

THE MYSTERY OF THE DERELICT!

SPLENDID LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY OF GREYFRIARS.

Week Ending—
Aug. 27th, 1921.

New
Series,
No. 136.

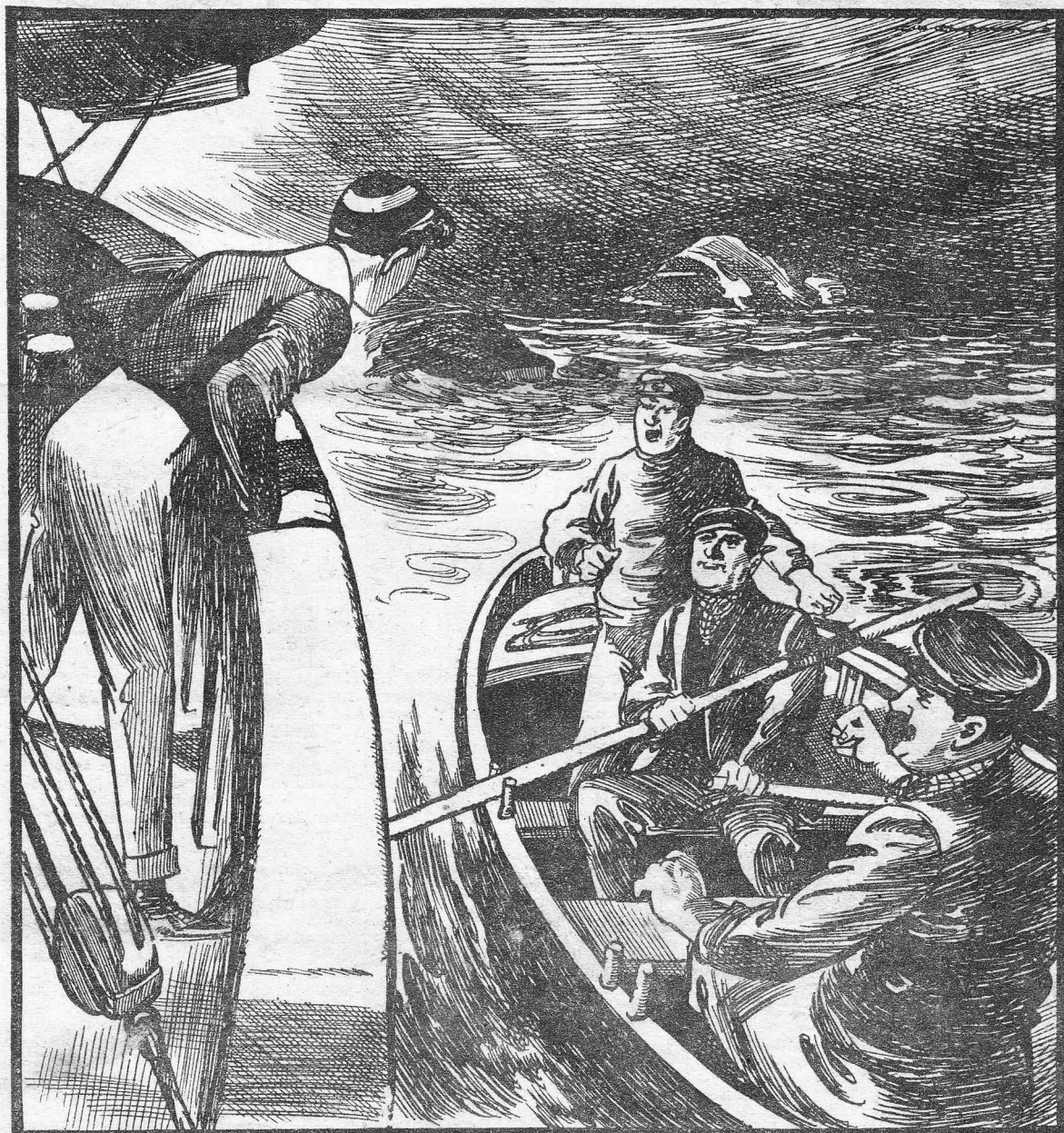
Greyfriars

The POPULAR

11d
12d

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

Rookwood St. Jims



"KEEP BACK! YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED ON BOARD! WE FOUND THIS VESSEL, AND WE'RE CLAIMING THE SALVAGE!" SAID HARRY WHARTON QUIETLY.

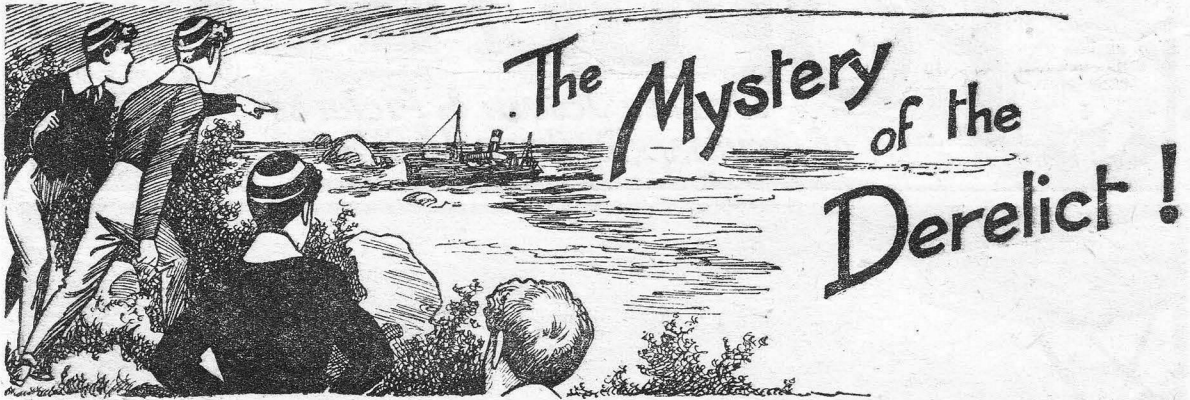
A thrilling incident from the long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. in this issue.

**TWO LONG
COMPLETE SCHOOL
TALES
EVERY WEEK.**



**"BILLY BUNTER'S
WEEKLY!"**

Grand Four-page Supplement.
Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE
BUNTER of Greyfriars.



A Magnificent Long Complete School Story, dealing with the Early Adventures of HARRY WHARTON & CO. at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
The Derelict!**

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
Bob Cherry halted on the cliff path, and stood looking out over the bay. The Greyfriars juniors were high up the cliff, and from where they stood the bay and the coast lay stretched out to their view below. Bob Cherry's eyes were fixed on a steamer, drifting smokeless on the sea.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Nugent, pausing and looking round.
"Look at that steamer!"
"Phew!"
The juniors looked down at the steamer from the high point they had reached on the steep cliff. They could look down directly upon the deck. The steamer was drifting towards the Shoulder slowly with the motion of the sea, and evidently not under steam.

The juniors scanned the deck and bridge of the vessel in amazement. Upon the bridge, upon the deck, there was no trace of a crew; there were no signs of smoke from the funnels, and the vessel was drifting unsteered.

Not a single man was to be seen from one end of the vessel to the other.
"By jove," Harry Wharton exclaimed, "what's the matter with them? If they know anything of this coast, they ought to know the ship is in danger. If it gets among the sandbanks—"
"They're going ashore," said Johnny Bull.

"They!" repeated Nugent. "But where are they? The ship looks deserted."

The juniors gazed at the steamer in silence.

There was something strange, something almost uncanny about it.

If the ship was manned, why did not the crew appear? Why was there no sign of skipper or of seamen? Why was the steamer drifting upon the rocks with the tide?

The vessel was now not a quarter of a

mile out, and unless it changed its course the tide would carry it upon the shore below—a wild and broken shore, where the currents raced and whirled among sunken rocks and treacherous sandbanks.

In stormy weather many a good vessel had come to grief there; but in the calm summer's afternoon there was no danger to a ship under control.

But it was only too clear that the steamer, drifting under the eyes of the Greyfriars juniors, was utterly uncontrolled.

Wharton broke the silence at last.
"They must be all below asleep, or drunk!"

"It's a derelict," said Johnny Bull. Nugent shook his head.
"Look at the boats," he said.
"My hat! Yes."

The amazement of the juniors increased as they scanned the deck of the steamer in the bay below, and took in every detail.

The boats were swinging at the davits. If the steamer was deserted, the boats had not been taken; and how could the crew have left her without boats?

But if the crew were still on board, where were they?
Below—while the vessel was drifting to her doom?

"There's something mighty queer about this," said Johnny Bull. "The boats are still there, and the men must be still on board."

"They will be aground in ten minutes," said Harry Wharton.

"Give them a yell. The wind's off the shore, and they can hear it from here if there's anybody on board."

Wharton nodded.
"Good! Give them a yell. All together."

And the four juniors, uniting their voices, shouted.
"Ahoy!"

The shout rang loudly against the cliff, answered by thundering echoes from the hollow clefts and caves. The wind car-

ried out across the bay, and if there had been an ear to hear on the strange steamer the shout must have been heard. But still there was no sign of life on board the strange craft.

"Ahoy!"
"Hallo!"
"Look out!"

Again and again the juniors shouted. But there came no sign of life on the steamer, and all the time it was drifting closer to the rocks.

Panting with their exertions, the juniors fell into silence, and watched the drifting vessel with a fascinated gaze. Not more than two hundred yards separated the steamer from the curling line of foam at the rocky base of the great Shoulder.

"They must be mad!" muttered Nugent, his face going white. "They can't be saved now! Look! They're in the current!"

"Good heavens!"
The steamer had made a sudden swerving motion. It had been caught in the current that raced at the foot of the cliff, and now it was drifting faster, right upon the rocks and sandbanks of the shore.

On it came, bow foremost, drifting to its doom, and the juniors watched it in breathless silence, with beating hearts.

It was a matter of minutes now. And still no sign of life appeared upon the doomed ship. Silent, deathly in its quiet, under the calm sunshine, the steamer drifted on, closer and closer to the rocks.

"She's aground!" muttered Wharton. Crash!

The concussion, as the steamer struck, sounded up the cliff, and plainly reached the ears of the breathless juniors.

The steamer smote heavily upon the rocks and recoiled from the shock, and lurched drunkenly, and then drifted on again. Missing the rock upon which she had crashed first, the vessel plunged on heavily into a deep sandbank between two points of rock. Her bows plunged

deeply into the soft, yielding sand, and she lay there jammed and embedded, with the current racing past her stern, and white foam breaking round her.

The juniors waited in strange, tense anxiety for the crew to appear at last. For if there was a man on board the shock of the vessel striking could not fail to rouse him. But still no one was seen—there was no sign of life, no movement on the grounded vessel, save the swinging of the boats at the davits.

"Come on!" muttered Harry Wharton. The juniors were thinking no longer of climbing the cliff. Anxiety and curiosity combined to draw them to the mysterious vessel. Harry Wharton ran down the steep slope of the cliff, making for the shore where the steamer lay aground. And Nugent and Bull and Bob Cherry followed him fast.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
A Mystery of the Sea!

THE steamer lay jammed in the sand. It was jammed hard, and the billows that broke round the rocks had no power to move it. Until stormy weather came the steamer was safe, as safe as if in an anchorage. The juniors, red and breathless with running, came racing and tumbling down the steep path, and reached the shore. They dashed along the sand towards the steamer.

The vessel lay almost level, with the white foam curling round her, and still there was no sound, no movement on board. Close by the port side of the vessel was the big rock that the steamer had struck, and then missed, and the juniors, clambering upon it, were on a level with her deck. They stood looking down upon the deck, which was slightly slanting. The boats on the port side hung a little out from the davits; on the starboard side they swung in a little over the deck. The door of the charthouse was open, and the juniors could see into it. It was, so far as they could see, deserted. No sign of life—no sound!

The juniors were silent, with a strange awe.

It was a mystery of the sea that was before them, a strange mystery they could not fathom. If the boats had been gone, they could have supposed that the vessel had been deserted by the crew, after springing a leak. But the boats were there. If the crew had gone, how had they gone?

But if they had not gone, how was it that they were below, and had given no sign even when the vessel struck?

"There's something queer about this!" Frank Nugent muttered. "Blest if I like to get on board, you fellows."

He voiced the feelings of the others. The eerie strangeness of it all had a peculiar effect on their nerves. For some minutes they remained upon the big rock, looking over the slanting deck, without approaching nearer.

The boats had been swinging with the shock; but they were now still again. Dead silence and stillness reigned upon the steamer.

Derelicts at sea, deserted by their crews, were not uncommon, and once at least one had drifted into the bay at Pegg, and had been salvaged by the fishermen. On that occasion the vessel had sprung a leak, and had been deserted by her crew; the leak had afterwards ceased, and the vessel had remained afloat.

But it was evident that nothing of the kind had happened to this vessel. She was plainly not waterlogged in the least, and the boats, plain evidence that the

crew had not deserted her, remained there. But where were the crew?

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath. "I'm going on board," he said.

And Wharton stepped towards the ship and clambered over the rail, and dropped upon the deck. The other fellows followed him at once.

Their boots rang upon the planks, but still no sound came from below. Wharton mounted the bridge and looked into the charthouse.

The door was open, and inside, upon the floor, lay a cap. Harry Wharton, with a hand that shook a little in spite of himself, picked it up. It was a mate's cap, as he knew at once. It had been dropped there. When? How? Why?

Near at hand stood a glass, still half-full of whisky-and-water. The shock of the ship drifting ashore had not upset it. There was every sign in the charthouse of recent occupation. But of occupants—none.

The juniors stepped out again, breathing quickly, a strange feeling of dread in their breasts.

"The *Aspasia*!" said Bob Cherry, reading the name from one of the lifebelts on the rail. "Look! The lifebelts are all in their places, as well as the boats!"

"Good heavens! What does it mean?"

"Let's get below."

For a moment the chums hesitated.

But Harry Wharton led the way, and they followed him. The extent of cabin accommodation showed that the steamer had carried passengers as well as cargo. But the state-rooms were silent and deserted; the footsteps of the juniors awoke strange echoes.

Nowhere a sign of life. There were bunks, with every sign of having been recently occupied; there were clothes and other articles, all telling of the recent presence of men. But no living thing.

The juniors visited each of the state-rooms in turn.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. "Look here!"

He had stepped into the state-room on the port side. Through the porthole loomed up the big rock from which the juniors had climbed upon the ship, and the rays of the setting sun glimmered through it into the cabin.

Upon the floor, near the table, lay a camera—open, as if for use, and evidently dropped there, and left where it fell. It was a valuable camera, and Nugent picked it up carefully, and placed it upon the table.

In one corner of the state-room was a space curtained off with thick hangings, and Harry Wharton pulled the hangings aside. Within he found a small bench, a red lamp such as is used by photographers in the dark-room, and other appliances for developing photographs.

"That's been used as a dark-room," said Wharton, in a low voice. "The chap who was in this cabin was a photographer."

"Looks like it."
"But—but where is he? There's the dark-room, and the dishes and the stuff are all there. Look! There's a jar with prints in it to wash. But—but where is the man?"

"Heaven knows!"
The juniors looked round the cabin with keen attention.

There were several books on the little table near the porthole, and all of them were scientific works. Harry Wharton opened each volume in turn, and in each he found the same name written upon the flyleaf—"J. East."

And one of the volumes—a treatise upon the flora of the South Sea Islands—bore upon the title-page in print "By Professor East."

That volume had evidently been written by the occupant of the cabin—the man who had owned the camera, evidently Professor East.

But where was he?
"Professor East!" said Wharton. "That's the name of the chap who had this cabin. He must have been a passenger. I suppose there were six or seven passengers, from what I have seen. But—but where are they?"

"They must be—dead!"
"But where are the bodies, then?"
"Not aboard this ship?" said Bob Cherry, with a shudder. "It's a horrible mystery. I—I say, let's get out. This place gives me the creeps!"

"Let's finish searching while we're about it," said Harry. "We haven't looked into the forecabin yet."

"Right!"
The juniors made their way forward. There were several steps down into the forecabin, and the place smelt musty and stuffy.

Wharton looked in at the open doorway; there was no occupant. The juniors entered. There were clothes lying on some of the bunks; there was a clasp-knife on the floor, near a fragment of cheese and a crust.

Wharton picked up the fragment of crust and cheese. They had evidently been dropped there by someone who had partly eaten. A hasty meal had been interrupted. How? Why?

Those questions hammered in the minds of the juniors, but they could find no answers to them.

They returned to the deck, and breathed more freely in the open sunshine. The shadows were lengthening over the bay now; the red sun was hidden behind the Shoulder.

In spite of their courage, of which they had plenty, the juniors were feeling strangely uncomfortable in the midst of their eerie surroundings.

What had happened to the crew of the derelict? What fearful mystery of the sea had they chanced upon, all unexpectedly, in their half-holiday excursion?

"Let's get out!" said Bob Cherry. Wharton shook his head.

"We stick here!" he replied.

"What for?"
"Salvage!"

"What?"
"That's the law of the sea," said Harry Wharton quietly. "The ship is a derelict, deserted by her crew, and she belongs to the first man aboard her. That's the salvage law. Do you understand? The ship is ours!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Salvage!

OURS!"
The juniors simply gasped out the word.

Harry Wharton nodded. His eyes were gleaming, and there was a flush of excitement in his cheeks now.

He had stated the fact. The derelict belonged to the first aboard, and the Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were—in law and in fact—the owners of the *Aspasia*.

But it took the juniors some minutes to realise it.

"Ours!" murmured Nugent. "This ship—ours!"

"Entirely ours!"

"My hat!"

"But—but it must be worth thousands of pounds!" said John Bull dazedly.

