

GRAND NEW SERIAL OF FERRERS LORD STARTS TO-DAY!

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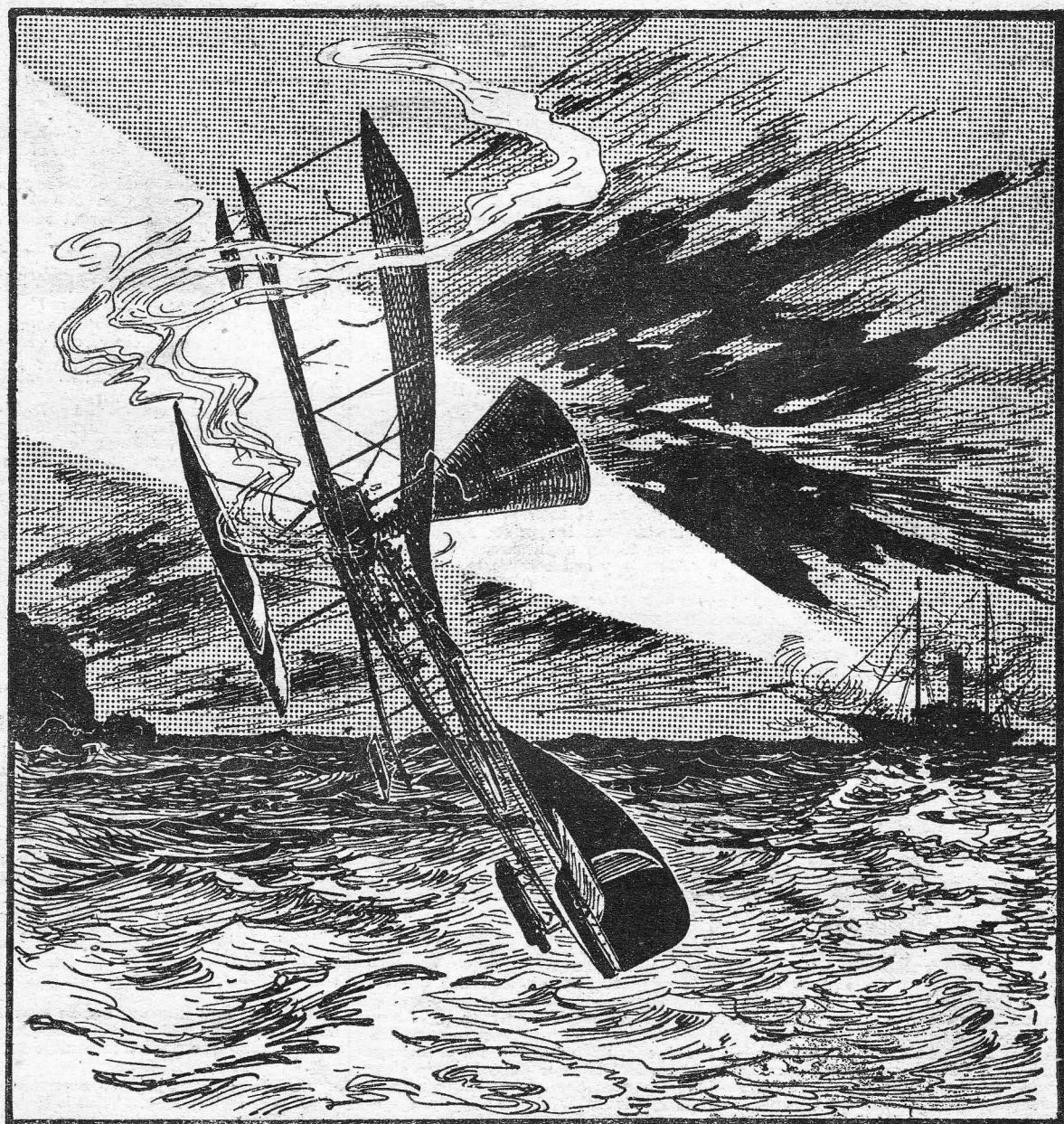
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The POPULAR

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Stories, Jokes & Pictures
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Rookwood St. Jims



SHOT DOWN! The Surprise Attack on Ferrers Lord's Latest Mysterious Invention!



The INVISIBLE RAIDER

A Magnificent, New Serial of
Adventure, introducing Ferrers
Lord and Prince Ching Lung.

By SIDNEY DREW.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Human Chameleon!

"I GIVE it up," said Rupert Thurston. "I never had very much of a head for figures, and when it comes to thousands of millions of money I'm completely lost. Can it be possible that Germany possesses such a staggering sum as the Allies are assessing her to pay? I'm inclined to doubt it. My point is that even if she has it, force won't get it out of her. You can't dragoon seventy million people by force of arms into emptying their pockets into your hat, so to speak. France is far from rich, and look at the cost of a complete military occupation of Germany. For that you tell me Germany will have to pay. How will this benefit ourselves or the French? It's something like winding up an estate in bankruptcy. By the time the expenses are paid the creditors get nothing at all."

His friend, Prince Ching Lung, yawned, and apologised for doing so.

"It's a tough subject, Rupert, and it's far too warm to tackle it seriously," he said. "I agree that a big army of occupation is a very expensive affair, and that as a debt collector it is likely to fail. France wants her young men at work, not in uniforms. Still, I do believe that the Huns could find the cash if we knew how to apply the pressure. It's a pretty problem that I'm not going to attempt to solve."

They were seated under a shady tree on one of the lawns of Ferrers Hall. The day was hot and still.

"It's the sort of problem that the chief ought to tackle," said Thurston, lighting a cigarette. "Politicians and generals seem pretty helpless. Of course, if the cash isn't there, the whole thing is an absurdity, for nobody can get blood out of a flint. I give it up altogether."

At that moment a burly man dressed in white flannels walked across the lawn, and helped himself to a glass of iced claret provided by their host's thoughtful butler. The man was Harold Honour, Ferrers Lord's engineer. He sat down silently and filled his briar pipe, a handsome, blue-eyed giant, with massive shoulders and closely-cropped straw-coloured beard.

"May I be permitted to point out to you that the claret is our private property, and that a person with any good manners would ask permission before he started to guzzle it?" said Prince Ching Lung.

"You might just as well talk about good manners to our friend the Eskimo, Ching," said Thurston. "If you are going to smoke that awful pipe, Hal, do get further off. Either sling it away and buy a new one or give it a clean out. It smells like rank poison."

The engineer pointed with contempt at Ching Lung's open cigarette case and the costly gold-tipped cigarettes it contained.

"Rubbish for babies," he said curtly. "Come."

"Marvellous!" said Thurston, rising. "It's ages since I heard him say four words all at once, Ching. He's getting quite talkative in his old age."

They followed Honour along a winding path gorgeous with flowers. The engineer unlocked a gate in a high wall. The grounds of Ferrers Hall were superb in their beauty, and at the moment at the very height of their summer splendour. Thurston and the prince stopped dead. It was like a nightmare. The smaller garden they had entered was a paradise of beauty, but it was a ruined paradise. At the lower end of it a hoarding had been erected some twelve or fourteen feet high. Had it been of plain boards it would have been unsightly enough, but it was painted in squares of different colours—green, crimson, blue, yellow, grey, white, and black.

"Somebody seems to have gone wholly insane," said Thurston. "What's the idea of that gaudy horror, Honour. It's enough to strike us blind."

"Perhaps he's brought us here to test us for colour-blindness," said Ching Lung. "Do you want us to name the tints, Hal?"

"A paint factory struck by lightning," said Thurston. "What's the idea? Is it a fresh notion of advertising somebody's patent pills?"

The man of silence shrugged his shoulders and made a sign with his hand that they were to remain where they were. The eye-dazzling erection was probably less than a hundred yards away and the sun was shining strongly on it. At one end there was a gap between the edge of the hoarding and a rustic summer-house. Hal Honour walked slowly along, passing from one coloured square to the other, his burly figure clearly defined against each. He went into the summer-house and came out again, carrying a long cloak on his arm.

"Great snakes from Iceland, where there aren't any!" cried Thurston. "Look at that!"

The engineer had put on the cloak, and was passing slowly along the front of the rainbow-hued hoarding. He was no longer a man, but a kind of shadow, a human chameleon. As he moved he seemed to absorb each different colour, and to blend with it.

"Amazing good camouflage," said Ching Lung. "It's not quite the invisible cloak of the fairy tales, but it's getting something near to it. Bravo!"

The engineer shed the mysterious garment, and stood out clear and solid against the crimson square.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked their host's deep voice.

Ferrers Lord had opened the gate behind them, and was fanning himself lazily with his straw hat. Even to his old friends, Ching Lung and Rupert Thurston, the millionaire still remained a mystery. He wore the usual well-fitting suit of blue serge, and carried the usual little cane with a gold mount. His handsome face was tanned to a deep brown, in his hair there was a faint streak of silver, and his keen grey eyes were utterly inscrutable. He carried with him the lissom grace of a tiger, and his slim hands were as brown as his face. And yet, as the Prince and Thurston well knew, those slim hands could shake empires and hurl monarchs from their thrones.

"It's about the cleverest thing in camouflage that ever happened, chief," said Thurston. "If we could have uniformed our boys in the stuff, the beastly old war wouldn't have lasted three months. Talk about camouflage! What is it? How does it work?"

"You had better ask Honour. It is his invention. I merely suggested to him that something of the kind would be useful. We were too busy during the war, unfortunately, to concentrate on the idea. It is just a paint, or rather a non-descript colour. You know that queer reptile, the chameleon. If you place him on yellow, he is supposed to turn yellow, or on pink to turn pink. Possibly he means some such attempt, but he does it slowly and badly. Honour has improved on the chameleon with considerable success."

"Considerable! Almost uncanny success," said Ching Lung. "But is it only in daylight this curious dope works? What about night?"

"After dinner we'll make a little experiment," said Ferrers Lord. "We are dining on board the yacht."

With a rustling sound the eye-offend-

ing partition began to roll up into a cylinder. The engineer put his shoulder to it, and heaved it up out of sight behind the summer-house. Honour did not rejoin them. As they turned back a man was wheeling a rubber-tyred truck across the grass. On the truck Thurston and Ching Lung saw some of the luggage they had brought with them to Ferrers Hall.

"I'm not taking too much for granted, I hope, Ching Lung," said Ferrers Lord. "You and Thurston can make holiday for a few days?"

"I'm prepared for anything in reason when I get an invitation from you," said Ching Lung, with a smile. "Do we follow the luggage?"

"I'm following nothing until we've emptied this bottle of excellent claret," said Thurston.

"You'll end a dissipated career in a drunkard's grave, Rupert," said Ching Lung. "I'll take another glass just to save you from overdoing it. And how do we get to the yacht? Do we motor it, train it, or fly it?"

"Fly it, I hope, for it's the only way to dodge the heat and the dust," said Thurston. "Don't forget your cigarette case, old chap."

They hurried after the millionaire. A thick belt of timber screened the lake from view. As the three men emerged from the shady depths of the trees they saw the flash and sparkle of the water. Close to the bank floated a roomy biplane. Hal Honour, goggled and leather-jacketed, was waiting for them, pipe in mouth. Ferrers Lord closed the door of the comfortable cabin, and with a roar the biplane went skimming over the lake, lifted her dripping floats clear of the water, and slanted upwards over the tree-tops as she climbed, with quickening speed, into the cloudless blue of the summer sky.

In the cabin the roar of the propeller was reduced to a mere humming that did not interfere with conversation. Ching Lung went to the wireless telephone, while the millionaire chatted with Rupert Thurston.

"Six," said Ferrers Lord, guessing that Ching Lung wished to communicate with the yacht.

The prince adjusted the brass indicator to the number, and put the receiving-cap on his head.

"Hallo, Lord of the Deep!" he said. "Speak up, if you're anywhere about. Is that you, Lord of the Deep? A little louder, if you please."

Out of space came the sound of a thin, phantom voice, very faint, but perfectly audible.

"You've got us, sir. Who is it?"

"Biplane in flight, Chung Lung speaking," answered the prince. "Ask Mr. Prout to come; but you needn't tell him who is at this end."

After a brief delay the biplane's wireless picked up another voice, distinctly gruffer in tone than the voice of the yacht's operator.

"Hallo! Hallo, by honey! Who's that?"

"How nicely you've parted your bonnie brown hair this afternoon," said Ching Lung. "You look quite pretty!"

"I don't know who you are, but, by honey, if I had you here for about five minutes you'd look anything but pretty," replied the voice. "Is it you, Ben? I thought you were coming down by car. I hope you'll do a side-slip and break your neck!"

"Well, you are a kindhearted old ruffian!" said Ching Lung, with a grin. "Don't you know the difference between my manly tones and the growl of Benja-

min Maddock? I'm Ching Lung, and I'm coming to tea with Mr. Thurston and the chief, so do the sporting thing, and lay in a few winkles and a bit of watercress and a shrimp or two. You'd better put the kettle on at once, for Honour is overdoing the speed-limit, and we'll soon be with you."

"Right-ho! We'll be glad to see you again, sir," said Prout. "I'll pass the word to the cook. Compliments to Mr. Thurston."

This closed the conversation. The biplane was travelling at a terrific pace. In less than an hour the green earth below had given place to the glitter of the calm sea. She glided down, and took the water gently, close beside the millionaire's yacht.

"Hallo, Chingy!" bawled a voice from the deck. "How yo' was, my but-terfuls boy? Here I am, all merry and brightness, Chingy."

Then the owner of the voice took a header overboard, and rose to the surface with his oily black hair shining and a tremendous grin of welcome on his plump face. He swam round the biplane several times, and then climbed on deck, with water streaming from his suit of striped pyjamas. In his joy he made a rush at Ching Lung with open arms; but, luckily for the prince, the strong hand of Mr. Thomas Prout closed on the Eskimo's collar and jerked him back.

Ferrers Lord raised his little gold-topped cane as the crew of his yacht gave the salute and went below. Still holding the gasping Eskimo by the collar, Prout made a sudden grab at Gan Waga's ankle. Gan Waga was a person of weight, but Prout was amazingly powerful. He heaved the yelling Eskimo above his head, and pitched him overboard with a resounding splash.

"I'm sorry, sir; I couldn't do anything in the shrimp or watercress line," he said to Ching Lung, "and we're clean out of winkles. By honey, I'm glad you've come! That Eskimo is raving mad! We're fed up with him. If you can't keep him in order, there'll be murder done!"

"All rights, Tommy Prouts, I'll pay yo' for this lots!" shouted an angry voice from the sea. "Yo' badness olds rascal, I pays yo'!"

Without troubling further about Gan Waga, Ching Lung shook hands with Tom Prout, and followed Ferrers Lord and Thurston below.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
A Supper that "Went West!"

HAL HONOUR joined them at dinner in the beautiful saloon.

The man of silence took no part in the conversation.

Thurston happened to mention Germany and the world-wide ruin her crazy militarism and greed for power had brought about.

"Rupert seems to have Germany on the brain, chief," said Ching Lung. "This afternoon, when I wanted a quiet snooze in your charming garden, he started about Germany and the indemnities she can't or won't pay. You should take something for it, old man."

"Don't exaggerate," said Thurston. "I merely ventured the opinion that you can't make her pay by force of arms, for the cost of a big army is eating up money all the time. If she has the cash, the Allies are going the wrong way to get it."

"I'm rather inclined to agree with you," said Ferrers Lord quickly. "There's an enormous wastage going on. There are still some clever brains left in Germany—cleverer than most people sus-

pect. The cleverest brain of all is Von Kreigler. Possibly you have never heard his name. He keeps in the background, and pulls the strings. He is a person to be respected, my friend Karl von Kreigler, who directs the new German Republic from an easy-chair. Other voices speak, but the words they speak are Von Kreigler's."

"The name is new to me, chief," said Thurston. "It sounds pretty hunnish. What is he—a soldier or politician?"

"Neither; a mere professor of mathematics," said Ferrers Lord, smiling; "but he is a remarkable individual. I hope to be able to introduce you to him some day, Rupert. He is too cunning for all the politicians. He has the key to the public purse in his pocket, and if Germany has any hidden wealth, Von Kreigler also has the key that guards it. Altogether, he is an astonishing fellow."

The millionaire nodded to the engineer, and Hal Honour rose and left the saloon.

"Now we'll leave Von Kreigler to his mathematics, and go on deck, to drink coffee and liqueur there," said Ferrers Lord.

It was a warm, breezeless night, with scarcely a ripple on the lazy sea. The sky was clouded, but the clouds were very thin, and here and there a star gleamed. The yacht lay at anchor on a slack tide. They sat down at a table with a shaded electric lamp, and the coffee was brought. At that moment the clattering roar of an aeroplane engine sounded from the sea astern.

"There goes Honour," said Ferrers Lord. "Now, gentlemen, give him five minutes, and find him if you can."

He handed Thurston a pair of binoculars, and glanced at his watch. Presently, as they looked upwards, two points of light appeared, marking the position of the airman. They blinked out, but before they blinked out Thurston had trained the powerful glasses on them.

"What do you see?" asked the millionaire's deep voice.

"Nothing at all," said Thurston. "I saw the lights, of course; but they seemed floating in the air, with nothing to support them."

Again the twin lights shone. The plane was sweeping above the yacht in a wide circle, at an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet.

"And you, Gan Waga?" asked Ferrers Lord.

The Eskimo, with his hands at the back of Ching Lung's chair, stared at the sky. His vision was almost superhuman, and, like a cat, he could see in the dark.

"Two 'lectric lampses," he said; "and now they dowsed, and nots see nothings; but I know old Honour up theres by the row he make."

