

BUMPER STORIES AND A GRAND FREE GIFT INSIDE!

Week Ending—  
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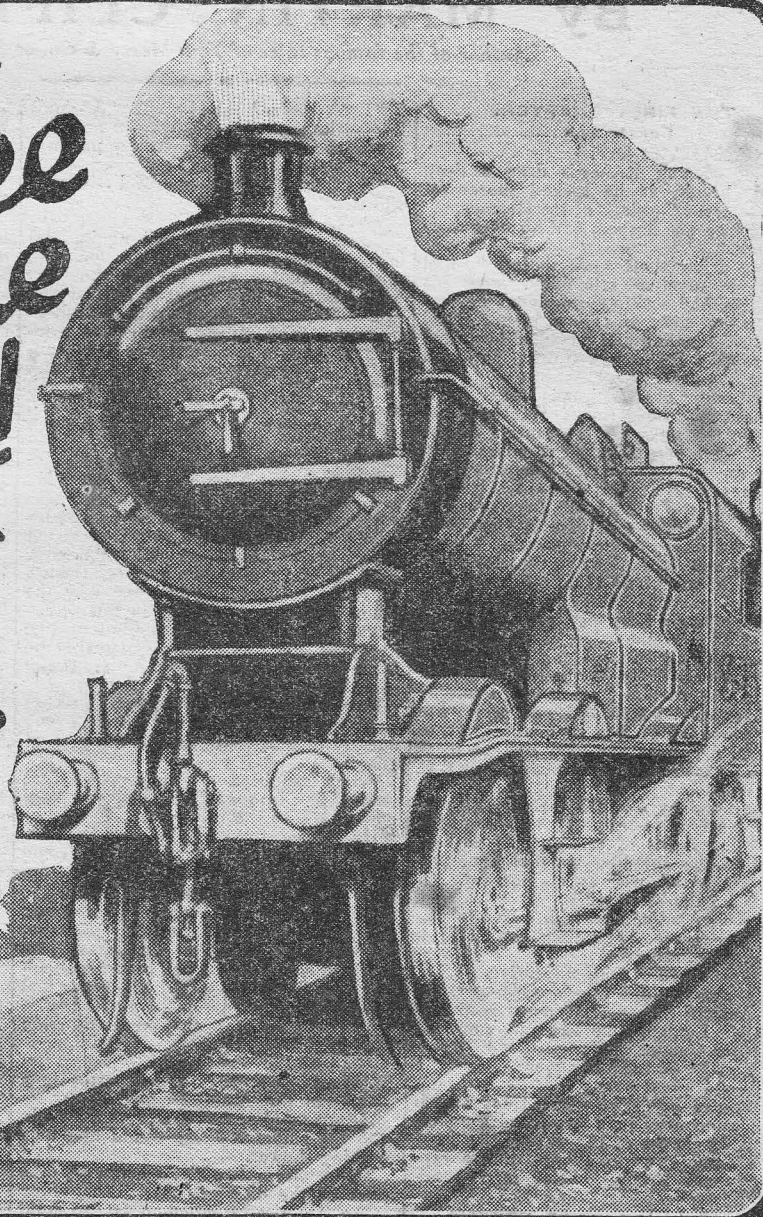
# The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED.

SPECIAL  
SUPPLEMENT  
INSIDE.

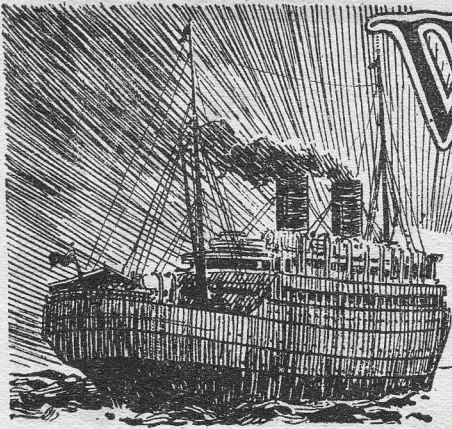
*Grand  
Free  
Engine  
Plate!*

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A GRAND STORY, TELLING HOW FRANK RICHARDS FIRST WENT OUT WEST!



# Westward Bound!

A Long Complete Story of  
School Life in the Backwoods  
:: :: of Canada :: ::

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD,**

Author of the famous tales of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Cousin Bob!

**C**ANADA at last!  
Frank Richards drew a deep breath as he looked shoreward from the deck of the steamer.

His face was flushed, and his eyes were shining.

Only a few short weeks before he had been a careless schoolboy, and his thoughts had scarcely wandered beyond the white cliffs of Old England. Now the broad Atlantic lay behind him, and before him lay a new world, new and strange.

His eager eyes had not rested for a moment as the steamer throbbed her way up the great St. Lawrence. As the great ship passed under the frowning heights of Abraham, the story of Wolfe and Montcalm came feebly into his mind, and of the old days of strife before English and French-Canadians were united in one great people.

Dusk was falling as the steamer came alongside the wharf at Point Levis, and Quebec gleamed through the falling darkness like a fairy city, glittering from the citadel to the edge of the rippling water with electric lights.

Passengers were coming and going. There was a buzz of voices and a rumble of baggage. Frank did not heed. He was going on in the steamer as far as Montreal, where someone was to meet him and take him to his uncle's ranch in the West.

He stood by the rail, out of the way of hurrying passengers, watching the glittering lights of the city. A sudden slap on the shoulder startled him, and he spun round, with an exclamation.

"What the dickens!"

A sturdy lad of about his own age was standing there, regarding him with a good-humoured grin.

Frank gazed at him curiously.

He was not one of the passengers on the steamer. Frank had never seen him before. Evidently he had just come on board at Quebec.

"Well?" said the stranger.

"Well?" said Frank.

"You've just been pointed out to me. You came over in a handbox, I understand, in charge of the skipper?"

"I came over in charge of the captain," said Frank. "Not in a handbox."

"Labelled 'This side up, with care'!" grinned the stranger.

Frank Richards flushed a little.

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

"Look here," he began, "I don't know who you are, or what you are jawing to me for. But I generally punch a fellow's nose if he's cheeky!"

"By gum!" The youthful stranger whistled. "Do you?"

"Yes. That's a tip!"

Frank turned to the rail again, and looked landward. The next moment he received another slap on the shoulder, which pitched him forward against the rail. He whirled round, with a flash in his eyes. The sturdy youth was grinning at him in a most provoking manner.

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Frank angrily. "What do you want?"

"I'm waiting for you to punch my nose."

"Oh, I won't keep you waiting!"

Frank Richards pushed back his cuffs, and started. Frank had been known as a fighting-man in the Fourth Form at his school in far-away England. He was not at all averse to giving this aggressive stranger a taste of his quality, though he could not possibly imagine why the fellow had sought him out in this way.

The other fellow's hands went up like lightning. It was plain at once that he knew as much about boxing as Frank could teach him.

In a moment or two a terrific combat was raging, which reminded Frank queerly of old scenes behind the gym at school.

Frank caught a set of knuckles that seemed like iron with his chin, and staggered back to the rail.

He rushed forward the next instant, however, and his left and right came into play with lightning quickness, and the stranger went flying backwards.

As ill-luck would have it, a passenger was hurrying past laden with baggage. He was a tall American gentleman, with a bag in each hand, a rug over his shoulder, another bag under one arm, and several more articles piled about him.

The reeling lad crashed fairly into him.

The collision was terrific.

"Waal! I swow! Yah!" came in a roar from the American gentleman.

He sprawled at full length on the deck, with his baggage flying round him in a crashing shower.

"Oh, Jerusalem!" ejaculated the cause of the disaster.

The American gentleman sat up amid his baggage, and stared round him with a bloodthirsty eye.

The Canadian lad gripped Frank Richards by the arm.

"Hook it!" he said laconically.

"I—"

"Come on, greenhorn! Do you want that johnnie to scalp you?"

He dragged Frank away from the spot just as the American gentleman clambered to his feet, with vengeance in his looks.

The two lads vanished amid the throng on the deck, and the unfortunate passenger, with a series of lurid remarks, gathered up his baggage again.

"All serene," said Frank's curious companion, stopping at a safe distance, with a chuckle.

Frank regarded him oddly.

All the youth's aggressiveness seemed to have vanished, and he looked quite friendly, and Frank did not know in the least what to make of him.

He rubbed his nose where Frank's knuckles had struck hard.

"You can scrap pretty well for a tenderfoot," he remarked. "I guess I didn't know you had it in you."

"For a what?" asked Frank. It was a new word to him.

"Tenderfoot—greenhorn, you know. I thought you looked as soft as molasses, but you can scrap!" He rubbed his nose again. "We'll finish that little tussle some day, with the gloves on."

Frank stared at him.

"I don't suppose I shall ever see you again," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see—"

"I've forgotten to introduce myself," grinned the stranger. "You're Frank Richards, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you're my cousin Frank."

"What?"

"I'm Bob Lawless."

"Oh!" ejaculated Frank, in astonishment.

The youth held out his hand in the frankest manner. Frank Richards took it cordially enough, though somewhat doubtfully.

"Pop sent me down to Montreal to meet you," explained Lawless.

"Pop?" repeated Frank.

"Father, you know. Your Uncle Lawless. I came on to Quebec to meet the steamer on my own. I'm going up the river with you—see? We land at Montreal, and take the train west. Father couldn't come; he's too jolly



busy on the ranch just now. So I came."

"You've come right across Canada alone—a kid like you?" exclaimed Frank.

"Why not?"

"It's hundreds of miles, isn't it?"

"Hundreds!" Bob Lawless grinned. "You don't know our distances yet. Thousands, my son!"

"My word!" said Frank. And he looked at the Canadian youth with new interest. Bob Lawless had evidently made that long journey without the slightest misgiving.

"I'm going to see you safe to the ranch," said Bob. "Pop's trusted you into my hands. We're going to school together."

"Oh!"

"Pop says we're to be great friends," grinned Lawless. "Perhaps we shall be. We've started well."

Frank laughed.

"I don't see why we shouldn't be," he said. "I didn't understand. If you'd told me you were my cousin—"

"All serene. No harm done," said Bob cheerfully. "I say, suppose we go and scout for some grub? You know the way, I suppose? Lead on, Macduff!"

"Right-ho!" said Frank. And he led the way.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**  
Across Canada!

**T**HE next day the steamer was gliding up the St. Lawrence again.

That day Frank Richards became better acquainted with his cousin Bob.

Bob Lawless was a young gentleman of the most exuberant spirits and of the greatest good-humour, and Frank could not help liking him.

But it seemed to be fixed in Bob's mind that the newcomer from England was a tenderfoot—a greenhorn of the greenest variety. And Frank soon learned that his Canadian cousin had an irrepressible sense of humour, and a strong propensity to "pull the leg" of the new arrival.

But Frank, new as he was to the Western Continent, was not an easy victim.

When Bob rushed down to the stateroom to warn him that a fleet of Indian canoes were coming to attack the steamer, Frank Richards continued to pack his bag with great equanimity.

"Don't you understand?" demanded Bob, staring hard at him. "Indians, you know!"

Frank nodded, and went on packing.

"Red Indians!"

"Yes, I know—same as in Fenimore Cooper!" said Frank. "They board all the steamers, and scalp all the passengers, don't they?"

"Ahem! Exactly!"

"Well, let 'em come!"

And Bob laughed, and gave it up.

But when they landed in Montreal at last, Bob Lawless was very useful to his cousin from the Old Country.

He piloted Frank through the Custom House, took him to see the cathedral and the tubular bridge, and finally landed him, with his baggage, on a car on the Canadian Pacific Railway—the great and famous C.P.R.

The Canadian Pacific was a wonderful experience to Frank, accustomed as he was to the comparatively wretched train service of the Old Country.

The great cars which sped day and night over limitless distances required getting used to.

They passed through Ottawa at night,

and breakfasted the next morning at Toronto.

"Now, which way would you rather go?" Bob asked at breakfast.

"Is there more than one way?" asked Frank. "I've never been to Canada before, you know."

Bob grinned.

"Yes, I know. But you can keep on the west of the railway all the time, or you can do part of the journey by steamer on the Great Lakes. That's a bit longer, but it's pleasanter. Say which you'd like."

"The lakes!" said Frank at once.

"Right-ho!"

And by the lakes they went onward, taking the steamer on Lake Huron at Owen Sound. And Frank's boyish eyes opened wide when they came out on the wide waters of Lake Superior.

"My word! Is this a lake?" he exclaimed.

Bob shook his head solemnly.

"No; this is the Pacific Ocean," he explained.

Frank laughed. But the huge expanse of water might have been the ocean, for all the eye could tell.

Frank was enjoying the journey, and he found Bob Lawless a useful and entertaining guide, with all his propensity for practical jokes.

The journey, tremendous as it was to Frank, seemed an easy enough concern to the Canadian lad.

The Canadian Pacific received them again on its cars at Port Arthur, on the western extremity of Lake Superior.

The Pullman sleeping-car on the C.P.R. was Frank's first experience of real comfort in railway travelling. Night and day succeeded one another

Manitoba lay behind, and in Assiniboia

Frank had his first sight of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police, in two stalwart troopers who boarded the train.

After passing Regina, the capital of Assiniboia, the train boomed along over limitless prairie.

Frank was never tired of standing on the train platform and watching the vast expanse as they hummed by. Once or twice he caught sight of antelopes

Bob, to whom it was all commonplace enough, watched his interest and delight with a friendly grin.

The two cousins had quite forgotten by this time that their acquaintance had been opened with a bout of fisticuffs. It was at Medicine Hat, where the railway crosses the South Saskatchewan River, that Frank saw his first Indian.

Bob grasped him suddenly by the arm, with a look of alarm.

"Indians!" he whispered, in a thrilling voice.

"Oh, rats!" said Frank.

"Look!"

Frank looked round, and started violently as he saw a tall, red man close by him.

It was a real Indian at last.

But the noble red man was only offering bead ornaments for sale, and there was nothing to be alarmed at. It was only one more of Bob's little jokes.

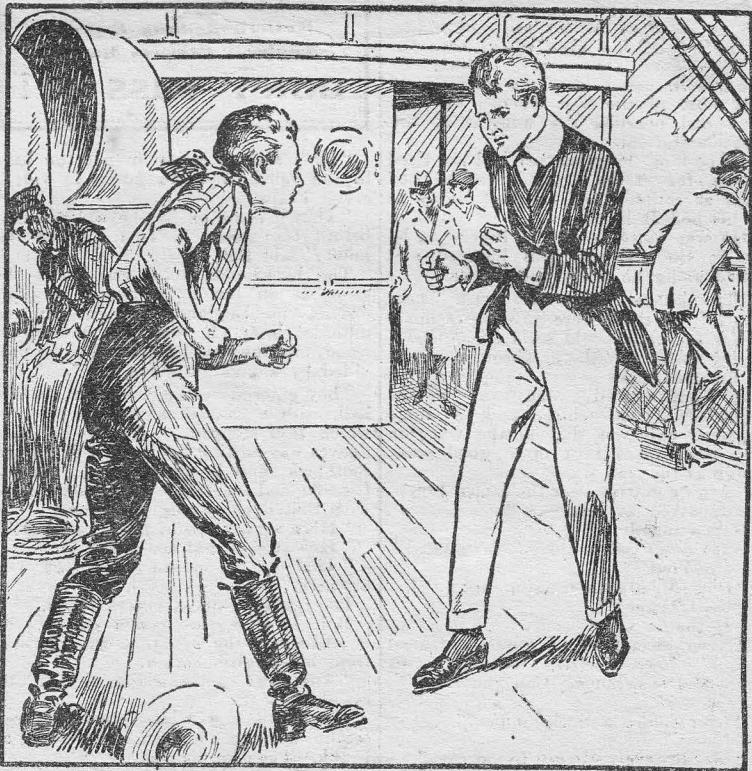
From Medicine Hat the great train ran on westward into Alberta, and the same day Frank Richards had his first sight of the Rocky Mountains.

He felt his heart beat faster at the sight of the dim peaks that rose beyond the horizon.

"The Rockies?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

Bob nodded.

"Yes, my infant."



"I'm waiting for you to punch my nose!" said the stranger. "Oh, I won't keep you waiting long," returned Frank Richards, pushing back his cuffs. The other fellow's hands went up like lightning. (See Chapter 1.)

"We're going over the Rockies?" asked Frank.

"Naturally, as we've got to get to the other side," said Bob, laughing. "What do you think of the Rockies?"

"Bigger than the South Downs," said Frank, with a smile.

Frank feasted his eyes on the mountains as they drew nearer and nearer. He was never tired of watching them, and breathing deep the scent of the pine-forests.

England seemed very far away now. The train climbed, farther and farther, hour after hour. Higher and higher went the groaning engine into the Kicking Horse Pass.

"How far up is this?" Frank asked, when the train stopped at last at the summit of the pass.

"About a mile," said Bob. "Above sea-level, I mean."

"My word!"  
"And now we're going down," remarked Bob, when the train was in motion again. "Hold on to me."

But Frank laughed, and did not hold. The train was descending now, in sight of the foaming waters of the Kicking Horse River, dancing along by the track.

"Where are we now?" Frank asked at last.

"British Columbia—and near home!" said Bob cheerfully.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
Roughing It!**

**B**UMP, bump!  
The waggon jolted on the rough road that ran between great stretches of forest.

Bump, bump!  
Frank Richards lay back in the waggon, on a pile of sacks, dreamily gazing about at the new, strange sights. The railway had been left at last.

While the train was rushing on towards its destination, the terminus of the shore of the blue Pacific, the two boys had boarded the waggon at the wayside station.

The long, long journey had not tired Frank, for in the Pullman car he had slept as soundly and as comfortably as in his bed at home.

He was quite fresh and cheery as he sat in the waggon, and bumped and jolted along he knew not whither.

Bob had said that they were "near home," but there were no signs of home so far as Frank could see. But "near" might mean anywhere within a couple of hundred miles.

A brown-faced man in leather "crackers," red shirt, and a huge slouched hat, was driving the waggon. The two horses kept up a good pace, rough as the trail was.

"Are we getting near the ranch, Bob?" Frank asked at last.

Bob grinned.

"We don't get to the ranch to-night," he answered.

"Oh! Where do we stop, then?" "Cedar Creek."

"Is that a town?"

"Yes, it's a town, I guess," grinned Bob—"a town of sorts. We take horses there and ride home. Can you ride?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ever ridden a buck-jumper?"

"N-no!"

"You'll have a chance to-morrow."

"I don't know that I'm keen on riding a buck-jumper," said Frank candidly. "I'm not such a rider as all that. We don't ride buck-jumpers in England, you know."

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

"Then it'll be an experience for you," said Bob. "There's the creek!"

Frank looked round him with interest as the waggon rumbled and jolted into the town—or, rather, camp.

"Where are we going to stay?" he asked.

"At the Hotel Continental."  
"Phew!"

The Hotel Continental sounded promising, though the aspect of the border town gave little promise of such splendour.

The waggon stopped at last in an irregular street dotted with cabins, near a large ramshackle wooden building. Frank Richards would certainly not have taken it for an hotel but for a board nailed over the doorway, which bore the words in irregular letters:

**"HOTEL CONTINENTAL."**

"Is—is that the hotel?" ejaculated Frank.

"I guess so."  
"Oh!"

"You're in the backwoods now," grinned Bob. "This isn't Quebec or Montreal or Ottawa, you know, or even Regina or Calgary. We're a hundred miles from everywhere!"

"I—I see!"  
Bob jumped out of the waggon and gave Frank a hand with his "truck," as he called the baggage. Frank had found that impedimenta of any kind was generally alluded to as "truck."

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FREE COLOURED PLATE**

*will be the famous Great  
Western Railway Express  
Engine, "Princess Mary."*

**DON'T MISS IT!**

"How are we going to get the bags to the ranch if we're going to ride?" asked Frank.

"They'll come on by the waggon that brings the stores. This way to the hotel!" said Bob.

The backwoods hotel was much the same as an inn in a remote country district in England, though run on different lines. It was built entirely of wood, and the heating seemed to be provided by a gigantic stove.

They entered a long room, or, rather, hall, with a counter along one side, at which Bob stopped. A man in shirt-sleeves was picking his teeth with a huge toothpick, and he gave Bob Lawless a friendly nod, evidently being acquainted with that lively young gentleman.

"Here we are again, Pete!" said Bob.

"Howdy do?" yawned Pete.

"This is my cousin from the Old Country."

Pete gave Frank a gracious nod.

Bob Lawless closed one eye at the hotel-keeper, the eye that was farthest from his English cousin.

"Any news of the Indian rising?" he asked.

The gentleman in the shirtsleeves and toothpick glanced at him, and glanced at Frank. Then he nodded.

"Yes. There's goin' to be trouble. You youngsters better hang on hyer, I guess, till the trail's safe."

"Oh, we're going to the ranch to-morrow," said Bob. "We'll chance the Kootenays. Where's our room, Pete?"

"Number four."  
"Right! Come on, Frank!"

Frank Richards followed his cousin up the creaking wooden stairs to the room assigned to them. His heart was beating a little faster.

He had seen a good many Indians in his journey across Western Canada, and the noble Red Man had certainly seemed quite peaceable and harmless wherever Frank had seen him.

But an "Indian rising" seemed rather a different matter.

"Is that another joke, Bob?" he asked, while they were removing the signs of travel.

"Eh? Is what a joke?"  
"That Indian rising."

Bob grinned.

"Getting nery?" he asked.  
"No!" said Frank indignantly.

"But—"  
"You'd rather stay here a bit till it's over?" asked Bob, looking at him curiously. "You'd rather not risk meeting the Kootenays on the trail to-morrow?"

Frank coloured.

"I'm quite ready to risk it if you are!" he said.

"Then it's a go!" said Bob. "Buck up with your dusting. I'm hungry!"

And in a few minutes the two cousins were seated at a crowded table downstairs before a substantial meal, to which they did full justice.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.  
Captured by Redskins!**

**F**RANK RICHARDS was silent for the most part as he ate his dinner. Most of the inhabitants of Cedar Creek seemed to have supper at the hotel, and there was a crowd at the table and a buzz of talk.

Bob Lawless seemed to be acquainted with everyone there, and exchanged greetings with nearly all.

It was another example of the Canadian democracy of which Frank had seen a good deal. The rich rancher's son was greeted with perfect familiarity by big cattlemen and team-drivers. In that spacious country there seemed to be no room for snobbishness or any of the smaller and meaner feelings that trouble the human breast.

Frank had been doubtful whether the "Indian rising" was not another of Bob's attempts to pull his leg, till he found that it was a general topic at the supper-table.

A prospector in from the hills told a story of burning and scalping, with one eye on the English lad, and several men urgently pressed Bob Lawless to think of the danger of riding on the trail to the Lawless Ranch till the trouble had blown over.

When the comrades went to bed Frank had no further doubts about the reality of the Indian rising, and any unwillingness on his part would have looked like showing the white feather. And all the scalping-knives between the Klondike River and the Rio Grande would not have induced Frank Richards to do that.

He slept soundly enough that night, but he dreamed of ferocious braves on the warpath, of torture-stakes and scalping-knives. He knew that there had been such things in Canadian history.

He was awakened in the morning by Bob's voice and a hearty shake.

"Time to get going!" said Bob cheerily.

Frank was up at once.

After breakfast in the log hotel the



horses were brought round by a Kootenay stableman.

A dozen fellows gathered round to see them off, all with very grave faces. Pete, the hotel-keeper, was shaking his head portentously.

Frank looked at the horses, and was somewhat relieved to find that his steed showed no traces of being a fiery buck-jumper.

"Ready, Frank?" asked Bob.

"Oh, yes!"

His cousin paused.

"I'll ride alone, if you like, and you can come on later in the waggon."

"Then you're going anyway?"

"You bet!"

"So am I!" said Frank coolly.

"Right you are!" said Bob cordially.

"Jump up, then!"

He vaulted lightly into the saddle,

eyes—but Bob evidently knew his way well.

