

STORY OF THE GREAT ROOKWOOD REBELLION INSIDE!

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Greyfriars

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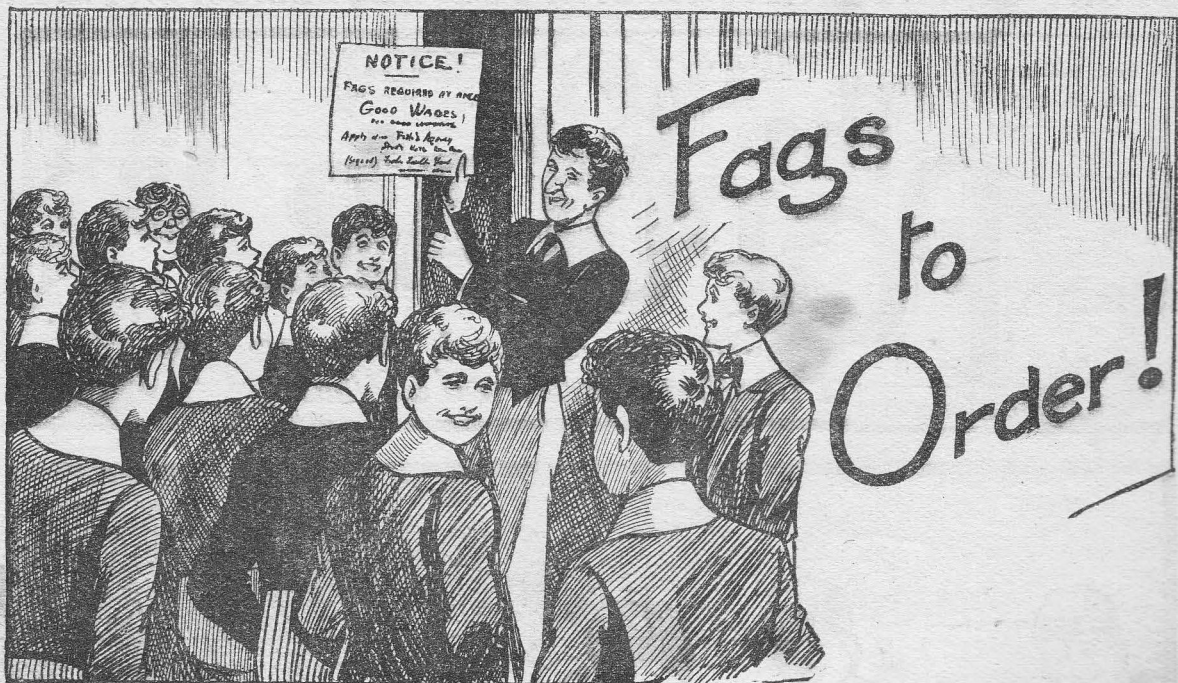
Stories, Jokes & Pictures
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood St. Jims



MAULY'S PAID FAGS ARE TOO ENERGETIC!

(A HUMOROUS INCIDENT FROM THE LONG COMPLETE TALE OF GREYFRIARS INSIDE.)



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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Fishy's Latest!

JOHNNY BULL of the Remove looked up as Fisher T. Fish entered his study. The sturdy junior could not fail to see the look of keen satisfaction upon his study-mate's countenance.

"You're looking happy," he remarked. "Some new, harebrained scheme entered your head? If it's anything to do with this study, like that giddy shop you opened once, you'll—"

"My dear chap," said Fisher T. Fish coolly, "that idea was nowhere in comparison to the one I've got now. I sha'n't require the study for a shop, although it'll be the offices of the company."

Johnny Bull snorted.

"You're not going to start any of your rotten schemes here!" he exclaimed warmly. "Look here, Fish, if you play the giddy ox in my study you'll jolly well get chucked out on your neck! I give you warning, so you'd better go easy!"

Fisher T. Fish waved his hand. "Don't you worry," he said. "You'll know all about it this evening. For the present I've got some work to do, so you'll oblige me by keeping quiet. At the present moment I'm managing director of Fish's Fag Agency—"

"You're which?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Oh, I guess there's no need to go into all that now," said Fish. "There's a customer waiting, so I've got no time to waste!"

And the American junior routed out a large piece of cardboard, and commenced writing some huge characters upon it in blue pencil. There was silence in the study, except for the crackling of the fire and the patter of the rain out in the Close. At the end of five minutes Fisher T. Fish rose from the table and surveyed his handiwork.

"I guess that'll do," he murmured.

And, stowing the cardboard away under his coat, he left the study without enlightening Johnny Bull any further. Fish went straight down to the fags' Common-room. A terrific din greeted his ears as he opened the door, and a chorus of shouts rent the air.

"What do you want, you Remove bouncer?" shouted Dicky Nugent of the Second.

"Clear out!"

"You're too fishy for us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish held up his hand.

"Silence—"

"Rats!"

"Yah!"

"Boo!"

Fish gave up hope of addressing the crowd of noisy fags, so simply produced the piece of cardboard and held it up for the fags to read. The desired effect was immediate, for instantly the din died away, and the Third and Second-Formers commenced reading the inscription:

"NOTICE!

Fags Required at Once! Good Wages for Good Workers! Apply at the Offices of Fish's Agency, Study No. 14, Remove Passage.

(Signed) FISHER T. FISH,
Managing Director."

"My only Sunday chapeau!" ejaculated Dicky Nugent. "What's the wheeze? I say, Fishy, what's the idea of this fatheaded notice? Who wants fags—"

"Good wages—eh?" shouted Bulter minor greedily. "That looks all right! I don't mind fagging for somebody if I'm going to be paid!"

"It's all spoo!" yelled Paget of the Third.

"That's it! More blessed Yankee swank!" agreed Tubb, with a sniff. "You'd better clear out, Fishy, before

you get thrown out! We don't want any of your old buck here, you know!"

"Dry up, Tubby!" roared Smith III. "I'm jolly well going to see what the wheeze is, and chance it! I'm stony-broke, and if there's any tin being chucked about, I'm there!"

Fisher T. Fish grinned, lowered the notice, and retreated from the room. He knew that the fags would be at Study No. 14 almost before he could get there himself. As he walked up the passage a whole crowd of excited fags streamed behind him, jostling one another vigorously.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent turned the corner, and gazed in amazement at the curious procession.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Nugent. "What the dickens are you up to, Fishy?"

"What's the game?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I guess there's no game about this," said Fish coolly. "These kids behind me are coming up to my study, I reckon, and before long the bulk of them will be in my employment."

"Great Scott!" gasped Wharton. "He's mad!"

"Oh, quite!" agreed Frank Nugent. "The chap talks as if he were a factory owner, or something like that. I expect it's another of Fish's hare-brained schemes!"

Other Removeites came out to view the unusual spectacle. Bulstrode and Bolsover and many others looked on, grinning, as Fisher T. Fish passed by, followed by the crowd of fags.

"The chap must be dotty!" said Hazeldene.

"The dottyfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the Indian junior of the Remove. "The honourable Fish is evidently off his esteemed rocker!"

But Fish smiled a superior smile, and passed on his way serenely. So far his

new wheeze was panning out in a way that left nothing to be desired. He had no doubts regarding his ability to engage sufficient fags to supply Mauleverer.

He arrived at Study No. 14, and walked in, the crowd of noisy fags bundling in after him. In a few moments they filled the study to overflowing, and Johnny Bull, who was still reading, glared round in amazement and wrath.

"What the dickens is this?" he roared. "Clear out, you cheezy young rotters!"

"Half a minute," said Fisher T. Fish coolly. "They're applicants!"

"I don't care if they're sardines!" yelled Johnny Bull. "They're not going to be packed in this study!"

Fish pointed to the door.

"We sha'n't be in here long," he said calmly. "If you'll just pop off for about ten minutes, Bull, I'll get these kids out of the way, and I guess we shall have the place to ourselves. Don't worry! It won't last long, and life's too short to start a row over nothing!"

"Why—why, you Yankee swanker!" shouted Johnny Bull indignantly. "I'll go now, but if there are any more invasions like this I'll do something desperate! I'm blessed if I'm going to be turned out of my own study by a lot of noisy fags!"

And Johnny Bull pushed his way through the crowd, and strode off wrathfully. The door closed behind him, and Fisher T. Fish took his stand at the rear of the table. Fags collected round on all sides, their voices filling the air with a terrific din. Fish rapped upon the table with a ruler.

"Silence!" he shouted. "I want to speak to you all!"

"Go it, Fishy!"

"On the ball!"

"Pile in, old man!"

"I guess I'll pile in soon enough when I get a hearing!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Gentlemen of the Second and Third, I've got a real business proposition to lay before you, and if you're possessed of the sense I credit you with, you'll fall in with my plan and welcome it with open arms!"

"Get to the bizney!" shouted Gatty impatiently.

"Hear, hear!"

"Don't be so blessed long-winded, Fishy!"

"Right you are!" agreed the managing director of Fish's Fag Agency.

"I guess I'll get down to rock-bottom facts! Are there any fags here who are hard-up, and could do with a regular paying job?"

A chorus of acquiescence supplied the answer.

"Well," proceeded Fish coolly, "I've formed a company for supplying fags to Remove chaps. The work will be fairly light, and the wages liberal, considering everything—"

"What's the work?" shouted Dicky Nugent.

"Yes. Who've we got to fag for?" demanded Tubb excitedly.

"Well, the agency has undertaken to supply Mauleverer, of the Remove, with eight fags within an hour," explained Fisher T. Fish calmly. "Mauly wants eight of you kids to fag for him immediately. As I said before, the work will be fairly light, for eight of you will get all the work Mauly wants done in less than half an hour each day. The wages—"

"Yes, what about the wages?" demanded Dicky Nugent.

"The wages, gentlemen, will be fourpence per week for each fag," said

Fisher T. Fish coolly. "Fourpence per week—"

There was a howl.

"Fourpence a week, be blowed!" roared Gatty. "Likely we're going to work for a whole week for fourpence, ain't it?"

"Giddy swanker!" yelled Myers.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Fourpence a week—"

Fisher T. Fish held up his hand.

"You don't catch on," he said quickly. "If there was only one fag going to work for Mauly, you'd have a right to grumble. But there are going to be eight. That'll mean that the work will be done in an eighth of the time; it'll mean that you won't have more than twenty minutes' work a day. And don't forget that the fourpence is simply a nominal fee."

"Nominal rats!" growled Dicky Nugent.

"Please be reasonable, gentlemen!" went on Fish quickly, seeing that the fags were somewhat impressed. "You'll get fourpence a week for doing a few minutes' fagging for Mauly every day. Then there'll be the feeds. You all know that Mauleverer is an exceedingly generous chap. He'll stand you teas every day, probably, and the job's worth taking for that alone. Then there will be tips. Mauly might want one of you to pop into Friardale and he's sure to give you a bob when you come back. So you see that the fourpence is merely a matter of form, to ensure your being in the services of the company. Now, I guess all those who'd like to fag for Mauly will have to hold up their hands."

There was a few minutes' excited chatter among the fags, then every hand in the room was shot ceilingwards. Fish had certainly put the matter in such a light that all the fags were eager to be employed by the agency. Fourpence a week wasn't much, but it was something more than the fags got for working for the seniors. And, besides, as Fish had pointed out, there were the feeds and the tips. And twenty minutes a day wasn't much.

Fisher T. Fish pushed his way to the door. The fags were excited, and they followed Fish in an excited crowd. The idea had caught on wonderfully, and the cute American junior was in high feather. He could see that he would make a good thing out of the agency, if it only lasted.

The fags crowded out into the passage.

"I say, you fellows!"

"Oh, buzz off, Bunter!" said Fish impatiently.

"Oh, really, Fishy!" protested Billy Bunter, blinking at Fish through his big spectacles.

The Owl of the Remove had just rolled up the passage, having been told of the new wheeze by one or two fags who had remained below. Billy Bunter was quite willing to fag for anybody if there was any money attached to the job.

"You're not wanted, Bunter!" said the American junior. "Slide!"

"I don't see why I should!" said Bunter indignantly. "I've got just as much right to apply for a job as any of these kids!"

"Oh, all right, if you're a candidate!" exclaimed Fish, opening the door of Lord Mauleverer's study. "Follow me in!"

"Good!" said Bunter.

He and the fags crowded into the schoolboy earl's magnificent study. Lord Mauleverer had been dozing on the sofa, and he stared at the invading army of

fags in astonishment. They poured into the room, and filled every corner.

"Begad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer, in mild protest. "What's the meanin' of this—this crowd of kids, Fish? I don't want all these fags, you know! I shouldn't be able to move with all this lot about me. Begad!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Interviewing the Candidates!

"MY dear chap," explained Fisher T. Fish coolly, pushing Lord Mauleverer back on to the sofa, "these fags here are simply candidates. I've brought them along so, that you can interview them and choose the eight you require."

"That's not a bad idea!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Jolly good of you, Fish! Of course, I can judge which kids would suit me better than you could."

"Naturally," said Fish. "You see, I am making no extra charge for the privilege, although it's departing from strict business lines. Now, there are about twenty fags here, I guess, including Bunter, of the Remove, and there's Leigh as well, I can see. That makes two Removites, about ten Second-Formers, and eight Third-Formers. I guess you can choose your number from among that lot."

Lord Mauleverer rose to his feet, and surveyed the gathering languidly.

"Begad, you know it's a bit of a bore!" he yawned. "But I suppose I've got to go through it! Suppose you all come round in front of the lounge one at a time? Then I can question you, and pick out the fellows I want."

"The very idea!" exclaimed Fish. "We'll start with the Second. All Second Form kids line up!"

The Second Form fags accordingly scrambled into position. By this time the whole crowd were willing and eager to be employed by the agency. It was a novelty, for one thing, and, for another, Lord Mauleverer was an exceedingly easy fag-master. The juniors foresaw that if they obtained employment in his study it would mean endless feeds and numerous tips. In consequence, there was tremendous excitement. All the fags wanted to be chosen.

Sammy Bunter was the first fag in the line, and he stood blinking excitedly before Lord Mauleverer. His major, meanwhile, was making vigorous signs to him, which Bunter minor took not the least notice of.

"You clear out, Sammy!" muttered Billy Bunter warmly. "If Mauly wants a cook, there's not a chap to beat me, and I'll skin you alive if you get the job!"

"Oh, rats!" growled Bunter minor.

"I'm—" "Silence!" shouted Fish. "If any chap interrupts again he will be denied the privilege of being engaged. All interrupters will be chucked out!"

A dead silence reigned in the study, and Lord Mauleverer looked round rather uncomfortably.

"Begad, I hardly know how to begin!" he murmured. "Well, Bunter minor—"

"My name's Bunter!" growled Sammy aggressively.

"Oh, sorry!" said his lordship. "I'm not at all sure, Bunter minor, that you're not too fat to do any real work!"

"Oh, rats!" said Sammy Bunter warmly. "I'm not half the size of Billy, anyhow!"

"You young fibber!" roared Billy Bunter. "I'll scalp you—"

"Outside!" said Fisher T. Fish

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE LAST OF THE FAG AGENCY!"

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

determinedly, grabbing hold of Billy Bunter's fat arm. "You've forfeited your chance of getting a job. Git!" "Oh, really, Fishy!" protested Billy Bunter, in alarm. "I—I won't do it again! Really, you know—"

"Well, dry up, then!" growled Fish. Bunter dried up.

"Do you think you could manage to clean my boots, Bunter minor?" asked the schoolboy earl doubtfully. "I've got seven pairs, you know, and I shall want at least two pairs done a day."

"Anything else?" asked Sammy cautiously.

"No, I don't think there'll be anything else for you to do," said Lord Mauleverer. "If you're confined to doing boots alone, you ought to do them well. The question is, can you do them properly?"

"There ain't a chap in Greyfriars who could do 'em better."

"Good!" said Lord Mauleverer, in relief. "That's one!"

"Am I engaged?" asked Sammy eagerly.

"Yaas, my dear fellow."

Sammy Bunter passed on to the other side of the room with a snug grin upon his face.

"Next one!" ordered Fish sharply.

Gatty took his place before his lordship.

"I shall want a fellow to look after my togs, you know," said Lord Mauleverer thoughtfully. "As a rule I have to brush them down myself, and it's the very dickens of a fag. If I engage you as clothes-brusher, Fatty—"

"Gatty, you ass!" said Gatty indignantly.

"Sorry! If I engage you as clothes-brusher, Gatty, I should want you to take my clothes down from the wardrobe once a week and give them a thorough brushing. That would save me an awful lot of fag."