Hissing like a nest of angry snakes, a dozen rockets winged their way skyward from the deck of the yacht. As they burst, with sullen reports, into clusters of shining stars, night seemed to be turned into day. Sea and sky were flooded by their bright glare. Dim and pale in the fiercer light of the rockets, two little sparks set wide apart on the wings of the biplane kept steadily on their way, but the wings and body of the roaring biplane might have been non-existent, for they were utterly invisible.

Then came a volley of maroons. The rockets had been all of one colour, an intense, bluish white. The maroons were of every colour. They burst in a medley of hues all round the yacht. Great, broadening beams from the search-lights streamed upwards, following the two specks of light.

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NEXT FRIDAY! "BY ORDER OF THE FORM!" A GRAND TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

4 Tell Your Chums About Sidney Drew's New Serial, "The Invisible Raider!"

The biplane was a spectre, a thing with eyes, but without a body. When Hal Honour switched off the lamps she was lost.

Then, of course, the wireless began to get busy, as was only natural after such a brilliant display of fireworks. Half a dozen vessels at once wanted to know who they were, what was the matter, and did they need help. Ferrers Lord stirred his coffee, and shrugged his shoulders.

"An inquisitive world," he said. "Give them our esteemed compliments, Prout, and tell them we are grateful for their kind inquiries. Well, prince, I hope you are satisfied with the success of Honour's experiments."

"Yes; it's extraordinary stuff that dope of his, for I presume that is what the plane was painted with," said Ching Lung. "It's rather a pity you couldn't paint the noise with it," he added, with a laugh. "To a person with a bit of imagination, your invisible or semi-invisible paint holds alarming possibilities. Fancy a bold bad burglar doped from the crown of his bullet head to the rubber soles of his shoes in your bedroom at dead of night. He sneezes, and you start up and switch on the light. Invisible hands are snatching your valuables and cramming them into invisible pockets. M'yes, it's dangerous stuff, Hal's dope, if the wrong person gets hold of it."

Thurston and the millionaire laughed. "We shall never bring it to such perfection as that," said Ferrers Lord. "As you say, the invention is highly dangerous if we could perfect it, and I do not intend to allow the secret to escape. Here's our gifted inventor back again. You seem to have baffled us, Honour."

The burly engineer nodded, as he puffed at his pipe.

"Good!" he said briefly. "And Thurston wants to borrow a tin of it to help him to dodge his landlord," said Ching Lung.

"What is the stuffs that makes the old planes so yo' not sees him, Chingy?" asked Gan Waga.

"I don't know, but I think it's a kind of paint, my son."

"Ho, ho, hoo! I wishes I had a gallons of it, Chingy!" chuckled the Eskimo. "I waits till Tommy Prouts and Maddocks and olds Barry O'Rooney asleeps, and paints them all overs. Anyhow, I paints their uglifuls faces outs. Dear, dears! Wouldn't it be loveliness to see them walkings rounds and not see their awfuls faces? Everything would be merry and brightness, hunk, Chingy! Ho, ho, hoo! Where some of yo' paints, Hal?"

Ignoring Gan Waga, Hal Honour unfolded a paper, and presently he and Ferrers Lord were bending over it. A shrill whistle sounded, and the cable rattled through the hawse-holes. The yacht headed northwards under a full pressure of steam.

"When Honour and the chief put their heads together something big usually happens," said Ching Lung. "Evidently we're not wanted."

The prince looked about for three of his old friends, Mr. Ben Maddock, the boatswain, Mr. Barry O'Rooney, and Joe, the yacht's carpenter. He found the three gentlemen below deck in a little booby-hutch they had taken possession of and christened the "Glue Pot." Barry O'Rooney was frying onions on an electric stove, while a fine beefsteak that was to accompany the onions sizzled and spluttered on the adjacent grill. It was quite a comfortable little place, with a round table laid for three, wicker chairs,

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and highly-coloured portraits of famous boxing-men and footballers decorating the walls.

Maddock, who was cutting bread, saluted Ching Lung with the breadknife, and Mr. O'Rooney bowed over the frying-pan.

"Pouf! Why don't you open a porthole?" said the prince. "This mixture of onions and ship's plug would choke an alligator!"

"Bedad, O'im not sayin' ut's as swate as a basket of violets, sor," remarked O'Rooney, "but ut's a wholesome smell for a hungry man. Just look outside, Ben boy, and take the knife wid ye. Av ye foind that would baste of an Eskimo hangin' round jab ut in him. Av he sniffs the feast he'll be afther ut as quick as a starved cat on a kipper."

Ben Maddock tiptoed to the door, and then rushed out, brandishing the knife. There was a yell, and the bo'sun came back, grinning.

O'Rooney threw open the porthole. To have left the door ajar was dangerous with their relentless enemy Gan Waga on the prow. Then Barry placed the plump steak on a dish, surrounded it with nicely-browned onions, and gazed at the tempting result with some pride.

"Don't gloat over the thing, souse me, but cut it, and give a chunk of it a fair wind my way," said the bo'sun, smacking his lips.

Barry gave the knife a scrape on the steel, and dug it into the steak. As Maddock held out his plate for his helping the single electric bulb that lighted the Glue Pot burst with a stunning report into powdery fragments of glass, and all was dark except for the hazy light that came in through the porthole.

"Oh, ho, ho, hoo!" laughed a voice. "Oh, ha, ha, ha! Oh, ho, hoo, hoo-ooo-oooh!"

The voice was the voice of Gan Waga, hooting in mockingly through the ventilator above the locked door. Maddock, Joe, and Barry O'Rooney took quick cover under the table, and Ching Lung was not ashamed to follow such a wise example. Gan Waga's laugh was painful enough, but they knew the Eskimo, and expected worse things. Muttering horrid threats, Barry crawled towards the door and unlocked it.

The ray of a powerful electric torch streamed down between the bars of the ventilator. It flashed over the steak and

onions that sparkled frostily with powdered glass as if they had fallen off a Christmas-tree, and then discovered three pairs of feet showing from under the tablecloth. And from under the table also came savage mutterings.

O'Rooney wrenched open the door. As the blinding glare of the torch flashed in his eyes, he remained there on one knee, momentarily dazzled and incapable of motion till a bare foot shot out of the gloom behind, and, hooking him under the chin, forced him violently backwards. "Oooh! Ah! Ouch!" howled Barry O'Rooney, in anguish.

The light was extinguished, and twice Barry felt a crushing weight on his chest that wrung a wail of pain and sorrow from him, and then left him limp and breathless.

"Ho, ho, ho, hoooh!" sounded a laugh that gradually grew fainter. "Ha, ha, ha, haaaah! Oh, dears, dears! Good-bye!"

Then Joe, Maddock, and Ching Lung left their dugout, and struck matches. Dish and steak had gone, but not all the onions. Barry O'Rooney had some of the latter. He was sitting up, purple and wild-eyed, scraping them out of his hair. Outside the door was a short ladder, and the air-pistol the Eskimo had used to shatter the electric lamp.

Almost foaming at the mouth, Maddock, O'Rooney and Joe rushed out of the Glue Pot to find the thief, and Ching Lung went on deck again.

The prince was turning in for the night when somebody tapped gently at the door of his state-room, and he admitted Gan Waga.

"I better sleeps in yo' baths. Dears, dears!" Gan Waga patted himself and rolled his little beady eyes. "That a loveliful steaks. I eat him alls."

"You'll come to a painful and bitter end, my son," said Ching Lung. "It was cruel of you to rob those poor, hungry men of their supper. Though you don't deserve it, I'll let you sleep in my bath, but if you start snoring or talking in your sleep in the middle of the night, I'll turn on the hot-water tap and boil you pink. Get off to bed, and be sharp about it, for I'm as sleepy as an owl."

Gan only waited to seize and light one of the prince's best cigars, and then he half-filled the roomy bath with cold water and got in, clad in his pyjamas. Ching Lung took a look at him before switching off the light. The Eskimo was fast asleep, and breathing gently, and at every breath the water made little ripples against his fat chin, the cigar-tip glowed, and trickles of blue smoke came from his nostrils.

"I wonder how he does it," said the prince, and went to bed, smiling.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Shot Down!

EVEN to intimate friends like Prince Ching Lung and Rupert Thurston, Ferrers Lord still remained something of a mystery. To the world at large he was just a person of enormous wealth, who was fond of travel and shunned society. To obtain any information about him was utterly impossible, and newspaper reporters had given up the attempt in despair, for the men he employed were as dumb as oysters when Ferrers Lord was mentioned.

In the morning, when the prince drew aside the curtain of the porthole and looked out, the yacht was at anchor close to a rugged wall of grey cliffs. He recognised the place. Gan Waga had gone, and when Ching Lung went out **STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.**



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NEXT FRIDAY: "MORNINGTON'S TEMPTATION!" A SPLENDID

with a towel on his arm, intending to have a swim, he encountered Mr. Thomas Prout.

"I'm afraid there's no time for that, sir, by honer, unless you want to climb about forty million steps," said Prout, noticing the towel. "The launch is waiting, and the tide's just right to squeeze in, and it won't be like it again for another six weeks."

"Right you are, Tommy," said Ching Lung. "I'll postpone my dip, and be with you in two shakes of a gnat's tail."

Hal Honour and Thurston were already seated in the launch. The sea was calm, but between the yacht and the towering cliff were many pointed rocks round which the water boiled and seethed dangerously. The engineer, who knew the way in the dark, steered unerringly.

"Heads," cried Thurston.

They ducked, and the launch ran through a patch of white surf out of the clear sunshine into deep gloom. Here was the home of Ferrers Lord's super-submarine. It floated there in the dim light like some slumbering leviathan. As if their coming had awakened it, it seemed to open one glaring eye. For an instant a searchlight was turned on the launch, and then the shining eye closed again.

"What's the contraption over there, Honour?" asked Ching Lung. "I mean that double-barrelled gramophone affair."

He could only see the object dimly. It resembled a seaplane, fitted with two trumpet-shaped funnels.

"Helicopter," said Honour briefly.

He whistled, and arc lamps suspended from the lofty roof of the cavern filled the place with light. The submarine, with its domed conning tower, showed up clearly, but the odd-looking seaplane, though they were fairly close to it, did not seem solid. It had a ghostly look, more like a thing made of shadows than of any solid, tangible substance.

"Dope," grunted the engineer.

"If you invented that thing, my lad, you'd better invent another nearly as handsome, and then shoot yourself," said Ching Lung. "What a brute! Will it play tunes if you put a penny in the slot? Why don't you put more dope on it and lose it?"

As they left the launch a lift descended, and Ferrers Lord stepped out and nodded a greeting.

"Breakfast is waiting for you, gentlemen," he said. "I am afraid I shall not be able to see much of you until the evening."

"I don't think I want any breakfast, chief," said Ching Lung. "That atrocity over there like a coffee-mill with two spouts, has spoiled my appetite. Is it a cross between a seaplane and an out-of-date torpedo-boat destroyer, or what is it? Honour says it's a helicopter. He must have been suffering from a bad nightmare when he designed it."

"Handsome is as handsome does," said the millionaire. "I admit that the machine is everything but beautiful, but it has its merits. Until this evening, then. Put me aboard the submarine, Honour, and come back to me when you have finished your breakfast."

Ching Lung knew the lonely house on the cliff well. It was shut in by high walls, like a prison or a fortress, with a background of lonely moorland.

The prince and Rupert Thurston lounged through the day till a telephone message summoned them back to the cavern. A sailor pulled them out to the seaplane. High overhead, through a circular opening in the roof of the cavern,

they caught a glimpse of a dark, cloudy sky.

"Are we going to try your ugly monstrosity, Hal?" asked Ching Lung, as he climbed aboard.

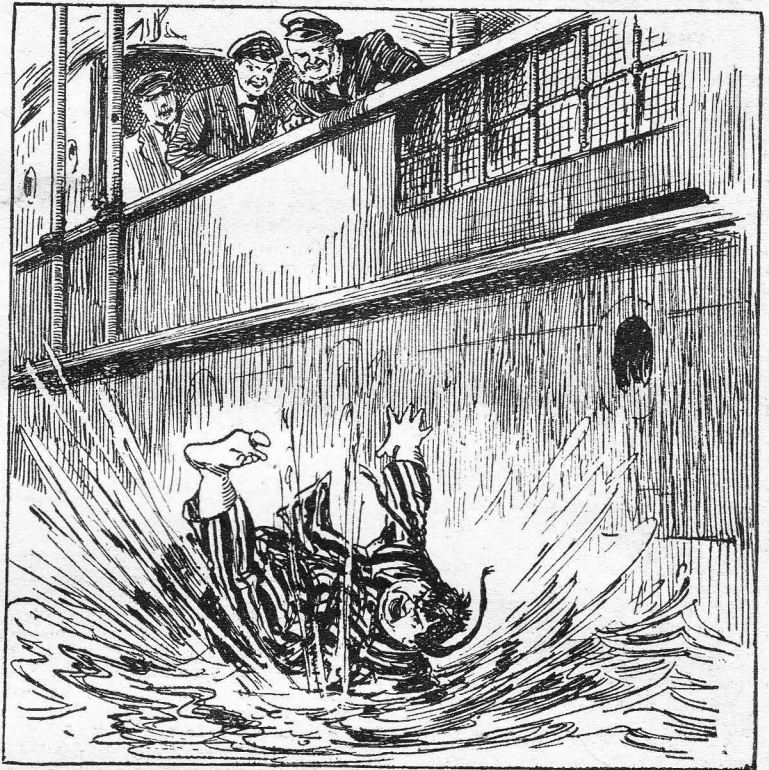
The engineer nodded, and handed them each a warm sweater and a woollen cap. They followed him up a short ladder to a platform between the trumpet-shaped funnels. Honour lighted his pipe, and pulled over a lever. A faint buzzing sounded, and the 'plane began to rise vertically.

"Bravo!" cried Thurston. "We forgive her ugliness, Hal."

The 'plane cleared the opening in the roof and continued to ascend. Below they saw the cliff-top, garden and moorland, and the yacht moving slowly out

from the engineer's teeth. As if it had dropped from one of the distant stars, an aeroplane appeared. The helicopter was burning only one light, and quick as thought, the engineer's hand went to the switch to extinguish it as the mysterious aeroplane swooped like a falcon on its prey.

She spat flame and bullets, and the crisp, spiteful clatter of her machine-gun rattled above the clouds. A fragment of her shattered propeller cut a jagged hole in one of the helicopter's wings. She heeled over, with the three men clinging desperately to the rail of the platform. As the helicopter fell, spinning over and over, the victorious aeroplane came into view of the Lord of the Deep. She spun round and headed eastwards, and



Mr. Prout grasped Gan Waga by the collar and ankle, heaved the yelling Eskimo above his head and pitched him overboard with a resounding splash. "By honer," said Mr. Prout, turning to Ching Lung, "I'm glad you've come. That Eskimo is driving us mad!" (See chapter 1.)

to sea. Then they were motionless, hovering like a hawk in mid-air. Ching Lung gave the burly engineer a pat on the shoulder.

"Magnificent," he said, "and almost as silent as yourself, old chap. You've solved the problem. Noiseless, and practically invisible. Great stuff, Hal."

Hal Honour uttered a grunt that might have meant anything. The buzzing note increased a little as the 'plane climbed higher towards the clouds in the same vertical line. Two lamps on her funnels blazed into light, and then the funnels collapsed fore and aft into two grooves. At the same instant, with a mere humming noise, the propeller began to revolve, and the machine rushed ahead horizontally on her planes.

She plunged into a cloud, and Thurston and the prince felt the damp chill of it. The yacht from which many keen eyes were watching for them was lost to view. As they emerged from the cloud beneath a sky gemmed with stars, the pipe fell

shells from the yacht's anti-aircraft guns burst round her. One of the searchlights found the helicopter. She was falling tail-foremost, with a curious sidelong drag on her.

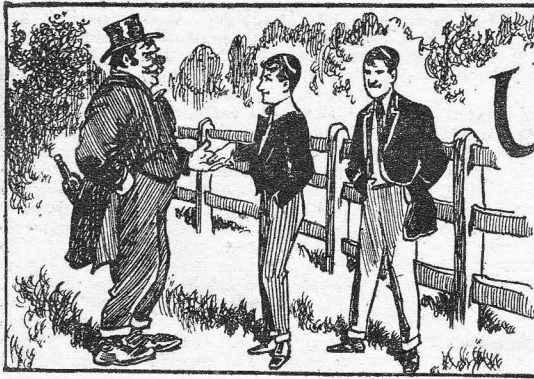
One by one three human figures dropped from her, and, passing swiftly out of the range of the searchlight, vanished into the thick gloom.

To be continued.

(Who is the mysterious assailant who has wrecked Ferrers Lord's new helicopter? Will Thurston & Co. escape from the burning mass of metal which is crashing down on them from the sky? These questions will be answered in the grand long instalment of SIDNEY DREW'S thrilling serial in next Friday's issue of the POPULAR. Look out for it. When you have read this instalment, pass the paper on to your friend who is a non-reader, and introduce him to FERRERS LORD & CO., of "The Invisible Raider!"

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NEXT FRIDAY: "BY ORDER OF THE FORM!" A GRAND TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.



Up against his Form-Master!

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Visitor for Mr. Quelch!

THIS 'ere Greyfriars?' Gosling, the school porter, was standing in the gateway, looking out into the road. The question was put to him by a somewhat peculiar-looking individual, who had come along the road from Friardale, and whom Gosling had not condescended to notice.

He was a somewhat stout personage, with attire that was as dirty as it was shabby, and with a battered silk hat cocked at a rakish angle upon his head.

His face was copper-coloured from the use of strong drink, and his eyes had a heavy and bleared look, and his hair escaped in towlsed patches from under the shabby brim of the silk hat.