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

4 Another Adventure of the Greyfriars Tourists in the "Magnet" this Week!

"Fully that!"
"And it's ours!"
"Ours—alone!"
"Great Scott!"

There was no doubt about it, and the juniors realised it. They were the salvagers—the ship was theirs. So long as they remained on board of it no other had a right to enter into possession. They were the first-comers, and to the first-comers the derelict belonged.

The uncanny feeling that had crept over the juniors gave way now to other feelings. The crew of the derelict had vanished; captain and crew and passengers had vanished, they did not know how. But their line was clear—it was to keep possession of the ship. It was theirs to keep.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath. "We'll stick here, rather! If we get off, and somebody else get on, we might find it rather hard to prove that we came first."

"Possession's nine points of the law," said Harry Wharton, with a shrug of the shoulders. "The ship's ours, and we're going to keep it. Until the matter's settled, some of us have got to stay on board."

"All night?"

"We can't leave it for a minute. I don't suppose the steamer can be seen from Pegg, but as soon as she's seen there will be boats round. Nobody will miss a chance of salvaging a fine vessel like this. If some of the rough fellows from Pegg get round here there may be trouble. But they jolly well won't get on board."

"No fear!"

"But—but can we stay here?" said Nugent doubtfully. "We've got to get back for call-over, you know."

"Blow calling-over!"

"But—"

"We'll get permission from the Head to stay aboard all night," said Harry, his eyes a-gleam with excitement. "One of you fellows can go up to the School and explain to him. You can explain that the ship's quite safe, and that it's worth thousands of pounds to us to stay on board for the night. The Head won't stand in our way. And you can bring back some grub—we shall need it—and we'll make a night of it. You'd better go, Franky; you've got the most persuasive tongue."

Nugent grimed.

"I'll go," he said. "But if the Head won't allow—"

Wharton's jaw set grimly.

"We're jolly well going to stay here," he said. "The Head can come and see that it's all safe, if he likes. Make him come, if you can, or send a prefect. But we're jolly well going to make a night of it, anyway."

"Hear, hear!"

"Buzz off, Franky! It's getting near time for calling-over now, and the sooner the quicker, you know."

"Right-ho!" said Nugent.

And he clambered over the side of the big rock and dropped upon the sand, and started by the shore path to reach Greyfriars.

"It will be all right," said Harry Wharton confidently. "When Franky explains, the Head will let us stay here. Let's get our quarters ready."

And the juniors returned below.

The excitement of camping out for the night had banished for the moment the strange feeling of uneasiness with which the silence and desertion of the steamer had inspired them.

They were the masters of the ship.

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

The position of the vessel, jammed among the rocks under the great Shoulder, rendered it invisible from the town of Pegg across the bay. The drifting steamer had probably not been observed from the fishing village. But there were boats out at sea, coming back towards nightfall, and Harry Wharton realised that the grounded steamer might be seen, and that there might be rival seekers of salvage. The juniors were the first-comers, and they had a right to what they had found. But Wharton knew that it would be necessary to keep watch. While Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull were making the preparations for camping, Harry Wharton remained on deck, keeping a look-out.

Several boats had passed in the distance, without observing the grounded *Aspasia*, and Wharton had been careful to do nothing to attract their attention. But later on he caught sight of a boat pulling directly towards the steamer.

There were three men in it, and two of them were pulling, while the third was standing up, and looking towards the grounded vessel.

As the boat came nearer Wharton recognised the man standing up as one of the roughest characters in the coast village. The man's eyes were fixed upon the steamer.

"Salvage, by gum!" Wharton heard him say. "She's deserted!"

"Good luck for us, Peter!" said one of the rowers.

"By gum, yes!"

Wharton leaned over the rail, and waved his hand to the boat.

"Keep back, there!" he called out.

Peter Keeley started violently.

"Thunder! There's somebody aboard!"

"Keep back! You're not allowed on board here," said Harry Wharton quietly. "We've found this vessel, and we're claiming the salvage!"

"Wot?"

"Keep off! Do you hear?"

The rowers rested on their oars, and the boat floated gently by the stern of the *Aspasia*. Though the bows of the steamer were deep in sand, the water was deep round her stern, and it was possible for the boat to come quite near. Wharton looked down upon the three men from the rail.

"By gum!" said Keeley. "It's one of the kids from the school!"

He stared at Harry Wharton.

"Look 'ere," he exclaimed, "you run away to school, Master Wharton! 'Ow did you get on to that ship?"

"Stepped on!" said Harry.

"Was there anybody on board?"

"Nobody."

"Then it's salvage," said Keeley. "You run away, and we'll take possession. When it comes to paying out, we won't forget you."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Thank you! I can look after myself!" he said.

"We're coming aboard!"

"You're not!"

"Who's going to stop us?" demanded Keeley, with a sneer.

"We are!"

"Oh! You're not alone, then?"

"There are three of us here," said Harry, "and one's gone to Greyfriars, and is coming back. You see, you're too late, and you'd better buzz off!"

Keeley and his companions muttered together for a few minutes. Their looks were decidedly unpleasant. Harry Wharton, watching their faces keenly, could realise quite easily that, had they

found him alone there, without much chance of discovery afterwards, they would have been quite capable of ending his claim to the salvage by tossing him into the sea. That, however, was hardly feasible now. But the looks of the three longshoremen were evidently hostile. After muttering together, Keeley looked up again at Wharton.

"Look here, Master Wharton, we're comin' aboard!" he said.

"You can't!"

"We want to satisfy ourselves as wot you say is correct."

"You can take my word for it."

"Wot's the 'arm of our coming aboard?" demanded Keeley angrily.

"We don't want your company," said Wharton coolly. "Besides, do you think I'm a duffer? You want to shove us off, and claim to be the first on board. Do you take me for a silly ass?"

"I swear—"

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, we're coming aboard!" said Keeley savagely.

"You'll get hurt if you try it!" said Wharton grimly. "Mind, we mean business! We don't allow anybody to set foot on this ship!"

"I'll soon show yer about that!" growled Keeley.

The boat backed water, and disappeared round the rocks. It was impossible for the three longshoremen to climb over the stern from the water side, and they evidently meant to land, and board the steamer by the bows—quite an easy task, unless they were stopped by force.

"Johnny! Bob!" shouted Wharton.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Tumble up—quick!"

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull ran on deck.

"What's the row?" asked Bull breathlessly.

"The enemy!"

"The—the what?"

"Three rotten longshore loafers from Pegg!" said Harry Wharton hurriedly. "They're coming aboard if we don't stop them! They want to shift us off and claim the vessel! They're not going to board us!"

"No fear!" said Bob Cherry emphatically.

"Get something to handle them with; we've got to fight!"

"Good egg!"

The three juniors easily found weapons. Johnny Bull picked up an iron bar, Bob Cherry a heavy malacca cane from the professor's state-room below, and Harry Wharton a boathook. Then they posted themselves ready to meet the enemy. They could hear the sound of a boat scraping on the sand beyond the big rocks, but for the moment the longshoremen were out of sight.

"Who are they?" asked Bob Cherry breathlessly. "Do you know them?"

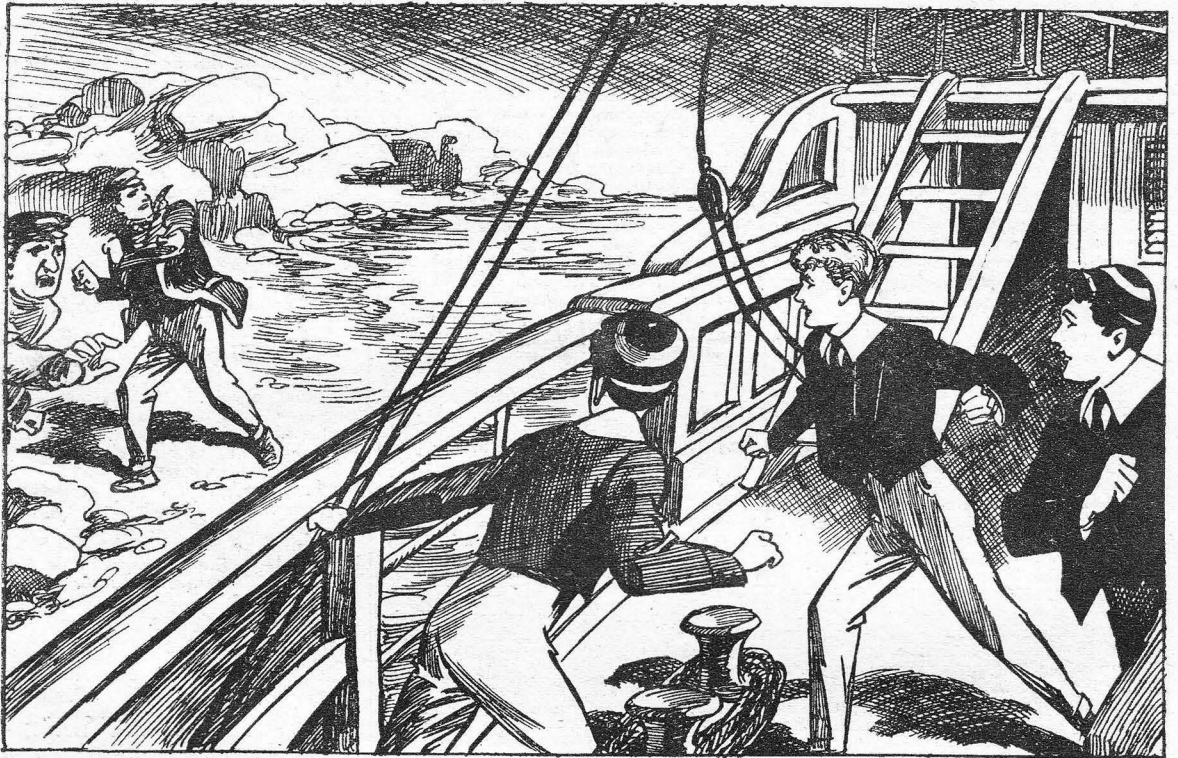
"Yes. Peter Keeley, the rough who was sent to prison for robbery with violence on the Friardale road, and two of his pals. One of them is named Bill Walker. I don't know the other, but he's the same kind of rotter."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"Three of the worst ruffians in the place!" he said. "We shall have trouble!"

"Here they come!"

The three longshoremen appeared in sight from the rocks. They scrambled upon the big rock close by the port side of the grounded steamer, and advanced towards the juniors.



The ruffian swung round, and a piece of rock flew from his hand. "Look out!" yelled Wharton. Crash! The chunk of rock crashed on the rail and glanced off on to the deck. It was the rail that saved Wharton from receiving it. (See Chapter 4.)

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Repelling Boarders!**

HARRY WHARTON & CO. looked down upon the three longshoremen from the rail at the steamer's side, and stood ready. Peter Keeley and his comrades hesitated as they saw the three juniors standing, weapon in hand, ready to repel their advances. Keeley resorted to words again as his comrades hung back.

"Look 'ere, Master Wharton," he said—"look 'ere, we only asks for a share in the salvage. That's fair enuff." "Fair as a die!" said Bill Walker solemnly.

"Why the dickens should we give you a share in the salvage?" demanded Harry Wharton. "You can cut off!"

"Jest let us aboard to 'ave a look round—"

"You can look round as much as you like—from where you are!"

"But I says—"

"But you're not coming aboard this vessel!" said Harry Wharton firmly. "Not a step, my man! I know you, you see!"

Keeley scowled savagely.

"Look 'ere—"

"Oh, rats! Buzz off!"

"Yes, travel along, and don't bother!" said Bob Cherry. "You're not coming aboard, and you're wasting time! Get out!"

"You're goin' to stop us—hey?" said Keeley.

"Yes, rather!" said Johnny Bull emphatically.

"You'll get 'urt!"

"I fancy you'll get hurt, if you try to climb on board, with us here to stop you!" said Harry Wharton. "You can try if you like!"

The three longshoremen exchanged glances. They did not like the look of the juniors, but the prize was too tempting. Even if they could not make out their claim to the salvage, they could see that the vessel must contain loot enough to reward them for a search.

To fill their pockets with valuables, and have a claim at least on the salvage, was worth a struggle, and was quite as honest as the various ways and means Peter Keeley generally followed of getting a living.

"Come on!" said Keeley desperately.

"Go for 'em!"

"We're arter you, Peter!"

Keeley dashed towards the steamer over the rock, and made a spring.

In a moment more he would have come plunging over the slanting deck, but Bob Cherry was ready for him. The heavy malacca slashed through the air, and descended upon the longshoreman's head, and he fell backwards with a fearful yell.

Crash!

Back on the rock went the leader of the longshoremen, and he lay there, dazed and groaning.

The other two ruffians were clambering savagely on; but their fate was no better. Bill Walker received a slash from Wharton's boathook, and he reeled off and fell, and did not come on again. The third man jumped back as Johnny Bull lashed at him, and avoided the blow, missing his footing at the same time, and rolling over the uneven rock. Unable to save himself, he rolled over it on the seaward side, and there was a loud splash as he disappeared into the water.

"Hurrah!" roared Bob Cherry. "Come and have some more!"

The juniors lined the slanting rail, ready for another attack.

Peter Keeley sat up, and rubbed his head and groaned.

"Yow!"

"Groo!" groaned Walker.

Keeley looked round dazedly.

"Where's Dick Doggett?" he asked.

"Ow! In the water!"

"You'd better pull your pal out," said Harry Wharton. "Do you want him to be drowned?"

Neither Keeley nor Walker moved. But Doggett dragged himself out, and came clambering up the rock again, dripping with water, and leaving a wet trail behind him. He sank down exhausted by his comrades.

The aspect of the longshoremen was so pitiable that the chums of Greyfriars burst into a roar of laughter.

Keeley blinked at them.

"You murderous young 'ounds!" he said. "You might 'ave brained me!"

"No danger of that!" said Bob Cherry consolingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're coming on that steamer."

"All right; come along!"

The longshoremen exchanged glances. They wanted to get aboard, but they did not want to face the Greyfriars juniors again.

Keeley staggered to his feet.

"You jest look out!" he said. "You'll see us again!"

"Yes; we'll turn up to see you tried next time you're sent to choky," said Bob Cherry.

The longshoreman ground his teeth.

"You jest look out, that's all," he said.

And the longshoremen turned away. They moved slowly down the rock to the sand beyond; and Keeley suddenly stumbled and fell.

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THEIR UNSEEN ENEMY!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

"Mind the step!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!" The ruffian arose, a savage gleam in his eyes, and a jagged chunk of rock in his hand. His stumble had been a feint to deceive the juniors. He swung round, and the missile flew with a sudden whiz.

"Look out!" yelled Wharton. Crash! The chunk of rock crashed on the rail, and glanced off on to the deck. It was the rail that saved Wharton from receiving it. Keeley, sure of his aim, came rushing back across the rock, to spring on board while the juniors were in confusion. But the missile had not touched Wharton, and he was ready.

The longshoreman threw himself headlong over the rail, and received lashes from the boathook and the malacca as he came.

But he fell on the deck, half-stunned, and the juniors threw themselves upon him.

Keeley struggled fiercely; and Wharton, his eyes gleaming, brought down his boathook upon the ruffian's right arm, paralyzing it for the moment.

"Pitch him overboard!" he shouted. "Yes, rather!" "Keep watch here, Johnny!" "Right ho!"

Johnny Bull guarded the rail, in case Walker and Doggett should make a rush, while his chums dragged Keeley away to the stern. The longshoreman, heavy as he was, was pitched headlong over the side where the water flowed round the stern of the steamer, and he disappeared into the sea with a resounding splash.

Wharton panted. "The scoundrel! He might have killed one of us with that stone!"

Keeley's head rose above the water. He glared up at the juniors for a moment, and then swam away to where the boat had been left among the rocks. Doggett and Walker retreated to join him, and the three of them disappeared from view.

It was evident that the salvage seekers had had enough for the present.

"By Jove!" said Bob Cherry. "That was quite warm while it lasted. We shall have to keep a good look-out to-night, you chaps. They'll come back after dark!" "Most likely!"

"They're going now!" said Johnny Bull.

The sound of oars came to the juniors' ears. From behind the rocks the boat emerged, and Keeley and company pulled away across the bay. Keeley shook his fist at the steamer, and Bob Cherry kissed his hand in response.

The boat disappeared into the shadows that were deepening over the bay. But Harry Wharton & Co. felt pretty certain that they had not seen the last of the longshoremen, and they knew they would have to keep watch and ward that night upon the stranded steamer.

Nugent returned as the dusk was deepening, and with him was Wingate, who had been sent aboard by the Head to see if the juniors could safely remain there for the night. As they said nothing about Keeley & Co., the genial captain of Greyfriars decided that they could, and returned cheerily to Dr. Locke.

When he had gone, the juniors had supper, and then fell to discussing plans for the night.

"It's going to be a fine night," said Harry. "We can sleep on deck. We can bring up blankets and pillows out of the bunks in the passengers' cabins."

"Good egg!" "And one of us can stay awake all the time."

"Might have had some more of the fellows with us," said Nugent. "Lots of them wanted to come back with me; but, of course, the Head wouldn't let the whole giddy coll camp out. Coker offered to come and take command if we liked."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "There's enough of us to hold the ship," said Harry. "They can only get at us across that rock on the port side, and we can stop them from getting over the rail. So long as one of us keeps awake to watch, we shall be all serene."

"Right as rain!" said Bob Cherry. "Let's get up the blankets ready." The juniors soon had the requisites for camping-out on deck. Camping on deck was a scheme that agreed with their feelings. The fall of night had brought back the feeling of strangeness with which the deserted ship had inspired them on their first coming aboard. They did not say so openly, but they did not wish to pass the hours of darkness below.

