

Week Ending—  
Feb. 11th, 1922.

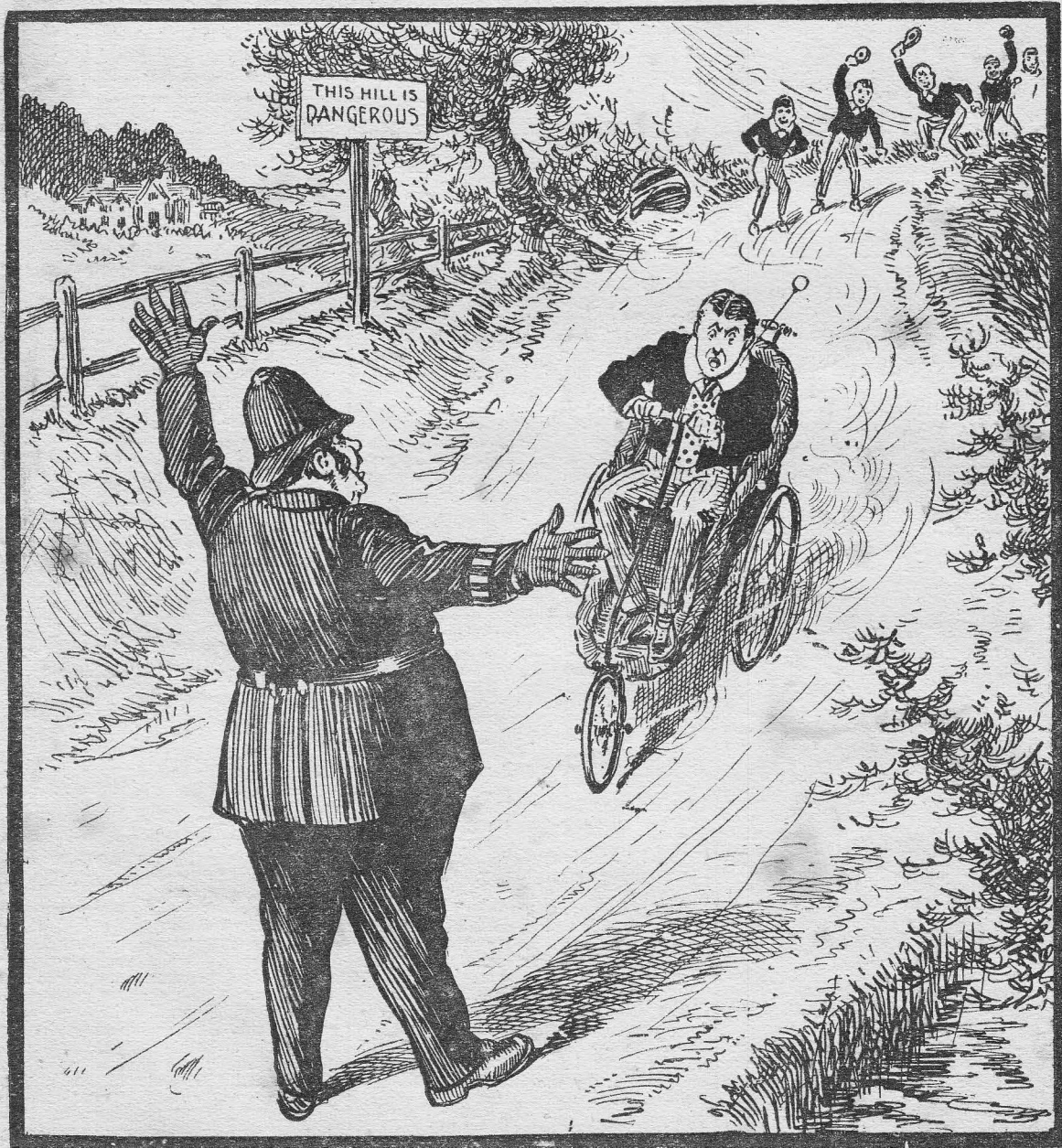
New  
Series.  
No. 160

Greyfriars

# The POPULAR 1 1/2d

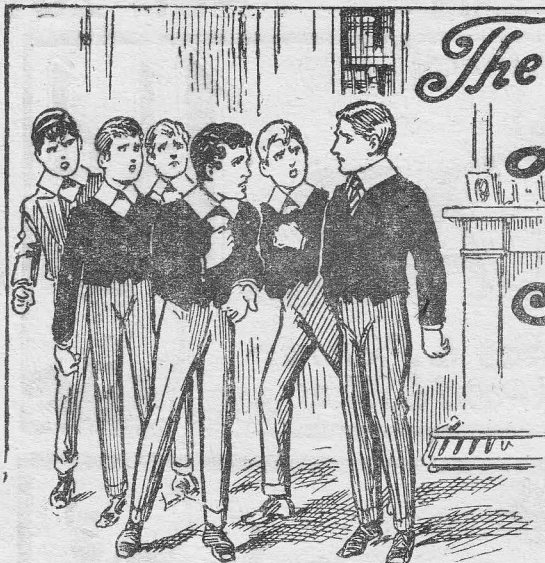
Stories, Jokes & Pictures  
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood St. Jims



**WHEN MAULY'S FAGS DESERTED HIM!**

(AN AMUSING INCIDENT FROM THE LONG COMPLETE STORY OF GREYFRIARS IN THIS ISSUE.)



# The Last of the Fag Agency

A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Early Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Deserted!

**B**EGAD, this isn't at all bad!" Lord Mauleverer, the slacker of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, uttered that in great satisfaction. The noble earl was riding in a bathchair, kindly provided by Fisher T. Fish, of the Fish Fag Agency.

The agency was another of the American junior's brilliant ideas. Fishy was full of schemes, and certainly his latest seemed to be going very well.

Lord Mauleverer was paying Fish a shilling a week per head for the services of a dozen fags, including Leigh and Billy Bunter of the Remove, who had an eye more for the feeds which their "master" gave them than for the cash.

Paget, Gatty, Myers, Tubb, and Dicky Nugent, of the Second Form at Greyfriars, were pushing the bathchair.

"Better than walking—eh?" asked Paget breathlessly.

"Yaas, rather, my dear fellow," drawled Lord Mauleverer. "I really think I shall have to purchase a new bathchair for my own use. This affair, of course, is quite suitable for the occasion, but a new one, with rubber tyres, would be much more comfortable."

"Oh, much!" said Gatty.

"By the time you get back to Greyfriars you'll send an order off by the next post for a new one," said Dicky Nugent.

"I don't think!" murmured Myers under his breath.

"Yaas, I think I shall. I— Yow! Ooooo! Begad!" gasped his lordship.

Lord Mauleverer had not intended to make those ejaculations, but they were forced from his lips involuntarily. Without warning, the bathchair had given a sudden jerk, swung half round, and given a fearful lurch to starboard.

Its occupant was flung forward, and nearly precipitated into the muddy roadway. In the nick of time he grabbed the wickerwork with a frantic grasp, and hung there, half in and half out.

"Begad!" he gasped. "What's up?"

The fags were roaring.

"I—I— My hat, I thought it was all up!" said Tubb, trying to look solemn. "One of the giddy wheels have come off!"

Lord Mauleverer looked alarmed.

"Oh dear! Must I get out and walk?" he asked blankly.

"Not at all!" yelled Gatty, who had run after the wheel. "You hang where

you are, Mauly. We'll have the thing fixed up in two-tuos."

"Oh, good!" said his lordship, with relief.

The wheel had only been held on by a bent nail, and, whether by accident or design, it had been left in such a state that the nail could drop out, with the inevitable result that the wheel would slip off. In any case, Tubb had another nail handy, which certainly looked suspicious. Lord Mauleverer, however, was too flustered to notice these little details.

In less than two minutes the wheel had been replaced, and once more the bathchair rattled on towards Friardale. But the fags had not finished with their charge yet. They evidently had other plans, for Gatty and Nugent minor, who were behind, were grinning like hyenas. As dutiful fags, they should have taken Lord Mauleverer into Friardale and back without thought of a jape.

But, whether they lost their jobs or not, they simply couldn't resist themselves. The opportunity was such a splendid one that, as Gatty had remarked earlier, it would be a sin to let it pass without taking advantage of it.

The schoolboy earl, as unsuspecting as ever, sat in the bathchair congratulating himself upon his good luck in obtaining the thing. He paid the fags to work for him, so it was only right that they should earn their money.

"Down hill here!" said Gatty significantly.

Dicky Nugent winked.

"It is a bit," he agreed. "You chaps in front had better come behind now. We can all shove the thing, and Mauly can steer."

"Eh?" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer.

"You can steer, Mauly," said Dicky Nugent coolly.

"Begad, I'm not sure—"

"Rats! It's as easy as winking," said Dicky. "Myers, swing the steering handle round so that Mauly can grab hold of it."

"Right-ho!" said Myers.

The steering apparatus was simply a long handle attached to the small front wheel—as on all bathchairs—and the vehicle could be either steered by the occupant or by the individual who was pulling. Myers swung the wheel round, and delivered the steering into Lord Mauleverer's hands. His lordship looked doubtful.

"Begad, will it be all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course it will!" said Nugent minor confidently. "You try it a minute, Mauly, and see! Shove up, you kids!"

The fags shoved up, and the bathchair lurched forward. For a few yards the steering was a bit uncertain, then Lord Mauleverer got the hang of it, and sat back comfortably, his hand resting on the steering handle.

"It's quite easy," he said, in surprise.

"Did you think it wanted learning, like a giddy motor-car?" asked Gatty, with a grin. "You're all right, Mauly. We'll do the pushing, and you can do the steering."

The five fags were grinning in anticipation. Owing to the fact that they were now descending a hill, three of them had dropped behind, and only two were grasping the bathchair.

"He'll do now—eh?" whispered Gatty.

Dicky Nugent nodded.

"Yes," he replied. "Let go."

The bathchair, owing to its momentum on the slope, continued its descent of the hill unassisted and unchecked. At present it was moving fairly slowly, hardly faster than a walk, so Lord Mauleverer was totally unconscious that anything unusual was happening.

In a few seconds the fags and the bathchair were parted by a distance of a hundred yards. Dicky Nugent & Co. doubled themselves up and yelled.

"Oh, my hat!" roared Gatty.

"What'll happen to him?"

"Wait till he wants to shove the brake on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The giddy chair'll turn over at the first corner, and tip the boulder out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The spectacle was undoubtedly humorous from the fags' point of view. The bathchair was not an easy-going vehicle, and at first it proceeded on its course at a stately pace. It was wobbling a trifle, as Lord Mauleverer endeavoured to keep it straight.

The schoolboy millionaire was totally unaware that his attendants had left him. His whole attention was engaged upon steering, so it was difficult to glance round; and the grate of the untired wheels upon the muddy road made it impossible for Lord Mauleverer to detect that the fags were no longer accompanying him.

"Begad, you know, we're going pretty fast!" he said mildly, as the bathchair

rattled onwards at an increased speed. "Pray, slow down a bit, my dear fellows!"

No answer.

The bathchair still increased its speed. "By jove, I really must insist upon your slowing down!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer in alarm. "A walking pace is quite fast enough."

Still no answer.

"Begad, I—I—"

Lord Mauleverer, in sheer desperation, snatched a hasty glance behind him. The bathchair swerved giddily, for one awful second tipped up on one wheel, and then continued its course down the hill. It was now flying onwards at considerable speed, and Lord Mauleverer uttered a cry of consternation as he saw that he was alone.

"Begad, I've run away!" he gasped. Lord Mauleverer crouched forward in the bathchair with his heart beating wildly.

"This is terrible!" he gasped. "Begad, I can't stop the thing!"

Lord Mauleverer was so engrossed in his attempts to keep the bathchair on an even keel, that he failed to notice a bulky form in the middle of the road a hundred yards lower down. It was P.-c. Tozer, the stalwart Police Force of Friardale. P.-c. Tozer gazed at the oncoming bathchair in amazement.

"My heye," he ejaculated, "if it ain't one o' them young raskils rushin' about at a speed hexceedin' the law! Young himp! My heye!"

Mr. Tozer stood in the centre of the road and extended his arms. He fondly imagined that it would cause Lord Mauleverer to slow down his untrustworthy vehicle. Lord Mauleverer, however, caught sight of Mr. Tozer, and let out an alarmed whoop.

"Clear the road!" he shouted. "Begad, you silly ass, I shall knock you down!"

"Himpudence!" roared Mr. Tozer. "My heye, I'll make you smart—"

"Out of the way, Tozey, you idiot!"

"I—I—"

P.-c. Tozer did not seem to realise that he was in imminent peril of being run into. His obstinacy in standing in the middle of the road had the effect of bringing Lord Mauleverer's alarming flight to an abrupt conclusion. The bathchair rattled towards the policeman, and at the last moment Mr. Tozer seemed to realise that he was in peril. He stepped aside quickly, with a startled exclamation. It so happened that Lord Mauleverer had, at the same second, swerved in order to avoid the bulky arm of the law.

The result was disastrous.

The bathchair lurched giddily across the road, struck Mr. Tozer a terrific bump upon the waistcoat, and bowled the Friardale Police Force over with a crash. Mr. Tozer floundered on his back in the muddy road.

Meanwhile, the bathchair, completely upset by the blow, dashed on to the grass beside the road, and toppled over on to its side.

Lord Mauleverer was shot out like a stone from a catapult. Unfortunately, the ditch beside the road was filled with thick, muddy water, and the dandy of the Remove plunged in with a wild yell.

For a second he disappeared, then came to the surface, smothered from head to foot in thick, slimy blackness.

"Groo! Begad! Yow!" he spluttered dismally. "Oh, by Jove, I feel rotten! Groo!"

He scrambled up the bank, and stood in the roadway, dripping. It was hardly possible to recognise his features owing to their coating of thick mud.

"You young himp!" roared P.-c. Tozer, who was nearly as muddy as Lord Mauleverer himself. "Try to kill me, would yer? My heye—"

"You're a silly ass!" snapped Lord Mauleverer crossly.

"My heye, I'll—"

"Rats! What the dickens did you want to stand in the middle of the road like a fatheaded chump for?" shouted Lord Mauleverer indignantly. "It would have served you right if we'd both gone into the ditch! Begad, it would!"

"I won't stand no cheek—"

"Go and eat coke!"

And Lord Mauleverer, his visit to the village quite forgotten, hurried off back to Greyfriars. He was feeling angry and wet, and he was not inclined to be good-tempered when he came upon Dicky Nugent & Co., holding one another up in the middle of the road, cackling with mirth.

"Begad, you young rascals!" said Lord Mauleverer wrathfully.

"Oh, I say, Mauly!" gasped Gatty. "How could we help it? The giddy chair went off by itself—didn't it, you chaps?"

"Of course!"

"How could we prevent it running down the hill?"

"Not likely!"

"We're awfully sorry!" said Dicky Nugent. "Besides, if it hadn't been

"Yaas, of course!" said Lord Mauleverer thoughtfully.

"Good!"

The schoolboy millionaire had just come downstairs from the Remove dormitory. He was feeling quite himself again now, and with his usual good nature he had dismissed the affair of the bathchair from his mind. He had been subjected to a good deal of chaff from the Removites, but he took it all in good part.

Billy Bunter's eyes glittered. The previous night he had been given half-a-sovereign to lay in tuck for tea, and Bunter had spent eight shillings of it, and kept the other two for himself. Bunter was not possessed of any scruples, and he would perform the same trick again, if he got the chance.

"I shall want tea for seven, I think," said Lord Mauleverer discreetly. "Take this half-sovereign, Bunter, and lay in a really good tea! I shall be ready for it at half-past five, my dear fellow—half-past five exactly!"

"Good!" said Bunter. "Tea for nine—"

"Seven," corrected his lordship.

"Oh, really, Mauly; you know jolly well there are nine of us—"

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"Tea for seven," he said. "I shall rely on you, Bunter, and shall be at my study at the time I just mentioned!"

"Six o'clock. No; half-past five, you said!" exclaimed Bunter.

"Yaas; that's it!" said Lord Mauleverer languidly. "Upon the whole, Bunter, I am very well satisfied with this experiment. It has lifted a load from my shoulders, and if I can rely upon you to get the tea ready, I shall be pleased!"

"Oh, that's all right, Mauly!" said Bunter, putting the note in his pocket. "The tea'll be ready on time!"

"Thanks awfully, my dear fellow!"

And the schoolboy earl dismissed the matter from his mind, and strolled away. Billy Bunter blinked after him through his big spectacles.

"My hat! If this sort of thing goes on every day, it'll be a bit of all right!" he chuckled. "Ten bob for tea! My only topper! I'd better tell the others!"

Billy Bunter rolled off down the Remove passage and passed out into the Close. His brother fags, with the exception of Leigh, were collected in a little group. Bunter crossed over to them, with a smile of satisfaction upon his fat features.

"I say, you fellows—"

"You generally are saying, Bunty!" said Tubb.

"Oh, really, Tubb! I've come to tell you that Mauly's told me to get tea ready by half-past five exactly. He's given me half-a-quad, and I'm to lay in a big spread, the same as last night."

"Oh, good!" chorused the fags.

