

"THE LAST STRAW!"
A Tale of Greyfriars.
By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

"THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"
An Adventure Serial.
By **SIDNEY DREW.**

"THE FOLLY OF ADOLPHUS!"
A Story of Rookwood.
By **OWEN CONQUEST.**

IN THIS NUMBER!

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Greyfriars

The POPULAR

1 1/2d



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



RAGGING THE LECTURER!

(A Humorous Incident from the Long, Complete Tale of Greyfriars inside.)

**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.
Poor Bunter!**

THEOPHILUS FLIPPS took his place in the Remove Form at Greyfriars, watched by the eager, expectant Removites as no other fellow had ever been watched.

For Theophilus, although a newcomer to the school, was not a junior. He was the Head's guest. He had come to Greyfriars to study hygienic conditions as they prevailed at a big public school, his father being editor of the "Young Health-Seeker."

Theophilus had arrived the day before, and he had made his presence felt. More to the point, he had made a patent medicine—without which he never appeared to be—felt. His innocence had given a chance to such as Bulstrode and Bolsover to rag him, and to rag others through him. Coker had been a sufferer.

The Remove felt that Theophilus' presence in the Form-room was bound to lead to trouble. If there was no trouble, there would be assuredly be fun. Hence the expectant way in which the juniors looked upon Theophilus as he took his place in the Form-room.

He had asked permission to take lessons along with the Lower Fourth, and permission had been accorded him. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, looked at him rather grimly when he came in with the rest of the Form. Mr. Quelch had noticed Theophilus, and had not been favourably impressed by him. Theophilus, on the other hand, took a kindly interest in Mr. Quelch, as he did in everybody. Theophilus was all kindness, in fact, though it had to be admitted that a great deal of it was misplaced kindness.

But the person Theophilus took most interest in was Billy Bunter. The fat Removite seemed to have a great attraction for him. He had contrived to sit next to Bunter, and was very friendly with him. Billy Bunter could not make it out at all; but he saw a prospect of obtaining a cash advance from Theophilus on the strength of it. So he was very cordial to Theophilus in return. "You must not talk in the class-room, Flippus!" said Mr. Quelch presently.

"I was making a remark to Bunter, sir." "You must not do so during lessons!" "Excuse me, sir! It is a question of Bunter's health, which surely should be paramount to other considerations."

Mr. Quelch stared at him. "What is the matter with Bunter's health?" he asked. "Nothing, sir!" piped Bunter. "I'm all right, sir!"

"He is suffering from fatty degeneration, sir," said Theophilus. "The symptoms are unmistakable."

"I'm not, sir!" yelled Bunter. Theophilus shook his head sadly.

"There is no mistake about it, sir!" he said. "I fear that Bunter has but a very, very short time to live!"

"Ow!" "Really, Flippus—"

"I think, however, that the march of the degeneration in Bunter's tissues might be arrested by a judicious use of the Mixture for the Weak and Weary, taken at regular intervals of two hours, and by his being placed upon a strict diet. I was just urging Bunter, sir, to take a dose of the mixture, of which I have a bottle in my pocket. I am never without it, sir."

"Please do not be ridiculous, Flippus!" "Eh?"

"If you talk to Bunter again, I shall request you to leave the Form-room!" "Oh, sir!"

"Silence in class!" And the Removites left off giggling.

Theophilus, although his kindly heart was moved by his fear of Bunter's safety, refrained from any more talk during lessons, but he looked very serious and solemn.

When the class was dismissed, Theophilus linked his arm in Bunter's as they went out. Billy Bunter blinked at him very doubtfully.

"I say, Flippus," he said, "you are quite right about my being a bit seedy; it's owing to the short commons we get here, you know."

"I fear you suffer from over-eating, Bunter."

Billy Bunter shook his head eagerly. "No, that's quite a mistake!" he exclaimed. "I never really get enough. I'm hungry at the present moment, and you know how dangerous it is to go hungry. Will you come over to the tuckshop with me?"

"My dear friend, I am very, very—"

"Well, look here, cash my postal-order for me," said Bunter. "I'll hand it to you directly it comes—"

"Good old postal-order!" grinned Fisher T. Fish. "If you lend Bunter any tin on his postal-order, Flippy, you'll get left."

"Oh, really, Fish—"

"I do not intend to do so," said Theophilus. "My dear Bunter, I think I know your symptoms. I will recapitulate them. You are hungry?"

"Frightfully hungry," said Bunter, with an expression of great suffering.

"You never feel satisfied after a meal?" "I never get enough."

"Even after a meal, you could always eat some more?"

"Yes, rather!" "Quite—quite so," said Theophilus. "At the present moment, although it is yet some time to dinner, you could eat a hearty meal?"

"Yes!" said Bunter eagerly. "You could eat a rabbit-pie, for instance, and a steak-and-kidney-pie, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes!" "With a pudding to follow?"

"Yes," said Bunter, his eyes glistening. "I could! Oh, rather! Will you come over to the tuckshop, Flippy?"

"And then you'd like some jam-tarts?" "What-ho!"

"And doughnuts and cream-puffs?" "Yes, yes, yes!"

"In fact, any kind of pastry?" "Well, yes!"

Bunter's mouth was watering by this time. He took an affectionate grip upon the arm of the Theophilus Flippus, and led him towards the door.

"I quite—quite understand," said Theophilus. "My dear Bunter, I know all your feelings as if I experienced them myself."

"Come on, then!" "Eh? Where?"

"Tuckshop," said Bunter. "What for?"

"To get the things."

"My dear friend, I was simply enumerating your symptoms," said Theophilus kindly. "I should never dream of having a hand in supplying you with those dreadfully indigestible things—never!"

Billy Bunter's jaw dropped. He glared at Theophilus with a look that made the Removites roar. Half the Form had been listening with great interest to the talk. They felt pretty certain that it was not leading up to what Bunter desired, and they were right.

"You—you—you—" stuttered the enraged Owl of the Remove. "You—you—"

"Your symptoms are those of fatty degeneration, Bunter."

"Fatty degeneration of the head?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Of every part of his person," said Theophilus. "I have studied the subject of fatty degeneration, and, indeed, have written an article upon it in the columns of the 'Young Health-Seeker.' Bunter is suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart, the liver, the head, and the kidneys."

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

"He has but a very, very short time to live—"

"Yow!"

"Unless he places himself upon diet immediately!"

"I'm willing to do that," said Bunter, with a lingering hope. "Lend me five bob, and—give me a list of the things I'm to get!"

Theophilus shook his head.

"My dear, dear Bunter, you have too—too many things to eat now," he said. "The best thing you can do is to miss your dinner to-day!"

"Eh?"

"And to have a small piece of dry toast, with cold water, for your tea."

"What!"

"Before going to bed, be careful to avoid taking any supper, but take one dose—a tablespoonful of the mixture."

"Groot!"

"And to-morrow morning you may have one piece of very stale bread for breakfast, but no tea, coffee, cocoa, or any deleterious compound of that kind."

Bunter gasped.

"Keep this up for three months, and you will see a marvellous change," said Theophilus. "It may even be possible to save your life!"

"You—you—you dangerous ass!" gasped Bunter. "You scarecrow! I'm in better health than you are any day, you frightful idiot!"

"My dear, dear Bunter—"

"I'll fatty degenerate you, you silly ass!" roared Bunter, realising at last that there was no hope whatever of raising a loan from Theophilus. "Take that!"

"Biff!"

Billy Bunter's fat fist descended upon the nose of Theophilus with terrific force, and Theophilus sat down suddenly in the passage.

"Oh!" he gasped.

Before he could recover Billy Bunter rushed upon him, and rolled him over, and knocked his head against the floor.

Then he rolled out into the Close, feeling and looking a little more satisfied.

Theophilus sat up.

He put his spectacles straight, and blinked round in dazed amazement at the juniors, who were yelling with laughter.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Ow! I—I say, is Bunter angry about anything? Have I inadvertently said anything to annoy him?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Theophilus rubbed his nose. "He has caused me considerable pain," he said. "This sudden violence, I suppose, is another symptom of his disease. My dear, dear fellows, I should recommend you to treat Bunter very gently. He has but a very, very short time to live!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Theophilus went away to bathe his nose.

The juniors streamed out into the quadrangle, and found Billy Bunter there. Bob Cherry clapped him on the shoulder in a very friendly manner.

"So sorry, Bunter!" he said.

"Eh?"

"We're all cut up," said Bob Cherry sadly.

"Eh? What about?"

"About losing you!" sobbed Bob Cherry. "I—I say, Bunter, what kind of flowers would you like me to put on your grave? I shouldn't be particular about an extra twopenny or so to please you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter snorted, and rolled away without replying to the question.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Kind Invitations!

AFTER school that day Theophilus stopped the Famous Four as they came out of the Remove Form-room. There was a beaming smile upon his face.

"My dear fellows," he said. "I want you to come to tea with me."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

Theophilus shook his head.

"No, not here," he said; "we cannot have tea in the passage, you know. The Head has been kind enough to give me a room, and we will have tea there."

"There, there, then!" said Bob.

"Yes, I shall be very, very pleased if you will come!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another rather doubtfully.

Theophilus Flipp's idea of a study tea, and

NEXT

FRIDAY!

"ONE TO THE BOUNDER!"

their idea of the same, bore not the least resemblance to one another.

"Ahem!" said Nugent.

"Hum!" said Johnny Bull.

"You see—" began Wharton.

"I really, really hope you will come," said Theophilus. "I have been making some preparations for tea, and I think you will like it."

"You—you see—"

"I shall be so—so pleased!"

"Oh, we'll come!" said Wharton, resigning himself to his fate. "Anybody else coming?"

"Yes; I am going to ask several fellows."

"Right-ho! When is it?"

"At six o'clock precisely."

"Very well."

"Thank you very much, Flippy!" said Bob Cherry heroically.

"Not at all," said Theophilus. "After tea I'm going to give a lecture."

"Eh?"

"I have asked Mr. Prout's permission to use the room you call the Rag," explained Theophilus. "I am going to give a lecture on hygiene to all the boys who care to come. Admission will be free."

"Better make a charge," said Bob Cherry. "You'll get just as big an audience if you charge a pound a time."

"No; I desire to do good, not to make money," said Theophilus. "I really, really trust that my short stay here will be productive of some good to the school."

"Bravo!"

"I trust I shall see you all at the lecture. I am going to put a notice on the board."

"We've got a rehearsal on, you know," said Nugent.

"But you can rehearse at any time, and this lecture is only for once," said Theophilus.

"I shall be able to teach you a great deal about your own insides, and the way to keep them in good order."

"Groot!"

Bolsover major passed, and Theophilus followed him, to extend to him the same invitation.

The Famous Four looked at one another. "Nice kind of tea it will be!" granted Bob Cherry. "Water and dry toast! I'm not a siddy anchorite!"

"We can have tea in our study afterwards, as well," said Johnny Bull.

"Yes, that's so; we'll go!"

The chums of the Remove made up their minds to it. After all, Theophilus was not to be long at Greyfriars, and they had promised to look after him.

Theophilus caught Bolsover major by the arm. Theophilus was evidently a forgiving youth, for he seemed to have no recollection of Bolsover's jape of the previous day, which had caused so much trouble with Coker of the Fifth.

"My dear Brown—" he began.

Bolsover chuckled.

"My name is Bolsover," he said.

"Dear me! I am quite—quite sure that you told me that your name was Brown!" said Theophilus, in astonishment.

"That was a little mistake," said Bolsover. "These mistakes will occur, you know."

"Perhaps you are not well," said Theophilus. "Absent-mindedness is a symptom of ill-health, my dear, dear Bolsover. Would you like to try my mixture?"

"No, I wouldn't!"

"Ahem! I am standing a little tea to my friends," said Theophilus. "Would you care to come? In my room at six o'clock."

"I'm on!" said Bolsover. "Anything good?"

"Yes, indeed, it will be very good."

"Right-ho! Count me in!"

"I shall be very, very pleased!"

Bolsover nodded and passed on. Billy Bunter had overheard Theophilus's words, and he rolled up to the youthful representative of the "Young Health-Seeker."

"I say, Flippy, old man, you're standing a feed?" he asked.

"Not exactly a feed, my dear, dear Bunter. A tea in my room."

"I'll come, if you like."

"I was going to ask you, Bunter," said Theophilus. "I shall be very, very pleased."

"I'll come and help you get it ready, if you like," said the Owl of the Remove. "I suppose there'll be some cooking to do?"

"Oh, no! There'll be no cooking!"

"Oh! It's a cold collation, then?"

"Yes, exactly."

"Well, I'll be there."

Theophilus made his way to the Fifth-Form passage, and tapped at Coker's door. He opened it, and blinked into the study.

Coker and Potter and Greene were there, and they bestowed a threefold glare upon the cheerful visitor.

"Bless if it isn't the tame Innatic!" exclaimed Potter.

"What do you want, you imbecile?" roared Coker.

"My dear Coker—"

"Get out!"

"I was going to ask you fellows to tea."

"Come in, old fellow!" said Potter cordially.

"Yes, do come in," said Green. "What have you got for tea?"

Coker snorted.

Theophilus went into the study. Potter and Greene were very agreeable, and Coker looked a little less warlike. After all, a feed was a feed!

"What are you going to give us?" asked Potter.

"A very, very nice tea," said Theophilus.

"Good! Something solid, I hope?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Pie, I suppose? Mrs. Mimble has very good kidney-pies."

"My dear friend, such diet is eminently unhealthy," said Theophilus. "I am afraid it would not be consistent with my duty to provide such extremely undesirable comestibles."

"What have you got, then?"

"Toast!"

"Eh?"

"Cold toast, without butter," said Theophilus. "It is very much more hygienic taken that way. You will find it excellent for the digestion."

"Anything else?"

"Certainly! Water."

"Water!"

"Yes, as much as you can drink."

"Is that all?"

"Nothing more is required, my dear friend, for the purposes of health," said Theophilus.

"But in case you should require more, I shall have some rolls—very stale, as stale bread is better for the digestion."

"And nothing else?"

"What else could be required?"

The three Fifth-Formers glared at him. "You're asking us to a tea composed of cold toast and water?" said Coker, Potter, and Greene, in a breath.

"Yes, I shall be so, so pleased if you will come!"

"Aren't you overdoing it?" Potter asked sarcastically. "Hospitality is all very well, but you shouldn't load fellows up with good things in that way."

"Perhaps the rolls are in excess," said Theophilus thoughtfully. "And it would be more beneficial if you drink the water with moderation."

Coker made a sign to his companions. The three of them closed round Theophilus, and laid violent hands upon him.

"I say!" exclaimed Theophilus. "What—"

"Oh!"

"Chuck him out!" yelled Coker.

"My dear, dear Coker—"

Oh! Theophilus went flying through the doorway.

Bump!

He landed upon the linoleum, and rolled over with a roar.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Coker slammed the study door.

Theophilus gained his feet, and put his spectacles straight, and blinked at the closed door and shook his head sadly. He limped away down the passage, and did not renew his kind invitation to Coker & Co.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. A Hygienic Tea!

SIX o'clock rang out from the clock-tower of Greyfriars, and the striking of the hour found Theophilus prepared to receive his guests.

The early autumn evening had closed in, and the gas was lighted in Theophilus Flipp's room. The weather was cold, and there was a big fire blazing in the grate. The window was tightly closed, and Theophilus had his muffler on. Evidently he did not mean to run any risk of catching cold.

There was a tap at the door, and Billy Bunter came in.

Billy Bunter was the first of the guests to arrive. Bunter was not famous for punctuality in other matters, but he had never been known to be late for a feed.

"Here I am, Flippy!" he said cheerfully.

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"I am so, so glad to see you, Bunter!" said Theophilus.

"Don't munch!" said Bunter, blinking round the study in search of the tea. "I—I say, you're not ready yet!"

"Quite, quite ready," said Theophilus.

"But where's the tea, then?"

"On the table, my dear, dear Bunter."