Suddenly the Canadian lad wheeled his horse and halted, staring back the way he had come, shading his eyes with his broad hat.

"By gum!" he ejaculated.

Frank halted and followed his glance.

From the forest behind them a horseman had emerged.

Even at the distance Frank could make out the coppery gleam of his skin, and the dancing feathers that adorned his thick, black hair.

It was an Indian!

A thrill ran through the English boy's veins. He gave Bob a quick look, and noted the seriousness of his expression.

"An Indian?" said Frank.

"Yes; a Kootenay."

horsemen appeared in sight—Indians, at a glance.

The cousins were cut off!

Bob slackened speed.

"Follow me, Frank!" he shouted.

"We'll dodge them yet!"

He swerved from the trail, riding at right angles to his previous course, and Frank dashed after him.

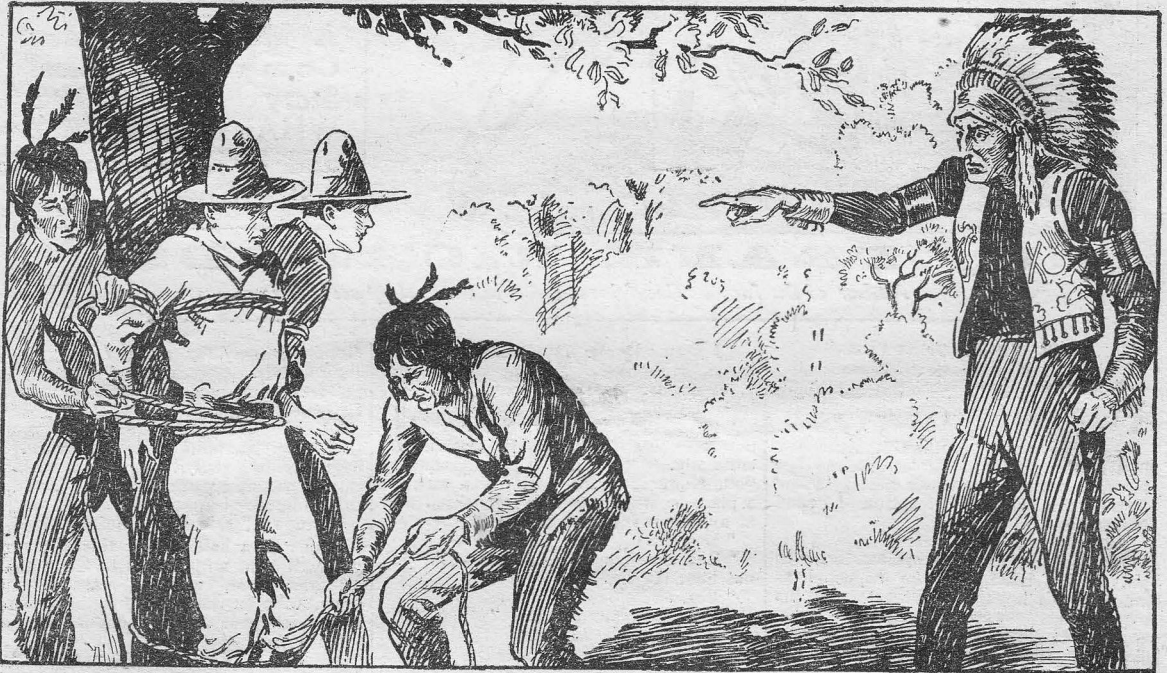
Frank's face was flushed with excitement now. The sense of danger gave him a curious feeling of exhilaration.

Over the rough, rolling ground they dashed at full speed, startling many a prairie rabbit from his hole.

But the Kootenays had followed at once, and they were riding hard to cut off the fugitives.

And suddenly Bob drew rein with a muttered exclamation.

"We're done!"



The Kootenay who appeared the leader of the band pointed to a tree, and the prisoners were placed against it and the rope run round the trunk, securing them there. "They're going to camp here, Bob," said Frank in a low tone. (See Chapter 5.)

and Frank followed his example. With a clatter of hoofs they rode away down the irregular street, and out upon the open trail.

Bob Lawless whistled cheerfully as he rode, but Frank was silent. He had plenty of pluck, but he could not help thinking of the Kootenays on the war-path, and of the grave looks of the men at Cedar Creek.

The trail ran for many miles through a forest rich with scents in the sunshine. If the Indians were really "up," every tree might have hidden a lurking brave in war-paint. From every thicket an arrow might have come winged with death.

But Bob Lawless seemed unconscious of possible danger, and Frank, who found his cousin's eyes on him a good many times, maintained an elaborate appearance of unconcern.

Beyond the forest they rode out on a grassy plain, in the blaze of sunshine. The trail was slightly marked—not marked at all to Frank's inexperienced

"Is he after us?"

"Looks like it! We shall have to ride for it," said Bob. "Come on!"

They rode on again, at a gallop now.

Frank glanced back after a few minutes. The Kootenay was galloping, too, on their track, waving a rifle and shouting. His hoarse tones came faintly to Frank's ears on the wind.

"Is he gaining?" panted Bob.

"I think not."

"Hark!"

There was a sudden report.

Crack!

Frank Richards' heart thumped as the rifle-shot rang out.

But he sat his pony steadily, and rode on side by side with his companion. Behind came the steady thud of heavy hoof-beats.

Bob Lawless was sweeping the horizon with his eyes as he rode, apparently in expectation of sighting other enemies.

He uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Corralled, by gum!"

Ahead of them on the trail three

From a clump of trees ahead two more horsemen appeared in sight. The fugitives were surrounded.

From all sides now the Redskins were closing in on them.

"Well?" panted Frank, stopping as his comrade stopped.

"We're done, Frank! Pity we didn't stay in Cedar Creek, after all," said Bob grimly. "The game's up, and it's my fault."

Frank sat silent on his steed. Further flight was impossible, and resistance was not much use. There were six Indians closing in on them. And even if they boys had been armed, the odds were too great.

"Take it quietly," said Bob. "They may only take us prisoners—"

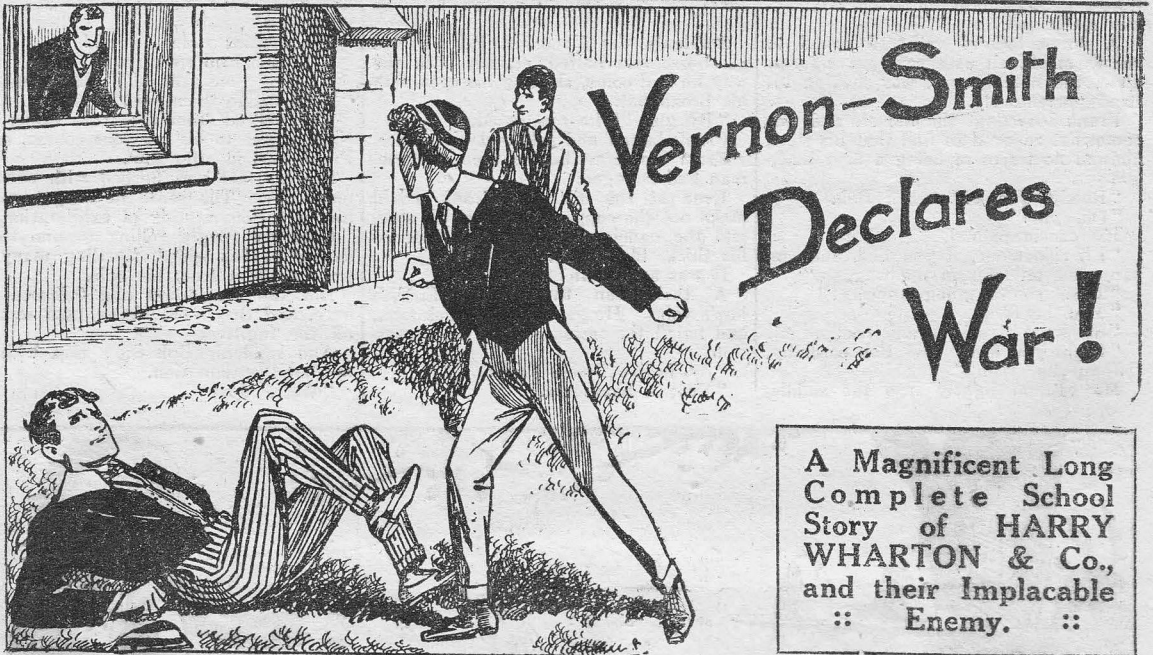
He had no time to finish. The Redskins were close at hand, and they rode round and round the two motionless boys, uttering terrific whoops.

Round and round them the horsemen

(Continued on page 18.)

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

A POWERFUL STORY, TELLING HOW A GREAT FEUD AT GREYFRIARS STARTED!



A Magnificent Long Complete School Story of HARRY WHARTON & Co., and their Implacable  
 :: Enemy. ::

By **FRANK RICHARDS,**  
 Author of the famous Greyfriars stories in the "Magnet" Library.



**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**Trouble In the Form-room!**

**F**RANK NUGENT hurried along the Form-room passage at Greyfriars.

It was five minutes since the bell had rung for third lesson, and the Remove were all in their places in the Form-room, with the exception of Frank Nugent.

Nugent was late! Mr. Quelch, the Remove-master, was punctuality itself, and he expected as much of his boys. Needless to say, his expectations were frequently disappointed. But his disappointments generally turned out more painful to the delinquents than to himself. Nugent knew what to expect as he pushed open the heavy oaken door of the Form-room.

The Removites were all at their desks, and they all turned their heads as Frank Nugent came in. Harry Wharton, his study-mate and chum, gave him an anxious look, and signed to him to hurry. Mr. Quelch was at his desk, bending over it in search of a book; and there was just a chance that Nugent might slip into his place unnoticed.

"Buck up, Franky!" breathed Bob Cherry inaudibly.

Frank hurried to his place. He had reached the desk, and was just sitting down when Mr. Quelch turned round.

The Remove master fixed his eyes upon Nugent. Mr. Quelch's eyes were popularly compared, in the Remove, to gimlets, from their penetrating qualities. Never had they seemed so much like gimlets as at the present moment.

"Nugent!" rapped out Mr. Quelch. Nugent stood up again. "Yes, sir?" "You are late!" "Yes, sir." "You were late for first lesson also." "I am sorry, sir."

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

"I excused your unpunctuality at first lesson, Nugent."

"Yes, sir. You were very kind," faltered Nugent.

"It appears, however, that my kindness was wasted," said Mr. Quelch sarcastically. "I think I pointed out to you, Nugent, that a Form-room was not a place to stroll into in a haphazard way at any time you feel inclined."

"Yes, sir." "You are five minutes late. Did you not hear the bell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why are you late?"

"I—I was delayed, sir."

"Indeed! And what was the cause of your delay?"

"I—I—I—" Nugent stammered, and paused.

"I am waiting for your answer, Nugent," said Mr. Quelch, with quiet grimness.

"I was talking to my minor, sir."

"And your conversation with your minor, Nugent—very important, I have no doubt—kept you from appearing here at the proper time?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"I am afraid, Nugent," said Mr. Quelch, with crushing sarcasm, "that I cannot admit that as sufficient explanation. Even your conversations with your minor cannot be allowed to interfere with your attendance at classes. I am sorry, Nugent, for I have no doubt that your conversations with your minor are very interesting and instructive."

The Remove grinned, as in duty bound. When a Form-master condescends to make a little joke, it is up to his Form to smile. But Mr. Quelch's little joke did not mean that he was placated. Mr. Quelch was most dangerous when he was most humorous, as the Remove had learned by many sad experiences. When Mr. Quelch was humorous, the Removites were very much upon their guard; like that gentleman of ancient times who feared the

Greeks when they came with gifts in their hands.

"I—I hope you will excuse me, sir," faltered Nugent.

"I fear that I am bound to disappoint that hope, Nugent," said Mr. Quelch. "I have already excused you once this morning, apparently without effect. You will take a hundred lines!"

"Yes, sir," said Frank quietly.

"As it is a half-holiday this afternoon you will have ample time to write out a hundred lines, without interfering, I hope, with further interesting conversations with your minor, Nugent."

"Yes, sir."

"We will now resume," said Mr. Quelch. And having wasted as much time in sarcasm as Nugent had wasted by being late, Mr. Quelch started the lesson.

The Removites construed with unusual care that lesson. Nugent having started Mr. Quelch on the warpath, there was no telling when and where the Form-master would break out next; and every fellow in the Remove was naturally anxious not to attract his special attention.

Even Billy Bunter succeeded in blundering through some Virgilian verses without making too many "howlers," and Bolsover major, who sometimes amused himself by construing with especial badness, just to watch the expression on his master's face, was very, very careful not to amuse himself in that way on this occasion. Even Harry Wharton, who was almost the best classical scholar in the Form, felt nervous as he rose to construe; but he came through the ordeal without trouble; and Vernon-Smith even received a word of praise.

Mark Linley, whose taste—considered in the Lower School as being something exceedingly extraordinary—led him to read Virgil for pleasure as well as profit, came through with flying colours; and good humour returned to the counte-



nance of Mr. Quelch, and the Remove breathed more freely.

But the Remove master had his eye upon Nugent all the time. Johnny Bull whispered to Nugent to keep his eyes open, and Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, whispered into his other ear that the teacher-sahib was playing with him cat-and-mousefully.

Hurree Singh's English was peculiar, but his meaning was clear. And Nugent, who had not prepared his lesson the previous evening, sat upon tenterhooks. He hoped against hope that the Form-master's eye would pass him over. He might as well have hoped for the deluge.

"Nugent!" rapped out Mr. Quelch. Nugent rose with a heavy heart. "Buck up, old chap!" whispered Bob Cherry. "It's the beastly shipwreck biznai—"

"Cherry!" Bob Cherry jumped. "Ye-es, sir." "Are you unaware, Cherry, that chattering during lessons is forbidden?"

"Nun—no, sir." "You were talking to Nugent?" "Ye-es, sir." "If Nugent is not prepared to construe, Cherry, it is not your business to help him. What did you say to Nugent?"

"I—I only said, sir—" stammered Bob.

"Well?" "That—that it was the beastly shipwreck biznai, sir."

"What!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "The—beastly shipwreck biznai, Cherry! That is how you describe one of the most beautiful and sublime passages in the greatest of the Latin poets, Cherry!"

"Yes, sir—no, sir—that is, I—I didn't mean—"

"You will take fifty lines, Cherry, and learn not to talk in class."

"Yes, sir," groaned the unhappy Bob. Mr. Quelch fixed his gimlet eyes upon Nugent.

"You will construe, Nugent," he said. "Pray go on at Talia jactanti stridens, and I trust, Nugent, that you will commit no errors."

Mr. Quelch's voice hinted very plainly what would happen if Nugent did.

Nugent turned very red, and blinked at his book.

"I am waiting, Nugent," said Mr. Quelch, with dangerous suavity. "The whole class is waiting. You are wasting the time of the Form, Nugent."

"Talia jactanti stridens Aquilone," stammered Nugent. "Procella—"

"Well?" "Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit—"

"Will you have the great goodness, Nugent, to render the English?" asked Mr. Quelch, with a patient sarcasm which was quite enough to disconcert a fellow who knew Virgil as well as he knew the rules of soccer.

"The howling eagle—" stammered Nugent.

Mr. Quelch jumped quite clear of the Form-room floor.

"The—the what?" he shouted.

"The howling eagle strikes against the sail," said Nugent.

"Oh, crumbs," murmured Vernon-Smith, "somebody's going to catch it!"

Somebody was, certainly! If Nugent had not been in a very confused state of mind, he would not have mixed up aquilo, the north wind, with aquila, an eagle, but between the ragging he was receiving from Mr. Quelch, and another trouble that lay heavy upon

his mind, the unfortunate junior hardly knew what he was saying.

Mr. Quelch gave Nugent a simply terrific look.

"The howling eagle!" he said faintly. "Oh, dear! Nugent, did you do your preparation last night?"

"No, sir." "Ah! But even that is no excuse. Nugent, you will stay in this afternoon and write out that passage in Virgil a hundred times—from Talia jactanti to furit aestus arenis."

Nugent started.

"This afternoon, sir?" he repeated.

"Yes. You may sit down."

"But I—I can't stay in this afternoon, sir," said Nugent.

Mr. Quelch gave him a look that Medusa might have envied.

"What did you say, Nugent?" he asked, scarcely able to believe his ears.

"I can't stay in this afternoon, sir."

"You—cannot—stay—in—this—afternoon!" repeated Mr. Quelch in measured tones.

"No, sir," said Nugent, his handsome face pale and almost haggard. "I—I can't, sir."

"Shut up, you ass!" whispered Bob Cherry, at the risk of being caught again.

"Don't jaw Quelch, you awful duffer! Sit down!"

Hurree Singh drew Nugent down into his seat.

Mr. Quelch came close up to the desk.

"You will stay in the whole of the afternoon, from dinner-time till tea-time, Nugent," he said in a grinding voice.

"I shall keep an eye on you all the time, in case you should be inclined to play truant. Now, silence!"

"But, sir—"

"Silence!" thundered the Form-master.

Nugent moved his lips, but he did not speak again. He knew that it was useless. He sat silent while the lesson proceeded; and Mr. Quelch did not even glance at him again.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Straight from the Shoulder!

HARRY WHARTON slipped his arm in Nugent's as the Remove came out of the Form-room after third lesson.

Nugent was looking pale and troubled, and Wharton was very much concerned about his chum.

"What's the matter, Franky, old man?" he asked. "Why were you late for third lesson?"

"You heard me tell Quelch."

"Yes, I know. But what the dickens did you want to stop talking to your minor for? Surely, Franky, you could have waited a bit?"

"You don't understand," muttered Nugent.

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Is Dicky in some trouble again?" he asked.

"Yes."

"The young waster!"

"It isn't his fault," said Nugent, prompt to defend his minor. "I believe he's been led into it by another chap—an older chap."

"Who, then?"

"Can't you guess whom?" said Nugent bitterly. "Who is it that caused all the trouble we've had for a long time—who's a rotter right through to the marrow of his bones, and a liar and a cad and a blackguard?"

"The Bounder?" said Wharton at once.

Nugent nodded.

"Yes; Vernon-Smith, the Bounder."

"You don't mean to say that Vernon-

Smith has taken up your minor, a fag in the Second Form?" Wharton exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, I do."

"The awful rotter!" said Bob Cherry.

"They've got something on for this afternoon," said Frank gloomily. "I don't know what it is, but I know there's something on. I've got to keep an eye on Dicky. I promised the mater to look after the young ass, and keep him out of trouble, and I'm going to do it, if I have to wring his neck!"

"You can't look after him this afternoon," said Harry. "You're detained."

Nugent's jaw seemed to grow squarer. "I'm not staying in," he said briefly.

"You must!"

"I won't!"

"But Quelch is going to keep his eye on you, he said."

"Quelch can go and eat coke!"

"Look here, Franky," said Wharton seriously, "you can't back up against the Form-master. It's not good enough. If you cleared out when he's expressly ordered you to stay in, it means a flogging from the Head."

"I don't care. He shouldn't have detained me."

"Look here—"

"It's no good talking," said Frank; "I've made up my mind. Blow Virgil and his rotten storms at sea! I missed my prep last evening over young Dick. The young ass! He's always getting into some trouble or other; but this is going to be serious, if I don't stop him."

"We could keep an eye on the young ass," said Wharton, with a perplexed look; "only we're playing the Shell this afternoon. If any of us cut the match, it would give the Bounder and his set a handle against us."

"We can't cut the match," said Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head.

"Impossible!" said Johnny Bull.

And Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh shook his head solemnly, and remarked that the impossibility was terrific.

"I know you can't," said Nugent. "I shall have to stand out, anyway, as I am detained. You can play young Penfold in my place. He's a good man. I don't feel up to footer, anyway; I'm too bothered."

"You've got to stay in this afternoon," said Harry. "You must do it, Franky. But we'll see young Dicky, and jaw him."

"I've jawed him," said Nugent hopelessly.

"And what does he say?"

"Says I am a silly ass, and he can look after himself all right without my interfering."

Wharton set his teeth.

"It's that cad Smith," he said. "He can twist anybody round his finger, when he tries. It's no wonder he can work round a fatheaded young fag. Look here, we'll see Smithy instead, and talk to him."

"And lick him, if necessary," said Bob Cherry.

Perhaps Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, guessed that that interview was coming. He kept his friends about him when he left the School House, and sauntered out into the Close. Bolsover major, and Snoop and Stott, and Trevor and Hazeldene, and Elliott, all the choice spirits of the Remove, were with the Bounder when Harry Wharton & Co. sought him out. It was some time since the Bounder had started his campaign against Study No. 1; and the Famous Four, who had disdained to enter into the lists against him at first, had to admit that he had

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

gone a long way on the road to success. Harry Wharton was captain of the Remove, but his position was not nearly so secure as it had been, and quite a crowd of fellows in the Form were backing up the Bounder. Vernon-Smith was not troubled with scruples of any kind, and that gave him a big advantage over fellows who always played the game, even when dealing with unscrupulous adversaries.

The Bounder was chatting with Bolsover major and the rest of the new Co. when the Famous Four came up. He affected not to see them, and went on talking to Bolsover, till Bob Cherry clapped him on the shoulder.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Growing short-sighted in your old age, Smithy?"

Vernon-Smith looked round. "Hallo!" he said. "What do you want? Looking for somebody to play in Nugent's place in the Form eleven this afternoon?"

Harry Wharton frowned. "If I were doing that, I shouldn't come to a gang of the worst wasters and rotters in the whole school," he said.

The Bounder grinned. "Always so nice and pleasant and polite," he remarked. "But I suppose you didn't come along simply to pay us compliments. What do you want?"

"Go it, Franky!" Nugent turned a wrathful glare upon the Bounder.

"I want to speak to you, Vernon-Smith," he said. "You're going out with my young brother this afternoon?"

"Not at all!" "What! Dicky told me so!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Then he's mistaken." "Oh! You're not, then?"

"Certainly not! I'm taking him along with me," said Vernon-Smith loftily. "That's a very different thing. I'm not in the habit of going out with Second Form fags. But I'm letting Dicky come out with me for a little run—out of kindness."

"My minor doesn't want any of your kindness!" said Nugent hotly. "You're not the kind of fellow for Dicky—or any decent chap—to go out with. You know you're going to get him into mischief, because it will be one up against us. Look here, Dicky's not going out with you. Understand that!"

The Bounder yawned. "You'd better tell him so," he said. "I have told him so. But—"

"But he doesn't take any notice," said the Bounder, with a chuckle. "Well, I'm not surprised. He's rather an obstinate young beggar Nugent minor."

Nugent clenched his hands. "You're not going to take him out!" he said.

"Who's going to stop it?" "I am!" exclaimed Frank fiercely.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "My dear chap," he said, "I'm not going to do your minor any harm. I've simply picked him up because I want a fag to carry my bag. I'm going to stand him some ginger-pop for his trouble."

"Liar!" said Nugent grimly. Even the Bounder reddened at that; but he kept perfectly cool.

"Well, if that's how you look at it, there's no more to be said," he remarked.

"There's this to be said," replied Nugent, between his teeth. "I'm looking after my young brother, whether he likes it or not, and he's not going out with you! He's not going to have anything to do with you! You're not going

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

to teach him to smoke, and to smuggle cigarettes into the school, and tell lies to the prefects, and to break bounds of a night! If you want to take a fag with you, take Bolsover minor—if Bolsover major will let you!"

"Well, Bolsover wouldn't object—" "Shouldn't I?" said Bolsover major grimly. "You're jolly well not going to take my minor out, Vernon-Smith!"

The Bounder flushed. Bolsover major was one of his staunchest backers, but it was evident that Bolsover drew the line somewhere.

"And you're not going to take my minor!" said Nugent.

"Look here!" said the Bounder, gritting his teeth. "I've told your minor that I'll take him with me this afternoon, and I'm going to do it. You can't stop me. As it happens, you're detained, but you couldn't stop me, anyway! Go and eat coke!"

