

**DO YOU WANT A FOOTBALL?** TURN TO PAGE 17 INSIDE FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

Week Ending—  
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New  
Series.  
No. 156.

Greyfriars

# The POPULAR

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

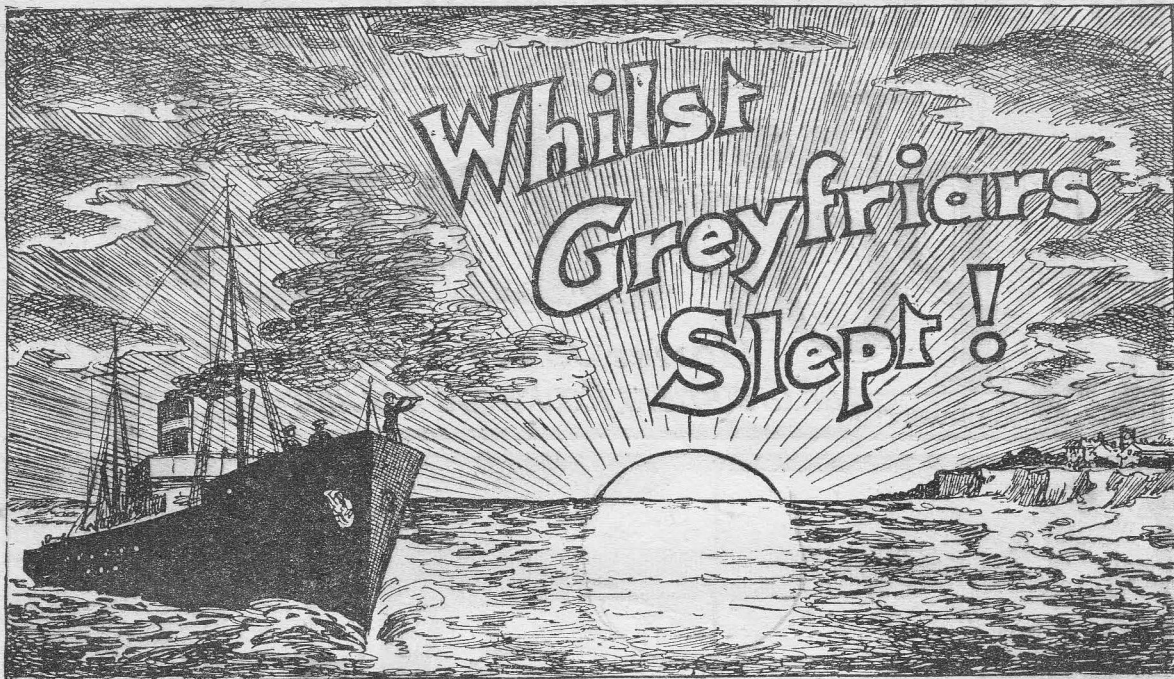
Rookwood

St. Jims



**HOW CON FITZPATRICK FOOLED THE SCHOOL!**

(A dramatic moment in the Long Complete Tale of Greyfriars inside.)



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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

#### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

##### Bob Cherry is Caught Napping!

"H ALLO, hallo, hallo! Coming down to football, Fitz?"

Thus Bob Cherry of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. Con Fitzpatrick, to whom that remark was addressed, looked up and shook his head moodily. Fitz was probably the most curious fellow at Greyfriars, for, after having been saved from the sea by Harry Wharton during a fierce storm, he had tried all manner of means in the endeavour to get expelled from the school.

Fitz wanted to go to sea. Fitz, if he could manage it, meant to go to sea. Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars, had told him that he was stopping at Greyfriars; and only the knowledge that Fitzpatrick wanted the sack had kept the Head from sending the junior away.

Harry Wharton, in his capacity as captain of the Remove Form, had done his best to persuade Con that Greyfriars wasn't such a bad place after all—especially so far as the Remove was concerned. Fitz listened attentively and kindly, but he would always declare that he wanted to go to "say."

Hence, when Bob Cherry poked his head into Study No. 1 in the Remove passage on the Wednesday afternoon, Con Fitzpatrick did not greet him with enthusiasm. He shook his head in reply to Bob Cherry's question, but did not speak.

"Not going to hang about doing nothing all the afternoon, I suppose?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"No; I'm going out."

"You can't, go out!" said Bob warmly.

"Why not?"

"You're gated for the rest of the term."

The new junior laughed.

"That won't make any difference!" he said. "I've got an appointment down

in Pegg, and I've got to keep it. I shall be late back, too!"

"Going to miss calling-over?" asked Bob sarcastically.

"Probably."

Bob Cherry came into the study, looking more serious than usual.

"Look here, young ass!" he said. "You're going the wrong way to work! You've been gated by the Head, and you've got to stand it."

"Can't be done!"

"If you go out of gates after that it's breaking bounds."

"Sure, and it can't be helped!"

"It will mean a flogging—not a caning this time, but a flogging before the whole school!" said Bob Cherry impressively.

"I'll risk it!"

"I've a jolly good mind to tell Wingate, and get him to stop you!" growled Bob Cherry, in a state of great perplexity. "You can't be allowed to run on like this!"

"Oh, that's all right!"

"Look here, Fitz, don't be an ass!" said Bob persuasively. "Stay in and play footer. You can play all right, and Wharton will give you a place in the team to play the Redclyffe chaps; it's a chance a good many Remove chaps would jump at."

"Let 'em jump!"

"What are you going to do when you go out?"

"Going on the water."

"Rats! You're jolly well not going to!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm going to look after you like a father. You're a decent little idiot in your way, and I'm not going to let you get yourself into real trouble."

"Sure, and I—"

Harry Wharton came into the study. "Hallo! You here, Bob?" he exclaimed. "I was looking for you. Jolly near time for the Redclyffe chaps."

"Could you play another chap instead of me, Harry?"

Wharton stared. It was the first time he had ever known Bob Cherry to want to miss a footer match.

"I could," he said; "but I don't want to. Why?"

"This young ass is going to break bounds this afternoon!"

Wharton's brow darkened.

"You can't do that, Fitzpatrick," he said. "It's the Head who gated you. We all make it a point to treat the Head with respect."

"Sure, and I'm sorry; but—"

"But you mean to go?" asked Harry sharply.

"Yes, Wharton darling!"

"And I'm going to stop him!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He doesn't want to play in the Redclyffe match, so he's going to look on, and I'm going to look on with him. I'm going to take his arm like an old pal."

Fitzpatrick jumped up.

"You're going to do nothing of the sort!" he said.

"You're mistaken; I am!" said Bob.

"Good!" said Harry Wharton heartily.

"If a silly ass is determined to get himself into trouble, he needs looking after! I'll give Bolsover major a chance in your place, Bob, if you really want to stand out."

"Right-ho!"

Harry Wharton quitted the study. He was already in his footer things, but Bob Cherry had not changed. Fitzpatrick made a movement to follow Wharton, and Bob Cherry stepped into the doorway before him, with a cheerful smile.

Fitzpatrick paused, half-frowning and half-laughing.

"Let me pass!" he said.

"No passes granted to-day!" said Bob Cherry.

"Look here—"

"Well, I'm looking," said Bob Cherry; "I'll do that much!"

"I want to get out."  
 "Impossible!"  
 "Will you let me pass?"  
 "No!"  
 "I shall have to handle you, then!"  
 said Fitzpatrick.  
 Bob Cherry laughed.  
 "Go ahead!" he said. "Bolsover major can't handle me with much success, and he's the biggest chap in the Remove. Go ahead!"

"I don't want to row with you," said Fitzpatrick. "I like you, but—but I'm not going to be kept in. What bizney is it of yours, anyway?"

"It's every chap's bizney to prevent a silly ass from playing the giddy goat!" Bob Cherry explained. "I'm going to keep you out of trouble."

"I don't want to be kept out of it!" said Fitzpatrick irritably.

"That isn't the point."

"Look here, let me pass, or I shall shove you out!" roared the new junior, losing his temper.

"Shove away!"  
 "I mean it, you ass!"  
 "So do I, you ass!"

Fitzpatrick said no more, but rushed right at Bob Cherry.

But Bob Cherry was not swept out of the doorway into the passage, as the new boy had expected. He stood as firm as a rock, and threw his arms round Fitzpatrick, and his arms were like bands of steel. Fitzpatrick felt as if he were being held in the grip of a vice.

Bob Cherry's smiling face looked into the red countenance of the new junior. Fitzpatrick was making tremendous efforts to throw him, but he might as well have tried to throw the Greyfriars clock tower. Bob Cherry was immovable, and the pressure of his arms round Fitzpatrick was increasing in force. Fitzpatrick's breath escaped with a gasp, and his effort was over.

"Finished?" asked Bob agreeably.

Fitzpatrick panted.  
 "Ow! Yes!"

Bob Cherry released him. Fitzpatrick staggered back against the table, gasping for breath and red with exertion.

"Faith, and it's a strong baste ye are!" he exclaimed admiringly. "I thought I was tough, but, sure, ye're tougher!"

"Yes, pretty tough!" assented Bob Cherry; "especially when I'm looking after a silly kid like a father! Will you come and watch the footer with me?"

Fitzpatrick laughed breathlessly.

"Won't you let me go out of gates, you troublesome fathead?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then I'll come down to the footer!"

"Arm-in-arm, like old pals?" said Bob Cherry.

Fitzpatrick grinned, and gave Bob Cherry his arm. Bob took it very securely, quite aware that his new friend intended to bolt if he had an opportunity. The two juniors left the study together, and walked out of the School House.

"Faith, and it's mighty friendly ye are," said Micky Desmond of the Remove, meeting them on the way to the footer-ground.

"I'm being a father to him," explained Bob Cherry. "He wants to break bounds, and I'm helping him to resist the temptation."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Redclyffe juniors were on the ground now. The Remove team lined up without Bob Cherry, with Percy Bolsover in his place. Harry Wharton's team looked very fit, and Bob Cherry looked on keenly as the ball was kicked off and the match started.

Redclyffe were in great form, and the match was fast and hotly contested from the beginning.

Bob Cherry, as he was not playing, shouted encouragement to the fellows that were, and his stentorian tones were heard every few minutes.

"Go it, Greyfriars! On the ball, Franky! Play up, Inky, old man—play up! Hurrah! Goal—goal! Good old Wharton!"

First goal to Greyfriars Remove. Fitzpatrick joined in the cheering, but he had one eye on the school gates in the distance.

"Isn't this better than breaking bounds, you fathead?" demanded Bob Cherry, still keeping his arm linked in Fitzpatrick's.

"Oh rats!" said Fitzpatrick. "It's a good game, but I want to be on the say!"

"Bosh!"

The game restarted after the goal, and Redclyffe scored. At half-time the score was level. In the second half Greyfriars Remove were hard pressed, and they put up a gallant fight. Bob Cherry watched them with all his eyes, so to speak, and insensibly he relaxed his vigilance towards Fitzpatrick.

Suddenly the Remove forwards succeeded in getting away, and cleft a path towards the visitors' goal. Halves and backs valiantly defended; but the Removites were passing wonderfully, and they came right down to goal, and hotly attacked the citadel. There was a roar of shouting round the field, and Bob Cherry, completely forgetting his prisoner, yelled at the top of his voice.

"Hurrah! Go it, Greyfriars!"

"Play up, Remove!"

"On the ball!"

"Shoot! Shoot!"

"Hurrah!"

The Redclyffe goalie was defending well. Twice the ball came out. Then it bounded back from the head of Dick Penfold at inside-right, and it was in the net! There was a terrific roar.

"Goal! Goal! Goal!"

Bob Cherry clapped his hands frantically.

"Hurrah! Goal! Hurrah!"

Then as the players streamed back towards the centre of the field, Bob Cherry suddenly remembered Fitzpatrick. He had evidently let go of him to clap his hands, though in the excitement of the moment he had not noticed it. He looked out into the road, but there was no sign of the new boy. Fitzpatrick was gone!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Missing!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came off the football-field very well satisfied with themselves. They had beaten Redclyffe by 2 goals to 1, after a very fast match, and they had reason to be pleased with their victory. Bob Cherry, however, was not looking pleased as he met the victorious footballers. He looked glum.

"You missed a good match, Bob!" said Wharton sympathetically.

Bob Cherry nodded.

"Yes, I know that," he said. "But I'm not thinking of that. That young idiot gave me the slip when you took that last goal."

"Fitzpatrick?"

"Yes; he's bolted!"

"Rotten! Then you missed playing for nothing."

"I'll jolly well dot him on the nose this evening, when he comes in!" said Bob Cherry. "I was looking after him like a Dutch uncle, and that's how he repays

my fatherly care! I'll jolly well give him a thick ear when he comes in!"

Wharton laughed.

"Well, if he gets into trouble now, it's his own look-out!" he said. "We've done all we could to stop him. He will have to face the music when he comes in."

But the new junior seemed to be in a hurry to come in. He did not come back to tea, and at calling-over he did not appear in the ranks of the Remove. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was taking call-over, and Mr. Quelch never by any chance missed observing an absence.

"Fitzpatrick!"

No reply.

Mr. Quelch raised his head.

"Fitzpatrick!"

Still no answer.

"Is Fitzpatrick absent?"

"He's not here, sir," said Wharton, to whom the question was addressed.

"Very well. When he comes in, tell him to report himself to me, Wharton."

"Yes, sir."

And Mr. Quelch finished the roll-call.

The juniors streamed out, a good many of them discussing the absence of Con Fitzpatrick. The whole school knew that he was gated for the term, and, in spite of that, he had gone out and failed to return at evening roll-call.

"Reckless young ass!" said Nugent.

"There will be real trouble this time. All hands on deck for a flogging!"

"Serve him right!" said Vernon-Smith. "It's sheer cheek! If he'd come in for roll-call he might have kept it dark about breaking bounds. It's cheek, and I hope he'll get it in the neck!"

And Harry Wharton & Co., though greatly disposed to stand by Con Fitzpatrick, could not help thinking that the reckless junior had gone much too far this time, and they looked forward to his return with some anxiety.

But the evening wore on, and he did not return.

"Nine o'clock," said Bob Cherry, coming into the junior Common-room after he had done his preparation. "Has that Irish bouncer come in?"

"Sure, if ye mean Fitzpatrick, he hasn't," said Micky Desmond. "He can't be long now, I should think, intirely."

"I guess he knows what to expect, and he's calculating on putting it off," remarked Fisher T. Fish.

"Well, he can't be long now."

Half-past nine was bed-time for the juniors, and at precisely half-past nine Loder of the Sixth looked into the Common-room. It was Loder's turn once more to have the honour and privilege of seeing lights out for the Remove.

"The kid come back?" was Loder's first question.

"No, Loder."

"Fitzpatrick hasn't come in?" demanded Loder, in astonishment and satisfaction. Loder had not forgotten the scene in Study No. 1, when Bill Hankins had sat upon him on the floor.

Fitzpatrick had been caned, but that did not satisfy the bully of the Sixth. He was only too glad of a chance of catching the new junior tripping again.

"Well, he's not here!" said Vernon-Smith.

"The young rascal! Hanging about some pub with his rotten associates, I suppose," said Loder. "Get off to bed! I shall have to report this to Mr. Quelch."

The Remove went up to their dormitory.

Harry Wharton was looking very serious. He knew that Fitzpatrick had intended to go on the water that afternoon, and the sea had been somewhat rough. It was quite possible that some accident had happened among the rocks and dangerous currents of the bay. If the boy could have helped it, surely he would not have defied all the laws of the school, and the authority of the Head by staying out after bed-time? It seemed impossible that even Fitzpatrick could willingly be so utterly reckless as that.

"What are you thinking of, Harry?" asked Bob Cherry quietly.

Wharton started.

"I—I hope there hasn't been an accident," he said.

"Just what I was thinking."

"He's a reckless young ass, and he doesn't know the bay; and if he went out in a boat by himself—"

Bob Cherry shivered.

"The young duffer!" he said.

Mr. Quelch came into the dormitory. The Remove-master looked very grave.

"It appears that Fitzpatrick has not returned, my boys," he said. "Does any boy here know where he intended to go when he left Greyfriars to-day?"

"There was an awkward silence. The giving of information to a master was a very delicate matter.

"This is a serious thing," added Mr. Quelch, who understood the feeling of the Removites perfectly. "I am very much afraid that some accident has happened to Fitzpatrick. He is going to be searched for, and I wish to know as much as possible of his intended movements."

"He intended to go out on the bay, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"You are sure of that, Cherry?"

"He told me so, sir."

"Do you know if he intended to go alone, or with companions?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir; I don't know about that."

"Can anyone else tell me anything more?" asked Mr. Quelch, looking round the dormitory.

No one could, apparently, for there was no reply. The Form-master turned to the doorway. Then Harry Wharton spoke.

"Fitzpatrick is to be searched for, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Wharton."