Billy Bunter blinked at the tea-table. There were plates and cups and saucers; but all the eatables he could see were some rolls and a few rounds of dry toast. There was also a jug of water and a lemon.

"Is that the tea?" asked Bunter.

"Yes, that is the tea," said Theophilus, beaming. "A very healthy and hygienic tea, Bunter."

"Isn't there anything to eat?" roared Bunter.

"Certainly! Toast—"

"Toast!"

"And rolls!"

"Rolls!"

"And to drink there is pure, clear water," said Theophilus. "Those who have a taste for luxury may have a squeeze of lemon in it."

Billy Bunter glared at Theophilus, with feelings too deep for words. Before he could speak again the door opened, to give admission to Bolsover major. Bolsover was looking unusually good-tempered. An invitation to a feed had a mollifying effect even upon the bully of the Remove.

"Sorry I'm late," he said. "Only a few minutes; I see you've not got the table laid yet, though, so it's all right."

"The table is laid, my dear, dear Bolsover," said Theophilus.

"Laid?" said Bolsover, with a stare at the table.

"Yes, indeed!"

"But where's the tea?"

"That's it!" yelled Billy Bunter. "That's the tea the image has asked us to!"

"My hat!"

The door opened again, and the Famous Four came in. They came in with their politest smiles on.

"Here we are again!" said Bob Cherry.

"So, so glad to see you!" said Theophilus, with a hospitable smile. "Pray take your seat, my dear, dear friends, as we are now quite, quite complete."

"Can I help you set the table?" asked Johnny Bull.

"The table is set!"

"Eh?"

"That's the tea he's asked us to!" hooted Billy Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I say, you fellows, bump him, and make him stand us something to eat, after asking us here!" said the Owl of the Remove.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"So you've asked me to come and gnaw dry toast and drink water, have you, Flippis?" said Bolsover, with a deadly glare at the happy Theophilus.

Theophilus nodded brightly.

"Yes," he said. "This is a truly healthy and hygienic tea, and you will find that it will do you a really, really great amount of good."

Bolsover did not reply. He grasped the end of the table in both hands, with the intention of pitching the whole of that healthy and hygienic tea into the grate.

Harry Wharton & Co. seized him just in time.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Chuck it, Bolsover!" said Frank Nugent.

"That's just what I'm going to do!" roared Bolsover. "I'm going to chuck all the muck into the grate!"

"My dear, dear friend—" exclaimed Theophilus, in dismay.

"Stop it, Bolsover!" said Wharton, laughing. "You needn't have tea if you don't like it, you know. Leave the table alone!"

"Look here—"

"Leggo!"

The Famous Four wrenched Bolsover away from the table. The Remove bully made a rush at Theophilus, but they grasped him again and whirled him back.

Bolsover shook his fist at the surprised Theophilus.

"You silly ass!" he roared. "You bleating chump!"

"My dear, dear—"

"Yah!"

Bolsover stamped out of the study, and slammed the door behind him with a slam that made the crockery dance upon the table.

"Dear, dear me!" said Theophilus. "I trust that Bolsover is not annoyed with me for anything. I should be very, very sorry—"

"You blithering cuckoo!" said Billy Bunter. "If you think I'm jolly well going to eat that fodder, you're jolly well mistaken, you silly jay!"

"My dear, dear Bunter—"

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

And Billy Bunter retired and slammed the door.

Theophilus blinked at the Famous Four in a distressful way.

"Never mind them!" said Harry Wharton consolingly. "We're going to have tea, Flippy."

"I am so, so sorry!" said Theophilus. "A hygienic tea would have done Bunter a very, very great amount of good, and might have arrested the process of degeneration."

The chums of the Remove grinned, and took their seats round the table.

The prospect of trying to satisfy healthy, boyish appetites with cold toast and water was not exhilarating; but they had tea in their own study to follow, and they were determined to be polite.

Theophilus quickly recovered his good-humour. He had four guests, at all events, who showed signs of appreciation.

"Pray begin!" he said. "Do not spare the toast!"

"Oh, we won't overdo it!" said Bob Cherry, beginning to munch dry toast.

"Nothing like keeping the appetite in check, you know."

"Yes, I think one piece will be enough for me," remarked Nugent.

"Same here!" said Johnny Bull.

Theophilus took up the jug.

"May I fill your glasses, my dear, dear fellows?" he asked.

"Ye-es."

"Would you care for a squeeze of lemon in the water?"

"Ye-e-es."

"There!"

Theophilus handed round the glasses of water with a squeeze of lemon in them. The juniors munched the dry toast and sipped the water. It tasted somewhat bitter, but they attributed that to the luxurious squeeze of lemon.

Theophilus beamed upon them from the head of the table. The juniors would not have appeared to despise the fare provided for them for any consideration. But it was not easy to get it down.

"More toast?" asked Theophilus hospitably.

"Er—thanks, no!"

"May I fill your glass again, my dear Wharton?"

"No, thanks!"

"You have not finished yours, Bull."

Johnny Bull made an effort, and finished his glass.

Half-past six struck, and Theophilus started up. He grabbed a bottle and a cup from the mantelpiece, and measured out a dose of medicine and swallowed it.

The chums of the Remove watched him curiously.

"Is that the giddy mixture?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yes. It is a marvellous remedy," said Theophilus, as he set down the bottle. "You will find its action very, very beneficial. It may cause some slight pains in the stomach, but they are nothing—a mere nothing! They will pass off, and the benefit will remain."

"We're jolly well not going to try it," said Nugent.

Theophilus smiled gently.

"You have tried!" he replied.

"Eh?" Nugent remembered the peculiar flavour of the water, and turned quite pale.

"What do you mean, Flippis?"

"You must excuse me, as it was for your own good," explained Flippis. "I placed a dose of the mixture in each of your glasses."

"Oh!"

"My hat!"

"You will find the result extremely beneficial. To-morrow you will come to me and thank me," said Theophilus.

The four chums were on their feet now, and they glared at Theophilus. He smiled at them sweetly in return. Bob Cherry pressed his hand to his waistcoat.

"Oh! I—I've got a pain!" he stammered.

"That is only the beginning," said Theophilus cheerfully. "It has not had time to take effect yet. You will feel a great deal more yet, but the ultimate effect—"

"You—you frightful ass!"

"My dear, dear friend—"

"Let's get out!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I—I shall massacre him if we stay here! Ow!"

And the Famous Four rushed out of the room.

Theophilus looked after them with a regretful smile.

"I'm so—so sorry!" he called out. "You will be glad presently—"

They did not look glad at present.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A Peas-ful Scene!

COKER, of the Fifth, met the chums of the Remove a little later in the passage. He stared at them blankly.

Harry Wharton & Co. were leaning up against the wall in a row, with pale faces, their hands pressed upon their waistcoats. Their faces were full of anguish.

Coker might be on terms of warfare with Study No. 1, but he was not a hard-hearted fellow, and he paused, with a look of concern.

"Anything wrong with you kids?" he asked.

"Ow!" groaned the Removeites. "Yow! Oh!"

"Feeling bad?"

"Grooh!"

"Been eating something wangy?" asked Coker.

"Yow! It's what we've been drinking."

"Pshaw! What is it—anything dangerous?"

"Yes, Ow!"

"We've been poisoned!" groaned Bob Cherry. "That villain Flippis—"

"Oh, Flippis!" said Coker.

"Yes; he asked us to tea—"

"He asked me to tea!" grinned Coker.

"When we heard what he'd got for tea, we chucked him out of our study."

"I wish we had!" groaned Johnny Bull.

"But we didn't know he'd been planting medicine in the water."

"Great Scott! Have you been taking medicine?"

"Yow! Yes, without knowing it! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to laugh at, you silly ass!" howled Nugent.

Coker seemed to think there was. He roared.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Wharton. "Ow-wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker walked away, still laughing. Apparently he passed on the news of the sufferings of the Famous Four. Fellows came along to look at them. Bolsover major was the first. The Bully of the Remove seemed to be in high good humour about it.

"I should have had some of that if I'd stayed to tea!" he remarked. "Serve you jolly well right! You've been standing up for that chap. Ha, ha, ha!"

"And now he's made them sit up!" grinned Vernon-Smith.

"Faith, and it's horrible ye look!" said Micky Desmond sympathetically. "Sure, you ought to see a doctor, intoirly!"

"What is it like, begad?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Ow! Like knives and daggers and lawnmowers and things!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad!"

"Sure, and I'd slaughter the medicine-merchant if I were you, intoirly!"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"I say, you fellows, you wouldn't have taken the medicine if you'd bumped that raving maniac as I wanted you to!" grinned Billy Bunter. "Serve you right! He, he, he!"

"Groo-coooh!"

A procession of fellows came to look at the Famous Four, and they retired from the passage, though they did not feel much inclined to walk.

The medicine they had taken might be beneficial in the long run, but it was most decidedly a "twister" while the effect lasted.

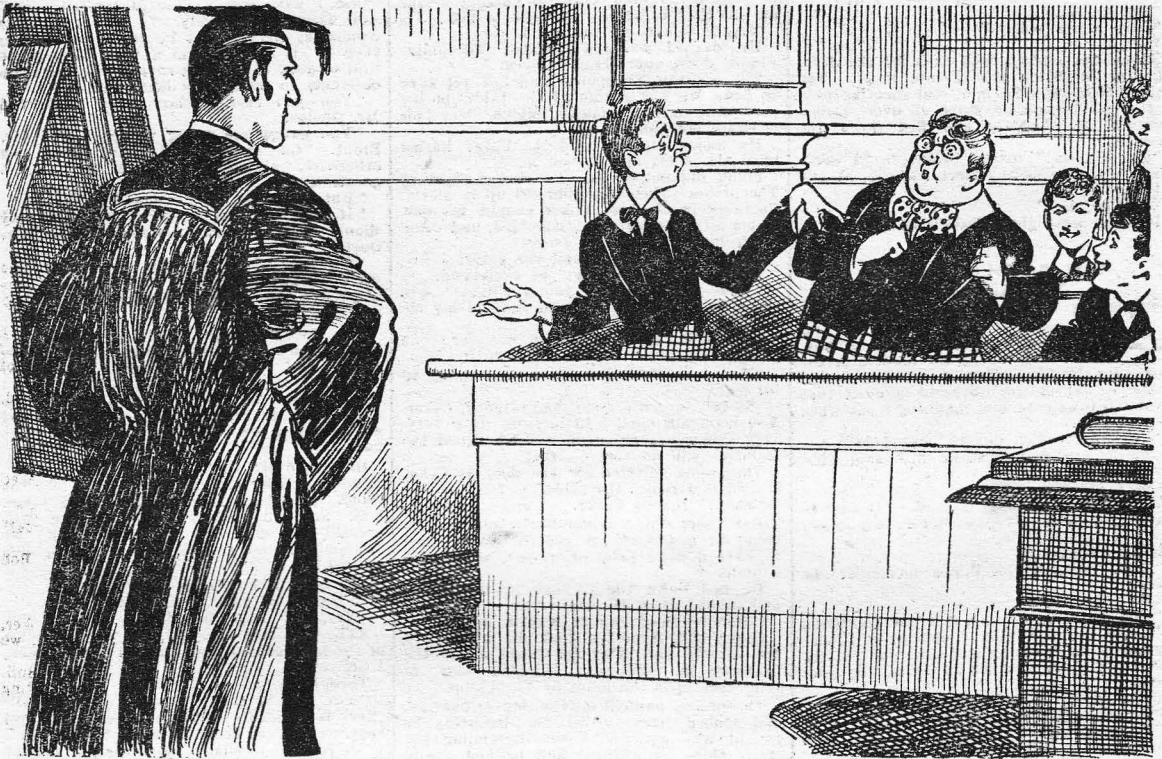
Two hours afterwards the chums of the Remove were still looking pale and weak, and they were lying about Study No. 1 in various attitudes of listlessness. Every now and then fellows would look in and cackle, but the Famous Four were too done up to throw anything at them. They could only glare.

Theophilus looked in later on. He had a very sympathetic expression upon his face.

"Still feel the pain?" he asked.

"Ow! Yes! Not so bad, but it's still there!" grunted Bob Cherry.

"I'm very, very sorry!" said Theophilus. "I find that, in the haste of the moment, I gave you treble doses. It was really too strong!"



Theophilus Flippis caught Bunter by the arm. "The symptoms are unmistakable!" he said, turning to Mr. Quelch. "There is no mistake about it. I fear that Bunter has but a very, very short time to live!" (See Chapter 1.)

"Ow! You dangerous ass!"
 "It will not do you any harm, though. And a little pain is nothing in the cause of health, is it, my dear, dear friends?" said Theophilus.

Bob Cherry's eyes glistened, and he grasped a cushion.

"You wouldn't mind a little pain?" he asked.

"Not at all. I only wish I had been able to give that dose to Coker. However, I shall yet find an opportunity."

"You frabjous ass!" roared Wharton. "Are you going to dose Coker, too?"

"Certainly! It will do him a very, very great amount of good."

"He will do you some good afterwards!" groaned Nugent. "He won't take it so patiently as we do. If we hadn't promised the Head not to slaughter you, we wouldn't leave a grease-spot to mark the place where you'd been, you awful idiot!"

Theophilus blinked at him with a sad expression.

"You should not mind a little pain like this, my dear, dear fellow. I am determined to do good while I am here. After experiencing the effects of my mixture, I am sure you will never use any other medicine. I am going to bring it to the notice of Mr. Quelch, too. He has been kind to me, and I owe it to him."

"Yes, give Quelch a dose, and you'll be fired out of Greyfriars!" gasped Johnny Bull. "And the sooner the quicker. I'm done with you!"

"My dear, dear fellow, a little pain is nothing—"

Whizz!

Bob Cherry hurled the cushion with deadly aim, and Theophilus went backwards through the doorway as if a cannon-ball had smitten him.

He crashed on the linoleum in the passage, and roared.

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's only a little pain, you know. You don't mind that, Flippy. It's nothing, you know; only a little pain."

"Ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Theophilus groped along the passage for his spectacles which had fallen off, and

NEXT FRIDAY:

lodged them on his nose again. He blinked indignantly at the chums of the Remove. They felt a little better now. The sight of Theophilus being bowled over had done them good.

"I am going to give my lecture in the Rag now," said Theophilus, gasping. "I should be glad for you fellows to come—very, very glad!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"My dear, dear friends—"

Bob Cherry grasped another cushion, and Theophilus hastily closed the door and retired. Apparently he could endure a little pain better when it was inflicted upon others, and did not care for it personally.

He went downstairs, and found quite a crowd below collected before the notice-board. There was a notice pinned on the board in Theophilus' handwriting.

"Lecture at half-past eight in the Rag. Subject: Hygiene. Lecturer: Theophilus Flippis. Admission Free!"

"Hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "Here's the silly ass who asks people to tea and doses them with muck! We're coming to the lecture, Flippy!"

"All are welcome!" said Theophilus.

"Hurry! Lead on!"

Theophilus went into the Rag. Quite a crowd followed him. There were Remove fellows, and Fourth-Formers, and fags of the Third and Second, and several of the Fifth and the Shell. They were all grinning, and a more observant fellow than Theophilus would have guessed that something was arranged in concert among them. But Theophilus had no suspicions. His mind was filled with his lecture. He mounted upon a chair, and surveyed the crowded audience with a benevolent eye.

"Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"You know the subject of my lecture," said Theophilus. "I have taken the subject—the very, very important subject—of hygiene. Young as I am, I am somewhat of an authority upon that subject, and I have contributed many articles to the columns of the 'Young Health-Seeker' upon that subject, and I say— Yooowwww!"

Theophilus did not mean to say that. But while he was speaking he felt a sudden pang on the neck, a sharp pain, as if a wasp had

stung him. He clapped his hand to his neck, and glanced round upon the crowd of grinning faces.

"Ow!" he said. "Dear me!"

"What's the matter, Flippy?" asked Bolsover major.

"I felt a sudden pain."