Nugent did not reply in words. He clenched his fist, and struck the Bounder full in the face, and Vernon-Smith, with a yell, rolled over on the grass.

There was a sharp sound as a window was flung up, and a sharp voice called out:

"Nugent! How dare you!" It was the voice of Mr. Quelch.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Quite in the Wrong!

THE juniors swung round. Mr. Quelch was standing at his open study window, his face dark with anger.

The group of juniors had been standing near the window, in full view of the Form-master, when Nugent struck that hasty blow. Nugent was thinking of anything but Mr. Quelch.

The Form-master had heard nothing through the closed window, but he had seen the blow struck, and that was enough for him.

Vernon-Smith had been about to spring up, but at the sound of Mr. Quelch's voice he remained lying in the grass, groaning.

"Nugent!" "Yes, sir?" said Nugent. "Come here!"

Frank crossed over to the study window. His chums stood in dismay. It was unlucky that the scene had taken place under the eyes of the Remove master. It placed Nugent utterly in the wrong, so far as appearances went.

The strife between Study No. 1 and the Bounder & Co. was not unknown to the Form-master; it had been very much in evidence of late, and it had caused a good deal of disturbance in the Remove studies. Mr. Quelch did not know the rights of the matter; but the Bounder had always been very careful of appearances, and he generally contrived to make himself appear the injured party, however much he was in the wrong.

"Are you hurt, Vernon-Smith?" asked the Form-master, turning his glance upon the sprawling Bounder.

Vernon-Smith groaned again. Bolsover major stooped and gave him a hand up, and the Bounder staggered to his feet.

"N-no, sir," gasped Vernon-Smith—"that is, not much, sir! It's all right!" "It is not all right!" said Mr. Quelch, frowning. "Nugent, how dare you strike Vernon-Smith in that brutal way—utterly unprovoked, so far as I could see!"

Nugent trembled with anger. "It wasn't unprovoked, sir," he said; "and I'll do it again, if he provokes me again in the same way!"

"Nugent! Silence! How dare you speak to me like that!"

Wharton grasped his chum's arm. "Are you dotty, Frank?" he whispered. "Mind what you say! Shut up!"

Nugent set his teeth, and was silent. "What is this trouble about?" said the Remove master. "You explain to me, Vernon-Smith. I cannot trust Nugent to speak with proper respect!"

"It's about nothing, sir," said the Bounder, with an air of reluctance. "Nugent's young brother is going out with me this afternoon. I've taken up botany, sir, and young Nugent is going to carry some things for me. Nugent doesn't want him to. I'm not on good terms with Nugent, sir—I don't think it's my fault. All the fellows know that I've tried to be friendly."

"You've tried to be a snake in the grass!" said Nugent.

"Silence, Nugent! Why should you object to your minor going out on a botanical expedition with Vernon-Smith?"

Nugent opened his lips, and closed them again. His tongue was tied by many considerations—considerations which Mr. Quelch did not understand. It was against all rules for one junior to betray another; and although all the Remove knew Vernon-Smith's character, it was very strictly forbidden to lay information against him to a master. And in this case Nugent could not betray the Bounder without betraying his minor, too.

"Well, Nugent?" said Mr. Quelch. "Vernon-Smith's not a fit chap for a kid to associate with, sir," said Nugent at last. "I object to my young brother having anything to do with him!"

"That is a very serious accusation to make against your Form-fellow, Nugent, and it must not be made without proof! What do you object to in Vernon-Smith's conduct?"

As Nugent could not reply to that question without incurring the odium of "sneaking," he remained silent.

"Do you mean to say that Vernon-Smith is likely to act in a disgraceful way, and that that renders him unfit for your minor to know?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

Nugent did not speak. "You do well to remain silent!" said Mr. Quelch. "If you made such a statement, I should call upon you for the fullest and completest proof of it!"

Frank bit his lip. He was not likely to allow himself to be put into the position of an informer, supplying evidence upon which the Bounder might be expelled from the school. That the Bounder deserved such a punishment was nothing to the purpose. It was not his Form-fellow's duty to bring it upon him.

"As you have nothing more to say, Nugent, I must conclude that you have allowed your personal dislike of Vernon-Smith to hurry you into a hasty accusation," said the Remove master. "That is bad enough. But you struck him, and without giving him an opportunity to defend himself. Your conduct is disgraceful!"

Nugent bit his lip harder. But he did not speak.

"Unless you have some tangible reason for objecting to Vernon-Smith," went on Mr. Quelch, "you have no right to object to your minor's associating with him. It is very kind of a Remove boy to take a boy of a lower Form out with him on a botanical expedition, and I am very glad to see such useful and harmless pursuits taken up in my Form. You will come to my study, Nugent, and I shall cane you!"



"If you please, sir," said Vernon-Smith, "may I say a word?"  
 "Certainly, Vernon-Smith!" said Mr. Quelch graciously.

"Nugent is making a mistake, sir," said the Bounder. "He lost his temper when he hit out at me, and I don't bear any malice, sir. If you don't think it's cheek on my part to ask you, sir, I should like you to let him off. Of course, it's just as you think best, sir," added the Bounder, very respectfully.

Mr. Quelch hesitated.  
 "Nugent, if anything could make you feel ashamed of your conduct, I should think Vernon-Smith's request would do so!" he exclaimed.

"I don't want his interference!" exclaimed Nugent passionately. "I'd rather be caned than begged off by that rotten cad!"

"Silence!"  
 "It's a shame to waste your time, sir," said Vernon-Smith, "but if you'd send for Nugent minor, and ask him what he's going out with me for, perhaps Nugent would be satisfied. You could ask him without my speaking to him first."

"Shall I call him, sir?" asked Bolsover major. "He's just over by the elms, sir."

"Do!" said Mr. Quelch.  
 Nugent minor came over when he was called. He was with Myers and Gatty, of the Second Form, watching the scene from a distance. He came over rather reluctantly, as if expecting trouble.

"You are going out with Vernon-Smith this afternoon, Nugent minor?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir," said Dicky timidly.  
 "What are you going out for?"  
 "Botany, sir. Vernon-Smith is going to show me some wrinkles, sir. He's given me a jolly good book about it."  
 Frank Nugent sniffed.

"Have you any other reason for going out with Vernon-Smith, Nugent minor?"

"No, sir."  
 "You give me your word to that effect?"

"Honour bright—I—I mean, yes, sir!"  
 "Very good; you may go."  
 "Thank you, sir!"

And Dicky Nugent marched off.  
 "Are you satisfied now, Nugent?" asked Mr. Quelch.

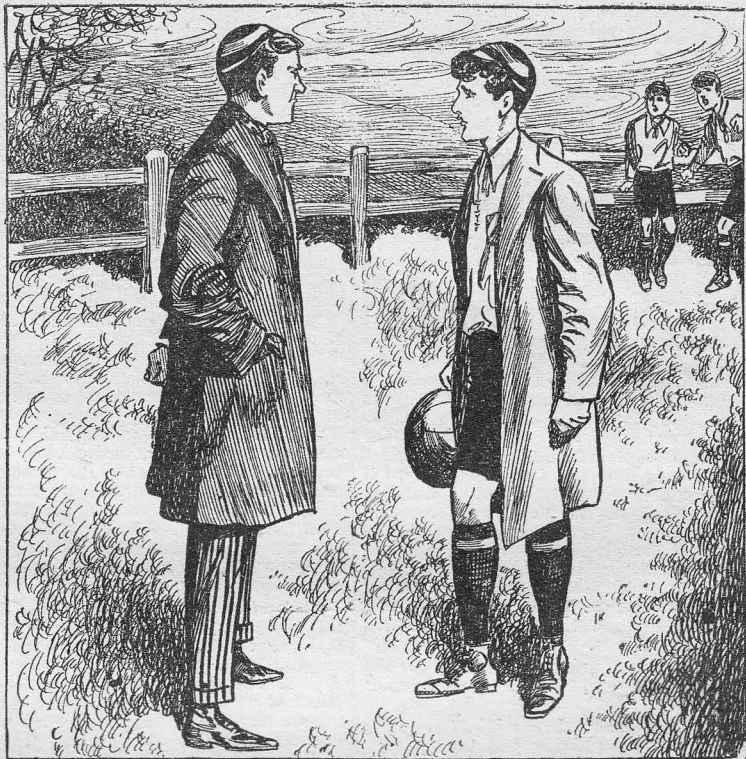
"No, sir."  
 "You do not believe your minor's statement?"

Nugent hesitated. He did not care to say that.

"It appears to me, Nugent, that you are in a very unreasonable temper," said Mr. Quelch. "And it is quite in keeping with your late conduct—being late for lessons, and failing to prepare your work. I warn you to be careful, Nugent. You have had a good record hitherto, and you have deserved my good opinion, but you are going the right way to forfeit it now. As Vernon-Smith has asked me to pardon you, I will do so, if you will beg his pardon at once."

Nugent's teeth set hard.  
 "Oh, no, sir!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith. "I don't want that, sir! I'd much rather Nugent didn't say he was sorry, unless he feels sorry, sir!" added the Bounder, with a virtuous expression that the famous Eric himself might have envied.

"Oh, you deep rotter!" murmured Bob Cherry.



"If you give in, and toe the line, I'll let you alone. If you don't—" "Yes, if I don't?" asked Harry Wharton grimly. "If you don't," replied the Bounder coolly. "I'll bring you down so low that you'll never get up again—and I'll drive you and your set out of Greyfriars!" (See chapter 4.)

"What did you say, Cherry?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, who seemed to have ears as sharp as his eyes that afternoon.

Bob Cherry turned crimson.  
 "I, sir?" he stammered.  
 "Yes, you! What did you say?"  
 "I—I said Smithy was a deep rotter, sir!"

"I thought so! You will take fifty lines for using such an expression, Cherry. Nugent, you will beg Vernon-Smith's pardon at once."

Nugent did not speak.  
 "Do you hear me?" said Mr. Quelch ominously.  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Then obey me!"  
 "I cannot, sir."  
 "What?"

"I cannot beg that cad's pardon, sir, when he is in the wrong!"  
 "Franky!" murmured Bob.

Mr. Quelch's face was like a thundercloud.

"Do you understand, Nugent, that this is disrespect to me—that you are refusing to obey your Form-master's orders?" he exclaimed.

"I am sorry, sir. I do not mean to be disrespectful."  
 "Then beg Vernon-Smith's pardon at once, or come into my study and take your caning."

"I will take the caning, sir."  
 Nugent turned away, and entered the School House. Mr. Quelch was ready for him, cane in hand, when he came into the study. And Nugent was caned then and there, with a severity that was quite unusual with Mr. Quelch.

He left the study pale and furious.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

War to the Knife!

HARRY WHARTON wore a worried look during dinner that day.

He was very much troubled in his mind about his chum.

Knowing Vernon-Smith as he did, he understood Frank's uneasiness at the discovery that his minor had been taken up by the Bounder. The Bounder's influence could only be for harm. There was more than one fellow at Greyfriars who had fallen under the Bounder's spell, and had suffered for it. Hazeldene of the Remove was an example. The Famous Five had done their best to stick to Hazeldene, for his sister's sake, for Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House School, was their best chum. But it had been useless. Hazeldene had deserted his old friends, and he was one of the Bounder's most faithful followers now. Bolsover major was another example. Bolsover was a bully, though he had his good qualities. But under the Bounder's influence only his bad qualities seemed to see the light. It was as if the Bounder were another Mephistopheles, with an influence boundless, but only for evil. And a reckless young rascal like Dicky Nugent was not likely to learn any good in the company of the black sheep of the Remove.

The Bounder's friendship with Dicky was one more move in his attack upon Study No. 1—Wharton knew that. The worst of it was that he did not know how it was to be met. Dicky Nugent was a good little fellow in his way, but he was wilful and reckless, and very much opposed to being ruled by his

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

major in anything. That Frank wanted him to go one way was generally regarded by Dicky as a sufficient reason for going another.

After dinner the juniors trooped out into the Close. It was time now for Nugent to go into the Form-room for his afternoon's detention; but he made no move in that direction. Wharton reminded him, and Nugent's face set grimly.

"I'm not going to be detained," he said.

"What are you going to do, Frank?"

"I'm going to look after my minor."

And Nugent walked away to look for Dicky. Harry Wharton stood with his brow deeply wrinkled in thought. He was busy that afternoon himself, having to captain the Remove eleven in a Form match with Hobson & Co., of the Shell. And since Vernon-Smith had set up as his rival in football matters, as well as in everything else, it behoved the Remove captain not to be neglectful of his footer duties. But Wharton could not help thinking more just then of his chum than of the Form match. The other fellows were going down to the ground already—afternoon matches had to start early in November. Mark Linley tapped the Remove captain on the shoulder as he stood in thought, with his hands thrust deep into his trousers-pockets.

"The chaps are getting ready for the match, Wharton," the Lancashire junior said.

"Yes, I know. You might tell young Penfold I want him to play, will you?"

"Yes; but you—"

"I'm going to speak to Vernon-Smith," said Wharton. "What do you think of the idea? I'm thinking of making an appeal to him?"

Mark Linley stared.

"An appeal to the Bounder!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Dash it all, the chap must have some rag of decency left in him somewhere," said Wharton. "I'm thinking of making an appeal to him—to play the game, you know, and keep the quarrel in our own Form, without dragging the fags into it."

"I'll be careful of that."

Vernon-Smith came out of the House as Wharton spoke. He nodded to Mark, and crossed over towards the Bounder. The latter stopped, with a polite air that meant mischief.

"I want to speak to you, Smithy," said Wharton, trying to control the dislike and scorn that could hardly be kept out of his voice. "It's about Nugent minor."

The Bounder yawned.

"We're on bad terms," said Harry, "I know that. You've set yourself up in opposition to Study No. 1—"

"Study No. 1 has set itself up in opposition to me, you mean!"

"Put it whichever way you like, we're on bad terms, and there will always be trouble between us, I suppose. But I appeal to you, as a decent chap, to let that be all—not to carry it outside the Remove. Nugent minor has done nothing to you; he's only a kid, and a silly, reckless kid at that. Why can't you leave him alone?"

"Why should you suppose that I'm going to do him any harm?"

"No good arguing about that. You know what you've done for Hazeldene; he was getting into jolly good form, and we'd made a good goalkeeper of him, and now what is he? A rotten slacker, hanging round with his hands in his pockets instead of playing in matches, THE POPULAR.—No 161.

and smoking rotten cigarettes with his study door locked."

"Good. I'll tell him your opinion of him."

The Bounder glanced round. There were some fellows looking towards them, wondering if there was going to be trouble; but no one was within hearing.

"I want to speak to you, too," said the Bounder, in a low voice. "I've got something to say as well. You say I'm up against Study No. 1. Well, I am! And I mean business—business all the time! I'm going to be top dog in the Remove, and I'm going to down Study No. 1. If you want to make peace, I'm willing to grant conditions."

"And what are the conditions?" asked Wharton, with a curl of the lip.

"In the first place, you'll have to resign the captaincy of the Remove, and recommend me as your successor and vote for me at the election.

"You'll have to stop interfering with me and my friends, keep your eyes shut if a fellow gets out of the dormitory of a night, and generally mind your own business, and keep your finger out of other fellows' pies. You'll have to leave off chumming with the Cliff House girls; Marjorie Hazeldene is going to be my chum, not yours."

"If you agree to my conditions," the Bounder drawled lazily, "it can be peace between us. You're not up to my weight, anyway, and I'm wasting my time in a tussle with you. I'd rather get about my business. I'm simply crushing your set, to get you out of my way, because you give me trouble. If you give in, and toe the line, I'll let you alone. If you don't—"

"Yes, if I don't—"

"If you don't, I'll make you sorry for it. I'll bring you down so low that you'll never get up again—and I'll drive you out of Greyfriars!"

Wharton laughed again.

"Drive me out of Greyfriars!" he said. "That's rather a big order, isn't it?"

"You'll see that I can do it, if you make me take the trouble."

"I don't think you could; but if you could get me sacked from the school, Smithy, I wouldn't toe the line, as you call it. I'm captain of the Remove, and I'm sticking to it. I'm going to see that no chap breaks bounds of a night from the Remove dormitory without taking a licking or giving me one. I don't know that I want the captain's job, particularly; but I know that it's every decent chap's duty to keep a fellow like you from getting influence in the Form. And I'm against you all the time."

The Bounder nodded.

"Then it's war!" he said.

"If you've finished gassing, what about Nugent minor? Will you let him alone, and keep the row in your own Form?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then there'll be trouble. You know that Nugent is detained this afternoon, and he can't stop you. But when you come back here you'll have to stand up to him."

"I'll stand up to him, with or without gloves, at any time he chooses!"

And with a shrug of the shoulders, the Bounder walked on. Voices were calling to Harry Wharton, and he hurried down to the field.

Vernon-Smith had declared war! Wharton took no notice of the threat to drive the Co. from Greyfriars. That was just Vernon-Smith's bounce.

He was to learn that it was nothing of the kind!

THE END.

(Another gripping Greyfriars story will appear in next Friday's POPULAR.)

## 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.

### ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT ENGINE PLATE!

There will be another of our wonderful series of FREE ENGINE PLATES given away in next Friday's issue of the "Popular." It will be the Great Western Railway's "Princess Mary"—a truly magnificent engine.

Readers should save their plates, for when completed—and there are plenty more to come—the plates will form a truly magnificent set. Tell all your chums about them, and give them the chance to start collecting the series of plates right away. If you are at school, take this copy of the "Popular" with you, and show it to all your chums. They will thank you, I know, for never before has such wonderful value been given for money—and, at the same time, give them the chance to START COLLECTING THE PLATES!

### FOUR COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES!

Four complete school stories will figure in our programme for next week. The first of them is entitled:

#### "THE FIRST VICTIM!"

By Frank Richards.

This story tells you how Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, commenced his campaign against Harry Wharton & Co. He has threatened to drive the Famous Five from Greyfriars—and he means what he says. Who is the first victim? Next week's story will tell you.

There will be another story of the Rookwood chums, entitled: "SCHOOLBOYS ON STRIKE!" by Owen Conquest, telling you more of Jimmy Silver's strike. Mr. Martin Clifford contributes "THE ST. JIM'S CARMEN!" a humorous complete school story of Tom Merry & Co., and there is another complete school story of Frank Richards & Co. at the "School in the Backwoods."

"Billy Bunter's Weekly" will appear in the centre of our paper as a grand supplement, and there will be another fine instalment of "Gan Waga's Island!" which will assuredly rank as the finest adventure story ever penned by this wonderful author.

### A GAME—BUT MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!

Next week will be published a novelty in the shape of a jigsaw puzzle which, when solved, will depict an incident in a football match. There are mistakes in the drawing—draw up a list of them, and win a money prize. It's a fine game, fitting piece to piece, and it is certainly going to prove a profitable game to some readers. Why should not you be one of them?

Full particulars in next Friday's issue of the "Popular."

### TO ALL READERS.

I think this is an opportune moment in which to reiterate my desire to help all readers of this and the other papers under my control. If any reader wants information on any subject, and is unable to obtain it, I am only too glad to place the vast resources at my disposal at his or her command. Letters, which should be addressed as indicated in the frame at the head of this column, should contain a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Criticism of the stories in this issue is welcomed. I am always very pleased to receive letters of criticism, because I find them most helpful. Every letter which contains any suggestion is acknowledged through the post.

And all I expect from my readers, in return for my efforts to please them, is that they will chat with their friends concerning the merits of the "Popular." Please tell all your chums about the stories, and tell them, too, that I am willing to help them if they are in any difficulty.

In conclusion, I ask every reader of this paper to lend his or her paper to a friend who is a non-reader of the "Popular" when it is finished with. I am quite certain that when a boy or girl reads the "Popular" once, he or she wants to read it always. And more readers means more friends—and that's what I want!

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE ST. JIM'S CARMEN!"

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



A NEW COMPLETE STORY OF THE MOST POPULAR SCHOOLBOYS IN THE WORLD!



**THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Gussy Gets It!**

**W**HERE'S that ass Gussy?" Manners of the Shell Form at St. Jim's, looked up from his chess-board, upon which he was working out some complicated problem, and fired the question at his two study-mates—Tom Merry and Monty Lowther.

The three chums—the Terrible Three, to give them their universal nickname—were in their study—No. 10 in the Shell passage—upon this wet half-holiday. They were expecting a visitor in the person of the Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth Form. But of that noble youth there was as yet no sign, although he was a quarter of an hour overdue.

"Oh, Gussy's always late!" said Tom Merry cheerfully. "He'll be here soon. Don't worry!"

"It's one of the most cherished privileges of the aristocracy to be late for everything," put in Monty Lowther, who was by way of being a joker.

Manners snorted. "That's all very well, but this is a serious matter," he said. "A chap oughtn't to be late for a game of chess." Chess was one of Manners' hobbies. "Gussy was so keen on it yesterday, too. Challenged me to the match—Shell against Fourth—you know!"

"Like his cheek!" chuckled Tom Merry. "Gussy can't play chess for little apples, really, can he?"

Manners grinned. "Well, no. He's nothing like up to my form, of course. I shall give him a fearful hiding, of course, but he asked for it!"

"Strike and spare not!" said Monty Lowther. "Especially as he's kept you waiting so long."

"Let's go and look for him!" said Manners impatiently. "He's probably in Study No. 6."

"Right-ho!" The Terrible Three left the study, and went along to the famous apartment in the Fourth Form passage, which was tenanted by Jack Blake and his three chums—Digby, Herries, and D'Arcy.

But they drew blank. The missing chess-player was not there. "Where is he? Where's your tame duffer, Blake?" demanded Manners

wrathfully. "He arranged to play a chess match with me this afternoon, but, of course, the dummy has not turned up."

"He went out of the study about half an hour ago. I thought he was with you," said Blake. "Perhaps he's gone up to the dormitory to change. I remember noticing that he'd got his tie on a little bit crooked!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Arthur Augustus was a famous dandy, and if his mind were indeed occupied with the subject of dress, it was only too probable that the matter of the chess match had slipped his memory entirely.

"Kim on!" said Manners grimly. "Let's go and drag the ass out!"

"Lead on, Macduff!" The Terrible Three made their way up to the Fourth Form dormitory. Before they reached the door, which was ajar, Monty Lowther stopped, and held up his hand dramatically.

"Shush! He's there!"

The murmur of a voice could be heard proceeding from the dormitory. The Terrible Three listened. The voice was the voice of D'Arcy. There was no mistaking the aristocratic accent of the swell of St. Jim's.

"What's he up to?" whispered Tom Merry, puzzled. The three juniors tiptoed to the partly-open door, and looked in.

There was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. He was standing in front of a mirror, as he not infrequently did. But this time he was not occupied with matters of dress.

Unconscious of being observed, he was screwing up his ordinarily mild-looking face into a most ferocious expression.

"Ewey day in ewezy way I'm gettin' bettah and bettah!"

Thus Arthur Augustus. The Terrible Three looked at one another in blank astonishment. What on earth was he up to?

The murmuring voice went on again: "I will win! I will win! I will win!"

Monty Lowther gave his chums a significant look, and tapped his forehead.

"Potty!" he whispered. "Plumb potty!" "There he goes again!" "Ewey day in ewezy way I'm gettin' bettah and bettah!"

Scowling fiercely at his own reflection in the mirror Arthur Augustus repeated the mystic formula. Then:

"I will win! I will win! I will win!"

"Come on!" said Tom Merry grimly. He pushed the dormitory door wide open, and marched in, followed by his two chums.

Arthur Augustus spun round on his heel, and stared at them blankly.

"Hallo, deah boys!" he stammered. "You—you startled me, you know, burst-in' in that weekless fashion!"

Tom Merry seized him by the arm. "What's this mean, Gussy?" he said sternly. "Have you gone absolutely potty at last?"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"What were you doing?"

"Weally—"

"What were you saying?"

