, you clumsy ass," said Billy Bunter, "you've been and brained our best man! We were going to form a sort of pyramid, with Hop Hi right at the top. And now he won't be able to take part. I shall have to take his place, that's all."

"You!" cried Sammy Bunter. "Why, you'll bring the whole lot down, like a house of cards!"

"Rats!"

A space was cleared for the tableau, and the audience watched the proceedings with great interest.

Fisher T. Fish, Alonzo Todd, and Napoleon Dupont ranged themselves side by side. On to their shoulders clambered Sammy Bunter and Wun Lung.

To complete the tableau, Billy Bunter had to perch himself right at the top, standing on the shoulders of his minor and the Chinese junior.

"You'll want a pair of steps, Bunty!" said Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Buck up!" panted Sammy. "We can't stand in this position much longer."

Billy Bunter clambered on to the box-horse, and from this eminence he was able to place his right foot on Sammy's shoulder, and his left foot on Wun Lung's.

Unfortunately, Billy's weight put far too great a strain on those beneath him.

The three fellows who were standing on the floor began to stagger, and the movement upset the equilibrium of Sammy Bunter and Wun Lung. They swayed apart, with the result that Billy Bunter came crashing down through space.

Thud!

Fortunately, Billy happened to land on one of the mats. Had he fallen on the hard floor, he might have hurt himself badly. Even as it was, he received a severe bruising, and his howls of anguish echoed through the gym.

"Ow! Yow! Yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The spectators held their sides with merriment. That tableau was the funniest thing they had seen for whole terms.

Had Hop Hi taken his usual place on the top, all would have been well. But Billy Bunter's weight had caused the human pyramid to collapse.

It was some time before the gymnasts sorted themselves out and order was restored. And for the rest of the evening Billy Bunter hobbled about with the assistance of a couple of cricket-stumps. He had been severely shaken up; but he had the consolation of visiting the tuckshop before it closed, and having a jolly good feed on the proceeds of his wonderful "Jim-nastick" display!

THE END.

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Alonzo Todd retreated a half-a-dozen yards away from Dupont and then dodged behind Billy Bunter.

A CLERICAL ERROR!

By **FATTY WYNN.**

DUMB-BELLS ARE DANGEROUS!

By **BAGGY TRIMBLE.**

"I T'S wearin' vewy thin, deah boys!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was standing with a group of fellows, gazing down at the wrestling-mat in the gym. The mat was certainly wearing thin. It had been at St. Jim's longer than Kildare of the Sixth. It was even rumoured that it had been there longer than Taggles, the porter, in which case it must have been about a hundred and ten years old!

Generations of St. Jim's fellows had wrestled on that mat. It had been rolled on, sat on, jumped on, cut, torn, twisted, and mauled about generally. It was a very sick and sorry specimen of a mat. Great holes gaped in it, and it was soiled and stained beyond description. Numerous noses had bled upon that mat; numerous tussles had taken place upon it. It was beginning to shed straw from its interior.

"Yaas, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus, shaking his head sadly. "It's wearin' vewy thin."

Tom Merry nodded.

"About time we had a new one," he said. "The seniors have got a new one," said Monty Lowther, "and we've got to go on using this ancient and decrepit thing. Who's responsible for getting new gymnastic gear?"

"Railton," said Manners. "But he won't buy us a new wrestling-mat. Somebody asked him to the other day. He said that funds wouldn't run to it."

Tom Merry gave a grunt.

"We're giving a wrestling exhibition in a few days' time before all the nobility and gentry," he said. "We can't possibly use a mat like this. It's a positive eyesore!"

"We could borrow the seniors' mat," suggested Digby.

"Some hopes!"

"I'll tell you what, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus, in a sudden burst of generosity. "I'm quite willin' to p'vide a new mat out of my own pocket!"

"Good old Gussy!"

"I'll ordah one at once f'rom Blankley's, the big sports outfitters in London," said Arthur Augustus.

"That's the idea!" said Monty Lowther. "They stock everything at Blankley's, from a pincushion to a pantechnicon. Send them a telegram, Gussy, and we shall have the new mat down to-morrow."

Arthur Augustus cycled down to the post-office in Rylcombe, and despatched the following wire:

"Blankley's, London.—Please forward new mat immediately for use in gym. Size seven. D'ARCY."

The mat was seven feet square, and Arthur Augustus thought he had better mention the size to avoid a misunderstanding.

Next day we waited expectantly for the new wrestling-mat to arrive.

"Blankley's usually send off their stuff promptly by train," said Jack Blake. "The mat ought to be here at midday."

It was not until late in the afternoon, however, that anything arrived for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. And then Taggles, the porter, came into the Common-room with a cardboard box.

"My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "They've managed to squeeze that wrestling-mat into a very small space! Fancy getting it into a cardboard box of that size!"

"They must have thought Gussy meant seven inches square instead of seven feet," said Manners.

Arthur Augustus frowned.

"There's a mistake somewhere, deah boys," he said.

He cut the strings of the box, and lifted THE POPULAR.—No. 133.

the lid. Then he uttered a cry of amazement, and produced a shining silk topper.

"My only aunt!" gasped Jack Blake. "That can't be from Blankley's. It's from your tailor, Gussy!"

"It's f'rom Blankley's, wight enough," said Arthur Augustus. "There's a note enclosed with it."

And he declaimed the following:

"Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your esteemed order for a new hat, size seven, for use in the gymnasium. We do not know what sort of hats are used in the gymnasium, but we presume you require a top-hat, which we enclose herewith. Your remittance for two guineas will oblige.

"BLANKLEY'S, LTD."

Arthur Augustus gazed at the topper in dismay. Then he put it on his head, and there was a shriek of laughter.

Gussy's usual size in hats was six and one-eighth. The size seven hat came down over his ears, completely obliterating the upper part of his face.

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Tom Merry.

"Gussy's hat, you mean!" chuckled



Arthur Augustus put the topper on, and it came down well over his eyes. There was a roar of laughter from the juniors.

Monty Lowther. "Did you ever see such a sight?"

"It's a thing of beauty and a joy for ever!" said Blake.

Arthur Augustus hastily removed the topper. His face was crimson.

"They must have made a mistake at the post-office, deah boys," he said.

"That's nothing new," said Digby. "The Post Office is always making mistakes. And the biggest one they made was to increase their postal charges. If they go on like this, it'll soon cost a bob to send a postcard!"

"Some cheerful idiot altered the word 'mat' to 'hat,'" said Tom Merry. "We can't blame Blankley's for what happened. They did their best in the circs."

Arthur Augustus nodded.

"I'll wing them up on the 'phone, an' get things put wight," he said.

"You'll keep the topper, of course?" said Monty Lowther. "It fits you perfectly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Needless to state, Arthur Augustus did not keep the topper. He sent it back by the next post.

Twenty-four hours later the wrestling-mat duly arrived.

It was a ripping mat—better than the one which the seniors had.

Everybody's happy now. But the next time Arthur Augustus wants to order anything from Blankley's he won't do so by telegram.

Never take dumb-bell eggssersises, deer reeders. If you want to get fit, their are duzzens of ways of doing it. But you should avoyd dumb-bells as you wood a plaig!

Last weak I was told by the dockter that I was flabby and out of kondishun.

"Unless you take yorself in hand, my boy," he said, "you will be getting fatty degenerashun."

"Oh crumms!" I muttered, alarmed at the prospect. "What do you advise me to do, dockter?"

"Take a course of dumb-bell eggssersises morning and nite. At the end of a weak you will feel as fit as a fiddel. You will work off a lot of yore sooperfluous fat, and devevelop firm mussels."

I decided to carry out this advice, and neckst mourning I got up early, and went along to the Jim.

I picked up a pear of the hevviest dumb-bells I could find, and practtised with them for an hour.

