

IN QUEST OF GERMANY'S GREAT TREASURE!

See the Grand New Serial, "THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!" in this Issue.

Week Ending—
Nov. 26th, 1921.

New
Series,
No. 149.

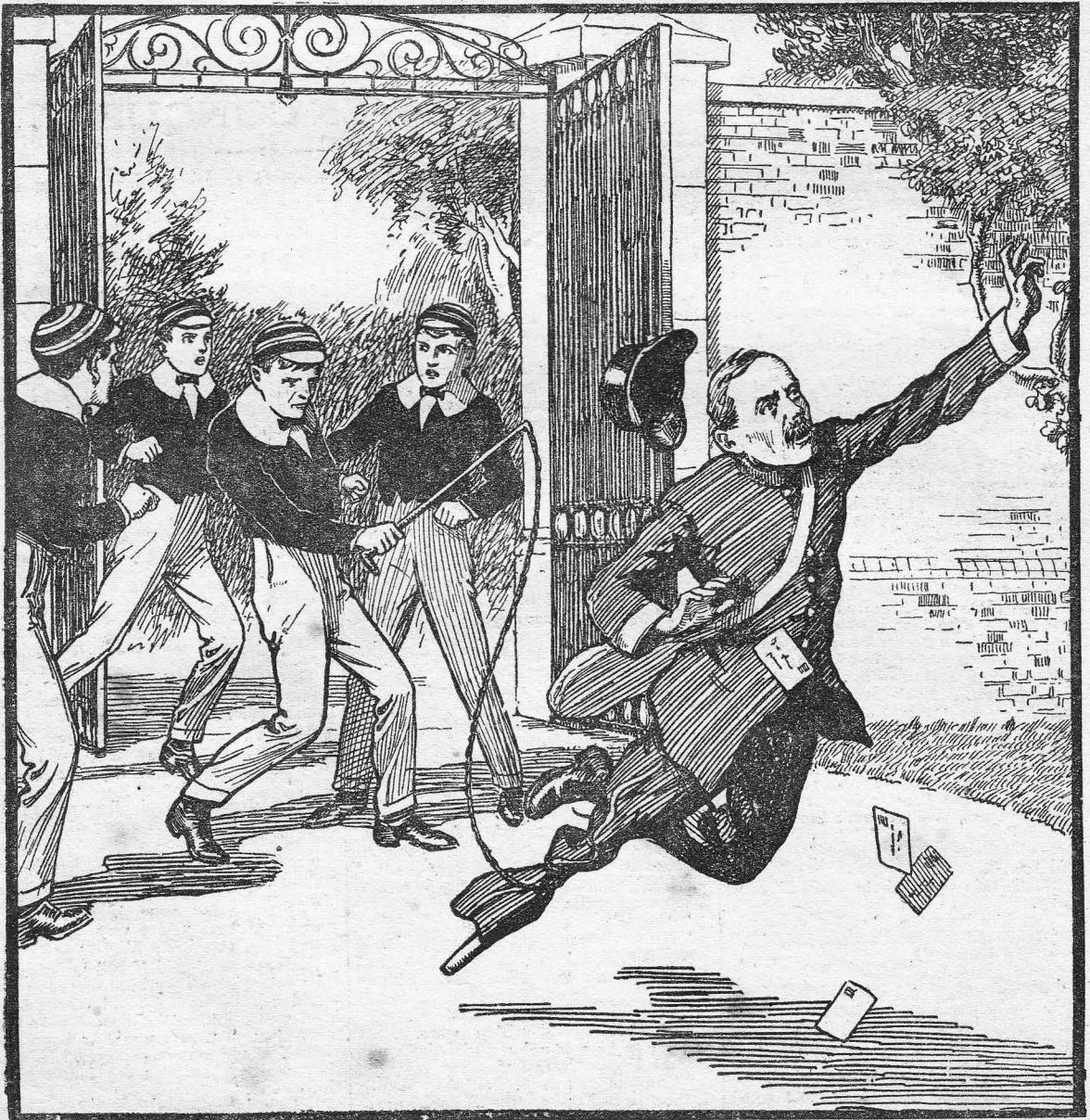
Greyfriars

The POPULAR

11d
12d

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

Rookwood St. Jims



"STUMPY" UP AGAINST THE AMAZING BOY FROM TEXAS!

(An incident from the Long Complete Tale of Rookwood inside.)

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



**"BILLY BUNTER'S
WEEKLY!"**
Grand Four-page Supplement,
Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE
BUNTER, of Greyfriars.



The Amazing New Boy

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Lovell's Little Mistake!**

"SISTER ANNE, Sister Anne, is the giddy postman coming?" Jimmy Silver asked the question.

The "Sister Anne" whom he addressed was Lovell of the Fourth, who was looking down the road from the gateway of Rookwood.

Lovell was watching for the postman. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were filling up the time by chipping old Mack, the school porter. They were energetic youths, and did not like wasting the precious minutes.

"No, he's not coming!" growled Lovell. "I believe he's always specially late when we're stony."

The Fistical Four of the Fourth were in a state not uncommon among school-boys—that troubled state known as "stony." But Lovell was expecting a letter from his uncle. Upon that letter and its contents depended Jimmy Silver & Co.'s plans for the afternoon. Lovell was almost sure that his avuncular relative would turn up trumps; but he was not quite sure, and so the Classical chums were waiting anxiously for the arrival of the postman. The question before the meeting was: "Was there to be tea in the end study that day, or wasn't there to be tea?"

"It's too bad," said Raby plaintively. "Here we are, on our uppers practically, and that fellow Gunter in our study is rolling in oof, and we can't borrow any of him."

"Can't borrow of a worm like that!" said Lovell.

"And he's got whole quids!" said Raby.

"Let him keep 'em!" "He'd lend us some if we asked him," remarked Newcome.

Lovell snorted.

"We're not going to ask him. I don't quite see where he gets his quids, either. He's the Head's nephew, but the Head doesn't tip him quids, I know that. Hallo, here he comes!"

As he spoke another junior strolled down to the gates, and joined the Fistical Four there. It was their study mate, Gunter of the Fourth, the new boy who had lately arrived from Western America,

and had considerably astonished Rookwood by the manners and customs he had brought with him from that far-off land.

A new boy who smoked, chewed tobacco, and played cards, was a novelty at Rookwood. Naturally, the powers had come down on him, and the cigars, the tobacco, and the cards had been confiscated, and Gunter had had a tremendous flogging.

But the flogging did not seem to have made much difference to him. He was the same reckless young rascal after it as he had been before it.

He nodded coolly to the Fistical Four. The fact that that select circle strongly disapproved of him did not worry him in the least. He had been deaf to all hints and requests to change his study. The end study suited him, and he stuck. Whether it suited the original owners of the study for him to be there he did not care a Continental red cent, as he cheerfully assured them.

"Time that postman was hyar!" he remarked.

"Quite time!" agreed Jimmy Silver.

"We're waiting for him."

"On the rocks?" asked Gunter.

"If that means stony—yes."

Gunter rattled a handful of money in his trousers-pocket.

"I guess I'll lend you a dollar or two if you want it," he remarked. "I ain't mean. How much?"

"Ahem!" Jimmy Silver coughed. Raby looked another way, and Newcome regarded the beeches in the quad. Lovell grunted.

"Waal, don't all speak at once," said Gunter sarcastically.

"Ahem!"

"We don't want any of your tin," said Lovell shortly.

"Thanks all the same," said Jimmy Silver.

Gunter shrugged his shoulders.

"Please yourself. You were ready enough to give me the glad hand when I came here. You've changed some!"

"You see, we expected the Head's nephew to be pretty decent," said Lovell, who was quite a painfully plain speaker sometimes: "as you've turned out nothing of the kind, we'd prefer your

room to your company in our study. See?"

"I reckon I'm sticking to that study," said Gunter, with a grin, "and if you don't want to chum in with a galoot, I guess I can find somebody else. I've made some friends in Coombe already, a bit more goey than you fellows, anyway."

"The select company at the Bird-in-Hand!" sniffed Lovell. "We know all about it. We've seen you with them. Racing blackguards! If the Head knew you were backing horses—"

"You can tell him if you like!" yawned Gunter. "A galoot must do something to keep alive in this slow place. I haven't found a single chap in the school who knows how to play poker."

"And you're not likely to!" snapped Lovell. "Why can't you play footer?"

"Too slow."

"Too decent, you mean!"

"Peace, my infants!" said Jimmy Silver, for the argument was waxing warm. "Here comes the merry postman."

There was a rush to the gate as the postman appeared. The Fistical Four surrounded him.

"My letter!" said Lovell truculently.

"If you say you haven't got one for me, we'll have your other leg off; so look out!"

The postman grinned. He was a retired Tommy, who had left a leg in Flanders. He fumbled in his bag.

"Sorry, Master Lovell, there isn't one."

"Well, my hat!"

"So much for your blessed uncle!" growled Raby. "Nice way to bring up your uncle, you duffer!"

"It's rotten!" said Lovell indignantly.

"I wrote him a long letter—three pages—and asked him about his rheumatism in a postscript. A fellow couldn't do more than that. He ought to have been pleased at my remembering that he's got rheumatism. 'Tain't every fellow who'd think of it."

"Black ingratitude!" growled Jimmy Silver. "It's enough to discourage the most affectionate nephew. Sure you put that in?"

"Yes, rather! I remembered at the last minute, and put it in the post-script. I asked him to tell me how it was—not that I care a brass button!" said Lovell, more in sorrow than in anger. "Catch me asking him about his rheumatism again! My hat!"

"Hallo! What's the matter now?" asked Jimmy Silver, as Lovell uttered that sudden ejaculation.

"Now I come to think of it, I can't quite remember whether it was rheumatism or lumbago!" said Lovell. "If I made a mistake, that would account for—"

"You ass!" shouted Raby. "You ought to have made a note of it! Now we sha'n't have any tea, because you can't remember whether your blessed uncle's got rheumatism or lumbago! Of all the fatheads—"

"Well, I knew it was something!" said Lovell apologetically. "Hallo! What's that, Tommy?"

"A postcard for you, sir," said the grinning postman.

"What the thump's the good of a postcard? You can't get a remittance in a postcard!"

"It won't come in time for tea, anyway!" said Raby morosely.

"Hallo! This is my uncle's fist!" said Lovell. "Oh crumbs! Read that, you fellows! What do you think of that?"

The chums of the Fourth read the postcard. It ran:

"Dear Edward,—Thank you for your letter. You will be pleased and relieved, I know, to hear that I have never suffered from rheumatism. My gout is, unfortunately, the same as usual.—Your affectionate uncle,

"E. A. LOVELL."

"Gout!" said Lovell. "It was gout, after all! I remember now!"

"Gout!" said Jimmy Silver, in measured tones. "Gout! And you couldn't remember whether it was rheumatism or lumbago, you ass! That postcard's sarcastic—sark from beginning to end! You fathead! Oh, bump him!"

"Here, I say! Hold on!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome did hold on—to Lovell. That unfortunate mistake of the affectionate nephew meant that there would be no tea in the end study, and they were naturally wrothy.

"Leggo!" roared Lovell. "I—I—"

Bump!

"Yarooop!"

Bump!

"Oh crumbs!"

"Give him another!" roared Raby.

"We'll teach him to remember that it's gout!"

"Yow-ow! Yooop!" spluttered Lovell.

He tore himself away from his wrathful chums and fled. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome shook indignant fists after him. On another occasion Lovell was sure to remember that it was gout his uncle suffered from. It had been severely impressed upon him.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Letter from America!

"I GUESS there's one for me!"

"What name, sir?" asked the postman.

"Gunter!"

"Gunter," repeated the postman hesitatingly. "Yes, sir. Your letter will be delivered at the House, sir."

Gunter stared.

"You've got one for me, then?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Confound your 'buts'!" said Gunter rudely. "Give me my letter!"

The postman shook his head.

"Not allowed, sir."

"What do you mean?" demanded Gunter angrily. "You've just given that galoot his postcard!"

"Why can't you give Gunter his letter, Stumpy?" asked Jimmy Silver curiously.

Stumpy closed his bag.

"Dr. Chisholm's orders, sir. I've been told specially that all letters for Master Gunter are to be delivered at the House in the ordinary way. I can oblige you young gentlemen, but not Master Gunter."

Gunter turned red with anger. He had a heavy stockwhip under his arm—one of the belongings he had brought from Texas with him. He let it slip down into his hand, and his jaw protruded.

"Give me my letter, you skunk!" he roared.

"Against orders, sir."

"I guess I'm going to have it!" said Gunter. "You'll hand me that letter, or I'll take it off you!"

Gunter blocked the way of the postman. His eyes were gleaming with rage, and his hand clenched on the stockwhip till his knuckles showed white.

"Chuck it, Gunter!" said Jimmy Silver. "If it's the Head's orders you've got to stand it. You shouldn't have such queer correspondents. I suppose it's because you had a letter from a bookmaker, and it was found out. It's your own fault."

"I don't want any chin-music!" said Gunter savagely. "I want my letter!"

"Why can't you wait till it's delivered at the House?" demanded Raby. "Bootles will hand it out to you at once if there's no harm in it."

"Perhaps there is some harm in it," remarked Newcome drily.

Gunter gritted his teeth.

"It's a letter from America I'm expecting!" he said. "Has that letter got the American postmark on it, Stumpy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you can give it to me!"

"I'm bound to take it up to the House, sir. Please let me pass!"

"If you want this whip laid round you—" shouted Gunter, making the long lash crack in the air.

"Draw it mild!" interjected Jimmy Silver. "Let Stumpy pass, Gunter, or we'll jolly soon make you!"

"I guess he's not going to pass till I've got my letter, and I'll— Hands off, you galoot!"

Silver collared the junior from Texas, and unceremoniously sent him spinning out of Stumpy's way. The one-legged postman stumped on up the drive. Gunter reeled against the gate, and for a moment seemed about to make an attack upon Jimmy Silver, but he refrained. He turned and darted after the postman. The long whip sang in the air.

Slash!

Stumpy gave a yell as the thong of the stockwhip curled round his wooden leg and jerked it away. The postman came heavily to the ground.

"Ow! Oh! Ah!" he gasped, dazed by the sudden fall.

"Now gimme my letter, or—"

Three juniors with Modern colours in their caps were close at hand—Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle. The three Tommies rushed forward as if moved by the same spring, and grasped Gunter.

"Leggo! I'll smash you—"

"Collar the rotten cad!" said Tommy Doyle. "We'll teach him to play rotten tricks on an old soldier! Yank him away!"

Tommy Dodd wrenched the stockwhip from Gunter's hand and tossed it away. Cook and Doyle swept the struggling junior off his feet and pitched him on the ground. They did not handle him gently.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome came racing up.

"The rotten cad!" panted Jimmy Silver. "Are you hurt, Stumpy?"

"Ow—ow—ow! Yes, I'm 'urt!" he panted. "Elp me up, will you? 'Tain't so easy to get up with only one leg!"

Jimmy Silver dragged Stumpy to his feet. The postman plodded on to the House, and the juniors, Moderns and Classicals, gathered round Gunter.

Gunter staggered up, looking furious. But he could not pursue the postman. The six juniors were round him in a circle.

"Classical cad!" snorted Tommy Dodd. "Is that how you treat old soldiers on your side, Jimmy Silver?"

"Modern fathead!" retorted Jimmy Silver. "We can't help that cad being a Classic, as he was planted on us! But we'll jolly well teach him manners!"

"Where's my whip?" panted Gunter.

"We'll give it to you!" said Jimmy Silver. "Bring that whip here! It's just what he wants! Now, you cad—"

"I guess—"

"Do you know that Stumpy lost his leg in Flanders, fighting the Huns?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"I guess I don't care a cent!"

"Then we'll make you care! Hold on to his ears while I give him his blessed whip!"

Jimmy Silver grasped the big stockwhip with a business-like manner. The other fellows held on to Gunter.

Lash!

The heavy thong curled round Gunter's legs, and as they were not wooden legs he felt that lash very keenly. He gave a wild yell.

"Yow! You galoot! Stoppit!"

"How do you like it, you worm?" asked Jimmy Silver. "That's one for the one you gave Stumpy!"

"Yow! I guess—"

Lash!

"And that's one for yourself!"

"Yaroooh!"

"As for this whip, I'll take care of it," went on Jimmy Silver. "I'm going to confiscate it for good!"

"Gimme my whip!" yelled Gunter.

"Oh, you want some more, do you? Here you are!"

Lash!

"Oh, Jumping Jehosaphat!" shrieked Gunter. "Let-up!"

"Is that enough?"

"Yow! Yep!"

"Let the cad go, you fellows. I'll take this whip to the wood-shed and chop it up. He's played his last rotten trick with it!"

Gunter ground his teeth, but he did not make any attempt to regain possession of the stockwhip. The juniors carried it off, and Gunter dashed away towards the House. He was still anxious about his letter.

In the wood-shed the big stockwhip was duly chopped. The fragments were left on the floor for Gunter to gather up if he chose. As Jimmy Silver said, the junior from Texas had played his last trick with that whip.

But Gunter was not thinking about the stockwhip just then. His letter was occupying all his thoughts. The postman had disappeared into the House. Gunter hurried to the study of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth. On the Form-master's table lay a letter with American stamps and the American postmark.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

"Ah," said Mr. Bootles, "there is a letter for you, Gunter!"

"May I have it, sir?" said Gunter eagerly.

"The Head has requested me to exercise supervision over your correspondence, Gunter," said Mr. Bootles severely. "Owing to the extremely undesirable acquaintances you have formed—"

"But that letter's from home, sir—from Texas," said Gunter. "You can see the postmark, sir. Only family matters."

Mr. Bootles turned his glasses upon the letter.

"Yes, I see that it is as you state, Gunter. As the letter is from your home you may have it unopened."