"And why were you saying it?" added Monty Lowther.

Arthur Augustus drew himself up with dignity, and screwed his celebrated monocle into his eye.

"I wefuse to answer your wotten questions!" he exclaimed frigidly. "I wogard you as intwudahs in the Fourth Form dorm. Pway wetiah!"

"Rats! We want to know—" began Tom Merry warmly.

"What about our chess match, ass?" hooted Manners.

"Pway do not woah, Mannahs!" said Arthur Augustus reprovingly. "I was just comin' as soon as I had finished pwactisin'—"

"Practising!" shrieked Tom Merry and Lowther together. "Practising what?"

"Weally, deah boys— Ow!" The Terrible Three, exasperated beyond endurance, laid violent hands on the swell of St. Jim's, and held him in a grip of iron.

"Bump him!" roared Manners. "Welease me, you wottahs!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, wriggling helplessly.

"Tell us," hooted Lowther—"tell us, if you aren't a raving maniac, what you were practising! Tell us quick, before we slay you!"

Finding it useless to struggle, and feeling that he was in imminent danger of THE POPULAR.—No 161.

**: The St. Jim's :  
Auto-Suggesters!**

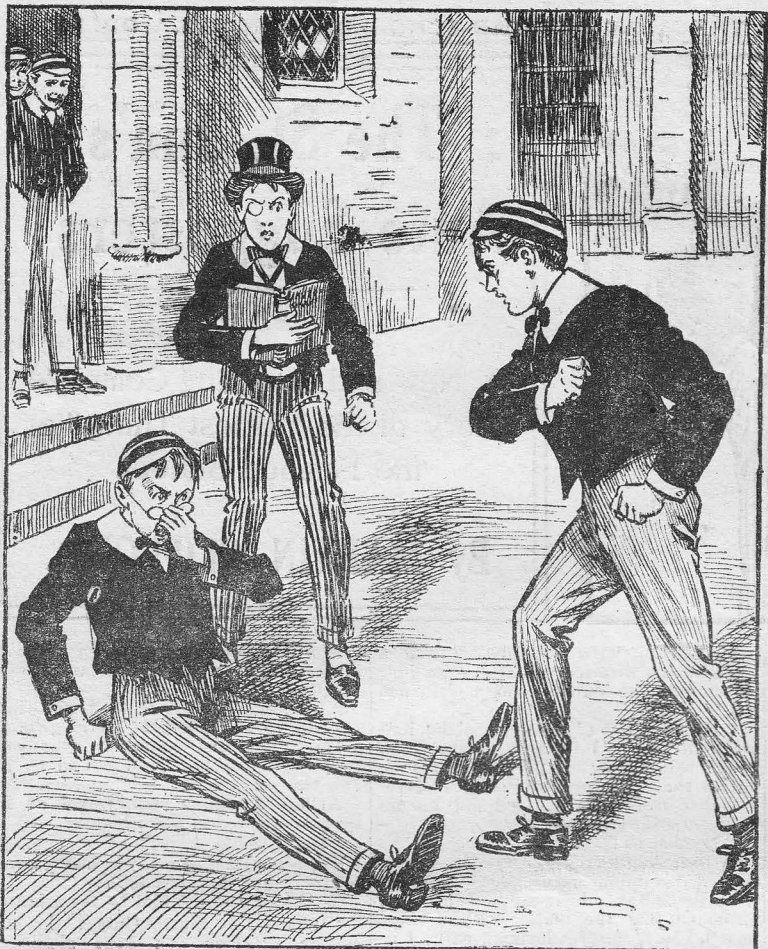
A New and Amusing Complete Story of the "Latest Thing" at the Famous School.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

NEXT FRIDAY:

**"THE FIRST VICTIM!"**

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



Simpole gave a yell as Gore's fist suddenly shot out and caught him on the nose. He sat down on the ground with a heavy concussion. "Now you can auto-suggest yourself!" jeered Gore. "You're not hurt, you know!" (See Chapter 3.)

suffering considerable personal violence, Arthur Augustus capitulated. "I wedged you as an ass, Lowthah!" he said loftily. "I was simply pwactisin' the science of auto-suggestion!"

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Manners Says "Rats!"**

**T**HE murder was out! The chums of the Shell let go of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy as if he had suddenly become red-hot. They gazed at him in blank stupefaction.

"W-what did you say?" gasped Manners.

Arthur Augustus sniffed. "I said 'auto-suggestion,' Mannahs," he said loftily. "I suppose you have nevah heard of it?"

"W-what is it?"

Another sniff from D'Arcy. "Weally, the ignowance of you Shell-fish is amazin'!" he remarked. "Auto-suggestion is the latest development of science. It is quite simple and amazingly effective."

"How on earth do you know, Gussy?" said Tom Merry sceptically.

Arthur Augustus was talking as if he had been familiar with auto-suggestion from babyhood.

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

NEXT FRIDAY

**"SCHOOLBOYS ON STRIKE!"**

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

"Of course it is, you duffah!" said D'Arcy. "It says so in the book!"

"The book? What book?"

"In the pwofessah's book! It is called 'Auto-Suggestion for All,' by Pwofessah Gustave Ledoux, the great authority on auto-suggestion. He's a feahfully bwainy chap."

"How do you know?" said Lowther solemnly.

"It says so in the book," said Arthur Augustus innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But you haven't told us what auto-suggestion is yet, Gussy?" grinned Tom Merry. "Where did you get this famous book?"

"Skimmay vevy kindlay lent it to me," said Arthur Augustus. "Someone sent it to him."

"They would!" murmured Monty Lowther. Skimpole was the most eccentric fellow in the Shell, and a would-be scientific genius. He was always ready to take up a new craze with great enthusiasm.

"Auto-suggestion is feahfully intewest-in," went on Arthur Augustus enthusiastically.

astically. "You just have to make up youah mind vevy firmly that you can do somethin', and keep sayin' to youahself that you can do it, and you can do it, you know!"

"Very lucid, I must say!" murmured Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You have to keep sayin' to youahself, 'Evey day in evey way I'm gettin' bettah and bettah,' and then you do get bettah, you see!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, you asses—"

"Do you feel yourself getting any better, Gussy?" grinned Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah! I've only been sayin' it since this mornin', and I am feelin' distinctly bettah!"

"Was anything the matter with you before?" yelled Lowther, at this astounding statement.

"Bai Jove! I nevah thought of that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Terrible Three simply shrieked with laughter, while Arthur Augustus regarded them wrathfully.

"Oh, Gussy! You'll be the death of me yet!" sobbed Monty Lowther. "What were you making faces at yourself in the looking-glass for? Is that part of the treatment?"

"I was not makin' faces, Lowthah, you ass! I was meahly pwactisin' a determined expression!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It says in the book that if you cultivate a determined expression, the auto-suggestion works all the quickah," said Arthur Augustus loftily. "But I can see that you fellahs are not tweatin' the mattah sewiously, so I must decline to discuss it furthah!"

"Oh, Gus!" said Manners, in mock dismay. "What about our chess match, though?"

"I am weady to play that at once, Mannahs."

"Good! Come on, then, down to the study," said Manners. "None of your auto-what's-it's-name, though, or it won't be fair!"

"I don't think you auto-suggest that, Manners!" said Monty Lowther solemnly.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"After that atrocious pun, we'll adjourn, I think," said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Hear, hear!"

"Yaas, wathah! And I may as well warn you that I shall win, Mannahs," said Arthur Augustus, in his most stately way. "I have made up my mind weso-lutely to do so."

"By auto-suggestion?" grinned Manners.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"I will win! I will win! I will win!" chanted Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"


Laughing hilariously, the chums of the Shell bore the swell of St. Jim's off to their study, where Arthur Augustus, with a serious face, sat down to the chess-board with Manners.

D'Arcy was, as a matter of fact, no great hand at chess, as a rule, while Manners was an expert player. Manners grinned a little to himself, therefore, as he set out the chess-men. In Manners' mind there was very little doubt as to the result of the match, which the swell of St. Jim's was taking so seriously. The Shell fellow was prepared to beat the Fourth-Former's head off, as it were.

(Continued on page 16.)

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






# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

St. Jim's
Greyfriars
Rookwood

Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars, assisted by SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.



**OUR SPECIAL SHORT STORY.**

## A NIGHT of TERROR!

A splendid short story of an adventure which befell KIT ERROLL.

By VALENTINE MORNINGTON.



**I** MUST give it up! It's hopeless!" The voice was that of Kit Erroll of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood. And this was surprising. For Erroll's was not the sort of nature that easily gives up, or regards anything as hopeless. On this occasion, however, there was every excuse for Kit Erroll's despair. He was miles away from Rookwood. It was getting dark. And he had lost his way. He was stranded in Wycherley Woods; he had lost the footpath, and he didn't know which way to turn.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had been picnicking, and they had asked Erroll to accompany them.

The picnic had taken place in an old barn on the outskirts of the woods. When it was over the juniors had set out to explore the place, and Erroll had somehow got out off from the others. He had hailed them at the top of his lungs, but there had been no response. Erroll's cries had echoed back to him, and then a deathlike silence had prevailed.

The junior had tramped miles and miles in order to find a way out of the wood. But he must have travelled in a circle, for the trees seemed as dense as ever.

Erroll had been tramping for upwards of two hours, and he was almost worn out.

"There's nothing for it but to spend the night here," he muttered. "It's going to be dashed cold later on, too! Ugh!"

The prospect of passing the night in these dark, silent woods was anything but pleasant.

Although not a funk, Erroll felt strangely uneasy.

It was now almost dark, and shadows lay everywhere.

"I'll raise another shout before I finally resign myself to a night in this place," murmured the junior. "It's a forlorn hope. I expect Jimmy Silver and the others are back at Rookwood by now. They'll think I've returned to the school by a different route."

Erroll made a megaphone of his hands and gave a shrill "Coo-ec!"

Eerily through the darkness the sound of his own voice came back to him.

He waited, listening intently. But there was no answer to his final desperate cry.

"They've gone, right enough—hours ago. I dare say," mused Erroll. "Soon they'll be tucked up in their snug beds at Rookwood. Jove! How I envy them!"

Utterly weary, Erroll sank down upon a tree-stump. He was hungry as well as fatigued.

Fortunately, he had some bars of chocolate in his pocket, and these he proceeded to munch.

It was now very dark, but not too dark for Kit Erroll to discern a figure coming towards him—a strange, unkempt figure, with

long, straggling hair, an unshaven face, and wild eyes.

The eyes seemed to gleam in the darkness. They fastened themselves upon the Rookwood junior, who stirred uneasily on the tree-trunk.

Who was this strange creature with the shabby clothes and wild appearance?

Erroll concluded, as he watched the man advancing, that he was a madman. Everything pointed to the fact. There was no intelligence in those gleaming eyes, which seemed to pierce Erroll through and through.

A great fear laid hold of Erroll. He wanted to get up and run, but he seemed to know, by a sort of instinct, that the madman would prove too quick for him.

The junior decided that the best thing to do was to behave as coolly and naturally as possible.

After all, the madman might be harmless. If he were dangerous, why was he at large?

The man stopped short a few yards from Erroll, and sat down on another tree-trunk, with his burning eyes still fixed upon the junior.

"Good-evening!" said Erroll, trying to keep his voice steady.

There was no answer.

"I wonder if you could direct me to Rookwood School?" said the exiled junior. "I've lost my bearings."

Still no answer.

The madman—if madman he was—never took his eyes off Erroll's face.

The junior became more and more uneasy. His nerves were on edge. A few moments before he had not wished himself alone. He had wanted human companionship. But the companionship of the madman was most disturbing.

The fact that the strange creature uttered no word only added to the grimness of the situation.

"If only he would say something, and take his eyes off me for a bit!" muttered Erroll. An hour passed. To the distracted junior it seemed an eternity.

Not once had the madman shifted his gaze. He continued to stare fixedly at the junior opposite.

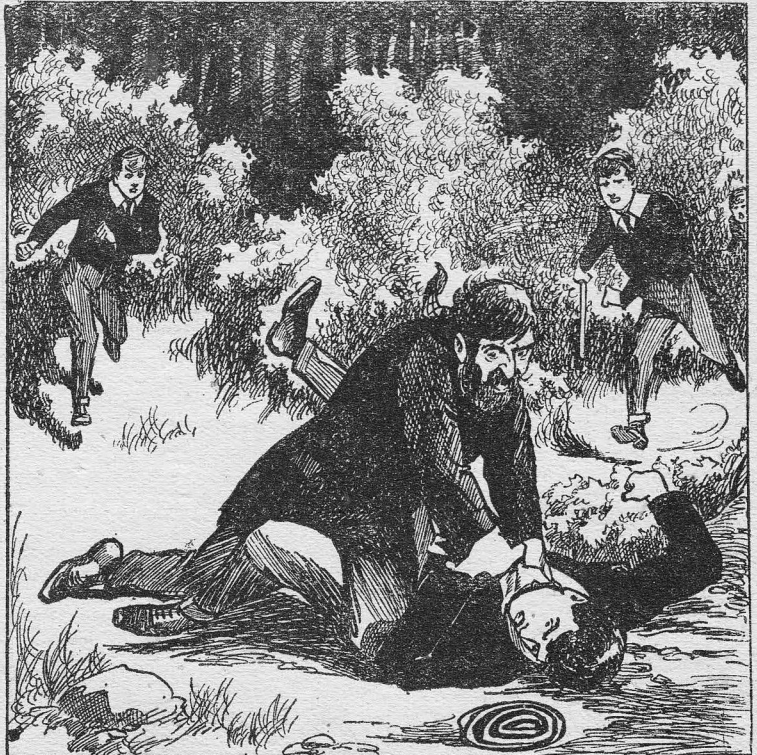
Erroll's limbs had become cramped. Night had fallen in real earnest now, and the solitude was intense.

Kit remembered that he had some chocolate left. He groped in his pocket for it. And then, for the first time, the madman was spurred into action. He gave a spring, more like that of a wild beast than of a human being, and snatched the chocolate from Erroll's hand. He then devoured it greedily.

Kit shuddered as he watched him.

Having disposed of the chocolate, the madman resumed his seat on the tree-trunk. He seemed determined to stay with the junior.

*(Continued on the next page.)*



AT GRIPS WITH THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

**A NIGHT OF TERROR!***(Continued from previous page.)*

Slowly the time dragged by until Erroll, glancing at his luminous wrist-watch, saw that it was ten o'clock.

At last he could stand the inaction no longer.

He rose deliberately to his feet and walked away.

The madman rose at the same moment, and proceeded to walk beside him. He still spoke no word. Erroll said something to him, but he seemed neither to hear nor heed.

The junior quickened his pace. The madman followed suit. Erroll was haunted by the presence of this weird creature, with his straggling locks and wild eyes.

"I must try to shake him off somehow," he reflected.

And he broke into a run.

The madman, with amazing agility, darted after him. The savage instincts of the lunatic were now thoroughly roused. He was not merely running harmlessly beside Erroll. He was pursuing him.

Erroll dodged round trees, and darted this way and that. And as he dodged and darted so his pursuer did the same.

The junior was nearly spent with exhaustion. His strength was failing him; his knees began to sag.

And then, as in a hideous nightmare, Erroll found himself seized from behind.

A superhuman grip was fastened upon his shoulder, and he was swung back.

He struck out with all his strength at the sinister face of the madman, but the blow took no effect.

Erroll realised that he was now at grips with this wild man of the woods, and there could be only one ending to the unequal struggle.

A powerfully-built man would have stood but a poor chance against the lunatic. Kit Erroll stood no chance whatever.

He became dizzy, and there was a roaring in his ears, and a great darkness. But before the madman's bony fingers closed upon his throat the junior managed to raise a scream. He had little hope that it would be heard. But his luck, which had deserted him so long, returned at last.

There was an answering cry, and a sound of running feet.

The cruel, suffocating grip on Erroll's throat relaxed. The madman had other things to think about.

Four juniors—the Fistical Four of the Classical Fourth—closed upon him, and there was a desperate struggle.

Heavy though the odds were, the madman would probably have got the upper hand but for the fact that Jimmy Silver carried a stout stick. He was obliged to use it. He dealt the madman a none too gentle tap on the head, and the recipient of the blow fell to earth, temporarily stunned.

Jimmy Silver & Co. paused, panting.

"All right, Erroll, old chap?" gasped Lovell.

Kit nodded.

"I shouldn't have been all right if you fellows had arrived on the scene a minute later!" he said. "It was providential. Were you searching for me?"

"For you, and for a madman who has escaped from the asylum a few miles away," said Jimmy Silver. "It seems that we've killed two birds with one stone," he added, gazing down at the prostrate figure.

"I'm jolly glad we were close at hand when you yelled, Erroll!" said Raby. "This poor brute would have strangled you!"

Erroll nodded.

"You fellows have done a smart piece of work in capturing a giddy lunatic and finding me at the same time," he said. "I'm no end grateful to you!"

"Cut it out!" said Jimmy Silver. "We must see about getting this poor wretch back to the asylum. The warders are out searching for him with lanterns."

The juniors conveyed the inert form of the madman out of the woods.

"Wonderful how you fellows managed to find the way!" said Erroll. "I've been trying for hours. I should have been stranded here all night."

On the outskirts of the wood the juniors encountered a couple of warders, to whom they handed over their captive. Then they started on the long tramp to Rookwood, and it was nearly one in the morning when, tired but cheerful, they reached their destination.

And I venture to observe that it will be a long, long time before Kit Erroll forgets the horrors of that eventful night.

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

**: MY KANDID :  
KONFESSIONS !**

By SAMMY BUNTER.

I was frying herrings in the fags! Common-room the other afternoon, when I walked a young man clad in an overcoat and muffler. He was clad in other things as well, but the overcoat and muffler seemed to dominate everything else. The muffler completely covered the lower part of his profecol, and the overcoat reched down to his boots.

"You are Samuel Bunter?" said he in a gruff voice.

I nodded.

"I am a newspaper reporter," he eggs-plained. "I have come to interview you, and to ring a few konfessions out of you, if you don't mind. They will be published in the 'Courtfield, Friardale, and Wapshot Gazette.'"

"Go ahead!" I said.

The reporter got out his notebook, and proceeded to fire questions at me.

"What is your favorite fish?" he inkwired.

"Place."

"Your favorite froot?"

"Pairs."

"Your favorite sweet?"

"Bull sighs."

The reporter jotted down my ansers with grate rappidity. His fountain-pen travelled swiftly over the paper.

"We will now come to more intimate things," said he. "Who is your favorite master?"

"Mister lassells."

The reporter continued to jot down my ansers.

"So far, so good," he said. "Now, who is the fello you hate most at Greyfriars?"

I thought hard for a minnit, and then I said:

"Wibley of the Remove. He's an out-and-out rotter. He's always playing silly japes on people. I loathe him like poyson! If he was hear now, I should smash him!"

"In that case," said the reporter, pulling off his disguys, "this is your golden opportunity! I am Wibley!"

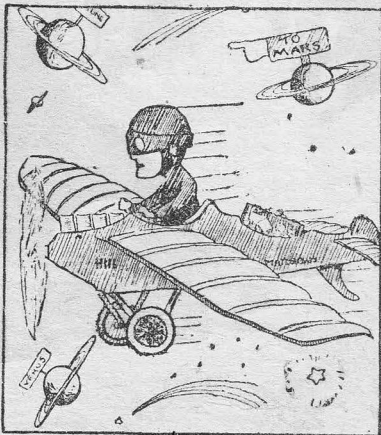
"Oh erums!"

Of course, Wibley was furious. He gave me a fearful bocks on the ears, and told me to be careful what I said about people in future.

I think I will follo his advice. The neckst fello who tries to ring konfessions out of me will get no ansers!

**PEEPS INTO THE  
FUTURE!**

By George Kerr.



BERNARD GLYN.

**: IN YOUR :  
EDITOR'S DEN !**

By BILLY BUNTER.

My Dear Readers,—I think it's a wicked, cool shame!

For the past few weeks I have ritten all my editorials with the aid of a dickshunary. That's why my spelling has been so eggs-emplary.

I haven't got a dickshunary of my own, so I have taken the libberty of borrowing other feltoes' dickshunaries. I had kwite a kollection of them in my study. Their was one belonging to Harry Wharton, and another belonging to Skinner, and another which was the property of that beest Johnny Bull.

On taking stock of there belongings the other day, these feltoes mist there dickshunaries.

"I can guess wear mine's gone," said Wharton. "Bunter's bagged it!"

"Hear, hear!" said Skinner. "Let's go and claim our property, and give the fat bouncer a jolly good bumping in the bargain!"

As you will foolly realize, dear readers, I had a terribul time.

"Give us back our dickshunaries, you fat thief!" they cried.

I pretended not to no what they were talking about, but alas! They collected there property and marched off with it. And this week, as you will notiss, I am handicapped by having no dickshunary to konsult.

It's awful! And it's come just at the wrong time, too! For I've got a grate jernalistic scoop this week. What do you think, dear readers? The great Frank Richards has condenseded to contribute to my "Weekly"! Isn't it wonderful? Wouldn't Wharton like to get such a scoop for the "Herald"?

You mustn't take any notiss of the unkind things Mr. Richards says about me in his narratiff. It's his queer sense of yermer that prompts him to say them.

Your Editor.

**The Young Pretender !**

An amusing poem describing Sammy Bunter's visit to the Sanny.

By DICK PENFOLD.

Matron, I am jolly queer—

Atishoo!

Matron, it's the 'flu, I fear—

Atishoo!

Tuck me in my little bed;

Place a pillow 'neath my head.

Matron, I am nearly dead—

Atishoo!

Matron, I'm not very keen—

Atishoo!

On your horrible quinine—

Atishoo!

All I want is food and rest.

Bring me pastries of the best.

Or I shall be quite distressed—

Atishoo!

Matron, I am sinking fast—

Atishoo!

Soon you'll hear me breathe my last—

Atishoo!

Give my love to Brother Bill.

Little does he dream I'm ill

I've no time to make a will—

Atishoo!

Matron, why are you so grave?

Atishoo!

Wherefore, madam, do you rave?

Atishoo!

What! You think it all a sham?

Why, it's very ill I am!

Please be kind to little Sam!

Atishoo!





Specially written for BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY by that renowned writer of school stories,

FRANK RICHARDS.

I WAS taking things easy in my study when the telephone-bell rang. Trust the telephone-bell to ring when I want to snatch a little peace and quiet!

I had completed my "Magnet" story for the week. My typewriter stood idle on the desk. There was a roaring fire in the grate, and the atmosphere was cheery and cosy. It reminded me instinctively of the atmosphere of Study No. 1 in the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

I rose to my feet with a yawn, and crossed over to the telephone.

"Who is there?" I asked.

My question, instead of being answered, produced another.

"Is that Mr. Richards?"

"It is!"

"Oh, good! I'm Billy Bunter."

"Bunter, of Greyfriars?"

"Of course! I say, Mr. Richards, I'm on my way to see you. I'm phoning you from the railway-station. Send a car down to meet me, will you?"

"My car is not in running order at the moment, Bunter!" I said rather stiffly.

"Well, send a taxi, then. Send any old thing on wheels, so long as I don't have to tramp all the way up to your house!"

"I will send a taxicab, as you suggest," I said. "But this is very unusual, Bunter. You have not written to make any appointment."

"Oh, that wasn't necessary!" said Bunter calmly. "I knew you'd be jolly pleased to see me. Got any grub in the house?"

"Yes."

"Well, as soon as you've sent the taxi down to the station to pick me up, you can buzz about and get tea ready!"

"Can I?" I said, with some heat. "Allow me to inform you, Bunter, that I am a writer of stories, not a domestic servant!"

"All right; don't get huffy, Franky!"

I fairly gasped. And I should have spoken very strongly to Billy Bunter but for the fact that he rang off at that moment.

I went out into the street, and chartered a taxi.

"Go down to the station," I counselled the driver, "and pick up a plump youth who will be waiting there. I hope your vehicle is a strong one; otherwise, it will collapse under his weight!"

