

A Prosperous New Year to All Readers!

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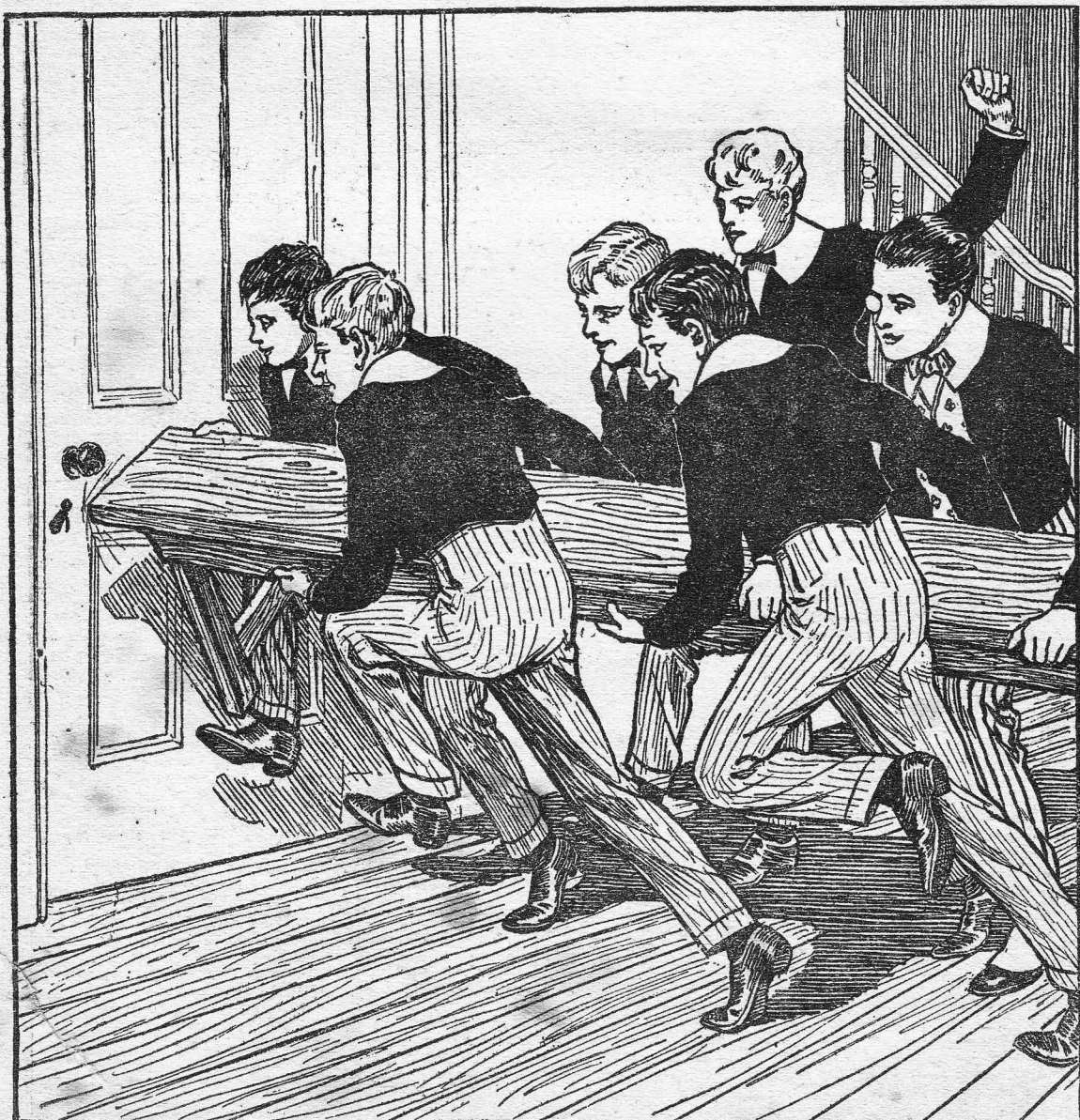
Greyfriars

# The POPULAR

11d  
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Stories, Jokes & Pictures  
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood St. Jims



**WHAT IS GOING ON BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR ?**

(A dramatic 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.

# A JOB for JIMMY SILVER!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Off To School!**

**T**A-RA-RA-A-A-A!  
Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood, stood on the platform at Latham Junction, blowing on his bugle.

The platform was crowded. It was the opening day of the new term at Rookwood, and fellows gathered at the junction from far and near, to take the local train for Coombe, near the old school.

Rookwood fellows of all ages and sizes swarmed up and down and round about, with a buzz of voices, and a stream of inquiries after baggage.

Porters were few and far between, and fellows who could not look after their belongings themselves, ran some risk of never having to look after them again.

Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, stood with a group of seniors, in lofty disregard of the din about him, while he waited for the local train.

The great Bulkeley wasn't bothering about baggage. He was calmly discussing the football prospects of Rookwood First Eleven with Neville and Jones major and other great men of the Sixth.

Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-a-a-a!  
Bulkeley looked round at last. "Lovell!" he shouted. "Hallo, Bulkeley!"

"Stop that row! There's row enough!"

"Tain't a row!"

"Well, stop it!"

"It's a signal," explained Lovell.

"Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome are here somewhere, and they haven't turned up yet. They know my bugle."

"You young ass!"

Ta-ra-ra-ra!  
Bulkeley frowned, and Knowles of the Sixth made a stride towards Lovell, and took him by one ear. Lovell left off blowing then, and roared:

"Yow!"  
"Hallo!" Raby and Newcome came rushing up recklessly "biffing" Adolphus Smythe & Co. out of the way. "Here you are, Lovell!"

"Yow-ow!" Lovell jerked his ear away from Knowles. "Yah! You Modern rotter! Hallo, you chaps!"

"Stop that row!" growled Knowles. "Br-r-r-r!"

Knowles strode away to look after his bags, with a scowl at Lovell. Lovell rubbed his ear wrathfully.

"Well, here we are again!" said Raby cheerfully. "Where's Jimmy Silver? Hasn't he turned up?"

"Blest if I know!"  
Lovell cast a doubtful glance towards Bulkeley of the Sixth. Upon the whole, he decided not to blow his bugle again.

"Let's look for him," he suggested. "Perhaps he hasn't come."

"Oh, he's come! I was at his place until yesterday, and he told me he would turn up for this train. He's bringing his cousin with him—a new kid for the Third Form."

"Oh, rats!" said Newcome. "Jimmy's not going to load us up with fags on the first day of term."

"What's the kid like?" asked Raby. "A little beast!"

"Oh!"  
"Smoky little scoundrel!" said Lovell. "Chummed up with Lattrey when Jimmy was idiot enough to have that cad at his place."

"Talk of angels!" grinned Raby. Lattrey of the Fourth came by. He was not looking happy.

Last term, Lattrey had been sent to Coventry by the Fourth Form; his sins were many and manifold. He was wondering whether that unpleasant sentence was to be resumed with the new term.

Lattrey had sounded several fellows about the situation, but there had been a plentiful lack of appreciation on their part.

Rawson had turned his back on him. Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn, the Colonials, had been decidedly stand-offish,

though they had spoken. Flynn had called him a "thafe of the worruld."

It was not encouraging. He came by Lovell & Co. just in time to hear Lovell's remark, and a black scowl came over his face.

"Where is that ass Jimmy?" grunted Lovell. "Let's look for him! Shove those Moderns out of the way!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. were attending to a hamper. The three Classicals charged them from behind, and the three Moderns went sprawling over the hamper with loud yells.

By the time they had sorted themselves out, the Classicals were out of the reach of vengeance.

They tramped up and down, looking for Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Raby. They came quite suddenly on Jimmy. He was standing on a pile of baggage, in a rather insecure position, surveying the crowded platform over a sea of heads, evidently looking for somebody.

"Here we are, Jimmy!" roared Lovell. "Looking for us—what?"

Jimmy Silver glanced down. "Hallo, you chaps! No, I wasn't looking for you."

"Oh, weren't you?"

"Nix. Have you seen my young cousin?"

"Blow your young cousin!"

"What on earth have you lost him for?" exclaimed Raby. "Look there—the train's in! There won't be half enough seats! Come on!"

"But—"

"Come on!" shouted Lovell. "They'll bag all the seats! Do you want to stand up all the way to Coombe?"

"But Algy—"

"Hang Algy!"

"I can't come without Algy!"

"Yes, you can, and you're going to! Lay hold, you fellows!"

With a chortle, Lovell & Co. seized Jimmy Silver and propelled him forcibly towards the waiting train.

Jimmy resisted.

"Look here, you chaps—"



"They'll bag all the seats, ass!"  
 "I don't care! I——"  
 "But we do. Kim on!"  
 There was no help for it. Jimmy Silver was rushed to the train by his affectionate chums. They wanted his company on the run to Rookwood, and they did not want Algy's.

And if the troublesome Algy was keeping out of sight deliberately, Jimmy might lose the train looking for him; and his chums did not mean to allow that, by any means.

"Hallo! This way, you chaps!" called out the cheery voice of Kit Erroll of the Fourth.

"Jump in!" shouted Mornington.

Erroll and Mornington had a carriage to themselves, so far. They had just hurried forth a Modern fellow who had sought to enter, and that unhappy Modern was disentangling himself from a trolley.

But they willingly made room for the Fistical Four, and Lovell & Co. hurled Jimmy Silver in, and followed him.

"Any room?" called out Conroy, looking in.  
 "By gad! This isn't a sardine-tin!" said Mornington.

"Can't be helped. There's no room anywhere. Jump in, you chaps!"

Conroy and Van Ryn and Pons swarmed in. The carriage was intended to hold six, and there were nine in it now! Jimmy Silver, struggling towards the door, had no chance of getting out, especially as his grinning chums were hanging on to him.

Towny & Co. arrived and looked in. Conroy & Co. crammed the doorway, and smiled down at them.

"No room, dear boys!"  
 "Look here, we've got to get in somewhere!" howled Townsend.

"Try the engine!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or the guard's-van!" chuckled Ryn.  
 "Dogs travel in the guard's-van. Same applies to pups!"

"You cheeky totter!"  
 Lattrey leaned out of the next carriage.

"This way, Towny!"  
 "Oh!" said Townsend.

He did not want the company of the outcast of the Fourth, but it was a case of any port in a storm. Lattrey had coolly held the door shut from within, though he was alone in the carriage, and passengers had given him almost demoniac looks and hurried on.

There was plenty of room for the nuts. Towny and Topham, Peele and Gower scrambled in, and Selwyn of the Shell followed them before the open door could be closed.

Then Lattrey closed it and held it. Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver's voice was loud and eloquent in the next carriage.

"Lemme go, you silly chumps! I've got to find my cousin! He may be left behind! Lovell, I'll punch your head!"

"I don't see how you'll do it while we're holding your paws!" smiled Lovell. "Keep on smiling, you know—your own merry maxim."

"I tell you——"  
 "Rats!"

"Your cousin, Jimmy?" exclaimed Erroll. "I can see him on the platform. Shall I hail him?"

"Do, old chap!"

"No room for fags in here, by gad!" said Mornington.

"Oh, we can make room for one!"  
 Erroll put his head from the window.

"This way, Algy! Your cousin is here!"

Algy Silver started and looked at him. The new fag for Rookwood had a sullen

expression on his face. It was not in a happy or contented mood that he was going to his new school.

"My cousin Jimmy in there?" he asked.

"Yes."  
 "Then I'm not comin' in!"

"Why—what—— Jimmy wants you!"  
 "Let Jimmy want!"

And Algy sniffed and moved on. Apparently he was not yearning for the society of his cousin Jimmy, who was to have the thankless task of looking after him at Rookwood School.

"Hallo, Algy!"  
 It was Lattrey.

"Hallo! Room in there?" asked Algy, with a friendly grin.

"Oh, yes; we'll make room!"  
 "Can't be done!" exclaimed Townsend warmly.

"No blessed fags wanted in this carriage! Cut off, young'un!"

"Keep that door shut, Lattrey!" shouted Topham.

But Lattrey opened the door, and Algy Silver scrambled in. The door was shut again immediately, to stop a rush.

Lattrey's companions eyed him angrily. The carriage was already full.

"You silly ass!" began Selwyn.  
 "Look here, Lattrey——"

"Oh, go easy!" said Lattrey. "I let you in, didn't I? I was keepin' the carriage for you, Towny."

Towny sniffed.  
 "And Algy is one of the sports," said Lattrey.

"We can get a game going down to Coombe, and Algy's keen on it."

"Catch me playin' with fags!" sniffed Topham.

"Oh, let him alone!" said Lattrey, laughing. "I tell you Algy Silver is one of the sports!"

"Silver?" exclaimed Peele.  
 "Jimmy's Silver's cousin."

"Oh, and he's one of the sports, is he?" exclaimed Peele; and all the nuts looked at Algy very curiously.

"Quite a blade!" grinned Lattrey.  
 "Hallo, we're off!"

The crowded train was moving out of Latcham at last. Jimmy Silver was released by his chums in great wrath.

"If my cousin's lost the train, I'll punch your head all round!" gasped Jimmy.

"All serene," said Erroll. "He hasn't lost it. He's got in the next carriage."

"Oh, good!" said Jimmy, relieved.

Erroll did not add that it was Lattrey, the blackguard of Rookwood, who had taken Algy into the next carriage. That information certainly would not have made the journey a cheerful one for Jimmy Silver.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Lattrey's Little Game!

ALGY SILVER was standing as the train glided out of the station.

"Make room for a chap," he remarked.

"Go an' eat coke!" said Townsend politely.

"Oh, make room!" said Lattrey.  
 "Here you are, kid!"

Lattrey made as much room as he could, and Algy squeezed in between him and Peele. Peele scowled, and put out an elbow, but Algy shoved, and the elbow had to give way.

And Peele, for reasons best known to himself, let Algy have his way.

The fact was that the fag, though younger and smaller than the Fourth-Formers, looked a good deal tougher, and more likely to give a good account of himself in a fistical encounter.

It was pretty evident that he was not

the kind of fag who could be cuffed with impunity.

Lattrey smiled, and took out a cigarette-case. He held it out liberally.

"Help yourselves, you fellows."  
 "Thanks, no," said Townsend drily.

Peele hesitated, but he shook his head, and Gower looked another way. Selwyn, the nut of the Shell, took out his own case.

Lattrey's eyes gleamed. Only Algy helped himself to a smoke, and Lattrey gave him a light.

The nuts were looking frigid.

They were quite well aware that the outcast of Rookwood was seeking to re-establish himself on the old footing with them.

Towny & Co. did not intend to let him do so. They were not particular, as a rule, but they drew the line at Lattrey.

He had helped them to a carriage, certainly; but that called for little thanks, as he had evidently only done it to get into favour again. Lattrey was not an obliging fellow, as a rule.

But Algy was quite friendly with the cad of Rookwood.

He did not know Lattrey as the others did, for one thing. And he had made friends with Lattrey during the vacation.

Lattrey resembled in many respects Algy's lamented friend De Vere, of High Coombe, whose fascinating society his father did not intend to let him enjoy again.

Algy's father, a commander in the Royal Navy, had little time ashore, and he had seen little of his son of late, but what he had seen had not satisfied him.

Acting partly on the advice of Jimmy's father, the commander had decided to send the boy to Jimmy's school, and thus part him effectually from the fellows he had known at High Coombe—who, with Algy, had been severely reprimanded by their headmaster at the close of the previous term.

The headmaster's report had given Commander Silver much food for thought, and he was very glad that his wilful son should be as much as possible in Jimmy's company.

Jimmy had not been overjoyed, by any means, at the prospect of having Algy to look after at Rookwood.

But he could not very well refuse his father's request, and, moreover, he was good-natured to a fault. He meant to do his best.

But Algy was wrathful and indignant. Being taken away from High Coombe he regarded as sheer tyranny. The fact that his headmaster had very nearly decided to send him away, anyhow, made no difference.

And Algy was determined that if Cousin Jimmy tried to look after him, Cousin Jimmy should have his hands full.

And since Jimmy had warned him against having anything to do with Mark Lattrey, the cheerful young gentleman's fixed intention was to chum up with Lattrey as much as their different standing in the school allowed.

He lighted up cheerfully, and his eyes glistened as Lattrey produced a pack of cards from an inside pocket.

"Care for a game?" smiled Lattrey.

"You bet!"  
 "Think your cousin will mind?"

Algy's eyes flashed.  
 "Hang my cousin!" he snapped.

"Do you think I'm goin' to be ordered about by my cousin?"

Peele and Gower began to be interested. They were "up against" Jimmy Silver in every way, and it dawned upon them that by means of the sportive Algy they would be able to pay

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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. :: BY FRANK RICHARDS.

off some old scores which had waited quite a long time.

"Nap or banker?" smiled Lattrey.

"Oh, nap!"