"Oh, pile in!" said Temple, of the Fourth. "We're waiting for the giddy lecture!"

"Oh, rather!" said Sabney.

"The waitfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Very well, gentlemen. I am very, very pleased to see you so keenly interested in this most important subject, and I repeat— Yaroo!"

"What does that mean, Flippy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I felt a pain in my ear!" said Theophilus, looking round in amazement. "There must be wasps in the room. Truly it is extraordinary that there should be many wasps here at this time of the year; a most peculiar circumstance— Ow!"

He rubbed his nose.

"Was that a wasp?" asked Tom Brown.

"It must have been. It was a sudden sting, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! Ow! Yaroo!"

Half a dozen of the sudden stings attacked Theophilus at the same moment. He dashed his hands across his face to frighten away the invisible wasps. But the stings came thick and fast, and the sight of peashooters in the hands of most of the juniors enlightened Theophilus at last.

"Ow!" he roared. "Pray do not shoot peas at me! Yow! It is very, very painful! Yow! I do not like it! Yaroo!"

Whizz, whizz, whizz, whizz!

Showers of peas smote Theophilus in all parts of his features. He fell from the chair and rolled on the floor. He blinked round at the juniors in dismay. Nearly every fellow in the room had a peashooter, and apparently an unlimited supply of peas. Theophilus tried to expostulate, but he could not make his voice heard in the yells of laughter. Some of the fellows were laughing so much that they swallowed the peas instead of whizzing them at Theophilus, and they choked and spluttered wildly.

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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"ONE TO THE BOUNDER!"

C "The Plot Against the School!" Grand Long Complete Tale of Greyfriars—

"Ow, ow!" roared Theophilus. "Help!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Give him a volley!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

Theophilus made a wild rush for the door. He had forgotten the lecture now. The juniors crowded after him, still shooting peas in clouds. Theophilus, stung all over, dashed through the doorway and fled down the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover. "I don't think he'll give us any more lectures, at any rate!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover was right. Theophilus didn't!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. The Last Straw!

COKER was unusually quiet in manner as he went to bed in the Fifth Form dormitory that night. As a rule, Coker's voice was the loudest in the dormitory, but this night it was very quiet. It was so unusual for Coker to be quiet that several fellows gave him inquiring looks when he turned in.

"Anything wrong, Coker?" asked Potter.
 "Faith, and you must be ill!" said Fitzgerald.

Coker grunted.

"I feel rather queer," he said. "It may be growing pains. I've got some very queer pains in my inside."

Greene chuckled.

"Been taking any of Flipp's medicine?" he asked.

"No jolly fear!"

"You might have taken it without knowing it," said Blundell with a chuckle. "I hear that he dosed Wharton and some more of the Remove without so much as saying 'By your leave.'"

Coker sat up in bed, turning quite pale.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed.

"Poor old Coker!" said Bland. "If you've taken a dose—"

"I—I had a drink before I came up to bed," said Coker. "You fellows know I keep a jug of Mrs. Mibble's home-made lemonade in my study—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Potter. "Flipp's has got at it as sure as a gun!"

"What is there to laugh at?" roared Coker.

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Potter. "I—I—"

"Then shut up!" growled Coker. "If that young villain's given me any of his disgusting medicine, I'll slaughter him! Ow!"

"What's the matter?" asked Greene, as Coker yelped.

"Ow! A sudden pain!"

"You've got it!" grinned Fitzgerald.

"Bedad, you've got it! Poor old Coker!"

Coker snapped his teeth. He had no doubt about it. He knew that Theophilus was determined to do good, as he considered it, and the way he had dosed the Famous Four showed that he would stick at nothing. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for him to introduce the medicine into the jug of lemonade in Coker's study. And the unfortunate Fifth-Former had drunk a whole glassful of that lemonade without a suspicion!

Another twist of pain took Coker suddenly, and he roared.

"Yow!"

The Fifth-Formers grinned. The whole matter seemed funny enough to everybody excepting Coker. Coker could see nothing humorous in it at all. He, too, had thought it funny in the case of the Famous Four. But the case was altered now. He rolled out of bed, and gathered the coverlet round him.

"Where are you going, Coker?" shouted Blundell.

Coker panted.

"I'm going to look for Flipp's!"

"Better get into your bags!" exclaimed Potter.

"Oh, rot! I want to get at him before I feel too bad!"

And Coker, draping the coverlet around him, dashed out of the Fifth Form dormitory. He left the Fifth yelling with laughter.

Coker knew where Theophilus' room was situated. He ran towards it, the end of the coverlet floating in a graceful way behind him. He passed Wingate of the Sixth in the passage, and the captain of Greyfriars shouted to him.

"Coker, what are you up to? You can't THE POPULAR.—No. 145.

do your Red Indian rehearsals in the passage at this time of night. Go back to bed!"

Horace Coker did not heed.
 He dashed on, and reached Theophilus Flipp's door, and kicked it open.

The cheerful Theophilus had not yet gone to bed. He was sitting at the table poring over the great volume which was his constant companion.

He looked up, startled, as Coker hurled open the door, and rushed in.

Coker did not speak. He rushed right at Theophilus. Theophilus jumped up in alarm. Fortunately for him, Coker caught his foot in his airy garment, and stumbled, and came down heavily upon his knees.

Theophilus dodged round the table.

"My dear, dear Coker!" he exclaimed.

"You—you poisonous young villain!" said Coker sulphurously. "You've been giving me your filthy medicine!"

"My dear, dear fellow, it was for your good! Did you take the lemonade?"

"Yes, I did!" roared Coker, scrambling to his feet.

"It will do you a great deal of good, Coker. You must not mind a little pain. It is very, very slight in comparison with the good the medicine will do you— Oh!"

Theophilus sprinted for the door as Coker chased him round the table.

"Stop!" roared Coker.

But Theophilus was not likely to stop. He could see in Coker's eye that it was his turn to have a little pain, or, rather, more than a little.

He fled down the passage at top speed, and dashed down the stairs.

Coker followed him at frantic speed.

Coker had forgotten that his attire was not exactly the thing for going about the passages in. He was thinking only of vengeance upon the unhappy Theophilus.

Theophilus paused in the lower passage, and looked back. Over the banisters he caught a glimpse of Coker descending the stairs three at a time, and he fled again. He tore open the nearest door, and dashed in, intending to lock himself in the room.

It happened to be Mr. Prout's study that he entered so unceremoniously.

The master of the Fifth sprang to his feet in amazement.

"Flipp's!" he exclaimed. "What do you want here? How dare you rush into my study in that way! How dare you, sir!"

Theophilus gasped.

"I—I— Excuse me, sir! I'm very, very sorry, but— Oh, here he is!"

The door flew open again, and Coker dashed in. By Theophilus having run into the study, Coker took it for granted that Mr. Prout was not there. He found out his mistake now.

"Coker!" thundered Mr. Prout.

Coker was rushing at Theophilus.

Mr. Prout sprang towards him, and Coker tried to elude him, and caught his foot in the trailing coverlet, and rolled over on the floor. Mr. Prout caught up a cane.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! went the cane.

The flowered coverlet was not a good protection against the cane. Coker roared as the blows got home, and kicked in anguish.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Coker! This disgraceful conduct—"

"Yow! Yaroooh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Oh, dear!" murmured Theophilus. "I am very, very sorry, Coker! My dear, dear sir—"

Thwack! Thwack!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Good heavens! What is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, looking in at the door.

"What has happened, Mr. Prout?"

Thwack! Thwack!

Coker jumped up, and with the coverlet trailing over his arm, he dashed out of the study in his pyjamas, past the astonished Remove master.

"There!" gasped Mr. Prout, throwing down the cane. "I am sorry you have been alarmed, Mr. Quelch. But I do not think Coker will act in this way again."

"Oh, dear!" murmured Theophilus.

"I fancy that boy has something to do with it, sir," said Mr. Quelch, with a severe glance at Theophilus.

"N-n-not at all!" panted Theophilus. "I am very, very sorry this trouble has occurred."

"Why did Coker pursue you into my study?" demanded Mr. Prout.

"He seems to have been annoyed, sir, be-

cause I gave him a dose of my medicine," said Theophilus meekly. "I put it into his lemonade, sir, so that he could not fail to take it. It will do him a very, very great deal of good in the long run, but he has some objection to suffering a little pain—"

"You—you extraordinary boy!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"You dangerous young wretch!" said Mr. Prout. "Go at once! I shall cane you otherwise, although you are the Head's guest. Go!"

"But, my dear, dear sir—"

"If you belonged to my Form, Flipp's, I should punish you severely," said Mr. Quelch.

"My dear, dear sir, that is because you are of a violent temper, I think, and a course of proper diet, added to regular doses of the mixture, would—"

Mr. Quelch strode from the study. The Fifth Form master took a firmer grip on the cane, and moved towards Theophilus. Theophilus caught the gleam in his eye, and did not wait to say any more. To borrow an expression from Shakespeare, he stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once.

He passed Mr. Quelch in the passage. The Remove master had not gone back into his room. A sudden twist of pain had taken him, and he had paused, and he was breathing very hard. He glanced at Theophilus, and caught his eye. Theophilus passed.

Mr. Quelch caught his breath.

"Flipp's!" he said, in a gasping voice. "Yes, sir?" said Theophilus.

"The— the medicine you have given to some of the boys causes them pain in the stomach, I believe?"

Theophilus nodded cheerfully.

"Yes, sir," he said. "A little pain, but the effect is decidedly beneficial. Coker will feel very, very great benefit from it to-morrow."

"I feel a— a slight pain that I cannot account for," said Mr. Quelch, moving so as to cut off Theophilus' retreat. Theophilus seemed to desire to get by him, and the Remove master did not mean to let him escape. "Some time ago, Flipp's—an hour or so—I drank some water from the carafe in my room."

"Did you, sir?"

"I thought it had a slight taste."

"My dear, dear sir—"

"Had you been putting anything in that water carafe?" asked Mr. Quelch, his eyes looking as if they would burn two holes in Theophilus.

"H'm!" said Theophilus guardedly. "You—you see, sir, the medicine is so very, very good—"

"Did you put any medicine in the carafe in my room?" shouted Mr. Quelch, seizing Theophilus by the collar.

"Well, yes, sir; only a mild dose."

"You—you—you— Come into my study!"

"W-w-what for, sir?"

"I am going to thrash you!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "You impudent, stupid, wicked boy! Come!"

"B-b-but, sir—"

Mr. Quelch jerked Theophilus towards his study. Theophilus wrenched himself loose, and backed away.

"My dear, sir, I—I object very, very much," he exclaimed. "I shall appeal to Dr. Locke, sir, Ow!"

Mr. Quelch made a rush at him. Theophilus fled.

"Stop!" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

Theophilus did not stop. He had a feeling that he would suffer more if he fell into Mr. Quelch's hands than if he fell into those of Coker. The Head was his only possible protection, and he fled wildly towards the Head's study. Mr. Quelch dashed after him, his gown fluttering in the breeze he made by his rapid passage. Theophilus reached the door of Dr. Locke's study first. But Mr. Quelch was a good second. Theophilus did not stop to knock. He threw open the door, and dashed in.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Head, springing up.

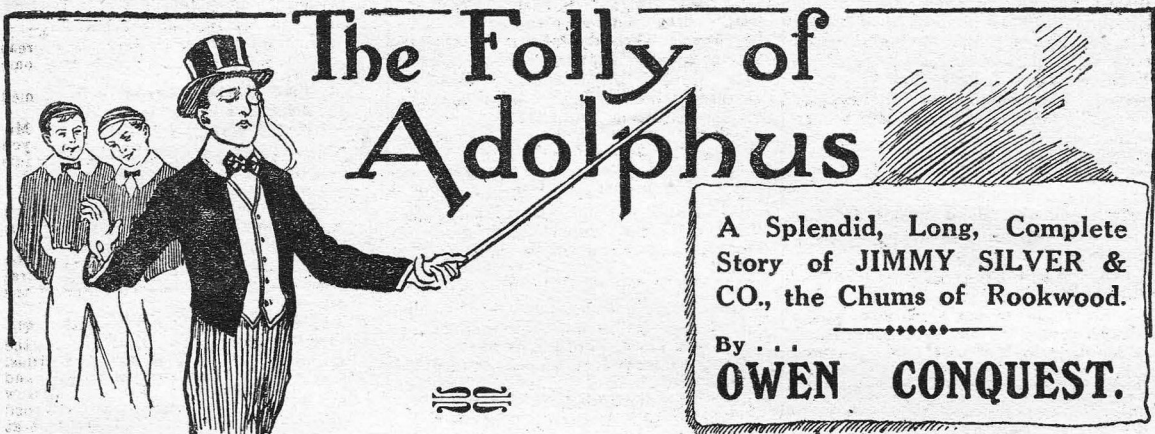
"Oh, keep him off!" roared Theophilus.

Mr. Quelch rushed in.

Theophilus made a wild spring to get over the Head's desk, but the Remove-master leaped upon him at the same moment.

There was a terrific struggle in the study.

(Continued on page 20.)



A Splendid, Long, Complete Story of JIMMY SILVER & CO., the Chums of Rookwood.

By . . .
OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Fifty-pound Banknote!

A DOLPHUS SMYTHE of the Shell seemed to be walking on air.

Never had the great Adolphus looked so "chippy" as he looked on this particular afternoon.

Adolphus was accustomed to carrying his head high. He was, in fact, a very important person, the glass of fashion and the mould of form in the Lower School at Rookwood.

Smythe's taste in waistcoats was really first-class. He wore his silk hat at the precisely correct angle. His necktie was simply "it."

He was not very good at games that required exertion, though he was supposed to know all there was to be known about bridge and banker. In class he had a somewhat exasperating effect upon his Form-master. But there was no doubt that he knew all about clothes from Alpha to Omega.

Naturally, Adolphus had a good opinion of himself, and he walked the earth as if common earth were not quite good enough for him to tread upon.

But now, as he sauntered gracefully across the quadrangle, Adolphus was looking even more lofty and ineffable than usual. Jimmy Silver & Co., who were adorning the steps of the School House with their persons, smiled as they saw him.

Something had evidently happened to "buck" the great Adolphus.

Like the poet of old who was gratified by the praise of Mæcenæas, he seemed likely to strike the stars with his sublime head.

"Smythe's looking cheery!" Jimmy Silver remarked. "What's happened?" "Perhaps his gee-gee's got home at last, and he's landed a winner!" grinned Arthur Edward Lovell.

Adolphus Smythe arrived at the steps. He turned his eyeglass upon the Fistical Four with a lofty glance.

Tubby Muffin of the Classical Fourth came hurrying out of the big doorway. There was great excitement in Tubby's fat face.

"I say, Smythe, I've been looking for you!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

Smythe gave him a frozen look. Familiarity from the fat Fourth-Former was not in the least gratifying to the superb Adolphus.

But the "marble eye" had no effect whatever upon Tubby. He was brimming with affectionate regard.

"Have you got it about you, old chap?" he asked.

"Would you mind steppin' aside and allowin' me to pass, Muffin?" asked Smythe, with disdainful calm.

"But I say, old chap—"

"Get away."

"Look here, Smythe—"

Adolphus Smythe took Tubby by one fat ear and turned him aside. He came loftily up the steps, leaving Tubby Muffin rubbing his ear and glowering.

"Yah!" snorted Tubby. "Rotter! Purse-proud bounder! Yah! Who wants to look at your fifty-pound note? I don't believe you've got one. Yah!"

"Fifty-pound note!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "My hat!"

"Fifty quids!" ejaculated Newcome. "Have you got a fifty-quid note, Smythe?"

"I have!" said Adolphus calmly. "My hat! Been robbing a bank, old scout?" asked Raby.

"Oh, rats!"

"Why not wear it pinned on your necktie, so that all Rookwood could see and admire?" suggested Lovell.

Adolphus' lip curled, and he walked on.

In the doorway of the School House Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn appeared in sight.

The three Colonials were grinning.