"Could—could we help, sir?" said Harry. "I—we—know the bay and the coast well, sir—every inch of it, and we might—"

"Perhaps it would be as well, Wharton. You may come."

Mr. Quelch caught Bob Cherry's look, and Nugent's, and added:

"Nugent and Cherry, too. That will be sufficient."

"Thank you, sir!"

And the three Removites followed the Form-master from the dormitory.

The dormitory was left in a buzz of voices.

Mr. Quelch's gravity of manner had impressed the juniors. It was evident that the Remove-master believed that something serious had happened to the missing Removite.

"It would be rotten if the chap was drowned," said Bolsover major. "I never thought of that, but it's quite possible. It's very tricky among the rocks about the Shoulder, and it gets dark early, and—"

"Poor beast!" said Vernon-Smith. "I'm sorry if that's the case. But—"

"The sorrowfulness of all our esteemed selves will be terrific," said Hurree Jam-

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set Ram Singh.

The Removites turned in in a far from slumberous frame of mind. Billy Bunter certainly went to sleep at once, as he always did. But most of the other fellows remained awake, wondering what had happened, and whether Fitzpatrick would return to the school alive.

Eleven o'clock chimed out from the tower.

"Eleven!" said Johnny Bull. "Any of you fellows awake?"

"Yes, rather!" came back a dozen voices.

"They haven't come back yet, or Wharton and Nugent and Bob would be here. They can't have found him."

"Something must have happened," said Tom Brown.

"The happenfulness must have been terrific."

"I guess it's an accident."

"More likely he's bolted," said Vernon-Smith. "He tried to run away to sea once, and very likely he's trying it again to-day. There was a foreign ship in Pegg this morning, too; he may have gone in her."

"The ship's still there," said Newland. "She doesn't sail till to-morrow."

"Well, he may have bolted by train."

"I hope it's no worse than that," said Johnny Bull.

And the Removites fell into silence again.

One by one they dropped off to sleep, tired out with watching at last. But when the last of the eyes had closed, there was still no sign or sound of the return of the search-party—no sign of the missing junior. His place in the dormitory was empty, and when the rising sun glimmered in at the high windows, the light showed the bed empty still.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### A Surden Surprise!

**T** IRED, heavy with fatigue, sorely troubled in mind, the search-party came in as dawn was breaking over Greyfriars.

They came in unsuccessful.

There were a dozen of them—Wharton and Bob Cherry, and Nugent, of the Remove, Coker, of the Fifth, Wingate and Gwynne, Walker and North, of the Sixth, three of the masters, and Gosling, the porter. They had worn themselves out with searching and inquiring for the missing junior; but they had discovered nothing—learnt nothing. In the village of Friardale Fitzpatrick had not been seen; in Pegg nobody knew of his movements. Captain Stump and Bill Hankins had been questioned, and they stated that they had seen Fitzpatrick in the afternoon on the shore, but that was all they knew.

The fishermen with whom the lad had made acquaintance helped in the search; none of them knew where he was. Some of the fishing-boats were out all night, and had not yet returned, and it occurred to Harry Wharton that Fitzpatrick might have gone with them.

But it seemed impossible that the boy was deliberately absenting himself. Surely recklessness could not have been carried to such a pitch as that! It was a more probable theory that he had run away from Greyfriars; but inquiry at the village station, and at the junction at Courtfield, elicited no information. Nobody answering to Fitzpatrick's description had taken a ticket there; the porters did not remember seeing him.

The dreadful idea that he had gone out in a boat, and had met with a fatal accident among the currents that raced

and whirled round the base of the Shoulder, had taken possession of all minds. So far as could be ascertained in the search, no boat was known to be missing; but Fitzpatrick might have taken one farther along the bay, and only a search would ascertain the fact.

The police and the coastguards had been notified, and inquiry was still proceeding along the bay, when the worn-out searchers returned to Greyfriars.

Dr. Locke was up to meet them. He had hardly closed his eyes that night. He read the result in Mr. Quelch's face as soon as he saw him.

A darker cloud came over the good old doctor's brow.

"Nothing has been found?" he asked.

"Nothing sir."

"No news?"

"Only that he was seen in Pegg yesterday."

"Poor lad! He has paid dearly for his disobedience," said the Head, with a sigh. "It is impossible to doubt that an accident has happened."

"I am afraid so, sir."

"Poor lad—poor lad!"

Harry Wharton and his companions returned to the Remove dormitory as the fellows were getting up. Gosling clanged out the rising-bell before turning in himself. A chorus of inquiry greeted the three dusty and fatigued Removites as they came in.

"Found him?"

"Any news?"

"Has he bolted?"

"Was it an accident?"

"Nothing's known," said Harry Wharton. "We've only found that he can't be discovered, that's all. I hope he's still alive."

"Poor kid!"

"Bet you ten to one he's bolted!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, shut up!"

Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry turned in. They were excused from lessons that morning for a much-needed rest.

Anxious as they were about Fitzpatrick, they slept immediately they turned in, so worn out were they of tramping to and fro in the long night.

There was a hush over the Greyfriars Form-rooms that morning. All the fellows were anxiously expecting news, and at any moment the Head anticipated learning that a boat had been found bottom upward in the bay, or that a body had been washed ashore.

But no news came.

No news was good news, in this case; but hearts were heavy at Greyfriars. The reckless disobedience of the new boy was forgotten; that he had brought his fate upon himself was a fact that no one cared to remember. He had been punished terribly for it, and the fellows could only think of a still form lying on the rocks—a white face glancing from the rolling waters—and they shuddered at the mental picture.

When the Remove came out after third lesson, Harry Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry came down to a very late breakfast.

There was still no news.

A crowd of fellows gathered round the gates of Greyfriars, looking down the road in expectation of the messenger of ill tidings who must arrive sooner or later. They talked in hushed voices. Harry Wharton joined the crowd. He was still feeling tired from the night's tramping over the rocks and sands. But he was thinking only of the missing boy. Bob Cherry was pale and conscience-smitten.

"If I'd looked after him better, he wouldn't have gone out," said Bob remorsefully. "I meant to keep him in, and I did keep him, and then I let him go, like an ass!"

"You couldn't help it, Bob."

"I ought to have helped it!" said Bob miserably. "I had him there, and I was holding the silly ass—I mean, the poor kid, and—and—"

He broke off with a quiver in his voice.

"It might have happened any other day," said Nugent. "After all, though one doesn't like to say so, it was his own fault!"

"And mine, too!" groaned Bob.

"He may be alive yet," said Wharton. "No good giving up hope till we know for certain. There's a chance that he went out with the night boats."

"Impossible! He must have known that everybody would be alarmed—"

"He mightn't have thought of it."

"Must be a silly ass, then!" said Russell. "If that's what happened, he ought to be flogged till he howls!"

"And he will be—in that case," said Wharton. "I can't say I should feel very sorry for him, either. But—"

"It can't be that," said Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head. "He wouldn't play such a rotten trick. Chap might be thoughtless, but not to that extent."

"I hope he'll turn up."

"Poor kid!"

"I say, you fellows, I've got an idea!" said Billy Bunter, joining the group at the gates.

Bob Cherry sniffed. He did not think much either of Billy Bunter or of his ideas. But the other fellows looked at Bunter inquiringly. Any suggestion was welcome at such a moment.

"Well, what do you think, Billy?" asked Wharton.

The Owl of the Remove blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"I say, suppose he's gone out with the fishing-boats, he'll come back—"

"Go hon!" said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! What I mean is, that when he comes in he'll be frightfully hungry, after a night on the sea and—"

"Oh, rats!"

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, Cherry! I think your remarks are very heartless, under the painful circumstances!" said Bunter, with an indignant blink at Bob Cherry. "I say, you fellows, if Fitzpatrick comes back all right, my idea is to stand him a feed, and—and—"

"What!"

"I'm expecting a postal-order to-day," went on Bunter. "What I'm going to suggest is that you fellows hand me some cash to get a feed ready for Fitzpatrick, in case he isn't drowned, and I'll hand you my postal-order when it comes!"

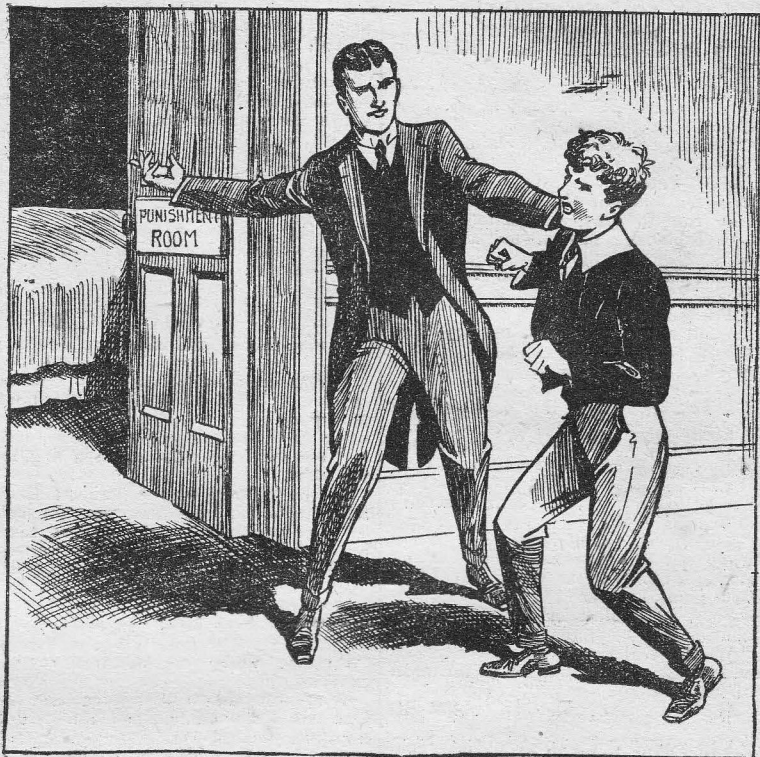
The chums of the Remove stared blankly at the fat junior.

They knew their Bunter, but it seemed incredible that even Billy Bunter was thinking of nothing but getting a feed out of the matter that was causing anxiety and concern to the whole school.

"So that's your idea, is it, Bunter?" said Harry Wharton, with ominous quietness.

Billy Bunter nodded cheerfully. He did not see the dangerous gleam in the eyes of the juniors.

"Yes, that's it," he said. "I think it would be only the right thing, you know, and would show proper feeling, under the—painful circumstances! I'm ex-



Wingate threw open the door of the punishment-room. "Inside!" he said. Fitzpatrick hung back. "You're going to lock me in?" he asked. "Yes!" "Then I'm not going in, intirely!" (See Chapter 4.)

pecting a postal-order, as I said, and if you chaps hand me ten bob— Yow!"

Billy Bunter was grasped and bumped on the ground violently, and then four or five pairs of boots commenced operations upon his plump person.

"Ow! Yow, yow! Beasts! Yah! Oh!"

"Jump on him!" roared Bob Cherry. "Yaroo! Grooh! Oh!"

Bunter scrambled up, and ran for his life.

He did not join the party at the gate again. His ideas were evidently unpopular, though Bunter could not see why himself. But he could see that it would be wiser to keep out of the way of the Famous Five for a time.

The fellows resumed watching the road. They did not feel inclined for anything else, anxiety was pressing heavily upon all of them.

Bob Cherry uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Great Scott!" murmured Nugent.

"Look!"

A figure had come in sight in the road—the figure of a boy. At the distance it was not possible to recognise him at once, but he was in Etons, and the form was familiar. As he came nearer they recognised him.

"Fitzpatrick!"

It was the new junior.

He was coming down the road with a springy step, and evidently in a cheerful frame of mind. He stared a little at the crowd at the gates as he came up. They regarded him in silence. Fitzpatrick looked very fit and well, and certainly not as if he had been the victim of an accident at sea.

"Fitzpatrick!" gasped Wharton.

"Sure, and it's me!" said Fitzpatrick. "I'm not a giddy ghost! What's the trouble?"

"You!"

"Alive!"

"Faith, I think so! I never said I was dead, did I?" grinned Fitzpatrick.

"What are ye all looking as solemn as boiled owls about?"

"Has there been an accident?"

"Not that I know of."

"Where have you been?" yelled a score of angry voices.

Concern for the missing junior had given place to a very natural anger and exasperation now that he had returned safe and sound, and looking quite cheerful.

"I've been to say!"

"With the fishing-boats?" asked Wharton.

"Yes."

"And nothing's happened?"

"Sure, no!"

"You—you—you young villain!"

"What!"

Wingate came down to the gates.

"You fellows—" he began; and then he caught sight of the returned junior. "What! Oh! Is that—that you, Fitzpatrick?"

"Faith, and it's me, Wingate darling! I—"

Wingate's hand dropped heavily upon the new junior's shoulder.

"Come with me!" he said.

"But I—"

"Come along, you young rascal!"

And Wingate marched the junior into the School House, and straight into the Head's study.

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

NEXT FRIDAY! "COACH OR CROOK?"

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

## Under Sentence!

**F**ITZPATRICK has returned, sir!"

Dr. Locke uttered an exclamation of relief as Wingate spoke.

"Thank goodness," he exclaimed, "he is safe!"

"He is here, sir."

Wingate marched the junior in. Dr. Locke rose to his feet. There was a very visible emotion in his kind, old face.

"Fitzpatrick, I am rejoiced to see you safe and sound!"

"Thank you, sir!"

"What happened to you, my boy?"

"Nothing, sir!"

"What!"

"Sure, I'm all right, sir!"

Dr. Locke looked at him, and his brow grew very stern.

"Fitzpatrick! Do you mean to tell me that you were not kept away from the school by some accident?"

"Sure, I'm sorry, sir, but I haven't had any accident!"

"Then, sir," thundered the Head, "what was the cause of your staying away, and plunging the whole school into confusion and anxiety?"

"Sure, I didn't know you'd be anxious, sir!"

"What! Did you think that a junior could remain away from school all night without causing anxiety?"

"Faith, I never thought about it, sir!"

"You never thought about it?" said the Head, in a terrifying voice.

"No, sir."

"Are you—are you insane, boy?" the Head exclaimed, aghast.

"Sure, I hope not, sir!"

"You are an—extraordinary boy!" gasped Dr. Locke. "Where have you been?"

"Out with the night fishermen, sir."

"Without asking permission?"

"Sure, I knew you wouldn't give it, sir!" said Fitzpatrick innocently.

The Head breathed hard.

"Have you forgotten, Fitzpatrick, that I forbade you to go outside the school gates, without special permission, for the rest of the term?"

"No, sir!"

"Then you disobeyed me!"

"I'm sorry, sir!"

"Ah, you have the grace to be sorry for your disobedience!"

"Sure, sir, I mane that I'm sorry I couldn't go without disobeying you."

"Do you mean to say that you are not sorry you went?"

"Well, sir, I had a foine time."

"Boy!"

"Sure, I've often been out with the night fisherman at home in Oireland, sir, and I never thought any harm. I didn't think about you missing me; faith, my uncle says I never think of anything till too late, sir."

"I think your uncle is right," said the Head. "But you must learn to think of things before it is too late, Fitzpatrick. I shall endeavour to teach you."

"Thank you, sir," said Fitzpatrick demurely.

"You certainly should thank me, but you will not find the process pleasant," said the Head grimly. "You have disobeyed my orders, and caused the whole school to be thrown into confusion. Masters and boys were searching for you all night."

"I never meant to give so much trouble, sir."

"But you gave it, and you must THE POPULAR.—No. 156.

learn, Fitzpatrick, that you will have to obey the orders that are given you. I shall not expel you from Greyfriars, from my regard for your uncle, an old Greyfriars boy, whom I esteem and respect. I shall give you a public flogging before the whole school Fitzpatrick!"

"Oh, sir!"

"I hope it will impress some sense of discipline on your mind!"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Take him away, Wingate!"

Fitzpatrick's eyes blazed.

"Sure, and I won't be flogged, then!"

he exclaimed.

Wingate's grasp closed upon his shoulder, and he was jerked out of the study before he could say more. Dr. Locke sank back into his chair, breathing hard.

"What an extraordinary boy!" he exclaimed. "I am really afraid that it will be impossible to keep him at Greyfriars, sorry as I am to disappoint his uncle. But we shall see what result a flogging will have!"

In the passage, the captain of Greyfriars gave the Irish junior a grim look.

"You young ass, what do you mean by cheeking the Head?" he exclaimed.

"Faith, I'm not going to be flogged!"

"I don't see quite how you'll help it!" said Wingate.

"I'll run away first!"

"Will you?" said Wingate grimly.

"I'll see that you don't have the chance!"

Wingate took the junior to Mr. Quelch's study, and handed him over to his Form-master.

Mr. Quelch had already heard the facts, and he was very angry.

"Fitzpatrick is to be flogged, sir," said Wingate, "and I fancy he has some intention of running away. What shall I do with him?"

Mr. Quelch's jaw set very squarely.