"Mauly's a careless sort of chap," went on the Owl of the Remove, "and he told me to prepare for seven. Of course, that's rot! There are nine of us, but Mauly's got such a rotten memory that he forgot. I shall expect you all to turn up immediately after lessons, and lend a hand!"

"Rather!" said the delighted fags.

The bell clanged for lessons a moment later, and the juniors trooped into the Form-room. In the Remove classroom Lord Mauleverer took his place, amid a shower of chaff concerning his ducking, and many remarks were passed regarding the fags.

Fisher T. Fish sat in his place, with a cool smile upon his face. So far matters

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

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



for that ass Tozer you'd have sailed right into Friardale! We couldn't foresee that Tozer would get in the way, could we?"

Lord Mauleverer shivered.

"I believe you did it on purpose!" he said suspiciously.

"Oh, Mauly!"

"Fancy thinking such a thing as that!"

"We don't deserve such unkind thoughts!"

The schoolboy millionaire looked at the fags rather uncertainly for a moment, then he realised that he was in imminent peril of catching a bad cold. So, without further delay, he tucked his arms into his sides and ran on towards Greyfriars.

It was a most unusual spectacle to see Lord Mauleverer running, but, somewhat to his lordship's surprise, he found that the exercise warmed him considerably, and by the time he had arrived in the Remove dormitory, and changed, his good-humour had reasserted itself.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.  
A Slight Misunderstanding!

"I SAY, Mauly—"

"Well, Bunter, my dear fellow, what do you want?"

"Oh, nothing much!" said Billy Bunter, rolling up the passage towards Lord Mauleverer. "Just wanted to ask you about tea, that's all. I—I suppose you want me to get it all ready?"

NEXT FRIDAY! "VERNON-SMITH DECLARES WAR!"

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

had progressed satisfactorily, and there was no prospect of the scheme falling to the ground.

In the recess between second and third lessons, as Harry Wharton & Co. were strolling across the Close, Lord Mauleverer walked up to them.

"I say, my dear fellows," he said, "do you think you could honour me by coming to tea to-night? I'm having a bit of a spread, so I thought perhaps you'd come along, you know."

"You're just the right man at the right moment!" said Bob Cherry warmly. "My dear Mauly, we were just discussing, as a matter of fact, how we could raise enough tin to decorate our tables with grub for tea."

"Begad, my invitation comes just right, then?"

"Rather!" said Harry Wharton. "We accept on the spot. But how many are you providing for?"

"Six, not counting myself," said the schoolboy earl. "I was thinking of you, Bull, Cherry, Nugent, Linley, and Inky. Do you think you can all be on hand?"

"You can take my word for it we'll be there!" said Nugent.

"What time does the banquet commence?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Half-past— No; six o'clock exactly," said Lord Mauleverer, who had got a trifle muddled about the time fixed.

His memory was not a very reliable one, and Bunter's mention of six o'clock had confused him.

"Six o'clock?" said Wharton. "That'll do just nicely—give us time to get an appetite!"

"The appetitefulness will be terrific!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "I beg to thank the Honourable Mauly for his timeful and august invitation. We shall all be on the esteemed hand at the o'clock of six."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Removites at Hurree Singh's quaint English.

Harry Wharton & Co. were certainly glad of Lord Mauleverer's invitation, for they were temporarily in the unfortunate state of being in lack of funds.

As soon as afternoon lessons were over Lord Mauleverer set off for Friardale—this time on foot. He glanced at his watch as he crossed the dusky Close, and reckoned that he would have heaps of time to get back to Greyfriars before six o'clock.

Meanwhile, Mauleverer's army of fags were getting busy. As soon as Mr. Quelch had dismissed the Remove, Billy Bunter hurriedly rolled across to Mrs. Mumble's. He presented himself, heavily laden, at Lord Mauleverer's study a few minutes later. The fags were there in force, and, to do them justice, they were working fairly hard at clearing up the room. Dicky Nugent & Co. reckoned that if they were treated to feeds they ought to make some recompense.

"Here he is!"

"Here's the giddy grub-merchant!"

"Come in, Bunter, old man!"

Billy Bunter deposited the tuck upon the table, and while the fat Removite cooked the bacon and eggs, the other fags set out the pastry, cut the bread-and-butter, etc. In a very short time the study presented a hospitable appearance.

"My hat!" said Sammy Bunter, greedily. "I wish Mauly would come!"

"It's twenty past five. He'll be here in ten minutes," said Gatty. "It's jolly decent of Mauly to stand teas of this calibre. Bit different to nifty kippers in the Form-room—eh?"

"My hat, rather!"

At half-past five precisely the eggs

and bacon were cooked to a turn, and Billy Bunter served them out on to the plates with the air of a connoisseur. His minor, and one or two of the others, were out in the passage, anxiously looking for the schoolboy earl.

Presently they came in and closed the door.

"Well, he ain't here!" said Myers impatiently.

"I vote we start!" said Sammy Bunter.

"I second it!" said his major quickly.

The fags looked at one another.

"Well," said Dicky Nugent thoughtfully, "it's not our fault if the giddy fathead's late, is it? I don't see why we shouldn't start. He'll be here in a jiffy."

Billy Bunter had not waited for Nugent minor to finish, but was already making inroads into the eggs and bacon. In two minutes the whole crowd of Mauleverer's fags were sitting round the table busily causing the good things to disappear. It was a first-class spread, and the fags were hungry.

In twenty minutes the festive board was practically cleared. The juniors had quite forgotten about Lord Mauleverer, and most of them were feeling satisfied. Billy Bunter and his minor, however, were still gorging, and they did not look up when there came a tramp of feet out in the passage and a chorus of laughing voices.

The door opened abruptly.

"Here we are, dear fellows!"

Lord Mauleverer stepped into his study, then his eyes opened wider, and he uttered a little gasp of astonishment.

"Begad!" he exclaimed in dismay.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Fags Get Angry.

Lord MAULEVERER gazed at the sight before him with amazed eyes. He had ordered tea to be prepared for himself and his guests, and it was startling to find that the feast had been eaten completely and thoroughly by his fags.

Billy Bunter was still eating. Dicky Nugent sat back languidly, with his feet resting gracefully upon the table. Tubbs of the Third reclined in a similar position, while the others were looking pleased and contented.

Lord Mauleverer gasped, and stepped into the study.

"Begad!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean, you young rascals? Have you been having tea?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" said Gatty pleasantly. "Couldn't wait for you, you know. You're awfully late, Mauly!"

"Eh? What are you talking about?" demanded his lordship in bewilderment.

Harry Wharton & Co. crowded into the study.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "What are all you fags overrunning the place for? My only topper, they've scooped the giddy feed!"

The Removites gazed round wrathfully.

"Well, you young rotters!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Eaten up our tea—our tea!" roared Johnny Bull.

"The awful gluttons!"

"My hat, we'll—"

The fags scrambled to their feet and backed away from the disappointed Removites.

"Keep off!" yelled Dicky Nugent, in alarm.

Bob Cherry jerked Billy Bunter to his feet.

"What's this mean?" he roared.

"Oh, really, Cherry," protested Bunter, "you've no right to come in

here bullying. This isn't your study! Mauly told me to get tea ready, and said he'd be here at half-past five. Well, we waited till half-past five, and as he didn't turn up we started."

"Started!" shouted Wharton. "Why, this tea was prepared for us! Mauly invited us all to come to it!"

"Rot!" said Billy Bunter warmly. "Mauly told me to get tea ready, the same as I did last night. Of course, he meant that we should have it with him!"

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"Begad," he said, "there seems to have been a misunderstanding! I told Bunter to prepare for seven, but he evidently thought that I meant that he and the other fags should join me in my tea. It is my fault entirely, my dear fellows. I should have been more explicit."

"That's all very well!" growled Johnny Bull. "How about our blessed tea?"

"We're done out of that!" Bob Cherry remarked.

"Not at all!" said Mauleverer. "I admit we can't have it immediately, but if you chaps care to come here after your prep—in about two hours' time—I'll have another feed ready for you!"

"Well, that's one consolation," said Nugent. "I'm hungry, though."

"Well, I suggest you come down to the tuckshop and have a little snack," said Lord Mauleverer calmly. "Then, after prep we'll come here to the real feed."

"That's not a bad idea," said Wharton.

"Like the cheek of these kids, though, to scoff somebody else's tea up!"

Lord Mauleverer handed Bunter another half-sovereign, and told the Owl of the Remove to prepare tea by the time arranged. The actual cooking of the feast would have to be undertaken by Billy Bunter and Leigh, for the Third and Second-Formers would have to attend preparation in their respective classrooms before long.

"Fat lot of good your blessed fags are!" scoffed Johnny Bull disdainfully.

"My dear fellow, I didn't authorise them to—"

"That's just it!" said Harry Wharton, as they walked down the Remove passage. "Your fags do things behind your back! I tell you, Mauly, the little bounders are more trouble than they're worth!"

"Begad, I—"

"We'd agreed to let you go your own way," went on Wharton: "but when it comes to such a pass as this I reckon it's time to say something. Why, this affair alone has cost you half a quid!"

"Yaas, that's so."

"Nice expensive business it'll be, then!" said Frank Nugent. "The beggars will eat you out of house and home before they've done! Bunter alone is enough to cripple you! I should have thought that you had enough of Bunter in the class-room and about the House, let alone letting him nose about your study!"

"My dear fellow—"

"It's no good, Mauly, you won't get us to believe it's a ripping idea, because it's not!" said Mark Linley. "Our advice to you is to get rid of the whole blessed lot without delay! After all, it's only a money-making dodge of Fish's."

The Removites entered the tuckshop, and were soon busy.

Billy Bunter was on the point of entering Lord Mauleverer's study the next morning when Snoop, of the Remove came along the passage and slapped the fat junior on the back.

"Oh, really, Snoop—"

"Going to do some more giddy work?" grinned Snoop. "My hat, I wouldn't be

in your shoes, Bunter! Fancy grovelling at a chap's feet just because he's a rotten lord! I wouldn't do Mauleverer's beastly work for five bob a week!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Bunter. "I don't care twopence for Mauly. I'd do just the same for you if you could give me the feeds Mauly's doing. And you're common enough—"

"What?" roared Snoop. "Well, your father's nobody," said Bunter. "A blessed publican, or a draper, or something like that!"

"Why, you—you grovelling, bob-a-week slave!" stuttered Snoop.

Billy Bunter started. "What's that?" he asked quickly. "I said you're a bob-a-week slave!" shouted Snoop wrathfully. "I have got a bit of pride, I hope. Fancy fagging for a chap in your own Form for a shilling a giddy week! Why, you're—"

"A shilling a week?" ejaculated Bunter. "Who told you I'm getting a shilling a week?"

Snoop calmed down. "It's common knowledge," he said. "Did you want it to be thought that you were getting five quid a day?"

"Nunno! Of course not," said Bunter quickly. "I—I—I say, Snoop, how do you know anything about it?"

"Why, you ass, everybody knows that Mauleverer is paying Fish a shilling a week for each of his fags!" exclaimed Snoop. "Fish made a speech in the Common-room yesterday, and offered to supply fags to all the Remove at a bob a head—"

Why, where the dickens are you going?" "Oh, along the passage!" said Bunter breathlessly.

The Owl of the Remove hurried to Study No. 14, leaving Snoop to pass on his way. Bunter looked excited, and he was on the point of entering Fish's study when he changed his mind. He turned and rolled back to Mauleverer's luxurious apartment.

He burst in unceremoniously. "Here he is, the lazy slacker!" said Gatty indignantly. "Nice chap you are, going away and leaving us to do the work ourselves. Had your giddy tea, and—"

Bunter waved his hands. "The fags were all there. They had just finished washing-up the crockery and tidying the room a little. They looked at Billy Bunter in surprise. The Owl of the Remove was in a state of great excitement.

"I—I say, you fellows," he gasped, "I've just heard something! It seems to be common knowledge, but we haven't heard it before."

"What is it?" asked Gatty. "News that you're the laziest bounder and the biggest glutton in Greyfriars? That's stale!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You chumps!" yelled Bunter. "It's important!"

"Get it off your chest, then," said Nugent minor.

"We're getting fourpence a week, ain't we?"

"Well, I think I've heard something to that effect," said Myers thoughtfully.

"And we're being employed by Fishy?"

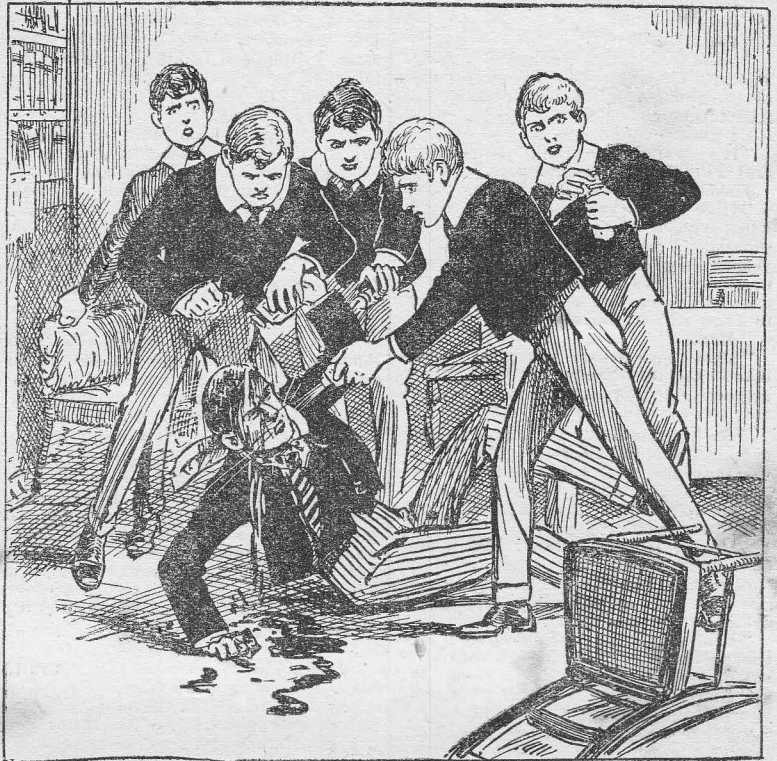
"You ass!" said Tubb of the Third.

"I've just heard how much Mauly is paying Fish for each of us!" said Billy Bunter excitedly. "The rotten swindler is making all the tin himself, and giving us practically nothing!"

"What!" shouted the fags, gathering round.

"It's a fact. Mauly's paying him a bob a week for each of us!" roared Bunter. "That's eight bob altogether."

NEXT FRIDAY! "WESTWARD



The inkpots were whisked off the table, and Gatty suddenly stood up. Fishy was too winded to yell for a moment, and while he was regaining his breath the red and black ink descended in a shower upon his face and hair. "Yow! Yaroooh! Wow!" spluttered Fisher T. Fish. (See Chapter 4.)

We're getting fourpence each. Fishy is making six bob out of it. My hat! I—I—"

Bunter nearly choked with indignation. His fellow-fags, too, were all talking at once. Every one of them looked indignant and angry. They had never given the matter a thought before, and, by sheer chance, nobody had told them how much Lord Mauleverer was paying.

"A shilling a week each!" shouted Dicky Nugent.

"Yes. And Fishy is paying us fourpence."

"My only aunt Selina!"

"Are we going to put up with it?" roared Sammy Bunter.

"No!"

"Rather not! We'll have tenpence a week each or strike!" yelled Gatty excitedly. "Why, Fishy is doing absolutely nothing. His rotten agency is simply a swindle to make money out of us!"

The fags forgot that they had consented to work for fourpence a week. That was nothing to do with the question. Fisher T. Fish was getting a shilling for each of them therefore it was only right that they should have the bulk of the money. Twopence for each would be ample commission.

"Why, Fish is simply swindling us on all sides!" exclaimed Myers indignantly. "I vote we go along to his study and demand better wages!"

"That's it!"

"Let's go now!"

"Hurrah!"

"Beastly swindler!"

"Come on, then!" said Gatty excitedly. "We'll stand up for our rights!"

And the eight fags, having disturbed

Lord Mauleverer's room very considerably in their excitement, wrenched open the door, and poured out into the Remove passage. Without pausing, they burst open the door of Study No. 14, and crowded in.

Fisher T. Fish jumped up with an exclamation.

"What's all this?" he demanded quickly. "I guess—"

"What you guess doesn't matter at all!" shouted Dicky Nugent. "We've come here to talk business, Fishy! What you call business is swindling, and we're not going to put up with it! We want an increase in wages, and we're not going to leave this study until you've consented to give it to us!"

"Hear, hear! Go it, Nugent!"

"Pile in!"

Fisher T. Fish gazed upon the excited assembly with a feeling something akin to alarm in his breast. But his eyes flashed firmly, and he faced the fags with a cool, calm smile upon his face.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### The Last of the Agency!

"I GUESS, gentlemen, there's no need to get excited!" said the managing director of Fish's Fag Agency. "This office is—"

"A rotten swindler's office!" shouted Paget.

"Hear, hear!"

"Silence!" said Fish coolly. "If you've any grievance to lay before me—in my position as managing-director—you'll have to postpone it till the morning. The office is closed for the day!"

There was a roar.

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

BOUND!"

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Piffle!"

"Yah! You rotten Shylock!" shrieked Tubb. "Getting a bob a week for each of us, and giving us fourpence! Call that business?"

