

# A TALE OF GUY FAWKES NIGHT AT GREYFRIARS INSIDE!

Week Ending—  
Nov. 5th, 1921.

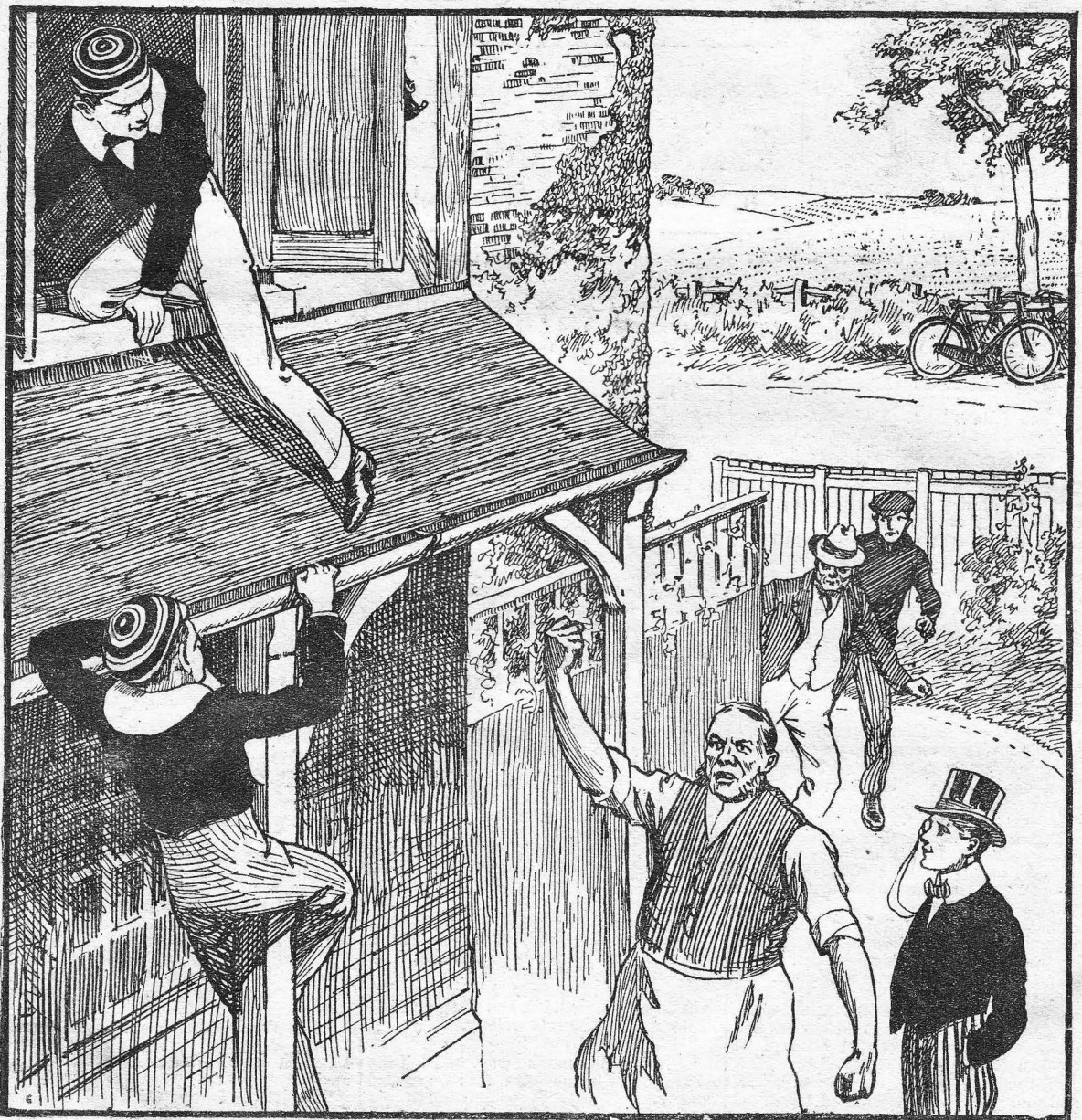
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Greyfriars

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Rookwood St. Jims



## JIMMY SILVER'S ESCAPE!

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BUNTER of Greyfriars.

# A Trap for Jimmy Silver

By OWEN CONQUEST.



A Splendid, Long, Complete  
--:--:-- Story of --:--:--  
**JIMMY SILVER & CO., the  
Chums of Rookwood School.**

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**

**What Lattrey Knew!**

**N**OW, then, Slacker!" said Lovell. "Footer!"

It was after dinner, and the Fistical Four came out of the dining-room on the Classical side at Rookwood together. Jimmy Silver was heading for the stairs.

"You fellows buzz off!" said Jimmy.

"I've got lines to do for Bootles."

"Bother Bootles!" said Lovell. "Buck up, then!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome went out, and Jimmy ascended the stairs to the Fourth Form passage.

His lines for Mr. Bootles were long overdue, and Jimmy was going to make an heroic effort to clear them off before joining his chums on the footer-ground.

He sat down to the table in the end study, and started work.

Lattrey, the cad of the Fourth Form, was hanging about the passage, and he gave Jimmy a moody look as he went to his study, and Jimmy felt uncomfortable.

Lattrey was in Coventry, and he was finding it a very uncomfortable place.

As he sat at his lines, Jimmy was thinking more of the outcast of the school than of Virgil.

It was like Jimmy.

Lattrey had been guilty of serious misdeeds enough. It was not only that he was a smoky waster and a secret gambler, and that he had shady associates outside the school.

There were other fellows at Rookwood with similar tastes, though they did not indulge them to the same extent.

But he was spiteful and malicious, and in seeking to injure a fellow he disliked he had no scruples. Since Mornington had dropped his acquaintance, he had made an almost successful attempt to blacken Mornny's character.

He was, in fact, a dangerous fellow, and more than one fellow had remarked that a reformatory was a more suitable place for him than Rookwood.

Jimmy wondered whether the severe lesson he was receiving would be a warn-

ing to him, and teach him that honesty was the best policy.

And, rascal as he was, Jimmy could not help feeling sorry for him. He had heard something of Lattrey's father, and nothing to his credit.

It was probable enough that Lattrey's home surroundings had not been of a kind to bring out the better qualities in him—if there were any.

Jimmy was always in danger of erring on the side of easy good-nature, an amiable fault which sometimes exasperated his chums a little.

Tap!

"Don't come in, whoever you are!" called out Jimmy, as a knock came at the door. "I'm working!"

But the door opened all the same.

It was Lattrey who entered.

Jimmy frowned.

"I've come here to speak to you," said Lattrey.

"You know you shouldn't," said Jimmy tartly. "I don't want to be hard on you, Lattrey, but you make me speak plain. Please get out!"

"You won't hear me, then?"

"I can't! You're in Coventry!"

"I haven't come here simply for the pleasure of your conversation," said Lattrey, with a sarcastic curl of the lip. "I've got something to tell you, as captain of the Form."

Jimmy Silver paused.

"I suppose I'm bound to listen to you, if that's the case," he said. "Cut it short!"

Lattrey carelessly took a cigarette from his pocket, and glanced round for a matchbox, as if from force of habit.

Jimmy's eyes gleamed.

"If you light that here, Lattrey, I'll ram it down your neck, and pitch you out of the study!" he said quietly.

"Sorry! I forgot!"

"Put the silly muck away, and tell me what you've come here for!" growled Jimmy.

He was more than fed up with Lattrey already.

"I suppose it isn't any good telling you I'm sorry I've played the ox, and

that I'd undo it all if I could?" said Lattrey.

"If that's the truth, I'm glad of it." "I haven't much of a chance, really," said Lattrey, in a low voice. "My pater is a bit different from most of the fellows' paters. At my home there isn't much of what you'd call the Rookwood point of view."

Jimmy's face relaxed considerably. He felt that he could not repulse a fellow who was, as it were, throwing himself upon his mercy in this way.

"I've thought something of the kind," said Jimmy frankly. "All the same—"

"If I get a fresh chance I mean to make the best of it," said Lattrey. "I'm not a fool! I don't want to play a losing game, anyway! Well, suppose I saw another fellow in our Form beginning to go the same way that I've been?"

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"That's how the matter stands," said Lattrey. "If you care to interfere to keep Flynn out of trouble, you can do it. I can't interfere. I don't know that I specially want to, either," he sneered. "Flynn's as down on me as the rest of you. But I've come such a mucker!"

He paused.

Jimmy rose to his feet.

Lattrey's nature was so full of duplicity that it was impossible to trust him, even when he appeared to have no motive for deceit. But his words had made an impression on Jimmy.

"Flynn of the Fourth?" said Jimmy.

"Yes."

"What trouble is he in, then?"

"None, so far; but he's gone out looking for it. You're a friend of his, and I'm not. It's not my business, but I thought I'd give you the tip. Even I may not be all bad, you know," sneered Lattrey.

"I don't quite catch on," said Jimmy Silver uneasily. "Flynn's gone to Latcham this afternoon to visit his uncle."

"He let the fellows think so," assented Lattrey. "As a matter of fact, he's gone to the Ship."

"Impossible!"

"It's a fact!"

Jimmy was silent. He knew about the Ship, an inn not a great distance from Rookwood School with a most unenviable reputation.

Mornington, in his wild days, had sometimes gone there in deep secrecy. It was a resort of the worst character for many miles round.

"You can't expect me to take your word," said Jimmy Silver bluntly. "Have you got anything to give me besides that?"

Lattrey shook his head. "You might telephone," he said thoughtfully. "Ask for Flynn, and if he's there he might answer your call. You'd know his voice."

"By Jove! I could do that," said Jimmy.

"Bootles has gone out. You could use his 'phone," said Lattrey. "Suit yourself about the matter. I'm done with it!"

Jimmy Silver stood for some moments in troubled thought, and then he left the study, too, and went downstairs. He intended to put the matter to the test, at all events.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver Decides!

SEEN Bootles? Jimmy Silver asked, as he passed Dick Van Ryn in the lower passage.

"He's gone out!" said the South African junior. "I saw him trotting down to Coombe."

"Oh, good!"

Even in that small detail Jimmy did not feel inclined to trust Lattrey. But assured now that the master of the Fourth was out, he repaired to Mr. Bootles' study.

The room was empty, and Jimmy, closing the door, crossed to the telephone.

The telephone directory lay on the desk, and Jimmy looked out the number of the Ship Inn.

Then he took up the receiver.

"Number, please?"

"Latham five O," said Jimmy.

In a few minutes he was through to the Ship.

"Hallo!" came a husky voice along the wires.

"Is that the Ship?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yes. Mr. Jupp speakin'. What's wanted?"

Jimmy Silver knew that Mr. Jupp was the landlord of the Ship. He knew, too, that Lattrey sometimes called at the place to join the sporting circle there, and until lately he had sometimes taken some of the nuts of the Fourth with him.

"I—I think a friend of mine is at your place this afternoon, Mr. Jupp," said Jimmy Silver. "I'd like to know for certain."

"Name?"

"Flynn."

"Who's speaking?" came the next query.

Jimmy's heart sank.

If Flynn was not there, there was no reason why Mr. Jupp should not say so at once. But if the junior was there, Mr. Jupp would naturally want to know who was inquiring, in order not to give the reckless fellow away to a suspicious master or prefect of the school.

"I'm a friend of Flynn's!" Jimmy said into the transmitter.

"That ain't good enough!"

"My name's Jimmy Silver."

"Never 'eard it before."

"Look here, Mr. Jupp, if Flynn is there, tell him Jimmy Silver wants to

speak to him on the telephone. He will come."

"Where are you speaking from?" came the next suspicious query.

"Rookwood School."

"Oh!"

"It's all right, Mr. Jupp! I'm a friend of Flynn's."

"Hold the line. There might be a gentleman of that name 'ere, and there might not. I'll see."

Jimmy waited, receiver in hand.

His brows were knitted now. He could only judge by the innkeeper's words that Flynn of the Fourth was there, and that Mr. Jupp was anxious not to risk betraying him.

"Are you there?" came the husky voice after a few minutes.

"Yes."

"There ain't no such person as you mention 'ere," said Mr. Jupp deliberately. "I ain't ever 'eard the name before. Schoolboys ain't allowed to come to my place. Sich things is agin the law."

Jimmy's eyes gleamed with anger.

"Look here, Mr. Jupp, you know the name well enough!" he snapped.

"You've admitted that much."

"Never heard it before, sir."

"It's not Flynn's Form-master speaking. I'm a friend of his, in the same Form!" said Jimmy angrily. "Ask him to come to the 'phone!"

There was a faint whir on the line, and Jimmy knew that Mr. Jupp had rung off.

He jammed the receiver back on the hooks.

With a moody brow he quitted the study.

The excessive cautiousness of Mr. Jupp in answering his inquiries left only one impression on his mind—that Patrick O'Donovan Flynn was at the Ship, and that Mr. Jupp was suspicious of the inquirer, and did not mean to admit anything.

Jimmy Silver did not return to the end study.

The talk on the telephone had confirmed Lattrey's information. Mr. Jupp's denial was too belated for anything else.

Jimmy took his cap and trousers clips and went round to the bike-shed. He was convinced now that Flynn was at the Ship, and he was concerned about the reckless junior, and angry with him. It was the business of "Uncle James" to fetch Flynn away before he landed himself in serious trouble, and Jimmy was quite prepared to yank his Form-fellow home by the scruff of the neck, if necessary.

If it had been Peele or Gower, or even Townsend, Jimmy would not have taken heed of the matter. But Flynn was not one of the "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood; he was only an unsuspecting, good-natured, and easily-led fellow, whose money, when he had any, ran through his fingers like water.

As for his money, he deserved to lose that for his folly; but that was not likely to be the end if he fell into Mr. Jupp's clutches.

Careless of the fact that his chums were expecting him to join them at footer practice, Jimmy Silver wheeled out his bicycle.

Lattrey joined him in the gateway.

"Going out?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You've found out that he's there, then?"

"I think he's there."

He wheeled his machine out, and pedalled away down the lane.

Lattrey watched him with a peculiar glimmer in his eyes.

When Jimmy Silver was out of sight Lattrey turned into the gates again, and sauntered across the quad.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Trapped!

"HALLO! Whither bound?" Jimmy Silver was pedalling away at a good rate on the lonely path over the heath that led to the Ship on the Coombe uplands.

Two juniors were seated on a stump near the path, with two bicycles standing together near them.

They were Mornington and Kit Erroll, of the Classical Fourth.

The two chums had been for a long spin, and were resting by the wayside, when Jimmy Silver came skimming along.