"Put him in the punishment-room, Wingate, and tell Trotter to bring me the key. He will be kept in confinement till he has had his flogging!"

"Sure, sir—"

"You may hold your tongue, Fitzpatrick. I regard you as a most heartless boy!"

Fitzpatrick looked distressed.

"Sure, I never meant, sir—"

"That is enough!"

Wingate marched his prisoner off again. Con Fitzpatrick cast a longing

glance towards the open door, and Wingate's grasp tightened upon his shoulder.

"No, you don't!" he said grimly.

"Sure, I'm sorry I came back at all now!"

"You will be sorer still that you stayed away when the Head gets to work on you in the morning, you young rascal!" said the captain of Greyfriars.

A crowd of juniors gathered round, and followed the Greyfriars captain and his prisoner to the punishment-room.

Wingate threw open the door.

"Inside!" he said.

Fitzpatrick hung back.

"You're going to lock me in?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then I'm not going in, intoirely."

"What!" thundered Wingate.

"Sure, I'm not going to be locked in!"

"Get inside!"

Wingate did not say anything more. He grasped the recalcitrant junior, and pitched him in.

Bump!

"Ow! Ochone!"

There was a laugh from the fellows outside. Fitzpatrick sat on the floor and gasped. Wingate drew the door shut, and locked it on the outside, and walked away with the key.

Vernon-Smith waited till the captain at Greyfriars had gone, and then he tapped at the door, and called through the keyhole:

"Hallo, you wild Irish bounder!"

"Hallo, you cad!" came back from within.

"You're going to get it in the neck this time!"

"Sure, if I could get at ye, you'd get it in the eye!" said Fitzpatrick.

"This is where you sing small!" chuckled the Bounder through the keyhole. "You'll be hoisted on the porter's back, and licked before the whole school! You—Ow!"

Vernon-Smith broke off as he was grasped and swung away from the door. He swung round and glared at Bob Cherry.

"Hands off, you rotter!"

Bob Cherry flourished a big fist in his face.

"You cad!" he exclaimed. "Can't you let a fellow alone when he's down on his luck? For two pins I'd wipe up the floor with you!"

"Same here!" said Harry Wharton.

"Get out, Smithy, you make me ill!"

"Look here—"

"You juniors clear away from there!" called out Tom North of the Sixth. "Do you hear?"

And the juniors cleared away, and Con Fitzpatrick was left to his meditations.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

## Off To Sea!

"**P**OOOR old Fitz!" said Bob Cherry.

The rising-bell was clanging out on the morning air, and the

Remove were getting up. Their first thought was for the junior in the punishment-room. The ordeal that he had to go through that morning was a terrible one, and even the Bounder felt some little compunction about it.

"Poor old Fitz!" said Nugent, too. "But it can't be helped. And he went out looking for trouble, and no mistake!"

The juniors came down to breakfast, most of them looking very thoughtful. It was not pleasant for them, either, to witness a flogging; though, as Nugent remarked, the most unpleasant role was to be played by Fitzpatrick.

The juniors came out from breakfast in time to see Gosling, the porter, taking

(Continued on page 17.)

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NEXT FRIDAY!

**"THE OUTCAST OF ROOKWOOD!"**

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

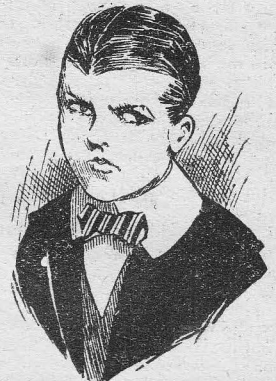


VAL MORNINGTON.

## Mornington's Terrible Ordeal!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.



MARK LATTREY.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Rounding Up the Slackers!

**T**UMBLE up!" Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, pitched open the door of the first study and shouted cheerily in.

Lattrey, Peele, and Gower, who shared that study, looked round angrily.

It was a bitterly cold afternoon, and the snow lay thick in the quadrangle and on the old red roofs of Rookwood School.

Lattrey & Co. had a fire going, and were sitting round it toasting their toes and talking.

That was the way they intended to spend that half-holiday, with a nap thrown in.

Jimmy Silver hadn't been crouching over a fire, but he looked warm and ruddy and a good deal more cheerful than the three slackers.

"Tumble up!" he repeated, as the trio did not move.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Peele irritably. "What's the game?"

"Snow-fight with the Moderns!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh rats!"

"Ripping weather for it!" said Jimmy Silver. "Snow's nearly a foot thick. Tommy Dodd's got a fort in Little Quad, and we're going to attack—see?"

"Go an' attack, then, if you like muckin' about in the snow!" yawned Gower. "I don't!"

"Too jolly cold!" said Lattrey.

"Tumble up!" roared Lovell, from the passage. "Rout out the slackers! Every man's wanted!"

"Look lively there!" yelled Raby.

"Come on, you chaps!" urged Jimmy Silver. "It'll do you no end of good, a good scrap out of doors! It'll buck you up no end!"

"Shut the door after you!" said Peele. Jimmy Silver frowned.

"Look here, you've got to line up!" he exclaimed. "We want every man to deal with the Moderns! Tommy Dodd's challenged us to capture his snow-fort, if we can, and we've got to do it!"

"Stick to your kid games, and leave us alone!" said Lattrey.

"I'll leave you alone fast enough!" said Jimmy Silver disdainfully. "Squat over a fire, if you like! You others come along!"

Lattrey gave him a savage look.

The cad of the Fourth had long been under sentence of "Coventry," and though that was dying away, as it were,

he was still a great deal of an outcast in the Classical Fourth.

Jimmy Silver was there to make the slackers join up, but he was willing to leave Lattrey out—a fact that was not exactly pleasing.

Nobody in the Fourth wanted anything to do with Lattrey.

Even his study-mates were hesitating now, simply because, though they did not want to join in the snow-fight, they wanted still less to be classed as utter outsiders like Lattrey.

Townsend and Topham, the great nuts of the Fourth, glanced in, in passing.

"Tumble up, Peele! Tumble up, Gower!" said Towny.

Towny did not address a remark to Lattrey.

"Oh, you're goin'?" said Gower.

"Oh, yaas! Why not?"

"All right! I'll come!" said Gower, making up his mind.

"Same here!" said Peele.

And, without asking their study-mate if he would care to come, too, Peele and Gower joined the lively crowd in the passage.

Lattrey was left gritting his teeth.

Jimmy Silver & Co. went along to study after study, routing out the fellows who were preferring to slack.

Tubby Muffin was found crouching over a fire, and led out by the ear, yelling.

Tom Rawson was discovered "swotting" over Latin, and the Fistical Four cheerfully scattered his books to the four walls of the study, and dragged him into the passage.

"Tumble up!"

"Buck up, Classicals!"

There was a heavy tramp of feet on the stairs, as the Classical Fourth went down, ready for the battle with their old rivals.

Lattrey was left alone in his study and in the quarters of the Classical Fourth.

Nobody gave him a thought.

"The rotters!" he muttered. "Oh, the rotters! And I owe it all to Mornington! It's Mornington first and last! Hang him!"

It would have been more correct to say that he owed it all to his base plot against Morny, in revenge for Morny having disassociated himself from him and his rascally ways.

But Lattrey was not accustomed to looking at matters in their true light.

A gleam came into his narrow eyes, and he turned to the door.

"There's Algy Silver, after all!"

And Lattrey went downstairs, and

made his way to the quarters of the Third Form, looking for Jimmy Silver's cousin Algy.

That sportive youth, in spite of Jimmy, persisted in being friendly with the black sheep of the Fourth, and Lattrey's intention was to improve the shining hour by initiating the reckless fag into the mysteries of banker and poker.

But a fresh disappointment awaited him.

The Third Form-room was empty: there were no fags to be seen in the passages or the Common-room.

The fags had lined up with Jimmy Silver's army—even including the sportive Algy.

Even the diminutive heroes of the Second were gone, headed by Jones minimus and Mornington II., to share in the fray.

Lattrey growled, and stopped at the fire at the end of the Form-room passage to warm his toes.

Certainly, he could have joined the Classical army of his own accord, if he liked.

They did not want him, but they would not have said nay.

But he was too much of a slacker for that. He lounged over the fire in a sullen mood. There was a heavy tread in the passage, and Bulkeley of the Sixth came along.

The captain of the school stopped as he saw Lattrey by the fire.

"Hallo! Why are you not out of doors?" he demanded.

"I suppose I can stay indoors if I want to?" said Lattrey sullenly.

Bulkeley gave him a look.

"No, you can't!" he said. "Slacking round the fire isn't healthy and isn't manly, and isn't good enough for Rookwood. There's a snow-fight on! Go and take part in it!"

"I don't care for it."

"Do you care for a licking?" asked Bulkeley politely.

Lattrey scowled, and went.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### The Snow-Fight!

**Y**AH! Classical duffers!"

That was the greeting of Tommy Dodd & Co., fortified in Little Quad, as the Classical army came pouring through the archway from Big Quad.

There was to be a battle of giants that sharp, wintry afternoon. Footer was impossible, with inches of snow on the ground.

THE POPULAR.—No. 156.

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

NEXT  
FRIDAY!

COACH OR CROOK? "

Something had to be done—something better than "mooching" about indoors.

A snow-fight was exactly the thing, and it gave the rivals of Rookwood one more opportunity of testing one another's quality.

The Moderns were in a minority as to numbers, so it was agreed that they should hold the fort; and if they kept the Classics out, it counted a win for the Modern side.

But the Classics did not mean to be kept out.

Tommy Dodd & Co. had laboured like Trojans on the building of the fort ever since dinner.

It was quite an imposing fortification of piled-up slabs of snow, with walls tremendously thick.

Within, there were mountains of snowballs, ready-made—an unlimited supply of ammunition for the defenders.

The Moderns lined the walls, standing on snow steps made within, the walls being higher than their heads.

Jimmy Silver halted his numerous force just out of snowball range, to survey the position.

"My hat! They're jolly well entrenched!" remarked Newcome.

"Tain't an easy proposition," agreed Conroy. "But we'll take it!"

"Oh, yes, rather!"

"Yah! Come on, Classical funks!" roared Towle.

"Come on, Jimmy; let's go and mop them up!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Hold on, fathead!"

"Look here, what are we waiting for? They're calling us funks!" exclaimed Lovell hotly.

Jimmy Silver smiled a superior smile.

"That's only to make us charge like a bull at a gate and let them have everything their own way. Fathead! Strategy is required here!"

"Not a strategic retreat?" grinned Van Ryn.

"No, ass! We're going to take them on all four sides at once," said Jimmy Silver sagely. "A frontal attack would be simply no good. But four frontal attacks at once will give them the kybosh!"

"Good idea!" agreed Erroll.

"Now, then—Conroy, Erroll, Mornington," said Jimmy Silver. "You three are promoted captain. Separate into four lots, equal numbers."

"What about me?" demanded Lovell.

"Can't I captain one lot, you ass?"

"Couldn't spare you from my lot, old chap," said Jimmy Silver diplomatically. "I want you to back me up."

"Oh, all right!"

"By gad, you know, I shouldn't mind captainin' one lot," remarked Adolphus Smythe, of the Shell. Even Adolphus had joined up with his nutty pals.

"But I should," said Jimmy. "Now, then, form up!"

The Classical army was soon in four divisions, captained respectively by Jimmy Silver, Mornington, Erroll, and Conroy.

It was just then that Lattrey came suddenly from Big Quad to join the Classical forces.

"Hallo, you linin' up?" exclaimed Townsend, with a grin.

"Bulkeley's told me to!" snapped Lattrey.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better put Lattrey in front," suggested Mornington.

"What on earth good would he be in front?" exclaimed Rawson.

"He couldn't run away."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 156.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE OUTCAST

Lattrey gave the dandy of the Fourth a bitter look.

"Good idea!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Put him in front of your lot, Morny. I've got Tubby to look after. Tubby, you fat villain, where are you sneaking off to?"

"I—I—I—" stammered Muffin.

"Keep by me, you fat fraud!"

"I say, Jimmy, I—I forgot my scarf."

"Never mind your scarf," said Lovell, taking Tubby by his fat ear. "You keep here, you fraud!"

"Yow-ow!"

Loud yells of defiance and derision came from the Modern fortress.

The pause before the attack hinted of funk to the Modern minds—at all events, they assumed that it did.

A few snowballs whizzed out, but fell short.

The taunts of the Moderns did not fall short, however, and they would have undoubtedly caused a reckless rush but for Jimmy Silver's generalship. But Jimmy was not giving any chances away.

Unheeding the howls of the Moderns, he rapped out directions, and the four divisions took their posts.

"Bedad, we're going to have the spalpeens round us!" remarked Tommy Doyle.

Tommy Dodd quickly disposed his forces to meet the attack on all sides.

He would greatly have preferred to see the Classics rush on recklessly at the front; but he was equal to the occasion. Shouting defiance, the Modern heroes awaited the attack.

Mornington led his division round to the side opposite from that where Jimmy Silver led.

Lattrey went with them, and Mornington, as he formed his men up for a charge, glanced at the cad of the Fourth.

"Don't hang back, Lattrey!" he said, with a grin.

"I'm not hangin' back!" scowled Lattrey.

"My mistake; I thought you were."

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Get all the snowballs you can carry, you fellows," said Mornington. "Give them a volley when you start, and then rush for it. Bowl out Tommy Dodd the first, if you can. Lattrey, are you coming on ahead?"

"Oh, let the blessed funk hang back!" said Higgs. "We don't want him."

Lattrey, with an evil look, dropped to the rear.

There was not much danger in charging a snow fort and facing missiles no more dangerous than snowballs; but, such as it was, Lattrey did not care to face it.

But Morny's mocking look and remarks roused all the bitterest hatred in his breast.

The thought had come into his mind that here was an opportunity of paying off his old score against Mornington.

The juniors were gathering up snow for missiles, and Lattrey followed their example—and he gathered up a heavy stone in his snowball.

But that dangerous missile was not intended for the Moderns.

Loud and clear, a whistle rang out from Jimmy Silver.

It was the signal.

"Charge!" shouted Mornington.

With a shout the Classics rushed on. From four sides the Classics closed

in on the snow fort with a tremendous rush. From the fort whizzing volleys of snowballs met them, and a good many were fairly bowled over. But they jumped up again and rushed on.

Jimmy Silver & Co. reached the wall, and essayed to climb. Whizzing snowballs and lunging fists drove them back.

Erroll's party was at close quarters, too; but Conroy's division had retreated to recover breath.

Mornington's followers, with Morny in the lead, dashed right up to the fort, and attacked hotly.

Over Morny's head, as he clambered on the snow wall, missiles whizzed from his followers, and two or three badly-aimed snowballs smote him in the back.

"Come on!" yelled Mornington, as he plunged over the wall. "We're in first! Back up, Classics!"

"Hurrah!"

"Give 'em socks!"

"Back up, Moderns!" roared Tommy Dodd.

Mornington was right on the snow wall, sinking up to his knees in it.

The Moderns fairly rained snowballs on him, and three or four pairs of hands reached out at him.

Morny held his ground, and his followers pressed on valiantly.

But there was a sudden yell from Mornington as a snowball, hurled from behind, struck him on the back of the head.

He reeled back, and slid down the snow wall to the ground, and remained there. But his followers, clambering furiously over the wall, hardly heeded his fall.

They did not note that Morny lay groaning faintly in the snow as they swarmed over the wall and engaged hand-to-hand with the defenders.

"Back up, Classics!"

"Hurrah!"

The assailants were jumping down into the fort now on Morny's side. There was a terrific combat in crowded quarters.

The irruption of the enemy broke up the Modern defence, and the other sides were exposed to attack.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were swarming in now, and Erroll was on the wall. Conroy and his party rallied, and rushed on again, and came swarming in.

Snowballs were done with now, and knuckles were chiefly used. But the odds were on the Classical side now that they were fairly within the defensive works.

Tommy Dodd & Co were rushed over, pitched into the snow, or pitched out of their own fort. In ten minutes more the Modern resistance was at an end.

Some of them were fleeing, others were being sat upon, some were too breathless for further fighting.

It was a Classical victory, and the Classics roared out cheers.

"Our win!" gasped Lovell. "Hurrah!"

"Hip hip, hurrah!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" came from Tommy Dodd. "Gerroff my neck, Van Ryn, you Dutch villain! It's your win!"

The South African junior chuckled, and allowed the Modern leader to rise.

Tommy Dodd panted stertorously.

"Oh, my hat! Groogh! Why didn't you silly asses keep 'em out?" he gasped.

"Why didn't you, you fathead?" demanded Towle.

"Our win!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

"How's the casualties? What's the matter with your arm, Lovell?"

"Wow-wow!" stuttered Lovell. "I've jammed my funny-bone on something! Ow! Wow!"

(Continued on page 13.)