"I guess—"

"It's swindling—rank swindling!" said Billy Bunter indignantly.

Fisher T. Fish rapped upon the table.

"How the dickens can I talk to you when you're all yelling at once?" he shouted. "As a special concession, I'll reopen the office and consider your grievance. It's all rot, of course; but I guess I'll give you a hearing! I want to know who employs you."

"Mauly!"

"That's just where you make a mistake!" said Fish coolly. "I'm your employer, and if you ain't satisfied with me, you can clear off!"

"We'll go to Mauly and offer ourselves to him!" shouted Dicky Nugent. "Then we shall get the whole bob for ourselves! I'm blest if we're going to be diddled out of it by a beastly outsider like you!"

"Mauleverer has entered into a contract with the agency that he won't engage any fags except through me!" invented Fish desperately. "I pay you a fair proportion—"

"Fair proportion be blowed!" roared Dicky Nugent. "Do you call fourpence out of a shilling a fair proportion? We get fourpence for doing the work, and you get eightpence for doing nothing!"

"Yah! We want tennence a week each!"

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"I guess that's a jump!" he said coolly. "Now, look here, gentlemen, I put it to you plainly. I'm giving you fourpence now—or shall do at the end of the week—and whatever you say won't make any difference. What Mauly pays me is no concern of yours. You've agreed to work for the agency for a certain sum, and that sum's not going to be increased because you come yelling round me like a pack of wolves!"

"We want tennence!" roared Billy Bunter.

"Well, I guess you won't get it!"

"Tennence!" shouted the fags, in one voice.

"If you don't agree to our terms, we'll jolly well strike!" said Tubb indignantly. "We'll chuck the job up altogether, and make the other chaps promise they won't enter your rotten service! I'm blest if we're going to be humbugged about!"

Fish looked round coolly, although, inwardly, he was feeling many qualms. He had been congratulating himself that the agency would bring him in quite a decent little sum every week. But if he acceded to the fags' demand, it would mean that his commission would diminish to a mere handful of coppers. Therefore, Fish made up his mind to deal with the matter firmly, and utterly refuse to make any alteration.

"Gentlemen—"

"Go it!"

"I guess I've considered the matter," said Fish coolly, "and I've come to the conclusion that your grievance is utterly unwarranted and extravagant. Therefore it is with regret that I have to announce that the agency cannot meet your absurd demands!"

There was a howl.

"Do you mean to say you won't agree?" roared Dicky Nugent.

"Not on your life!"

"You refuse to give us tennence a week?"

"Yep!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

"Then we won't work any more!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "We'll jolly well go on strike until Fishy comes round! Who's with me for the striking bizney?"

"I am!"

"And I!"

Every fag in the room echoed the words, and Fish looked round desperately.

"I guess you're a set of young asses!" he roared. "If you chuck this job away, you'll never get another like it! Think of the feeds you're getting! Do you think you'll do as well if you go on strike? You'll lose the feeds and the fourpence a week into the bargain!"

"Yah!"

"Rats!"

"This agency is run on strict business lines, and I guess it doesn't knuckle under any! Within half an hour of your striking I shall have another set of fags installed, and then I guess you'll be done! Once an employee is dismissed by the company he is never reinstated!"

"Oh, dry up!" shouted Dicky Nugent.

"We're fed-up with your flowery language, Fishy! We all admit you can jaw, but that's not good enough! We want a plain answer to a plain question. Are you going to give us tennence a week?"

"Nope!" roared Fish. "I guess that's plain enough, ain't it?"

The fags swayed excitedly.

"Bump him!" shrieked Myers wrathfully. "I never heard of such swindling in my life! I reckon the only thing we can do now is to bump the rotter and wreck his study!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Collar him!"

Fisher T. Fish looked round in alarm.

"Here, steady on! I reckon there's no need to go to extreme lengths! I want to talk to you calmly—"

"We've done with talking!" yelled Gatty. "We're going to do the bumping now!"

"That's it! Collar him!"

The fags swayed forward in a body, and Fisher T. Fish backed away in consternation.

"I guess—"

But the fags were too exasperated to listen to the American junior's talk any longer. They were angry, and they meant to vent their wrath upon their unfortunate managing-director. They grasped hold of Fish on all sides, and the business man of the Remove went to the floor with a bump.

In a moment five or six forms were sprawling all over him, and he lay there, winded and gasping.

"Here," he panted, "I guess you'd better not play any monkey tricks with me, you know! If I start yelling, there'll be half the Remove in a minute, then you'll get wiped up!"

"Well, there's not going to be any yelling!" said Nugent minor grimly.

"Oh, ain't there?" roared Fish. "Rescue, Remove! Res—"

Fish's voice died away in a gurgle, for Gatty had taken the swift but effective step of sitting on Fisher T. Fish's face. Gatty was no light weight, although he was a Second-Former. Fish was completely smothered.

"Now, what shall we do with him?" gasped Dicky Nugent.

"Pour the giddy inkpots over his hair!" suggested Tubb.

"And add a few ashes to it!" put in Paget. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to shove some in his mouth, too! It would stop him yelling!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The inkpots were whisked off the table, and Gatty suddenly stood up.

Fish was too winded to yell for a moment, and while he was regaining his breath the red and black ink descended in a shower upon his face and hair.

"Yow! Groo! Yaroo!" spluttered Fish. "Oh, you young ruffians! I'll pay you out for this!"

"We want paying for doing our giddy work!" shouted Nugent minor.

"Hurry up with the ashes, Gatty!"

"You young hooligans!" gasped Fish desperately. "I say, I guess I'll amend my decision—"

But Fish wasn't heard in the din, and before he could get another word out Gatty proceeded to smother his face and hair with ashes from the fireplace.

"There!" exclaimed Gatty wrathfully. "I reckon he'll do now! Come on, chaps; we're on strike!"

"Hurrah!" yelled the fags.

"My—my hat!" ejaculated Tubb, in alarm. "How about prep?"

In the excitement the fags had forgotten preparation, but now that Tubb had drawn their attention to it, they realised that it was just upon time for prep to start. They looked at one another in alarm, the Fish Fag Agency temporarily forgotten.

"Come on!" muttered Tubb, of the Third.

The fags streamed out of the study in a body, and scuttled away to the Form-rooms. Leigh and Billy Bunter belonged to the Remove, so they did not have to attend prep. They left Study No. 14 with the others, however, and Fisher T. Fish was left to himself.

The American junior picked himself up and gazed at himself in the glass. He presented a sorry spectacle, and he snorted disgustedly.

"Blest if I'll give those guys another chance to make a fortune!" he muttered. "I'll close the agency, by gum! I'll show 'em that my employees can't go on strike! Guess I've made my bit—I mean, guess there'd be no profit for me if I gave way. They'd want the giddy lot!"

And, after cleaning himself, Fisher T. Fish placed a notice on the board to the effect that Fisher T. Fish's Fag Agency, rather than be intimidated by rebellious fags, had closed down.

The news was received by the fags with mixed feelings. They had expected to win their point—they had failed because Fishy had closed the agency altogether. Probably the only junior who was pleased was Lord Mauleverer, whose hired fags had been more of a source of worry than help!

THE END.

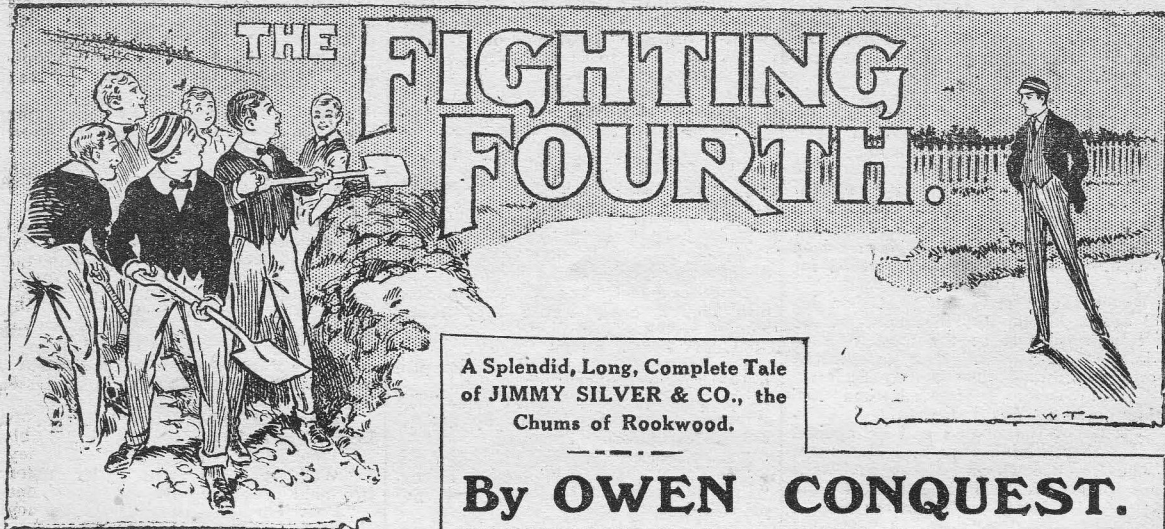
## NEXT FRIDAY

*we publish the greatest story of the Chums of Greyfriars ever written:*

# "Vernon-Smith Declares War!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

Full particulars on page 20.



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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**

**Before the Storm!**

**M**ORNY'S wanted!" Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, looked into Study No. 4 as he made that announcement.

Mornington and Erroll were in their study.

Erroll was reading aloud, his blind study-mate moving restlessly in the arm-chair as he listened absently to Erroll's low, clear voice.

Mornington, once the dandy of the Fourth, had little taste for books.

But the misfortune that had fallen upon him had deprived him of nearly all his usual occupations at a blow.

He was glad to have someone to read to him. But his mind wandered. He was thinking of the football-field, of the river, of the outdoor sports from which he was now hopelessly barred.

Erroll laid down his book and looked round as Jimmy Silver spoke.

Morny looked round, too, though he could not see.

The discontented, rebellious expression vanished at once from Mornington's handsome face.

Morny was game to the backbone, and he prided himself upon "taking his medicine" unflinchingly.

Never, if he could help it, should an eye at Rookwood detect how he suffered and chafed under his grim affliction.

"Hallo, Silver!" Morny's voice was as drawing and careless as of old. "Is that nunky below?"

"Your uncle's come, Morny. Are you going away with him?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, yes! The old sport is goin' to take me to see some very special specialist in London, and he hopes for the best." Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "It will be a change, anyway."

"You won't find Lattrey here when you come back," said Jimmy.

Mornington laughed.

"Dear old Lattrey! I owe him this! And he's got the cheek to stick at Rookwood as if nothin' had happened. Some fellows have a nerve. But are you fellows really goin' ahead with bottlin' him out?"

"We are!" answered Jimmy grimly.

"You'll have all your work cut out. The Head's bent on lettin' him stay, an' you're all booked for a floggin' to-morrow mornin' for turnin' him out of gates."

"We're up against the Head!" said

Jimmy Silver. "Lattrey's going. That's quite settled. It means a barring-out!"

Morny sighed.

"Shouldn't I have enjoyed it!" he said regretfully. "If a chap could only see—" He broke off abruptly. "Never mind! I shouldn't be of much use. But I shall be glad to hear about it when I come back. Erroll, give me a hand downstairs, will you? Last time I shall bother you for some time!"

"You will never be a bother, Morny."

"No; I really believe so!" said Mornington. "All the same, I'm goin' to give you a rest. By gad, how I shall miss that barrin'-out!"

Morny, with his hand on his chum's arm, quitted the study, and went downstairs, where Sir Rupert Stackpoole was awaiting him.

Jimmy Silver looked after him, a grim frown gathering on his brow.

Pluckily as Valentine Mornington faced the inevitable, Jimmy knew very well that under his cool, careless exterior the blow was a hard and bitter one.

And Lattrey of the Fourth, whose brutal hand had dealt the blow, was still at Rookwood, keeping in the Head's house at present, away from his indignant schoolfellows.

Jimmy's heart was heavy for Morny, his old enemy, but of late his friend, as he watched him go, his head still proudly erect, his step firm and unhesitating.

"Doesn't he stand it well?" murmured Lovell, as he joined Jimmy Silver in the passage. "He's got lots of grit!"

"Heaps of it!" said Jimmy. "I wish there was a chance for him—of getting back his sight, I mean. Poor old Morny!"

"Let's see him off!" suggested Raby.

"Yes, rather!"

The Fistical Four went downstairs.

Most of the Classical Fourth gathered in the dusky quad to see Mornington off. Other fellows gathered round, too.

There were few fellows at Rookwood, in any Form, who did not feel the keenest sympathy for the sightless junior.

It was not always safe to express sympathy to Morny, who did not welcome it, but they felt it, all the same.

Mornington II. of the Second Form joined Jimmy Silver & Co.

The fog's face was dark and saddened. "Master Morny's going away," he said.

"I know, 'Erbert, old son!" said Jimmy Silver. "There's a chance that

the specialist chap may be able to do something for him, kid!"

"Don't I wish he would!" said 'Erbert wistfully.

It was some time before Mornington came out. The station cab was waiting.

He came at last with his uncle, and the stiff old face of the baronet was unusually kind and gentle.

Kit Erroll was with his chum to take him to the cab.

Mornington looked round so strangely, as if he could see, that it was difficult at the moment to realise that he was blind.

"'Erbert here?" he asked lightly.

"'Ere I am, Master Morny!" exclaimed 'Erbert, his little face brightening at this proof that his cousin had not forgotten him.

Wealthy as the one-time waif of Rookwood now was, Morny was still to him the same superb and magnificent patron as of old.

"Good-bye, kid!" said Mornington kindly. "Back in a few days, I expect. Now, pitch me in, Erroll!"

Erroll helped him into the station cab by the side of the white-whiskered old baronet.

"Good-bye, Morny!" exclaimed fifty voices at once.

Morny smiled.

"Hallo! The whole family here?" he exclaimed. "Good-bye, you fellows!"

The cab drove away.

It disappeared out of the school gates, and Mornington of the Fourth was gone.

Erroll turned into the House, his brow black.

He caught Jimmy Silver's eye.

"Isn't it too utterly rotten?" he muttered. "A splendid chap like Morny bowled over like that, and by a sneaking cad like Lattrey!" He clenched his hands. "Oh, I could—I could—"

He paused abruptly.

"I know how you feel, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver softly.

Erroll set his lips.

"And Lattrey's still here, hiding in the Head's house!" he said bitterly.

"Why hasn't Dr. Chisholm sacked him, at least, Jimmy?"

"Goodness knows!"

"I can't understand it. How can the fellow stay here—how can the Head let him? It beats me!" said Erroll. "But—but we won't stand it! We've kicked

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY: "VERNON-SMITH DECLARES WAR!" A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY. FRIARS

him out once, and we'll kick him out again!"

"There's a flogging all round in the morning for doing it," remarked Rawson.

"That flogging won't come off!" said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Something else is going to happen before that."

"A barring-out?" said Erroll.  
"Yes; to last until Lattrey goes. We can't touch him in the Head's house. But the school is going on strike till the Head turns him out."

"Good!" said Erroll, with a deep breath. "The Head's fairly asked for it, and now let him have it!"

Erroll, the quietest and most thoughtful fellow in the Fourth Form, was as deeply in earnest as the most reckless fellow at Rookwood. But he was not more determined than Jimmy Silver.

"Uncle James" of Rookwood had quite made up his mind.

"Some of the fellows will be against it, I rather think," remarked Newcome.

"They're all down on Lattrey, and want him to go—even his old pals Peele and Gower. But they don't like the risk."

"Let the slackers stand out!" snorted Lovell contemptuously.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"There's no room for shirkers at Rookwood," he said. "We've got to stand together and face the music. A few could be expelled, the whole Fourth Form couldn't be. It's a case of all-in!"

"But Townsend and Topham say—"

"Towny and Topsy will line up with the rest. Pass the word round for a meeting in the Common-room—every fellow present. I'll explain the matter to them, and if they don't join up of their own accord they'll be made to join up whether they like it or not."

"Good egg!" said Lovell, his eyes gleaming. "After all, why shouldn't they take the risk with the rest? No blessed conscientious objectors need apply."

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"I don't think Towny & Co. are specially conscientious," he remarked. "As for their objections, they'll be squashed. The Moderns are backing us up, and we can't let a Classical funk follow where a Modern is willing to go. Call them to the meeting, and see that they come."

"What-ho!"  
From which it appeared that there was a bad time in store for the slackers of the Rookwood Fourth.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**  
**Getting to Business!**

**P**REP was supposed to be going on in the junior studies.

But the Rookwood Fourth were thinking of anything but preparation. The studies were deserted.

Only a few fellows, who regarded Jimmy Silver's plan with alarm, remained in their quarters, and evinced no desire to attend the general meeting.

The nuts of the Fourth backed up the Form captain to some extent, but they did not want to go to the length of defying the Head.

They lacked the nerve for that extreme proceeding.

The spirit was willing, but the flesh was decidedly weak.

Townsend and Topham had joined Peele and Gower in the latter's study.

The four nuts were looking very uneasy—too uneasy even to console themselves with their customary cigarettes.

Lovell threw open the door and strode

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

in, followed by four or five Classical juniors.

"Out you go!" he rapped out.

"We're going to do our prep, Lovell," said Townsend feebly.