"I don't mind if I take a hand," said Peele, quite thawing.

"Same here," said Gower, after a moment's hesitation.

Lattrey nodded and smiled. Two of the nuts had come round, at all events. He spread out a newspaper for a card-table, and the four began to play.

Townsend and Topham looked on glumly. Algy, to their surprise, was playing with shillings and half-crowns, not pence. The game was worthy of the dignity of the nuts of the Fourth, and they wanted to participate.

But Towny and Topsy were rather more particular than Peele and Gower, and much more unwilling to chum up again with Lattrey.

They waited some time, but the temptation was too strong, and they announced at last that they didn't mind "takin' a hand."

Lattrey smiled agreeably, and welcomed them into the game, and they played, Selwyn of the Shell watching them. Selwyn joined in at last.

All the young rascals were smoking now, and all attention was given to the game. Currency notes as well as half-crowns flicked on the newspaper.

It was more than half an hour's run to Coombe, and there was plenty of time to win and lose money.

The atmosphere of the carriage was soon like that of a tap-room, but the nuts of Rookwood did not mind that.

Algy was winning.

Especially when Lattrey had the dealing the fag secured good hands, and he played recklessly, and so his winnings were very considerable.

The nuts more than suspected Lattrey's skill in manipulating cards; but, naturally, they did not suspect him of cheating for the purpose of losing to an opponent.

That, as a matter of fact, was what Lattrey was doing.

Algy Silver had plenty of money, and Lattrey had his own intentions with regard to it in the future.

But for the present his object was to encourage the fag in reckless rascality, and for that purpose the easiest method was to let him win money.

And win he did. And when Coombe came in sight down the line, Algy of the Third was three pounds richer than when he had entered the train at Latcham.

Quite a little heap of money clinked in his pocket, and Algy was breathlessly excited. He had been a "goer" at High Coombe, but he had never had such luck in his little games there.

"Hallo! There's the station!" snapped Townsend. "I suppose we shall have to chuck it."

Townsend was a pound out of pocket.

"All serene," said Lattrey. "Algy's the winner; but Algy won't mind givin' you your revenge."

"Like a bird," said Algy.

"All of you come into my study after calling-over this evenin'," said Lattrey. "We can have a good game. No prep on openin' night, you know."

Townsend bit his lip. He wanted to wipe out his defeat with the cards, but he did not want to get on visiting terms with Lattrey.

"No, you come to my study," he said. "Rawson will be there; he'll kick up a row."

"We may get rid of that cad this term," growled Townsend. "I hope he'll change into another study."

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"But if he doesn't—"

"Well, we'll come, then."

"Right-ho!"

The train stopped.

Cigarettes were then put away, and the cards disappeared. Lattrey threw open the door and jumped out.

Algy followed him. And at the same moment the door of the next carriage opened, and Jimmy Silver & Co., poured out on the platform, and the first thing that met Jimmy's eyes was his cousin and Lattrey standing together, evidently on the very best of terms.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Pleasant for Jimmy!

JIMMY Silver's brows contracted.

Looking after Algy was not an easy or agreeable task. He knew from the start that Algy did not mean to make it any easier for him than he could help. But this was a little too much.

Jimmy did not need telling how the nuts had been passing the time on their journey. An atmosphere of smoke still hung about them, and Algy's fingers were deeply stained with brown. He looked over-excited and tired. And if Jimmy had had any doubts, Lattrey's mocking glance would have removed them.

Jimmy strode towards the nuts, his eyes gleaming under his knitted brows.

Towny & Co. grinned. They understood what Jimmy's look meant, and they were amused. They sauntered away, leaving Lattrey and his protegee to face the angry captain of the Fourth.

"Algy!" rapped out Jimmy.

"Hallo!" said the fag coolly.

"What have you been travelling with that fellow for?"

"Did you want me to stay behind at Latcham?" queried Algy.

"I wanted you to keep with me."

"Well, I didn't want to."

Jimmy controlled his anger with an effort.

"What have you been doing?" he asked.

"Find out!"

"I don't need to find out," said Jimmy Silver angrily. "I know, you smoky little cad!"

"Well, if you know, there's no need to ask," said Algy calmly.

Lattrey grinned, and Jimmy turned on him fiercely.

"I've warned you to let my cousin alone, Lattrey," he said between his teeth.

"Mustn't I answer if he speaks to me?" smiled Lattrey.

"He doesn't want to speak to you, if you let him alone."

"Oh, yes, I do!" struck in Algy.

"And I'm jolly well goin' to, Jimmy, if I like!"

"Come on, Jimmy!" shouted Lovell, along the platform.

Jimmy breathed hard. He was greatly inclined to take Lattrey by the neck there and then and rub his nose on the platform. Instead of that, he caught his cousin by the arm.

"Come on, Algy!"

"I'm not coming with you. I don't want to."

"Don't you!" said Jimmy grimly. "Well, whether you want to or not, you're coming—see?"

And with a powerful grip that Algy could not resist, and marched the fag away down the platform.

Lattrey smiled as he strolled away.

The state of feeling between the two cousins was quite according to his wishes.

"Hurry up, or the Modern cads will bag the brakes, Jimmy!" exclaimed Lovell.

"I'm coming."

"That your cousin?" asked Raby, glancing at the sullen fag.

"Yes, that's Algy."

"How do you do, Algy?" asked Raby, with great politeness.

Algy scowled.

"Rats!" was his reply.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you scrubby little beast!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Let go my arm, hang you!"

"Oh, come on!" said Lovell. "If that fag belonged to me, Jimmy, I'd kick him from one end of the platform to the other!"

"Well, he doesn't belong to you," said Jimmy tartly.

Lovell laughed.

"Keep your wool on, old son!"

"Oh, let's get on!" growled Jimmy Silver.

His sunny temper was suffering. With the sullen fag's arm still in his grasp, he accompanied his chums from the station. There was a grunt from Lovell.

"No brakes!"

"I say, we've got to walk to the school, you chaos," said Tom Rawson. "Even the high and mighty Sixth have got to walk. The brakes haven't come!"

"Rotten!" growled Townsend.

"Oh, it won't hurt us!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. started walking cheerily enough.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, was at the station fussing over baggage. The juniors were quite willing to leave Mr. Bootles to fuss over it.

It was a cold, clear day, and the walk was agreeable enough. The Fistical Four were in great spirits, only Jimmy being a little worried by his unwilling companion.

He dropped behind his chums a little to speak to Algy. The latter was released from the detaining grip on his arm, and looked more than half inclined to bolt.

"Look here, Algy, old chap," said Jimmy mildly. "stick to me, you know. You're a new kid at Rookwood, and I'm going to see you through."

"I'm not green," said Algy disdainfully. "I've been to school before, haven't I? I don't suppose Rookwood is much of a show after my old school."

"Algy, kid," said Jimmy, as quietly as before, "you mayn't be as green as most new kids, but you don't know Rookwood yet. I'm going to take you to the master of your form—"

"I can find him for myself."

"You'll have to see the Head."

"I'm not afraid of the Head! Blessed old dodderer like my head-master at High Coombe, I expect."

Jimmy breathed hard.

"Besides, I've got a friend to see me through, if I want one," said Algy Silver. "You needn't trouble, Jimmy!"

"Do you mean Lattrey?"

"Yes, I do!" said Algy defiantly.

"You young rascal!" exclaimed Jimmy, losing patience at last. "Look here, it's no good persuading you—"

"Not a bit!" assented Algy.

"Then I'll talk straight. You're to leave Lattrey alone!"

"Rats!"

"You won't?"

"No, I won't!"

"You're not to play cards or smoke with him or anybody else!" went on Jimmy, breathing hard.



"Bow-wow!"  
 "And if I catch you doing it I'll lick you till you can't howl!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Algy measured him with his eye. "Two can play at that game," he remarked. "I'll give you a bit of a tussle if you try it on, Jimmy!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver. He felt quite overcome, and he did not say another word before Rookwood was reached. In the crowd at the gates Algy dodged away and disappeared. Evidently he did not want his cousin's kind offices on his first day at Rookwood.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER,  
 First Day at Rookwood!**

**F**IRST day of term at Rookwood was generally somewhat exciting and vociferous.

There was plenty to do. What with looking after baggage from the station, going through bags, claiming studies, greeting old friends—and enemies—and chivvying new "kids," Jimmy found himself busy enough, but he did not forget his cousin. Several times he looked for Algy.

But Algy did not want him, and was determined not to have him. Jimmy found him once, coming away with a batch from an interview with the Head, but Algy dodged him. He spotted him again, leaving the study of Mr. Bohun, the master of the Third, but Algy scudded down the passage and disappeared.

There was none of the shyness of the new boy about the enterprising fag from High Coombe.

He strolled about Rookwood as if he had belonged to the place for whole terms, at least.

Before evening Jimmy heard that the young rascal had been fighting with Wegg of the Third, who considered him too cocky for a new kid. Wegg was a great fighting-man in his way, but he had been ingloriously defeated.

Later on Jimmy came on him in the passage, engaged in deadly combat with Grant. Grant was a very tough and determined Scot, and he left Algy on the floor when the combat ended. Jimmy picked his cousin up.

"Hallo," said Algy, grinning at him as he dabbed his nose; "I got the worst of that! I'll tackle him again, though!"

"Are you going to begin here by fighting everybody in your form?" asked Jimmy.

"Shouldn't wonder. I had fights with half the Third at my old school. I don't think much of your fags here. Soft!"

"You've just been licked, you cheeky young Hun!"

"Pooh! That's nothin'. I'll lick that chap when I'm in 'form. Too many fags in the train; my wind gave out!"

"Why not leave the smokes alone, Algy?"

"Hallo! Is that firstly? I'll cut before you get to seyenthly!"

And Algy cut. Jimmy Silver moved away slowly. He was puzzled and troubled. His father and his uncle both expected that he would take Algy in hand, and see him through his troubles at Rookwood.

How he was going to take Algy in hand was a mystery.

Certainly he could give the cheeky young rascal a tremendous licking; but even that was not likely to be effective. For Algy was certain to make a fight of it; and instead of a licking for his own good, it would figure as a fight between

a big fellow and a small one. Which was not attractive to Jimmy.

The simplest plan would have been to wash his hands of his cousin, and leave him to go his own way, but that Jimmy could not do.

What exactly he could do was not clear. However, Algy was driven out of his mind, as Lovell and Co. ran him down, and carried him off to the big hall, where a celebration was going on. For a time Jimmy forgot his cousin.

Algy was brought back to his mind later. Bulkeley of the Sixth beckoned to Jimmy, as he spotted him in the hall. Jimmy came up cheerily.

"You've got a cousin among the new kids, Silver?" asked Bulkeley. "I understand that young Silver of the Third is a relation of yours?"

"Yes, Bulkeley," said Jimmy, his heart sinking. He could see that Algy was already in the black books of the head prefect.

"Well, you'd better keep an eye on him," said Bulkeley quietly. "You're an old hand here, in a way, and you may be of use to him. It would be only good natured. He's been caught smoking first day of term, and I've caned him. Better look after him a bit, Silver, or he'll get landed into trouble!"

"Yes, Bulkeley," said Jimmy dispiritedly.

He strode away glumly, and ran into Lovell and Co. They seized him at once.

"Now, then, look chippy!" said Lovell, shaking him. "None of your scowling on the first day of term. No prep to-night! I say, Towny and Toppo tried to collar the end study; fancy that!"

"Cheek!" exclaimed Jimmy warmly.

"We slung 'em out!" said Raby, grinning. "We held Towny's head under the bath tap till he begged us to keep the end study this term!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ah, now you're looking better," said Lovell. "I say, it will run to a decent supper in the end study to-night. The Colonial chaps are comin'; I've asked them!"

"Good!" said Jimmy. "Erroll and Mornington, too! Queer how jolly friendly we're getting with Morny. He seems quite decent this term!"

"Oh, he's all right!"

"And I've been thinking," said Lovell, with the air of a fellow who was about to make a tremendous concession, and he knew it, "we'll have your young cousin to supper, Jimmy!"

"We don't mind," said Raby and Newcome together, generously.

Jimmy smiled faintly. His chums were making that concession to please him. And it was a concession, too.

They did not like Algy, which was not surprising. And they did not yearn after the society of Third-Form fags, anyway. But for Jimmy's sake they were nobly prepared to swallow Algy whole, so to speak.

"Thanks," said Jimmy, inwardly wondering whether Algy would come. He did not venture to hint that doubt to his chums.

An invitation to the end study was a tremendous honour for a fag, and it did not even cross Lovell & Co.'s minds that Jimmy's cousin might decline it without thanks.

"We're going to get in the prog now,"



Lattrey, struggling furiously, was flung on the table, sending the cards and cigarettes scattering right and left. Then he was held by the neck and feet, while Jimmy Silver got to work with the cricket stump. "Give him a dozen!" said Lovell. (See Chapter 6.)

NEXT FRIDAY!

**"WHILST GREYFRIARS SLEPT!"**

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

THE POPULAR.—No. 155.

said Raby. "You find young Hopeful, and bring him along, Jimmy. We'll make a fuss of him."

"Good!" said Jimmy.

And he went to look for Algy, in a somewhat dubious frame of mind, while Lovell & Co. prepared the feast.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### The Heavy Hand!

**J**IMMY SILVER looked round the crowded Big Hall first. It was swarming with fellows, Classical and Modern. Nearly all the seniors were there, and most of the juniors.

Several new boys were "mooching" about like lost sheep. But Algy Silver was not in the least like a lost sheep, and he was not there.

Jimmy scouted along the passages, and then tried the Third Form-room. There were some of the Third there, and a row was going on. Jimmy looked in, and had the pleasure of hearing a slanging match among Wegg & Co.

"Seen my cousin?" called out Jimmy.

"Didn't know you had one!" grunted Pipkin of the Third.

"New kid in your Form," said Jimmy good-humouredly.

Wegg gave a snort.

"That cheeky kid I pasted, I suppose!" he exclaimed.

"He pasted you!" said Pipkin.

"My foot slipped!" exclaimed Wegg excitedly. "But for that, I'd have been all over him! I tell you—"

Jimmy left the slanging-match in full blast; there was evidently no information to be gained there.

He looked out into the dusky quadrangle, but it was unlikely that Algy would be out of doors. Then he reflected.

The thought of Lattrey came into his mind. Jimmy felt a throb of anger at his heart as he thought of the cad of the Fourth.

Algy had disappeared from public view, and Jimmy felt that he would find him in Lattrey's study. He wondered that he had not thought of it before.

His brow was grim as he made his way up to the Fourth Form passage.

There was a light under Lattrey's door, the first door in the passage. Jimmy remembered that he had not seen Lattrey or Townsend & Co. when he looked round Big Hall.

He could guess how they were occupied, taking advantage of the relaxation of first day at school. Prefects were very unlikely to be "nosing" into the junior studies that evening.

There was a buzz of low voices in Lattrey's study, which the cad of the Fourth shared with Peele and Gower.

Plainly, Lattrey was no longer the outcast he had been the previous term. He had succeeded in making his peace with the nuts, at least.

Jimmy tapped at the door, and turned the handle. The door did not open. It was locked on the inside. Little risk as there was of a visit from a prefect or a master, Lattrey was not taking chances.

Jimmy Silver knocked again, more loudly.

"Hallo! Who's there?" called out Lattrey.

"It's I! Is my cousin with you?" asked Jimmy quietly.

There was a laugh in the study, but no answer. Jimmy knocked savagely on the panels. His temper was rising.

"Let me in, Lattrey!"

"I don't remember asking you here, Silver!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 155.

"My cousin is there."

"I'm not extendin' the hospitality of my study to the whole of the interestin' family of Silver, dear boy!"

And there was another laugh.

"Are you there, Algy?" called out Jimmy.

"Hallo, cocky!" came Algy's voice.

"What do you want?"

"I want you to come to supper in my study, Algy."

"Thanks! Sorry; can't come!"

"Why can't you come, kid?"

"I'm goin' to have supper with my own friends."

Jimmy Silver breathed hard through his nose. Algy's remark was followed by quite an outburst of chortling among the nuts.

"Will you let me in, Algy?" asked Jimmy, as calmly as he could.

"Can't; I'm busy!"

"What are you up to, then?"

"Playin' nap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver hammered furiously on the door. His temper had been sorely tried, and it was not surprising that it failed him now.

"You shady young scoundrel! Let me in at once!" he shouted.

"Go an' eat coke!"

"I'll break in the lock!"

"It'll take you all your time!" said Algy cheerfully, from the safe side of the door. "Mind your own bizney, old scout! Your deal, Topham!"

"Oh, you young rascal!" muttered Jimmy Silver.

"Cut off, Jimmy; don't bother a fellow when he's playin' nap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver moved away from the door, and the nuts coughed loud and long as they heard his retreating footsteps.