"Thank you, sir!"

Gunter caught up the letter and fairly bolted from the study. He gasped as he closed Mr. Bootle's door.

"By gum, what an escape!" he muttered. "Might have been fairly treed, by gum!"

The new junior hurried away to the end study with the letter, where he opened it. It was written in a boyish hand.

Gunter uttered a sudden fierce exclamation as he read it. His dark face became darker, and his eyes gleamed savagely.

"Waal, I swear!" he exclaimed. "The game's up!"

"Hallo!" said a cheery voice at the door, as Jimmy Silver looked in. "Has the favourite geegee come in eleventh, Gunter?"

Gunter crushed the letter in his hand. "You spying hound!" he shouted. "Did you hear—"

Jimmy Silver jumped.

"Better language, please!" he said sharply. "Do you think I care twopence about your dirty betting?"

"Betting!" said Gunter. "This ain't betting! Oh, by gum!"

The dismay in his face struck Jimmy Silver, and the anger died out of his look. "Not bad news from home?" he said.

"If so, I'm sorry!"

Gunter laughed harshly.

"Bad news from home!" he repeated.

"Ha, ha, ha! Suppose a white-livered galoot started to play a game, and lost his nerve and went back on you? Suppose he planted you fairly in it, up to the neck, and then weakened and decided to give you away, what would you do?"

"Blest if I know what you're talking about!" said Jimmy Silver, mystified.

"I'd lynch him if I could!" muttered Gunter. "Let him come, then! I'll make it hot for him!"

"Eh? Who?"

"Don't ask any questions, and I'll tell you no lies!" sneered Gunter. "It looks like a short life and a merry one for me here. Well, it's going to be merry, anyway—I'll make the fur fly while it lasts."

He crumpled the letter in his hand and stamped out of the study, banging the door after him. Jimmy Silver stared at the door, rooted to the floor in blank astonishment.

The Head's nephew had astonished the end study in many ways. He had been utterly unlike everything the fellows had expected of the nephew of the grave and reverend headmaster of Rookwood. But now, for the first time, it came into Jimmy Silver's mind that there was something much more shady about the Head's nephew than he had suspected. What did that letter from America and Gunter's anxiety about it mean? Who was it that was coming, and why did Gunter evidently fear his coming?

Jimmy Silver could find no answer to THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

those questions. But he was puzzled and strangely suspicious. There was more in the Head's nephew than met the eye, and Jimmy felt instinctively that the mystery was one which would not bear the light.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

There's Many a Slip!

"TEA in Hall, I suppose!" grunted Raby.

The Fistical Four were in a morose temper.

Lovell's uncle having failed them—owing to Lovell's little mistake about the gout—the Classical chums were still stony. They had made several attempts to raise the wind—looking for old debtors and asking them to settle. But debts seemed very difficult to collect that afternoon, and the net result had been the sum of threepence, which Jones minor had advanced as an instalment upon a half-crown that he owed Newcome.

Threepence was not a sufficient sum to provide a study feed for four. The Classical chums were good managers, and they knew how to be economical. But a feed for four on threepence was beyond their powers. There was nothing for it but tea in Hall—the last resource of hard-up fellows.

Tea in Hall was not a plentiful meal. Bread-and-butter—which the juniors alluded to as doorstep—and tea which was almost too weak to come out of the pot, according to Raby's description. Other comestibles the fellows were at liberty to provide for themselves if they wanted to. But in the present state of the money market the Fistical Four couldn't provide anything.

"Tea in Hall, and threepenceworth of bloater-paste!" said Jimmy Silver. "And it's all Lovell's fault!"

"Well, I forgot the old boy had gout," said Lovell. "I knew it was something, but I forgot what it was."

"You fellows ready for tea?" Oswald of the Fourth came up cheerily with that inspiring question. The Fistical Four brightened up.

"Corn in Egypt!" murmured Raby. "I've heard you're stony," grinned Oswald. "Hooker told me you'd been trying to screw a bob out of him."

"It wasn't much use," said Jimmy Silver. "Are you rolling in tin, Oswald?"

"I've had a remittance, and laid it out. I've taken the tuck into your study, and I've been looking for you," said Oswald. "I'm standing it this time, so if you're ready for tea—"

"If!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four fell upon Dick Oswald and hugged him. Oswald's kind hospitality came like corn in Egypt in one of the lean years.

"Well, if you're ready—" said Oswald, laughing.

"Lead on, Macduff!" said Jimmy Silver.

In high spirits the five juniors proceeded to the end study.

"Gunter's gone out," Oswald remarked. "He was there when I took the tuck in, but he said he was going out to tea."

"Good egg!" said the four together. They were pleased to hear that their peculiar study-mate was out.

Jimmy Silver threw open the door of the end study.

Then he gave a yell of wrath. "My hat! Look there!"

"The rotters!" yelled Lovell. "Oh crumbs!"

"Modern cads!" The chums of the Fourth stared into the study in a fury.

The famous apartment was a wreck. Evidently a raider had been there. The

table was turned upside down, and the chairs were stacked on it, and the study carpet, torn up by the roots, so to speak, was draped over the pile.

Books and papers and inkpots had been added, and the pictures from the walls, and the fender and the fire-irons. The crockeryware was there, too—most of it in a very damaged state.

Worst of all, the tuck had been added to the pile. A broken jamtop lay on the floor, and the jam was trailing over the carpet. Jam-tarts had been squashed, ginger-pop opened and allowed to run to waste, and a big cake was dripping with ink. Sardines, also in an inky state, were scattered among the furniture.

The Fistical Four gazed on the scene of ruin with anguish. Oswald's mouth opened wide, and he stood with it open in a state of utter dismay.

He had brought his friends there to feed, and this was what greeted them. The eatables in the study were not exactly in an eatable state now.

Inky inscriptions on the walls told only too plainly to whom the raid was to be ascribed:

"CLASSICAL CADS!"

"DOWN WITH THE CLASSICS!"

"KIND REGARDS FROM TOMMY DODD!"

"GO AND EAT COKE!"

There were many such inscriptions on the walls, on the looking-glass, and on the floor. The supply of ink in the study had been used lavishly.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

"The awful rotters!" gasped Jimmy. "This is rather more than a rag! We never damage their props like this when we raid them!"

"Beastly cads!" hooted Lovell. "Let's go over to their side and scrag them!"

"We'll—we'll smash them for this!" howled Raby. "Tain't a joke, it's blessed hooliganism! Everything mucked up! Look at my Latin grammar, swimming in jam and ink!"

"Look at the tuck!" groaned Newcome. "And I'm hungry!"

"It's too bad!" said Oswald. "Let's go over and smash 'em!"

"Yes, rather!" Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered with the light of battle. "We'll give Tommy Dodd the walloping of his life for this! Come on!"

Tea in the study was evidently out of the question. Vengeance was the next best thing, and the Fistical Four wanted vengeance, and wanted it badly. Jimmy Silver led the way with a rush, and the rest rushed after him.

They rushed out into the quadrangle, prepared to immolate the three Tommies on the spot.

But the three Tommies were not out of doors.

"We've got to tackle the cads in their own quarters," said Jimmy Silver. "Come on!"

Brimming with just wrath, the five juniors rushed across to the Modern side. They slackened down, and assumed as innocent an appearance as possible as they came on Mr. Manders, the senior master on the Modern side of Rookwood. But when Mr. Manders was safely out of sight, they rushed on again, and arrived breathless outside Tommy Dodd's study.

There was a sound of clinking teacups and cheery voices in that study.

The three Tommies were at tea, and

THE THREE TOMMIES WERE AT TEA, AND

THE THREE TOMMIES WERE AT TEA, AND

THE THREE TOMMIES WERE AT TEA, AND

THE THREE TOMMIES WERE AT TEA, AND

THE THREE TOMMIES WERE AT TEA, AND

THE THREE TOMMIES WERE AT TEA, AND

apparently thinking of anything but danger.

"Don't waste time on 'em!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Go for 'em and scrag 'em before some beastly Modern perfect comes and chips in."

"You bet!" Jimmy Silver hurled open the door, and the Classical juniors rushed pell-mell into the study.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Looking for the Culprit!

THE three Tommies were seated round the study table enjoying their tea. The sudden rush of the Classics took them by surprise.

Indeed, the rush was so sudden that the charging invaders crashed into the study table, and sent it flying.

The table went into the fender, and tea and tea-things went into the grate, and the three Modern youths were hurled right and left.

Before they could recover from their astonishment, Jimmy Silver & Co. were collaring them.

Two pairs of hands were laid upon each of the Modern juniors, and they were rolled over and bumped and squashed, amid wild and weird howls and yells.

If an earthquake had suddenly struck Tommy Dodd's study the surprise and the havoc could not have been more complete.

"Go for 'em!" panted Jimmy Silver.

"Bump the cads!"

"Wreck the study!"

"We'll give 'em kind regards, the Modern worms!"

"Bump! Bump! Crash! Bang! Yell! Shriek!"

"Rescue, Moderns!" screamed Tommy Dodd. "Yaroooh! You lunatics, wharrer marrer? Great pip! Ow! Help!"

"Yurruuoggh!" gurgled Tommy Doyle. "Oh, howly Moses! It's dotty they are intoirly!"

"Yow! Help!"

"Bump! Bump! Crash!"

"Sit on 'em!"

"Pin 'em down!"

"Hold 'em while I scrape some soot out of the chimney!" yelled Jimmy Silver, seizing the fire-shovel.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd struggled desperately.

"Hold on!" he roared. "Yah! Classical cads! Two to one! Funks! Yah!"

"This isn't a fight," said Jimmy Silver sternly, as he scraped down soot; "this is a punishment—a case of making the punishment fit the crime! We're going to make this study a bit worse than you've made ours!"

"Buck up, or there will be a crowd of the cads in!" said Lovell.

"Shove his head this way! Here's the soot!"

"Hold hard!" shrieked Tommy Dodd.

"You silly ass, we haven't done anything to your silly study!"

"Rats!"

"You've wrecked it, you rotter!"

"And mucked up our feed! We're going to make an example of you! You've got to learn to draw the line somewhere!"

"I tell you—grooh!—we haven't!" yelled Tommy Dodd, struggling in the grasp of Lovell and Oswald, and eyeing with horror and apprehension the shovel of soot. "Chuck it—I mean, don't chuck it, you idiot! We haven't been in your rotten study—ow!—wouldn't be found dead in it! Yooop!"

Jimmy Silver held his hand—just in time.

"Honour bright?" he demanded.

"Yes, you idiot!"

"Then it was some of your Modern cads," said Raby. "Our study's a wreck!"

"Serve you jolly well right—yow—but we didn't do it, you silly asses!" roared Tommy Cook. "Leggo!"

"Let 'em have the soot!" said Lovell. "Somebody did it, if they didn't, and somebody's got to squirm for it! Give 'em the soot!"

"You thumping idiot!" roared Tommy Dodd. "I tell you—"

But Jimmy Silver paused. Certainly the three Tommies were Moderns, anyway, and as such deserved to be sooted—from a Classical point of view. But Jimmy Silver resolved to be just before he was generous—with the soot.

"Hold on!" he said. "If they didn't do it, we've got to find out who did. It was some awful cad. Look here, Doddy,

"Then you won't get loose in a hurry!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Peace at any price, you chaps. Bump them till they make it pax!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pax!" shrieked the three Moderns in chorus.

"Good egg!" Jimmy deposited the soot in the fire-grate. "Sorry for this little mistake, Doddy, but your name was up in the study, you know."

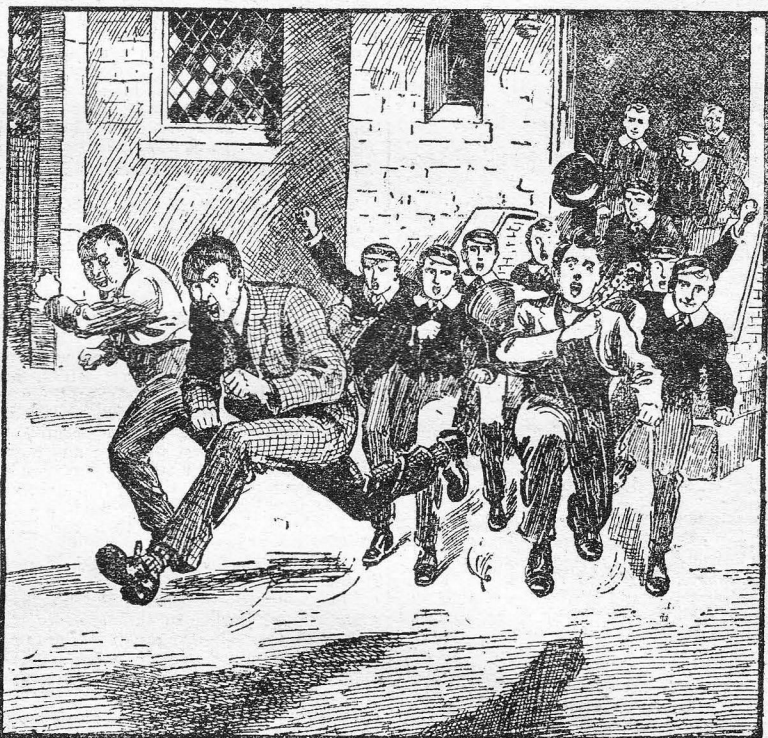
"Some cad did that, knowing you were silly enough to be taken in!" hooted Tommy Dodd. "If I hadn't made it pax, I'd—I'd—"

"But who did it?" demanded Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Oswald, with a jump. "Gunter!"

"Gunter!" yelled the Fistical Four.

"Yes, Gunter!" exclaimed Oswald ex-



In the midst of an excited crowd of juniors, Tadger & Co. were hustled out of the House. Then they took to their heels and ran, Jimmy Silver & Co. following, yelling, in their rear. "They won't come back again in a hurry!" panted the captain of the Fourth. (See Chapter 5.)

your name was scrawled on the wall, with kind regards!"

"That shows it was Dodd," said Newcome.

"Shows it was somebody taking you in, you fatheads!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Smythe of the Shell, perhaps. Just one of his mean tricks. Isn't my word good enough for you, you Classical fat-heads?"

"Well, yes," said Jimmy Silver. "If you didn't do it, you needn't have the soot. We take back that ragging. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you—"

"But who did it, then?" howled Lovell. "Somebody did, and it must have been a Modern cad, or Dodd's name wouldn't have been put there."

"Pax!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Sure, I'll smash yez whin I get loose!" howled Doyle.

citedly. "He was in the study when I took the tuck in, and I noticed he was grinning like a hyena. It's just like one of his dirty tricks, too!"

"Gunter!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "Well, you were a duffer not to think of that before!"

"Well, you didn't think of it!"

"Oh, don't jaw, Oswald! Of course it was Gunter. He wanted to make us go for old Doddy, to pay us all out for handling him this afternoon." Jimmy Silver saw it all now—a little late.

"Doddy, we're sorry!"

"If you don't clear out of my study I'll make you sorer!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "If you hadn't made it pax—"

"You see—"

Tommy Dodd jumped for a hockey-stick.

"Buzz off, you Classical maniac! I

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

give you three seconds, and then, pax or no pax, I'll—"

The stick was brandished in the air, and Jimmy Silver & Co. retired hurriedly from the study. It was very much to Tommy Dodd's credit, under the circumstances, that he did not break the solemn compact of "pax." Never had he been so strongly tempted to play the Prussian.

The din in the study had brought a number of Modern fellows along, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had to scuttle hastily out of the passage. An orange followed them, and squashed behind Oswald's ear.

In the quad they paused, breathing hard after their great exertions, and in a towering rage.

"It was Gunter, of course!" said Jimmy Silver between his teeth. "When I come to think of it, Doddy wouldn't muck up our things like that. We'll find Gunter and scratch him bald-headed!"

"He's gone out," said Raby.

"Then we'll go after him! Come on!" "Yow!" said Oswald. "I'm going to wash this orange off! It's squashed down my neck! Grooh!"

"What about tea?" asked Raby.

Jimmy Silver snorted.

"Hang tea! We're going to scrag Gunter!"

Jimmy Silver's word was law. The Fistical Four marched off—on the war-path. It was too late now for tea in Hall, and tea in the study was completely mucked up, and the Fistical Four hunted for Gunter with deadly intent. There was likely to be a high old time for the Head's nephew when they found him.

They hunted high and low, searching the school and its precincts thoroughly.

"Must be out of gates!" growled Jimmy Silver at the end of half an hour. "The rotter's probably lying up on Coombe Heath somewhere smoking his filthy cigars! Let's go out and look for him!"

"Come on!" said Lovell savagely.

The Fistical Four carried the search far out of gates, but their luck was out.

It was dusk before they gave up the fruitless hunt, and arrived back at Rookwood in a more furiously-exasperated state of mind than ever.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Gunter's Little Party!

THERE was a crowd in the Fourth Form passage when Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived there.

Oswald met them with a startled, almost scared face.

"Jolly glad you fellows have come in!" he gasped. "You may be able to do something with him."

"Him! Gunter?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yes. He's in the end study—"

"Good!"

"He's got a gang of awful rascals with him; he brought them in," said Oswald. "They're smoking and drinking—"

"We'll see to him!" said Jimmy Silver grimly. "Come on, you chaps!"

The Fistical Four marched on to the end study, with a crowd of the Fourth and the Shell at their heels.

Jimmy Silver flung the door open.

The atmosphere in the study was thick with smoke. Four fellows sat round the table. One of them was Gunter. The Head's nephew had a cigar between his yellow teeth, and a glass in his hand. There were bottles and glasses and cards and cigar-ash on the table. The room was still a wreck, from Gunter's late

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"DEFYING THE SCHOOL!"

doings there, but the festive party did not seem to mind.