"You're not!"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Meeting in the Common-room. Go down!"

"I'm not goin'!" muttered Peele.

"Chuck them out!" said Lovell briefly. Peele & Co. decided to go without being "chucked."

Several of the juniors accompanied them to make sure that they did not dodge away into secluded corners.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked into No. 2 next, where they found Tubby Muffin.

"Get!" roared Lovell.

The fat Classical blinked at him pitifully.

"I—I say, Lovell, I can't come," he stammered. "I can't back up against the Head, you know."

"Kick him out!"

"I—I mean, I'm ill!" howled Tubby.

"I'm fearfully ill, Lovell! I've got pains inside!"

"I'll give you some outside," remarked Raby.

And he did so—with his boot.

And Tubby Muffin forgot his inside pains, and rolled out of the study yelling.

"We've rounded them all up, I think," remarked Lovell, with a grin. "Look in the other studies, though."

The juniors scouted along the passage. Rawson was found working in his study, but he joined up quite willingly.

Then Lovell & Co. descended to the Common-room.

That apartment was crowded.

"Take the roll-call, Lovell!" called out Jimmy Silver.

Lovell called the roll of the Fourth in the manner of Mr. Bootles in Hall.

All the Fourth answered to their names, with the exception of Mornington and Lattrey.

Mornington was gone, and Lattrey, the outcast of Rookwood, was still in the headmaster's house.

"All here!" announced Lovell.

"Shut the door!"

Slam!

"Look here, you fellows!" exclaimed Townsend, "we'd rather be left out of this, you know. We don't care for it."

"Not a little bit!" growled Peele.

"If you fellows want to play the giddy ox, go ahead, and leave us out."

"Just what I think!" exclaimed Gower eagerly.

"Shut up!" roared Lovell.

"Yah! Funks!"

"Funks or not, I'm not backin' up against the Head!" exclaimed Topham angrily. "It's not good enough."

"Bump him!"

"Order!" called out Jimmy Silver.

"Gentlemen, there is a precedent to be followed in such cases. Conscientious objectors and funks and things are allowed to apply to a tribunal for exemption. Whether they get it or not is another matter. But they're allowed to apply."

"Rats!"

"There seem to be some objectors in our ranks. Well, they will be allowed to state their objections; that's only fair. It's a free country, you know."

"Bow-wow!"

"Everything's got to be run on fair lines," said Jimmy Silver firmly. "We're not Prussians. A tribunal will be appointed, and any fellow who objects to joining in the barring-out can state his grounds for objection, and if he makes out his case, he will be let off."

"Oh, all right! It will be fun, anyway," remarked Lovell.

"Fathead! This is a serious matter."

"My mistake!" grinned Lovell.

"Firstname, there's Rawson," said Jimmy Silver. "He risks more than we do, as he might have his scholarship taken away from him. Rawson would be entitled to exemption."

Rawson grunted.

"I sha'n't claim it," he said. "I'm going with the Form."

"Bravo!"

"Well, even a funk ought to be allowed to state his case," said Jimmy Silver. "Funks are born, not made; and a fellow who is afraid is no good to people who have got to put up a fight. You can't do worse for an army than put cowards in it; same with a barring-out. We want to comb out the slackers, and leave the funks to stew in their own juice."

"I suppose nobody will admit he's a funk, anyway," grinned Oswald.

"Then he'll join up."

"Well, get on with your merry tribunal!" said Van Ryn.

"Pick 'em out, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver selected the tribunal.

It was composed of six members—Lovell, as chairman, Flynn, Tommy Dodd, Van Ryn, Conroy, and Pons.

The last three, the Colonial chums, were selected as representing widely-different parts of the Empire, as Jimmy explained.

Jimmy himself kept off the board. He was going to act as military representative.

The door was locked, and then, as Lovell put it, "the proceedings proceeded."

The six members of the Tribunal sat in great state, and the "public" formed a crowd round them, looking on.

"Every chap who claims exemption will get aside, here, and apply in turn," called out Jimmy Silver.

Townsend & Co. exchanged glances.

They could see that they were in a small minority, and they did not like to be shown up in public in this way.

But there was no help for it.

They wanted very keenly to keep out of the Form revolt, and certainly they could not do so without permission.

It was a matter for the Form to settle.

Peele set the example, and he walked into the space indicated by Jimmy Silver, amid discouraging groans from the crowd.

"Yah! Funk!"

"Cold feet!"

Gower followed him, however, and then Townsend and Topham and Tubby Muffin scuttled into the space reserved to objectors in a great hurry.

"Any more?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

Nobody else came forward.

"That's the lot, then. The Tribunal will now get to work!" said Jimmy Silver, with dignity.

And the Tribunal got to work.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**Before the Tribunal!**

**C**YRIL PEELE!"  
Dick Oswald, who was appointed clerk to the Tribunal, called out the name, and Peele lounged forward.

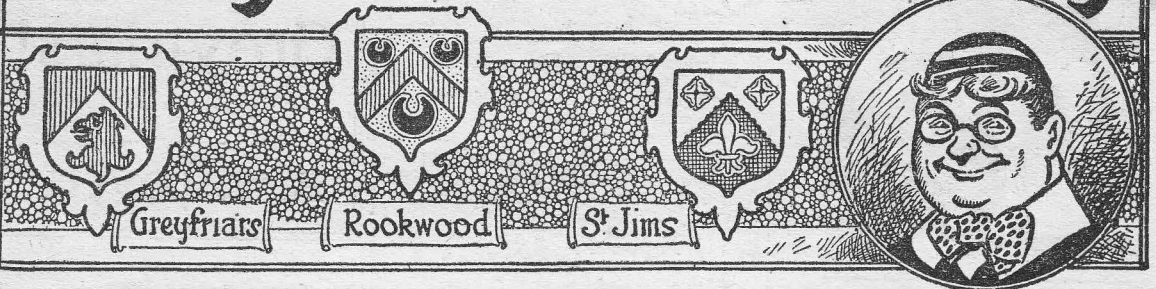
There were grim glances of condemnation at the applicant from the "people" in court, but Peele did not seem to mind.

He had a careless manner and a sarcastic smile, which were intended to

(Continued on page 13.)



# 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.

## — THE — ST. JIM'S GOALIE!

By DICK REDFERN.

Fatty Wynn, with a cheery grin,  
Keeps the goal intact.  
Very few forwards can get one in,  
And that's a solid fact.  
For Fatty in goal is a skilful soul,  
And the shouts of applause like thunder  
roll!

When Fatty guards the goal, my boys,  
When Fatty guards the goal.  
It's a treat to see him dive and dart,  
And manfully play a hero's part.  
Why, every save is a work of art  
When Fatty guards the goal!

Fatty Wynn has a double chin,  
And ample rolls of fat.  
But Fatty in goal is a masterpiece,  
So just remember that!  
You can drive the ball with all your  
might,  
But Fatty will get it, and hold it tight!

When Fatty guards the goal, my boys,  
When Fatty guards the goal.  
It's a treat to watch each sporting chance,  
To see him punch and pounce and prance.  
The forwards are led a merry dance  
When Fatty guards the goal!

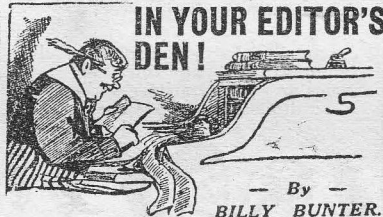
Fatty Wynn, though far from thin,  
Is agile as a monkey.  
No wonder the opposing men  
Feel flustered, frail, and funky!  
For Fatty can stop their shots with ease,  
And they learn to dread him by degrees!

When Fatty guards the goal, my boys,  
When Fatty guards the goal.  
He's dancing here, and dancing there,  
And dancing, prancing everywhere.  
And the forwards are filled with wild  
despair  
When Fatty guards the goal!

*Editor's Comment:*

Wynn in goal is a cheery soul,  
And a clever one, that's flat.  
But he's not so good as me, you see.  
Reddy, I won't have that!  
The finest goalie you ever did see  
Is a chap whose initials are W. G. B.!

ED.



## IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

— By —  
BILLY BUNTER.

Readers of the "Weekly,"  
I feel I might do worse  
Than produce a number  
Written all in verse.  
All our contributions  
Shall be penned in rhyme;  
Don't you think this wheeze is  
Novel and sublime?

Fatty Wynn is furious,  
Says he's not a poet.  
Sammy, too, is angry.  
Though he doesn't show it.  
As for Baggy Trimble,  
He is in despair.  
Tubby Muffin, also,  
Says it isn't fair!

Never mind what they say,  
For your Uncle Bill  
Means that they shall kowtow  
To his mighty will.  
Am I not their leader?  
Am I not the boss?  
Do I not employ them,  
And pay them earthly dross?

Wherefore, all ye fellows,  
And ye girls as well,  
When you read this number  
With great joy you'll yell.  
You'll agree that I am  
Quite a clever card,  
And that in all Greyfriars  
There's no finer bard!

## RALLY ROUND!

By HAROLD SKINNER.

"Billy Bunter's Weekly,"  
That's the book to buy!  
Packed with finest fiction  
Every week, that's why!  
Let the "Greyfriars Herald"  
Go to rack and ruin;  
Bunter's on the warpath,  
So there's something doin'!

\* \* \*

Billy is a writer  
Of the finest class;  
Other chaps may call him  
A conceited ass.  
Billy knows his business,  
He's a ripping scribe;  
And he takes no notice  
Of each jeer and gibe.

\* \* \*

Sammy, too, is splendid,  
So is Fatty Wynn.  
Trimble's contributions  
Make the readers grin.  
As for Tubby Muffin,  
He's a topping writer.  
He deserves a knighthood,  
Or a crown and mitre!

\* \* \*

If you need a tonic,  
If you've got the blues,  
"Billy Bunter's Weekly"  
Always will amuse!  
Read it in the tramcar,  
Read it in the train.  
When to bed you toddle  
Read it all again!

\* \* \*

"Why has Skinner written  
In this curious strain?"  
Some of you may murmur.  
"Is he quite insane?"  
No, my friends, no madness  
Has inspired this ode.  
Fact is, Bunter's paid me  
Half-a-crown he owed!



## Tubby Muffin's Dream!

Related by Tubby himself.

Fair ladies flocked to kiss my hand  
As I went jogging by.  
The mightiest man in all the land  
(And wealthiest) was I!

Ah, happy dream, too bright to last!  
I knew that I should wake,  
And find that my ancestral halls  
Were just a dismal fake!

The carriage faded from my dream,  
The mansion faded, too,  
And I was smitten on the head  
By Jimmy Silver's shoe!

"Muffin, you ass, it's rising-bell!  
Come! Out of bed you get!"  
Over my classic face they squeezed  
A sponge, all wringing wet!

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,  
Content to reign and rule.  
Dreams go by contraries, you know—  
I'm still at Rookwood School!



I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,  
And it was simply grand!  
I was Sir Reggie Muffin, Bart.,  
A power in the land!

Vassals and serfs stood by my side,  
And grovelled at my feet.  
"Sir Reginald," they meekly cried,  
"What wouldst thou like to eat?"

"Bring me at once, ye saucy knaves,  
A goodly rabbit-pie.  
Bring it to me with all despatch,  
Or ye shall surely die!"

"Pray, is that all, Sir Reginald?"  
"Nay, nay, thou silly chump!  
Bring me a bulging bag of tarts,  
And toffee in a lump!"

The serfs and vassals bowed their heads,  
They knew I wasn't kidding.  
Then off they dashed, with one accord,  
To do my gracious bidding.

They brought the pie, all steaming hot.  
And some delicious gravy,  
Brewed in a massive silver pot,  
Was brought in by the slavery.

They brought me quite a score of tarts,  
And several pounds of toffee.  
They asked me if I'd quench my thirst  
With ginger-beer or coffee?

"Coffee, you fools!" I sternly spake,  
"And mind it's strong and hot,  
Or at thy dense and wooden pates  
I'll hurl the giddy pot!"

Egad! I had a goodly spread  
In my ancestral mansion.  
My portly figure underwent  
A visible expansion!

Then, on a sofa by the fire  
I laid me down to sleep.  
And four-and-twenty faithful serfs  
Their watchful guard did keep.

I rose, refreshed, at peep of dawn,  
And said, "Prepare my carriage!  
For I would fain enjoy a ride  
To Ipswich or to Harwich."

I rode along in solemn state  
Through a vast, cheering crowd.  
"Here comes Sir Reggie Muffin, Bart.!  
All hail!" they cried aloud.

"How did he gain his wealth?" said one,  
"Is he a profiteer?"

"Remove that man to prison walls!"  
I said, in tones severe.  
THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

## Rookwood VERSUS Greyfriars!

\*\*\*\*\*

— By —

A. E. LOVELL.

Two elevens, strong and sound,  
Lined up on the football ground.  
Jimmy Silver gazed with pride  
On the dashing Rookwood side.  
Harry Wharton, too, was proud  
Of the valiant Greyfriars crowd.  
Bulkeley blew his whistle shrill,  
Then we played up with a will!

At the outset Teddy Grace  
Dashed away at breakneck pace.  
"That's the stuff, sir! Good old Teddy!  
Rookwood's got a goal already!"  
Teddy shot with might and main,  
Bulstrode leapt, but leapt in vain.  
Then the crowd, with heart and soul,  
Thundered: "Bravo, Rookwood! Goal!"

Harry Wharton and his men  
Played with desperation then.  
Down the field their forwards came,  
Faces glowing, eyes aflame.  
There was danger from the wing  
When that wizard, Hurree Singh,  
Centred, with a cheery grin—  
Wharton banged the leather in!

Play continued fast and fierce,  
But our forwards failed to pierce  
The Removites' dour defence;  
John Bull's tackling was immense!  
Gamedly each eleven strived  
Till the interval arrived,  
When the score was one to one  
And the battle was half done.

In the second half, however,  
Rookwood played with keen endeavour—  
Played up in tremendous style,  
Hustling, bustling all the while.  
Jimmy Silver trapped the ball,  
Dodged the halves and backs and all.  
Then he scored a glorious goal—  
Simply great, upon my soul!

Greyfriars strove with might and main  
To get on level terms again.  
But our goalie kept them out;  
And you should have heard the shout  
When the final whistle sounded!  
On the field spectators bounded,  
Chortling with delight and glee  
At the Rookwood victory!

## Randum Riddles!

By DICK RAKE.

Why are jam-tarts so popular, es-  
pecially with Bunter?  
Because they "fill the bill!"

\* \* \*

Why did Hurree Singh?  
In order to make Gordon Gay and  
Tom Merry.

\* \* \*

What is the difference between Loder  
of the Sixth and an alarm clock?  
One "goes off" every evening, and  
the other every morning.

\* \* \*

Why is Coker's brain like a carpen-  
ter's shop?  
Because it's full of sawdust!

\* \* \*

Why is Gosling's brain like a man  
who oversleeps?  
Because it's slow in getting to work!



# Ragging the Referee!



By Tom Brown.

Dicky Nugent said to Cherry, "We shall be delighted, very, if you'll referee our match. Be a sport; come up to scratch!"

Robert Cherry shook his head. "Otherwise engaged," he said. "Dutton, though he's rather deaf, will be pleased to go and ref."

Tom, when Dicky to him went, Couldn't fathom what he meant. Dicky bellowed in his ear; Dutton then exclaimed, "No fear!"

Dicky next went up to Squiff: "I shall be most grateful if you will referee our game." Squiff's reply was just the same!

"As for me," said Dicky's major, "I wouldn't do it for a vager!" Vernon-Smith declined as well; Dicky murmured, "What a sell!"

Then, at last, he came to me: "Browney, will you referee?" Like a fool, I said, "All right!" Dicky capered with delight.

After dinner I went round To the infants' playing ground. Second Form were playing Third, All were with excitement stirred.

I had donned my Sunday dress, That my presence might impress. Topper, spats, and gloves complete, I was dapper, spruce, and neat.

"Now, you grubby imps," I cried. "Line up quickly, side by side! When I blow my whistle shrill, Rush and tackle with a will!"

Dicky Nugent kicked the sphere, There arose a frantic cheer. Down the field the youngster sped— Most of his opponents, fled!

Dicky took a shot at goal; It was great, upon my soul! Goalie promptly dived, and yet Ball went crashing in the net.

"That's a goal!" I loudly cried. "Rats!" said Tubb. "He was offside! Don't you let that count, you ass, Or we'll roll you in the grass!"

"Yes," said Paget, "that we will, If he says the score's one-nil. That was not a goal at all!" "Silence, Paget! On the ball!"

Dicky Nugent scored once more. Jove, you should have heard the roar! "You're two down," I said to Tubb; And with fury he did blub!

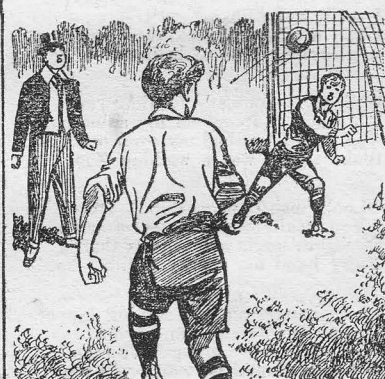
"That was not a goal—boo-hoo! Browney, that was offside, too! If you count it as a score, We'll pack up and play no more!"