But Jimmy Silver was not gone for good, as they supposed.

He arrived at the end study. Supper was ready there, and the guests were present—Mornington and Erroll and the three Colonial juniors.

"Where the dickens have you been all this time?" asked Lovell. "We're waiting for you. Haven't you found young Hopeful?"

"Will you fellows lend me a hand?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Lattrey and his gang have got my young cousin in their study playing cards."

"Phew!" said Mornington.

"I've a jolly good mind to bring a prefect down on them," said Jimmy.

"But I can't do that; the cads know I can't sneak on them. I'm going to handle them myself, and give them a lesson."

"I'm your man," said Conroy at once; and there was a chorus of assent. Jimmy Silver's pals were quite ready to back him up.

Jimmy routed a cricket-stump out of the cupboard. Mornington was grinning, but the other fellows looked serious enough. The start Algy was making at Rockwood was not quite a laughing matter, from his cousin's point of view, at least.

Jimmy's face, usually so sunny and good-tempered, was pale with anger and exasperation.

If he could not induce the wilful and obstinate fag to turn into the straight and narrow path, at least he could make things warm for rascally fellows who helped him to leave it.

The Classical juniors followed Jimmy from the study, supper being left to wait on the table.

"Bring that form along," said Jimmy.

"Ahem! All right!" said Lovell,

rather doubtfully. "Going to bust in the door?"

"Yes, if they don't open it!"

"Ahem! All serene!"

Lovell and Raby picked up the heavy form from the passage. The party arrived outside Lattrey's study.

The passage was deserted save for themselves. Nearly everybody was present in Big Hall for opening night.

It was not likely that prefects would pay much attention to a little din in the junior quarters that evening, but Jimmy cared little if they did. He had made up his mind what he was going to do.

He rapped sharply at the door.

"Hello, there's your cheery old grandfather again, Algy!" said Lattrey, and there was a chortle in the study.

"Let him rip!" said Algy. "Cut for deal, Topham!"

"Will you open this door, Lattrey?" asked Jimmy Silver very quietly.

"Oh, no!"

"I shall burst it in if you don't!"

"Ha, ha! Go ahead!"

Lattrey did not believe for a moment that the captain of the Fourth would carry out his threat. He was speedily undeceived.

"Smash the lock in!" said Jimmy laconically.

"Any old thing!" grinned Lovell.

The heavy oaken form crashed on the door with a terrific concussion. The door creaked and groaned, and the lock almost snapped. There were startled exclamations within the study.

"You fool!" shouted Lattrey furiously. "Do you want to have half the school up here with that row?"

"I don't care!"

"You cad, you want to sneak! That's what you mean!"

"Are you going to open the door?"

"No!" yelled Lattrey.

Crash!

There was an ominous crack from the lock. It was not likely to resist much longer.

"Dash it all, they'll have it through!" exclaimed Gower. "Better open the door!"

Crash!

The door was swiftly unlocked and thrown open. In a few minutes it would have been bust in. Gower opened it savagely. Lovell and Raby set down the form, and Jimmy Silver and Co. marched into the study.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### Rough Justice!

**L**ATTREY AND CO. were all on their feet now.

They were all looking angry, and Algy Silver was almost crimson with anger. He shook his fist at his cousin as the unwelcome visitors crowded in.

"By gad, what a merry scene!" drawled Mornington.

"Filthy tap-room!" said Lovell, with a snort.

Lattrey's eyes glittered at them.

"You've forced your way into my study," he said thickly. "Now get out. You're not wanted here."

"Yes, get out, you cads!" shouted Algy. "Do you think you're going to bully me, Jimmy Silver? Mind your own business, hang you!"

Jimmy did not heed.

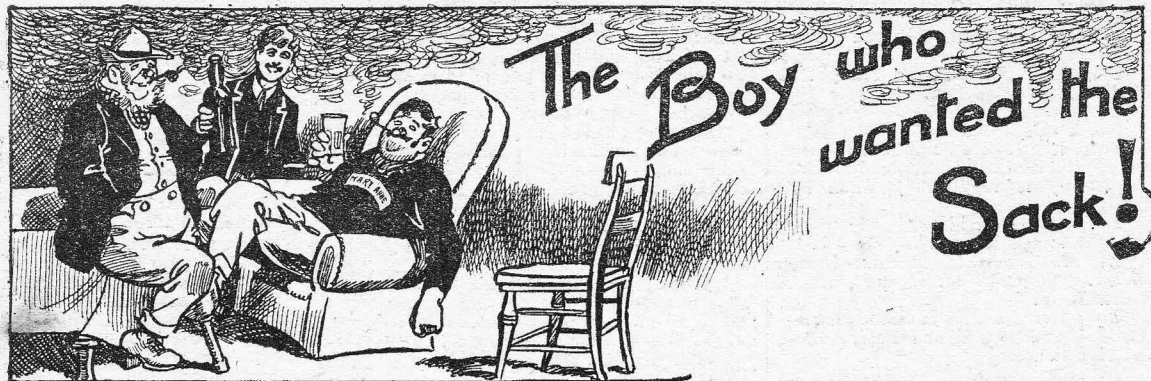
"Lovell, take that young scoundrel out and sling him downstairs, will you?" he asked.

"Pleasure!" said Lovell.

Algy put up his hands as Lovell advanced on him. Lovell laughed, and

(Continued on page 19.)





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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Fitzpatrick Makes Friends!**

**B**OB CHERRY came into Study No. 1 in the Remove passage, and looked about him. Harry Wharton was there, writing out the last few lines of an imposition. Wharton had the study to himself for the moment; Frank Nugent was out, and the new study-mate, Con Fitzpatrick, was not in, evidently. Fitzpatrick seldom was in, as a matter of fact, if he could get out.

It was now several days since there had been a great storm and the rescue of the new boy, and Fitzpatrick was a regular inmate of Study No. 1. The Famous Five liked him as much as at first, but they could not help considering that he was a queer customer. Harry Wharton looked up from his impost as Bob Cherry came in, and their eyes met, and they both smiled.

"So he isn't here?" said Bob Cherry. Harry Wharton did not need to ask whom "he" was.

"No," he said. "Where is he?"

"Out of doors, somewhere." "He's fond of the open air, I fancy," said Bob Cherry. "Do you know that he has been over to old Lazarus, at Courtyard to buy himself a hammock?"

Harry Wharton laughed. "And he's chummed up with every giddy-disreputable old longshoreman in Pegg," said Bob Cherry.

"He said he was a son of the sea," said Harry. "He seems to breathe salt air. But he's a very decent chap, Bob."

"Quite so!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm not finding fault with him. He's built like that; and what I was thinking of was that we might take him in hand a bit, and stop him before he gets into trouble."

"I was thinking so, too, Bob." "He's several sorts of an ass, but otherwise quite bright," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully, "and he's very fit. He could be made a footballer of, Harry. As captain of the Form, you can haul him down to practice. He doesn't want to spend every spare minute in the boats in Pegg Bay."

"I'll try, Bob." "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Talk of angels!" said Bob Cherry.

The youth under discussion entered the study. He grinned and nodded cheerily to the two juniors.

Con Fitzpatrick looked very different now. His health was quite restored; he was ruddy, not to say, red, and his eyes were bright, his step elastic. His thick-

set frame seemed replete with strength and energy.

"Just speaking about you, Fitzpatrick," said Bob Cherry.

"Sure, and ye might spake of a worse subject," said Fitzpatrick cheerfully. "I was looking for you fellows intoirely. Will you come out in my boat?"

"Footer, my son," said Bob Cherry solemnly. "It's a half-holiday to-day, and the weather has kindly consented to be decent for once. We've got to get up form for the match with Redclyffe juniors."

"Sure, and I'm going round the Shoulder—"

"The sea's very rough for a trip out in the bay," said Wharton warningly. "You don't know the currents there; there's a regular whirlpool by the Shoulder."

"Sure, I shall learn, then." "Look here!" said Bob Cherry. "I suppose you play footer, don't you?"

Fitzpatrick nodded. "Well, come down and have some practice, then. We're getting up a scratch match in the Remove, and it's a chance for you."

"But I'm going—" "No, you're not," said Bob Cherry, linking arms with the new boy. "You're not going. You're coming. This way!"

"But I tell you—" "Don't tell me anything; come along! Buck up, Wharton; we'll wait for you. We want you to put the new kid through his paces."

"I'll be along in a jiffy," said Harry. "Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry marched the Irish junior out of the study.

"Look here!" he said. "I've got to meet old Captain Stump and Bill Hankins at Pegg—"

"Your aristocratic friends at Pegg can wait till the footer's over," said Bob. "And as for Bill Hankins, you'd better let him alone. He's been locked up two or three times for being drunk and disorderly."

"Oh, he's a sailorman, you know, and they are always a bit breezy!"

"Bill Hankins is more than a bit breezy; he's stormy—in fact, cycloney," said Bob Cherry. "If the Head knew you knew him, you'd get whacked."

"That's a pity, because I've invited him here to tea."

Bob Cherry jumped. "You've whatted?" he exclaimed.

"Invited him here to tea. I understood that a fellow was allowed to invite friends to tea in his study."

"Oh, my only Uncle Christopher

John! If that chap is seen inside Greyfriars—don't you know he's an uproarious longshoreman, and goes in to paint the town red whenever he has any tin?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh, that's only his little way, intoirely!"

"If he starts painting Greyfriars red—"

"Sure that would be a joke!"

"It would be rather a serious joke for you, my son," said Bob Cherry. "Why, he'll bring a bottle of whisky with him, and get squiffy in the study."

"I've got whisky for him," said Fitzpatrick.

Bob Cherry almost fell down. "You've got whisky for your friends to tea in a Greyfriars study?" he said faintly.

"Sure! You don't think that Bill Hankins and Captain Stump drink tea, do you?"

"Whisky!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Whisky, yes; but I've got some rum, too."

"Oh crumbs! Rum!"

"Certainly! They like rum!"

"I dare say they do," said Bob Cherry feebly. "I think it's very probable. But if the prefects find rum in your study—oh crumbs and scissors!"

"Sure, and it's necessary to be hospitable!" said Fitzpatrick. "I'm a teetotaller myself—"

"I should rather think you are!" gasped Bob.

"But they're not!" said Fitzpatrick.

"Ha, ha! I know they're not. They've both been run in for being not!"

"I want you fellows to come to tea, too," said Fitzpatrick. "Wharton and Nugent belong to the study, so they'll be there, anyway. But the more the merrier!"

"And rum and whisky going free to all comers, I suppose?" asked Bob Cherry sarcastically.

"Sure, if you like—and cigars."

"Cigars!"

"Sure!"

"And—and pipes, I suppose, and shag," yelled Bob Cherry, "and men provided to carry us back to our studies, I suppose?"

Fitzpatrick grinned.

"Look here," said Bob Cherry, "you'd better rescind those invitations, and chuck the whisky and rum and cigars into the river—"

"No fear!" said Fitzpatrick. "It's going to be an illigant feed intoirely!"

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NEXT FRIDAY! "WHILST GREYFRIARS SLEPT!"

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

"But it won't be allowed!" roared Bob.

"Nobody will know—you won't peach."

"I think I ought to go straight to Wingate!" growled Bob.

"You can't sneak!"

"No, I can't; but—"

"Sure, it will be all right, and if they get squiffy it will be all the more fun. Old Stump is very funny when he's squiffy!"

"So you've seen him?"

"Yes; at the Anchor."

"At the Anchor!" murmured Bob Cherry. "So that's one of your places of resort, is it?"

"Yes; I've got a lot of friends there—Hankins, and Stump, and Peter Crewe, and Ned Leggett—"

"All the roughest longshoremen in Pegg!" said Bob Cherry. "Blest if I don't think it would have been better to let you run away to sea. Look here, Fitzpatrick, you're going the right way to get into trouble!"

"Take my tin, and become a footballer instead of going to sea. That can wait."

Fitzpatrick laughed.

"And put off that merry tea-party!" hinted Bob Cherry.

"Can't be done!"

"But look here—"

"Sure, they may be here any minute now!"

"Oh, my hat! There'll be trouble!"

"I don't see why!"

"You'll have all the powers that be down on you, you young ass!"

"Well, the prefects are mostly playing footer now!" said Fitzpatrick, with a glance towards the senior ground, "and the masters won't be hanging about the Remove passage."

"Look here, Fitz—"

"Too late!" said Fitzpatrick. "There they come!"

He pointed towards the gates of Greyfriars.

A wooden-legged man, easily recognised as Captain Stump, a well-known character in Pegg, and a burly whiskered longshoreman named Hankins appeared in the gateway.

Fitzpatrick cut across to meet them, leaving Bob Cherry staring.

"Oh, holy smoke," said Bob Cherry, in dismay, "there's no stopping him! There'll be trouble shortly for that infant!"

"What's the row, Bob?" asked Wharton, joining him.

Bob Cherry pointed to the two longshoremen in the gateway.

"Do you see those specimens?"

"Yes; what are they doing here?"

"Fitz has invited them to tea!"

"My hat!"

"In your study!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"The fathad! Those boozy bounders are jolly well not coming into my study!" exclaimed Wharton wrathfully. "Why we're just going to have tea!"

"Well, they've come to tea."

"The—ass! I shall have to speak to him!"

Wharton went in and changed very quickly, and descended to No. 1 Study. But the guests of the new junior were installed there already.

As Wharton opened his study door, he gasped and choked as he caught a whiff of strong tobacco.

The study was thick with smoke.

Wharton rubbed his eyes and blinked through the haze.

Captain Stump was seated upon the table, swinging his wooden leg, and simply pumping thick smoke out of a THE POPULAR.—No. 155.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"MORNINGTON'S

dirty old pipe. Bill Hankins was in the armchair, with his feet on the part of the table unoccupied by Captain Stump, and he was smoking a pipe also, and outlying Stump in his efforts to render the atmosphere of the room opaque.

Wharton simply stared.

"Oh, my word!" murmured Frank Nugent behind him in the passage. "If Loder should come along now—or any of the prefects—grooh!" He broke off to a cough.

Wharton strode into the study.

"What are you fellows doing here?" he exclaimed warmly.

Captain Stump touched his forelock. "Afternoon to you, young gentleman!" he said. "Always pleased to see an old friend, Master Wharton!"

"What are you doing here?" roared Wharton.

"Smoking!" said Stump.

"No 'arm in that, I 'ope!" said Bill Hankins, with a somewhat ferocious look. Hankins' expression showed that he had already been drinking.

"No harm in turning my study into a blessed tap-room!" shouted Wharton. "Yes, I should think there is harm in it! I—"

"Look 'ere, we was asked 'ere by a young genelman—"

"I don't care if—"

"Sure, and keep your wool on intirely!" said a cheery voice, as Con Fitzpatrick came into the study. "Anything the matter, Wharton darling?"

Wharton glared at him.

"Yes, I should say so. I can't breathe, for one thing!"

"I'm sure my friends won't mind having the window open," said Fitzpatrick.

"Not er tall," said Stump graciously—"not er tall! Anything to oblige. My friend Ankns says the same!"

"Ear, 'ear!" said his friend Hankins. Fitzpatrick jammed down the window to its fullest extent.

"There!" he said. "Now it's all right!"

"It's not all right!" shouted Wharton. "Suppose a prefect should come along and—"

"Well, it's no good meeting trouble halfway."

"Smoking isn't allowed in the studies!"

"We're not smoking. Guests must do as they like."

"Look here, Fitzpatrick, we're going to have tea, and—"

"Have tea with us, then!" said Fitzpatrick hospitably. "I've laid in a lot of tuck, and you needn't touch the whisky if you don't want to."

"Whisky!"

"Or the rum—"

"Rum!" said Wharton dazedly.

"Ear, 'ear!" said Mr. Hankins.

"Now you're talkin', Master Fitzpatrick. I've got a thirst on me I wouldn't take a fi'-pun note for. 'Eave ahead with the grog!"

"I ain't given to drinking myself," said Captain Stump, rubbing his nose, the hue of which seemed to hint that he was, as a matter of fact, given to drinking much more than was good for him. "But I ain't refusing to drink with a friend."

"Same 'ere!" said Bill Hankins heartily.

Wharton opened the door wide.

"Clear!" he said.

"Hey?"

"Clear out, both of you!"

"Stay where you are!" said Fitzpatrick.

"Look here, Fitzpatrick—"

"Look here, Wharton—"

Then there was a pause, as they eyed one another.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER,

### Fitzpatrick's Tea-party!

HARRY WHARTON was non-plussed. He did not want to quarrel with Fitzpatrick; and he did not want a row in the study—partly for Fitz's own sake. A row would have meant a visit from the prefects, and the discovery of Fitzpatrick's guests, and the state of the study, would have meant trouble for the new boy. Fitzpatrick either did not know, or did not care. Certainly he showed no sign of giving way.