Gosling took him for a tramp, and he was far too lofty to notice such a person, aristocratic prejudice being a strong point with Gosling. As the man halted and spoke to him, Gosling remained with his eyes fixed upon the distance, apparently unconscious.

"Is this 'ere Greyfriars?" repeated the stranger.

Gosling stared straight past him, apparently deaf. The stranger reached out and poked the haughty porter in the ribs with his thumb, a proceeding which caused Gosling's dignified attitude to collapse all of a sudden. He gasped.

"Groo!"
 "I asked you, is this 'ere Greyfriars?" said the stranger.

"Yes, it is," said Gosling, "and you can pass on your way, if you don't want to be 'anded over to the perlice. We put your sort into the lock-up in Friardale. Wot I says is this 'ere—you clear off!"

"I'm coming in."
 "You ain't!" says Gosling, retreating into the gateway. "Your sort ain't allowed 'ere. You low ruffian, get out!"
 The stranger marched in.

Gosling took a very scrutinising look at him, and then planted himself in the newcomer's path. The stranger was evidently somewhat under the influence of drink, and Gosling fancied that he could handle him.

He was mistaken.
 The disreputable stranger squared up to the school porter without the slightest hesitation, and let out his left and then his right, and Gosling sat down in the gateway with surprising and painful suddenness.

"Oh!" roared Gosling. "Ow!"
 The stranger pranced round the fallen porter in a very warlike way.
 "Will you get up and 'ave some more?" he roared.

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 NEXT FRIDAY: "MORNINGTON'S TEMPTATION!"

"Ow!"
 "I've come here to see a friend. Who's going to stop me? Is Mr. Quelch at 'ome?"

"Mr. Quelch!" gasped Gosling. "You want to see Mr. Quelch?"
 "Yes. Where is he?"

"Wot you want to see him for?"
 "Mind your own business, my man! Where is he? I want to see my friend Quelch. Where's my old pal Quelch?"

Gosling stared at him dazedly. That such a man should come to Greyfriars asking to see Mr. Quelch was amazing. It was quite impossible that the master of the Remove could have any acquaintance of that sort.

"You'd better get hout!" gasped Gosling. "If you don't go I'll telephone for the perlice!"

"Where's my old pal Quelch?"
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, coming up with a crowd of other fellows who were attracted by the disturbance. "What's the row here? Who's your friend, Gossy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Faith, and it's very choice ye are in selecting yer friends, Gossy!" said Micky Desmond.

Gosling groaned.
 "Wot I say is this 'ere," he exclaimed. "I don't know 'im! He's a tramp! He says he wants to see Mr. Quelch."

"My old pal Quelch," said the newcomer, looking round affably. "I've come a long way to see 'im."

"What rot!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "It's just cheek. Quelchy can't know that chap!"

"Of course he can't!" said Nugent. "You'd better get out, my man!"
 "Hold on!" said Bolsover major. "He says he's a friend of Quelch's—"

"Reg'ler ole pal," said the stranger.
 "Let him see him," said Bolsover. "If Quelchy has friends of this sort, it's only fair they should see him if they want to. Come on, my man! I'll show you the way."

"Look here, Bolsover—"
 "Oh, cheese it, Wharton! I'm going to take him in!"

Bolsover major was grinning gleefully. He felt that the man's claim to acquaintance with the Remove-master must be founded upon some grounds, and if Mr. Quelch really had any connection with such a man it would be great fun, in the amiable Bolsover's opinion, to let all Greyfriars see it.

Bolsover put his arm through the newcomer's, and led him away to the School House.

The other fellows followed in a body. Bolsover major marched his companion across the Close to the House, and piloted him up the steps, and took him in.

"Bolsover will get a licking if he has the nerve to take the rotter to Quelch's study," said Bob Cherry.

"Quelchy can't know him!" said Nugent.

Vernon-Smith chuckled.
 "It's queer his claiming to know Quelch, if Quelch doesn't know him," he said. "Looks to me as if there was something in it. What was Quelchy so awfully ratty about this afternoon? Looks to me as if he knew this friend of his was coming, and didn't like the prospect."

"I guess that's so," said Fisher T. Fish.

Harry Wharton frowned. Whether there was anything in it or not, he was very much against baiting the Remove-master in this way.

Bolsover & Co., however, wanted to make the most of it; and Bolsover, with a nerve that few other fellows in the Remove would have displayed, piloted the stranger to the door of the Remove-master's study.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, met them in the passage, and he stopped in sheer blank amazement at the sight of Bolsover major's companion.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "Who is that, Bolsover? Surely that person is no relation of yours?"

Bolsover turned red, and there was a chuckle from the following crowd of juniors.

"No, sir!" growled Bolsover.
 "Then why are you bringing him into the House?" demanded Mr. Prout.

"He wants to see Mr. Quelch, sir!"
 "My old pal Quelch!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Prout sharply. "You should not have allowed him to enter the House, Bolsover. The man's claim is sheer impudence. What is your name, my man?"

"You can call me Percy," said the newcomer, with much affability. "My old pal Quelch calls me Percy!"

"Nonsense! Leave the House at once!"
 "Not without seeing my old pal," said Percy, shaking his head. "Can't be done! I've come a long way to see him. You jest tell him that Percy Punter has come to see him, and he'll simply rush to meet me."

"Perhaps Mr. Quelch had better be called," said the Fifth Form-master in amazement and doubt. "He will soon dispose of this man's impudent claim."

Bolsover knocked at Mr. Quelch's door. "Come in!" called the Remove-master.

Bolsover opened the door.
 "If you please, sir, there's somebody to see you," he said, with half-suppressed insolence. "A gentleman named Punter, sir—Percy Punter."

STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.
 By OWEN CONQUEST.

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 NEXT FRIDAY: "MORNINGTON'S TEMPTATION!"

Mr. Quelch rose from his table, turning quite pale.

The squat form of the stranger was framed in the doorway, and he made a benevolent gesture of friendship towards Mr. Quelch.

The Remove-master seemed petrified. "Ow are you, old pal?" asked the newcomer. "Ow do you do?"

"What—what!" stammered Mr. Quelch.

"Shall we chuck him out, sir?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes—no!" stammered Mr. Quelch.

"You—you boys may go. Come into the room, Punter. I—I will speak to you. Go away, the rest of you!"

The Removites looked at one another.

Mr. Punter entered the study with an unsteady step, and sank down in the Form-master's comfortable easy-chair.

Mr. Quelch crossed over and closed the door upon the crowd in the passage.

Mr. Prout, of the Fifth, seemed stunned for a moment, and he walked away with an expression of utter astonishment frozen upon his face.

The juniors dispersed.

"It—it's a giddy dream!" Bob Cherry exclaimed, rubbing his eyes when they were in the Close again. "It can't be possible, you know. We've dreamed it."

"Blest if I know what to make of it!" said Wharton.

"I say, you fellows," chimed in Billy Bunter, "that's why Quelch was so ratty this afternoon in class. Let's let the Head know, and he'll be down on Quelch like a load of bricks. I—Ow!"

Bob Cherry gave the Owl of the Remove a shove with his boot, and Billy Bunter sat down in the Close. That was all the reward he received for his valuable suggestion. The chums of the Remove walked away, very much puzzled and perturbed. For, in spite of Mr. Quelch's "rattiness" that afternoon, most of the Form were very much attached to him, and Harry Wharton & Co. knew what a humiliation and trouble this visit must be for the Remove-master. What was this man to him, that Mr. Quelch did not dare to refuse him admission to the school—for that was what it amounted to.

"It's jolly queer!" said Johnny Bull.

"It's rough on Quelch! May be a brother or a cousin of his who's gone to the dogs, and won't let him alone."

"I shouldn't wonder. But I don't see why Quelch should let him come here, even if he is," said Wharton. "There will be trouble for Quelch if he comes often."

"My hat—yes!"

The stranger remained shut up in the Remove-master's study with him. Fellows who passed the door heard a murmur of voices: And with every minute that the disreputable visitor remained in the Remove-master's study the amazement of the Removites deepened.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
A Little Disappointment!

THE news of Mr. Quelch's strange visitor was not long in spreading through the school. Bolsover made as much out of it as he could. He had been planning in his mind some scheme for "getting his own back," as he called it, upon his Form-master for the severity of the afternoon. And he was not likely to neglect this opportunity.

Ere long nearly all Greyfriars knew of the peculiar visitor who was shut up with the Remove-master in his study.

Fellows of all Forms took a deep interest in the matter.

Quite a crowd gathered in the Close, keeping an eye on the School House door, to see the man as he came out.

Coker of the Fifth planted himself near the door, with Potter and Greene. Temple, and Dabney & Co. of the Fourth lounged on the School House steps.

Crowds of Removites were under the old elms near at hand. Even Tubb and the fags of the Third hovered round to have a look at the stranger when he appeared in public again.

The curiosity was unbounded.

There was a buzz in the crowd when Coker of the Fifth announced that he could see Mr. Quelch at his study window, looking out.

"He's waiting for the coast to be clear to let his visitor out!" chuckled Temple of the Fourth.

"Begad, yaas!" said Lord Mauleverer of the Remove. "It's rather caddish to wait here and see the man, isn't it, if Quelch doesn't like it?"

Temple snorted.

"Cut off, then, if you don't want to see him!" he exclaimed. "You're not bound to stay."

"Yaas, I will!" said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully.

But Mauleverer's scruples were not shared by the other fellows. Their curiosity was too keenly excited.

Mr. Quelch disappeared from the study window, and there was a general movement of interest in the crowd outside.

They felt that the stranger was about to appear.

The minutes passed, however, and there was no sign of him. If Mr. Quelch was waiting for the crowd to disperse, he was unconsciously following the example of the country man in the story, who sat down upon a bank and waited for the river to flow past. For the crowd increased in numbers every minute. The further the news spread of Mr. Quelch's strange visitor, the more fellows came to see what he was like. Even seniors of the Sixth Form strolled near at hand, in order not to miss a sight of him.

Still he did not come.

"He's making a jolly long stay," growled Russell of the Remove. "I'm going in to have my tea."

"He can't be long now," said Bolsover. "Quelch can't be going to keep him there all the evening."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Here comes Quelch!"

There was a thrill in the crowd as the form of the Remove-master was seen in the doorway of the School House.

Mr. Quelch's face was a little paler than usual, but it was perfectly calm and composed. He came out of the house with his hat and coat on, and the crowd expected to see the disreputable Mr. Punter follow him out.

But no Mr. Punter appeared. Mr. Quelch glanced at the crowd of fellows, seniors and juniors, and some of them backed away. If the Remove-master had asked them what they were collected there for, they would have felt a certain amount of awkwardness in explaining.

But Mr. Quelch addressed no remark to them.

He walked on calmly, and reached the gates, and went out, and disappeared from the sight of the assembled Greyfriars fellows. They looked after him in surprise, and some of them went down to the gates, to see whether he had really gone out. They saw Mr. Quelch's form in the distance. He was walking towards the village of Friardale at his usual quick pace.

"What on earth does it mean?" ex-

claimed Bolsover, in perplexity. "He's gone out, and left the chap in his study!"

"It's jolly queer!" said Coker.

"What was the man like?" asked Potter.

"Awful-looking bouncer—half-squiffy," said Bolsover. "He said his name was Punter, and he was a friend of Quelch. And Quelch asked him into his study. You should have seen how old Prout looked."

"Faith, and it's quare!" said Micky Desmond. "But I'm not waiting here any longer. I'm going in to tea."

"Let's go to the study and have a look at him," suggested Bolsover boldly.

"Quelch isn't there. It will be all right."

The fellows hesitated.

But curiosity was too strong, and a crowd of them followed Bolsover into the house, and into the passage where Mr. Quelch's study was situated.

The study door was closed, and no sound came from within.

Outside the study Bolsover hesitated.

"It's all right," said Vernon-Smith, the Bouncer of Greyfriars. "I've got some lines for Quelch. I'm entitled to go in and put them on his table, as he's out. You fellows are entitled to be in the passage at the time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good!" said Coker. "Go it, Smithy!"

Vernon-Smith fetched his lines, and then boldly opened the door of the Remove-master's study.

He walked in and laid his lines upon the table, and then looked round the study.

It was empty.

The fellows in the passage crowded round the open doorway, looking in.

There were exclamations of amazement on all sides.

The study was empty, save for the Bouncer. There was no sign of the disreputable stranger whom the bully of the Remove had brought there to see Mr. Quelch.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bolsover. "Where is he? Has he hidden himself?"

Two or three of the juniors entered the study. But it was clear that the stranger was not hidden there.

"Blest if I can make it out!" said Vernon-Smith puzzled. "He can't have vanished into thin air, I suppose?"

"Better get out of here, in case Quelch comes in," said Snoop nervously.

The juniors got out quickly enough.

"It's a blessed mystery!" said Bolsover.

"Is it?" said Coker of the Fifth unpleasantly. "It looks to me more like a blessed jape. You've been pulling our leg, you young sweep!"

"I haven't!" exclaimed Bolsover, taken aback by this unexpected accusation. "Lots of the fellows saw him—Smithy and Snoop—and Wharton, if he were here—"

"Well, he isn't here," said Coker; "and I wouldn't believe Snoop or Smithy any more than I believe you. You've been japing us."

"Looks like it to me," said Temple of the Fourth.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"I—I— Hands off!" roared Bolsover.

Coker, Potter, and Greene laid violent hands upon the bully of the Remove. They bumped him down upon the floor of the passage, with a concussion that made him yell.

Coker glared down upon him wrathfully.

"You won't play any more of your

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A GRAND TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"BY ORDER OF THE FORM!"

A GRAND TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

little games on the Fifth, I think," he remarked.

And Coker, Potter, and Greene walked away.

"You rotters!" remarked Bolsover. "I tell you he was there. I—"

But the Fifth-Formers were gone. Bolsover scrambled up furiously. The chuckles of the other fellows did not tend to calm him.

Trotter, the house-page, was coming downstairs, and Bolsover caught sight of him and called to him.

"Trotter! Come here!"

"Yes, Master Bolsover?" said Trotter. "Have you seen anything of Mr. Quelch's visitor?"

Trotter grinned. "Yes, sir. He went away nearly an hour ago."

"What!" yelled the juniors.

"But we should have seen him!" exclaimed Tubb of the Third.

"He went out the back way, sir!"

"Oh!" gasped Bolsover. "The back way!"

"Yes, sir. I showed him out the back way. Mr. Quelch told me to, sir," said Trotter cheerfully. "About an hour ago, Master Bolsover."

And Trotter walked away, grinning. Bolsover snapped his teeth. While the crowd had been waiting in vain for the appearance of Mr. Punter, he had left by the back way, an hour before Mr. Quelch appeared in the Close.

"You ass!" growled Temple of the Fourth, glaring at Bolsover. "Keeping us waiting in the Close an hour after he was gone!"

"You fathad!"

"You duffer!"

"Yah!"

And the juniors dispersed in great ill-humour, most of them with extremely uncomplimentary remarks to Bolsover major.

Bolsover ground his teeth.

"How was I to know, Snoopy?" he said, when only Snoop remained with him. "It shows that Quelch dared not let us see the man, smuggling him out the back way like this."

Snoop nodded.

"He won't beat me like this, though," said Bolsover, between his teeth. "I've got five hundred lines to do, and I'll make Quelch sorry for every one of them. I'll find that chap again, if he stays in the neighbourhood, and I'll spring him on Quelch some day before the Head. It ought to be enough to get Quelch the sack."

And with that amiable remark Bolsover tramped away angrily.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Mr. Punter Catches It!

"GOOD-MORNIN', young gents!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Bolsover.

"What luck!" said Vernon-Smith, staring at the speaker.

It was Mr. Percy Punter. The two Removites were standing at the gates of Greyfriars early next morning, looking out into the road, and discussing the probability of the disreputable acquaintance of Mr. Quelch being still in the neighbourhood. They had had quite a long walk about Friardale and its vicinity the previous afternoon, in the hope of meeting him, and they had been disappointed. And now, as they waited for the bell to ring for chapel, the shabby form and coppery face of Mr. Punter himself loomed up in the morning sunshine.

Mr. Punter raised his battered hat to the juniors. Early as the hour was, it was evident that he had been drinking.

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Indeed, it was doubtful if Mr. Punter was ever in a state of complete sobriety, from early morn to dewy eve.

"Jolly glad to see you, Mr. Punter," said Bolsover.

"Same here," said Vernon-Smith. "You went away so suddenly the other day, we hadn't a chance of speaking to you."

Mr. Punter grinned.

"That was my old pal's doing," he remarked.

"You've come to see him again?" asked Bolsover.

"I've, my young friend."

"Good!" said Bolsover. "Quelch doesn't seem pleased to see you, but I don't believe in a man turning his back on his friends."

"Cert'nly not!" said Mr. Punter indignantly. "I've been a good friend to 'im, too. I'm goin' to see 'im!"

"Relation of his?" asked Vernon-Smith.

Mr. Punter nodded.

"First cousin!" he said.

"Really?" said Bolsover, with a deep breath.

"Ask him! 'E won't deny it."

"My hat! It seems impossible!" said the Bounder. "But what a glorious joke on Quelch! Look here, old son! If you're his cousin you've got a right to see him. Just you come in whenever you want to, and we'll back you up. Are you rolling in money?"

Mr. Punter looked pathetic.

"Do I look as if I was?" he asked.

The Bounder grinned.

"No, as a matter of fact you don't," he said.

"Henery ain't generous to a relation and an ole pal," said Mr. Punter confidentially. "What's a quid? Asking a man to go out the back way, and giving him a quid? I put it to you, young gents, is that right?"

"Quite wrong," said Bolsover.

"Unfeeling!" said Vernon-Smith.