There was no danger! They were sure of that; and they were not afraid. But, at the same time, they preferred being in the open air to being shut up in the interior of the mysterious ship. It was a feeling natural under the peculiar circumstances, and had nothing to do with fear.

While the Co. were taking up the blankets and rugs, Harry Wharton went into the state-room which had been occupied by Professor East.

The room looked very dim and ghostly in the faint starlight that glimmered through the porthole.

Wharton felt a peculiar thrill as he entered the room.

The dimness of the interior was eerie and ghostly, thinking as he was of the strange and unaccountable vanishing of the man who had occupied that cabin while the steamer was upon her voyage.

Wharton struck a match quickly, and lighted the swinging lamp.

The eerie feeling passed away as he found himself in the light, and he smiled at his own nervousness.

Bob Cherry, laden with blankets, looked in at the door.

"What are you up to?" he asked. Wharton had taken up the camera from the table.

"I'm going to look into this," he said. "I've got an idea!"

"What's the idea?" Wharton held up the camera. "We found this on the floor," he said. "It looks to me as if the man this room belonged to had it in his hands just before—" He paused.

"Before what?" "Goodness knows! Before whatever it was that happened to the crew of the ship," said Harry, with a shiver he could not repress. "You see, it's opened out ready for use, and it stands to reason that it couldn't have been put away like that. Professor East—if it was he—had this camera in his hands, and was going to use it; and something caused him to drop it on the floor."

"And then?" "Well, it remained on the floor just where he had dropped it," said Wharton slowly. "That means that whatever happened to Professor East happened at that moment. That something happened to him is quite certain; otherwise, where is he?"

"True enough!" "Something happened; something awful, I should say," said Wharton. "He must be dead, or where is he? It happened at the moment he had this camera in his hands, ready for use—so I figure it out."

"I shouldn't wonder. But—" "Well, then, it's possible that he had taken a photograph," said Harry quietly. "If there is a used plate inside this camera it may show us what happened."

Bob Cherry drew a deep breath. "My hat! It's possible. But what—what—"

"No good asking me. But it's barely possible that there is some record on the plate inside this camera, and I'm going to see."

"Good egg! Wait a bit, and let's all see the development."

"Call the chaps here, then." Wharton went into the little partitioned dark-room in the corner of the cabin. The appliances were all ready to his hand there. The professor had evidently taken many photographs during his voyage. There were many finished prints in the cabin. Harry Wharton lighted the red lamp, and prepared his developer.

Nugent and Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull came into the cabin. There was not much room for them in the little dark-room, but they crowded close together inside the dark hangings. The light in the cabin was turned out in order that no ray might reach through the hangings and perhaps spoil the effect.

Crammed together in the little space, with only the red light from the photographer's lamp shining upon them, the juniors waited for the development.

Wharton was an amateur photographer, and he was well acquainted with the process. Having seen that the hangings shut out every glimmer of starlight from the cabin, he opened the camera.

The juniors looked on with bated breath.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
The Face in the Negative!

"BUCK up!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Wharton had taken out the first plate.

He plunged it into the developing fluid.

Then the four juniors watched for the image to flash up. They watched with bated breath, their hearts beating almost painfully.

(Continued on page 19.)



A GRAND LONG COMPLETE STORY of the Girls of Cliff House School

APPEARS EVERY WEEK IN THE **SCHOOL FRIEND** 

EVERY THURSDAY OF ALL NEWSAGENTS

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.



SCORING OFF THE NUTS!

A Splendid, Long, Complete, School Story of
**JIMMY SILVER & CO. and VALENTINE
 MORNINGTON** at Rookwood.

By **OWEN CONQUEST**

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Dropped!

"EXTRAORDINARY, ain't it?" yawned Townsend.

"Amazin'!" said Topham. "Beats everythin'."

remarked Peele.

Smythe of the Shell polished his eye-glass in a thoughtful sort of way.

"I've been thinkin'," he observed.

"Go it, Smythey!"

Adolphus Smythe glanced round at the meeting in his study.

It was quite a numerous gathering of the nutty juniors, the select circle who rejoiced in the title of the "Giddy Goats of Rookwood."

There were Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower of the Fourth, and Tracy and Howard and Chesney of the Shell, as well as the great Adolphus Smythe himself.

They were discussing Mornington II. Mornington Secundus was, in fact, quite a topic at Rookwood. Even the mighty Sixth Form deigned to be interested in him.

It was more than a nine days' wonder. 'Erbert of the Second Form, the waif of Rookwood, the little ragamuffin who had been treated with studied contempt by Smythe & Co., had suddenly been transformed into a person of great consequence.

And Mornington of the Fourth—Morny the magnificent—had, with equal suddenness, fallen from his high estate, like Lucifer, Son of the Morning.

Naturally, Smythe of the Shell had been doing some "thinkin'" on the subject. He now proceeded to acquaint his nutty comrades with the outcome of his unusual mental exercises.

"Morny," said Smythe, "always was a bit of an outsider. Morny of the Fourth, I mean."

"Always!" agreed Tracy.

"Insolent rotter, if you ask me," said Townsend. "Never quite civil, even to his pals. Not that I ever regarded him as much of a pal."

"In fact, we had practically dropped him before this happened," remarked Topham.

"Yaas; that's so."

"Now it appears that he was practically takin' us in," said Smythe. "We understood that he was no end of a great gun—rollin' in wealth, an' all that. Not that we cared anythin' about his rotten money. He kept his cousin dark. Nobody knew he had a missin' cousin. Now his merry cousin Cecil turns up, an' turns out to be heir to the Morning-

ton estates—an' takes everythin'—Morny is practically a beggar!"

"Hard up as that cad Rawson!" smiled Gower.

"Yaas. I regard Morny as havin' squirmed into our set on false pretences," continued Adolphus. "My idea is that Morny's goin' to be dropped—sharp! He was never anythin' but an outsider at the best. I'm done with him, for one. I can't stand a fellow who puts on side, an' turns out to be a nobody after all."

"Right as rain, old chap!"

"But what about that kid 'Erbert?" resumed Smythe, lighting a cigarette with thoughtful care. "Of course, we treated him with the contempt he deserved when he was supposed to be a tramp picked off the high road, an' showed into Rookwood to mix with the fellows here on equal terms. I regarded it as shockin'."

"It was shockin'!" said Howard.

"Yaas. But it turns out that this ragamuffin is really Morny's missin' cousin, kidnapped by gipsies or some-thin'. Under those cires, I think we can be lenient with him. He really never had a chance, had he?"

"He hadn't!" agreed the nuts.

"Now he's taken Morny's place—there's no doubt about it, for old Stac-poolle has been down, an' recognised him as his relation an' ward. And the Head's had his name changed to Mornington on the school books."

"No doubt at all, old scout."

"And he'll be fairly rollin' in money, too," remarked Peele. "Just like poor old Morny in his palmy days."

"Never mind his money," said Smythe hastily. "We're not thinkin' of his money!"

"Ahem! Of course not!"

"But my idea is to do justice to the kid!"

"Oh!"

"He never had a chance," said Adolphus nobly. "Stolen by gipsies, and left to bring himself up—it's no wonder he can't speak the King's English, an' eats with his knife, an' drops h's and things. He's been hardly treated, you know, an' I really think we ought to take some notice of him. In our society he may pick up manners an' customs suited to what turns out to be his station in life. I regard it as a duty—a benevolent duty!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Peele.

"It will be rather a trial to our feelin's," went on Adolphus. "But when duty calls, you know! I dare say we

can make somethin' of the little beast! Teach him manners, an' all that. Any-way, we're goin' to try. Is that agreed?"

"Yes, rather."

"It would only be kind," said Townsend generously.

"He's rather a savage little beast, though," said Tracey of the Shell. "My minor, in the Second, made it a point to be civil to him after this came out, and the utter young ruffian pulled his nose! Pulled my minor's nose, you know!"

"H'm!" said Adolphus. "Well, he won't pull my nose, I fancy. Hallo, come in!" added Smythe, as a tap came at the door.

The door opened, and Valentine Mornington stepped in.

There was a general stir of uneasiness among the nuts in the study, as they saw the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington had never been liked much by his nutty pals in his wealthy days of importance.

Now that he had fallen from his high estate, his former pals remembered all his insolence, and fully intended to repay it with insolence.

Not that they would have acted any differently if Morny had been as thoroughly decent a fellow as Jimmy Silver or Tom Rawson.

Smythe & Co. had no use for a pal who was down on his luck.

But the remembrance of much high-handed superciliousness gave a sort of zest to the process of "dropping" him.

Smythe of the Shell put up his eye-glass, and surveyed the newcomer with a lofty glance.

He did not speak.

Nobody spoke.

The usual chorus of "Come in, Morny, old chap!" was conspicuous by its absence.

There was a dead silence, and if some of the nuts were a little uneasy, it was because they knew Mornington's savage temper, and wondered whether his exclusion from the nutty circle would lead to some passionate outbreak.

The nuts of Rookwood were not fighting-men, and had a great dislike for fisticuffs. And there never was really any telling what Mornington of the Fourth might or might not do.

Valentine Mornington looked at them, his well-cut lip curling sarcastically.

"You don't seem specially glad to see me!" he remarked.

Smythe jammed his monocle a little tighter into his eye.

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

8 Another Adventure of the Greyfriars Tourists in the "Magnet" this Week!

"I don't remember askin' you to my study!" he remarked.

"Fact is, we're rather busy," said Tracy.

"Would you mind closin' the door after you, Mornington?" inquired Chesney, with great politeness.

Mornington stood, and looked at them. It was only too evident that he was no longer the wealthy and important Morny, whom the nuts of Rookwood delighted to honour.

"I rather expected somethin' of this sort!" he remarked, after a pause. "You are livin' up to my opinion of you, dear boys."

"The fact is," said Smythe calmly, "we regard you as havin' spoofed us, Mornington. You weren't what you represented yourself to be. I won't say it was false pretences, but it was somethin' very much like it."

"You are not yearnin' for my company now, it seems," remarked Mornington.

"Never was!" said Smythe coolly. "You were always too cheeky for my taste, an' I regard you as havin' forced yourself on me. An' I tell you candidly, Mornington, the less I have to do with you the better I shall like it."

"I understand!" assented Mornington. "Glad you do! Close the door after you, dear boy!"

"I'm goin'," said Mornington quietly. "But before I go, I feel bound to express my opinion of you, old fellow!"

"Look here— Oh, my hat! Yah!" Mornington made a sudden stride towards Adolphus Smythe, and seized his nose between a finger and thumb that seemed to close like a vice.

Smythe leaped to his feet, spluttering out his cigarette.

"Yow! Led do! Led do by dose!" he stuttered.

Mornington compressed his grip ruthlessly, till the dandy of the Shell howled with anguish.

The nuts were all on their feet now.

But no hand was raised against Mornington. After all, Smythe was big enough to look after himself, if he chose.

Perhaps he did not choose. He aimed a blow at Morny, which the Fourth-Former knocked aside with his left.

Then Smythe's attention seemed to be chiefly devoted to dancing and gurgling.

"Groogh! Led do! Ow! Yow! By gad! Yah! Oh!"

Mornington grinned, and let go at last. Smythe clasped his damaged nose with both hands, gasping with pain and fury. Mornington cast a glance of careless defiance at the nuts, turned on his heel, and walked out of the study.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Adolphus Tries It On!

FEELING very chirpy—what?" Jimmy Silver of the Fourth clapped the waif of Rookwood on the shoulder as he spoke, with a smile.

'Erbert of the Second—now known in Rookwood as Mornington II.—looked up at the captain of the Fourth with a grin. Though it was known now that his name was Cecil Mornington, the fag was never likely to be called anything but "Erbert," as of old.

"Yes, Master Silver," he said. Jimmy shook a finger at him.

"What do you mean with your 'Master Silver'?" he demanded. "Don't you know that you're a person of tremendous consequence, much more important than a common person like myself?"

"Oh, Master Silver!" said 'Erbert, with a chuckle.

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

NEXT
FRIDAY: "THE ROAD TO RUIN!"

"Made a lot of friends since the news came out—what?" asked Lovell.

Another chuckle from 'Erbert.

"Tracy minor 'ave tried to make friends with me," he said. "He was always turnin' up his nose at me afore. Now he's been showin' a lot of friendship, an' I've pulled his nose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fistical Four. "And how are you getting on with Mornington the First?" asked Jimmy.

'Erbert's bright face clouded a little. "He's very kind," he said. "He's took it splendid! But—but it's rotten to take away tot belongs to Master Morny, ain't it? I don't like it!"

"Oh, Morny's all right!" said Jimmy Silver. "He's got his uncle, you know; and he's going into the Army when he grows up. I suppose you're getting a bigger allowance now—what?"

"Yes, Master Silver."

"Would you like a tip from an old pal?"

"Cert'nly, sir."

"Well, look after your money, and look twice at fellows who pal with you, who didn't pal with you before," said Jimmy Silver. "There's some black sheep in this school, and you want to give them a wide berth. See?"

'Erbert nodded.

"I'll remember that, Master Silver. I knows wot you mean, and I ain't exactly a duffer, you know."

Jimmy Silver nodded, and walked on with his chums. Jimmy had always been very kind to the waif of Rookwood before 'Erbert's good luck came along, and he had felt impelled to give him that word of advice Jimmy knew the kind of friends who would gather round 'Erbert in his prosperity.

Probably 'Erbert knew it, too. In his early days as a ragamuffin he had his young wits sharpened.

Good fortune had not brought all pleasure to 'Erbert.

The fact that he had taken his cousin's place as heir of Mornington, though against his will, troubled him. His first thought had been to "go halves" with Mornington, and he had been distressed when he found out that that was impossible.

He was thinking a great deal more about Morny than about himself. What would the lofty and magnificent Morny do, deprived of his wealth?

Morny, 'Erbert felt, was born to adorn a high station, and poor 'Erbert was not. It did not seem to him fair, somehow, that Morny should lose so much, and that he should gain so much without even having a voice in the matter.

Had Mornington taken it badly, 'Erbert would have been wounded to the very heart. But Mornington was taking it well.

It had been bitter enough to him at first; but the dandy of the Fourth had "faced the music" with his usual coolness and nerve, and he had found himself able to bear the change with equanimity.

It meant a great change.

Instead of being the wealthiest fellow at Rookwood, Mornington was now dependent on his uncle and guardian, and was certainly not better off than most of the fellows at Rookwood. He was worse off than a good many.

And he was dependent!

That was the unkindest cut of all, and Morny felt it.

He had taken his cousin's offer of "halves" with good-humoured merriment. He did not think it likely that 'Erbert would hold to that when he came of an age to dispose of his wealth.

Morny's faith in human nature was not great.

But 'Erbert meant it sincerely enough, and he would have been very glad to share his property with the fellow who had been, with all his faults, his generous benefactor.

'Erbert was thinking it over, after Jimmy Silver & Co. had left him, with a wrinkle in his brow. His meditations were interrupted by the drawing voice of Smythe of the Shell.

"Hallo! All on your own, kid?"

'Erbert looked at him.

Smythe's manner towards the waif of Rookwood had always been one of the most profound and unconcealed contempt and aversion.

That manner had changed completely now.

"I've been lookin' for you!" said Smythe graciously.

"Ave you?" said 'Erbert.

Smythe shuddered slightly. The dropped aspirate got on his aristocratic nerves still. But he nobly concealed his distaste.

"Yaas, dear boy," he replied.

"Who's a dear boy?" asked 'Erbert deliberately.

"Eh? You are, you know!"

"Last time you spoke to me I was a measly little toad," said 'Erbert. "'Ow 'ave I changed into a dear boy?"

Smythe coughed.

Really, his change of attitude required some explaining away. He had considered that 'Erbert would be so honoured at being taken notice of that he would be glad to let bygones be bygones. Apparently that was not the case.

Adolphus coughed, and coughed again. 'Erbert looked at him with a sarcastic grin.

"My dear chap, I apologise," said Smythe, taking the plunge, as it were. "I'm sorry if I—ahem!—if I—"

"No if about it," said 'Erbert. "You did!"

Smythe was rather at a loss. He changed the subject.

"Had your tea?" he asked.

"No, I ain't!"

"Come and have it in my study," said Smythe hospitably. "We've got rather a spread goin'. Lots, in fact!"

"You mean that you're playin' food-'og?" said 'Erbert.

Smythe coughed again.

"Cause I don't want nothin' to do with food-'ogs, nor with you, neither, anyway!" said 'Erbert.

And he turned his back, and marched off.

Adolphus Smythe stood rooted to the ground.

He—Adolphus Smythe, the dandy of the Shell, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form to all junior Rookwood—was cut!

It quite took his breath away.

"By gad!" he ejaculated at last.

And as Smythe slowly departed, with pink cheeks, he ejaculated again, several times, "By gad!" And 'Erbert of the Second did not come to tea in Smythe's study!

THE THIRD CHAPTER. The Mighty Fallen!

KIT ERROLL'S brow darkened. He had gone into Mornington's study in the Fourth to speak to his chum. Morny was not there, and Erroll stood looking out of the window while he waited for him. He spotted Mornington coming across the quad towards the School House.