"Look here," said Bob Cherry, breaking the angry silence, "this won't do, kid. This sort of thing isn't allowed here."

"Oh, rats!"

"You'd better take your esteemed friends down to the Anchor."

"I've invited them here to tea."

"I don't see that there rum," said Bill Hankins, glancing round him.

"I'll get it in a jiffy!" said Fitzpatrick.

"Do you mean to say that you've got rum in the study?" shrieked Wharton.

"Only one bottle!"

"Only! My word!"

"And one of whisky, that's all."

"Not a hogshead?" asked Frank Nugent sarcastically.

"The smelliness of this esteemed study is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, looking in.

"My hat! Where's all the smoke coming from?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Like a giddy tap-room!" said Dick Rake, laughing.

The three juniors had come to tea, and they stared into the smoky study in amazement.

Fitzpatrick nodded genially to the newcomers.

"There's a good feed going," he said; "I invite you all! But be civil to my friends. Sure, it's up to every decent chap to honour the stranger within the gates, you know."

"That's all very well," said Johnny Bull. "But suppose a prefect—"

"Oh, I'm fed-up with prefects!"

"This isn't allowed—"

"For goodness' sake, come in and have tea, and be cheerful!" urged Fitzpatrick.

"Don't you see that you're being rude to my guests?"

"Well, I—I'm sorry; but—"

"These chaps will have to mizzle, Fitzpatrick," said Nugent.

Fitzpatrick shook his head.

"By the door, or the window, as they like!" said Wharton.

Bill Hankins rose to his feet.

"I want to see somebody put me outer the window!" he said aggressively.

"That's wot I wanter see! Hoh!"

"Sit down, Bill," said Fitzpatrick; "it's only their way. Here's the rum."

"Good hegg!" said Bill.

"You fellows keep glasses in this study?" asked Fitzpatrick politely.

"No!" roared Wharton.

"Can you chaps drink from cups?" asked the Irish junior.

Captain Stump and Bill Hankins exchanged a grin.

"Can we?" murmured Stump.

"I could drink outer the bottle," said

(Continued on page 13.)

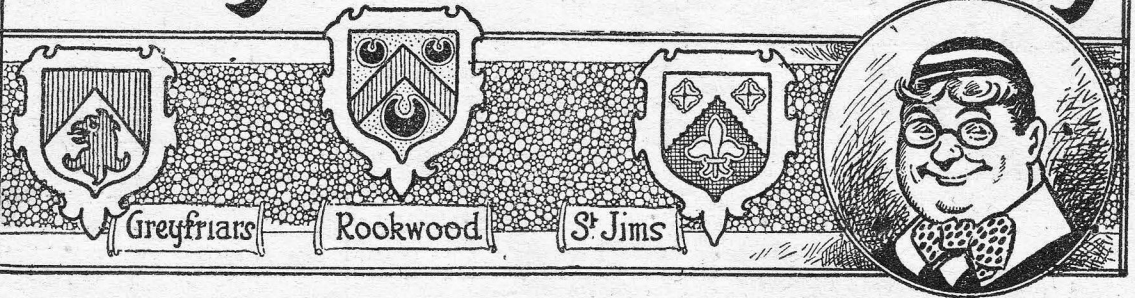
**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

"MORNINGTON'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL!"

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

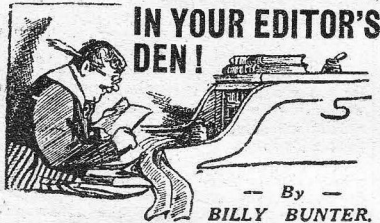


# Billy Bunter's Weekly



Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greysfriars.

Assisted by his Four Fat Subs—SAMMY BUNTER of Greysfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.



**IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!**

— By —  
**BILLY BUNTER.**

My dear Readers,—At last my long-felt want has been satisfied—as the fellow said when he emerged from the cook-shop.

For years and years—for months and months, at any rate—I have wanted to publish a Special Benefit Number of my "Weekly." I wanted it to be sold separately from the "Popular" at a tanner per copy. All the tanners to be collected and handed to the editor.

Now, the Editor of the companion papers wouldn't agree with this. He said it would be gross profiteering. He has allowed me, however, to have a hundred special copies of this supplement printed for sale amongst the Greysfriars fellows. All the profit will come to me. That is to say, supposing I sell the hundred copies at a bob each, I shall have a fiver to come.

As a matter of fact, though, there will be no fixed price for these special copies. Fellows may pay whatever they like, according to their means, or meanness.

High time I had a benefit, isn't it, dear readers? A professional footballer gets a benefit, so does an actor. Then why not an editor? I venture to say that an editor, in the course of his career, gets far more "kicks" than a footballer, and he gets more bad eggs thrown at him than an actor does. This being the case, an editor is entitled to have a benefit once in a while.

I don't know how much money I shall raise by selling these special copies at Greysfriars. I am hoping that Lord Mauleverer will pay a quid for his copy, and that Vernon-Smith, and other bloated millionaires, will do likewise. I shall then be able to retire to the tuckshop, and live in a paradise of tuck for a couple of hours.

There is rather a lot about myself in this issue, which is only fitting, this being my Special Benefit Number.

Now, I want you to do me a good turn by "booming" this special number, and getting me as many new readers as you can. Already I number my readers by the billion, but I can always squeeze a few more in!

Au-revoir till next week, dear readers!—Ever your plump pal,

**Your Editor.**

Supplement I.]

## Bunter's Benefit!

(Written in anticipation of what will happen).

By **DICK PENFOLD.**

Bunter had a benefit,  
He said 'twas only right;  
An editor's a busy chap,  
He toils both day and night.

A hundred copies of his "rag"  
The porpoise tried to sell;  
He offered one to Mr. Quelch,  
And Mr. Prout as well.

The former gave him one-and-six,  
The latter paid a shilling;  
And Bunter gave a whoop of joy,  
His pockets he was filling!

A florin here, a tanner there,  
The sum began to mount;  
It grew to such proportions that  
Our editor lost count.

With quite a pile of worldly wealth  
He to the tuckshop went;  
Alas!—for Bunter's creditors  
Were swiftly on the scent!

He'd borrowed this, and borrowed that,  
Forgot to pay it back;  
And those from whom he'd borrowed cash  
Were on the debtor's track!

Then poor old Bunter was relieved  
Of all his recent spoil;  
So what's the use of benefits?  
And what's the use of toil?

## CONCERNING Big Brothers!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

I have often heard it said by people who don't know what they are talking about, that young brothers are a nuisance.

In reality, the boot's on the other foot. There is nothing the matter with young brothers. They are perfect little cherubs, as a rule. Look at myself!

It's the big brothers that are such a nuisance. There's nothing worse than an elder brother—unless it's an elder sister!

When they want anybody to run errands for them, they promptly pounce on the younger brother. When they want anybody to fag for them, or scrub out their editorial sanctums (I'm getting personal now!) it's the young brother who is called into action.

I know I ought not to say harsh things about my major, seeing that this is his Special Benefit Number; but I really can't help it. I'm sick of the daily round of slavery.

My working hours would astonish a good many people. I have never told you what they are, because, as you know, I'm not in the habit of airing my grievances.

The fact is, however, that I get up at five o'clock every morning—except on those occasions when I oversleep—and then I scrub out the editorial sanctum on my hands and knees. After which I have to go round with a duster. I have to empty the waste-paper basket. The other morning I tipped all the rubbish out of the window. Mr. Twigg was taking his constitutional in the Close, and a shower of rejected manuscripts descended on his devoted head. Mr. Twigg used words which I have been unable to find in the dictionary.

I also have to beat the carpets, white-wash the fireplace with blacklead, and clean the windows.

I am not getting younger, and I feel the strain of the work intensely.

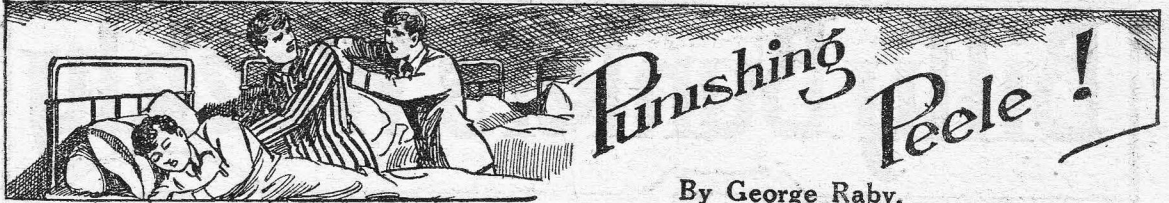
These big brothers have a lot to answer for! They make the lives of their younger brethren a perpetual misery.

But there! I suppose I must take it smiling, as the boy said when he went up to receive his prize.

Somebody's got to do the donkey work, and if I didn't do it Billy would only engage somebody else. And that would never do!

(Sammy, you ungrateful beast, you're always parading your troubles before the readers of my "Weekly"! Don't I look after you with proper brotherly affection? Haven't I just give you three-halfpence a week rise? Alas, how black is man's ingratitude!—Ed.)

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# Punishing Peele!

By George Raby.

**J**IMMY SILVER sat up in bed. The sharp clang of the rising-bell had awakened him from a wonderful dream, in which he had seen himself playing football as an amateur for Tottenham Hotspur.

Jimmy glanced at the watch he wore on his wrist. "Hallo! Some mistake somewhere!" he ejaculated. "Rising bell's half an hour early!"

"Half an hour late, you mean," said Lovell. "I make it half past seven!"

"And I make it only half-past six!" said Jimmy Silver, frankly puzzled.

"Why don't you fellows buy watches instead of cheap German imitations?" drawled the drowsy voice of Mornington. "You're both wrong in regard to the time, as a matter of fact. It's a quarter to eight!"

"What!"

"I make it ten past seven!" said Newcome.

"Rats! It's twenty past!" said Teddy Grate.

"Twenty to, you mean?" said Kit Erroll. There was a confused babel of voices in the Fourth Form dormitory.

As a rule there was no difficulty in arriving at the correct time. At least two watches managed to agree.

But on this particular morning all the watches were at variance.

Jimmy Silver, his voice rising above the general buzz, promptly ordered an inspection of watches.

The Fourth-formers lined up in two rows, and Jimmy Silver passed along the ranks, inspecting all the watches as he went.

To Jimmy's amazement no two watches were alike with regard to the time they showed.

The times ranged from five o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "The cold weather seems to have affected all your timepieces. Do you know, you fellows, there are no two watches in this dormitory which agree?"

"Then we may take it that rising-bell time is correct," said Lovell.

"Trust old Mack not to make a mistake!"

By universal consent, all the watches were put back—or forward, as the case happened to be—to seven o'clock.

The Fourth-formers looked quite mystified. They could not understand what had happened to all the watches.

In the ordinary way, each fellow was prepared to swear by the accuracy of his own watch. It was impossible to say what had caused this universal muddle. But Jimmy Silver had a shrewd idea.

Jimmy looked very thoughtful as he descended the stairs with his chums.

"Penny for 'em," said Newcome.

"I was just thinking," said Jimmy Silver, "that we'd better keep our eyes open to-night."

"To-night! Why?" asked Lovell.

"I've a strong suspicion that somebody's been tampering with our watches in the night!"

"My hat!"

"So it behoves us to keep a sharp look-out, in case the tamperer—whoever he is—should repeat his little jape to-night!"

Jimmy Silver's chums nodded.

"We'll stay awake and watch!" I said.

Without talking the other fellows of our intentions, we remained wide awake that night, after Bulkeley of the Sixth had seen lights out.

If there was a practical joker at work, we were determined to catch him in the act of meddling with the watches, and deal with him accordingly.

To alter everybody's watch, we reflected, was neither a clever joke nor a sportsmanlike one.

The effort of watching and waiting, however, proved too great for Lovell and Newcome.

Nothing having happened up till midnight they turned over to bed and went to sleep.

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Jimmy Silver and I, however, remained on guard.

It must have been close on one o'clock when there came a creaking sound, as of somebody getting out of bed.

The moonlight faintly illuminated the interior of the dormitory. We strained our eyes in order to see who was abroad at that hour.

It was with a grim start that we recognised Peele of the Fourth.

Peele was just the sort of fellow to play a practical joke of the sort which had been played the previous night.

Jimmy Silver spoke no word. Neither did I. But our eyes never left the pyjama-clad figure of Peele.

The cad of the Fourth advanced towards Jimmy Silver's bed.

Jimmy closed his eyes, successfully feigning slumber.

Moving very cautiously, Peele lifted up the bedclothes, and groped for the watch on Jimmy Silver's wrist. Having found it, he deftly shifted the hands, aided in his task by the light of an electric torch.

Jimmy Silver made no sign that he was aware of Peele's presence. He lay on his side, breathing placidly.

"That's one of 'em done!" muttered Peele. He moved away from Jimmy Silver's bed and came towards my own.



*Fellows were constantly flocking around Peele under the pretence of seeing the time, which was strapped round his waist.*

Now, I always keep my watch under the pillow. And Peele seemed to be aware of the fact, for he started to grope underneath my head.

It was at this moment that Jimmy Silver sprang out of bed. In a couple of strides he was at my bedside, and his grasp descended on Peele's shoulder.

The cad of the Fourth spun round with a startled cry.

"Got you!" rapped out Jimmy Silver. "So you're the merchant who put all the watches out of time last night?"

Peele struggled to free himself. He might just as well have tried to break free from a band of iron.

"I—I—it was only a joke!" he faltered.

"A joke, was it?" said Jimmy Silver grimly. "Don't you think that the same joke, when repeated night after night, gets a bit stale? I should have thought you'd have tried some other stunt to-night by way of a change!"

"I say!" said Peele, with chattering teeth. "Don't raise your voice so. You'll wake the other fellows!"

"Precisely what I mean to do!" was the reply.

The next moment half the dormitory was aroused. Sleepy voices began to inquire what was the matter. Candles were lighted, and Jimmy Silver and Peele became the cynosure of all eyes.

Still grasping Peele with the tight grip in which a prison warder might have held a

refractory criminal, Jimmy Silver made his sensational announcement.

"I've bagged the practical joker, you fellows!" he said. "It was Peele who altered all our watches last night."

"My hat!"

"Bump the rotter!"

"Let's turn out and make him run the gauntlet!"

Jimmy Silver chuckled softly.

"I know a wheeze worth two of that," he said. "You know that cheap German watch I had sent me, by an uncle who had a down on me? We'll make Peele wear it on his back!"

"On his back?" echoed Lovell, in amazement.

"Yes. It can be attached to a belt, which will be fixed round his middle, see? And every time a fellow wants to know the time, he's merely got to glance at Peele's back!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peele was released and allowed to go back to bed. He imagined he had got off lightly. He did not foresee that Jimmy Silver's idea would cause him any inconvenience.

Next morning, however, he had a series of rude shocks.

The belt, on which the German watch was affixed, was fastened round Peele's waist, over his Eton jacket, and everywhere he went the watch followed him with the tenacity of Mary's little lamb.

Fellows were constantly flocking around Peele under pretence of seeing the time, and the cad of the Fourth didn't have a moment's peace.

"By the way," remarked Newcome, "the human watch wants winding up. Grab one of its hands, Lovell, and I'll take the other!"

So saying, the humorous Newcome seized one of Peele's arms, and proceeded to swing it round and round.

Lovell performed a similar manoeuvre with the other arm, so that Peele gave the on-lookers the impression that he was a sort of human windmill. His yells of anguish, as his arms revolved rapidly round and round, fairly awakened the echoes.

"Ow—ow—ow! Drop it, you mad duffers! You're wrenching my arms out of their sockets!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"If watches aren't wound up regularly, you know," panted Lovell, "they'll stop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peele had a terrible time that morning.

He made several attempts to remove the belt, but Jimmy Silver always insisted upon its immediate replacement.

It was not until morning lessons began that Peele obtained relief.

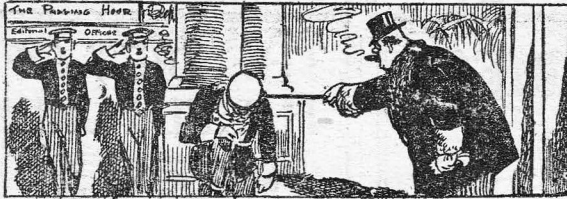
The Form-master, noting the absurd belt around Peele's waist, ordered him to remove it at once. Peele complied with that order with relief and alacrity.

Next morning it was found that all the watches in the Fourth Form dormitory were more or less in agreement as to the correct time.

Peele had learnt his lesson. And, as Jimmy Silver punningly remarked, it will be a long time before he again tampers with watches in the night "watches"! Such people, added Jimmy, usually finish up by doing "time"!

**SPECIAL**  
**INDOOR-GAMES NUMBER**  
**NEXT WEEK.** —ED.





# Bunter in 1950!

By Micky Desmond.