"That's wot it is," said Mr. Punter, nearly shedding tears. "It breaks my 'art. Besides, a man must live, and the quid's gone. I want another quid. Ain't that right?"

"Quite right!"

"Look here!" said Vernon-Smith. "I think you've been badly treated, and the best thing you can do is—ahem!"

There was a sharp footstep behind, which Vernon-Smith knew well. Mr. Quelch came down to the gates.

"How dare you talk to that man?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Us, sir!" said Vernon-Smith, in surprise. "Isn't he all right to talk to, sir?"

"Certainly not!"

"Henery, old man—" began Mr. Punter.

"But—but we thought him all right, sir, as you talk to him yourself, sir," said the Bounder innocently.

Mr. Quelch turned crimson.

"Go into the school at once!" he exclaimed.

"Very well, sir."

Bolsover and Vernon-Smith turned away reluctantly. But other fellows were coming towards the spot, attracted by the sight of Mr. Percy Punter.

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon the intruder.

"Leave this place at once!" he said, in a low voice, trembling with passion.

"Henery, old man—my old pal Quelch, you—"

"Gosling!" said Mr. Quelch, turning towards the school porter, who had come to the door of his lodge, and was standing surveying the scene in amazement.

"Yessir?"

"Set the dog upon this man if he does not go immediately!"

"Yessir."

"Henery!" ejaculated Mr. Punter, in surprise and indignation.

Mr. Quelch did not reply. He was dressed for going out, and he walked through the gateway without taking any further notice of Mr. Punter. As Gosling stooped down by the mastiff to release him from the chain, Mr. Percy Punter retreated through the gateway into the country road very quickly.

The crowd of fellows followed, anxious to see what would happen. Mr. Punter was evidently in his usual state of semi-intoxication, and they looked for trouble.

And trouble was coming. Mr. Quelch was walking away quickly in the direction of Friardale. Mr. Punter started after him.

"Henery!" he shouted.

The Remove-master strode on.

"Henery!"

"My hat!" chuckled Snoop. "This is too rich! Smithy says the man's his cousin! He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Henery!" roared Mr. Punter.

He hurried his footsteps, and overtook Mr. Quelch, and planted himself in the Remove-master's path. Mr. Quelch halted perforce.

"Will you go away?" he muttered.

"Cert'nly not!" said Mr. Punter, with exaggerated dignity. "I'm surprised at you, Henery. I'm surprised at sich conduct from my own brother."

"His brother!" yelled Ogilvy. "My hat!"

"My old pal!" said Mr. Punter. "My old pal turns his back on me! But Percy Punter is not the man to stand that! No, sir! Put up your dukes, sir!"

"What!"

Mr. Punter's reply was to tear off his coat and throw it into the road.

Then he doubled his fists, and pranced up to Mr. Quelch.

"Put up yer 'ands!" he roared.

"Man!"

"Who yer calling a man?" demanded Mr. Punter indignantly. "I'll teach you to call me man! Take that!"

He delivered a blow straight at Mr. Quelch's somewhat prominent nose. The Remove-master dodged back just in time.

"Go away!" he shrieked, gripping his umbrella.

"Put up yer 'ands!"

"Will you leave me?"

"No, I won't!" said Percy Punter.

"Cert'nly not! No, sir!"

And he charged at Mr. Quelch.

The Remove-master did not recede any farther. He looked slim beside the fat Mr. Punter, and no match for him; but he did not recede. He grasped his umbrella, and met the tramp with a slashing attack. Mr. Punter lowered his hands and backed away with a yell as the umbrella descended upon him.

"Ere, fair play!" he roared. "None of your tricks! You fight fair!"

Crash!

Mr. Quelch let out his left, and Mr. Punter caught it with his chin, and fell into the road with a heavy bump, and roared.

Before he could rise, Mr. Quelch seized him by the back of the collar, and began to thrash him with the umbrella.

Mr. Punter roared and yelled.

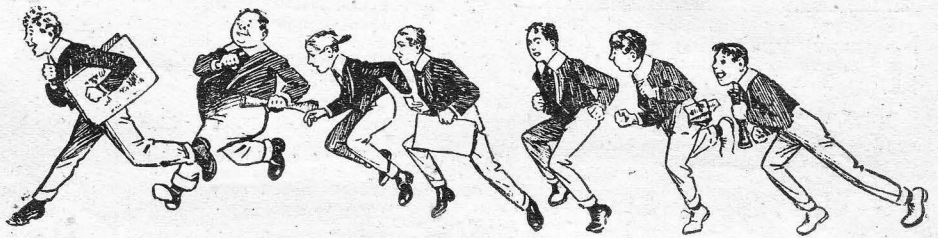
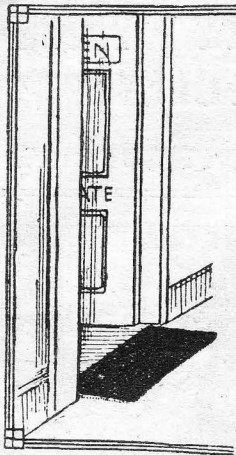
He struggled furiously in the grasp of the Remove-master; but Mr. Quelch's grip seemed like iron, and he was powerless, and all the time he struggled the umbrella descended again and again, with telling force, till a final terrific blow split it into pieces.

The Greyfriars juniors simply shrieked.

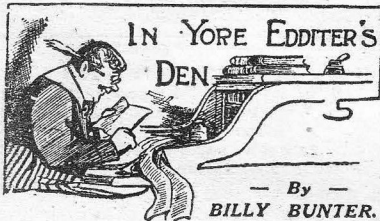
(Continued on page 15.)

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!

Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER.



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



— By —
BILLY BUNTER.

My Deer Readers,—Munney plays such an important part in the lives of all of us that a Speshul Financial Number of my "Weekly" will not be out of plaice.

Sumboddy once said that the greed of gold was not a "refining" karrackteristic. But we karn't get along without gold. Take away Lord Mauleverer's hansom allowanse of pocket-munney, and where wood he be? In the soop, of corse! Take away Vernon-Smith's libberal allowanse, and he too wood be in the soop—or, at any rate, in a frightful stew!

Have yu ever eggspieriened the mizzery of being stony broke? If so, then we are kindred spirits, for I'm neerly always broke myself! My pater sends me a certain amount of pocket-munney, it is trew, but it isn't enuff to kepp body and sole together. Five

minnits at the tuckshopp, and the whole jolly lot's gone West!

On the other hand, have you ever eggspieriened the joy of being flush—of rolling in 'kwidlets? What a glorious sensashun it gives you to walk about with wads of bank-notes bulging from yore pockets! I have had that eggspierience, deer readers, but unfortunately I can never keep munney very long. I spend it like the tea we get in hall—in other words, like water!

Say what you will, you karn't do without munney. The bigger yore bank balance, the liter yore spirrits. If you've got a few hundred kwids in the bank, you can afford to snapp yore fingers at everybody. Whereas if yore account is overdrawn, and you are up to yore eyes in dett, life isn't worth living.

In this Speshul Financial Number, their are all sorts of ripping contributions from all sorts of peeple, and I think it will kompare faverably with previous issews of my wonderful "Weekly," which has won undy-ing fame and glory (though very little brass!) for

Yore stony-broke pat,

Yore Edditer

nothing to put in it! Their was a partition for silver, and another for coppers; and both have been empty ever sinse I had the purse!

Now, if only these Ants and Unkles were sensible foke, they'd send me postle-orders, and then I should be able to get eggsexactly what I wanted. Note-cases, 4-sooth! Purses! Did you ever here of anything so riddikulus?

I trussed my Ants and Unkles, and my titled rrelations jennerally, will take the hint, and make my neckst berthday a red-letter day by sending me large sums of munney. If twenty rrelations sent me a kwid apiece I should be in clover.

(That wood be twenty kwid, Sammy! And I should eggspექt you to hand over at leest ½ of it to me. Let brutherly love kon-tinew, you no!—Ed.)

**DON'T MISS
OUR SPECIAL RECREATION NUMBER
NEXT WEEK.**

The Song of :: the :: Postal-Order!

Written by
DICK PENFOLD.

Warbled by
W. G. BUNTER.

Luck, you have left me, weary and "stony."

Stranded and on the rocks.
No fat P.O. to lighten my woe,
Nothing but nasty shocks!
Years I have waited, but I seem fated
Always to be in debt.
Come, postal-order, from over the border!
I shall receive you yet!

Fate send you back to me,
Swiftly and speedily;
Dearest, I want you near.
Five bob or ten, love,
Only say when, love—
When I may expect you here!

Though we are parted, hope lives for ever,
So I am hoping still.
Come to me quickly, my smile it is sickly,

With lack of nutrition I'm ill!
I am a debtor; a registered letter
Would help me to square up with pride.
Come, postal-order, from over the border,
Where titled relations abide!

Fate send you back to me,
Then shall I dance with glee,
Then shall the clouds roll by.
Ten bob or five, dear,
Please look alive, dear,
Or I'll waste away, love, and die!

THE POPULAR.—No. 134.

JOOVENILE WISPERINGS!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

My berthday will be coming along soon, and I suppoze I shall receive the usual iddiotick collection of prezents.

The only sootable gifts for a fello's berthday are gifts of munney. I wish all my Ants and Unkles wood realize this! On my last berthday my Ant Providence sent me a note-case to keep all my Trezzury notes in. But as I never get no Trezzury notes, her prezents was utterly absord!

My Unkle William sent me a purse. What's the use of a purse to me? I never have



Raising the Wind!

By ARTHUR NEWCOME.

TUBBY MUFFIN, of the Classical Fourth, was "stony."

That is Tubby's usual condition. Directly his allowance of pocket-money arrives from home he "blues" it at the tuckshop, and for the rest of the week he is without visible means of subsistence, as they say in the police courts.

Tubby was keenly anxious to raise the wind. He owed money to quite a lot of fellows in the Fourth—a tanner here and a bob there. And his creditors were beginning to press him for payment.

Kit Conroy, who in a moment of weakness had lent Tubby Muffin half-a-crown, threatened the fat junior with a record bumping if the sum was not refunded within twenty-four hours.

Tubby was almost at his wits' end. He racked his brains to think of some scheme whereby he could raise money, but no solution presented itself. He knew it was no use writing home. To extract money from his pater was like trying to get blood out of a stone. Mr. Muffin allowed his hopeful son a fixed amount of pocket-money, and that amount was never exceeded.

It was a half-holiday at Rookwood, and Tubby Muffin took a walk into Latcham. He did so partly in order to avoid his creditors, and partly in the hope that an idea might strike him as he trudged along.

On entering the main street of Latcham, Tubby stopped short.

A crowd of several dozen people were gathered around a sort of booth, watching with amusement and curiosity the antics of a very stout man, who appeared to be engaged in consuming doughnuts.

Tubby Muffin halted, and watched the stout individual demolish one doughnut after another.

"What's he doing this for?" he inquired of a man at his elbow.

"He's eatin' two dozen doughnuts," was the reply, "an' he's goin' to offer a fiver to anybody who can do the same."

"My hat!"
Tubby Muffin had already decided to accept the challenge.

An eating contest would have been revolting to most fellows, but to Tubby Muffin it was a glorious experience. His eyes sparkled at the prospect of devouring two dozen doughnuts, and receiving five pounds for the feat.

Meanwhile, the stout man munched away steadily.

The doughnuts were ranged in a row, so that the public could see that he was not cheating.

When the last of the two dozen had disappeared the man addressed the audience.

"There's a fiver for anybody who can do what I've just done—eat two dozen doughnuts at one sittin'," he said. "Those who take on the challenge, an' fail, must forfeit half-a-crown, as well as pay for the doughnuts he consumes. Is that clear? Now, then, who's goin' to accept the challenge?"

Before Tubby Muffin could respond, a burly rustic pushed his way to the fore.

"I'll ave a shot at it," he said.
And there was a murmur of approval from the audience.

Two dozen doughnuts were procured from the neighbouring pastrycook's, and the rustic commenced his task. He demolished six of the doughnuts without difficulty. It was as simple as shelling peas. At the seventh doughnut his munching became slower; at the eighth he was obviously in distress. He consumed the ninth after the manner of a hospital patient taking gruel. And when it came to the tenth he acknowledged himself beaten.

The stout man chuckled.
"Not so easy as it looks, is it?" he said. "Half-a-crown, please, and four bob for the doughnuts."

The rustic paid over the six-and-six, and retired, looking very fed-up in more senses than one.

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"Anybody else goin' to take it on?" inquired the stout gentleman.

Tubby Muffin elbowed his way towards the booth.

"I will!" he exclaimed.
The stout man regarded Tubby rather doubtfully.

"You look as if you could shift a fair amount," he said. "I hope you haven't been fasting for forty-eight hours, so as to be fit to take on this challenge. When did you have your last meal?"

"Only an hour ago," replied Tubby Muffin.

"I had a big dinner, including three helpings of currant pudding."

There was a laugh from the audience.

"Go it, Fatty!"

"Pile in!"
The stout individual despatched a small boy to the pastrycook's for a further consignment of doughnuts. Then he requested Tubby Muffin to go ahead.

Tubby imagined that the task would be well within his powers. He had often eaten a dozen doughnuts at one sitting, and he felt that he could manage two dozen at a pinch.

He started off in great style, and the



Tubby's mastication grew slower and more laboured. At the fifteenth doughnut he began to feel quite ill.

rapidity with which he disposed of the doughnuts made the onlookers gasp.

When he had got into double figures, however, the fat junior felt far from happy.

The doughnuts were large and sickly, and there was too much jam in their interiors.

Tubby Muffin began to wish he had eaten a less substantial dinner.

But he stuck to his task. If he gave up he would not be in a position to pay six shillings and sixpence to the stout gentleman. And he shuddered to think what would happen in that event.

Tubby's mastication grew slower and more laboured. At the fifteenth doughnut he felt quite ill. The mere sight of the remaining doughnuts seemed to nauseate him. But he went on eating in a mechanical sort of way, and after what seemed an eternity he came to the last doughnut.

The horrid thing seemed to stick in his throat. But he overpowered it, and consumed it to the last crumb.

There was a loud cheer from the audience. The stout gentleman, looking decidedly glum, produced a five-pound note and handed it over.

Tubby Muffin ought to have gone back to Rookwood with a light heart. But he didn't. He suffered agonies all the way back to the school, and even the fact that a fiver reposed in his pocket didn't afford him any consolation.

The fat junior spent the evening on his study sofa, emitting hollow groans. And it was not until the next morning that he was his normal self again. Then he squared up all his debts, and still had a nice little sum in hand.

But it will be a very long time before Tubby Muffin goes in for another eating contest! And for weeks afterwards he showed a curious reluctance to eat doughnuts!

FATTY WYNN'S FOLLY!

By DICK REDFERN.



"**W**HITHER bound, Fatty?" inquired Figgins, as Fatty Wynn rose to his feet and moved to the door.

"I've got a couple of letters for fellows in the School House."

"Who are they?"

"Grundy and Mellish. I'm broke, and I'm going to ask Grundy to lend me five bob. He had a fat remittance this morning, so I think he'll oblige. And I'm writing to Mellish to tell him I'm going to give him a licking for cheeking me in the quad just now."

Fatty stepped out into the passage and hailed a fag.

Kids don't fag for the Fourth, as a rule, but Fatty has a very persuasive way with him.

The fag in question willingly agreed to deliver the messages. He was given a couple of envelopes—one addressed to "G. A. Grundy, Esq.," and the other to plain "Percy Mellish."

Unfortunately, Fatty Wynn, in his hot haste, had mixed up the two letters. The letter intended for Grundy had been placed in Mellish's envelope, and vice-versa.

Mellish was in his study when the fag came in and handed him a note. He ripped open the envelope, drew out a half-sheet of notepaper, and read as follows:

"Dear old Chap.—Would you be good enough to lend me five bob, as I happen to be on the rocks? I know you won't fail an old pal.—Yours sincerely,

"DAVID WYNN."

To say that Mellish was astonished was to put it mildly.

Only half an hour before, in the quad, he had called Fatty Wynn a greedy, fat porpoise, and Fatty had threatened to give him the licking of his life. And now he was calmly requesting Mellish to lend him five bob!

"Is there any answer," inquired the fag who had brought the note.

"Yes," said Mellish, with a grin.

And he scribbled a reply to Fatty Wynn, as follows:

"Nothing doing, you greedy old glutton! Do you think I should lend you

(Continued on page 12.)



The Greyfriars Savings Bank.

By Frank Nugent.

IT was Fishy's idea. All fishy ideas are Fishy's. Coming in from cricket one afternoon, we found, pinned to the door of Study No. 14, the following announcement:

"THE GREYFRIARS SAVINGS BANK.
Manager—Fisher T. Fish.

Hours of Business—5 p.m. to 6 p.m. daily
(Sundays excepted)."

We stopped short and gasped. Then we exchanged grim glances.

"Fishy's at it again!" said Bob Cherry.

"The usual catchpenny stunt!" growled Harry Wharton.

"He's organised a good many things in his time, but a savings bank fairly takes the bun!" said Johnny Bull. "He's using my study as his place of business, too!"

"That's all right!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "He's no business to do it, but he'll have no business to do!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can't see any sane person investing his money in Fishy's bank," I remarked. "Let's go in and interview the silly duffer!"

So saying, I threw open the door of the study, and we marched inside.

Fisher T. Fish was sitting at the table, with a huge ledger in front of him.

The ledger was open at the first page, but so far it contained no entries.

"Good-afternoon, gents!" said Fishy, rubbing his hands together as we entered.

"Walk right in! You're all going to open accounts in my savings bank, I suppose?"

"There's something wrong with your supposer, then!" growled Harry Wharton. "Look here, Fishy, what's the game?"