The driver grinned, and went off on his mission.

Returning to the house, I rang for the maid.

"Bring up tea for seven, Ethel," I said.

The girl stared.

"I didn't know you were expecting six visitors, sir!" she exclaimed.

"I'm not, I'm expecting only one. But that particular one has an appetite equivalent to that of six ordinary persons. It is Bunter, of Greyfriars. You have no doubt heard of him?"

The maid smiled.

"You will have tea here in your study, sir?"

"Yes. And lay a separate tea in the drawing-room. It is just possible that my friends Mr. Clifford and Mr. Conquest may drop in. I don't think they will want to meet Master Bunter."

Five minutes later the Owl of the Greyfriars Remove put in an appearance. He rolled jauntily into my study, and extended a flabby hand.

"Hallo, Franky!" he said cheerfully. "How goes it?"

I frowned.

"I am Mr. Richards to all, save my oldest friends," I said.

"Well, I'm an old pal, ain't I?"

"Not exactly."

"Oh, really—"

"If you wished to see me, you should have written to ask when it would be convenient," I continued sternly. "I might have been in the middle of my work."

"Well, you'd have chucked work on one side for the pleasure of entertaining me, wouldn't you?"

"You appear to think, Bunter," I said, "that I regard you as a bosom friend. I may say that I have no interest in you, beyond the fact that you are a Greyfriars boy, and unconsciously provide me with material for my stories week by week."

Billy Bunter gave a grunt. He removed his coat, threw it carelessly on to the sofa, and commandeered my best easy-chair.

"You write some beastly things about me in your stories," he said reproachfully.

"You describe me as a greedy glutton, and a prize porpoise—"

"Well, it is true," I said, with a smile.

Billy Bunter's gastronomic feats. Accustomed though I was to writing about them in the "Magnet Library," I confess they amazed me.

I was unable to eat anything myself. I didn't feel like it!

If Bunter had eaten his meal in dignity and silence, I might have been tempted to eat something myself. But the noise of his champing jaws put me right off.

In an incredibly short space of time, Billy Bunter had polished off the cakes and pastries. He smacked his lips, and beamed at me across the table.

"So far, so good!" he said. "Now for the second innings!"

"There is to be no second innings, as you call it," I said firmly.

"What! Is that all the tea I'm going to get?"

"You have already eaten sufficient for six!"

Bunter's face fell.

"I always thought you were a generous sort of chap, Mr. Richards!" he said.

"If generosity consists of allowing a boy to stuff until he is ill, then I am anything but generous!" I replied.

At this stage the front door bell rang. I crossed to the window, and thrust my head out.

My friends, Martin Clifford and Owen Conquest, were standing on the steps. They looked up and caught sight of me.

"All hail, Franky!" said Owen Conquest.

"Hang on a moment," I said. "I'll come down and let you in. The maid's busy."

I went downstairs and opened the door.

After exchanging formal greetings with my friends, I said:

"Hope you two won't mind taking tea in the drawing-room. The fact is, I've a visitor in my study—Billy Bunter of Greyfriars. I don't suppose either of you are exactly dying to meet him."

"I'm not, anyway," said Martin Clifford.

"Nor I," chimed in Owen Conquest. "If he's anything like Tubby Muffin—and I believe he is—I'll give him a wide berth!"

We remained chatting in the hall for some moments, and then I led my friends to the drawing-room.

On entering the room I expected to see a dainty tea set out on the table. Plates and knives and cups and saucers were there, certainly. But there was no sign of food, save for a few crumbs.

Furiously I pressed the bell for the servant.

"Ethel," I exclaimed, when she approached. "I instructed you to lay tea here!"

"So I did, sir. But it—it's gone!"

For a moment we stood staring blankly at each other. And then a muffled sneeze sounded from beneath the table.

Instantly I lifted the cloth, dived low, and dragged into view the portly figure of Billy Bunter.

"So it is you!" I thundered. "This is how you return my hospitality! After eating an enormous tea, you have the audacity to come in here and help yourself to another!"

"Ow!"

"You might hand me that slipper, Conquest," I said.

"Certainly!" said the Rookwood author, picking up a slipper that lay near the fender.

I then ordered Billy Bunter to touch his toes. After which I laid on the slipper with great vigour. The victim's yells of anguish fairly awakened the echoes.

Needless to state, Billy Bunter left my house shortly afterwards. He vowed that he would never visit it again.

I sincerely hope he doesn't!

THE POPULAR.—No 161.



I lifted the tablecloth, dived low, and dragged into view the portly figure of Billy Bunter. "So it was you?" I thundered.

"It isn't true! As a matter of fact, I've got a very poor appetite. I eat just sufficient to keep myself alive, and that's all!"

"Oh! I had just ordered tea. But, in view of your remarks, I will cancel it."

"No, no!" said Bunter hastily. "I meant that my appetite was very poor as a rule. But at the moment I'm a bit peckish. I've had a pretty long railway journey, and nothing to eat since I left Greyfriars, barring a dozen railway sandwiches, which weren't fit for human consumption."

At that moment the maid entered with a laden tray.

I had asked her to bring tea for seven, and Billy Bunter's eyes sparkled as he surveyed the appetising array of cakes and pastries.

Without waiting for permission to start, the fat junior picked up a fat, sugary doughnut, and began to devour it.

The doughnut didn't last long. By the time I had poured out the tea Bunter was halfway through another.

"By the way, Ethel," I said to the maid, "have you laid tea in the drawing-room, in case other visitors turn up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Excellent!"

The maid withdrew, and I sat and watched

### THE ST. JIM'S AUTO-SUGGESTERS!

(Continued from page 12.)

Tom Merry and Lowther, after watching the opening moves, settled down to read in front of the fire, with the intention of having another look when the game had reached a more interesting stage.

They were more than surprised, therefore, to hear the voice of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, after some ten minutes' play, utter the words:

"Checkmate, deah boy!"

"What's that?" said Tom Merry.

"Mate!" said Arthur Augustus, in triumphant tones. "I wathah think this game's ovah, Mannahs!"

"My hat!"

"Oh, scat!" said Manners, bending over the board with a worried frown on his brow. "It's all rot! It can't be mate! Now let's see—"

"No huvwyy, deah boy!" said D'Arcy. Tom Merry and Monty Lowther gazed at the board no less intently than Manners. But, amazing as it seemed to them, there appeared to be no way out of it. Checkmate it was!

"Dash it!" exclaimed Manners. "Surely I can—but no! It was that dashed unexpected move with your dashed bishop that did the trick, D'Arcy! Bless if I ever thought you'd do it!"

"Yaas, wathah smart, wasn't it, deah boy?" said the swell of St. Jim's, smiling and nodding his head in a superior way. "Wonders will never cease!" said Monty Lowther. "Gussy's beaten Manners at chess—and all with the aid of—"

"Auto-suggestion, deah boy!"

"With the aid of Professor Gustavus Adolphus' great book entitled 'Auto-suggestion for Imbeciles,'" finished Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Lowthah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with dignity. "I wegard youah wottin' as bein' in vevy bad taste. Havin' beaten Mannahs at chess, and won the first game for the Fourth Form, I will now vetiah!"

"To resume the study of auto-suggestion, I presume?" said Monty Lowther, bowing low as the great D'Arcy stalked to the door.

"Yaas, wathah!"

And Arthur Augustus was gone, in triumph!

The Terrible Three looked at one another, and the expression on Manners' face was just a trifle sickly.

"Well, did you ever?" said Tom Merry, in measured tones.

"Never!"

"Blest if I can believe it!" exclaimed Manners forcibly. "I must be dreaming! Gussy to beat me at chess! Rats!"

"But—but he did!" murmured Lowther.

"If you're going to rub it in, Lowther, I'm finished!" hooted Manners. "I say rats! That's what I say!"

Tom Merry and Monty Lowther glanced at one another, and for the sake of peace, they left it at that!

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Not a Success!

THE next morning was fine and frosty after the rain of the previous day, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was up betimes, still obsessed by a burning desire to master THE POPULAR.—No 161.

NEXT  
FRIDAY!

"THE SCHOOL IN THE BACKWOODS!"

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

the art of auto-suggestion. He strolled out into the sunny quad, with the famous volume of the celebrated French professor in his hand.

The first person he saw there was Herbert Skimpole, of the Shell—the only other person at St. Jim's, so far, who took auto-suggestion seriously.

"Good-morning, D'Arcy!" beamed Skimpole, glancing through his large spectacles at the book in D'Arcy's hand.

"Good-morning, Skimmay, deah boy!"

"Every day—" began Skimpole.

"In evewy way—"

"I'm getting better—"

"And bettah!"

"Good!" said Skimmay approvingly.

"I trust, my dear D'Arcy, that you are already feeling the benefit of your study of the wonderful science of auto-suggestion?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"It is really marvellous!" went on Skimpole enthusiastically.

"Professor Ledoux puts everything so clearly. It is only necessary to get the idea—any idea—firmly impressed upon a person's mind, and behold, the idea becomes a reality!"

"Quite so, Skimmay!"

"If only Professor Bahncrumpet had been an auto-suggestionist!" sighed Skimpole. The gentleman mentioned was the author of numerous ponderous works, with jaw-cracking titles, on abstruse scientific subjects, and Skimpole was his greatest—possibly his only—admirer. "What a study he would have made of the subject!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"It is a truly wonderful science!" went on Skimpole. "Only yesterday I was able to give an example of its efficacy to Wynn, of the New House."

"Weally?" said Arthur Augustus, with great interest. Fatty Wynn of the New House was a well-known character at St. Jim's.

"Certainly!" said Skimpole. "Wynn was complaining that he was hungry yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon. I told him I could remove all sensation of hunger from him. He asked how, and I told him merely to repeat to himself a great many times the words 'I am not hungry!' at the same time concentrating his whole mind upon what he was saying."

"What happened then, Skimmay?"

"Wynn said something rather rude, and went away. But I saw him again about half-past five, and asked him if he was still hungry. He said he felt very much better. What do you think of that?"

And Skimpole blinked triumphantly at the swell of St. Jim's through his big spectacles.

"Jollay good!" said D'Arcy warmly.

"Gore said that Figgins had been standing a feed in his study that afternoon, and that Wynn had eaten most of it," said Skimpole. "But there was no evidence whatever of that, so I prefer to think that it was auto-suggestion that worked the cure."

"Ahem!"

Arthur Augustus coughed a little doubtfully. He thought, as a matter of fact, that there might have been something in what Gore said from what he knew of Fatty Wynn. But he was too polite to say so.

"Here is Gore!" said Skimpole, as the burly Shell fellow came out of the door of the School House. "I'll ask him— Good gracious!"

There was a sudden yell and a crash, and there was Gore sitting down in the hard quad, clasping the back of his head. He had slipped on a frozen puddle, and, judging by his yells, he was hurt.

"Ow! Yaroooh! Oh!"

"My deah Goah!"

"Yah! Oh! I'm hurt!" roared Gore.

"Pray let me assist you, Gore!" gasped Skimmay, hastening to the rescue of his study-mate. "There, that is better! Have you any pain?"

"Yes, I have!" roared Gore. "I've bumped the back of my head, ass!"

"Dear me! That is easily remedied!"

"What!"

"Pray repeat after me, Gore. 'I am not hurt! I am not—'"

"But I am hurt, you burbling idiot!" shouted Gore.

"Nonsense! You are not hurt, you only think you are!" explained Skimpole patiently. "Now, think that you are not hurt! Say 'I am not hurt—'"

"You drivelling idiot!" snarled Gore, whose temper was not of the best. "What, in the name of common-sense is—"

"It is auto-suggestion," said Skimpole earnestly. "Now, make up your mind that you are not hurt in the least, Gore! You must— Ow!"

Skimpole broke off with a yell as Gore's fist suddenly shot out and caught him on the nose. He sat down on the hard ground with a heavy concussion.

"Take that!" roared Gore.

"Ow! Wow! Oh!"

"Now you can auto-suggest yourself, you howling maniac!" jeered Gore. "You're not hurt, you know. You only think you are! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Goah—" protested Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, you're another of 'em, are you?" snorted Gore, rubbing his head as he walked away. "Auto-suggestion, indeed! Auto-rats!"

And George Gore stamped into the School House, leaving the unfortunate Herbert Skimpole to find what comfort he could in the remarkable theories of the celebrated Professor Gustave Ledoux!

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Linton's Little Joke!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY looked a little thoughtful as he made his way to the Fourth Form class-room for morning lessons. He realised—somewhat late, perhaps—that in his enthusiasm for studying the wonderful science of auto-suggestion, he had somewhat neglected his preparation the previous evening. And neglected prep has a way of producing trouble as its corollary the following morning.

And when the word was suddenly passed round to the Fourth-Formers that they were to go into the Shell class-room, instead of their own for the morning's work Arthur Augustus looked, as well as felt, more than a little dismayed.

For the Shell class-room was presided over by Mr. Linton, a stern and austere man, of quite a different type to the mild Mr. Lathom, of the Fourth. D'Arcy had been worried at the thought of facing Mr. Lathom with his lessons ill-prepared. He was ten times more worried now that it was Mr. Linton he had to face.

"Lathom's ill—got 'flu, or something, I suppose," said Blake gloomily. "Why can't he be more careful?"

"Heah, heah!" said D'Arcy.

"Well, no one goes round looking for 'flu, I suppose," said Digby, with a grin. "Tain't so pleasant as all that!"

"Oh, rats!"

"As a matter of fact, Lathom hasn't got 'flu," chimed in Herries. "He's gone to London for the day, that's all. I heard Railton say so at breakfast."

"Oh, rats!"

"As a matter of fact, Lathom hasn't got 'flu," chimed in Herries. "He's gone to London for the day, that's all. I heard Railton say so at breakfast."

"Oh, rats!"



Blake grunted.  
 "What does he want to go gadding about in London for?" he said discontentedly. "That means we shall have old Linton all the morning, and all the afternoon, too, most likely!"  
 "Oh cwumps!"

Arthur Augustus felt very uncomfortable as the Fourth-Formers trooped into the Shell class-room, to be greeted with friendly grins from Tom Merry & Co.

Under Mr. Linton's stern eye they shuffled into their places at the desks behind the Shell fellows. Setting his own class an essay to write, Mr. Linton started on the Fourth-Formers without delay, and D'Arcy soon found that his worst fears were realised.

"Kindly show me where the prepared lesson begins, Blake?" rapped out Mr. Linton, opening his Livy. "Oh, thank you! D'Arcy, perhaps you will commence?"

Arthur Augustus stood up to construe, the cynosure of all eyes. He stumbled over the first line, and then stumbled over it again. In his confusion, his wits completely deserted him. He had not reckoned to be put on to construe the

Skimpole of the Shell glistened behind his huge spectacles.

Even Mr. Linton was taken aback.

"It was what?" he exclaimed.

"Auto-suggestion, sir!"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Linton stared hard at D'Arcy, as if the thought was in his mind that that youth might be exercising his wit at the Form-master's expense—not at all a safe pastime where Mr. Linton was concerned. But D'Arcy's face was the picture of innocence.

"Then do I understand that you are a believer in auto-suggestion, D'Arcy?"

"Yaas, wathah, sir!"

"And so am I, sir!" bleated Skimpole suddenly.

Mr. Linton's gimlet eyes gleamed for a moment, and then he fixed them upon the genius of the Shell.

"Then do I understand that you neglected your preparation also in favour of the study of—of auto-suggestion, Skimpole?" he rapped out.

Skimpole blinked at him.

"I am bound to admit, sir, that, in the interest of studying a great scientific discovery, some of the trivial details of

"And now for the experiment. First, I am going to cane you both!" And Mr. Linton whisked a limber and wicked-looking cane out of his desk. "Hold out your hand, D'Arcy!"

The expression of dismay upon the aristocratic countenance of Arthur Augustus was ludicrous in the extreme; while Skimpole opened his mouth and stood like a fish. Irresistible chuckles broke from Shell and Fourth Forms alike.

"B-but, sir—" stuttered D'Arcy.

"In the interest merely of the science of auto-suggestion, I am going to cane you!"

Mr. Linton allowed himself a grim smile. "I will provide a sharp, stinging sensation in each of your hands in turn. You will provide for the benefit of the assembled classes a demonstration of the effectiveness of auto-suggestion! Hold out your hand!"

Swish!

"Ow! Yaroo!"

"And the other one, please!"

Swish!

"Yow-wow! Weally, sir! Oh!"

"Skimpole, please!"

Swish! Swish!

# The Story of Our Wonderful Series of Free Engine Plates.

By THE EDITOR.

When I decided to present every reader of the "Popular" with the Great Free Gift of a wonderful series of Coloured Plates, representing all the types of the most famous express engines of the chief British railways, I quickly came to the conclusion that only the best would be good enough for my purpose. I was determined that the Plates should be absolutely accurate in colouring and every other detail, and the first step to this end was the despatch of letters to the Locomotive Departments of the ten great railway companies selected. Photos and "colour schemes" of the latest type of express locomotives were received in due course, and from these the "originals" of the colour-blocks were prepared by skilled artists, exact in every detail. The blocks were then made by the wonderful three-colour process in our vast printing works, and proofs were taken in colour and scrutinised minutely. These proofs were then submitted to a great railway expert, who checked each detail, and so the magnificent plates were finally passed for production.

It is only by the exercise of such scrupulous care in every detail that it is possible to obtain the wonderful effect revealed in this magnificent series of plates, which are an amazing example of the wonderful art of modern colour-printing. It will be the aim of every collector to obtain a full set consisting of the whole of this splendid series of Engine Plates. The interesting story of the famous London and North Western railway engine, "Sir Gilbert Claughton," which forms the subject of our first Grand Plate, appears on page 23, from the pen of a famous railway expert. Look out for the next of this wonderful series of unique Plates which will be given Free with every copy of the "Popular" next Friday. Subject: The famous Great Western Railway express engine, "Princess Mary," exact in detail and colouring.

very first passage. He gasped and turned red, and stood tongue-tied!

Mr. Linton eyed him grimly.

"I am waiting for you, D'Arcy!" he snapped.

Arthur Augustus stood dumb.

Under Mr. Lathom, some kind friend would have provided a little judicious prompting in such an emergency. But no one dared to prompt, with Mr. Linton's gimlet eyes fixed upon the class.

Mr. Linton snorted.

"From your total inability to construe the very first passage, D'Arcy, I can only conclude that you have not attempted to prepare this lesson!" he remarked acidly. "Am I right?"

"Yaa-as, sir, I am afwaid so!" gasped poor Arthur Augustus, who, whatever his faults, was always strictly truthful.

"Indeed! And may I inquire your reason for thus neglecting your preparation?" rapped Mr. Linton.

"I—I— Weally, sir—"

"Perhaps you found something more interesting to occupy your preparation time last evening?" pursued Mr. Linton sarcastically.

"Yaa-as, sir!"

"And may I inquire what it was, D'Arcy?" went on the master of the Shell inexorably.

"It—it was auto-suggestion, sir!" gasped out Arthur Augustus.

There was a gasp from Shell and Fourth Forms alike, and the eyes of

my school-work may have escaped my attention," said Skimpole. "On the other hand—"

"That will do, Skimpole! Are there any other distinguished auto-suggestionists present?" said Mr. Linton.

There was silence from the two intensely interested Forms.

"No? Then kindly stand out in front of the class, D'Arcy and Skimpole!"

The two juniors stood forward.

"Now," said Mr. Linton grimly. "I am going to carry out a little experiment with you two students of auto-suggestion! I understand that a real auto-suggester can control the physical feelings of the body merely by suggestion. Am I right?"

"Yes, certainly, sir!"

"Yaas, wathah, sir!"

"You two boys believe then, that in the case, say, of a sudden pain, you could, by concentrating your minds upon the effort, drive that pain away? You would suggest strongly to yourselves, as it were, that there was no pain, and immediately there would be none?"

Arthur Augustus began to look a little doubtful, or even alarmed.

"Ya-as, I suppose so, sir," he said. But Herbert Skimpole beamed.

"That is the case, of course, sir!" he exclaimed. "It would happen just as you have described! I rejoice to see that you have yourself studied auto-suggestion, Mr. Linton."

"Perhaps!" said Mr. Linton shortly.

"Oh! Yurrugh! Yow! Oh, dear me! Wow!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and Herbert Skimpole jumped about and sucked their fingers, just like any other pair of schoolboys would have done. The fact that they were "auto-suggesters" seemed to have escaped their minds. They yelled—loudly!

So did the Shell and Fourth Forms—they couldn't help it! There was a perfect howl of laughter.

"Get going, Gussy!"

"Let's see some auto-suggestion, Skimmy!"

Even Mr. Linton's shoulders shook for a moment, as he turned away from the class to replace his cane in his desk.

But the afflicted ones did not give any display of auto-suggestion; that modern science seemed to have deserted them in their affliction. The only remarks they made, as they returned dismally to their seats, were in the form of a sort of chorus, as follows:

"Yow! Oh!"

"Wow! Ah!"

To which came the almost hysterical chorus in reply:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Linton turned suddenly; his brow was grave and stern as usual.

"The lesson will now proceed!" he snapped out.

And it was so!

THE END.

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

NEXT FRIDAY!

THE ST. JIM'S CARMEN!

A NEW LONG TALE

OF ST. JIM'S. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## WESTWARD BOUND!

(Continued from page 5.)

careered, whooping and yelling in savage triumph. Then one, who seemed to be the leader, rode directly up to them, and spoke.

"Injun no kill. You come with um," he said in difficult English.

Bob looked at Frank Richards. The latter was calm and quiet.

"Take it quietly, Frank. We may get out of it yet."

Frank nodded.

The Redskin dismounted, and bound the two boys to their saddles with ropes, at the same time securing their hands. Then the horses were set in motion again, and Frank Richards and his cousin rode away in the midst of their savage captors.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### A Bid for Liberty.

IT seemed like a strange, wild dream to Frank Richards.

This was his new life in the Canadian West—a prisoner of the Redskins, his fate unknown, a terrible death only too probable.

Half a mile after mile disappeared under the galloping hoofs.

They rode over rolling plain and rugged ridge, fording creeks, and plunging through patches of forest.

The Redskins halted at last.

In the midst of a thick clump of timber they drew their steeds to a halt and dismounted.

Frank glanced at his companion.

"What's going to happen now?" he muttered.

Bob shook his head with a hopeless expression. The Kootenays unfastened the ropes that bound the prisoners to their saddles, and lifted them to the ground. They were muttering to one another now in guttural tones, in a language which was wholly strange to Frank Richards.

The Kootenay who appeared to be the leader of the band pointed to a tree, and the prisoners were placed against it and the rope run round the trunk, securing them there.

The horses were staked out among the timber.

"They're going to camp here, Bob," said Frank in a low tone.

"Looks like it."

Bob looked at him very cautiously, but did not speak again. The two prisoners watched the Redskins in silence.

Frank surmised that the Kootenays intended to rest in the shelter of the trees during the heat of the afternoon, and resume their journey when the sun was lower—doubtless for their distant lodges.

Some of the braves disappeared among the trees, but two of them remained near the prisoners.

They rolled themselves in their blankets in the grass, and slept.

"Frank!"

Bob's voice, in a whisper, broke the silence, after a long pause. Frank looked at him.

"My hands are a bit loose," muttered Bob. "I think I could get this rope off, Frank. Are you game to run for it if we could get loose?"

"Yes, rather!" Frank's heart beat at the thought. "What-ho!"

"If they shoot—"

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

"I'm ready to risk it, if you are."

"It's a go, then!"

Bob Lawless worked quietly at the rope. The two Kootenays in the grass slept on, unsuspecting.

In about five minutes Bob's hands were loose.

His hand glided into his pocket, and came out with a penknife in it. Quietly he sawed through the ropes that secured him and Frank Richards to the tree.

The severed rope fell at their feet, and the cousins were free. Frank drew a quick, deep breath.

"Come on!" he whispered.

Bob caught his arm.