**F**LEET STREET—the Street of Adventure—was at its busiest.

The thunder of the traffic and the piercing yells of the newsboys went on unceasingly.

Presently, through the dense stream of traffic, a handsome Rolls-Royce car (1950) came gliding. It stopped outside one of the huge newspaper offices, and from it stepped a fat, sleek, well-fed gentleman of middle age.

This was no other than Mr. William George Bunter, who occupied the editorial chair of the most flourishing newspaper of the period, "The Passing Hour."

Mr. Bunter had been editor of the paper, and a sort of father and mother to it, for ten years. He had not occupied the same chair all the time. Chair after chair had collapsed beneath his weight—for it was a fact that the well-known editor turned the scale at eighteen stone.

Airily tossing a bundle of banknotes to the driver of the Rolls-Royce, Mr. Bunter stepped into the newspaper office.

The commissionaire in the doorway promptly dropped on to one knee, and made obeisance. Mr. Bunter gave the man a rap on the back of the neck with his walking-stick.

"Arise, varlet!" he said.

The commissionaire resumed the perpendicular. He caught at the hand of his mighty chief, and kissed it.

"Any visitors for me this morning, Jorkins?" asked Mr. Bunter.

"Yessir. A couple of tramps are waitin' for you in your private room."

"Tramps!" Mr. Bunter's voice became hoarse with indignation. "How dare you show tramps into my private sanctum?"

"They insisted on seein' you, sir. They said they were old schoolfellows o' yours!"

"Oh! Very good, Jorkins; I'll see them."

Mr. Bunter stepped into the lift, which groaned and creaked audibly beneath his weight. Then he shot upwards to the fourth floor, on which his office was situated.

As he passed along the corridor to his room fair lady typists squeezed themselves against the wall, in order to give him room to pass. Most of them curtsied, for Mr. Bunter was a man who commanded respect—yea, worship!

An alert office-boy seemed to spring up suddenly from nowhere. He threw open the door of the editorial sanctum, and stood respectfully at attention, with head slightly bowed, whilst the mighty chief entered.

"My hat!" ejaculated Mr. Bunter, on catching sight of the two visitors who awaited him. "Who—who are you?"

The appearance of the two men was pathetic in the extreme. Both were unshaven, and both were practically in rags. One was a big-boned man of rather aggressive appearance; the other was lean and cadaverous looking.

"Bunty!" exclaimed the big-boned man. "Dear old Bunty! The friend and companion of our youth!"

"I don't know you!" he said loftily.

"What! You've forgotten your old pals so soon?"

"You're no pals of mine."

"But we were at Greyfriars together. Don't you remember how we used to bump you when we caught you listening at key-holes or raiding our grub? Don't you remember me lending you five bob once on the strength of an imaginary postal-order?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Bunter gruffly. "What are your names?"

"I'm Bolsover."

"Great Scott!"

"And my friend is Mr. Harold Skinner. He has been detained for some years in Dartmoor, and he has just got his release."

"Skinner and Bolsover!" gasped Mr. Bunter, in astonishment. "I might have known you

would come to this. You struck me at school as being hopeless slackers and rank outsiders."

"Look here, Bunty, old chap—"

"Don't 'Bunty, old chap' me! I am Mr. W. G. Bunter, O.B.E., editor and proprietor of 'The Passing Hour'!"

"Yes, we know you've got on in the world, Billy," said Mr. Bolsover. "You always were a brainy sort of merchant. But you won't go back on your old pals, will you?"

"The fact is, we're down and out," said Mr. Skinner. "We've been tramping London in search of honest employment, but it's useless! We've broke to the wide, and we haven't had a meal for twenty-four hours."

"Well, what's the use of coming to me?" growled Mr. Bunter. "I'm not a blessed soup-kitchen!"

"Don't be a beast, Billy!" pleaded Mr. Bolsover. "Think of all the money we lent you when we were boys together!"

"And all the bumpings you gave me! And the way you used to bully me! I remember your face well now, Bolsover. You were the bully of the Remove. You used to twist my arm—"

"I meant no 'arm!' murmured Mr. Bolsover, making an unconscious pun.

"Well, you won't get anything by coming cadding to me!" said Mr. Bunter. "You've had ample opportunities to get on in the world, and it's your own faults that you've come to this pass. Now get out! I'm busy. I've got to write my leading article."



"Why, colonel," said Major Cherry, "it's our prize porpoise, who was at Greyfriars with us!"

The two tramps flung out their arms appealingly.

"Don't cast us off in our old age!" pleaded Mr. Skinner.

"Won't you take us out and feed us?" urged Mr. Bolsover. "They put on a jolly good lunch at the Trocadero—"

Mr. Bunter's patience was by this time exhausted. He pressed a button, and instantly a swarm of Fighting Editors came stampeding into the room.

They did not stand upon ceremony. They knew quite well why they had been summoned. Hurling themselves upon the two reprobates, they hustled them out of the editorial sanctum, rushed them along the corridor, and finally kicked them down the stairs.

Mr. Bunter promptly dismissed his former schoolfellows from his mind, and settled down to the work of the day.

Punctually at midday—Mr. Bunter believed in lurching early—he put on his twenty-guinea overcoat, and sallied forth in order to refresh his inner man.

He was rolling placidly towards the Strand, with a fat cigar between his lips, when he espied two tall and very distinguished-looking Army officers. Their faces seemed familiar to him. Surely—surely they could not be Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry?

The officers stopped short, recognising Mr. Bunter on the instant.

"Why, colonel," said Major Cherry, "it's our prize porpoise, who was at Greyfriars with us!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Fancy running across old Bunter after all these years!" exclaimed Colonel Wharton. "By Jove, Bunty, you look awfully sleek and prosperous! What are you—a stock-broker?"

"Try again, Wharton."

"A profiteer?"

"Oh, really, you know— You must have been abroad a good many years, or you'd be certain to have heard of me. I'm the editor of 'The Passing Hour,' London's leading daily newspaper."

"My hat!"

"Appetite still as big as ever, Billy?" inquired Major Cherry, with a grin.

Mr. Bunter returned the grin.

"I'm still able to do justice to a light snack," he said. "Jolly glad to have run into you two fellows. You must come and have lunch with me, and we'll exchange experiences. It's my treat, you know!"

The trio proceeded to a fashionable restaurant in the West End.

Mr. Bunter gave orders on a lavish scale, and a truly wonderful repast was set before the old Greyfriars boys.

Colonel Wharton and Major Cherry ate heartily. This was about the first occasion in history that they had ever been entertained by Billy Bunter!

They decided to make the most of the only opportunity they were ever likely to get of having a meal at Bunter's expense.

The bill for the lunch, inclusive of champagne, was four pounds.

Mr. Bunter glanced coolly towards his companions.

"I say, you fellows, I'm an awful ass—"

"We always knew that!" said Major Cherry.

"I came away from Bunter Court this morning with only a few quid on me. I've spent that. As a rule, I always bring about a hundred pounds with me for my daily expenses, but this morning I forgot."

"So you want us to foot the bill—what!" said Colonel Wharton, with a grim expression on his bronzed face.

"Yes. And, by the way, there's another little favour you fellows can do me."

"Well?"

"This newspaper that I'm running," said Mr. Bunter, leaning confidentially across the table, "isn't paying its way. Ever since I took control of it the circulation has dropped several thousands daily. I can't think why it is. Anyway, I've lost money on the concern, and I'm still losing it. If you fellows would care to advance me a couple of thousand pounds—"

"What!"

"I'll pay you back when—when—"

"When your postal-order arrives, I suppose?" said Major Cherry sarcastically.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I can clearly see that he's the same old Bunter," said Colonel Wharton, "and we shall have to teach him the same old lesson. Bump him!"

Mr. Bunter jumped up from his seat in alarm.

"I say, you fellows— We mustn't have any horseplay in a public place, you know. Keep your distance, or I'll call the proprietor!"

"Bump!"

"Yarooohh!"

The portly editor landed on his back. In falling, he clutched at the table and overturned it.

There was a terrible shattering of crockery and a scene of wild confusion.

Colonel Wharton and Major Cherry did not wait for the victim to extricate himself. Bestowing final glares upon him, they strode out of the establishment, Major Cherry remarking, as they went:

"The same old Bunter!"

# LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES!

## THE TELEPHONE.

By TOM MERRY.

**S**TRICTLY speaking, it is not correct to allude to the telephone as a little worry. It is a very big worry.

Ask the average inmate of a mad-house how he came to be there, and he will answer—if sufficiently sane to make a coherent reply—"The telephone!"

In those two words lie a depth of tragedy. The man who invented the telephone has much to answer for. He has been responsible for shattered friendships and blighted lives. He has been responsible also for billions of wrathful outbursts, and thousands of apoplectic fits, on the part of harassed subscribers.

The telephone works very well—in theory. In practice it is quite another matter.

East Saturday we happened to be playing roofer against Greyfriars on the latter's ground. In the course of the game I received a rather nasty injury to my knee. It was an accident, of course. The Greyfriars authorities offered to put me up for the week-end, saying that I should not be fit to travel until the Monday morning.

"You had better telephone to your House-master at St. Jim's," they said, "and explain the circumstances."

I am still wondering why they said "telephone." Why couldn't they have suggested the much simpler expedient of sending a telegram, or asking my fellow-players to explain matters when they got back to St. Jim's?

However, they would probably have thought it rude of me not to have adopted their suggestion. So I hobbled away to the perfect's room, crossed over to the telephone, and took up the receiver.

For some moments I was engaged in the exciting pastime of talking to myself. I said "Hallo!" and "Are you there?" and repeated each expression about fifty times.

Just as I was beginning to get hoarse, and was wondering why a bottle of throat lozenges was not affixed to each telephone, a voice hailed me across the wires.

I could scarcely credit my good fortune. Some one had heard me at last!

"Is that the operator?" I asked.

A feminine voice answered in the affirmative.

I gave the St. Jim's number, and asked to be put through with the utmost despatch.

Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. But no sound came.

Then, after what seemed an age of weary waiting, a man's voice made itself heard. I presumed it would be Mr. Ralton, my House-master, at the other end.

"I'm Merry," I began.

"Oh, you're merry are you? What have you been drinking?"

"Drinking?" I gasped. "I haven't been drinking. Look here, my knee has been put out."

"Where is it?"

"What! My knee?"

"No—the fire!"

"There—there's no fire that I know of," I stammered dazedly.

"But you said that something wanted putting out."

"I didn't! I said I'd put my knee out!" I shouted.

"Well, what's that got to do with me?" I became exasperated.

"Is that Mr. Ralton speaking?" I asked, in tones that were anything but respectful.

"Certainly not!" came the reply. "This is the Wayland Fire Brigade!"

"I—I'm awfully sorry!" I gasped. "It's all a mistake. That wretched operator—"

"Snap!"

The man at the other end had rung off. I laid down the receiver and glanced at my watch.

It was six o'clock. I had started to try and get through to St. Jim's at half-past five. At this rate of progress I should remain at the telephone till midnight.

Once again, after a lot of futile shouting, I got in touch with the operator.

THE POPULAR.—No. 155.

"You gave me the wrong number before!" I said reproachfully. "I wanted St. Jim's, and you put me on to the Wayland Fire Brigade!"

The operator said she was sorry. "Hang on a few seconds!" she said, "and I'll get you the number you want."

The "few seconds" ripened into several minutes before anything happened. And then I found myself in conversation with the inspector at Rylcombe police station!

And so the merry game went on.

I got every number but the number I wanted. I was put through, in turn, to the Cottage Hospital, the Home for Incurables, and the hostelry known as "The Green Man."

When Harry Wharton and Co. chanced to look into the perfect's room at half-past eight they found me still clutching the telephone receiver!

"Not got through to St. Jim's yet, Merry?" inquired Harry Wharton.

"No!" I answered savagely. "And I'm not likely to, unless I'm prepared to wait here till Doomsday! A murrain on the man who invented the telephone! It's enough to make a chap lose his head, as Charles the First said when he glanced at the axe."

"Better give it up, old man," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "You don't want to be here all the giddy night. Send your Housemaster a letter, and tell him you're crooked. He'll get the message ever so much quicker that way."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

I acted on Bob Cherry's advice, and spent the week-end at Greyfriars.

Never again, in an emergency, shall I use the telephone. They call it a modern appliance. By Jove! If all other modern appliances resemble the telephone, then all I can say is that humanity has made no real progress since the Stone Age!

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



BILLY BUNTER (Chef)

## THE DIET OF THE FUTURE!

By Fatty Wynn.

Diet is a subject in which every healthy-minded fellow takes a keen interest.

Perhaps I take a keener interest than most.

Figgins and Kerr are always telling me that I regard grub as the be-all and the end-all of existence.

Well, that's stretching it a bit too far, as the fellow said when the catapult flew back and hit him in the face.

I don't regard grub as everything, but I certainly look upon it as one of the most important things in life. And therefore all this talk of a "Futurist" diet—that is to say, taking one's meals in the form of tabloids—fills me with dismay.

It angers me, too. I should like to have five minutes with the hare-brained fanatic who set such a scheme on foot. At the end of the five minutes, he wouldn't be in a condition to eat any food, tabloid or otherwise!

Meals in tabloid form! It's unthinkable! It's absolutely unheard-of!

We are assured by the cranks that there is as much nutriment in one tiny tabloid as there is in a ham-and-beef pie. I don't question that statement. But if it's to be a choice between the tabloid and the pie, give me the pie every time!

A fellow likes to feel that he is eating something—that he is getting nourishment out of it. Can you imagine a chap popping a tabloid into his mouth, and then saying: "What an enjoyable dinner!" or "What a topping breakfast!"

I won't deny that tabloid meals would have certain advantages. A man in a hurry to catch a train, for instance, could eat his breakfast in a second whilst on the way to the station.

Then, again, there would be no cooking required—no preparation necessary. When you invited your pals to a study feed, you would simply hand round a box of tabloids. Your guests would swallow them, and rise from the table like giants refreshed—perhaps!

But when all is said and done, and when all the advantages and the disadvantages of tabloid meals are weighed in the balance, you will find that the scales are heavily in favour of the existing order of things—the roast beef and the Yorkshire-pudding, the boiled jam roly-poly, the festive doughnut, and the merry jam-tart.

I venture to say that if all the boys of Britain were allowed to vote on the subject, the tabloid system would be defeated by a majority of several millions of votes.

The Briton likes his tuck. And good luck to him! Why should it be accounted a crime to have a healthy appetite?

For my part, I have set my face dead against the scheme for tabloid food. If they try to introduce such a scheme at St. Jim's, I don't think many of the fellows will take it lying down. I sha'n't, anyway!

I feel sorry for the generation of the future. They will find it very tantalising to have to make their Christmas dinner off a tabloid.



**THE BOY WHO WANTED THE SACK!**

(Continued from page 8.)

Bill Hankins. "I'm sure I don't want to give trouble."

"Well, here you are!"

"Mine's rum-and-water!" said Bill Hankins. "If there ain't any water handy, it's no matter; I can do without."

"Same 'ere!" said Stump.

The chums of the Remove exchanged helpless glances. A crowd of fellows gathered in the passage, looking into the study and grinning. Certainly, such a sight had never been seen in Greyfriars before.

"I say, you fellows—" Billy Bunter rolled in at the doorway, and then gasped and spluttered: "Why—what—O-o-o-oh!"

"Oh, clear out!" said Bob Cherry crossly.

Billy Bunter was the chatterbox of the school, and it was pretty certain that what he had seen in Study No. 1 would soon be told all over Greyfriars.

Bunter blinked through the smoke. "Oh, really, Cherry! I thought it was a feed, and I was going to offer—"

"Get out!"

"I shall certainly not stay here in such low company," said Billy Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

And he rolled out again, eager to spread the news of what was going on in Harry Wharton's study.

"Well, are you fellows staying or going?" asked Fitzpatrick, looking at Harry Wharton & Co.

"We can't stay here if this goes on," said Harry. "Do you know that this is enough to get a chap expelled from the school?"

"That's what I want!"

"You'll be caned, if not sacked!"

"Good!"

"Well, I won't lick you," said Harry, "and I won't leave your precious friends out. I don't want to bring Quelch and the prefects down on you, if it can be helped."

"Thanks! Now sit down and have tea!"

"Thanks! I'll get out!"

"Oh, stay to tea; be chummy, you know!"

Wharton burst into a laugh, in spite of himself. It was impossible to be angry with Con Fitzpatrick.

"I can't stay," he said; "and I hope you'll get through this without a flogging. Come on, kids; we'll have tea in Johnny Bull's study!"

And the chums of the Remove retired from the scene, leaving Fitzpatrick and his friends in possession.

Bill Hankins growled.

"Say the word, Master Fitzpatrick, and I'll wade in and wipe up the floor with the lot of them!" he said.