"Yes," said Paget, waxing hot; "What a rotten ref we've got! If you count it as a score, It's a beastly shame!" he cried.

"Kids," said I, "as referee, I must maintain order—see? If the teams get out of hand, There'll be trouble! Understand?"

Tubb looked round upon his men. "Mob the beast!" he cried; and then, With a horrid, sickening thud, I pitched forward in the mud!

Second-Formers, in a swarm, Rushed towards my prostrate form, Trying hard to rescue me From the Third's hostility.



Then a thrilling scrap began, Swift and sudden, man to man. Tubb & Co. fought well, alack! Nugent's host was beaten back.

There was damage and disaster, There was need of strapping-plaster! There were black eyes and thick ears, There were groans and moans and cheers!

"We have won the day!" Tubb shouted. "Nugent and the rest are routed!" "Now," he added, with a frown, "We will deal with Master Brown!"

In the mud they dragged and rolled me (It took six of them to hold me). When at last they let me go, I was quite a wreck, you know!

Sunday topper bent and battered, Waistcoat-buttons shed and scattered; Broken collar, streaming tie— Sorry specimen was I!

"Get you gone, destructive dogs! You have ruined all my togs! You've reduced me to a wreck! I have got it in the neck!"

I was bruised in every limb, One eye closed, the other dim. All my togs were mud-besprunt, Torn and tattered, ripped and rent!

As I slowly limped away I heard lots of fellows say: "Here he comes!" "Another guy!" "Brown's been mobbed!" "I wonder why?"

Readers all, who'er you be, Take this priceless tip from me: If you're asked to rule a game, Answer, "No! Thanks, all the same!"

Many thankless jobs there be, Both on land and on the sea. The most thankless, if you please, Is the luckless referee's!



## THE SONG OF THE TUCK SHOP!

Written by DICK PENFOLD.  
Sung by MRS. MIMBLE.

Boys in the tuckshop all day long, Singing to me their ceaseless song. Pushing and shoving, and jostling, too, Making a perfect hullabaloo! "Come, Mrs. Mimble!" loud they cry. "Cakes this way—and a rabbit-pie!" Day may be weary, weary and long, Yet I love to serve that bustling throng.

When you come here, boys, when you come here, Sample my tarts, and my choice ginger-beer. Tackle my cakes with a right good will. Bunter, my lad, you've forgotten your bill!

Boys in the tuckshop prance and shout When there is plenty of cash about! This way and that way they bounce and bustle, Saying, "Oh, come, Mrs. Mimble, hustle!" Coins on the counter rattle and spin. My! You should hear the awful din! Day may be weary, weary and sad, For I lack the agility I had!

When you come here, boys, when you come here, You shall have feeds of the best, never fear. What! Indigestion? There's no need to dread it! Bunter, I cannot serve foodstuffs on credit!

Boys in the tuckshop sing no more, Now they have vanished by the score. Softly the shades of evening fall; There's tea in the studies, and tea in Hall. So when we reach the close of day, I'm thankful to pack my things away, To look in the till, and proudly see The sum of three pounds three and three!

When you come here, boys, when you come here, Although I may frown, my heart's full of cheer. For I make a good profit, as you'll agree, In spite of the wiles of W. G. B.!

## MY TALE OF WOE!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

My brother Billy said to me,  
"I'm going to take a day off, see?  
For Wynn, in one of his rare whims,  
Asks me to see him at St. Jim's."

"But what has this to do with me?"  
I murmured, in perplexity.  
"It's like this, Sammy; would you care  
To take the editorial chair?"

I answered, "Yes, Bill, that's a go!"  
Oh crumbs! I wish I'd answered "No!"  
I had a really frantic time,  
It's horror I'll express in rhyme.

First Horace Coker came to me  
With yards and yards of poetry.  
"Young Bunter, publish this," he cried,  
"Or I will surely tan your hide!"

"I haven't space enough," I said.  
And then the rotter punched my head  
And hit me with a cricket-stump,  
Inflicting many a bruise and bump.

Then in came lean and lanky Potter,  
Another beastly Fifth Form rotter.  
Said I, "I cannot use your ditty,  
I'll have to burn it, more's the pity!"

You should have seen old Potter's dial!  
He smote in pugilistic style.  
I toppled backwards in the fender,  
And made a very prompt surrender!

So it went on from morn till night,  
I got mixed up in many a fight.  
And at the end of the disaster  
I walked about in strapping plaster!

The next time Billy says to me,  
"I'm going to take a day off, see?"  
I'll answer, "Very well, old fruit,  
But I sha'n't be your substitute!"

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



DICK PENFOLD.

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.



## The Tribulations of Gussy!

Related by the Great  
ARTHUR AUGUSTUS  
Himself.

I spent three hours before the glass;  
Blake said I was a silly ass.  
"Not so, deah boy," I said. "You see,  
I've been invited out to tea!"

I put my fancy waistcoat on,  
My Sunday trousers I did don.  
They'd been screwed tightly in the press,  
The creases were correct, I guess.

I wore my spotless evening shirt,  
Removing every speck of dirt.  
I wore a glorious Eton collar,  
Which cost me nearly half-a-dollar.

I wore a pair of dazzling socks,  
Brighter than cousin Ethel's frocks.  
My shoes were made of patent leather,  
I wondered if they'd stand the weather.

A pair of spats adorned my feet.  
I really looked a perfect treat.  
Upon my flowing locks was seen  
A glistening pool of brilliantine.

With scrupulous and cautious care  
I brushed and combed my noble hair.  
And then I brushed my eyebrows, too.  
Blake said I was a walking Zoo.

"Look heah, you wottah!" I exclaimed.  
"You weally ought to feel ashamed  
Of makin' such wemarks as that.  
Pway hand me up my Sunday hat!"

Blake handed up my shining topper.  
I think it only right and proper  
That when one's going out to tea,  
A topper should be worn, you see.

"Now, Blake," I said, "don't stand an'  
sniggah!  
How do you like my form an' figgah?"  
He answered: "Not for many a week  
Have I beheld a bigger freak!"

"Blake, if you play the giddy goat,  
I will wemove my hat an' coat.  
An' give you such a feahful hidin'  
That you will quickly stop dewidin'!"

I fetched my gloves and walkin'-stick,  
And I looked very span and spick.  
(It's no use saying spick and span,  
I've got to rhyme things when I can).

Then off to Wayland town I started.  
I felt most happy and light-hearted;  
For at the bunshop in the town  
Waited that charming girl, Miss Brown.

When I had gone about a mile  
I saw some fellows on a stile.  
The youths were Gordan Gay & Co.  
They cried: "Here comes our deadly  
foe!"

"Stand back!" I shouted. "Let me pass  
I warn you to keep off the gwass!"  
My words the horrid beasts ignored—  
They rushed at me with one accord.

"Let's duck him in the nearest ditch!"  
Said Gordon Gay. "It will be rich!"  
Let's cover him with mud and glory,  
Then toddle home and tell the story!"

I pleaded, threatened, and entreated,  
I bawled, I bellowed, and I bleated.  
But Gordon Gay & Co. were firm—  
They loved to see me writhe and squirm.

Into the ditch they sent me hurling,  
My topper in the air went whirling.  
I landed in the muddy water,  
Breathing out threatenings and slaughter.

When I crawled out I was a wreck!  
Reeds clung around my noble neck.  
My togs were absolutely soaked,  
With rage and impotence I choked.



I squelched my way to Wayland town,  
And in the High Street met Miss Brown.  
"My word!" she chuckled. "What a  
sight!  
I sha'n't walk out with you to-night!"

"My deah Miss Bwown," I made reply,  
"I'm sowwy I am such a guy.  
If you will let me wash an' change—"  
But she had vanished out of range.

I crawled away towards St. Jim's  
With burning cheeks and shaking limbs  
My heart was full of bitterness,  
And I was in a hopeless mess.

I spent three hours before the glass,  
Blake said I was a silly ass.  
And as I dried my togs that night,  
I gently murmured: "Blake was wight!"

[Supplement IV.]

## THE FIGHTING FOURTH!

(Continued from page 8.)

imply that he regarded the Tribunal as more or less humorous nonsense.

Naturally, that attitude put up the backs of the Tribunal members immediately.

"Name?" rapped out the chairman. "Can't you remember it?" asked Peele.

"Answer!"

"Rats!"

"Exemption refused!" roared Lovell.

"Look here——"

"Here, hold on; we're members of this Tribunal!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd warmly. "Not so much of your Classical bunkum!"

"You Modern ass——"

"You Classical chump——"

"Order!" roared Dick Oswald. "Members of a Tribunal are not allowed to rag one another during a sitting. They are only allowed to rag conscientious objectors."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gentlemen, kindly keep your tempers!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Peele, on what grounds do you claim exemption?"

"It's a mug's game," explained Peele. "I don't want a hand in it."

"You know the cause we are fighting for?" demanded the chairman severely. "We are fighting to crush headmasterish militarism——"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And we shall never sheathe the Maxim gun, which we have not lightly drawn, till Lattrey is expelled from Rookwood! Do you understand that?"

"My hat!"

"Gentlemen——"

"Refused!" was the answer to the applicant, after a brief consultation among the members of the Tribunal.

"Look here!" began Peele angrily. "I'm not goin' to have a hand in it, I tell you——"

"Remove that Bolo!" commanded the chairman.

"I'll punch your nose if you call me a Bolo!" howled Peele.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rawson and Higgs and Jones minor seized the angry applicant, and jerked him away.

Peele stamped away towards the door, and found that the key had been removed from the lock.

He had to stay in and see the proceedings to a finish.

"Gower!"

Cuthbert Gower came forward.

"Here I am," he said sulkily.

"You demand exemption from barring-out service?" inquired the chairman, with a snort.

"Yaas!"

"On what grounds?"

"It isn't good enough, in my opinion," said Gower. "We sha'n't make a success of it, and some of us may get sacked. Leave me out."

"Exemption refused!"

"Look here——"

"Remove him!"

"Cecil Townsend!" rapped out Oswald.

Towny of the Fourth came lounging up to the bar, with his hands in his pockets and his most supercilious expression on his rather handsome face.

His expression did not please the Tribunal at all.

**NEXT FRIDAY!**

**"WESTWARD BOUND!"**

"State the grounds of your claim, Townsend."

"Same as my pals," answered Townsend, in a drawl.

"Are you aware that we are fighting for freedom, and to make the school safe for democracy?" demanded the chairman.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Order!"

"And that we shall never sheathe the sword, we have not lightly drawn——"

"Gag!"

"Cheese it!"

"Till the Head's militarism is crushed to the merry dust!" roared Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you understand that, Towny?"

"I understand that you're talkin' out of the back of your neck," said Townsend. "I've got my prep. to do, too!"

"I object to the exemption of this man," interjected the military representative. "He is not a funk, but a slacker, and he can be bucked up by means well known in the Army. I claim him."

"Exemption refused!"

"Look here, I'm not goin' to have anythin' to do with your silly rot!" shouted Townsend angrily.

"Bump him for contempt of court!" rapped out the chairman.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yah-ah-ooooo!"

Townsend crawled away, looking much less arrogant than before.

Then Topham's name was called. But Harold Topham had taken warning by the fate of his chum.

"I withdraw my claim!" he rapped out hurriedly.

"Withdrawal of claim allowed," grinned the chairman. "We're getting through the cases. Only three more."

Rap!

"Hallo!"

There was a pause, as a loud knock came at the door of the Common-room.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER!

#### The Conscientious Objector.

**J**IMMY SILVER & Co. were silent for the moment.

They wondered whether the Head had received some hint of the intentions of the Fourth, and had come there to take a hand in the proceedings.

But their uneasiness was relieved the next moment.

*Something Absolutely New!*

Now on Sale.

No. 1 of

**Sports Fun 2.**

Pages and pages of screamingly funny Football Cartoons featuring:—

"FANNY" WALDEN

"TIM" WILLIAMSON

W. H. WALKER

"JOCK" RUTHERFORD

S. C. PUDDEFOOT

JOE SMITH

2-PAGE CARTOON BY

**TOM WEBSTER**

The Famous "Daily Mail" Cartoonist

It was the voice of Adolphus Smythe, of the Shell, that came through the door after the rap.

"By gad! What have you got the door locked for, you fellows? Let a chap in, you know!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver impatiently. "No entrance for asses just now!"

"What's goin' on?"

"Buzz off!"

"But look here——"

"Get on with the washing, and let him jaw!" suggested Erroll.

"Hear, hear!"

"Reginald Muffin!" called out the clerk of the court. "The Tribunal will hear your claim."

"Oh, gad!" came Smythe's voice from without. "The Tribunal! What kind of a game is this?"

But no one heeded Adolphus, save that Peele whispered to him through the key-hole.

Outside, many footsteps were soon heard, and a buzz of voices.

The fact that the Fourth Form were planning a revolt in the school, and making all the Form join up for the purpose, was startling news to the other juniors.

A crowd of the Shell and the Third collected outside the door of the Common-room to listen.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. did not waste any attention upon them.

Tubby Muffin was before the Tribunal, and his case was being considered.

"Does the Army claim this man?" inquired the chairman, in quite a professional way.

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"He wouldn't be much use," he confessed. "But it's a case of all in, and Muffin's got to join up."

"State your grounds, Muffin."

Tubby gasped.

"Grub!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"What are we going to do for grub if we have a barring-out?" gasped Tubby Muffin. "We shall get hungry! Think of it! Cold weather, too! I'm jolly well not going to be hungry if I can help it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall have to lay in a stock of provisions," said Jimmy Silver. "If we run short we shall have to raid supplies from the enemy."

"Oh!" ejaculated several juniors.

"I—I say, I'd rather be exempted!" gasped Tubby. "I'm afraid there wouldn't be enough to eat."

"Upon the whole, I withdraw my objection to this man's exemption," said the military representative. "He would eat us out of house and home, and he would be no good in a fight. Let him go."

"Exemption granted."

"Oh, good!" ejaculated Tubby Muffin, in delight.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The last claim had been disposed of. Tubby Muffin was the only slacker exempted.

Jimmy Silver threw open the door of the Common-room. The preliminaries having been settled, it was time to get down to business.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Dug In!

**A**DOLPHUS SMYTHE jammed his eyeglass into his eye and stared at Jimmy Silver & Co. when he was allowed to enter the Common-room at last.

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"Cheeky young sweeps!" he remarked. "I say, I suppose it's all gas you've been sayin' about a barrin'-out, isn't it?"

"No, fathead!"  
"You really mean bizney?" exclaimed Adolphus.

"Yes, ass!"  
"Oh, by gad! You'll toe the line fast enough when the Head gets on your track, I opine!" Adolphus grinned.

"Rats!"  
"But, I say—" began Howard of the Shell.

"Bow-wow! Come on, you fellows!"  
"Whither bound, O chief?" asked Conroy.

"Into the quad first of all."  
"I say, we're not goin' to have a barrin'-out out of doors, I suppose, in this weather?" asked Townsend sarcastically.  
"You've hit it. We are."

"In the open?" shouted Topham.  
"Why not?"  
"Oh, by gad!" said Topham hopelessly.

"You're potty!"  
"I say, Jimmy—" murmured Newcome.  
"Follow your leader!" said Jimmy Silver concisely.

He led the way into the quadrangle, and the Fourth-Formers followed.

Jimmy had been consulting with Tommy Dodd, the leader of the Modern juniors.

Jimmy was captain, but he had judiciously selected the Modern leader as his first lieutenant.

The full, round moon was sailing over Rookwood, and the quadrangle was quite light.

"It's jolly cold out here!" mumbled Peele.  
"Dry up!"

"Now, Jimmy, what's the game?" asked Erroll.

The Fourth-Formers had gathered round Jimmy Silver under the trees. They were curious to know what the plan was.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.  
"We're in for it," he said. "We're promised a flogging all round in the morning for kicking Lattrey out. The barrin'-out has got to take place at once, if it takes place at all. We can't bar out the School House; that means a row with the Sixth to begin with. We can't seize Mr. Manders' House; too many Modern seniors there, to say nothing of Modern masters."

"That's so!" said Tommy Dodd.  
"There was a barrin'-out once in the old clock-tower," remarked Flynn.

Jimmy nodded.  
"That was a small affair—a Classical row," he said. "There wouldn't be anything like room for the whole Form."

"Thru for you."  
"But where—" began Rawson.

"The allotments!" said Jimmy.  
"What?"

"I suppose you know how modern warfare is conducted?" said Jimmy Silver loftily. "You select a spot, and dig yourself in. Well, that's what we're going to do."

"Dig ourselves in!" murmured Townsend dazedly. "Oh, he's potty!"  
"Entrench?" shouted Oswald.

"Yes."  
"Oh, great pip!"

"The school allotments are the place," continued Jimmy Silver. "The junior allotments are within the school walls, and within a stone's-throw of the house. The weather's mild now, and the earth's pretty easy for digging, and most of us had plenty of digging practice when we were getting the potatoes in early. The allotments are empty now, THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

excepting for the cabbage patches, and the potato ground needs digging over, ready for the spring planting, so all the digging we do will be so much to the good."

"Hear, hear!"  
"There's the shed where we keep the spades and things—that will be the headquarters," resumed Jimmy. "We shall make dug-outs for shelter."