As if moved by the same spring, they bowed before the astonished Adolphus till their noses nearly touched their knees.

"Hail!"

"Wha-a-t?" ejaculated Smythe. "All hail!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fistical Four. "All hail!"

Adolphus Smythe frowned, and marched on proudly. The Colonial Co. straightened up and chortled.

In the passage Adolphus Smythe was the recipient of a good many curious glances as he walked on with his noble nose in the air.

Apparently the Rookwood fellows all knew about the fifty-pound note, though Jimmy Silver & Co., who had been on the footer ground, had only just heard of it.

Tracy and Howard, Smythe's study-mates, joined him, their manner even more friendly and respectful than usual.

Adolphus Smythe was always a great man, but, in the happy possession of a fifty-pound note, he was a greater man than ever.

No junior at Rookwood had ever been known to be in possession of such a sum of money before, excepting Mornington of the Fourth in his palmy days.

It was an extraordinary sum for a Shell fellow to possess, and perhaps it was not surprising that it had turned Adolphus' head a little.

Mornington and Erroll were coming

down the stairs together, and the former glanced at Smythe with a smile.

Morny, in his wealthy days, had thought little enough of even fifty pounds. It amused him to observe Adolphus' swank.

"Hallo! I hear you're in luck, Smythe!" he remarked.

"I am rather in luck," said Smythe, in his most stately way.

"Chance for you to invest in Savings Certificates!" suggested Mornington. "That's the way to get rich quick."

"No fear!" said Adolphus.

"Let's see it, Smythe, bedad!" said Flynn of the Fourth. "Faith, I've never even seen a fifty-pound note meself!"

"Certainly!" said Adolphus graciously.

He opened a handsome little pocket-book, and drew out a crisp, rustling banknote.

The Classical juniors gathered round to look at it.

A fifty-pound note was an uncommon sight to most of them, and it was the genuine article, worth "fifty of the best."

There were admiring exclamations, as Adolphus displayed the great prize.

"Where did you get it?" asked Townsend of the Fourth.

"My uncle," said Smythe.

"My hat! Is he in the profiteering bizney?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky ass!" exclaimed Adolphus wrathfully. "Do you think any of my relations are in trade?"

Smythe carefully replaced the banknote in his pocket, and headed for his study, following the other "Giddy Goats."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Kit Erroll Looks In!

A DOLPHUS SMYTHE'S fifty-pound note became quite famous in Rookwood that day.

It was well known that Adolphus had some tremendously wealthy relations, though some fellows suspected that he also had some shady, poor relations, whom he made it a point never to mention.

But a birthday gift of fifty pounds was a thing decidedly out of the common.

That fifty-pound note was talked of up and down Rookwood, and its existence even came to the ears of prefects and masters.

Mr. Mooney, the master of the Shell, heard of it, and he reflected upon the subject, and sent for Adolphus to come to his study.

Adolphus presented himself in the study

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a little uneasily. He was aware that Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood, would not approve of a junior having so much money in his possession.

"Ah, Smythe, I hear that you have received fifty pounds as a birthday present!" said Mr. Mooney, with a curious look at the junior.

"Yes, sir," said Smythe.

"That is a very large sum of money for a junior schoolboy to possess. I hardly think the Head would approve of it. You intend, I presume, to place the money in the bank at once?"

"I haven't a banking account, sir," said Smythe.

"I did not suppose that you had a bank account at your age, Smythe. I was alluding to the Post Office Savings Bank."

"What's that, sir?" asked Smythe calmly.

"You are surely aware, Smythe, that there is a savings-bank department attached to the Post Office."

"Yaas—something' for the use of the poor, isn't it, sir?" said Smythe, with as much arrogance as he dared exhibit to his Form-master. "I've never had anything' to do with it."

Mr. Mooney gave him a look.

"Then you had better place the money in your father's keeping, Smythe."

"Ahem! I—I was thinkin' of investin' it, sir," said Smythe.

"You are scarcely old enough to choose investments for yourself, Smythe."

"Oh, yes, sir! There's Savings Certificates!" said Smythe innocently. "You can buy 'em at the post-office, sir, and it all helps in the country."

Mr. Mooney smiled quite genially.

"My dear boy, you could not invest your money better," he said. "An excellent idea—most excellent! I am sure your father would approve of it, though perhaps you had better write to him at first. I am very glad to see, Smythe, that you are both thoughtful and patriotic."

"Thank you, sir!"

Adolphus was quite grave as he left Mr. Mooney's study.

But when the door had closed on him he smiled and winked into space. He had as much intention of putting his fifty pounds into Savings Certificates as of putting it into the school poor-box.

He had not exactly lied to Mr. Mooney, but the way he had put it came very near it. He had certainly given the master of the Shell a false impression.

He returned to his study, where Howard and Tracy were waiting for him.

"What did the old sport want?" asked Tracy.

"Heard of the banknote?" grinned Howard.

Adolphus nodded.

He sank gracefully into an armchair, crossed one elegantly-trousered leg over the other, and lighted a cigarette.

"Anybody would think that this was the first fifty-pound note printed at the Bank of England!" he drawled. "Mooney thinks it's too much money for a junior to have about him!"

"The ass!" said Howard.

"Like his cheek!" said Tracy.

"Of course, these dashed Form-masters ain't rollin' in money," said Smythe disdainfully. "I suppose fifty quid seems a fortune to Mooney! He thinks I'm going to stick it in Savings Certificates."

"Ha, ha!"

"You got more than five per cent. on them," remarked Howard.

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"I mean to get ten times that, at least," said Smythe calmly. "I've always wanted a decent bit of capital, so as to use my knowledge of racin' and other things to advantage. Mooney can think as he likes. I'm goin' to make this fifty into five hundred!"

"Oh!"

"There's precious few fellows at school know as much about racin' an' things as I do," said Smythe. "Bunce, at the Bird-in-Hand, told me that himself! He said I astonished him! I'm goin' to astonish him some more before I've done!"

"Good old Smythe!"

"I—I say," said Tracey uneasily. "Mind how you deal with that fellow Bunce, old chap! He's jolly sharp!"

Adolphus looked at him disdainfully.

"Do you think I can't take care of myself?" he demanded.

"Nunno, of course not. But—"

"I fancy I'm up to snuff," said Adolphus complacently. "Why, I've played that fellow Bunce at poker—rippin' game, poker—and played his head off! Only yesterday I cleared him out of two quids!"

"You beat him at poker?" said Howard.

"Haven't I said so?"

"Did he know you were expectin' this banknote to-day?"

Adolphus turned his eyeglass on Howard with a freezing expression.

"I had happened to mention it in conversation," he said. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, nothin'!" said Howard hastily.

"If you think I'm the kind of chap to have my leg pulled, Howard—"

"Not at all, old fellow. But—but if I were you, I'd buy Savings Certificates with that fifty, instead of playin' poker with Bunce."

"You're an ass, old scout! I know what I'm going to do!"

There was a tap at the door, and Erroll of the Fourth looked in.

The three nuts regarded him with lofty surprise.

Erroll had never visited Smythe in his study before. The quiet, grave Fourth-Former, who often seemed older than his years, had little enough in common with the nuts of Rookwood.

Even when his chum Mornington had been hand-in-glove with the nutty brigade, Erroll had had little or nothing to do with them. And since his fall from fortune Mornington had had little to do with them, either.

"Hallo!" drawled Adolphus. "This is an unexpected honour!"

Erroll took no notice of the Shell fellow's tone.

"I should like to speak to you, Smythe," he said quietly.

"You can speak before my pals, if you've got anything to say!" said Adolphus.

"I'd rather speak to you alone."

"By gad! You're dashed mysterious," said Smythe, in surprise. "I don't see the necessity of it."

"I'll look in another time," said Erroll, turning away.

"Hold on!" said Smythe, whose curiosity was aroused. "You fellows leave us alone for a few minutes, will you?"

Tracy and Howard rather discontentedly left the study.

They could hardly suspect a fellow like Kit Erroll of having designs on the fifty-pound banknote, but they were disappointed.

However, they left the study, and Kit Erroll closed the door after them. Then

he turned to Smythe, who was looking at him with a supercilious smile through a blue haze of smoke.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Adolphus is Not Grateful!

KIT ERROLL was silent for a moment or two, while Smythe regarded him with increasing surprise and suspicion. Unless Erroll had designs on the banknote, he simply could not account for the Fourth-Former seeking that interview.

"I dare say this surprises you a little, Smythe," said Erroll at last. "We're not friends—"

"In fact, we hardly know one another," said Smythe calmly.

"Quite so. But I felt that I ought to give you a warning," said Erroll.

Smythe laughed.

"A sermon on riotous livin'?" he asked. "You think I'm goin' to paint the town red now I'm well heeled, what? I understand that you turned Morny from his wicked ways by sermonisin'. My dear man, don't try it on me. I'm a hardened sinner, I assure you."

"That isn't my intention. There's a rascally fellow at the Bird-in-Hand Inn in the village, named Bunce," said Erroll.

"A sportin' chap," assented Smythe.

"You know him?"

"Oh, yaas!"

"I know him, too," said Erroll.

"By gad!" Smythe raised his eyebrows.

"I don't exactly know this man Bunce, but I've seen him before," said Erroll, his cheeks reddening a little. "I've heard the fellows talking about your knowing him—and playing cards with him. It's net my business, of course, and I shouldn't think of telling you my opinion about that—"

"Thanks."

"But I felt I ought to speak to you now. I dare say you've heard something of my life before I came to Rookwood," said Erroll. "Most of the fellows have."

"Yaas, you were brought up by a gang of thieves, or somethin', weren't you?" said Smythe, his lip curling.

"I had that misfortune," said Erroll quietly. "Before I was found by my father, I saw some very strange company at different times. I had a rather strong character, or I might never have been able to resist the influences that surrounded me at that time. Among the shady characters I came in contact with at that time was this fellow Bunce. He was an acquaintance of the crackman Gentlemn Jim."

"By gad!"

"Whether he was actually a thief or not, I do not know. He was a card-sharper and racing swindler—I know that. About the last fellow in the world, Smythe, for a decent chap to know."

Smythe yawned.

"But to come to the point. I'm not here to preach to you. You have a large sum of money now, and you seem to be in the habit of seeing this rascal Bunce, and playing cards with him. Apart from the morality of the matter, the man will skin you to the very bones if you have dealings with him. Even if you have some skill at cards, he will cheat you, and so cunningly that you will have no chance against him. I know him, you see. If you do not want to lose your birthday banknote, Smythe, take my advice, and keep clear of that man."

Erroll spoke quietly and earnestly.

Any fellow but Adolphus Smythe would have been moved a little, at least, for it was plain that it had cost the quiet,

(Continued on page 13.)

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!



A GRAND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

Edited by
WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER of Greyfriars School.

Assisted by
HIS FOUR FAT SUBS—SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, **FATTY WYNN** and **BAGGY TRIMBLE** of St. Jim's, and **TUBBY MUFFIN** of Rookwood.

Contributions from the Three Famous Schools.

HELPFUL HOBBIES!

By **BOB CHERRY.**

Fisher T. Fish has taken up the hobby of Fish-ing. He is already beginning to find it's "no catch"!

Dick Rake has taken up gardening. Hoe, hoe!

The school roof is considerably damaged, and is under repair. This is because Hurree Singh has taken up Singh-ing! No ceiling or roof is safe when Inky reaches his top note. The duntfulness is terrific!

Although there is such a mania for hobbies of late, we are relieved to note that Johnny Bull has not taken up Bully-ing!

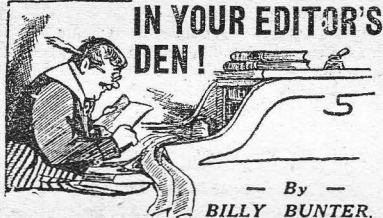
Fry of the Upper Fourth is learning Fry-ing under Billy Bunter's tuition. Great "Scott"!

Tom Brown has a hobby, too. It's photography. The other day we saw Browney going out of gates with a "Browney" Kodak!

Personally, I haven't a hobby at all. It would be fatal for a Cherry to take up a hobby. Why, they'd "stone" him!

Walker has a hobby. He walks. Trotter has a hobby. He trots. Todd has a hobby. He toddles. So now you know!

I've forgotten Billy Bunter. Our plump editor has a hobby, of course. The following conundrum will reveal the nature of his hobby. "Why is Billy Bunter like a vice?" "Because he's always 'pinching' things!" (Cherry, you beast, if you insult me like that, you'll begin to "feel the pinch"!—Ed.)



IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Dear Readers,—As Harry Wharton is bringing out a Special "Inventions" Number of the "Greyfriars Herald," I have decided to go one better, and to produce a Special Hobbies Number.

We've all got some pet hobby with which to beguile our hours of lezzure.

My own special hobby is kooking. I could go on kooking till the cows came home, so to speak. I simply love it!

Some fellows kolleckt stamps. Others kolleckt butterflies. Some keep rabbits, and others white mice. Some, who are of a gloomy and morbid turn of mind, do "fret" work.

Even the masters have their hobbies. Mr. Quelch writes books. This reminds me of the story of the bashful young lady who went to dinner with Lord Tennyson, the selly-brated man who won the Battle of Waterloo. "My dear," said his lordship, "what do you do for a living?" "Pip-pip-please, sir, I—I bite rooks!" was the startling reply.

It is only right that we should have hobbies of some sort, or we should be always getting into mischief. Look at Skinner of the Remove. He hasn't a hobby, and so, finding time hang hevily on his hands, he goes into the woodshed and cuffs a pigarett—I mean, puffs a cigarette!

Every healthy-minded fellow ought to have a hobby. But let it be a decent hobby. Nugent minor's hobby is kollecktng tadpoles. Groo! Fairly gives me the kleeps! Young Gatty runs a fish and oyster bar in the fags' Kommon-room. That is far more sensibul.

I feel sure that this issue will knock Harry Wharton's Inventions Number into a cocked hat. I have manniged to get some topping kontributions together, and I am konfident that you will all go into rapchers over this number.

By the way, Ogilvy's story, "The Town Crier of Courtfield," konkloods this week. Ogilvy can always see the funny side of things, and if his yarn duzzent make you laugh—well, I shall weep!

Bong swore, dear readers! (I have to air my French occasionally, just to show you what a fine skoller I am!)

Ever your stout pal,

Your Editor.

HOBBY'S HOBBIES!

By **DICK PENFOLD.**

He sits and thumps the "baby grand" Till fellows flee on every hand. Such dreadful dins they cannot stand. It's one of Hobby's hobbies.

He plays upon his piccolo "Come to me, Thora," don't you know Thora may come, the others go. They can't stand Hobby's hobbies.

Upon his harp of minstrelsy He plays "Way Down in Tennessee." The fellows wish they were—or he. They're sick of Hobby's hobbies.

Claude Hoskins is the one to blame. That mad musician, far from tame, Gave Hobson lessons at the game. Hence we have Hobby's hobbies.

The next time Hobson starts to play "Killarney," or "Down Texas Way," We'll slay the silly chump, and say: "Good-bye to Hobson's hobbies."

NOTICE!

HAVE YOU GOT A HOBBY?

IF NOT,

Consult - **FISHER T. FISH**- who will supply you with a gilt-edged, cheap hobby, and directions for use of same. **STUDY 14.**

The Town Crier of Courtfield!

(Second Spasm).

By DONALD OGILVY.

I DESCRIBED last week a special meeting of the Courtfield Town Council. That important body had met to discuss the appointment of a town crier for Courtfield.

There were high words between the chairman—Sir Richard Pompuss, J.P.—and the town clerk. Altogether, it was a very stormy meeting. The meetings we have in the Rag at Greyfriars were nothing to it. Ink and abuse were thrown about indiscriminately.

Eventually the meeting got to business. A number of applications for the post of town crier were read, and it was arranged that Lady Pompuss should interview the various applicants.

Her ladyship's first visitor was Mr. Silas Fungus, who was Courtfield's oldest inhabitant.