"I guess I'm putting you on to a real good stunt this time!" said Fish. "You deposit your dollars in my savings bank, and draw 'em out again at the end of the term."

"Perhaps!" said Bob Cherry.

Fisher T. Fish looked pained.

"I hope you're not questioning the honour of the manager of this hyer bank!" he said.

"Everything's perfectly square and above-board. I put my scheme before Quelch, and he's given me permission to go ahead with it."

"Oh!"

That rather altered the complexion of things. If Mr. Quelch knew that Fishy was running a bank, and approved of it, there could be no trickery.

"Quelch wants me to show him the balance-sheet at the end of the term," said Fishy, "so you can rest assured that every thing will be O.K. No fraud or trickery—no bounce, brag, bluff, or bunkum."

"You—you're going to accept deposits from the fellows?" gasped Wharton.

Fishy nodded.

"The bank will accept deposits not exceeding a pound, and not less than a bob," he said. "Each depositor will be given a book, showing the exact state of his account."

"And what interest is the bank going to pay?" I inquired.

"Nix."

"Then how the merry dickens do we benefit by investing our money?"

"Oh, you're dense!" said Fish. "Supposing you put five bob in the bank to-day; it will remain there till the end of the term. I'm not allowing any withdrawals until breaking-up day, so that you won't be able to get your money till then, when you'll really want it. The object of the bank, gents, as you will see, is to encourage thrift," concluded the enterprising manager.

"And not a bad wheeze, either!" said Bob Cherry. "If Quelch knows all about this, you fellows, then it's bound to be all right."

"Of course it is!" said Fish.

He took up his pen and dipped it in the ink.

"Can I open an account for you, Cherry, and credit you with a quid?" he asked.

"No, you can't!" said Bob. "But you can put me down for five bob, if you like."

"Same here!" said Wharton.

"I'll pay in ten bob," I said. "It'll come in jolly useful at the end of the term. If I don't put it away I shall only be tempted to blue it at the tuckshop."

"You can put me down for half-a-crown, Fishy!" said Johnny Bull. "But if it isn't returned on breaking-up day, there'll be a dead bank manager found lying about!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hurree Singh produced a pound-note from his pocket.

"I will invest the esteemed quidfulness," he said.

For the next few minutes Fishy had his hands full. He had five separate accounts to make out, and five sums of money to receive.

We watched our money after it had changed hands, and saw Fishy put it in a portable steel safe, which had a Yale lock.

In the ordinary way we would not have trusted the cute Yankee junior with a penny of our money. But the fact that Mr. Quelch had sanctioned the savings bank scheme convinced us that everything would be all right.

Details of Fishy's new stunt spread through the Remove with the rapidity of a fire through gorse.

Billy Bunter, who actually had a shilling to invest, took the precaution of seeing Mr.

Quelch first, and inquiring if the bank was "safe."

"Certainly, my boy!" replied the Remove-master. "Fish has undertaken to present me with a complete statement of affairs on the last day of the term. He will not dare to convert any of the deposits to his own use."

"Thank you, sir!" said Bunter. "I happen to have a bob on me—"

"I presume you mean a shilling, Bunter? Well, you will be much wiser to invest it in Fish's bank than to expend it on indigestible compounds at the school shop."

This conversation took place in the passage, in the hearing of half a dozen fellows.

Now that they had Mr. Quelch's word for it that everything was straightforward, quite a lot of fellows went along to the bank, and invested varying amounts.

Billy Bunter paid in his shilling, though he was disgusted to find that no interest would be forthcoming at the end of the term. Bunter considered that he ought to get at least half-a-crown back in return for his "bob."

The "takings" at the bank that evening were enormous. They came to over seven pounds.

Nearly every fellow in the Remove had a bankbook, in which the sum invested was clearly shown.

We could see no flaw in Fishy's scheme until breaking-up day arrived. Then there was a run on the bank.

"We'd better go along and withdraw our deposits," said Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

We went along to Study No. 14. There was no sign of the manager of the Greyfriars Savings Bank.

"Where's the silly duffer got to?" growled Johnny Bull. "He knows that all the fellows will be wanting to draw their money out, and yet he's made himself scarce!"

"The safe is here, anyway," I said. "All that's wanted is the key—and Fishy."

We hunted high and low for the Yankee junior, and finally ran him to earth in the tuckshop. He looked up in some alarm as we swarmed into the shop.

"Anything the matter, you galoots?"

"No; but there will be if you don't buck up and give us our money!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "Bring him along, you fellows!"

Many hands were laid upon the youthful bank manager, and he was marched away to Study No. 14.

A big crowd of depositors looked on impatiently as Fishy unlocked the safe.

"Buck up, Fishy!"

"Get a move on!"

Fisher T. Fish opened the safe. There was a heap of silver within.

"Now, then, hand over your deposit-books, one at a time, and I'll square everything up," he said.

Bob Cherry's book was the first to be handed over. Fishy looked at it, and gave Bob four shillings.

"Here, what's this?" demanded Bob. "I invested five bob, and you've only given me back four!"

"I guess that's all right—"

"It isn't all right. It's all wrong! What do you mean by paying me a bob short?"

"Ahem! I've had to deduct twenty per cent. of all deposits—"

"What!"

"In order to pay working expenses. You see, there's been a lot of clerical work, and I've had to buy ledgers and deposit-books, and all the rest of it!"

"You—you—"

"So that every fellow will receive twenty per cent less than he paid in."

"And you call it a savings bank!" hooted Bob Cherry. "Why, it's sheer daylight robbery!"

"I deposited the esteemed quidfulness, and I shall only receive sixteen shillings!" said Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton advanced towards Fishy. "I'm going to make you pay up all the deposits in full!" he said grimly.

"You can't," was the reply. "There's not enough money here for that!"

At this there was a howl of rage from the baffled depositors, and the bank manager appeared in danger of being torn limb from limb.

Then the door opened, and Quelch looked in.

"What is the meaning of this uproar?" he demanded.

"We've been swindled, sir!" said Bunter, his voice rising almost to a scream. "I put a bob in this bank, sir, and I'm only going to get ninepence-ha-penny in return."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "How does this arise, Fish?"

Fishy explained that it had been necessary to make a deduction of twenty per cent. in order to cover working expenses.

The Remove-master frowned.

"This savours of sharp practice," he said. "You have grossly misled your schoolfellows, Fish, and I shall leave your punishment in their hands!"

As soon as the door had closed behind Mr. Quelch, we rushed at Fishy.

It was breaking-up day, and we celebrated it by nearly breaking up the manager of the Greyfriars Savings Bank.

THE POPULAE.—No. 134.



"I can't pay our deposits in full, there isn't enough money!" said Fishy. There was a howl of rage from the baffled depositors, and they rushed at the Yankee junior.

Fatty Wynn's Folly!

(Continued from page 10.)

five bob after you threatened to knock my head off? Not likely! Go and eat coke!

"PERCY MELLISH."

But if Mellish was surprised, George Alfred Grundy was simply astounded. For sometime past Grundy had been on excellent terms with Fatty Wynn. That being so, he was flabbergasted to receive the following missive:

"You Cheeky Rotter,—I'm coming across to the School House at the first opportunity to give you the licking of your life! By the time I've finished with you you'll feel as if you'd been through a mangle! Prepare to receive the biggest hiding you've ever had!"

"D. WYNN."

Grundy was not only astounded, he was infuriated beyond measure. He clenched his big fists, and his face assumed a mottled appearance.

"Anything wrong, old man?" inquired Wilkins.

"I should jolly well say so! That New House bounder, Wynn, has just sent me this note. Read it! You see what he says? He's going to give me the licking of my life! I rather fancy the boot will be on the other foot!"

Snorting with wrath, Grundy rushed out of the study. Wilkins and Gunn, his two henchmen, followed.

Grundy rushed on like a whirlwind until he came to the study which Fatty Wynn shared with Figgins and Kerr.

Flinging open the door without ceremony, Grundy dashed in and hurled himself at Fatty Wynn, who was taken completely by surprise.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

Grundy's fists landed like battering-rams upon Fatty Wynn's person.

"Ow! Wow! Stop it! Chuck it! Have you suddenly gone mad?" gasped Fatty. "Dragimoff, somebody!"

Grundy continued to do great execution, and he would probably have reduced Fatty Wynn to a pulp had not Figgins seized him by the collar and jerked him back.

"Hold on!" said Figgins. "Can't have a School House bounder running amok in our study, you know. What's the trouble, Grundy?"

"Is this the sort of letter that one pal writes to another?"

Figgins glanced at the letter which Grundy produced. Then he broke into a peal of laughter.

"Fatty, you champion chump! Look what you've done! You've mixed Mellish's letter up with Grundy's. You threatened Grundy with a good hiding, and asked Mellish for a loan! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Fatty Wynn, in dismay.

At this juncture the bag returned with Mellish's letter. Fatty read it, and frowned.

"I've fairly put my foot in it this time!" he said. "Awfully sorry, Grundy, old man! You can see what's happened. The letter you ought to have received was a request for five bob. Now that you've battered my chivvy and stove in one of my ribs, p'raps you'll oblige!"

Grundy turned up trumps with the five bob, and there the matter ended—so far as Grundy was concerned.

THE POPULAR.—No. 134.

The Adventures of a Half-Crown!

Related by Itself.

I first came into circulation about ninety years ago, so I am a very old coin indeed—not nearly so smart and shiny as my glistening comrades who have only just emerged from the Royal Mint.

I have passed up and down the world, and have experienced numerous adventures.

I have reposed in thousands of pockets. I have been rung on thousands of shop-counters to see if I was genuine. I have been fished up from the beds of rivers. I have fallen through gratings into coal-cellars, and lain neglected for many moons. I have spent a great deal of my life in tills, mixing with my lustrious comrades, the florins, the bobs, the tanners, and the threepenny-pieces, and, with my more humble brethren, the coppers.

On my ninetieth birthday I found my way to St. Jim's.

I was very worn and decrepit by this time, as you may guess. My date had been rubbed off, and so had the King's head, and the Latin inscription around me. I was nearly bent double with old age. Many unkind people declared that I wasn't a half-crown at all!

I arrived at St. Jim's in a registered envelope addressed to Bagley Trimble of the Fourth Form.

I shall never forget Baggy's whoop of delight when he shook me out into his fat palm.

"Half-a-dollar!" I heard him exclaim. "Oh, how ripping!"

I hoped he was going to retain me and cherish me. Instead of which he hustled me along to the school tuckshop, and hurled me violently on to the counter.

"Half-a-crown's worth of jam-tarts, please, Mrs. Taggles!" he exclaimed.

The tuckshop dame eyed me with suspicion.

"This isn't a half-crown!" she said. "Eh? Of course it is!"

"It does not look genuine, Master Trimble. I can't possibly accept it."

"Well, I admit it's a bit ancient," said Baggy; "but it's a half-crown all right."

Dame Taggles, however, refused to accept me, and I was picked up and thrust savagely into Baggy Trimble's pocket, where there were no other coins to keep me company.

After that, Baggy tried his hardest to get rid of me. His favourite dodge was to say to a fellow:

"Have you got two shillings and a sixpence for a half-crown?"

Sometimes a fellow would be on the point of obliging, but on catching sight of me he would say:

"What's the little game, Baggy? This isn't a half-crown!"

In vain Baggy pleaded and protested. He couldn't get rid of me. Every time he held me out for inspection there was a roar of laughter. I was so old and deformed that nobody recognised me for what I was!

Finally, in despair, Baggy Trimble bored a hole through me and affixed me to his watch-chain. And there I shall remain, I suppose, till the end of my days.

If I Were A Millyunaire!

By Tubby Muffin.

Their's a pretty big "IF" about that, I'm thinking!

I don't see any prospect of my ever becoming a millyunaire—unless my welthy unkle in Australier dies, and leaves me all his munney. I no he's maid pots and pots of it at sheep-farming, but I eggspeekt he'll leave it to his sons and dorters instedd of to his nevvews.

But supposing I did become a millyunaire by sum lucky chance. Supposing a millyun kwids fell like rain from the skies, and I was standing underneeth to catch them.

What wood I do?

Well, of course, I should neerly go off my dott with eggitement. The shock of it wood probably give me a hart attack.

As soon as I recovered from the shock I should go to the bank at Latham, and deposit $\frac{1}{2}$ a millyun pounds their.

The remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ millyun I should proceed to spend, as folloes:

I should first of all buy up the skool tuckshopp, and run it myself. I should see that it was open nite and day, so that noboddy should go ungrny.

Then I should give the Head a check for five thousand kwid, and tell him to kwit. I should then engage my pater as headmaster of Rookwood, and I am sure the skool wood flurrish under his rool. Their wood be no lickings—no dissiplin. Everything in the garden wood be luvly!

I should select the best studdy in the skool, and furnish it according to my own tastes. It wood be more comfortable than a duke's droring-room! Noboddy wood be aloud in it eggsept my own personal frends, who wood drop in okkasionally for a song and danse.

I should buy a hansom two-seeter car, and take a toor of the country (having arranged for my pater to give me six month's hollerday).

I should give large sums of munney to charity, and detales of my grate jenny-rossity wood appear in all the news-papers. I should be known as one of the biggest fillanthropists of modern times.

Of course, I should never allow Jimmy Silver & Co. to share in my welth. They have been beastly to me in the past, whenever I have wanted a loan, and I should have my revenge. Har, har!

I should not forget to buy an earldom. I beleieve they only cost a few hundred kwid nowadays; and "Earl Reginald Muffin" sounds orfully nice, duzzent it?

I should have a tuck-hamper sent down every day from one of the big stores in London, and I should live like a fitting-cock!

But what's the use of going on like this?

I'm not likely to get a millyun pounds. I shall konsider myself lucky if I ever get a millyun pence!

Wish sum of those American millyunaires wood pass on sum of there cappital to me. It wood be cappital!

Up Against His Form-Master!

(Continued from page 8.)

They had never seen the Remove-master so excited before, and, as Bob Cherry remarked, they had no idea that Mr. Quelch was such a fighting-man.

Mr. Quelch tossed the fragments of the umbrella over a fence by the road, and, giving the squirming rascal one bitter look, strode away towards the village.

The juniors roared with laughter as Mr. Punter sat up in the dusty road, gasping and wriggling and squirming.

"Ow! Murder! 'Elp!" groaned Mr. Punter. "Ow! 'Elp!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Percy Punter, and had not yet returned; but they learned that he would take the class as usual in the afternoon. Some of the fellows surmised that he was gone to secure police protection against his disreputable relative. That Mr. Punter was a relative of the Remove-master most of the Remove believed by this time. True, he had variously claimed to be his cousin and to be his brother, and he could not very well be both; but that he was a relation was the only explanation of his persecution of the Remove master. Bolsover & Co. rejoiced. Mr. Percy Punter was a handle they could use with great effect against their Form-master, and they did not intend to spare Mr. Quelch.

Bolsover had not written his five hundred lines, and he had been caned for the omission, and the lines had been

"Henery was verry violent," he remarked—"never knew he had such a temper. It was 'ard on an old pal."

"Not like a cousin!" said Vernon-Smith.

"No, it wasn't," said Mr. Punter. "But he'll be sorry for it."

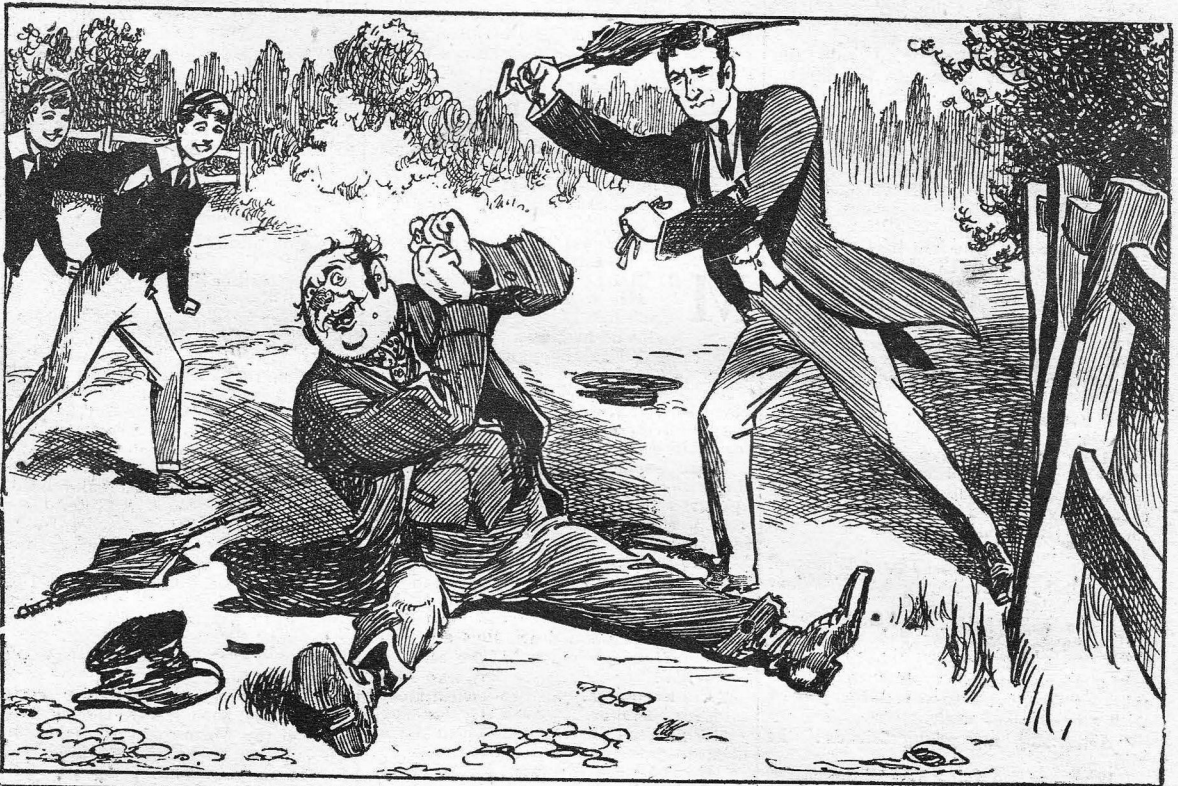
"Why not make him sorry for it?" said the Bounder. "He hadn't any right to treat a relation like that."