"No good going on foot," he breathed. "We've got to have horses. Don't make a sound!"

On tiptoe they crept past the two sleeping Indians in the direction of the horses, creeping under the timber at the end of their trail-ropes.

Their own ponies were grazing among the Indians' horses, and it was not difficult to pick up the trail-ropes and pull the animals in.

Frank glanced back towards the sleeping Redskins as he drew in his pony, and put his hands on the saddle.

The two Kootenays, apparently alarmed, sat up suddenly.

"They've seen us, Bob!" panted Frank. "Quick!"

"Up you get!" shouted Bob.

He leaped upon his pony, Frank Richards following his example with lightning quickness.

There was a shout from the Kootenays as they leaped up and seized their rifles.

At the same moment Frank Richards and Bob Lawless dashed away at full gallop for the plain beyond the clump of timber.

They heard the rifles ring out behind, though the bullets went nowhere near.

"Go it!" shouted Bob. "Ride for it now!"

"What-ho!" panted Frank.

And at a mad gallop they dashed away across the plain, under the red westering sun, and from the clump of timber behind the Kootenays emerged, galloping in hot pursuit.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### Bob's Little Joke.

"BOB!" Frank Richards shouted breathlessly. "Look!"

Ahead of the riders smoke was rising in the distance, and under the smoke a building loomed into view—a great building, with outhouses and corrals.

Frank Richards knew that it must be a ranch.

He had followed Bob Lawless' lead in that hurried flight, leaving the guidance to the Canadian lad.

He glanced back over his shoulder. The Redskins, apparently, careless of the fact that they were nearing the white man's dwelling, were still riding hard in pursuit.

"They're still coming on, Bob."

"Let them!" said Bob.

Closer and closer they drew to the ranch house. A tall man, with a sunburnt face under the shade of his big Stetson hat, came out of the porch, and stood staring towards them. Frank looked back again.

The Indian riders swerved from the track, and rode away towards a clump of buildings at a distance from the ranch house. The man in the Stetson hat showed no trace of alarm at the sight of the red braves.

A sudden misgiving smote Frank Richards.

"Bob!"

Bob Lawless did not reply. A grin was visible upon his face—a grin that had been long suppressed.

They dashed up to the ranch house and halted, and slid down from the sweating ponies.

"Here we are again!" sang Bob Lawless. "Howdy do, dad?"

"So you're back, Bob?" said the rancher in a deep voice.

"Safe and sound, dad!" said Bob cheerily. "And here's Frank, from the Old Country. I've toted him along from Quebec, this side up with care!"

Frank Richards stood dazed for a moment. A suspicion of the truth had flashed into his mind, and it was a certainty now. He swung towards Bob Lawless, who was grinning broadly.

"So you're my nephew, Frank," said Mr. Lawless, extending a big brown hand to Frank, who took it mechanically. "Welcome, my boy! Have you had a good journey?"

"First-rate, pop!" said Bob, answering the question. "Only we were captured by Redskins on the way here from Cedar Creek—"

"What!" roared the rancher.

"But, luckily, they were only our Kootenay cattlemen, so we haven't been scalped!" said Bob cheerfully.

"You young rascal!" roared Mr. Lawless. "Have you been playing monkey-tricks on your cousin?"

"Oh!" gasped Frank.

The rancher stared at them, and burst into a hearty laugh.

Frank Richards did not feel like laughing—for the moment the humour of the situation was lost upon him.

Bob Lawless was chuckling spasmodically.

"Oh, you spoofer!" gasped Frank. "Then—then, it was all a trick?"

Bob roared.

"Ha, ha, ha! Of course, fathead! Do you think there are savage Indians in Canada at this time of day? Ha, ha, ha!"

"They—they belong to the ranch?" stammered Frank.

"I guess so! Ha, ha, ha!"

"And—and you fixed it up with them last night, I suppose, at Cedar Creek!" exclaimed Frank.

He remembered the grave faces of the men at the camp, and the talk of the Indian rising. He understood now—rather late—that Bob Lawless was at the bottom of it all, and that the merry men of Cedar Creek had joined in "taking a rise" out of the tenderfoot.

His face was scarlet.

Bob coloured.

"It was only a joke, dad," he said contritely. "I—I wanted to see whether Frank would show the white feather.

And he didn't—not a bit of it! He thought—ha, ha!—that he was captured by scalping Indians, and he took it like a little man—true blue all through! I say, Franky, old chap, I'm sorry—really!"

Frank laughed.

"All serene!" he said. "I'm jolly glad it was only a joke!"

It had been a thrilling experience, and he was glad that it was no more than what his schoolfellows at home would have called a "jape." And that evening in the ranch the "Indian rising" was a subject of much merriment.

THE END.

(Look out for another long complete story of Frank Richards & Co. in "The School in the Backwoods!" next week.)

NEXT FRIDAY!

THE FIRST VICTIM!

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



GRAND STORY OF THE GREAT ROOKWOOD REBELLION.



# HOLDING THE FORT!

A Splendid, Long Complete Story dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Chums of Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST,

Author of the famous Rookwood Stories in the "Boys' Friend."

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**A Shock for the Head!**

**T**AP! Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood, was alone in his study. He was seated at his writing-table, his elbow resting on the table before him, his chin in his hand, his brows lined with deep thought.

The Head of Rookwood was plunged in a deep and sombre reverie, and he did not hear the timid tap at his door till it was repeated.

"Tap!" The doctor started. "Come in!" he rapped out. The door opened, and Mark Lattrey of the Fourth Form entered.

The Head's eyes were fixed upon him at once, as he came slowly across the room.

Lattrey's manner was scared and hesitating. The cad of Rookwood was not generally lacking in nerve. But the position in which he now found himself had made even Mark Lattrey uneasy.

He was the outcast of the school, and at present he was in the Head's house because he could not enture to trust himself among his school-fellows.

Matters at the old school were in a strange state.

Lattrey was wondering uneasily how it would all end.

Dr. Chisholm's brow became darker as his eyes rested on Lattrey.

"You sent for me, sir," faltered the junior. "Yes. As you are aware, Lattrey, I have decided to allow you to remain at Rookwood," said the Head, in a cold, hard voice.

For a moment a faint smile curved Lattrey's thin lips.

He was well aware that it was against the Head's will that he was allowed to remain.

What influence his father possessed over the Head of Rookwood he did not know; but he knew that that influence existed.

The Head could not send him away, much as he had desired to do so.

Dr. Chisholm's face became harder.

"Your father desires you to remain at the school, Lattrey, and I have consented."

"Yes, sir."

"If, however, you should positively desire to leave Rookwood, and should make a request to your father to that effect, I have no doubt that Mr. Lattrey would see fit to remove you."

"I don't want to leave Rookwood, sir."  
"You cannot be very happy here, Lattrey. Your Form-fellows resent your presence in the school since the accident by which Mornington of the Fourth lost his sight. They have even gone the length of throwing you out of the school, for which I intend to punish them severely, certainly. However, it would surely be more agreeable to you to leave."

"That is for my father to decide, sir," said Lattrey coolly.

"You do not wish to go?"

"No, sir."  
"Very well," said Dr. Chisholm. "You will remain. At present it appears that you cannot take your place in your Form, so great is the dislike your Form-fellows feel towards you. I have given my housekeeper instructions to prepare a room for you in this house—for to-night, at all events. Doubtless, after their punishment to-morrow, the Fourth Form will be in a more reasonable mood. You may go."

"Yes, sir."  
Lattrey left the study, and the door closed behind him. But it remained closed only a moment or two.

Then it was suddenly hurled open.

Dr. Chisholm started, and spun round, with a dark frown.

"What—what— Bless my soul! It is Mr. Manders!"

The Head stared at the Modern master blankly.

Mr. Manders rushed breathlessly in.

As a rule, Mr. Manders was a very stiff and severe gentleman, with a great dignity of deportment. He did not look very dignified now. He was smothered from head to foot with mud and clay, and his face was hardly recognisable, so thickly was it coated.

He stood before the astonished Head, gasping for breath, and shedding mud and clay round him in chunks as he stood.

Dr. Chisholm rose majestically to his feet.

"Mr. Manders!"

"Groogh!"

"What—"

"Look—look at me, sir!" panted Mr. Manders. "Look at me!"

"I am looking at you, Mr. Manders," replied the Head icily. "I cannot understand why you should present yourself in my study in that extraordinary state!"

"I have been assaulted, sir!" shrieked Mr. Manders. "I have been treated like this, sir, by the boys of the Fourth Form!"

"Impossible!"  
"I have been rolled in the mud, sir! I have been pelted with clods! I—I have—"  
Words failed Mr. Manders. He stood and gasped.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Manders," said the Head coldly. "Kindly tell me in a few words what has occurred."

"The Fourth Form are in a state of revolt, sir!"

"Nonsense!"

"It is so, sir! Mr. Bootles was a witness of my treatment! Groogh! I—I have a considerable quantity of clay in my mouth, sir! Gerrh! The Fourth Form, headed by Silver and Dodd, have broken out into mutiny! They have proclaimed a barring-out!"

"A what?" thundered the Head.

"A barring-out!" shouted Mr. Manders.

"They intend to keep up this revolt, sir, until Lattrey of the Fourth is expelled from Rookwood, according to their statements! That, sir, is what they have the impudence to state! And I, sir, attempting to reduce these young rascals to order, have been seized and rolled in a muddy trench, sir!"

The expression on the Head's face was extraordinary as he listened.

"I—I must be dreaming!" he murmured.

"A barring-out at Rookwood! A revolt in the Fourth! Incredible! Where are the juniors now, Mr. Manders? They should be in their dormitory at this hour!"

"They are in the school grounds—on the site of the allotments. They are digging themselves in!" gasped Mr. Manders.

"They are—what?"

"I do not wonder that you are astounded, sir! They are actually digging trenches and—and fortifying themselves, sir, in order to bid defiance to everyone! Groogh!"

Dr. Chisholm stood rooted to the floor for some moments.

He moved at last.

"I shall see into this personally, Mr. Manders," he said, in a grinding voice. "I have no doubt that the juniors will obey my commands to return to their duty at once. You, sir, I recommend to retire to your room and remove the mud from your person. You are making my carpet very untidy."

The Head quitted the study, leaving Mr. Manders still spluttering.

With a brow like thunder, Dr. Chisholm strode out of the house.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**  
**Defied!**

**J**IMMY SILVER, the captain of the Fourth, rested upon his spade, breathing hard.

Brilliant moonlight streamed down upon the old buildings of Rookwood School.

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"SCHOOLBOYS ON STRIKE!"

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

and upon the school allotments where the rebels of Rookwood had taken up their quarters.

The Fourth Form were all there, Moderns and Classics. Only Tubby Muffin was missing from the ranks, and Mornington, who was away. The blind junior, who had lost his sight as the result of Lattrey's cruel act, had been taken to London to see a specialist.

And the Fourth Form were in revolt—in a state of revolution, as Lovell described it rather proudly.

It was a risky proceeding, and nobody knew that better than Jimmy Silver, the leader of the mutiny.

But Jimmy was not the fellow to hesitate. He was convinced of the justice of the cause, and that was enough for him.

And, with the exception of Townsend & Co., the Fourth were backing him up to a man.

Townsend & Co. had been "conscripted," and they were working with the rest in the trenches, though with a bad grace.

It was Jimmy's intention to "hold the fort" against all-comers, and remain on strike with the Fourth till the Head came round to their terms.

It was quite certain that force would be used against the rebels, and they had lost no time in preparing for it.

Already the trench round the rebel camp was three feet deep, and wider than it was deep, the displaced earth being stacked up in a parapet round the outer rim of the trenches.

It was not feasible to "bar out" in the school buildings, but an entrenched camp appealed even more to the imagination of the reckless juniors.

They felt a good deal like British Tommies holding the line against the Huns.

There had been no slacking, and the work was going rapidly ahead. Already the position was a strong one.

But Jimmy paused as he caught sight of the Head's stately figure approaching in the moonlight.

With Mr. Manders, the unpopular Modern master, the rebels had already dealt very effectively.

But the Head was a very different proposition, as even Jimmy Silver admitted.

Even the Fistical Four—Jimmy and Lovell, Raby and Newcome—looked grave as Dr. Chisholm arrived at the earthen wall in front of the trench.

He stared over it at the muddy juniors in the excavation, his eyes glistening over his glasses.

"Boys!" he gasped.

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy Silver respectfully.

"What does this mean?"

"We have decided to go on strike, sir, until Lattrey is expelled from Rookwood," answered Jimmy Silver.

"Are you insane, boy?"

"I hope not, sir."

"You dare to dictate to me, your headmaster?" ejaculated Dr. Chisholm.

"In this matter, sir, we cannot give in," said Jimmy Silver quietly and steadily.

"Mornington was blinded by what Lattrey did. That's a serious matter. The cad ought to be sent to prison. At least he's got to get out of Rookwood. The Fourth Form can't stand him!"

"And won't!" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"I—I—I hardly know what to reply to such insolence!" said the Head in a gasping voice.

"It is time you were in your dormitory. I order you to return there at once!"

"Is Lattrey to be expelled, sir?"

"No!" thundered the Head.

"Then we shall remain here."

"You will be expelled for this insolence, Silver!"

"I shall not go, sir."

"Wha-a-at?"

"If I go, the whole Fourth goes with me," said Jimmy quietly. "But we don't intend to go. We are going to stay here on strike until Lattrey is kicked out of the school, as he ought to have been long ago."

"Hear, hear!" chirped Tommy Dodd.

The Head clenched his hands hard.

"You have refused to obey me!" he said gaspingly. "You will understand that force will be used at once!"

"If force is used, sir, we shall use force," answered Jimmy Silver.

"Oh!" gasped the Head.

He did not waste any more words on the mutineers.

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

With rustling gown, he strode away and disappeared round the School House.

Jimmy Silver set his lips.

"Now look out for squalls!" he said.

"We shall all be sacked for this!" wailed Gower.

"Silence that shirker!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Gower.

"I—I say, the Head means to send the prefects to drive us indoors," remarked Higgs rather uneasily.

"Let 'em come!"

"Let 'em all come!" grinned Lovell.

"We're ready!"

And the mutineers prepared to resist the attack, which was not likely to be long delayed.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Prefects Called In.

**B**ULKELEY of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, came into the prefects' room with a glum brow.

The word had been passed round for the prefects to meet there to see the Head, and those great ranjandrums of the Sixth Form were gathering.

Bulkeley and Neville, Carthew and Jones major and Lonsdale, the Classical prefects, were the first.

The Modern prefects came in a few minutes later, some of them grinning—Knowles and Frampton, and Catesby and Tresham.

"What on earth does this mean, Bulkeley?" Cecil Knowles asked, glancing at Bulkeley's frowning face.

"The Head will tell you, I suppose," grunted Bulkeley.

"Is it true that there's a mutiny among the juniors?" asked Frampton.

"I'm afraid so."

"Cheeky little wasters!" said Frampton, in wonder.

"About Lattrey, I suppose?" remarked Jones major.

Bulkeley nodded.

"Look here, why didn't the Head turn Lattrey out?" asked Neville bluntly. "All the school knows that the young hooligan ought to have been turned out. He struck Mornington a cowardly blow, and the poor kid was blinded. That was an accident, of course. But the fags can't be expected to stand that dangerous young villain after it. It's rot! He ought to go."

"The Head decided otherwise."

"Well, I expected trouble in the Fourth about it, for one."

"The trouble's come," said Bulkeley.

"And the Head wants us to deal with it, I suppose," remarked Knowles, shrugging his shoulders. "I suppose we've got no choice."

"Looks like it!" grunted Jones major. "I suppose my young rascal of a minor is among them. My hat! What a state of things for Rookwood! I must say I think it's the Head's fault."

"There's more in this than meets the eye," remarked Knowles. "I've heard of a yarn among the juniors that Lattrey senior has some hold over Dr. Chisholm."

"What rot!" said Bulkeley sharply.

"Why hasn't the Head sacked Lattrey, then?" sneered Knowles. "You know that he ought to do it."

"I—I don't know."

"Hush!" murmured Neville.

Dr. Chisholm appeared in the doorway, and the eyes of the gathered prefects all turned upon him.

The Head's face was hard and set, but he was quite calm.

"Ah, you are here!" he said, in a quiet, even voice. "A most extraordinary state of affairs has arisen. The Fourth Form refuse to go to their dormitory, and it is now past their bed-time. It is necessary to use coercion. I think I can rely upon you, Bulkeley, and the others, to see that the juniors are taken to their quarters at once."

"Very well, sir," said the Rookwood captain quietly.

The Head did not add one word of explanation.

He quitted the room, leaving the Sixth-Formers to carry out his order.

George Bulkeley looked around.

"Well, come on!" he said. "We've got to deal with the young rascals."

"It won't take us long, I expect," yawned Knowles. "I'll get my ashplant. It may be needed."

"I'll borrow 'Booties' cane. I think," grinned Carthew, the bully of the Sixth. "I shall want it."

In a few minutes the Rookwood prefects

were on their way to the mutineers' camp, all of them carrying a weapon of some sort.

They did not anticipate much difficulty in dealing with the mutinous juniors. The ashplants were for the infliction of punishment.

But the seniors stared as they came up to the entrenched camp on the allotment ground.

An earthwork three feet high confronted them, with a trench within, a "firing-step" being left inside the parapet for the defenders to stand on to "fire."

They had plenty of ammunition, in the shape of clods of earth, piled ready to hand.

The earthwork was lined with faces as the seniors came to a halt in a body. Jimmy Silver waved his hand to them.

"Hallo, Bulkeley!"

"Top of the evenin' to yez!" shouted Flynn.

"Will you kids go to your dormitories without further trouble?" asked Bulkeley patiently.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Can't be done, Bulkeley. We've told the Head that."

"You've cheeked the Head, you mean."

"The Head's cheeked us, by letting Lattrey stay in the school."

"Hear, hear!" chuckled the rebels.

"Tell the Head that, Bulkeley."

"We've got orders to take you in," said Bulkeley.

"Sorry!"

"Mind, we shall use force," said the captain of Rookwood.

"We shall do the same," answered Jimmy Silver. "Sorry if you get damaged, but you know what to expect if you come over the top."

"Come on!" roared Lovell, with a big clod in either hand. "We're ready!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky young cad!" shouted Carthew. "If you chuck that stuff you'll get licked till you can't crawl!"

"I don't think we shall be the chaps to get licked," said Conroy. "But come on and see!"

"You can't be silly enough to resist!" exclaimed Neville, puzzled and nonplused.

"Look here!" rapped out Bulkeley. "Enough said! Are you coming into the House or not?"

"Not!" chorused the juniors.

"Then we shall take you!"

"Pile in!"

Bulkeley looked at his comrades.

The Rookwood captain was determined; he had his duty to do, as he understood it.

The other seniors did not hesitate, though they had to admit that the task looked difficult.

"Come on!" said Bulkeley, at last.

And the Sixth-Formers charged, and came clambering "over the top."

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### The Fight!

**B**ACK up!"

"Fire!" roared Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The mutineers stood to their guns valiantly.

Clods of earth simply rained on the Sixth-Formers as they clambered furiously over the muddy parapet.

They gasped, and they yelled; even the good-natured Bulkeley being in a furiously exasperated frame of mind by this time.

Being pelted by fags was not flattering to the dignity of the Sixth.

The fire was deadly, but it did not stop the attack.

Gasping and panting, the seniors came sprawling over the parapet.

Jimmy Silver shouted to his comrades.

At close quarters the big seniors were difficult to handle, even with the odds against them.

But at Jimmy's order the rebels backed out of the trench, and stood on the verge of it, leaving the parapet and the firing-step to the enemy.

Bulkeley & Co. found themselves in a trench three feet deep, the edge of which was lined by excited juniors, brandishing brooms and mops and clods of earth.

"Come on!" roared Lovell.

Bulkeley plunged forward, grasping at the muddy earth to drag himself out of the trench into the camp.

Tommy Doyle charged with a mop, and



it smote the captain of Rookwood on the chin with terrific force.

George Bulkeley was hurled backwards, and he landed on his back at the bottom of the trench.

The juniors were utterly reckless now. Only victory in this strange contest could save them from expulsion or flogging, and they could not afford to be beaten.

Jimmy Silver was armed with a stiff garden-broom, and that broom did great execution.

It smote Knowles on the chest, hurling him back.

Then Jimmy drove it under Carthew's chin, and Carthew clung hold of it with both hands till his knuckles were forcibly rapped by Raby's cricket-stump, and he let go, howling with pain, and dropped back into the trench.

Bruises and bumps galore were distributed among the storming-party, and they were driven back helplessly into the trench.

Again and again they strove to clamber out of it, but they did not have the ghost of a chance.

After ten minutes of furious fighting, the prefects were sprawling in the muddy bottom of the trench, smothered with mud and bumps, and completely beaten.

Above them the victorious juniors flourished their weapons, and yelled to them to come on.

George Bulkeley sat up dazedly. He felt his head, as if to ascertain whether it was still there. It felt as if it wasn't.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Oh! Ah!" "Yow-ow-ow!" came from Jones major, in a dismal groan.

"Oh, the young fiends!" panted Carthew. "Yow-ow!"

"Oh, my head!" moaned Knowles. "M-m-my head! Ow!"

"My c-c-c-chin!" groaned Carthew. "Yow-ow-ow!"

"What a merry chorus!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Aren't you coming on to have some more, dear boys?"

"Pelt them!" shouted Lovell. "Hurrah!"

Whiz, whiz, whiz! Smash!

"Yaroh! Leave off, you young demons!" shrieked Carthew.

"Oh, my hat!"

Whiz, whiz!

Clods rained on the unhappy seniors in the trench, and they dodged wildly. Stumps and mops reached out to jab at them.

Knowles struggled away over the parapet. He had had enough.

Frampton and Catesby followed him, yelling as the whizzing clods caught them in the rear.

Bulkeley panted. There was nothing doing, and he realised it.

The juniors were out of hand, and force was no use against them—such force as the Rookwood prefects could muster, at all events.

Bulkeley clambered out of the trench on the outer side, and the rest of the Classical prefects followed him.

Loud yells of derision from the rebels rang out from the camp.

"Go home!"

"Yah!"

"Come back and have some more!"

"Hurrah!"

Bulkeley & Co. tramped away dismally.

They were caked with mud, and had more bruises than they could count.

And their tempers were not sweet.

In the dismal crowd they arrived at the School House.

Dr. Chisholm was waiting in the open doorway.

He was waiting majestically for a crowd of crestfallen rebels to be marched in by the prefects to immediate and severe punishment.

But it was a crowd of crestfallen prefects that arrived.

The Head stared at them as they came up, gasping for breath and exuding mud.

"Wha-a-at—" he stuttered.

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Bootles, blinking out from behind the Head. "This is—is—is amazing! Bless my soul!"

"What does this mean, Bulkeley?" thundered the Head.

Bulkeley's cheeks were crimson, under the mud.

He felt keenly the humiliation of his position.

"We've done our best, sir!" he faltered.

"Do you mean to say that the juniors resisted?" exclaimed the Head.

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" came from Carthew. "But why have you not brought them in?" demanded Dr. Chisholm.

"We—we couldn't, sir!"

"You could not?" exclaimed the Head, with a petrifying look.

"Nunno, sir!"

"What do you mean, Bulkeley?"

"I mean what I say, sir," said Bulkeley, getting angry himself. "We did our best, and we're jolly well damaged. They won't come, and we can't make them. That's all!"

And Bulkeley tramped savagely in, followed by the Classical seniors.

Knowles & Co. tramped off to Mr. Manders' House.

Dr. Chisholm stood dumbfounded. He had never dreamed of this.

What had come over the Fourth Form of Rookwood?

It was incredible—almost as incredible as the outbreak of the Rookwood Fourth!

Dr. Chisholm checked the words that rose to his lips.

Bitterly angry as he was, he realised the loss of dignity involved in an unseemly wrangle with his Form-master.

He strode away with a deeply-wrinkled brow and glinting eyes.