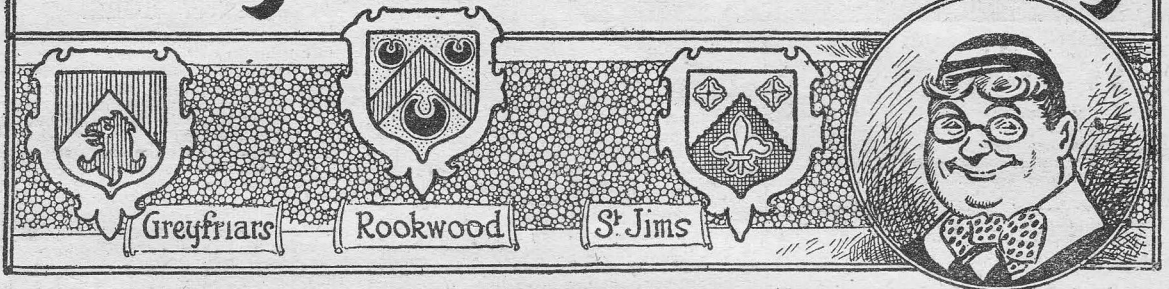
**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

OF ROOKWOOD!

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



# Billy Bunter's Weekly



Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars.

Assisted by his Four Fat Subs—SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, 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,—I have always maintained that there's nothing like indoor games to keep one fit.

These outdoor games are frightfully exhausting, and often have a bad effect on the health.

Take footer, for instance. The last time I played I skipped the Remove Third Eleven at the time. I happened to get my feet chilly and wet. (By the way, Bob Cherry says I've always suffered from cold feet!) Well, by the time the game was over I had developed quite a temperament—or is it temperature? The matron informed me it was 101 degrees in the shade. She promptly ordered me to bed, and sent for Dr. Short. The medical man announced that I was suffering from bronchitis and lumbago, with a dash of rheumatism. "He will be on his back for at least a week, matron," said he. "See that he has plenty of gruel. In case this diet should become monotonous, you might introduce a hard-boiled egg every forty-eight hours."

I had a terrible time in the sanny. Think of it, dear readers! How would you like to go a whole week without a decent meal?

How would you like to have gruel for brekker, gruel for dinner, gruel for tea, gruel for supper, and some gruel beside your bed, in a thermos flask, in case you woke up in the night with a thirst?

That is what comes of playing footer when the ground is wet. Never again!

In the case of indoor games, you run no risks. You can play dominoes without contracting pneumonia, and you can take part in a thrilling game of blow football without doing anything more serious than breaking a blood-vessel.

Indoor games are grand! Of course, I am an expert at all of them. I'm the chess champion, the draughts champion, the snakes-and-ladders champion, and the holder of a special challenge cup for noughts and crosses.

I trust this special number will make a wide appeal, and will add considerably to the gaiety of nations. Anyway, your Uncle Bill has done his best.

Ever your pal,

**Your Editor.**

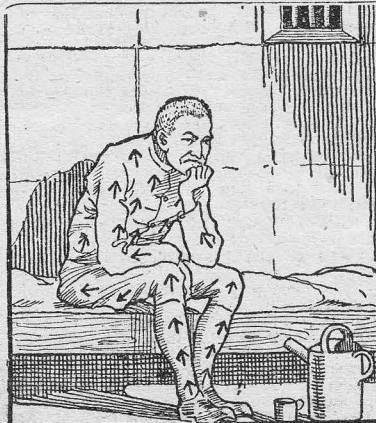
## The Indoor Champion!

By DICK PENFOLD.

I played a game of chess with Inky. With Wun Lung also—what you tinkee? I played a game of draughts with Snoop. And put him fairly through the hoop! I whacked and walloped William Stott At ludo, and he liked it not. Though Vernon-Smith's a clever chap. I beat him all ends up at nap. Dick Russell begged me to desist From beating him so much at whist. That foolish fellow, Horace Coker, Declared that I was "hot" at poker! I also won at "crown and anchor," And simply swept the board at banker. Young Sammy Bunter donned his bib, But failed to vanquish me at crib. At every sort of indoor game I've won no end of wealth and fame. No frenzied football fights for me! I'm indoor champion, you see. I cannot stand a Rugby scrum, And hockey makes me feel quite glum. Indoors, my fame will increase tenfold, As sure as my name's Richard Penfold!

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



HAROLD SKINNER.

## :: A Costly :: Interruption!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

I regret to announce that Nugent minor is in the sanny, suffering from face wounds and shock.

I, Sammy Bunter, am responsible for his present condition. I blacked his eyes, thickened his ears, and flattened his nose. On the whole, I gave him a very rough handling. He will be bedridden for some weeks, and it serves him jolly well right!

Let me explain how it happened.

Among my Christmas presents I had a little box with a glass top. Inside the box were ten small holes, and a big blob of quicksilver. The idea was to fill all the holes with quicksilver, by careful balancing and manœuvring.

Sounds rather simple, but I can assure you it isn't. I have often thought that it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than to fill all those holes with quicksilver. I had been trying to do it every day since Christmas, and the biggest number of holes I had ever managed to fill was six.

Now, the Bunters are famous for their determination, and I was grimly resolved not to be beaten. I meant to stick at it until I succeeded. If it took me weeks, months, even years, to fill those ten holes, I would do it.

For a long time I had no luck whatever. And then, on Wednesday evening, I sat by the Common-room fire, balancing the thing on my knee, and I began to fill one hole after another.

Three—four—five—six—seven—eight! I scarcely dared to breathe.

Only two more holes to fill, and then I could call everybody to witness that I had performed the feat.

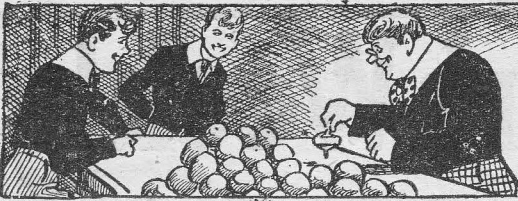
It took me nearly an hour to fill the ninth hole. The quicksilver flatly refused to go in. But I wangled it at last, and only one more hole remained to be filled.

Very gently I caused the remaining blob of quicksilver to roll towards the hole. To my delight, it kept a straight course. It was going direct for the hole, and was about to drop into it, when—

That clumsy beast, Nugent minor, came up and joggled my arm!

You can imagine the result, dear readers. The quicksilver was knocked flying, and all the holes were emptied!

Now you can understand why I committed assault and battery upon Nugent minor. It was a wonder I didn't slay him outright. As it is, he will be what they call "horse de combat" for weeks! And again I say—serve him jolly well right!



# Beginner's Luck!

By JOHNNY BULL.

"WHAT on earth have you got there, Bob?"

Bob Cherry had just burst into Study No. 1 in his usual boisterous manner. In his hand he had what appeared to be a small spinning-top. "It's a new invention," explained Bob; "a thing that you gamble with—something on the lines of a dice."

"Oh!"  
"There are six sides to it, as you will see," said Bob. "It's called a 'Spinning Kitty.' On each side of it you will find instructions written, such as 'Take One,' 'Put One,' or 'Take All.'"  
"But what do you have to take or put?" asked Nugent, bewildered.

"Pennies or sixpences, or merely blank counters," explained Bob Cherry. "Now, suppose we three were going to play. We're not giddy gamblers, so we'll leave it alone. But, assuming we were going to play, we should each put a penny in the pool. Then one of us spins the Kitty. The 'Put One' side happens to turn up, so the fellow who spun has to add another penny to the pool. Then the next fellow spins, and he gets 'Take All.' Whereupon, he simply scoops the whole of the pool into his pocket."

Wharton and Nugent nodded.  
"Where did you dig that thing up, Bob?" asked the former.

"We've just raided Skinner's study, and we found this thing on the mantelpiece. We don't consider it's the sort of thing Skinner should have in his possession. He might start gambling with it, you see, and the consequences would be serious. So Linley and I confiscated the Spinning Kitty. Skinner shall have it back when he gets to years of discretion!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Meanwhile," said Nugent, "I should put the thing out of the way, if I were you. If one of the prefects were to spot it, there'd be a row."

"I say, you fellows—"  
A fat face, adorned by a pair of big spectacles, peered into the study.  
"Buzz off, Bunter!" commanded three voices in chorus.

Bunter did not buzz off. He stepped into the study. His eyes were fixed on the Spinning Kitty with no little curiosity.

"I say, what have you got there?" demanded the fat junior.

"Just a harmless top," said Bob Cherry. "We amuse ourselves by spinning it in turn on the table."

"I don't believe you!" said Bunter. "Let me have a look!"

A closer inspection of Spinning Kitty revealed to Billy Bunter the nature of the article.

"People gamble with this?" he exclaimed.  
"I dare say they do," said Wharton calmly. "What of it?"

A pious expression came over Billy Bunter's face.

"I consider it my duty to report this to the authorities!" he said. "If I tell Loder of the Sixth that you fellows have a Spinning Kitty in your possession—"

"You'll share the fate of the Kitty, and be sent spinning!" said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the juniors through his big spectacles.

"I'll say nothing about it," he said, "on one condition."

"And that is?" said Wharton.

"That you have a little flutter with this thing, and let me join in!"

In a mild sort of way, Billy Bunter was a bit of a "blade." He saw a chance to win a little pocket-money, and he promptly embraced it.

Bob Cherry winked at his chums. Then he turned to Bunter.

"All right, Bunter!" he said. "That's a bargain! We'll play, and you can join in!"

Billy Bunter took a seat at the table.

"What are we going to play for," he asked—"pennies?"

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"Too risky to play for money," he said.

"Then what—"

"I suggest we play for oranges."

"Good wheeze!" said Harry Wharton.

"No harm in that."

"I'd prefer to play for pennies or tanners myself," said Billy Bunter. "Still, as you don't seem to think it worth while, I'm quite agreeable to the oranges."

The fat junior's mouth watered as he spoke. He pictured himself winning a dozen oranges, and having a delightful orgy in bed that evening. There were few things more enjoyable in Bunter's opinion, than sucking oranges in bed after lights out.

Bob Cherry rose to his feet, and quitted the study. He returned in a few minutes, carrying a packing-case full of oranges.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were on the point of uttering exclamations of amazement, but Bob Cherry winked at them.

"Now we're ready to begin," said Bob.

"I'll lend you fellows a dozen oranges to start the game with."

Each junior sat at the table, with a heap of twelve oranges in front of him.

"Now, we all put one in the pool," said Bob Cherry.

The players obeyed.

"Shall I spin the Kitty?" inquired Wharton.

"Yes."

Wharton spun, and the Kitty whirled round and round with the velocity of a



*The case was naturally heavy, and Bunter panted and puffed up the stairs to the dormitory.*

humming-top. It ceased its gyrations at length, and fell flat. On the uppermost side appeared the words, "Put Two."

"That means I have to add two oranges to the pool!" said Wharton.

"Exactly!"

Wharton parted with two of his oranges, and then Frank Nugent spun. The command came, "Put One." Nugent obeyed the instruction.

Bob Cherry then spun, and he, too, was requested to "Put One." There were now eight oranges in the pool, and Billy Bunter's eyes glistened at the sight of them.

"Nice little haul for somebody!" he said.

"Hope it falls to me!"

Bunter spun the Kitty, and watched its revolutions with an eager eye. Presently it came to a stop, with the words, "Take All," uppermost.

"Bravo, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry. "That means you take the lot!"

"He's cleared the pool, by Jove!" said Nugent.

"He, he, he! My luck's in!" cackled Bunter.

And he put out his hands, and drew the eight oranges towards him.

A fresh pool was then formed, and the game went on.

Billy Bunter met with phenomenal success. He enjoyed what is known as "Beginner's luck." Everything came right for him. The other players were constantly having to put oranges into the pool, while Bunter always contrived to spin the Kitty so that it said

"Take One," "Take Two," or "Take All."

Billy Bunter's heap of oranges grew bigger and bigger. He began to wish that the juniors had played for sixpences. He would have made a small fortune by now.

"You're doing well, Bunter, and no mistake!" said Bob Cherry. "What are you going to do with all those oranges?"

"Eat them, of course!"

"Unless he has a run of bad luck, and loses the whole jolly lot!" said Nugent.

But Billy Bunter's luck remained good.

In the short space of twenty minutes the fat junior won every single orange. His fellow-players were cleaned out.

Billy Bunter rose to his feet, with a smirk of satisfaction.

"That's fifty oranges I've won!" he said.

"What a feast!"

"Not much variety about it," said Wharton. "By the time you get to about the thirtieth orange, you'll want a jam-tart to relieve the monotony!"

Bunter would have started on the feast there and then had not Wingate of the Sixth looked in to announce that it was bedtime.

"Hallo! You kids setting up a fruit-stall?" exclaimed the captain of Greyfriars, glancing at the oranges.

"They're mine, Wingate!" said Billy Bunter.

"Yours, are they? Where did you get them?"

"Ahem! One of my titled relations works at Covent Garden Market—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And he sent me a special packing-case of fruit."

"Is that quite clear, old fruit?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate joined in the laughter, and withdrew.

Billy Bunter replaced all the oranges in the packing-case and carried his winnings up to the Remove dormitory.

The case was naturally heavy, and the fat junior was panting and puffing from his exertions when he reached the dormitory. He smuggled the case of oranges under his bed, and announced his intention of having a good feed after lights out.

As soon as Wingate had extinguished the lights there was a grating sound as Billy Bunter dragged forth the packing-case.

An interval of several minutes followed. Then there was a yell of rage and chagrin.

"Anything wrong, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry innocently.

"Yes! These oranges are sour!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've tried three, and they're horribly bitter!" growled Billy Bunter.

He proceeded to test the others, and found that the whole lot, without exception, were sour—so sour, in fact, that they made him shudder.

At last the light of understanding dawned upon the fat junior.

"Cherry, you beast, you've played me a trick!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you deny it?"

"Of course not!" said Bob. "I bought those old oranges from Uncle Clegg. Coker of the Fifth is giving a lecture on motor-cycling to-morrow night, and I thought the oranges would come in useful in the way of ammunition. They'll still be all right, even though you've bitten through the skins of some of them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a peal of laughter, in which Billy Bunter did not join. He considered he had been very badly treated, and he uttered loud lamentations.

"Serve you jolly well right!" said Harry Wharton. "That'll have the effect of curbing your gambling instincts, my pippin!"

It did! It was Bunter's first—and last—flutter of its kind. The fat junior had no further use for Spinning Kitty!

# THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP!

A Short Story of Rookwood School.

By TEDDY GRACE.

"It will be a regular walk-over for you, old man!" Jimmy Silver addressed that remark to his chum Lovell. The junior chess tournament at Rookwood was about to commence.

The Head had condescended to take an interest in the proceedings. He was, in fact, giving a special prize of five pounds to the winner.

Competition was therefore very keen. Fellows who had hitherto shown no enthusiasm for the game of chess were now practising night after night in their studies.

One of the finest players on the Classical Side was Arthur Edward Lovell. His chums regarded him as a "dead cert." for the honors.

"A regular walk-over, that's what it will be!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "You're a brainy merchant, Arthur, and you're bound to win!"

"Rats!" It was not Lovell who said "Rats!" It was Tubby Muffin. The fat junior had been standing near the Common-room fire, listening to the conversation of his school-fellows.

"Lovell won't stand an earthly!" Tubby went on.

Jimmy Silver raised his eyebrows. "Indeed! Who has he got to fear?"

"Me!" "You! Oh, my hat! That's the richest joke I've heard for a long time! Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell joined in the laughter. The idea of Tubby Muffin winning a chess tournament was decidedly comical.

Chess was a game which required brain-power and concentration. Tubby Muffin possessed neither of these virtues. He had entered his name for the chess tournament, true; but he was not expected to survive the first round.

"You fellows can cackle!" said Tubby Muffin loftily. "But you'll change your tune before long!"

And he rolled out of the Common-room. Out in the passage he bumped into Lattrey of the Fourth.

"An, you're just the fellow I wanted to see!" said Lattrey. "Let's go for a stroll in the quad, Tubby. I want to have a chat with you."

Tubby Muffin, feeling very curious, followed the cad of the Fourth into the quad. When they were alone in the darkness Tubby turned to his companion.

"What do you want to jaw to me about, Lattrey?"

"The chess tournament. You know I've been disqualified from entering?"

Tubby Muffin nodded. "Yes. They say you're a poor sportsman, and if the game happens to be going against you, you always upset the board, and show off your temper. That's why they won't let you take part in the tournament."

Lattrey scowled. Tubby Muffin had spoken the blunt truth, and the blunt truth is not always pleasant.

The cad of the Fourth was a clever chess player. He was even better than Lovell. Had he been allowed to compete, it was morally certain that he would have won.

Lattrey, however, had been rightly debarred from taking part in the tournament. Displays of temper on the part of a player do not make for a successful tournament. Lattrey had an unfortunate habit of sweeping pawns and bishops and knights from the board whenever the game happened to be going against him.