"Hallo!" he said. "You here?"

"We've had a spin," said Erroll.

"You doing the same on your own?"

"No; I'm going somewhere," said Jimmy.

And, with a nod, he rode on.

Erroll looked surprised, and Mornington gave a low whistle. The dandy of the Fourth seemed amused.

"Do you know where this track leads, Erroll, old scout?" he asked.

"Yes, Morny."

"To that cheery and salubrious resort, the Ship!" smiled Mornington. "And nowhere else, my infant."

"Don't be an ass, Morny! Jimmy isn't going to the Ship!"

"Where then?" grinned Mornington.

"You can get out into the coast road by this path," said Erroll uneasily.

"Dash it all, Morny, we're going that way ourselves!"

"Yes, for a long spin. Jimmy Silver said he was going somewhere," Mornington chuckled. "Kit, old scout, the lofty and immaculate Jimmy is takin' to naughty ways. He is goin' to look or the wine when it is red, and the sportin' paper when it is pink."

"Don't be an ass, Morny!" repeated Erroll.

"Well, he's goin' somewhere, and there's nowhere else by this route," said Mornington coolly. "How would you like to drop in at the Ship for a game of billiards when we pass, Kit? We shall find our dear old Jimmy there."

Erroll made an impatient gesture, but he was silent. As a matter of fact, if Jimmy Silver was "going somewhere" by that lonely track over the heath, there was only one place he could be going to—and that was the Ship Inn.

Jimmy Silver rode on rapidly, and was out of sight of the two juniors in a few minutes.

He was not pleased by the meeting. He did not want to make Flynn's foolish escapade known, naturally. Still less did he desire to be supposed to be visiting such a place as the Ship on his own account.

The ground flew under the rapidly-revolving wheels, and Jimmy came in sight of the red tiles of the Ship at last.

It was a lonely place, on a lonely road, and from the upper windows the waters of the Channel could be seen in the distance. In the old days the Ship had been a resort of smuggling gangs, but those days were long over. Its present habits were a good deal more disreputable.

Jimmy Silver dismounted from his machine at the inn porch, and left the bicycle there. He went in through the ivy-clad porch, into the red-tiled passage within.

From a room on the right came a buzz of voices, with the fumes of tobacco. Jimmy Silver looked round him, wondering where to look for Flynn. He was not likely to be in the public-room.

A man with a fat, red face, in a dirty apron, came from a doorway at the upper end of the passage.

He stopped as he saw Jimmy Silver.

"Arternoon, sir!" he said civilly.

Jimmy Silver guessed that this was Mr. Jupp. The coarse face, beery complexion, and shifty, cunning eyes did not favourably impress the junior.

"Are you Mr. Jupp?" he asked.

"That's my name."

"I telephoned to you this arternoon."

"Oh!" said Mr. Jupp.

"I've called for Flynn."

Mr. Jupp nodded.

"You'll excuse me bein' careful on the telephone, sir. I couldn't know who was askin' me questions," he said. "'Tain't my business to give a young gentleman away. Foller me, sir?"

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips as he followed the landlord.

Up to the last moment he had entertained a hope that Lattrey had been lying, that Mr. Jupp had given him a false impression in the talk on the telephone, and that Flynn was really at Latcham that arternoon, as his friends supposed. But Mr. Jupp's words left no further doubt on the subject, if there was any before.

Jimmy followed him up a narrow staircase, and Mr. Jupp opened a door.

"Walk in, sir!"

Jimmy Silver passed the landlord, who stood respectfully aside for him, and entered the room.

In a twinkling the door was closed behind him, and he heard a key turn in the lock outside.

Jimmy spun round, almost dazed.

The room he had entered was shadowed by wooden shutters fastened over the small window outside. It was empty, save for himself. Patrick O'Donovan Flynn certainly was not there.

But Jimmy Silver was there, and he was locked in.

He gasped the handle of the door, and shook it savagely.

"What does this mean?" he shouted.

There was a fat chuckle outside.

Jimmy rattled the door-handle fiercely. The door would not open. Outside, the worthy Mr. Jupp was chuckling with great amusement.

"Let me out!" shouted Jimmy furiously.

"Any 'urry?" chortled Mr. Jupp. "Take it calm, young gent. You'll be let out afore long, and p'r'aps you won't like it then."

"What does this trick mean, Mr. Jupp?" asked Jimmy, controlling his anger.

"Take it calm, sir. You'll be let out when somebody comes from your school to fetch you."

"What?" panted Jimmy.

"Likewise, p'r'aps you'll be sorry he's come, then!" gurgled Mr. Jupp. "But you take your davy on it, somebody'll come, and he'll ask for you, and he'll find you hidden 'ere, Master Silver. Haw, haw!"

"Flynn isn't here, then?" said Jimmy Silver, between his teeth.

"Haw, haw! No."

And Jimmy heard the rascal's footsteps recede on the long, narrow stairs, and then there was silence.

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#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### The Last Chance!

**J**IMMY SILVER stood in the darkened room, his hands clenched, breathing hard. The truth had dawned upon his mind now.

He was trapped, and he had fallen into Lattrey's trap with the simplicity and innocence of an infant.

Flynn of the Fourth was, after all, at Latcham that arternoon. Jimmy knew that now. It was Flynn's absence that had given Lattrey the chance to use his name to further his cunning plot.

Jimmy had suspected before that Lattrey was hand in glove with the rogues at the Ship. He had proof of it now.

This was Lattrey's revenge.

He had told Jimmy that yarn in the end study, and suggested telephoning to the Ship. Mr. Jupp, on the telephone, had played up.

Had he said out plain on the 'phone that Flynn was there, Jimmy might have suspected that it was a "put-up" scheme. The game had been more cunning than that.

By assuming great caution, and at the same time as good as admitting that Flynn was there as if by inadvertence, Mr. Jupp had given Jimmy the desired impression.

The whole scheme had been arranged between Lattrey and his sporting friend, and doubtless a bribe had been paid for Mr. Jupp's assistance. Lattrey was not short of money.

And Jimmy had walked into the trap, and now he was locked in a room in the most unsavoury resort in the county.

What was to happen now?

Mr. Jupp's words left no doubt. A master or prefect at Rookwood was to be informed that Jimmy Silver was at the Ship Inn.

He would be looked for there. Such information would be too serious to be neglected.

He would be found there.

He could tell his story, but who would believe it? Lattrey would deny having said a word about Flynn. Mr. Jupp would keep up a pretence of having concealed Jimmy in the room because he was being sought for.

Jimmy gritted his teeth with helpless anger.

Disgrace in the school and a flogging were the very least he had to expect. Lattrey, Peele, and some other fellows had been flogged for being found at the Ship.

But Jimmy was captain of his Form—head of the Fourth—and more was expected of him than of the others. It was quite on the cards that he might be expelled from the school as well as flogged.

It was, in fact, more probable than not.

Jimmy moved restlessly about the room, like a caged animal, his hands clenched, for some minutes quite at a loss. He only desired at that moment to be within hitting distance of the cad of the Fourth.

But he realised soon enough that there was no time to be lost.

He had to escape from his prison, or else wait patiently to be found there by a Rookwood prefect, and taken back to Rookwood in disgrace for punishment.

But his heart sank as he thought of it. It was quite certain that every precaution had been taken against his escape.

He tried the door, but the lock was a heavy one of great size, the panels of

thick-oak. There was no escape that way.

It was easy enough to open the window, but outside the window were the shutters. They were thick and heavy, and fastened on the outside.

Jimmy pushed at them, and heard the clink of a padlock on a chain. Between the shutters was a narrow strip of light, but he could not get at the lock outside.

He put his face close to the slit, and looked out.

He could see a strip of garden, with trees beyond. The room was at the side of the house, and outside the room a wooden veranda ran along the building. The window gave on to the veranda.

If the shutters could have been forced he had only to step out and descend from the veranda to the ground. This was quite an easy task.

But the shutters would have resisted the blows of a hammer, and Jimmy had no weapon.

There was not a single article of furniture in the room to be used for that purpose. He had only his bare hands, and they were useless.

He looked out again through the narrow slit between the ill-fitting shutters. By pushing hard on the shutters he widened the slit to half an inch.

He could see a long stretch of garden, and the white road winding beyond, but he was too far away for a cry to be heard by a chance passer-by.

He clenched his teeth with helpless rage.

But suddenly he started, and his eyes became glued to the slit between the shutters.

On the white road, winding past the distant fence, he caught sight of two cyclists proceeding at a leisurely rate past the inn grounds.

He recognised Mornington and Erroll.

Both of them glanced towards the inn, and, distant as they were, he saw the grin on Mornington's face.

Jimmy Silver put his mouth to the narrow opening and shouted.

"Erroll! Mornny! Help!"

He looked again.

The two cyclists were riding on. They had not heard him. But their eyes were still turned towards the inn as they moved along abreast of the fence.

Jimmy panted.

Well, he knew that Kit Erroll would not hesitate if he knew that a Rookwood fellow was imprisoned in the inn, and Mornington would back Erroll up. If he could only let them know!

He did not shout again; he knew they could not hear. He took his handkerchief his pocket, and squeezed it through the slit between the shutters. He held it by the corner.

The breeze from the sea caught the handkerchief, and blew it out against the green shutters.

Jimmy Silver's heart beat.

Would they see it? Would they guess? It was his only chance.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### The Informer!

**L**ATTREY of the Fourth strolled into the little post-office at Coombe, and gave a number to the young lady in charge of the telephone department. Five minutes later he was in a telephone-box, and speaking to Mr. Jupp along the lines.

"It's all right, Jupp?"

"That's me," came the husky voice.

"Is that—"

"Lattrey."

"Right-ho! I knowed your voice!"  
 "It's all right, Jupp?"  
 "Right as a trivet, Master Lattrey,"  
 came Mr. Jupp's reply, with a hoarse  
 chuckle. "The pigeon fair 'opped in,  
 and asked to be caged."  
 Lattrey laughed.  
 "He's safe, then?"  
 "Safe as 'ouses!"  
 "Good for you, Jupp!" said Lattrey,  
 with great satisfaction. "You under-  
 stand what you're to say when a Rook-  
 wood prefect arrives?"  
 "I'm on, sir!" Mr. Jupp chuckled  
 again. "First of all, I denies that a  
 Rookwood kid is 'ere. Then I lets out  
 that he's 'ere, and hidden in a room  
 upstairs 'cause he saw Mister Prefect  
 coming. I goes up to fetch him, Mister  
 Prefect arter me, and I unlocks the door  
 afore he gets to the landing, so he won't  
 know it's been locked. And I walks in  
 and says, says I, 'I'm sorry, Master  
 Silver; it's all up. I 'ope you won't get  
 werry bad up at the school.'"  
 "Good!" chuckled Lattrey. "You've  
 got it A 1, Juppy!"  
 "And I'll see you to-morrow, Master  
 Lattrey?"  
 "Oh, yes!"  
 "There's a little matter o' two pound  
 that you won't forget," said Mr. Jupp  
 meaningly.  
 "I shan't forget, Jupp! It's worth  
 that to see Jimmy Silver fixed. Good-  
 bye!"  
 "Good-bye, Master Lattrey!"  
 Lattrey rang off, and left the post-  
 office.

His face was cheerful as he sauntered  
 back to Rookwood. It was the best of  
 news he had received from his confeder-  
 ate.

Jimmy Silver was in the trap. It only  
 remained to betray him to the school  
 authorities, a matter upon which the cad  
 of the Fourth had not the slightest  
 scruple.

He had played his cards well.

He would still be in Coventry, but  
 Jimmy Silver would be in a worse place.  
 He was certain of a public flogging, with  
 all the disgrace it involved, at least. He  
 might even be "sacked" from Rook-  
 wood.

In a mood of great satisfaction, Lattrey  
 reached Rookwood, and went into the  
 School House. The averted looks of the  
 juniors he passed did not trouble him  
 now. All that was to be avenged upon  
 Jimmy Silver.

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood,  
 was just in from footer practice, and he  
 was going to his study when Lattrey  
 came into the Sixth-Form corridor.

"Can I speak to you a minute, Bulke-  
 ley?" the junior asked.

"If you like," said Bulkeley. "Come  
 in! What is it?"

Lattrey followed him into the study.

"I think I ought to tell you, Bulke-  
 ley," he said hesitatingly.

The Sixth-Former gave him a sharp  
 look.

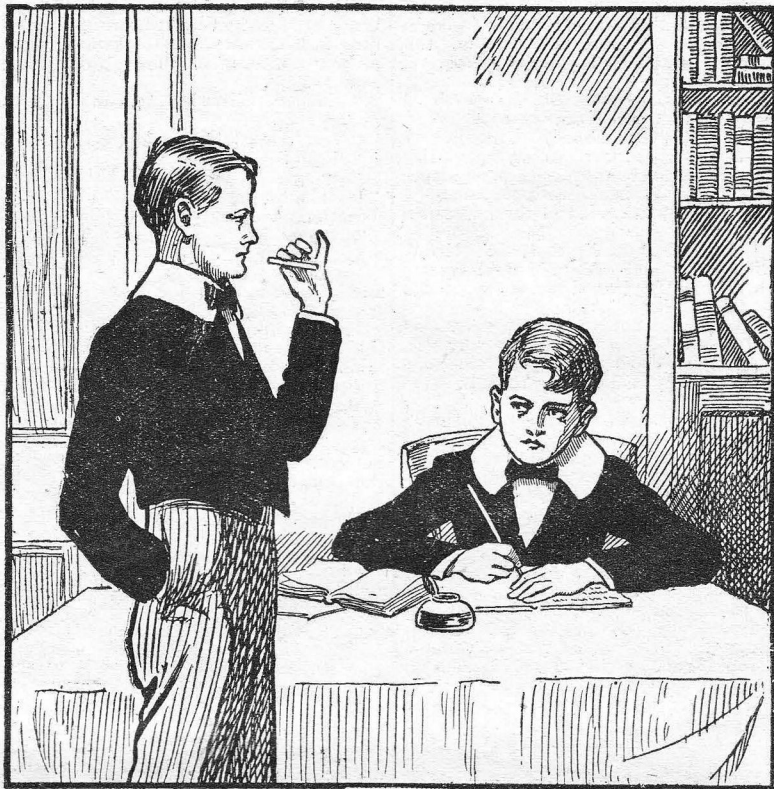
"If you're going to tell tales, Lattrey,  
 you can save yourself the trouble," he  
 said curtly. "I don't want to hear  
 any!"