It was terribly hard work, and I was soon sweating like a bool. But I maied up my mind to keep it up, and I was at it again in the evening.

That was on Monday. And I konfess that when I awoke on the Tewdsday morning, I felt fitter than I had been for a long time.

On Wensday I felt fitter still. My appyite became ravvenus, and that's always a helthy sine.

On Thursday I was a perfectk pickcher of helth and strength. My biseeps were getting hard and firm, and I was in egg-sellent kondishun. I began to bless the dockter for having recommended the dumb-bell eggssersises. They were working wunders.

On Friday I was so fit that I could have run a mile.

"Never agane," I told myself joyfully, "shall I know what it is to feel below pa. Never again shall I fall sick, and go to the sanny!"

But I spoke too soon!

It was on Saterdag mourning that the grate dizzaster occurred.

I was practtising with the dumb-bells before an admiring crowd of feloes, when one of the beestly things—I forgett how menny pounds it wayed, but it seemed like a ton!—slipped out of my hand, and landed with a sickening thudd' on my toe!

"Yaroooooh!" I rored.

And I hopped all round the Jim in angwish.

"Hurt yoreself, Baggy?" inkwired Tom Merry.

"Oh, no!" I replide, with krushing sarkasm. "I shall nearly have to have my foot amputated, that's all!"

I was in grate pane, and the feloes had to carry me up to the sanny. I am their now, and am likely to remane their for a weak.

When the dockter came to see me I said:

"No more of yore beestly dumb-bell eggssersises for me! They're a jolly site too dangerous!"

If you want to get fit, deer reeders, take up marbels, or shove-d, or sum other helthy pastime!

THE END.

[Supplement IV.]

The Waif's Secret!

(Continued from page 8.)

his own bizney at the same time. That was Peele's view.

"Come into my study," repeated Peele "Hang Morny! It's my study as much as his."

"He will be sure to cut up rusty," said Townsend.

"Let him!"

"Well, there's somethin' in that," remarked Topham. "If Morny don't like it, he can lump it!"

"He's on fighting terms with Lattrey now," remarked Gower.

Lattrey shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll keep the peace, if Morny does," he said. "If he cuts up rusty, let's sling him out of the study. I've had enough of his cheek, too!"

"Come on!" repeated Peele.

And the nuts, having made up their minds, marched on Study No. 4 in a body, prepared to deal with Mornington if he "cut up rusty."

Peele opened the door and strode in, followed by his comrades.

"By gad!" ejaculated Townsend.

Mornington was seated in the armchair, holding a handkerchief to his nose. The handkerchief was drenched with blood. There was a dark ring round one of his eyes.

"Been in the wars?" grinned Gower.

"I thought I heard somethin' goin' on," said Topham. "A little scrap with Jimmy Silver—what!"

"Fallen out with your new friends, Morny?" chimed in Lattrey.

Mornington scowled savagely.

"Get out!" he snapped.

"We're not goin' to get out," said Peele coolly. "I've brought my friends here, an' they're goin' to stop. How would you like to join in a game of banker?"

"Rot!"

"You wouldn't care for it?"

"No."

"Well, suit yourself. We're goin' to play!"

Mornington rose to his feet, his face flaming. His eyes blazed as they rested on Lattrey.

"You cad! I've told you not to set foot in this study!" he said, between his teeth.

Lattrey laughed.

"I'm here at Peele's invitation," he said coolly. "You haven't bought up the study, I suppose?"

"Get out!"

"Rats!"

"Yes, rats, an' many of them," said Peele. "You can be sociable if you like, Morny. If you don't like, get out yourself. I can tell you I'm fed up with your airs an' graces!"

"Fed up to the chin!" said Gower.

"If you want to turn over a new leaf, an' become a model youth," continued Peele, "you're welcome to. But we're not goin' to turn over a new leaf at precisely the same moment."

"Blessed cheek, I call it!" said Townsend.

Mornington advanced towards Lattrey, his fists clenched. The rest of the party lined up round Lattrey at once.

It was evident that if Mornington tackled the cad of the Fourth he had the whole party to deal with.

For a moment or two he eyed them savagely.

Then, gritting his teeth, he passed them, and left the study. He was in no condition for a fight, as a matter of fact, and the odds were too great. A loud and derisive laugh followed him.

Mornington strode down the passage, his brow black.

'Erbert of the Second was hanging about the landing, and he gave Mornington an appealing look as he came by.

Mornington replied with a black scowl.

The fag approached him hesitatingly.

"Master Morny—"

"Let me alone."

"Wot 'ave I done?" said poor 'Erbert. "Master Morny, tell me what I've done! I ain't never intended to do nothing to offend you, sir."

"You're an offence in yourself," said Mornington bitterly. "I hate the sight of you! I wish I'd left you to starve on the road. I wish I could be rid of you!"

'Erbert's face was white.

"You mean that, Master Morny?" he asked, in a hushed voice.

Mornington laughed savagely.

"Mean it? Of course!"

"You'd like me to go away from Rookwood, sir?"

"Yes. But you won't. You're goin' to hang on here till I can get rid of you, somehow," said Mornington sneeringly.

"I ain't, Master Morny," said 'Erbert, with a deep, sobbing breath. "You brought me 'ere, and if you don't want me, I'll go. I won't trouble you no more, sir."

"Hold on a minute," said Mornington, as the fag turned away. "Do you mean that, Murphy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll leave Rookwood?"

"Yes."

"And where will you go?"

'Erbert made a weary gesture.

"I don't care! Back to Dirty Dick's tenement, per'aps. I don't care!"

"You can't go to starve," muttered Mornington. "I—I want you to go. But—but I've plenty of money. I'll see that you don't want for anythin'." He felt in his pocket. "Look here—"

The fag stepped back.

"I don't want your money, Master Morny," he said steadily. "You've been too good to me as it is. I desay I ain't deserved it. I'd like you to give me a friendly word afore I go, but I don't want your money."

"You can't starve," said Mornington harshly.

"I've starved afore," said 'Erbert bitterly; "I can starve again. But I won't touch your money, Master Morny. I'll leave Rookwood as I came. I know this ain't a place for the likes of me. Good-bye, Master Morny!"

Mornington stood still and silent. The fag gave him a last look, turned, and went quietly down the passage.

He disappeared down the staircase, and Mornington drew a deep breath. He knew that 'Erbert meant what he said.

The little fellow, wounded to the very heart, was probably glad to feel that his days at Rookwood were ended. As he had come to Rookwood, so he would leave it, and disappear from Mornington's life for ever.

"By gad, he's goin'!" Mornington's eyes gleamed. "Let him go! Let him go! Once he's gone, he disappears, and I need not fear!"

He gave a hard, sardonic laugh.

Then, as he turned towards the dormitory stairs, he started.

Lattrey was looking out of the doorway of Study No. 4.

There was a very curious expression on Lattrey's face. It was clear that he had heard what had passed between Mornington and the waif of Rookwood.

Mornington gave him a fierce look.

Lattrey laughed, and turned back into the study. But Lattrey was looking

very thoughtful as he joined the nuts round the study table, and it was not wholly of banker that he was thinking.

Mornington went up to the dormitory to bathe his damaged face. He was glad that 'Erbert was going—glad to be saved from the danger that the fag's presence at Rookwood meant for him.

But Mornington was not all bad. The pitiful, wounded look on 'Erbert's face, like that of a hurt animal, haunted him, and remorse was stirring in his breast.

But Mornington, like Pharaoh of old, hardened his heart. If the waif of Rookwood chose to go forth into the hard, grim world, to the misery and want Mornington had saved him from, let him go. Mornington's hand, at least, would not be raised to stay him.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Lattrey Wants to Know!

JONES MINIMUS was indignant. Jones was fed up.