Mr. Fungus was toothless and tactless. He entered her ladyship's presence leaning upon a stout stick, which was gnarled like his own hands. And he immediately began to sing, in a wheezing voice:

"Oi be noinety-noine, Oi beg,
Born and bred in dear old Pegg.
And folk may live as long as Oi
In other parts of Kent, ma'am—"

"Desist! Desist, I implore you!" exclaimed Lady Pompuss. "How can you stand there and see a defenceless woman suffer such agonies? Who are you?"

"Oi be Silas Fungus, and wot I says is this here—the town clerk give me destructions to call on your ladyship. You be wanting a town crier, I believe?"

"But, my good man, you are too old for the part!"

"No man be too old at noinety-noine, ma'am. Why, there be my brother Jarge, who be only a year younger than Oi, have jest won the Courtfield lorn-tennis championship. Besides which, Oi've had an injection of thyroid, and Oi feel as frisky as a young lamb, as ever was!"

Lady Pompuss shook her head.

"I fear you are quite unsuitable for the post, Mr. Fungus. Your voice is too distinct for a town crier. Tradition has it that a town crier should be unable to make himself understood by the public. But you shall have a fair trial. Now, just imagine you are standing in the middle of the High Street, making a proclamation. Take this, and read it aloud."

Striking an attitude, the old man began to declaim what was written thereon.

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Lost on Saturday night, between the High Street and Highcliffe School, a magnificent turkey ring—"

"Turquoise, man—turquoise!"

"A magnificent—what you said—ring. Anyone returning same to Lady Bloggins, of the Gabblers—"

"The Gables—not Gabblers!"

"Anyone returning same to Lady Bloggins, of the Gables, will be rewarded with 'God save the King.'"

"Fool! You omitted the words 'Five pounds.'"

"Anyone returning same to Lady Bloggins, of the Gables, will be rewarded with 'God save the King' five pounds!"

"Hopeless—hopeless!" snapped Lady Pompuss. "You've got the thing terribly muddled. You've got to say 'I will be rewarded with five pounds.' And 'God save the King' at the finish."

Mr. Fungus had another shot.

"Anyone returning same to Lady Thingumybob of What's-a-name will be rewarded with five pounds. And 'God save the King' at the finish!"

"Oh dear!" gasped her ladyship. "You make me tired. I can clearly see that we THE POPULAR.—No. 145.

shall have to get a woman for the post. Begone, man! This interview is finished!"

"Oi be cast off in me old age," said Silas Fungus, as he hobbled out of the room. "Which is a crool shame, as ever was!"

No sooner had the oldest inhabitant departed than a gentleman about seventy years younger strutted into the room. This was Adolphus de Vere, a swanky youth, who was immaculately dressed, and who sported a monocle, after the fashion of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Haw!" said Adolphus. "Is this the jolly old council chamber—what?"

"It is," said her ladyship coldly.

"I hear you're wantin' a merry old town crier!"

"On the contrary, we want a sober one."

"Haw! Very witty, dear lady. I can see the point, begad I'm a sober johnnie, I can assure you."

"Can you read a proclamation?"

"Can a duck swim?"

"Then kindly declaim this aloud," said Lady Pompuss, handing Adolphus a paper.

"Haw! Notice is hereby given, begad, that a special meetin' of the jolly old Town Council will be held on Wednesday evenin' at eight o'clock to considah the question as to



"Haw!" said Adolphus. "Is this the jolly old council chamber—what?" "It is!" said her ladyship coldly.

whether cats—this is rather personal, isn't it?—should be muzzled."

Lady Pompuss bristled up.

"Do you dare to insinuate that I am a cat?"

"No, bai Jove! You're a little lamb, that's what you are. But lambs have a habit of turnin' into cats sometimes. Haven't you heard the nursery rhyme?"

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleeces was her aversion.
She made for it a fur-lined coat,
It's now her little 'Persian'!"

"How perfectly absurd! Look here, Mr. de Vere—I think that is your name?"

"One of 'em, dear lady! If you want my nomenclature in full, it's Adolphus Guy Montmorency Plantagenet FitzBertie de Vere. My pater was the fifth Baron of Wapshot."

"And a very barren baron, too, I should say, if his son has to condescend to apply for a town crier's job!"

Adolphus looked distressed.

"I say, deah gal—I mean, your ladyship—don't you think I shall suit?"

"No. You are far too superior, for one thing. And you speak too distinctly, for another."

Adolphus moved sadly towards the door. He was the second of the applicants to be sent empty away.

Mrs. Sarah Stiggins was the next arrival. She was a highly respectable charwoman,

but her loud, raucous voice did not suit Lady Pompuss.

"What about this town crier's job?" demanded Mrs. Stiggins.

Lady Pompuss frowned.

"Rather than give it to a person of your low order of intelligence, I would take it myself," she said.

"Ho! Very good, your ladyship! I go! You have scorned me, and Sarah Stiggins never forgets a hinsult! I go—but I shall bob up again very shortly! You haven't heard the last of this business. I'll give you some sleepless nights afore I've finished with you!"

So saying, Mrs. Stiggins flounced out of the room.

"What a woman!" gasped Lady Pompuss, leaning back in her chair, and fanning herself with the "minutes" of the last council meeting. "Not only was she a rude creature, but she was totally unsuited for the post of town crier. She spoke far too clearly and forcefully! Ah! This is Mr. Snorter, I believe?"

A curious-looking individual came into the room. He was attired in the garb of a country yokel, and he seemed to be trying to speak. But the only sound he succeeded in making was an incoherent mumble.

"Gracious! What manner of man is this?" gasped Lady Pompuss.

"M-m-m-m!"

"Have you come to see me in reference to the post of town crier, my man?"

Mr. Snorter nodded his head vigorously.

"M-m-m-m!" he said.

"What is your name?"

"Mum-mum-mum!"

"You are sure it isn't dad-dad-dad? You are Mr. Snorter, I presume. Where do you live?"

There was a further outburst of mumbling. "Are you a good crier?" asked Lady Pompuss.

Mr. Snorter produced a handkerchief, and began to weep loudly.

"Excellent! Excellent!" murmured Lady Pompuss. "A most promising candidate! Now, let me hear you read this proclamation: 'Lost in Friardale Lane on Saturday evening, a lady's gold brooch. Anyone returning same to Miss Spooner, of the Cosy Corner Tea-rooms, Courtfield, will be rewarded.'"

Mr. Snorter read the proclamation in such a way that not a single word was intelligible. He might have been spouting in the Boishevik tongue, or in double-Dutch.

"Splendid!" said Lady Pompuss. "Now let me hear you read this one: 'There will be a grand concert in the Courtfield Town Hall on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Mr. Gorman Dyzer will sing 'I'm For Ever Going Doubles.'"

Mr. Snorter made exactly the same noise as before. Not a word of his jargon could be understood.

Lady Pompuss rose to her feet.

"At last!" she exclaimed joyfully. "At last I have found a man who is true to the traditions of a town crier—a man who can read a proclamation in such a manner that nobody has the foggiest notion what he is talking about. Mr. Snorter, on behalf of the Courtfield Town Council, I have great pleasure in informing you that you are elected to the post of town crier. You will take up your duties forthwith."

Thus it came about that a town crier was elected for Courtfield. And on the next half-holiday a whole crowd of Greyfriars fellows are biking over to the little market town for the special purpose of hearing the peculiar snortings of Mr. Snorter.

It will be worth a term's pocket-money!

THE END.

A GOOD SAMARITAN!

By ARTHUR NEWCOME.



THE incident I am about to describe took place in the days when Mornington, of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood, was down on his luck. Mornington, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, became "stony." He found that riches, in some inexplicable way, take unto themselves wings. Anyhow, he was left stranded, and in a sorry plight. His resources failed; he found himself without a penny to spend.

And he wanted money badly. He was too proud to borrow, too decent a fellow to steal. Yet he must get money somehow, he reflected.

There was only one course that suggested itself to him.

For many months Morny had been an enthusiastic collector of coins. It was his hobby. He derived no end of pleasure from it, and he had a splendid collection.

Old Simmonds, who keeps an antique shop at Latcham, had called on Morny several times with reference to his collection, and he had expressed a wish to buy it. Morny's reply had been terse and to the point.

"Nothin' doin'!"

"But I will give you ten, twelve, fifteen pounds for your collection!" Simmonds had urged.

"If you were in a position to offer me all the wealth of the Indies, dear man, my reply would still be 'Nothin' doin'.' This collection is jolly valuable to me, not merely from a money standpoint. I'm speakin' of the historical value. I hope the time will never come when I shall have to part with these coins."

But the time did come.

Money was badly needed.

Morny had already disposed of most of his study furniture. And he had sold a lot of his nicknacks.

Now came the real crisis. He would be compelled to part with his collection. His priceless collection of old coins would be handed over to the tender mercies of goths and vandals—people who merely loved the coins for what they would yield, and not because of their historical worth and association.

Morny debated long and seriously before taking such a step. Gladly would he have preserved his collection. But reduced circumstances forced his hand, and he was obliged to put his plan into effect.

He was taking a last fond look at his collection, when Kit Erroll came into the study.

"Hallo, Morny!" he said cheerfully.

No answer.

Erroll glanced curiously at his chum.

"You look," he said, "like a fellow who has lost a bob and found a threepenny-bit with a hole in it!"

"I've lost—at least, I'm shortly goin' to lose—some-thing that's worth far more than a bob," said Mornington, stifling a sigh. "This collection of mine, that I've taken such a pride in, will have to go West."

Erroll gave a low whistle.

"You can't mean that, Morny?"

Mornington nodded gloomily.

"I'm a fellow with few hobbies," he said; "but when I take up one it becomes every-thing to me. I go into it heart an' soul. You can't think how fond I've become of these battered old coins. Some of 'em were in circulation hundreds of years ago. I like to think of the people through whose hands they have passed. There's not a coin in this collection that hasn't a story to tell—a story of war, or adventure, or romance. I dare say you'll think I'm a silly chump to spout like this. It isn't often that I talk to you in this way, Erroll, as you know. I don't usually parade my troubles. But I don't mind tellin' you that it will nearly break my heart to have to part with this collection."

Morny's tone was full of feeling. Kit Erroll found his eyes becoming strangely misty. He pulled himself together.

"Must you really get rid of them, Morny?"

The other nodded.

"I've got to raise the wind, somehow," he said.

Erroll went forward eagerly.

"Let me help you, old man," he said. "I happen to be pretty flush at the moment. I'll lend you whatever you want—"

Mornington shook his head.

"I'm not goin' to borrow," he said. "I've quite made up my mind to that. Don't think me ungrateful. You're a good sort to suggest helpin' me out; but I can't do it—I really can't!"

"In that case it means losing your collection?"

"Yes."

"How will you dispose of it?"

"There's a sale of antique stuff next week, in the auction-rooms at Latcham," said Mornington. "I shall put my collection up for sale. I don't suppose it will fetch a great deal. I shall be lucky to get a tenner. I shall send the coins over to-morrow, so that they can be included in the catalogue. Erroll looked thoughtful.

"Is there no way out of this?" he said.

"None, dear boy! I must sacrifice my collection, an' try to forget that it ever existed. Let's have tea now. If I sit an' look at these coins much longer I shall want to howl!"

Kit Erroll did his utmost to cheer his chum up during tea. But his efforts met with scant success.

Mornington, like Rachel of old, mourned, and would not be comforted.

Next day Morny sent his collection over to Latcham, with a request that it should be included in the sale.

The auctioneers sent him a note saying that they would be happy to meet his wishes.

At length the day of the sale arrived.

Morny remained at Rookwood. He couldn't bear the thought of attending the sale. The auctioneers, after deducting their commission, would send him a cheque. And thus he would be relieved—for the time being, at any rate, of financial worries. But his collection of coins—Ah! That, like the young lady in the song, would be "lost and gone for ever."

The sale came off, but Morny knew nothing of what transpired.

On the following morning he received a cheque for twelve pounds.

This was rather better than he had anticipated.

A few weeks before Morny would have regarded twelve pounds in the same way that most fellows would have regarded twelve pence. But times were changed, and the once-wealthy Fourth-Former realised that twelve pounds was a very useful sum.

Having glanced at the cheque, and tucked it away in his wallet, Morny was about to leave the study, when a box caught his eye. He went towards it in amazement, wondering if he were dreaming.

For it was the box containing his collection of coins—the box he had sent over to Latcham!

"What the thump——" began Morny, in astonishment. "What have they returned the empty box for?"

But investigation showed that it was not empty. The coins were there, every one of them. They had not been sold at all.

Morny rubbed his eyes in a dazed sort of way.

"Yes, it's a dream!" he muttered. "It must be a dream!"

Kit Erroll strolled into the study.

"Hallo, Morny!" he said. "How much did your collection realise at the sale?"

"Twelve quid," was the reply. "But—dashed if I understand it! They've returned my collection!"

"My hat!"

Erroll looked almost as surprised as his chum.

"I must make inquiries about this," said Mornington. "I'll pop over to Latcham and interview the auctioneers. Seems to me—a sudden gleam of understanding came into Morny's eyes—"there must have been a pal of mine at the sale—a Good Samaritan, who bought my collection, an' then handed it back to me."

"H'm! It's just possible!" murmured Erroll.

Mornington went over to Latcham, and spoke to the man who had conducted the sale. But the man was as mum as a oyster. He refused to say how Morny's collection had come to be restored to him.

Strolling thoughtfully back to Rookwood, it occurred to Morny that the Good Samaritan must have been Kit Erroll. It was like Erroll, he reflected, to do good by stealth, and to say nothing about it.

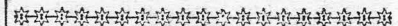
When he got back to the school, Morny questioned his chum.

Kit Erroll, however, refused to make any admission. But as he did not offer any denial, it stood to reason that he must have been the fellow who had saved Morny's collection.

"It was you, Erroll—I'm sure it was you!" said Morny. "An' I shall always be grateful to you for what you've done. I've still got my collection of coins, an' what's more, I've money in my pocket. I hardly like the idea of hangin' on to it. But the tide will turn soon, an' I shall be in a position to pay you back."

Kit Erroll's reply took the form of that ancient and classic monosyllable: "Rats!"

THE END.



A Murmur From Muffin!

Crowded out again, dear readers!

It's all the fault of that beast, Newcome! He's taken up all the room, as the man said when I stepped into the railway-carriage!

Never mind! I shall be on the scene again next week, as large as life and twice as natural.

Now that I've reformed my spelling there is no worthier contributor to these columns than your old pal, Reginald Muffin. (Always eggsetting the editor, of course!—Ed.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 145.



By Fatty Wynn.

BAGGY TRIMBLE, in common with everybody else, has a hobby. No need to ask what it is. It's telling whoppers!

Just as Billy Bunter, of Greyfriars, delights in telling tales of imaginary postal-orders he is expecting, so Baggy Trimble is always talking of fat remittances which never arrive, and are never likely to arrive.

Baggy's flights of fancy are so well known at St. Jim's that when he trots out the tale of the postal-order he is invariably bumped. But all the bumpings in the world can't stifle him. He still talks of his great expectations, and tries to borrow money on the strength thereof.

The other day Baggy found his way over to the New House.

He had asked practically every fellow in his own House to lend him a bob. He had even had the audacity to beard Kildare of the Sixth in his den. And his departure from Kildare's study had been much more hurried than his entry!

Not a soul in the School House would lend Baggy money. They knew his ways too well. Many of them volunteered, out of sheer kindness of heart, to lend him a thick ear; but Baggy had no use for a present of that sort! It was a bob he wanted—an insignificant silver coin, which at the tuckshop would procure six luscious jam-tarts.

Figgins, Kerr, and I were at tea in the study when Baggy Trimble rolled in—without knocking, of course. "Manners makyth man," runs the old saying; and lack of manners makes prize pigs. Of such was Baggy Trimble.

"I say, you fellows," said Baggy. "I'm trying to find somebody who'll lend me a bob!"