"Look here, Tubby," said Lattrey, "I've got a wheeze! I can't win the Head's fiver myself, but I don't mind helping you to win it. I'll undertake to prompt you, by means of a secret code between us, so that you'll win every game."

Tubby Muffin's eyes glistened. "You will?" he said eagerly. Lattrey nodded.

"I'll draw up a complete code for you to learn by heart," he said. "Every time I put my hand to my chin, or give a cough, or make some other sign, it means you've got to make a certain move—see? I shall be present at all the games, and you'll take your cue from me. Is that clear?"

"Quite!" said Tubby. "I'll prompt you right the way through, and you'll come out on top," said Lattrey.

"That's awfully decent of you!" said Tubby Muffin gratefully. "The action of a real pal, by Jove! I told Silver and Lovell I was going to win the chess tournament, but in my heart I knew I didn't stand an earthly. With you to help me, though, I shall win hands down. What you don't know about chess isn't worth knowing!"

"Of course," said Lattrey, "I'm not giving you my help free, gratis, and for nothing. I'm going halves with that fiver when you win it."

"Oh!"

"That's understood, isn't it?"

"Ye-es; I suppose so!"

"I'll give you the secret code to-morrow morning," Lattrey went on. "You must swot it up carefully. If you make a false



Tubby had to go through with it. He made a fearful hash of the game, and Lovell defeated him with ridiculous ease.

move, it will be fatal. You've only got one day to learn it in."

"Rely on me!" said Tubby Muffin. "It won't take me long to swot up the code."

"And you'll go shares with the fiver?"

"Certainly!"

Lattrey uttered a grunt of satisfaction, and the two precious rascals went back into the building.

All next day Tubby Muffin was very busy learning the code which Lattrey had given him. It was a lengthy code, embracing scores of different moves.

Lattrey feared that Tubby Muffin would not be able to master it in time; but, by dint of diligent swotting, Tubby accomplished the feat.

In the first round of the chess tournament Tubby Muffin was drawn against Tommy Dodd of the Modern Side.

Everybody predicted an easy victory for Tommy Dodd; but, to the general astonishment, Tubby Muffin won the game, and won it easily. He kept one eye on Lattrey, who stood near, and interpreted all the signs. He made his moves accordingly, and beat Tommy Dodd all ends up.

It was a tremendous surprise. But there were further surprises in store.

In the second round Tubby Muffin was pitted against Kit Erroll, and he again won with ease, although Erroll was no mean exponent of the game of chess.

Rookwood noted Tubby Muffin's success

with increasing wonder. Nobody had ever suspected the fat junior of being a coming chess champion.

By defeating Mornington in the third round, Tubby Muffin got into the semi-final, in which he had to meet Jimmy Silver.

The other two semi-finalists were Lovell and Tommy Cook.

Tubby's game with Jimmy Silver was a very close thing. The captain of the Fourth was a skilful player, and Lattrey found it a very hard task to push Tubby Muffin into the final. But he succeeded.

Lovell won his game with Tommy Cook, and he was therefore due to meet Tubby Muffin in the final.

"What duffer said the age of miracles was past?" said Jimmy Silver. "When Tubby told us the other day that he meant to win the Head's fiver we thought it was a priceless joke. But it's turned out otherwise. There was no fluke about the way Tubby licked me. I played up all I knew, but he tied me up in knots at the finish."

Lovell nodded.

"Never again shall I accuse Tubby Muffin of being a brainless idiot!" he said solemnly.

"Strikes me Brother Arthur, you'll have all your work cut out to lick him in the final!"

"I shall go all out!" said Lovell grimly. The final was to take place in the junior Common-room. It was timed for eight o'clock.

Long before the hour struck the Common-room was packed. Even the high-and-mighty members of the Sixth, having heard of Tubby Muffin's amazing chess prowess, had turned up to see him play.

As the hour of eight drew near Tubby Muffin became worried and anxious. And when the hour actually struck, and the board and chessmen were set out ready, Tubby turned quite pale.

"Anybody seen Lattrey?" he inquired in faltering tones.

"Lattrey?" said Mornington. "He's caught a chill. He went to the sunny half an hour ago, and the matron promptly packed him off to bed."

"Oh crumbs!"

There was an expression of blank dismay on Tubby Muffin's face.

With Lattrey absent, his chances of winning the chess tournament were worse than hopeless. He depended entirely on Lattrey. Why had the silly ass gone and caught a chill? If he wanted to be ill, why hadn't he deferred it until after the chess final?

Tubby Muffin rose to his feet. He moved towards the door.

A score of voices called him back.

"Hi, Muffin!"

"Where are you going?"

"Ahem! I—I don't feel very grand, you fellows!" stammered Tubby. "I think I'll go to my study and have a rest."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" said Jimmy Silver warmly. "You're going to play in this final, or there will be ructions!"

A couple of fellows seized the unfortunate Tubby and dragged him back.

The fat junior had to go through with it. He made a fearful hash of the game, and Lovell defeated him with ridiculous ease.

It then became apparent that Tubby's previous successes had not been the result of his own efforts.

Jimmy Silver & Co. quickly put two and two together, and came to the conclusion that Tubby Muffin had been receiving help from Lattrey.

Tubby received a record bumping. But Lattrey's punishment had to be deferred. He is still in the sunny, and he will endeavour to delay his discharge as long as possible. He knows only too well what is in store for him when he rejoins his schoolfellows!



I WAS made, I regret to say, in Germany. It is true that some members of my tribe are manufactured in England, but they rarely give satisfaction, and they cost nearly twice as much as those of us who are of German make.

Of course, the fact that I was made in Germany was not advertised. The box in which I was placed bore the label, "Made in Switzerland."

I shall never forget my sensations when I was spun for the first time.

The manufacturers spun me in order to test me. I felt quite a giddy young thing as I whizzed round and round. Had I lost my balance at an early stage, and overturned, it would have been fatal.

With a great effort, I retained my presence of mind, and accomplished over a thousand revolutions before I came to a full stop.

The manufacturers were awfully bucked. "Ach! Dot vos a ferry good top, ain't it?" said one of them. "He vill fetch three-and-sixpence in England."

I was then replaced in my box, and despatched, with thousands of other toys of all descriptions, to this country.

After a short residence at a big establishment in Holborn, London, I was sent for by the manager of the Wayland Toy Stores. This gentleman forwarded a wire to my owners: "Please despatch a dozen humming-tops immediately."

I was one of the selected dozen. We were all packed together in one box, and put on the rail.

I didn't get on very well with my comrades. They were envious of my wonderful abilities. Most of them were only capable of performing a hundred and fifty revolutions a minute, whereas my own speed was far in excess of this, and my rivals knew it.

The fact that I was superior to the other tops was made apparent by a little ticket which was attached to me. It was marked "3/6." My companions, on the other hand, were, for the most part, common stalling tops.

On arriving at the Wayland Toy Stores we were promptly inspected by a youth in a school cap. I gathered from his remarks that he was D'Arcy minor, and that he belonged to St. Jim's.

He fell in love with me at first sight.

"I say, this is a ripping fellow!" he exclaimed, fondling me affectionately. "How much is it?"

"The price is on it, Master D'Arcy," said the salesman. "Three-and-sixpence."

The fag made a wry face.

"That'll break the bank," he said. "Can't you let it go at three bob?" I quivered with anger at this callous attempt to cheapen me. Was I not worth every penny of three-and-sixpence? Nay, was I not worth the sum of five bob? Heaps of yellows would gladly have paid this amount for me. For, be it remembered, I was no common or garden top. I was remarkably good-looking and well finished, and my capabilities as a spinner and a hummer were wonderful.

In reply to D'Arcy minor's question, the salesman shook his head.

"We make no reductions, Master D'Arcy," he said.

"Well, supposing I give you a bob, cash down, and pay off the balance at the rate of a tanner a week?"

"I cannot consent to those terms, Master D'Arcy."

"Then I shall have to go without this top, and buy one of the bob ones."

At that moment an elegant youth strolled into the establishment. He was swankily attired, and boasted a monocle.

D'Arcy minor uttered a whoop of joy.

"Gussy!" he exclaimed. "You've just come in the nick of time! You promised to buy me a New Year present, if you remember, and you never did. So I'll trouble you to buy me this top. It's only three-and-six."

THE POPULAR.—No. 156.

"Weally, Wally! You already have six hummin'-tops in your possession."

"They're all out of action. Whole chunks have been chipped out of them. I need a new top badly. Will you buy me one, old top?"

After further argument, D'Arcy major yielded to his minor's persuasions. He handed over the sum of three-and-sixpence, and I was promptly pounced upon by young D'Arcy, who pranced joyfully out of the shop.

My new owner had a whip in his hand, and the sight of it made me shudder.

I don't mind being gently flicked into action, but to be unmercifully whipped is a nasty experience, even for the most hardy of tops.

"Now, old cbap," said D'Arcy minor, setting me down on the pavement, "let's see what you can do."

So saying, he proceeded to lash me without mercy.

The cruel whip curled around me, knocking me halfway across the street. I should have yelled aloud had I the necessary apparatus.

I spun round dizzily. Although incapable of yelling, I hummed like the very dickens.



The cruel whip curled around me, knocking me halfway across the street. I spun round dizzily.

And ever and anon D'Arcy minor caught me a fearful crack with the whip.

"Ripping!" he exclaimed joyfully. "He may have found it so. I didn't!"

I reeled to and fro like a cork hobbing about in a rough sea. I had no control over myself whatever.

A last cruel lash of the whip sent me whizzing right in the path of an oncoming steam-roller.

I had no power to save myself. I was unable to get out of the way in time.

I felt myself crunching under the heavy wheels.

There was a yell of alarm from D'Arcy minor.

"My top! My top!" he cried, wringing his hands despairingly.

When the steam-roller had passed on, he dropped on one knee beside my flattened form.

I was no longer any use as a humming-top. My owner tried to spin me, but after a few jerky wobbles I fell helplessly on my side.

"Done for!" groaned D'Arcy minor.

He was right. I hadn't a kick left in me.

Young D'Arcy stuffed me into his pocket, and tramped back to St. Jim's. He left me of the window-sill in the fags' common-room, and I am there still.

Rumour has it that I am to be burnt in the common-room fire this evening. It will be a painful end, but I have no wish to linger on any longer in my present useless condition.

My career has come to an end all too soon. And I trust that other humming-tops may be more fortunate!

## Sports of St. Jims!

By FATTY WYNN.



The weather having been damp and foggy of late, indoor sports have been the order of the day. There have been many titanic tussles amongst the juniors, and details of some of them are appended.

The junior chess tournament of St. Jim's was won by Manners of the Shell, who defeated Koumi Rao of the New House after a hard game. The prize consists of a challenge cup, which will be kept in a prominent place in the Terrible Three's study.

In a strenuous game of snakes-and-ladders, Aubrey Racke, the snake-and-ladder champion for three terms in succession, retained his title. He defeated Percy Mellish in a breathlessly exciting game. There were two spectators, and the gate-money amounted to fourpence!

The blow-football tournament was won by myself. I had to meet Tom Merry in the final, and I puffed and blew until I almost reached bursting point. Miniature football is almost as exciting as the real thing, and I received quite an ovation when I retired the winner by four goals to three.

Skimpole of the Shell won the Lower School ludo championship; and Crooke, the domino king, scored a great victory over Herries. Both games were fiercely exciting.

The dart-throwing tournament proved a fiasco. The short-sighted Baggy Trimble, who by some miraculous means had got into the final against Talbot, completely missed the target every time, leaving Talbot the victor by a hundred points to nil.

The remainder of the sports took place in the gym. In an exhibition at the punching-ball Tom Merry gained the verdict of the judges; but he was humbled shortly afterwards by being defeated in a fencing bout by Dick Redfern of the New House. Reddy's skill with the foils was remarkable.

The exhibition of Indian club swinging had to be abandoned, owing to Grundy of the Shell running amok, and nearly braining his comrades by wildly swinging his clubs. Grundy also did considerable damage during the dumb-bell exercises by dropping one of his dumb-bells on to the pet corn of the judge!

[Supplement IV.]

**MORNINGTON'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL!**

(Continued from page 8.)

"M-m-m-m!" came from Raby. "It was my nose, you silly ass!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Where's Morny?" asked Erroll.  
 "Fell outside, I think," said Higgs.  
 "Yah! He's funking!"  
 "He's not funking, you fathead!" exclaimed Erroll angrily.  
 "Well, he didn't get up again!" sneered Higgs.  
 Erroll ran to the snow wall and scrambled over. He was quite aware that if Morny had stayed out of the fight he must be hurt.  
 "Morny!"  
 A groan answered him.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

By a Coward Hand!

**M**ORNINGTON of the Fourth was seated dazedly in the snow, holding his head with both hands. There was crimson on his fingers.  
 "Morny!" panted Erroll. "You're hurt!"  
 "Oh! Oh, my head!" muttered Mornington.  
 "Hallo, what's the row, Erroll?"  
 "Morny's hurt!"  
 "Oh, rats! Snowballs don't hurt!" sneered Higgs. "He's malingering!"  
 "Shut up, you fool!" said Erroll fiercely. "His head's bleeding!"  
 "Great Scott!"  
 There was a rush to the spot at once. Classics and Moderns gathered round in a crowd.

Erroll's strong arm was thrown around Mornington, supporting him.  
 The dandy of the Fourth was white as the snow about him, and his handsome face was contracted with pain.  
 "It's—it's all right!" he panted. "I—I feel a bit dizzy, that's all! I'm cut. Don't make a fuss!"  
 "Somebody's used a snowball with a stone in it!" shouted Lovell furiously.  
 "You Modern cads!"  
 "Rot!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.  
 "Nobody on our side would do that!"  
 "Faith, its a loie intoirely!" shouted Tommy Doyle indignantly.  
 "Look at Morny's napper, then!"  
 "He's cut!"

"It was a stone," said Jimmy Silver quietly, "and the cur who chucked that stone has got to be found!"  
 "It was a stone, right enough," admitted Tommy Dodd, compressing his lips as he looked at the ugly cut under Morny's dark hair. "But Morny's got it on the back of the head. It never came from the fort."  
 "Couldn't have," said Tommy Cook, at once. "Not unless Morny was running away."  
 "He wasn't running away," said Higgs. "He was first over the wall, and facing the Moderns."  
 "There you are!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd triumphantly. "That stone was chucked at the fort, and it hit Morny on the back of the head. It was a Classical snowball!"  
 "Yah! Classical cads!" yelled the Moderns.

The classics were silent and furious. They could not deny Tommy Dodd's assertion; it was evidently the truth.  
 The stone snowball had been hurled at the fort, and it had evidently been hurled by a Classical hand.

Jimmy Silver's face was dark with anger.  
 He would have rather lost the snow-fight ten times over than that this disgrace should have fallen upon his side.  
 "Jolly lucky a Classical got it on the head!" growled Towle. "It might have knocked our teeth in, if it had reached the mark."  
 "Sneaking, cowardly trick!" said Lacy, the Modern.  
 "Oh, shut up!" was the brotherly rejoinder of Lacy, the Classical.  
 "It's right enough," said Jimmy Silver, in tones of concentrated anger. "It was a sneaking, cowardly trick. One of Morny's party put stones in the snowballs, and Morny happened to get one. We've got to look into this. Help Morny indoors first. That cut will have to be seen to."

Mornington rose to his feet with Erroll's aid.  
 "Don't make a fuss about this," he said faintly. "It's pretty certain who did it, but you can't be sure. That stone wasn't meant for the Moderns. It was meant for me, and it got me!"  
 "Meant for you!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, starting.  
 "Yes, of course," Morny gritted his teeth. "Of course it was meant for me, as it hit me!"  
 "But—but—"  
 "Only one stone was used," said Mornington, leaning on Erroll as he spoke. "And that one got me on the back of the head. There's only one fellow on the Classical side cowardly rotter enough to play such a trick!"

"Lattrey!" exclaimed Erroll.  
 "Lattrey, of course. But don't you fellows touch him—leave him to me. Help me indoors, Erroll, old chap!"  
 "Come on, Morny!"  
 Morny, his head still swimming, was helped away by Kit Erroll.  
 The crowd of juniors broke up.  
 The victory had been with the Classics, but they were not thinking of triumph now.  
 They were thinking of Lattrey, and his cowardly revenge upon Mornington—for no one doubted that Lattrey was guilty.

Lattrey realised it, and he realised, too, that he had made what he would have called a "bad break."  
 He had supposed that a stone in a snowball, hurled among so many others, could never be traced to him. He knew that there was no proof, at any rate.

He had not expected the whole crowd of fellows to jump at conclusions like this. And yet he might have expected it.  
 He was a dog with a bad name. There was no actual proof, but the circumstances amounted to proof, and he was adjudged guilty. And, with all his nerve and bravado, he could not simulate the indignation an innocent fellow would have felt at such an accusation.  
 He had acted on a savage, malicious impulse—an impulse that could only have come of an evil nature.