Jones, the great chief of the Second Form at Rookwood, had "palled" with 'Erbert, the waif and out-cast, thereby greatly honouring the waif of Rookwood.

And for days now 'Erbert had been in the bluest of blues, hardly speaking a word, and avoiding the society of his friends—even the fascinating society of Jones minimus himself.

Jones minimus was getting up a boxing match in the Form-room after prep that evening, and he looked for 'Erbert to take a hand.

He found him sitting on his bed in the dormitory, with a pale, troubled face and heavy eyes. Jones surveyed him with rising wrath.

"Come down!" he said.

'Erbert shook his head.

"We're going to box," said Jones. "I told you you'd be wanted. What are you moping up here for?"

"I ain't moping, Jones!"

"You've been moping for days on end!" said Jones minimus, exasperated. "Looking like a boiled owl all the time. What's the matter with you?"

No answer.

"Are you seedy?" demanded Jones.

"No."

"Well, what's the row, then?"

"There ain't no row!"

"Are you coming down to the Form-room?" snapped Jones.

"Not just now!"

"Well, you're a silly ass, and I'm fed-up with you!" said Jones minimus emphatically.

And he marched out of the dormitory and slammed the door with unnecessary force.

'Erbert did not even glance after him. His heart was too heavy for Jones' wrath to move him in any way. In fact, in a few seconds he had forgotten Jones' existence.

"I've got to go!" murmured 'Erbert staring with blurred eyes at the darkening square of the window. "'Tain't no good saying nothin'." The 'Ead wouldn't let me go if I asked. I got to get out quiet. I got ten bob, and p'raps that'll last me till I get a job somewheres."

He sighed. Life at Rookwood had made the old life of want and dirt and privation seem very far behind.

Going back to that dreary life came as a shock to 'Erbert now. It was harder and grimmer, since he had known better things.

But the loyal-hearted fag did not hesitate for one moment. Mornington had brought him to Rookwood, and persuaded his guardian to pay his fees there. He owed everything to Mornington. If Mornington did not want him any longer he would go.

The door opened, and 'Erbert looked round wearily, expecting to see Jones minimus or another fag of the Second. But it was Lattrey of the Fourth who entered, closing the door softly behind him. All Lattrey's movements were soft and stealthy at all times.

'Erbert gave him a quick look of dislike.

He disliked, distrusted, and vaguely feared the cad of the Fourth, and he had resented Lattrey's evil influence over the superb Mornington. That certainly was at an end now. The two could not have been on worse terms than at present.

"I thought I'd find you here, kid!" said Lattrey, with a note of kindness in his silky tones.

'Erbert did not answer.

"I heard what you said to Jimmy Silver this afternoon," said Lattrey, "and what you said to Mornington in the passage."

"You're always 'earin' somethin' that don't concern you!" said 'Erbert, with quiet scorn. "You're a sneakin' spy, that's wot you are!"

"You've fallen out with Morny, kid?"

"Find out!"

"Not much finding out needed."

"Well, if you know you needn't ask me!"

"But why?"

No reply.

"Morny's an unreliable fellow, but I don't see why he should turn on you like this for nothing. You haven't given him away?"

"Course I ain't!" growled 'Erbert.

"I know you've been mixed up in his shady games, fetching and carrying messages, and so on. Have you been keeping back some letters he's given you to keep a hold over him?"

'Erbert gave the cad of the Fourth a look of bitter disdain.

"That's the sort of trick you might play," he said. "I ain't that sort!"

"Look here, kid, if you've got something—something compromising—in Morny's handwriting, I'll make it worth your while to hand it over to me."

"Oh, shut up!" said 'Erbert contemptuously. "You make me sick!"

"Then it isn't that?"

"If you wasn't a low 'ound, worse nor a Prussian, you wouldn't think it could be!"

Lattrey's eyes glittered for a moment. But he kept his temper. He intended to know the facts, but bullying was the least likely method of getting them out of 'Erbert.

"Don't be rusty, kid!" he said. "The fact is, I know Morny better than you do, and I was wondering if I couldn't heal the trouble between you. I'd do anything I could."

'Erbert gave him a quick look. He did not trust Lattrey or his motives. But so far as he could see, there was nothing to be lost by Lattrey's intervention, and the bare possibility of being reconciled to Mornington made his face flush with hope.

"You couldn't do anything," he muttered. "Even if you would—and you wouldn't. You don't like to see fellows friendly and 'appy!"

Lattrey bit his lip. But his voice was soft and friendly as he answered:

"Tell me what the trouble is, and I'll guarantee to set it right, if it can be done. You'd like to be on good terms with Morny again?"

"Course I would!"

"Well, then, it's only some misunderstanding, I suppose, and I dare say I could see right through it at once and set it right."

'Erbert looked at him doubtfully.

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"You might!" he admitted.

"Well, then, what's the cause of the row?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know!" ejaculated Lattrey, staring at the fag, taken aback by that reply. 'Erbert nodded without speaking, and Lattrey gazed at him in silence and perplexity.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Lattrey's Discovery!

LATTREY broke the silence at last. "You don't know what Morny's got against you?" he asked.

"No."

"Hasn't he told you?"

"No."

"Have you asked him?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, my hat!"

Lattrey was utterly at a loss. Evidently the matter was not as he had suspected vaguely—that the fag, used by the dandy of the Fourth to communicate with his shady friends outside Rookwood, had gained a hold somehow over Mornington. It was not that.

"But how did it begin, then?" asked Lattrey, after a pause. "Perhaps somebody's been pitching Morny a yarn?"

"Tain't that."

"How do you know?"

"It was that afternoon the fellows was playing at Bagshot," said 'Erbert. "You 'ave 'eard of it. I went out of my depth, an' got cramp, an' Master Morny came in for me an' pulled me out. Then—"

"It was decent of him," said Lattrey. "I wonder why he took the risk?"

"You wouldn't 'ave!" said 'Erbert, with a curl of the lip.

"Do you mean that Morny turned on you after saving your life?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

"I don't know."

"He can't be mad, I suppose?" said Lattrey musingly.

"I can't understand it, and you can't, neither," said 'Erbert. "And Master Morny, he won't explain. He won't say nothin'! Arter he pulled me out of the river he turned on me, 'cause why, I dunno!"

"But something must have happened," said the puzzled Lattrey.

"It wasn't nothing. Only he saw that mark on my shoulder," said 'Erbert.

"He spoke about that, and arsked me why I'd never told 'im it was there. But why should I 'ave mentioned it? I never thought nothing about it. It couldn't be because I 'adn't told 'im of that, could it?"

"A mark on your shoulder?" said Lattrey, in a slow, distinct voice.

"Yes."

"What sort of a mark?"

"It's a birthmark, I s'p'ose. Lots of fellers 'ave birthmarks," said 'Erbert. "Leastways, I've been told so. Nothin' agin a chap!"

Lattrey looked at the fag with a strange expression in his eyes.

"How old are you, Murphy?" he asked suddenly.

"Ow should I know? I s'p'ose I'm about thirteen. I dunno!"

"Your name isn't Murphy, I understand?"

"Course it ain't! Old Bill Murphy looked arter me for years afore he went to the war an' was killed by the Germans. That's why I was called Murphy."

"And where did Murphy find you, then?"

"I was left on a common arter some gipsies 'ad been there, so I've 'eard. I don't know nothin' about it! Wot does

it matter? All that ain't got nothin' to do with Master Morny, I s'p'ose?"

Lattrey laughed—a strange, low laugh that made the waif of Rookwood start and look at him sharply.

But the cad of the Fourth became grave again at once.

"I fancy you've done well to tell me about it all, kid," he said. "I rather think I can set matters right, after all."

"You can't!"

"Suppose Morny came to you and asked you to stay at Rookwood?"