"Quite right; 'e hadn't," said Mr. Punter, taking another draught from the black bottle. Then he sighed. "Empty," he explained.

"If you're hard up, I wouldn't mind standing something, seeing that you're a relation of my Form-master," said Vernon-Smith.

"Ear, 'ear!" said Mr. Punter. "You're a gentleman, you are!"

"It's too bad for him to treat you like



Mr. Punter fell into the road with a resounding bump. Before he could rise Mr. Quelch began to thrash him with his umbrella. Mr. Punter roared and yelled, till a final terrific blow from the form-master split the umbrella into pieces. (See chapter 3.)

Wingate of the Sixth looked out of the gates.

"Do you kids know you're late for chapel?" he shouted.

"My hat!" exclaimed Wharton. "Come on, kids! Good-bye, Punter! You'd better give Quelchy a wide berth after this. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Greyfriars fellows trooped into the school, leaving the unfortunate Mr. Punter still sitting in the dust and groaning.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Punter Looks In!

MR. QUELCH was not present at morning lessons, Mr. Prout taking the Remove in his place, and the Head taking the Fifth. Some of the Removites wondered where Mr. Quelch was. He had gone out at the time of the "row" with Mr.

doubled. A thousand lines was enough to keep Bolsover busily occupied for a whole half-holiday; but he still declared his intention of not doing them. After third lesson, Bolsover and Vernon-Smith strolled out of the school, in the hope of encountering Mr. Punter.

They were not disappointed.

As they walked down towards Friar-dale they caught sight of Mr. Punter sitting in the shade of a haystack, and refreshing himself with the contents of a black bottle.

They crossed the fence which separated the field from the road, and greeted the tramp with effusion: Mr. Punter nodded to them affably.

"Arternoon!" he said.

"Good - afternoon!" said Vernon-Smith. "I'm sorry you had such a rough time this morning, Mr. Punter." Mr. Punter sighed.

this," the Bounder continued, as he dropped a half-crown into the dirty hand of Percy Punter. "Look here, how would you like a quid?"

"Not 'arf!" said Mr. Punter; by which he evidently meant to imply that he would like it very much indeed.

"I can show you how to earn one," said the Bounder.

Mr. Punter made a hurried gesture of repudiation.

"Never mind—never mind!" he said. "Don't you trouble. I ain't strong enough to work, young gen'elman."

The Bounder grinned.

"I don't mean by working," he said. "I only want you to come to Greyfriars again, that's all, and give Quelchy a showing up before all the school."

"Oh, I see!" said Mr. Punter.

"Suppose you get into the Form-

room and wait for him there, and talk to him before the whole class?" suggested the Bouncer.

"He'll be violent again," said Mr. Punter doubtfully.

Mr. Punter chuckled.

"Where's the quid?" he asked.

"I'll give it to you afterwards; I'll meet you here this evening and hand it over."

"If I don't get it, there'll be trouble for somebody besides Henery Quelch!" said Mr. Punter warningly.

"You can trust me."

"Orlright! I'm on!"

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Punter entered the school gates. Vernon-Smith had calculated well. Greyfriars was at dinner, and the Close and the passages were deserted.

Vernon-Smith showed the rascal into the Remove Form-room, and there left him, and hurried away towards the dining-hall with Bolsover major.

The two Removites went into the dining-hall. They were late for dinner, and they found that Mr. Quelch had returned, and was in his usual place at the head of the table. Vernon-Smith drew a quick breath as he saw the Remove-master. He realised that he had had a narrow escape of encountering him while conveying the tramp to the Form-room. But Mr. Quelch evidently did not know how he had been engaged.

"You are late!" he exclaimed sharply.

"Sorry, sir!" said Bolsover meekly.

"We walked rather too far, sir."

"Do not let it occur again."

"Certainly not, sir!"

And the two young rascals sat down to dinner.

After dinner the two plotters waited impatiently for fourth lesson. Before the time for the afternoon's lessons to begin they made their way to the Form-room. A whisper had gone round among the Removites, and a good many of the Remove followed Bolsover and the Bouncer.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, as he entered the Remove-room. "Who's that?"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Punter!"

"Great Scott!"

"Faith, and he's here intoirely!"

Mr. Punter stood against the Form-master's desk, and surveyed the juniors with a benevolent smile.

"Afternoon, my young friends!" he said.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"What do you want here, you bouncer?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I've kim to see my ole pal Henery!"

"You'd better get out before Mr. Quelch comes," said Johnny Bull.

"He'll be along here in a minute!"

"You jest tell Henery I'm here," said Mr. Punter. "He'll be delighted to see me. I'm one of Henery's oldest pals!"

"Let's chuck him out!" said Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!"

"Hold on!" murmured Nugent.

"Here's Quelchy!"

Mr. Quelch entered the Form-room.

He turned round and looked at the sight of the affable Mr. Punter leaning against the desk, and as yet unaware of his coming.

"You rascal!"

Mr. Punter started violently.

He turned round and looked at the angry Remove-master. The Removites held their breath. Some of them expected to see the indignant Form-master "go for" the disreputable rascal on the spot. But Mr. Quelch restrained himself.

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He did not want to let himself go before a crowd of juniors.

"Go out of this room at once!" he said, in a low voice, coming towards the unwelcome visitor. "Do you hear me?"

"I declines!" said Mr. Punter firmly.

"I declines to go. I will not leave the roof of my old pal Henery!"

The Form-master clenched his hand.

"Shall I call the Head, sir?" asked Vernon-Smith, in his silkiest voice.

Mr. Quelch gave him a look.

"No, Smith!"

"We object to this man coming here, sir," said the Bouncer, with a dangerous gleam in his eyes. "You told us yourself he wasn't a fit man to be talking to. I think it's hard, sir, that such men should be admitted to the Form-room."

The Remove gasped at the colossal impudence of the Bouncer.

Mr. Quelch took one step towards him and boxed his ears. The Bouncer staggered away, with a gasp of amazement. Mr. Quelch had never been known to box a boy's ears before.

The Bouncer's hand flew to his ear, and he stared dazedly at the Remove-master. Then he started for the door.

"Come back, Vernon-Smith!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I'm going to the Head!"

And the Bouncer hurried from the Form-room.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
A Little Run!

MR. QUELCH stood as if petrified.

His anger had certainly carried him beyond proper bounds, and he had, to a certain extent,

placed himself in the power of Vernon-Smith.

If the Bouncer chose to appeal to the Head he could not be prevented, and all the Remove realised that it meant trouble for their Form-master.

There was a step in the passage, and the awe-inspiring figure of Dr. Locke appeared in the doorway. Behind him was Vernon-Smith. The Bouncer had intercepted the Head on his way to the Sixth Form room.

"What is all this?" the Head exclaimed. "Who is this man, Mr. Quelch?"

Mr. Punter nodded affably.

"I'm Henery's old pal!" he said.

"What?"

"I'm his old pal—his brother, in fact!"

said Mr. Punter. "Ain't I, Henery?"

He grinned at the pale-faced Form-master.

"Do you know this man, Mr. Quelch?" asked the Head.

Mr. Quelch bit his lip.

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

"Did he come with your permission?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"You will kindly go," said the Head, frowning upon the unabashed Mr. Punter. "If you do not immediately take your departure I shall ring for my porter to put you out by force."

A flush came into Mr. Quelch's pale cheeks.

"Let me deal with this man, sir," he said.

The Head nodded coldly.

"Certainly," he said, "so long as you get him away from Greyfriars at once. I shall be glad if you will come into my study immediately afterwards, Mr. Quelch."

"Yes, sir," faltered the Form-master.

And the Head strode majestically from the room.

Mr. Quelch fastened an iron grip upon the arm of the disreputable visitor, and turned him by sheer force towards the door. Mr. Punter did not resist.

At the gates Mr. Quelch released him, and pointed down the road.

"Go!" he said, in a concentrated voice.

Mr. Punter blinked at him.

"Go away from my ol' pal?" he said pathetically.

"You have disgraced me here," said Mr. Quelch. "You have done me all the harm you can. Now go!"

Mr. Punter chuckled.

"Not all the 'arm I can," he remarked—"not quite all, Henery! I could go to the police-station in Friar-dale, you know, and tell 'em—"

"Hold your tongue!"

Mr. Quelch's hand went into his pocket. "Five bob!" said Mr. Punter, as his dirty fingers closed on the coins. "I was expecting a sovereign, Henery!"

"You will get nothing more from me!" said Mr. Quelch. "Now go!"

Punter went, and Mr. Quelch strode back to the School House.

But he did not return to the Remove Form-room at once. He made his way to the Head's study.

In the Remove-room the juniors waited in tense anxiety.

"It means the boot!" said Vernon-Smith. "He'll jolly well find out that he's not allowed to punch the fellows' heads!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bolsover.

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Look here, I'm standing up for Quelch, whether that rotter's his relation or not! It's time we put our foot down on this rotten japing! I know it was one of those cads who brought the man in here! He couldn't have found his way to this Form-room without a guide!"

"That's why Smith was late for dinner," said Bulstrode, "and Bolsover, too!"

"Begad, yaas!"

"I don't deny it," said the Bouncer coolly. "I'm going to make the school too hot to hold Quelchy, and I don't make a secret of it."

"Rats!"

"Cad!"

"Rotter!"

"Bump him!"

And bumped the Bouncer certainly would have been if Mr. Quelch had not entered the Form-room at that moment. The uproar died away at once.

"Go to your places, boys," said Mr. Quelch very quietly.

The Removites obeyed in silence.

What had passed in the Head's study they did not know; but it was quite clear that it had not meant, after all, the "order of the sack" for the Remove-master. Mr. Quelch was perfectly calm and composed; but there was a gleam in his eyes that warned the cads of the Remove that it would be wise to be very careful. And even the Bouncer was extremely circumspect that afternoon.

But before the afternoon had passed Vernon-Smith had come to the conclusion that the matter was not settled. He was still up against his Form-master, and would be so until the mystery centred round Mr. Punter was cleared up!

THE END.

(In next week's issue of the POPULAR there will be another long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co.'s early school-days at Greyfriars, entitled "By Order of the Form!" By Frank Nugent. Order your copy to-day to avoid disappointment.

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THE FIRST CHAPTER. Between Good and Evil!

MORNINGTON of the Fourth looked up with a sullen brow as Kit Erroll came into his study. The dandy of Rookwood was stretched in the armchair, with his feet on another chair, and a cigarette between his lips.

Peele and Gower, his study-mates, were sitting on the table, also smoking.

The atmosphere of Study No. 4 was far from agreeable, at least to Erroll's healthy lungs, though the nuts of the Fourth seemed to like it.

Peele and Gower grinned at the expression that came over Erroll's face as he entered. "I've looked in for you, Morny," said Erroll.

"You can look out again!" remarked Peele. "Morny's booked for this afternoon. We're only waiting for Lattrey."

Erroll took no notice of Peele's remark. His eyes were fixed questioningly upon Mornington.

The latter nodded, without meeting Erroll's eyes.

"Sorry; I'm engaged," he said. "We're goin' out."

"You don't care for cricket this afternoon?" asked Erroll quietly. "Jimmy Silver asked me whether you were coming down." Mornington hesitated.

There was bright sunshine streaming in at the study window, and a breeze rustled the branches of the old beeches outside. The study was smoky and oppressive. Mornington threw his half-smoked cigarette into the fender.

"It's ripping weather for cricket," said Erroll. "There won't be much more of it. Better come, Morny!"

"I—I'd like to—"

"Look here; you're booked!" exclaimed Gower. "Both the cricket! Bother Jimmy Silver! What do they matter, anyway?"

"Don't be an ass, Morny!" urged Peele.

Opposition had its usual effect upon the dandy of the Fourth. He rose from the armchair, and stretched his limbs.

"I'm comin', Erroll," he said.

"Good!" said Erroll. "Come on, old scout!"

"Look here—" Gower began again angrily.

"Oh, rats!" said Mornington irritably. "I'm goin' to do as I like. Hang your shabby razzles at the Bird-in-Hand! You can go pub-hauntin' without me!"

The door was pushed open, and Lattrey of the Fourth stepped into the study.

His thin, keen face hardened at the sight of Erroll, and a glitter came into his narrow eyes.

"Ready, Morny?" he said. "Get a move on, you chaps!"

"We're ready," said Peele. "Morny says he's goin' to play cricket with Jimmy Silver's gang."

Lattrey smiled.

NEXT FRIDAY:

"BY ORDER OF THE FORM!"

A GRAND TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
 BY FRANK RICHARDS.

"That's only one of Morny's little jokes," he said. "Morny's coming with us. Come on!"

"I'm goin' down to Little Side," said Mornington.

Lattrey looked at him.

"I want you with us this afternoon, Mornington," he said, very distinctly. "You'd better come!"

"I won't!"

"I think you'd better!"

There was a pause in the study.

Gower and Peele looked on curiously. They had noted more than once of late that Lattrey had a remarkable influence over the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington, who never submitted to control, who was always rendered obstinate by the slightest opposition, had fallen into the way of following tamely the lead of the blackest sheep at Rookwood.

Mornington's face flushed now, and his manner became hesitating. Kit Erroll took his arm.

"Come on, Morny," he said.

"Morny's coming with me," said Lattrey coolly. "You can get out, Erroll! You're not welcome in this study!"

Erroll gave him a look of contempt.

He drew Mornington towards the door, but the dandy of Rookwood jerked his arm away.

"You're coming!" exclaimed Erroll.

"On the whole, I think I'll go with these chaps!" said Mornington, in halting tones.

"It was arranged, anyway!"

Erroll compressed his lips.

"To the Bird-in-Hand, I suppose?" he said.

"Why not?" said Mornington, with a sarcastic laugh. "Where do you expect Lattrey to spend an afternoon? He won't change his habits till he gets sent to a reformatory!"

"You needn't go with him, Morny. I don't understand you," Erroll broke out. "What do you have anything to do with him for?"

Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"That's enough!" he snapped. "Mornington, come along, and leave that rotter alone!"

Mornington paused one moment, and then he followed Lattrey from the study. Peele and Gower followed on, grinning.

They did not understand Lattrey's strange power over the dandy of the Fourth, but they were glad to see it. Erroll had very nearly succeeded once in winning Mornington away from the honourable society of the "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood. But evidently Erroll had no chance against Lattrey.

Kit Erroll was left alone in the study, with a moody and frowning brow. He was puzzled and perplexed.

"What does it mean?" he muttered. "What can it mean? That rascal has some hold over Morny somehow, but how—"

"Hallo, coming along?" Jimmy Silver's cheery voice interrupted Erroll's glum reflections. "No time to waste, my infant!"

Erroll joined him in the passage. "Where's Mornington?" asked the captain of the Fourth.

"He's going out!"

"Cricket not in his line—what?" smiled Jimmy Silver. "I thought once he was going to take it up seriously, but he changes pretty fast—never sticks to anything long. It's a pity; he's a ripping bowler when he likes!"

"I can't understand it," said Erroll. "He wanted to come down to the cricket, but that fellow Lattrey persuaded him—"

"They're awfully thick lately," said Jimmy. "Birds of a feather, as a matter of fact. Why don't you let Morny slide his own way?"

"Because he's my pal!" said Erroll quietly. "Morny's too good for that kind of game. I don't understand his following Lattrey's lead in this way. There's something underhand in it. Lattrey's rotter enough for anything!"

"I suppose Morny's his own master!"

"I—I suppose so. But—"

"Well, if he doesn't turn up to practice, he won't be in the eleven for the Woodend match," said Jimmy Silver. "I was willing to give him a chance. Don't look glum about it, my infant! Keep smiling! I dare say Morny's going to enjoy himself in his own way."

The two juniors joined Lovell and Raby and Newcome, and they went down to the cricket-ground together. But Erroll could not take Jimmy Silver's advice and "keep smiling." Morny, with all his faults, was his chum, and had been a good chum, and Erroll could not help feeling troubled about him.

THE SECOND CHAPTER! The Worm Turns!

MORNINGTON'S face was dark and sullen as he left the gates of Rookwood with the three Nuts of the Fourth.

It was pretty clear that the dandy of Rookwood did not want to accompany Lattrey's party, and Gower and Peele wondered why he came.

Gower and Peele walked on ahead, cheerfully enough, and Lattrey slackened pace to keep with Mornington, who was walking slowly.

"Better get a move on!" Lattrey remarked.

"We don't want to be too late, Morny!"

"The later the better, as far as I'm concerned!" snapped Mornington.

Lattrey laughed.

"You used to be keen enough on a little game at the Bird-in-Hand," he said. "It was you first took me there, when I was a new fellow!"

"I don't want to come!"

"Oh, you'll like it all right!"

Mornington halted, and fixed a savage look upon his companion. Gower and Peele were out of hearing now.

"Look here, Lattrey," said Mornington between his teeth, "there's got to be a limit. If you think you are goin' to order me about—"

"Not at all! Only want to be pally!"

"You're about the last fellow at Rookwood I should choose as a pal!"