Contempt and avoidance were the consequences. And after, when Mornington had recovered—Lattrey thought of what was to follow with a sinking heart.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

Called To Account!

**M**R. BOOTLES looked sharply at Valentine Mornington in the class next morning. Mornington's face was pale, and he looked seely.

The Form-master was not likely to pass his looks unnoticed.  
 "Mornington, is anything the matter

with you?" Mr. Bootles, asked, blinking at the junior over his spectacles.  
 "Nothin', sir," replied Mornington.  
 "You are looking quite ill, my boy."  
 "I'm well, sir."  
 "I trust," said Mr. Bottles, his brow growing stern—"I trust, Mornington, that you have not been smoking?"  
 "Oh, no, sir!" said Morny calmly, while some of the Fourth grinned.  
 "I've had to speak to you on that subject before, Mornington," said the master of the Fourth severely.  
 "I've given it up, sir."  
 "Very well, Mornington. I accept your assurance on that point. But you are looking far from well."  
 "I had a rather hard knock in the snow-fight yesterday, sir," said Mornington. "It's really nothing—just a rap on the head."  
 Lattrey was breathing hard as he listened.

He told himself that there was no proof; that the suspicion and condemnation of the whole Form amounted to nothing if the Form-master came to weigh the matter.  
 But his heart was beating painfully all the same as he listened.  
 But he was soon relieved. Morny had no intention of mentioning his name.  
 "You should be more careful, Mornington," said Mr. Bootle. "However, if you assure me that it is not serious—"  
 "Not at all, sir."

The bump on Morny's head, hidden by his thick, dark hair, was throbbing as he answered; but he spoke quite calmly.  
 "Very well, Mornington."  
 And Mr. Bootles let the matter drop, though he glanced at Morny several times again during the morning.  
 After lessons, when the Fourth Form came out, Lattrey joined Peele and Gower.  
 Those two youths stared at him, turned their backs, and deliberately walked away.

Evidently Peele and Gower, black sheep as they were, wanted nothing to do with Lattrey—at least, until his latest exploit had time to blow over a little.

Lattrey stood with a flush in his cheeks, his eyes burning.  
 Mornington came towards him in the Form-room passage.

Lattrey instinctively clenched his hands, and the dandy of the Fourth laughed lightly.  
 "I'm not goin' to hit you—now," he said. "You'll keep! I want you to set Saturday afternoon aside for me, Lattrey. I shall be fit enough to deal with you then."

Lattrey set his teeth.  
 "What do you mean?" he muttered.  
 "Don't you know what I mean?" smiled Mornington. "You've raised a bump on my head as big as an egg. I'm goin' to make you squirm for it. Did you expect to get off spot-free?"  
 "I did not—"  
 "Goin' to tell lies, dear boy?" Mornington laughed. "What's the good of tellin' lies to a fellow who knows you so well? You did it, my pippin, an' you're goin' to pay for it on Saturday!"  
 "Hang you, Morny!"

"Not spoilin' for a fight—what!" said Mornington banteringly. "You should have thought of that, old scout, before you biffed a stone on my napper from behind. You've got to learn that you can't treat my napper like that. I shall expect you behind the gym on Saturday afternoon."

THE POPULAR.—No. 156.

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

NEXT FRIDAY!

**"COACH OR CROOK?"**

"I'm going out on Saturday afternoon," said Lattrey sullenly.

Morny's eyes gleamed.

"You're not goin' out, Lattrey! You're goin' to put your hands up on Saturday and answer for what you've done, you coward!"

"I'm going out!" said Lattrey, his face livid. "I don't choose to fight you, Mornington."

"It isn't for you to choose, after what you've done. If you go out on Saturday, Lattrey, I shall follow you, and thrash you wherever I find you."

With that, the dandy of the Fourth turned on his heel and walked away.

Lattrey moved on by himself, his heart heavy and his face clouded.

He would have undone his savage act now if he could, but it was too late to think of that.

On Saturday he was to answer for it, and he knew that there was no escape. And he knew, too, that by the time Mornington had done with him he would be in a worse state than Morny was now.

In the quadrangle he came upon Algy Silver, and approached him. The sportsman of the Third gave him a cool stare.

"Well?" he snapped.

"Well," said Lattrey, breathing hard, "are you turnin' against me, too, Algy?"

"Don't call me Algy!" growled Jimmy Silver's cousin. "I'm sick of you! A fellow who'd do what you did yesterday, ought to be in Prussia! Let me alone!"

"I give you my word—"

"Oh, rats!"

Algy stalked away. He was Lattrey's last resource, so far as conversation went, and even that smoky young scamp had turned on him—at least for the present.

Lattrey was not happy that afternoon.

Cut by the Fourth, despised by the whole lower school, avoided by all, and with the prospect of a terrific licking awaiting him on Saturday, he realised clearly enough that the way of the transgressor was hard.

His hatred of Mornington burned at fever heat, but the indulgence of hatred and bitterness was little consolation to him.

That day the blackest sheep at Rookwood was probably the most miserable fellow in the school as well.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Lattrey's Crime!

**T**HERE was some little excitement in the Classical Fourth after the morning's lesson on Saturday. That afternoon the fight was to come off.

Morny was quite implacable, and it was certain that the cad of the Fourth was to receive a punishment quite severe enough for him.

There was no real reason why Lattrey should have shrunk from the contest.

He was a little larger in build than Mornington, and he was not a weakling. He could not say that the fight was not a fair one.

But he did shrink from it.

He had intended to injure Mornington, and to escape punishment, deeming it impossible for his act to be brought home to him.

He would rather have been accused before the Form-master, than called upon to face Mornington's fists.

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NEXT  
FRIDAY!

"THE OUTCAST OF ROOKWOOD!"

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

But it was the latter punishment he had to meet, and he knew that the dandy of the Fourth would not spare him.

It was no more than he deserved. He had, in fact, fairly asked for it, but he was very anxious to avoid getting what he had asked for.

After dinner he started for the gates immediately he was out of the House.

Lovell and Raby cut down to the gates at once, and when Lattrey arrived there they smilingly turned him back.

"No exit, dear boy," smiled Lovell.

"I'm going out!" said Lattrey fiercely.

"All serene—if you can walk over us," grinned Raby. "Not otherwise."

Lattrey did not try to "walk over" the two juniors.

That would not have been much use.

He turned back into the quad, feeling a good deal like a hunted animal, and Lovell and Raby remained on guard at the gates.

Jimmy Silver bore down on him in the quad.

"What time will suit you, Lattrey?" asked Jimmy, constraining himself to speak civilly.

"What time for what?" snapped Lattrey.

"For your fight with Morny."

"I'm not goin' to fight Morny."

"Will you answer my question?" asked the captain the Fourth.

"No, I won't!"

"Suit yourself."

Jimmy Silver left him, and went in to report. He found Mornington and Erroll in their study.

Morny looked up with a grin.

"Well, what's the hour fixed for the merry execution?" he asked.

"Lattrey won't fix it. He's not keen," said Jimmy, laughing. "You'll have to fix it yourself, if you're bent on the fight coming off."

"You bet I am! I've still got a big bump on my head. I suppose Lattrey can't be allowed to play tricks like that for nothin'."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"He wants licking, if a chap ever did," he said, "if only to stop him from doing anything of the kind again. He's not really safe."

"I agree," said Erroll quietly. "He certainly ought to be punished. I don't see why he shouldn't be willing to stand up to Morny, too. He's bigger."

"Not quite so tough, I fancy, though," remarked Mornington. "Anyway, he's goin' to do it, an' if he won't fix a time, I'll go an' see him, an' the merry circus can begin at once."

Mornington left the study with the two juniors. But they looked round the quadrangle in vain for Lattrey.

"Stole away, by gum!" exclaimed Mornington.

"Lovell's at the gate—he can't have gone out," said Jimmy Silver. "Not by the gate, anyway. He may have scooted over the wall, the blessed funk!"

"Looking for Lattrey?" asked Van Ryn, joining them.

"Yes. Seen the cad?"

"He's gone into his study."

"Oh, we'll jolly soon have him out of that!" chuckled Mornington. "We'll have the merry scrap in his study, if he prefers it there. Better get some gloves. I've a suspicion that Lattrey will prefer to have the gloves on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Quite a crowd of fellows marched up to the Fourth Form passage.

Lovell and Raby came racing from the gate to join them.

Nearly all the Classical Fourth crowded outside Lattrey's study, and a good many of the Moderns.

Lattrey had slunk quietly into his room, intending to lock himself in there.

But Peele was in the study, so the locking-in was not feasible.

Peele gave him a contemptuous look.

"Why don't you face it?" he asked, with a curl of the lip. "You've got to go through it, you know. You're ownin' up to all the Form that you're a mean funk dodgin' like this!"

Lattrey's eyes glittered at him like a cat's.

He was afraid of Mornington, perhaps, but he was not afraid of Peele, and he was not disposed to stand the sneers of a slacker who had even less resolution than himself.

"Are you calling me a funk?" he said, between his teeth.

"You bet!" said Peele coolly. "Rotten funk! Why, you rotter—ow!"

Lattrey rushed at him, hitting out furiously.

Cyril Peele went to the floor with a crash, and Lattrey stood over him with blazing eyes, just as the door was burst open by the crowd of Fourth-Formers.

"Ow, ow, ow!" gasped Peele dazedly.

"Hallo! Fightin' already?" grinned Mornington. "You're fairly thirstin' for gore, Lattrey, old scout, aren't you? But let Peele's gore alone, and shed mine."

Peele staggered to his feet and backed away.

He did not want any more, and he was quite content to leave his former pal to Morny's tender mercies.

Lattrey faced the dandy of the Fourth, his teeth set.

"Hands off, Morny!" he said thickly.

"I'm not goin' to fight—I don't choose to! Better let me alone, I warn you!"

"But what about that lump on my head?" smiled Mornington. "Are you to give me that, free, gratis, and for nothin'?"

"Funk!" bawled Flynn from the passage.

"Funk! Yah!"

Lattrey's face became livid.

"Sneakin' funk!" hooted Peele, safe behind Mornington now.

"You see what the fellows think of your boundin' courage, dear boy," grinned Mornington. "Don't be too proud to fight. Put your pride in your pockets, and put up your paws."

Lattrey drove his hands into his pockets.

"By gad! I can't hit the cad if he won't put up his hands," said Mornington. "But this lump on my head has got to be paid for. Lattrey, you'll put up your hands, or else I shall pull your nose!"

Lattrey breathed hard, but he did not speak.

"Pull his nose, and have done with it!" growled Higgs. "Blest if I ever saw such a rotten funk!"

Mornington stretched out finger and thumb.

But that was too much even for Lattrey.

His right hand lashed out of his pocket, straight at Morny's grinning face.

Mornington jumped back just in time to escape the sudden, savage blow. He had been on his guard.

"By gad! His fightin' blood is up at last!" he grinned. "Hurrah! Put up your paws, Lattrey, an' take your medicine!"

Lattrey gave a hurried, savage glance round the room, as if he were seeking a weapon.

Morny's knuckles tapped him gently on the nose, and he gave a howl of rage.

"Hang you!" he snarled, between his teeth. "Hang you! Come on!"

And, with the desperation of a rat in a corner, he rushed furiously on his enemy.

Mornington met him coolly, but he had to give ground before that furious attack.

Lattrey followed him up, hitting out desperately, and three or four fierce blows came home on Mornny's face.

From that face the mocking grin vanished, and a hard, determined expression took its place.

"By Jove! The fellow can fight if he chooses!" said Jimmy Silver. "Mornny's got his hands full if he keeps that up."

"Go it, both sides!" yelled Flynn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The merry worm's turned!" chuckled Lovell. "Go it, worm!"

Lattrey was going it, with all his strength.

He seemed to have the advantage, at first, and he drew some encouragement, too, from Jimmy Silver's remark.

At all events, he was fairly in for it, and there was nothing for it but to do his best.

The juniors, crowded in the doorway, watched the fight with breathless interest.

It was something to see the cad of the Fourth putting up a fight like this.

But Lattrey's advantage did not last long.

Mornington recovered himself, his guard grew better, and he began to give more punishment than he took.

Lattrey's attack was stopped, and he was forced to give ground.

Back, step by step, the dandy of the Fourth drove him, raining blows.

Lattrey's hitting had grown wild now, and he was getting nearly all the punishment.

He backed away, farther and farther, till he was trampling on the fender, and could go no farther.

Then he had to stand up to his adversary, and he stood up desperately, his teeth set, his eyes burning with rage.

Mornington's fist came fairly home on his white, furious face, and Lattrey staggered back against the mantelpiece.

He threw his arm along the mantelpiece to save himself, and his hand touched and closed upon a heavy metal candlestick.

What happened next followed like a flash.

Whether Lattrey acted deliberately, or whether he obeyed a savage impulse he could not resist, the onlookers never knew.

The heavy candlestick, grasped in his right hand, swept forward, and came with a terrific crash full in Mornington's face.

Crash!  
Mornington of the Fourth reeled backward, and crashed to the floor, and lay where he had fallen, motionless.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**  
**In Darkness and Despair.**

**T**HERE was a dead silence for one moment.

Utter horror held the juniors spellbound.

Mornington lay on his back on the study floor, insensible, his face white, and blood streaming from his forehead.

Lattrey stood, panting, furious, the candlestick still gripped in his hand.

But as he looked down on the senseless face of Mornington he shivered, and the metal candlestick dropped from his hand, with a clang, into the fender.

What had he done?

Lattrey reeled back against the mantelpiece, panting.

"Good heavens!" stammered Jimmy Silver, almost frozen.

**NEXT**

**FRIDAY:**

**"COACH OR CROOK?"**

Erroll sprang into the study.

In a moment more he was on his knees beside Mornington, his face as white as that of the stricken boy.

"Mornny! Mornny!"

He raised the junior's head.

It fell limply against his knee.

For a moment Erroll's heart was contracted by a terrible fear—a fear that his chum was dead—that the closed eyes would never open again in life.

"Mornny!" groaned Erroll huskily.

There was a faint groan from Mornington, but his eyes did not open.

"Help me away with him!" muttered Erroll. "Get him into his study!"

Lattrey started forward.

"I—I never meant—"

Erroll pushed him back so savagely that he fell.

No one else gave Lattrey a glance.

It was no time to deal with the young ruffian.

Mornington was lifted up, and carried out of the room into his own study.

There he was laid on the sofa—the elegant, silken sofa Mornny had bought for the study in his wealthy days.

He did not move or speak.

"Water!" muttered Erroll.

Jimmy Silver dashed away.

He came back almost in a twinkling with a basin of water and a sponge.

He supported Mornny's head while Erroll bathed his forehead.

The water reddened as the sponge was squeezed in it.

There was a cut on Mornny's white forehead—an ugly cut. Black bruises were forming about the eyes.

If nothing worse happened, he was certain to have two black eyes, but a terror was tugging at Erroll's heart that it would be worse—much worse.

Round the open doorway the juniors stood crowded in, dismayed silence.

The sudden, tragic happening had quite thrown them off their balance. It was such a thing as had never happened before at Rookwood.

Lattrey's ruffianly brutality was a new experience for the Rookwooders.

"I—I say, we—we ought to call Mr. Bootles," said Lovell, through his chattering teeth. "He'll have to see a doctor."

"Bootles is out," said Conroy.

"The Head, then."

"This will have to come out," muttered Raby. "Oh, that rotten ruffian! The cowardly hound!"

"Jimmy!" muttered Newcome. "He's not—he's not—" Newcome faltered, his lips refusing to form the terrible word.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"No, no, no!"

"Thank goodness!"

"But it's serious. There'll have to be a doctor!" muttered Jimmy.

"And the sack for Lattrey!" said Lovell savagely. "The cowardly brute! He ought to be put in prison!"

"He's coming to," said Erroll quietly. Mornington's eyes opened.

Some of the juniors moved into the study, but Erroll waved them back.

"Give him room!"

"I—I say, what's the row?" muttered Mornington, passing his hand over his eyes. "I—I feel jolly queer!"

"Don't move, old chap!" whispered Erroll.

"You there, Kit?"

"I'm here, Mornny!" said Erroll huskily.

"He—he hit me with something,"



"Charge!" shouted Mornington. With a shout the Classics rushed forward. From the Modern's fort whizzed volleys of snowballs, which, aimed with deadly accuracy, bowled the attackers over in great numbers. "Hurrah!" "Buck up, Classics!" (See Chapter 2.)

mumbled Mornington confusedly. "He hit me with something, didn't he?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Rotten hound! Oh, my head!"  
 "Does it hurt much, old son?" asked Jimmy Silver.  
 "By gad it does! Have I been in a faint, or anything?" asked Mornington.  
 "It's all right, Mornny! You were stunned."