"Thanks, no! Sit down and have tea."

"I don't know that I'm 'ungry," said Bill Hankins; "but I gotter thirst I wouldn't take a fi'-pun note for!"

"I wouldn't take a tenner for mine!" said Captain Stump solemnly.

"Well, fill up, and then we'll have a hornpipe and a sea-song!" said Fitzpatrick.

"Ear, 'ear! You're a young gen'leman arter my own 'eart!" said Hankins.

"Which I says the same!" said Captain Stump.

Fitzpatrick kicked the door shut. Outside in the Remove passage there

was a babel of voices and laughter. Inside the study the atmosphere grew thicker and thicker, till it was somewhat difficult for Fitzpatrick and his guests to see one another.

There were other difficulties, too, in the way of Captain Stump and Bill Hankins seeing one another, as the rum was very strong, and they were drinking it as if it had been water. And when the rum was gone they started cheerfully on the whisky, evidently reckless of the result of mixing their drinks.

Fitzpatrick drank ginger-beer, resisting the kindly offers of his friends to put something in it to give it a taste.

In Johnny Bull's study the Co. had their tea, but they listened to the growing sound of voices from Study No. 1. Harry Wharton was thoughtful and anxious.

"That young ass will get himself sacked!" he said.

"Perhaps that's what he wants!" grinned Rake. "He would be able to go to sea, then, perhaps."

"The sooner he goes to sea the better!" growled Wharton. "Our study

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will be whiffy with smoke for weeks after this. And he may want to have them here again—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it's not a laughing matter!" said Harry. "I like the young fathead, and I don't want to wallop him; but I—"

"But he will get bashed baldheaded if he does it again!" said Nugent. "This is more than a joke; it's too thick!"

"Listen!" said Mark Linley, laughing as he held up his hand. "They've started singing!"

From the passage came the sound of a husky voice raised in song, evidently proceeding from Study No. 1:

"When I was a boy I went to sea,  
Yo-heave-ho, my hearties!  
I went to sea in the Nancy Lee,  
With a yo-heave-ho, my hearties!"

"That's Captain Stump!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"He'll be heard all over Greyfriars," said Johnny Bull.

And Huree Janset Ram Singh remarked that the heartfulness would be terrific.

"There'll be a frightful row!" said Harry. "Loder has been looking for a chance to get at our study for a long time—ever since he failed to get in as captain of the school. There'll be a row!"

And the other fellows agreed. There was not the slightest doubt that there would be a row.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER, Loder Looks In!**

**L**ODER, the prefect, came into the School House with a frowning brow. Loder was not in a good temper; he seldom was. Loder

had lately made a bid for the captaincy of Greyfriars, and he had failed dismally. Wingate, the school captain, had given him a chance in the senior eleven, just to show that he bore no ill-will, and Loder had shown his gratitude by giving his captain all the trouble he possibly could; and after the match Wingate had spoken to him in the plainest of English, and had informed him that he would not be wanted for the First Eleven any more.

And the rest of the team had fully agreed that Wingate was in the right. Hence the scowl upon Loder's brow as he came in. Things were going badly of late with the bully and black sheep of the Sixth Form of Greyfriars.

Loder found an excited crowd at the foot of the stairs, and there were more fellows on the stairs, laughing and chatting. Something was evidently going on. Loder looked at the noisy crowd with a black brow.

"Is that row in Study No. 1?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I must see into this."

Loder pushed the juniors aside and strode up the stairs.

Tom Brown gave the grinning Bounder a dark look.

"You tried to give the new kid away, you worm!" he said.

Vernon-Smith gave a shrug.

"Well, if you think that kind of thing ought to be allowed to go on in a Greyfriars study we differ in opinion, that's all," he said. "I think it ought to be stopped."

"It's no business of yours, anyway."

"It's the business of all decent chaps to stop a racket like that," said the Bounder loftily. "It's disgusting!"

"You're not exactly a model yourself. You smoke in your study, and you go down to the Cross Keys in Friardale!" growled the New Zealander. "You're a sneak and a cad!"

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders again, and walked away. Hard words did not hurt the Bounder.

Loder reached the door of Study No. 1.

He paused for a moment in sheer astonishment at the sounds from within. There was a sound of liquor gurgling from a bottle, and there was a sound of a raucous voice raised in tuneless song, and of stamping feet keeping time.

"Go it, Bill!" said the voice of Captain Stump, in a pause in the singing. "Heave ahead!"

"Gimme the grog," said a thick voice in return. "I want to wet my whistle, shipmate."

"Ere you are!"

"My only aunt!" gasped Loder. "It's a regular orgy! If Wharton's mixed up in this—well, I think I've got him at last!"

He threw open the door of the study. Loder was a smoker himself—and a drinker, too, for the matter of that. He had many little ways which would have meant the "sack" for him if the Head

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NEXT FRIDAY!

**"WHILST GREYFRIARS SLEPT!"**

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

of Greyfriars had known anything about them. But Loder staggered a little as the thick atmosphere of the study smote him. The air was charged with the fumes of drink, and the prefect could hardly see into the room.

"What does this mean?" he stuttered. Fitzpatrick looked up. He did not seem to be at all incommoded by the atmosphere. Perhaps he was used to tough atmospheres in the fore-castle of the ship he had joined. He grinned at Loder.

"Hallo!" he said. "Come in! The more the merrier. There's some whisky left. Faith, I'm sorry the rum's all gone!"

"Whisky! Rum!"

"Eave ahead, Bill, ole pal!"

"When I was a lad I went to sea, Yo-heave-ho, my hearties!

I went to sea in the—"

"Stop that row!" said Loder. "How dare you make that row here, you vagabond? How dare you come here at all?"

"I went to sea in the Nancy Lee!"

"Stop it, you disgusting ruffian! Fitzpatrick, did you bring these disreputable ruffians into the school?"

"They're my guests, if you're referring to these gentlemen," said Fitzpatrick calmly.

"Your—your guests?"

"Yes. This is my study. If you can't be civil to my guests, get out!"

"What!"

"Deaf?" asked Fitzpatrick. "I said get out, and I meant get out!—Shut the door after you."

Loder gasped.

"Do you know I'm a prefect?" he bawled.

"I don't care what you are!"

"My word! I'll take you to the Head! Tell these men to go away, as they seem too intoxicated to understand me."

"Toxycated?" said Bill Hankins, apparently becoming aware for the first time of the prefect's presence. "Toxycated! Who's 'toxycated'?"

"You are, you ruffian!"

"I ain't a man to make a row in my friend's room," said Bill Hankins, with a great deal of dignity, and making a clutch at the table to support himself; "but I expect to be treated as a gen'elman. I allers treat others as a gen'elman, and as a gen'elman myself I expect sich."

"Will you get out?"

"Ardly!" said Bill Hankins. "The whisky ain't finished yet."

"I shall have you thrown out if you do not go immediately!" said Loder. He would have thrown Hankins out himself, only the big, long-limbed fellow seemed rather too dangerous to tackle. "As for you, Fitzpatrick, you will come with me at once to the Head!"

"Throw me out?" said Mr. Hankins. "Me?"

"Yes, you, you tramp!"

"I'm a nonest sailorman!" said Mr. Hankins. "A nonest, 'ard-workin' sailorman! Man and boy, I've been afore the mast for forty years!"

"Before the bar at the Anchor, you mean!" growled Loder.

Bill Hankins swung round, still keeping one hand on the table for support, and blinked at Loder.

"Who are you?" he demanded aggressively.

"I'm Loder, of the Sixth. I'm a prefect of this school."

"If you're a school-fellow of my young friend 'ere, I don't want to 'urt you."

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said Mr. Hankins, with great consideration. "Run away!"

"What!"

"Run away!" said Mr. Hankins, with a wave of the hand. "Run away and play at marbles with the other boys, afore you're 'urt!"

"You—your drunken ruffian— Oh!"

The prefect did not finish. Bill Hankins had been very patient; his friends at the Anchor would hardly have known him. But his patience had come to an end. He made a sudden lurch at the prefect, and grasped him. As soon as he let go the table he hung on Loder with all his weight, and his weight was considerable. The prefect made a terrific effort to wrench himself loose, and then collapsed on the floor, dragging down the longshoreman with him.

"Oh!" roared Loder. "Ow, ow!"

"Huh!" gasped Bill Hankins, as he sprawled over the prefect. "You keep quiet, or you'll get 'urt!"

"Let me up, you ruffian! Help, help!" roared Loder.

"Rub 'is 'ead in the fender, Bill," suggested Captain Stump, who was sitting on the table, quite intoxicated, and nodding his head like a Chinese mandarin.

"Ow, ow! Oh! Help!"

"Shurrup!"

"Help!"

Footsteps thronged in the passage. There was a roar of laughter as Loder was seen struggling on the floor, with the heavy longshoreman sitting upon him.

"My hat! This is as good as a circus!" exclaimed Russell. "Go it!"

"Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Drag him off!" yelled Loder. "He's sq-sq-squashing me! Ow! Call for help! Fetch Wingate—fetch the Head—fetch the police! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a sharp voice in the passage. "What is this?"

It was Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form, who was coming along, with angry face and rustling gown. The other Form-masters were out, and the Head was too far away from the Remove quarters to hear. But Mr. Prout had heard, and Mr. Prout was very angry.

"Help!"

"What ever is the matter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout looked into the study. At the sight of the rum and whisky bottles, and the smell of smoke, and the rest of the scene, Mr. Prout wondered for one dizzy moment whether he was dreaming. He gazed speechlessly into Study No. 1. "Now look out for the fireworks, clappies!" murmured Bob Cherry. And the fireworks were not long in coming.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### A Longshoreman on the Warpath!

**M**R. PROUT strode into the study. His face was red with anger and coughing. It was not easy to draw breath in Study No. 1 just then.

"What does this mean?" he thundered.

Fitzpatrick rose to his feet.

"Sure, it's all right, sir!" he said.

"All right! Are you mad, boy?"

"No, sir; thank you!"

"Where are the boys this study belongs to?" demanded the Form-master.

"They cleared out, sir. They didn't like my friends."

"Your—your friends?"

"Captain Stump, sir, and Bill Hankins," said Fitzpatrick, performing the ceremony of introduction with a wave of the hand.

Captain Stump nodded genially. "Werry pleased to meet you, sir!" he said.

"Same 'ere!" said Bill Hankins, still sitting heavily upon Loder's chest. "Any friend of my young friend Fitz is a friend of mine."

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Prout. "I must be dreaming! This—this cannot be real!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the passage. "Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Prout, coughing. "This is no laughing matter. Good heavens! I—I have never heard of such a thing! Fitzpatrick!"

"Yes, sir!" said Con.

"Who are these men?"

"Friends of mine, sir."

"You introduced them into the school?"

"Sure, and I did, sir. They're jolly sailormen, sir—sons of the say," explained Con. "Sure, and I've known worse when I was at say."

"Boy, I think you must be insane! Send these men away at once, and follow me to the Head!" exclaimed Mr. Prout.

"Sure, sir, I—"

"Obey me, boy! Wretch," exclaimed the excited Form-master, tapping Mr. Hankins on the shoulder, "rise! Release Loder immediately!"

"Hey?"

"Rise!"

"Do you mean gerrup!" asked Bill Hankins thoughtfully.

"Yes. Release that boy!"

"Who are you, anyway?" demanded Mr. Hankins, jumping up very suddenly and advancing upon Mr. Prout so ferociously that he backed away down the passage in alarm. "You ain't going to give me horders. You ain't my skipper!"

"Oh dear!"

"Looking for a lovely pair of black heyes, perhaps?" roared Mr. Hankins.

"Oh! Take him away! Help!"

Bill Hankins, who seemed to have recovered the use of his legs all of a sudden, followed Mr. Prout out of the study and down the passage, prancing at him in a warlike way, and brandishing two very large fists.

"Put 'em up!" he roared.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Put 'em up!"

"What do you mean?" gasped the alarmed master. "I—I— He backed away, the crowd of juniors parting to give him room, and laughing till they were husky. They had never expected to see the sight of a Greyfriars Form-master being driven along the Remove passage by an intoxicated longshoreman. "Oh dear! Goodness gracious! Oh!"

"You've insulted me," roared Mr. Hankins—"me, a nonest sailorman; me wot has worked afore the mast for forty year; man and boy; me wot have made England wot it is! Where would you be if it wasn't for the sailormen, hey?"

"Oh dear!"

"Ow long would it have taken the Germans to get 'ere, if it wasn't for the likes of me?" demanded Mr. Hankins.

"Goodness gracious!"

"Put 'em up!"

Mr. Prout backed farther and farther away from the prancing longshoreman, waving his hands at him, as if he were a chicken, and he was trying to "shoo" him away. But Bill Hankins refused to be "shooed." He was on the warpath. "Send for the police!" gasped Mr.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"MORNINGTON'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL!"

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



Prout. "Telephone for—for somebody! Oh dear! The man is dangerous! Oh!"

Bill Hankins' knuckles tapped upon Mr. Prout's nose.

The unwarlike Form-master staggered against the wall, holding his nose in one hand, and regarding his assailant with a look of almost idiotic bewilderment. He, a Greyfriars Form-master, had been assaulted, tapped on the nose by a drunken longshoreman. After that, Mr. Prout would not have been surprised by a sudden end of the universe. It was evidently the end of all things.

"Put 'em up!" shouted Mr. Hankins. "I offers yer a fair fight. Put 'em up! You've insulted a nonest sailorman! Put 'em up!"

"Oh dear! What does he want me to put up?" moaned Mr. Prout. "I do not understand the man—I do not understand him at all!"

"Your fists, sir!" yelled Bolsover major.

"Oh dear! How absurd! Oh!"

"Put 'em up!"

"Help! Loder, come and take this man away!"

Loder was discreetly retreating up the other end of the passage. He had not the slightest intention of tackling Mr. Hankins again.

"Loder, do you hear? Oh, call—call Wingate! Call the police! Call—oh! Oh! Oh! I am severely hurt!" It was another tap upon Mr. Prout's somewhat prominent nose.

"Police!" yelled Nugent. "Call the police! Call out the Territorials! Order up the giddy Army! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, clear out, Hankins!" shouted Fitzpatrick, alarmed himself at the outbreak of his guest. "You can't punch a Form-master, you idiot!"

"This 'ere skinny little raskal 'ave insulted me!" said Bill Hankins.

"Oh dear!"

"Which I'm ready to go, if so be as my company is not desired," said Captain Stump, pegging out of Study No. 1. "Bill, old man, come along!"

"I ain't comin' along till this 'ere little bounder 'ave put 'em up!" said Mr. Hankins obstinately. "I'm goin' to smash him! I'm goin' to douse his g'lim! I'm goin' to put 'im on 'is beam ends!"

"Oh dear! Help!"

Biff! Biff!

Fortunately for Mr. Prout, Bill Hankins had consumed so much rum and whisky that he was seeing double, if not treble. Two or three Mr. Prouts were dancing before his eyes, and Bill Hankins delivered his drives at the fancied ones, and his knuckles crashed on the wall near Mr. Prout's head.

"Ow!" grunted Hankins. "Wot a 'ard 'ead that little swab 'ave got! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come erlong, Bill!" said Captain Stump, with the ridiculous gravity and dignity of a drunken man. "I says let us go, if so be as they don't want our company. Come on! I washes my 'ands of 'em!"

"Might as well wash your face while you're about it," suggested Vernon-Smith. "It could do with it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Put 'em up!" yelled Mr. Hankins, turning upon the unfortunate Fifth Form master again. "I says as I'm goin' to douse your toplights, you swab!"

"Help!"

"Shall we help you, sir?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Put 'em up!" yelled Mr. Hankins, turning upon the unfortunate Fifth Form master again. "I says as I'm goin' to douse your toplights, you swab!"

"Help!"

"Shall we help you, sir?" asked Harry Wharton.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"WHILST GREYFRIARS SLEPT!"



"Look here!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "You can't smoke like this in this study. Suppose a prefect should come along!" "Well, it's no good meeting trouble half-way!" said Fitzpatrick. "Besides, I'm not smoking. Guests must do as they like!" (See Chapter 1.)

"Yes, yes, indeed, Wharton! If you can persuade the man to go away, I—I shall be very much obliged!" moaned Mr. Prout.

Wharton chuckled.

"Come on, Remove!" he shouted.

"Let's persuade him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rescue, Remove!" chortled Johnny Bull.

And the Removites rushed to the rescue.

Mr. Hankins was swept off his feet by the rush, and borne away towards the stairs by the whirl of juniors.

He struggled feebly, but he had no chance; and as his mood changed from warlike ferocity to pathetic friendliness, he suddenly threw his arms round Bob Cherry's neck and began to weep.