"Good!" said Gatty. "I'm on!"

"Look here, you young boulder, I want that job!" shouted Tubb of the Third. "I can brush clothes a dashed sight better than you can! You'll only have to work one day a week, you lucky beggar!"

"Dry up, Tubb!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Gatty's engaged!"

"That's all very well," said Tubb discontentedly. "If Mauly goes on at this rate he'll engage all the Second Form kids and leave us out altogether!" "Give us a chance, Mauly!" roared Paget.

Lord Mauleverer waved his hand.

"Don't worry, my dear fellows," he said languidly. "I won't engage all these youngsters."

Nevertheless, before Lord Mauleverer had finished with the Second Form contingent he had engaged Sammy Bunter, Gatty, Myers, and Dicky Nugent. Myers was engaged as messenger to and from the village—a job which Myers was intensely pleased with, for he foresaw many tips in the future. Dicky Nugent filled the post of crockery-washer, owing to the fact that Dicky had a reputation for being extremely careful with the "crocks."

"Now for the Third," said Fisher T. Fish. "There are four more fags required, and those four I reckon will have to come out of the Third."

"Good!" said Tubb, with satisfaction.

"Rotten!" shouted Leigh of the Remove. "Where the dickens do Bunter major and I come in?"

"You don't come in at all!" grinned Fisher T. Fish. "You go out!"

"Oh, really, Fish!" shouted Billy Bunter indignantly. "If Mauly doesn't

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engage me as cook, I call it a rotten shame! There ain't a chap in the Lower School who can cook like I can!"

"But you're not a fag at all!" shouted Paget wrathfully. "Look here, Remove chaps are barred. They ain't fags. I don't call it fair that Remove jossers should be allowed to—"

"But you can't cook!" howled Billy Bunter.

"Can't I?" roared Paget. "Why, you Remove worm—"

Lord Mauleverer waved his hand.

"Begad, there's no need to start a roar!" he said mildly. "I don't see why I shouldn't choose my own fags, you know. Of course, you Third-Formers can't understand the circumstances. You see, I require a couple of fellows to help me to dress and undress in the dorm, and they must be Remove chaps. It's an awful fag every morning to have to dress, so I consider that Billy Bunter and Leigh are engaged as valets. Billy Bunter can also do my cooking."

"Now you're talking sense!" said Billy Bunter, with satisfaction.

There was a derisive howl.

"It ain't fair!" shrieked Tubb indignantly. "Now we shall be pushed out—"

"Not at all," said Mauleverer easily. "Which of you Third Form kids can write the best?"

"I can!"

"I can!"

"You blessed fibber, Smith III. You can't write at all!"

"And you've got a fist like a spider crawling about!" shouted Smith III. indignantly.

"Silence!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "All you Third-Formers had better write down a specimen of your scrawl on a sheet of notepaper."

For the next five minutes there was much excitement, and finally Mauleverer inspected a much blotted and grimy sheet of foolscap. There was not much to choose between the lot, but, if anything, Tubb's handwriting was the best. The Third-Formers were waiting for his lordship's decision anxiously.

"Begad, I reckon Tubb's the man!" said the schoolboy earl, with a yawn.

"Tubb, you can consider yourself engaged as my secretary."

"Hurrah!" yelled Tubb triumphantly.

The struggle for the last post was exciting. For one thing, Lord Mauleverer couldn't think what he wanted an eighth fag for, but at last Paget was engaged to fill a vague post as general help. Paget didn't mind, because he reckoned that he would simply have to look on and watch the others working.

Smith III., Taylor, Dobbs, and other Third-Formers were exasperated and angry at being declined, but Fisher T. Fish consoled them somewhat by saying that he would procure them situations elsewhere.

At last the crowd of fags swept out into the passage, and Lord Mauleverer and Fisher T. Fish were alone. His lordship wiped his brow with an expensive silk handkerchief.

"Begad, my dear fellow," he gasped, "I feel quite faint! Will you please see that Bunter comes along immediately to prepare tea?"

"He'll be here in two ticks!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Thanks, my dear fellow!"

And Lord Mauleverer lay back upon the lounge and closed his eyes languidly.

Fisher T. Fish found the successful candidates gathered in Study No. 14. Luckily, Johnny Bull had not come back, so the fags had the room to themselves. They looked up interestedly as Fish entered.

"Get along to Mauly's study now, and see what he wants!" he said quickly.

And Fisher T. Fish turned to the door and walked briskly out of the study. His cool, businesslike air had certainly made an impression upon the fags, and they were inclined to follow his orders to the letter without protest.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. The Fags at Work!

IMMEDIATELY after Fish had sent them to the schoolboy earl's study the fags trooped in unceremoniously, Billy Bunter leading the way. They found his lordship still dozing upon the lounge, and he blinked up at them sleepily as Gatty banged the door to.

"We've come!" announced Paget cheerfully.

"Eh? My dear fellows, what on earth do you want?" asked Lord Mauleverer, staring at the crowd in surprise. "Begad, pray run away and leave me alone!"

"Rats!" shouted Dicky Nugent. "We're your fags!"

"You ain't forgotten it, have you?" asked Myers, in surprise.

Lord Mauleverer looked round at the grinning fags.

"Begad, I remember now! You're the fags sent along by the agency, I suppose?"

"Yes, you sleepy ass!" yelled Tubb.

"Begad, that's not the way to talk to me!" said Lord Mauleverer mildly.

"Well, my dear fellows, I hardly know what to do! I—I suppose you want to work?"

There was a chuckle.

"We don't want to," said Paget frankly, "but, you see, we're engaged by the giddy agency to fag for you!"

"I—I say," put in Billy Bunter eagerly, "it's nearly tea-time, you know, Mauly, and I'm simply famished!"

"Begad, you don't expect me to provide tea, do you?" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

"Well, I should say so!" exclaimed Gatty indignantly. "Likely we're going to work for you for practically nothing a week without tea being thrown in, ain't it?"

"Begad, I'm paying you—"

"That ain't the question," said Sammy Bunter, pushing forward. "We want to know if we've got to prepare tea!"

Lord Mauleverer rose and looked round with a good-humoured smile.

"Well, I suppose I must attend to you fellows," he said resignedly. "And as it's the first day of your employment, I'll stand you all a tea in honour of the occasion! There are several jobs want doing, you know, so perhaps you had better get to work."

The fags grinned.

"Right-ho!" said Dicky Nugent.

"Pile in, old man!"

Lord Mauleverer scratched his head.

"Let me see," he murmured. "Oh, yaas, my boots want cleaning! Suppose you get to work on them at once, Nugent minor?"

Nugent minor snorted.

"That's Sammy Bunter's rotten job!" he said witheringly. "I'm the giddy washer-up!"

"Begad, yaas! Bunter, please clean the boots!"

"Oh, all right!" said Sammy Bunter carelessly.

"Bunter major, you had better see about tea," went on Lord Mauleverer languidly. "Here's half-a-sovereign. Lay in something good, you know. I suppose I can trust you to prepare something fit to eat?"

"Oh, really, Mauly!" protested Billy

Bunter indignantly. "I'm the best chap at Greyfriars for laying in a good feed!"

"And the best chap at wolfing it, too!" grinned Tubb of the Third.

"Oh, really, Tubb, my appetite's quite moderate! I admit I'm a bit peckish now, and when I'm peckish I can generally choose a better tea than usual. I'll buzz off to the tuckshop and get some of Mrs. Mible's ripping pastry. She's got some fresh sosses in to-day, too, and they'll be simply prime for tea."

"Good!" said Lord Mauleverer, looking round. "And you might as well take Leigh and Myers with you. I don't think I shall want either of them at present."

The three fags departed, and Lord Mauleverer looked round at the other five.

"Well, begad, I hardly know— You're not cleaning the boots yet, I see, Bunter minor!"

"Oh, there's no hurry!" growled Sammy Bunter.

"Just as you like, my dear fellow. Gatty, I think you're the chap I engaged to brush my clothes—eh?"

"That's me!"

"Good! You'll find some bags of mine up in the dormitory, and a dressing-gown. You might brush them and bring them down here."

"Right you are!" said Gatty.

"Tubb," went on Lord Mauleverer, after Gatty had departed, "there are some beastly lines for me to do. Mr. Quelch gave them to me this morning for inattention. Really, I don't see why he should have done, for I only dozed off for a minute. Suppose you sit at the table and write them out?"

"How about my fist?" asked Tubb. "Old Quelch would spot the difference in a tick. You Remove chaps say he's got eyes like gimlets."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow!" said his lordship carelessly. "Mr. Quelch will never detect the difference. Pray get to work at once!"

"Just as you like," said Tubb contentedly.

Lord Mauleverer looked round.

"Now, there are Nugent and Paget still idle," he murmured thoughtfully. "Let me see, Nugent is crockery-washer, I think. Suppose you run off, Nugent, until tea's ready. Your business comes afterwards."

"Oh, all right!" said Dicky Nugent readily. "I want to go downstairs to talk to young Smith III."

Nugent vanished, and Lord Mauleverer was left alone with one fag to deal with. This was Paget; and Paget, who had prided himself upon getting off lightly, found himself allotted to the task of brushing the carpet. Paget was rather a dandy in his way, and generally assumed a repose of manner which is supposed to stamp the cast of Vere de Vere. Therefore, Paget was rather inclined to jib at brushing Mauly's carpet. However, with a mental decision to do the work extremely half-heartedly, he consented.

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer in relief. "I'm glad I've got rid of you all. I feel quite weary after the unusual exertion!"

"Poor chap!" grinned Tubb, looking up from the table.

"I really think I shall lie down upon the couch and have a little nap," announced Lord Mauleverer wearily. "You fellows won't disturb me in the least, and one of you can wake me up when tea is all ready."

And the millionaire schoolboy lay back



Fisher T. Fish looked into Mauly's study and found the fags busy clearing away the table. Mauleverer was asleep on the sofa. "How are you fags getting on?" asked the Fag Agent. "First rate!" replied Dicky Nugent. (See chapter 4.)

upon the lounge and closed his eyes. In less than five minutes he was asleep, and the study was fairly quiet.

The door opened, and Billy Bunter appeared, laden with tuck. He was alone, for Leigh and Myers had stopped behind, to come along later when tea was ready. The Owl of the Remove lost no time in getting to work, and he soon had the fire poked up to a cheerful blaze, and the sausages spluttering and frizzling over it. An appetising odour soon pervaded the study, and Sammy Bunter looked up eagerly from his boot-cleaning.

"My hat!! he exclaimed. "Those sossingers smell ripping!"

His major blinked at Lord Mauleverer through his big spectacles.

"It beats me how the dickens Mauly can sleep through it all!" he said. "I know jolly well if I was asleep, and somebody started cooking sosses in the room, I should wake up quick enough!"

"I'll bet you would!" grinned Paget. "The mere presence of 'em in the room would be enough to wake you up, let alone the niff of 'em frying!"

"He, he, he!" giggled Tubb, inadvertently allowing a blob of ink to drop from his pen over the exercise-paper. "You young ass, Paget; you've made me mess up this giddy impot! I don't care; it's Mauly's, and he'll get it in the neck when he takes it to Quelch!"

"My hat, there's a nice niff about the room!" exclaimed Gatty, coming into the study with the trousers over his arm. "I couldn't find the giddy dressing-gown anywhere! I've pulled all Mauly's clothes out all over the dormitory, too!"

"Have you left them there?" chuckled Paget.

"Rather! You don't think I should shove them all back, do you? That's Billy Bunter's job; he's the giddy valet!"

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly. "You beastly little bounder!" he said warmly. "If you've pulled all Mauly's giddy clothes out, you'll have to shove 'em back. I'm blest if I'm—"

There was a heavy tread in the passage, and the next moment the door opened quickly, and Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, appeared in the doorway. Gatty only just had time to skip out of the way of the opening door, and he stood looking at the Remove master rather apprehensively.

Mr. Quelch stared. "Why, what— Good gracious! What are all you boys doing in Mauleverer's study?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Mauleverer, what is the meaning of this?"

A slight snore was the only reply his lordship made.

"Upon my soul," ejaculated M. Quelch, "the boy is asleep!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Going Well!

MR. QUELCH stood at the door of Lord Mauleverer's study considerably surprised. The scene which met his eyes was certainly an unusual one to be witnessed in a Remove study. Lord Mauleverer himself was sleeping peacefully upon the lounge, utterly oblivious of his Form-master's presence. Billy Bunter was bending over the fireplace, with a very red face, attending to the frying sausages, whilst his minor was vigorously engaged

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NEXT
FRIDAY!

"THE LAST OF THE FAG AGENCY!"

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

in cleaning boots. At the moment of Mr. Quelch's arrival, Sammy Bunter put on a spurt in order to get finished quickly, and he was working as though for a wager. Paget was grovelling on the floor with a clothes-brush, making a pretence of sweeping the carpet. Tubb, with a lightning-like movement, whipped a clean sheet of paper over the imposition, and pretended to be writing a letter.

Undoubtedly it was an unusual spectacle, and Mr. Quelch gazed into the study with wondering eyes. The Form master had come to see Mauleverer about the lines, which should have been taken to him an hour previously.

"Boys," he exclaimed loudly, "what are you all doing here?"

"Only—only helping Mauly, sir!" stammered Paget, scrambling to his feet.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch. "Is it usual for so many junior boys to take such an interest in Mauleverer as to come to his study and clean his boots and brush his carpet?"

"Well, you—you see, sir—" began Gatty nervously.

"It's like this, sir—"

"Exactly, sir—"

"I—I say, sir," said Billy Bunter, blinking up from the frying-pan, "I suppose Mauly can have a few chaps in his study, can't he?"

"Silence, Bunter!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Don't be impertinent!"

"Oh, really!" murmured Bunter, aggrieved.

"Mauleverer!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Eh? What?" murmured his lordship languidly. "Begad, I dreamed that old Quelch was calling me—"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Paget.

Mr. Quelch's eyes gleamed.

"It was no dream, Mauleverer," he said, striding up to the schoolboy and shaking him vigorously. "Old Quelch, as you choose to call me, is here in person, but as you spoke without realising my presence, I will let the impertinence pass. I gave you fifty lines to do this morning."

"Yaas, so you did, sir," said Lord Mauleverer, looking alarmed. "Begad, Tubb, have you—"

Mauleverer was stopped by a fierce glare and a vigorous waving of arms from Tubb, who was behind Mr. Quelch's back.

"Well, Mauleverer?"

"I—I— Begad, sir, I haven't done them!" stammered his lordship.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch cuttingly. "I presume you have not had the time to spare?"

"Yaas, sir!"

"And yet I come here and find you asleep upon the couch, with four or five boys working as though they were your servants. I can quite believe, Mauleverer, that you have not had time to write out the lines!"

"Begad!"

"I have no doubt, however, that you will find time this evening to write the imposition, which, under the circumstances, I shall double. You are a lazy, good-for-nothing boy, Mauleverer, and I am greatly inclined to cane you! What is the meaning of this activity in your study? Why are all these boys working in here?"

"There are only five, sir!" stammered Lord Mauleverer, who realised that it would not do to let Mr. Quelch know of the Fish Fag Agency. "You see, I have invited them all to tea, and—and they're just preparing!"

"Very good, Mauleverer," said Mr. Quelch graciously. "Nevertheless, I fail

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to understand why so many boys should busy themselves in the manner I witnessed upon entering. It is your business, however, so I will retire."

And Mr. Quelch left the room.

"Begad!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer, gazing at the closed door. "Fancy old Quelch bursting in like that, you know! Tubb, you young ass, you ought to have had those lines done by this time!"

"You silly chump!" said Tubb disrespectfully. "I'm not a giddy magician. I've got fifteen done!"

"Well, you had better continue doing them till tea's ready," said Mauleverer. "By Jove, I really feel quite peckish! Those mutton-chops smell delicious!"

Billy Bunter glared.

"You ass!" he said. "They're not mutton-chops! They're sossingers!"

"It's all the same, my dear fellow," said the schoolboy earl languidly.

"Paget, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you set the table. Begad, I'm hanged if you're not using my best clothes-brush to sweep up that beastly coal-dust!"

"Well, it was the only thing I could find!" grumbled Paget.

"You really must be more careful, Paget," said Lord Mauleverer mildly.

"Ah, here are some of the others! It won't be long now before we get tea."

The door had opened, and Dicky Nugent, Myers, and Leigh entered.

"All ready?" inquired Leigh genially.

"Just upon, my dear fellow."