Gunter's companions were such as had never been seen in Rookwood before. They were all young fellows, though some years older than Gunter—worthless characters, who haunted the public-houses in Coombe and the neighbouring market-town. And all three of them were under the influence of drink.

Gunter started as he saw the Fistical Four at the door. His face was flushed; he had been drinking, too. The room reeked with the odour of spirits.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "So you're here!"

"Yes," said Jimmy Silver; "we're here!"

"Come in and join the merry party," said Gunter. "Take a hand at nap. Make room for my study-mates, Bulger!"

"Ye gods!" murmured Lovell. "And that's the Head's nephew!"

Jimmy Silver looked hard at the young blackguard in the study. He remembered the letter from America, and the strange remarks that Gunter had made concerning it. A dim, half-formed suspicion was in the back of his mind. Was it possible that there was some trick—some swindle—and that this hardened young rascal was not what he seemed?

"Oh, trot in!" said Gunter. "Pass the rosy, Tadger!"

Tadger passed the whisky-bottle.

Jimmy Silver strode into the study, and knocked the bottle out of his hand, and it smashed on the floor.

"Stop this!" he said savagely.

Gunter sprang up.

"Get out of this study, Jimmy Silver!" he shouted.

"You're getting out, and your precious friends, too!" said Jimmy Silver, his voice trembling with rage. "You'll never set foot in this study again, you cad! We've stood you long enough because of the Head. We're not standing any more of it. Get out, the whole gang of you!"

"I guess I'm sticking!" grinned Gunter. "I'm the Head's nephew—ha, ha, ha!—and you can't turn me out! Stand by me, partners!"

"Kick them out!" roared Lovell furiously.

Smash—smash—smash! Bottles and glasses were hurled to the floor by the angry juniors. Gunter gave a yell of rage, and sprang upon Jimmy Silver. His tipsy friends backed him up at once, and

the Co. joined in, and Oswald and several more of the Fourth rushed into the fray.

Tadger was the first to go. He spun into the passage, and crashed down there.

Bulger followed him, roaring, and rolled over Tadger. Then Gunter, fighting like a tiger, was dragged to the door and pitched out. The last of the gang, in the grasp of the Fistical Four, was whirled through the doorway, and sent sprawling over Gunter.

"Hurrah!" chorused the juniors in the passage.

"By gad!" said Smythe. "Here comes Bootles!"

Mr. Bootles rushed up the passage, his face aflame. He seemed petrified as he saw Gunter & Co. sprawling on the floor.

"Who—who—who are these persons?" he ejaculated faintly.

"Gunter's friend, sir!" chirruped Smythe.

"Gunter, how dare you introduce such persons into the school! Gunter, you have been smoking and drinking!"

Mr. Bootles looked for a moment as if he would faint. "Gunter! Good heavens!"

"I guess there'll be a row now," said Gunter, as he scrambled up. "A short life and a merry one! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gunter," said Mr. Bootles faintly—"Gunter! You wretched, wicked boy! Follow me to the Head at once!"

"Oh, come off!" said Gunter. "I guess I'm not going to see the old boy now!"

"The—the what! The—the old boy!" stuttered Mr. Bootles. "Bless my soul! Are you mad, Gunter? Bulkeley—Neville, seize that wicked boy, and bring him to the Head's study!"

The two prefects, who had followed Mr. Bootles up the passage, promptly laid their grasp on Gunter. They marched him off, struggling.

"As for those disreputable characters," thundered Mr. Bootles, "tell the sergeant to come and see them off the premises at once, my boys!"

And Mr. Bootles rustled away after Gunter and the prefects.

"We needn't trouble Sergeant Kettle," grinned Lovell. "We'll see the bounders off the premises ourselves!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Pile in!"

The juniors seized upon Messrs. Tadger & Co. The three blackguards were rushed, struggling and yelling, down the passage.

In the midst of an excited crowd they were hustled across the quad, and hurled out of the gates. There they took to their heels, and ran. It was likely to be a long time before any of Gunter's peculiar friends accepted another invitation from Gunter to a celebration inside the walls of Rookwood.

"That's the last of them, at any rate," panted Jimmy Silver, "and I should think it would be the last of Gunter, too!"

"The Head can't overlook it, nephew or not," said Lovell. "He'll have to go. And a jolly good riddance for Rookwood!"

The juniors waited anxiously for news. What effect the report of his nephew's proceedings would have upon the Head they could hardly imagine. The news was not long in coming.

Gunter was in the punishment-room, confined there by order of the Head. The rascal of Rookwood had reached the end of his tether at last. On the morrow he was to be expelled from the school.

And Jimmy Silver & Co., though they bore no malice, could not help feeling comforted by the news.

THE END.

(See the "Chat" for particulars of next Friday's stories.)

A GRAND TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

NOW ON SALE!

No. 580.—FROM CLUE TO CLUE.
A thrilling detective novel.
By W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

No. 581.—THE RED FIGHTER.
A superb yarn of the boxing ring.
By ERIC W. TOWNSEND.

No. 582.—SLAVE ISLAND.
A grand adventure tale.
By MATTHEW IRONSIDE.

No. 583.—THE RIVAL HOUSE TEAMS.
A topping school story.
By JACK NORTH.

No. 584.—BEYOND THE DESERT.
A fine yarn of Australia.
By REID WHITLEY.

Ask for the
BOYS' FRIEND 4d.
LIBRARY.

A GRAND TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.



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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Harry Wharton's Idea!**

COKER of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars turned into the Remove passage, and nearly collided with Harry Wharton. The captain of the Remove was attired in the neat uniform of a Boy Scout, and Coker looked him up and down.

"Well, what do you think you are?" he asked.

"I'm a Wolf," said Harry Wharton. "You're a which?"

"A Wolf," said Coker. "Go hon!" said Coker. "I thought you were a donkey!"

Harry Wharton turned red. "You silly ass!" he exclaimed. "I'm a Wolf! Can't you see it?"

Coker, of the Fifth, grinned. "Blest if I can!" he said. "You look more like an escaped lunatic! What the dickens are you dressed up in those fat-headed duds for?"

"You frabjous chump! It's scout's uniform!" roared Harry Wharton wrathfully. "I'm patrol-leader of the Wolves! We're going in for scouting in the Remove—though it's too much to expect you to understand it! In a year or two, perhaps, you'll have enough sense to be admitted into a patrol—"

"You cheeky rotter!" said Coker. "Do you think I want to be a beastly Brussels sprout? It's a kids' game—just about right for you Remove babies!"

"Look here—"
"Rats!"
Coker walked away, and Harry Wharton turned into Study No. 1. The captain of the Remove soon recovered his good temper. It was evening, and he had just returned from a strenuous afternoon's scouting. The Lower Fourth—the Remove—had been going in for scouting strongly lately, and the juniors rather enjoyed it.

Temple, Dabney, & Co. of the Upper Fourth had taken up scouting, too, and there had been keen rivalry between them and Harry Wharton & Co. But the Removites had shown that they were the superior Boy Scouts, and Temple, Dabney, & Co. had been forced to admit themselves beaten on more than one occasion.

Consequently the Remove was in high feather, and the scouts were enthusiastic. The Famous Five—Wharton, Frank Nugent, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh—were the chief leaders in the movement, and just at present the patrol-leader of the Wolves was thinking of a new wheeze to liven things up.

Harry Wharton entered his study, and found it occupied by Frank Nugent, his study-mate.

"Letter for you, Harry," said Nugent.

"Good! It may contain a remittance—"

"No such luck!" interrupted Frank Nugent, shaking his head. "It's got the Courtfield postmark on it."

"By Jove! It's from old Biggs!"

"Old Biggs?"

"Yes; the landlord of that little shooting-box affair in the woods," said Harry Wharton, picking the letter up. "You remember—I wrote to him a day or two ago, Franky."

Wharton slit open the envelope and extracted the letter.

"Dear Sir," he read out. "In reply to your inquiry, I beg to say that the little shooting-box is to let, and that the rent for same would be ten shillings per month. I understand that you wish to use it as a kind of meeting place when on scouting expeditions? I am quite willing to let you the place for this purpose, and should be obliged if you would send me a line stating your intentions.—Yours faithfully,
JAMES BIGGS."

Harry Wharton looked up. "Good!" he exclaimed, with satisfaction.

"Rent's not killing, anyway," said Frank Nugent. "Half-a-crown a week."

"Jolly cheap!" said Harry Wharton. "Of course, we should all contribute a bit, and make it practically nothing. I think the chaps will be pleased."

Frank Nugent poked the fire. "I don't quite catch on yet!" he exclaimed. "You didn't tell me much about this giddy idea when you wrote to Biggs the other day."

"It's nothing much," said Wharton; "but I thought it would be rather a good idea to have the little shooting-box affair and use it as a rendezvous—"

"As a which?" inquired Nugent.

"A rendezvous—a meeting-place, you know. Now that we're going in for scouting we could arrange our expeditions so that we all collected at the shooting-box, and met there again after the bizney's all over."

"I see," said Nugent thoughtfully. "It's a jolly good wheeze, Harry! As it is now, we have to hang about in the cold, or else come back here. Suppose we go down to the Common-room now and broach the subject? Most of the chaps will be there now."

"Right—ho!"

And Harry Wharton, with the letter in his hand, left the study, followed by Frank Nugent. They descended to the junior Common-room, and found it occupied by a large proportion of the Remove, many of whom were in scout's costume.

"Oh, here you are, Harry!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, coming towards the fresh

arrivals. "I was just coming to look you up."

"What for?"

"To bring you a giddy invitation to tea!" said Bob Cherry. "We're having rather a big spread in No. 13, and thought you'd come along and help to demolish it."

"Thanks!" said Harry. "We will!"

"Rather!" said Nugent. "There's a little matter I want to speak about, though," went on the captain of the Remove. "Most of the chaps are here now, so it's a good opportunity."

"Fire away, then!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

Harry Wharton looked round the Common-room. Most of the Removites were there. Mark Linley, Bulstrode, Tom Brown, and several others were talking round the fireplace, whilst Vernon-Smith & Co. were collected in a little group, conversing animatedly. Hazeldene was with them, and Harry Wharton frowned as he noticed it.

Hazeldene was not a bad fellow, although he was weak-willed and easily led away. Hazeldene was, as a rule, fairly popular with the Greyfriars juniors, but this was not on account of his own good qualities. It was chiefly because he was the brother of Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House School. This made up for a lot of Hazeldene's faults.

But lately he had been chumming up with Stott and Trevor, two of Vernon-Smith's cronies. Vernon Smith & Co. were at present in great disfavour among the majority of the boys. The Bounder of Greyfriars was in no way disconcerted, however. He looked as cool as ever, and was possessed of any amount of bluster.

And Hazeldene was being drawn into a friendship which might prove disastrous to him. Being weak-willed, Hazel would readily comply with any scheme which Vernon-Smith might suggest. And Harry Wharton looked rather worried as he saw that Hazeldene was on very good terms with the Bounder.

"I shall have to warn the silly ass not to keep this game up!" he murmured, to himself. "But I've got to speak to the chaps about this other bizney!"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Bob Cherry, giving Wharton a slap on the shoulder. "What the dickens are you standing there muttering to yourself for? Do you call that addressing the chaps?"

Harry Wharton grinned. "It's all right," he said. "I was only thinking!"

"Well, think some other time, then! I'm waiting for my giddy tea!"

Bob Cherry looked round. "I say, you chaps," he bawled, "Wharton's got something to tell you!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

The Removites, and other juniors, turned and looked in Harry's direction. "Silly ass!" exclaimed Bolsover. "What on earth did you want to yell like that for?"

"Only to draw your attention!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I'm in a hurry!" "I thought Wharton was going to speak!" said Mark Linley.

"So I am," said Harry Wharton. "An idea has struck me, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to get the opinion of the Form as a whole."

"Get it off your chest, then," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Pile in!" "The pile-fulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"On the ball!" "It's nothing much," said Harry Wharton; "but I thought you'd like to be consulted before I took any action in the matter."

"My hat!" said Johnny Bull. "Did you get that out of a book?"

"No, I jolly well didn't!" said Harry Wharton. "If you'll be quiet I'll get to the bizney! Most of you have seen, perhaps, a rather ramshackle cottage in Friardale Wood. It's an old shooting-box, I think, and it's been empty for months!"

"Well, what of it?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Nothing," said Harry Wharton. "I'm not speaking to you, Smithy! This matter doesn't interest you in the least; it's not in your line. It's connected with scouting, if you want to know!"

"Oh!" said Vernon-Smith. "Then it's not in my line! Scouting's a kids' game!"

There was a howl from the scouts. "Shut up, Smithy!" "Dry up, you rotter!"

The juniors glared at Vernon-Smith with aggressive eyes, but the Bounder only chuckled in his cynical way, and smiled. Vernon-Smith didn't believe in scouting, and did not object to his views being known.

"Well," said Mark Linley, returning to the subject, "what about the shooting-box? We've all seen it, of course, but it's private property. We couldn't think of taking up our headquarters there for a picnic, or—"

"Half a minute!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "I'm not suggesting picnicking and that sort of rot! It struck me that the shooting-box would make a first-class headquarters for a scouting expedition. We could easily meet there after an afternoon's sport, and have a kind of feast to finish the day with. It would be better than coming back to the school, and having tea in our own studies. More like the thing, you know!"

"It's a good idea!" said Johnny Bull thoughtfully. "But what's up with camping out? That's more in scouting line."

Harry Wharton gave Bull a withering look.

"You chump!" he exclaimed. "You fathead!"

"Look here!"

"Do you think we can camp out in this weather—the beginning of December?" said Harry Wharton sarcastically. "Camping out's all right in the summer-time, but it would be out of the question in the winter! It might come on to rain, or snow, and it would be simply ripping to have tea in that jolly little shooting-box!"

The Removites looked at one another. The matter did not want much thinking.

It was a good idea undoubtedly, and all the Boy Scouts present were immediately enthusiastic.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Vernon-Smith's Little Scheme!

HARRY WHARTON looked round the Common-room.

"Well," he asked, "how does the idea strike you?"

"Oh, ripping!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I reckon it's a first-class wheeze, you chaps. It would be O.K. in that shooting-box on a cold night. There's a fire-place in it, and we could have a hot spread. After a hard afternoon's scouting it would be just the thing!"

"Exactly," said Johnny Bull. "But I want to know how we should get into the place? It's locked up, and it belongs to somebody! If we were copped in there we should be turned out as giddy trespassers!"

"Of course!" "The idea won't work, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton looked round with a smile.

"Don't be in such a hurry," he said. "I've got a letter here from the landlord of the place—Mr. Biggs, the estate agent in Courtfield. He says we can have the shooting-box for half-a-crown a week."

"Half-a-crown a week!" began Bulstrode. "Why, that's—"

"It's nothing!" said the captain of the Remove. "There will be about fifteen of us to use it, and that'll work out at twopence a week each. Who's going to grumble at twopence a week? Why, we should never feel it!"

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond thoughtfully. "Wharton darlin', it's a jewel of an idea!"

"We can have some high old times there," said Vane enthusiastically. "We could get one or two chaps to do camping duty, and prepare the giddy feed while we were all out scouting. When we came back we should find everything prepared. I'm willing to pay my share."

"And so am I!" "And I!"

Every scout in the room was of the same opinion. The idea struck them as being extremely good, and there wasn't a single scout who demurred.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" "I sha'n't shut up!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. The Owl of the Remove shoved his fat form through the crowd, and blinked round through his big spectacles. "I've got an idea, you know."

"We didn't know," said Bulstrode.

"And don't want to know!" added Tom Brown.

"Oh, really, you fellows, it's not fair!" complained Bunter. "I think you might give a chap a chance. I—I'm going to offer to do you a favour—"

"Great Scott!" "You're not dreaming. Bunter, are you? Or walking in your sleep?"

"Perhaps he's lost his memory again?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry I think it's rotten of you to play the giddy ox like this!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "I was going to suggest that it would be a good idea for me to join the scouts, you know. I'm a jolly active chap, and it would suit me down to the ground."

The Removites stared.

"You," ejaculated Harry Wharton, "a scout!"

"My only topper!" "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry, there's no need to cackle!" said Billy Bunter. "I mean it! I want to be a scout, and I don't see why you should laugh at me. I think this idea of Wharton's is ripping!"

"Thanks!" said Harry Wharton, grinning.

"And to prove that I am really in earnest I'll undertake to stop at the shooting-box whenever we're out scouting, and prepare the grub. I'm not a very active chap—I mean, I'm jolly nimble when I like; but as the best chef at Greyfriars I'll willingly sacrifice myself to the scouts. You ought to be jolly grateful to me!"

The Removites understood Bunter's little plan. The Owl of the Remove had no desire to be a scout—in fact, he had openly jeered at the Boy Scout movement only an hour or so before—but if he could obtain the post of chef he would be in his element.

He knew that it would be impossible to gain the post without becoming a scout, so he had kindly offered to sacrifice himself. Harry Wharton & Co. roared. Bunter's dodge struck them as being distinctive humorous.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I—I say—"

"Oh, Bunter, you'll be the death of us!" sobbed Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry, I don't see why you should laugh like that!"

"I do," chuckled Bob Cherry. "I think you're the funniest animal that ever lived. But it's time we went to our giddy study for tea, Harry."

And the Famous Five, chuckling heartily at Billy Bunter's expense, left the Common-room. Other juniors followed them, and Bunter was left in the middle of the room alone.

"I say, you fellows," shouted Bunter, "what have you all buzzed off for? Ain't you going to adopt my suggestion?"

"No, we're not!" said Bulstrode flatly.

"You rotters!" shouted Bunter. "I should be able to do the cooking a dashed lot better than any other chap!"