"Wrong shop!" said Figgins. "Try next door."

"Oh, really, you know, I can't walk much farther! I'm nearly at my last gasp. I believe I've got dropsy in my legs, or something. They're swelling up terribly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows haven't a spark of sympathy!" said Trimble. "If you had, you wouldn't sit there cackling! You'd come to a chap's rescue. I'm absolutely on the rocks—"

"You can't be," said Kerr. "Only a short time ago Ralton gave you half-a-crown for caddying for him on the golf-links. You haven't been to the tuckshop, because we've only just come from there. So you've still got the half-crown on you. And now you're trying to increase your capital by going around raising bobs!"

"If one of you will advance me a bob," said Baggy, ignoring Kerr's remarks, "I'll pay you back first thing in the morning. I'm expecting a postal-order—"

Three separate and distinct glares were bestowed upon Baggy Trimble.

The story of the postal-order was getting on our nerves.

"Why do you keep harping on that piece of fiction?" growled Figgins. "You know jolly well that there isn't the remotest chance of a postal-order coming for you in the morning. If it did, you'd be the first to expire of shock!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Would you like to bet me a bob that I don't get a postal-order in the morning?" said Baggy.

"I don't bet," said Figgins. "That sort of thing can safely be left to fellows like Racke. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you get a postal-order in the morning, I'll stand you a free feed."

Baggy Trimble's eyes glistened.

"That's a go!" he said promptly.

And, without pursuing the conversation, he rolled out of the study.

Next morning we received the shock of our lives!

On going to the post-rack we found that there was a letter for Baggy Trimble!

Was it possible that the postal-order had THE POPULAR.—No. 145.

really arrived at last? Could it be possible that Trimble, by some queer accident, had been telling the truth?

Baggy Trimble rolled into view at that moment.

"Letter for me?" he said. "That's good! It will be my postal-order, of course!"

We watched in silence whilst Baggy ripped open the envelope.

Then there was a chorus of amazement.

Baggy Trimble produced, and held up for inspection, a rustling postal-order—a postal-order for half-a-crown!

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Figgins.

"It—it's come!" stuttered Kerr.

We exchanged glances of astonishment.

"This means," said Figgins, "that I've got to stand the prize porpoise a free feed!"

Baggy Trimble uttered a triumphant cackle.

"He, he, he! I'll have the feed now, Figgy, if you don't mind!"

"Come along to the tuckshop, then!" growled Figgins.

We were about to move off, when the quiet voice of Dick Redfern interposed:

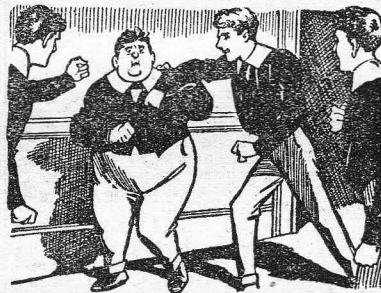
"Half a minute, you fellows! Trimble's been having you on toast."

"What!"

"He sent that postal-order to himself!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Baggy Trimble, turning pale.

"I happened to be at Wayland Post-Office



There was no escape for Trimble. We surrounded him in an instant. "Bump the fat fraud!" cried Figgins.

yesterday afternoon," explained Redfern. "I was in the telephone-box, and Trimble didn't see me. But I saw him. He put two-and-sevenpence on the counter, and a girl handed him a half-crown postal-order. I saw the whole thing!"

Baggy Trimble edged away from us.

"Excuse me now, you fellows!" he said hurriedly. "I—I've got an appointment!"

But there was no escape for the fat fraud. We surrounded him in an instant, and Figgins rapped out a sharp command:

"Bump him!"

"Hands off!" gasped Baggy. "I refuse to be bumped!"

But even as he spoke he descended with a terrific concussion to the floor.

"Yarooooooh!"

The dose was repeated—not once, but many times.

I've seen a good many bumpings in the course of my school career, but never such a severe bumping as Baggy Trimble received on this occasion. We were so furious at the trick he had played that we did not spare him. He yelled and threatened and hooted and entreated, but all to no purpose.

Figgins said afterwards that it would cure Baggy for ever of his hobby of telling whoppers concerning postal-orders.

But Figgy's an optimist!

THE END.

St. Jim's Hobbies!

A Few Interesting Facts.

Compiled by . . .
Baggy Trimble.

My own favourite hobby is fishing. Not fishing for sprats or whales, nor for compliments, but for information. How often do you come across the phrase, "Baggy Trimble's ear was glued to the keyhole of Study No. So-and-so!" That's how I get information. This sort of fishing, however, frequently lands a fellow into hot water.

* * *

I've just made a tour of St. Jim's, inquiring the hobbies of the various fellows. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's favourite hobby is dress. He's always keen on having the "right dress," but we can't always "fall in" with his queer views.

* * *

D'Arcy minor's "pet" hobby is keeping white mice. When he told me this I said "Rats!" I also told him that I couldn't stand vermine at any price. He took it as a personal insult, and badly biffed me.

* * *

Herries' chief hobby is keeping bulldogs—and cornets. Both are jolly noisy, and both ought to be exterminated. I can't stand that beast Towser. First he tears your bags, and then he "bags your tears." They say that rents are coming down, but personally I believe they are getting bigger. The rents in my trousers are, anyway. As for Herries' cornet, he deserves a jolly good "blowing up" for inflicting it on us.

* * *

Knox of the Sixth tells me that his favourite hobby is breaking bounds at night. He will be breaking other things soon—stones at Dartmoor.

* * *

Harry Noble's chief hobby is collecting Australian cricket records. We all know that England got it badly in the neck last summer, but I don't think it's "Noble" of "Harry" to rub salt into the wounds.

* * *

Bernard Glyn's hobby is, of course, inventing things. He is at work on a new stunt, and he's about to make things hum, as the woman said when she caught the wasps in the marmalade dish.

* * *

Fatty Wynn's hobby is obvious. On going to bed each night he insists on having a good "tuck in."

* * *

Dick Brooke's hobby is spouting out yards of poetry. This is not surprising. A "Brooke" is always noted for its babbling.

THE FOLLY OF ADOLPHUS!

(Continued from page 8.)

reserved junior an effort to come and offer his advice unasked to the nut of the Shell.

A sense of duty, and perhaps a slightly compassionate concern for the egregious Adolphus, had induced Erroll to come.

But the flippant Shell fellow was the last person in the world to take Erroll's kindhearted action in the right spirit.

He smiled sneeringly.

"I rather fancy I'm a match for Mr. Bunce," said Smythe coolly. "It may interest you to hear that I beat him at his own game yesterday, and won two pounds from him."

"I am not surprised at that. If you won money from him at cards, it was because he wanted to lead you on."

Smythe flushed with anger.

"Confound your cheek!" he exclaimed. "Do you think I'm a baby?"

Erroll did not reply. It was plain enough that his well-meant warning had been wasted; he had only succeeded in wounding Adolphus' exuberant self-love.

Smythe rose to his feet, a bitter expression on his somewhat vacant face. The last thing he could have forgiven was a wound to his vanity.

"And since you're so interested in my business, I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do," sneered Smythe. "I'm goin' to play Dicky Bunce this evenin', an' I'm goin' to clean him out, same as I did yesterday. I'm goin' to change my banknote at the Bird-in-Hand, and play for high stakes. An' I'm comin' home with my pockets full of tin. How does that strike you?"

"I think you are a fool!" said Erroll, as he opened the door.

"And I think you're a meddlin' cad an' a rotter to run a man down behind his back, an' I've a jolly good mind to pull your nose!" said Smythe savagely. "I'm not askin' fatherly advice from a bouncer brought up in a thieves' kitchen, an' very likely a thief himself!"

Erroll spun round, his face flaming. Crash!

The Shell fellow crashed back into his armchair, flung there scornfully by the Fourth-Former, with a shock that took his breath away.

Erroll's eyes gleamed at him.

"You cad!" he exclaimed. "You slandering cad! If you dare to repeat your words, I'll drive them back down your throat!"

"Oh, gad!" gasped Adolphus, groping for his eyeglass. "Oh, gad! The ruffian! The rough beast! Ow! Ow! Ow! Yow!"

Erroll, with a heightened colour, walked away from the study. Jimmy Silver, who was in the corridor, gave him a grin.

"I hope you haven't spoiled the set of Smythe's necktie?" he said anxiously. "Smythe's necktie is the glory of Rookwood, you know."

Erroll's face cleared, and he laughed.

"I oughtn't to have lost my temper with him," he said. "He can't help being a silly ass, I suppose!"

And he went to his study, and dismissed Adolphus Smythe from his mind. He had acted from good nature and a sense of duty, and it had been a failure. Adolphus Smythe and the fifty-pound banknote were doubtless destined to illustrate once more the ancient proverb about fools and their money.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Smythe's Plunge!

AFTERNOON, Master Smythe!" Mr. Bunce spoke with almost oily politeness.

It was the following afternoon, a Wednesday and a half-holiday. Bright and early after the juniors' mid-day dinner, Adolphus Smythe had started out.

Adolphus had strolled elegantly down to the village, but when he reached the precincts of the Bird-in-hand he dropped his elegant saunter, looked about him keenly and cautiously, and slipped quietly into the path by the inn, whence he gained admittance to the garden.

A squat, shiny-faced man was smoking a strong cigar in the wooden veranda at the back, and he rose and greeted Smythe of the Shell with great politeness. Mr. Dicky Bunce was pleased to see Adolphus—very pleased.

Dicky Bunce had been aware for some days that Smythe's rich uncle had promised him fifty pounds on his birthday. Mr. Bunce had rather wondered what Smythe's uncle could see in Smythe to prompt him to make that magnificent birthday gift, but he had not said so.

And Mr. Bunce, with a hungry eye open for the fifty-pounder, had allowed the egregious Adolphus to beat him at the game of draw poker, and win two pounds from him—a sprat to catch a whale.

Now Adolphus had come along with the whale, so to speak, and Mr. Bunce was naturally glad to see him.

He had had certain unpleasant doubts as to whether some other sharper might not have been before him, on the track of the birthday banknote. But Adolphus' cheery look showed that he still had the banknote about him, and Mr. Bunce was reassured.

Adolphus responded to Mr. Bunce's greeting with condescending politeness.

He was polite to the "sportsman" in a very lofty way, which sufficiently marked his sense of the social disparity between them.

Mr. Bunce did not mind that in the least. So long as Adolphus paid for his airs and graces, he was welcome to them. And Mr. Bunce intended that Adolphus should pay heavily.

"Very kind of you to give me a look-in, sir," said Mr. Bunce affably. "Pr'aps you'd care to step inside, sir?"

IN THE GRIP OF WALDO



Thrilling Complete Tale in this week's

UNION JACK

NEXT FRIDAY!

"ONE TO THE BOUNDER!"

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

"Certainly, Bunce!"

Mr. Bunce waved a fat hand to the open French windows, and Adolphus looked in.

There was an odour of stale tobacco, and the fumes of spirits, about the little parlour, but Adolphus' nerves were hardened to that kind of thing.

"Elp yourself to the cigarettes, sir," said Mr. Bunce affably. "Turkish, sir—your favourite brand."

"Thanks!"

"Lemme give you a light, Master Smythe. It's kindness itself for you to drop in for a chat with me, your humble friend, sir, if I may call myself so."

"Certainly, Bunce!"

"Very nice weather we're having, for the time of the year, sir," went on Mr. Bunce, who intended to let Adolphus be the first person to mention cards.

"Oh, quite!" said Adolphus. "The fact is, Bunce, I haven't simply dropped in for a chat. I thought you'd want your revenge, you know."

"You're too good for me, Master Smythe," said Mr. Bunce, with a shake of the head. "But it's like a real sportin' gentleman, as you are, to say so. I'm your man, sir."

"By the way," said Adolphus, with exaggerated carelessness, "could you change a fifty-pound note for me?"

"I don't know as I could, sir, but the landlord will, with pleasure. I'll call him in."

"Oh, do!" yawned Adolphus.

The red-faced gentleman who kept the Bird-in-Hand stepped into the parlour at Mr. Bunce's call, and he was obliging enough to change the banknote. The red-faced gentleman had the change about him, just as if he had been prepared for such a request. Perhaps he had!

Adolphus Smythe received six fivers, and a bundle of greasy currency notes. It was quite a handful of money. Mr. Bunce's deep-set eyes were fairly glittering with greed.

The landlord gave Mr. Bunce a significant look, and retired from the scene. That look meant that he was to receive a percentage of the plunder afterwards, for leaving the rich pigeon in Mr. Bunce's hands to be plucked.

Mr. Bunce produced a pack of cards, and sat down at the table with Adolphus.

The game was draw poker, a game which Adolphus flattered himself that he had mastered. Certainly, he had beaten Mr. Bunce at that game—when Mr. Bunce chose that he should beat him.

And, to Adolphus' delight, Mr. Bunce had bad luck to begin with, and several pounds passed over the table, and Smythe, in his delight, and with the greed of the gambler upon him, proposed to increase the stakes.

Mr. Bunce assented, with a doubtful air.

But really he had nothing to be doubtful about; for very soon after the stakes had become substantial Mr. Bunce began to win in a sweeping manner.

The pile of notes at Smythe's elbow grew smaller and smaller, and the face of Adolphus Smythe grew longer and longer, till it almost resembled a fiddle.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Friend in Need!

IFANCY we shall beat Greyfriars next time!" Jimmy Silver remarked complacently, as he came off the football-ground with his chums that afternoon.

"We're in form!" said Lovell. "Morny's showing up jolly well, too!"

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Swotting instead of painting the town red seems to agree with Morny."

"Talking of painting the town red, I wonder how Smythe's getting on!" said Raby, with a laugh.

Mornington chuckled.

"He's gone on the war-path," he said. "They've skinned him by this time! Poor old Smythe! Fifty guids in a lump!"

"Would he be fool enough?" said Newcome. "All at once?"

"I'll bet you he won't stop so long as he's got a bobble!" said Mornington, with cynical amusement. "And Dicky Bunce will give him all he wants, and a little over."

"Here he comes!" said Erroll.

All eyes were turned upon the elegant Adolphus as he came across the quadrangle from the gates. The footballers were rather interested in Adolphus' plunge; it was on such an uncommonly large scale.

But their smiles faded as they saw the expression on Smythe's face.

The foolish fellow's face was pale, lined, almost haggard. It was not necessary to ask how he had fared on his "plunge."

If ever a fellow looked utterly sick, it was Smythe of the Shell at that moment. He did not look at the footballers.

He passed on, unseeing, his eyes fixed on the ground, walking almost like a fellow in a dream.

"My hat!" said Jimmy Silver, in a low voice. "The poor fool's got it in the neck, and no mistake! I suppose they've robbed him right and left."

"Cleaned him out!" said Mornington, with a shrug of the shoulders. "What did the silly ass expect?"

"It's rotten!" said Erroll, setting his teeth. "Smythe is a fool, but that arrant blackguard, Bunce, ought to be scragged!"

"Oh, he's got Smythe tight," said Mornington carelessly. "He's no right to keep the money, but Smythe daren't say a word. He would be kicked out of Rookwood like a shot if it came out about his gambling in a pub. He's got to take it quietly."

The juniors went in, and on the staircase Erroll left his companions. With a somewhat hesitating manner, Kit bent his footsteps in the direction of Adolphus Smythe's study.

Fool and blackguard as the wretched fellow was, Erroll could not help feeling pity for him. The look on Smythe's face had gone right to his heart.

Meanwhile, Smythe had gone into his study.

Howard and Tracy were there, and they grinned at the sight of him. They had not much sympathy to waste on the lame duck.

"Had much luck?" asked Tracy.

Smythe sank into a chair, with a groan. "I'm cleaned out, clean as a whistle!" he muttered.

"What did you expect?" said Howard, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh dear!"

"Well, you can't say we didn't warn you," said Tracy. "I spoke to you as a friend, and you snapped my head off. It's your own fault!"