"Perhaps I'd better go to Knowles,"  
 said Lattrey coolly. "I came to you  
 because you're my own prefect. But  
 Knowles would interfere if he knew that  
 a Rookwood chap was at the Ship  
 gambling with the rotters there."

Bulkeley started.

"What's that? You've been flogged  
 yourself, Lattrey, for visiting that low  
 den!"

"Quite so; and I don't see why Jimmy  
 Silver shouldn't have the same," said  
 Lattrey. "What's sauce for the goose  
 is sauce for the gander."



Lattrey carelessly took a cigarette from his pocket. "I've come to speak to you," he said. Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered. "If you don't put that thing away this instant, I'll ram it down your neck!" he growled.

"Put it plain. Do you mean to tell  
 me that Silver of the Fourth is at the  
 Ship this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it," said Bulkeley  
 decidedly. "Silver isn't that kind of  
 fellow. How do you know?"

"I saw him."

"You saw him there?"

"I saw him go into the place," said  
 Lattrey calmly. "I was cycling past,  
 and I saw him go in. He spoke to Jupp  
 in the porch, and then went in with  
 him."

Bulkeley knitted his brows.

He could see that Lattrey was actuated  
 by malice in giving information. In fact,  
 an informer could hardly be actuated by  
 anything else.

But the information, tainted as its  
 source was, was clear and definite, and  
 as head prefect of the Classical side he  
 was bound to take notice of it.

It was scarcely possible that Lattrey  
 was fooling him, intending to send him  
 on a wild-goose chase to such a distance.  
 It would have required a bolder fellow  
 than Lattrey to play such a trick upon  
 the captain of Rookwood.

"You can cut!" said Bulkeley at last.

Lattrey left the study.

He knew what Bulkeley was bound to  
 do, and he was satisfied. If it came out  
 that he had "sneaked," he had little  
 more to expect from the juniors than  
 what he was now enduring. There was  
 no colder place than Coventry they could  
 send him to.

And the fact that he had given Jimmy  
 Silver away would make Jimmy's own  
 yarn sound more improbable. Jimmy's  
 attempt to drag Lattrey into the affair

would look like revenge upon the sneak  
 who had betrayed him.

Lattrey felt that he had reason to be  
 pleased with himself.

Ten minutes later he saw Bulkeley of  
 the Sixth wheel out his bicycle, with a  
 knitted brow.

Bulkeley had a long ride before him,  
 and he was not pleased by it; but he had  
 little choice in the matter. Lattrey  
 smiled as he saw him go. He went up  
 to a solitary tea in his study, with the  
 happy prospect before him of seeing  
 Jimmy Silver marched home in disgrace  
 and taken into the Head.

But there is many a slip 'twixt cup  
 and lip, as the cad of the Fourth was  
 destined to realise.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**

**To the Rescue!**

"COME on, Morny!"

"No hurry, old scout!"  
 smiled Mornington. "There's  
 the merry old Ship! You don't  
 feel inclined for that game of  
 billiards?"

"Fathead!"

"I could introduce you to quite a  
 sportin' set—my cheery old friends,"  
 said Mornington. "Dear old Jupp, an'  
 Joey Hook, an' Flash Jim!"

"Oh, don't be an ass, Morny!"

"And we should meet Jimmy Silver  
 there!" grinned Mornington.

"Look here, Morny, that's all rot!  
 Whatever Jimmy wanted in this direc-  
 tion, he's not gone there!" said Erroll  
 quietly.

"You won't take a bet on that?"

"Of course I won't, fathead!"

"Lucky for you!"

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A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-  
 FRIARS. :: :: By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT  
 FRIDAY!

**"THE VENTRILOQUIST'S VICTIM!"**

"What do you mean?" growled Erroll. "I mean that Jimmy Silver's bike is leaning up against the porch this minute!" said Mornington, laughing.

"Wha-a-at!" Erroll stared round at the porch of the Ship, well back from the road.

There was no mistake about it. A handsome jigger was leaning up outside the porch, and at the second glance Erroll knew Jimmy Silver's machine.

Mornington chuckled at the expression on his face.

"Good heavens!" muttered Erroll. "The utter ass! Why, if anybody belonging to Rookwood came by, that's enough to give him away!"

Erroll could not, of course, guess that that was precisely the reason why Mr. Jupp had allowed the bicycle to remain where Jimmy had left it when he went in.

That bicycle was to meet Bulkeley's eyes when he arrived, and naturally would make him persist, in spite of Mr. Jupp's pretence of denial, that a Rookwood junior was there.

The chums of the Fourth rode on past the inn, Mornington smiling, Erroll with a clouded face.

"My hat! What's that?" exclaimed Erroll suddenly.

Mornington followed his glance.

From the green shutters of a window above the rambling old wooden veranda a white handkerchief was fluttering in the wind.

It showed up sharp and clear against the dark green of the shutters.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mornington, in astonishment.

Erroll jammed on his brake.

"There's something wrong there, Morny; that's a signal!" he exclaimed, his eyes gleaming. "It's a signal, plain enough. Those shutters are fastened, and somebody inside is trying to attract attention."

"Looks like it, by gad!"

The juniors jumped from their machines. The handkerchief was waving up and down, as if the unseen person within was trying to wave it, his fingers squeezing through the confined space.

"But—but it can't be Jimmy Silver, Kit!" said Mornington. "Why doesn't he open the shutters, if he's there, and wants to signal us?"

"They're fastened, of course!"

Mornington whistled.

"You mean that he's kept there against his will?"

"Somebody is, Jimmy Silver or not, or why should he be signalling to the road?" said Erroll quietly.

"Blessed if it doesn't look like it!"

"I'm going to find out, anyway!" said Erroll, setting his lips.

"Hold on, Kit. They're a rough gang at this place. There may be trouble if you drop on any of them!"

"I don't care!"

Kit Erroll leaned his bicycle against the fence, and hurried along to a gate at some distance. Without hesitation he swung himself over the gate into the weedy, ill-kept garden.

Mornington followed him. He had warned his chum, but he did not shrink from a risky adventure.

Erroll ran towards the house, with Mornington at his heels.

There was a door under the veranda, but it was closed. The window from which the handkerchief waved looked upon the sloping wooden veranda roof.

Erroll halted as he reached the veranda, and looked up.

The handkerchief was still fluttering against the green shutters.

"Erroll!"

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It was a shout from the shuttered window. Jimmy Silver, peering through the slit, had spotted the Rookwood junior looking up. And Erroll was well within earshot now.

"Jimmy Silver! Is that you, Jimmy?"

"Yes. Help! I'm locked in!"

"Right!"

"By gad!" murmured Mornington. "Is it a merry case of kidnappin'?"

What are you goin' to do, Erroll?"

"I'm going to have Jimmy Silver out!" said Erroll.

He ran up the steps of the veranda, and grasped one of the poles that supported the slanting roof.

To the lithe, active junior climbing the post was an easy matter. In a minute or less he was at the top and grasping the edge of the roof.

Mornington watched him as he drew himself slowly and surely up on the sloping roof. Keeping a sure hold with hands and feet, Erroll crawled along to the shuttered window, grasped the sill, and raised himself upright.

Jimmy drew in his handkerchief. Erroll could see him now through the slit between the shutters.

"Thank goodness you spotted me!"

gasped Jimmy. "I've been locked in here, Erroll, by a trick!"

"What on earth did you come here for?" exclaimed Erroll, his fingers busy with the padlock while he was speaking.

"Lattrey spun me a yarn about Flynn being here, and I came to rout him out. He wasn't here, and Jupp locked me in this room." Jimmy breathed hard.

"It's a trick, of course! Lattrey's fixing it up for a Rookwood prefect to find me here. Jupp let that out."

"The rotter!"

"Can you unfasten it? Buck up! You may get spotted!" said Jimmy anxiously.

Erroll was thinking of that. The garden was deserted, but several windows looked upon it, and discovery at any moment was possible.

"I can't open the lock, Jimmy! But it's a rotten, rusty thing—I can break it, I think. I want something to force it with, that's all!"

Keeping hold of the sill with one hand, Erroll groped in his pocket with the other. He took out a large pocket-knife.

"Go it!" said Jimmy encouragingly.

"Go it!" chuckled Mornington from below. "You've been seen, dear boy. And here comes merry old Jupp round the corner."

Erroll did not look down, there was not a moment to waste.

He forced the shut knife into the padlock, using it as a wedge. With a wrench he forced the lock.

There was a sharp crack, and the padlock yielded. The chain fell from the shutter.

A moment more, and the green shutters were wide open.

"Come on, Jimmy!"

"Hallo! What's that there game?" roared Mr. Jupp, arriving upon the scene crimson and breathless. "You come down from there, you burbling young 'ound!"

"Jimmy, buck up!"

Jimmy Silver had a leg over the window-sill already.

He scrambled out on the creaking wooden roof of the veranda. Mr. Jupp gazed up at the two juniors with fury in his gaze. He could not stop them.

"That game's up, Juppy!" said Mornington. "Take it smiling, old scout!"

Mr. Jupp gave him a glare.

"You come down, you young 'ound!"

he gasped. And then he shouted:

"Here, Bill, Jim, Mr. Hook—here!"

"Too late!" grinned Mornington.

Erroll swung himself down the veranda-post, and dropped lightly to the ground. Mr. Jupp rushed furiously at him as he landed.

Mornington promptly put out his foot and tripped up the fat innkeeper. Mr. Jupp went over on his hands and knees with a roar like a bull.

Jimmy Silver was swinging down the post, and he dropped. Mr. Jupp was below, and Jimmy dropped fairly on him. He was quite willing for Mr. Jupp's fat and podgy person to break his fall.

Crash!

Jimmy Silver's boots landed on Mr. Jupp's fat shoulders, fairly crushing him to the ground. Jimmy jumped off lightly, leaving Mr. Jupp on his face, gasping stertorously.

"Better hook it!" drawled Mornington. "Here comes some of the merry boozy bouncers, and they look excited."

"Come on!" muttered Erroll.

The three juniors ran for the gate.

Mr. Jupp's friends stared after them, and gathered round the groaning innkeeper. Mr. Jupp was hurt, that was evident. But his beery friends did not seem very sympathetic—in fact, they were grinning.

The three juniors vaulted over the gate into the road.

"Our game!" chortled Mornington.

"Your bike's outside the place, Jimmy."

"Right-ho!"

Jimmy Silver ran round the fence and reached the porch of the Ship. His bicycle was still where he had left it.

He dragged it away, and joined Mornington and Erroll on the road.

Mornington was chuckling.

"Come on, Silver!" he said. "Erroll tells me that Lattrey fixed you there, and that he's arranged for a prefect to come for you."

"That's so."

"Then the merry prefect must be on the road before this. We'll ride round through Latcham home, or we may meet him on the way. Better let him finish his ride in comfort."

"Ha, ha!"

And the three juniors mounted, and took the road for Latcham.

(Continued on page 18.)

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Bowled Out!

IT had been a mystery to Harry Wharton & Co., but it was more of an annoyance than a nuisance. Mr. Lambe, the vicar, had asked the Greyfriars juniors to help in his charitable efforts to raise subscriptions by means of a bazaar, and Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull had willingly undertaken to help.

As Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House, and her friend, Clara Trevlyn, had also offered to help, Herbert Vernon-Smith, the junior who was known as the Bounder of Greyfriars, also assisted.

Vernon-Smith had seen a chance to rag his old rivals, Harry Wharton & Co., at the same time. William George Bunter, the fattest junior at Greyfriars, and an expert ventriloquist, had been bribed to imitate the vicar's voice and Harry Wharton voice to such an extent that Mr. Lambe was seriously annoyed with Harry Wharton.

"There's a mysterious voice about this place to-day," said Harry Wharton disgustfully as he saw the vicar turn his back towards him.

Bob Cherry started. "Mysterious voice!" he repeated. "My hat! What asses we are!"

The others looked at their chum in amazement.

"You speak for yourself!" said Harry Wharton. "You—"

"It's Bunter!" explained Bob Cherry grimly. "Come on, we'll find William George Bunter! Have you ever heard that Billy is a ventriloquist?"

"Oh, my hat!" said the others.

And they went to look for Billy Bunter. Knowing Billy, they knew where to look for him—the refreshment-room. And they found him there, seated before a table covered with eatables.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry affably.

"Found you, have we?" remarked Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter blinked up uneasily. "I say, you fellows, I'm sorry I can't ask you to have anything," he said. "I'm sincerely sorry, but I've got barely enough, anyway."

"We don't want you to give us anything," Bob Cherry explained. "We're going to give you something, as a matter of fact."

"What is it?" asked Bunter. "I should like some jam tarts. They've got

jolly good jam tarts here. But my tin wouldn't run to 'em."

"It's not jam tarts," said Bob Cherry, grinning.

"Sponge cakes, then," said Bunter eagerly. "I wanted some sponge cakes, but I couldn't manage it. Smithy is frightfully mean about money."

"It's not sponge cakes."

"What is it, then?" asked Bunter, blinking suspiciously at the two juniors.

"Thick ears!" said Bob blandly.

"Eh?"

"A nice set of thick ears—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Unless you come at once and explain to Mr. Lambe that you were ventriloquising when he thought he heard Wharton's voice," said Bob.

"But I—I wasn't—"

"Cheese it! You know you were!" said Bob angrily.

"I—I mean it was only a lark," stammered Bunter. "Besides, old Baa Lambe is a duffer, isn't he? You know he is."

"So you call him a duffer?"

"You see, I—I—"

"And he thought it was Wharton!" said Johnny Bull.

"Yes, I'm rather a dab at imitating voices, you know," said Billy Bunter complacently. "Of course, it was only a lark."

"It's a lark that's got to be explained to Mr. Lambe," said Bob Cherry, grasping Billy Bunter by one arm. "You take his other arm, Johnny."

"Right-ho!"

Bunter struggled.

"I—I say, you fellows, lemme alone! I—I can't explain to Mr. Lambe! He—he would be awfully waxy if he knew I'd called him a duffer!" stammered the Owl of the Remove.

"Yes; and you let him think Wharton had called him one."

"It—it was a lark, you know," said Bunter feebly.

"Well, this is a lark, too," said Bob Cherry. "Come on!"

"I—I—I—I won't!"

"Yank him along, Johnny!"

"What-ho!" said Johnny Bull.

"I—I say, you fellows— Oh! Ow! I won't come! Yow!"

Billy Bunter caught hold of the teatable as the two sturdy juniors dragged him away. He laid hold of the table to save himself. But the light tea-table was not built for that. It rolled over sideways in Bunter's grasp, and there was a terrific crash as crockery and

eatables and drinkables went to the floor together.