"He won't!"

"He might. But let me see that mark on your shoulder, kid! I'm rather curious about it."

"Oh, rot!" said 'Erbert irritably. "Wot does it matter?"

"It won't hurt you, I suppose? And, I tell you, I think I can set matters right between you and Morny."

"If you could do that—"

"I think I can. Let me see that mark!"

'Erbert impatiently unfastened his collar, and turned down his jacket and shirt, exposing the shoulder to view.

Lattrey scanned his shoulder, and the strange mark on it, with eyes that glittered like diamonds.

A mark of deep crimson hue, in form strangely like the head of a wolf, and evidently a birthmark, was what met his eyes.

"By gad!" muttered Lattrey. "By gad!"

"Well, are you done?" grunted 'Erbert.

"Yes."

The fag refastened his collar.

Lattrey watched him with a strange expression. He understood the whole of the mystery now, though he did not choose to acquaint the fag with his knowledge.

His eyes were burning.

"Stay here, kid," he said. "You're not to go—mind that! You're not going to disappear from Rookwood, and vanish where you can't be found again!" He laughed softly. "No fear! You're going to remain at Rookwood, where a finger can be laid on you at any minute, if you're wanted."

'Erbert stared at him.

"What are you gettin' at?" he said. "I ain't going to stay unless Master Morny wants me to, and he don't!"

"He will ask you to stay!" said Lattrey coolly.

"Ow do you know?"

"I'm going to use my influence with him," said Lattrey, with a smile.

"You ain't got no influence with him. He can't stand you!" said 'Erbert. "He won't 'ear a word from you!"

"I fancy he will!" Lattrey turned away, but he turned back. "Look here, 'Erbert, don't talk to the fellows about that mark on your shoulder!"

"I never does," said 'Erbert. "I ain't mentioned it to nobody. Why should I? I'd forgot all about it till Master Morny saw it that afternoon."

He gave Lattrey a quick look.

"You don't mean to say as that has got anything to do with Master Morny turnin' on me as he did?" he exclaimed.

"Never mind that, 'Erbert. But I can tell you that if you talk about it among the fellows you'll offend Morny worse than ever!"

"But wot does it mean?"

Lattrey paused. He did not intend to tell the fag what he knew. But it was evident that he must tell 'Erbert something to elude his inquiries.

"I can't tell you, 'Erbert, without giving away private affairs of Mornington's," he said at last. "But I can tell you this—if you don't do as I say, it may mean injury to Morny—worse than you could guess. That's why he turned on

you. But—but if you keep silent about the matter, he will come round. If he chooses to tell you, he can—I can't!"

"I don't want to ask Master Morny nothing he don't choose to tell me," said 'Erbert. "But—I don't understand, neither."

"Let it go at that," said Lattrey.

And he left the dormitory. He left the fag in a puzzled and troubled frame of mind, but with a new hope in his breast. To the loyal little waif all the light of life depended upon Mornington's good-humour and friendship. He was quite content to let everything else go, mystified as he was, if only he could regain that!

Lattrey went down the dormitory stairs with a smile upon his face—a smile that had something feline, almost tigerish, in it. He had the whip-hand of the superb Morny at last, and he meant to use it without mercy. And 'Erbert, all unsuspecting, was the instrument of his power.

The Fistical Four were in the Fourth Form passage, and they looked at Lattrey, struck by the expression on his face.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver. "What dirty trick have you been playing? You look in high feather."

And the Co. chuckled.

Lattrey laughed lightly.

"I'm feelin' specially chippy, because I'm doing a good deed," he said.

"My hat!"

"Draw it mild!" remonstrated Lovell.

"Honest Injun!" said Lattrey calmly.

"I do good deeds by way of relaxation, you know—a sort of relief from my usual ways. Now I'm goin' to act in a way that Good Little Georgie himself might envy."

"Off your rocker?" asked Jimmy Silver in wonder.

"Not at all. I suppose you've noticed that Mornington has been hard on that scrubby little rascal, 'Erbert, and making him sit up, with his airs and graces?"

Jimmy Silver's brow darkened.

"I know. I've hammered the cad for it!" he growled.

"Ha, ha! That's your way, not mine! I'm going to chip in, like a good model youth, and make it up between them."

"You!" exclaimed the Fistical Four with one voice.

"Little me!"

"You can't, and you wouldn't if you could!" said Raby directly. "You'd rather see any fellows on bad terms than good terms."

"Well, wait and see!" said Lattrey. "I'm going to use my moral influence over Morny, and persuade him to better things. Ha, ha, ha!"

He went along to No. 4, Jimmy Silver & Co. staring after him. Lattrey had succeeded in astonishing the Fistical Four.

"Gas, I suppose," said Newcome.

"Blessed if I know," said Jimmy, much mystified. "But if Lattrey does that he isn't half the cad I've thought him. I hope he'll succeed, if he's telling the truth."

And the Fistical Four "waited and saw," with considerable curiosity, sincerely hoping that little 'Erbert's troubles were going to end, even by so miraculous a happening as a kind and friendly action by Lattrey of the Fourth.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Brought to Heel!

PEELE and Gower were working at their prep in Study No. 4, and Mornington was smoking a cigarette in the armchair. He was not working, and the self-willed dandy of the Fourth was accustomed to neglecting

his work when he chose. He preferred to "chance it" with Mr. Bootles in the morning.

He scowled at the sight of Lattrey.

"You fellows nearly done?" asked Lattrey.

"Just on!" yawned Peele.

"I'm done!" said Gower, rising.

"Come down, for goodness' sake. Can't stay here with that scowling image!"

Peele was finished a few minutes later.

"Comin' down, Lattrey?" he asked.

"In a few minutes," said Lattrey.

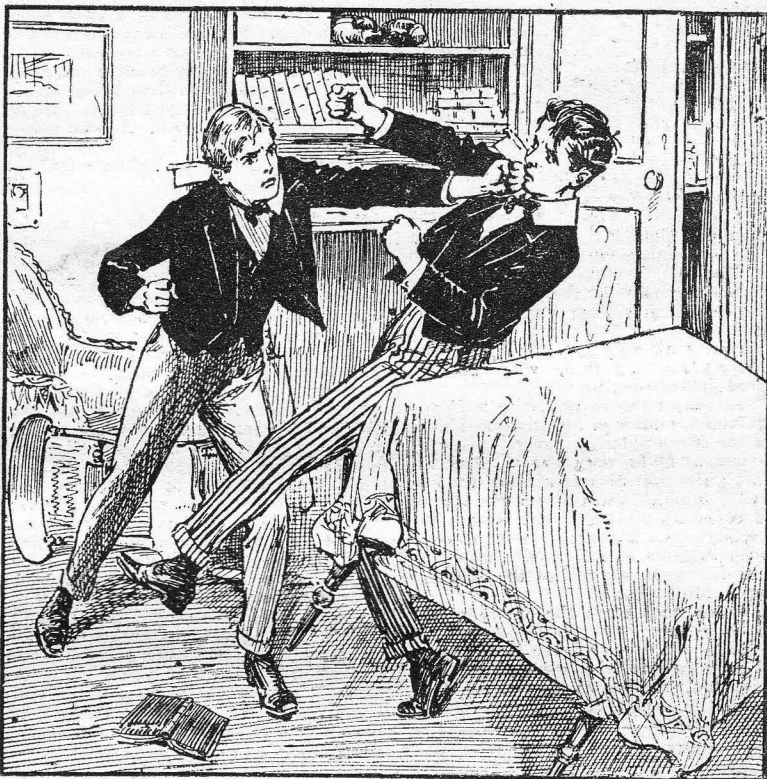
"You're not stayin' here with

Mornington stood very still.