"Very likely," grinned Fisher T. Fish; "but I guess you'd do the eating bizney a dashed lot better, too! You'd wolf the whole feed up before we got back, Bunter!"

"Yah, you rotten Yankee!" shouted Billy Bunter. "You—"

"Clear out!" roared Bulstrode.

"We're fed up with you!"

Bunter cleared out, murmuring to himself that the Removites were all beasts, and deserved to be boiled in oil.

The Common-room very soon cleared once Harry Wharton & Co. had made the first move. The shooting-box idea had struck everybody as being extremely good, and the subject was discussed in more than one study.

Vernon-Smith was looking very thoughtful as he entered his own study, followed by Bolsover and Trevor, and Scott and Hazeldene. The Bounder had invited the quartette to tea with him.

Hazeldene had been rather doubtful about going, for Vernon-Smith's character at Greyfriars was very black at the moment.

The Bounder was still in disgrace with the majority of the juniors, and Hazeldene did not want to chum up with Vernon-Smith, and lose the friendship of the rest of the juniors.

But, although he didn't particularly wish to be intimate with Vernon-Smith & Co., he was drawn into it against his will. By now he was beginning to like the

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!



A GRAND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT

Edited by

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER of Greyfriars School.

Assisted by

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

Contributions from the Three Famous School's.

: RANDOM : REMARKS!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

I shall never be a medical student. For one thing, I should never be able to spell the names of all the complaints from which people suffer. Phthisis, for instance. What a word! Why can't they spell it "tie-sis," and have done with it? And why don't they write "collar-a," instead of "cholera"?

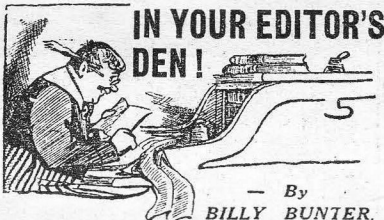
Then there's newmonia. Why they want to stick a "p" in front of it goodness alone knows! It is utterly absurd! You might as well say, "Pnext Pnovenber I'm going to gather pnuts!" or "Pnugent minor pnever knows pnoothing!"

It is enough to give a chap pneuralgia, or a pnervous breakdown! And if ever I had to study fizzionomy I should go clean off my rocker! The merchant who invented all these queer names of illnesses deserved to be lynched.

I must say I have been rather fortunate myself in the matter of illness. I have been to the seaside, but have never had shingles. I've owned a toy engine, but it never gave me locomotor-ataxy. I've spread quite a lot of rumours without getting rumour-tism. I had a passenger fight in an aeroplane once, but I didn't get sky-attica. And when I went to the Courtfield Theatre the other evening no "dressing" was necessary—eggsept for those who sat in the dress-circle.

I always give the sanny a wide berth. They say, "Stuff a cold and starve a fever," but the last time I went to the sanny with a cold in the head I lived on grool and barley-water for four days. Grool! The memmery of it haunts me yet!

It is with deep regret that I have to announce that young Tubb is in the sanny. He was playing with his hoop in the Close, when he kollided with another fellow's hoop. Result—he's down with the hooping-koff. Every reader of my major's "Weekly" will wish him a speedy recovery.



IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

My Dear Readers.—In case any of you don't know what the "sanny" is, I will eggplain. It is the school hospital—the place in which we are konfined when we are ill through overfeeding, or when we have a bicycle smash or a cold in the head.

Some of you may think it strange that I should publish an issue dealing eggclusively with the sanny. "What a doleful toppick!" you will say. But it is possible to get a lot of fun out of it, as you will agree when you have read this number.

I never spend a great deal of time in the sanny myself. That is because I always take the trubble to keep myself fit. I never go to the sanny unless I am absolutely kompelled to, for the simple reason that the kwality and kwantity of the grubb there are not all what they should be. Fancy dining off a basin of thin gruel! Grool! The mere thought makes me shudder!

There is room for improvement in the routine of the sanny. This is realised at St. Jim's as well as at Greyfriars; and Monty Lowther, on another page, makes some very interesting suggestions on the subjeckt. I may say that I share Lowther's views.

The sanny ought to be the most comfortable place in the school, bar none. It stands to reason that a fellow who enjoys bad health—and it's a fact that some fellows do enjoy bad health!—deserves more comfort and consideration than a chap who is as fit as a bell and as sound as a fiddle. (I seem to have got things slightly mixed, but you can see what I mean.)

This special number dealing with the sanny could not have appeared at a more oportune moment, when koffs and colds are all the rage.

I trust you will all enjoy this novel issue, and that fizzical fitness and good health will always keep you out of the sanny. And, by the way, don't forget to recommend my wonderful "Weekly" to all your sisters and cuzzens and ants!

Your affeckshunatate pal,

Your Editor.

THE "FLU" VICTIM!

By MARK LINLEY.

I've just played footer in the rain, I oughtn't to have done, that's plain. Methinks I've caught a cold again—
Atishoo!

My jersey is besprent with mire, I feel as if my head's on fire, A nice hot bath is my desire—
Atishoo!

My hair is like a soaking mop, My optics run, and will not stop. Oh crumbs! I feel I'm going to drop!
Atishoo!

Cherry! Be kind to me, old bean, I've got a temperature, I ween. Fetch me a gallon of quinine—
Atishoo!

Oh Inky! I feel most uncanny, Don't growl at me in Hindustani, Convey me gently to the sanny—
Atishoo!

Oh dear! I'm sure I've got the 'flu, The rest of you will get it, too, And give the matron work to do!
Atishoo!

LOOK OUT FOR
ANOTHER SPECIAL NUMBER
in Next Week's Issue.

ORDER TO-DAY! DON'T DELAY!



Doctor Tubby Muffin!

By Jimmy Silver.

"I CAN'T make out what his little game is," said Lovell. "Muffin, I mean. For the last week he's been messing about in the laboratory in his spare time."

Newcome nodded. "Queer that Tubby should have developed a craze for 'Stinks,'" he said. "Didn't think chemistry was in his line."

"There's something in the wind," said Raby. "I've seen Muffin going about with bottles of all shapes and sizes in his pockets. Seems to me to be setting up a drug store."

"What's your opinion, Uncle James?" asked Lovell.

"My opinion is—and always has been—that friend Tubby has got bats in his belfry," I replied. "He has a screw loose—several, in fact."

In the midst of our conversation Mornington strolled into the junior Common-room. There was a smile of amusement on Mornny's aristocratic features.

"Heard the latest, you fellows?" he said. "Tubby Muffin's started a giddy medical practice. He's turned the wood-shed into a consulting-room."

"My hat!" "Told you the fat duffer was mad," I remarked. "Come on, you fellows; let's go and see what's happening."

We went along to the wood-shed, where we found Tubby Muffin hard at work. The fat junior had fitted up some crude wooden shelves on the walls, and the shelves were stacked with bottles. The bottles contained various red, white, blue, and green liquids.

Tubby Muffin was in the act of making up further bottles. He looked up on our approach, and beamed affably.

"Trot right in, you fellows! You've probably heard all about my new stunt. I'm going to be the Rookwood doctor. I'm going to prescribe for you fellows—"

"Oh, are you?" growled Lovell. "And I shall make up my own medicines. You mustn't think I don't know what I'm doing. I've studied medicine inside out, and I've got some wonderful stuff here."

"Most of it looks perfectly poisonous to me," said Newcome. "And as for the smell, it's horrible!"

"Oh, really, Newcome! I tell you this is a great stunt. When any of you fellows feel below par, it won't be necessary to send over to Latham for the doctor. You can come to me, and I'll set you right in next to no time. I've got a nerve—"

"You have!" said Raby. "Ass! I've got a nerve tonic that will work wonders to an enfeebled constitution like yours."

"What!" roared Raby. "You say I'm enfeebled? My hat! I—I've a good mind to pulverise you! For two pins I'd smash you!" "Then it would be a case of 'Physician, heal thyself,'" said Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Apart from the nerve tonic," went on Tubby Muffin, "I've got some really wonderful cough mixture, and a ripping influenza mixture. Guaranteed to cure the most stubborn cold inside a few hours. My prices are jolly reasonable, too. You won't be able to get medicine anywhere else at a tanner a pint."

"You can take your medicine away and bury it!" I growled. "If we started drinking your poison we should come to a sticky end."

"And if the Head gets to know that you're doing this," said Newcome, "there will be the dickens to pay!"

"Eh? I'm rendering a great service to the community—"

"Ha, ha, ha! I fancy the Head won't look at it in that light."

We watched Tubby Muffin at work for some moments, and then left him alone with his evil-smelling concoctions.

We thought no more about the amateur physician until bed-time, when Peele of the Fourth, who rarely had a good word for anybody, least of all Muffin, remarked that he had taken a dose of Tubby's headache

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

mixture, and had been completely cured within a few moments.

We should not have set much store by what Peele said had not his statement received startling confirmation.

Teddy Grace explained that he had been feeling rather run-down. He tried some of Tubby Muffin's nerve tonic, and he declared that the stuff immediately toned up his system.

We could not help being impressed by these statements.

"We've misjudged Muffin," said Lovell. "His stuff's really good, it seems."

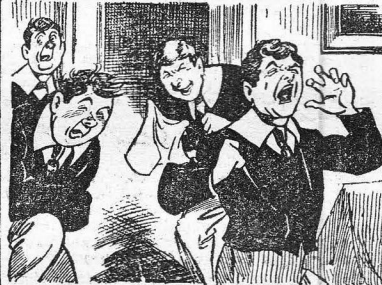
"Of course it is!" chimed in Tubby. "I told you so when you were in my consulting-room, but you wouldn't believe me."

"There are a lot of colds hanging about now," said Newcome. "Wouldn't be a bad idea to protect ourselves by taking some of Tubby's influenza mixture. Prevention is better than cure, you know."

"Come to me first thing in the morning," said Tubby Muffin eagerly, "and I'll give each of you a stiff dose of the mixture. Then you won't need to worry about coughs and colds and bronchitis, and all that sort of thing."

Accordingly, we paid a visit to Tubby Muffin's "consulting-room" before brekker next morning.

Tubby measured out four doses of his



Suddenly Newcome started sneezing violently. Then a moment later the four of us were affected in the same way.

influenza mixture, and charged us twopence per head.

The concoction was simply vile. Only by holding our noses tightly between finger and thumb could we manage to drink it. But we got it down at last, and went on our way, rejoicing in the knowledge that we were immune from colds and chills.

About an hour later, in the study, Lovell began to sneeze violently.

"Atis-roo! Atishum-m-m!"

We looked at Lovell in alarm. "You sound as if you've got a cold in the head, old man," said Newcome. "That's rather strange, considering—Atishoo!"

Newcome broke off with a loud sneeze. The next moment Raby started, and then I was affected in the same way. Soon the four of us were sneezing in chorus.

"Oh dear!" gasped Lovell. "I feel awfully queer! I've got a splitting headache, and my legs are aching frightfully."

"Same here," said Newcome. "I feel just like I felt when I had my last attack of flu."

"Shoo!" sneezed Raby. "I'm sure I'm going to be ill!"

Five minutes later we were all crawling away in the direction of the sanny.

The matron promptly packed us off to bed, where we remained for nearly a week—victims of that miserable malady, the flu.

Lovell declared that Tubby Muffin's mixture, instead of warding off influenza, had caused us to contract it. And we determined to deal with Muffin as soon as we were fit enough to leave the sanny.

We dealt with him pretty thoroughly, too. We wrecked his consulting-room, smashed his bottles, and bumped him severely—so severely that the amateur doctor was forthwith compelled to give up his practice!

THE YOUNG PRETENDERS!

A Humorous Ditty.



— By —
TOMMY DOYLE.

Ten merry Classics in the Form-room sat,

Writing fifty lines of this, and fifty lines of that.

Ten merry Classics, seated in a line,
Silver swooned, was carried out, and so there were nine!

Nine merry Classics, laughing at their fate,
Lovell caught a sudden chill, and so there were eight!

Eight merry Classics (all in the Eleven),
Grace got footballitis, and so there were seven!

Seven merry Classics, playing monkey tricks,
Raby through the window shot, and so there were six!

Six merry Classics, kicking and alive,
Newcome kicked his chum too hard, and so there were five!

Five merry Classics, struggling on the floor,
Erroll vanished through a crack, and so there were four!

Four merry Classics (thinning out, you see),
Mornington developed mumps, and so there were three!

Three merry Classics, still with lines to do,
One was racked with whooping-cough, and so there were two!

Two merry Classics had a scrap for fun,
One "went out," with dismal groans, and so there was one!

One merry Classical, in a lonely fix,
Fainted in the master's arms, and so there were nix!

Ten merry Classics, in the sanny lay,
Chuckling, "How we pulled his leg!
Now we're free! Hurrah!"

[Supplement II.]



Bunter tells the Tale!

By Frank Nugent.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What does the doctor want, I wonder?"

The snorting of a car was heard in the Close. Glancing from the window of Study No. 1, we observed Dr. Short, the medico from Friardale.

The doctor was looking very worried, as if he were confronted with a very big task. And so he was, as it proved.

An epidemic of German measles had just broken out in Friardale.

The Head had put the village out of bounds in order that the epidemic might not spread to Greyfriars. But he wondered whether he had acted in time.

In order to assure himself that the school showed a clean bill of health, the Head rang up Dr. Short, and asked him to come over to Greyfriars and make a cursory examination of all the fellows.

A gigantic task, indeed! It really needed a staff of doctors to conduct such an examination.

No wonder Dr. Short looked worried! "Ah! I am glad you have responded so quickly to my summons, Dr. Short," said the Head, greeting his visitor. "I am sorry to impose so big a task upon you, but I want to make perfectly certain that there is no trace of German measles in the school. My responsibility here is very great. If there are any suspected cases here, they must be put in isolation at once."

"Quite so," said Dr. Short. "I will examine the whole of the boys, one Form at a time. German measles is an affection which reveals itself in the form of a rash, and I shall soon be able to tell whether any of the boys are affected."

The Head nodded. "I will arrange for the members of the Sixth Form to visit you first, in the sanatorium," he said.

The doctor went about his business, and in due course the prefects and seniors were arraigned before him.

Wingate & Co. were looking very grim. They did not relish the prospect of being medically overhauled. It seemed to lessen their dignity.

Dr. Short, however, did not keep them long. A brief examination showed him that the Sixth were immune from German measles.

With feelings of relief, the seniors trooped out of the sanny.

The Fifth Form came next, and Coker, who had a few spots on his far from beautiful countenance, felt rather apprehensive.

"Hope to goodness I haven't caught the beastly complaint!" he muttered to Potter and Greene. "It will mean going into dock for about a fortnight."

"Do you think you've got it?" asked Potter, in alarm.

"Shouldn't be surprised!"

Potter and Greene sprang away from their leader as if electrified.

"Don't come near me!" panted Greene. "Keep your distance!"

"If he's got it, he ought to be in quarantine!" growled Potter.

The Fifth-Formers passed in to the doctor's presence. Coker was quaking with alarm by this time.

It transpired, however, that the spots on the Fifth-Formers' face were due to some slight blood impurity. There was no suggestion of German measles, the doctor said. And Coker, in his delight and relief, could have hugged him.

The Fifth Form was declared free from infection. So was the Shell, likewise the Upper Fourth.

It was now the turn of the Remove to be examined.

There was a thoughtful expression on the

face of Billy Bunter as he accompanied his schoolfellows to the sanny.

To tell the truth, Bunter was feeling considerably worried. He had been caught in the act of raiding the cupboard in Mr. Prout's study. Mr. Prout had reported it to the Head, with the result that Bunter had been ordered to attend at the Head's study next morning after breakfast.

Bunter well knew what that meant. It was a swishing, for certain. People can't go round raiding masters' studies and expect to get off scot-free.

A brilliant idea now occurred to Billy Bunter.

If only he could convince Dr. Short that he was unwell! He would then be detained in the sanny, and the painful scene in the Head's study would be avoided.

By the time Bunter was declared fit again the Head would probably have forgotten the incident of the study-raiding.

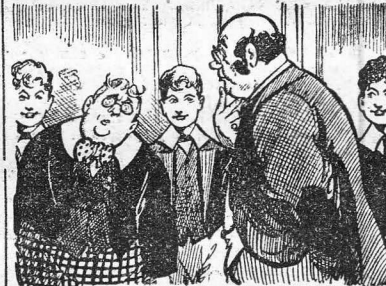
"I can easily throw dust in old Short's eyes," reflected Bunter. "I can tell him I've got all sorts of pains, and I'm sure he'll believe me."

As the Removites were in the act of lining up before the doctor Billy Bunter emitted a hollow groan.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Dr. Short. "Who made that noise?"

Groan!

The doctor's eyes roved along the line of



"Was it you who made that strange noise?" asked the doctor. "Yes, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I think I'm expiring!"

juniors, until they rested upon Billy Bunter. "Bunter!"

"Ow!"

"What is the matter with you, boy?"

"Yow!"

Dr. Short frowned.

"I do not regard that as an intelligible answer to my question," he said. "Are you ill, Bunter?"

"Ill isn't the word for it, sir!" moaned the fat junior, screwing up his face into the most weird contortions. "I—I think I'm expiring!"

"Nonsense!" snapped the doctor. "Where do you feel the pain—if any?"

"In my right lung, sir. I think it must be housemaid's knee, or something!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The idea of anybody having housemaid's knee in the lung struck the fellows as being decidedly comical. They roared.

"What ever it is, it's giving me socks, sir!" said Bunter. "I—I can hardly stand. My head's going round and round like a humming-top! I—I feel perfectly awful, sir! I've got chronic rheumatism, with a touch of lumbago and a dash of pleurisy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do not laugh at this wretched boy!" said the doctor. "This is not a subject for ribald merriment. Place this instrument in your mouth, Bunter."