"Dug-outs!" murmured Townsend, wondering whether he was dreaming.  
"Wha-a-at about our clothes?"  
"Bother your clothes!"  
"I'm not going to spoil my clobber!" shrieked the Classical dandy.

Jimmy reflected.  
"Might as well put on our oldest clothes," he admitted. "I hadn't thought of that. Of course, I'm open to suggestions. I don't set up to be the strong, silent man who can run everything off his own bat. We'll get in and get our allotment clobber!"

"Well, that's a good idea," agreed Erroll.  
"And our coats," remarked Raby.  
"And all the rugs we can lay hands on, if we're going to camp out to-night," said Lovell emphatically.

"Camp out!" gasped Peele in horror.  
"Camp out in winter! The fellow's mad! I'm jolly well not goin' to camp out!"  
"Bow-wow! Let's get a move on," said Van Ryn.

In a few minutes the juniors were in their quarters, seeking their oldest—their very oldest—clothes and boots.

If Jimmy Silver's extraordinary scheme was carried out their old clothes were not likely to be of much use afterwards. Mud and clay were no respecters of clobber.

But though Townsend & Co. were stricken with dismay at the prospect, most of the fellows were very keen on it. The bare idea of "digging" themselves in was novel and exciting. And there was great faith in Jimmy Silver.

Townsend & Co. were in a state of dumb fury. But they changed their clothes with the rest. There were too many keen eyes on them for them to have a chance of deserting.

Jimmy Silver & Co. went quietly into the quad again, and joined the Moderns from Mr. Manders' House.

The whole Fourth proceeded to the school allotments, almost as light as day in the brilliant moon.

Of all the Form only one fellow was lacking, and that was Tubby Muffin.

The shed was well supplied with implements for cultivation.

Jimmy Silver handed out spades and garden forks to his followers, implements most of them had well learned to handle.

The ground had been trenched once for potatoes.

More digging was likely to do more good than harm.

Jimmy marked out the site of the camp.

A fence was hauled down—it was no time to stand on ceremony—and the palings stuck up to mark out the proposed entrenchments.

Then the digging began.

It was hard work.

But most of the Rookwood juniors were not afraid of hard work.

The Fistical Four, and the Colonials, and the three Tommies set a splendid example.

They worked untiringly.

There were many and deep groans from Townsend & Co. over the labour.

They had never soiled their hands on the allotments at all, if they could help it.

They were paying for slacking in unfitness.

But they had to work.

They rested on their spades occasionally, but when they rested too long a whizzing clod or two would spur them on to renewed efforts.

"By Jove! I wonder what the Head would say if he knew of this?" Lovell remarked, as nine o'clock rang out.

"He'll know soon, anyway!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Suppose we're caught before the trenches are dug?"

"No good supposing. Keep on with the work, dear boy."

"I'm getting blisters on my hands," moaned Topham.

"That's because you've never done any honest work before," chuckled Jimmy Silver. "You'll get horny hands soon that will stand anything."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Topham shuddered.

"Hallo!" murmured Van Ryn.  
"Here comes Bulkeley!"

Work was suddenly suspended as the captain of Rookwood was seen striding towards the entrenchments in the moonlight.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**  
**No Prefects Wanted!**

"SO you're here!" said Bulkeley grimly.

He stared at the deep-breathing juniors as they stood resting on their spades and forks, and looking at him.

"Here we are, Bulkeley," answered Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

"What are you doing here?"

"Digging."

"I can see that, you cheeky young ass! Why aren't you doing your prep?" demanded Bulkeley.

"Too busy."

"Look here, Silver, tell me what you are up to at once! You're not simply digging the allotments for the next sowing."

Jimmy chuckled.

"No fear!" he said.

"Then what are you at?" exclaimed Bulkeley.

"Digging ourselves in."

"Wha-a-at?"

"It's what the military writers call 'consolidating the position,'" explained Jimmy Silver calmly. "We're entrenching now. We've got the dug-outs to make later. Anything else you'd like to know, Bulkeley?"

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Bulkeley, in astonishment.

"Not a bit. Are you?"

"What?" shouted Bulkeley.

"Oh, get on with the washing!" exclaimed Conroy. "We've no time to argue with Sixth Form fellows."

"Right enough! Excuse us, Bulkeley!"

Bulkeley stared at them, not knowing what to do.

The juniors were resuming work.

"Look here, this won't do!" exclaimed the captain of Rookwood.

"Sorry!" answered Jimmy Silver politely, and without pausing in his work.

"You are not thinking of sticking out here, surely?" exclaimed the prefect.

"Yes, rather!"

"Till bed-time?"

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

**NEXT FRIDAY! "THE ST. JIM'S AUTO-SUGGESTERS!" A GRAND STORY OF TOM MERRY & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

"Oh, no!" chortled Jimmy Silver. "Till Lattrey is sacked from Rookwood."

"Do you think you can dictate to the Head?" exclaimed Bulkeley.

"Yes, if he won't do his duty without!" answered Jimmy Silver quietly.

Bulkeley fairly gasped. There was a new mood in the Fourth Form of Rookwood—a mood he hardly understood, and did not know how to deal with.

"You've got to chuck this," he said finally. "You're all to go indoors at once. Mr. Manders is looking for the juniors of his House, too."

"Let him look!" answered Tommy Dodd.

"Will you go in?"

"Can't, Bulkeley!"

"I order you, as a prefect."

Some of the Fourth-Formers exchanged glances.

"Sorry, Bulkeley. We can't obey your orders!" said Jimmy Silver. "The Fourth Form has declared a barring-out until Lattrey is expelled from Rookwood."

Bulkeley clenched his hands.

Without answering, he leaped across the still narrow trench and grasped Jimmy Silver by the collar.

"Rescue!" shouted Jimmy.

There was no need to call.

Instantly a dozen pairs of hands were laid on Bulkeley.

The captain of Rookwood was a good fellow, and very popular with the juniors. But they could not afford to stand upon ceremony now.

Bulkeley could scarcely help being against them, from his position in the school.

But if he was against them, he had to be dealt with—and the rebels were quite prepared to deal with him.

So Bulkeley found.

He was dragged off Jimmy Silver, who grasped him in his turn.

Struggling, and almost dazed with astonishment at finding himself handled by juniors, George Bulkeley was hurled headlong into the trench.

He collapsed there, gasping.

"Arrah! Pelt the spalpeen!" yelled Flynn.

"Hurrah!"

Clods flew on all sides, and in a couple of minutes Bulkeley, struggling dazedly in the trench, was half-buried.

"Hold on!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "Stop it, you fellows! Let Bulkeley clear off!"

The Rookwood captain clambered breathlessly out of the trench at last as the heavy clods ceased to fall on him.

He was gasping, and his clothes were in a shocking state, caked with earth from head to foot.

"Good-bye, old scout!" said Lovell.

"Sorry to hurt you—but we mean business, you know. Tell the Head we'll serve him the same if he comes bothering us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulkeley glared at the rebellious Fourth, gasping for breath. It was evidently useless to try force again.

Since the habit of obedience was broken, one Sixth-Former could do nothing against the whole Fourth.

"I shall have to report this!" he gasped.

"Go ahead!"

"Dr. Chisholm will come here!"

"Let him come!"

"Oh, you insane young duffers!" gasped Bulkeley.

And the captain of Rookwood strode away towards the School House, breathing hard, and wondering blankly what

was to come of this extraordinary situation.

He had remembrance of a former barring-out at Rookwood, but that had been a mere trifle compared with this—a revolt of the Classical Fourth against Mr. Manders, the Modern master, in the absence of the Head.

But this was a rebellion of the whole Fourth Form, and against the Head himself!

What would come of it?

Surely the young rascals would return to their obedience, at the frown and thunderous voice of the Head himself when he came on the scene!

But if they did not—

Bulkeley could only wonder what would happen if they did not!

Jimmy Silver drove his spade into the hard earth.

Mr. Manders had missed the juniors from his House, and Mr. Bootles had missed the Classical Fourth.

They had set forth together in search of them—kind-hearted Mr. Bootles feeling alarmed and distressed, and Mr. Manders feeling angry and savage.

Mr. Bootles had had a grim foreboding of trouble to come, if Mark Lattrey was allowed to remain in the school.

And when he met Bulkeley in the quad and learned where the Fourth-Formers were he felt that the trouble had arrived.

The two masters stopped at the trench, or, rather, at the parapet, now a couple of feet high, that barred them from the trench, in which the juniors were working actively.

Most of the fellows went on working; there was no time to waste.



Mr. Manders was taken by his heels and his shoulders and swung to and fro, spluttering. "One—two—three—go!" rapped out Jimmy Silver. And Mr. Manders went. He was swung out of the trench, landed on the top of the parapet, and rolled down on the outer side. (See Chapter 7.)

"Pile in!" he said briefly. "We may be interrupted any minute now. Pile in!"

"Bulkeley will have a wash and a change before he goes to the Head, I imagine," chuckled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes—but he said Manders was looking for the Modern chaps. Pile in! We want the trench ready at least before we can be tackled."

And the juniors fairly slaved at their work, and the trench every minute grew broader and deeper, and every minute the earth parapet on the outer rim grew higher and higher.

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**

**Passing the Rubicon.**

"**B**LESS my soul!"

"Goodness gracious!"

The first exclamation came Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, the second from Mr. Manders, science master and senior master on the Modern side of Rookwood.

The Form-master and the science master were looking for the lost sheep, so to speak.

Mr. Bootles looked blankly at the busy hive of juniors.

Mr. Manders glared at them as if trying to understudy the celebrated basilisk.

"Bless my soul!" the Form-master murmured feebly.

"What does this mean?" thundered Mr. Manders.

Nobody answered.

"Dodd!" shouted the Modern master.

"Yes, sir?"

Tommy Dodd rested obligingly for a moment on his spade.

"It is nearly your bed-time. Go into the House at once—all the Modern boys here!"

"Sorry, sir!"

"Obey me!"

Tommy Dodd did not answer. He turned to his work again, and Mr. Manders stared at him speechlessly.

"Did you hear me, Dodd?" he exclaimed, at last, in a gasping voice.

"Yes, sir!"

"Go into my House—into my study, where I shall follow. It is my intention to chastise you most severely for this insolence!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

NEXT FRIDAY!

**"VERNON-SMITH DECLARES WAR!"**

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

"Thank you, sir!"  
 "Will you go, Dodd?" raved Mr. Manders, all the more enraged by the fact that the juniors were working away industriously in the trench, paying him no more heed than to a buzzing blue-bottle.

"Sorry, sir!" said Tommy again, quite politely. He did not want to "cheek" Mr. Manders. Only he did not intend to go.

"I have ordered you to go in, Dodd!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go!"

"Sorry, sir!"

"Is this meant for insolence, Dodd?" almost shrieked Mr. Manders, whilst some of the juniors chortled.

"Not at all, sir," said Tommy Dodd respectfully.

"Go in at once, then!"

"Sorry, sir," said Tommy Dodd imperturbably.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Manders' face was purple. He made a movement towards Tommy Dodd; but a three-foot parapet, with a muddy trench beyond, lay between.

Tommy was out of his reach, slogging away with his spade in the bottom of the trench.

Mr. Manders laid his hands gingerly on the parapet, and withdrew them. His clothes were likely to suffer if he attempted to cross.

He remained nonplussed, breathing hard with fury. Mr. Bootles took up the tale, as it were.

"My dear boys," he said gently, "you are—ahem!—acting in a reckless and insubordinate manner. I beg you to return to the House immediately, and if you do so I will pardon you, and I am sure Mr. Manders will do the same."

"Nothing of the sort!" shouted Mr. Manders. "Every boy here belonging to my House shall be punished most severely!"

"Ahem!" said the unfortunate Mr. Bootles.

"Dodd—"

"Silver!"

"Yes, Mr. Bootles?" said Jimmy meekly. "Dry up a minute, Mr. Manders, please—my Form-master is speaking to me."

"Silver!" gasped Mr. Bootles. Mr. Manders did not even gasp; his breath was quite taken away.

"You were speaking, Mr. Bootles?" said Jimmy politely.

"Yes!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Silver, you are, I presume, the leader in this—this movement, what—what? I advise you to reflect. I fear, Silver, that the Head may decide to expel you from the school."

"I shouldn't go alone, sir."

"What—what?"

"If one goes, we all go, sir!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "And we're not going very meekly, either! We're holding out till the Head consents to peace by negotiation. Our war-aims are the expulsion of Lattrey from the school."

"Hear, hear!"

"My—my dear boys—" murmured Mr. Bootles feebly.

"Mr. Bootles, I am surprised at your bandying words with these disrespectful young rascals!" shouted Mr. Manders. "I decline to do so, sir! For the last time, I order you to return indoors. Fail to do so, and I shall use force."

"Go hon!" remarked Conroy.

"Wha-a-at did you say, Conroy?" stammered Mr. Manders.

"Go hon, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you insolent young— young ruffian—"

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"HOLDING THE FORT!"

"Oh, draw it mild, old scout!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.  
 Mr. Manders' face looked simply extraordinary in the moonlight as the Australian junior answered him.

The Modern master fairly charged at the rebels' position, like a Hun on the war-path. Mr. Manders' temper was never good, and it was simply vile now.

Reckless of his clothes, he clambered furiously over the loosely-packed earth parapet.

"Repel boarders!" roared Lovell.

"Collar him!"

"Back up, Rookwood!"

Mr. Manders came plunging over head-long, scattering earth as he came.

He was in so great a rage that he thought of nothing but of getting to close quarters with the rebel juniors.

In that respect he soon had his wish. He arrived at close quarters in less than a minute.

In less than another minute he had good reason to wish that he had been disappointed.

For as he sprawled furiously over the earthen wall he slipped down into the mud of the trench, and he never had a chance of getting up again!

Half a dozen boots, caked with mud, were planted on him, pinning him down on his back at the bottom of the trench.

He gasped faintly for breath, as dampness and mud oozed all over him.

Conroy playfully dropped a chunk of soft mould upon his long, sharp nose, and Mr. Manders spluttered frantically.

"Gerroorogh! Gurrgrgh!"

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Bootles, scarcely believing the evidence of his spectacles, as he gazed over the parapet at this extraordinary scene.

"Gerroogh! Groogh! Help!"

"My—my boys," stammered Mr. Bootles, blinking over the parapet, in horror, "I beg you, pray release Mr. Manders—"

"Yarooogh!"

"I—I fear that you are—are incommoding him seriously by—by treading upon him."

"Gug-gug-gug-gug!"

"Cover him in intoirly!" roared Flynn.

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Bootles.

"I beg of you—"

"Yaroooh! Help! Police! Yooooop!" Mr. Manders struggled frantically.

A dozen heavy clods were pitched in on

him, and he almost disappeared from sight.

"My dear—dear boys"—Mr. Bootles almost wept—"I—I beg of you to release Mr. Manders!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Pull him out, you fellows!"

The juniors grasped Mr. Manders, and dragged him up.

The Modern master, wet and muddy and clayey, hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels.

"All together!" shouted Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The astounded master was taken by his heels and his shoulders, and swung to and fro, spluttering.

"One—two—three—go!" rapped out Jimmy.

And Mr. Manders went.

He was swung up from the trench, landed on top of the parapet, and rolled down on the outer side.

There he rested at Mr. Bootles' feet.

He helped Mr. Manders to his feet.

The Modern master did not speak; he could not.

He limped away, gurgling, and leaning heavily on Mr. Bootles' helping arm.

In the entrenched camp, the juniors looked at one another and grinned.

"First round to us!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've fairly broken the ice now."

"And jolly nearly broken Manders!" chuckled Tommy Dodd.

"Pile in!" interrupted Jimmy Silver. "Consolidate the position. Work's the word!"

And the rebels of Rookwood piled in with renewed energy to strengthen their defences. For they knew that the coming of the Head could not be long delayed, and then—

What was to happen then?

Even Jimmy Silver did not know what to think.

But upon one point Jimmy Silver was immovable—Lattrey was to leave Rookwood before the rebel Form came to terms.

And if the Head did not give in—and it was not likely that he would—then it would be a fight to a finish!

THE END.

(Another complete story of the Great Rookwood Rebellion, entitled "Holding the Fort!" Order to-day.)

## NEXT FRIDAY!

The FIRST of a GRAND SERIES of COLOURED PLATES of the most FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINES of Great Britain!

EXACT IN DETAIL. TRUE IN COLOURS.

Presented FREE with Every Copy of

# THE POPULAR

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



# THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!

BY SIDNEY DREW

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



## A Costly Spook!

**G**AN WAGA, the Eskimo, waddled into the treasure cavern of Schloss Schwartzburg and glanced round him. All the glitter and all the wealth did not impress the Eskimo. Gan Waga had very vague ideas about the value of gold, and even vaguer ones about the value of pearls, rubies, and diamonds. He sat down on a heap of bar-gold, and lighted one of Prince Ching Lung's cigars. He liked the coolness of the place, for in the kitchen of the lodge there was a roaring fire of logs. Ching Lung was standing at the desk totting up some of the figures.

"What this thing fo, Chingy?" asked the Eskimo, picking up a beautiful wreath of diamonds.

"That, my fat youth," said the prince, as he sharpened his pencil, "is something for a lady to wear on her head. And very nice, too. What's wrong with it?"