"Oh!" roared Bunter. "Look what you've done! My grub! Oh! Leggo! Help!"

"Kim on!" said Bob Cherry, unheeding.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the fat voice of Mr. Lambe, in startled tones. "Goodness gracious! What has happened?"

"Here's the vicar!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"If you please, sir, Bunter wants to speak to you," said Bob Cherry. "We were just bringing him to you, sir."

"Indeed! Goodness gracious!"

"I don't!" roared Bunter.

"Yes, you do!" said Bob Cherry, compressing his arm till Bunter squeaked. "Don't you remember? You've got to explain to Mr. Lambe about ventriloquising and imitating Harry Wharton's voice."

"Goodness gracious!" said Mr. Lambe in astonishment.

"Ow! I didn't! I—I—"

"You see, sir," explained Bob Cherry,

"Bunter is a giddy ventriloquist, and he was imitating Wharton's voice when you thought Wharton called you a duffer, sir!"

"Upon my word!"

"I wasn't!" howled Bunter. "I didn't! I wasn't there! I wasn't on the spot at all. I was minding the stall for Smithy! Ow!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Lambe sternly. "What! Why, I saw you there, Buntah, when I spoke to Wharton! You were sitting—ah—at the adjoining table, Buntah!"

"I—I—I mean I was there!" stammered Bunter. "What I mean is, I was sitting at the next table, and I distinctly heard Wharton say what he did."

"Goodness gracious! What a dreadful—ahem!—dreadful prevaricator!" said Mr. Lambe. "Buntah, I regard you as—h'm!—ah—a prevaricator of the deepest—ah—dye!"

"Oh, really, sir! You see, sir—"

"I see that you have spoken—ah—untruthfully," said Mr. Lambe severely. "Cherry, will you kindly tell Wharton—ah—I am sorry! I was deceived by this wicked boy! Buntah, you are—ah—a young rascal, sir!"

And Mr. Lambe sailed away.

"That's cleared up," said Bob Cherry, with satisfaction. "You're so good at

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NEXT  
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clearing up, Bunter, you can start on your food now. It wants clearing up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter scowled at the chums of the Remove, and looked in dismay at his feet. The eatables were not very eatable now, and a waiter was standing by waiting for some settlement for the broken crockery. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull strolled away, and left the Owl of the Remove to settle matters with the waiter. It was only fair that Bunter should be made to realise that the way of the transgressor was hard.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry Has An Idea—And the Bouncer Has Another!

THE bazaar was over, and the Greyfriars fellows streamed home in the dusk of the November evening. Harry Wharton & Co. did not have the pleasure of seeing Marjorie and Clara home to Cliff House. That duty was claimed by the Bouncer and Bolsover major, with Hazeldene. It could not very well be helped; but the Famous Four looked after them with clouded brows, after saying good-bye to the Cliff House girls. Wharton thrust his hands deep into his pockets as he strode away towards the school.

Bob Cherry burst into a chuckle as they walked down the shadowy lane. Harry Wharton glanced at him rather irritably. "I can't see anything to chuckle about," he said. "It seems to me that we've been dished and done all along the line."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"I know we have," he said. "It can't be helped. Life's full of ups and downs, you know, and we're coming in for some of the downs. But I was thinking. You know what to-morrow is?"

"Bonfire day," said Nugent.

"Yes; and we're going to have a bonfire in the Close."

"What about it?"

"Well, the proceedings won't be complete without a guy and a procession. I was thinking that an effigy of Vernon-Smith would make a good guy. We can burn the Bouncer in effigy, you know. I can get some of his old clothes. He's given some to Gosling to sell, and I can get them from Gossy. And we can make up a cardboard face, and make it look like the Bouncer. I think—Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry paused suddenly, and looked round. A pair of large spectacles glimmered in the darkness of the lane.

"I say, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter affably. "I'll walk with you, if you like—"

"You rotter!" roared Bob Cherry. "You were walking on the grass so as to get near and hear what we were saying!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You fat rotter!" Bob Cherry grasped the Owl of the Remove by the shoulder and shook him. "Now—"

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Yow! I didn't hear a word! Ow! If you shake me I-I-like t-t-that, you ass, you'll m-m-make my spec-spectacles f-f-fall off—"

Shake, shake, shake!

"Yow! And if you break 'em you'll have to—ow!—pay for 'em! Yow! I—I didn't hear a—yow!—word! I don't know that you're going to b-b-burn the Bouncer in effigy, and I—I—I—Ow!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter sat down in the lane with considerable violence, and the chums of the Remove walked on and left him there.

"Bunter knows the wheeze now, Bob," Nugent remarked.

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NEXT

FRIDAY!

"DR. CHISHOLM'S SECRET!"

"Well, it won't make any difference," said Bob Cherry. "They can't stop us! We'll burn the Bouncer in effigy all the same. It will be a lark!"

Most of the Greyfriars juniors that evening were thinking about the celebration of the Fifth of November on the morrow.

The Head had given permission for a bonfire to be built in the Close, and fellows of all the lower Forms had lent assistance in collecting fuel.

Quite an imposing structure had been built, to be reduced to ashes on the evening of the Fifth, and the juniors were well provided with all sorts and conditions of fireworks, with which to make night hideous on the famous anniversary.

Bob Cherry, thanks to Billy Bunter, found that his wheeze of burning the Bouncer in effigy was known to all the Remove, but he went ahead all the same.

He was very busy that evening in Study No. 13, and Mark Linley and Wun Lung and Hurree Janset Ram Singh obligingly took their preparation into Study 1 to do. Bob Cherry had Study No. 13 covered with all kinds of things—old clothes, and straw for packing, and paint and chalk and rags and sawdust.

He had obtained an old suit of clothes belonging to Vernon-Smith from the porter, and he stuffed them out with rags and shavings and sawdust, and sewed them together in what he considered was a good imitation of the Bouncer's figure. With a head made of cardboard, and painted with hideous features, and an old silk hat on top, Bob Cherry considered that the effigy ought to be easily recognised as Vernon-Smith.

He was deep in his arduous employment when the Bouncer looked into the study late in the evening. Wharton and Nugent were helping him, and they had, among them, produced an effigy that was certainly hideous enough. Whether it would be recognised as the Bouncer was another question; but to make all sure, Bob Cherry adopted the device of that ancient Greek gentleman who wrote under his picture, "This is an ox," in case there should be any mistake about the matter. Bob wrote in large letters upon a sheet of cardboard, "This is the Bouncer!" and pinned it upon the breast of the figure. He had just finished it when the Bouncer & Co. looked into the study.

Bob Cherry glanced round.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he remarked.

"Do you see the likeness?"

The Bouncer looked at the hideous effigy.

He did not seem annoyed. He laughed.

"Is that meant for me?" he asked.

"Certainly!"

"You are very complimentary. I shall have an effigy of you going round the Close to-morrow evening, but I'll guarantee that it's a bit more life-like than that!"

"Don't you think the features are very life-like?" grinned Bob.

"I can't say I do. I just looked in to tell you that I'm going to have the prize," said the Bouncer.

"How do you know?"

"The vicar has telephoned to the Head. I took three times as much at my stall as was taken at any other Greyfriars stall."

"Well, I'd rather be beaten by a cad than beat any other chap by caddish

means," said Harry Wharton. "You wouldn't have beaten us if you'd played the game."

The Bouncer shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you were beaten, anyway," he said. "The sooner that you chaps realise that I am top dog in the Remove, the better it will be for you. I fancy my effigy to-morrow will beat that thing hollow!"

"We'll see," said Bob Cherry.

The Bouncer shrugged his shoulders again, and walked out of the study."

He was looking very thoughtful, and a grin was lurking round his mouth. It was evident that some scheme was working in the Bouncer's active mind, and Bolsover, in the study, looked at him curiously.

"What are you thinking about, Smitty?" he asked. "I can see you've got some wheeze in your head."

The Bouncer laughed.

"I'm going to have an effigy of Bob Cherry for the bonfire procession round the Close to-morrow evening," he said.

"Yes!" said Bolsover.

"And it is going to be a remarkably life-like one."

"You haven't got much time to get it made, then."

"It's made already."

"Made already!" said Bolsover, in astonishment.

The Bouncer nodded.

"I don't quite catch on," said Bolsover.

Vernon-Smith lowered his voice and whispered. The Remove bully started, and burst into a loud laugh.

"My hat! What a lark—if you can work it!"

"We can work it among us," said Vernon-Smith, with a grin. "You and I, and Snoop and Trevor, and Stott and Elliott. We can manage it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whatever was the scheme the Bouncer had whispered to his confederate, they kept it to themselves that evening. The Bouncer did not even confide it to the members of the Co. He knew that the fewer there are to keep a secret, the more the secret is likely to be kept.

Bob Cherry had finished his effigy by bedtime, and he locked it up in his study when the Remove went to their dormitory.

He glanced at the Bouncer in the dormitory, and grinned. The Bouncer grinned, too, as he thought of what he had planned for the morrow.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry's Little Mistake!

THE Fifth of November dawned grey and misty over Greyfriars.

The rising-bell clanged out through the chilly air, and Bob Cherry, the first to wake in the Remove dormitory, sat up and yawned.

"That blessed Gosling gets earlier and earlier, I believe!" grunted Bob Cherry. "It's not seven yet—it can't be!"

"It is," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Tumble up!"

"Groo! It's cold!"

One by one the Remove turned out. Billy Bunter remained in bed, as he generally did. Even Lord Mauleverer, the slacker of the Remove, was always up before Bunter. Bunter blinked out of bed, shivered, and pulled the clothes about his ears.

"Call me before you go down, Smitty," he murmured. And he closed his eyes again and went off to sleep.

Bob Cherry approached his bed. "Bunter!" he roared, with his mouth close to the fat junior's ear.

(Continued on page 13.)

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# 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.

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### My Great Adventure Story!

By Sammy Bunter.

I am feeling very blue, dear readers, as the little boy said to his mother after he had been stung by wasps, and the blue-bag had been applied.

I am down in the dumps. All the spirit has been crushed out of me, as the juniper-berry said after it had been turned into gin.

For many months past I have been engaged on a novel—a powerful novel, dealing with love, hate, drama, tragedy, mystery, and adventure. I put in a lot of work on that novel. It was split up into seven hundred and ninety-six chapters, and it contained nearly a million words. It took young Nugent three weeks to read it—and he was devouring it day and night. That will show you what a kolossal thing it was.

It would take up too much space to tell you what the story was about, but it introduced Buffalo Bill, Deadshot Dick, Robin Hood, my major Billy, and other criminals and lawbreakers. It described adventures on the prairie, on ranches, on the Spanish Main, on icebergs, in deserts, and so on, and so forth.

Even Mr. Twigg, to whom I showed the novel, confessed that nothing quite like it had ever been written.

Last week I sent the manuscript to Messrs. Severn & Tanner, publishers, of London. I told them I would either sell the novel right out for a thousand pounds, or accept a royalty of fifty per cent. on every copy sold.

Would you believe it, dear readers? There was nothing doing! My offer was hurled back in my teeth with scorn. The novel was returned to me, and the publishers said: "Sorry, but we only accept serious stories—not comic ones!" Did you ever hear of such cheek?

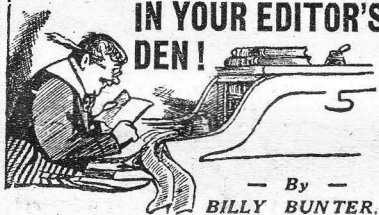
I have sent my great work to several other publishers, but they have returned it in the same way. One of the beasts suggested that it would come in useful as fodder for the bonfire on Guy Fawkes Night. Another suggested that when I got into a higher Form, and had a study of my own, I could paper the walls with my manuscript.

Love's labour lost! That's what it is. Take my tip, dear readers, and never waste your valuable time in writing adventure novels. They will only share the fate of my own.

I'm going to turn my manuscript into pipe-spills for the use of Mr. Twigg. Alas! The path of true love—and of the would-be novelist—never did run smooth!

Supplement 1.]

### IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!



By BILLY BUNTER.

My dear readers,—  
Adventure!

If you know of a word which contains such a wealth of meaning I shall be glad to know what it is.

It is now nearly a year since I lornched my famous and popular "Weekly," and I blush to say that I have never yet produced a Special Adventure Number. But it's well worth waiting for, as the waiter remarked when he pocketed the ten-bob tip.

I have just looked up the word "adventure" in the dictionary. One of the meanings given is "a remarkable occurrence." Well, you will find quite a lot of remarkable occurrences kronniced in this issue; and if this Special Adventure Number fails to make a hit, it won't be my fault. I have worked from crow of cock till chirp of nightingale; I have spent days and days on the perduction of this issue. And if it falls flat then I think I will give up jernalism, and start keeping tame mice!

By the way, I had such a nice letter from the Editor of the Kompanion Papers. He says my spelling has improved out of all nollidge! "For some months," he writes, "every other word in your editorial was wrongly spelt. I am now very gratified to observe that you have taken yourself in hand, and learned how to spell with a fair measure of accuracy. You are still guilty of an occasional slip; but one must not expect a complete reformation all at once. I am sending you a presentation copy of the 'Holiday Annual,' on condition that you do not attempt to sell it to one of your schoolfellows for a fabulous sum."

As if I should attempt to do that! I wouldn't sell the "Annual" if I were offered a thousand pounds for it, bekwase it contains several flattering photographs of me, and also some contributions from my pen.

No, Mr. Editor. What we have we'll hold. Thank you very much for your "present," which I shall always value in "future." (Joak!)

Meenwhile, I will leave my readers to kunsome this Special Adventure Number with relish and delight, and with great thankfulness that there is such a person eggssisting

as

Your Editor.

### Rally Round!

Written by

**Dick Penfold.**

Sung by

**Billy Bunter.**

In days of old, when knights were bold,  
And men of fine physique,  
They sallied forth, east, south, and north,  
Adventures grim to seek.  
The spirit of romance, my boys,  
Survives in Britain still;  
And if you'd taste adventure's joys,  
Then follow your Uncle Bill.

In Sherwood glen, bold Robin's men  
Made merry with their arrows;  
They drew their bows and "potted"  
crows,  
And brought down scores of sparrows.  
Adventure! How they loved the term!  
Of it they drank their fill.  
And if you'd like your foes to squirm,  
Then follow your Uncle Bill.