The wage-earning fags disported themselves very much as though they were honoured guests, and very soon they were sitting down to a sumptuous tea. The fags hadn't had such a gorgeous spread for many a day, and they inwardly blessed Fisher T. Fish and his agency.

"My hat!" murmured Gatty confidentially into Dicky Nugent's ear. "This is a bit of all right—eh? We don't get feeds like this in the giddy hall!"

"No fear!" whispered Dicky. "I don't mind if I'm Mauly's fag for the rest of term! There's fourpence to draw at the end of the week, too!"

"Oh, blow the fourpence!" said Gatty witheringly. "It's these feeds that are the things. Why, I reckon Mauly will supply us with free grub every day. He's a careless bounder, and won't notice how much he spends!"

The tea proceeded merrily. Lord Mauleverer felt quite contented. He was one of the best-natured fellows at Greyfriars, and it was a pleasure to him to see others enjoying themselves.

Billy Bunter was piling into the good things in his usual whole-hearted manner. In fact, he caused the good things to disappear at a surprising rate, and, as Tubb remarked afterwards, he wolfed up about half the feed himself.

Still, the other half was quite sufficient for the rest, so the tea passed off without a hitch.

Dicky Nugent sighed.

"This is where I come in," he said rather regretfully. "I s'pose I've got to wash-up now?"

"Rather!" grinned Paget. "You've done nothing yet, you lazy beggar!"

"Well, help me to clear the giddy things away," said Dicky.

And in a few moments there was a clatter of crockery in the air.

The door opened, and Fisher T. Fish thrust a smiling face into the room.

"Getting on O.K.?" he inquired.

"Splendidly, my dear fellow," drawled Lord Mauleverer.

"Good! You'll find my men will soon jog down into their places," said Fish confidently. "They may be a bit fresh at first, but they'll soon settle. From this time onwards, Mauly, you'll have

nothing whatever to do yourself. All your work will be done for you."

"Begad!" said his lordship. "That's ripping!"

"Just going to wash-up now, Fishy," said Dick Nugent cheerfully.

Fish looked across the room quickly, grinned, and went out again. The scheme was succeeding even beyond his wildest hopes.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Not a Success.

THE Removites were grinning when they went up to the Remove dormitory that night. A few of them were inclined to rag Lord Mauleverer, but the majority of them—including Harry Wharton & Co.—had agreed to say nothing whatever to the schoolboy earl on the subject of his numerous fags.

As Bob Cherry had remarked, it would be rather interesting to watch the development of the experiment. Frank Nugent declared that Lord Mauleverer would not stand the fags for more than two days. By letting matters take their own course, the Removites would see how far Nugent was from the truth. They decided that the dandy of the Remove should not be given a word of advice upon the subject.

"I hear how's engaged Leigh and Bunter as giddy valets!" chuckled Mark Linley, the Lancashire junior. "My only hat! Fancy Bunter as a valet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wonder if they'll perform their duties to-night?" asked Bulstrode.

"Best if I know!"

The Removites commenced undressing. The weather was cold, so most of them did not waste any time in the process. Lord Mauleverer commenced taking off his things with his customary air of boredom, and he was totally unconscious of the curious glances which were cast in his direction.

Billy Bunter and Leigh had apparently forgotten that they had been engaged as valets, for they undressed without even glancing at the schoolboy earl.

"Begad, it's a beastly fag to take one's boots off!" yawned Lord Mauleverer.

"Why not have help?" suggested Stott, grinning.

"Help, my dear fellow?"

"Your giddy valets, you know!"

Lord Mauleverer started.

"Begad, I'd clean forgotten!" he ejaculated. "I say, Bunter, lend me a hand, there's a good fellow!"

Billy Bunter blinked.

"Oh, really, Mauly, I'm just getting into bed!" he protested.

"Yaas, so you are! Perhaps you'll help me, Leigh—"

"Why, I'm in between the sheets, you ass!" said Leigh.

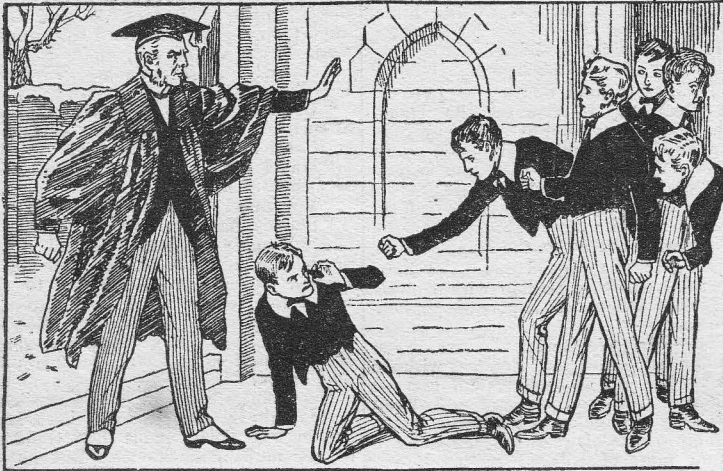
"If you ain't out in fifteen seconds, the pair of you will lose your jobs!" said Fish coolly. "It's a rule of the agency that all employees who try to shirk their duties shall be dismissed immediately. Why, you lazy, slab-sided bounders, you haven't done a stroke of work yet! I guess there are just seven seconds left!"

"Oh, you beast!" murmured Billy Bunter disgustedly.

But the Owl of the Remove scrambled out of bed with alacrity; he had no wish to lose his job. Leigh, too, followed his example, and they stood before Fisher T. Fish very much as if he had been a Form-master.

"Don't stand there, you asses!" said Fish impatiently. "Go and give Mauly a hand with his clobber! He's shivering with cold already!"

(Continued on page 19.)



THE REBELS!

A Splendid Long Complete Story of JIMMY SILVER & CO. at Rookwood. ::

— By — OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Absent!

"LATTREY!"

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form, blinked over his spectacles as no answer came to him.

"Lattrey!" he repeated.

No reply.

"Dear me!" murmured Mr. Bootles, and he frowned.

Lattrey, of the Classical Fourth, was "gated" by order of the Head, yet he was not answering to his name at calling-over.

Mr. Bootles shook his head, and went on with the list.

Jimmy Silver & Co., in the ranks of the Fourth, were looking grim.

They could have told Mr. Bootles where Lattrey was it they had chosen. They did not choose.

After roll-call the Rookwood fellows came out of Hall, the Fourth-Formers in a much more subdued mood than usual.

Mr. Bootles stopped to speak to Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood.

No doubt he was speaking on the subject of the "gated" junior who had failed to answer to his name.

"There'll be trouble soon, Jimmy," murmured Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Keep smiling," was Jimmy Silver's reply.

"It won't be so jolly easy to keep smiling when we're called up before the Head," remarked Raby.

"I sha'n't feel like smiling, for one," confessed Newcome. "Still, I'm not sorry we turned that cad out of Rookwood. The Head can't sack the lot of us."

"Can't be did!" said Jimmy Silver.

"He may begin with you, Jimmy, as an example to the Form," said Lovell, with a faint grin.

"We'll see about that!"

"We all stand by Jimmy, if it comes to that," said Kit Erroll quietly. "If Jimmy goes, we all go."

"Hear, hear!"

"Nice reception we should get at home, I don't think!" remarked Townsend, with a sniff. "I'm not goin', for one."

"I, for another!" said Peele.

"You'll be taken by the scruff of your neck, if you don't!" snapped Lovell, with a glare at the nuts of the Fourth.

Townsend shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

The Classical Fourth were by no means quite united on the subject, though most of them backed up Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four went to the end study in a serious mood.

They did not put much heart into their prep that evening.

They knew that a storm was about to burst on Rookwood School, and they could not help thinking about it, and wondering how it would turn out.

Lattrey of the Fourth had been missed now, though it did not occur to Mr. Bootles for a moment that the cad of Rookwood had been forcibly conducted to the railway-station by his Form-fellows, and packed off by train.

That the Fourth should have ventured to expel a member of the Form, on their own responsibility, was an idea that was not likely to occur to Mr. Bootles.

Yet that was what had happened.

Even the most determined of the juniors who had been concerned in turning out Mark Lattrey felt uneasy at the thought of the inevitable interview with the Head that must follow.

There was a thump at the door of the end study later in the evening, and Bulkeley of the Sixth came in.

The prefect's brow was very grim.

"You young rascals!" was his greeting.

"Thanks!" said Jimmy Silver.

"I've just been speaking to Neville," said Bulkeley. "Is it possible that you've had the nerve to take Lattrey to the station and send him off by train?"

"Yes, Bulkeley."

"We'll do it again if he comes back, and flog him into the bargain!" growled Lovell.

"What-ho!" chimed in Raby and Newcome.

The captain of Rookwood seemed at a loss.

He could only stare at the determined faces of the Fistical Four for some moments.

"My hat!" he ejaculated at last.

"I—I suppose it was a bit unusual," remarked Jimmy Silver in a reflective way.

"I should say so!" gasped Bulkeley. "A junior expelled by the Fourth Form! Were you out of your senses?"

"Not a bit of it! I think the Head must have been out of his senses to allow Lattrey to stay in the school after what he'd done!"

"What!"

"You know what Lattrey did!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, his face flushing, and a gleam coming into his eyes. "He blinded Mornington of the Fourth by a cowardly blow in the face with a weapon in his hand. It's all very well to say

he never intended it. He didn't care what happened. And he did it. A brute like that isn't wanted at Rookwood!"

Bulkeley did not answer that.

As the juniors knew, Bulkeley himself was puzzled by the fact that Dr. Chisholm had not expelled Lattrey from the school.

"Why, the Head himself has gated the rotter because he's found out about the beast pub-haunting and chumming with betting blackguards!" exclaimed Raby hotly. "Any other fellow would have been sacked for that alone. Why wasn't Lattrey sacked?"

"I don't know," said Bulkeley frankly.

"But I do know that Dr. Chisholm is headmaster of Rookwood, and his orders have to be obeyed."

"There's a limit," said Jimmy Silver stubbornly. "We won't stand Lattrey at any price. He's a dangerous hooligan, and Rookwood doesn't want him. The whole Form were in this, Bulkeley. Moderns as well as Classics."

"I'm afraid it means a flogging for you, Silver, as the ringleader."

"I can stand it."

"And Lattrey will come back," added Bulkeley. "What you've done is simply idiotic. He will come back at once."

"He won't come back to-night," said Jimmy Silver grimly. "He was shoved into the train for Latcham, and there's no train back to-night."

"Then he will be missing at bedtime!" exclaimed Bulkeley.

"Yes."

"The Head will have to take the matter up, then," said the captain of Rookwood. "However, Lattrey may get back, and I sha'n't report this to Dr. Chisholm unless it's absolutely necessary. I'm afraid you young asses have brought trouble on yourselves, though."

The Sixth-Former quitted the study with a very thoughtful frown on his brow.

Bulkeley had foreseen trouble in the Fourth if Lattrey was allowed to remain at Rookwood. But certainly he had not expected it to go so far as this.

He wondered very uneasily what would come of it.

The Fistical Four looked at one another when Bulkeley was gone.

"Old Bulkeley feels the same as we do," Raby remarked. "Only a merry prefect can't be quite so candid as a Fourth-Form chap. I say, suppose Lattrey does get back?"

"We'll kick him out again!" said Jimmy coolly.

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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREEK FRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE LAST OF THE FAG AGENCY!"

"In spite of the Head?"

"In spite of everybody and everything."

"Good egg!"

There was no faltering in the end study, at least.

If the Head insisted upon Mark Lattrey remaining at Rookwood, it was war between the Fourth Form and their headmaster, and Jimmy Silver, long-headed as he was, could not guess how it would end.

But he did not falter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Surprise for the Head!

DR. CHISHOLM sat alone in his study.

The Head of Rookwood had a deep line in his brow, and his whole expression was one of weary thoughtfulness.

There was a letter in his hand—a letter which had evidently given the Head unpleasant food for thought.

He glanced at it for the tenth time, his brows puckering more deeply as he read. The letter ran, in a small, neat hand:

"Sir,—I was surprised to receive your letter, as I considered that the matter was closed.

"In reply, I can only repeat that I cannot consent to my son being removed from Rookwood School. I was under the impression that I had made my decision quite plain when I had the honour of calling upon you.

"Your observation that you may be driven by circumstances into sending my son away I do not profess to understand. If this should happen, you cannot fail to be aware of the consequences that would follow. So far as I am concerned, the matter is closed.

"Yours faithfully,

"LUCAS LATTREY."

The Head crumpled the letter in his hand, his eyes glinting. It was the letter he might have expected from Lattrey's father.

"The man is a scoundrel!" muttered the headmaster, his lips quivering. "To keep his son here, against my will—against every decent feeling, because he has learned the miserable secret I have kept buried so many years!"

Tap!

The Head started as the knock came at his door.

He tossed Mr. Lattrey's letter hastily into the fire, and watched it consumed in the flames before he called out:

"Come in!"

It was Mr. Bootles who entered.

The Form-master did not observe the Head's agitation; he was in a somewhat agitated state of mind himself.

It was the bed-time of the juniors, and Lattrey had not returned, and Bulkeley, as in duty bound, had reported to Lattrey's Form-master what he knew of the matter.

To break that startling news to the Head was no pleasant task, and poor Mr. Bootles shrank from it.

Dr. Chisholm, though a kind-hearted man in the main, was cold and severe, and a perfect martinet in matters of discipline.

The masters, as well as the boys, regarded him with as much awe as respect, not unmixed with a kind of dread.

No master at Rookwood would have felt comfortable in facing the Head's steely glance, with the information that his orders had been disobeyed—Mr. Bootles least of all.

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NEXT
RIDAY!

"THE FIGHTING FOURTH!"

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

"Well?" said Dr. Chisholm, hardly concealing his annoyance at the interruption.

Mr. Bootles coughed hard.

"Lattrey, sir—" he began.

"I desire to hear nothing of Lattrey, Mr. Bootles," interrupted the Head, with unusual acerbity. "The boy is in your Form, and completely under your orders. You will deal with him as you think fit."

"Ahem! But—but I have to inform you, sir, that the boy is absent!"

Thunder gathered on the Head's brow.

"Absent!" he rapped out. "I have ordered Lattrey to remain within gates till further orders. Is it possible that he has dared—"

"The—the circumstances are very peculiar, sir," said Mr. Bootles, wishing that he had left this unpleasant task to Bulkeley. "As you are aware, Lattrey is—is very unpopular in his Form."

"I am aware of it, and desire to hear nothing more of it."

Mr. Bootles coughed still more emphatically.

"It has led the boys to take an unprecedented step, sir."

"What!"

"It is extraordinary," said Mr. Bootles. "I could scarcely believe my ears when Bulkeley reported the matter to me. But—but it appears that the juniors hold the view that Lattrey should have been expelled from Rookwood."

"Enough, sir!"

"That is not all, Dr. Chisholm," said Mr. Bootles, with some dignity. "I have to inform you that the boys have taken the matter into their own hands, and have turned Lattrey out of the school."

Mr. Bootles fairly gasped when he had said that. He stood, and waited for the earthquake.

There was a brief silence in the study.

Dr. Chisholm stared blankly at the Form-master, as if suspecting him of wandering in his mind.

He spoke at last, in a voice that resembled the rumble of distant thunder.

"You cannot be serious, Mr. Bootles!"

"Unfortunately, that is the state of affairs, sir. It appears that the whole Fourth Form, acting in concert, have expelled Lattrey."

"Expelled him!" gasped the Head.

"Yes, sir."

"Then the Fourth Form have expelled a boy from the school!" stuttered the Head, doubting if he had heard aright.

"That is what has happened. Lattrey, it appears, was taken forcibly to the station, and compelled to depart in the train for Latcham Junction. There is no return train to Coombe this evening."

"Bless my soul!"

Dr. Chisholm rose to his feet, his brow black as midnight.

It was against his will that the Head was keeping Lattrey at Rookwood; he dared not quarrel with Lattrey's father.

He would have been glad to drive the cad of Rookwood in contumely from the school. But that made no difference to his view of the insubordination in the Fourth Form.

His only feeling now was one of the deepest wrath.

"Who has done this?" he rumbled.

"Apparently, the whole of my Form!"

"There must have been a ringleader!"

"Possibly. But—"

"I have little doubt that Silver was the ringleader. He took the lead in the impertinent representations the juniors made to me on the subject."

"Ahem! It is possible. However, I—"

"Upon my word! I have never heard of such insolence!" the Head exclaimed, as if still unable to believe his ears.