There were a good many fellows in the

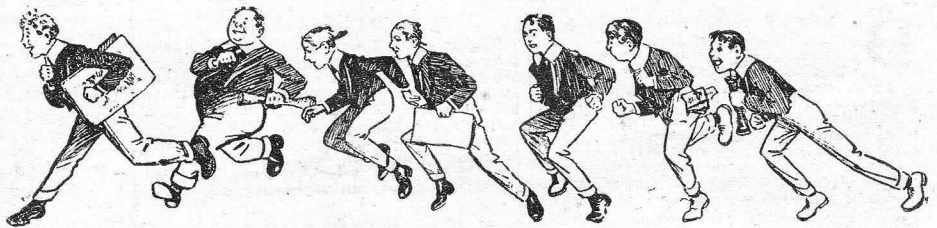
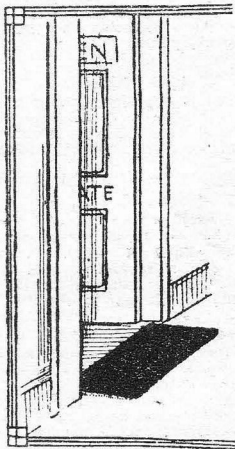
(Continued on page 13.)

THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

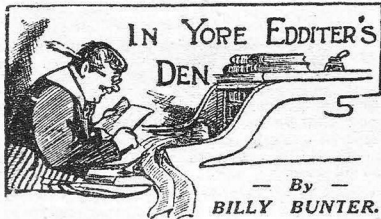
By OWEN CONQUEST.

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



My Deer Readers,—If ever a fello was kwallified to write about kooking, that fello is me!

Sum feloes karn't kook. Sum feloes can. I belong to the latter kattygory.

The older reeders, who remember reeding about my erly skooldays at Greyfriars, when I shared Studdy No. 1 with Wharton and Nugent, will recollect that I did all the kooking, and did it jolly well, too! Since I left Studdy No. 1 I have notissed that Wharton and Nugent have got konsiderably thinner! They miss my mutton chops and my fride sossidges!

I have ment to bring out a Speshul Kookery Number for sum time, but sumthing has always terned up to prevent it. However, hear it is at last, and I think you will all agree that it has been well worth waiting for.

If you karn't kook a meel after reeding this number, well, it won't be my fawlt! A chap who karn't kook after all these useful hints is a silly kookoo!

One of these days, deer reeders, I shall be the edditter of "Grubb," or "The Kompleat Kook," or sum jernal of that sort. I'm bound to go far—espehully if sumboddy eggsploodes sum dynermite behind me!

I will now leeve you, deer frends, to p'rooze this wonderful number. Don't forgett to write and tell me what you think of it. "Billy Bunter, c/o. The Editor of the POPULAR, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4." That's my address, in case you don't no.

I hope that one of these days you will all become kookery eggsperts like

Yore Edditer

A COOKERY BALLAD!

Written By
Dick Penfold.

Sung By
William George Bunter.

If you could see me cook a chop, you'd gaze at me with awe,
And say, "A more efficient cook I never, never saw!"

If you could see me making duff, or anything like that,
You'd snatch the pudding from my hand,
and take it on the mat!

If you were the only chap in the school,
And I had to cook your grub,
Nothing else would matter in this world to-day,

We should go on gorging in the same old way.

A perfect paradise, just for two,
With nothing to make you blub,
If you were the only chap in the school,
And I had to cook your grub!

If you could see me frying eggs, you'd simply have a fit.
You'd say that Bunter, W. G., was absolutely "IT"!

If you saw my home-made toffee, the frying-pan you'd grab,
And you'd gorge with joy and relish till you reach the final slab!

If you were the only chap in the school,
- And I had to cook your grub,
Nothing else would matter in this world to-day,

We should go on gorging in the same old way.

A perfect paradise, just for two,
You'd call me a "dear old tub,"
If you were the only chap in the school,
And I had to cook your grub!

MY FAVERITE SONG!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

This may seem a strange title for an article in a Speshul Kookery Number, but you'll see what I'm aiming at in a minnit (as Mister Prout said when he potted at a sparrow in the Close with his Winchester repeater).

100's and 100's of songs have been ritten during the last few years. Sum of them have been commic, sum have been sentimental.

Yung Tubb says his faverite song is "A Sleep in the Deep." Personally, I'd sooner have a sleep in the dormitory!

Paget's faverite is "Bird of Luv Divine." I suppoze it refers to his pet canary!

Bolsover miner says that tuching ditty, "Everyone Calls Me Tarzan," always brings a lump to his throate. And Dicky Nugent can never bike over to Courtfield without singing "In an Old-fashioned Town."

But the best song of all—deny it who can—is "Come to the Kook-house Door, Boys!" I heard it sung on the bugle menny a time when I passed threw the military camp at Wapshott in war-time.

Come to the kook-house door! No more delightful invitashun has ever been uttered. It at wunce conjures up vizzions of boolly beef, with spotted dog pooding to follo. It's a grate song—a wonderful song. The fello who wrote it ought to be nighted!

Don't talk to me of yore little grey homes in the West! Don't prate to me of the three fishers who went sailing—also in the West! Don't start humming about "the roses round the door" in my presunce—unless they happen to be round the kook-house door!

Verrily, that song is a masterpiece. It will live for jenny-rations. Every time I here it, it brings a lump to my eyes and a torrent of tears to my throate!

When you're feeling fagged and almost famished, and fed-up, those words fall on yore ears like wonderful, haunting musick:

"Come to the Kook-house Door, Boys!"

'That's the only line I happen to no. But I think all the other lines happen to be the same. I never sing any other song, and I never shall.

Now, reeders of the "Weakly," let us all join strongly in the chorus!

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.



DORMITORY feeds have always been one of the joys of life. Sometimes, however, it happens that there is nobody in the dormitory who can cook. This takes the gilt off the gingerbread.

A good cook is essential to every dormitory, because it frequently happens that you can't obtain grub which is already cooked.

If you carefully observe my wonderful recipes given below (copyright in the United States of America) you will be able to make your next dormitory feed a bumper success.

ROAST PORK.

This is a very simple thing to prepare. All you've got to do is to catch that prize porker, Baggy Trimble, and roast him!

WINKLES AND SALAD.

If you have been industrious during the summer vac, you ought to have caught several hundred winkles to bring back to the school with you. Place the winkles into the saucepan, and boil until they scream for deliverance. Then dish them up, having previously borrowed a packet of pins from the matron. The salad should consist of lettuce, onions, tomatoes, and similar products which are to be found in the Head's garden!

N.B.—Do not leave your winkle-shells scattered over the dormitory floor, or when the prefect comes in next morning he will imagine he's on the beach at Margate!

Dainty Dishes for the Dormitory!

By TOM BROWN.

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE.

Having caught a number of toads, carefully dissect and dismember them, and place the remnants in a hole which you have made in a lump of batter pudding. Place the hole—I mean, the whole—into a frying-pan, and fry for half an hour. Add salt and pepper to taste, and then dish up. This is a most delightful dish, but be sure you have nice plump toads. Tadpoles, and similar creatures, are no earthly use.

TOMATO SOUP.

Light the fire in the dormitory, and boil a saucepan of water. Cut up a number of tomatoes, and pop them into the saucepan. Stir briskly with a cricket-stump. When the soup assumes a pink complexion, you will know it is done. Serve in soap-dishes, and be careful not to spill any of the soup over the sheets. It stains horribly.

TREACLE TART.

This hardly needs any explanation. A layer of pastry and a tin of treacle are all that you require. But see that the tart is made syrup-titiously. You don't want a master or a prefect to walk into the dorm in the middle of your operations!

HOME-MADE LEMONADE.

Slice up a number of lemons, and place them in a saucepan of water to boil, stirring with the cricket-stump, as before-men-

tioned. Allow it to cool, and then serve up with straws.

N.B.—The lemonade will taste strongly of tomatoes and winkles, but this only makes the flavour more enjoyable.

BISCUITS AND CHEESE.

These require no preparation, having been smuggled into the dormitory beforehand. But don't do what that silly ass Newland did the other night—serve soup in mistake for cheese!

DOUGHNUTS.

These are very easy to prepare. All that you want is a bag of monkey-nuts, some dough, and a sprinkling of sugar. These delicacies will make a special appeal to Lord Mauleverer, as he happens to be a "nut" with plenty of "dough"!

If you follow out these directions, your next dormitory feed will be such a success that you won't want another for ages—not until you come out of the sanny!

A feed on these lines was prepared in the Fourth Form dormitory last night. I believe I am the sole survivor!

BAGGY TRIMBLE BUTS IN!

I say, you fellows, don't take any notis of Tom Brown's hints given above! He duzzent no what he's torking about!

If you want to lern to kook, join my Sheshul Kookery Klass! After a few lessens, you will be able to kook anything from a legg of pork to a sholder of mutton.

My terms are a tanner a time, payable in advance.

If at kooking you're an ass,
Join my Sheshul Kookery Klass!
Fatty Wynn's a silly chump,
His rassy-peas give me the hurap!

BAGGY TRIMBLE.

My Case Against Cookery!

— By —
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

SOME fellows seem to regard a good square meal as the be-all and end-all of existence.

Fatty Wynn is one of them. That greedy glutton Trimble is another. Ask either of these fellows to name their greatest joy in life, and they will promptly reply:

"A jolly good feed, of course!"

Unfortunately, there are dozens of other fellows who would heartily endorse that statement.

Now, this is all wrong.

It is very necessary to feed one's face, of course. But it is equally necessary to remember that life holds higher and nobler things than the preparation and consumption of food.

Clothes, for instance.

I heard a fellow the other day boasting that he could demolish six doughnuts inside five minutes. Yet that same fellow didn't know the proper way to arrange his necktie! His knowledge of food was as next to unanny. He could tell beef from mutton, and mutton from pork, and pork from veal; whereas, they are all alike to me. He could tell you how to make a suet-dumpling, and how to prepare a chocolate mould. He could talk about chops and steaks from the rising up of the sun to the going down thereof.

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

Yet he doesn't know a topper from a trilby!

Such ignorance is truly appalling. We are supposed to live in an enlightened age, but, by Jove, when a fellow puts cookery before clothing it's sheer barbarism! There is no other word for it.

Ask a fellow what's for dinner on Sunday, and he'll tell you without the slightest hesitation. Ask that same fellow to tell you what fashions are being worn in Bond Street during August, and he'll stand and goggle at you like a country yokel!

I wonder when everybody will wake up to the importance of being well dressed? If there were more fashion classes and less cookery classes our standard of civilisation would greatly improve.

Personally, I would rather have a smart, well-cut suit of togs than the most sumptuous banquet that was ever prepared!

The editor of this journal considers he is doing a very fine thing by having a Special Cookery Number. It is an issue after his own heart. But it makes no sort of appeal to me.

When, may I ask, is there going to be a Special Fashions Number of "Billy Bunter's Weekly"? Such a number would take the world by storm, and the circulation of the POPULAR would rise by leaps and bounds.

Down with cookery, and let fashions lead the field! That is my war-cry.

(And a very silly war-cry, too! As if the cut of a suit was more important than a good skware meel! Gussy, old son, you're torking out of the back of yore neck! And the neck-st time you write anything which is antagonistic to my own views I shall put yore kontribution in the great, and make a bonfire of it!—Ed.)

A FEAST OF THE GODS!

: By FATTY WYNN :

The finest feed I ever had?

Ah, that was long ago, my lad,

Two terms, if I remember,
We licked the Greyfriars footer team,
And then we fed—it was a dream!

One day in dull December.

The spread was laid for twenty-two,
And then the number grew and grew
In such a speedy manner.

We had to fly round to the shop
And buy more cakes and ginger-pop:
We blued each nimble tanner!

Large doughnuts flirted on the dish,
With every sort of cake you'd wish
To see upon a table.

Accommodation was at par,
And voices buzzed from near and far,
Just like a Tower of Babel!

Some say I'm greedy; that's all rot!
But, as you know, I like a lot,

And when I once got going,
All eyes were fixed upon my plate,
And fellows marvelled at my great
Capacity for stowing!

Those puddings—ah, they haunt me yet!
Their odour I shall not forget

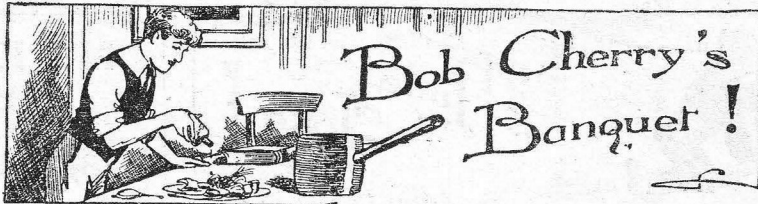
Until I'm old and hoary.
I did not pause till six were gone,
And felt keen anguish later on—

But that's another story!

I won't describe the tuck I cleared,
When all the puddings disappeared,
Because it would be boring;
But late that night they found me deep
On Merry's couch in dreamful sleep,
And musically snoring!

[Supplement II.]

A Short Story of a Feed which had a Tragic Ending—for Bob Cherry.



:: By ::
FRANK NUGENT.

BOB CHERRY is a fellow who is always bristling with brain-waves. Some of his brain-waves are highly ingenious; others suggest that he is off his rooker—just for the time being.

Bob's latest stunt was to provide a bumper celebration in honour of Jack Drake, who was paying the school a visit.

Drake had left Greyfriars last term, and had joined hands with Ferrers Locke, the great detective, and Bob Cherry was determined to celebrate the occasion of their old school-chum's flying visit.

"It's up to us to invite Drake to a study feed," said Bob.

"I agree," said Wharton. "But as it happens there's a famine in the land. We can muster about five bob between us—and five bob won't go far at the tuckshop."

"My dear old bean," said Bob, "I'm not suggesting that we go to a lot of expense. We'll cook the stuff ourselves."

"Cooking isn't one of my attainments," said Wharton.

"And I don't know the first thing about cooking," I said.

"I'm a duffer at the game, too," said Johnny Bull.

"As for me, I could not cookfully prepare a chop to save my life," said Hurree Singh frankly.

"Quite so," agreed Bob Cherry. "But your Uncle Bob is a culinary expert. My knowledge of cooking is so extensive that I could walk into any of the big hotels in London and get a chef's job."

"Rats!"

"If you say 'Rats!' to me, John Bull, I'll puncture your proboscis! I tell you, I've swotted up a cookery-book, and what I don't know about the art isn't worth knowing. Leave the matter in my hands, and I'll undertake to provide a stunning, gilt-edged spread. Drake will be awfully bucked!"

"Don't you think we ought to get Bunter to do the cooking?" suggested Harry Wharton. "Bunter's a duffer in most respects, but I'll give him credit for being able to cook."

"Leave Bunter out of it," said Bob Cherry. "He can cook all right, but what's the use of that, if he eats all he cooks? As I said before, you can leave the matter in my hands. We'll have the celebration this evening. There will be Drake, of course, and Dick Rodney and Smithy and Linley and Toddy and Tom Brown."

Wharton shook his head doubtfully. "I'm afraid you'll make a hash of it," he said.

"Not at all. Hash won't be on the menu. The first course will be lobster."

"Where are you going to get your lobsters from?" asked Nugent.

"I caught some, if you remember, in Pegg Bay."

"Yes; but that was last Thursday week. Those lobsters will be in a state of senile decay by now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, you cackling idiots!" growled Bob Cherry. "You make me tired. You needn't help me if you don't want to. You can sit and twiddle your thumbs, and I'll go ahead with the arrangements!"

So saying, Bob proceeded to write out the invitations as follows:

"There will be a grand spread in Study No. 1 this evening at 8 sharp, in order to celebrate Jack Drake's visit. The honour of your attendance is requested by Bob Cherry, head cook and bottle-washer."

Having detailed a fag to deliver the invitations, Bob Cherry got busy. His chums went out to play cricket, and he was left to his own devices. Bob went to the cupboard, and produced a couple of large lobsters. He had perforce to place his handkerchief to his nose as he did so, for those lobsters were anything but fresh.

"They seem a bit high," murmured Bob Cherry. "But they'll be all right by the

time I've finished with them. Now, the first thing I want is some boiling water."

Fortunately, there was a saucepan available. Bob filled it with water, and set it on the gas-stove to boil. Then he placed the lobsters head downwards into the water, and left them there to boil. They made a curious sizzling sound, but the unpleasant aroma did not depart. In fact, it seemed to become more pungent.

Whilst the lobsters were boiling Bob Cherry consulted his cookery-book.

"When the lobsters are boiled, rub them over with a little salad oil," he recited. "Well, that's easier said than done. We don't keep salad oil in junior studies. Still, as the oil has to be wiped off again, I suppose bicycle-oil will answer the purpose."

Bob obtained a liberal quantity of bicycle-oil, and applied it to the lobsters as soon as they were done. He did not content himself with merely rubbing them with the oil; he fairly bathed them in it.

"Now, what do I do next?" he murmured.

"Separate the body from the tail, break off the claws, and crack them at the joints without injuring the meat. Split the tail, head, and body in halves, and arrange all neatly in a dish, with the body upright in the middle, and garnish with parsley." That



Jack Drake took a mouthful, and then fell back in his chair, spluttering.

sounds perfectly simple, except for the parsley. But any sort of greenstuff will do, I suppose."

Within ten minutes the lobsters were prepared to Bob's satisfaction. They were set in a soapdish, and hastily put back in the cupboard, for Bob found the aroma far from pleasant.

"Now we come to the baked apple-dumplings," he muttered. "There ought really to be a joint in between the fish and the dessert, but funds won't run to it. I've got some apples, thank goodness. They're the ones we raided from old Popper's orchard, but we couldn't eat 'em because they were too hard. What does the cookery-book say about apple-dumplings, I wonder? I must refresh my memory."

Once again Bob consulted the book, and he digested the following instructions:

"Pare and take out the cores of the apples without dividing them, and make pie-crust. Roll the apples in the crust, previously sweetening them with sugar. When formed into round balls, put them in a tin, and bake them for about half an hour, or longer."