The fat junior took the thermometer, and

thrust it well into his mouth. He hoped that by some miraculous means it would show a very high temperature.

After a brief interval, the doctor took the instrument, shook it, and examined it. He did not say a word. But it was obvious that Bunter wasn't running a temperature, or he would have been detained in the sanny. As it was, he was dismissed with the rest of us after the doctor had completed his inspection.

"Hard lines, Bunty!" said Peter Todd. "You'll have to try a deeper dodge than that, if you want to get on the sick list." "Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter groaned. It was a genuine groan this time. He had apparently failed to convince Dr. Short that he was ill, and he would have to keep his appointment with the Head in the morning. There was no escape.

When the dreaded hour came, Billy Bunter rolled away to the Head's study.

Dr. Locke regarded him sternly.

"So you have been pilfering from Mr. Prout's study, Bunter?" he said.

"Nunno, sir!"

"Do not deny it, wretched boy! Mr. Prout caught you red-handed, in the act of removing a cake from his cupboard."

"Ahem! I—I was going to put it back, sir!"

That argument cut no ice with the Head.

"This is not the first time you have been before me on such a charge," said Dr. Locke, in magisterial fashion. "You will hold out your hand!"

Billy Bunter gingerly extended one of his fat palms, and the Head's cane came sweeping down.

Swish!

"Yarooooh!"

Swish, swish, swish!

"Yoooooop!"

"Now the other hand, Bunter!"

The dose was repeated, and Billy Bunter, writhing and squirming, moved towards the door.

"One moment, Bunter!" said the Head. "I have something further to say to you. I have not caved you quite so severely as I intended to do, because Dr. Short informs me that you complain of feeling ill. Is it the fact that you are unwell, Bunter?"

"Ow—yessir!"

"Very well. I might mention that Major Thresher, who lives in the vicinity, has been kind enough to invite the whole of the Remove Form to his house this afternoon. There is to be a repast, and a concert in the evening."

"Oh, good!" murmured Bunter, his tear-stained face lighting up.

"But you, Bunter, on account of your indisposition, will remain at Greyfriars," the Head went on, with a grim smile. "You will spend the afternoon and evening in the sanatorium."

"Oh crumbs!"

Billy Bunter's jaw dropped. The mere thought of all the good things he was going to miss appalled him.

"I—I'm beginning to feel better, sir!" he stammered.

"Excellent!" said the Head. "By this evening, let us hope your cure will be complete!"

"I—I think I can manage to totter across to Major Thresher's place, sir—"

"I am afraid you will not get the opportunity!" said the Head. "That is all, Bunter!"

"But, sir—"

"Leave my study immediately, and report to the matron!"

And Billy Bunter, with feelings too deep for words, went to the sanny to take his groel!



EVERY sane person—and also those who are insane, such as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy—will agree with me that our sanatorium system in public schools stands in urgent need of reform.

Now, a sanny should be a home away from home. It should be a resting-place for the weary, and a perfect paradise for those who are halt, maimed, blind, lame, sick, or lazy.

In fact, the sanny should be such a cosy, comfortable place as to make it a real pleasure to fall ill!

Our present system is all wrong. It is no pleasure to visit the sanny. It is like having to do penance. One is looked upon as a transgressor. The matron's eyes seem to flash the question: "How dare you get ill?" As if it's your fault that you woke up one morning with a temperature of a hundred and three!

Now, I will show you what the existing system is like. And then I will put forward my suggestions for reform.

We will suppose that I, Lowther, fall ill. I awake one morning with a stiff neck, a cold in the head, and a shivery-shaky feeling in the joints. I have no appetite for brekker; I feel absolutely down and out. I stick it as long as I am able, but I am compelled before morning lessons begin to go to the sanny.

Marie Rivers, the school nurse, is all smiles and sympathy. Her voice, as she says "Poor old Monty!" resembles a cooling dove.

So far, so good. But all that Miss Marie does after that is to take my temperature and hand me over to the matron.

"This boy is suffering from a severe chill, matron," says she. "His temperature is over a hundred."

"Very well!" snaps the matron. "Leave him to me!"

I am promptly ordered to bed. When I say "bed," I don't mean an old-fashioned four-poster, with soft, cosy bedding, into which you may sink drowsily and contentedly.

Nay; it is a hard, forbidding-looking bed. It has no springs, or, if it has, they are broken. The bed might be a solid plank for

all the comfort you derive from it. Before you have been an inmate of it for an hour you are racked with aches and pains all over your anatomy.

Presently you begin to feel hungry. You could eat a donkey's hind leg off.

Instead of a donkey's hind leg, however, you have to content yourself with a basin of thin gruel. It's terrible stuff! I can't think why it doesn't come under the Poisons Act.

Moreover, there's no doding it. You've simply got to take your gruel, as the saying goes. The matron sees to that. If you attempt to fight shy of the horrid concoction, she proceeds to feed you with a spoon.

After a time, you begin to feel better. Your temperature drops. You are able to sit, propped up on the pillows, and read.

But, alas! even in the choice of reading matter you are not your own master.

If the matron finds you reading a highwayman story, or a pirate story, or a Wild-West story, she promptly confiscates it.

"You must not excite yourself and inflame your mind by reading such lurid trash!" she will say. "If you want to read, I will bring you an excellent book."

And the good game does so. She brings you a book entitled, "Perey the Puritan; the Boy Who Stuck to the Straight and Narrow Path!" or "Reggie the Righteous; the Boy Who Could Do No Wrong!" The story points a moral at the end of every chapter, and you are bored stiff before you have digested one quarter of the wretched narrative.

Every three hours or so the nurse comes in with a dose of quinine. The taste of the beastly stuff remains in your mouth for days afterwards.

When the time of your release comes you are only too pleased to rejoin your school-fellows, and you vow that you will never catch a chill again!

That, in a nutshell, is the routine of the sanny. And now for my practical suggestions.

In the first place, the beds should be made more comfortable and luxurious.

Secondly, gruel and similar inquisitions

should be abolished. Nobody—not even a rabid Pussfoot—wants to drink gruel.

The patient in the sanny should be allowed to choose his own diet. Should he fancy duck and green peas, let him have it. Should he express a desire for jugged hare, dish it up accordingly. If he wants luscious peaches, or, if he pines for the juice of the pomegranate, send a messenger post-haste to the nearest fruiterer's. Should he wish to suck a chocolate cigarette, and delude himself into the pleasant belief that it's a real one, let him go ahead. Humour him. Do everything possible to please him. After all, he's ill, and the more he is mollified the better he will like it.

I often wish I knew the name of the fiend in human form who invented quinine. I should like to spend a quiet five minutes with him in the gym! Was there ever so diabolical a mixture as quinine? The mere mention of the abominable stuff makes me shudder!

Liquid refreshment in the sanny should take the form of ginger-pop and sparkling cordials. Away with physie! As Mabeth said, "Throw physie to the dogs; I'll none of it!" It only makes a fellow the better ten times worse.

As for reading matter, the fellows in the sanny should be allowed to read what they like.

The "Good-Little-Georgie" type of yarn is all very well for a fellow like Skimpole. But the majority of us prefer something with life and sparkle in it. We love to read of the gay cavaliers of olden times; of Dick Turpin making the pace on Black Bess; of Robin Hood, who robbed the rich in order to help the poor.

Namby-pamby fiction should be fed to the flames. And, talking of flames, there should always be a good fire roaring up the chimney. A fellow who goes to the sanny with a chill doesn't want to be confronted with an empty grate.

Of course, there is one drawback to my suggestions.

If the sanny is made too comfortable we shall have half the school spending their time there. There will be scores of patients, as well as a lengthy waiting list.

A fellow who cuts his finger will clamour for a month in bed. A fellow who strains his ankle will insist on being placed under the matron's care for six months.

Still, this difficulty can easily be overcome by weeding out the genuine cases from the malingerers.

I commend my suggestions, with due respect, to our worthy Head. And if he should decide to act upon them, I don't require any fee for bringing them forward. I do so in the interest of the cause. Verb sap!

MY LATEST PATIENTS!

By **MARIE RIVERS**
(The School Nurse).

At this season of the year ailments seem to be very common.

The sanatorium is never so full as in November. Everybody seems to contrive to catch a chill, a cough, or a cold. Accidents on the football-field are frequent. Headaches and sore throats are very fashionable.

Many people seem to imagine that I have nothing to do in the sanny but sit and amuse myself with yards of knitting.

Let these good people take on my job for a week, and they would soon want to relinquish it. They would find it necessary to exercise the patience of a dozen Jobs and the judgement of a dozen Solomons.

I hope I shall not be thought "catty" when I say that Miss Pinch, the matron, is merely a figurehead. She supervises the work of the sanny, but does very little of it herself. Most of the jobs devolve upon me.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

During the past week a big crop of patients has passed through my hands.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was the first to visit me. When he appeared before me I saw that he was purple in the face and fighting for breath.

"Good gracious, D'Arcy!" I exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

"Oh deah! I—I'm suffocatin' by inches, deah gal! I feel as if I'm bein' stwangled!"

"But what is causing the trouble?" I asked.

"Can't say, Miss Mawie," answered Arthur Augustus, in a choking voice. "I am almost bweathless! I sha'n't be able to speak in a minute."

I was greatly alarmed, and was about to summon the matron, when my eye alighted on the cause of the trouble.

I noticed that Arthur Augustus was wearing a particularly tight collar, and the stud was embedded in his flesh, and pressing against the windpipe.

"Why, you silly boy," I exclaimed, "it's your collar-stud! Remove it at once! No wonder you are being suffocated!"

Arthur Augustus looked greatly distressed.

"But I simply must wear this collah, deah gal. It's the vevy latest fashion."

"Are you going to risk your life for the sake of a fashion? Don't be so absurd! Take off the collar and stud at once, or you will choke!"

Very reluctantly the swell of St. Jim's obeyed. His breathing became easier,

his complexion resumed became easier. He soon recovered, and, after thanking me in his usual chivalrous manner, he left the sanny. But he was very unhappy at having to proceed to his study in a collarless state, and to run the gauntlet of a crowd of grinning juniors. It will be a long time before he gets over the shock to his dignity.

My next visitor was Bagley Trimble, who complained of "severe eternal pains." But I had heard of those "eternal pains" before, and I sent Master Bagley packing, with an injunction not to overfeed.

Then came a whole tribe of fags, coughing loudly in chorus.

I was alarmed at first, and then it dawned upon me that they were merely pretending to have bad coughs, in order that they might sample some specially nice cough-mixture which had just arrived from the druggist. I threatened them all with stiff doses of quinine, and their coughs vanished as if by magic. They fled from the sanny in terror.

I have had heaps more visitors, complaining of nearly every sort of ailment, from housemaid's knee to hay fever. Space does not permit me to describe how I dealt with them; but not many of them succeeded in "pulling the wool over my eyes," as the saying goes.

In spite of all its petty annoyances, I like my job, and I wouldn't give it up for worlds!

FORESTALLED!

(Continued from page 8.)

Bounder and his associates, and always flew into a rage when any of the fellows tried to bring him to his senses.

The Bounder closed the door of his study, and looked round.

"I've got an idea," he said slowly—"a really ripping idea!"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Bolsover. "I want some tea! Let's hear the idea afterwards, Smithy!"

"No," said Vernon-Smith, "you'll hear it now. You've heard what Wharton's been saying about that old shooting-box?"

"Yes, a lot of rot," said Trevor.

"I agree with you there!" exclaimed the Bounder coolly. "To use that place as a rendezvous for Boy Scouts is childish. Now, my idea is this. Why shouldn't we have the shooting-box, and use it for our own purposes? In that way we should do ourselves a good turn, and take a rise out of Wharton."

"Yes, but—"

"Wait a minute," went on the Bounder. "Let me finish before you interrupt. At present we're not exactly popular at Greyfriars, and even the masters are keeping an alert eye upon us—myself especially. I don't like that sort of thing. If I want to do anything private, I find myself in a difficulty. It's practically impossible to have a cigarette in the study nowadays."

"Well, that's not a calamity," said Hazeldene.

"I don't say it is!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith. "I only say that I don't like to be spied upon. If we take that shooting-box we can use it as a kind of club-room, and go there to spend a few hours on the quiet."

"After locking up?" asked Stott.

"No; that would be too risky," replied the Bounder. "But there's no reason why we shouldn't spend our half-holidays there, and take our grub with us. We could have a ripping game of cards, smoke, and all the rest of it. And about ten minutes before locking up it would be quite easy to leave the place, and return here like good little boys."

"By jingo," said Trevor, "it's not at all a bad idea, Smithy. I like a game of cards myself now and again, and if we had that place we should be as safe as eggs."

"Exactly!" said the Bounder coolly.

"It's a good wheeze right enough," said Bolsover; "but I don't exactly see how you're going to work it. It's all very well for you to say that it would be a ripping place for a club-room; but how could we take it? Old Biggs is going to let it to Wharton."

Vernon-Smith smiled.

"Is he?" he said calmly. "I've got an idea he'll let it to me. At any rate, I'll do my best to get the place tomorrow, and leave Harry Wharton in the lurch. What I want to know is—will you fellows back me up?"

"I'm game!" said Bolsover.

"So am I," said Stott.

"Likewise me," added Trevor.

"And how about you, Hazel?" asked the Bounder.

Hazeldene hesitated.

"Well, it's a bit thick, you know. I'm not talking about taking the shooting-box away from Wharton, but about using it as a club-room. Suppose one of the masters came there and found us smoking and playing cards? Why, it would mean the sack!"

"Rot!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"You're too nervous, Hazel. There's no possibility of the masters coming into the heart of Friardale Wood just to have a look at the old shooting-box. Besides, we could use the upper room, and keep an eye open for visitors. The lower door would be locked, and before we opened it we could remove all traces of cards and cigarettes."

"Of course," agreed Bolsover, "it's a ripping idea! Personally, I can't see any danger in it at all. It's simply rotten here—there's not a place where we can have a decent smoke."

Hazeldene looked round.

"Well, I don't mind," he said. "I'm in it, if you fellows are. I reckon it will be decent out in the wood."

"Good!" said the Bounder. "That's settled, then. It now remains for us to whack Wharton in the eye, and rent the place over his head. But I don't think that'll be a difficult job. I'll go and see old Biggs to-morrow immediately after morning lessons."

"That's the idea!" said Bolsover.

"And now we'll get some tea," added Trevor, turning to the fireplace.

And a few minutes later Vernon-Smith & Co. were busily preparing their evening meal.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.**Marjorie is Anxious!**

THE Famous Five were standing just outside the Close, leaning against the entrance gates. It was the following day, and morning lessons were just over. It was delightfully mild for late November, and the sun shone quite brilliantly.

Harry Wharton & Co. were standing at the gates, talking idly. The dinner-bell would not ring for about twenty minutes or more.

"When are you going to see about that little cottage?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"Oh, I wrote about it last night," said Harry Wharton. "I expect I shall get a reply from old Biggs in the morning. I didn't send any tin; but you never pay rent in advance."

"Well, if the old chap accepts us as tenants, we can take possession on Saturday," said Bob Cherry. "My hat, that'll be ripping! In fact, we can take a run over on Friday, and get it into shipshape."

"Of course," agreed Frank Nugent.

I—

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" interrupted Bob Cherry. "Who's this?"

"Who's which?"

"This solitary maiden wandering up the road from Friardale?" said Bob. "Why, I believe it's Marjorie Hazeldene from Cliff House!"

The juniors crowded out into the roadway.

"My hat, so it is!" said Harry Wharton quickly. "Come on!"

With one accord the Famous Five hurried down the road towards the newcomer. Marjorie Hazeldene found herself surrounded by Harry Wharton & Co. She was looking extremely neat in her dark serge costume, and her fresh young face was tinged with pink, owing to her sharp walk from Cliff House.

"Jolly glad you've come, Marjorie!" said Harry Wharton, taking off his cap.

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent.

"Hope you're quite well?" added Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"And feeling happy?" supplemented Johnny Bull.

"The honourable expressionfulness of my august chums is esteemfully reciprocated," murmured the Nabob of Banipur, bowing low.

Marjorie laughed.

"Don't be silly," she said. "You can see I'm all right. How are you all?"

"All serene!" answered Harry Wharton.

"I came here especially to see you five boys," went on Marjorie, her face becoming serious. "It's about my brother"

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton.

"What's up with him?" asked Johnny Bull practically.

"I don't know," said Marjorie gravely, "but I've heard that he's been mixing a lot with Vernon-Smith—and I know what sort of a boy Vernon-Smith is!"

"A rank outsider!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, with gusto.

"Hush! Don't speak like that!" said Marjorie. "I've been wondering if you boys could help me. I—I mean, would you think it too much if I asked you to get my brother away from Vernon-Smith, and keep him—"

"Keep him apart from the rotter?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, that is it," said Marjorie eagerly.

"Would we think it too much, chaps?" asked Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"If any chap does think it too much he'll be treated to a first-class thick ear!" said Harry Wharton. "It's all right, Marjorie. We'll collar hold of Hazel, and knock some sense into his thick head! He's a bit of an ass, you know; but you can't help that!"

"Of course not!" said Nugent.

"That's not your fault!"

Marjorie smiled.

"Suppose we went into the School House now?" she suggested. "If he is with Vernon-Smith now we might get him away, and then I could speak to him. I know he is a little obstinate, but if we talk to him seriously he will realise his folly in mixing with Vernon-Smith and his friends."

"If he doesn't realise it at once, we'll jolly soon make him!" said Harry Wharton.

"Rather!"

"The rafterfulness is terrific!"

Marjorie moved towards the gates, and the Famous Five went with her in a clump. They crossed the Close, and entered the School House.

They ascended to the Remove passage. Outside Vernon-Smith's study the Famous Five paused. Snoop, the sneak of the Remove, passed down the passage,

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.