In days of yore they went to war  
In 'cumbrous suits of mail.  
But we play tricks with hockey sticks,  
And p'r'aps a whitewash pail.  
Adventure! Why, it's yeast and leaven!  
It gives me quite a thrill.  
Report to Study Number Seven,  
And follow your Uncle Bill.  
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An Exciting Story of a Famous Footballer, with a thrill in every line, a sensation in every word, and a punch in every paragraph.

Specially Written for "Billy Bunter's Weekly" by H. VERNON-SMITH.

LIKE the gentleman in the poem, Reggie Rushworth awoke one morning and found himself famous.

Reggie was standing before the mirror, removing the stubble from his upper lip with an Army penknife, when his landlady pushed a telegram under the door of his room.

Reggie pounced upon it at once. Then his eye gleamed, his ears wagged, his hair bristled, and his chest heaved with excitement.

"At last!" he cried joyfully. "At last I've been selected to play for Rippingham Rangers! After all these years of waiting, my chance has come! This afternoon, against Aston Villa fifth eleven, my trusty boot will bang the ball into the net. This afternoon Reginald Rushworth will cover himself with large chunks of mud and glory!"

From these remarks the discerning reader will gather that our hero was a footballer. The undiscerning reader will probably imagine that Reggie was a hopscotch champion, or a domino fiend.

Reggie finished his ablutions, and hurried down to breakfast. At the table he encountered his friend and fellow-lodger, Larry Larkins.

"Great news, Larry!" he chortled, dealing his chum a violent blow on the nape of the neck. "This is my red-letter day! This afternoon, dear boy, when the clocks of the neighbouring churches are chiming three, I shall appear on the field in the Rippingham colours!"

"Good!" grunted Larry. "But you needn't commit assault and battery on a fellow."

A shade came over Reggie's classical features.

"You don't seem very pleased at my success, Larry."

"Rot! I'm as pleased as Punch. But you mustn't be too elated about this, Reggie. I see breakers ahead."

"What do you mean?" asked Reggie, dissecting his kipper.

"That bounder Sam Skunk will be out to queer your pitch. As you know, he's dead keen on getting into the Rippingham team. He won't like being left out."

"Then he'll have to lump it!"

"But, don't you see? He'll take steps to prevent you from playing this afternoon. He's a crafty creature is Sam. As full of wiles as an egg is of meat. If he gets a chance to hit you on the head with a coke-hammer, or attack you from the rear with some blunt instrument, he'll jump at it. He's got a gang of crooks in his pay—scoundrels who will stop at nothing. I counsel you, Reginald, to keep your weather eye open."

Reggie laughed scornfully.

"A skunk like Skunk won't keep me out of the team this afternoon," he said. "Set your mind at rest, Larry."

Larry polished off his kipper in silence. Then he popped an acid-drop into his mouth, to take the taste away. That kipper was one of the "old contemptibles," having seen service at Jutland and in the Mediterranean.

"How do you propose to go to Rippingham, Reggie?" inquired Larry at length. "It's twenty miles from here."

"Motor-bike," said Reggie briefly. "You will accompany me in the sidecar."

"There will be risks—"

"You think that we shall be waylaid by Sam Skunk? Dismiss him from your mind, my dear fellow. I'm not afraid of Sam. I fear no foe in shining armour."

Breakfast having been disposed of, Reggie disappeared into the back-yard, and brought forth his twin-cylinder, self-starting, umpteen-horse-power motor-bike.

Reggie had picked the machine up very cheaply—in fact, somebody had left it by the roadside, so that he picked it up for nothing.

Larry clambered into the sidecar, and away they went like the wind.

The first mile was covered without mishap—save for the slaughter of a few misguided fowls who had wandered on to the public way.

At the end of the second mile, however, a couple of pistol-shots rang out.

The machine rushed on.

"Are you hit, Reggie?" asked Larry anxiously.

Reggie nodded as he bent over the handle-bars.

"I stopped one with my chest," he said. "Jolly lucky I was wearing my bullet-proof vest. The thing bounced off me like a pea."

"I'm afraid there's going to be trouble," said Larry. "You can bet that Sam Skunk is having the road watched all the way to Rippingham. If we land there in one piece, it will be a matter for congratulation."

"Bah! Sam Skunk can do his worst!" scoffed Reggie. "I'm equal to every emergency."

He put the machine at top speed, and fairly flashed along.

There were a few obstructions in the shape



"Look!" cried Larry. The two chums stared at the notice in amazement, then fell, swooning, into each other's arms.

of police-traps, pedestrians, and perambulators; but Reggie heeded them not.

At the end of the tenth mile he ran out of petrol, and was forced to call a halt.

Scarcely had the machine stopped, when a number of masked men sprang out from the hedges on either side. Some of them carried stout cudgels.

"Reggie!" panted Larry. "We're caught—caught like rats in a trap!"

"We must put up a fight, that's all," was the reply. "Up, Guards, and at 'em!"

A fierce hand-to-hand encounter ensued. Both Reggie and Larry were experts in the gentle and exhilarating art of fisticuffs.

Left and right, right and left, back and front, upwards and downwards, their fists shot out.

There was a series of dull thuds as the masked figures were flogged in the roadway.

But the odds were at least, twenty to one, and one of the masked ruffians crept up behind Reggie and dealt him a sounding whack on the head with his cudgel.

Reggie dropped like a stone. His skull was all but fractured, and he was unconscious. But he pulled himself together, and leapt to his feet.

"You brute!" he hissed fiercely. "Take that!"

Reggie's knuckles crashed into the man's bulbous nose, and he toppled over backwards.

"We've put 'em all out of action now,

Reggie!" exclaimed Larry. "Let's push on to the nearest garage."

"My head aches a little," said Reggie. "I think that villain must have made a nasty dent in my skull. Still, it won't affect my game this afternoon. I feel in great form."

At the garage near by the two chums obtained a fresh supply of petrol. Then they sped on in the direction of Rippingham.

Reggie ripped along at such a rate that he had no control over the machine, with the result that it crashed into a farmyard gate, and swept it off its hinges.

Reggie's head crashed through the wind-screen, and he was badly cut about the face and neck.

As for Larry, he was precipitated into a pond. When he crawled out he was covered from head to foot with slimy reeds.

"We seem to be getting in the wars, and no mistake!" grunted Reggie. "Let's get the farmer's wife to render first aid. Then we'll be pushing on once more. Time's precious. If I'm not at Rippingham by three o'clock, somebody will be selected to play in my place."

Ten minutes later, with his face swathed in bandages—there were two small holes through which he could peer—Reggie resumed his seat on the saddle.

Talk about John Gilpin's ride! It was nothing by comparison with that mad rush to Rippingham.

The miles fairly whizzed by.

Snow began to fall, and the heavy flakes beat into the faces of the two chums as they rushed along.

But they did not heed. They were intent upon getting to Rippingham in time for the match.

It was while they were approaching the town that they were again waylaid by a number of masked men.

The scoundrels had placed a stout pole across the roadway, so that the motor-bike would be forced to halt. Then they surrounded Reggie and his chum, attacking them unmercifully with clubs, sticks, and stones.

Few would have survived that attack. But our heroes were no ordinary people. They put up a game and gallant fight, and men fell around them like ninepins.

The roadway was soon strewn with recumbent forms.

"There!" panted Reggie, as with a hefty straight left he knocked out the last of the ruffians. "We shall meet with no more opposition, Larry boy. We can go right ahead without interference."

"How do you feel, Reggie?"

"Slightly battered and bent," was the reply. "But a glass of malted milk will put me right. They serve it in the dressing-room, I believe."

At last, after all their strange and stirring adventures, the two chums came in sight of the Rippingham football-ground.

There was no queue lined up outside. The place was silent and deserted.

"What the thump—" began Reggie, in amazement.

"Look!" said Larry.

And he pointed to a notice which had been posted up at the main entrance.

"OWING TO THE INCLEMENT WEATHER. THE MATCH BETWEEN RIPPINGHAM RANGERS AND ASTON VILLA FIFTH ELEVEN WILL NOT TAKE PLACE."

The two chums fell, swooning, into each other's arms.

After all their struggles and tussles, and fights and thrills, and adventures and misadventures, they found that the match had been cancelled!





**I** FIRST saw the light of day in Bond Street.

How proud I was when I came out from the hat-factory, and took my place in the shop-window!

How superior I looked by comparison with the seedy bowlers, the crumpled caps, and the squashed trilbies! With my stately appearance, and my glossy, shiny surface, I knew it would not be long before a purchaser came along to claim me.

I hadn't been exhibited in the window many minutes, when an elegantly-attired youth strolled into the establishment.

"Good-afthnoon!" he said to the assistant.

"I'm D'Arcy, of St. Jim's."

The assistant salaamed with great respect.

"Oh, yes, sir! What can I do for you?"

"I want to invest in a new toppah, deah boy. Haven't had a new one since last week. Have you got a toppah that's fwesh fwom the factowry?"

The assistant stepped towards me, and lifted me off my perch.

"Here is a splendid hat, Master D'Arcy!" he said. "Just your size, too."

"What's the pwice?"

The assistant glanced at the ticket on my lining.

"Two guineas, sir," he said. "The price may seem a trifle stiff, but then this is a hat which will last for years! A wonderful hat, Master D'Arcy—eminently suitable for a head like yours!"

"May I try it on?"

"By all means!"

Taking me gently in his hands, as if I were a delicate piece of Dresden china, Master D'Arcy poised me on his head.

A feeling of pride surged through me as I took up my exalted position.

I was on the head of a nobleman—an aristocrat of the first water!

Master D'Arcy surveyed himself in the mirror.

"Wippin'!" he exclaimed. "Simply stunnin', hai Jove! This toppah was absolutely made for me!"

"You will take it, sir?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"You wouldn't like to look at any more?"

"No othah toppah could suit me so well as this one, deah boy!"

"Shall I wrap it up for you, sir?"

"No, thanks! I'll wear it wight away."

"Very good, sir! And what about the hat you were wearing when you came into the shop?"

"You can feed it to the first bulldog that comes along!" said Master D'Arcy, with a chuckle.

And he strolled into the street.

Many envious glances were directed at me as we went along. People in caps and bowlers and Homburgs and "Daily Mail" hats looked positively green with envy.

Master D'Arcy proceeded to Victoria Station. He stepped into a first-class carriage on a southward bound train, and placed me tenderly on the rack. He bestowed many affectionate glances upon me as the train sped on its way.

I had an idea that I was going to a public school, and my surmise proved correct.

But if I imagined that life at a public school would be a bed of roses, I was soon disillusioned.

As my owner entered the gateway of St. Jim's, a grinning youth hurled a lump of turf at me, knocking me clean off Master D'Arcy's head, and causing me to turn a complete somersault, and alight in a puddle of muddy water!

"Weally, Tom Mewwy!" expostulated Master D'Arcy. "You have wuined my toppah—my perfectly pwiceless toppah, which I bought only this afthnoon! I have a good mind to give you a fearful thwashin'!"

Looking very distressed, my owner rescued me from the puddle, shook the water off me, and carried me gently into the building.

Arrived in his study, he went over me with a rag and a brush, and I felt much better.

I was then put away for a few days, and saw nothing of the outer world.

On my reappearance, I was again pelted—

this time by a horde of young hooligans in the streets of Wayland.

My owner did his best to protect me, but without success. I was kicked along the pavement, and battered almost out of recognition.

Had I had the facilities for weeping, I could have wept in bucketfuls!

Picture me, dear readers! A few days before I had been spoken of as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever! I had been shiny and speckless, and in perfect shape.

Now I was the most unlovely sight it is possible to imagine!

Battered and bent, demolished and dented, I was sent whirling along the street.

Words are too weak to do justice to the awful tortures that I experienced.

At last, when the hooligans had wearied of their plaything, Master D'Arcy came along and extricated me from the gutter. I fancied there was a sob in his voice as he said:

"Poor old thing! I'm afraid you're done for!"

My owner's fears were well founded.

After that fatal experience, I was never worn again—not by Master D'Arcy, at any rate.

He took me into a local hatter's, and instructed the assistant to do his best to patch me up and make me look smart and shiny again.

But I was too far gone, and the assistant, after much brushing and cleaning and polishing, shook his head sadly.

"I'm afraid nothing can be done, Master D'Arcy," he said. "You say this hat cost two guineas. Nobody would give you tuppence for it now!"

I was taken away by my heartbroken owner, and presented to the nearest tramp.

This wretch had no idea how a toppah should be treated. He often flew into a passion, and kicked and ill-treated me. Sometimes he would throw me on to the ground in a fit of frenzy, and jump on me.

No toppah could stand such ill-usage for long!

The time came when I was reduced to an absolute wreck, fit only for the scrap-heap.

It is on the scrap-heap that I now reside, waiting for the rag-and-bone vendor to come and collect me.

What my ultimate fate will be I know not. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I will not peer too closely into the darkness of the days to come!

This is a true and faithful account of my life history.

There is only one flaw. This autobiography should have been entitled, "The Misadventures of a 'Topper'!"

## MY LATEST ADVENTURES!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

**MONDAY.**—Had a very sticky adventure this morning. Fell into a pan of home-made toffee. Gore was making the stuff, and I shall sue him for damages. My wonderful Eton suit—twelve-and-sixpence, made to measure—has been completely ruined!

After "falling into" the toffee, I "fell out" with Railton. Threw a tuft of grass at him in the quad, and knocked his hat off. Incidentally, I got his wool off. He gave me five hundred lines, which brings my total of lines up to six thousand three hundred and forty-nine! Some imposition!

**TUESDAY.**—Had a whole crowd of adventures to-day. Borrowed Blake's bike and rode over to Wayland. Brakes failed to act going down a hill, and I ran into a milk-cart. Hurt myself badly. Still, it's no use crying over spilt milk. Met an awfully nice girl in Wayland, and took her to the cinema. Got in without paying, but the attendant spotted me later on. The girl was very much put

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out about it. I was "put out," too. When I returned to St. Jim's, carrying the fragments of Blake's bike, he evidently mistook me for a duster, for he wiped the quad with me.

**WEDNESDAY.**—Played footer this afternoon for a team which Grundy of the Shell got up. Had to keep goal, and for ninety minutes on end I was bombarded with shots, besides being shoved, pushed, charged, hustled, and jostled by the opposition. Left the field on crutches; and when Grundy asks me to play footer again I shall have a "lame" excuse handy.

**THURSDAY.**—While I was having a "nap" this afternoon Tom Merry roused me with the "poker." Don't like these queer card games. I was compelled, in spite of my feeble state of health, to go for a cross-country run. Finished up with my spine fractured, my knee-caps missing, and my collar-bone broken in several places. Went up to the sanny, and asked the nurse to put me in plaster of

Paris. She told me I was shamming, which was a cruel sham—I mean, shame!