Smythe groaned.

He was utterly weak and dispirited after the unhealthy excitement of gambling, and the reaction had set in. The loss of his fifty pounds almost stunned him. It was gone—to the last shilling!

In utter misery, he covered his face with his hands. He was too spent and miserable to care what his study-mates thought of him.

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"A TRAP FOR JIMMY SILVER!"

Howard and Tracy exchanged contemptuous glances as they saw the tears oozing between Adolphus' fingers.

"Oh, chuck that, Smythe, for goodness' sake!" muttered Tracy.

"He—he cheated me!" mumbled Smythe. "I—I saw him dealing from the bottom of the pack in the last round—I'll swear I did! I've been swindled!"

"Well, blubbing won't help you."

Smythe did not answer. He was shaking from head to foot. Howard and Tracy walked out of the study. They did not want to be "on" in a scene like that. It was a miserable ending enough to the bold plunge of the blade of Rookwood.

A few minutes later there was a quiet tap at the door, and Erroll came in. Smythe looked up, with a miserable, tear-stained face.

He stared wretchedly at Erroll.

"So you've come?" he said bitterly. "Well, rub it in! I've been cheated, and I've lost all my money, so you can rejoice, hang you!"

"I don't want to rub it in, Smythe," said Erroll. "I'm sorry."

"Are you? That's more than my pals are!" muttered Smythe. "They're amused. Of course, it's all dashed funny! I can see that!"

"Of course, as I knew the man, I knew he would cheat you," said Erroll. "I am glad you can see it for yourself, old fellow."

"I actually saw him deain' from the bottom of the pack at the finish!" sobbed Smythe. "I suppose he was cheatin' me all the time, an' I was too excited to see it. Oh, what a silly fool I've been! And my pals only grinnin' at me—telling me not to blub!"

And poor Adolphus blubbed in good earnest. He was quite overcome, and his nerves were in rags.

Erroll's strong, handsome face was full of compassion. Strong himself, unswerving on the path of right, there was no self-righteousness about him. He could feel compassion and kind sympathy for a fellow who was too weak and foolish to keep straight.

It was no time to lecture Smythe, and it was not Erroll's business to lecture him. He was not there for that.

He was there to help; it was his nature to help a lame dog over the stile, without accompanying his kind action with an ill-timed sermon.

"The man has no right to keep your money, Smythe," he said. "Even if he won it fairly he would have no right to keep it. But he cheated you."

"I know he did."

"I know it also. He is a professional cardsharp, as I told you—and worse. He has no right to keep your money."

"I—I can't say anythin'." He knows that. I should be sacked from Rookwood if the Head knew where I've been this afternoon, an' what I've been doin'!" groaned Smythe.

"But if he could be made to return the money?"

Adolphus started.

"He couldn't! What are you talkin' about?" Adolphus felt a twinge of remorse. "I—I say, Erroll, I'm sorry I cut up rusty as I did yesterday. You're a good chap, an' I treated you like a cad. I believe you'd help me now if you could; but you can't."

"I would—and I think I can," said Erroll quietly. "If that villain could be made to hand your money back, Smythe!"

"He couldn't! He's robbed me, an' he knows he's safe. I can't say a word without admittin' that I was there gamblin' with him!"

"No need for that. Suppose I can make him give you back the money he's robbed you of?" said Erroll.

Smythe jumped.

"You!"

"Yes."

"But you couldn't!"

"I think I could."

"But—but you're potty!" said Smythe, in wonder. But already his face was brighter. There was something in Erroll's cool quietness that gave confidence. "I—I say, you're not pulling my leg? You wouldn't."

"I think I could do it," said Erroll steadily. "If I could, would you care for me to interfere?"

"Would I?" Smythe almost laughed.

"Yes, rather! I tell you he's robbed me—robbed me almost as if he'd picked my pocket!"

"But, one condition, if you don't mind," said Erroll. "If I can recover your money, will you put it in a safe place?"

"I'll stand you half of it if you can really get it back!" said Adolphus eagerly.

Erroll frowned.

"I don't want any of it, Smythe. If you will agree to invest it in Savings Certificates, that's all I ask? It makes it safe, it's a good investment, and it helps the country. Do that, old fellow. That's not much to ask of you, is it, if I get it back for you?"

"You're a queer fish, Erroll," said Smythe, with a tremble in his voice. "I wonder you can speak a word to me after the way I treated you. Of course, I'll do as you ask—I'll be glad to. I wish I'd taken Mr. Mooney's advice in the first place. But—but you can't get my fifty pounds away from that rogue—it's impossible!"

"I shall try," said Erroll. "Come with me, Smythe."

"Where?"

"To Coombe."

"You—you're goin' to see him?" stammered Smythe.

Erroll nodded.

"But—but it's a flogging if you're seen goin' to the Bird-in-Hand!" said the dandy of the Shell.

"I'm risking that."

"Erroll, old chap," Smythe faltered, "you're going to risk it for me? What on earth are you doin' it for? You're not a pal of mine—and my own pals don't care!"

"That's all right—come along! You'll wait for me at the post-office, and if I bring you the money, you'll pay it in at once, won't you?"

"Yes, rather, and glad to!"

Amazed as he was, Smythe was already feeling confidence. He gave his face a dab or two before the glass, and left the study with Erroll.

"Hallo! Going out?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, meeting them in the lower passage. "You're due in our study to tea, Erroll."

"Excuse me, Jimmy; I've got something on hand," said Erroll. "You don't mind?"

"Not a bit, old scout! Cut along!" said Jimmy cheerily.

But the captain of the Fourth looked very curiously after Adolphus Smythe and Kit Erroll as they went down to the gates together.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Called to Account!

"IS Mr. Bunce here, please?"

The barman at the Bird-in-Hand inn looked oddly at the handsome Rookwood junior as he asked the question.

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

Kit Erroll looked curiously out of place there.

"Yes, sir; he's in the parlour. Go straight through," said the man.

"Thank you!"

He went on to the inn parlour, of which the door stood half-open. There was a murmur of voices within.

Erroll pushed open the door and stepped in.

Mr. Dicky Bunce was there, with the fat landlord. They had glasses on the table between them, and both of them looked very cheery and satisfied.

The plucking of Adolphus Smythe meant a tremendous profit to Mr. Bunce and a handsome percentage to his confederate.

The two dingy men stared at Erroll. Mr. Bunce rose to his feet, a very startled expression on his face.

"Kit!" he exclaimed.

"Friend o' yours, Dicky?" said the innkeeper. "Come in, young gentleman! You're welcome here!"

"I have called to see Mr. Bunce on business," said Erroll quietly.

"Right you are, sir!"

The innkeeper left the parlour, obviously under the impression that this was a fresh pigeon for Mr. Bunce's net.

Mr. Bunce was not thinking so, however. He was regarding Erroll with a very unquiet look.

The schoolboy stood, his hand resting on the table, looking across it at the dingy sharper.

"This 'ere is rather a surprise, Kit," said Mr. Bunce. "I ain't seed you since the old times, but I've 'eard about you from Gentleman Jim. You turned your back on him. Is this 'ere a friendly visit? I'm willin' to be friends."

"It is not a friendly visit," said Erroll. "I have called to ask you for the fifty pounds you have cheated Smythe, of Rookwood, out of."

"Wot!"

"Will you have the kindness to hand over the money?"

"Are you potty?" said Mr. Bunce in wonder. "Wot's it got to do with you, anyway, Kit Erroll? Are you that feller's bear-leader?"

"I am taking a hand in this game, to prevent you from robbing him," said Erroll. "I have come here for the money, Bunce."

"Will you 'ave it now, or when you can get it?" asked Mr. Bunce, with an attempt at humour.

"I will have it now."

Mr. Bunce bit the end off a big black cigar, and felt in his pockets for a match. But in spite of his assumption of indifference, he was uneasy under the clear, steady eyes of the Rookwood junior.

"I am waiting," said Erroll.

"Wait as long as you like, cully!" said Mr. Bunce affably. "Ave a drink! Whisky-and-soda?"

"I mean business, Mr. Bunce!"

"So do I!" said Mr. Bunce. "That there fifty's mine! I won it!"

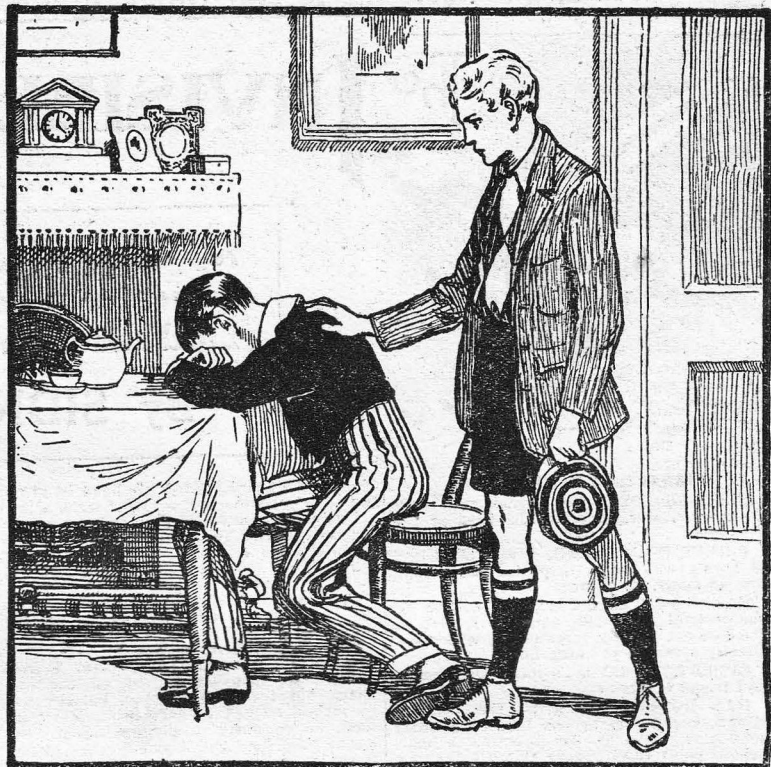
"You stole it, you mean!"

"I won it at cards!"

"Even Smythe found out that you were cheating him, but I should have known it anyway," said Erroll. "You are not entitled to keep a shilling of it, so you will not be allowed to do so!"

"So the young gent's making a fuss—wot?" sneered Mr. Bunce. "It may pay 'im to remember that if he kicks up a shindy his 'eadmaster will 'ear of it, and you know wot that will mean for the young fool."

"His headmaster will not hear of it," said Erroll. "Smythe is not going to make a fuss. The matter is in my hands."



"He was cheating me all the time!" sobbed Smythe. "Oh, what a silly fool I've been! And my pals all going against me!" Erroll's strong face was full of compassion. He put his hand on Adolphus' shoulder. "Buck up, old man! I'll try and help you!" he said. (See Chapter 5.)

"Oh, is it?"

"Will you hand me Smythe's money?" said Erroll.

"No, I won't!"

Erroll's eyes gleamed, though his face was calm and composed.

"Very well. From here I go to the police-station," he said. "To denounce you as the accomplice of Gentleman Jim, the cracksmen, and to have you arrested!"

Mr. Bunce's teeth closed so hard on his cigar that they almost bit through it. His flabby hands clenched tight.

"Wot can you prove?" he asked.

"I can prove nothing, though I suspect a great deal," said Erroll. "I believe it was by your aid that Gentleman Jim escaped from prison. I am certain that you know where he is lurking now. I know you are hand-in-glove with him and the gang, and I am quite certain that once the police knew as much as I know they would find proofs enough to send you to penal servitude. You know it as well as I do, Bunce. Don't play the fool!"

There was a pause.

"Halves, Kit!" said Mr. Bunce at last. Kit Erroll set his lips.

"For the last time, Bunce, will you hand me Smythe's money?"

"No!" muttered the rascal.

"Enough said."

Kit Erroll swung round to the door. Mr. Bunce's eyes glittered after him, with mingled hatred and fear.

"Where are you goin', Kit?" he muttered.

"You know where I am going. You have brought it on yourself!" said Erroll coldly.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Bunce huskily,

as the Rookwood junior was in the doorway. "Hold on, Kit! You—you know you've got me, hang you! I—I give in."

Erroll paused.

"Quick, then!" he said.

Mr. Bunce, with bitter chagrin in his coarse face, passed into the bar. He came back in a couple of minutes with a scowling face. A minute more, and Kit Erroll left the inn and joined Adolphus Smythe at the corner of the street.

The dandy of the Shell eyed him eagerly.

"Well?" he breathed.

"Come along!" said Erroll, with a smile. "Here it is, Smythe!"

"Oh gad!" said Adolphus, almost overcome.

His fingers trembled as they closed on the fifty-pound note. Willingly enough the Shell fellow walked into the post-office with Erroll to place the birthday banknote, after its narrow escape, in safe hands.

Kit Erroll was rather late to tea in the end study with the Fistical Four. Jimmy Silver & Co. did not know what had happened at the Bird-in-Hand, but they guessed that Erroll had somehow taken a hand in the game when they heard the news of Smythe's fifty-pounder and the investment later on.

But certainly that sage investment would never have been made if Kit Erroll of the Fourth had not come to the rescue.

THE END.

(Full particulars of next week's Rookwood story will be found in the "Chat.") THE POPULAR.—No. 145.

NEXT FRIDAY!

'ONE TO THE BOUNDER!'

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

New Amazing Developments in Our Grand Adventure Serial!



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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.

GAN WAGA, an Eskimo, who belongs to the crew of the yacht, and who is ever on the look-out to play japes on his shipmates. Greatly attached to Ching Lung.

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, but which is destroyed by

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. After this attack, Ferrers Lord despatches Rupert Thurston, with Honour and Ching Lung, with a message to Kreigler.

They are detained, but escape, after many exciting adventures. In the underground passages of the Schloss Schwartzburg, where they have been imprisoned, they discover a great treasure which Von Kreigler has been hiding from the Allies.

Thurston & Co. return to the yacht, where Ferrers Lord has been waiting for them.

By a very clever ruse of impersonating Gan Waga, a German spy gets aboard the yacht and down into the wireless cabin, where he gasses the operator. He is about to send a message across to Von Kreigler, in Berlin, when Ching Lung discovers him. The spy is taken prisoner.

(Now read on.)

The Mistake!

"WELL, I saw two Gan Wagas yesterday, and, by honey, I couldn't tell 't'other from which! It's a fair caution, that is!" said Prout.

Prout sounded the syren, and an answering grunt came droning through the fog. Prout cocked his ear.

"She's talking back at us," he said. "That's the echo from Grundler's Cliff. I'll give her another chi-like to make sure!"

Once more the syren boomed, and the echo sounded faintly. Prout knew exactly where he was, in spite of the wreathing mist that hung round them like a grey veil. Presently a breeze sprang up, and when the mist lifted they sighted the cliffs.

"Not so bad, considering the weather," said Prout. "She's hopped along like an express train, by honey! Get for'ard there, and stand by!"

Almost before the anchor was down, a motor-launch put off from the shore. It was piloted by Hal Honour. The burly engineer

climbed on board, waved his hand in greeting to O'Rooney and Prout, and went below.

"Here's Honour," said Ferrers Lord, as the big man entered the saloon. "Now we shall know whether Luss is speaking the truth or lying. What did you pick up for Berlin last night, Honour?"

The engineer took a slip of paper from his pocket-book, and handed it to the millionaire.

"Berlin—Von Kreigler—S—"

"Then he was not lying," said Ferrers Lord. "He managed to get off the first letter, but I don't think Von Kreigler will be shrewd enough to guess what it means. Luss, in his hurry, made a mistake. He meant 'A' for 'Alive,' and he has got 'S' instead. Of course you have this correctly, Honour?"

Hal Honour nodded.

"A very lucky error for us," said Ching Lung. "No, the gentle Karl and the furious Goltz will have violent headaches before they can puzzle any sense into that! You were right, as usual, Chief! If Luss had got his message through, he wouldn't have denied it, but bragged about it! I know Luss. What will you do with him? He's a slippery sort of customer, and he'll be better on board out of mischief than ashore. He might run, but I don't think he'd swim."