"Why? Our tastes are quite similar," said Lattrey, with a smile. "You'd pull with me ever so much better than with Erroll, if you only made up your mind to it. He is a goody-goody nincompoop, after all."

"Do you want me to knock you into the ditch?" said Mornington, compressing his lips.

Lattrey shrugged his shoulders. "You've got the whip-hand of me—I know that," continued Mornington. "You've made me take up a lot of things I never intended to touch again. But there's a limit, an' I warn you you'd better not go too far. I'm not a safe fellow to play with!"

"You'll have to toe the line," said Lattrey coolly. "What's the good of talking? I've only got to open my mouth, and what becomes of you? I know where to find your Cousin Cecil, the missing heir of Mornington. I've only got to say so, and you're a beggar. You dare not face it. You'd face anything sooner than poverty. You've got to toe the line, and you know it!"

Mornington gritted his teeth, and Lattrey laughed.

"I'll make it easy for you, so long as you take it smiling," continued Lattrey. "But if you jib, you'll be brought to order sharp enough. I've got a lot of cheek from you to pay out, you know. I've stood a good deal of swank from you, and this is where you eat humble pie, and look as if you liked it. See?"

"I tell you it's a dangerous game to play with me," said Mornington, in a low voice. "I've never knuckled under to anybody yet!"

"You're going to knuckle under to me!" Mornington clenched his hands hard.

He felt an intense longing to plant his clenched fist full in the hard, sneering face of the cad of the Fourth. It was only the knowledge that Lattrey could ruin him that restrained his anger and hatred.

Lattrey knew his secret. And he had only to speak for Mornington to lose all that made his life worth living. Yet, though he knew himself to be at Lattrey's mercy, there were moments when Mornington's pride and passionate temper almost boiled over, and he came near to throwing everything to the winds.

"Come on!" said Lattrey. "We're wasting time."

Mornington stood still.

"Why should I come with you?" he muttered. "I tell you I'm sick of the game—sick of that dingy gang and their dirty gambin'! Sick of it all! I never half liked it when I was free to do as I liked! Now I hate it!"

"You'll come because I want you," said Lattrey.

"I won't come!"

"That will do!" snapped Lattrey. "Come on, I tell you!"

"I won't!"

Mornington did not move. An angry flush came into Lattrey's hard face. He had had more than one scene with Mornington, since the dandy of the Fourth had been under his thumb, and Morny had always given in, in the long run.

It was a pleasure to Lattrey to humiliate the superb Morny, to repay, with interest, the contempt he had received from him.

He slipped his arm through Mornington's, and led him along the line.

"Let go my arm!" said Mornington thickly. Lattrey did not heed.

"Will you let go my arm?"

"No!"

"Then take that!"

Mornington's arm swept up, and a back-hander across the face sent Lattrey spinning.

He staggered two or three paces, and fell at full length in the dusty road.

Mornington stood looking down upon him with blazing eyes.

"Oh!" gasped Lattrey.

He was more surprised than hurt. The worm had turned at last, with a vengeance.

"You blackmailin' cad!" said Mornington, through his teeth. "I've stood from you all I'm goin' to stand! Get up and have some more!"

Lattrey staggered to his feet.

Mornington rushed at him as he did so, his left and right coming out in swift succession. Crash! Crash!

Lattrey yelled, and went spinning into the road again.

This time he did not rise, but lay with

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"MORNINGTON'S

his eyes, gleaming like a snake's, fixed on Mornington.

The latter gave him a look of savage scorn, and strode back the way he had come, towards Rookwood.

Lattrey picked himself up, his eyes burning with rage. He passed his hand over his face; his nose was streaming red. He dabbed at it savagely with his handkerchief.

For some moments he hesitated, and then went on his way, after Gower and Peele.

Mornington, without looking back, strode on towards Rookwood.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
A Surprise for Erroll!

"HALLO, here's Morny!"

Jimmy Silver made that remark, as the dandy of the Fourth arrived on the cricket-ground just as practice was going on.

Erroll's face lighted up, and he ran to join his chum.

"You've come, after all!" he said, with a smile.

"Yes, here I am!" Mornington laughed. "Let's have some cricket."

"Lattrey—"

"I left Lattrey on his back in Coombe Lane."

Erroll laughed.

"Then you're off with him again?"

"Never mind that. Let's get some cricket."

"Come and bowl to me, Morny," called out Jimmy Silver.

"Right-ho!"

Erroll tossed the ball to Mornington, who went on to bowl to the captain of the Fourth. Mornington was in great form that afternoon. He seemed to have thrown aside the trouble that had been weighing on his mind for many days, and to be thinking only of the cricket. He took Jimmy Silver's wicket, and even Conroy, the Australian, failed to keep his sticks up to Morny's bowling.

When the practice was over, and the juniors went in to tea, Jimmy Silver joined Mornington, with a cheery smile.

"I'm glad you turned up, Morny," he said. "You're in topping form. Shall I put your name down for the Woodend match next week?"

"If you like," said Morny.

"I mean, are you going to stick to practice?" said Jimmy, laughing. "I'd like you in the eleven; but I want to know whether I can depend on you."

"You can depend on me if I'm still at Rookwood," said Mornington resolutely. Jimmy stared.

"You're not thinking of leaving Rookwood?" he exclaimed.

"I might have to!"

Mornington left him with that remark, leaving Jimmy Silver in a state of considerable astonishment.

He hurried after Erroll.

"Come up to my study to tea, Erroll," he said.

"Right-ho!"

"I want a jaw with you."

"Any old thing!" said Erroll, with a smile.

The two chums had Morny's study to themselves, Gower and Peele not having returned from Coombe.

Mornington had said that he wanted a "jaw" with his chum, but during tea he sat silent, hardly uttering a word.

Erroll waited patiently for him to speak.

He did not need telling that his chum was in some trouble that he could not understand, and that it was connected with Lattrey, the cad of the Fourth. What that trouble was he could not guess, though he had thought a good deal about it.

When tea was over, Mornington took out a cigarette, and then, catching Erroll's look, laughed impatiently, and thrust it away.

"You needn't mind me, Morny," said Erroll quietly. "I'd rather you didn't smoke, all the same. You might leave that kind of rot to Lattrey and his set."

"I'm one of his set!" said Mornington.

"You needn't be!"

"I've no choice."

"I don't see that. You quarrelled with that rotter once, and cut him, and I don't see why you can't do the same again."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I dare not!"

"Are you off your rocker?" exclaimed

Erroll. "Do you want me to believe that you are afraid of a worm like Lattrey?"

"I'm goin' to tell you how the matter stands," said Mornington. "I'm rather curious to hear your opinion. I dare say you won't want to be friendly with me after I've told you."

Erroll shook his head.

"Whatever you've done, I stick to you," he said quietly. "I'm not a chap to change. You can rely on me!"

"Suppose I tell you I'm a thief?"

"I shouldn't believe you."

"It's true!"

"You must be out of your senses!" said Erroll, in wonder.

"Perhaps not exactly a thief—perhaps swindler is the better word," said Mornington sardonically. "There isn't much to choose between them. Do you want any details?"

"Yes," said Erroll.

"You remember I told you some time ago about my cousin Cecil Mornington. He was stolen by gypsies when a little kid, and has never turned up. If he turned up he would take everything, and leave me on my uppers!"

"I remember."

"Well, he's turned up!"

"Morny!"

"Nice for me, isn't it?" said Mornington, with a bitter laugh. "I've been brought up to believe myself the master of Mornington, with twenty thousand a year comin' to me when I'm of age, and as much as I like till then. And now—"

"But—but if the kid's turned up—I don't understand. Where is he?"

"It's not known. He doesn't know himself," said Mornington. "I know, an' I'm not goin' to tell. See?"

Erroll's face became very grave.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"I mean, is there proof?"

"Plenty of proof."

"And Lattrey knows?" exclaimed Erroll.

"Lattrey knows."

"And he's holding it over your head?"

exclaimed Erroll, understanding at last.

"Exactly."

There was a long silence in the study. Mornington lighted a cigarette, unheeded by his chum. Erroll was staring at him blankly.

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Erroll, breaking the silence at last. "You mean, then, that you could find Cecil Mornington if you liked?"

"Yes."

"You know where he is?"

"I could put my finger on him any minute."

"And he doesn't know it himself?"

"Not in the least. He was brought up among a gang of gypsies, and he's lived as a tramp ever since!"

"Good heavens!"

There was another silence.

"What are you going to do, Morny?"

asked Erroll at last.

"Nothin'!"

"You can't keep silent now, you know!"

"I can, and I'm goin' to!"

"But—but everything belongs to your cousin, I understand?"

"Legally, yes," smiled Mornington. "It doesn't seem quite fair to me, for everything to go to the eldest son or his heir. I never thought about it before, but I can see now that it's a rotten system. Why should my pater's elder brother have taken everything and my pater nothing? You can't call it just, can you?"

"It's not just," said Erroll. "but it's the law. And it's by that law that you have what you hold now. Morny. You've got a crowd of farther-off relations who would share equally in the estates if it wasn't for that law."

"By gad! That's so, too!" Mornington laughed. "You see, the law is all right so long as it suits me, and all wrong when it doesn't. I suppose that's what it comes to."

"You can't keep silent, Morny. If—if you don't let your cousin have his rights, it's—"

Erroll paused.

"Swindlin'!" said Mornington.

"Well, yes!"

"I told you I was a swindler," said Mornington, with a sardonic grin. "You'd better leave me alone after this. I shall contaminate you!"

Erroll watched his face, alarmed and

STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

anxious. In spite of Morny's flippancy of manner, he could see that he was suffering, that self-contempt, the bitterness of all to bear, was eating into his very heart.

Morny could not resolve to do what was right; he could not resolve to part with wealth and consequence. But he despised himself for his weakness as he would have despised it in another.

"And you're quite sure, Morny? There's no mistake?"

"Not the shadow of one! I've seen my beloved cousin, and talked to him."

"And—and—"

"What's your advice, old scout?"

"To tell your guardian at once what you've found out," said Erroll, without hesitation.

"An' give up everythin'?"

"It's worth it, for a clear conscience."

"Give up everythin', and be as poor as Rawson or Tubby Muffin!" grinned Mornington. "Become dependent on my dear cousin—what! I don't quite think that would suit me, Erroll."

"You'll come to it," said Erroll. "You can't keep this up!"

"You'll see!"

"And Lattrey," said Erroll. "He won't keep it dark. Why should he, if he knows?"

"He will so long as it pays him. But I don't know. I knocked him down this afternoon."

"I'm glad of that!"

"He was goin' too far with his insolence. I don't know whether he'll keep it dark after that. I don't care much. I know I'm not goin' to stand too much from him."

"It will be better for you if he speaks," said Erroll. "But I'd rather that you spoke out yourself, and did what was right!"

Mornington gave a shrug.

"I've told you in confidence, of course," he said. "It's a relief to tell somebody. It's a secret, of course!"

"I understand that. I have no right to repeat what you have told me, but—"

"But you'd rather I hadn't told you?"

"Well, yes," said Erroll frankly.

"It's the penalty of pallin' with a swindler, dear boy! Why don't you throw me over, and look the other way when you see me?"

"I shan't do that. I'm your pal through thick and thin," said Erroll. "I know, too, in the long run you'll do what is right!"

The door opened, and Lattrey came in. Mornington grinned as he looked at him. Lattrey's nose was red and swollen; he showed very plain signs of the fracas in the lane.

His manner was very quiet, but his eyes were gleaming. Erroll rose, with a look of dislike at the cad of the Fourth. He left the study without a word.

Lattrey closed the door after Erroll, and stood looking at Mornington, his thin lips set, his eyes gleaming.

The dandy of the Fourth regarded him mockingly. Mornington was in a reckless mood.

"Have you enjoyed your little game?" he smiled. "Did they ask you how you came by that nose?"

"I'm writing to my father this evening," said Lattrey.

"Give him my kind regards, and my congratulations that he's still out of prison," said Mornington.

"I'm telling him where to find Cecil Mornington."

"Go ahead!"

Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"Chuck this fooling!" he said savagely. "Do you think you're going to make me believe that you don't care? I'm willing to give you another chance, Morny."

"I thought you would be."

"I don't want to ruin you unless you force me. But we've got to have an understanding."

"I think we understand one another pretty well," said Mornington, with bitter coolness. "I'm swindling my cousin, and you're blackmailing me to keep it dark. Isn't that how the matter stands?"

Lattrey winced.

"Keep to your limit, and I'll stand it," continued Mornington. "But I've had enough of bein' under your thumb. I don't allow anybody to dictate to me!"

"They were disappointed not to see you this afternoon," said Lattrey. "Joey Hook was expecting you."

"They'll be disappointed again."

"I'm going again to-night, after lights-out."

"Go, and be hanged!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

"I've told Hook I shall bring you with me."

"Another disappointment for dear old Hook!" smiled Mornington. "He's never goin' to win any more of my money. I'm done with breakin' bounds after lights-out." And Mornington lounged out of the study.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Lattrey's Plunge!

JIMMY SILVER was looking very thoughtful when Erroll joined him in the junior Common-room a few days later. Jimmy had a slip of paper before him, and was chewing the stump of a pencil.

"Cricket list?" asked Erroll, with a smile.

"Yes—for the Woodend match."

"Morny's playing, I hope?"

Jimmy knitted his brows.

"That's just what I was thinking out," he said. "He seems to be in pretty good form. But—"

bowling. If he fails us, we'll make an example of him, that's all!"

"He won't fail you, Jimmy!"

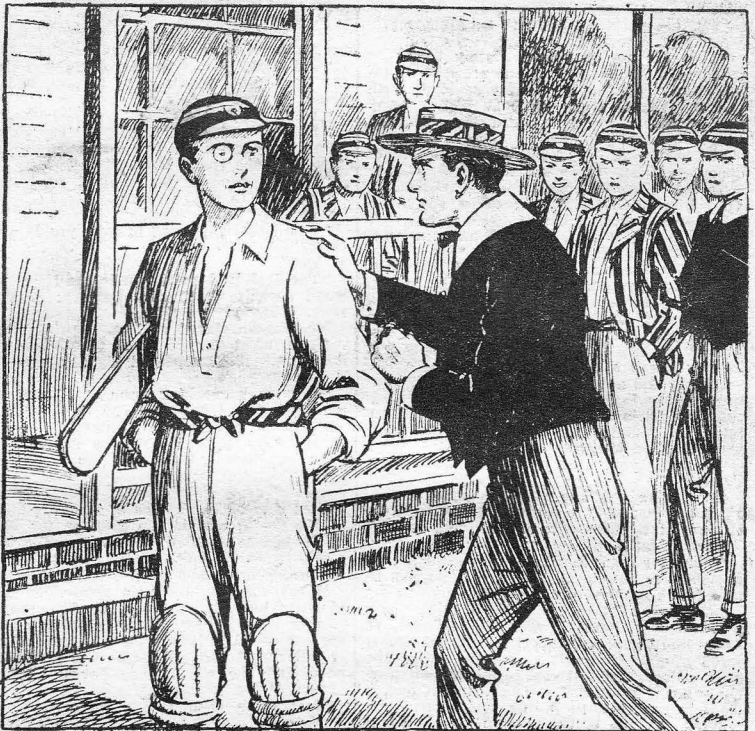
And Erroll, with much satisfaction, saw the list of the junior eleven posted up on the board, with Mornington's name in. A crowd of juniors gathered to read down the list, which ran:

J. Silver, A. Lovell, G. Raby, C. Erroll, V. Mornington, Tommy Dodd, Cook, Doyle, Conroy, Oswald, Rawson.

Lattrey was among the crowd, and he smiled as he noted Mornington's name in the list.

He lounged away to Townsend's study in the Fourth. Townsend and Topham were at home, Rawson, their study-mate, being downstairs. In the absence of Rawson, Towy and Topy were indulging in cigarettes—which they never ventured to do when Tom Rawson was there.

"Hallo! Trot in!" said Townsend. "Our



Lattrey drew Mornington aside, careless of the eyes that were upon him. "What does this mean?" he muttered when they were out of hearing of the cricketers. "Are you playing me false? If you dare—?" "Don't you know that I don't dare!" smiled Mornington, "Ain't I fairly under your thumb, dear boy—quite at your mercy—what?" (See Chapter 6.)

"He's been sticking to practice every day," said Erroll. "I—I know about his playing the giddy ox, Jimmy, but—but that isn't quite his own fault."

"I suppose he's his own master," growled Jimmy Silver. "He isn't bound to go out with that worm Lattrey."

"Lattrey's got a lot of influence over him," said Erroll, colouring. He could not tell Jimmy the nature of Lattrey's power over Mornington. That was a dead secret.

"Morny would rather have nothing to do with him."

"Bow-wow," said Jimmy. "Morny isn't a silly kid to be twisted round a chap's finger. Still, so long as he keeps in form, I don't know that it's my business if he makes a fool of himself. Is he in good form?"

"Topping. You've seen him at practice!"

"You've kept him up to it, I suppose?"

"Lattrey, too," said Erroll. "It's queer enough. The fellow doesn't care for cricket, but he's kept Morny to practice as much as he could. I've heard him several times lately urging Morny not to miss practice at the nets."

"I've noticed that myself," said Jimmy. "I can't quite make that fellow Lattrey out. Well, Morny goes in! We want Morny's

bete noir is out, so we're having a smoke. Have a cig, dear boy?"

Lattrey lighted a cigarette.

"Anythin' doin'?" asked Topham, with a yawn. "No race to have a bet on to-day. Is life worth livin'?"

"There's other things to have a quid or two on," said Lattrey, with a smile. "What price cricket?"

"N. G.," said Townsend. "I've been tryin' to book bets on the Woodend match, but there ain't any takers. Everybody knows that Rookwood's goin' to win."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Lattrey thoughtfully. "Woodend are a good team!"