"By gad!"  
 There was a short silence. Mornington passed his hand over his eyes again. They were staring straight at Kit Erroll, but there was a strange lack of recognition in their glance, which sent a chill to Erroll's heart, he scarcely knew why.

"I've been unconscious?" asked Mornington faintly.  
 "Yes, a little while."  
 "Only a little while?"  
 "Yes, yes! A few minutes."  
 "But it's dark."  
 "Wha-a-t?"

"I must have been off a good time," said Mornington. "It's dark. Why haven't you got the light on?"  
 "The—the light?" stammered Erroll through his frozen lips.  
 "Yes." Mornington made an irritable gesture, and sat up on the sofa, Erroll supporting him. "What's the matter? What the merry thunder are we sittin' in the dark for?"

A hush fell on the study.  
 The crowded fellows in the doorway looked at Mornny and at one another.  
 Erroll tried to speak, but his voice died in his throat.

Mornington was groping out with his hand, strangely, eerily, in a way that made the juniors shiver as they saw it.  
 "Erroll! Where are you?"  
 "Here I am, old fellow!" groaned Erroll. "Here, Mornny, beside you. I'm holding you, old chap!"

"Well, I can't see you!" grunted Mornington. "For goodness' sake light the gas, somebody!"  
 Erroll groaned aloud.

Mornington was touching Erroll. The sunlight fell on both of them. And Mornington could not see his chum!  
 "Mornny!" muttered Jimmy Silver, with a sickness at his heart. "Mornny! Don't—don't joke now, for mercy's sake!"

"Joke!" said Mornington peevishly. "Who's jokin'?"  
 "Mornny!" groaned Jimmy.  
 "I can't see you!" exclaimed Mornington. "Look here, what does this mean? If you won't put on a light, I suppose I can."

He groped in his pocket for a match-box. The juniors watched him in silent horror.

Scratch!  
 The match flickered.  
 "Dash these matches, they won't light!" growled Mornington. "Erroll, you fool, why don't you get a light?"  
 Erroll did not speak. The tears were running unchecked down his cheeks.

Mornington gave a convulsive start as the flame of the match scorched his finger. He threw it down.  
 A sudden scared look came over his face. No eyes had seen fear in Valentine Mornington's face before.

But now there was fear—a terrible, gripping fear.  
 In a strange, furtive way he passed his hand over his eyes and the cruel bruises round them.

"I—I can't see!" he said brokenly. "I can't see! Kit, why can't I see?"  
 Erroll choked. He could not speak.  
 "You—you're cryin'," muttered Mornington. "You, Kit! I've never seen you cry! What's the matter? I tell you I can't see. I—I say, are you fellows havin' a lark with me? What's the game?"

His glance turned wildly and unseeingly about the room. He knew the truth now, but he would not believe it.  
 "Kit!"  
 "I'm here, Mornny!" muttered Erroll huskily.

His strong arm was supporting his chum as he spoke.  
 "Tell me, Kit! Is—is it still daylight?"  
 "Yes, Mornny."  
 "You—you can see me?"  
 "Yes," groaned Erroll.  
 "I can't see you."

Erroll tried to speak, but his voice broke in a sob. The bitterness of death was in his heart.  
 "Kit!" Mornington's voice was a frightened whisper. "I'm not blind, Kit—I'm not blind! Kit, tell me I'm not blind, before I go mad!"

But he did not wait for an answer. "Blind! It's true, then! I—I can't see! It's all dark! I'm blind—blind—blind!"

It was a cry of anguish, a cry from the depths of misery and despair, a cry that rang long in the ears of the Rookwood juniors.

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**  
**Under the Shadow!**

**B**LIND!  
 It ran through the school in horrified whispers.  
 Mornington, of the Fourth Form, was blind.

He lay in bed in the sanatorium, with the school doctor in attendance; but there was little the medical gentleman could do.

Erroll was with him. Mornington, in his despair and misery, clung to his chum. The Head sent for Jimmy Silver, to demand the full story, and he had heard it. He listened with a grim brow, and commanded the captain of the Fourth to send Lattrey to him.  
 Jimmy Silver made his way to Lattrey's study.

Lattrey was alone there—crouching there.  
 He turned a haggard face upon Jimmy Silver as he came in.

The horror and repulsion in Jimmy's face struck him like a blow.  
 "Let me alone," he muttered thickly.  
 "I—I never meant it; you know I never meant it! I—I couldn't—"

"Don't be afraid of me," said Jimmy Silver bitterly. "I couldn't touch you, you reptile! The Head wants you; you're to go to him."  
 "The—the Head?" muttered Lattrey.  
 "Yes, at once."  
 Jimmy stepped out of the study.  
 "Silver, I—I—"  
 Jimmy did not answer.

Lattrey staggered rather than walked from the study.  
 He started and flinched as he saw the juniors in the passage.  
 But he had nothing to fear from them. They would as soon have touched a leper as Mark Lattrey then.

They watched him in silence as he went—watched him with wonder, horror, and unspeakable aversion.  
 His dragging steps took him to the Head's study.  
 His stay there was brief. In a few minutes he emerged, and went unsteadily back to his own room.  
 There he remained—alone!

There were faint footfalls, hushed voices, without, but no one came to the study.  
 He started as the door opened at last, and Peele and Gower came in. His eyes fixed upon them with almost a beseeching look.

They did not even look at him. They took their books, and left the study without a glance, without a word.  
 The door closed with a sound that was like a knell to the heart of the wretched junior.

After that, silence—solitude.  
 And he was not the only one who did not sleep that night under the roof of Rookwood School.

In a dimly-lighted ward a restless lad turned and tossed upon a bed where no sleep could come—wakeful, but unseeing, with wide staring eyes to which all was a blank of dreadful darkness. And beside him, sleepless, but untiring, his chum sat and watched through the long watches of the night.

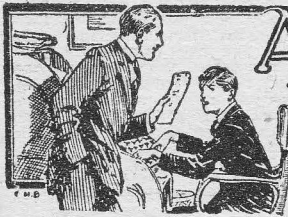
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 (Another Grand Story of Mornington Next Week.)

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**NEXT FRIDAY! "THE OUTCAST OF ROOKWOOD!"**  
 A GRAND TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.  
 By OWEN CONQUEST.





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## FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

### "COACH OR CROOK?" By Frank Richards.

The grand, long, complete tale of Greyfriars for next week, which will appear under the above title, is one of the best Frank Richards has given us, and abounds in exciting incidents and unexpected developments.

A sensation is caused at Greyfriars when it becomes known that the school authorities have employed a coach to train the Remove and other Forms in football. But when the new coach, Mr. Yorke, puts in an appearance, Bob Cherry receives an unpleasant shock, for he recognises Yorke as his ne'er-do-well cousin, who had left the country, some time previous, to escape from justice.

To all appearances, Yorke plays up to his part, but Bob Cherry begins to wonder, after a time, whether he has come to the school as

"Coach or Crook?"

### "THE OUTCAST OF ROOKWOOD" By Owen Conquest.

The above is the title of the next grand, long, complete school story of Rookwood. Lattrey, by reason of his recent rascality, becomes the outcast of the school. But even then he remains. No one can understand why he is not expelled. You must not miss this clever story.

## WHILST GREYFRIARS SLEPT!

(Continued from page 6.)

Con Fitzpatrick's breakfast to the punishment-room on a tray. Some of them followed him there. Gosling put down the tray, and unlocked the door.

"He's jolly quiet!" remarked Bob Cherry. "He must have a jolly good nerve if he's asleep still. I shouldn't sleep with a flogging just coming on."

"No fear!"

Gosling looked into the room. He had to be careful that Fitzpatrick did not dodge out while his meals were being taken in. But there was no sign of Fitzpatrick. He was evidently still in bed, or—

"Master Fitzpatrick!" said Gosling.

He crossed towards the bed. There were the outlines of a form to be seen under the coverlet. There was no movement from the bed.

"Wake up, Fitz!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"He's sleeping jolly soundly," said Harry Wharton, with a puzzled look. "I wonder—"

"Ere, you wake up!" said Gosling, stooping over the bed and grasping the still form. And then he staggered back.

"He ain't there!" gasped Gosling.

"What!" yelled the juniors.

They swarmed into the room, and the bedclothes were dragged off. There was a shout of astonishment.

The form under the bedclothes had

NEXT FRIDAY: "COACH OR CROOK?"

In addition to the above story, there will be a special Music Number of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," and a grand instalment of our wonderful serial, "The Invisible Raider."

### REMEMBER THIS DATE!

February 18th greatly concerns readers of THE POPULAR.

### THE COMPANION PAPERS.

Lest anybody should be under a misapprehension, I should like to point out a fact or two concerning the Companion Papers. My group of publications consists of the "Magnet," THE POPULAR, the "Gem," the "Boys' Friend," the "Boys' Herald," "Chuckles," and the "Holiday Annual." When more are added, I shall give all my friends due notice in the pages of my papers.

As you all know, the "Magnet" stands for Greyfriars. It gives yarns of Wharton, Bunter, and other celebrities, also a supplement which is the official organ of Greyfriars School. The "Gem" is noted for its tales of St. Jim's; THE POPULAR has two school series—Greyfriars and Rookwood, while for years past the "Boys' Friend" has given its stories of Rookwood a leading place. The "Boys' Herald" is now running a school serial, "The College of Sportsmen," one of the best continuous narratives to be found anywhere. "Chuckles," the champion coloured paper delights those younger

made up of bolster and pillows and several other articles quite well enough to deceive the eye. But there was no sign of Con Fitzpatrick.

"The window," said Harry Wharton.

He ran to the window. It was open. Below was the School House wall, steep and sheer. But to the wall clung the masses of old ivy. It made Wharton's head swim to think of any fellow climbing down by the ivy from that sheer height. But that was evidently what Con Fitzpatrick had done.

Gosling went to report to the Head. The juniors crowded out of the room, discussing the strange affair.

"He's gone down to Pegg to that ship he mentioned," Harry Wharton remarked. "I wonder if we ought to say anything—"

"No good now," said Bob Cherry. "The ship was going at dawn; she'll be miles out to sea. If Fitzpatrick's on board he's gone for good."

There was the rustle of a gown as the Head came striding to the punishment-room. His face was frowning as he came out again.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "Fitzpatrick has apparently run away! You must understand what a serious thing this is for the misguided lad. He must be saved from himself and his own folly. Go out and search for him, all of you."

"Yes, sir."

Not at all averse to a ramble out of doors instead of going into the classrooms, the juniors hurried out. Dr. Locke, in a state of great agitation, returned to his study. A letter had just arrived for him by the morning post. It

friends whom we all possess—luckily for us! The "Holiday Annual" needs no comment. It links up all the papers—otherwise the ever-celebrated "C.P.'s."

### ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT OFFER!

FIRST PRIZE: A Splendid Match Football.

TEN PRIZES of Five Shillings Each

in connection with

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 50.

Examples for this week are as follows:

Sitting on Fags.	At the Moment.
Drawing the Public.	Slow to Pass.
Back to School.	Fashion and Mauly.
Often Caught Napping.	Good Entertainment.
Causing a Sensation.	Change of Characters.
Suiting Own Ends.	Issuing His Weekly.

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

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets" No. 50, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

3. No correspondence may be entered 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 19th, 1922.

## Your Editor.

bore the postmark of Pegg. The Head guessed from the boyish scrawl on the envelope what it contained. He opened it quickly, and read:

"Dear Dr. Locke,—I am sorry I've given you so much trouble, and my uncle, too. But I want to go to sea; and I'm going. Let my uncle know I'm all right. I shall be at sea hours before you get this, so it's no good looking for me. I sha'n't be coming back to Greyfriars. Kind regards to all the fellows.  
"CON FITZPATRICK."

The Head crushed the letter in his hand.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton & Co. had reached the bay. The foreign ship that had been there the day before was gone from her anchorage. There was little doubt that the missing junior had gone with her.

Far out at sea a white sail danced in the sunlight, growing smaller and smaller in the distance.

"There she goes!" said Bob Cherry.

"And Fitz with her!" said Harry Wharton.

"And he won't come back," said Nugent. "Well, I hope he'll have good luck. We may as well be getting back."

The juniors returned to the school. Nugent was right—the missing junior did not come back. Far away on the blue waters he was following the life he wanted—a life on the ocean wave—at last realising his desire to be a true Son of the Sea!

THE END.

THE POPULAR.—No. 156.

A Splendid Story of the Juniors of Greyfriars.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.

# THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!

BY SIDNEY DREW



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



## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**FERRERS LORD**, the famous millionaire adventurer, and owner of the Lord of the Deep-  
**PRINCE CHING LUNG**, a very old friend of Lord's, who has accompanied the millionaire  
on many adventures.

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

**RUPERT THURSTON**, a young Englishman, and friend of Lord's.  
**HAL HONOUR**, known as the man of silence, engineer of Ferrers Lord's wonderful sub-  
marine. Honour has invented a marvelous 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 move-  
ments. 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.

Greatly fearing the general's hot temper, Von Kreigler writes a letter of appeal to Ferrers  
Lord asking to be separated from Goltzheimer. The letter falls into the general hands, but  
before it can be deciphered, Ferrers Lord has Kreigler taken from the cabin and brought before him.

(Now read on.)

## Von Kreigler Surrenders!

**Y**OUR quarrels have nothing to do  
with me, professor," said Ferrers  
Lord. "Perhaps you have given  
the general cause to suspect you."  
"Never!" said Von Kreigler, blinking his  
pale eyes. "It is torture to be kept shut up  
with such a brute. I cannot sleep for fear  
of him."

Ferrers Lord shrugged his shoulders, and  
spoke into the telephone again. Presently  
the steward who waited on the prisoners  
came in and placed a writing-pad on the mil-  
lionaire's desk. It was a leather pad, the  
writing surface covered with blotting-paper,  
quite unused and unmarked by any trace of  
ink.

The millionaire uncorked a bottle and  
dipped a brush into it. As he brushed the  
liquid lightly over the pad some handwriting  
flashed out black on the white blotting-paper.  
It was a facsimile of the first note Von  
Kreigler had written, the note that Goltz-  
heimer had taken from him. Professor Von  
Kreigler shrank low in his chair as the mil-  
lionaire read it aloud in his deep, quiet voice:

"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 to 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 Excel-  
lency. 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."

Ching Lung smiled. Karl von Kreigler's  
idea of having done nothing at all to make  
the general suspicious amused him.

"You did not send the original of this to  
me," said Ferrers Lord, "or, if you did, it  
must have miscarried. Or was it that in a  
sudden fit of remorse or burst of loyalty  
towards your fellow-prisoner, you destroyed  
it? Come, professor, I am a grown-up man.  
THE POPULAR.—No. 156.

not a child, and I have a very wide know-  
ledge of the methods of German politicians,  
so it is quite useless to attempt to lie to me.  
Pray, explain why you did not send me  
this?"

"Because that maniac took it away from  
me, Excellency. He compelled me first with  
horrible threats to translate it to him."

"And you are still alive, professor," said  
Ferrers Lord. "In that case, your dread of  
the general seems to be a delusion."

"Do not deceive yourself, Excellency. I  
did not translate it as it is written,"  
answered the professor. "In these matters I  
am not quite a fool, and in many things  
Goltzheimer is a fool. He knows a little  
English, and my dread is that he will puzzle  
out the note and get the drift of it. For  
that he would kill me."

He spread out his fat hands imploringly,  
and it was perfectly plain, although Von  
Kreigler was a master-hand in the art of con-  
cealment and deception, that he was very  
much afraid. His pasty face was a dead,  
greasy white, and he was shivering.

"Come to the desk, if you please, profes-  
sor," said Ferrers Lord. "Here are pencil  
and paper."

"What does your Excellency wish?"

"Nothing that will cause you any great  
effort or exertion," said Ferrers Lord lazily.  
"I have been reading a book you wrote some  
twenty years ago called 'The History and  
Traditions of Schloss Schwartzburg.' I found  
it a very interesting and meritorious work.  
I fancy you were commissioned by the ex-  
Kaiser to write the volume, and you carried  
out your task in your best manner. All the  
old documents and plans of the place were, I  
believe, placed at your disposal, and you lived  
at the Schloss for many months as the guest  
of William Hohenzollern. I will make a  
trifling bargain with you. There was one  
chapter in the manuscript that for some  
reason or other did not appear in the book  
when it was published."

Von Kreigler gaped as the millionaire took  
a curiously-shaped key from his pocket and  
unlocked one of the steel boxes. He opened  
it and lifted out a bundle of faded, closely-  
written sheets. The professor recognised his  
own handwriting of more than twenty years  
before.

"These papers were taken from your house  
in Steinburgerstrasse by one of my agents  
and sent to me," said the millionaire, turn-  
ing over the sheets. "Here is the unpublished  
chapter which you have headed 'A New  
Discovery. The Secret Entrance to Schloss  
Schwartzburg.' I have read the chapter, but  
it is so vague and crossed out and altered  
that I can make nothing of it. The most  
important page also is missing. Why was  
this omitted from the book?"