FREE Six Superb Photo-Plates of Famous Footballers

Big "head-and-shoulder" portraits of Charlie Euan, Billy Meredith, "Fanny" Walden, F. Barson, J. Blair, and Sam Chedzoy. One free plate each week, for six weeks—the first, Charlie Euan—being given this week inside every copy of

NELSON LEE LIBRARY 2

Now On Sale.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"BURNED OUT!"

A SPLENDID STORY

OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

and looked at the little crowd in surprise. Snoop was one of Vernon-Smith's allies; but lately the Bounder had not been very cordial to him.

"Paying a visit to Smithy?" he asked. "Go and eat coke!" growled Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton tapped on the door. "Come in!" said a voice.

The Famous Five and Marjorie Hazeldene passed into the study. There was a faint smell of cigarette-smoke in the air.

"Hallo! What do you want?" demanded Vernon-Smith. "What's the meaning— Oh, how are you, Miss Marjorie—"

"Miss Hazeldene, please!" said Marjorie stiffly.

The Bounder smiled coolly.

"I beg your pardon!" he said. "You don't count me among your friends, do you? But as you have paid me a visit—"

"We haven't come to talk to you, Smithy!" said Wharton. "We want Hazel!"

Hazeldene, who had been sitting near the fireplace, looked up at his sister rather aggressively.

"Hallo, Marjorie!" he said. "What do you want me for?"

"I want to speak to you privately," said Marjorie quietly.

"Sorry," said Hazeldene. "I can't come now!"

"You rotter!" said Harry Wharton wrathfully. "Do you mean to say you're going to stick here when Marjorie says she wants you outside?"

"Yes, I meant to say it!" said Hazel. "Then you're a rotter!" said Bob Cherry vigorously.

"Rats!" growled Hazel. "Do you think I don't know what Marjorie wants? I'm blest if I'm going to leave this room to be lectured! You simply want to drag me out, and then lecture me! I'm not coming, so you can all buzz off! I'm sorry, Marjorie, these silly asses have brought you up here!"

"You cad!" exclaimed Harry Wharton hotly.

Vernon-Smith smiled.

"You see, Hazel's quite chummy with me," he said coolly. "Hazel's a good sort, and knows where to find reliable friends. You're too wishy-washy for a chap like Hazel!"

"Too decent, you mean!" Bob Cherry cut in wrathfully. "Hazeldene hasn't got enough sense to see that he's acting the fool!"

"Won't you come?" asked Marjorie gently.

"No," said Hazeldene bluntly, "I won't!"

"I'm sorry," said Marjorie simply. She turned to Harry Wharton. "We might as well go," she said, walking towards the door.

"The go-fulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The obstinatefulness of the ludicrous Hazel is also terrific! The esteemed Bounder ought to be given the honourable bump!"

"Good-morning, Miss Hazeldene!" said the Bounder coolly. "You can clear out, you fellows!"

"We sha'n't take long to do that!" growled Johnny Bull. "I think you're a measly cad, Smithy, to drag Hazeldene into your rotten tricks!"

"Rats!" said Vernon-Smith. "Hazel can do as he likes, I hope! I'm not forcing him to chum up with me!"

"Of course not!" said Hazeldene.

"Then you're a bigger fathead than I took you for!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

"You jolly well don't deserve to be looked after, Hazel, blest if you do!"

"I can look after myself, thanks!" said Hazeldene, with a sneer.

"Oh, come on!" growled Frank Nugent disgustedly.

And the Famous Five, with Marjorie in their midst, left the study, and stood looking at one another in the passage.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Forestalked by the Bounder!

MARJORIE HAZELDENE looked worried.

"I'm awfully sorry to bother you like this—"

"Rats—I mean, nonsense!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "It's no bother, Marjorie. I'm surprised at Hazel. I've never known such a changeable chap in my life! At one time he seems to be learning sense and acting quite decently, then he drops back into his old habits."

"It's Smith's fault," said Bob Cherry, with a knowing nod. "The Bounder knows that Marjorie wants Hazel to run straight, and he's doing his best to annoy her all he can! I call it a beastly trick! He's a worm, and it's a pity he wasn't sacked from Greyfriars!"

"Oh, you mustn't talk like that!" said Marjorie. "Come! We will get out into the Close. I'm very sorry that our trouble's been for nothing."

"I'm jolly wild!" growled Johnny Bull. "Hazel's a pig!"

"I know he is," said Marjorie, her eyes flashing, "and it's really too bad of me to ask you to look after him. But I know he's all right at heart. It's only his weak will that's against him. He allows himself to be led away."

They emerged into the Close, and crossed over to the gates.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, "what are we going to do?"

"Do?" repeated Wharton. "Why, we'll promise Marjorie that we'll do our best to get Hazeldene out of Vernon-Smith's company. We can't do more than our best, anyhow."

"It's no good grabbing him by the shoulder and forcing him," said Nugent. "We shall have to bring him round by degrees, or not at all. Still, we're game to make the attempt!"

"Rather!" agreed Johnny Bull.

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

Marjorie looked round with shining eyes.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said softly. "If you can indeed succeed in getting my brother away from Vernon-Smith I shall be more glad than I can say. He knows what a wicked boy Vernon-Smith is, but I believe he associates with him just because of his obstinate nature. He doesn't like being looked after!"

"Well, it's his own fault," said Cherry. "The silly ass shouldn't make it necessary for anyone to look after him."

Marjorie smiled.

"Well, I shall have to be getting back," she said. "I shall feel anxious until I see you again. You'll really do your best, won't you?"

"We will," said Bob Cherry, "or die in the attempt!"

"The diefulness will be terrific, esteemed miss!" said Hurree Singh calmly.

Marjorie laughed, and, after saying good-bye, she departed. The Famous Five watched her go thoughtfully. They knew that the girl worried a good deal about her brother, and it had the effect of making them indignant.

"I feel like going in and giving the silly chump a first-class bumping!" ex-

claimed Johnny Bull. "Hazel ought to have more sense!"

"Of course he ought," said Harry Wharton. "But a bumping wouldn't do him any good. In fact, it would only make him worse. If we're going to make him see the error of his ways we shall have to set to work gradually. He hasn't gone very far yet, but if he stays with the Bounder long it'll end up by him getting mixed up with some rotten bookie again!"

And the Famous Five continued talking about Hazeldene until the dinner-bell rang. Then they trooped into the School House, looking thoughtful.

Immediately after dinner Vernon-Smith hurried up to his study, accompanied by Bolsover major and Trevor.

"We shall have to buck up if we're going to get back in time for afternoon lessons," said the Bounder, glancing at his watch. "We shall have to bike it. I meant to go before dinner, but it'll do just as well now if we hurry."

"Of course!" said Trevor.

The Bounder put his cap on, picked up his gloves, and left the study. Trevor and Bolsover followed. They were to accompany Vernon-Smith to Courtfield, where he was going to interview Mr. James Biggs, the owner of the little shooting-box in Friardale Wood.

Vernon-Smith's scheme of renting the place over Harry Wharton's head was a dishonourable one. For, after all, Wharton had thought of the idea first, and had told it to the Removites without a thought of the Bounder taking advantage of it. But Vernon-Smith felt quite easy in his mind. He considered that if he succeeded in getting the place it would simply be taking a rise out of Wharton.

He, Bolsover, and Trevor were soon spinning along the Courtfield Road. Trevor chuckled as he peddled along.

"My hat!" he grinned. "It'll be a smack in the eye for Wharton if we do get this place, Smithy!"

"Rather!" agreed Vernon-Smith.

"Personally, I don't see how it can be done," said Bolsover doubtfully. "It's all very well for you to be sanguine, and all that, Smithy, but Harry Wharton wrote to old Biggs last night."

"What of it?"

"Well, he'll naturally let the place to Wharton as he was first in the field, as it were."

"Don't you believe it," said the Bounder easily. "I think I can safely say that when we get back to Greyfriars we shall be the tenants of the shooting-box!"

Shortly after the three Removites cycled into Courtfield. The country town was looking somewhat sleepy at that time of the day, and Vernon-Smith and his two companions dismounted from their machines in the High Street. The estate office of Mr. Biggs was situated there, and they leaned their cycles against the kerb. Mr. Biggs was not merely the agent; he owned the shooting-box himself, and therefore he was the right man to apply to.

"Shall we come in with you?" asked Bolsover.

"Rather!"

"Right-ho! Lead the way!"

Vernon-Smith entered the office. A small boy sat behind the counter, and he looked up as the three juniors entered.

"Is Mr. Biggs in?" inquired Vernon-Smith.

"Yessir!" said the office-boy. "Do you want to see 'im?"

"Do you think we came here to see you?" interrupted Trevor. "Cut off and find Mr. Biggs!"

The small boy disappeared, and for a few minutes the trio of Removites were left to themselves. Then the door opened, and a big man, with an aggressive-looking moustache, appeared. He raised his eyebrows as he saw the Greyfriars caps.

"You'll be Master Wharton, I take it?" he said.

"No; my name's Vernon-Smith," said the Bounder coolly. "I've come about that shooting-box in Friardale Wood."

Mr. Biggs elevated his eyebrows.

"What! Another of you after it?"

"Yes," said Vernon-Smith. "I want you to let it to me."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Biggs, "but I don't see how it can be done. Master Wharton wrote to me last night about it, and I've already written to him stating that he can have the key of the cottage whenever he likes. It's let to him, young 'un, so it's no use your stopping here."

Vernon-Smith thought for a moment.

"Has the letter been posted?" he asked.

Mr. Biggs looked up.

"No, I don't think it has yet," he replied. "Still, that makes no difference. Wharton was the first to make an offer, and I cannot put him off because you come here and say you want to rent the place from me. Wharton was first, and he—"

"That doesn't matter a jot!" exclaimed the Bounder coolly. "The main thing is this. I want to have the place for my own use. Of course, you realise that Wharton wants it for scouting purposes?"

"Yes, I know that," said Mr. Biggs impatiently. "Look here, Master Smith, let me tell you that my time's valuable, and, without being impolite, I wish you to understand that this interview has continued long enough."

Vernon-Smith laid his arms on the counter.

"You don't quite seem to catch on," he said. "You've let this shooting-box to Wharton, but you haven't yet posted the letter agreeing to accept him as a tenant. Well, I see no reason why you shouldn't let the matter stop where it is, and—"

"Nothing of the kind," said Mr. Biggs testily. "I cannot change my decision now. It is ridiculous of you to suppose that I should disappoint Wharton simply because you come here and say that you yourself, wish to hire the shooting-box."

"I told you so!" murmured Bolsover major. "It's no go, Smithy! We'd better buzz back to Greyfriars!"

"Rats!" said the Bounder. "Now, look here, Mr. Biggs, the rent you've asked of Wharton is ten shillings a month, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose I offered to pay you fifteen shillings a month?" suggested the Bounder coolly. "I should pay you the first month's rent in advance, and should use the place simply as a kind of club-room. If you let it to Wharton it will be simply over-run with Boy Scouts, and you can guess the result!"

"The blessed place will be kicked to bits inside a week!" grinned Trevor.

"Now, if you accept my offer," went on Vernon-Smith, "there'll be no risks whatever. I sha'n't use the place except for a quiet gathering now and again. I shall also pay rent in advance. Don't you think it would be best to let the shooting-box to me, Mr. Biggs?"

The estate-agent twisted his moustache thoughtfully.

"You'll give me fifteen shillings a month?" he queried.

"Yes; and pay the first month's rent now."

"I should advise you to take Vernon-Smith's offer, Mr. Biggs," said Bolsover seriously. "If you allow Harry Wharton to have it, it'll simply mean that the place will be in a tumble-down condition before the end of the month. When the chaps are out scouting they're not very particular what they do—especially when they run short of wood to light fires with."

Mr. Biggs did not take long to decide. He knew none of the boys at Greyfriars, and it mattered nothing to him whether he let his shooting-box to Vernon-Smith or to Wharton. If he had posted the letter to Wharton he would not have been able to back out of the agreement. But as the letter was still unposted, and nothing had been settled, Mr. Biggs saw no reason why he should not accept another five shillings per month, with the extra privilege of having the rent in advance.

Mr. Biggs was a man who believed in getting every penny possible, and it never entered his head that Harry Wharton was being badly treated if he agreed to the Bounder's proposal. No, five shillings extra a month was worth having. The shooting-box was a property which Mr. Biggs had expected to lie on his hands until it went to ruin. To be offered fifteen shillings a month for it was quite unexpected.

"What do you want to use the place for?" he asked cautiously.

"Merely to use as a club-room," said the Bounder. "Three or four fellows besides myself will use it on half-holidays."

You can rely on us keeping it in good repair, and using it with every care."

Mr. Biggs adjusted his glasses. "Very well, Master Smith," he said briskly, "you can consider the place let to you. If you'll hand me the first month's rent, I'll make out a receipt for you. Of course, there is no necessity to make an agreement for such a small matter."

"Of course not," said Vernon-Smith. "You can trust us, I should think."

"Yes, I can trust you, young 'un." Mr. Biggs knew that if any difficulty arose it would be instantly settled upon applying to Dr. Locke. So he did not hesitate. An agreement, in any case, would be useless, as Vernon-Smith was merely a boy.

"There you are, Master Smith," he said, handing a receipt across the counter. "Fifteen shillings, please. I expect you'll send the next month's rent on by post?"

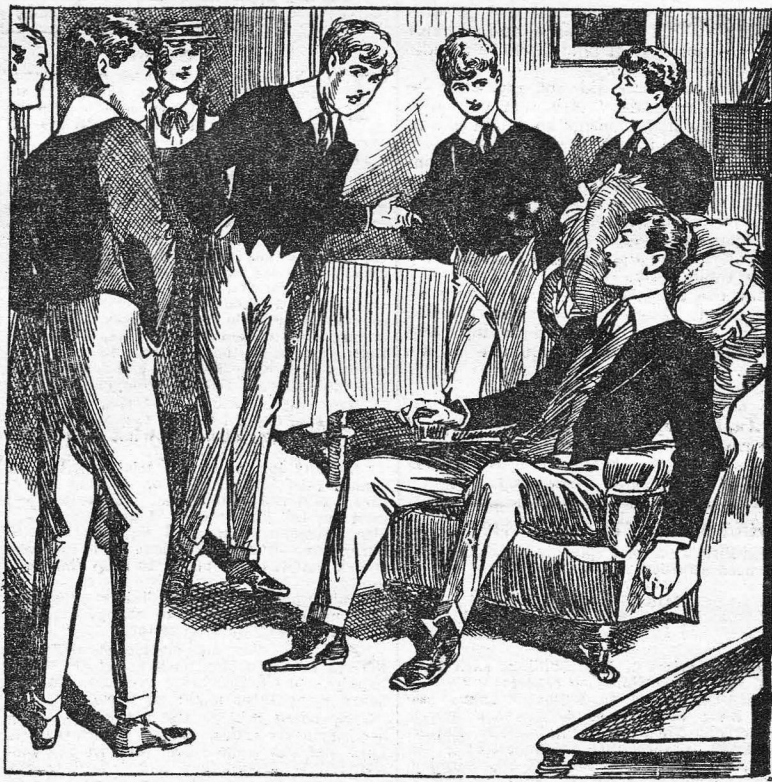
"Either that, or I'll call and pay it personally," said Vernon-Smith, handing over a Treasury note. "I'm sure you'll be pleased at having let the place to me. I don't want to say anything against Wharton, but I know for a fact that he and the other scouts would have over-run the shooting-box like rabbits. And you know what happens when a lot of excited Boy Scouts get together."

Mr. Biggs smiled.

"Yes, I'm glad you've called," he said. "I would certainly rather have the place used as a club-room. As you say, the Boy Scouts might get up to mischief. If you'll wait a minute I'll get you the key."

"Thanks!" said Vernon-Smith.

The key was soon forthcoming; then, having bid Mr. Biggs good-morning, the Bounder and his two companions left the



Hazeldene was sitting in the armchair when Harry Wharton & Co. came in with Miss Hazeldene. "I want to speak to you privately!" said Marjorie. "Sorry, I can't come now! I don't want to leave this room to be lectured!" replied Hazeldene. (See Chapter 3.)

estate office. Vernon-Smith cast a look of triumph at Bolsover and Trevor.

"Well," he said, "was I right?"
 "By George, you were!" exclaimed Bolsover, with satisfaction. "You're a wonder, Smithy! You've done Wharton in the eye beautifully!"

"Rather!" agreed Trevor, with a grin. "My hat, I wonder what he'll say when he learns that his giddy scouting headquarters have been let to Smithy? He'll go green with rage, I expect."
 Vernon-Smith chuckled.

"I don't care if he does," he said easily. "I've succeeded in my object, and that's all I care about. We've got the place to use for our own innocent purposes, and Wharton and his crew can go to the dickens!"

Vernon-Smith chuckled.
 And the Bounder and his two precious companions mounted their bicycles, and hastened back to Greyfriars. They had succeeded in their object, and Harry Wharton & Co. were destined to receive an unpleasant surprise.

Their surprise was nothing like so great as their anger. They hurried post-haste to see Mr. Biggs, and managed to relieve their feelings a little by telling him exactly what they thought of him. But that didn't get the hut back!

They had been forestalled by the Bounder—in fact, Harry Wharton & Co. had been beaten to the wide.

There was a thoughtful frown on Harry Wharton's handsome face as they made their way back to Greyfriars.

"Losing the hut is not the worst of the bizney," he said lugubriously. "It means that the Bounder and his precious pals will use the hut for smoking, playing cards, and all that sort of thing. And that means that Hazeldene will go with the others—out of our reach, and we can't help Marjorie, after all. Brrrr! I'd like to—to—to—"

Harry Wharton did not say what he would like to do. He was evidently thinking of many things he would like to do to Vernon-Smith.