"As he came uninvited, he will have to remain as our guest," said the millionaire. "Have you seen anything suspicious, Honour, or heard it?"

The engineer shook his head.

"Then I think Von Kreigler and Goltz-heimer fancy themselves safe," said Ferrers Lord. "Luss was sent to spy on me, and it must have been a staggering surprise to him to find you on the yacht. Well, we have clipped his claws, and he will do no further damage. We'll let him go when we have settled with his masters. Let him have everything he wishes, for I have no quarrel with underlings like Luss. How is the tide now, Honour?"

The engineer's curt nod signified that it was possible to enter the cave. Before entering the launch with Thurston and Ching Lung, Ferrers Lord gave a few instructions to Prout. A heavy surf was beating against the cliffs, but the engineer made no mistake with hand or eye as he steered them through it. For a second or two, as they ran under the rocky arch, they were in gloom, and then they were floating on the calm surface of the pool of the cavern with the lights blazing down.

On a floating platform a score of men were at work, building the new helicopter, and on the other side the super-submarine Lord of the Deep lay like some mighty slumbering sea-monster. Ferrers Lord sprang from the launch, and for a second the busy toilers halted while he inspected the work in hand.

"Excellent!" he said. "Keep new shifts going night and day, Honour. I want this finished quickly."

The engineer's answer was to take off his coat and turn back his shirtsleeves, for Honour used his hands as well as his brains, and both exceedingly well.

"Ho, ho, hoo! Yo' can't lose me, Chingy!" said a voice. "Here I am, old dears, all

merry and brightness! Yo' nots tell me yo' was going till yo' gonied, and sulky old Prout nots let me have a boat, so I just swimmid!"

Gan Waga's black head had bobbed up against the side of the launch, and Rupert Thurston leaned over and pushed it down again. It was as difficult to drown Gan Waga as to drown a duck. He bobbed up again, grinning.

"Don't yo' be so rudeness, Rupert!" he said. "Yo' keep yo' hands off me, or I tells my butterfles old Chingy to smack yo' very hardness!"

The Eskimo churned away to the steps, and climbed out of the water.

"I say, Hal!" cried Ching Lung.

The engineer turned his head. "Make this new one work properly," laughed the prince, "or I'll refuse to go up in it. I've had enough of that cheap rubbish of yours that won't fly!"

The Bo'sun's Bad Luck!

MR. BARRY O'ROONEY paused in the wake of Mr. Benjamin Maddock to gain a little breath and pass a few remarks.

"O've climbed nupteen million steps, wore out a good pair o' boots, and got a thirst loike an alligator in a sandpit, and we ain't at the top yet!" he growled. "Whew! Me brow is wet wid honest sweat. Bad luck to the man who built this stone-ladder, says Oi."

"Then give the chap astarn of you a prod with your foot, souse me, for it's all his fault," said Maddock. "Kick him down a few flights."

"Oh, chuck grouching, and get on with it!" said the steersman of the Lord of the Deep, who was in the rear. "By honey, I'm as fed-up as you!"

Prout had been detained aboard the yacht, and the tide which waits for no man had not troubled about the three mariners. The entrance to the cavern was submerged, and instead of being able to ascend to the house by the lift they had been compelled to climb the lofty cliff. They were nearing the summit in the gathering dusk. They reached a massive gate with iron spikes on the top of it. Through a barred grating a man peered at them.

"Here, shift out of the way, Ben!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Av he sees your face first, baded, he'll never let us in, and Oi don't blame him. He'll think we've escaped from the convict prison. Good-evening, swate pal behind the gridiron! Open the dure, bhoy, for we've come to stay!"

"The password, souse me," added Maddock, "is 'Winkles.'"

The man recognised them and unlocked the gate. There was a charming little garden there, but in the fading light they could not see many of its beauties. As they walked up the path towards the house Prout pointed to a faint gleam of light apparently close to the ground.

"It's a glowworm," said the bo'sun, "and a big 'un, too, by the look of it. Funny little beggars they are, too, wi' their tails on fire."

"Troth, av ye want glowworrums, go to

NEXT FRIDAY!

"A TRAP FOR JIMMY SILVER!"

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

Ballybunion, hoy!" said Barry O'Rooney. "There's millions of the bastes. July is the best toime. At Ballybunion Castle in July we niver went into the garden arter dark widout putting on a pair o' smoked spectacles. Me Uncle Dinnis did it wance by mistake, and was so dazzled by the glare of the crayturs that he tumbled into the duck-pond!"

"The horrid liar!" said Prout, with a groan. "Cut it out, by honey! Can't you find a brick, and stun him, Ben?"

The particular glowworm that had attracted their attention proved, on closer inspection, to be the largest and fattest specimen on record. It was Gan Waga, slumbering on the ornamental pond, surrounded by water-lilies. On his chest was a candlestick containing a lighted candle and the stump of a cigar. The light flickered on the Eskimo's plump and placid face. Softly he snored, peaceful and smiling in his gentle slumbers.

"By honey, Ben, if you'd only found that brick and a bit of string!" sighed Prout. "The snoring hog! What's the candle for, anyhow?"

"I dunno, unless he fancies himself a light-house," said Maddock. "For the sake of Mike, don't wake him, for he's never safe except when he's asleep!"

"May ye have tin thousand nightmares and fifty thousand attacks of indigestion, ye oily spalpeen!" said O'Rooney, shaking his fist at the Eskimo. "He must have swallowed enough dinner for a reg'mint to be as quiet as that. Slape on, ye fat rascal, slape on!"

They left him there, with moths fluttering round the flame of the candle, and tiptoed away. Ching Lung was standing at an open French window.

"Pretty late, aren't you?" he said. "We finished dinner half an hour ago. You may find the wing of a kipper left if you go round to the kitchen."

"Swate news," said Barry O'Rooney. "That's Prout. All through that blather-skite we missed low toide, and had to climb umpteen billion steps. Faith, O'im worn to skin and bone, and fainting with shvarvation. Bad luck to the man who kapes another man from his grub!"

"How could I help it?" growled Prout. "I've got work to do, by honey! I'm not a lazy loafer like you. Why didn't you come without me?"

"Don't get to blows about it!" laughed the prince. "Though you don't deserve it, I've had your dinner kept hot for you, so go and eat it."

Ching Lung gave a smiling glance at Gan Waga as he walked past the lily-pond on his way to the lift. A rowing-boat was tied to the landing-stage below. The work was still going on in the cavern. The giant helicopter was taking shape. A great funnel was being lowered to the floating-platform by a powerful crane. Men gathered round it as it descended and pushed it into its place. Hal Honour, perched on a ladder, pipe in mouth, made a gesture now and again that was quite sufficient to direct these highly-skilled workers. Ching Lung pulled out to the platform.

"Things seem to be moving, Hal," he said, resting on the oars. "You're going ahead like a fire in a varnish factory. Where's the Chief?"

The engineer took his pipe from his mouth and pointed towards the dim shape of the super-submarine, Lord of the Deep, and, rowing over to her, the prince went aboard. There were lights below. Ferrers Lord was in his private cabin, and his deep voice told Ching Lung to come in.

"Where's Thurston?" asked Ferrers Lord. "Are you boring each other in your captivity, Ching?"

"Not at all. Thurston has found an interesting book. Naturally, we'd sooner be out and about, but there are no serious complaints."

"It should be only a matter of a few days longer," said Ferrers Lord. "Honour is excellent himself. If there is any further delay, the blame will not rest on us, but on Von Kreigler and General Goltzheimer. We cannot very well force them to fall in with our plans, but I am watching them closely."

"Laying one of your famous traps, I suppose, Chief?" said the prince. "Planning a surprise! Rather!" answered the millionaire. "I am awaiting a meeting of the Supreme Council of the Huns. The pro-

fessor and Goltzheimer will not advertise that, you may be sure. We can only hope that it will soon take place, for this delaying the inquiry into your tragic deaths must alarm them if it is put off much longer. They will be puzzling over my motive. I ought to be furious, and moving heaven and earth to get at the full truth of the tragedy, actually clamouring for vengeance. Luckily, the professor knows I do not suffer from fits of frenzy, and that may lull some of his suspicions."

"I wonder how you would have acted if the little tragedy had really taken place?" said Ching Lung.

The millionaire laughed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"That, my dear friend, is quite another story," he said, smiling. "I have not troubled to look so far ahead; but something extremely unpleasant would have happened to the learned professor and his general. It would have been unfortunate for everybody concerned."

Ching Lung could not doubt that. If he and his friends had perished in the cave beneath the blazing ruins of Schloss Schwartzburg, it would have been a black day for the guilty ones.

"Rupert found an item of interest in the newspapers at breakfast," said the prince. "The Germans have paid Belgium forty millions in gold."

"A magnificent sum, Ching," said the millionaire, with contempt. "At one time that amount would barely have paid our own expenditure for four paltry days. Even to part with that tiny drop in the ocean of expenditure must have made the Huns gnash their teeth and shed tears. I have a better item of news for you than that. You will not have forgotten the German soldier you left behind you on the bank of the moat?"

"He was such a nuisance I'm not likely to forget him, Chief. Have you discovered what became of him?"

Ferrers Lord nodded. "Yes, I have had him arrested," he answered. "He had deserted, as I thought. He managed to reach Cherbourg, and booked a steerage passage on the Alarian for New (Continued on the next page.)

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York. One of my agents shadowed him, and followed him to Southampton. Being sure of the man, he had him taken off the boat, and the magistrates, at my personal request, have remanded him for inquiries for a fortnight."

"That seems rather rough on the chap after making such a plucky run for it, Chief."

"Unfortunately for himself, he wrote a letter, and as he was not going ashore himself, he asked my agent, who was to post it for him," said Ferrers Lord. "My agent was inquisitive, and perhaps a little unscrupulous. He steamed the letter open and read it. It was addressed to General Goltzheim."

"The more I know of you, the more you astonish me, Chief," said the prince. "Finding himself clear away, and out of reach of the Hun army, the fellow had become a patriot again, I suppose, and written to Goltzheim telling him of our escape. To capture him was a fine bit of work. To me he seemed such small game that he wasn't worth powder and shot. They'll take care at Southampton that he doesn't write any more letters—eh?"

"Undoubtedly. When he is released he may write as many letters as he likes. Fortunately, we got him in time. From the first I realised that he was a very dangerous element, and that is why I was so anxious to find him. Everything seems to be going well. Goltzheim has returned to Berlin with the professor. They have sealed the secret of Schloss Schwartzburg, and the only thing that can be disturbing the professor's rest at night is to wonder why I am keeping so quiet instead of forcing on the inquiry. To some extent that is also puzzling the Allies."

"Chingy!" cried a mournful voice. "Oh, dears, dears! Where 'o wases, Chingy, hunk?"

"Tis the voice of Gan Waga, and I hear him complain, Chief," said Ching Lung. "Excuse me while I go and see what the fat rascal wants."

Ching Lung went up and switched on the lights of the conning-tower. Gan Waga was sitting outside on the cold deck-plates in a pool of water.

"What's your trouble now, you corpulent misery?" asked the prince. "What silly thing have you been doing to yourself this time?"

Gan Waga fondled his little snub nose carefully and gingerly, and groaned.

"It the cangles, Chingy!" he sighed. "Oh, dears! I so tiredness after dinners I go to sleeps in the pond. And I gotted no matches, so not blows out the old cangles, for I think I might wakes up and want to lights a cigars. And I—oooh! It hurt awfulness—and I have a badness dreams, Chingy, and kicks out, and knocks the silly cangles over on my faces, and wake ups with my poor noses on fire!"

(To be continued next week.)



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

"ONE TO THE BOUNDER!" By Frank Richards.

That is the title of next week's grand long complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars. Vernon-Smith, better known as the Bouncer, has been up against the Famous Five for some time, and has suffered consequently; but in next week's story he plans to get his revenge on Harry Wharton & Co. in a very cunning manner.

Guy Fawkes' night draws near, and the juniors are too full of their own plans for the great night to notice Vernon-Smith & Co., who are biding their time for the execution of their scheme.

I will not reveal any more of this splendid tale, but when you read it for yourselves you will see that, for the time being, it is a case of

"ONE TO THE BOUNDER!"

To follow this will be another long complete story, dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood, in

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Lattrey has been sent to Coventry by the Form as a punishment, and in his spiteful and malicious way seeks to get even with the captain of the Fourth. He sets a cunning trap, into which Jimmy

Silver walks unawares, and then, having got him in his clutches, sets about to ruin him. But Lattrey does not have it all his own way. Jimmy's chums hear of the scheme, and it is not long before the junior captain is out of captivity. This story is one of the very best Mr. Conquest has given us, and I am sure it will receive a cordial reception at the hands of my reader chums.

There will be another instalment of our grand adventure serial,

"THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!" By Sidney Drew.

in which Ferrers Lord and his gallant followers commence their great raid on the enemy's camp. It is abounding in thrilling and breathless escapades.

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2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 39, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

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

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The Last Straw.

(Continued from page 6.)

Things went flying right and left. There was a crash from the looking-glass, another crash as the Head's armchair went over.

Dr. Locke caught up a cane.

"What is the matter?" he shouted. "Flipp's—Mr. Quelch—good heavens! What ever has happened?"

The Head dragged the Remove-master back. Theophilus dodged behind the desk, and crouched there in terror.

"I—I am sorry, for—for this scene in your study, sir," panted Mr. Quelch. "That—that dreadful boy has—has been too outrageous. You are aware that he has dosed some of the boys with medicine against their will. He has done the same to me. I am suffering horrible inward pains, sir—ow! That fearful boy—"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head.

"He is dangerous, sir!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"I—I really think he should not be allowed to remain at Greyfriars a day longer, sir!" Dr. Locke looked sternly at the gasping Theophilus.

"Flipp's," he said, "go to your room, and go to bed. You will leave this school by the first train in the morning."

"My dear, dear sir—"
"Not another word! Go!"
Theophilus went!

Theophilus Flipp's left Greyfriars the next morning, and took the earliest train at Friar-dale Station.

The Greyfriars fellows were not sorry to see him go.

It was impossible to dislike Theophilus. He was so kind and good-natured, and it was evident that he meant well.

But good intentions were not everything, as Bob Cherry remarked. And there was not a wet eye at Greyfriars when he departed, as Bob again put it.

Theophilus seemed grieved, but he was patient. His last offer to the Famous Four was to leave them a bottle of the famous mixture. And he was so earnest about it

that they did not refuse. They accepted the bottle, and listened to instructions as to how the contents were to be taken.

Then Theophilus departed.

"Well, he's gone," said Harry Wharton, with a deep breath. "What are you going to do with that muck, Bob?"

Bob Cherry held up the bottle.

"Well, I'm not going to drink it," he said. "Here you are; three shies a penny!"

He set the bottle upon a seat in the Close, and Nugent brought it down with the first stone. Crash! And that was the end of the famous mixture.

Harry Wharton & Co. laughed a great deal over Theophilus' visit to the school. They could afford to laugh now that he was safely gone. Whether Theophilus' article appeared after all in the columns of the "Young Health-Seeker" they never knew, or cared, and they never again had the pleasure of seeing the cheerful youth who had made himself the terror of Greyfriars!

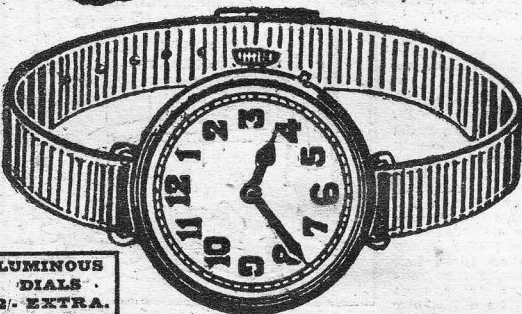
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