"The pater would be very pleased to hear what I happen to be able to tell him," smiled Lattrey. "He has been engaged for years on a merry inquiry after the missing heir of Mornington. He stands to finger a handsome reward if ever he finds him."

"He never will find him!" said Mornington in a low, husky voice.

"Who knows? He's looking for a kid about twelve or thirteen, who was stolen by gipsies, and who bears on his shoulder the birthmark of the Mornington family—the red wolf's head. The



Jimmy Silver's hand went up like lightning, and the next moment the two juniors were fighting savagely. Jimmy drove blow after blow at the sneering face in front of him, and Mornington was unable to resist his attack.

Morny?" exclaimed Gower in astonishment.

"Yes; just a minute."

"You're welcome to him!" grunted Peele.

And the two juniors left the study, leaving Lattrey alone with the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington rose to his feet, his eyes glittering. Lattrey watched him coolly as he pushed back his cuffs.

"No need for that, Morny," he said softly. "I'll get out of the study if you want me to. Do you?"

"Yes, you cad!"

"Only if I go it will be to borrow Mr. Bootles' telephone and send a message to my father!"

"What do I care?"

"I think you do, Morny. Mr. Lattrey, I think I told you, is the inquiry agent employed to find Cecil Mornington, the missing heir to the Mornington property."

"I know your father is a sneaking spy, like his son!" said Mornington contemptuously. "What does it matter to me?"

"I have some information to give, dear boy."

same mark that you have on your own shoulder, Morny, that all the Morningtons are born with." Lattrey laughed. "And I could tell you where to look for the merry youth, old scout!"

Mornington breathed hard.

"You could?"

"I could!"

"And where?"

"Rookwood School!"

There was a deep silence. Mornington sank back into the chair he had risen from. Evidently he was no longer thinking of kicking the detective's son out of the study.

Lattrey smiled and seated himself on a corner of the table, swinging his legs. He was master of the situation now.

"It puzzled me why you turned on 'Erbert as you did," he continued in careless, drawing tones. "I thought the kid might have got some hold over you, and might pass it on to me. I knew there was somethin' behind it, and meant to know what it was. Knowledge is power, dear boy. But I never dreamed of this. Pass me a cigarette, old chap!"

Mornington did not move.

Lattrey helped himself to a cigarette from the case on the table, lighted it, and blew out a little cloud of smoke.

He was enjoying the position.

The superb Mornington, whose lofty contempt and disdain had so often made him writhe with helpless rage, sat almost crouched in the armchair, pale, hunted, stricken. There was a keen relish for the cad of the Fourth in watching his white face. He could afford now to feed fat his old grudge.

"I never dreamed of this!" Lattrey continued, smiling, and showing his teeth. "By gad! I wonder I did not—I knew you'd turned on the kid just after you'd pulled him out of the river. Of course, you saw the mark on his shoulder then; you'd never seen it before. You knew then that he was your cousin—Cecil Mornington, the rightful heir to all you have and hold. That if he knew the truth you'd be a beggar—a beggar!" He repeated the word with enjoyment. "That you'd be dependent on him for your daily bread—a change with a vengeance! What a merry chance, Morny! The tramp you picked up on the road last term was your own cousin! If you'd only known it! What a chance! Don't you bless yourself for the good deed?"

No sound came from Valentine Mornington.

He sat still, only his eyes fixed upon Lattrey's mocking face, with burning hatred in their depths.

"Erbert of the Second, the waif and ragamuffin, master of Mornington Manor and the Mornington millions!" Lattrey laughed. "If he only knew! And my father's the detective employed to find him! I might finger a slice of the reward if I told him what I know. Not a big slice, perhaps. The pater's a bit close in money matters. But you're going to make it worth my while to hold my tongue, Mornington."

Still no word from the dandy of the Fourth.

"You'd like him to leave Rookwood—and vanish," Lattrey grinned. "You could snap your fingers even at me, then—what? It won't do, Morny. If he

goes, I shall see that my pater gets on his track! But he won't go. You're going to be decent to him an' make him stay. I want him to remain at Rookwood. Are you going to do as I want?"

Mornington did not speak.

"I'm waitin' for your answer, Mornington," said Lattrey grimly.

"Yes."

The word came almost in a whisper from Mornington.

"Good!"

"You cad! You hound! What else do you want?" muttered Mornington.

Lattrey laughed.

"Oh, you guess that I want somethin' else?" He smiled. "Yes, I shall want a good deal. You were my pal when I came here, Morny; we were birds of a feather. I feel friendly towards you now. You're a bigger rascal than I am, aren't you? I rather admire you for it. We're going to be friends again. Are we going to be friends, Morny?"

There was a threatening note in Lattrey's voice.

"Yes."

"Good! You're going to give up the goody-goody game, and you're going to be your old self—one of the merry boys. One of the merry nuts, Morny. You're going to give Jimmy Silver and Erroll and the rest the go-by, and stick to your dear old pals. Are you?"

"Yes," breathed Mornington.

Lattrey slipped off the table.

"Good!" he said. "I'm glad you're so sensible, Morny. You've got to toe the line, and it's remarkably sensible of you to do it without a fuss. I'm not a chap to bear malice." He chuckled. "Not a bit of it! I'm willin' to be friendly, and enjoy your charmin' society, Morny. I'm not goin' to pay you out for your airs and graces. Some fellows would; but I'm easy-goin'. We're goin' to be

at pals, and if you choose to back up against Jimmy Silver, I'll help you to become captain of the Fourth. I could work it. I've got more brains than all that gang in the end study put together. And when I'm hard up you're goin' to hand out a banknote or two, like a real pal. You'll never miss it. Besides, it

won't be your own money! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is there anything else?" asked Mornington, in a dull voice.

"That's all at present."

Lattrey stepped to the door and opened it.

"Jimmy Silver!"

"Hallo!" said Jimmy, looking round.

"Morny's sorry about 'Erbert. I've used my good influence. If you'd like to make the dear kid happy bring him here, and behold the touchin' reconciliation."

Jimmy Silver went along to the study. He looked grimly at Mornington, upon whose face were very visible the traces of Jimmy's fists.

"Do you want 'Erbert?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll fetch him if you like. I'm glad you're going to act decently," said Jimmy.

"He's in the Second dorm!" said Lattrey.

Jimmy nodded, and walked towards the upper stairs. Lovell and Raby and Newcome gathered round the study.

The deadly paleness of Mornington's face struck them at once. They looked in a puzzled way from one to the other of the two juniors in the study. Lattrey met their glances smilingly. Mornington did not look at them at all.

Jimmy Silver came along in a few minutes with 'Erbert.

"Come in, kid!" called out Lattrey.

'Erbert entered the study timidly.

"It was all a misunderstanding, kid," said Lattrey airily. "I've made Morny see it, and he's sorry. Ain't you, Morny?"

Morny's eyes burned as they fell on 'Erbert. But his face cleared. The eager, wistful expression on the little waif's face struck some chord in his breast.

Morny's face softened, as if in spite of himself, and he made a step towards the waif of Rookwood.

"I'm sorry, 'Erbert," he said huskily. "Don't remember anything I said to you. It was only my rotten temper! I—I was worried by something—never mind what! I don't want you to leave Rookwood. Forget all about it, kid."

Lattrey gave him a curious look. The words came from Mornington's heart, and Lattrey could see it, and it perplexed him. He did not understand the better impulse in Morny's wayward heart.

'Erbert's face lighted up.

"Oh, Master Morny!" he stammered.

"I—I don't mind. I felt 'urt, that was all. I don't mind at all."

"All serene, kid," said Mornington.

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away. Jimmy wore a perplexed frown.

"I don't catch on!" he said, at last.