Mr. Bootles, in his study, sat down and gaped.

He wondered how he had found courage enough to speak out so candidly to the stately Head of Rookwood. But he was not sorry.

He fully expected to receive an invitation from the Head to resign his position in the school. But it did not come.

Perhaps, deep down in his heart, the Head realised that Mr. Bootles was right. At all events, he made no further reference to the matter.



The prefects found themselves in a trench, the edge of which was lined by excited juniors, brandishing brooms and clods of earth. Bulkeley plunged forward to leap over the trench, but Tommy Doyle met him with a mop. The captain of Rookwood was hurled backwards with great force. (See Chapter 4.)

He stood for several minutes without speaking. Mr. Bootles hardly dared to look at him.

"Upon my word!" said the Head, at last. "It is—is amazing!" murmured Mr. Bootles. The Head gave him a grim look.

"Your Form is utterly out of hand, Mr. Bootles! You have failed to impress upon their minds the lesson of subordination to authority!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"No other Form at Rookwood would act in this manner, sir!" rumbled the Head.

"Your Form, and your Form alone, have been guilty of this outrageous conduct! I am surprised and shocked, Mr. Bootles!"

Even the patient little Form-master could not tolerate that. His Form had never got out of hand when justly dealt with. It was rather too much for the blame to be laid on him.

Mr. Bootles flushed, and his voice trembled with indignation as he replied:

"I do not excuse the conduct of the Fourth Form, sir. But I tell you plainly that I sympathise with their feelings on the subject of Lattery. That boy ought not to be allowed to remain in the school."

"Mr. Bootles!"

"My boys cannot be expected to associate with such a young ruffian, sir! Their indignation is perfectly natural. If there is mutiny in the Fourth Form, sir, you have yourself to thank for it—not me!"

With that Mr. Bootles flounced away.

Dr. Chisholm looked after him, scarcely able to believe his ears.

Quiet, tame little Mr. Bootles had had the audacity to speak to him like that!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver Gets Busy.

JIMMY SILVER & Co. were rejoicing. Some of the juniors, in fact, were executing a war-dance of triumph.

Their cheers rang over the moonlit camp and far away across the quadrangle of Rookwood.

Fellows in the dormitories of the Third and the Shell peeped out of windows, wondering what the disturbance meant.

But the excitement died down at last. The hour was late, and the night was cold.

The victory over the prefects was exhilarating; but there were other considerations to be thought of, too.

"Well, we've beaten them," said Lovell. "I wonder whether the merry old Head will give us another look-in?"

"Let him, if he likes!" said Jimmy Silver. "He will get the same as Manders got!"

"Oh, Jimmy!" murmured Raby. "The Head!"

"Yes, the Head! But he won't try that game—too much cheery dignity!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "I fancy we're going to be let alone for the night."

"Nice place to spend the night!" grumbled Peele. "Look here, I've got a suggestion to make."

"You can make it."

"Chuck up the whole bizney, and get back to the dorm. It's warm there."

"Good wheeze!" said Gower fervently. "Bump them!" said Jimmy Silver. "That's Field Punishment Number One in this camp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peele and Gower were seized and punished. THE POPULAR.—No 16L.

NEXT FRIDAY!

THE ST. JIM'S CARMEN!

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

They retired to gasp and grumble, and their suggestions were heard no more.

"Faith, it is jolly cowlid, all the same!" remarked Tommy Doyle.

"Get on with the digging, and you'll get warm," said Jimmy.

"I'm tired!" remarked Topham.

"Same here—but I'm going on!"

"Well, I'm not!" snapped Topham.

"Field Punishment Number One!" said Jimmy.

Bump!

"Yow-ow!" roared Topham. "Leggo! I don't mind doing some more digging, you beasts! I—I don't mind a bit. Ow!"

"We've got to strengthen the position," said Jimmy. "We've beaten them off once, but we may have a big force against us next time. The Fifth may take a hand in the game—and the rest of the Sixth."

"My hat!"

There was not quite so much enthusiasm for digging as for "scrapping." But the word of Jimmy Silver was law, and the juniors set to work heartily enough. The few slackers were routed out, and set to work with the rest.

For two hours, while the moon sailed overhead, the Fourth-Formers of Rookwood were digging steadily.

There was no attack and no interruption.

It was plain that the Head had allowed the matter to stand over till the morning, perhaps hoping that the Fourth would have become less bellicose by then—perhaps because he simply did not know how to deal with the remarkable situation.

The Head was not likely to sleep soundly that night.

In the morning he had to face the problem, and how he was to deal with it was doubtless giving him much food for thought during the hours usually devoted to slumber.

But the Fourth were not worrying about the Head and his difficulties. They had enough to think about their own concerns.

The trench on the four sides of the camp grew deeper, and the excavated earth was piled up in a parapet on the inner side, and hammered down hard.

By the time the juniors were really too fatigued for further work great progress had been made.

The trench was four feet deep. There was a two-foot parapet on the inner side, which really made the depth six feet.

The trench narrowed towards the bottom, but at the top it was over seven feet wide, and as the parapet sloped back that made the width still greater. It was not an easy feat to leap across from one parapet to the other, and with the defenders on guard it was an impossible feat.

The position was now, Jimmy flattered himself, too strong to be taken, except by a real attack by real soldiers—which was not among the perils that threatened the mutineers of Rookwood.

Some of the juniors sat down to rest, and nodded off to sleep, wrapped in their coats and rugs.

But Jimmy Silver was not thinking of sleep. It was long since the last light had been extinguished in the school buildings. All Rookwood was buried in darkness and slumber save the rebel camp under the last glimmer of the waning moon.

Jimmy Silver sat on the parapet, thinking, as he rested from his labours.

"I say, I'm jolly sleepy!" remarked Newcome, yawning portentously.

"Same here—yaw-aw-aw!" murmured Tommy Cook.

"No sleep yet for us," said Jimmy Silver. "We've got a lot to do, and we've got the night to do it in."

"What about the morning?" whined Lovell.

Jimmy laughed.

"You'll want some brekker in the morning," he answered.

"Ye-es, I suppose so!"

"We've brought in the grub from the study cupboards," remarked Tommy Dodd.

"That's hardly enough for a mouthful all round. We've got to have a supply of grub, otherwise we should have to surrender from hunger in a few days."

"A—a—a few days!" stammered Lovell.

"Do you think the fellows would stick here a few days, you ass, without any grub?"

"I don't think!" grinned Van Ryn.

"Well, we've got to get in provisions," said Jimmy. "And we want rugs, blankets, and things. It's jolly cold camping out here, and we've had no time yet to make dug-

outs. That will come later. Food's the first thing, as we may be besieged to-morrow."

"What-ho!"

"I want a dozen chaps to come with me," said Jimmy. "We're going to call on the sergeant at the school shop, and borrow his whole supply."

"Oh crumbs!"

"It can be paid for by the Head. He will save our usual rations, you know, as we sha'n't go into meals from here."

"Ha, ha!"

"The Head's bound to pay. But if he doesn't we'll square the sergeant afterwards. Never mind that now. Now, the question is to land the grub. I want a dozen chaps. You'll stay in charge of the camp, Doddy, and keep watch, and put up a scrap if there's an attack; not that it's likely."

"Right you are!" agreed Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver selected his men for the raiding-party.

The tool-shed in the middle of the camp was crowded with sleeping juniors, wrapped in coats and rugs. But there were plenty of volunteers.

The three Colonials and the Fistical Four made seven, and Erroll and Oswald joined them.

The three Tommies were left in charge of the camp.

A plank from the tool-shed was laid across the trench, and Jimmy Silver & Co. crossed, and marched away into the thickening darkness on the food raid.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.  
The Raiders.

SEERGEANT KETTLE awoke suddenly.

The school sergeant kept the little shop in the old clock-tower of Rookwood, now disused.

He slept in the little room above the shop.

The old military gentleman was dreaming of the time when he had chased De Wet on the veldt, when he was suddenly awakened.

Clink, clink, clink!

Stones were rattling on the diamond panes of the little windows.

The sergeant murmured a word he had learned in the Army, and sat up.

Clink, clink!

Sergeant Kettle, greatly surprised, and still more greatly annoyed, rolled out of bed, and opened his little window and blinked down.

The moon was waning, but there was light enough for him to see nearly a dozen dim figures below.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the startled sergeant.

"Quick, sergeant—a raid!" called up Jimmy Silver's voice.

"By gum!"

The sergeant stayed only to shove his feet into his boots and jam on his old military greatcoat.

Then he went rushing down the little narrow stair and across the shop.

"Where are they?" gasped the sergeant.

"Here they are!"

"Wot!"

"We're the raiders!" explained Jimmy Silver.

"Wot!" yelled the sergeant.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sergeant was pinioned on all sides. He did not struggle. He was too astounded.

"By gum!" he murmured. "I'm dreaming this 'ere!"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Sorry, old scout. Better take it quietly, or we shall have to tie you up! Hold him, you chaps!"

"Better tie him up, anyway!" said Pons.

"Look 'ere—"

"No; take him in and hold his fins!" said Jimmy.

The dazed sergeant was marched into the little parlour, where he sat down, with Van Ryn and Conroy holding his arms, and Pons his collar.

Sergeant Kettle wondered whether he was still dreaming.

But, dreaming or not, there was no help for him.

He resolved to take it quietly, and leave the young rascals for Dr. Chisholm to deal with on the morrow.

Jimmy Silver & Co. lost no time.

Baskets and bags and boxes were routed out of corners, and they were loaded up with eatables from the tuckshop.

There were potted meats and tins of biscuits and fruits, and so forth, and considerable numbers of ginger-beers and mineral-waters.

There were boxes of matches, which were promptly packed in the bags.

There were nuts of some kinds, which Jimmy Silver said was good food. He had known a fellow who was a nut-eater.

There was no sugar or tea, but the juniors did not care for unnecessary luxuries of that sort.

There was plain food of a kind, anyway, and the tap in the tool-shed provided plenty of drink—of a healthy sort, if exceedingly plain.

Spartan fare was to be the rule in the rebel camp, but Jimmy had pointed out that the Spartans kept themselves very fit on their fare.

Quietly the juniors crossed the shadowy quad and tramped round the School House to the camp, laden with their plunder.

And there the goods were taken in by Tommy Dodd & Co.

More than one journey was required, for not a single article that was eatable in the tuckshop was spared.

Jimmy Silver was prepared for a long siege, if necessary, and food was the most important requirement.

And after that night there was not likely to be any opportunity of replenishing the supplies of the rebels.

In a very short time Sergeant Kettle's little shop looked as bare as if the Crown Prince of Prussia had been there.

The unhappy sergeant sat quietly enough in his little parlour, with three juniors on guard.

He took it philosophically, as he had to take it somehow. And he was not alarmed as to the value of his goods.

Somebody had to pay for them; he knew that. And when the sergeant's bill came in it was certain not to err on the side of being too small.

Indeed, Mr. Kettle realised that this raid meant a generous stroke of business for him.

Perhaps that reflection helped him to bear it philosophically.

Not that the rebels troubled about Mr. Kettle's views and feelings on the subject.

They were proceeding with a strict attention to business.

Having cleared out the shop, they devoted their next attention to the coal-cellar.

Baskets and bags of coal were carried off in an almost endless procession to the camp, and dumped down inside the fortifications.

The sergeant's winter store of logs followed. The rebels even went to the length of borrowing a table and chairs, and all the mats and rugs they could find.

As they raided his parlour for these articles the sergeant's eyes grew wide as he watched them.

Jimmy Silver gave him an encouraging grin.

OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.

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"All damage will be paid for, sergeant!" he assured him.  
Sergeant Kettle snorted.  
"I'll see to that, Master Silver!" he answered.  
"Make up a list, old chap, and put in any fancy prices you like," grinned Conroy.  
"Then send it in to the Head."  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'd better put payment of the sergeant's bill in our peace terms!" chortled Lovell.

And the juniors chuckled.  
The raiders were finished at last.  
Sergeant Kettle's quarters were cleaned out of all useful things, as cleanly as if a swarm of locusts had been there.

Then the raiders, tired but satisfied, took their leave.

"Good-night, sergeant!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Go back to bed, old chap—and pleasant dreams!"

"I'll dream of you being flogged, Master Silver!" answered the sergeant grimly.  
"Ha, ha! Thanks!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. marched out, with their hands full of the last articles, and Jimmy closed the shop door.

The moon had disappeared, and the quadrangle was very dark. Lovell gave a deep yawn.

"I'm ready for bed," he remarked.

"Yaw-ow! Same here!"

"We've not finished yet," said Jimmy coolly.

"Oh, ye gods!" groaned Lovell. "What next?"

"The wood-shed. We want all the faggots and logs and all the timber we can lay hands on for the dug-outs."

"Great pip!"

"No slacking, you know!"

"All right!" groaned Lovell.

Sergeant Kettle went back to bed.

His report to the Head could wait till the morning; he did not care to wake up Dr. Chisholm at 3.30 a.m.

But there was no sleep yet for the active rebels.

The wood-shed was padlocked, but the padlock did not resist long.

The shed was well stocked, and again there was a procession, carrying off the contents.

Four o'clock had passed when Jimmy Silver & Co. finally entered the rebel camp, and stayed there.

Jimmy rubbed his eyes. They were closing, in spite of himself.

Cold as it was, most of the garrison were asleep in the allotment shed.

"Bed now, for goodness' sake!" murmured Raby.

Jimmy laughed sleepily.

"Sleep, at any rate," he said. "It doesn't run to beds. But there's a stove in the tool-shed, and we've got lots of logs and coal now. We'll soon get it going."

"Good!"

In a few minutes the iron stove in the tool-shed was roaring, and disseminating a very agreeable warmth.

There was no room in the shed for all the garrison; but half a dozen fellows were roused to take their turns on sentry-go, and the harder members of the garrison, including the Fistical Four and the Colonials, slept outside, wrapped in anything that came to hand, on a hard bed of faggots.

Jimmy Silver's bed was hard, but his eyes closed the moment he lay down, and they did not open again till the winter sun was glimmering down on Rookwood School.

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**  
**No Surrender!**

**C**LANG, clang!  
The rising-bell rang out sharply through the frosty air.  
Old Mack, the porter, whose duty it was to ring the matutinal bell, was going through his regular performance, in sublime ignorance of the state of affairs within the ancient walls of Rookwood.

In the school dormitories the fellows awakened and turned out as usual, but in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth there was only one fellow to turn out.

That was Tubby Muffin. And as the fat Classical dragged himself, grumbling, from his warm bed, he repented that he had not joined the rebels of the Fourth in the camp outside.

But, as a matter of fact, there were no late risers in the rebel camp.

Jimmy Silver turned out promptly at the clang of the bell, sleepy as he was from having lost his rest the previous night.

The captain of the Fourth had an example to set, and he meant to set it.

It was up to the leader to face discomfort and hardship with a smiling face.

Jimmy Silver contrived to "keep smiling." His chums followed his example, and only Townsend & Co. remained asleep in the shed.

They growled savagely when they were roused out.

But there was no help for them; Jimmy Silver was too strenuous a leader to allow slacking.

Washing accommodation was limited; there was only the tap and sink in the allotment shed.

The juniors took it in turn, some of them being satisfied with turns that were remarkably brief.

But there was general good-humour, with few exceptions.

The strange state of affairs, the unaccustomed sense of freedom, had a very exhilarating effect on the Rookwooders.

There would be no lessons that day, no masters, no prefects—no need, as Lovell remarked, to keep on the customary "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and "Please, sir," and "Oh, sir!"

And that was much. The peculiar state of affairs appealed to the adventurous instincts of the juniors.

And the prospects of a "scrap" during the day did not dismay them at all.

"Hallo! Here comes Hanson!" shouted Lovell.

Hanson of the Fifth came up to the camp, his eyes fairly googling in his astonishment.

He was the first fellow to discover the entrenchments.

He blinked at the grinning juniors over the trenches.

"Wha-a-at are you kids doing here?" he gasped.

"Holding the fort, old son!" answered Jimmy Silver. "Seen the Head this morning?"

"The Head? He's down," said Hanson. "Looked a bit like a gargyle, I thought. Something's annoyed him."

"Ha, ha!"

"So it was you making that row last night," said Hanson. "You've been scrapping with the prefects."

"And licking them!" grinned Conroy.

"Licking the prefects!" murmured Hanson.

"Oh, my hat!"

He walked away like a fellow in a dream. The news soon spread.

Fellows of all Forms, Modern and Classical, came swarming round the School House to the allotments to view the entrenched camp.

There were exclamations of amazement on all sides.

"You'll all clear off like a lot of bunny-rabbits when the Head comes down on you!" jeered Snook of the Second.

"Here he comes!" howled Smythe of the Shell.

The crowd backed away rapidly as the Head was seen striding from the direction of the School House.

The expression on Dr. Chisholm's face was not agreeable.

His eyes noted the change that had taken place since his last visit—the strengthening of the defences, and the stacks of logs and faggots, the fruits of the midnight raid.

His lips came together hard.

"You understand, Silver, that no food will be brought here—not a morsel of food of any description."

"Very well, sir."

The Head strode away with his gown rustling in the wind.

"And now brekker!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Perhaps the Head will change his mind when he gets the sergeant's report!" roared Lovell. "Ha, ha! Now then, trot out the grub!"

And with great hilarity the rebel juniors set about preparing breakfast, quite prepared for the Head's new tactics as long as he liked.

What the Head's next step might be when he discovered that the rebel camp was provisioned for a siege they could not guess. But Jimmy Silver & Co. were as keen as ever on holding the fort!

**THE END.**

*(Another grand long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co.'s great rebellion will appear in our next issue. Don't forget there will also be another splendid Engine Plate next Friday, too! Tell all your chums!)*

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of Our Free Plate.

**THE "CLAUGHTON"**  
**LOCOMOTIVES OF**  
**THE L. & N. W. R.**

**By A RAILWAY EXPERT.**

**T**HERE are few important places in the Western Midlands, North-Western England, North and Central Wales, and in Scotland that cannot be reached from London by the fine "chocolate-and-cream" trains of England's "Premier Line"—the famous L. & N.W.R., whose terminus in the metropolis is equally famous Euston.

Many important trains depart from and arrive at Euston—the "Wild Irishman," the "Postal, Limited," the "American Boat Special Train," and the Scottish day and sleeping-car expresses are a few of them.

Powerful locomotives are required to haul trains out of Euston and over several sections of the L. & N.W.R. The station is at the foot of a mile-long incline, much of it as steep as 1 in 62. In the early days of the railway this bank was considered to be too severe for locomotives, so the trains were hauled up to Chalk Farm by a mammoth rope, 2½ miles long, wound around an immense drum and worked by a stationary steam-engine. Locomotive-builders soon decided that the Euston incline should not beat them, and constructed engines powerful enough to haul the trains up this steep bank. The rope was then discarded.

Modern trains are composed of railway-coaches that weigh three to five times as much as those general even thirty years ago, hence bigger and more powerful engines are required to work the long and heavy trains of to-day, especially as these trains now run at extremely high speeds, and for long distances without stopping.

To meet exacting conditions, the L. & N.W.R. has constructed at its famous Crewe Works engines of the "Claughton" class, one of which (No. 2322) "Sir Gilbert Claughton," is illustrated on our splendid free coloured plate.

These fine-looking, big, and powerful 4-6-0 express engines, with their six-coupled wheels, 6ft. 9in. in diameter, and four cylinders each 16in. diameter by 26in. stroke, perform some of the finest locomotive work in the world.

Prior to the war a few of their daily trips included such capital runs without a stop as from London to Rhy1, 209½ miles, in 3 hours 53 minutes, which is an average speed of 52.7 miles an hour. The return journey was a non-stop to Willesden Junction, 5½ miles less, and at a speed a little slower. This was the "star" L. & N.W.R. performance for length of non-stop run, but it was not the fastest of the "Premier Line."

The quickest was between Willesden and Birmingham, 107½ miles, in 113 minutes, or 57 miles an hour.

The L. & N.W.R. is getting back to pre-war speed and services. Already the two-hours' run London to Birmingham has been reinstated and improved upon. A whisper of a new line to Coventry has caused the "Premier Line" to stop some of its two-hours' Birmingham-London expresses at the famous motor-car and cycle town, and yet it completes the 113-miles run in the two hours.

This means that the 18½ miles New Street to Coventry are run in 19 minutes (50½ miles an hour), and the remaining 94½ miles to Euston, after a two-minutes' stop, in 99 minutes (57 miles an hour).

There were numerous long runs by "Claughtons" at "start-and-stop" speeds of between 55 and 56 miles an hour in 1914.

The "Claughtons" are to be seen at places as far away from London as Carlisle, Liverpool, Manchester, and on the Chester and Holyhead line. They are deservedly a favourite class of locomotive, and for consistent running at high speeds, over not too easy roads and with heavy trains, are equal to the best to be found in this country, which means in the world.

THE POPULAR.—No 16L.