"May I make a suggestion, sir?" asked Mr. Bootles meekly.

"You may!" snapped the Head.

"Lattrey has done serious wrong, sir, and feeling in the Lower School is very much aroused. If the boy should be refused permission to return to the school this feeling would be allayed."

"I am surprised at you, Mr. Bootles! Do you suggest that a headmaster should allow himself to be dictated to by junior schoolboys?"

Mr. Bootles coughed, and was silent.

He might have pointed out that a headmaster who failed in his duty could not expect implicit obedience. But he did not venture to do so.

"Upon my word! Then—then the boy cannot possibly return to Rookwood to-night!" exclaimed the Head.

"It appears not."

"There shall be an exemplary punishment for this! I will see the Fourth Form at once."

"The Fourth Form have gone to their dormitory, sir," said Mr. Bootles mildly.

Dr. Chisholm made an angry gesture.

"Very well—very well; the matter may stand over till the morning, when Lattrey will doubtless return."

His look dismissed Mr. Bootles, who left the study in a dismayed mood.

Meanwhile, there was a buzz of talk in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth—and in the Modern Fourth dormitory, too, over in Mr. Manders' House.

It was long before the juniors thought of sleep. What was to happen in the morning was a burning question to all.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Facing the Music!

CLANG! Clang!

The rising-bell rang out in the frosty winter morning.

Jimmy Silver was the first to turn out in the Classical Fourth dormitory. Jimmy was very grave that morning.

Although he was resolved never to give in on the subject of Mark Lattrey, Jimmy realised the seriousness of the state of affairs, much more than some of the more thoughtless and reckless members of the Form.

Jimmy Silver, too, was the leader, and it was upon his shoulders that the heaviest responsibility lay.

But though Jimmy was leader, the feeling of the Fourth was so deeply aroused, that if Jimmy had stood aside another leader would have come forward at once.

Tommy Dodd, or Conroy, or Erroll would have taken the responsibility without hesitating.

The Classical Fourth came downstairs in a subdued mood, however. Kit Erroll was with his blind chum, as usual.

Mornington was very quiet. The prospect of lawlessness in the school was exactly the thing to appeal to Morny's reckless nature, but his blindness held him back. He had never yet felt so bitterly the fearful misfortune that had fallen upon him.

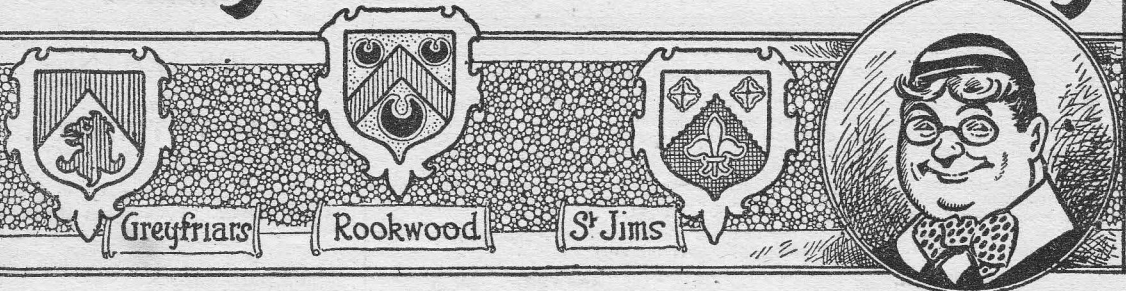
But no one had heard a single complaint fall from Mornington's lips.

The pride that had often led him astray in his palmy days helped to

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2

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.



My Dear Readers,—If you are thinking of taking up a hobby, shun autograph collecting!

That is sound advice—the soundest your Uncle Bill has yet given.

Autograph collecting, my friends, is a snare and a delusion.

I had fond hopes of collecting the signatures of many famous men, and then selling my collection for a goodly sum. But my fond hopes went sadly astray. There is a story in this issue which will tell you all about it.

For a really good hobby, fretwork takes a lot of beating. I borrowed a set of tools one day last week, and betook myself to the workshop.

Among other things, I made a glorious pipe-rack for Mr. Quelch. To my dismay, he informed me that he didn't smoke a pipe, but he said that the rack would come in very handy to stick his canes in.

I made lots of other ripping things to give away as presents, and I was getting along quite famously with my new hobby, when Wibley came along, and badly biffed me for using his tools without permission. He said that if he caught me in the workshop again he would pulverise me.

That's the worst of hobbies. Other fellows always chip in and spoil the fun. Once upon a time I used to collect butterflies, but Mr. Prout, who's a bit of a naturalist, declared that it was a cruel pastime, and he confiscated my butterfly-net. If only a fellow were allowed a free hand with his hobbies, everything would go swimmingly.

This is not a Special Hobby Number, but I feel so sore about the result of my autograph collecting that I couldn't refrain from saying a few words on the subject.

Autograph collecting, as I remarked just now, is a snare and a delusion. One collects more kicks and cuffs and disappointments than autographs.

In future I think I will turn my attention to white mice. But even in this harmless pursuit I expect I shall be interfered with by some intruding old buffer! Such is life!

Your doleful pal,

Your Editor.

MAULY GOES TO TOWN!

Written by . . .
DICK PENFOLD.

Sung by . . .
LORD MAULEVERER.

I'm off to London Town, dear boys,
Off to the smoke and dust and noise.
I've got permission from the Head,
"Enjoy yourself, my boy," he said.
I'm sure I'll have a ripping time,
For London Town is just sublime!

Soon we'll be in London Town,
Sing, my lads, yo-ho-ho!
We'll squander many a half-a-crown,
Sing, my lads, yo-ho-ho!
Cheerio! Off we go!
Sing, my lads, yo-ho-ho!
London's full of life, you know—
Sing, my lads, yo-ho-ho!

I'll put my Sunday jacket on,
My best silk topper I will don.
I'll strut about in silken spats,
And dine at all my uncles' flats.
My fancy waistcoat I will wear,
And make the population stare!

Soon we'll be in London Town,
Sing, my lads, yo-ho-ho!
Farewell to Quelehy and his frown,
Sing, my lads, yo-ho-ho!
Heigh-ho! Off we go!
Sing, my lads, yo-ho-ho!
London's lamps are all aglow—
Sing, my lads, yo-ho-ho!

Hurrah, dear boys, the sun is shining!
I've banknotes hidden in the lining
Of my silk topper, don't you know.
Then here's farewell to friend and foe!
And may my stay in London be
A time of mirth and revelry!

Chorus as before, ad lib.

NEXT WEEK!
SPECIAL VERSE NUMBER!
Order THE POPULAR To-day.
W. G. B.

MY WORST ORDEAL!

Described by . . .
SAMMY BUNTER.

Some may suppose that my worst ordeal is a visit to the dentist or a public flogging. It is neither. What I regard as the biggest ordeal in life is having to wash up teapots.

It would need a more able pen than mine to describe the dreary drudgery of washing-up. What a terrible task it is, to be sure! It's what I call a soulless job. There's nothing inspiring or uplifting about it.

I am using some fairly long words, and you may wonder how it is I have managed to spell them correctly. The fact is, I am writing with a dictionary at my elbow. I believe the other sub-editors of the "Weekly" do the same. Hence the sweeping changes in our styles of spelling.

But to return to my toppick. (I won't trouble to turn up the word "toppick" in the dictionary. I'm certain there's a 'k' in it.) Washing-up is hateful. The fellow who invented it ought to be poleaxed. Personally, I would sooner pick a treadmill or work oakum—I mean, work a treadmill or pick oakum.

Being a fag, I naturally have a good deal of washing-up to do.

Wingate had a big celebration in his study last night, and I was called upon, with Nugent minor, to wash up the crocks. I washed and Nugent wiped. And he wiped the things so thoroughly that he broke the whole jolly lot in the process!

There was an awful row about it, of course. Wingate sent for Nugent and me, and gave us a severe tickling-up with his ashplant.

It always strikes me as being an amazing thing that in this progressive age nobody has invented a patent device for washing-up—a sort of machine that whips the dirty plates and things off the table and proceeds to clean them, afterwards shooting them into the cub-board.

An invention of this sort would be a great boon to fags. It would save us hours and hours of hard labour.

Washing-up is the blight of a fag's existence. It is a sordid task. There is no poetry in it—no romance. And I shall be awfully glad when I get into one of the higher Forms and have no more washing-up to do.

You must excuse more, dear readers. I've got to go and wash up for that beast Loder! I expect I shall succeed in reducing all his crockery to fragments. It's not a bad wheeze, because he'll be so annoyed about it that he won't let me fag for him any more!

THE POPULAR.—No. 159.

My Brilliant Brain-Wave!

By MONTY LOWTHER.

ONE of the biggest ordeals a fellow is ever called upon to face is on his first day at school.

He finds himself hemmed in by a surging, jostling crowd, who proceed to fire questions at him with the rapidity of machine-guns.

Of course, the poor kid is so confused and bewildered that he becomes tongue-tied. His tongue seems to cleave to the roof of his mouth. He behaves like a deaf mute.

Then the other fellows think he is being sulky, and he gets a jolly good bumping.

I have been thinking the matter over (during morning lessons, when I ought to have been swotting Latin verbs), and I have evolved a brilliant scheme whereby a new boy can be saved from this terrifying ordeal.

Directly he arrives at the school, the new kid should enter the gate-porter's lodge, and fill up the following form. This is a rough sample of what I mean:

QUESTION.

ANSWER.

What is your name?
Your home address?
Your father's calling?

Benjamin Bartholomew Baraduff Binks.
The Poplars, Poplar.
About 8 a.m., when the maid takes him up his shaving water.

How many brothers have you?
Where are they?
How old are you?

Two.
One at Colney Hatch, the other at Bedlam. Think of a number, multiply it by five, add six, then take away the number you first thought of, and that will give you my age.

Which Form do you hope to enter?
Which Form do you specially wish to avoid?
Can you swim?
Can you run?
Can you eat?
Do you smoke?
Are you a generous sort of chap?

The Sixth.
Chloro-form.
Like a brick.
Let a bulldog loose after me, and see! I am first cousin to Billy Bunter.
Yes, a herring a day.
Yes; but as I shall receive only 2d. per week pocket-money, I sha'n't have much scope for generosity!
Nix; but I had a sister in the Navy!

What did your father do in the Great War?
What were you before you came to Greyfriars?

Happy.

What is your pet aversion?
What work do you intend to take up on leaving school?

Being asked a lot of idiotic questions.
No work at all. I shall be a clerk in a Government office.

You see the idea, don't you?

Instead of being bombarded with questions by an inquisitive crowd, each new boy will fill up a form as per specimen, and the form will then be displayed on the notice-board, so that the whole school can see at a glance who the new kid is, and what his pedigree is like.

I consider this is one of the smartest brain-waves ever invented, and if my brilliant suggestion is adopted, new boys of future generations will rise up and bless me. I shall be known for all time as "Monty Lowther—the New Boy's Friend."

OUR WEEKLY CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between Mrs. Kibble (the housekeeper) and Billy Bunter?

One deals at the stores, and the other steals at the doors!

What is the difference between Coker of the Fifth and Tarzan of the Apes?

No difference at all!

Where is the "B" in "Time"?

Be in time to get next week's issue of the "Magnet" Library from your newsagent!

Why is the school clock like Bob Cherry?

Because they both have "sunny dials"!

What is the difference between Lord Mauveverer and a newspaper article?

One likes to press the suits, and the other suits the Press!

Why are Baggy Trimble's pockets like railway sandwiches?

Because there's nothing in them!

Why is a centre-forward like Coker's motor-bike?

One kicks to start, and the other starts to kick!

THE POPULAR.—No. 150.

A GRATE SUCKSESS!

Related to
JOE FRAYNE

By
BAGGY TRIMBLE.

"Baggy," cried Tom Merry, klapping me on the shoulder, "I want you to do me a faver!"

"Sorry," I replied, "but I karn't lend you five bob. I myself have been disappointed about a postle-order."

"Ass! I don't want to borro munney from you. I want to know if you will pull for the Skool House in the tugg-of-war kontest. I believe you way about fourteen stoan, and the New House bounders will never be able to shift you."

"Look hear, Merry," I said. "I will pull for the Skool House teem on one kondishun."

"Namely?"

"That you fatten me up beforehand."

Tom Merry maid a rye face.

"You're fat enuff already!" he grouled.

"On the kontrary," I replied, "I am getting dredfully thin—waitting away to a shaddo, in fackt. If you will take me along to the tuckshopp three times a day and stand me a feed, I'll see what I can do for you."

After a grate deel of argewment, Tom Merry konsented.

"Thank goodness we've got plenty of munney in the Games Fund," he said. "I shouldn't like to feed you out of my own pocket. I should jolly soon be bankrupt."

Well, deer readers, I had the time of my life during the neckst few days. After brekker, after dinner, and after tea I was taken along to the tuckshopp, and fattened up in readiness for the grate day.

When the day of the sports dorned I had never felt fatter—I mean, fitter—in my life.

The New House had a very good tugg-of-war teem, wich inklooded that fat glutton Wynn. But I maid up my mind to hang on to the rope like grim deth. "Wild hoarses won't be able to shift me," I said konfidently.

When Kildare of the 6th gave the order to heeve I dug my heels into the ground, klutched the rope titely, and lay back on it, while the specked taters cheered me to the ekko.

"Good old Baggy!"

"They'll never shift him now that he's taken root!"

The New House feloes pulled with mite and mane, but they mite as well have attempted to shift a brick wall.

I was a fixtur. Nothing short of a charge of dynemite wood have maid me shift my position.

"Pull! Pull like anything, you feloes!" panted Figgins hoarsely. "We'll shift that fat porpuss sumhow!"

But they couldn't. My fourteen stoan refused to budge, and prezzantly the New House teem came sprawling over the line, hopelessly beeten!

They were two mor tuggs, and the Skool House won them both, thanks to me.

Of course, I was the hero of the hour. Feloes who had previously looked down on me with despision now maid a grate fuss of me. They rung my hands, they thumped me on the back, and they started singing, "Freeze a jolly good fello!"

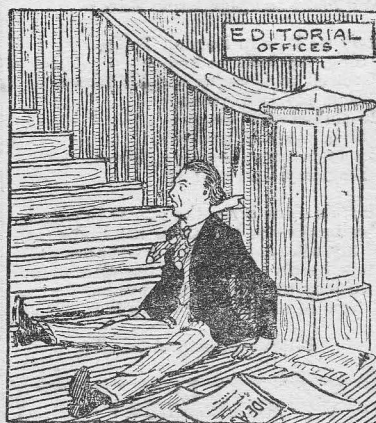
I was born in triumf to my studdy, wear a tremendous repast was prepared in my onner.

Wunce agane I had cuvered myself with glory. And I am eagerly looking forward to the neckst tugg-of-war kontest.

THE END.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



FISHER T. FISH.

THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTER!

A Short Story of Greyfriars.

By MICKY DESMOND (*Remove Form*).

BILLY BUNTER had a brilliant brain-wave. That is to say, Bunter thought it brilliant. Other people called it something else.

"Today," said Bunter, addressing the leader of Study No. 7, "I'm going—"

"Oh, good!" interrupted Peter. "I'm just about fed-up with your company!"

"Don't be a beast! I'm going—"

"Well, buck up, then!"

"I'm going to collect autographs!"

"Oh!"

Peter Todd stared curiously at his plump study-mate.

Billy Bunter had had a good many hobbies in his time, and they had soon fizzled out. Like the gentleman in the poem, Bunter was everything by turns, and nothing long. He had been a stamp-collector, a coin-collector, a fretwork enthusiast—all manner of things, in fact. And now he was turning his attention to autographs.

"What's the idea of collecting autographs, porpoise?" asked Peter Todd.

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"I shall collect some scores of autographs from the greatest men in the land," he explained, "and then—"

"Well?"

"I shall sell 'em!"

"My hat!"

"I'm not taking up this game for the benefit of my health," said Bunter. "I mean to make a good thing out of it. Supposing I get a hundred autographs, including the King's and the Prime Minister's and the public executioner's. I shall be able to sell the collection for a big sum—perhaps as much as fifty quid. Autographs fetch money, you know!"

"You seem to take it for granted," said Peter Todd, "that everybody will come up to scratch with an autograph."

"Of course! I'll send 'em my autograph-book, with a polite request that they write in it, and it comes back to me by return of post."

Peter laughed.

"If you're going to wait till you've got scores and scores of autographs, it'll take you several years!" he said.

"Oh crumbs! I hadn't thought of that."