These directions seemed straightforward enough. Nevertheless, the apple-dumplings gave the amateur cook a lot of trouble. He had barely got through with them by eight o'clock, when there was a tramping of feet in the passage, and a crowd of hungry juniors came in.

"Feed ready?" inquired Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry nodded, and mopped his perspiring brow.

"What is there to eat?" asked Vernon-Smith, glancing round the study.

"Lobster, and apple-dumplings to follow," said Bob Cherry in tones of pride. "And there will be biscuits and cheese to finish up with."

"That sounds good enough," said Jack

Drake. "Jolly decent of you to invite me, Cherry!"

"Not at all!" said Bob. "When a fellow pays his old school a visit it's only right that we should make a fuss of him. Buck up and lay the table, Franky, and I'll serve the first course."

Frank Nugent laid the table, and Bob Cherry went to the cupboard and brought out the lobsters.

"Phew!" gasped Peter Todd. "What a giddy aroma!"

"Lobsters always smell like that!" explained Bob Cherry.

"Do they? Well, don't shove them near me, for goodness sake. I can't stand it."

Bob Cherry served out portions of lobsters all round, but nobody seemed in a violent hurry to make a start.

Jack Drake was the gallant hero who first had the courage to tackle the lobster. He took a mouthful, and then fell back in his chair, spluttering.

"Anything wrong, old man?" asked Rodney anxiously.

"I should jolly well say so! These lobsters must be in their dotage. I've never tasted such appalling stuff in my life!"

After Drake's experience, only one fellow had pluck enough to sample the lobster. That was Tom Brown, who was feeling very hungry.

One mouthful of the lobster was enough, and more than enough, for Tom Brown. He turned suddenly pale, and, mumbling an apology, left the study in a hurry. He didn't come back.

Peter Todd pushed his plate away from him. "Take this revolting stuff away," he said, "and let's get on to the apple-dumplings!"

The first part of the feed had been a decided "wash-out." There could be no question about that. But everybody hoped that the apple-dumplings would atone for the shortcomings of the lobsters.

But alas!

Bob Cherry's piecrust was hardly recognisable as piecrust at all. It was like dough, and even the most hardened feeder could make no headway with it.

As for the apples, they were the last word. They had been raided some weeks previously from Sir Hilton Popper's orchard, and they were in a state of decomposition.

Many hostile glares were directed at Bob Cherry.

"This is your doing, you ass!" growled Johnny Bull. "You deserve to be pelted with your own piecrust!"

And he told us he could cook," I snorted. "Oh, my hat!"

"There—there's biscuits and cheese to finish up with," said Bob Cherry encouragingly.

"But we haven't started yet!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith. "There hasn't been a single thing that's fit to eat!"

The cheese, when it was produced, was so lively that it shared the fate of the lobster and the apple-dumplings, and was left severely alone.

The result was that Bob Cherry's "bumper celebration" consisted merely of a few dry biscuits.

Harry Wharton rose to his feet.

"If you will wait a moment I'll buzz down to the tuckshop and get some decent grub," he said.

"That's all serene, old fellow!" said Jack Drake.

Wharton nodded, and dashed out of the study. There was only one thing to do now; that was to borrow off Mauleverer. He didn't like borrowing, but it had to be done. They couldn't send their guest away hungry.

Mauleverer stumped up like a true hero, and suggested he should help Wharton buy and carry the grub.

A quarter of an hour later the two returned laden with grub enough to relieve a starving garrison.

So, in spite of Bob Cherry's failure at cooking, the Greyfriars' guest of honour thoroughly enjoyed himself.



MY KOOKERY KOLLUM!

By Tubby Muffin.

"Do you want me, ma'am?" Tupper, the pageboy at Rookwood, addressed himself to the cook. That worthy dame was engaged in making up a luncheon-basket.

"I want you to take this to Mr. Bohun," she said.

"Where is he?"
"On the golf-links."
Tupper made a grimace. The golf-links were situated some distance from the school. Moreover, it was a broiling hot day—far too hot to run errands.

"Which I'm a pageboy—not a blessed food distributor!" growled Tupper. "Why don't old Bohun 'ave 'is lunch at the school, like the others?"

"He's playing in a golf tournament," said the cook. "He asked particular for his lunch to be took along to him. And you're the only one as I can send."

"Oh, am I?" snorted Tupper. "Well, I'll take this basket along, but I don't mean to 'urry. I shall get melted to a grease-spot if I do."

So saying, Tupper picked up the lunch-basket and strolled leisurely out of the kitchen. And the muttered epithets which he hurled at Mr. Bohun as he went would have made that gentleman's ears tingle.

Tupper had proceeded about half-way on his mission, when he began to realise that he was hungry.

For once in a way there had not been sufficient food to go round at dinner-time, and the staff had had to go short.

Tupper had been promised an extra special tea at five o'clock to make up for it. But five o'clock was a long way off. And meanwhile—here was a basket containing some excellent ham-and-beef sandwiches, a large portion of apple-tart, and a bottle of ginger-beer.

The pageboy stopped short. He deposited the lunch-basket on the grassy bank and lifted the lid.

At the sight of the good things within he became even more ravenous.

"I'll 'elp meself to jest one sandwich," he murmured.

The sandwich was delightful. So much so that Tupper sampled another. Then he sampled a third, with great enjoyment.

The taste of the ham made him thirsty, so he refreshed himself with the ginger-beer.

Having made such an inroad into the sandwiches, Tupper felt justified in finishing them up. And the apple-tart looked so inviting that he devoured that also.

Then the realisation of what he had done came as rather a shock to him.

He had consumed a master's lunch!

It was certainly a heinous offence—almost a crime, in fact. Pageboys had been sacked for less.

"Ow can I possibly deliver an empty basket to old Bohun?" murmured Tupper.

It was at this point that he saw Tubby Muffin, of the Classical Fourth, coming along the road, and an idea struck him.

There were some large stones lying in the roadway. Tupper gathered them up and stowed them into the lunch-basket. Then he closed the lid and made it secure.

A moment later Tubby Muffin was beside him.

"What have you got there, Tupper?" demanded the fat junior.

"It—it's old Bohun's lunch!" explained the page, in faint tones. "Cook told me to take it to 'im on the golf-links, but I—I can't go any farther. I've got a touch of sunstroke, I think!"

And Tupper passed his hand dazedly across his brow.

"Don't worry, kid," said Tubby Muffin good-naturedly. "I'll take the basket for you."

This was precisely what Tupper wanted. He stammered out his thanks, rose to his feet, and limped unsteadily away in the direction of Rookwood.

Tubby Muffin picked up the lunch-basket.

"Jove, it's jolly heavy!" he panted. "I almost wish I hadn't taken the job on. Still, a loyal Scout ought always to be doing good turns, and this is my good turn for to-day."

Tubby set off along the road, carrying the basket with difficulty, and perspiring profusely. It was hot work, but he cheered himself up with the reflection that Mr. Bohun might invite him to stay and have a snack when the lunch-basket was delivered.

Weary and heavy laden, Tubby at length arrived on the golf-links.

Mr. Bohun was in the act of "holing-in" on the green. His object was to get the ball into a hole; but he got himself into a hole instead, by making a reckless stroke. The ball missed its objective by a yard, and then Mr. Bohun's opponent came along, holed his ball, and won the game.

The Rookwood master looked far from pleased. He didn't like being beaten at golf.

Then, looking up, he happened to catch sight of Tubby Muffin, with the lunch-basket. "Ah, here is my lunch!" he exclaimed. "After a morning's exercise, I shall do full



Tubby Muffin took to his heels, and sped away, with Mr. Bohun in hot pursuit, waving a golf-club.

justice to it. Bring the basket over here, Muffin!"

"Yessir! Certainly, sir!"

Tubby Muffin dragged the lunch-basket along, and stood by while Mr. Bohun opened it. After all his trouble, he reflected, Mr. Bohun would be certain to give him a couple of sandwiches. He had earned a snack, anyway.

Then, while Tubby looked on expectantly, Mr. Bohun suddenly emitted a terrible roar, like that of an angry bull.

"Why, what is this? Stones! Flints! Pebbles!" Mr. Bohun's voice rose higher at every word. "Is this your idea of a joke, Muffin?"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Tubby, with a startled blink. "I—I—"

"Begone!" roared Mr. Bohun. "I will deal with you later, when I get back to Rookwood!"

Tubby Muffin became aware of the fact that the angry master was advancing upon him with upraised golf-club. He promptly took to his heels, and sped away across the fields, with Mr. Bohun in hot pursuit.

Fortunately for Tubby Muffin his pursuer was no athlete.

After a fierce and exciting chase, Mr. Bohun dropped out of the running, and the fat Fourth-Former got back to Rookwood without mishap.

When, later in the day, Mr. Bohun returned to the school, he made a few inquiries in the kitchen.

Tupper, the page, was sent for, and he broke down under cross-examination, and confessed that he had appropriated Mr. Bohun's lunch. He was duly punished by being forbidden to go out of gates for a week. As Tupper had arranged to go over to see the circus at Latcham, this punishment hit him very hard indeed. But—as Tubby Muffin told him afterwards—it was no more than he deserved.

Why karn't Tommy Cook? Bekawsa he won't take the trubble to lern!

What did Ernest Fry? You'd better go to Greyfriars and ask him!

But enuff of these konundrums. I suppoze you no that I have just been appoynted Cheef Cook to the Classical Side? It is what they call an onnerary post. Their's no munney attached to it—more's the pity!

I had to cook dinner for forty feloes the other nite. It was a ripping repast—the finest "de jooner" on record, as the French wood say. We started off with Dover soul; then we had sossidges and mashed and green peeze; then, as we felt rather lively, we decided to have sum caper source. We finished up with "Rookwood pooding," maid from my own speshul ressippy.

I tell you, you've got to go a long, long way to find a cook like me. When I am on the job nuthing is ever overdu or underdu. Nuthing is ever bernt or shrivelled up. Everything is pleezing to the pallet.

Peeples have asked me what I am going to be when I grow up. A sheff, of corse, at one of the leeding hotels! One of these days you will see my portly and pompus figger adorning the purloos—good word, that!—of the Ritz or the Carlton or the Walled-off. I look very becoming in a sheff's attire, too!

MY SPESHUL LIMMERICK!

Their was a yung fello of Rookwood, Who said, "Can I possibly cook wood?"
I replide, "I'm too weery
To anser yore query,
But no doubt 'Beeton's Cookery Book' would!"

I'm a poet, you see, as well as a cook—a kombinashun you don't often find!

YOUR CHANCE!

Don't delay one second, but go to your newsgent and order a Copy of

THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL!

On Sale Next Week.

Scoring Off the Nuts!

(Continued from page 8.)

quad, whom Mornington passed on his way.

Jimmy Silver & Co. nodded genially to the dandy of the Fourth, and Morny stopped a minute or two to speak to the Fistical Four.

Then he came on towards the House, outside which Townsend and Topham and Lattrey of the Fourth were chatting in a group.

Mornington passed quite close to them. The three Nuts of the Fourth stared at him in the most deliberate way, without a sign of recognition.

It was then that Erroll's brow knitted as he looked down from the window.

Mornington had been cut by his former associates—cut in open quad by the fellows who had been glad to be his hangers-on.

A slight flush crept into Mornington's cheeks, but he walked on without giving any other sign that he had noted the "cut direct."

When he had passed, Lattrey and his comrades grinned at one another.

Erroll could see how they enjoyed cutting the lofty Morny, who had snubbed them often enough in the days when he was sought after.

"The cads!" muttered Erroll. "The rotten cads!"

Nearer the House, Morny fell in with Van Ryn, Pons, and Conroy, the Colonial trio. The three Colonials had never been on good terms with Morny in his wealthy days.

He was a black sheep, and they did not like black sheep. But the three of them stopped now, and began speaking to him, and Morny laughed.

He knew—as Erroll, looking on, knew—that Conroy & Co. had made it a point to show civility to Morny because he was down on his luck.

Mornington left the Colonials, and entered the House.

There was a dark frown on his face when he came into his study. He nodded to Kit Erroll as the latter turned from the window.

"Do you still know me?" he inquired. Erroll smiled.

"Yes, Morny. I saw those cads from the window. They're not worth your taking any notice of them!"

"I know they're not!" said Mornington, compressing his lips. "I feel like kickin' them round the quad, all the same. I've passed Smythe an' Howard an' Tracy, an' they all turned their backs on me!"

"Miserable rotters!" said Erroll.

"An' you saw Townsend and Toppay an' Tubby Muffin—"

Erroll laughed.

"Never mind Tubby; he hasn't brains enough to know what he's doing," he said. "As for the others, you're better off without them."

"It's irritatin', all the same," growled Mornington. "They used to hang around me, and put up with anythin' I chose. Now they don't know me. I don't want to know them, but it's irritatin'. I've a jolly good mind—"

He broke off. "Oh, bother them! They're not worth thinkin' about. More serious things than that to think of."

"It's a big change for you," said Erroll. "All the fellows think you've taken it splendidly."

Morny shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm not goin' to whine because I'm down on my luck," he said. "Besides,

I'm not quite a beggar. I sha'n't have to scud after a scholarship like Rawson. I don't like bein' dependent upon my Uncle Stacpoole, but I can stand it. I shall have to keep clear of my Stacpoole cousins; they'd rub it in. They never liked me!"

"Perhaps—"
Erroll hesitated.

"Ha, ha! They're quite right—I never gave 'em cause to," said Mornington, guessing the unspoken thought. "I dare say I put on too much side for them. They were my poor relations, in a way! Now I'm a lot poorer than they are! Still, they're not a nice gang. Old Stacpoole is goin' to keep me at Rookwood an' pay my fees, but he won't have to pay 'Erbert's fees any longer. I'm going to have a moderate allowance—about as much as a chap like Jimmy Silver has—out of my uncle's pocket."

"Jimmy makes his allowance do."

"And I can learn to," said Mornington, with a nod. "After all, I suppose I can do without cards and smokes and gee-gees."

"And you will be all the better without them, Morny. Football will be coming along soon, and that will be a bit better than gee-gees."

Mornington nodded.

He was trying to get used to his new position, but it was a wrench at first. It was a very new experience to the dandy of Rookwood to have to consider whether he could "afford" anything he wanted. Upon the whole, he was taking it very well, and Erroll was relieved.

Jimmy Silver & Co. found themselves getting on much better with Valentine Mornington than in the old days. The Colonial Co. found him much more tolerable, too.

Tommy Dodd and his friends of the Modern side pronounced that Morny wasn't a bad chap in the main. Somehow, the best part of Morny's nature seemed to be brought to light by the change in his circumstances.

Morny found, too, that there were many things he could do without—the wealth he had loved was not, after all, necessary to his comfort. And the simple fact that he could not afford to play the "giddy goat" kept him from many of his old, shady amusements, and he was all the better for it in every way.

Morny was not quite reformed, certainly; but he was on the right road.

Erroll thought it would be easy for him to regard with contemptuous indifference the supercilious looks of Smythe & Co.

But Morny did not seem to find that so easy.

Smythe and the other nuts of the Shell repaid a good many old grudges now by ignoring the fellow they had once sought after and flattered. Townsend and Topham cut him dead.

Lattrey of the Fourth was as unpleasant as he could make himself, which is saying a good deal. Even Morny's study-mates in No. 4—Peele and Gower—were cold and contemptuous.

Morny kept up an appearance of indifference, but this treatment at the hands of his old associates made his eyes glitter at times.

Peele and Gower changed out of his study into Lattrey's, thus displacing Tubby Muffin.

Mornington would have none of Tubby, but Erroll quietly adjusted matters by moving into Mornington's study, thus leaving room for the fat junior to join up with Higgs and Jones minor.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Startling News!

TUBBY MUFFIN was the first to hear the good news.

Great news it undoubtedly was, as the Nuts of Rookwood acknowledged when they heard it.

A week had passed since Kit Erroll had become Morny's study-mate.

During that week the Nuts of Rookwood had been very careful to treat the fallen dandy of the Fourth with supercilious disdain.

More than once Morny's temper had been on the point of breaking out, but he had restrained himself.

And now came the startling news via Tubby Muffin.

Tubby, full of importance, presented himself in his old study, now shared by Lattrey, Peele, and Gower.

Those three cheery youths, were improving the shining hour before prep with a game of nap on the study-table.

Lattrey reached for a stump as Tubby looked in.

But Tubby did not retreat. He was simply bursting with what he had discovered.

"I say," he gasped, "it's amazing, you know! Mornington—"

"Bother Mornington!" growled Peele. "And bother you! Get out!"

"Yes, but Mornington—"

"Buzz off, you fat beetle!"

"But I tell you it's all a mistake!" shouted Tubby in triumph. "Morny ain't done in, after all! He ain't hard up. And that young bounder 'Erbert ain't his cousin at all! It's all a mistake! What do you think of that?"

"What!"

The stump dropped from Lattrey's hand.

"By gad!" said Peele.

"My only hat!" stuttered Gower.

"All a m-m-mistake!"

"It's lies!" exclaimed Lattrey savagely. "The fat fool's trying to pull our leg. I know there's no mistake!"

"There is!" gasped Tubby. "I just heard 'em talking about it—Morny and 'Erbert, you know. They're out there under the beeches now, if you like to look. They didn't see me—"

"You eavesdroppin' cad!" said Peele.

"I wasn't listenin'!" exclaimed Tubby indignantly. "Nothing of the kind. I simply happened to stop to rest under the tree. I saw them confabbing, you know, and wondered what it was all about—I mean, I didn't wonder—"

Tubby Muffin broke off, as Lattrey grasped him by the shoulder and shook him angrily.