"I not know, only the silly old thing wouldn't keep much rain off, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "How does it suits me, hunk?"

Gan Waga donned the wreath of diamonds, and then something caught his eye. It was a huge pear-shaped object of a dirty white colour. Gan Waga, still wearing the jewelled wreath, approached the object and touched it. It was a fungus—a giant puff-ball—and to his touch it was soft and clammy. The Eskimo pulled it up and smelt it.

"What this old football fellow, Chingy?" he inquired. "It smell like, a mushrooms, Chingy, and I awfulness fond of mushrooms. Is he goodness to eats, hunk, Chingy, old bean?"

"If you ate that chap, my son, you'd be no good yourself except to bury," said Ching Lung. "That's a puff-ball, and about the biggest one I ever did see. Heigho! It's got one of those nice blank faces like your own, Gan. Throw the beastly thing away, for I don't like the smell of it. And take that thing off your head, for it doesn't suit you."

Gan Waga tried the effect of the diamond wreath on the puff-ball, and was rather pleased. He dug up a couple of loose rubies, and made the puff-ball a pair of eyes. A tortoiseshell comb set with pearls formed an excellent set of teeth. The nose rather puzzled him, till he found a gold seal with a handle of bright scarlet coral. He pushed the seal end into the fungus and surveyed the result with a grin. With Gan Waga's little additions the puff-ball would not have been dear at twelve thousand pounds.

"How long we stays in this place, Chingy? I about sickness of these old coal-cellars. We stay longness, hunk?"

"Sorry, but I can't supply the information," said Ching Lung, who was busy.

"Oh, I not minds seventy or eighty years, if that's all," said Gan Waga. "That nothings, Chingy. I thought three or two days. I get dreadful tiredness in three or two days."

Ching Lung might have objected if he had noticed the Eskimo waddling away with the jewel-studded puff-ball tucked under his arm, but he did not notice it. Gan left the decorated fungus in a dark corner, and made his way back to the lodge. Hal Honour and Prout had accompanied Ferrers Lord, leaving Barry O'Rooney and Mr. Benjamin Maddock in their place. Rupert Thurston was seated at the table, writing by the light of a candle, and O'Rooney and the bo'sun, with their chairs tilted and their feet on the low

mantelpiece, were taking their ease before the fire. Two tobacco-pipes in full blast, and Rupert Thurston's cigarette created a fog of smoke that made the Eskimo blink his little eyes.

"Poo! It wonderness to me yo' not melt or choke," said Gan Waga. "It hoffuls enough to boil a pudding and smokeful enough to smoke a haddock. Open the window, Rupert!"

"Sorry, but it can't be done, Gan!" said Thurston. "It is a trifle hot and stuffy—you're right there—but we're not allowed to open windows. Somebody might look in."

"Oh, bedad, take no notice at all of the fat insect!" said O'Rooney. "You niver could sathisy ut. Av you don't loike ut quit! Get down below into the lovely cowl cellars, and amuse yoursilf playing top-scotch wid the blackbeetles. And there's wather, too. I forgot that. Go and paddle or stand on your head in it for half an hour."

"That's the sort of stuff to do him a power of good, souse me," said Maddock. "The only time that Eskimo ain't grumbling is when he's eating. He'll keep grouching when he's dead!"

"And I he dead jolly quickness if I stop here," said Gan Waga. "Ever so quickness. It horribles!"

"Gan darlint, don't leave us!" pleaded O'Rooney eagerly. "Sthay wid us, bhoy, for we can't bear to part wid you, can we, Ben? You don't dhrame how fond of you we are. Since the first minute Oi set oies on your bonnie face, Oi've loved you. Bedad, we can't spare you! Sthay wid us—a little while, Gan, just till you're dead, and we'll ask no more."

"Not a hap'orth more—not a farthing's worth," added Maddock, with the same eagerness. "And it's such a little thing to ask, Gan—such a tiny request."

Gan Waga snorted his contempt as he made for the passage leading to the cellar steps, and Barry O'Rooney shook his head mournfully and winked at the bo'sun.

"Och, there's not a single good quality in the haythen, Ben," he said. "Fancy refusing us a little kindness loike that. Loike all chaps wid bad faces, he has one of them bad heartts. Just a thrifling little kindness loike that he wouldn't do for us. Ochone, ut's a weary world, and worrk we must. Get a move on for the patrol, my broth of a bhoy!"

It was their duty to visit the barricade to see whether boring had been resumed there. Rather reluctantly Maddock removed his boots from the wooden mantelpiece.

"Hallo, souse me, who's boned my electric torch?" he asked, glancing round. "The last time I saw it it was on the table here, and now it's gone and done the vanishing trick."

"Sure, av anybody has pinched anything, ut's that oily Eskimo every toime," said O'Rooney. "A born thafe. The only way to kape things when he's around is to lock them up. Oi've got a good lamp, and that will sarve for the two of us, for Oi'm getting so used to these old vaults Oi could foind my way widout a loight."

"Let's get it over, then," said Maddock. "We're going as far as the barrier, sir," he added to Rupert. "Would you like us to ask the prince to come up and keep you company?"

Thurston glanced up from his letter and shook his head. Gan Waga was looking for his fungus when he heard the ring of foot-falls behind him and saw the flash of a

lamp. The Eskimo switched off the light of the borrowed torch and slipped into a side gallery. Barry and the bo'sun were still discussing him when they approached, and in the darkness Gan Waga grinned.

"You may bet quids on ut, the Eskimo has got your torch," said Barry O'Rooney. "You be thankful, av you're dead first, that he doesn't dig down and sneak the handies and brass plates off your coffin. He'd dig up his grandmother for half a pound of tallow candles!"

"Souse me, I believe you, my lad!" said Maddock, and then the two passed on into the gloom.

Presently Gan Waga discovered his highly valuable fungus. He sat down to nurse and admire it. Then he dug a hole in the neck and pushed in the electric torch. Not only did the torch make an excellent handle, but it lighted up the fungus from within with a weird, phosphorescent glow that for the moment almost startled the Eskimo. The ruby eyes gleamed red, and the tortoiseshell teeth grinned. It was an enormous improvement on the old village ghost—a hollow turnip with a lighted candle inside it.

"Ho, ho, ho! I make my dear old Chingy jumps!" grinned Gan Waga. "I founded the bogey-man this times. Bears, dears! Ho nearly prettiness enough to kiss!"

Gan Waga reached the treasure cavern. The prince was not there, so the Eskimo guessed that he had joined O'Rooney and the bo'sun and gone with them. Using the torch, Gan Waga soon picked up their tracks on the damp ground. Ching Lung had not gone with them, but ahead of them—that was plain to a hunter like the Eskimo. When he reached the water the waders left there had gone, all but one pair. There had been three pairs on his last visit. Gan did not need any waders. He stepped into the water and stood under the low archway, waiting and listening. The light was there at the head of the gallery.

As Gan Waga watched it went out. There was something wrong with it, and though the bo'sun kept on striking matches to help his friend, Barry O'Rooney could not make it work.

"I knew the thing was shaky, that's why I wanted the torch, souse me!" growled the bo'sun. "I'd better waste no more matches. We can plug along with the few I've got left as far as the treasure cave, and borrow a spare lamp from there. You were an ass not to see that it was in going order afore you started!"

"And, bedad, you were a double ass not to tell me it was jumpy, av you knew it!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Sthill, there's no bones broke, so show a glimmer, bhoy, and we'll shift on."

Maddock struck a match. He had not very many of these useful articles, and though Barry was confident that he had a full box, he could not find even an empty box when he searched for it.

"Oi guess that swate Eskimo has collared that, too," he said. "Aisy all, Ben, and niver say doie! The wather is the throuble, for you might souse into twelve feet av ut av you put a yarrd woide. Kape a match or two for that, and kape the last wan. Loight bits of the box wid bits of box, and that ought to take us pretty well home and near enough to yell to the prince."

Gan Waga backed further under the arch. Maddock had still five or six matches left. He struck one and held it up. It gleamed on the dark water, but in such intense blackness it was a very feeble gleam. Barry O'Rooney stepped in bravely and boldly and reached for the match, explaining that he wanted to make sure of the mouth of the arch, and then all would be well. The bo'sun did not hear him distinctly, or else he misunderstood him. He thrust the match-box into Barry's groping hand, or tried to do so, and, as the match he was holding was trying to grill his finger and thumb, he let the end drop. It reached the water and expired with a little hiss.

"Bedad, phwat are you waiting for?" demanded Barry O'Rooney. "Why don't you sthroike another glim, Ben? D'ye think Oi'm a mole and an owl to see in the dark?"

"I know you're a sight better looking in the dark!" growled Maddock. "How can I strike a match when you've got the matches? I gav you the box when you asked for them, didn't I?"

"Gave me phwat?" roared Barry O'Rooney. "Phwat d'ye mane, axed for the box? Why, you spalpeen, Oi axed you to give me the

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

match you were howling, not the box! You did shove something against the back of my hand. Bedad, av that was the box and you haven't got it, ut's down in the wet, as sure as we're in the soup!"

"Blue murder!" said Maddock. "You're a nice beauty, souse me, to be let out without a keeper! I ain't got the matches. You dropped 'em, not me!"

Barry O'Rooney said something forcible, and began to scrape about on the surface of the water for the missing matchbox. Even if he had found it, it might have been of no value, but he failed to find it. Though there were no two better friends in the world, they called each other names for five minutes by the clock, to the intense joy of Gan Waga, who stood within three yards of them, his plump ribs shaking with mirth.

Then they took breath, and Barry O'Rooney heard a sigh, and looked in the direction from which the bo'sun's voice had come.

"O'im a man of pace, Ben," he said, more in sorrow than anger, "and that's the rayson you're shill alive, bhoy! You've called me names this day for which any other man would have doied. Ut's a big heart Oi have inside me, and knowing the ignorant way in which you were brought up, Oi forgive you. But, bedad, seeing you're in the wrong, Oi think you ought to lade the way Beny! Ut's no mortal eye sthading here swapping language and getting cowl'd fate. Give me howld of the tail of your coat, bhoy, and lade on!"

Barry O'Rooney heard a faint click, and jerked his head round. It was the click of the borrowed electric-torch. The Irishman gripped the bo'sun's arm. Looming through the darkness, and apparently suspended, they saw a face, a pallid, ghostly face, with horrid crimson eyes, and long grey tusks, bared in a cruel grin. The red eyes did not blink, and the grin remained a fixed one. Barry gave Maddock's arm a tighter squeeze. Then he swung his useless lamp, and hurled it at the apparition.

And as it left Barry's hand the lamp that had obstinately refused to show a gleam of light in spite of all their coaxing, glowed out brightly. In its swift flight it revealed Gan Waga with a grin on his face almost as large and twice as happy as the grin on the puff-ball. It was only a momentary glimpse, for the lamp hit the fungus fair and square, breaking it into a mass of squash pulp, and, continuing its triumphant career, it smote Gan below the second waistcoat button. With a moan and a splash, the Eskimo sat down in thirty inches of ice-cold water, his eyes filled with pulped fungus and a taste of raw puff-ball in his mouth that was anything but pleasant.

Darkness reigned and silence, too, except for the stertorous breathing of two stern and angry men, and a spitting sound as Gan Waga tried to get rid of the taste.

"Av O' could find him, Ben, bedad, Oi'd howld him under and sit on his head till the ambulance came!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Ghosts and spooks, 's ut? Have—at ye, haythen!"

"Ooh! Murders! The awfulness tastes of it!" moaned Gan Waga. "I poisoned! Spa! Oh, dears, dears, dears! Helps, Chingy! Ooh! I deaded now! I poisoned!"

"Souse me, blubber-biter, if you're speaking truth for once in your life, I'll forgive you everything!" said the bo'sun generously. "If you're really poisoned, good luck and good-bye to you!"

Again silence reigned. It was followed by a faint splashing, and the two mariners took alarm. They knew that like a cat the Eskimo could find 'is way about in the dark.

"Don't go away, Gan, dear bhoy!" said O'Rooney. "Bedad, a joke's a joke, and a mighty purty joke it was that same bogey, only, you see, laddie, Oi guessed whwat ut was all the toime. We'll laugh to death over ut, won't we, Ben? Laugh, ye spalpeen!" he added to the bo'sun in a whisper. "Av we don't entoice him back we may be sthuck here an hour!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the bo'sun, though there was not a very genuine ring about his mirth. "Souse me, it was funny, Gan! If Barry hadn't rumbled it so quick, my knees would have been knocking together and my hair standing on end. Ha, ha, ha! I never seen a finer spook. You're a fumourist, you are, souse me, a proper sort! Ha, ha, ha!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 160.

NEXT FRIDAY! "THE ST. JIM'S AUTO-SUGGESTERS!" A GRAND STORY OF TOM MERRY & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD. ::

"Come back bhoy, and show us the way out, for we've lost our lamp and all our matches," said Barry. "Be a brick, Gan, and we'll give you all the butther you can ate in a month!"

After several hails, Ching Lung's voice answered them, and a light shone through the gloom. He was alone, and Barry and the bo'sun poured out the story of their misfortunes. It was quite an hour before Ching Lung discovered Gan Waga. For once in his history, the Eskimo had swallowed something that had made him really sick, and he still looked it.

"Ooh, dears! I been awfulness badness, Chingy," he sighed. "Pains all over me. I not think I swallow muchness of the toadstools, Chingy, but I did swallow some, and then something hards biffs me, Chingy! I betterer now, but I not rightness. And it no good, Chingy. I not frightens old Barry and old Ben, not a bit. It all fo' nothings!"

Gan Waga rubbed the spot where the lamp had hit him very tenderly. And then in came Maddock and the bo'sun. They gazed upon the limp and subdued Eskimo with cruel smiles.

"Let him alone," said Ching Lung. "That toadstool has disagreed with him, and he's only just got over it. It was very unkind of you indeed, O'Rooney, to make him eat toadstool."

"Bedad, sor. Oi didn't ask him to ate ut!" said Barry. "He came along wid his spook, and Oi can't stand spooks. The minute Oi see a spook, Oi must buff ut, sor!"

"I didn't see much of it, souse me, but I wonder how he made it," said Maddock. "Before Barry shied the lamp it looked pretty dull, something like a candle in a turnip, only the eyes were red and shiny. When the lamp lit up it seemed to sparkle and flash all over almost, just like diamonds, as it might be."

Ching Lung uttered a whistle, and spun round on Gan Waga.

"Great snakes!" he cried. "I say, Gan, what did you use to make the eyes of your fungus spook you villain? What did you use? Out with it!"

"Only the two biggest silly red stones I fuded in that box, Chingy, like red glass, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "There nothing wrongness, hank, Chingy?"

"A couple of the finest rubies," said Ching Lung. "Some spook that. Oh, Gan, you're a real prize-packet, my bonnie lad! And what else?"

"An old shorter shell combs, Chingy, to make his mouths. I not know the thing I make his nose of, Chingy, only it red. And I ptted the funny hat with no crown on him."

"What funny hat? Blest if he hasn't decorated his toadstool spook with ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds. Are you quite better now, Gan? Are you fit?"

"Oh, yes; I betterer now, old dear!" said Gan Waga. "What I done wrongness? It all Barry's fault. What I done to make him biff that lamp at me, hank?"

"Young fellow-my-lad," said Ching Lung gravely, "never mind the lamp that biffed you. Penal servitude has been given for less than this. You have stolen valuable goods, the joint property of several nations. You have also stolen a toadstool, but as you have swallowed some of it, we pardon you for that black deed. Take this lamp, and go down to the water. Collect the remains of the spook. We don't want its head, but we want its eyes and nose and its teeth, and its hat, especially its hat! Get thee gone, sirrah, or there'll be trouble!"

Gan Waga was away a long time, but he was successful. Probably no one else could have recovered the two rubies from that black pit, but among the haful of pebbles he brought back, the prince discovered the missing gems. The gold and diamond wreath was the worse for wear, for Gan had evidently sat on it. However, as none of the stones had come out of their setting, it did not matter. As a matter of fact, it did not matter at all. With such a glut of unexpected wealth, the Allies would not have missed them.

#### A WIRE FROM PARIS.

THE great conference was over. The German delegates had told their story of poverty and threatened bankruptcy, and told it well. The American representative had practically washed his hands of the whole affair. This

meant, not that the United States intended to forego her claims against Germany, but that the American Government was leaving it to the other Allies to come to a decision. And on paper Germany was utterly bankrupt. As usual, the delegates had nothing to offer except the same old threadbare promises. The British and French Prime Minister left the conference together. It had been conducted in private, and only a little knot of spectators saw the departure of the two famous men. The car drove swiftly across Paris. Leaning back with a cigar in his mouth, the British Prime Minister hid a smile as he saw the displeased look on the Frenchman's face.

"You are not at all satisfied with the state of affairs," said the British Prime Minister. "Neither am I; but those fellows put their side of it very cleverly, and we were unable to refute it. Facts are facts. The Germans are working, but their financial position is hopeless just now. And yet she was an astonishingly wealthy country. What she did with all her wealth is a veritable mystery. She could not have got rid of a third of it when our blockade stopped her from trading, except with the countries on her frontier. Holland has not got it, Denmark has not got it. She was at war with Russia, and very little, as money goes in war-time, could have reached Norway and Sweden. Was her wealth overrated?"