"On the whole, I rather wish I hadn't hammered Morny. He'll have that eye for a week!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's made it up with 'Erbert. I'm glad of that, and he seems to have made it up with Lattrey. He's a queer beast. There seems to me to be something behind this, and I don't catch on."

Other fellows in the Classical Fourth were surprised, as well as Jimmy Silver, when Mornington came into the Common-room that evening. He was walking with his arm linked in Lattrey's, and the two seemed on the best of terms. Apparently the old friendship was quite restored between the two black sheep of Rookwood, and in public, at least, Lattrey did not betray the fact that he held the whip-hand.

THE END.

(Particulars of next week's Rookwood story on page 19.)

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A rattling story of school life, introducing NIPPER & CO., HANDFORTH & CO., and the juniors of St. Frank's.
 - No. 54.—**THE SIGN OF THE SHEPHERD'S CROOK.**
An absorbing narrative of detective adventure, introducing NELSON LEE and NIPPER.

Now on Sale Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

THE GREAT FISH PUZZLE!

(Continued from page 6.)

"Where's my prize?"
It was a deafening roar. All the fellows who knew that they had sent in the right answer were demanding their prize at once; and most of the other fellows, feeling that they had been caught, crowded round to make sure that Fisher T. Fish paid up.

The American junior was cool as ice now. Evidently he had concocted a scheme for dealing with the difficulties of the matter.

"Gentlemen!" he said.

"Pay up!"

"Where's my prize?"

"I say, you fellows, I've won, too, you know. Make him square up."

"He's jolly well going to square up!" said Vernon-Smith. "Hand out the prizes, Fishy!"

"Gentlemen!"

"Yah! Pay up!"

"Order! I guess—"

Bob Cherry thumped on the table for order.

"Silence for the chair!" he roared.

"Give Fishy a chance to speak!"

"Let him pay up, then!" growled Bolsover major.

"Gentlemen!"

"Silence! Go on, Fishy!"

"Gentlemen, it is with much pleasure that I announce the conclusion of the Great Fish Competition. There are eighteen prize-winners—"

"Hurrah!"

"Each of the prize-winners is entitled to a pound in cash as the result of his guessing the right answer in the Great Fish Competition—"

"Pay up, then," said Bolsover major, "and not so much gas!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen, this business is going to be settled up right away," said Fisher T. Fish briskly. "All the prize-winners are requested to come to my study—"

"Pay up here!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"Business transactions cannot be carried on in a crowd," said Fisher T. Fish calmly.

"All who haven't won can get out," said the Bounder. "There isn't room in your study for eighteen of us."

"Quite so!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Pay up here, Fishy. You're not going out of the Rag till you've squared up, you spoofer!"

"Order!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Gentlemen, all who have not sent in the correct answer are requested to retire from the Rag."

"We want to see him shell out," growled Russell.

"Business cannot proceed until only the winners remain here," said Fisher T. Fish firmly.

The non-winners grumbled, and retired. The room was cleared at last of all excepting Fisher T. Fish and the eighteen fellows who had put the correct answer on their cards.

"Shut the door!" said Fisher T. Fish. Bob Cherry closed the door.

Then the prize-winners surrounded the competition-merchant with grim looks. There was no sign yet of the sovereigns, and Fisher T. Fish as he glanced over the grim faces round him, felt that his task was not easy. He coughed, and coughed again. The prize-winners waited in grim silence.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. The Way of the Transgressor!

"AHEM!"

Fisher T. Fish coughed. Then he coughed again, more emphatically.

"Ahem!"

"Well," said Harry Wharton, "we're waiting."

"The waitfulness is terrific."

"Take your time, Fishy," said Frank Nugent sarcastically. "If you've got a sudden cold in the neck cough it up before you hand out the shekels."

"Eighteen pounds wanted," said Bolsover major, "or else—"

"Oh, give him time to pay!" said Vernon-Smith. "I'm sure Fishy doesn't want to swindle us. He knows what he will get if he does."

"Ahem!"

"Go it, Fishy!"

"Ahem!"

"I'll get you some cough lozenges out of my pound," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "How long will it take you to hand it over, Fishy?"

"Gentlemen," said Fisher T. Fish, "the competition is over—"

"Yes, we know that. 'The early Britisher catches the American,'" said Temple of the Fourth.

"Sure, and the early Irishman catches the Yankee," said Micky Desmond.

"Where are the quids, Fishy?"

"Any chap who isn't satisfied with the way I run this competition is entitled to his entrance fee back," said Fish.

There was a general growl.

"We're entitled to a pound each, you spoofer! Hand it out!"

"Gentlemen, owing to the delay of an expected remittance from Amurrica, I am not for the moment in a poshish to hand out the prizes—"

"What?"

"Spoofer!"

"Swindler!"

"Listen to me!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess you won't catch any fish by ragging at me. Let me explain."

"Go ahead!" said Vernon-Smith.

"But we're not going to let you sneak out of it!"

"No fear!" said Bolsover, very emphatically.

"Correct! I don't want to sneak out of it. Gentlemen, the firm of Fish can always meet its obligations. I have a proposition to put before you—"

"Never mind your proposition! Have you got any money?"

"Nope," snorted Fish, "I haven't!"

"You haven't got any tin?" roared the enraged prize-winners.

"Nope! But—"

Vernon-Smith jumped up from a form.

"Gentlemen," he shouted.

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess—"

"Shut up, Fishy! You've finished!"

"Gentlemen," shouted the Bounder. "Fish has roped in our money, and now he refuses to pay up the prizes. He's deliberately run a competition to rope in entrance fees, without having the money for the prizes. What do you call that?"

"Swindling!" roared Temple.

"Spoofer!"

"Thieving!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Fish calls it business," pursued the Bounder. "We want to show Fish that

that kind of business isn't approved of at Greyfriars. It's the kind of business people get sent to prison for. Fish says he's got a proposition. He can keep his proposition. It's only some fresh spoof. What we want is the prizes."

"Oh, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I suggest, therefore, that Fish is ragged for not paying up, and given till Monday evening to raise the money, and that we do not let him off a shilling of it. If he gets clear this time, he'll start spoofing us again."

"Good!"

"We'll give him a Form ragging as a spoofer who can't keep his word, and give him time to raise the money. He can sell the things he's been buying with our entrance-fees, and raise some tin that way, and he can write to his popper—unless his popper's in prison, as I think is very likely, if this is the Fish way of doing business—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Anyway, Fish owes the money to the prize-winners, and he's got to pay. And, first of all, he's got to be ragged for trying to spoof us!"

"Hear, hear!"

Fisher T. Fish had no opportunity of speaking. The juniors were fed up. They closed in upon Fish, and yankee him off the chair he was standing on.

The Yankee junior came down with a bumped on the floor.

"He's got to be branded as a swindler," said the Bounder. "Bump him first, and anoint him with ink."

"Hurrah!"

"Yow! Ow! Help! Yow! Yah!"

Fisher T. Fish's explosive objections were unheeded. He was seized in many hands, and wrathful faces glared at him.

Billy Bunter brought an inkpot, and Bob Cherry seized it from his hand and the ink swished over the American junior's face. Some of it went into his mouth, and he gurgled and gasped. Some went into his nose, and he snorted.

Then the ink was rubbed into his hair, and poured down the back of his neck, and in a few minutes his complexion rivalled that of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The juniors drew back from him, and the pitiful object sitting on the floor elicited a yell of laughter from the avengers.

"Well, you do look a picture, Fishy!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Grooh! Gerrooh!"

"Honesty is the best policy, old man," said Hobson of the Shell.

"We give you until Monday evening to raise the prizes," said Vernon-Smith. "If you haven't got the money by then, we'll rag you bald-headed. This is only a start."