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

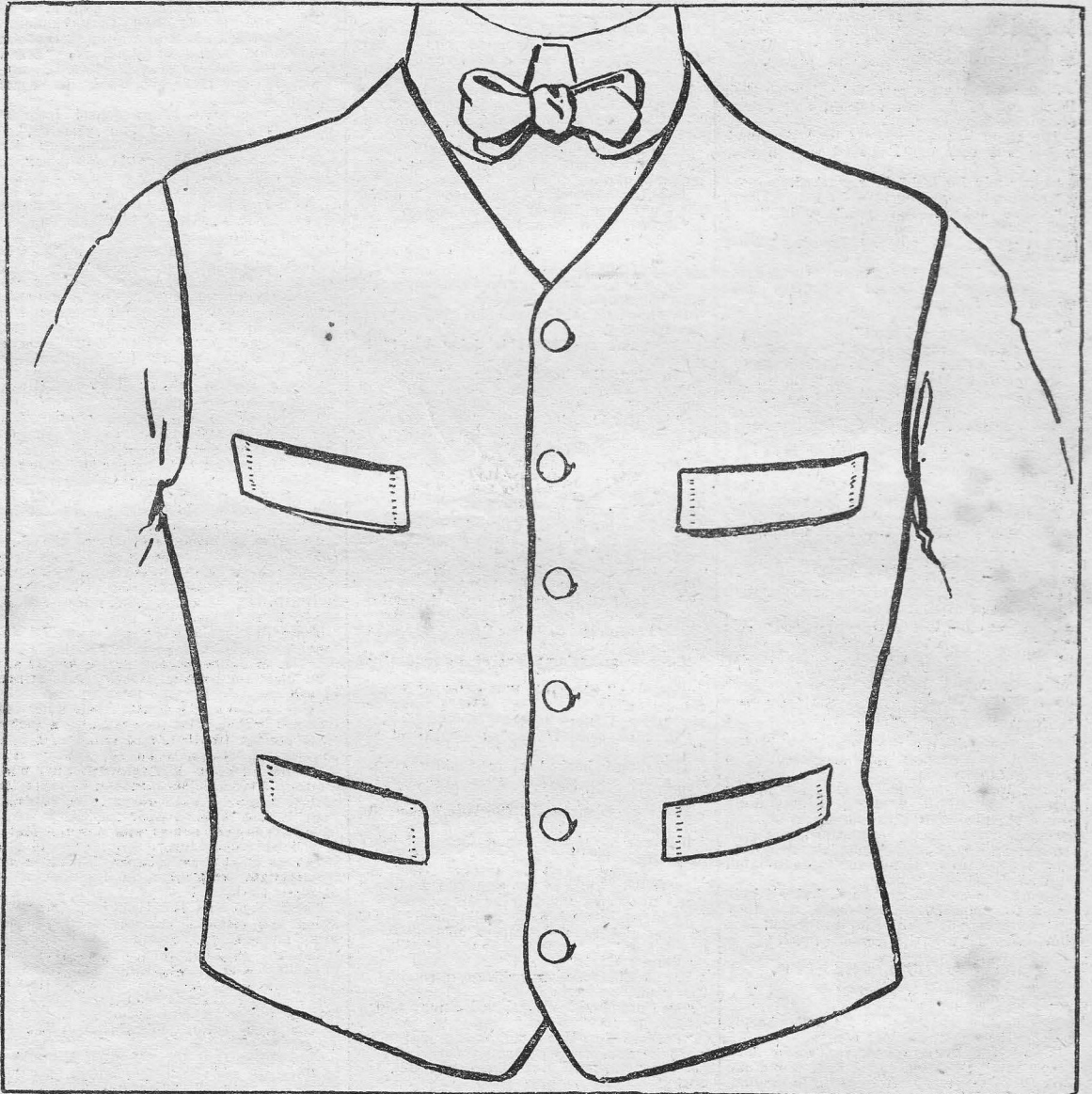
**NEXT FRIDAY! "SCHOOLBOYS ON STRIKE!"**

# A NOVEL PAINTING COMPETITION!

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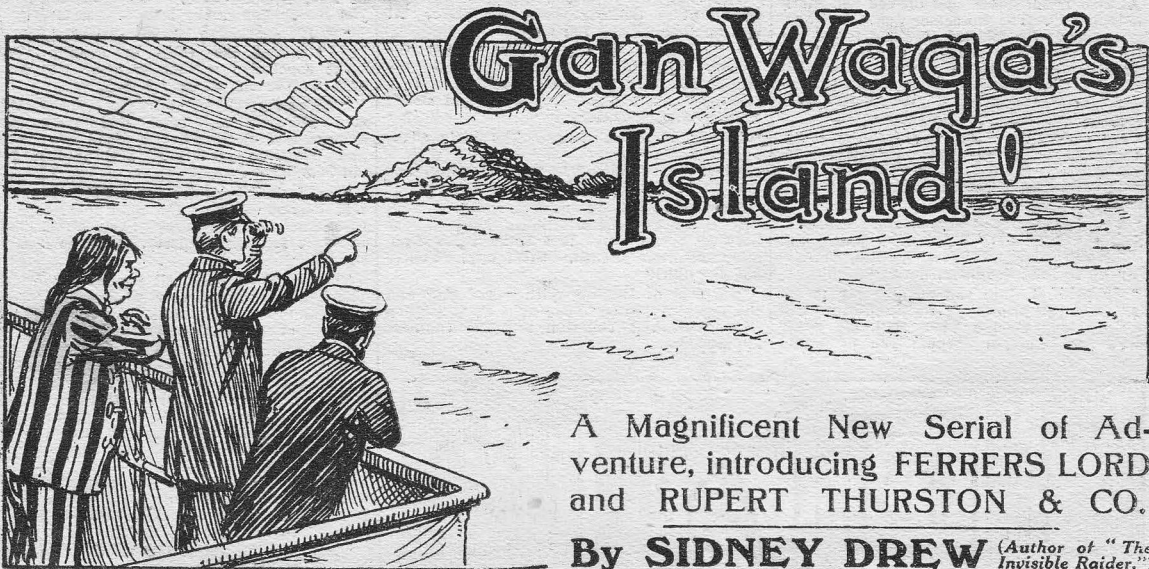
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THE POPULAR.—No 161.

NEXT FRIDAY! "THE SCHOOL IN THE BACKWOODS!" A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.



THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A NEW AND POWERFUL SIDNEY DREW SERIAL!



A Magnificent New Serial of Adventure, introducing FERRERS LORD and RUPERT THURSTON & CO.

By SIDNEY DREW (Author of "The Invisible Raider.")

**A Game of "Put and Take."**

**T**HE sea was flat and slate-coloured, and there was no breeze. The ocean-going steam-yacht, spotless in her white paint, churned up a wake like fleecy wool as she headed south.

Strange, fitful lights were flickering there in the dusk, and unfamiliar stars gleamed in the grey sky. The air had a nip in it—a clean, cold freshness, that told the bearded man on the bridge of the vessel that ice could not be far away.

He spoke over his shoulder to the sailor at the wheel.

"By honey," he said, "I don't like the colour of those lights—too much orange in them. I don't mind them green, and I don't mind them white! That's what they call the Aurora, Cotter, and, from my experience, when the brutes dance about that shade of colour, it's going to blow, or snow, or do something dirty!"

All day long great flights of birds had been passing over the yacht, making for the north. This in itself was a sign of bad weather, though the barometer was high and steady.

What they were doing so far south, Mr. Thomas Prout, who navigated the vessel for her millionaire owner, Ferrers Lord, did not know, and it was not his business to ask. It seemed to be a mere pleasure cruise, for no special preparations had been made for cold latitudes.

The Lord of the Deep carried her normal crew and her ordinary stock of coal and provisions.

Prout knocked the ashes out of his pipe as his friend, Benjamin Maddock, came up to relieve him.

"Just keep her as she is, Ben," said Prout. "I've been watching them glimmers yonder—them canary-coloured things. I never did like yellow, except in the shape of quids!"

"It's so long since I saw a quid! I don't think I'd know one again!" said the bos'un. "It might mean wind, souse me! And I hope it won't blow from the South if it comes, for we'll all be perished, barring that fat Eskimo!" He bent over the chart. "Why, the thing's as clean as a washed slate ahead of us. What's this cross in red ink, Tom?"

"Some old rock that isn't on the regular chart," answered Prout. "The Chief scratched that down. He gave the thing a name, too, and a cheerful one, by honey—Desolatia!"

Prout departed to a snug little den, known as the booby-hutch, to see what the cook had to offer in the shape of a meal.

In the magnificent saloon, dinner was just over. Ferrers Lord and his guests still lingered at the table, smoking cigarettes and sipping excellent black coffee.

His guests were Rupert Thurston and Prince Ching Lung. The fourth man was his engineer, Harold Honour.

All were evening-dress. Though almost at the gates of the Southern ice, the silver

epergnes on the table were filled with amber-coloured roses.

A manservant, in the millionaire's livery, stood watchfully behind his employer's chair.

"Money is hard to get," Thurston was saying. "I'm proud of my little hospital, and I'm not bragging when I tell you it has done a lot of good. I'm not going to cadge any more from you, Chief, so don't smile. You've helped me nobly, and so has Ching Lung. I'll get the sum I want without calling further on your generous cheque-book."

"He's getting quite haughty!" said Prince Ching Lung. "I offered him two hundred and fifty pounds, but he turned it down with scorn. How much are you short, Rupert?"

"Well, my sister and myself set out to get twenty thousand," said Thurston. "It's really her hospital, but she dragged me into it, and I became very interested. We only take in sick and crippled children of the poorest poor. My sister is a very successful beggar when it's for a good cause. We were nearing sixteen thousand pounds when I left."

The alert manservant stepped forward with a lighted match as Ferrers Lord took another cigarette from the gold-and-tortoiseshell box in front of him.

"Come," he said, smiling, "I have an idea! Who'd like to own an island—a real island? I bought one for a mere song some time ago. I will sell it for what I gave for it, and Thurston, with a laugh. "For a start, Chief, scarcely know what made me purchase this delightful spot, for it is just as worthless to me as the Portuguese Government, who claimed to own it, so it will be no drain on my pocket. I hope that statement will help you to get rid of your scruples, Thurston. Now, gentlemen, who would care for an island?"

"There's some catch here," said Rupert Thurston, with a laugh. "For a start, Chief, will you tell us how much you want for this island of yours?"

"Very little. For my island, gentlemen, I will take the ridiculous sum of one thousand pounds. I assure you it is a real island with water all round it. There is quite a safe anchorage. The owner may call himself king or emperor, and no one will dispute his title. The deeds are in order, and I can hand them over at once."

"But where is it?" asked Ching Lung.

"I'm afraid you want too much for your thousand pounds, Ching," said the millionaire, smiling again. "You can't expect anything quite as accessible as the Isle of Wight or the Isle of Man for a trifle like a thousand pounds. I gave the place a name myself, but I don't intend to tell you what I called it until I see the chance of an offer."

"Then it must be some island!" said Ching Lung. "You won't tell us where it is or what it's called. I've been swindled before. No, I don't think I'm buying islands to-day, thanks!"

"In the sacred name of charity, and the

mean fellow backs out!" said Rupert Thurston. "What do you say, Hal? Will you buy an island to help my little hospital?"

The engineer was smoking an expensive cigar, but with very little enjoyment. He preferred his old briar-pipe, and, unfortunately, it was too highly seasoned for the saloon. Honour was a man of few words.

He nodded, and held up three fingers. They were so well accustomed to his ways that they understood his meaning.

"That's not a bad notion," said the prince. "He's willing to take a third share in the island. Good for you, Hal! Shall we cut it into three, then, Rupert?"

"My dear fellow, if it's a nice island that would cause ructions," said Thurston. "And don't forget we're being asked to buy a pig in a poke. We don't know the size of it, and it may be too small to hold three, and in that case we'll be kept busy all the time trying to push each other off. I assure you, gentlemen, I want the cash, but I have ma doots!"

The millionaire rose. His eyes, usually stern and inscrutable, held an amused twinkle.

"You are altogether too suspicious," he said. "I offer you a real island for a paltry sum, and you haggle and question. The concession will remain open for another half-hour, and if you cannot make up your minds in that time, I'll keep the island. For all you know, you may be missing a good thing. I detect such suspicious people!"

"Many thanks for those kind words, Chief," said Ching Lung. "Perhaps if you told us the name of this heap of mud or chunk of rock it might tempt us."

"I fancy the name alone is worth the money," said Ferrers Lord, as the manservant opened the door for him. "I call my island Desolatia."

Even Harold Honour, the man of silence, laughed. A place with such a forlorn and dreary name seemed dear at any figure.

"It sounds wonderfully cheerful, friends," said Rupert Thurston. "How would you like to be known as the Duke of Desolatia, Ching? This must be a rotten island."

"Yes, the Chief seems to own some weird property," said Thurston. "Desolatia—eh? I'll bet they run no pleasure trips to that show in the summer. Shall we put up the money?"

The engineer nodded. Rupert Thurston was a person of means and leisure; and, of course, the prince was a man of wealth. Though they did not know the engineer's financial position, Ching Lung and Thurston knew that he would not miss a few hundred pounds. And, after all, it was a mere joke, and just a matter of helping a charity.

"If you'll make out your cheques to my sister Pamela Thurston, I'll mail them on when we reach the first port, and I'm very

THE POPULAR.—No 161.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE ST. JIM'S CARMEN!"

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

much obliged to you all, gentlemen," said Thurston.

At that moment the door opened and someone looked in. The newcomer was Gan Waga, the Eskimo. He grinned at them round the edge of the door, showing a set of magnificent white teeth. His raven-black hair was oiled and smoothed down over his forehead. After bestowing a grin on the company, he waddled into the saloon.

"My dear Gan Waga," said Ching Lung, "a great thought has just struck me hard. How would you like to be a landed proprietor and own a fourth share in a beautiful island?"

"What! Along dead soap-prietors, Chingy?" asked the Eskimo. "I not know him. And I hots like soaps muchness, neither, Chingy. Why he so long deadness, hunk?"

"My beloved Gan, you mistake my meaning," said the prince. "The proprietors will be dead long enough when they are dead, that's sure enough. Would you or would

perfectly honest and can't manipulate the top as I like, I'll spin last. Go ahead, Hal."

The engineer gave the top a sharp spin that sent it dancing round the plate. At last it wobbled and fell over.

"Put two" is the verdict," said the prince. "You're not going to own any old island, Hal, my boy; and though you have my tears and sympathy, pay up and smile! Next victim, please!"

It was Thurston's turn. The little silver top ceased to gyrate, and tumbled with a clatter. Its verdict was that Thurston had also to "Put two," and Thurston laughed.

"Not much for our money, Hal," he said, "so these two rascals must fight it out between them. Give it a lucky twist, Gan, and hold your breath. Good egg! You've got it, Gan!"

The side of the top with a red star and the cheerful words "Take all" on it showed uppermost, and Thurston and the engineer applauded.

"Don't you know you've won an island, and can call yourself Emperor Gan Waga or King Blubber-biter, or any jolly old name you like? You're the boss of Desolatia!"

"Well, gentlemen, have you decided to buy?" asked the voice of Ferrers Lord. "The concession is running out. You have only five or six minutes left."

"We've played Put and Take for it, Chief," said Ching Lung, "and Gan Waga has scooped the pool, after a dead heat with me. Now do your part and produce the old island."

"Oh, I shall keep my part of the bargain," said Ferrers Lord. "I'm glad it belongs to Gan Waga, for he is not likely to grumble when he sees his property. Perhaps it is in sight."

They went on deck, all except Gan Waga. The Eskimo did not care whether he owned an island or not. He helped himself to a handful of cigars and waddled away.

The bos'un saluted as they climbed to the bridge. In the grey haze to the south spears of orange light were spreading upwards, paling, fading out, and darting up again. There were no stars, and the sea, strangely flat and lifeless, was scarcely broken by a ripple. The millionaire glanced at the chart, and took the telescope from the bos'un's hand. A gun fired behind them could not have startled them more than did a shout from Harold Honour. The man of silence had found his voice.

"Look at the glass!" he cried. "Look at the barometer!"

The mercury had tumbled with appalling speed. And yet there was not a breath of wind. Sea and sky seemed to be asleep. In the south the orange rays shone clearer and brighter.

#### Earthquake and Hurricane!

IT was the most unusual thing in the world for the burly engineer to betray an atom of excitement. Thurston, Ching Lung, and Maddock stared at what Honour, in his sudden surprise, had called the "barometer." It was really a barograph in a case of thick glass, with a small electric light burning over it. The pencil that registered the rise and fall of the mercury had dipped alarmingly. Half-way across the roll of paper on which it automatically recorded the atmospheric pressure the line was almost horizontal, but suddenly it had dipped at an alarming downward angle. Maddock, who had examined the instrument scarcely five minutes before, rubbed his astonished eyes.

"Souse me!" he growled. "It must have slipped a cog, or else the bottom is tumbling out of it! Perhaps it don't like them yellow streamers out of there, same as Prout."

Ferrers Lord alone had not been alarmed by Honour's cry. He looked steadily southwards through the telescope. When he spoke his deep voice was as quiet and even as ever.

"I'm afraid I shall be unable to show you Gan Waga's island to-night," he said. "There's a curious haze over there. It rather reminds me of the thin blue smoke that rises from a cauldron of boiling fat. What is the barograph saying to startle you so greatly, Honour?"

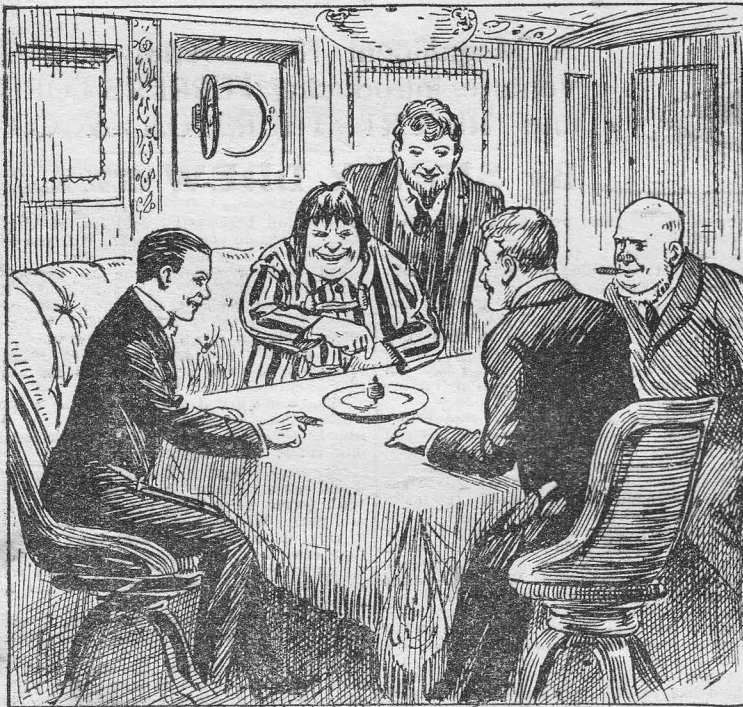
"Bad," said the engineer, shrugging his shoulders. "Ugly!"

The millionaire glanced at the barograph. It seemed to jerk, and the downward stroke lengthened perceptibly. Ching Lung began to sniff the air.

"That haze may remind you of the smoke from boiling fat, Chief," he said, "but it smells more like hot brimstone! Has anything blown up? Is your Desolatia volcanic?"

"I think so, but if anything of that kind had happened to the island we should have known it, for we must be near her," said Ferrers Lord. "Telephone down, Maddock, and tell them to get steam up on the spare boilers. Something unpleasant is coming, and we had better be prepared for it. Yes, I do get that scent now, and it isn't unlike brimstone."

"It reminds me of stale fireworks the morning after the Fifth of November," said Ching Lung. "You mustn't let Gan Waga's



Gan Waga, who had only a hazy idea of what it was all about, gave the little top a spin on the plate. Amid loud cheers and applause, it fell with the red star on top. Gan Waga had won! He was owner of Desolatia.

(See Chapter 1.)

you not, most esteemed blubber-biter, care to acquire a fourth share in Desolatia if I put the money up for you? Desolatia, I may point out to you, is an island."

"I'd sooner have a pound of big tallow candles, Chingy," said the Eskimo, who had a weakness for these curious articles of diet. "I like the green ones bestful, Chingy."

"But it's for a hospital," said Ching Lung. "I'm sure you'd like it. My trouble is that I don't like sharing things. Let's gamble for Desolatia. I'll put up two hundred and fifty for him."

He took a little silver top out of the pocket of his white silk waistcoat, and gave it a spin on a dinner-plate. Hal Honour nodded his approval.

"Good!" said Thurston. "That's better than going shares. Honour and I are in for two hundred and fifty pounds each, and you are handing up five hundred for yourself and Gan Waga. How do we go with this Put-and-Take top of yours? It may keep falling 'Put one' or 'Put three' or 'All put.' We'll spin in turn, and the man who gets 'Take all' takes Desolatia."

"That's the simplest way to do it," said the prince. "To prove to you that I am THE POPULAR.—No 161.

"Cease this untimely mirth, you two!" said Ching Lung. "You forget that I am also entitled to my spin. Though I can't win, I may make a dead heat of it, so don't be in such a desperate hurry. Silence while I pronounce the magic words. Walla-balla-galla, when you fall, shove on the top! Take all! Now you can hold your breath!"

The top went whirling round the edge of the plate, and slid down into the centre before it canted over with the red star upwards. The spin was a tie.

"More of his juggling tricks, Hal!" said Thurston, laughing. "The villain has been practising with that top! Go for him, Gan! Don't let him beat you!"

Gan Waga, who had only a hazy idea of what it was all about, gave the silver top a twist. Amid cheers and loud applause, it fell with the red star on top. There was no such luck for Prince Ching Lung. The magic words failed to influence the top this time. It came up "All put" instead of "Take all," and Gan Waga owned Desolatia.

"Dears, dears, I wish yo' not be so rudeness, Rupert!" he protested. "What yo' hammer my poor back so hardness fo', hunk, my preciousness old beans?"



**GAN WAGA'S ISLAND!**

(Continued from previous page.)

island go up in the air, Chief," he added, "or our fat and genial Eskimo may lose his temper and want his money back. I believe you were right, Rupert, when you said there was a catch somewhere. If the Chief has sold us, we'll never forgive him. Fancy saddling an island on poor, trusting innocents like ourselves about half an hour before it blew its head off. I call it a low-down trick."

Hal Honour had hurried below. The yacht came round with a wide sweep and turned her head to the north. Astern the orange streamers were like a giant fan. Almost as swiftly as the mercury had fallen the temperature had risen. Prout, who had been taking a nap in the booby-hutch after his supper, had been awakened by the engineer. He climbed to the bridge, bringing his oilskins with him, and surveyed sea and sky with his clear, skilled eyes.

"Souse me!" he said. "I never did like a yellow aurora, either north or south. There's going to be a mighty big shake up of some sort. Who told you to sheer her nose round, Ben?"

"The Chief," answered the bo'sun in a whisper.

Prout was puzzled. Practically all his life had been spent at sea. When the threatened storm burst, he expected it to blow from the south, and, speedy though the yacht was, it would be easier to ride it out facing it than by scuttling away; but he never dreamed of questioning anything his millionaire employer chose to do. He went to the wheel. Black smoke began to pour from the yacht's funnel, and everything loose on deck was made fast. Davits and falls were examined, and the emergency provisions and water kegs in the boats were overhauled. Crew and yacht alike were the last words in efficiency. No British battleship was better-manned or more strict in routine and detail than the Lord of the Deep.

"All's well!" droned Maddock's voice.

Suddenly the fan of yellow light deepened into crimson above. Below, through the thickening blue haze, the ribs of the fan showed green. The air was hotter, and the queer chemical smell in the air grew more pronounced. The wake of the yacht looked almost blood red, and Mr Barry O'Rooney, who had been taking his watch below, stopped yawning as he reached the deck and stared about him. He blinked at the curious aurora, and pinched himself to make sure that he was really awake and not in the land of dreams.

"Bedad! Oi thought the ould ship was affre!" he said. "Phwat's happening, Ben bhoy? Pwhat's ut all about?"

Maddock did not answer. The aurora blinked out as if cut off by some giant switch. From the south, booming and rattling over the sea, came a sound like a salvo fired by a thousand guns, or the crash of a hundred blended thunders. Turning, the millionaire shaded his eyes with his hand and looked back into the darkness. His other hand went to the telegraph and signalled full speed ahead. The sea around was still as flat as a table, and the barograph had gone mad, and formed a zigzag, upward stroke on the chart. They were catching their breath, as if all the oxygen in the air had been suddenly exhausted. Without turning, Ferrers Lord sent a message down to the stokehold to pump oil into the furnaces.

There was something astern—something that loomed grey and monstrous in the darkness. They could hear its savage roar. The southern sky blazed up lurid red. In the glare Prout saw the millionaire swing his arm round, and, clenching his teeth, Prout gripped the wheel and set it spinning. The next moment it was dark again, and out of the frozen south came a second booming clatter as of thunder and enormous artillery, and the roaring monster swept nearer, a vast wall of rushing water, and they saw no more.

Prout was almost flung headlong over the wheel, but strong hands came to his aid. The air was filled with dust that choked their nostrils and made their eyes smart. And with the dust came a strange hail, a mixture of cinders and ice. Great seas deluged the deck, and the yacht rolled and rocked and shivered. She was hurled upwards towards the lurid sky, and hung poised with her propellers racing on the very crest of a wave that was mountains high, and then plunged headlong into a yawning abyss and up again.

Then came the wind. It seemed to rush in from every side at once, like air rushing into a vacuum. Prout felt it strike him like blows from a dozen fists. In the weird glare he caught a glimpse of the millionaire's face. It was Ferrers Lord who had come to his aid. Again the propellers were racing, and Prout felt that if the shaft broke and they lost a blade, he would have made his last voyage. Two of the starboard boats had filled, and were acting as a drag that threatened to capsize the yacht. Waist-deep in water, Hal Honour fought his way to the nearest boat and cut the falls with his knife. The water-logged boat fell clear, only to be driven back with a crash that made the Lord of the Deep shiver, and smashed the boat to matchwood. Honour staggered on to the second boat and cut her away. And then a hurricane of wind burst upon them, and it came from the north.

"So the Chief was right," thought Prout. "That's why he put her round. By honey, after them yellow lights I'd have bet my reputation as a seaman it would have blown the other way, and have been lost!"

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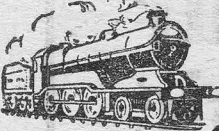
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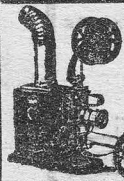
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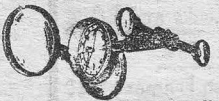
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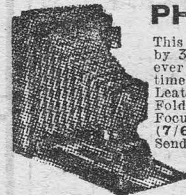
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