The juniors did not speak to Vernon-Smith as they passed him, with a sneering smile of triumph on his face, in the Remove corridor.

"That's the last of that!" muttered the Bounder, as he watched the Famous Five enter their study.

But the Bounder was quite wrong on that point. There was to be more heard of the hut, and the card-playing, and Hazeldene's pig-headed defiance of his sister.

THE END.

(Another splendid complete story of the chums of Greyfriars in the POPULAR next Friday, entitled "BURNED OUT!" By Frank Richards.)

RESULT OF POPLETS COMPETITION NO.35.

The First Prize of a splendid match football has been awarded to:

MISS ISA GRANT,
 523, Maryhill Road,
 Glasgow.

The ten prizes of Five Shillings each have been sent to the following readers:

Edith Cherington, 4a, Eglinton Lane, Glasgow, S.S.; S. Jackson, 4, Chandos Street, Netherfield, Notts; Lilly Bachelor, 19, Kettering Road, Levenshulme, Manchester; F. G. Barratt, 178, Weston Lane, Greet, Birmingham; Arthur Williams, 11, Portland Street, Leamington Spa; H. Compston, 33, Kipling Street, Bootle, Liverpool; E. Corns, 43, Lily Road, Litherland, Liverpool; John Turvey, 47, Stockwell Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; Walter Lynch, 8, Greenhough Street, Ancoats, Manchester; A. Arthur, 23, Cresswell Road, South Norwood, S.E. 25.

THE POPULAR.—No. 149.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"DEFYING THE SCHOOL!"

A GRAND TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.
 BY OWEN CONQUEST.

MORE STRANGE ADVENTURES ABROAD.

"THE INVISIBLE PAIDER!"



BY SIDNEY DREW.

A Magnificent New Serial of Adventure, introducing **FERRERS LORD**, and **PRINCE CHING LUNG**.



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.

The new helicopter is built, but fails in the first trial.

(Now read on.)

Another Capture.

"I CAN only give you three days longer, Honour," said Ferrers Lord. "If we fail here, my whole scheme will be in ruins, and I must commence all over again!"

The man of silence nodded, and held up two fingers. He needed only two days, not three, to complete his giant helicopter, and make her airworthy. Another test had been carried out, and on this occasion there had been no hitch. The night was moonless when the roof of the cavern opened, showing a cluster of stars dimmed by a haze of thin cloud. As she floated on the lake with the arc-lamps switched off the helicopter was practically invisible from the deck of the submarine. She turned on her lights, and a boat that seemed to be manned by phantoms rowed out to her. The men had donned their new uniforms of semi-invisible cloth.

"Gan Waga has been pestering me to go, Chief," said Ching Lung, as they were sipping their coffee after dinner. "What am I to tell him?"

"He may join us on the trial run, but we cannot take him with us on our big adventure," said the millionaire. "However, you need not tell him so now. I am at your service, gentlemen, though I have no wish to hurry you. Honour has done such excellent things that it seems unfair to keep him waiting."

"This appears to be a full-dress rehearsal, so I presume we ought to change into our dope uniforms," said Thurston.

"For us it does not matter at all," said Ferrers Lord, pushing back his chair. "Perhaps you had better bring overcoats, for the heating apparatus might go wrong."

The sliding roof of the cavern had been opened to its fullest extent. When Ferrers Lord and Hal Honour had planned and constructed the roof they had looked to the future, and foreseen the growth of aircraft.

At Hal Honour's touch, the engines hummed softly, and the helicopter rose gently. One wing just grazed the edge of the rocky wall, but the engineer had fitted the extremities of the planes with pneumatic wheels running on ball bearings. The wheels absorbed the slight shock and rolled her clear. Honour shut off the engines, and gently and noiselessly the

helicopter descended and again floated on the surface of the lake.

Once more she went up, and climbed a thousand feet. Ching Lung, Rupert Thurston, and the millionaire were on the observer's platform above the gangway. The Lord of the Deep, her portholes gleaming with light, was steaming out to sea to be ready to give aid if any accident occurred. Then the twin propellers revolved, and the rush of air that followed made them button up their coats.

The yacht did not use her searchlights. That test had already been made, and it had proved that on a night like this the helicopter was to all intents and purposes invisible. With gathering speed she rushed on, a winged phantom of the darkness, swift, almost silent, a flying ghost of the gloom.

"B-r-r-r! This may suit Gan Waga, but it won't do for me," said Ching Lung, as the icy blast chilled him to the bone. "Having no desire to become a frozen corpse, I'm going down to find a warmer climate. Quick, Rupert, before Hal freezes us stiff!"

Hal Honour had again increased the speed, and the lights of the Lord of the Deep were far astern. The prince and Thurston scrambled down to the shelter of the gangway, blowing their numbed fingers. Gan Waga was sitting on a camp-stool, smoking one of Ching Lung's cigars.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed. "Yo' never see nothing so funnyness, Chingy. I gotted a butterfuls peep-show, and free. That my show-peeps, Chingy."

He pointed into one of the doorless side-cabins that was dimly lighted. Ching Lung saw five human faces in a line. They were very solemn faces, as well they might be, for they were apparently without bodies or limbs, and such a state of affairs is enough to make any face look sad and solemn. Ching Lung recognised them all as members of the Lord of the Deep, now promoted to the helicopter.

"Ho, ho, boo! I trained them, and they all the tameness and quiets," chuckled the Eskimo. "They do any old things I tells them. Smiles, yo' villains—smiles!" At the word of command the five mournful faces expanded into grins. "That betterness," said Gan Waga. "I give yo' all a cigars when I get the chance to pinch some more. I

(Continued on page 18.)



Do you want a Better Job?

TELL us which of the subjects mentioned below interests you. We will then immediately post you a very interesting FREE BOOK

pointing out your chances of success, and explaining how we can give you just that knowledge to qualify you for a better job. We also help to place you in a good position with high wages. We teach by post in your spare time, and in your own home.

We strongly recommend each of these Postal Courses, not only to the OLDER MEN, but also to APPRENTICES and to the PARENTS of lads leaving School.

- | | | | | | |
|---------------------------|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------|
| Aeroplane Eng'ing. | Power House Design | Marine Eng'ing. | Aero Engines. | and Operation. | Naval Architecture. |
| Electrical Eng'ing. | Mechanical Eng'ing. | Ship Design. | Wireless Telegraphy. | Draughtsmanship. | Civil Engineering. |
| Electrical Installations. | Machine Tools. | Building Constr'n. | Electrical Control Gear. | Mathematics. | Surveys & Levelling. |
| Alternating Current. | Motor Eng'ing. | Reinforc'd Concrete. | Electric Lighting. | Electric Motor-car. | Structural Eng'ing. |
| Electric Welding. | Ignition Start- ing and Lighting Systems. | Heating and Ventilating. | Telephony. | Internal Combustion Engines. | Plumbing and Sanitary. |



EXAMINATIONS.—We specialise in the following Exams.: A.M.I. Mech. E.; A.M.I.E.E.; A.M. Inst. C.E.; A.M.I.A.E.; Board of Trade Marine 2nd Class, 1st Class, Extra 1st Class; City and Guilds Exams. in Telegraphy, Telephony, etc. Write for this book to-day. It may mean the turning point of your career. Don't forget to mention the subject which interests you.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GT. BRITAIN, Ltd.,
41, Thanet House, 231-232, Strand, London.

Australasian Offices: 8, Barrack Street, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

AUTOMATIC REPEATER PEA PISTOL

Fires 17 shots with one loading. Complete with liberal supply of ammunition!



1/9 Post Free.

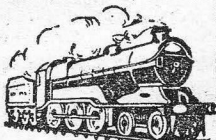
POCKET CINEMA. New Model, fitted with powerful lenses, and 100 sections of films of famous players, scenes, &c., etc. Satisfaction or cash returned in full. Price 1/3 Post Free. Send stamp for New Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties.

GRACE & CO.,

81, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

A Model STEAM ENGINE

Complete, ready for work, 15/-, 21/-, & 32/-. Rails, 6d. per length Post extra 1/-. **ELECTRIC LIGHT!** Battery, Switch, Wire, Lamp, Holder, Reflector, Instructions, etc., 4/6; postage 6d. Larger size, 8/6; postage 9d. **SHOCKING COIL!** Set of Parts for making, 1/9. Battery Parts, 1/6; postage 3d. each. Electro Magnet, 9d.; postage 3d. (Lifts 1 lb.) Box Electrical Experiments, 5/-; postage 6d. Special Cheap Telephone Set, complete, 1/6; postage 4d. (Catalogue 4d.) 4-Volt Dynamo, 12/6. SEND NOW!



The HARBORNE SMALL POWER CO.
T. (28) 38, Queen's Road, Aston, Birmingham



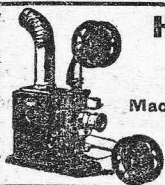
HALF-PRICE SALE!

To clear stock quickly we offer overhauled and renovated Government Bicycles at HALF usual prices.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.
B.S.A., ROYAL-ENFIELD, KYOGI, NEW-HUDSON and other celebrated makes—all in excellent riding condition. Many equal to new. No reasonable offer refused. Tyres and Accessories at big reductions from shop prices. Write for Free Lists and Special Offers.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorpd.
Dept. B667 BIRMINGHAM.

HOME CINEMATOGRAPH AND FILMS.



SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED LISTS.
Machines from 8/6. Films from 1/6 per 100 feet.
Accessories. Enquiries invited.

FORD'S, Dept. A.P.,
13, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1.

FUN FOR ALL!—Ventriiloquist's Voice Instrument. Invisible, Astonishes, Mystifies. Imitate Birds, Beasts, etc. 1/- P.O. (Ventriiloquism Treatise included).—Ideal Co., Clevedon, Som.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS,
BE SURE TO MENTION THIS PAPER.

"A Money-Saver— A Money-Maker"

AND A REAL GOOD GUIDE TOWARDS ECONOMY"

So writes a buyer in Bath, of "The Amateur Mechanic"—adding "I am very well pleased with these books—I can see at a glance that they are what every home needs to-day."

"THE AMATEUR MECHANIC"

PRESENTS PRACTICAL TEACHING IN CRAFTSMANSHIP in simple, non-technical language, with plain "HOW-TO-DO-IT" Pictures and Diagrams.

SUBJECTS TAUGHT:

- To make boots and shoes
- Window mending
- Rubber soles on shoes
- Making household furniture
- Furniture repairing
- Painting and decorating
- Fretwork in wood
- Watch repairing
- Clock cleaning
- Boat building
- Plaster casting
- Soft and hard soldering
- Making incandescent mantles
- Making a magnetic electric machine
- Overhauling a motor-car
- Brick-laying
- Repairing & fitting locks and bolts
- Gas fires and geyser fixing
- Carpet and lino laying and repairing
- Hot-water apparatus
- Fitting range boiler
- Veneer blind repairing
- Upholstery
- Gilding metals
- Repairing keyless watches
- Restoring and repairing china
- Tent making and setting up
- Hot-water proof cements

- Stuffing birds
- Dressing skins
- Soap-making at home
- Nickel-plating
- Stencil cutting
- Making a garden path
- Gilding and restoring picture-frames
- Curtain fitting
- Wood and metal lathework
- Making and using micrometers
- Leaded glass work
- Draught-proof windows and doors
- Distemping ceilings and walls
- Warming 2 rooms from 1 grate
- A self-closing door
- Silvering and beveling glass
- Roller blinds
- Repairing defective floorboards
- Frosting glass
- Repairing French clocks
- Adjusting brass work
- Picture framing
- Repairing sewing-machines
- Making magic-lanterns
- Door hinges
- Sign-writing
- To build poultry-houses, garages, sheds
- Wireless telegraphy
- Cure a smoky chimney, etc.

"FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS."

One buyer writes: "Everything comes out true and perfect."
Another buyer says: "A child could understand it."

Also Working Directions on:

- Wireless telegraphy—Electrical jobbing—Accumulators for electric light—Testing accumulators—Amalgamating zinc—An aquarium with aerating apparatus—Adjusting ball valves—Making a glycerine barometer and various other barometers—A constant bicromate battery—Leclanché battery—Beaumontage—To make a Heriot model flyer—Blow-pipe manipulation—The cramping action of bolts—Boring lathes—Drilling with a brace—A brass-finisher's lathe—Buhl work—A bull-nosed plane—Centring bars with callipers—To make a Canadian canoe—Glass capillary tubes—A capstan lathe—Cartesian diver—Case-hardening—Ornamental cement work—Chamfering, hardening, and tempering chisels—Cistern barometers—A coaste' hub—Colouring copper—An electric reading-lamp—Electro-magnetic waves—Overhauling a motor-car engine—A Fitzroy barometer—Model flyers of many kinds—Concrete floors—Choked flues—Fumigating furniture—Galvanising—Inlaying of many kinds—Colouring metals—Hektograph—Testing iron for dampness—Using the micrometer—Gramophone needles—Glazing paint—To take paper casts from plaster models—Electric pole-finders—Making a printing press—Gramophone records—Scagliola artificial marble making—Scene painting—Lacquering tin—To make a vase from a tumbler, etc., etc.; also—

Articles for Motormen, Engineers, and Electricians.

MR. DRANE, Hawley Road, N.W., writes:
"For the first time in my life I now understand the mysteries of Boot-making and Electric Appliances. Impossible to adequately praise these books."
MR. A. J. TATON, Kersley, near Coventry, writes:
"I feel convinced I could make or repair any of the articles dealt with if I depended only on the beautiful illustrations."

Over 85,000 Citizens are now using
"The Amateur Mechanic."

Send for Free Descriptive Booklet showing Specimen Pages from the work.

BUY THIS BOOK FOR YOUR BOYS.

MR. P. SMITH, Dalston, writes: "A father, wishing to give his son a present, cannot do better than buy 'The Amateur Mechanic' for him—something to read, something to learn, something to gain!"

POST THIS FORM AT ONCE.

To The WAVERLEY BOOK CO. LTD.
(U.J.I. Dept.),
96, FARRINGTON STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.

Please send me, without charge, your Free Illustrated Booklet of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC," also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments.

Name
(Send this Form or a Postcard.)

Address
U.J.I. 1921.

THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!
(Continued from page 16.)

likes yo' betterer that style, but not much. Fade away!"

At the second word of command the five faces vanished as the men pulled down the masks of their caps, and nothing was visible except ten glittering eyes.

"A very charming show indeed, Wagtail, but just a little bit creepy!" said the prince, turning away. "And don't touch my cigars, or I'll scalp you!"

Ching Lung joined the pilot. The helicopter was still at full-speed. The engineer pointed to the speed indicator, and then pulled a lever. From astern came a loud report, as if something had exploded, but there was nothing to fear, for Honour did not turn his head. As if a powerful brake had been applied, the machine slowed with a jerk, became motionless in mid-air, five thousand feet above the sea, and began to descend on even keel.

"Hal, old man, if I didn't want to make you conceited, I'd tell you you were a bit of a genius," said Ching Lung. "If the speedometer tells the truth, she was hopping along at one hundred and eighty miles an hour a second or two ago. How did you manage to pull her up without smashing her to rags?"

"Parachute-brake," said the engineer. He spread out his hands to imitate a parachute opening astern in a horizontal line with the floats of the helicopter, and then lighted his pipe.

"Are you satisfied with the trial, then, old say-nothing?" asked Ching Lung.

"Not bad," grinned Hal Honour.

Within five minutes the helicopter was floating on the surface of the sea, and Honour and his ghostly crew were looking her over. All was well. She rose once more and winged back, barely skimming the surface of the water, and dropped down, showing her lights, close to the Lord of the Deep.

"If you've got a chap aboard that craft named Gan Waga," bawled a voice through a megaphone, "send him along! There's nine of us here waiting to kill him!"

"And if there is anybody aboard that craft named O'Rooney or Prout or Maddocks, send them along!" shouted the Eskimo. "We've gotted a chap called Misters Gan Waga waiting to kills them, and eats them, too. How did yo' like that hams, hunk?"

The helicopter winged her way upwards again. From the heart of the cavern the submarine's searchlight streamed upwards as a guide. Honour steered her faultlessly, and cheers welcomed her as she dropped easily to the pool below. And when no one was looking the engineer shrugged his shoulders and turned up his nose.

"A drawing-room!" he grunted, with contempt, for, although Hal Honour was peerless as an engineer, he did not understand everything.

When Honour boarded the submarine and went to bed, a little army of upholsterers, decorators, carpet-layers, and furniture experts invaded his helicopter.

As the submarine was a more cheerful place than the house, for there was more company there, Ching Lung and Thurston had continued to camp on deck. For the second time they were wakened early, not by a cold deluge of water on this occasion, but by the gruff voice of Thomas Prout asking them to show a leg.

"What are you doing here, you old villain, and what are you making this cantankerous row about?" asked Ching Lung. "I thought you were on the yacht."

"So I was, sir, by honey, till I was ordered off her!" said the steersman. "It's get off or get under for you, gentlemen. My instructions are to take this old barge out for a walk and give her an airing. It's about time, too, for her machinery must be suffering from rheumatics."

"Get on with it, then, and don't waste such a lot of breath!" said Rupert Thurston, picking up his blankets and pillow.

The submarine headed for the opening and ran out of the cavern. When she rose to the surface the crew rigged up portable ventilators, for the sea proved to be too choppy to open the portholes without half-

flooding her. Presently, as she raced past her namesake, the yacht, half-awash, a keen salty breeze poured down the ventilators that quickly dissipated the stale smell due to her anchorage in the sunless cavern.

"Souise me, she runs as easy as a fifty-guinea watch, Tom!" remarked the bo'sun, who was with Prout in the conning-tower.