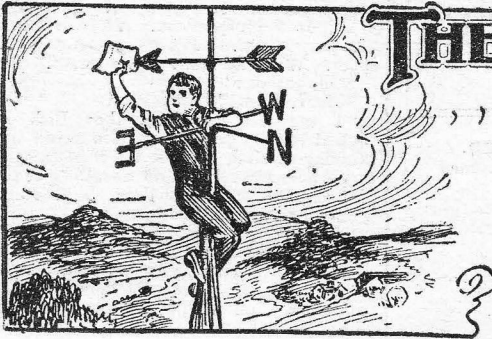
And the juniors streamed out of the Rag, leaving the unfortunate competition-merchant to gasp for breath and rub the ink out of his eyes. Fisher T. Fish did not feel equal to moving for full five minutes, and then he slowly and disconsolately took his way to a bath-room, and rubbed and scrubbed, and scrubbed and rubbed, and before he got rid of the traces of his anointing he had had ample time to reflect upon the undoubted fact that honesty is the best policy.

He sold all the articles he had purchased. And when the prize-winners met on Monday he paid over without a word!

THE END.

(Another long complete tale of the early schooldays of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "Up Against His Form-master," by Frank Richards, in next week's issue of the POPULAR. Order your copy to-day!)

CONCLUSION.



THE DAREDEVIL SCHOOLBOY

Exploits of a High Spirited and Fearless Boy, Whose Wild Pranks Cause Him to be Expelled from the School and Join a Cinema Company.

By PAUL PROCTOR.

Father and Son!

DICK TRAFFORD came slowly to his senses, and gazed about with eyes wide open with astonishment at his strange surroundings.

The walls of the small and scrupulously clean room in which he found himself in bed were snowy white.

The figure of a soft-footed uniformed nurse was moving silently about near the open window, through which the morning sun streamed in its glory, busily preparing some bandages.

Then suddenly a voice behind him spoke.

"Richard!" it said.

The Daredevil Schoolboy turned and gazed over his shoulder, to perceive the figure of his father gazing down at him, a kindly smile upon his old lined face.

"Father!" cried Dick, as he stretched out his hand towards the man with the grey hair who stood at his bedside.

"Yes, my boy," answered the grey-haired man. "It is your father! Thank Heaven, you have at last recovered consciousness! Tell me, does your arm pain you very badly?"

"My arm!" echoed Dick in a far-away tone. "I don't understand! Tell me, father, what has happened!" added Dick, as he gazed down at the bandages which swathed his left arm, where the bullet from the revolver of the coward, Clive Foster, had penetrated his forearm.

"Don't you remember," replied Mr. Trafford, as he drew up a chair and seated himself beside his son's bed, "you were doing a stunt for the pictures when something went wrong, and you were flung into the angry sea? You swam to that old hulk which was anchored out in the bay as a target for the Marine Artillery to practise upon."

Suddenly the floodgates of Dick's memory burst open, and the recollection of those dread minutes he had spent upon the derelict ship came crowding back to him.

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "I remember now! But what happened? The last I remember after tying my shirt to the mast, and buckling my belt about it to keep myself up, was that the ship sunk as the result of the last shell which was aimed at it and struck it amidships. Tell me, father, what happened."

"Well," answered Mr. Trafford, "your signal of distress was seen by the officer on

observation duty just after that shell was fired which struck the ship in the centre, and he ordered the guns to 'Cease fire,' and then sent an urgent telephone message through to the coastguards to send the motor-lifeboat out to rescue you.

"This was done only just in time, for, as the skipper of the lifeboat snatched you from your perilous position, the mast snapped, and sank beneath the water.

"A moment later, and you must have perished with it, for you were quite unconscious when they found you strapped to that mast by your belt."

Dick nodded slowly.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I understand now. But how is it that you are here? Have you forgiven me for running away from home and joining the pictures?"

"Oh, my boy," cried Mr. John Trafford, "I have been a foolish old man! Forgiven you? Why, of course I have! I have admired your indomitable pluck in going away as you did and proving your worth.

"Soon after you'd gone I learned the truth of that scoundrel Jasper Steele's treachery, and how your bravery and resource in first sticking that incriminating letter upon the arrow of the weather-vane, and then later retrieving it, and handing it to Sir Peter Maxwell, exposed the headmaster.

"It was Sir Peter Maxwell himself who made a point of coming to me a couple of days afterwards, and telling me how much the governors of St. Peter's owed to you for your brave action.

"As soon as I heard it I immediately set about trying to trace you. But you had covered your tracks well, my lad, and, although I engaged detectives, they failed utterly.

"Then," went on Mr. John Trafford, after a pause, "I received an urgent telegram, signed by a gentleman named Mr. Eustace Henderson, begging me to come at once to this hospital.

"You see, Dick, the doctors had grave fears for your recovery. They were afraid you might never recover consciousness, so great had been the shock to your nervous system.

"And so Mr. Henderson made it his business to discover just who and what you were, and when he found out he wired me immediately. Thank Heaven, you are all right, Dick! Mr. Henderson has told me how you saved both his own life and that of

hundreds of others on the Petersfield express, and, too, how Mrs. Henderson owes her life to your courage and resource. My boy, I'm prouder of you this day than ever in my life before!

"You're a real Trafford, and I hope you'll be able to forgive your foolish old father. Will you, do you think?"

"Forgive!" echoed Dick. "There's nothing to forgive, father. It was I who was at fault. I should not have gone off as I did without letting you know where I was."

"Well, let us say no more about it upon either side," returned Mr. Trafford. "As soon as you are well I'm going to take you on a sea trip to nurse you back to health and strength out of all this."

A cloud seemed to pass across Dick's face. Mr. Trafford was quick to note it.

"What is it, my boy? Don't you want to come with me?" he exclaimed anxiously.

"There is nothing I should like better, father," answered Dick. "But you're not going to ask me to give up the pictures, are you?"

Mr. Trafford was ominously silent for a moment.

"I was hoping you would, my boy," he said. "I can't bear to think of standing the risk of losing you again!"

"But I love the pictures, father!" went on Dick enthusiastically. "Please don't ask me to give them up. They have all been so good and kind to me. And, too, I have signed a contract with Mr. Henderson. I can't break that!"

Mr. Trafford shook his head doubtfully.

"But supposing you should get killed doing one of these wild stunts!" he exclaimed.

"Listen, father!" returned Dick. "I'll promise you not to attempt anything which is too dangerous if you will only let me carry on. I love the work, father, and I'd be miserable trying to do anything else!

"This life suits me, and I feel I'm going to be a success. Why, only the other day Mr. Henderson was saying how he wanted to take me back to Los Angeles, in California, with him very soon now. You'll let me go, won't you, dad?"

Mr. Trafford shook his head.

"No," he said, with a smile. "I won't let you ever go again, my boy! I'll come with you!"

THE END.

STARTS NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"

By SIDNEY DREW.

A magnificent new serial, introducing Ferrers Lord and Ching Lung. Please tell all your friends about this!

Popular : Favourites

No. 25.

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH.

Being a member of the Famous Five, we ought to have had Inky in this series before now. Someone wrote with much heat and little politeness to protest, saying it was a slight. Doubtless he was very fond of Inky. We do not plead guilty of a slight. Far from that. Inky is very popular with the readers of the Greyfriars stories, of that I am well aware. I have not dealt with the characters in their order of popularity, but have put in a little variation just to keep up the interest.

This has always been my policy. Thus I have put in Alonzo before Hurree Singh. But that does not imply that Alonzo is the better man.

His full title in his own country is Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur, and he is very popular with his own people, although there are, of course, fanatics who would harm the dusky junior if they had the chance.