"Look here, you fat fool—"

"Yow! Leggo!"

"Tell me what you heard, you babbling idiot!"

"Get it out, you silly fool!" growled Gower.

"Ain't I trying to tell you?" gasped Tubby. "They were talking it over. Morny was looking awfully pleased, and 'Erbert was rather down in the mouth."

"He would be, if it's true!" grinned Peele.

"Morny was saying he was sorry he was disappointed, and he would look after him just the same as he used to. Old Stacpoole's coming down about it. It's come out that the real Cecil Mornington died when he was a kid, and they've found proof of it."

"Impossible!" muttered Lattrey.

"I don't see that it's impossible," said Peele. "After all, it was a bit thick, that ragged wastrel turnin' out to be Mornington's cousin, and heir to a fortune."

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THEIR UNSEEN ENEMY!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

tune, an' all that. I thought it was very thick."

"Same here," agreed Gower. "A bit too thick, if you ask me. I remember remarkin' to Smythe that very likely it was all a mistake, or a swindle, or somethin'."

"I thought so all along!" announced Tubby Muffin. "I never quite swallowed it, you know. It seems that Morny thought it was true, because 'Erbert's got a mark on his shoulder like the Mornington birthmark."

"He has!" growled Lattrey. "I've seen it!"

"But he's not Morny's cousin, and I never really believed he was," grinned Tubby Muffin. "Morny's heard from his uncle, and he's going to the Head about it."

Lattrey looked out of the study window. Mornington and 'Erbert could be seen, in the distance, seated upon an old oaken bench under the beeches in animated talk.

As Lattrey stared towards them savagely, they rose and came towards the house.

Mornington's step was jaunty. The waif of Rookwood walked with his eyes on the ground, as if in gloomy thought.

Certainly their aspect bore out Tubby Muffin's amazing story.

Lattrey hurried from the study, and downstairs.

He met Mornington as he came into the House, and gave him a quick, searching look. Mornington took no heed of him. He walked away to the Head's study, tapped, and went in.

Lattrey returned to his study.

"Seen him?" asked Peele.

"He's gone in to the Head!"

"By gad! That looks like it, then!"

"Let's go and see 'Erbert," suggested Gower.

The three nuts left the study, and Tubby Muffin rolled along the passage to impart his wonderful news to other interested juniors.

Lattrey & Co. found 'Erbert downstairs, staring out of the hall window with a knitted brow. Lattrey clapped him on the shoulder.

"Thinking it out, kid?" he asked affably.

'Erbert stared at him.

"Tell us all about it, dear boy!" said Peele.

'Erbert sniffed.

"I ain't a dear boy now," he said sarcastically. "As soon as you've 'eard some noos that's coming along, you'll think me a measly toad agin."

The nuts exchanged glances.

"What's the news, then?" asked Lattrey.

"Find out!"

"Well, we know already. Muffin heard you talking to Morny," said Gower. "You're not his lost cousin, after all!"

"I don't see as it matters to you," said 'Erbert.

"Is it true, or isn't it?" demanded Lattrey savagely.

"Find out!"

Lattrey clenched his hands, and advanced on the fag. A strong hand was laid on his collar, and he was swung round, to look into the smiling face of Jimmy Silver.

"Spoiling for a fight—what?" asked Jimmy cheerily. "I'm your man!"

"Let go my collar, hang you!"

Jimmy let go his collar, first giving him a twist, and Lattrey spun away and sat down hard.

"I've been looking for you, 'Erbert," said Jimmy. "There's a yarn going round that you're not Morny's cousin,

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

after all, and it's all a mistake. Tubby says he heard it."

"He's a sneakin', listening rotter!" said 'Erbert.

"You don't seem to mind much" said Jimmy.

"I'd rather Master Morny had the money than me," said 'Erbert.

Jimmy whistled.

"Well, I'm going to sympathise, but you don't seem to need it," he said. "I suppose Morny feels rather chirpy?"

"He looks it!" grinned Peele.

Smythe of the Shell came along with Howard, evidently having heard Tubby Muffin's yarn. The Shell fellows looked excited.

"Is it true?" exclaimed Smythe.

'Erbert did not answer.

"Out with it, kid!" said Howard. "I never quite swallowed the story. I couldn't quite believe that you came of a gentleman's family, you young ragamuffin!"

"Ain't I a dear boy now?" sneered 'Erbert. "Don't you want me to come into your study for a game of nap?"

Howard coloured.

"If you come into my study, you'll jolly well get kicked out!" he said curtly.

"Losing your friends already, kid!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

"I sha'n't miss 'em, sir—not that sort."

"Then it's true!" said Adolphus Smythe, wrinkling his brows. "By gad, I shouldn't wonder if Morny knew it all along; it's just one of his jokes on his pals."

"Oh, by gad!" said Howard.

"Well, now you've fallen from your high estate, 'Erbert, come and have tea in my study," said Jimmy Silver. "We'll kill the fatted loaf for you!"

'Erbert grinned, and trotted off with the captain of the Fourth. Lovell and Raby and Newcome met him, in the end study, with sympathetic looks. But 'Erbert did not seem in need of sympathy.

"So your giddy riches have taken unto themselves wings and flown away?" said Lovell.

'Erbert hesitated.

"I—I'd like to tell you fellers somethin', if you won't talk about it outside this 'ere study," he said.

"Silent as the merry tomb!" said Raby. "Go ahead!"

'Erbert went ahead. And when he had finished there was a howl of laughter in the end study. Apparently 'Erbert's communication had been of a surprising and also a humorous nature.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. A Happy Reconciliation!

SMYTHE & CO. had gathered in Adolphus' study, with serious looks.

Morny, coming away from the Head's study, had passed them in the passage, with his aristocratic nose in the air.

They had nodded to him, experimentally, as it were. Mornington had ignored their existence.

He was quite the old lofty Mornington again, and apparently not in the least inclined to accept the olive-branch from his former pals.

If Smythe & Co. had needed any further proof of the story this would have furnished it.

The council in Smythe's study was a troubled one.

Mornington was the old Mornington again—again wealthy and important—a "fellow worth knowin'." And they had "cut" the dandy of the Fourth—they had "dropped" the wealthiest fellow at Rookwood!

Doubtless Morny's little card-parties would be resumed and his expensive

driving-parties—all the luxurious indulgences in which the nuts had taken a liberal share in Morny's old days of prosperity.

And they would not be asked to them!

The wealthy Morny would be surrounded by friends; and they would not have the entree into the magic circle.

Smythe & Co. could have kicked themselves!

Gower, for instance, had made a regular income out of Morny at banker and nap. Peele had always had his expenses paid when he went anywhere with Morny.

Smythe had been proud to be seen with the wealthiest and best-dressed fellow at Rookwood—to join him in great motor-drives, and yachting-runs in the vacation. Morny, in his wealthy days, had been "worth while"; there was no doubt about that.

And they had thrown it all away!

"The—the fact is," said Smythe, at last, hesitatingly—even Adolphus, perhaps, had some slight sense of shame—"the fact is we've been rather hard on Morny."

"I've been thinkin' so for some time," remarked Tracy.

"He was rather an irritatin' beast, of course—"

"Oh, he wasn't a bad chap!" said Peele. "A bit high-handed, but a wealthy fellow like Morny, you know, does—"

"I always rather liked him, I must say that!" observed Howard.

"Yaas, at bottom we liked him well enough, and I'm sorry we cut up rusty with him" said Smythe. "Look here, we were rather in the wrong. It ain't pleasant to admit it, but—but we can afford to be candid. We were in the wrong. Well, there's only one thing for a gentleman to do when he's in the wrong—own up and apologise!"

"Just what I was thinkin'," agreed Townsend.

"I'm willin' to apologise to Morny," said Smythe. "I feel that I owe it to him, an' to my own self-respect, you know, when I can see that I was—was hasty!"

"That's so."

"Well, what about lookin' in on Morny, and puttin' it to him frankly? Can't do more than say we're sorry."

"He's got a beastly temper," said Gower uneasily.

"Well, if he's a bit touchy, we can look over it," said Smythe magnanimously. "We've been rather rusty, haven't we? I'm prepared to let Morny jaw a bit, to—to make up, you know."

"Let's see him," suggested Lattrey. "You'd better not come, Lattrey," said Adolphus decidedly. "Morny can't stand you. You keep off the grass. Fact is, you're not in our set, and we're not goin' to irritate Morny by takin' you up."

Lattrey gritted his teeth. But the nuts streamed out of the study, leaving him there alone. They were more than willing to throw over the cad of the Fourth, without compunction, if by so doing they could make their peace with Valentine Mornington.

They found Morny in his study, in cheerful talk with his new study-mate, Erroll. Both the juniors stared at the numerous visitors.

"Hallo! Did I ask you fellows here?" said Mornington.

"You did not!" said Adolphus Smythe, coming forward with an air of great frankness. "We've come of our own accord, Morny, to ask you to over-

look our havin' treated you rather rottenly. We can see we're in the wrong, and we apologise."

Erroll's lip curled. But Mornington, keen as he usually was, did not seem to see the underlying motive of the worthy nuts.

"Well, that's puttin' it fairly," he said. "If you mean that."

"We do!" "Honour bright!"

"We've treated you badly, old chap, and we own up!" said Smythe. "We lost our temper with you, and we're sorry. As pals, we can't say anythin' less."

"All serene," said Mornington cordially. "Bygones are bygones, my infants. By the way, there'll soon be some startlin' news for you."

"Startlin' news!" repeated Smythe, as if he had not heard it already.

"Yes; about young 'Erbert and me," said Mornington.

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do. I'm goin' to tell all the fellows in the Common-room presently," said Mornington. "I'm goin' to have tea now."

"Come along to my study for tea, old scout," said Smythe affectionately. "We'll have a little party to celebrate the reconciliation—what?"

"Rippin'!" said Mornington heartily. "You'll excuse me, Erroll."

"Certainly," said Erroll, with a smile. "I'll hop in on Jimmy Silver."

And Mornington left the study with Smythe & Co.

The nuts were in high good-humour. The reconciliation had been effected without the slightest difficulty. Morny had been brought back into the fold, and everything in the garden, so to speak, was lovely.

Fellows who saw Morny sauntering along the passages with the happy nuts did not need any further confirmation of Tubby's startling yarn.

Lattrey was still in Smythe's study when the party arrived. Mornington raised his eyebrows at the sight of him.

"I didn't expect to meet Lattrey here," he said drily. "If he is your guest, Smythe, I must ask you to excuse me."

He made a movement towards the door.

Smythe slipped his arm through Mornington's.

"Not at all, dear boy," he said reassuringly. "I never asked the fellow here, an' I'm hanged if I know what he's doin' here. What do you want here, Lattrey?"

Lattrey gave him a black look, and left the study.

There was quite a merry tea-party in Smythe's study, and later, when the nuts went to the Common-room, Smythe walked elegantly, with his arm linked in that of the dandy of the Fourth, evidently on the most chummy terms with him.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Shown Up!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were in the Common-room.

Most of the Fourth and the Shell had gathered there, and some of the Third, all interested in the change in Mornington's fortunes.

It was known that Morny intended to tell the fellows that evening exactly what had happened, and all wanted to hear him.

Erroll, who was with the Fistical Four, smiled as the nuts sauntered in, with Valentine Mornington in their midst.

"My hat! The lion and the merry

lambs have made it up!" grinned Conray. "Tubby had his yarn right, it seems."

"Looks like it," said Oswald. "Blest if I'd stand the rotters, if I were Morny!"

All eyes were on Mornington. The dandy of the Fourth nodded cheerfully to Jimmy Silver.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"Yes, I've heard it," said Jimmy, with a smile.

"Somebody seems to have heard me talkin' to young 'Erbert—"

"Quite by accident, Morny, old chap!" said Tubby Muffin anxiously. "You know I wouldn't listen, don't you, old fellow?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Perhaps you fellows would like to

You see, I'm as poor as a church mouse!"

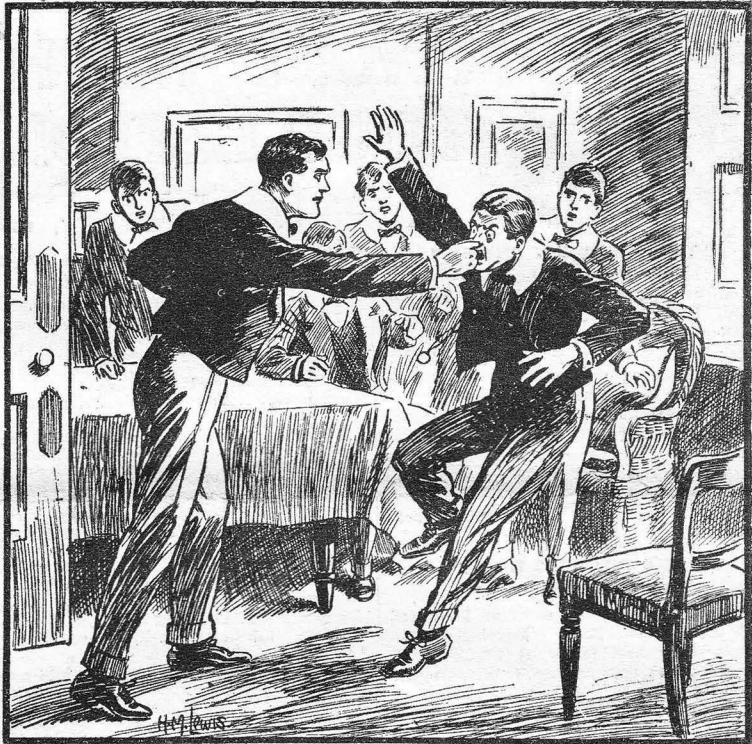
"Phwat!" ejaculated Flynn. "But Tubby says—" began Jones minor.

"Why, I heard you—" gasped Tubby.

Smythe & Co. were looking a little queer.

"Yaas," smiled Mornington. "I wanted to give my dear old pals a chance of showin' what really splendid fellows they are—see? Knowin' that Tubby would listen if he saw two fellows confabbin', I planted 'Erbert and myself on the bench near him, and began to spin a yarn. As I expected, I soon heard Tubby gruntin' on the other side of the tree—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"



Mornington made a sudden stride towards Smythe, and seized his nose between a finger and thumb that seemed to close like a vice. Smythe leaped to his feet, spluttering out his cigarette. "Yow! Led do! Led do by dose!" he spluttered. (See Chapter 1.)

hear all the particulars," remarked Mornington. "It's rather an interestin' story."

"Yaas! Go ahead!" said Adolphus encouragingly.

"You'll be pleased to hear that I'm on friendly terms again with my old pals," said Mornington. "It's so nice to be on friendly terms with chaps a fellow really esteems. Ill-natured people might suspect that my pals have rallied round me because I've come into a fortune again. That would be rotten unjust! Nothin' of that sort about my pals."

The nuts grinned feebly and uneasily.

There never was any telling what Mornington would say next, and they dreaded his bitter tongue.

"Some of you look like doubtin' Thomases," resumed Mornington. "I'm rather shocked. In justice to Smythe and the rest, I'm bound to explain that their motives are perfectly disinterested.

"Oh, I say!" protested Tubby Muffin. "I pitched a really entertainin' yarn for Tubby's exclusive benefit," went on Mornington calmly. "As I expected, Tubby scudded off to spread it over the whole school."

"Oh!" gasped Tubby. "It dawned upon the fat Classical that his eavesdropping and tattling propensities had been made use of by the dandy of the Fourth, for his own peculiar purposes."

"When I came in I found that Lattrey was on the track already," continued Mornington. "So I went to see the Head, to bear out the yarn Tubby had heard under the beeches. I asked the Head to put my name down for a prize exam. I dare say it was thought I was goin' to tell him somethin' else—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver. Smythe's face was a study.

"The little joke has now gone far THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

enough," said Mornington. "You may be pleased, or not, to hear that there's nothin' at all in Tubby's yarn. I was only stuffin' him up!"

"Oh!" gasped Tubby.
 "But the little joke's done this much good—it's brought all my old friends rallyin' round me in the hour of adversity," said Mornington. "Here's Smythe an' Howard an' Towny an' Topsy, an' the rest, all prepared to back me up through weal an' woe—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.
 "You—you—you—" stuttered Adolphus.

"You spoofin' rotter!" shouted Peele.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Mornington looked pained.

"My dear old fellows, surely you're not roundin' on me again!" he ejacu-

lated. "Are you goin' to drop my acquaintance once more, after the happy reconciliation that made us all so merry an' bright?"

Smythe & Co. were crimson.
 They realised Morny's peculiar little game now. He had "shown them up" in a way there was no escaping in the eyes of all the Lower School.

"You lyin' cad!" yelled Smythe, quite losing his temper. "Don't talk to me! You poverty-stricken cad! Just keep your distance, that's all!"

And Adolphus Smythe stalked away, and his friends followed him, amid a yell of laughter from the juniors.

Mornington sighed.
 "Friendship has its ups and downs in this uncertain world," he remarked.

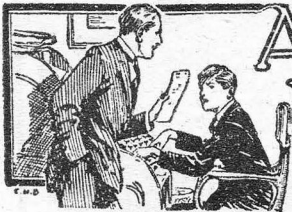
"Here I'm losin' all my devoted pals again, only an hour after a handsome apology an' a happy reconciliation."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "It's heart-breakin'!" said Mornington. "I shall have to take up footer to distract my mind, or I shall pine away an' perish! Fancy my dear old pal Adolphus cuttin' up rusty again so soon!"