**FRIDAY.**—More grim adventures! Sat on the bridge of the River Ryll, fishing, and the beastly bridge kollapsed under my weight. Pitched head first into the water, and was on the verge of drowning, when Kildare of the Sixth came along, and fished me out with a boathook. Was told this evening that I should have to pay for the damidge to the bridge. The mere mention of the word "bridge" makes me look "whist"-ful. More card games!

**SATURDAY.**—A fresh crop of adventures to-day. Hid behind the screen in the Head's study, so that I could listen to his conversation with Railton. A gust of wind caused the beastly screen to topple over, and I was caught like a rat in a trap. The Head picked up his cane, and told me to bend down. "I can't do that, sir," I said. "My pater has always advised me never to be 'caught bending'!" The Head wouldn't listen to my excuse. I received several stinging cuts, or cutting stings, whichever you care to call them. And since then I have eggshelled a good deal of difficulty in sitting down. That's not the only adventure I've had to-day, but I'm feeling much too sore to relate the rest.

[Supplement IV.]

**ONE TO THE BOUNDER!**

(Continued from page 8.)

Bunter started, and lifted his head suddenly. It crashed against Bob Cherry's chin, and the humorous Bob started back with a yell, clapping his hand to his jaw in anguish.

"Ow, ow, ow!" he groaned.  
 "Oh, oh, oh!" gasped Bunter.  
 "What—what was that? Ow!"  
 "Oh, you ass!"  
 Bunter rubbed his head.  
 "I knocked my head against something hard!" he exclaimed. "Did you shove a chunk of wood against my head, Cherry?"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover. "He did!"

"Ow!" groaned Bob. "It was my head, you silly chump! Oh!"  
 "Oh, really, Cherry—"  
 "G'oo! You lazy slacker! Gerrup!"  
 "Oh really, I'm going to have another five minutes," said Bunter. "I hope you're hurt!"

And with that charitable wish Bunter closed his eyes again.  
 Bob Cherry rubbed his chin ruefully.  
 Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh grinned, and tapped his chum on the shoulder. He held up a jumping cracker—one of those pleasant contrivances that explode six times in rapid succession after being lighted once.

"Good egg!" murmured Bob.  
 He took the cracker, and approached Billy Bunter's bed again.  
 The fat junior was already snoring. Bob Cherry lighted the fuse of the cracker, and placed it under Bunter's bed.

The Removevites looked on, grinning, and waiting for what would happen.  
 Bunter's deep and steady snore was suddenly interrupted.

Bang!  
 Billy Bunter started out of his slumber.  
 Bang!  
 "Oh crumbs! Oh dear! What—what—"  
 Bang!  
 Billy Bunter leaped up in bed in wild alarm. For the moment he thought that an earthquake had visited Greyfriars, and that the worst of its effects were being felt in the Remove dormitory.

Bang, bang!  
 "Ow! Oh! Help! Fire!" roared Bunter.

The Remove yelled.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Billy Bunter leaped wildly out of bed, dragging the bedclothes after him. He caught his foot in them and stumbled, and rolled over on the floor, roaring. The cracker expended its last bang as he rolled.

"Oh! Ow! Yaroooooh!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Billy Bunter sat up, enveloped in the tangled bedclothes, and blinked round him.  
 "Wh-wh-what was that?" he gasped.  
 "Only an invention for waking up lazy slackers in the morning. Please to remember the Fifth of November—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "You—you rotter!" roared Bunter.  
 "It's against the rules to explode rotten fireworks in the dormitory!"  
 "That wasn't a rotten firework; it was a jolly good one!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter scrambled up. He looked inclined to rush upon Bob Cherry for a moment. Bob Cherry picked up a sponge from his washstand and dipped

it into cold water and the Owl of the Remove thought better of it.  
 "Beast!" he grunted. "Ow! Beast!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "You ought to be grateful for being got up!" said Bob Cherry indignantly.  
 "Suppose Quelchy had come along and roused you with a cane?"  
 "Cherry!"  
 "Yes, sir!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as he heard the voice of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, from the door.  
 "How dare you explode fireworks in the dormitory!"  
 "I—I—I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bouncer, as Bob Cherry gazed in surprise at the door of the dormitory, which was closed.  
 Bob Cherry gasped.

"You—you ventriloquising fathead!" he exclaimed, glaring at Bunter. "I'd have sworn that it was old Quelchy's voice!"

Bunter chuckled, and, a little relieved at having startled Bob Cherry, he turned to his dressing. Bob Cherry turned to his washstand, and as he did so the door of the dormitory opened, and Mr. Quelch looked in. The master of the Remove had heard the explosions in the dormitory, and he had hurried up at once. Fireworks indoors were strictly forbidden at the school, for good reasons. But Bob Cherry had forgotten about the rule.

"Who exploded that cracker?" demanded Mr. Quelch sternly.  
 Bob Cherry heard him, but he did not trouble to turn round from his washstand this time. He believed, naturally, that it was some more of Billy Bunter's ventriloquism.

"Who was it?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.  
 "Oh, shut up!" said Bob Cherry, without turning his head. "Enough's as good as a feast, you know. And now I listen, I know that that squeaky yap isn't old Quelchy's voice."

"What!" gasped Mr. Quelch, scarcely able to believe his ears.  
 "Oh, shut up!"

"What, what, what! Are you aware whom you are speaking to, Cherry?" thundered the Remove master.

"Yes, fathead!" said Bob Cherry, who was splashing away merrily at his washstand, and had his eyes shut as he sponged his face, and so was quite unconscious of the looks of horror on the

faces of the rest of the Form. "Yes, you chump!"

"What! What!"  
 "I'm talking to a silly ass," said Bob Cherry.

"What!"  
 "And if you don't stop playing the giddy goat, I'll come and wipe up the floor with you!" continued Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch stood petrified.  
 He had certainly never been addressed like that by any member of his Form before, and he could scarcely believe his ears.

"You—you impertinent young scoundrel!" he gasped, at last, as soon as his voice came back to him.

"Oh, cheese it!"  
 "What!"  
 "Ring off!"  
 "R-r-ring off!" stuttered the Form-master.

"Yes, before I bung a cake of soap at you, you duffer!"

Mr. Quelch rushed at Bob Cherry. The most patient of Form-masters could not be expected to be talked to like that. He grasped the Removevite by the shoulders, and swung him away from the washstand, and then his open hand rose and fell upon Bob Cherry's unprotected limbs. Bob roared and struggled.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Why, what—Quelchy, by gosh!"

"Oh, you ass, Bob!" gasped Wharton.  
 "Didn't you know—"  
 "Ow! Oh! It—it's all right, sir!" panted Bob Cherry. "I—I—"

Spank, spank, spank!  
 "Ow! Ow! Ow!"  
 "You impertinent young rascal—"

"I—I—I didn't mean to be impertinent, sir!" gasped the unfortunate Bob. "I—I didn't know it was you!"

"What! How dare you say so? Do you mean to tell me that you do not know my voice?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

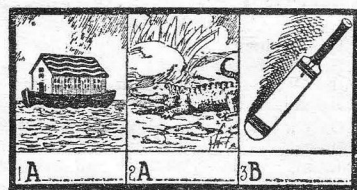
"I—I thought it was Bunter ventriloquising!" groaned Bob Cherry. "Surely you don't think I would speak to you like that, sir? Oh!"

"Oh! I see!" said Mr. Quelch, mollified. "You did not know it was I?"

"Ow! No! Oh!"  
 "Very good," said Mr. Quelch, releasing him. "In that case I will excuse you, Cherry. But I should recommend you to be a little more careful next time. I came here to see who had been exploding fireworks."

"Ow! I did, sir!"  
 "H'm! Well, I have punished you," said Mr. Quelch considerably. "Do not do it again, Cherry."

"Ow! All right, sir! Ow!"  
 Mr. Quelch left the dormitory. He left Bob Cherry groaning dismally, and the rest of the Remove shrieking with merriment.



*What Words are These?*  
**£200 IN CASH PRIZES**  
 1st Prize £100  
 Why don't you enter this grand £200 prize contest? There's no entrance fee, and many splendid cash prizes are to be won.  
 For full particulars see this week's  
**BOYS' HERALD**  
 Now on Sale Price 2d.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.  
 The Fifth of November!**

**B**OB CHERRY had recovered his spirits before the day was over, however. He had had a severe spanking, but he forgot all about it by the time lessons were over, and it was time to prepare for the evening's celebration.

The juniors had been anxious lest it should rain; but the evening turned out to be fine, much to their relief. The big bonfire was dry and all ready to be ignited, and Bob Cherry's effigy of the Bouncer, after being carried in solemn procession round the Close, was to be placed upon it and consumed.

The Bouncer did not seem to mind in the least. He took the joke up against

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**NEXT FRIDAY! "THE VENTRILOQUIST'S VICTIM!"**

**A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. :: :: By FRANK RICHARDS.**

himself with perfect good humour. That he intended to exhibit an effigy of Bob Cherry, in his turn, was known to all the fellows, but nothing had been seen of it so far. If the Bounder had the effigy in his possession he was keeping it very dark.

Vernon-Smith & Co. were seen whispering together several times, and grinning, as if they had some little joke that was known only to themselves. Vernon-Smith had taken the rest of the New Co. into his secret now, whatever it was, and they were very much tickled by it. The lighting of the bonfire had been fixed for seven o'clock. It was soon after half-past six that Bob Cherry and his friends brought the "guy" out into the Close. The November evening had set in dark, but fine.

There was a shout of laughter from the fellows in the Close at the sight of the effigy. Certainly, without the placard Bob Cherry had affixed to it no one would have recognised it as the Bounder.

But several of the juniors pretended to see a likeness, for the sake of the joke against Vernon-Smith.

"Sure, and it might be his twin brother, intoirly," Micky Desmond remarked. "It's a portrait painter or a sculptor ye ought to be, Bob Cherry."

"Yaas, it's wonderful!" said Lord Mauleverer. "The same cast of features—especially the nose and mouth! Marvellous, begad!"

"I can do these things, you know," said Bob Cherry modestly. "Now, you'll have to tie it on that chair, or it'll tumble off. Here's a rope."

The effigy was tied in a sitting posture upon an old chair, which was to be consigned to the flames along with it. Then several of the juniors raised it to carry it in the procession. Just as they were starting the voice of Mr. Quelch was heard from the dusky doorway of the School House.

"Cherry!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Pray come into the Form-room for a moment."

"Yes, sir. You chaps start; I'll be after you in a jiffy," said Bob.

He ran into the House.

Bob Cherry had not the least idea what Mr. Quelch wanted to see him in the Form-room for, unless it was about some unfor-gotten imposition. He hurried into the Form-room. The light was not on there, and the dying fire shed a faint glimmer. Bob Cherry paused in the doorway, and stared round in surprise. He could not imagine what Mr. Quelch was doing there in the dark.

"Are you here, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!"

It was the Bounder's voice.

As the reply came four or five dusky figures leaped upon Bob Cherry.

Then he understood.

It was not Mr. Quelch who had called him into the Form-room—it was some more of Billy Bunter's ventriloquism. And he had walked blindly into a trap—into an ambush laid by Vernon-Smith & Co.

Bob Cherry struggled, but it was quite unavailing; the odds were quite too great. He was borne to the floor, with the Bounder & Co. sprawling over him.

Bob hit out furiously, and there was a yell from Bolsover major.

"Ow! My nose! Yow!"

"Got him!" gasped Stott.

"Rescue!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Rescue, Remove!"

"Stuff something into the rotter's THE POPULAR.—No. 146.

mouth!" growled Bolsover, who was nursing his nose. "We shall have the whole swarm of them here!"

"Res—Ow—ow! Grooooh!"

Vernon-Smith crammed his handkerchief into Bob Cherry's mouth. While the others were holding the junior down, Vernon-Smith knelt beside him, and carefully wound a bit of twine round his head, fastening the handkerchief in Bob's open mouth, so that he could not possibly get rid of it.

Bob Cherry spluttered and choked into silence.

"Fasten the brute up!" said the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry wriggled.

His hands were tied together behind his back, and then his ankles were bound. He was now quite helpless in the grasp of his enemies.

Vernon-Smith lighted the gas in the Form-room.

It glimmered down upon the grinning Co. and the red, furious face of their prisoner. Vernon-Smith looked down upon the wriggling Bob with a cheerful grin.

"I rather think we've got you," he remarked.

"Grooh!" said Bob faintly through the gag.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you know what we're going to do?"

"Grooooh!"

"We're going to have a Bob Cherry effigy," explained Vernon-Smith blandly. "And as it's easier and cheaper, we're going to have the genuine article."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his followers.

Bob Cherry glared at them, not understanding yet.

"Get out the chair!" said Vernon-Smith.

Snoop brought an old chair from the corner of the room, where it had been placed in readiness. Bob Cherry was lifted up, and placed upon the chair in a sitting posture. Then fresh cords were produced, and he was tied to the chair, with cords passing round and round him, continually knotted till he was a mass of knots and cords.

Then he understood.

Vernon-Smith had said that his effigy of Bob Cherry was to be life-like. It would be very life-like, for it was to be Bob Cherry himself!

"Regular guy, isn't he?" grinned Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Born for the part!" said Vernon-Smith. "It couldn't be improved upon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Only a few touches of paint," said the Bounder, taking a colour-box and a brush from his desk. "That's all that's needed."

Bob Cherry glared at him in furious silence. Outside, in the Close, could be heard the shouts and laughter of the juniors celebrating the Fifth, and the explosions of crackers and the whizzing of squibs. The celebrations had started, but Bob Cherry was left out of them so far. He was soon, however, to take a distinguished part!

Vernon-Smith daubed colour upon his face. He painted the upper half of the face a bright scarlet, and large green circles round the eyes.

The effect was utterly ludicrous.

The Co. shrieked with laughter at the sight of the unhappy Bob.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bolsover, wiping away his tears. "He's too funny to live! Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Snoop.

Vernon-Smith fastened a fool's-cap on Bob Cherry's head. Then a sheet was draped round him to conceal his person, and was tucked into his collar. It could not now be seen that the junior was tied to the chair. Vernon-Smith took a cardboard Guy Fawkes mask and cut it across, and fastened the lower half upon Bob's face. The lower half of the mask was a bright blue in colour, and the top edge of it just met the coating of scarlet paint which covered the upper half of Bob's face. Bob understood the Bounder's motive—the mask concealed the gag in his mouth as the sheet tucked round him concealed his bonds. If the young rascals carried him out into the quadrangle, no one could possibly tell by looking at him that he was a living boy—he looked like an utterly ridiculous Guy Fawkes effigy. He could move nothing but his eyes.