"That may be the only answer," said the French Premier. "If not, we have been bluffed, and will be bluffed to the very end. Your gallant nation has suffered enormously at the hands of the Huns, but not so much as my own. They accuse me of being bitter towards Germany, and perhaps I am. If we must wait, we must wait, I suppose. Another army—"

"Please don't speak about another army, m'sieur!" said the British Prime Minister, smiling. "Armies are very costly now, and I'm afraid they are not too popular. Let us wait, but be very watchful while we are waiting. And while I am a guest at your very charming house for the next day or two, let us try to leave Germany and the indemnities out of it."

The Frenchman laughed and bowed. The discontented expression left his face at once, and the next moment they were discussing a subject far removed from the realms of politics.

After a quiet dinner they played billiards with the big French billiards-balls on a table without pockets. The English Prime Minister had brought no one with him except his confidential secretary, for the rest of his staff had been left behind in Paris. Of course, the usual body of French and English detectives had followed. The game was over, and they were jinking of bed when the British Prime Minister's private secretary came hastily into the billiards-room.

"A wire from Paris, sir, that has just been telephoned through," he said. "I copied it down. I trust I copied it accurately. Of course, I recognise the sender's name."

"Expect me, Colline Blanche, before midnight. Regret lateness of hour, but have been delayed. Important and, I hope, pleasant business. "FERRERS LORD."

The British Prime Minister translated the message into French for the benefit of his host, Monsieur Jules Tiand.

"Ah, yes, I have heard of this Ferrers Lord, the mad millionaire, is it not, they call him? A strange hour to come to Colline Blanche to find you. Is he then a friend?"

"I can scarcely call him that, and perhaps it is my loss. I have met him, and in the war he did many valuable services. He is a man whom it is impossible to reward. He thinks nothing of titles, and he is so tremendously rich that he despises money, as he can very well afford to do. He is not the person to come late or early on any trifling errand. Once, when I did want to see Mr. Ferrers Lord," he added, with a laugh, "he was too busy to come to me, so I had to go to him. Yes, a very remarkable man, undoubtedly."

"Then he is to be admitted, sir?" asked the confidential secretary.

"Without any doubt at all, Mr. Breakley; that is, of course, with the permission of his Excellency, whose guests we are, and of the police."

"Certainly—certainly! You have my full permission!" said Monsieur Tiand. "I am quite anxious to see this strange English millionaire."

CONCLUSION.

THE French Prime Minister's beautiful country villa was guarded like a fortress. There were no military, but Paris had sent the very pick of her detective force, and the British Prime Minister had, of course, his own bodyguard. Both Ministers were popular, but men who hold high positions and wield enormous power always run certain risks, for there are always fanatics. And just as the English private secretary had passed the word that a Mr. Ferrers Lord was expected and to be admitted, and the police on patrol on the road were watching for his car, a man in evening dress, carrying a raincoat on his arm, walked up the carriage-drive of Colline Blanche.

Monsieur Tiand's secretary found the intruder in the hall, held by two menservants. "My name is Ferrers Lord," he said, smiling, and speaking in French. "Unless my message has miscarried, I think I am expected here."

"That is true, m'sieur; but it is scarcely sixty seconds since we telephoned to the gate to permit your car to pass, and the drive is nearly a mile in length. That is why I am amazed."

"Oh, I came another way, and did not trouble your police," said Ferrers Lord. "Do you mind telling these fellows who are holding me that I am neither an assassin or a burglar?"

In an instant he was released, but Ferrers Lord did not fail to notice that as he followed the secretary a couple of Monsieur Tiand's biggest footmen kept close to his heels. It was only natural that a person who could walk into Colline Blanche unmolested at such an hour and evade the cordon of police should arouse suspicion.

The millionaire took out a gold case on which his monogram, set in diamonds, sparkled, and gave the secretary his card. Handing his raincoat to one of the footmen, he went in. The British Prime Minister came to meet him with extended hand, and then

introduced him to Monsieur Tiand. The secretary, satisfied, left the billiard-room.

"Well, Mr. Lord," said the British Prime Minister, "I remember that once when I needed you urgently I was compelled to go to you, so it must be something of importance that brings you to Colline Blanche to see us at midnight. Will you have a cigar and a glass of wine, if I am not usurping my host's privilege?"

"Thanks, I seldom smoke cigars, but prefer a cigarette, and I do not care for wine just now," said Ferrers Lord. "My visit is of some slight importance. I meant to come earlier in the day. My excuse is that I have urgent private affairs and am pressed for time, so I must finish up this matter. The Belgian representative at to-day's conference had unfortunately left for Brussels, but I was lucky enough to find Mr. Dana Collins, of the French Embassy, and have brought him with me. Gentlemen, I wish you to make a trip to Germany with me, as far as Schloss Schwartzburg. To some extent, I have solved the riddle of the payment of the German indemnities. I promise to bring you back to Colline Blanche in time for breakfast."

Both men stared at him, the French Prime Minister almost incredulously. Ferrers Lord lit a cigarette.

"I have told you that I am very pressed for time," he went on quietly. "If you do not care to go with me, I shall take Mr. Dana Collins, and leave him to explain. My helicopter is in the grounds here between the two woods waiting for me. I assure you, gentlemen, that you will not regret making this rapid visit with me to Schloss Schwartzburg."

"But I thought, Mr. Lord, that the Schloss had been destroyed by fire—that it is a shell, a mere ruin."

"That is true, but it is worth a visit, gentlemen," said Ferrers Lord. "I can explain more fully on the journey." He glanced at the clock. "Please make up your minds, for I have promised Mr. Collins that he will breakfast in Paris."

"Well, Mr. Lord," said the British Prime Minister, with a laugh, "though you speak so vaguely, I know you to be a man of the highest honour, and I am sure you do not wish to kidnap me for any sinister motive.

Mr. Dana Collins must not carry off all the honours, so I'll go with you."

"And if his Excellency will go, so will I," said the French Premier, after a pause. "It is my duty to accompany my guest."

To the astonishment of the servants and to the consternation of the detectives who heard the news shortly afterwards, the three men left the house together. Unseen and unheard, with Harold Honour at the controls, the helicopter rose from her hiding-place between the shadows of the two woods, and winged away through the cloudy night. In the luxurious saloon Ferrers Lord gave his astonished guests a brief outline of the story of Schloss Schwartzburg and of his dealings with Professor Karl von Kreigler and General Goltzheim.

"Say, Mr. Lord," said Dana Collins, putting out his hand, "I'll be a proud man if you'll just shake that. While we've been doing all the guessing, you've been doing all the brain-work and all the collar-work. Guess this is a starter! Gentlemen, we're taking our hats off to Mr. Ferrers Lord."

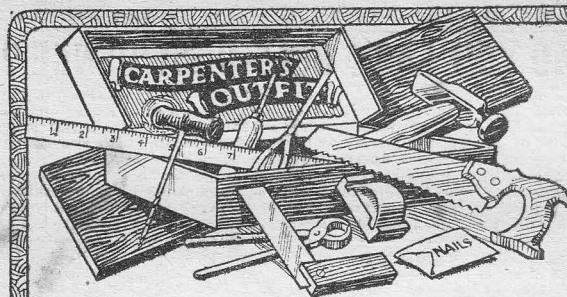
Lightly as a feather, the peerless helicopter descended and touched earth. The door of the saloon opened, revealing the burly figure of Harold Honour.

"Gentlemen," he said curtly, "Schloss Schwartzburg!"

That morning the British and French Ministers breakfasted at Colline Blanche, and Dana Collins in Paris. Even now Rupert Thurston and Ching Lung do not know the fate of Professor Karl von Kreigler and his sabre-rattling Prussian colleague, General Goltzheim. But they are sure of one thing—that in his hour of victory Ferrers Lord, the victor, will be neither merciless nor unjust.

THE END.

A Grand New Serial.  
**GAN WAGA'S ISLAND!**  
By **SIDNEY DREW.**  
NEXT WEEK.



**CARPENTER'S OUTFIT HALF-PRICE!**

There is no limit to the splendid things you can make with this useful box of tools. They are not toys, but strongly made, of British Manufacture, and just right for the amateur handyman. Packed in strong box—always ready for use.

These Carpenter's Outfits are usually sold for 10/-, but YOU can have one for 5 outside Wrappers from any 3d. packets of Wrigley's Chewing Sweet, and a P.O. for 5/- only. All Sets sent Carriage Paid. Your money returned if not delighted. Send your five wrappers and P.O. to **Wrigley's, Ltd. (Desk 23) 177-8, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1.** Write also for particulars of many other splendid articles and outfits Wrigley's are offering half-price.

**WRIGLEY'S CHEWING SWEET**

Four delicious varieties from which to choose your favourite. Every one certain to give you many hours of keen enjoyment. No other confection has so many good points as Wrigley's. It is a delightful, long-lasting sweet—wonderfully refreshing and sustaining. Keeps the mouth moist and the throat cool while playing or watching football, hockey, etc. Whitens and polishes the teeth and sweetens the breath. The crack players and athletes all chew WRIGLEY'S.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

PER 3d PKT



The Flavour Lasts!

# 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.

Next week the grand new POPULAR, with eight extra pages and many new features, will make its appearance. There will be a magnificent long complete story of Greyfriars, entitled:

### "VERNON-SMITH DECLARES WAR."

By Frank Richards,

which deals with the commencement of a long and deadly feud between Harry Wharton & Co. and the Bounder of Greyfriars. It is a splendid story.

To follow this will be another long complete school story, under the title of:

### "HOLDING THE FORT!"

By Owen Conquest.

In this story we hear more of the great rebellion in the Fourth Form. Jimmy Silver

and his chums have a very hard task in "Holding the Fort!" against the Head and the prefects, but pluck and determination carries them through, as you will find out when you read this grand story of Rookwood School next Friday.

The first story of grand complete stories of school and adventure will commence in next week's issue, and will be entitled:

### "WESTWARD BOUND!"

By Martin Clifford.

This story deals with the schooldays of the world's famous author of boys' stories, Mr. Frank Richards, in the backwoods of Canada. In this story Frank Richards bids farewell to England, and starts on his journey for Canada. When he arrives at his destination he comes upon his cousin, Bob Lawless, and the two at once become firm friends, although they meet in a very curious manner. Later on, whilst on their way to the ranch, where Frank is to spend many exciting and happy days, they meet with an adventure which is most exciting, and certainly initiates Frank into the ways of the West.

There will also be a long, new, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, entitled:

### "THE ST. JIM'S AUTO-SUGGESTERS!"

By Martin Clifford,

which deals, in a very humorous way, with the "latest craze." Arthur Augustus

D'Arcy, the swell of the Fourth, and Skimpole are two very prominent characters in this topping school story.

The opening chapters of a grand new and exciting serial, under the title of

### "GAN WAGA'S ISLAND!"

By Sidney Drew,


will be included in the grand programme of stories. This story deals with the famous millionaire-adventurer, FERRERS LORD, and his gallant comrades, PRINCE CHING LING & CO., and the humorous GAN WAGA. Without the least doubt, I can say that this story is the finest tale Mr. Sidney Drew has ever penned, and that is saying something.

There will be another grand competition, in which I am offering many grand MONEY PRIZES; and last, but not least, the usual four-page supplement, "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!" which is crammed full of screekingly funny contributions from the juniors of the four famous schools.

To crown everything, there will be presented a Grand Coloured Plate FREE!

That completes the grand treat I have been preparing for you, and, if you want to make absolutely certain of next week's copy, ORDER WELL IN ADVANCE.

**FREE BOOK OF BARCAINS, 7s 6d to £6, Free & Post.**  
Free—Watches 7/11 to 9/0, Clocks, Jewellery, Accordions, Useful Goods, Novelties, Toys, Etc.  
A Big Novelty—Pocket Cinema and 100 Real Cinema Film Pictures 1/1. Postage 2d. Delight or Money Back. Palm's Presents House, Dept. 14P, Hastings.



**FACTORY TO RIDER**  
Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Fifteen Days Free Trial. LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS. Prompt delivery. Save Dealers' Profits. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write for Money Saving Lists and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle. **MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Inceorp'd.** Dept. B 607, BIRMINGHAM. Est. 33 Yrs.



**MONTHLY PAYMENTS BUY** Masters' Double Life Gents' Boots, Dripped Waterproof Soles, also Ladies' Boots, Shoes, 5/- monthly. Also Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, Winter Coats, Blouses, Bedding, Blankets, Rings, Bracelets, Jewellery, Gold and Silver Pocket and Wrist Watches, Clocks, Cutlery, Plate, Accordions, Gramophones, etc. Everything in our Price List on Easy Terms. Write for a FREE Copy. (Estab. 1869.)  
**MASTERS, LTD., 32, Hope Street, RYE.**

**VENTRILQUIISM** made easier. Our new enlarged book of easy instructions and ten amusing dialogues enables anyone to learn this Wonderful Laughable Art. Only 1/-, post free. "Thousands delighted" (dolls supplied). Thought-Reading, 1/-; Mesmerism, 1/6.—G. Wilkes & Co., Stockton, Rugby, Eng.

**CINEMA FILMS AND MACHINES.**—Comic and Cowboy Films. Stamp for Lists. 50-ft. Sample Film, 1/3.—TYSON & MARSHALL, 89, Castle Boulevard, NOTTINGHAM.

**"HOW TO BECOME A JUGGLER."** By RUPERT INGALESE, the World's Greatest Juggler. 20,000 words, illustrated, POST FREE, 2/6. GASKARTH PRESS (Dept. A.R.), Balham, London, S.W. 12.

**CURLY HAIR**—"It's wonderful," writes E. 10,000 Testimonials. "WAVE IT" CURLS STRAIGHTEST HAIR! 1/3, 2/5. (Stamps accepted.)—ROSS (Dept. P.), 175, NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, N. 1.

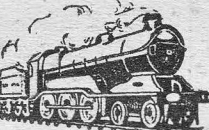
**WONDERFUL MAGIC PENCIL!** Latest Novelty. Writes Invisible! Useful for writing secret letters, etc. Full directions. Send P.O. 10d. for packet of Five Pencils.—A. E. Maxwell (Dept. P.), George St., HASTINGS.

# CUT THIS OUT

"The Popular." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.  
Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. You will receive by return a Splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 3/9, 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Pocket Clip, 4d. extra.) This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the POPULAR readers. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Foreign post extra.  
**Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.**

Printed and published every Friday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates: Inland, 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Abroad, 18s. per annum; 4s. 5d. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ltd. Saturday, February 11th, 1922. DN

**A Model STEAM ENGINE**  
Complete, ready for work, 15/-, 21/-, & 32/- Rails, 6d. per length. Post extra 1/-. **ELECTRIC LIGHT!** Battery, Switch, Wire, Lamp, Holder, Reflector, Instructions, etc., 4/6; postage 6d. Larger size, 8/6; postage 9d. **SHOCKING COIL!** Set of Parts for making, 1/9. Battery Parts, 1/6; postage 5d. each. Electro Magnet, 9d.; postage 5d. (Lifts 1 lb.) Box Electrical Experiments, 2/9; postage 4d. Special Cheap Telephone Set, complete, 1/3; postage 3d. (Catalogue 4d.) 4-Volt Dynamo, 12/6. SEND NOW!  
**THE HARBORNE SMALL POWER CO.** T. (38) 38, Queen's Road, Aston, Birmingham.



**FREE FUN!** Our Funny Novelty, causing roars of laughter, FREE to all sending 1/- for 70 Cute Conjurings, Tricks, 12 Jolly Joke Tricks, 6 Catchy Coin Tricks, 5 Cunning Card Tricks, 5 Mystifying Magic Tricks, 250 Riddles, 18 Games, 10 Funny Readings, 5 Funny Recitations, 21 Monologues, 75 Toasts, 52 Wealth Secrets, Easy Ventriloquism Secret, and 1,001 Stupendous Attractions. Thousands delighted! Great Fun!—O. HUGHES, 15, Wood St., Edgbaston, Birmingham.

## DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE?

Do you ever feel "all of a tremble"? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary flushing, nervous indigestion, lack of energy, will-power, or mind concentration? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, speech-making, conversation, playing or "appearing in public"? Learn how to change your whole mental outlook by sending at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of guaranteed cure in 12 days.—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

**MAGIC TRICKS,** etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds, N.I. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

**HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS**—from £1—with AUTOMATIC Re-winder, from 63. Accessories—Standard Films—Illustrated Catalogue Free.—DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, London, W. 13.

**BIG AND SUCCESSFUL.**—To be tall is one of the chief qualifications for success. It is easy to increase your height by the Hirvan Scientific Treatment, which is carried out in your own home. Student's report from 2 to 5 inches increase, with great benefit to health.—Send a postcard for particulars and our £100 guarantee to ENQUIRY DEPT. A. M. P., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N. 4.

**STOP STAMMERING!** Cure yourself as I did. Full particulars Free.—FRANK HUGHES, 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

**BE A MAN** and Look a Man by using "MUSGRO," the famous Moustache Grower. 9d. & 1/6. Mailed in plain wrapper anywhere. Post Free.—MILLER & HILL (Dept. A), 19, Gee Street, Goswell Road, City, E.C. 1.

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

All applications for Advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.