It was a long time before Adolphus & Co. were allowed to forget Mornington's little joke. And, needless to say, there were no more "happy reconciliations" between Morny and his dear old pals.

THE END.

(Another splendid story of Rookwood next Friday. See the Editor's "Chat.")



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

"THEIR UNSEEN ENEMY."

By Frank Richards.

Our next grand, long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars deals further with their adventures aboard the derelict. They had never thought, of course, that their having boarded the stranded vessel was to lead to nothing but trouble.

But trouble follows very quickly, and the worst of the matter is that the enemy they know to be aboard cannot be seen. The mystery deepens when Coker comes aboard.

You must not miss this splendid story, which will appear in the "Popular" next Friday.

"THE ROAD TO RUIN."

By Owen Conquest.

This story, of course, concerns Rookwood and the Fistical Four. Mornington, no longer the richest fellow at Rookwood, is forced to sell up his magnificent furniture in his study in order to meet his obligations; but it is Erroll who comes in at the right moment, and successfully steers Mornington from off the road to ruin!

ANOTHER SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

Next week's supplement will be a Special Staff Number—which deals, in a very humorous way, with the wonderful adventures of Billy Bunter's Four Fat Subs. They contribute most of the stories and articles for the issue—and I can promise you a few hours' hearty laughter if you'll make certain of your copy of the "Popular" by ordering it in advance.

"THE INVISIBLE RAIDER."

This week I am able to state definitely that Mr. Sidney Drew's new serial, entitled as above, has received a wonderful reception at my chums' hands. And it deserved it!

I had little doubt but that the serial would be popular—Mr. Drew is a wonderful writer, with a wonderful knack of knowing exactly what appeals to boys and girls. I hope you are doing your best to spread Mr. Drew's fame still further, by telling all your chums about the new serial.

Next week will see another splendid long instalment of "The Invisible Raider."
 THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 3

Examples for the above competition:

Hard for Bunter.	Celebrations Afoot.
The Turning Point.	Seeking Way Out.
Supplying Form	Never Lacking.
Feeds.	Looks Rather Fishy.
Special Numbers.	Calculations Upset.
An Interesting Event.	When—
After School Hours.	A Deserving Case.

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.

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 30, 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 September 1st.

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

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 23

The ten prizes of five shillings each have been awarded to the following competitors who have sent the best efforts of the above competition:

Leslie Joinson, 29, Turret Road, Liscard, Cheshire.

Example: A New Boy.
 Poplel: Bunter Tackles "Alone."

Alfred Baker, 128, Winston Road, Stoke Newington, London.

A Record Hit.
 Manager Thanks His "Stars."

W. Whiteway, 91, Albert Edward Road, Kensington, Liverpool.

A Record Hit.
 Actors Secure "Runs."

V. Nappin, 30, Radnor Street, Southsea, Hants.

The Downward Path.
 To "Racke" and Ruin.

J. Kenney, 11, Portland Street, Leamington Spa.

Not Easily Beaten.
 Gamekeeper Once Poacher.

Reg. H. Hubbard, 144, Meeting House Lane, Peckham, S.E. 15.

Coker the Poet.
 More Coker than "Horace."

James Lynch, 8, Greenhough Street, Ancoats, Manchester.

When Taking Advice.
 Consider To-morrow To-day.

W. Packham, 49, East Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

Turning Up Late.
 Leaves "Time" for Reflection.

Sydney Fouger, 126, High Street, Langley Moor, Durham.

The Downward Path.
 Skinner's Little "Way."

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

Coker the Poet.
 Soon "Moves" His Audience.

NOTICES.

Ernest Parr, 16, Alexandra Terrace, Whitley Bay, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, age 15, with view to exchange Companion Papers.

A. J. Coelho, 13c, Brooking Street, Rangoon, Burmah, wishes to correspond with readers.

Thomas L. T. Long, St. Andrew's School House, Singapore, Straits Settlements, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-18, for the exchange of stamps.

C. V. Wahrengoist, 63, Benwell Road, Holloway, London, N. 7, wishes to correspond with readers about stamps, picture-cards, and general subjects.

Miss Mavis Jordan, 88, York Street, West Richmond, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15, in America or England.

William S. Weatherston, 20, Denman Avenue, East St. Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in the British Isles; ages, 15-16.

Jack Overall, 26, Milman Road, London, N.W., wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 14-18.

William A. Clements, 4, Alfred Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham, wishes to hear from readers interested in "Nuts and Bolts," his first-rate magazine of twenty pages of good reading matter.

C. S. Jones, jun., 71, Whitehorse Street, Hereford; wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 17 upwards.

NEXT FRIDAY! "THE ROAD TO RUIN!" A GRAND TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE GREATEST SERIAL OF THE YEAR!



The INVISIBLE RAIDER

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

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FERRERS LORD, the famous millionaire adventurer, and owner of the Lord of the Deep.

PRINCE CHING LUNG, a very old friend of Lord's, who has accompanied the millionaire on many adventures.

RUPERT THURSTON, a young Englishman, and friend of Lord's.

HAL HONOUR, known as the man of silence, engineer of Ferrers Lord's wonderful submarine. Honour has invented a marvellous paint which causes things to become invisible when painted with it. He has also built a new kind of aeroplane which he calls a helicopter, and which is covered with this new paint.

KARL VON KREIGLER, a mysterious professor, who has great power in Germany, and who holds the secret of Germany's great treasure-chest. Ferrers Lord has ferreted out one or two of the professor's secrets, and Von Kreigler realises that Lord is a very dangerous man. He attempts to destroy Lord's new aeroplane, and unfortunately succeeds. After this attack, Ferrers Lord dispatches Rupert Thurston, with Honour and Ching Lung, with a message to Kreigler.

Thurston obtains admittance into the Schloss Schwartzburg, where Von Kreigler is residing. The professor hears his message, but, until he can communicate further with Ferrers Lord, he refuses to allow Thurston to return. Rupert is arrested and imprisoned in a dungeon under the castle. A little later in the day the gaoler returns to the cell with news that Kreigler has found company for Thurston.

(Now read on.)

Prisoners Under the Schloss!

THE good company proved to be Prince Ching Lung and Hal Honour. As he caught sight of Rupert the engineer pointed his thumb downwards.

"By the general appearance of things you seem to have fozzled it, you two," said Rupert. "Didn't you see the red light, then?"

"I believe to fozzle is to make a muff of a stroke at golf, my dear fellow," said Ching Lung. "Yes, we fozzled it badly, and through no fault of yours. We did see your red light, but the helicopter was in a nasty temper and struck work. We couldn't very well go without the thing, and the Huns were almost on top of us. So we made a bonfire. And the professor seemed very pleased to meet us, didn't he, Hal?"

"Bad luck!" grunted the engineer. "The vilest of luck," said Thurston, frowning. "Did Von Kreigler promise to have you shot if he couldn't come to terms with the chief?"

"Yes, something bright and cheery like that; but he told us quite gently and politely," said Ching Lung. "He's a dear little chap, only I wish his tailor would trust him for a new suit of clothes. I don't care for the general so much. He's excitable, and too fond of rattling his scabbard."

The warder dismissed the soldiers, and gave the prisoners a gruff "Good-night!" There was a sliding panel in the door, and through it he took a last glance at them.

"He understands English, and as he's sure to keep his ears open we'd better be careful

not to say too much," said Rupert. "I didn't expect this to happen, for I thought you were well on your way home. Did you wreck the helicopter thoroughly?"

"Yes, I think we did. They were chasing for water and sand to put the blaze out when Hal told me to warn them to get clear. He explained that there was a bomb in her he had put there for just such an emergency. There was a general scuttle. When they were bringing us along we heard the helicopter go up with a bang."

"Eat," said the engineer, who was already seated at the table.

"He'd eat if they were going to shoot him at dawn," said Ching Lung. "His helicopters might be as cheap as marbles the way he loses them without turning a hair. Well, let us eat and let us drink. It's not likely that my friend the professor has poisoned the wine or put prussic acid in the salmon or cyanide of potassium in the salad. Give me a drink, Hal, to wash the smell of that blazing petrol out of my throat."

The engineer uncovered a bottle of hock. When at work, he could go days and nights without food, but in his leisure moments he had a good appetite. He sniffed the wine and filled the prince's glass and then his own and Thurston's.

"Hoch!" he cried. "Hoch! Not 'Hoch der Kaiser!', I hope?" said Ching Lung.

"Hoch! Not 'Hoch der Kaiser!', I hope?" His two companions nodded and laughed, and the toast was drunk. The wine had been iced, and the bottle bore the Imperial arms, and was of good age.

"William o' the gold helmet had a pretty taste in wines," said Thurston. "What are you glaring at, you old Sphinx? Why don't you talk English?"

Hal Honour scratched the tablecloth with his forefinger, and then pointed at his own broad chest.

"He gets on my nerves, Ru," said Ching Lung, glancing over his shoulder, and lowering his voice. "If you stuck a pin in him he might find his tongue. Where's your invisible rag? We cremated ours with the helicopter. That's what Hal is after."

"Hidden in the mattress," whispered Rupert Thurston. "I dug out some of the stuffing and sewed it in."

"That's what's puzzling the general and the professor," said Ching Lung. "They can't understand how you got through the pickets, and old Goltzheimer is going to court-martial all the sentries over it. How did it work?"

"It must have worked like a charm," said Thurston. "When I found how it was working, though I admit I was nervous, I began to take all kinds of risks. They weren't really on their guard, for you couldn't expect them to be. I showed up the way to the balcony of that very fine room with the painted ceiling and candelabras. It was a monstrous fluke, of course, that I should hit on that very room. When I peeped in I recognised Von Kreigler from the Chief's description of him, and when I had got the camouflage out of sight under my waistcoat I just walked in through the open window."

Ching Lung put down his knife and fork with a shudder of disgust.

"My dear Hal," he said to the engineer, who

had just seized the silver salad-bowl, "if you want to die a sudden death, eat any of that salad. There's garlic in it. I refuse to be shut up in a dungeon with a man who likes garlic in his salad. I don't want to murder you, but be warned."

The engineer smiled, and pushed the dish away. He went to the door and gave it several resounding kicks. Ching Lung, quick of eye, had seen the moving panel shift about an eighth of an inch. The key was turned, bolts were drawn, and the door opened.

"My friend with the keys," said Thurston, to their blue-uniformed goaler, "there is garlic in this otherwise excellent salad, and we object to garlic. Please bring some without garlic, and if you would not mind keeping farther away from the door we could converse in louder tones and with much greater comfort. Mr. Honour here is so fond of bellowing and listening to his own voice that being compelled to whisper makes him angry."

"My dear Rupert," said Ching Lung, with a chuckle. "You speak the whole truth so splendidly that you ought to have been a foreign ambassador."

"Decorated," said Hal Honour.

With a gesture, he pointed out that the goaler had a light but strong steel chain fastened to his belt, and that the other end of the chain was fastened to the butt of a revolver in a leather holster worn at his right hip.

"It some time will take the salad without garlic to prepare it," said the man; "but it will be done as quickly as possible."

He removed the dish and took it away. Again they heard the click of the key and the pushing forwards of heavy bolts into steel sockets. Hal Honour took up one of the emperor's fishforks. He forced the tines of the fork into the crevices of the slide and gave the fork a few tremendous blows with his clenched fist, buckling it up and making the slide immovable.

"Fools talk, wise people listen!" he said. Then he made an attack on the cold beef, and when the goaler came back with the salad Hal Honour was lying on his bed smoking his pipe.

"His Excellency Herr Von Kreigler trust you had all comfort," said the goaler. "If there is anything you shall desire to have, at once it will be obtained."

"You might get us a proper-sized bath and plenty of cold water in the morning," said Thurston, "and three large sponges. I can't wash out of a basin about large enough for a canary to have a bath in. And a few English newspapers, if you have any to spare. And how about that lamp?"

"It will burn till daylight," said the goaler. "I will more carbide of calcium obtain and show how it in the reservoir is put."

He waited until Ching Lung and Thurston had finished their meal, and then began to pack his busiest. He missed the fork, and evidently knew what had become of it, but he made no comment. There were sentries in the gallery outside. Hal Honour looked hard at the lamp and then at Ching Lung.

"Don't forget that carbide of calcium and the newspaper," said Ching Lung, in German.

"I don't want to lie awake in the dark with nothing to read."

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

NEXT FRIDAY! "THEIR UNSEEN ENEMY!" A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

The Underworld of Schloss Schwartzburg

THURSTON put his feet on the table and examined the band on one of the late All-Highest's cigars before snipping off the end and lighting it.

"I don't know what you two fellows think of yourselves," he said; "but I couldn't help it. And if the Chief has received Von Kreigler's wireless, he must be very proud of the three of us, or rather of you two. And I suppose you know nothing about Schloss Schwartzburg, nothing at all?"

"I know we must be about at the very bottom of the show," said Ching Lung. "I started to count the steps we came down, but got tired. Don't assume any of your superior airs or I'll sling the lamp at you. I know your bursting with knowledge, so tell us a few."

"My dear old lad, I'm like a guide-book that you couldn't buy for two or three hundred marks," said Thurston. "For Hal's benefit, for I know you understand the Hun language, Schloss Schwartzburg means Black-Cliff Castle or Schloss. In the days of bows and arrows and the first silly things they called guns it was impregnable. It has a beautiful collection of dungeons, and the bold barons used to keep them fairly well filled. If these walls could speak they could tell a few yarns of dark deeds and— Try one of these All-Highest's cigars, Ching? Kaiser Bill had a nice taste in the way of smokes."

"I'd sooner have his gold helmet to keep my coals in, when I can afford any," said Ching Lung; "but I don't mind sampling one of his Flora de Cabbagios if you'll hand the Imperial box this way. This is quite a nice dungeon, and a lot better than some I've seen. I haven't noticed any racks or thumbscrews or cauldrons for boiling oil. I hope the professor won't dig out a rack and stretch you a few times to persuade you to tell him how you got in."

The engineer rose to his feet and began to examine the charcoal drawing on the wall. Though it depicted something that had never happened probably, it was a very spirited affair. He stepped back as the key entered the lock and the bolts were withdrawn.

"The carbide, gentlemen, and the newspapers," said the obliging gaoler. "The bath in the morning will be brought to you. His Excellency wish that you sleep well."

Hal Honour put his ear to the slide and listened. The bent fork still held it wedged. He approached the drawing again, and looked at it steadily.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said Thurston. "Our gaoler told me that the artist was shot by

General Goltzhelmer, not for being an artist, but for being a politician."

"Bad luck," said the engineer, shrugging his broad shoulders.

He lay down again on his bed, but this time facing the drawing, his bearded chin propped on his hands. The torpedo had struck the British vessel amidships, and the explosion had caused a tremendous uprush of dense black smoke and white spray. In the foreground the submarine had risen to the surface, her decks awash, and the Hun skipper and the crew, shells splashing round them, were watching the result through their binoculars.

"Bad luck," said the engineer, as if to himself.

"Extremely bad luck for us if it ever occurred, but it's only a fancy portrait," said Thurston. "You seem to have bad luck on the brain, Hal."

"For the politician," said the engineer.

He turned over, put his pipe aside, and went to sleep. Ching Lung and Thurston talked in quiet tones.

"Hal can't account for it—I mean, for not being able to get away," said Ching Lung. "When we were coming in he told me that he ought to have protected the two funnels with a wire grating. A fir cone may have dropped in and jammed up something. In the ordinary way, it wouldn't have mattered, but you know how everything is when you have a streak of bad luck. The helicopter wouldn't lift, and, of course, some interfering ruffian with an electric-lamp found your footprints just where you had crossed the road from the wood, and that settled it. Well, it's a muddle, and I can't think how we are going to get out of it. And now Hal is asleep. I wonder why he wanted that tin of carbide of calcium? But he did want it."

"Perhaps to make a blowpipe, or something of the kind, and burn a hole through the door," said Rupert Thurston. "Pretty hopeless that, eh?"

The bent silver fork fell out of the slide with a clatter, and the glittering point of a sentry's bayonet freed the slide back. Two eyes looked in.

"We're still here, so don't become alarmed, Fritz," said Ching Lung. "Heigho! I think I'll follow Hal's example, and sleep, and try to forget my sorrows. I must have met a cross-eyed man before we started, and forgotten to touch wood. Here's for turning in. The last man puts out the lamp."

There was silence as well as gloom in the dungeon of Schloss Schwartzburg for about an hour, and then the engineer stretched himself, and opened his eyes. Not even a gleam

of light filtered in through the two gratings. Honour had not undressed. He crept to the door and listened at the panel, which was closed. Picking his way between the two mattresses, the engineer stood on tiptoe, and held a lighted match to one of the gratings. There was a draught there entering from behind the wall that blew the flame inwards, and finally extinguished it.

Evidently that was not the outer wall of the Schloss, or some vestige of light must have shown through the gratings, for it was a clear night. Once more he struck a match, and held it close to the charcoal drawing. His thumb and finger extinguished it instantly, and when the flash of an electric-torch streamed into the cell from the open slide the engineer was stretched on the mattress, apparently sound asleep.

He did not stir again until bumping sounds outside heralded the arrival of the bath they had asked for. It was seven o'clock in the morning.

The gaoler, who was yawning sleepily, lighted the silver lamp, and handed Rupert Thurston a sealed envelope, a message from Von Kreigler.

"Dear Mr. Thurston,—I have been in wireless communication with his Excellency, Mr. Ferrers Lord. In the peculiar and distressing condition of affairs, I placed my terms before him. I explained that it was quite unheard-of and irregular that I should be called upon to treat with any private individual of an alien nation, one, above all, who has no authority from his Government, apparently. I further pointed out that for you to force yourself uninvited into Schloss Schwartzburg was an irregular and illegal proceeding, and that I would be quite justified in acting as I threatened to act.