"I'm yer old friend Bill," he murmured—"Bill, wot has been afore the mast for forty year, man and boy! I—"

"Ow! Gerroff!"

"I'm yer old pal—"

"Take him off!" yelled Bob Cherry, in disgust. "He's crying over my necktie! Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come erlong, shipmate!" said Mr. Hankins, still with his arms tight round Bob Cherry's neck. "Let's get hout of this! Come erlong with yer ole pal Bill!"

Hands grasped Mr. Hankins on all sides, and he was dragged off Bob Cherry. With a rush the Removites got him out of the House, into the Close. There nearly the whole school gathered round, and Wingate and North, of the Sixth, lent a hand with Mr. Hankins. It was needed, for by this time he was

warlike again, and insisting that somebody should "put 'em up."

In the midst of a shouting, laughing crowd, Mr. Hankins was hustled across the Close and out of the school gates, and deposited in the road. Captain Stump pegged after him peacefully. Stump was repeating to heedless ears that he washed his hands of all of them. In the road, Bill Hankins sat up in the dust, holding on to his friend's wooden leg for support, and blinking dazedly at the crowd of fellows in the gateway.

"Put 'em up!" he said thickly. "I've been afore the mast for forty year, man and boy—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gosling, the porter, came out and closed the gates. Captain Stump tenderly helped his friend to his feet, and the two longshoremen staggered away down the road together. In the dusk, from the distance, the voice of Mr. Hankins was still heard, however, insisting obstinately that Mr. Prout should "put 'em up."

THE FIFTH CHAPTER,  
Paying the Piper!

FITZPATRICK was yelling with laughter as loud as the rest, but he ceased to laugh as Mr. Prout's hand fell heavily upon his shoulder. The obnoxious longshoreman being got rid of, Mr. Prout was himself again, and trying hard to recover the chilly dignity appropriate to a Form-master.

"Fitzpatrick!" he rapped out.

"Adsum!" said Fitzpatrick.

"Follow me!"

"Yes, sir!"

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

Mr. Prout walked away with steady dignity to the Head's study. Fitzpatrick followed in his footsteps. The door of the Head's study closed behind both of them. From the dusky Close the juniors came in, laughing and chuckling. Mr. Hankins and the wooden-legged seaman were gone; but Fitzpatrick had to pay the piper now, as Bob Cherry expressed it. And the juniors wondered what was passing in the Head's study.

Mr. Prout was trembling with rage as he marched Fitzpatrick in.

Dr. Locke looked at him in surprise. He had heard the roar from the Close, and he wondered what was the matter. Mr. Prout explained in shaking tones, and the Head listened in bewilderment. He fixed his eyes upon Fitzpatrick, but the new junior did not seem overwhelmed with shame or dismay. On the contrary, there was a glimmer in his eyes which showed that he found it difficult to remain grave.

"Is it possible?" gasped the Head at last.

"That is what I asked myself, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "It seems impossible—but it is true. Such outrageous conduct is, I am happy to say, quite unknown at Greyfriars. I should recommend sending this boy away at once, sir!"

"Ahem!"

"An industrial school is a more suitable place for him, I should think, sir."

"H'm!"

"Such conduct—such outrageous and reprehensible conduct—"

"Quite so, Mr. Prout. Are you aware of the seriousness of what you have done, Fitzpatrick?" demanded the Head, with a stern glance at the culprit.

"Sure, sir, and I didn't mean any harm!"

"You meant no harm in bringing two intoxicated ruffians into the school?" thundered the Head.

"They weren't intoxicated when they came, sir!"

"What! Do you mean to say they became in that condition here?"

"Sure, and they did, sir!"

"Is it possible that you provided them with strong drink?" exclaimed the Head.

"They were my guests, sir, and they don't drink tea."

"Boy!"

"So I got in some rum and whisky."

"Good heavens!"

"I'm sorry Mr. Prout was frightened, sir—"

"Frightened!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "How dare you say such a thing, Fitzpatrick! This boy's insolence passes all bounds, sir!"

"I—I mean alarmed, sir!" Fitzpatrick amended. "But, sure, Bill wouldn't have hurt you if you'd been civil to him, sir."

"Fitzpatrick, you do not realise the enormity of your offence?" said the Head. "If you did, I should expel you from the school!"

"Do you mean send me home, sir?"

"Yes, that is what I mean, Fitzpatrick."

Fitzpatrick grinned.

"Sure, and I've no objection, sir, if you think proper," said the new junior, with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

Dr. Locke frowned severely.

"You mean, Fitzpatrick, that you would be glad to leave school in order to carry out your absurd fancy for going to sea!" he exclaimed.

Fitzpatrick was silent.

"Well, considering your uncle and guardian's desire, I shall not send you away from the school," said the Head sternly. "But I shall cane you severely, and all your half-holidays will be stopped for the remainder of the term. I shall not allow you any further opportunity of associating with such characters. For the

future you will be strictly confined within the school gates, excepting when you take a walk out with your Form-master."

"Oh, sir!"

Fitzpatrick looked dismayed now.

"You have apparently sought out the lowest possible acquaintances in the fishing village, Fitzpatrick," said the Head.

"Oh, I know most of the fishermen, sir," said the junior cheerfully. "Jolly set of men, sir, and they don't all get squiffy. I like em, sir."

"The fishermen are mostly a very estimable class of men, Fitzpatrick, but they are not suitable associates for you. And as for these drunken loafers, I am astonished that a Greyfriars boy should want to speak to them!"

"Sure, sir, I—"

"You will be gated for the rest of the term, Fitzpatrick, and I shall now cane you," said Dr. Locke, rising to his feet and taking up his cane.

Fitzpatrick's eyes gleamed for a moment, as though he meditated disobedience; but if so he changed his mind, and submitted quietly.

The doctor caned him severely. The new junior received six cuts upon either hand, but he did not utter a cry. It was evident that he was as hard as nails, and had plenty of pluck. Dr. Locke laid down the cane.

"You may go now, Fitzpatrick!"

"Thank you, sir!"

Fitzpatrick left the study.

"A most hopeless case, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "The boy does not seem to feel the slightest glimmering of repentance for his heinous conduct."

Dr. Locke sighed.

"He is a somewhat peculiar boy, Mr. Prout," he said. "But he has many good qualities, I think. I hope it will be possible to keep him at Greyfriars."

Fitzpatrick found a crowd of fellows awaiting him outside the study. There was a chorus of inquiry.

"Sacked?"

"Licked?"

"What have you had?"

Fitzpatrick grinned rather ruefully, as he rubbed his hands. Dr. Locke had laid the cane on very effectively.

"Licked," he said; "that's all."

"Serve you jolly well right, I must say!" said Harry Wharton. "If ever a chap deserved to be licked, you do. I wonder you weren't sacked!"

"Sure, I wish I had been!"

"You wish you'd been sacked!" exclaimed Harry.

"Yes; then I could go to say."

Wharton laughed.

"Oh, you're an ass!" he said. "Come along to the study, and I'll give you something to rub your hands with. I can see you've had it hot."

"Faith, and I have intoirly!"

And the new junior walked along to Study No. 1 with Wharton. The study was still reeking with tobacco fumes and the smell of rum, and Nugent was waving a newspaper round to clear the air. It was likely to be some time before Study No. 1 lost all traces of the visit of Fitzpatrick's friends.

THE END.

(There will be another long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, entitled "Whilst Greyfriars Slept!" Do not miss this grand story!)

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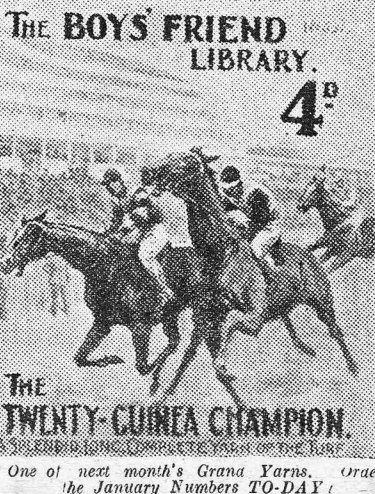
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RUPERT THURSTON, a young Englishman, and friend of Lord's.

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.

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.

Von Kreigler holds a council at the general's house, and arranges a ball to hide his movements. But Ferrers Lord discovers the plot, and pays the Supreme Council a surprise visit. Although the house is full of troops and guests, Ferrers Lord kidnaps both the professor and the general, and takes them on board the yacht.

Through being too curious Gan Waga gets into trouble with General Goltzheimer. Fortunately the Prince arrives on the scene and prevents Gan from being seriously injured.

(Now read on.)

### Rogues Fall Out.

UNTIL now, General Goltzheimer remained in bed, restless and sullen, but with an enormous appetite and a huge thirst. Herr Von Kreigler seemed to have resigned himself to his fate, or to whatever destiny Ferrers Lord had mapped out for him. He asked for books and snuff. There was no difficulty about supplying the books, but there was not a single snufftaker on board the yacht. The steward spoke to Rupert Thurston about it.

"It's a vile sort of habit, from my point of view, but if the old rascal wants the stuff I suppose he must have it," said Thurston. "I'm going ashore in the launch with letters presently, and I'll bring some back. How is General Goltzheimer this morning, steward? Is he in his usual genial temper?"

"I don't understand German, sir, but when I took in his breakfast he called me a few things that didn't sound flattering," answered the steward. "By the way, he can eat there's not much wrong with his health. He's howling for beer now. Am I to supply it, sir?"

"Oh, yes, let him have his beer, unless the Chief countermands it. You'll find him a nasty handful to manage if you cut that off."

"He's a nasty handful as it is," said the steward. "Very good, sir!"

Von Kreigler, very sallow and shabby-looking, was peering at a book through his strong spectacles when Goltzheimer appeared. The general had a third of an inch of red bristles on his fleshy chin. He was in another temper, because he had been refused a razor. The steward had politely offered to bring the yacht's barber to shave him. After the blow Ching Lung had given him the general's chin was sore and tender, and he did not feel inclined to trust himself to the mercies of the yacht's barber. The refusal of the razor was another grievance that roused his ire.

"A kennel of swinehounds!" he growled. "What do they think, then, that I, General Goltzheimer, would cut my throat, or that I would cut their throats? I am not to have a razor, but a filthy English barber, who scrapes the chins of greasy stokers and filthy deck-hands. Ten thousand fiends! It is maddening!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 155.

NEXT FRIDAY: "WHILST GREYFRIARS SLEPT!"

Herr Karl von Kreigler shrugged his shoulders. He detested and despised his fellow prisoner. Without Goltzheimer his captivity would have been at least tolerable.

"Do not deceive yourself, my friend," said the professor, "but times for us have greatly changed. Perhaps it is presumption to advise, but little, I think, will be gained from these people by a display of anger and noise. I can well understand that this confinement is more unpleasant for you than for me. I am a man of peace more than of action, and I can forget myself in a book, general. What is to be gained, then, by violence and rage?"

"Ach! You are a cold-blooded worm!" said the general. "You have no fight in you—no pluck! To win a little comfort you would crawl to these swine-dogs!"

"Do not deceive yourself, general," answered the professor mildly. "If you will show me a way of bettering things, I will ask for no comfort, though I am old enough to deserve it. It is for your own sake that I warn you not to go too far. If you anger this man Ferrers Lord you will regret it."

Goltzheimer rang the electric-bell, and, as the summons was not answered promptly enough to please him, he hammered at the locked door. As there was no response to this, he tried the bell again. At last the door was unlocked. A strange steward, dressed in Ferrers Lord's blue-and-gold livery, entered.

"Ten million fiends!" bellowed the general. "How dare you keep me waiting? Bring me beer!"

"I beg to inform your Excellency," said the steward in very good German, "that this is not a restaurant, where a waiter may be called at any moment!"

The steward bowed himself out politely, locked the door, and shot the bolts. The professor bent over his book to conceal a smile of pleasure.

"The swinedogs!" snarled Goltzheimer. "The—"

He checked himself and went to the open porthole. The sun was shining brightly, and a fresh breeze blew in. The angry general spat into the sea, and then went back to bed. He was very thirsty. There was water in the cabin, but Goltzheimer did not want water, which he despised, but beer. Five or six times he rang the bell at his bedside, but

there was no response. Hitherto, everything he had asked for had been supplied. It was his ferocious attack on Prince Ching Lung that had brought about this unpleasant change in the condition of affairs.

At last the steward knocked at the door, and announced to the gallant general that dinner was served. At the welcome news Goltzheimer rolled off the bed. Herr von Kreigler was already in his place. At the sight of the white cloth, the sparkling glass, and the silver dishes and hot-house flowers on the table, the general grew better tempered. All the courses had been placed on the table at once. There was exquisite soup, served up in exquisite china soup-plates. And beside the plate lay an ordinary wooden spoon and a very blunt wooden fork—nothing else.

The professor was taking his soup out of a similar wooden spoon, and making no complaint, but, as usual, the general boiled over. "What new insult is this?" he roared. "Silver dishes and china plates, and these cursed lumps of wood to eat with! What does this mean, funkney?"

"I do not understand, Excellency," replied the patient steward. "I merely obey orders!"

Goltzheimer grasped the edge of the soup-plate as if about to dash the contents over the steward's smart livery when the professor intervened.

"Do not deceive yourself, general, I implore you!" he said. "It is for something you have done that metal spoons and forks are forbidden us, and that we are not to be trusted with knives. This is but a small punishment, but more folly will bring a greater one. The soup is good, so why trouble whether the spoon is of gold or of wood? It would taste no better were the spoon studded with diamonds."

To show his contempt and independence, General Goltzheimer flung the spoon to the floor, and, lifting the plate to his lips, he guzzled down the soup with many unpleasant noises. Then came the fish, nicely filleted, and cut into convenient portions. It was the same with the meat. It had been carved into mouthfuls, so that no knife was necessary. The prisoners might have been a couple of children in a nursery in danger of choking themselves.

"The beer!" growled the general. "At once, Excellency!" said the steward.

He placed a half-pint silver tankard at Goltzheimer's elbow. The beer was thin and vinegary, and the tankard was not full. This scanty allowance angered the general, but one sip of the watery stuff stirred him to fury. He jumped up with his fat hands clenched and his red moustache bristling. On the head of Ferrers Lord, his parents, and grandparents, and all that belonged to him he invoked ten million curses, and went back, still cursing, to bed.

"A madman!" sighed Von Kreigler, raising his arms and shaking his head. "Do not deceive yourself, steward, but I cannot persuade him or control himself. I try, but it is all waste of breath, or, as in your English you have it—to pour water on the back of a duck. Assure, from me, his Excellency Ferrers Lord that these scenes are none of my making. I wish no favours from his Excellency, and ask none, but I do wish him to understand that I dissociate myself altogether from these insane actions and foolish words of General Goltzheimer."

"Your Excellency had better put the message in writing," said the steward. "I have not the high honour of being permitted to give any message to Mr. Ferrers Lord by word of mouth. If your Excellency will put it on paper, I will forward it with my own written report."

"Ach! Then, you watch and listen, and make a report of all you see and hear," said the professor, blinking his pale eyes nervously. "You spy upon us—yes?"

"I fulfil my instructions, Excellency. There is no spying. I am here, and you say and do what you choose. A spy works in the dark."

"That mad, loud-voiced, drunken fool!" muttered Professor von Kreigler. "He will be the ruin of us, brute beast that he is!"

Two more men in the millionaire's livery came in to clear the table, and the steward, who spoke German, brought Von Kreigler a writing-pad, ink-stand, paper, and a quill pen. The professor blinked nervously at the blank sheet of paper. He was a beaten man, and anxious to make the best terms he could for himself with Ferrers Lord. He could see no single ray of hope, though he

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

was as cunning as a fox, and he had been run down and captured in spite of all his wiles. He was old, too, and beginning to long for quiet and ease now that all his schemes had failed.

He tiptoed across the saloon and listened at Goltzheimer's door. The general was grunting and snorting like some overfed pig. "Ach! Yes, this porpoise of a man with the temper of a wolf will ruin me!" thought the professor. "Even in his sleep he snorts like a beast!"

Von Kriegler ran his finger round his snuff-box to extract the last few grains, and then sat down to write to Ferrers Lord. He wrote in English:

"Excellency,—In common fairness, I must ask you not to hold me responsible or punish me for the actions of my colleague, General Goltzheimer. It is sufficient punishment for a man of my temperament to be his fellow prisoner, and be constantly in company with him. If you could remove me to another part of the vessel it would be a kindness for which I would be grateful to your Excellency. The man jars upon every nerve I have in my body. Trusting the favour of your Excellency's kind consideration of this appeal, so small to you and yet of such grave importance to me.—I remain, your Excellency's obedient servant,

"KARL VON KREIGLER."

He folded the note, placed it in an envelope, and scrawled "His Excellency, Ferrers Lord," across the envelope. He was about to ring the bell when General Goltzheimer emerged from his cabin. The professor tried to slip the envelope under the pad, but as it was not easy to do that without being detected, he tried to conceal it with his podgy hand.