"And where's your autograph-book coming from?" Peter went on. "Is one of your titled relations going to supply you with one?"

"I sha'n't bother about getting a swell sort of book. A common or garden exercise-book will do."

"Great Scott!"

"You see, it isn't the book that matters. It's the stuff that's written inside it."

"Well, I wish you joy of your autograph collecting," said Peter, "but I'm afraid it'll come to a sticky end, like the rest of your hobbies."

Billy Bunter was not discouraged by Peter's pessimism. He entered into his autograph hunting with rare zest.

There was just one thing he had overlooked.

Autograph collecting was not such an inexpensive hobby as it sounded. Each time Billy Bunter sent his exercise-book to a great man it would cost him fourpence—twopence for the outgoing postage and twopence for the return of the book.

It so happened, however, that Billy Bunter's Aunt Prudence, feeling worried at not having heard from her plump nephew for some time, sent him a book of twopenny stamps, and requested him to use them in writing to her.

But Bunter did not put them to this use. He used them instead for the purpose of

forwarding his autograph-book to various celebrities.

The first great man that Bunter approached was the Chairman of the Board of Governors of Greyfriars School. This great personage willingly placed his signature—which nobody could possibly have deciphered—in Billy Bunter's book. And above the signature appeared the well-known, but sound advice:

"Live not to eat, but eat to live."

So far, so good!

Billy Bunter next approached a famous author, who annoyed the fat junior by retaining his book for nearly a week. And when at last he returned it Bunter was disgusted to find that he had inscribed in it the words:

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves."

This was very appropriate, having regard to the fact that Billy Bunter spent much valuable time with his ear glued to keyholes.

"I seem to be getting nothing but a set



"I say!" panted Bunter, touching the interpreter on the sleeve. "Will you ask his Royal Highness to put his fist in this book?"

of worn-out, moth-eaten copybook maxims!" growled the fat junior. "I'll try Sir Frederick Footlyte, the great actor, next."

But Sir Frederick proved dreadfully disappointing. He, too, inscribed a quotation:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

Not that there was ever any fear of Billy Bunter becoming a lender!

Time went on, and the Owl of the Remove collected many signatures of famous men, and much stale advice. He was informed that evil communications corrupt good manners; that a stitch in time saves nine; that honesty is the best policy; and that the love of money is the root of all evil.

"Well, Bunty," said Peter Todd one day, "how's the hobby going?"

"Famously!" was the reply.

"Is your book full yet?"

"Not half!"

Peter stared.

"I say, that's quick work!" he said.

"You misunderstand me," said Bunter. "I mean, it's not half full yet."

"Oh!"

"On Saturday afternoon," said Bunter, "a

foreign prince is coming to Courtfield to kick off at a charity footer match. I'm going to take my book to him on the ground, and ask for his signature."

"You'll probably get his boot!" said Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Toddy! He won't refuse me his autograph if I ask him nicely. By Jove! It'll be worth at least a fiver to get his signature!"

Bunter was quite excited about it. He counted the hours till Saturday afternoon.

When the time came he borrowed Tom Brown's bicycle—without Browney's knowledge, of course—and pedalled over to Courtfield.

A vast crowd had assembled on the football ground, but the foreign prince had not yet arrived.

Billy Bunter waited, with feverish impatience, for his Royal Highness to put in an appearance.

At last he came, and a tremendous cheer hailed him as he walked on to the playing pitch with the members of his suite.

Billy Bunter, heedless of the shouts of "Come back, you fat idiot!" rushed on to the field.

The fat junior would probably have gone so far as to grab the prince by the arm, had not the prince's interpreter intervened.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I say!" panted Bunter breathlessly. "Will you ask his Royal Highness to put his fist in my autograph-book?"

The interpreter smiled.

"I will ask him to put his signature in it," he said good-humouredly.

"That's what I mean."

"Give me your book, then. There is no time to waste."

Billy Bunter groped in his breast-pocket, and brought to light a grubby-looking exercise-book. The interpreter took it from him, glanced at it, and then stared grimly at Bunter.

"Is this your idea of a joke?" he demanded.

"Nunno!"

"This is not an autograph-book. It is a filled-up exercise-book."

Billy Bunter gave a violent start. He took the book that was handed back to him, and emitted a hollow groan.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" he muttered.

Before setting out for Courtfield, Billy Bunter had torn up and thrown on to the fire what he believed to be a used-up exercise-book; and another book, which he had supposed to be his autograph-book, he had thrust into his pocket. He now realised that he had mixed up the two books. It was the autograph-book that he had ruthlessly destroyed; it was the other book that he had brought to Courtfield for the prince's signature.

Billy Bunter turned on his heel, and rolled back to Greyfriars with a woebegone expression on his plump face.

On the way back to the school he encountered Peter Todd.

"Hallo!" sang out Peter cheerily. "Did you get the prince's signature?"

"No!" was the savage reply. "I say, Toddy, I've been and burnt my autograph-book by mistake!"

"Ha, ha, ha! That's bad luck for you, Bunter!"

"It's nothing to cackle about!" said Bunter wrathfully. "I don't see where the joke comes in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd seemed to think it was funny. Billy Bunter thought otherwise. And since that fateful blunder he has collected no more autographs. He regards autograph hunting as a wicked waste of valuable time and postage stamps!

MY EVENTFUL HISTORY!

By A Waistcoat Button.

My first public appearance was in a shop-window in the West End of London.

I had been sewn on to a fancy waistcoat with five other buttons, and I occupied the lowest position.

I was no common or garden button. I had the appearance of a pearl. And many envious glances were bestowed upon me and upon my companions while we were displayed to view.

The fancy waistcoat to which we were attached for rations, accommodation, and discipline remained in the shop-window for some days before it was purchased.

Then one afternoon an exceedingly plump fellow rolled into the shop.

"I'm Muffin, of Rookwood," he said to the assistant. "What's the price of that waistcoat?"

"Thirty shillings, sir."

"My hat! That's a bit steep, isn't it?"

"Not when you consider the quality of the waistcoat, sir, and the valuable buttons which are attached to it."

"Will you make a reduction for cash?"

The assistant shook his head.

"Thirty shillings is the price," he said firmly. "It is not in my power to reduce it."

After a good deal of humming and hawing, the plump youth purchased the waistcoat.

He put it on there and then, and strutted out into the street with an air of pride.

I confess I felt very nervous; for the waistcoat fitted Muffin very tightly, and the thread by which I was attached was strained almost to breaking-point.

I soon gathered that it was the last day of the vacation, and that Muffin was returning to Rookwood. He arrived at the school very fagged and very hungry, and the very first thing he did was to prepare a sumptuous repast in his study.

Doughnuts, jam-tarts, maids of honour, rockcakes—all these things were set before Muffin, and he did full justice to them.

He had just reached his tenth doughnut when the inevitable happened.

I burst, and flew off the waistcoat into the fireplace.

My owner failed to notice me. He went on eating. And I remained in the fireplace until the following morning, when I was swept up by one of the maids.

As the girl carried the dustpan along the corridor I fell out unnoticed, and was eventually found by Mack, the porter.

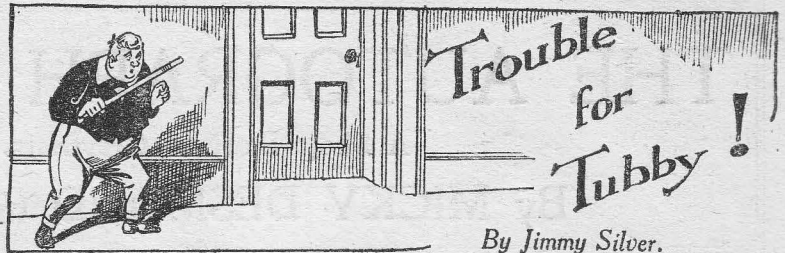
"Wot luck!" ejaculated Mack. "I've been wantin' a weskit button for months!"

The porter slipped me into his pocket, and he took an early opportunity of sewing me on to his waistcoat, where I still remain.

I am not happy in my present position. I do not match the other buttons on the waistcoat, and consequently, we do not live in harmony together.

But Mack is sure to lose me one of these days, and then I shall experience new adventures. I might even find my way back to my original possessor—Tubby Muffin. Who knows? Stranger things have happened in the history of button!

THE POPULAR.—No. 159.



IT was the witching hour of night. Midnight had just boomed forth from the old clock tower.

Rookwood—with one or two exceptions—slumbered.

One of the exceptions was Tubby Muffin, of the Classical Fourth.

Tubby was a journalist. He styled himself a journalist, anyway. Other fellows called him a scribbler of nonsense.

Being one of the sub-editors of "Billy Bunter's Weekly"—and the special Rookwood representative, to boot—Tubby had quite a lot of work to do.

He found that he was getting a bit behind with his contributions, so on this occasion he had obtained special permission to work late.

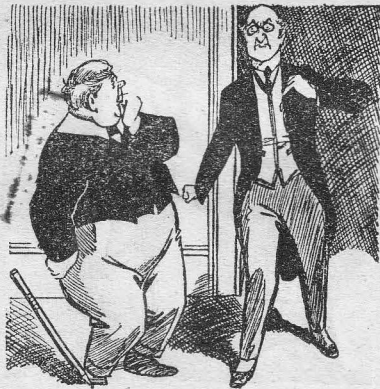
For hour after hour Tubby had sat in his study, scribbling away industriously.

He had lost all count of time, and the booming of midnight brought him to himself with a start.

"My hat! It's about time I toddled off to bed!" muttered the fat junior. "I'll mix myself a cup of cocoa first."

There was a spirit stove in the study, and it didn't take long to prepare the cocoa.

Tubby drank it greedily, fervently wishing there was a bag of jam-tarts to keep it company. But the study cupboard, like that



Tubby Muffin turned pale and the stump dropped from his nerveless grasp. "Boy, how dare you attack me in this manner!"

which Old Mother Hubbard had visited, was bare.

Setting down the empty cup, with a sigh, Tubby Muffin rose and stretched himself. Then, switching off the light, he stepped out into the dark passage.

The sound of a stealthy movement at the end of the passage bade Tubby pause.

He crouched against the wall, trembling. Hark! What was that?

There was certainly something moving about at the far end of the passage.

One thought leapt to Tubby Muffin's mind—a thought which caused cold perspiration to break out on his brow.

Was it possible that the ghost of Rookwood was on the prowl?

Tubby had a horror of the supernatural. He had heard lots of legends concerning the spectre which was supposed to haunt the corridors of Rookwood on certain nights of the year.

According to rumour, the ghost always took its constitutional just after midnight. And the midnight hour had just sounded!

Tubby Muffin remained crouched against the wall, almost paralysed with funk.

And then, further—down the passage, a light flashed out—the powerful light of an electric torch.

Tubby caught sight of a muffled figure, moving stealthily along, and turning the light from side to side, as if searching for something.

The fat junior's dread of ghosts vanished immediately. This was no ghost. It was a human figure. It was the figure of a man, clad in an overcoat, the collar of which was pulled up around his neck.

Another thought flashed into Tubby's mind. He voiced the thought in a whisper.

"A burglar!"

Certainly the man's actions seemed to suggest that he was a marauder.

Tubby Muffin hesitated a moment. Then he slipped back into his study.

In the ordinary way Tubby would not have dreamed of attacking a burglar—a man who was possibly armed. But he was so relieved to discover that the figure in the passage was that of a human being, and not of a spook, that a fit of unusual courage possessed him.

Here, he reflected, was a golden opportunity of winning honour and glory.

Supposing he took a cricket-stump, and crept up behind the marauder, and hit the man on the head before the burglar became aware of his presence? He would then be able to boast to his schoolfellows that he, Tubby Muffin, had captured a burglar, and had saved the school from being plundered.

There was a cricket-stump lying in the corner of the study. Tubby stooped and picked it up. Then, having removed his boots in order to make no noise, he crept out into the passage.

He could see nothing of the burglar. The man had disappeared.

"I'll track him down!" muttered the fat junior grimly. "He sha'n't escape!"

Tubby Muffin set off on his quest.

More than once he hesitated and counted the possible cost of coming to grips with the burglar.

But he continued the search, and when he came to the box-room door he heard a movement within.

Tubby paused, uncertain how to act.

Should he burst into the room, and take the burglar by surprise? Or would it be wiser to retreat?

Even as he stood there, trying to make up his mind, the door began to open from within.

The burglar was coming out! Tubby's heart thumped violently against his ribs.

The time was ripe for action, and he must act at once, for his own self-protection.

And so, as the figure of a man emerged from the box-room, Tubby Muffin struck out fiercely with the cricket-stump.

There was a startled cry from the recipient of the blow.

Fortunately the man swerved to one side, or he would have received a nasty crack on the head. As it was, the stump descended upon his shoulder.

"Boy, how dare you attack me in this manner! Have you suddenly taken leave of your senses?"

Tubby Muffin turned pale. The stump fell from his nerveless grasp. For the voice was that of Mr. Manders!

"M-m-my hat!" groaned Tubby.

Mr. Manders gave a sort of snarl.

"This is outrageous!" he thundered. "I happen to come in late, having attended a meeting at Latcham, and on entering the building I fancy I smell an escape of gas. With the aid of my electric torch I set out to investigate, and you spring upon me with a cricket-stump!"

"Oh crumps!" faltered Tubby Muffin. "I—I mistook you for a burglar, sir!"

"You shall pay dearly for your mistake!" snapped Mr. Manders. "Had that stump hit me on the head, I might now have been unconscious. You will wait upon me in my study, Muffin, immediately after breakfast in the morning!"

Alas for Tubby Muffin! He had failed to capture a burglar, after all. The only thing he captured was a severe swishing.

I fancy Tubby must have been born on a Friday!

THE REBELS!

(Continued from page 8.)

sustain him now, and he faced a dark future with quiet courage and coolness.

Morny was already growing accustomed to his new and strange way of life. He no longer needed his chum's arm to guide him.

The loss of sight had had the natural effect of quickening the other senses. His hearing seemed to have grown remarkably acute, and on his face there had come an expression of a curious watchfulness, though he could not see.

Perhaps it was fortunate for him that he had never been much given to reading; it made his misfortune less heavy than it would have been to a studious fellow.

His work for a scholarship had been dropped. That could not be helped, but probably Morny was not very sorry for that.

He had driven himself to "swot" for a scholarship exam very much against the grain. Football was a greater loss to him.

Sometimes, when the juniors passed Study No. 4, they could hear the low, quiet voice of Kit Erroll reading to his chum.

Erroll never faltered in his devotion. Keen footballer as he was, he was neglecting the game now. And though Jimmy Silver wanted his services in the Junior Eleven, he could scarcely raise an objection.

Mornington strode into the quad with his hands in his pockets, by the side of his chum.

He did not seem to need aid or guidance. But Erroll's eye was quick, his hand was ready, to aid him if needed.

"Hallo, Silver!" drawled Mornington, as the chums came on the Fistical Four and he heard their voices.

"Hallo, old chap!" said Jimmy.

"Somethin' excitin' on this mornin'—what?"

"Yes, Morny."

"Lattrey hasn't come back yet?"

"I haven't seen him yet," said Jimmy Silver, with a grim look. "If I do—"

"My dear chap, don't scowl like that; you'll get wrinkles!" chuckled Mornington.

Jimmy laughed, and then he gave a start, as the strangeness of that remark from the blind junior struck him.

"How the dickens did you know I was frowning—scowling, as you call it?" he demanded.

Mornington laughed.

"Tone of your voice, dear boy."

"My hat! You'll be able to see with your ears soon, if you keep on like this, Morny!" exclaimed Lovell.

And Morny chuckled.

"What are you goin' to do, Silver, when the Head calls you up?" he asked.

"See it through," said Jimmy quietly.

"And if Lattrey comes back?"

"We shall boot him out again!"

"With a flogging first!" added Raby.

"Good!" grinned Mornington. "I don't bear malice, you know, but I really think Lattrey ought to go. He might give another fellow what he's given me, and that's not good enough!"

He walked on with Erroll.

"Morny takes it splendidly!" said Jimmy Silver, glancing after the blind junior. "But that makes me all the more determined that that cad Lattrey

shan't get off scot-free! If the Head has any sense he'll keep the cad away now he's gone; if not, there'll be trouble!"

The juniors went in to breakfast.

There was a tense feeling in the Fourth when they went to their Form-room, Moderns and Classicals together.

They knew that the interview with the Head was coming next.

They were not mistaken on that point. Dr. Chisholm came in with Mr. Bootles.

The thunder in his brow warned the Fourth that the Head had taken their action in the worst possible way. Jimmy Silver set his lips; Tubby Muffin tried to squeeze out of sight.

Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, tried to look as meek and submissive as they could. But the Head could not fail to note a certain grimness in most of the faces in the Fourth.

"Silver!" rapped out Dr. Chisholm.

"Yes, sir?"

"I understand that you were the ring-leader in the utterly audacious and mutinous action of this Form yesterday!"

"I helped, sir," said Jimmy.

"So did I, sir!" exclaimed Lovell.

"We're all in it!"

"All of us, sir," said Conroy, the Australian.

"Every man jack, sir!" said Flynn.

"Silence!" thundered the Head. "I did not come here to listen to insolence! The boys who forced Lattrey to go to the station will stand out."

The Fistical Four stood out at once, with the Colonial Three, and Tommy Dodd, Cook, and Doyle, of the Modern side.

The Head seemed surprised to see so many.

"You were all concerned in this?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir!" chorused the ten.

"So we all were, sir!" exclaimed Dick Oswald.

"Did you go to the station, Oswald?"

"No, sir; but—"

"Then be silent. It appears that ten boys actually carried out this act," said the Head, his eyes gleaming at the ten.

"They will be severely punished. I have the impression, Silver, that you were the ring-leader. If I had proof of this I should expel you from the school."

Jimmy was silent.



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He had his own ideas about that but it was scarcely possible to argue the point with the Head of Rookwood.

The Head took Mr. Bootles' cane.

That instrument was seldom used by Mr. Bootles, but it was destined to have some unaccustomed exercise on the present occasion.

"Hold out your hand, Silver!" said the Head harshly.

For a brief moment Jimmy Silver hesitated. He felt that he was being unjustly punished. But actual resistance to the Head was scarcely in the thoughts of the juniors—as yet.

The habit of discipline was strong. To "back up" against the headmaster was as hard as for a soldier to defy his officers. It might come, but only long-continued injustice could make it come.

Jimmy's hand was held out obediently.

He did not escape lightly. He received two cuts upon each hand, and they were what he afterwards described as regular "swipes."

Each of the ten followed with the same punishment. Even in his harshness the Head was just, according to his own views. He believed that Jimmy Silver was the ring-leader of the outbreak, but without direct proof he would not punish him more severely than the others.

There were ten pale and suffering youths when the infliction was over. The Head himself was breathing rather hard. He was not an athlete.

"You may go back to your places!" said Dr. Chisholm, in a grinding voice.

"I trust there will be no more of this! Any recurrence of this mutinous insolence will lead to floggings, and, if persisted in, expulsion! Let me hear no more of it!"

There was grim silence.

"Lattrey," continued the Head, "will return to Rookwood to-day, and he will take his place in the Form. If a finger is raised against him I shall take cognisance of the matter, and I warn the culprit to beware!"

With that the Head laid down the cane and rustled out of the Form-room.

Mr. Bootles took a dismal class for first lesson.

The kind little gentleman disapproved of the retention of Lattrey in the school, and disapproved of the Head's severity. His position made it impossible for him to confess it, but the juniors understood it well enough.

Mr. Bootles was very easy with his class that morning.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Kicked Out!

LATTREY!"

It was third lesson when the Form-room door opened and the outcast of Rookwood came in.

The Modern fellows were gone, being at work with Mr. Manders on their own side, and only the Classical Fourth remained with Mr. Bootles. Lattrey, who was a Classical, came in to take his usual place.

The cad of Rookwood looked pale and tired, but his eyes glinted maliciously at Jimmy Silver & Co.

The grim looks of the Classical juniors did not daunt him. Lattrey had a kind of courage of his own, compounded chiefly of cool impudence and insensibility to scorn.

The Fourth Form had kicked him out of Rookwood, and he had come back in spite of them; and he enjoyed his triumph.

He dropped into his seat between Townsend and Topham. The two nuts drew away from him.

Towny & Co. were very nearly as

THE POPULAR.—No. 159.

NEXT
FRIDAY!

"THE LAST OF THE FAG AGENCY!"

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

much down on Lattrey as the rest, though they lacked the nerve to go to the same lengths.

Lattrey gave Townsend a sarcastic grin.

"Back again, you see!" he murmured, when Mr. Bootles' back was turned.

"Don't talk to me!" muttered Towny.

"Oh, rats!"

"How did you get back?" whispered Topham, allowing curiosity to overcome his repugnance.

"I put up at the Latcham Arms for the night," answered Lattrey coolly. "I came back by the morning train."

"Then you haven't been home?"

"No fear!"

"You're goin' to stick it out here?"

"You bet!"

"Well, you've got a nerve!" said Topham. "I wonder you can look the fellows in the face. But I'd be glad to get out if I were you."

Lattrey sneered.

"I'm not soft!" he said.

"Not decent, you mean!" snapped Topham.

"Put it as you like!" said Lattrey sarcastically. "I'm sticking it out, anyway. I've seen the Head, and he told me to come back here, and that I shouldn't be molested again."

"I fancy the Head's off-side there."

"Oh, rot!"

"Someone is talking!" rumbled Mr. Bootles, that fact having just dawned upon him. And the whispering ceased.

No one else felt inclined to whisper to Lattrey. Mornington turned his eye in the direction of the cad of Rookwood, though he could not see him.

Erroll's face had flushed with anger at the sight of Lattrey, but he was silent.

In the Form-room, and under the eyes of Mr. Bootles, there was nothing to be done. But afterwards Lattrey was to be dealt with.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were still aching from the castigation they had received, but their determination was unshaken.

The hour of dismissal came at last.

The Classical Fourth streamed out, and a number of the juniors gathered round Lattrey in the passage.

Lattrey gave them a look of sullen hardihood.

"No rags!" he said between his teeth. "Mind, I'm not standing anything from you! The Head's told me to report to a prefect at once if I'm touched. And I'm going to do it! You can call it sneaking if you like. That's the programme!"

"You've come back, Lattrey!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Can't you see me?" sneered Lattrey. "You were warned what would happen to you if you came back!"

"Oh, yes, thanks!" drawled Lattrey.

Mr. Bootles passed the group of juniors coming away from the Form-room. Lattrey felt safe in his presence, and he laughed.

"After all your talk, it's time for you to climb down, Jimmy Silver!" he said tauntingly. "Lay a finger on me if you dare!"

"There's more than a finger going to be laid on you, Lattrey!" answered the captain of the Fourth calmly. "You're going to be flogged, and kicked out of Rookwood again!"

"Hear, hear!"

"That's the ticket!" exclaimed Conroy. "Wait till Bootles has bunked!" whispered Newcome.

Lattrey backed away in alarm. But the juniors were round him, and he could not escape.

"Mr. Bootles!" he shouted.

The Fourth-Form-master turned back THE POPULAR.—No. 159.

from the end of the passage with a troubled and harassed expression.

"My boys," he exclaimed, "you have heard the Head's orders. I forbid you to molest Lattrey in any way!"

The juniors did not seem to hear; at all events, they did not heed. Hands were laid on Lattrey from all sides.

Van Ryn ran into the Form-room for Mr. Bootles' cane. He came back in a few seconds.

"Hand it over, Dutchy!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

Van Ryn shook his head.

"Leave it to me to flog him, Jimmy. You've made yourself conspicuous enough, you know. You may as well let me be dropped on as a ringleader this time."

Jimmy grinned.

"Just as you like, Dutchy. Lay him over, you fellows!"

"Help!" yelled Lattrey, struggling frantically in the grasp of the incensed Fourth-Formers.

But there was no help for Lattrey. Mr. Bootles scarcely venturing to believe his eyes, stood rooted to the floor, gazing spellbound at the scene over his spectacles. Lattrey was flung across Conroy's knee, and held there.

The cane, in Dick Van Ryn's determined grasp, rose and fell rapidly.

Lattrey's yells rang along the corridor. The cad of Rookwood had been promised a flogging if he returned. He was getting it now.

Lash, lash, lash!

The cane fairly rang upon the cad of the Fourth, and he wriggled and squirmed and yelled frantically.

Mr. Bootles whisked up to the juniors at last, fairly stuttering.

"Boys, cease this at once! How dare you! How—what—what—"

Four or five juniors lined up and blocked Mr. Bootles' way. The excited Form-master could not reach Lattrey.

And meanwhile the flogging was going on with great vigour.

"Let me pass!" spluttered Mr. Bootles excitedly. "Boys—really—bless my soul, I—I—" Words failed him.

"Sorry, sir," said Pons respectfully.

"No disrespect intended, sir, but Lattrey has asked for it."

"Let me pass, Pons, at once!"

The Canadian junior stood like a rock.

"Can't be done, sir!"

"Bless my soul! What—what—"

What to do was a mystery that Mr. Bootles could not solve. He whisked away at last to call the Head. That was his only resource.

"That will do, Dutchy!" said Jimmy Silver, as the South African junior delivered the twelfth lash upon the yelling Lattrey. "He's flogged, and now he's going to be kicked out! Bring him along!"

"Sharp! Before the Head comes!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Help!" shrieked Lattrey.

In the grasp of a dozen hands, the cad of Rookwood was rushed out of the School House.

In the quadrangle a crowd of Moderns joined the Classicals, and Modern hands were laid upon Lattrey.

In an excited, yelling crowd he was rushed down to the gates and tossed out into the road.

He fell there, and lay sprawling in the dust.

"Come in again, if you dare!" shouted Jimmy Silver, as Lattrey sat up in the road, blinking dazedly at the crowd in the old gateway.

Lattrey did not move. He would as soon have entered a lion's den as the gates of Rookwood at that moment.

Jimmy Silver & Co. closed the gates, and returned towards the house.

As Lovell remarked, they had "done it now," and it only remained to be seen what the consequences would be.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Faithful Followers.

THE Head!"

Half a dozen voices muttered the words as the juniors came back to the School House.

In the doorway stood an awe-inspiring figure.

Dr. Chisholm's eyes glittered at the Fourth-Formers.

The latter halted, looked somewhat abashed, in spite of their conviction of the justice of their cause. It was no easy matter to face the Head in his wrath.

Angry as he was, however, the Head held himself well under command. He had far too much sense of dignity to be guilty of an ebullition of rage in the presence of the boys.

His voice was not loud, but it was very deep, as he rumbled:

"Silver!"

"Yes, sir?" said Jimmy respectfully.

"Where is Lattrey?"

"Gone, sir."

"Is he outside the gates of Rookwood?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have placed him there?"

"We have all done so, sir."

"You and I and all of us, bedad!" murmured Patrick O'Donovan Flynn, under his breath.

"Is it possible, Silver, that you and your Form-fellows have dared directly to disobey my express orders?"

Jimmy Silver made no answer to that. The question was really superfluous, as it was only too evident that the Head's orders had been disobeyed.

Dr. Chisholm drew a deep breath.

"Silver, go at once and bring Lattrey here!"

Jimmy did not stir.

"You hear me, Silver?"

"I hear you, sir."

"Will you obey me?"

"The Fourth Form have decided not to allow Lattrey to stay at Rookwood, sir. We cannot fetch him back."

"I have commanded you, individually, to do so, Silver," said the Head ominously. "Will you obey my order, or will you not?"

Jimmy set his teeth.

"No, sir!"

"That is enough. I can see, Silver, that you are the ringleader in this audacious outbreak. I shall administer a severe flogging. Go into my study."

Jimmy Silver obeyed that order.

The Head fixed his eyes on the crowd of juniors, not one among whom was anxious to meet his glance.

"I trust you will take warning by Silver's punishment," he said. "Let there be no more of this. Bulkeley!"

Bulkeley came forward. The prefects of the Sixth had gathered round, not knowing what might happen.

"Bulkeley, kindly go and fetch Lattrey within gates."

"Very well, sir."

The captain of Rookwood strode through the crowd of juniors, with lowering looks cast at them from all sides.

Bulkeley had little choice in the matter, but the Fourth Formers made little allowance for that.

The Rookwood captain's popularity had fallen to a low ebb now.

Dr. Chisholm turned and rustled after

Jimmy Silver, whom he found awaiting him in his study.

The moment the Head was gone a fierce buzz broke out among the juniors.

"We're not going to stand this!" exclaimed Lovell, red with anger. "Jimmy's no worse than the others; it's not fair to pick on him. I'd have refused to fetch Lattrey in, just the same."

"Same here!" growled Tommy Dodd.

"Same with all of us!" exclaimed Conroy. "Let's go to the Head. If he wants to flog Jimmy, he can flog the lot of us!"

"My hat! I don't want to be flogged!" said Townsend. "Leave me out!"

"Shut up, Towny!"

"Funk!"

"Come on, you fellows! He can't flog the whole Form, anyway!"

"Begorra! Let's have Jimmy out!" exclaimed Flynn. "Let's fetch him out, and tell the Head to go and eat coke, bedad!"

"Hold on!" said Kit Erroll quietly. "There's another way."

The school page had come out, and was heading for the porter's lodge. The juniors knew what that meant.

Mack, the porter, had the honour of "hoisting" any fellow who was sentenced to a flogging.

"What's your idea, Erroll?" asked Lovell rather impatiently.

"Keep Mack away. The Head can't flog Jimmy on his own."

"Ha, ha, ha! Good egg!"

That scheme appealed to the juniors far more than bearding the lion in his den, so to speak. There was a rush for the porter's lodge.

The juniors found old Mack grumbling and grunting, and just preparing to follow the page.

They crowded the doorway of the lodge.

"Stay where you are, Mack!" said Lovell.

Mack glared at him.

"You clear out of my lodge!" he said.

"We're here to keep you in!"

"Wot?"

"Sit down quietly, Mack," said Conroy. "We'd rather not handle you, but you're not going to hoist Jimmy Silver!"

The page, with a lurking grin, left the lodge. Old Mack very indignantly essayed to follow.

Three or four juniors shoved him back at once.

There was no love lost between Mack and the Fourth; he was rather fond of reporting a fellow who might be a minute late at the gate.

Mack never showed any consideration, so, naturally, he could not expect any.

At all events, he did not get any. He sat down with a bump as the Fourth-Formers shoved him.

"Ow!" ejaculated Mack.

"Better stay where you are, old scout!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"I'll report yer!" roared Mack.

"Bow-wow!"

Mack scrambled up, red with wrath, and charged at the juniors in the doorway. He was promptly seized on all sides.

"Elp!" roared Mack, struggling.

Sergeant Kettle looked into the lodge.

"Young gentlemen!" he exclaimed, greatly shocked.

"All serene, sergeant; buzz off!"

"Lend me a 'and, sergeant!" howled Mack. "The 'Ead's sent for me, and these 'ere young demons won't let me go!"

"Shut up, Mack!"

"Now, then, young gents, this won't do!" said the sergeant, striding in.

"Let Mr. Mack go at once!"

"Rats!"

"Get out!"

"Buzz off, sergeant, or you'll get hurt!"

The old hero of the Boer War did not think of buzzing off, however. He came to Mack's assistance.

But Lovell & Co. were not disposed to brook interference.

The gallant old sergeant was much respected at Rookwood, but on this occasion the conduct of the Fourth was not very respectful.

The sergeant was collared and bumped down on the floor.

"Yow!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha! Make Tubby Muffin sit on him!"

"No fear!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin, and he promptly backed out. But a dozen hands held the struggling sergeant.

"Prisoner of war, sergeant," said Erroll. "Take it quietly."

"I'll wallop you!" roared the sergeant.

"Lemme go!" shrieked Mack. "I'll report yer!"

"Will you keep here quietly?" demanded Lovell.

"No!" yelled the two together.

"Then you'll be fastened up!"

"Good egg!" exclaimed Flynn. "Bedad, and here's the blind-cord that will do!"

"Ha, ha!"

"Don't do damage here, Flynn, old chap—" began Erroll.

"Sure, it doesn't matter. Mack can mend it agin!"

Flynn tore out the blind-cord, Mack glaring at him speechlessly as he did so.

The juniors' blood was up now, and they did not stand on ceremony.

The sergeant's arms were dragged round a leg of a table, and his wrists tied together, in spite of his resistance. Then old Mack was served the same to the other leg of the table.

The two men sat on the floor, embracing the legs of the table, and fairly spluttering with wrath.

Their looks in that position were so utterly absurd, that the juniors howled with laughter.

"Oh, you young rascals!" gasped the sergeant.

"Young rapsallions!" spluttered Mack. "I'll report yer!"

Lovell took down the key of the door from a nail.

"Better lock 'em in!" he remarked.

The juniors crowded out of the lodge, and Lovell slammed the door and locked it, pitching the key away under the beeches.