"Nothin' like the form of Rookwood. Hold on, though," said Townsend, with a grin. "If you fancy Woodend's chance, I'll take you on, two to one."

"Same here!" grinned Topham.

"Two to one against Woodend?" said Lattrey, as if thinking it over.

"That's the figure!"

"In quids!"

"Quids, if you like," said Townsend. "But I warn you to keep off the grass. I don't want to rob you, old scout!"

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NEXT FRIDAY: "BY ORDER OF THE FORM!" A GRAND TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"I tell you Woodend haven't a look in," said Topham. "I offered Smythe three to one against Woodend, and he wasn't takin' any."

"Oh, I haven't all that faith in Jimmy Silver!" said Lattrey lightly. "I'll take you on—two to one!"

"Done!" said the two Nuts at once. "Tracy'll hold the stakes!" said Townsend. "Money up, you know!"

"Oh, of course!"
"Come along and find Tracy, then!"
"I'm your man!"

The three Nuts proceeded to the Shell passage, to the study of Adolphus Smythe, the great Nut and Sportsman of the Shell. They found Smythe and Tracy and Howard there. The three Shell fellows chuckled as they heard of the bet.

"You haven't an earthly, Lattrey," Adolphus warned him. "I tell you I saw Woodend play last week, and they're nowhere near Rookwood form."

"Jimmy Silver's eleven will knock spots off them!" said Tracy, with a nod.

"Oh, hang Jimmy Silver!" said Lattrey. Adolphus chuckled.

"Yes, I know you love Jimmy Silver as much as a Prussian loves the truth!" he remarked. "But that's got nothing to do with cricket. You're throwing your money away just because you're up against Jimmy Silver. You're an ass!"

The bets were duly booked, and the stakes deposited with Tracy of the Shell. Townsend and Topham grinned with satisfaction. They attributed Lattrey's reckless wagers to his dislike of Jimmy Silver. He hoped that Jimmy would lose the match, and the wish was rather to the thought.

And Smythe and Howard, with the idea of making hay while the sun shone, booked bets with Lattrey, too, and when the cad of the Fourth left the study he stood to win ten pounds if Jimmy Silver were defeated on the morrow, and to lose five if Jimmy scored a victory.

Lattrey did not seem at all disturbed, however.

He looked in at Mornington's study a little later, and found Gower and Peele there. They grinned when they saw him.

"Chuckin' your money away—what?" asked Peele.

"If you've got any more to chuck away, I'll take you on!" remarked Gower. "Two to one on Rookwood to-morrow, old scout!"

Lattrey laughed.
"I'm your man, but I shall have to bet on paper. I've put up all the ready I happen to have."

"All serene!"
Lattrey's "plunge" was the subject of some merriment among the Nuts of Rookwood that evening. It was quite unlike the cold, calculating Lattrey to plunge on anything but a certainty, and this time it looked as if he would burn his fingers badly.

What Smythe & Co. did not know about cricket would have filled many books, but they knew enough to know that the chances in the match were all in favour of Rookwood.

But Lattrey appeared satisfied. If he had forgotten his usual caution, he did not seem to realise it.

Mornington spoke to him on the subject in the Common-room that evening. There was still outward friendliness between the two.

"I hear you're makin' bets against Rookwood to-morrow," he remarked.

"That's so."
"What's the game? Rookwood's sure to win."

"I hope not."
"Woodend hasn't an earthly," said Mornington, "not unless we get awful bad luck, an' that's not likely."

"Well, you may get bad luck!" said Lattrey calmly.

"You haven't had news of any dark horse in the Woodend team—what?" asked Mornington, puzzled.

"Not at all."
"Well, I don't savvy. But if you're anxious to lose money, I'll take you on to any amount you like."

Lattrey laughed.
"Thanks! I've got enough bets booked," he said. "I stand to lose eight pounds now if I have bad luck, and to win sixteen—"

"You'll lose the eight!"
"We shall see!"

And Lattrey said no more.

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Lattrey's Little Game!

THE next day was Wednesday, the day of the Woodend match. It was a bright and sunny afternoon, and Jimmy Silver & Co. looked very cheerful when they came out after dinner. Woodend were expected early, and Jimmy went down to the pitch with his chums.

Mornington was chatting under the beeches with Erroll, when Lattrey joined them. Erroll walked away at once.

He was aware that Mornny could not break with the cad of the Fourth, but he would not endure Lattrey's company himself.

Lattrey looked after him with a sneer. Mornington made a move to follow his chum to the cricket-ground, but Lattrey stopped him with a light tap on the arm.

"Hold on!" he said.
"No time to waste!" said Mornington. "Woodend may be here any minute now. What is it?"

"About the match—"

"Gettin' nervous about your merry wagers?" grinned Mornington. "Well, you need not be nervous. You're goin' to lose!"

"I'm not going to lose," said Lattrey quietly. "Rookwood's going to lose, and I'm going to win."

"You'll see!"
"It's a dead cert!" said Lattrey calmly.

"That's what I want to speak to you about. You're in the team, Mornny."

"I don't need telling that, I suppose!"

"Are you in good form?"

"Toppin'!"

"You'd better get out of form pretty quick, then!"

"Eh?"

"The fact is, I want you to see that Rookwood doesn't win!" said Lattrey, in a low tone. "Savvy?"

Mornington stared at him.

"You want me to see that Rookwood doesn't win?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes."

"Why, you sneaking hound!" Mornington understood at last. "Do you mean that you want me to give the match away?"

"It's easy enough. They're depending on your bowling. Well, you bowl for runs instead of for wickets—see? You get a duck's egg in your innings—that means a wicket short. You're one of the best players in the team; and if you play up for Woodend's benefit instead of Rookwood's, there won't be much doubt of the result—see?"

Mornington looked at him in silence. Mornny was not always a scrupulous fellow himself, but the baseness of the proposal almost took his breath away for a minute.

He was asked to betray his side treacherously in order that Lattrey might win his rascally bets, and the cad of the Fourth evidently expected him to consent.

Mornington drew a deep breath.

"So that's why you've been urgin' me to keep up the cricket lately!" he said at last. "You wanted me in the team."

Lattrey nodded.

"So that you could make bets against Rookwood, an' win them by gettin' me to give the match away!"

"Right on the wicket!"

"And you think I'm goin' to do it?"

"I know you are!" said Lattrey coolly.

"Don't let's have any talk. You know you're going to do it!"

Mornington clenched his hands, and Lattrey stepped back a pace.

"None of that!" he said sharply. "I've stood that from you once, Mornny. Not for a second time. I swear that if you don't toe the line, and without making any bones about it, that letter will be posted to my father to-day. You can take your choice."

There was a long silence.

"You stand to win or lose somethin' rather decent on this, I think?" remarked Mornington at last.

"Yes."

"Well, get some more bets booked, and you can stand me a whack in the winnings!" said Mornington coolly. "There's Selwyn and Tracy and some of the Modern chaps who will take you on. May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb—what?"

"Ha, ha! Good!"

"Rely on me!" said Mornington. "The way I'm goin' to play will make you open your eyes if you come down an' watch!"

And, with a cool nod, the dandy of the Fourth sauntered away towards the cricket-ground.

Lattrey laughed softly.

He had expected some show of resistance from Mornington, and this complete surrender surprised as well as gratified him. It showed how completely the once proud and restive Mornington was under his thumb.

"By gad! He's learning to dance to my tune!" murmured Lattrey, with a grin. "I've fairly brought him to heel at last, by gad!"

And Lattrey walked away, to proceed to book bets against Rookwood with every fellow of a "sportive" tendency who was willing to do so.

And when he sauntered down to Little Side an hour later he had bets booked with nearly every member of the honourable society of the "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood. And he was looking forward to a rich harvest.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Game to the Last!

JIMMY SILVER won the toss, and Rookwood opened their innings with Jimmy at one end and Tommy Dodd at the other. It was a single-innings match. Woodend went into the field.

There was a crowd of Rookwooders round the ground, both Moderns and Classics turning up in great force to see the match. There was a very general anticipation of a Rookwood victory.

And the way Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd began showed that the anticipation was likely to be fulfilled. The two batsmen made like running fast, and the score was at 30 when Tommy Dodd was caught out.

Lovell came in next, and then Conroy, and then Oswald, with Jimmy Silver still batting. It was about that time that Lattrey of the Fourth came down to the ground.

"How's it going?" he asked Townsend. Townsend grinned.

"Forty-five for three!" he said.

"Oh, good!"

"Good for Rookwood, but not for you, old scout!" chuckled Topham. "You must have been potty to stake against Rookwood!"

"Oh, cricket's an uncertain game!" said Lattrey carelessly. "Hallo, there's Mornny going to the wickets!"

Oswald was out, and the dandy of the Fourth had taken his place. Lattrey looked on smilingly to see the first duck's egg scored for Rookwood.

The ball came down from the Woodend bowler, and Lattrey waited for the crash of the wicket.

The gleaming willow met the ball, and sent it on its journey.

Lattrey stared.

From the Rookwood crowd came a ringing shout:

"Well hit, Mornny!"

The batsmen were running.

Four had been taken before the leather came in from the country, and Mornington faced the bowling again.

"Good old Mornny!" said Smythe of the Shell. "I don't bother much about cricket, as a rule, but this is a good game. Mornny's in toppin' form!"

"Rippin'!" grinned Topham. "What do you think, Lattrey?"

Lattrey did not answer.

For the first time a chill of doubt had come into his breast.

Was Mornington playing him false? Dared he play him false? He could not believe it, and yet—

He remembered the scene on the Coombe Road, when Mornington's passionate temper had got the better of his prudence. Mornington had been at his mercy then, and now, but he had struck him down, and taken the risk. Was he taking the risk now?

Lattrey gritted his teeth at the thought. If it was so, he would have no mercy on the dandy of Rookwood a second time.

Mornny was still batting; a 2 at the finish of the over had given him the bowling again. And he was going great guns.

Erroll came in to join him, with a smile and a nod as he passed him at the wicket. Erroll was pleased at the splendid show his chum was making at the good old game.

The Woodend fieldsmen were leather-hunting to their hearts' content—and a little more. Kit Erroll had had luck, being caught out at point after making 3. Another and another batsman came in, till the last man was called, and Mornington was still batting.

The dandy of the Fourth had made 40 runs on his own, the largest Rookwood score in the match.

Last man in fell to the bowling, and there was a cheer as Mornington left the wicket—not out.

His face was flushed and smiling as he came back to the pavilion.

Rookwood had scored 107, and it was a score Woodend could not hope to touch, without the aid of a miracle.

Jimmy Silver clapped Mornington on the shoulder gleefully.

"Ripping old scout!" he exclaimed heartily. "We're playing you for your bowling, and I'm blessed if you're not batting the best of the bunch, too!"

Mornington laughed.

"I'm rather in form to-day," he remarked. Lattrey came towards Mornington, his face quite pale.

Mornington's innings had hit him hard. For the cad of the Fourth had taken Morny's advice, and he was "in" very deep. If Rookwood won the match, it was not only Lattrey's money that was lost, but he would owe money on all sides—it would be a staggering loss to him. The thought of it almost turned him giddy.

"Morny!" he muttered thickly. Mornington nodded to him genially.

"Hallo, Lattrey! Anything the matter? You look rather seedy."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Smythe. "Lattrey's been backin' Woodend!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Glad to hear it!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "It will be a bit of a lesson to you, Lattrey, about making your filthy bets on cricket matches."

Lattrey did not answer him. He drew Mornington aside, careless of the eyes that were upon them.

"What does this mean?" he muttered, when they were out of hearing of the cricketers.

"Morny—" "Anythin' wrong?" yawned Mornington.

"Are you playing me false?" hissed Lattrey, through his clenched teeth. "By gad! If you dare—"

"Don't you know that I don't dare?" smiled Mornington. "Ain't I fairly under your thumb, dear boy—quite at your mercy—what! Should I dare to refuse to play a mean, dirty trick when you order me? What rot!"

"Mind, if Rookwood win, you know what to expect!" said Lattrey, in a low, hard voice.

"Quite so." "If you're fooling me—"

"Foolin' you!" Mornington laughed. "You're too sharp to be fooled, old scout. You're as keen as Sheffield steel—what! My dear chap, you're dreamin'! How could I fool you?"

"Look here—" "Comin'!" said Mornington, as Erroll called to him, and he walked away to join his chum, leaving Lattrey standing alone, a prey to doubt and dismay.

The Rookwood side went into the field, and Woodend opened their innings. Jimmy Silver bowled the first over, and a catch came Mornington's way.

The Fourth Form dandy's hand went up like lightning.

There was a roar. "Bravo, Morny!" "Well caught!"

Jimmy Silver had put Mornington on to bowl, and Lattrey hoped once more he would fail his team, as he saw the dandy of the Fourth go to the crease.

By skilful bowling to favour the batsmen, Mornington could certainly have made a great difference to his team's prospects—though it is doubtful if he could have enabled Woodend to make up the leeway at this stage.

Whether it was possible or not, it was soon clear that it was not Mornington's intention. His first ball laid a Woodend wicket low, and it was followed by another and another.

There was a jubilant roar from the Rookwood crowd.

"The hat trick!" "Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Morny!" Lattrey of the Fourth leaned against the pavilion, sick at heart.

There was no hope now. If he had wished, after this, Morny could not have staved off defeat for Woodend, and evidently he did not wish. He had been playing with his blackmailer; Lattrey knew that now.

The Woodend batsmen were putting up all

they knew, but they were outclassed by most of the Rookwood bowling.

Three more wickets fell to Mornington's bowling before the innings came to an end for the inglorious total of 50 runs.

The Rookwood crowd cheered vociferously. Smythe & Co., the merry nuts, were as pleased as the cricketers. The Rookwood victory meant a little golden harvest for them.

Under the beech-trees Tracy of the Shell handed out the stakes he had been holding, and the fellows who had betted with Lattrey "on paper," looked for him to give him a hint that it was time to see about settling for his I O U's.

From where he sat, under the elms, Lattrey of the Fourth could see Mornington, surrounded by the crowd of cricketers, receiving congratulations.

It was Morny's match, as Jimmy Silver said heartily; both at batting and at bowling the honours were with Mornington.

Mornington walked off the ground at last, with Erroll on one side of him and Jimmy Silver on the other.

"Lattrey pushed his way through the juniors, and stepped into Mornington's path, his face white and his eyes burning.

"Mornington, you cad, you swindler!" he panted.

He shook his fist in Mornington's face. "Mornington, they're going to know now! There's a good deal more than that to tell the fellows, and I'm going—"

Before he could speak further Mornington raised his hand and struck him full in the face.

Lattrey fell with a crash. Mornington walked on, without another glance at him. Erroll pressed his arm.

"Morny—" he whispered. "The game's up!" Mornington smiled grimly. "The game's up! But I'm game at the finish, old scout! Let's go and have tea!"

And the dandy of Rookwood hummed a merry tune as he walked on.

THE END.

(Look out for the next long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled "Mornington's Temptation!" by Owen Conquest.)



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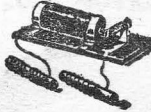
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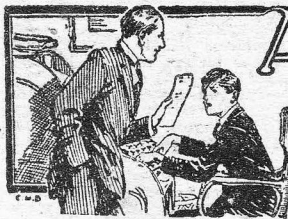
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A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

FOR NEXT FRIDAY:

Our next week's issue will contain a splendid complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. and Vernon-Smith, entitled:

"BY ORDER OF THE FORM!" By Frank Richards.

This story will tell how the Remove takes a hand in the "war" between Vernon-Smith and Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master. They set about the business very seriously, and force the Bounder to obey their orders.

The complete school story of Rookwood will be entitled:

"MORNINGTON'S TEMPTATION!" By Owen Conquest.

Readers are well aware of the fact that Mornington is in danger of losing his fortune. Next week you will learn of the great temptation which crops up in connection with the discovery of the heir of the Morningtons.

Another number of our grand four-page supplement and the second instalment of "THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"
by Sidney Drew

will complete the grand programme for next week.

RESULT OF

"POPLETS" COMPETITION, No. 21.

The ten prizes of 5s. each have been awarded to the following readers, who sent in the best efforts in the above competition:

- Peter Laurie, 18, Myrtle Terrace, Merchiston, Edinburgh.
- C. Bovingdon, 66, Colville Road, South Acton, W. 3.
- A. T. Kirby, 16, Chequer's Lane, Dagenham Dock, Essex.
- Eric Smith, 4, Stafford Parade, Halifax.
- R. Lewis, 27, Springfield Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.
- S. Johnson, 26, Mount Pleasant Road, Brixham, Devon.
- A. C. Ramage, 11, King's Terrace, Nightingale Lane, Hornsey, N. 8.
- E. A. J. Crook, West Street, Banwell, Somerset.
- Austen Day, Station House, Yarmouth Road, Lowestoft.
- Arthur Carpenter, 1, Dene Street Gardens, Dorking, Surrey.

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 23.

Examples for the above competition:

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Compulsory Sport. | Imagine Coker |
| Where Skinner Scores. | Captain. |
| Playing to Lose. | When Stumped. |
| Signs of Warfare. | Passing Fancies. |
| Toeing the Line. | Standing Alone. |
| Bumping Billy Bunter. | Schoolboys Rejoice |
| Force of Habit. | When— |

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All efforts must be received on or before August 18th.

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

Your Editor.

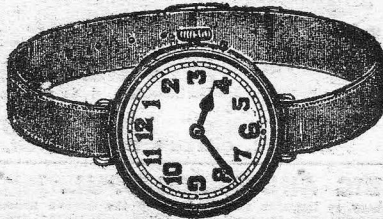
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