"The insults of the swinehounds!" said the general, twirling at both ends of his red moustache. "Ten million fends! The blood in my veins boils at the thought of them! Ach! If I could get these hands on the throat of Ferrers Lord, I would teach him that it is unwise to insult a Prussian gentleman. A wooden spoon and a wooden fork to a soldier—to a Prussian officer in high command. To spit in my face could not be a greater insult! Death and torture to this pig of an Englisher!"

"You unspeakable fool! Do you forget that walls have ears?" said the professor. "Do not talk so loud!"

General Goltzheimer swung round and saw the writing-pad and ink-stand and the corners of the envelope protruding from beneath Von Kriegler's hand. In an instant a fury of suspicion seized him. What had Von Kriegler—a prisoner like himself—to do with writing materials—except for some treachery? His blackened eye and swollen and unshorn chin made him look hideously repulsive. Down swooped his hand and clutched the professor's wrist, and then the envelope was in his possession.

"Good!" he said, tearing it open. "To Ferrers Lord! Ach! Written in English, is it, comrade? Ten million fends, so I have caught you!"

Professor von Kriegler had shrunk back against the wall. Goltzheimer took him by the throat and held up the open paper before his spectacled eyes.

"Translate it, learned professor!" he snarled. "If you translate one word wrong I shall know it, and dash out your cunning, treacherous brains against the bulkhead!"

#### Coming to Terms.

**W**HATEVER power Karl von Kriegler had exercised over the Prussian swashbuckler in other days was gone for ever now, and the professor knew it. All his skill and brains and cunning were of no avail against Goltzheimer's superior brawn and muscle. The bully had goaded himself up to a pitch of semi-insanity. All his life he had held life cheaply, except the lives of Prussian officers and those of his own class, which, of course, were sacred.

"Ach, you bloated, snuff-taking traitor," said Goltzheimer, "will you translate? Cannot you read your own handwriting when I hold it so close, you near-sighted owl with the evil heart? Read me this treachery, and read it slowly and distinctly. What have you said to this millionaire swine?"

"Do not deceive yourself, general; I have

said nothing wrong," panted the professor, the white sweat of abject fear gleaming on his forehead. "You are too rough, and full of most suspicions. All I have done is to protest to Ferrers Lord that he is treating us vilely. I am not a drunkard, but I am an old man, and I need my wine. Yesterday it was wine, and to-day it is water. I have protested that I have done nothing to be treated in this way. What you have done I do not know. Take your hand away from my throat, for you hurt me. Would you kill an old man, then?"

"An old wolf—an old hypocrite!" grunted the general. "Ten thousand fends, but I believe you are lying! Translate, you dog—translate!"

Terrified though he was, it came easy enough to the professor now. Glibly, and without any hesitation, he pretended to translate the letter, but it was a very different version to what was really written there. Goltzheimer freed him, but kept the note and put it in his pocket.

"I do not trust you, my friend—ach, no, I do not trust you!" said the general, glowering at him. "You are too sleek, too gentle of tongue. But I shall watch, and I shall find out. And if I do find out any trickery, Herr Professor, it will be very bad for you. Two million fends, you are too slippery!"

"Send the note, and do not talk so much folly, general," said Von Kriegler uneasily. "It is a simple thing, and if it does no good, it can do no harm."

"And you do not mention me in it. You whine like a whipped cur to ask why your wine is withheld, you snivel that you are old and unwell. I, a Prussian gentleman of high birth, must have some beer and wooden spoons and forks, and you, who came from nothing, must have your wine!"

"Let it rest. I implore you!" pleaded Von Kriegler in a weary voice. "Why should we quarrel in our hour of misfortune? Do not deceive yourself, general; things will not stay as they are. If they do not mend they will become worse, and I was trying to mend them."

"For yourself—and only for yourself. Ten thousand fends, I do not trust you, so take that as a warning. You are too sleek a rogue for me."

The look of hate and suspicion he cast back at the professor over his shoulder made Von Kriegler feel anything but comfortable. He waited until another visit to the cabin door told him that the general was snoring again, and then he scrawled a shorter message. This time Von Kriegler took no risks. He pushed the envelope under the door of the saloon, and flicked it through with his finger. The armed sailor on guard there picked it up.

"Message for the Chief, Ben," he said to the bo'sun, who was passing. "Old fire-whiskers or old gig-lamps has just shoved it out."

"I ain't sure that the Chief's aboard," said Mr. Benjamin Maddock. "Give it to me, anyhow, souse me, and I'll hand it over to Mr. Thurston or the prince. You haven't seen the blubberbiter about, have you? Me and Prout and O'Rooney pitched him overboard this morning, and that's the last of him so far."

"Oh, he'll turn up grinning," said the sentry, with a laugh. "You'll never get rid of Gan Waga by trying to drown him, that's a moral."

"If you could suggest a quick and painless way of getting rid of that Eskimo, you'd be on a pot of money," said Joe.

"And if you did lose Gan you'd all feel miserable enough to jump over the side and put yourselves out of it," said the sailor, with another laugh.

"I ain't so sure, souse me, for it would be a sight more peaceful," said the bo'sun thoughtfully.

"Then why were you so keen about asking me if I'd seen him about, Ben?"

"It wasn't the silly blubberbiter I wanted, by honey, but the clothes he was wearing, when we slung him off," said Maddock. "They belong to Mr. Thurston. He won't mind us chucking the Eskimo off the yacht, but the fat rogue happened to be inside of Mr. Thurston's suit, though how he got inside beats me. I don't suppose it matters very much. I reckon Mr. Thurston won't want to wear them togs again."

All the same, Maddock, with Von Kriegler's note in his hand, passed Thurston's cabin without knocking, and went to Ching Lung's. "If you're good-looking, or have brought

anything worth having, you may come in!" said the prince's voice.

"I don't know whether it's anything worth having, sir," said Maddock, presenting himself. "It's a note for the Chief that was shoved out under the saloon door by one of them cheerful Huns. Do you mind giving it to the Chief, sir, when you happen to see him?"

The envelope was marked "Extremely urgent." Evidently the writer was in a great hurry about something or other.

"Yes, I'll attend to it, Ben," said the prince. "Extremely urgent," eh? Well, I'm not going to chase myself out of breath for any Hun, so it will have to wait for half an hour. What have you done with Gan Waga? He hasn't been near me since early morning, and that's very unusual."

"Perhaps he got the sulks, and swam back to the cavern to grouse to Hal Honour about it, sir," suggested Ben. "He's pretty thick with Hal. That ain't very likely, neither, for I'll say this for the blubberbiter, he's not much of a grouser."

As there was not enough salt water in all the seven seas to drown Gan Waga, Ching Lung had very little cause for anxiety. Probably he had climbed aboard unnoticed, and was hiding somewhere or taking a rest. Ching Lung finished his cigar and the chapter of the book he was reading, and then went to the millionaire's state-room, taking Von Kriegler's note with him. Ferrers Lord greeted him with a friendly smile.

"Something from Von Kriegler, Chief," said the prince. "I presume it's from the gentle professor, for as Goltzheimer speaks very little English I don't think he knows how to write it. As it is marked 'Extremely urgent,' I didn't run with it to you post-haste when Maddock brought it to me."

Ferrers Lord smiled grimly as he read Professor von Kriegler's message, and then handed it to Ching Lung.

"Hallo! Birds in their little nests do not always agree, then," said the prince. "The gentle professor has got the wind up. So Goltzheimer has been threatening to murder him, has he? I always told Rupert and Hal Honour that the general was not a nice person to know, and he must be an absolute terror of a fellow to have to live with. Von Kriegler was in a stew when he wrote this."

Ferrers Lord lifted the receiver of the telephone from its stand, and gave an order. The whole yacht was luxurious, but there was no sign of luxury in the room where the millionaire worked and planned out some of his greatest schemes. It contained a roll-top desk, a large table covered with papers, a few cane-seated chairs, and a row of steel boxes numbered in white paint and carefully locked. It resembled a lawyer's office, with the exception that, unlike most lawyer's offices, it was scrupulously clean and free from dust.

Every order Ferrers Lord gave was obeyed with wonderful promptitude. In less than three minutes the sentry pushed Karl von Kriegler into the room, and stood behind the prisoner at salute until a nod from the millionaire dismissed him. Clean and erect, broad-shouldered, and looking the typical English gentleman he was in his well-fitting evening-dress suit, Ferrers Lord bowed coldly to his shabby prisoner.

"Pray be seated, Excellency," he said, taking a cigarette from a silver box on the desk. "You have asked for an interview with me. Well?"

"Excellency, I am in a condition of nervous terror," said Von Kriegler. "Do not deceive yourself that I would trouble you with trifles. I am in peril of my life. This man Goltzheimer is demented. He has delusions. One of the delusions is that I am trying to curry favour with your Excellency behind his back, and to harm him for my own profit. As your Excellency knows, when Goltzheimer's temper is roused, his passion is ungovernable."

"I have formed my own opinion of General Goltzheimer," said Ferrers Lord. "You are afraid of him, then?"

"In mortal terror, Excellency!" He pointed to his throat. "He tried to strangle me, and I still feel the clutch of his fingers. If I am to remain with him he will murder me. His wild hatred of me grows more intense minute by minute and hour by hour."

(There will be another long instalment of our splendid serial, "The Invisible Raider," next week.)

NEXT FRIDAY!

"MORNINGTON'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL!"

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.



**A JOB FOR JIMMY SILVER!**  
(Continued from page 6.)

grasped him. But he yelled the next moment as Algy's fist came home on his nose with a crack that brought the water to his eyes with a rush.

"Ow-yow!" gasped Lovell. Algy hit out again savagely, but Lovell's temper was up now.

He grasped the fag by the back of his collar and the seat of his trousers, and swung him, kicking, into the air.

"Yaroo! Put me down!" shrieked Algy.

"You come on, you young cad!" said Lovell grimly. "If you were half as big as me I'd wollop you till you couldn't crawl. Come on!"

Algy, with his arms and legs flying wildly, was borne out of the study, helpless, in Lovell's powerful grasp.

His furious voice died away down the passage towards the stairs.

A sound of bumping followed.

Lovell was taking Algy downstairs by the simplest process—that of yanking him along and bumping him on every stair.

Algy's yells died away in the distance. Lovell returned to the study after some minutes, with a face crimson from exertion, but grinning.

"Algy's gone," he remarked. "And now you'd better go!" said Lattrey fiercely.

Townsend exchanged a glance with Topham.

"Better be gettin' back to our quarters, Topsy!" he murmured.

"Not just yet!" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Look here—"

"Hold your tongue! I've got something to say to you fellows," said Jimmy, in steady tones. "My cousin Algy is a young rascal. That's no reason why you should be making him worse. You're older than he is, and know better than he does. You'd be kicked out of the

school if the Head knew your little game here. I can't bring the Head down on you. I'm going to deal with you myself."

"And what are you goin' to do?" asked Peele, with a sneer.

"I'm going to thrash every cad here with this cricket-stump!" said Jimmy Silver quietly. "I hope that'll be a lesson to you to leave my cousin out of your rotten games. If that lesson isn't enough, it will be repeated. You've chosen to act like rotten blackguards, and now you're going through it!"

"Hear, hear!" chirped Lovell.

"Why, you cheeky cad," gasped Townsend, in rage and amazement, "you dare—"

"You dare not!" panted Lattrey. "You'll see. Collar them!"

Towny and Topsy made a furious rush at the doorway, and were promptly collared and held by Lovell and Raby. Peele and Gower put up their hands savagely, but the Colonial Co. soon collared them.

Lattrey, with a snarl like a wild animal, grabbed at the poker in the grate. But Erroll and Mornington caught him before he could grasp it. Newcome, with a grin, closed the study door. Jimmy Silver waited calmly till the nuts were secured.

"Let me go!" yelled Lattrey. "You hounds!"

"Better language, dear boy!" remonstrated Mornington. "You're in for it, old scout. Dash it all, you've called the tune, now you're goin' to pay the piper!"

"Lattrey first!" said Jimmy Silver, grasping the stump hard. "Face down on the table!"

Lattrey, struggling furiously, was flung on the table, sending cards, money, and smokes scattering right and left.

Struggling furiously still, he was held there by his neck and his feet, while Jimmy Silver got to work with the stump.

Whack, whack, whack!  
"Oh, crumbs! Ow-ow! You rotters! Yow-woop!"

Whack, whack, whack!  
"Only six!" said Lovell. "Better make it a dozen."

"That'll do. Pitch him away!"  
Bump!  
Lattrey was deposited in a corner of the study.

"Towny next!"  
"Look here, you rotters! Look here! I—oh—ah—yoop!"

Townsend was dismissed, yelling, with six. Topham came next, struggling wildly, but he had to take his six. They were pitched neck and crop out of the study after the infliction. With furious faces and many groans, they limped away to their own quarters.

"Now Peele!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"You rotters!" panted Peele. "I—I'll promise to have nothin' to do with your dashed cousin, Silver!"

"A licking will help you to remember your promise!"

Whack, whack!  
"Oh, you beast! Oh dear!"

Peele had his six, and was plumped down on Lattrey in the corner. Then Gower went through his ordeal, with a white, furious face.

"That job's jobbed," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. "Supper will be getting cold, you fellows."

"The merry circus is over," said Mornington. "Gentlemen, let me beg you to reflect on your sins an' turn over a new leaf, followin' my shinin' example. Ta-ta!"

Jimmy Silver and Co. quitted the study, leaving fury behind them.

Over supper in the end study Jimmy recovered his serenity.

"Don't worry, old scout!" said Lovell. "I don't know whether dear old Algy will change his spots in a hurry, but one thing's jolly certain—he won't get much encouragement in the Fourth when he's goin' on the merry ran-dan. I fancy Towny and Co. will keep him at arm's-length after this—or a little farther. Remember your own merry maxims, and keep smiling!"

And Jimmy Silver smiled.

THE END.

(Look out for another long, complete tale of Rookwood in next Friday's issue of the POPULAR.)

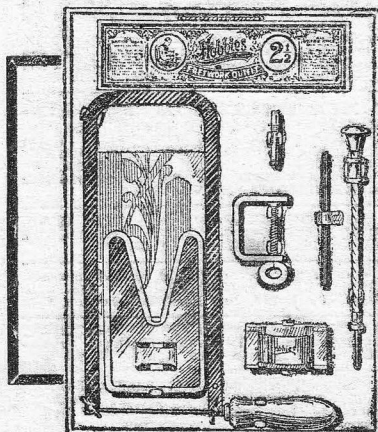
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FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

## "WHILST GREYFRIARS SLEPT!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of next week's grand long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. The story deals further with Con Fitzpatrick, the boy who was saved from the sea, and his amazing campaign to get the sack from the school so that he can return to the sea. Whilst Greyfriars marvels at the daring of Fitzpatrick, the latter quietly prepares to steal away. Whether he succeeds in doing so you will read in next Friday's story of Greyfriars.

To follow this will be another tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood, entitled:

## "MORNINGTON'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL!"

By Owen Conquest.

The story deals with a terrible accident which happens to Morny of the Fourth. I will not reveal more of this magnificent tale, but will leave it for you to read about next week.

There will be the usual four-page supplement, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," which, Billy Bunter tells me, will be a Special Indoor-Games Number. It will undoubtedly be one

of the best numbers we have had so far, and I advise you not to miss reading it.

Included in this splendid programme of stories for next week will be a long, thrilling instalment of our wonderful serial,

## "THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"

By Sidney Drew,

and another chance for my chums to win a grand Match Football or one of the Ten Prizes of Five Shillings.

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Read the following rules carefully before sending in your Poplets:

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

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2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 49, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

3. No correspondence may be entered into in connection with "Poplets."

4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.

5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD, and that it is received on or before January 12th, 1922.

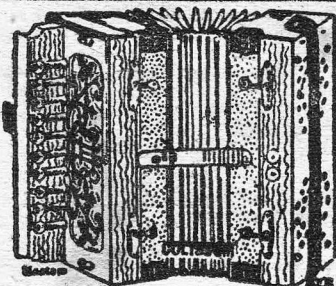
## RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION NO. 41.

The Splendid Match Football has been awarded to:

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35, Hart Road,  
Dorking, Surrey.

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each have been sent to the following readers:

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F. W. Henton, 87, Blantyre Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.  
E. Collis, 43, Lily Road, Litherland, Liverpool.  
Percy Lynch, 8, Greenhough Street, Ancoats, Manchester.  
C. Bovingdon, 68, Colville Road, S. Acton, W. 3.  
R. W. Huntingdon, 47, Southfield Road, Eton Park, Birmingham.  
Harry W. E. Thom, 27, Chalidon Road, Fulham, S.W. 16.  
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