"If his Excellency cares to appeal to the Allies for you, I am quite prepared to hand you over to them and to have a full inquiry held into the whole outrageous matter. In his communication to me I am sorry to inform you that his Excellency assumes an attitude that, while polite, is both stubborn and aggressive. He declares that he will hold me personally responsible for your safety. In the circumstances, you and your friends will be brought before the Supreme Court of Safety later in the day. There is no appeal beyond the decision of this court.

"KARL VON KREIGLER."

Ching Lung was splashing about in the bath when Thurston read the professor's message aloud.

"So the Chief has got his back up," said Ching Lung. "The professor doesn't know the Chief very well, that's plain. Ferrers Lord doesn't wait for passports or Government authority. I'm rather curious to hear what crime they'll charge us with. Are we pirates or filibusters, making war against a friendly State? And what's the Supreme Council of Safety, anyhow?"

Hal Honour made no comment. He waited until breakfast was brought in, and made a hearty one. In the matter of food they were not being stinted. To the astonishment of Rupert and the prince, Honour gathered up the surplus food, and began to stuff it into his pockets.

"Give the Chief time," he said. "Quick!"

He put one of the mattresses against the wall to cover the slide, and placed Thurston's bedstead in front of the door, piling the other furniture on top of it. He worked swiftly and with little noise. While Ching Lung and Thurston were wondering what could have happened to him, he put his burly shoulder against the wall exactly in the centre of the drawing, where the smoke of the exploding torpedo and the spray were densest. Turning, he used both hands, pushing against the wall with all his power. The cruiser vanished, and a square hole appeared in the wall. From the other side, where the huge stone block had fallen, came the sound of a heavy crash.

Then they understood. The unlucky artist must have spent months picking the tough mortar from round the block, and filling in the crevices with dust and pieces of bread, and concealing what he was doing by drawing over the stone in charcoal.

Ching Lung scrambled through the hole. He struck a match, and looked down. There was another gallery there, very dark and roughly paved.

"Lamp, cloth, knives!" said the engineer. "Pull!"

(Continued on page 20.)

Grand Value for Money Story Books

BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY
4[¢] each

- No. 566.—**THE CALL OF THE RING.**
A superb story of the boxing ring. By ALAN DENE.
- No. 567.—**LOYAL TO NAPOLEON.**
A thrilling story of adventure in France. By ALFRED ARMITAGE.
- No. 568.—**CURTIS OF THE FIFTH.**
A topping school yarn. By ROBERT W. COMRADE.
- No. 569.—**THE GOLDEN TRAIL.**
A magnificent tale of the Wild West. By SIDNEY DREW.

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY
4[¢] each

- No. 184.—**THE CITY OF APES.**
A magnificent story of adventure and detective work, featuring Sexton Blake, Tinker, and the HON. JOHN LAWLESS.
- No. 185.—**THE MAN WHO FORGOT.**
Introducing Sexton Blake and DR. FERRARO.
- No. 186.—**WITHIN FOURTEEN DAYS; OR, THE LOST EXTRADITION PAPERS.**
A tale of stirring adventure in England and France.
- No. 187.—**THE ARCHITECT'S SECRET.**
A romance of fascinating detective adventure.

HUGGET LIBRARY
3[¢] each

- No. 55.—**THE PET OF ST. FRANK'S.**
A rollicking story of school life, introducing NIPPER, HAND, BORTH, FILLWOOD & CO., and other St. Frank's Juniors.
- No. 56.—**MESSES OF MYSTERY.**
An amazing story of detective work and adventure in London and Dover, introducing NELSON LEE and NIPPER.

Now on Sale Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

THE MYSTERY OF THE DERELICT!

(Continued from page 6.)

flashing up clearly. Pictured before them was an open cabin doorway—the doorway of the state-room in which they now stood. They knew it at once. And in the doorway—

A human face!
Clearly it came up in the negative. A face—the face of a man who was rushing past the open doorway—a face distorted with fear.

So stunned were the juniors by the fearful picture that had suddenly flashed upon them from the developing dish that they stood paralysed, hardly breathing.

Wharton remembered himself in time. He caught the plate from the developer in time to save it from being over-developed and ruined.

"Good heavens!" muttered Bob Cherry, the perspiration thick upon his brow. "Let's get out of this, for mercy's sake!"

"Come on—come on!"
"Wait a minute," muttered Wharton. "I must get this fixed, or it's done for."
"Buck up!"

Wharton washed the plate, and plunged it into the fixing solution.

Then Nugent dragged the hangings aside, and they stepped out of the dark-room into the cabin.

"Light the lamp, for goodness' sake!" muttered Nugent thickly.

Bob Cherry struck a match.

The swinging lamp in the cabin was relighted, and the juniors gasped with relief. They looked round the state-

room with startled glances, hardly knowing what they expected to see.

But they saw nothing. Save for themselves, the room was empty; save for their panting breathing, it was silent.

They stood breathing irregularly, and staring towards the doorway.

That was the doorway pictured in the negative—the doorway past which a man had rushed, with deadly fear and horror in his face, at the moment the camera chanced to be turned in that direction.

For what had that man, with distorted face, rushed down the alleyway in wild terror?

"Hang it all," muttered Harry Wharton resolutely, "we shall be getting cowardly if this goes on! Buck up!"

"But—but what happened?" muttered Nugent, his teeth clicking together. "What made that chap we've just seen in the negative—what made him bolt like that?"

"Goodness knows!"
"He was afraid for his life; you could see that in his face," said Bull, in a hushed voice. "Somebody was after him to kill him!"

"It must have been so."
"Somebody—or something," said Bob Cherry, with a shudder. "If it was a murderer—say, even a dangerous lunatic—where is he? We found nobody on board."

"One man couldn't have murdered a whole crew," said Wharton. "If it was a mutiny, where are the mutineers?"

"We—we may see more in the picture when we get a print in the morning," said Bob Cherry. "Let's get on deck now, for goodness' sake!"

"Wait till I've finished the negative," said Harry. "I can leave it to wash then. We want to be careful with it."

And the juniors waited in the state-

room, with uneasy glances fixed upon the open doorway.

Wharton disappeared into the dark-room again, and his comrades waited for him. Their ears involuntarily were strained to listen.

Outside the tide was beating against the hull of the grounded ship, and hollow echoes came from the interior.

In the faint sounds the juniors seemed to hear again the sounds that must have been heard when that photograph was taken—the hurried rush of footsteps along the passage—the cry of fear that had doubtless rung as the fugitive dashed by.

What had become of that man? What had become of the man who, seeing him, had dropped the camera, and had then vanished from all human knowledge?

The juniors felt their flesh creep as they thought of it.
"Buck up, Wharton!" said Bob Cherry huskily. "Let's get out on deck."
"I'm finished!"

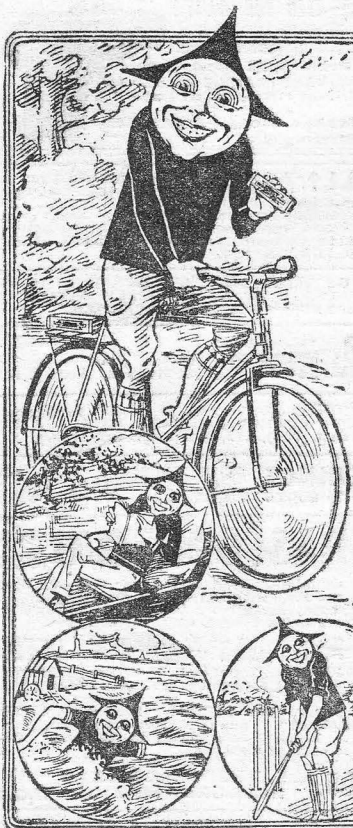
The juniors left the cabin in a body. Each of them grasped a weapon of some sort, as if they feared to meet a foe in the recesses of the ship. But there was no one—nothing to be seen. Solitude and silence surrounded them.

They breathed more freely as they reached the open deck and the fresh air from the sea blew upon their faces, and they found themselves in the clear light of the stars.

"I'm going to turn in!" said Wharton. "We'll try and solve the mystery to-morrow."

And the juniors turned in.

THE END.
(There will be another long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's issue of the POPULAR, entitled "Their Unseen Enemy!")



WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM

YOU can ride farther and faster, with less effort and fatigue and far greater comfort and pleasure, with the sweet and sustaining companionship of WRIGLEY'S.

Cyclists—like all the leading Athletes—find that WRIGLEY'S keeps the mouth moist and prevents over-heating, thirst, and that tell-tale slackening of the energies which sometimes makes a cycle a sort of treadmill.

There are 6 LONG-LASTING Bars in every 3d. Sealed packet of WRIGLEY'S, and there are three different delicious flavours (see illustrations of packets).

TRY WRIGLEY'S ON YOUR NEXT SPIN.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

The Sweet with the Largest Net Sale in the World

~ 1/2d. per bar ~

SEALED TIGHT—KEPT RIGHT

The Flavour Lasts!



MINT LEAF FLAVOUR

PEPPERMINT FLAVOUR

WRIGLEY'S, LTD., 235, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. 1.

THE POPULAR.—No. 136.

"THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"

(Continued from page 18.)

Ching Lung scrambled down into the outer gallery. It was a tight fit for the engineer. Ching Lung hauled him through after a struggle, and then Rupert passed out the acetylene-lamp and the bolster. He looked back as a bayonet spiked through the mattress. Shouting men were trying to force the door, and there was a crash of falling furniture. A yelling sentry squeezed in and rushed across the cell. As his rifle came through the hole, Hal Honour seized it by the barrel and wrenched it away. A short-arm prod drove the heel of the weapon against the German's chin, and tumbled him backwards, senseless.

Bending, the engineer lifted the great slab of stone that only a man of his enormous strength could have lifted, and wedged it endways into the hole. Furious shouts rang out as he took up the rifle and followed Ching Lung and Thurston along the gallery and up a flight of winding steps. Shots, magnified enormously in sound, boomed through the gallery. Some sentry was firing at nothing at all, while his comrades were trying to force out the stone. Still they kept on, Thurston carrying the lamp and the bolster, through a veritable labyrinth of stone-walled, stone-roofed tunnels.

"Perhaps, now you've got us here, you'll explain your plans, Hal," said Ching Lung, pausing. "This doesn't seem any great improvement on our prison."

"Hide," said the engineer. "Give the Chief time!"

"That sounds rather useful; but I don't see we've got the chance of an icicle in a pail of boiling water," said Rupert. "Are they coming?"

"Yes; so out with that light, before we get a few rifle bullets," said Ching Lung. "Can't you hear them?"

A red glare appeared far down the gallery, and one by one torches flickered across it and were gone.

"They've taken the wrong turning," said Thurston. "We can only push on. When bullets are flying about I like to be round a corner, and this particular stretch of tunnel is too straight to be healthy. I could almost wish Hal hadn't taken so much interest in that picture, Ching."

The sounds of pursuit had died away, but they knew that it would not be abandoned. They moved on slowly. Suddenly, out of the black yawning throat of the tunnel behind came a sound more dangerous than the noise of approaching footfalls or even of the report of a rifle. A dog was baying.

"One of their police-dogs," said Ching Lung. "Gentlemen, we are in for it. If that chap winds us I shall be inclined to make a graceful surrender."

"Look out! Water!" cried Rupert Thurston. "I'm well in the stuff!"

As he spoke he flung the bolster over his head. He had blundered into the unseen water, and was knee-deep in it. By the greatest of good luck he had not fallen or dropped the lamp. In spite of the danger of betraying themselves, Ching Lung lighted a match. It revealed a dark pool, and beyond the pool the frowning brow of a low, dark

archway. The engineer waded in and stooped under the arch. At once the darkness swallowed him from view.

"Waist-deep only," said the engineer. "Come!"

The murmur of voices grew louder, and again the red glare of torches appeared. Evidently the dog had picked up their scent. The water was bitterly cold. Ching Lung took charge of the bolster. Just as he picked it up something unseen gripped the other end of it and tried to drag it away from him.

"Here's the dog right on top of us," he said, and kicked out lustily. "Get out of it, you brute!"

The kick went home, and a savage snarl of anger and pain followed. He struck out with the bolster, but the snarling animal still clung to it till Ching Lung hauled it into the water. The dog let go, and swam back to the dry-ground, barking fiercely. The pursuers were running along the tunnel.

"Catch hold of my coat," said Thurston. "Are you safe there in front, Hal?"

"All safe."

"Till we drop into a hole twenty or thirty feet deep and drown like blind rats," said the prince dismally.

"Good! It bends!" he said. "Careful!" He felt a buttress, and worked round it. The water was almost up to their waists. They stood in intense blackness, though the water to the left of the buttress was tinged with red. A silence had fallen that seemed strangely pregnant with danger and unknown possibilities. It was broken by the mild voice of Professor Karl Von Kreigler, speaking out of the darkness.

(To be continued in next week's issue.)



FACTORY TO RIDER

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Fifteen Days' Free Trial. **LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.** Prompt delivery. Save Dealers' Profits. Big Bargains in Snop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write for Monster Size Free Lists and Special Order of Sample Bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorpd. Dept. 8001, BIRMINGHAM.

DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE ?

Do you ever feel "all of a tremble"? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing, nervous indigestion, lack of energy, will-power, or mind concentration? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, speech-making, conversation, playing, or "appearing in public"? Learn how to change your whole mental outlook by sending at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of guaranteed cure in 12 days.—**GODFREY ELLIOTT SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.**



BOYS! MAKE A SHOCK COIL FOR 1/9

SHOCKING COIL! Set of Parts for making 1/9. **BATTERY PARTS,** 1/6. Postage 3d. each. **ELECTRO MAGNET** 9d. Postage 3d. (Lifts 1 pound.) Box **ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS,** 3/-; postage 6d. **SPECIAL CHEAP TELEPHONE SET,** Complete, 1/9; postage 6d. 4 Volt Dynamo, 12/6.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Battery, Switch, Wire, Lamp, Holder, Reflector, Instructions, etc. 4/8; postage 6d. Larger size, 8/6; postage 9d. (Catalogue 6d.) Electric Motor, 3/9.

HARBORNE SMALL POWER CO., 38 (A.P.) QUEEN'S ROAD, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

REALLY GLIDES. **TUBOGLIDER** Post free **SIXPENNY** 3 for 1/- **SLOID MANFG CO. 15, HANBURY RD. LONDON, W.3.**

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS.

Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars Free.—**SAMUEL DRIVER, SOUTH MARKET, HUNSLET LANE, LEEDS.**

CUT THIS OUT

"The Popular." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d. Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 219, Fleet St., London, E.C. 4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. of the price; so you may send 13 coupons and only 3/-. (Pocket Clip 4d. extra.) Ask for fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the POPULAR readers. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Self Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.

AMUSING NOVELTY.

Amuses and Interests Kiddies and Grown-Ups The Film Novelty that Creates a Sensation Wherever Shown. Selling in Thousands the Biggest Novelty of Recent Years. Powerful Lens Stereoscope and Picture Holder. 2 1/2 ins. long, and 100 Real Kinema Film Pictures, 1/6. Post Free. A Bargain! All the 100 Pictures are Different. Widely Assorted, and have actually been shown at Various Picture Palaces. Delight or Money Back. Free Lists Novelties, Etc.—Fain's Presents House, Dept. 42K, Hastings. **100 KINEMA FILM PICTURES 1/6**

BOYS—HERE'S THE REPEATER YOU WANT!

Makes a big bang, but is perfectly harmless. Ideal for SCOUTS, AMATEUR DETECTIVES, Etc. The "Quickfira." Price 1/3 post free. Write your name and address VERY PLAINLY on a piece of paper; cut out this advt. and attach, and send with P.O. 1/3 to—**F. GILMAN, 8, Grange Road, Smethwick, Birmingham.** Popular. **QUICKFIRA REPEATER**

SHORT OR TALL?

Which are you, and which would you like to be? A deficiency in height can rapidly be made good by the Girvan Scientific Treatment. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase. Successfully practised by business men, actors, soldiers, and all to whom height and appearance count. Send a postcard for particulars and our £100 guarantee to ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.P., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N. 4.

PHOTO POSTCARDS OF YOURSELF, 1/3 doz. 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 8d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL, CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—**HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.**

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels 2/6, 5/6. Ventriquist's

Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Priced 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—**T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.**

"**CURLY HAIR!**"—"It's wonderful," writes E. 10,000 Testimonials. Proof sent. Ross' **WAVEBIT CURLS STRAIGHTEST HAIR.** 1/3, 2/5. (Stamps accepted.)—**ROSS (Dept. P.), 175, New North Ed., London, N.1.**

STOP STAMMERING! CURE YOURSELF AS I DID. FULL PARTICULARS FREE.—**FRANK HUGHES, LTD., 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C. 1.**

"THE PLURASCOPE" 2/6 POST FREE

Contains 3 instruments in one: Combined Opera and Field Glasses, Telescope, Stereoscope, Microscope, Eye-Mirror, Compass. Invaluable for examining flowers, corn, microbes, etc. **FOOTBALLS—SPECIAL OFFER.** 18-Panel, Guaranteed Hand-sewn, Best Hide, with Clincher Bladder, Size 4, 15/-; postage 9d. Full Match Size, 15/6; postage 9d.

All goods guaranteed per return of post. Send now for New Illustrated List of Steam, Electrical, and Mechanical Models and Novelties. Write P.O. 1/6 Co. Treasury notes should be registered. Our Guarantee—Satisfaction or cash refunded.

BENNETT BROS., 5, THEOBALDS ROAD, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C. 1.