"By the Kaiser's orders," said Von Kreigler  
hoarsely.

"Then, by my orders, professor, you will sit  
down and re-write the missing page, and  
also draw a plan of your new discovery of  
twenty years ago," said Ferrers Lord.  
"Having done that to my satisfaction, I will  
separate you from General Goltzheimer. My  
agent who searched your house hints that  
if I care to visit it, I may find things of  
more value there than manuscripts. It has  
a fine cellar, and behind the wine-barrels—"

Ferrers Lord broke off with a quiet laugh,  
beckoned to Ching Lung to follow him, and  
went out of the room. Outside the sentry  
remained on guard.

"So you have discovered that the old thief  
has been feathering his nest, then. Chief, out  
of the treasure-cave of Schloss Schwartz-  
burg?" asked Ching Lung.

"I find out many things, Ching," answered  
the millionaire. "Von Kreigler owns a  
house in the Steinburgerstrasse in Potsdam,  
a suitable house for a learned but under-paid  
professor to own. Yes, he has been saving  
up for a rainy day. The members of the  
Supreme Council did not trust one another  
too much. No single key would open the  
door of that Aladdin's cave. When it was  
visited two of them had to go together. And  
yet behind the wine-barrels in the cellar of  
Von Kreigler's humble abode are boxes of  
gold coin and other valuables. An old thief  
is his proper title."

"Then he has a means of entering the  
treasure-vault without opening the massive  
steel door I saw that was camouflaged with  
sham rockwork outside?" asked the prin-  
ce.

"I am sure of it. He has been helping him-  
self. I do not think he has been doing it  
for long, only since the Schloss was burnt  
down, though I may be wrong. If he will  
only be sensible, this may be very useful to  
us. After all, he is old and beaten."

"I'm glad to hear you talk that way,  
Chief," said the prince. "When you men-  
tioned that beastly Island of Merissa, and  
talked of marooning the brace of rascals  
there, I didn't like it. I wouldn't maroon  
even a savage dog in that hole if it had  
bitten me in twenty places."

"Oh, we shall see, Ching!" said the mil-  
lionaire, shrugging his shoulders. "Those  
two human dogs were savage enough, but we  
have drawn their teeth in order to stimulate  
the professor to proceed with the good work  
he has in hand. Will you please go back and  
hint to him that we are placing a German-  
English dictionary in the saloon that may  
assist Goltzheimer to translate that note he  
took from Von Kreigler."

Two hours later the sentry stepped aside  
and Ferrers Lord entered his work-room.  
What transpired between the two men, the  
victor and the conquered, the millionaire  
kept a secret, but Professor von Kreigler was  
found a cabin in another part of the yacht,  
greatly to the wrath of General Goltzheimer,  
who felt his imprisonment doubly harsh with  
no one to bully. Ferrers Lord telephoned two  
words to the wireless operator.

"The helicopter!"

## Back to the Ruined Schloss!

**A**LTHOUGH he had not been anxious  
about Gan Waga, Ching Lung was  
sorry to discover the plump Eskimo  
lying placidly asleep in the bath  
adjoining his cabin. Gan Waga had dis-  
carded Thurston's patent-leather boots, but  
he was still wearing the morning-suit, and  
also the battered and soaked Alpine hat.  
He was a remarkable figure to look at as  
he lay there in eight inches of cold water,  
but the prince did not disturb him.

"Are you there, Ching?" asked Thurston's  
voice.

"In the bath-room, old chap, admiring a  
thing of pure and perfect beauty," said Ching  
Lung. "Come and have a look, but don't  
speak loudly, or you may waken it and spoil  
the fascinating picture. Bend down and  
gaze. Did you ever see anything so delight-  
ful? And do you recognise anything  
familiar?"

NEXT  
FRIDAY!

"THE OUTCAST OF ROOKWOOD!"

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

"Great Scott! The fat rascal is wearing one of my new suits!" said Thurston. "A suit I've never had on my back since the tailor fitted me!"

"Try and bear up under the bitter blow, Rupert!" grinned Ching Lung. "The only place that suit of yours is fit for now is the rag-and-bone shop. Poor Gan! He meant well, and he always does. He thought he'd reform, and be a gentleman. Except for Barry O'Rooney and his crush, he might have succeeded in about a million years or so. Sad, sad! It's hard lines to be chucked headlong into the foaming sea for trying to be a gentleman, and harder lines on your suit!"

"Oh, hang the suit!" said Rupert Thurston. "If you haven't got anything packed, pack it. The Chief wants us to be ready in ten minutes!"

"Do you know where we are bound for this time?"

"I haven't a notion," said Rupert Thurston. "I was thinking of bed when Prout brought me the message. Hal Honour has turned up."

"Then it looks like the helicopter, for he wouldn't bring the submarine out again until she has been properly overhauled," said the prince. "I fancy it's another trip to Schloss Schwartzburg, for the Chief has been mentioning the place to our gentle and learned professor."

"For what purpose, I wonder? The place is gutted, Ching."

"That may not matter," said Ching Lung. "The Chief is a kind of modern magician. He discovered that Von Kreigler was aware of a secret way into the Schloss. By gentle persuasion I think he managed to persuade the gentle and genial professor to impart the valuable secret to him."

"I wonder if it's the same tunnel we escaped by?" said Thurston. "Of course, I'm talking rot, for we had to bore our way out. There was only room for the cat Prout forgot to tell to come in before we started digging. Well, Schloss Schwartzburg will do as well as any other old place. I'm a bit curious to know what sort of gentle persuasion the Chief used on Von Kreigler. He wouldn't be very drastic with a prisoner."

Ching Lung was packing a small leather portmanteau quickly and neatly.

"It seems to have been effective," he said, with a laugh. "Von Kreigler was getting fed up with Goltz, it appears, so he wrote a letter of appeal and protest in English to the Chief. Before he could get rid of the letter the gallant Prussian nabbed it. Goltz is bad at English, so the Chief told the gentle professor, through me, that he was going to present Goltzheim with a German-English dictionary. The idea was that if Goltz worried out the drift of the letter, and Von Kreigler was sent back to keep him company, there would be lively times for the professor. And now, old son, I'm ready!"

A solitary, swaying light that seemed to be floating on the air about twenty feet above the sea marked the position of the invisible helicopter.

Just as the launch was about to put off to her there was a shout, and Hindlop, the wireless operator, came hurrying up from below with a message for Ferrers Lord.

Prout held a flash-lamp while the millionaire read the message.

"If anything else of importance comes, send it through, and use the sixth code, Hindlop," he said. "There is no reply to this. Clear away, Maddock!"

Invisible and almost without a quiver or a sound the helicopter ceased to rock on the waves, as she lifted her dripping floats and rose vertically in the teeth of a brisk westerly breeze. The single electric light blinked out, and she was gone like a flying shadow.

Ching Lung and Rupert took their ease in a couple of armchairs. There were ivory chessmen and cards to pass away tedious moments, but Rupert had learned that it was perfectly hopeless to play any game of skill, or of chance either, with the prince and win it, unless Ching Lung deliberately threw it away.

After about half an hour the millionaire joined them. He had discarded his evening-dress for one of his favourite suits of plain blue serge.

"Did that little threat about the dictionary work the oracle with the gentle and genial one, Chief?" the prince asked.

"Something or other melted his soul, and brought him to a better state of mind," said Ferrers Lord. "His fear of Goltzheim was no sham. I had no intention of sending him back to join the general. His letter made that impossible, for I could not have even such a rascal as Von Kreigler maltreated

when a prisoner on my yacht. Perhaps it was the dictionary that brought him to reason."

"And you got the plan of this secret entrance to the robber's cave of Schloss Schwartzburg?"

The millionaire nodded.

"I got that—a very miserably-executed affair, for the professor's hand was shaky," he answered lazily. "Honour put it into shape for me. It seems true that the professor pointed the entrance out to the Kaiser, who built a small shooting-lodge over it. Perhaps the All-Highest of those days took a peep into the future, and thought it might be convenient, if any trouble came, as a place of refuge."

"That's all very promising," put in Rupert Thurston; "but I've been wondering things. A cat may look at a king, and even criticise him, without the risk of losing its head, if it doesn't criticise aloud. You captured Von Kreigler and Goltzheim, Chief, but you let off the other members of the precious Supreme Council of the Huns. As those fellows knew the secret of the millions of Schloss Schwartzburg, it seems a risky sort of thing to me."

"At the moment there was not the least risk, Rupert. I was expecting the Huns and the Allies to meet in Paris at the date arranged. Those fellows were too scared to do anything. Owing to the illness of our Prime Minister the date was cancelled. It may be a month or six weeks before the meeting takes place. Our Hun friends of the Supreme Council made themselves very scarce after Goltzheim's astonished menservants had found them and liberated them. There is no tonic like the prospect of great wealth easily gained. They may have come back, or, more likely—for they know my agents are active—they may have sent others. It would not surprise me to find Schloss Schwartzburg quite as desolate as such a fire-blackened, lonely ruin might be expected to be. That is one of the chief reasons for our visit, otherwise I should have waited for the Paris meeting."

The millionaire went out to relieve Hal Honour, and the burly engineer came along, smoking his old, evil-smelling briar pipe, and sat down silently.

"Hal, you noisy customer," said Ching Lung, "we have just had the tip that some mean thieves are nosing after the big money-box at the Schloss."

The engineer merely grunted, and then blew out his cheeks with a sharp, popping sound.

"A beautiful imitation of an inflated paper bag going to bust," said Ching Lung. "You talkative rascal, what do you mean to convey by that vulgar noise?"

"Not easy!" said the man of silence. "Gate mined."

"True, old son, and I believe I get you!" said Ching Lung. "You couldn't get to the treasure-dump except in very small pieces unless you disconnected the electric wires. That's what I saw old Goltz doing, though I couldn't make out what he was up to at the time. You can't get any sense out of this wooden, tongueless block of wood, Rupert, but I fancy he thinks that explosives guarding the golden gate went up in the air when the powder magazine exploded. Is that what you are trying to convey to us, you grousing, unmannerly villain?"

The good-natured engineer nodded. "Tons of roof down," he said. "And put a match to his pipe."

"But if the mine didn't happen to go off?"

### RESULT OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION NO. 42

The splendid Match football has been awarded to:

S. WEBB,  
108, Bruin Street,  
Leicester.

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each have been sent to the following readers:

- Erie Arthur, 20, High Street Blds., Dorking, Surrey.
- Percy Kitchen, 69, Ash Grove, Wavertree, Liverpool.
- Eric Henry Newton, Temperance Institute, Gladstone Street, Darlington.
- Harry Hamner, 1, Scott Avenue, Chorlton-Cum-Hardy.
- Lester R. Bidston, 1, St. Winifred Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.
- E. Corris, 43, Lily Rd., Litherland, Liverpool.
- Stanley Huntley, 41, Severn Avenue, Weston-Super-Mare, Somerset.
- Herbert Purvis, 23, Warton Street, Bootle, Liverpool.
- E. A. J. Crook, West St., Banwell, Somerset.

"Granite," said Hal Honour. "Iron-hard." "That's about the most lucid statement I've heard him make for months, Ching," said Rupert Thurston. "Isn't it just too simple when you know it? Could you have possibly guessed it if you'd sat up all night thinking it out, with a large block of ice on your head? Here we have a tunnel bored through granite as hard as iron. If nothing blew it up it's still there. The marvellous brain of the chap! Staggering, isn't it?"

The prince laughed, and stretched himself. "I'll leave you to amuse each other, and join the Chief," he said. "That vile pipe of Hal's will choke me if I stay here! Have a nice noisy game of chess with him, Rupert, and don't talk too much!"

Ferrers Lord was sitting in the engineer's chair. The helicopter was racing through the night at headlong speed.

"Honour doesn't seem to think there is any need for undue haste, Chief," said the prince. "He didn't talk a lot about it, as you can well imagine, but he doesn't think there's much danger of anybody reaching the Schloss end. He thinks there has been an explosion and a heavy fall of roof."

"It is the natural thing to think, Ching; but it may not have happened," said Ferrers Lord. "It would be unwise to take that for granted."

"Very unwise," agreed the prince. "I remember in one of our little scraps, when I had a rebellion at Kwai-hal, we had mined a hill. The rebels dropped a shell clean into the middle of our electric batteries. There were six different connections to that mine, and, though the batteries went up in the air, the hill didn't. Which was a pity, for there were a couple of thousand of the beggars on top of it!"

The millionaire glanced at a dial, and then switched off the electric light. In the darkness the helicopter began to sink.

"We must be crossing the French outposts by now," he said. "In fact, we ought to be exactly over them."

He pushed back the chair, and pulled aside a mat that covered a thick circular plate of beautifully transparent glass.

They peered down, but saw nothing until the helicopter had dropped another three hundred feet. Then the silvery ray of search-light swept across the dark ground far below, and a pale, winding gleam showed them that they were above the river which Hal Honour, Thurston, and Ching Lung had swum on the night of their escape from Schloss Schwartzburg.

"Good steering!" said the prince. "It seemed a long way from the Schloss to here on foot and in that old motor-car we borrowed, but the helicopter knows something quicker than human legs or wheels with pneumatic tyres. She'll do the rest in ten minutes."

"Watch for a light, Ching. Red, green, blue; and then the reverse—blue, green, and red."

The helicopter sank still lower. Presently she was moving over the forest, and the forest, to Ching Lung's eyes, was one great blotch of impenetrable gloom.

"Nothing yet?"

"Nothing, Chief; not a gleam!"

Ferrers Lord swung the helicopter to a gentle curve, and Ching Lung knelt on the floor of the pilot-house, watching intently.

"We are here to the exact moment," said the millionaire. "Nothing yet, Ching?"

"Yes," said Ching Lung; "dead below us." There was the light—red, green, and blue. And then, after an interval of darkness, it gleamed out again—blue, green, and red.

### The Hunting-Lodge in the Forest!

THE helicopter, soundless, invisible, sank ghostlike downwards, and rested without a jar on a soft bed of pine-needles. She had descended in a clearing of the pine forest where thousands of trees had been felled to shore-up the Hun trenches in the earlier days of the war, for war is a greedy monster, and in this case it had even devoured some of the property of the magnificent war-lord, Kaiser Wilhelm of the golden helmet.

Three or four men were gathered there, silent, shadowy figures. One of them boarded the helicopter after giving a password, and was escorted through the alley-way between the cabins to the closely-curtained pilot-house, where Ferrers Lord awaited him. After some time the helicopter rose again and vanished, heading to the west. She had left six people behind her—Ferrers Lord,

(Continued on page 20.)

**The Invisible Raider!**

(Continued from page 19.)

Ching Lung, Rupert Thurston, Thomas Prout, Harold Honour, and one of the engineer's picked mechanics. There were various bundles and parcels, too, camouflaged almost to invisibility, like the men who helped to carry them. At a word from their Chief, Ferrers Lord, they crossed the clearing, and in single file plunged into the forest.

The guide walked in front. There seemed little need for so much precaution, for it was an imperial forest no longer patrolled night and day by the ex-Kaiser's rangers to guard the boars and stags and other wild creatures it was William's delight to slaughter, until, in later days, he found a more cruel and exciting sport in the slaughter of his fellow-men.

"You say it is less than two miles, Brayntam?" said the millionaire to the guide.

"A little less, Chief," answered the guide. "I could have signalled you down within half a mile of it, but the ground is swampy there and full of shallow pools and ditches, so I decided on the clearing. The lodge is inhabited. We have been watching it, and there appears to be only one man there. Von Kreiger paid several visits to it, as I told you, and always at night. He came by motor-car, and the car was well loaded when it drove away."

"Did you notice who drove the car?" asked Ferrers Lord.

"We could not be sure, Chief; he kept himself too well muffled for that. He was a big, burly fellow, and when he left the car and went into the shooting-lodge the caretaker always came out to take charge of the motor. I am convinced myself, though I have no absolute proof, that the driver was General Goltzheimer. We have never seen

another person of the same build in Von Kreiger's company."

"I should not wonder at all," said Ferrers Lord, and laughed softly to himself.

Possibly the general had been spying on Von Kreiger, for it was unthinkable that such a wily person as the professor would betray a secret of such tremendous importance to a man he both feared and despised. In that case, the general would be quite as eager to get rid of the professor as the professor would be to get rid of the general. Neither of them could believe that their captor could be remorseless and prolong their imprisonment indefinitely. And although there might be ample treasure for two concealed behind the wine-barrels in the cellar of the little house in the Steinburgerstrasse, at Potsdam, the survivor would become the heir of the non-survivor, with a pleasant future for the rest of his days.

(There will be another long instalment of our splendid serial, "The Invisible Raider," next week.)

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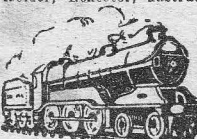
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