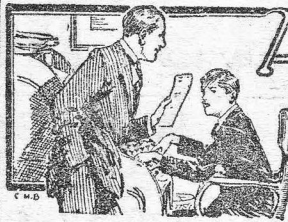
Hurree Singh is a boy of unknown quantity. He is very slight in stature, and extremely graceful. His swiftness in movement has proved very useful, both in the playing-fields and outside. He is considered the best bowler in the Remove, and is quite a good batsman, and in football he is a useful winger.

On the whole, Inky has not figured very prominently in the stories, for, like Johnny Bull, he has generally been shown acting in concert with his chums, making no pretensions to lead the way. Once or twice it has happened that Inky's complexion has kept him out of japes, as it would have given the game away completely. Unless the disguise of the japers happens to be of the same colour as Inky's complexion, then he is included in their number.

Inky came to Greyfriars in a very curious way. He came with a contingent of foreign boys from Beechwood. At first he had a little trouble with Bulstrode, but he soon proved himself capable of holding his own against the bully. When the Beechwood boys left Inky stayed behind. He was supposed to have gone, but he hid himself in the school, raiding food from kitchen and studies. However, he was discovered.

It was decided when his presence at the school was brought to light that he should stay, and henceforth he was initiated into that little band of chums known now as the Famous Five, then the Famous Four.

Harry Wharton & Co. took to the dusky junior like ducks to water. They liked the Indian for his fun-loving, good-natured ways and his excellent sport abilities. On many occasions he has proved himself possessed of a swift-working brain and a cool head. Few fellows at Greyfriars dislike him. Those who do generally keep the fact to themselves, for Inky can hit hard; not so hard as Bob Cherry, but just hard enough to make them wish they had been more canny. Inky is a peace-loving chap, but touch him on the raw and Hurree Ram Singh fights—and fights hard!



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 :

Next Friday will see the publication of the first chapters of the finest adventure serial ever written. The story is entitled:

"THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"

By Sidney Drew.

There may be many readers of the "Popular" who have never read one of Mr. Sidney Drew's amazing serials. Now is their opportunity.

I can say that few writers appeal to boys and girls more than Mr. Sidney Drew. He is undoubtedly the most imaginative author of this class of story who ever put pen to paper. He relates the story of a feud between Ferrers-Lord, Gan Waga, Prince Ching Lung, and Rupert Thurston on the one side, and a number of Germans on the other side. And the way in which their adventures are related is the way in which only Mr. Sidney Drew can do it.

I am most enthusiastic at having secured this story, and I can assure my chums that never before has the old warning about ordering copies in advance been so necessary. There are hundreds of thousands of boys and girls who will recognise the name of the author of our new serial when it appears on the cover of next week's "Popular"—and they are going to buy the "Popular" to read the story of

"THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"

from the first issue.
—See that you get your copy!

Our next splendid complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co. will be entitled:

"UP AGAINST HIS FORM-MASTER!"

By Frank Richards.

In this story we learn that Mr. Quelch has a little secret. It is unfortunate that he gets on the wrong side of the Bounder of Greyfriars—as H. Vernon-Smith is known in the Remove—for that junior makes things decidedly unpleasant for the Form-master. You will enjoy reading this story.

The Rookwood story, complete in our next issue, will be entitled:

"GAME AT THE FINISH!"

By Owen Conquest.

The yarn deals with the further adventures of Mornington, the dandy of the Remove, and 'Erbert, the waif. And Lattrey, probably the most detestable fellow at Rookwood, comes into the story, too—and in a very unpleasant way. But he gets up against a tough "nut" in Mornington!

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

It is not exactly surprising that Billy Bunter is turning out a grand Financial Number of his "Weekly" for our next issue. Billy and postal-orders seem to go very well together!

However, it is a fact. Billy Bunter's next number will be very funny, and deals largely with the subject of finance. Rest assured that it will be amusing!

HOLIDAY STORIES.

The first of the grand series of stories dealing with the holiday adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter on their caravanning tours, entitled

"THE GREYFRIARS CARAVANNERS!"

By Frank Richards,

will be found in this week's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY. Go to your newsagent at once and get a copy, and at the same time put in an order for next week's number, which deals with "The Secret of the Caravan!"

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 27

Examples for the above competition:

Always Popular.	When Towser's About.
Creates Excitement	Striking Contrast.
When.	
Bunter's Delight.	Skinner's Delight.
Sometimes Painful.	Spells Misfortune.
Causes Ructions.	An Unexpected Guest.
Pays Every Time.	On the March.

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. 27, 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 11th.
- TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH to senders of the ten BEST "POPLETS."
The result of "Poplets" Competition, No. 21, has been unavoidably held over until next week.

Your Editor.

WATCH COUPON

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Cut out this coupon and send with P.O. for 8/6 only direct to the Farringdon Watch Co., 27, Store Street, London, W.C.1, and you will receive by return a splendid 30-hour Keyless Watch, perfect timekeeper, ready for wear and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Thousands of similar watches have been sold for 25/-. If you save 4 more coupons, each will count 6d. off price; thus you need only send 5/6 with 5 coupons. Coupons can also be cut from "Nelson Lee Library" and "Football Favourite." This great offer is made to introduce this perfect watch to all POPULAR readers, and to secure their recommendation. Ladies' or Gent's Wristlet Model, 2/- extra. Foreign and Colonial orders, postage 1/- extra.

FREE.—SARGEENT NEW PICTORIAL (Coal Miner at Work). Gape, JUGO SLAV (Croatia), Transvaal, PERIA Russia, RUMANIA, Czecho Slovakia, LEVANT, Jamaica, BELGIAN GERMANY, BOCCAN REUNION, China, BULGARIA, Travancore, NIGERIA, and PERU. All these stamps will be sent free to those who enclose 2d. for postage. Best Mounts, 7d. per 1,000. Post Free.
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THE POPULAR.—No. 153.

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1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits FREE.

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The renewal of health, of course, means the renewal of beauty, for there can be no real beauty without health. But merely facial beauty is not sufficient. It must be accompanied by hair beauty to make the complete picture of attractiveness.

It is at this opportune time that Mr. Edwards comes forward, as he has on previous occasions, with the most magnificently generous offer of a Four-Fold Free Trial Outfit for Hair Culture, so as to enable all-readers of the POPULAR to start at once in the development of hair beauty in readiness for the holiday season.

WORLD-RECOGNISED SCIENTIFIC METHOD.

But you must cultivate hair health and beauty just as you indulge in exercise for the renewal of health. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the world-recognised scientific method for promoting hair health and hair abundance.

A GIFT EVERY READER WANTS.

Everybody should try the delightful experience of "Harlene Hair-Drill," and, of course, particularly those who have thin, weak, straggling hair that

is always falling out, splitting at the ends, or losing its brightness and "tone."

Here in detail are the actual contents of your gift "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel:



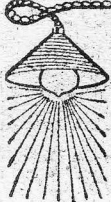
Isn't it grand to be able to indulge in the exhilaration of a Sea and Sunshine Bath, happy in the possession of a radiantly beautiful head of hair? Will this be your experience when you go away? It may be if you will only devote two minutes a day to "Harlene Hair Drill," which enjoys world-wide reputation for producing luxuriant, abundant, wavy tresses.

1. A trial bottle of "Harlene"—the scientific liquid hair-food and natural growth-promoting tonic.
2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder. This is an antiseptic purifier of the hair and scalp. It takes away the musty odour of hair that is out of order by clearing away all decaying scurf, etc. After use the hair is sweet and fragrant with a most delicate perfume.
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."
4. A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual, the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

Let "Harlene Hair-Drill" enrich your hair and increase its value to you.

To obtain one of the packages write your name and address and that you are a reader of the POPULAR on a sheet of paper and post, together with four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to your door. Address your application to Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Any of these preparations may be obtained from Chemists and Stores all over the world.




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SPECIAL CHEAP TELEPHONE SET, Complete, 1/9; postage 6d. Catalogue 6d.

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