Vernon-Smith had just finished affixing the mask when the Form-room door opened, and Harry Wharton looked in.

"Bob Cherry here?" he asked.

"We're here," said Vernon-Smith.

Harry Wharton stared at the figure in the chair.

"My only hat!" he exclaimed.

"What's this?"

"That's our effigy."

"Great Scott! Is that meant to be like Bob Cherry?" exclaimed Wharton, laughing.

"Don't you see a likeness?"

"Ha, ha! No!"

Wharton quitted the Form-room, without the faintest suspicion that he had been looking at Bob Cherry in person. Bob made frantic efforts to speak, but in vain. Vernon-Smith & Co. burst into a roar of laughter as Wharton departed.

"Ready now!" said the Bounder.

"Bring him out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Bounder & Co. raised the chair from the floor, and bore it out into the Close.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
Another Guy!**

"H A, ha, ha!"

"Great Scott! What a giddy monster!"

"Faith, and it's a broth av a bhoj intoirly!"

"Yaas, begad!"

Many exclamations greeted the appearance of Vernon-Smith with his effigy.

The Bounder and his comrades carried the chair upon their shoulders, and the juniors thronged round to look at the "guy," as they supposed it to be, and shouted with laughter. It was more ludicrous to look at than the effigy of the Bounder which was now burning merrily in the flames.

The bonfire had been lighted, and the flames were leaping high towards the sky, casting strange lights and shadows among the elms of the old Close of Greyfriars.

There was a continual detonating of crackers and squibbing of squibs and whizzing of rockets.

Harry Wharton came out of the School House, looking very puzzled. He had searched high and low for Bob Cherry, but he failed to find him. The junior seemed to have disappeared. Mr. Quelch was standing on the School House steps, looking away towards the bonfire, and Wharton stopped to speak to him.

"Can you tell me where Bob Cherry is?" he asked.

"Cherry?" said Mr. Quelch. "No; I have not seen him since lessons, Wharton."

Wharton jumped.

"Didn't you call him into the house, sir, about a quarter of an hour ago?" he asked.

"No!" said the Remove-master in surprise. "I certainly did not!"

"You—you did not, sir?"  
"No, I did not. Why should you fancy I did?"

"Oh! I—I suppose I was mistaken, sir!" stammered Wharton.

"You certainly were."  
Wharton rushed away; he understood now. If Mr. Quelch had not called Bob Cherry in, it must have been Billy Bunter. There was nobody else at Greyfriars who could imitate the Remove-master's voice so exactly.

Bunter was with Vernon-Smith & Co. Wharton caught sight of the fat junior in the light of the bonfire, and rushed up to him and caught him by the shoulder. Bunter jumped.

"Ow! Oh, really, Linley—"  
"Where is Bob Cherry, you fat rotter?"

"Oh, is it you, Wharton?" said Bunter. "Oh, really how should I know where Bob Cherry is? Have you lost him?"

"Lost, stolen, or strayed!" grinned Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Harry Wharton shook the Owl of the Remove.

"You called Bob into the House!" he exclaimed. "I know it was you and not Quelch. Have you rotters been playing any tricks on him?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"My dear chap, I've got no time to talk about Bob Cherry," said Vernon-Smith airily. "Bring that effigy along, you chaps."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"What have you done with Bob Cherry?" demanded Wharton angrily.

"He's in the Close," said Bolsover.

"If you look round you'll see him," added Snoop.  
And the Co. roared afresh.

Harry Wharton looked round. There were swarms of juniors to be seen in the light of the bonfire, which was now blazing high. But Bob Cherry was not to be recognised among them.

Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent joined him.

"Where's Bob?" asked Nugent.  
"These rotters have done something with him!" said Wharton wrathfully.

"He's in the Close, and not far from you," said Vernon-Smith.

"Where, then?"  
"Oh, look round you!" said the Bounder. "Come on, you chaps!"

And they started forward again, roaring with laughter. Loud yells greeted the appearance of the guy as it was paraded in the light of the blazing bonfire.

"Look here," exclaimed Wharton, stepping in Vernon-Smith's way. "if you don't tell me what you've done with Bob Cherry—"

"Here he is," said the Bounder.  
"Where?"

Vernon-Smith pointed to the guy.  
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared his followers.

"Don't be an ass!" said Wharton. "I don't mean your silly effigy; I mean Bob Cherry. Where is he?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"If you don't tell me, I'll jolly well have your guy down and jump on it!" roared Wharton.

The Co. almost shrieked.  
"He'll have it down," shrieked Bolsover, "and jump on it! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bounder. Wharton's eyes blazed.

"Come on, you fellows!" he exclaimed. "We'll smash up their effigy, anyhow!"  
"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

And the chums of the Remove rushed upon Vernon-Smith & Co.

The chair upon which the living guy sat lurched and reeled, and the juniors plumped it down upon the ground.

Harry Wharton laid hands upon it, and recoiled with a cry.

"What—what— Oh!"  
"What's the matter?"

"It's alive!" gasped Wharton.  
"What?"

"It moved! It's warm!"  
"Faith, and it's dreaming ye are!" said Micky Desmond. "How could a guy be alive, ye omadhaun?"

"It's eyes are moving!" yelled Bulstrode.

"Great Scott!"  
"Begad! Yes, it's alive!"

Harry Wharton dragged the handkerchief from the unfortunate guy's mouth.

"Bob Cherry gasped and spluttered frantically.

"Ow, ow! Groo! Oh, lemme loose!"  
"Bob!" gasped Wharton.

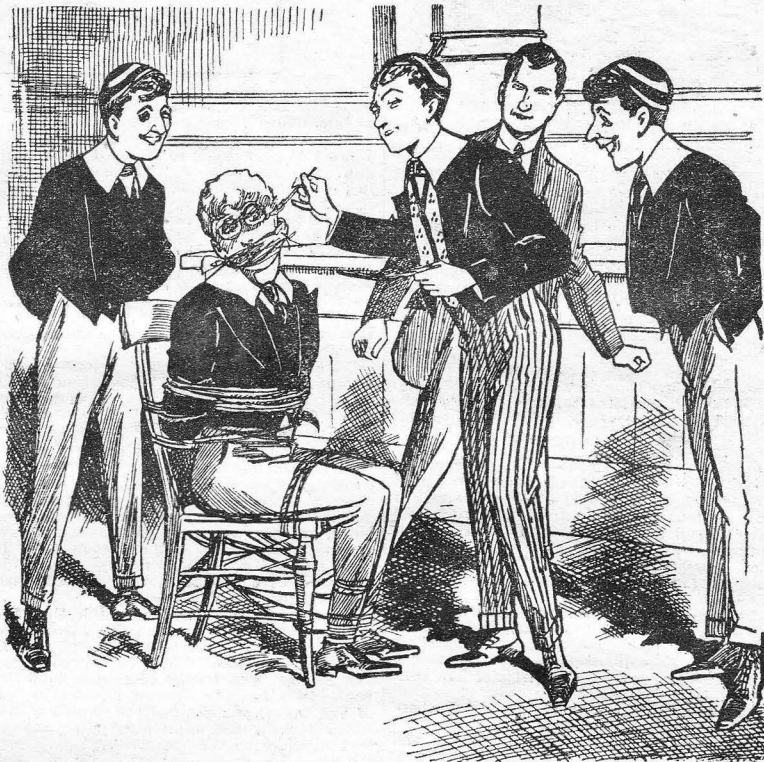
"Bob Cherry! Oh, my Aunt Maria!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors simply roared. Even Harry Wharton was laughing as he opened his pocket-knife and cut Bob Cherry's bonds.

Bob Cherry glared at his hilarious chums.

"Oh, Bob, old man!" gasped Wharton. "If you could see your chivvy you'd yell, too! Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a shame!" said Nugent, grinning. "Ha, ha! It's a—ha, ha!"



"We'll make a regular guy of him!" said the Bounder, taking up a colour box. "Only a few touches of paint!" He commenced to daub colour upon Bob Cherry's face. He painted the upper half bright scarlet, with large green circles round the eyes. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bolsover & Co.

(See Chapter 3.)

"My hat!"  
"The aliveness is terrific!" gasped the Nabob of Bhanipur.

There was a shout of amazement from the juniors, and they gathered round the guy. The flare of the fire fell full upon the face of it, and the eyes could be seen working and rolling and glaring as if moved by some cunning mechanism within.

Wharton stared at the guy, dumb-founded for a moment.

Then he sprang towards it and tore the Guy Fawkes mask off the lower part of the face.

The gagged mouth of Bob Cherry was revealed!

The juniors gazed at the unfortunate Removite for a moment, and then there was a tremendous yell.

"It's Bob Cherry!"  
"My hat!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

shame! So sorry, Bob! But you do look a coughdrop! Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry snorted and tramped away towards the School House. His chums went with him to comfort him, but they could not help laughing.

It was not till Bob Cherry was washed clean that he recovered his good-humour. But when he reappeared in the Close again he was greeted with one tremendous yell.

"Here he comes! Another guy! Ha, ha, ha!"

And Bob Cherry was glad to return to the shelter of the School House, followed by yells of laughter. And for days after the Fifth of November Bob Cherry could not appear in public without some voice yelling:

"Here's another guy!"

THE END.

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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.

The yacht returns to England again, and Ferrers Lord & Co. set about building a new aeroplane. Gan Waga comes on board the submarine, which is moored in the secret cavern. He finds Ching Lung on deck.

"Oh, Chingy," he says, "I've burnt myself with a candles awfully!"

(Now read on.)

**Trouble for Maddock.**

**"WHAT** an idiotic thing to do!" said Ching Lung. "You might have set the pond ablaze, and boiled all the goldfish. It can't be much to make a scream about, for I've never noticed that you had enough nose to burn. Come down to the medicine-chest, and I'll try to find some cold cream or something soothing to put on your terrible wounds. Really, my dear blubber-biter, it is reckless of you to go to bed in a pond without blowing out the candle! Come!"

There was a large blister on the Eskimo's nose, but he felt better after an application of cold cream. Ching Lung shook his head at him sadly.

"How goes it now?"

"A lot betterer," said Gan. "I think I go and have some suppers, Chingy. Yo' gotted a hold-cigars, old ducks?"

"What do you want a cigar-holder for? You'll only lose it."

"I not loses him, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "My nose still hurt frightfulness. I not

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want the hot end of the cigars too nearness to him, Chingy!"

"There's sense in that, my fat youth, but I don't happen to have a cigar-holder with me," said the prince. "You may find one in my cabin, and, if you do, you may borrow it. Lose it, and I'll tomahawk you! I haven't been in the cabin for months, so I don't know what is or isn't there."

The Eskimo found the door of Ching Lung's cabin locked, so he raided Mr. Thomas Prout's. Here he found a long-stemmed churchwarden pipe. He wedged a cigar into the bowl, and lighted it. He lowered himself into the water, and floated past Ching Lung on his back, smoking luxuriously.

"My old nose is quite safeness now, Chingy!" he grinned. "Look how far I gotted the hotness part away from her, yo' precious tin of pineapples!"

With no perceptible movement of hand or foot, the Eskimo floated across the pool to the landing-stage. As he climbed out Prout, O'Rooney, and Benjamin Maddock emerged from the lift. Prout asked Gan Waga to swim back and fetch the boat for them, as they wished to go aboard the submarine. Ching Lung did not know what it was all about, but evidently the three mariners were not altogether pleased with the Eskimo.

He saw Barry O'Rooney snatch the pipe away. Barry put the cigar in his own mouth, and smashed the long-stemmed pipe over Gan Waga's head. Then the three seized the Eskimo, and hurled him back into the pool. In a flash two brown hands shot out of the water, and grasped the ankles of Mr. Ben Maddock, who, unfortunately for himself, was standing on the bottom step.

"Souse me!" howled the bo'sun, and vanished into the chilly depths.

When the bo'sun's soaked head and purple face came up again Prout and Barry O'Rooney exchanged admiring glances.

"Bravo, boy!" cried Barry O'Rooney. "Didn't Oi always tell ye, Tom, that ould Ben would do anything for us? Whin that saucy Eskimo refused to fetch the boat, Oi knew Ben would! Ben's not afraid of a dhfop o' salt wather! Bedad! The top o' good luck to ye, Ben! Off wid ye now and bring the boat!"

As he clung to the step, Maddock said a few things that only made his heartless comrades grin more widely, and then, realising that he was as wet already as he possibly could be, he made a few more unflattering remarks, "Souse me," and swam out towards the submarine.

**Still Another Catastrophe!**

**"T**HEY say there's no other pastime so fascinating as watching other people at work, Rupert; but this sort of thing makes me feel useless and abominably lazy!"

Rupert Thurston had joined Ching Lung on the deck of the submarine. A second shift had replaced the tired workers, but Harold Honour was still at his post.

"While I share your feelings, old lad, there's the consolation that we don't under-

stand the job, and, as unskilled volunteers, we should only get in the way," said Rupert. "Hal is the marvel! He'll have earned a solid week's sleep when it's all over. I wonder if he ever eats?"

"Let's take him over something," said the prince. "I know the Chief had his dinner here, so there's sure to be some grub aboard."

Ching Lung's kindly thought had already been forestalled. A manservant from the house appeared on the steps with a silver tray and a small bottle of champagne. Thurston and the prince stepped into the boat, and, securing the engineer's supper, took it out to him. The engineer descended from the ladder, and dipped his grimy hands into the salt water. Climbing to his perch again, he made a hasty meal, his keen eyes watching everything.

The four great inverted funnels were in their places, and the planes had been towed on floats, ready to be fixed. Every man there knew exactly the task allotted to him, and there was no confusion. The engineer flung the empty bottle far into the pool, and handed down the tray.

"Good!" he said, and refilled his briar pipe.

Towards midnight steel cables on pulleys lifted the helicopter clear of the platform, so that the painters could get below her to apply the composition that would render her practically invisible in her night flights. Ching Lung and Rupert Thurston were playing chess when Prout looked in.

"By honey! I'm sorry to disturb you, gentlemen," said the steersman, "and it's a queer time for the tailor to call, but here's our friend Snips waiting to measure you for your new suits. You won't be able to pick any fancy patterns for yourselves, for there don't seem to be any choice at all."

The tailor stood in the doorway, tape-measure in hand, and quickly completed his business.

"How many of us are you rigging out, Snips?" asked Thurston.