"On top she does, that's a fact," agreed Prout. "We've got to put her through her paces, and when we've got the scent out of her we'll give her a dip along the Monitor Rocks and then another dusting on top, and dip again back home by Crescetto Sand. When we're under the Monitors, you search her for leaks."

The submarine behaved admirably. Like everything constructed under Hal Honour's watchful eye, she was as perfect as human brains and skill could make her. She had only a light crew and two passengers. The crew said nothing, but when nine o'clock came the two angry passengers came into the wheel-house.

"Where's our breakfast?" demanded Rupert Thurston. "You ugly man-starver, where's our breakfast?"

"Breakfast, by honey!" said Prout. "Ain't we victualled, then? Ain't there any grub aboard?"

"Not enough to feed a gnat, you idiot!" said Ching Lung. "You're a nice beauty to put in command of a boat! Not a solitary crust of bread!"

"That's as bad for me as for you, sir, for I'm getting a pretty bad twist on me, by honey!" said the steersman. "I'll shove her head round and put back."

The submarine was lying on the bottom, a little east of the Monitor Rocks, in thirty-five fathoms of water. It was clearly Prout's duty to put back, and a pleasant one, too, but he made a song about it.

"By honey!" he said. "I'd like to finish this trial out, even if I was half skin and bone, but while willing and ready to risk myself, I can't risk the life of another fellow creature. Accidents will happen, and we might be down here for days before we put the damage right or got rescued. An unvictualled submarine is a death-trap! Against my own wishes, then, but for the sake of you, gentlemen, and the crew, I'll trot her back!"

"Listen to the hypocrite, Ru!" said Ching Lung. "You can't get us to swallow that tosh! You're just as keen after your eggs and bacon and coffee as anyone on board!"

Prout merely winked. Barry O'Rooney had been left in charge of the yacht, and, thinking to take a rise out of the man from Ballybunion about the bad watch he kept, Prout submerged, and used the periscope as he neared the place where she had been moored. Suddenly he sighted something, but it was not the yacht. The steersman stopped the engines and telephoned to the saloon to Rupert Thurston and Ching Lung to come to the room below the conning-tower.

"There is something funny here," said Prout, switching off the electric-light and plunging the room in darkness. "I was trying to stalk Barry, but he's cleared out. There's a big white motor-launch cruising about, and, by honey, she looks a bit suspicious to me, so I thought I'd try the magnifier."

He pulled a lanyard, and a picture of the tossing sea appeared on a white sheet. Almost in the centre of the sheet was the launch Prout had spoken about. The steersman pulled a second lanyard. In an instant the motor-launch showed again in the natural colours, wonderfully clear and so highly enlarged that it practically covered the sheet. They could see the faint wash of her engine, running so slowly that it scarcely steadied her nose against the tide. On her deck a figure in a blue serge jacket and flannel trousers was lying prone, with a pair of binoculars raised to his eyes. He was looking shorewards—towards the cavern and the house on the cliff.

"Another Peeping-Tom—not of Coventry, this time, but from the land where the Huns come from," said Ching Lung. "Still trying to spy out what game the Chief is up to. Tom, you may be a hypocrite and talk tough sometimes, but you're not quite fit for a lunatic asylum yet. That chap is one of the professor's spies for dollars."

(There will be another long, thrilling instalment of our grand adventure serial next week.)

A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR.

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

Included in the splendid programme of stories in preparation for next week will be another long, complete story, dealing with the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, entitled:

"BURNED OUT!"
By Frank Richards.

In possession of the cottage which Vernon-Smith & Co. had hired over the heads of Harry Wharton & Co., the "giddy goats" of Greyfriars make themselves comfortable, and unanimously agree that the Scouts had been done with a vengeance, until Harry Wharton thinks it high time they stopped their game. This story is one which, I am sure, will appeal to every one of my chums, and I advise you to order your copy for next week well in advance.

To follow this will be another grand long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood School, entitled:

"DEFYING THE SCHOOL!"
By Owen Conquest,

which deals with the Head's amazing nephew from the far-off land of Texas. You must not miss this grand yarn.

There will also be a further instalment of "THE INVISIBLE RAIDER," and our magnificent four-page supplement, "Billy Hunter's Weekly," which will be a Special "Study" Number, and will contain some very fine contributions from the three famous schools. Last, but not least, I am again offering a GRAND FOOTBALL and Ten Money Prizes in connection with "Poplets" Competition No. 44.

Here is another chance for you to win a splendid match football or one of our Ten Money Prizes in

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 43.

- Examples for this week:
- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Asking Too Much. | Not Wanted. |
| Down the Wing. | Adventure. |
| Two Different Tales. | A Last Chance. |
| The Invisible Raider | Remove on Warpath. |
| Sticking Up For. | A Friendship Founded. |
| Great Expectations. | Avoid Crowds When. |

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.

- All "Poplets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poplets" can be sent in by one reader each week.
- The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 44, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.
- No correspondence may be entered into in connection with "Poplets."
- 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.
- 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 December 1st.

(Result of "Poplets" Competition No. 35 will be found on page 16.)

Your Editor.

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

FRETWORK

A Boy's Ideal Hobby.

Here is something really useful as well as interesting to keep you amused these long evenings. Fretwork is inexpensive, fascinating, and enjoyable.

176-page Catalogue of over 500 Designs, 1/- Post Free

When you have bought a Hobbies Outfit and a few pieces of wood you can begin right away and make Toys, Puzzles, Cigarette Boxes, Pipe Racks, and lots of other things useful and ornamental.

MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

When you can cut out nicely you can sell the articles at a local toyshop and so make your hobby pay for itself. But in order to get the best, remember to ask for Hobbies. They are British-made—and best.

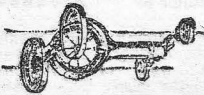
Outfits, 4/- to 65/-
Machines, 52/6 to £20

Every tool in a Hobbies Outfit is made at their own works, and under careful supervision.

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED LISTS—

HOBBIES (Dept. 34), **DEREHAM**
LONDON, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW,
BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS.

"THE PLURASCOPE" 2/6 POST FREE



High-Powered Glasses Containing Eight Instruments, Comprising: OPERA and FIELD GLASSES, EYE-MIRROR and LARYNGOSCOPE, TELESCOPE, STEREOSCOPE, MICROSCOPE, and COMPASS. Invaluable for examining flowers, corn, microbes, etc., etc.

BENNETT'S FAMOUS XMAS PARCEL, 6/- Post Free. We are again offering our Wonderful Xmas Parcel, containing better value than ever. Each Parcel contains 10 first-class articles.

POWERFUL MICROSCOPE. POCKET KNIFE. POCKET CINEMA, with 40 Films. BAGPIPES. FOUNTAIN PEN. CONJURING CABINET. 2 TABLE GAMES (Blow Football, Table Tennis, etc.). COMPLETE PRINTING OUTFIT.

This BIG Parcel only 6/-, Post Free!

Other XMAS PARCELS for Boys or Girls, 7/6, 10/-, 15/-, and 25/-, post free. Send early to avoid disappointment. Illustrated Catalogues of Steam, Electrical, and Mechanical Models, Toys, etc., 2d., post free. Satisfaction or cash refunded.

BENNETT BROS., 5, THEOBALDS ROAD, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES

Nervousness deprives you of employment, pleasures, and many advantages in life. If you wish to prosper and enjoy life, strengthen your nerves, and regain confidence in yourself by using the **Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment**. Guaranteed Cure in 12 days. Used by Vice-Admiral to Seaman, Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s. Merely send three penny stamps for particulars.—**GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.**

GREAT MUSICAL DISCOVERY



Range 8/ Octaves.

A BRITISH INVENTION. A pocket instrument that plays in all keys as perfectly as a Violin, without the laborious study of scales. The only British Made Pocket Instrument on the market. Post Free—with full instructions—1/9. Better Quality 2/9, from:—

R. FIELD (Dept. 33), Hall Avenue, HUDDERSFIELD.

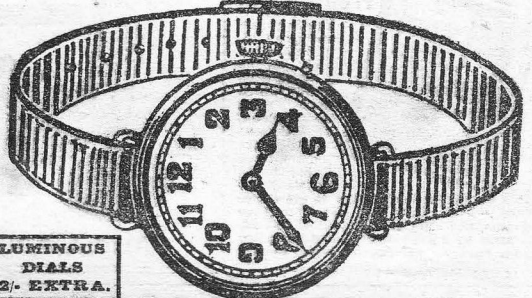
CINEMATOPHONES AND FILMS 1/- Lowest Prices. CINEMAS from 5/- Cowboy, Drama, and Comic Films. Send 2/- for Large Sample Film. Stamp for Bargain Lists.—A. E. Maxwell (Dept. 5), 48a, George St., Hastings.

2/- ONLY NICKEL SILVER WATCHES

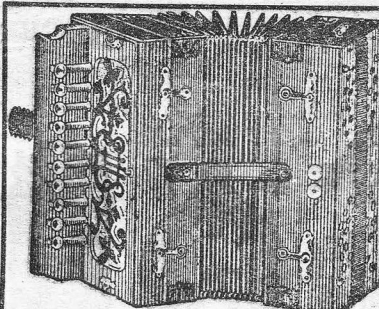


Yours To Wear Whilst Paying For It.

Gent's full-size Keyless Lever Watch, strong Nickel Silver, dust and damp-proof cases, clear dial, genuine Lever Movement, perfect railway time-keeper, price 15/-, or cash with order, 13/6. Ladies' or Gent's wristlet model (a beautiful present), 4/- extra. Any of these splendid watches sent on receipt of the first payment. After receiving the watch you send us a further 2/-, and promise to pay the balance by weekly instalments of 6d. each, or 2/- monthly. Warranty for 10 years sent with each watch. No unpleasant inquiries. Don't risk disappointment, as this is manufacturer's stock, purchased at great reduction (usually sold at 25/-). Send 2/- and 6d. extra for postage and insurance at once to—**THE WOBURN WATCH CO., (Desk P 11), Woburn House, LONDON, W.C.1.**



LUMINOUS DIALS 2/- EXTRA.



MASTERS' FAMOUS 'COLISEUM' ACCORDION ON EASY TERMS

ONLY

8/-

MONTHLY

A MUSICAL BARGAIN

Why not own one of these beautiful high-class Italian model Accordions, and entertain your family and friends with delightful Song and Dance music? These wonderful instruments are easy to buy on our terms, and with the FREE Tutor we send you a little practice you soon master the simple keyboard, and the long winter evenings change into hours of real happiness.

Masters' "Coliseum" is the new model for this season; it is the sweetest of all accordions. Very fine Piano Polished Blonised Case, Nickel Corner Protectors, Two Bass Keys, Double Reeds, Florite Keys, Fine Organ Tone. Price only 50/-, on easy terms, as follows:—Send P.O. 8/- now (we pay postage and deliver free), promise 8/- monthly after delivery, and you have the accordion to learn and play while paying for it. Deposit back if not satisfied. **SEND 8/- NOW AND ASK FOR MASTERS' "COLISEUM" ACCORDION. MASTERS, LTD., 32, HOPE STORES, RYE. (EST. 1869.)**

FULL-SIZED MEN.—These are the men who win success in career your height by the Girvan Scientific Treatment. This treatment has even increased the height of soldiers after years of Army drill. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase. Send a postcard for particulars and our £100 guarantee to **ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.P., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.4.**

AEROPLANE AND CATAPULT ELASTIC.—Best quality only. 1-16th, 1-8th, 3-16th, and 1-4th inch thick. Price 3d., 1ld., 3d., and 6d. per foot. Orders 1/- post free.—**GREENWAT, 5, New Inn Hall St., Oxford.**

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Full particulars **FREE.** **FRANK HUGHES, Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.**

AUTOMATIC PROFESSIONAL CARD TRICKS.—Failure absolutely impossible. Set Complete, 3/9.—**WABERNS (M), OSBORNE ROAD, SOUTH FARNBORO, HANTS.**



Meccano Boys! Build this Wonderful Motor-Chassis with MECCANO

Just imagine the joyful hours you will spend with this wonderful new working model of a Motor-Chassis. In every detail of construction it is just like a real Motor-Chassis. It has a three-speed gear and a differential gear. The steering and brakes work just like those on a motor-car, and even the wheels are sprung. The whole Chassis is automatically driven by the electric motor and accumulators shown in the illustration. Upon receipt of four penny stamps, we shall be pleased to send you a special leaflet fully illustrating and describing this model.

GREAT £250 PRIZE COMPETITION.

CLOSING DATE, APRIL 15th, 1922.

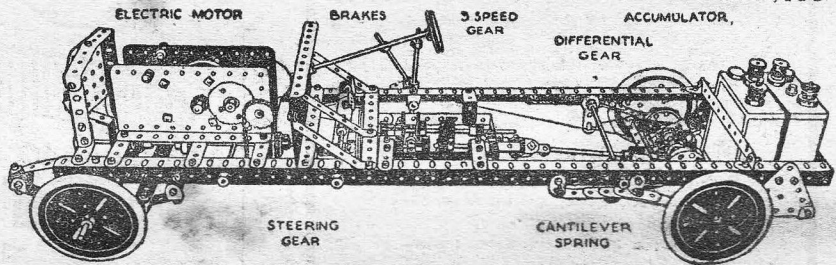
Here is a splendid chance for keen inventive boys. We offer big prizes for the best original models. Full particulars can be had from your Toy Dealer or by writing to Meccano, Limited, Binns Road, Liverpool.

MECCANO PRICES.

No. 0 Outfit	6/-	No. 5 Presentation	100/-
No. 1 Outfit	10/-	Outfit in Oak	100/-
No. 2 Outfit	20/-	Cabinet, 100/-	100/-
No. 3 Outfit	30/-	No. 6 Presentation	180/-
No. 4 Outfit	50/-	Outfit in Oak	180/-
No. 5 Outfit	70/-	Cabinet, 180/-	180/-

Free to Boys!

This is a new and splendidly illustrated book telling of all the good things which come from Meccanoland, where the best boys' toys are manufactured. No boy should be without this wonderful book. How to get a free copy.—Just show this advert. to three chums, and send us their names and addresses with your own. Put No. 37, after your name for reference. Write to-day.



MECCANO, LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

GET FREE BOOK

FREE BOOK OF BARGAINS 7d. to 8d.

Post Free, all kinds of CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY, ACCORDIONS, USEFUL GOODS, NOVELTIES, TOYS, XMAS CARDS, Etc. The CHALLENGE' Gent.'s fine full-size Nickel Lever Watch, 10/-, Chain free. The fine large 'LION' Striking Clock, 19ins. high, 35/-. Pocket Cinema & 100 Real Cinema Film Pictures, 1/-, Postage 2d. Numerous Other Bargains. Delight or Money Back—

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 14X, HASTINGS

10s. 35s.

POCKET PALACE

FREE FUN! Our Funny Novelties, causing roars of laughter. FREE to all sending 1/- for 70 Cute Conjuring Tricks, 12 Jolly Joke Tricks, 6 Catchy Coin Tricks, 5 Cunning Card Tricks, 5 Mystifying Magic Tricks, 250 Riddles, 18 Games, 10 Funny Readings, 6 Funny Recitations, 21 Monologues, 75 Toasts, 52 Wealth Secrets, Easy Ventriloquism Secrets, and 100 Spectacular Attractions. Thousands delighted! Great Fun!—C. HUGHES 15 Wood St. Edgbaston Birmingham.

"CURLY HAIR!"—"It's wonderful," writes B. 10,000 Testimonials. Proof sent Ross' "WAVEBIT" CURLS STRAIGHTEST HAIR 1/3, 2/5. (Stamps accepted.)—ROSS (Dept. P. 1), 175 New North Rd. London, N. 1.

PHOTO POSTCARDS OF YOURSELF, 1/3 doz. 12 by 10 EN LARGEMENTS, 8d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL, CATALOGUE AND SAMPLER FREE—HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL

HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS from £1. With AUTOMATIC Re-Winder, from £3. Accessories, Standard Films, Illustrated Catalogue FREE.—Desk E. DEAN CINEMA CO. 84 Drayton Avenue, London W 13

CUT THIS OUT

"The Popular." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.

Send 13 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4. You will receive by return a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 4/9, 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 12. (Pocket Clip, 4d. extra.) This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the POPULAR readers. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Foreign post extra.

Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN

Everyone suffering pain should try the quickest, surest, and safest way of obtaining immediate ease. This is the VIKWIK way. No matter how the pain is caused, whether by Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Synovitis, Cramp, Sprains, Bruises, or any kind of muscular strain, VIKWIK is the finest pain-killing, curative liniment known. VIKWIK stops irritation in a remarkable manner. Chills and Burns yield to its soothing effects at once. VIKWIK is something different, something better than anything else. It succeeds where everything else has disappointed.

If you suffer from any kind of pain, go to your Chemist and get a bottle to try. Price 1s. 3d. and 3s., from all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, from the VIKWIK CO., Desk 92, 27, Store St., London, W.C. 1.

WORLD'S CHAMPION RUNNER, MR. A. SHRUBB, CURED BY VIKWIK.

ELM TREE HOTEL, OXFORD, November 17th, 1919.

Sir,—Rheumatism in my knee caused me great agony, and after trying several kinds of oils and salves without success I was advised by a friend to use VIKWIK. I did so, with the result that the pain has gone. Now I use VIKWIK at the least sign of overstrain and as a general liniment during training, which I can heartily recommend.—Yours truly,

ALFRED SHRUBB,
World's Champion Runner and Record-Holder.

VIKWIK LINIMENT

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN OF

Rheumatism	Chillsains	Lumbago	Neuritis
Sprains	Gout	Sciatica	Nerve Pain
Bruises	Sore Throat	Rheumatoid	Neuralgia
Cramp	Stiff Neck	Arthritis	

In 1/3 bottles, large size 3/-. From BOOT'S, TAYLOR'S, and all Chemists.