"That's that!" he remarked grimly.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Not a Flogging!

JIMMY SILVER stood waiting in the Head's study.

Dr. Chisholm sat at his desk as he waited for Mack to arrive. He had laid the birch ready.

Jimmy had resolved to take his flogging quietly, as there seemed nothing else to be done. It made no difference to his resolution, however.

After the flogging, Lattrey was to be kicked out again, if Bulkeley brought him in.

It was a tug-of-war, now, between the headmaster and the Fourth Form, and Jimmy Silver did not intend to surrender at any price.

But he was not anticipating the flog-



The two men sat on the floor, embracing the legs of the table, and fairly spluttered with wrath. "Oh, you young rascals!" gasped the sergeant. "I'll report yer!" spluttered Mack. Lovell took down the key of the door. "Better lock 'em in!" he said. (See Chapter 5.)

ging with any pleasure. It was a very painful ordeal to pass through.

He waited in very disagreeable anticipation for old Mack to arrive to "hoist" him.

But old Mack did not arrive. The Head, growing impatient at last, touched the bell, and the page appeared.

"Did you not take my message to Mack, Tupper?" rapped out the Head.

"They won't let him come, sir!" faltered the page.

The Head started up. "What? Who will not let him come?"

"Them, sir—the young gents!"

"Upon my word!" Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed.

"Tupper, Mack is—confined in his lodge. Kindly go at once and release him by some means," said the Head.

"Yessir!"

The lurking grin of the page made the Doctor compress his lips hard. He realised that he was growing ridiculous in the eyes of his own servants.

That reflection brought a very bitter look to his face. His expression, which was usually kind, though cold, had nothing kindly in it now.

He could willingly have boxed Tupper's ears, but he did not allow himself that luxury.

Tupper disappeared, and the Head was certain he heard a chortle down the passage as the chubby youth went.

Jimmy Silver certainly heard it, and he very nearly chortled, too. But under the glinting eyes of the Head it was no time or place for chortling.

Dr. Chisholm waited impatiently.

Jimmy's flogging had to be administered, and somebody was needed to hoist the condemned junior.

But Tupper did not return. He was apparently finding that it took time to negotiate the difficulty of a locked door from which the key had been removed.

Jimmy Silver remained perfectly grave, but the situation was growing more and more absurd, and the Head realised it.

He took up his cane at last. He could have ordered Jimmy to bend over a chair to take the flogging, but he had a premonition that the junior would not obey the order, and that the punish-

ment, in that case, might even degenerate into an undignified struggle.

It was evidently judicious to avoid anything approaching that.

"Silver, I shall cane you on this occasion, instead of administering a flogging. I trust that it will not be necessary for me to punish you again. If it should prove so, I shall be very severe. Hold out your hand!"

Jimmy went through the ensuing infiction with all the stoicism he could muster. His palms still had a lingering ache from the caning of that morning.

He could not help wincing at the strokes, though he uttered no sound, and the Head, having caned him that day, was bound to "draw it mild," as Jimmy would have expressed it.

The captain of the Fourth was given only two on either hand, but, added to the smart already there, they hurt him enough.

Dr. Chisholm pointed to the door, and the junior left the study.

His face was a little pale, but very stubborn. Dr. Chisholm, in that peculiar contest, was up against a will as strong as his own.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Straw!

"HERE you are, Jimmy! Not flogged?"

Jimmy Silver's chums surrounded him in the quadrangle, all deeply interested.

"Not flogged," answered Jimmy quietly. "Caned! It hurts; but never mind. I'm much obliged to you fellows."

"A flogging would have been worse," remarked Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy grinned.

"Has Lattrey come in again?" he asked.

"Yes; Bulkeley's taken him in."

"I snowballed him," said Oswald.

"Lovell gave Bulkeley one, and the chaps are ready to snowball the Head himself, if he comes out!"

"Better be respectful to the Head!" said Jimmy. "I don't pretend to understand why he lets Lattrey stay here. I suppose he has some reason that seem good to himself. We always thought

him a just beast, up to now. Lattrey's got to go, but we don't want to cheek the Head."

"And, faith, how are you going to defy the ould omadhaun's authority without cheeking him?" demanded Flynn. "If this goes on it will lead to a riot, bedad!"

"Not if we can help it!" answered Jimmy. "But Lattrey's got to go, though the skies fall! Come and look for him!"

"Not fed-up yet?" grinned Lovell.

"Not at all!"

"Well, we're game!"

There was a search for Lattrey at once. But that youth was keeping out of sight, and the juniors did not find him.

Lattrey was not seen till dinner-time, when he came into the dining-hall with Mr. Bootles.

Black looks were cast at him by the Classical Fourth as he took his place at the table.

Fellows in other Forms stared at him, too, with grim disapproval.

After dinner Lattrey went to Mr. Bootles' study.

The juniors held an excited meeting in the passage. A somewhat lawless spirit was growing up in the Fourth, the natural result of riot not thoroughly quelled on the spot.

"That rotter's going to hide under Mr. Bootles' wing!" exclaimed Oswald angrily. "How long is that going on—what?"

"We don't want to handle Bootles," said Newcome doubtfully.

"But Lattrey's got to go!"

"Go easy!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Bootles is a good little ass, and we don't want to show him any disrespect. Lattrey will have to turn up for lessons this afternoon, and then he won't get away from us again. After lessons we'll deal with him, before he can clear off to Bootles' study."

"Done!"

The Fourth Form were very orderly when they went into the Form-room that afternoon.

Lattrey came in with Mr. Bootles and took his seat in the Form.

It was only respect for Mr. Bootles that kept the Fourth at their desks that afternoon, and prevented them from breaking ranks and dealing with Mark Lattrey on the spot.

But Jimmy was leader, and Jimmy's directions were obeyed.

Afternoon lessons went off quietly and peacefully, much to Mr. Bootles' relief. When lessons were over, and he dismissed the class, he signed to Lattrey to remain behind with him.

Lattrey was only too glad to do so.

But as the Fourth marched for the door Jimmy Silver gave the signal, and they swung round and closed in on Lattrey.

"Collar him!"

In a moment Lattrey was in their grasp and whirling away, struggling, towards the door in the midst of an excited, shouting swarm.

"Help!" he shrieked.

"Boys!" shouted Mr. Bootles.

He seized his cane and rushed forward. A foot was put out—whose foot Mr. Bootles never knew—and he tripped and went over in a heap, tangling up in his gown.

There was no help for it. Mr. Bootles could not be allowed to interfere, and the juniors could only hope charitably that he wasn't very much hurt.

Out of the doorway Lattrey went in a raging mob of juniors.

(Continued on page 19.)

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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 of the general's house, and arranges a ball to hide his movements. But Ferrers Lord discovers the plot, and pays the Supreme Council a surprise visit. Although the house is full of troops and guests, Ferrers Lord kidnaps both the professor and the general, and takes them on board the yacht.

Armed with the plans of the secret passage into the ruined Schloss, Ferrers Lord & Co. return to Germany to locate the whereabouts of the treasure.

Beneath an old hunting-lodge near the Schloss they discover the secret entrance into the galleries. They are investigating in the galleries, when the sound of digging comes to their ears, and they discover that there are others after the treasure. The diggers move a large boulder which, resting at one end of the gallery, falls loose, and rolls past the party, just missing them. (Now read on.)

The Explosion.

"BY honey," said Prout, pressing down the tobacco in his pipe with his finger, "a smack over the head from that bit of brick wouldn't do anybody much good—not if he'd got a head as hard and thick as Barry O'Rooney's! If those Hun chaps on top start slinging more stuff at us I shall lose my temper. They're a rotten lot of Huns!"

"No talk—work!" said Hal Honour tersely. The engineer took the drill from his assistant, and plied his powerful wrists, while the little mechanic took a coil of insulated wire from his bag. The fine black dust was trickling lower, and a second piece of masonry broke out of the shaft, and rolled back with a thud as it hit the wall. Though it was highly dangerous, Ferrers Lord again mounted the steps, for any moment the whole mass might collapse, and bury him under an avalanche of stone, dust, and rubbish. All was strangely still now. No doubt the excavators had realised that it was no longer safe to work, and had been drawn to the surface of the shaft. The only sound was the uneasy stirring of the rubbish.

Mr. Thomas Prout, to do that mariner justice, was always ready and willing to work when there was work to be done.

He helped the assistant to unroll the wire and to fasten up a second coil to it. A third length was added, but that was not enough to suit Hal Honour. He paused in his drilling to hold up his hand. Only two coils remained. When these were added the whole length of wire only reached to the edge of the water.

"A bit nervy work this, Chief," said Ching Lung. "If you mean to block these fellows out by blowing up the gallery, we look very much like blowing ourselves up. That wire isn't nearly long enough, is it? I'm not an expert, but the prospect doesn't comfort me. If it wasn't for the bumps and twists in between we ought to land up with a bang against the door of the treasure-cave. The place is like the barrel of a gun. Hal, what's your grudge against us? Do you mean to exterminate us all?"

"No; just wet you!" grunted the engineer. And Ferrers Lord smiled.

"What does he mean by that?" asked Thurston. "Half the time he says nothing at all, and the rest of the time he talks in riddles. I suppose it's to avoid speaking the truth."

"It's the only possible way, Rupert," said Ferrers Lord. "As I told the prince a little time ago, I want to avoid fighting and bloodshed if it is to be avoided. The rubbish seems to have jammed again, but they will soon dislodge it. As first-coming we hold the position, and with our camouflage we could shoot down these treasure-hunters, and make a massacre of it, with very little risk to ourselves. That is exactly what I do not intend to do, and so we are trying to block the passage."

"But the concussion is sure to reach us with only that length of wire, Chief!" said Rupert Thurston.

"Not at all. You and the others will go through the arch and into one of the back tunnels," said the millionaire. "If there is any concussion it will not be enough to injure you."

"And who will fire the charge, Chief?" "I'll attend to that," said Ferrers Lord. "And I'll stay with you to see that you do it properly, Chief," said Ching Lung.

"No; that is Hal Honour's duty," said the millionaire, shaking his head. "It is no use looking muttonous, my dear prince. I cannot command you or compel you, but I can ask you to do something as a favour and for the sake of our old friendship. So that is settled. Are you deep enough yet, Honour? It is an eighteen-inch cartridge?"

"Another inch, Chief. And up there?"

"They've stopped work," said the millionaire. "They are afraid of a sudden caving in. What their next move will be, we can't tell."

Hal Honour fitted the cartridge to the hole, but he had to bore still deeper before he was satisfied. It contained an explosive not exactly of his own invention, but one he had improved on until he had practically doubled

its power. It was useless for guns, being too harsh and acid, but invaluable for blasting and for mines. He fastened the electric wires to the cartridge, and pushed it home.

"Good!" he said, rising.

Honour had picked the place with his usual forethought and skill. Even if the explosion failed to block the gallery, it would certainly dislodge the rubbish on the steps and shoot it all down. This, piled up behind the masses of rock that were sure to fall, would create a barrier that would take experienced miners a long time to dig through.

"Now, gentlemen," said Ferrers Lord, "we'll proceed to try the charge. Is all clear at this hand, Honour?"

"All clear, Chief!"

Ching Lung, Thurston and Prout were reluctant to leave the danger-zone, and went very slowly. One lamp was left behind on a chair. On the other side of the water Ferrers Lord and the engineer stripped, and waded in again. It was shallow under the arch, but where it widened into an ink-black pool it rose to Hal Honour's chin.

"Excellent!" said Ferrers Lord. "When I make contact, I'll shout 'Go!' And then dive as deeply as you can, and remain under as long as you can. 'Go!'"

The millionaire's thumb pressed the button of the battery, and then, flinging it away, he dived headlong into the dark, ice-cold water of the subterranean pool.

The Cave and Its Treasure!

RUPERT THURSTON, the prince, and Prout had taken cover in an angle of the gloomy galleries. The sound of the shot came at last, a huge rumble, that increased to a roar that went booming along the tunnels with a rush of heated air mingled with smoke and dust. Before the echoes had grown silent they were hurrying towards the archway. Ferrers Lord and Hal Honour had just scrambled out of the water as they waded through. Ahead of them, through the mist of fog and smoke, gleamed the light of a lamp. It was carried by the engineer's mechanic. As he swung his bare muscular arm, Hal Honour watched the light.

"Good!" he said, as the light was obscured and then shone out again, dimly but steadily.

"I wish I could make the same remark about the temperature of this water," said Ferrers Lord. "It is as cold as a freezing mixture of salt and ice. Thanks, Prout!"

The steersman of the Lord of the Deep gave his employer a rub down with a handkerchief that was as large as a moderate-sized towel. Honour only waited to drag on his boots, and then went after his assistant. The explosion had completely blocked the tunnel. Behind the barrier of rock that had been torn from the roof and wall the rubbish from the stairway had piled up and packed together. The engineer uttered a satisfied grunt, and went back to put on his clothes.

"I wonder what the fellows upstairs thought about it when they heard that little bang, Ching?" said Rupert Thurston.

"If any of it went upwards, and they were in the way, they'd be too busy flying through the roof of the Schloss to do much thinking," said the prince. "I hope it didn't take that course, for I'm in a very forgiving humour, and, after all, you can't blame the beggars for trying to get at the money. It must have surprised them."

"And yet I don't suppose they'll ever dream the real truth of it," said Thurston. "They'll scarcely suspect that there is anybody down here."

"By honey, if they don't, they can't be very suspicious, sir," said Prout. "I can't see the argument at all. They can't think it only the kitchen boiler that's burst, can they?"

Ching Lung laughed.

"Not exactly that, Prout," he answered. "Thurston means that they may fancy there are more explosives down here that did not go off when Goltzheimer blew up the magazine. Such a thing, though unlikely, might happen. And, as you know yourself, that explosives get sensitive after a jar like that, they may even think that the explosion came from the other end. I suppose there are still a few rats left, and if one of them took a fancy to gnaw through the insulation of one of those electric wires, it might very easily have made a contact, and then up would go the whole balloon. Leaving guesstwork out of

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NEXT FRIDAY: "THE LAST OF THE FAG AGENCY!"

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

it, there must be a disappointed crowd up there."

The dust settled down and the smoke cleared away. Except for the clinging smell of the explosive, the air in the gallery seemed much purer. Ferrers Lord joined them.

"Quite satisfactory," he said. "To give them their due, these Huns are a dogged lot, and they will not abandon this on account of a reverse. We have gained all we wanted, and that is time and no fighting. Working night and day, they cannot bore through that under a week or perhaps ten days, so now for the big secret."

The explosion had shaken the galleries, and they moved with great caution, for now and again strange noises were heard, as a fragment of rock fell and awakened the echoes. They were even more cautious as they neared the outer door of the treasure vault, for Ching Lung and the millionaire knew that they might very easily have overlooked some other cunning device or man-trap. Then Hal Honour and his assistant searched the sham rockwork for the hidden spring.

"Right!" said the engineer, stepping back. The door swung inward. As Ching Lung had warned them, there was a second door of steel. Honour beckoned to his assistant for tools.

"As I have remarked before, Hal would have made a splendid burglar," said Thurston, as he watched the engineer at work. "Nothing can keep him out."

Ten minutes later Honour put his broad shoulder to the door and heaved it open. At once the lights went up, and they walked into the treasure cave of Schloss Schwartzburg between the rows of steel boxes. As the prince had told them, there was nothing romantic about it. It was no Aladdin's cave filled with flashing jewels and vessels of gold, and no fantastic place where some pirate had hidden his bloodstained hoard, with Spanish doubloons pouring out of rotting sea-chests.

"By honey, it's not a bit exciting!" said

ing a bar of gold. Mr. Thomas Prout sat up and began to take notice.

"So that's gold, is it!" he said, taking the heavy bar from the engineer. "The real stuff, by honey! You couldn't pack up a few dozen like this, could you, Hal, for I'd like to take them home as a little souvenir? Pretty yellow stuff, ain't it? If I had that lump coined into quids, my lad, I'd take you out for the evening. What's it worth?"

"What's what worth, Tom?" asked Ching Lung.

"This bit of yellow scrapiron, sir," said the steersman, balancing the ingot in his hand. "I reckon it weighs four or five pounds. By honey, I'll wager it's worth more than ninepence!"

The weight was stamped on it. Reckoning pure gold at five pounds to the ounce, Ching Lung valued the bar at four hundred pounds.

"By honey, it don't look worth it!" said Prout. "By honey, I wish I'd brought a wheelbarrow and nobody was looking. I could give a good home to quite a lot of those chaps."