"Sixty-five, sir," answered the yacht's tailor. "Most of them are made, but I thought you might like me to be a little more careful with yours."

"It doesn't seem to matter very much," said Ching Lung. "It isn't very easy to admire the cut of a suit of clothes you can't see, is it? I'll give you this game, Rupert, for we're both in such a tangle we'd never finish if we played all night. Take it as won by you, with my compliments!"

The prince swept the chessmen from the board, and yawned and stretched himself.

"I'm too lazy to row ashore to go to bed, so I'll camp out where I am," he said. "I don't know whether there are any bedclothes in my bunk, but that's a trifle. Have you seen any more of the blubber-biter since you robbed him with violence and chucked him into the water, Prout?"

"No; but I reckon Ben Maddock has been looking for him, sir!" grinned the steersman. "I don't think Gan's aboard, for there isn't enough grub here to tempt that hungry walrus to stay. If you want that Eskimo, he's generally near the larder, by honey!"

NEXT FRIDAY!

**"DR. CHISHOLM'S SECRET!"**

A GRAND TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.



"Better get some blankets and pillows, and hang out on deck, old man," advised Thurston. "The air is fresh enough up there, but I noticed a stuffy sort of smell in the cabins. She's been laid up, so long that she's bound to be a bit stuffy."

"She'd be as sweet as a bed of violets only for this new stunt, by honey," said Prout. "We were going to take her out and give her a full-speed run on the surface, with all her ports open, only the Chief countermanded the orders. I'll pump some oxygen through her as a sweetener, if you like."

"Why bother about it at all?" said Thurston. "Wake up, Ching, and let us get over to the house, where we have comfortable beds waiting for us."

"It can't be done!" said the prince. "I've got a notion for stopping here. I know it will be stuffy down below, and noisy on deck; but, all the same, I'm a stayer."

Prout quickly provided pillows and blankets. The air in the cavern was always pure and rarely cold. All the arc-lamps were burning, but the suspended helicopter was already losing its look of solidity. The funnels were almost invisible, although they still awaited their second coat of the quick-drying dope. Prout and Barry O'Rooney had lost Maddock. As the bo'sun had only brought with him the suit he was wearing, they thought it probable that he had gone back to the yacht. They both hoped he had thoroughly enjoyed his long, downward climb from the head of the cliff to the boat.

"Bedad! A bit of gintle exercise loike will do Ben a power o' good," said Barry. "He's been putting on a lot o' flesh, and Ol'v'e tould him that av he didn't look out and get his weight down he'd have a pig-fit, and doie a sudden dith. Ut's a sad thing, Tom, whin a man drops into lazy habits. Phwat Ben ought to do is put on foive or six sweaters and overcoats, noine or ten hats, and several pair of boots, and pelt round the deck for a couple of hours afore breakfast. And his manners are getting abominable! Fancy hopping off loike this, widout having the decency or politeness to say good-boie!"

Both mariners jumped up and stood erect as Ferrers Lord sprang lightly up the ladder,

and passed through the conning-tower to the deck. There was no noise of hammering now, and Thurston and Ching Lung had fallen asleep. Prout dashed forward to unfasten the painter and pull the boat, when he saw that the millionaire was about to leave the submarine.

"Only to the platform," said Ferrers Lord. "You need not wait. I'll call you when I wish to return."

Climbing the rope ladder, the millionaire reached the heart of the helicopter. The pilot's cabin was shaped like the head of a fish, and glazed with tough glass. There were metal blinds fitted outside, closing so securely that not a ray of light could escape. Here, with his arms on a table, and his head pillowed on his arms, sat Harold Honour. There was no work now in hand that required to be watched, and the burly engineer had at last succumbed. He was asleep.

The millionaire smiled to himself, and walked down the wide gangway. There were cabins on either side, but there was no attempt at any luxury. For the present, at least, the crew of the giant helicopter would have to be satisfied with hard boards to sleep on and hard benches to sit on. Only two of the cabins had doors. The others were mere cattle-pens open to the gangway.

She had twin propellers, and the shafting of the helicopter engines that worked the screws in the funnels had not yet been cased in. Altogether, inside and outside, she was not a thing of beauty, but she looked very businesslike. To have constructed her in so short a time was a triumph to Hal Honour.

As Ferrers Lord turned back the engineer awoke after his nap, and came out of the pilot's room rubbing his eyes.

"There's news, Honour," said Ferrers Lord. "After all, I need not have worried you to death like this. Goltzheimer has gone to Paris, and there will be no sitting of the Supreme Council without him. He has gone as Von Kreigler's mouthpiece, of course, to do some more whining about Germany's poverty. Our own Prime Minister will not be in Paris until the fifteenth. Between that date and the date of Goltzheimer's return to Berlin the Supreme Council will meet."

"Good!" said the engineer.

"That will give Carlingford an opportunity of making the helicopter worthy of this very distinguished I hope to invite to make a trip on her," said Ferrers Lord, with a curious smile. "I know you have little sympathy with frills and fal-lals, but I want her lined with teak, and carpeted and properly furnished. That can be done after her trials, when you can hand her over to the decorators and take a well-deserved rest. When can we try her?"

"Engine tests to-night, trial to-morrow," said Harold Honour.

"Leave both for to-morrow, for we are not in such a desperate hurry as all that, Honour, and go and have a long sleep," said Ferrers Lord.

He beckoned to Prout, who was watching for his signal. The engineer threw himself down on his bed, thoroughly exhausted at last. Dawn had only just broken over the sea outside, when the engineer came on deck clad in nothing except a pair of shorts. He carried a pail of water, a bar of soap, and a rough towel. Only a single arc-light was burning, and as he soaped and rubbed he glanced towards the helicopter and uttered a grunt of satisfaction. Even without her second coat of dope she was little better than a shadow. Then along came Gan Waga, and the plump Eskimo grinned a smile of welcome, for he was fond of the engineer.

"Yo' must be a very dirtiness boy to need all that washings, Hal, old sports!" said Gan. "Don't forgets to rub the soaps behind yo' ears, where Prout and Maddock and O'Rooney always forgets to wash. Yo' oughts to do it more regularness."

The engineer pointed a wet hand towards the coiled hosepipe.

"You want a sluices, hunk? All merry and brightness, old sardine-tins!" said Gan Waga, proceeding to unroll the hosepipe. "Yo' a bit too big to miss easy with this jolly squirter; but if I do there'll be a heap of troubles on the sad, sad sea. If I do miss I go to breakfast quickness. They gotted sausages fo' breakfast at the house, fo' the cook tould me. Make her squirts, Hal."

(To be continued next week.)

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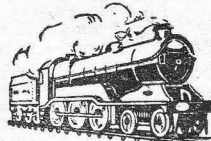
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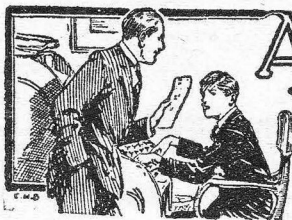
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THE POPULAR.—No. 146.

**A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. :: By FRANK RICHARDS.**



# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

## FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

### "THE VENTRILOQUIST'S VICTIM!" By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete school story of the chums of Greyfriars, which will appear in the issue of the "Popular" on sale next Friday.

In this story we learn how Billy Bunter, by the aid of his skill as a ventriloquist, gets a servant into a scrape which ultimately leads to drastic scenes between the Head and the staff. In the end, the Head considers the matter settled—which is more than does the staff!

The complete story of Rookwood is entitled

### "DR. CHISHOLM'S SECRET!" By Owen Conquest.

In this story we learn, for the first time, of a secret which Dr. Chisholm thought was his and his alone. But he is mistaken, for when he finds it necessary to expel Lattrey, of the Fourth, the junior's father acquaints the Head with the fact that he also is "in the know."

The outcome of all this you will read in the story which will appear next week.

There will be another splendid number of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" in our next issue, and a further instalment of our grand serial.

### RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION, NO. 32.

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings offered in this competition have been awarded to:  
Jessie Mitchell, 5, North Shore Street, Campbeltown, N.B.; Billy Barnes, 5, Lindox Road, Clapham Common, S.W. 11; Arthur Carpenter, 1, Dene Street Gardens, Dorking, Surrey; Ernest Denyer, 13, Lyons Cottages, Dorking, Surrey; Miss Violet M. Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Rhondda, Glam.; Percy Lynch, 8, Greenhough Street, Ancoats, Manchester; Harry W. E. Shaw, 26, Ruvigny Gardens, Putney, W. 15; James Henry Curtis, 23, Waterloo Road, Smethwick, Staffs.; C. Bovington, 66, Colville Road, Acton, W. 3; Eric Robertshaw, 44, Carlisle Terrace, Morningside, Bradford, Yorks.

### I AM OFFERING

A First Prize of a Grand Match Football and Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each in connection with "POPLETS" COMPETITION NO. 40.

Examples for this week:

A Timely Arrival.	Lines and Lickings.
Game Birds.	Fly in Ointment.
Matter of Form.	Big Tip Means—
Can't be Bothered.	Having an Idea.
Uncle James	Bunter in Possession.
Advise—	Rather Uncommon
An Unseen Entry.	Sight.

Select two of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE of the words in your sentence must commence with one of the letters in the example.

1. All "Poptets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poptets" can be sent in by one reader each week.
2. The postcards must be addressed "Poptets" No. 40, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.
3. No correspondence may be entered into in connection with "Poptets."
4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.
5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD, and that it is received on or before November 10th.

## A TRAP FOR JIMMY SILVER!

(Continued from page 6.)

### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Lattrey Pays the Piper!

WHERE the thump is Jimmy Silver?"

Arthur Edward Lovell growled out that question. It was past tea-time. Certainly there was not much for tea in the end study, but, such as it was, the hungry juniors wanted it. And Jimmy Silver had not only cut footer practice, but he hadn't come in for tea.

The Co. were naturally wrathful. They were looking out of gates in the early winter dusk, prepared to scalp Jimmy Silver when he did come in.

Three grim looks were turned on Lattrey of the Fourth as he came down to the gates. Lattrey considered that it was time for Bulkeley to come in with the junior captured at the Ship, and he was quite keen to see Jimmy arrive in charge of the prefect.

He smiled sarcastically as he caught Lovell & Co.'s look. There was a surprise in store for the Co.

"Why doesn't the ass come in?" growled Raby. "What did he go off for without a word? We'll jolly well scoff his tea if he doesn't come in soon!"

"Hallo! Here he is!" said Newcome.

There was a whir of bicycles on the road. Four juniors rode up to the gates and jumped down—Jimmy Silver, Mornington, Erroll, and Patrick O'Donovan Flynn. The juniors had fallen in with Flynn at Latcham, and they had ridden home to Rookwood together.

Lattrey's eyes almost started from his head as he saw them.

Jimmy Silver, who was supposed to have been caught at the unsavoury Ship THE POPULAR.—No. 146.

by the captain of Rookwood, was here with Morny, Erroll, and Flynn, and apparently in the best of spirits!

Evidently Jimmy had not been caught. Lattrey staggered back against the gate. It was past his understanding, and he was almost giddy with the rage and disappointment that swept over him.

"So here you are!" howled Lovell. "Where have you been, you bounder?" "On a spin!" said Jimmy cheerfully. "Hallo, here's Lattrey! You look rather blue, Lattrey. Anything the matter?"

"Lattrey, you spalpeen," said Flynn, "you've used the name of Patrick O'Donovan Flynn this afternoon to get Jimmy Silver into a scrape, and sure Jimmy's told me. And it's yer nose I'm coming for, darling!"

Lattrey simply had no chance against the indignant Irish junior.

He put up his hands and fought savagely, since there was no help for it. But Flynn's attack was like a whirlwind, and he was knocked right and left.

In a couple of minutes Lattrey lay gasping on the ground, and he refused to rise at Patrick O'Donovan Flynn's pressing invitation.

"Sure, that'll do for the baste!" said Flynn. And he grinned and took his bicycle and wheeled it in, followed by Jimmy Silver & Co.

Lattrey staggered to his feet when they were gone. He dabbed his nose savagely with his handkerchief.

With bitter rancour in his breast he limped away to the School House. He was no longer anticipating Bulkeley's return with keen pleasure. It was only too clear that something had gone wrong with the scheme, and that Jimmy had not been caught by the prefect under suspicious circumstances.

Lattrey was booked for a decidedly unpleasant interview with Bulkeley when the latter came home, as it turned out. It was not the first time that the cad of the Fourth had found out the thorniness of the transgressor's path.

Half an hour later the door of the end study was abruptly opened, and Bulkeley of the Sixth strode in, followed reluctantly by Lattrey.

The occupants of the study rose as the captain of Rookwood came in, with smiling faces.

"Silver!" rapped out Bulkeley.

"Adsum!" said Jimmy cheerfully. "Lattrey says he saw you go into the Ship Inn on the Latcham road this afternoon!"

"Did he?" said Jimmy. "I don't fancy he was anywhere near the Ship this afternoon. I didn't see him there, at all events."

"Then it's true you were there?" exclaimed Bulkeley.

"Quite! As Lattrey's told you part of the yarn, I'll tell you the rest. Lend me your ears, sahib."

And Jimmy Silver explained, quietly and succinctly.

Bulkeley listened without a word. When Jimmy had finished, he fixed his eyes upon Lattrey.

"Lattrey, have you anything to say?" he said.

Lattrey panted.

In the presence of Mornington and Errol it was not much use repeating his falsehood. His face was like that of a hunted animal.

Bulkeley gave him a scornful look.

"You were lying," he said, "and you might have caused a serious injustice to be done. That was your intention. You'll come with me, Lattrey."

And Lattrey went; and when he quitted Bulkeley's study he was twisting painfully, and his face was white. Bulkeley had not spared his ashplant. Cunning as his scheme had been, Lattrey had been foiled at the finish.

THE END.

(There will be another long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next week's issue of the POPULAR, entitled "Dr. Chisholm's Secret!" Order your copy to-day!)

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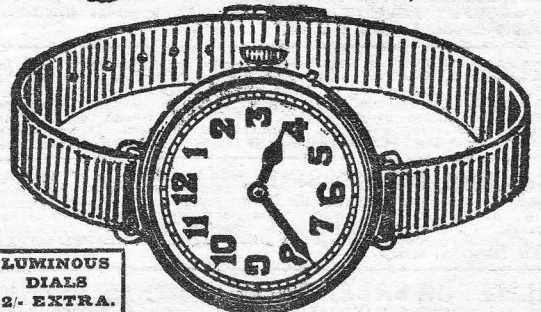
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