"Don't be covetous, my lad, for he who steals what isn't his'n, when he's copped he goes to prison," said the prince. "Visitors may look, but they're requested not to touch."

Hal Honour turned away, and began to tap the boxes with his knuckles. Thurston and Ferrers Lord were still busy with the books. At last the millionaire shrugged his shoulders.

"I've had enough of that," he said. "I think I am fairly well satisfied. How does this little inventory appeal to you, Rupert?"

"It nearly turns me dizzy, Chief," answered Thurston. "If even half the stuff is here that is listed, the value is absolutely staggering. I can't grasp the size of the figures."

"I think we shall find at least nine-tenths of it," said the millionaire. "Some of the paper securities may be nearly worthless, but a lot of them are quite good. The Spanish

began to grow heartily tired of his own company. He peeped out through the shutters, but there was very little to be seen, till at last Ferrers Lord came striding unconcernedly through the orchard, and Prout let him in.

"They are still down below, then, Prout?" he said, tossing the end of his cigarette into the grate.

"Yes, sir. I've not seen a soul or heard a sound since you left the place," answered the steersman of the Lord of the Deep. "Except for a bird or two outside, it has been dead quiet."

"It's quiet at the Schloss, too," said the millionaire, smiling. "I took a stroll up the hill. I think we must have upset their calculations, and spoilt their borings."

"Have they turned it up, sir?"

"Perhaps not for good, but they do not seem to be working, Prout. I did not venture too near, you may be sure, for one could not expect the fellows to be very good-tempered after such a setback. I can understand their feelings. Just as they thought they had forced open the gates to almost countless wealth, the gates closed again more firmly than ever. The helicopter will be here soon after dark. We must leave a strong guard for the next day or two, though there is really no danger of discovery, or very little. You may go now, if you wish."

Prout saluted, and made no delay about it, for he was very anxious to see what was happening below.

"By honey, they've been working overtime as furniture shifters," he muttered, for twin rows of steel cases stood on either side of the entrance to the cave. "Hi, inside!"

He kicked at the closed door, and Ching Lung's voice shouted to know who was there.

"By honey, it's only the milkman with the milk," said Prout. "To be more accurate, the Chief has sent me along to make sure you're not pinching anything!"

"Switch off your lamp, then, if you have one, Tom, and we'll try the effect on you,"

THERE IS A SPLENDID SURPRISE FOR READERS OF THE POPULAR! GET NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

Prout. "It reminds me of a left-luggage office at a big railway-station where all the passengers travel with tin trunks."

It was all amazingly neat and businesslike. On a desk lay a pile of bulky volumes, each secured by a neat padlock. The mechanic quickly forced one of the padlocks, and while the others moved through the aisles of boxes, Ferrers Lord opened the book. Every page was a picture of neatness and perfect detail. The volume contained a list of the contents of thirty boxes. Thurston sauntered back, and glanced over Ferrers Lord's shoulder as he turned the pages.

"I wonder what happened to the fellow who compiled this?" he said. "All jewellery, isn't it? I wonder if he is still walking about with such a secret?"

"It's scarcely likely, Rupert," said Ferrers Lord. "He's either in a fortress or in his grave. He has valued the stuff, too, I see, but the values have changed since then. Box 17 has been crossed out. They got the goods away to America, I presume, and sold them there. No; there's 'Madrid' written beside it, so they went to Spain."

"Then the haul may not be the size we expected, Chief," said Rupert. "If they've cleared out one lot, they may have cleared out half of it."

"I don't think so," said Ferrers Lord. "Herr von Kreiger is too cunning to glut the market with pearls and diamonds. It is really a very limited market, and practically in the hands of a small number of men. I am speaking of valuable goods, not the comparatively cheap goods that can be found in any shop. What about bullion?"

More of the padlocks were forced, and for half an hour Ching Lung, Thurston, and Ferrers Lord busied themselves with the volumes. Prout sat and smoked. Always busy, Hal Honour filed a key until it fitted one of the largest of the steel boxes. When he lifted the heavy lid he saw that the box was filled with ingots, each sewn up in grey canvas. There was a yellow gleam as his knife slit open one of the coverings, reveal-

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and Dutch bonds are marketable. Yes, I am quite satisfied. If the whole indemnity is not here, there is a very large slice of it. The weak part is that it looks so black it is not impressive."

"A fact, Chief," agreed the prince. "It makes no show at all with the lids on. You can't get up much enthusiasm over a collection of locked and sealed boxes. If I were stage-manager, and wanted to show anybody of importance the amazing treasures of Schloss Schwartzburg, I'd do some window-dressing, and display the goods to their dazzled eyes."

"Make a kind of exhibition of it," said the millionaire, smiling. "I'm afraid you have theatrical ideas, Ching. I admit that heaps of jewels, bars of gold, and piles of coin are more impressive than columns of dry figures. You and Rupert may stage-manage the affair, if you like. It would be amusing to see the treasure before it vanishes for good and all."

"Sew up their pockets," said Hal Honour.

There was a general laugh as the engineer took up his lamp and left the cave. They were back in the hunting lodge when he rejoined them. In response to Ferrers Lord's inquiring glance, he shook his head. The engineer had again visited the barrier. If the Germans had commenced to work again on the choked shaft, no sound had reached him. They slept soundly and undisturbed, and it was nearly noon when the millionaire awoke and roused the others. After a meal, Ching Lung, Thurston, Hal Honour, and the mechanic returned to the treasure cave.

"Stay on guard here, Prout," said Ferrers Lord. "If anyone comes, do not open the door, and keep perfectly quiet. They will only think the old man is out in the forest on his rounds."

Prout saluted, and locked and barred the door behind Ferrers Lord. It was as bright as a day in spring, and the sunshine shone in through the chinks of the shutters. Though it was still very gold, some of the forest birds were singing gaily. No one came near the lonely hunting-lodge, and Prout soon

lughed the Prince, opening the door. "Shut your eyes and walk straight in."

The cavern was in darkness. A hand grasped Prout's, and led him forward; and then Rupert Thurston switched on the electric-light.

"By honey," said the steersman slowly. "Hold me back, or there'll be a lot of precious stuff missing! It's murder to tempt a starving man in this way!"

Many of the cases had been opened, and the jewels and gold they contained piled up—heaps of coins and yellow bars and masses of rainbow-hued gems that flashed back the light.

"Don't let Barry O'Rooney see it unless you've got him on a chain," said the steersman. "It's torture, by honey. Money, money everywhere, and not a cent for me."

"The sight of a lifetime," said Rupert Thurston. "The Chief has let us put up this astonishing show, but I'll wager you won't be able to persuade him to come and even glance at it."

"That's a sure thing," said the prince. "This sort of stunt is not in his line, but as I've a notion of the people who will come and look at it, I'm glad he let us spread some of it about. Fifty pounds in gold looks a lot more important than a cheque for five hundred pounds. But you're right, Rupert. The Chief has lost interest."

"Well, the real fun lies in playing an uphill game and winning it," said Thurston. "He must have spent some money over it, too, but he won't take any of this stuff to foot the bill. What a nest-egg for the Allies! I hope they won't start squabbling about how it is going to be cut up. They ought to let the Chief settle that, and I know he'd satisfy everybody."

About an hour after dusk a knock sounded at the door of the hunting-lodge, and Mr. Benjamin Maddock stepped in as Prout took down the bar. The helicopter had arrived.

(Will Ferrers Lord & Co. succeed in removing the great treasure from the galleries before the rival seekers arrive? See our thrilling instalment next week.)

FAGS TO ORDER!

(Continued from page 6.)

"Begad, it isn't very warm!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

The two Removites moved across to the schoolboy earl, feeling very uncomfortable. It was not exactly a pleasant task to act as Mauleverer's valets before the grinning juniors; but they had agreed to do the work, and there was no getting out of it.

"My hat, don't they look happy?" chuckled Harry Wharton.

"Rather! I'll bet Mauly'll get mauled before they've done with him, though!" said Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Bunty! Pull his giddy tie off!"

"On the ball, Leigh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter took one boot, and Leigh the other. Then they commenced unfastening them. They both finished together, and gave a strong tug. Unfortunately, however, they had not loosened the laces sufficiently, and their heave had an unexpected effect. Lord Mauleverer jerked forward, and bumped to the floor with a crash.

"Yow! Ow!" he howled in alarm. "Begad! You silly asses!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites.

"Ow! I'm hurt! By Jove, that was awfully careless of you, my dear fellows!" said Lord Mauleverer, scrambling painfully to his feet. "Groo, you really must be more careful, you know! Ow!"

"Sorry!" said Leigh, grinning, his ill-humour subsiding. "It was your own

fault, you know, Mauly, for wearing such tight boots! Still, they're off, and that's one thing!"

"Begad, my coat's frightfully dusty!"

"I shouldn't worry about a little thing like that!" said Billy Bunter. "Come on, Leigh; we'll yank his coat off next, and then his bags!"

Leigh grabbed hold of Lord Mauleverer's immaculate coat, and jerked his lordship round vigorously.

At the same time Billy Bunter grasped hold of the other sleeve, and between the pair of them Lord Mauleverer was jerked backwards and forwards with unceremonious haste.

"Oh dear!" he murmured. "I'd rather do it myself, after all, my dear fellows! Pray go back to bed!"

"Rats!" grinned Leigh. "Yank it off, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter tugged hard at Mauleverer's waistcoat, and Leigh, at the same time, pulled the opposite way. This time it was more by design than accidental, although both Bunter and Leigh looked innocent enough. The waistcoat was an expensive one, and of delicate material. There was a sudden tear, and the garment left Lord Mauleverer's back in two parts.

There was a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry. "That's the kind of valets to have: I say, Mauly, they'll ruin your whole giddy wardrobe before they've done!"

"Begad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "You really shouldn't be so rough! That waistcoat is simply ruined!"

"I do believe it is!" said Leigh solemnly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, Mauly," said Bunter eagerly, "you might as well give that waistcoat to me now! I can get it patched up, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Remove.

"That's jolly rich, if you like!" said Bob Cherry. "He goes and tears the blessed waistcoat up, and then asks for it! I say, Bunter, what would be the good of that waistcoat to you? You'd want a dozen yards of material shoved in at the back to make it meet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"I certainly think that I shall continue undressing without your assistance," announced Lord Mauleverer breathlessly. "I'm quite sure you mean well, my dear fellows, but you are really too rough! Begad, I feel quite flustered!"

And Lord Mauleverer continued disrobing himself without the help of his two newly-engaged valets. The whole Remove was chuckling over the schoolboy earl's misfortunes, and even Fisher T. Fish couldn't keep a straight face.

"I'll bet Mauly won't stand it long," said Frank Nugent. "Before Friday he'll be fed-up with his blessed fags!"

"Not a bit of it!" said Fisher T. Fish confidently. "Mauly's a sensible chap, I guess, and, barring one or two mishaps like this at the start, matters will soon jog down into a regular rut. The Fish Fag Agency has come to stay!"

"Perhaps!" said Harry Wharton.

"And perhaps not!" grinned Bob Cherry. "In my opinion—most decidedly not!"

And even Lord Mauleverer himself, as he snuggled down between the sheets, wondered vaguely whether his army of fags weren't more trouble than they were worth.

THE END.

(In next week's issue of the POPULAR will be another long, complete tale of the Fish Fag Agency and Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. You must not miss this splendid story, which is entitled "The Last of the Fag Agency!" By Frank Richards.)

THE REBELS!

(Continued from page 16.)

He was whirled away down the passage towards the big doorway, which stood open in the winter dusk.

"Outside with him!"

"Out of the gates, you fellows!"

"Kick him out!"

"Arrah! Bring him along, the thafe of the worruld!"

Lattrey, kicking and struggling wildly, was borne to the doorway. But there a stately figure opposed the rush of the juniors.

"Stop!" thundered Dr. Chisholm.

"Oh, my hat!"

"The Head!"

In spite of themselves, the Fourth-Formers stopped.

With a breathless panting and trampling, the crowd halted, Lattrey squirming and struggling in their midst.

Dr. Chisholm raised his hand.

"Release that boy at once!"

There was a moment's hesitation, and then Lattrey was released.

He was pitched forward by way of releasing him, and he sprawled on the floor at Dr. Chisholm's feet.

He scrambled up breathlessly.

Dr. Chisholm's glance swept over the flushed, excited sea of faces. There was defiance in many faces now. The Fourth

Form of Rookwood were getting out of hand.

"What were you about to do with Lattrey?" rumbled the Head.

"Turn him out!" shouted a dozen voices.

"I have expressly forbidden you to touch him!"

"Why isn't he expelled?" shouted two or three juniors.

"That is a matter for me to decide, not for you!" thundered the Head.

"Rats!" came a voice from the back of the crowd.

The Head started.

"What! What! Who spoke?"

Silence.

"There has been enough—more than enough—of this insubordination!" said Dr. Chisholm, his voice trembling with anger. "I am ashamed of you! You are a disgrace to Rookwood!"

"Rot!" came a voice from somewhere.

But again the speaker could not be identified.

The Head's face was a study. Mr. Bootles, gasping, looked on helplessly from the doorway of the Form-room.

"Lattrey," said the Head, "you will go to my house. For the present you will remain there!"

Lattrey, without a word, sulked behind the Head, and disappeared from view. There was a movement among the juniors, but the stately form of the Head interposed between them and the object of their vengeance, and they stopped.

"Boys of the Fourth Form!" The

Head's voice was hard and stern. "You have transgressed all bounds! Every boy here will be flogged before lessons to-morrow morning—in public, in the Hall! Now disperse!"

The Head swept away.

The Fourth-Formers streamed into the Common-room. Every face was grim now. And all eyes turned on Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy's lips were set.

"That's the programme!" he said.

"Lattrey's to be kept in the Head's house—safe, and still at Rookwood! We're to be flogged—all round! Well, if we stand it, we shall deserve to have it to stand, that's all!"

"We won't stand it!" roared Lovell.

Jimmy's eyes flashed.

"We've got to stand it, or back up against the Head! There's only one way of doing that. Who's for a barring-out?"

"Phew!"

There was a brief pause. But the next moment a ringing cheer echoed through the Common-room and down the passages.

"Hurrah!"

The Head, in his study, heard the echoing of that tremendous shout, and wondered, perhaps, what it portended. He was destined to discover ere long.

THE END.

(Next Friday's story is the most exciting one you could wish to read! Jimmy Silver carries out his determination to defy the Head, and is backed up loyally by the rest of the Fourth Form. Don't miss "The Fighting Fourth!" by Owen Conquest.)

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE LAST OF THE FAG AGENCY!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY FRIARS.

::

:: By FRANK RICHARDS.

A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, "The Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

We have a splendid programme for next Friday. The first long complete school story is entitled:

"THE LAST OF THE FAG AGENCY!"
By Frank Richards.

This story deals with the further adventures of Lord Maulverer, the champion slacker of Greyfriars, and the fags he has hired from Fish's agency.

The second complete school story is entitled:

"THE FIGHTING FOURTH!"
By Owen Conquest.

This story relates the further trials of

the Rookwood juniors, and their determination to get Lattery out of the school at all costs.

There will be another splendid instalment of our grand serial, "The Invisible Raider," which is now rapidly drawing to a conclusion.

"Billy Bunter's Weekly" is another special supplement, being written entirely in verse. There are many illustrations to this supplement, and altogether I think I can safely say that Billy is entitled to hearty congratulations on what must be his best issue.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

Now for the great, glorious, splendid news which I have kept from you for some time. I have told you that I have had a surprise for you. Well, here it is.

Our issue dated February 18th is going to be the first of a new series. There will be another EIGHT PAGES to the "Popular" for that and succeeding weeks!

To celebrate the occasion I am giving away FREE PLATES of all the most up-to-date RAILWAY ENGINES, together with an interesting description of their power, speed, and other details, written by a man who knows everything there is to know about engines.

There will be THREE LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES EVERY WEEK—one of Greyfriars, one of Rookwood, and the other will be concerning the adventures of FRANK RICHARDS & CO. at their SCHOOL IN THE BACKWOODS.

There will be a short COMPLETE STORY OF ST. JIM'S, a four-page supplement—"Billy Bunter's Weekly"—a grand new serial specially written by Sidney Drew, entitled: "GAN WAGA'S ISLAND," an interesting and NOVEL COMPETITION FOR CASH PRIZES, and last, but not least, a weekly Chat to my readers.

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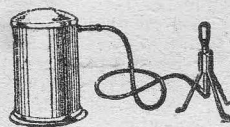
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